



Welldark Book 2 - Of all things expected

Who would I like to thank for the creation of this book?
Do I have a little poem that warrants showing?
What do I aim to supply to you, my readers?

There comes a time when work is done and one can lean back.
Just take a breath and take it in.
Right now, progress has been achieved.

The work is never done.
For me, however, this foreword is proof that a segment of it has been readied.
So, I hope you will enjoy this proof of my dedication.
So, I hope you are entertained between the hours of your own toil.

I would like to thank too many people for the creation of this book.
I don't think you are here for poetry.
And I hopefully supply the second part in a series you will want to keep following.

Funatic

Prologue – A typical morning with Esther

[Erotic Content]

I woke up, as I usually did these days, on my side. Just a few weeks ago, I slept every night flat on my back. My once regular habit had turned to become the exception. Similarly, it was rare for the depth of my dreams to hold me for as long as they once had. Why would I wish to linger in my dreams, when reality had so much more to offer?

Three things rubbed against different parts of my body. Slightly tickling my nose, but primarily filling me with the scent of citrus and cherry, was the soft and wild black mane of Esther. A less pleasing sensation was that of her shirt between her back and my chest. Even now, she was more comfortable with it. Attempts to make her discard it advanced gradually. It took finely worded arguments and encouragements for her to try and many sweet nothings to distract her from herself.

I had no brainpower for any such words or maneuvers at the moment. The lifeblood that would have fueled such thoughts was concentrated in my morning wood. Against which, through no accident, the third thing grinded.

Esther's bubble butt slid up and down along my exposed length. Each motion urged me to hasten my awakening. Pleasure always had been and would be the most effective way to motivate me. My eyes flew open and I was met with amber, yellow tinted eyes. "Morning, my Karitas," she cooed. Her voice was like a taut silk string, wrapped seven times around me and pulling in the direction of her heart. It carried all of her affection for me and all of the sexiness of her dangerously gentle accent. It also carried with it a deep impatience. All mornings began with two of Esther's cravings. Both were hungers and one I was solely responsible for awakening. Gladly, I took the task of satiating that desire.

"Morning, my Esther," I whispered back and bowed over her to complete our morning ritual. Turning her head, she put her ruby red lips on offer. Our fingers intertwined. I once more staked my claim on all she was. It was just the two of us, together in the appropriately sized bed that completely filled my room.

Every day, I fell asleep here, with her nuzzled against me. Every day, she woke up before me. Every day, she woke me up, through gentle swaying and loving touches. Every day, we exchanged six words and a kiss.

From that kiss, I read what I would do next.

We started with a simple meeting of our lips. An almost innocent touch, a breath like a whisper, then the playful extension of her tongue. Soon the sounds of our breathing grew louder. Excited little gasps mingled with the smacking of our lips. My precum smeared on her flawlessly smooth skin, lubricating the gyration of her hips. Her hand reached over her shoulder and caressed the side of my face. Her teeth nibbled at my lower lip, a suggestion for me to do the same – or something more. She didn't want to let me go, and invited me to fall even deeper into passion. I obliged.

The arm she had used as her pillow wrapped around her. I embraced her tightly. Very tightly. In the crevice of my elbow, I confined her neck. A pushing hand on my arm urged me to tense up a little more. I smirked, choking her while I reached down with my other hand.

I pulled away from the soft crevice between the spheres of her round bottom. A short sacrifice, made only so I could take hold of my cock and angle it properly. I was tempted to use her still virgin backdoor. A juvenile thought that passed through my hormone addled mind. No matter how passionate a morning, it was never appropriate to ram dry into a woman who had never felt that particular sort of pleasure. A little further and I found the distinguishing wetness of her pussy lips.

Esther's spine arched away from me when I penetrated her quivering quim. Our kiss ended with a silent shout on her part. Wide agape, her mouth shaped words that never passed them.

"You're so fantastically tight," I whispered into her ear, slowly advancing deeper into her. The virgin tightness she had possessed weeks ago had gone. What replaced it was a snug, wet embrace that readily accepted me first thing in the morning. Every fold of her soaked cunt gripped me, the muscles of her athletic form shifting past the slippery walls. My cock, a not-so-foreign object, was practically pulled inside. A delightful development, on all accounts.

The squishing of her bubble butt against my groin marked that I was as deep as I could be. I simply stopped, sheathed inside her as much as the position allowed. Morning wood typically meant I was exceptionally sensitive and I didn't want to cum too fast. Making her orgasm multiple times was the more desirable goal. To see her writhe was my joy. Optimally, my own release was either the last touch on a wonderful union or an occurrence in a prolonged session.

My hips remained unmoving, but my unoccupied left hand had plenty of chartered territory to explore once again. Starting at the bottom curve of her hourglass body, I travelled under her shirt and up the trembling side of her athletic midriff. Subtle muscles shifted under my fingers, until I reached further up. The firm proof of her healthy lifestyle was replaced by the abundant blessing of her alluring inheritance. I cupped her large breast, greedily sunk my fingers into the soft flesh until it spilled around them. A deep grunt was all that could escape Esther.

Her face was getting redder and redder from the asphyxiation I forced on her. A simple loosening of my hold allowed her to breathe. She squandered the precious air on a loud moan. I didn't need to look down to know that she was rubbing her clit. I could feel that massaging pressure distantly on my shaft. "You are a perfect, naughty nymphomaniac, were you aware of that, lady of my love?" She shuddered, my breath moving the hairs by her ear. "Impossible to believe you never even masturbated once before me."

"You are a terrible influence," Esther moaned, humour swinging in her sensuous voice. "Take responsibility for the pleasure you showed m-mhmm." A pinch of her nipple cut her off. Where eloquent formulations were present one moment, only a low moan remained.

"I'll take a lot – all that you offer me," my baritone filled her ear. I twisted slowly and the masochist trembled. "Keep rubbing yourself, my dear lady," I instructed her. Whatever words she had, I silenced them with renewed pressure on her throat. Her pussy gripped tighter. "Faster." The distant rubbing against my shaft accelerated obediently. I bit her ear above the lobe. I let go of the pretty pink crown and watched her tit bounce once. Before the second jiggle, my fingers were sinking into the supple flesh again, disappearing in the seductive size. Fondling and groping her breasts one after the other, I helped myself to her body however I desired. "Cum for me."

Esther curved her back. A writhing gesture, that delivered her chest deeper into my palm. The submissive offer was taken and I squeezed roughly. Down below, the pace of her fingers reached a fever pitch. Wet sounds overpowered my low grunts. She hastened herself to the

fulfilment of my order. An intense shudder announced her first orgasm of the day. Spasms continued from there. She kicked a pillow. Grinded against my hand. Forced me to control her by tensing my chokehold. Her walls tightened all around my large cock, sending dangerous crackles of bliss up my spine.

“Good girl,” I purred affectionately into her ear. “Keep working your clit, while I take care of your tits and your tight cunt.” Those were the words, that preceded me fucking my girlfriend’s, my Queen’s, pussy properly. Quick and hard, I slammed against her ass, knowing no mercy and caring only for our pleasure. ‘If my lady wants a proper ravaging to start the day, then that’s what my lady gets,’ I thought with great glee.

Esther’s facial expression derailed under the constant impacts. Her eyes were glassy. Her lips quivered. What little breathing she got past my arm was shallow and desperate. Wanting to hear more of her, I let go of her throat. One rattling, deep inhale, was quickly followed by a drawn out, orgasmic shout as she came for the second time.

My concept of time was a whirl. The best tool I had was my drumming heartbeat, and I barely paid attention to that. All that mattered was the softness of her ass and tits, jiggling from each repeated impact and each indulging move of my hand. The fingers of my right hand hooked into her cheek. Stretched lips and partly exposed white teeth further twisted her expression towards debauchery. She licked my fingers graciously. Saliva dripped from her pointy fangs. Everything she currently showed was a dreamy contrast to her usually stern behaviour. This was the side of her that only I ever successfully invoked. The slutty, pleasure craving, erotic Esther that no man had been man enough to coax out of her prideful, demanding and industrious self. Both were here, neither contradicted the other, and both I was madly in love with.

Over and over I plunged into the depths of her gripping cunt. I was enchanted by the carefree screams she let out. They were a consequence of my actions and they weren’t just for me. Loud and shameless, she announced her pleasure to the world. Everyone could know what we were doing, for what we cared. What could they possibly think that we would not want them to? That we were both having the time of our lives? They were welcome to verify that fact.

Spontaneously, my left hand let go of her tits. The hand glided down her flat stomach, up to her hips and past where it had originally been. I gripped her thigh tightly, pulled it over my own to push deeper into her. It was almost as satisfying to hold as her tits. Muscles were covered by just the right amount of fat to make her legs nicely thick, without losing any of their smooth, hairless grace. Her breasts swayed freely. They rippled in response to the ploughing I was giving her.

Her sight, her scent, her sounds, they all intoxicated me, fuelled me as I came closer and closer to the edge. “I’m cumming,” I announced when it was inevitable.

“Inshide!” she slurred her agitated speech, pleasure and the fingers in her mouth transforming words into a mess. “I want your sheed inshide me, dohminahnt Karitash! Deep inshide meeeeeeee!” Words failed and turned into barely coherent screams. They were no longer necessary anyways. The clapping sounds grew louder and more frequent. I strained my entire body for the final spurt, tensed what I could to prolong our bliss. Finally, all of my will was overcome by the urge to release.

Pressed completely against her fantastic ass once again, my cum pumped into her womb. White hot lightning filled my vision, the rush of blood and her screams filled my ears. Esther’s

eyelids fluttered, her mouth was wide open and her tongue venerated my fingers. Her spasming pussy milked me of every drop I had to offer, the desire she had so openly proclaimed present in every fibre of her instincts.

With each pulse of my shaft, the roughness I had taken her with diminished. Gradually, the tension drained from me, until I released my grip on her thigh. My fingers retreated from her mouth and instead brushed gently over her neck. Our breathing calmed as the orgasms petered out.

After a minute, Esther turned her upper body to kiss my cheek. Loving words were purred into my ears. "Another reminder why I accept all of your annoying oddities, my Karitas."

"How snarky you can be in the morning," I retorted and bowed down to her lips again. "We better get you something to eat quickly." I meant those words. She was appeased from the post-orgasmic haze, but that would not last if she did not get breakfast.

We kissed, before I pulled out of her to chase that priority. Esther gasped wantonly, a hand moving towards her agape hole. I crawled towards the box where we kept our clothes. Only after I had pulled out my shirt and boxers for the day, did my gaze wander to my Queen again.

Esther was still laying on her back. Dressed in only an open shirt (one of my shirts, slouching off her shoulders), and with her wild mane completely dishevelled, she made a stark contrast to her public appearance. Her exposed cunt glistened with wetness, was red from the rough pounding she had received. The hand that had crept down scooped up the trickle of semen that left her twitching hole.

Without hesitation, she sucked the mixture of our love juices off her fingers. She did this regularly after we were done. Her excuse was that she didn't want to stain our bedsheets (and I loved the sound of 'our' bedsheets) with any excess. Being fair, that was a valid excuse, given what a pain it was to change the sheets of this room-sized mattress. The offer to buy a box of paper towels for this purpose had been soundly rejected.

I felt a twitch in my halfway flaccid cock. Esther sucked on three of her fingers, cleaning them visibly with her nimble tongue, and reached down with her other hand. Her chest rose and fell with reigniting excitement. Rather than scoop up more of my cum, which wasn't present in such an unusual quantity to warrant it anyway, she rubbed her pussy and then curved some of her digits inside. She gasped, her golden eyes gazing at me past halfway closed lids. The way she devoured my athletic form was flattering beyond all words.

It would have taken a moron to miss that the lady of my love was not yet sated. Dropping the clothes back into the box, I crawled back to her. Although my lust was easily her match, the male biology often disagreed with the readiness of my mind to keep going. Any attempts to deal with this had not yet borne fruit. This did not doom me to be a bystander, however.

I replaced her fingers with mine. "Dextrous Karitas," she swooned, while I skilfully sought her sensitive areas. An interesting side effect of her being uninterested in sexual activities, including self-satisfaction, before meeting me was that I understood how to masturbate her better than she did. For the entirety of our young relationship, I had been there whenever she had sought satisfaction, whether that was in the bed, the shower, or anywhere in the school, ready to capitalise on it as she and the situation allowed. Consequently, her body was completely trained to associate me not only with desire but relief. Trust and habit allowed me to bring greater pleasure to her than she could have herself.

Swiftly, I positioned myself between her parted legs. Continued circling of the roof of her pussy was soon joined by two fingers rubbing her clit. "That you would ever postpone breakfast for anything else..." I teased her with a wink.

"You awakened my interest in this." Esther's huge breasts jiggled with each quivering breath. "I... expect you to... Ahhhh!" She was stopped by a minor convulsion. Each twitch made her pussy appear as the most delicious treat there was. Had I not already cum inside her, I would have immediately dove between her legs to press my face between those squishy thighs. "I expect you...to treat me... appropriately."

I chuckled and stopped. Esther bit her lower lip, when I pinned her unoccupied hands above her head. "What is the appropriate way to treat one such as you? So willing, so horny, so clearly pleased." I stopped a moment to align her wrists, so I could keep her pinned with just my left hand. "One so gorgeous, so clever, so thoroughly mine?" I continued and flicked one of her nipples.

Averting her gaze, lustfully and adorably, she responded, "Whatever you wish, my Karitas. Use me."

"A dangerous thing to say," I playfully warned her. I brought my right hand back to her cunt, watched her eyes close and lips part in a long sigh. Seeking more, I lowered my head to her sensitive chest. Laying flat on her back, the occasional writhing aside, the size of her firm breasts was distributed evenly. Personally, I preferred the look of a woman's chest when she was upright. The bit of droop, the swaying when she moved, the full size on display, the depth of the cleavage, all fantastic to behold. Even if that was my favourite way to behold beauty, I did appreciate it in all of its forms. Flattened, as much as breasts of her size could be flattened, by the laws of physics, her tits broadened her chest, emphasising the curves of her hourglass figure. The nipples slumped away from me, following the curve of Esther's upper back. An easily caught invitation, for me to use her chest to our delight.

I kissed her eagerly offered breasts, one after the other. I had touched them mere minutes ago, yet their squishy softness struck me once more as something unlike anything I had ever been blessed with before. As a man, I was simple. All I needed to be entertained was to be in contact with those fantastic mounds of jiggle and lewdness and tease the hard, pink nipples that crowned them. There was no thought in my head, just a deep appreciation for each second I was granted with her and her body. Her gasps, her moans, her citrus and cherry scent, her smooth skin, the little bumps of her areolas, the way her flesh gave under my lips and the way she cried when I carefully bit her nipple.

Without noticing, I had pulled my left hand towards her chest as well, cupping her size while I aggressively sucked, kissed and licked my way from one tit to the other. "Ka – aaahhh..." she tried to gasp my name, as she so often did when she was close to climax. While I tirelessly kept fingering her pussy at a rapid pace, I was hit with the greatest surprise a man could ever ask for. Esther wrapped her free hands around my head and pulled me into her bosom with all of the strength of orgasmic rigidity.

I heard her moans twice over. In the air and in her chest. The steady movements of my fingers slowly ebbed away, letting her enjoy the height of her climax and the aftershocks. With one more kiss to her nipple, I freed myself from her embrace and repositioned myself.

My cock was almost at full readiness again. It was certainly erect enough to keep going where we had left off, but it was missing that little bit more for full hardness. Realising the mess

my right hand had become, I offered the fingers that had been inside her to Esther. Without hesitation, she sucked on them, tasting what was now almost exclusively her love juice, with remains of my semen being at best a trace.

Wantonly, she gazed over at my erect cock. While she did so, I saw my chance to ask, "Want to try sucking it?"

Esther let go of my now saliva covered fingers to ponder the question. To my disappointment, like all the other times I had brought this up the last couple of weeks, she shook her head. "I have no confidence in my ability in this regard."

I suppressed a sigh. Discussing this would have taken momentum out of the situation and that was the last thing I wanted. With enough patience, I knew I could give her the confidence to try. During our first time, and earlier, she had already shown that she had no aversion to swallowing my cum. Her entire aversion to oral was that she felt that she wouldn't be good at it.

Understanding that, I did what I knew worked for both of us already and straddled her chest. "Squeeze your tits for me, you lovely nymphomaniac," I instructed my submissive. Eagerly, she enveloped my cock, hiding it entirely in her cleavage. The remains of our previous lovemaking just needed a bit of spit to turn into a lubricating mixture. Effortlessly my manhood glided back and forth. Only the head of my cock poked out by her collarbone, whenever I slid forward.

Esther shook and kneaded her tits. The additional and shifting pressure was heavenly. Esther naturally did all that I could demand and soon my renewed erection was just as hard as my morning wood had been. We kept going for a little while longer. There was no need to leave the soft embrace of her breasts when she moaned just as loudly as she had when I was fingering her. Still, I wanted more. A little signal of my eyes was enough for us to slow, until she let go of her breasts and let them jiggle back into their resting state.

Before I moved, I grabbed Esther by her hair and pulled her towards the tip of my cock. "Lick it," I commanded in my strongest dominant tone. Shivering with pleasure and, likely, nervousness, the gorgeous, golden eyed lady nervously licked along the head of my cock, tasting a fresh drop of precum. I inched a bit closer, the glans almost touching her lower lip. "More, swirl your tongue around the head," I kept up the demands.

Eyes reflected uncertainty, but she obeyed and I groaned louder than I usually would have at that little, to encourage her to keep going. I inched a bit closer again, until I was a couple of centimetres inside her mouth. I could feel her hot breath on the wetness of my cock. "Give it a kiss," I gave a final order, feeling that this was as far as I could take it at this juncture. Her lips closed around my glans, sliding up the little distance it took her to get to the tip, before delivering the wanted peck. That was as much of my manhood as she had taken into her mouth so far. I was content with the little progress. "Good girl," I complimented her.

"Thank you..." The two words felt incomplete, her mouth was still open, her lips trembling. I could feel the hesitation, wondering what she could be pondering about. "...Master."

"Oh fuck," I gasped involuntarily. My cock went from morning wood to cast iron at the sound of that single word. Whatever had spurred her to use that fantastic title, I wasn't able to investigate at that moment. I needed to be inside MY woman immediately.

Perhaps surprised by my sudden change of gear or perhaps joyful because this was exactly what she had bargained for, Esther moaned laughingly when I grabbed her legs and bent them towards her head. Her fantastic ass curved off the cushion. There was only a smile on her face,

even when I pinned her ankles next to her head. I kept my flexible submissive pinned that way while I aimed my cock at her still agape cunt.

I descended; pressing down on her with the weight of my body. The impact shook her entire body, made her thighs ripple almost as much as the tits they framed. My grip on her legs was akin to a vice. The intensity of her cries was only outdone by my ploughing thrusts. Each descent sent a clap out into the room, caused by the abrupt meeting of my groin and her ass and thighs. Wet sounds underlined the entire scene. Drenched with desire, her pussy welcomed my cock easily again and again.

Delectable reactions flooded my senses. Some were purely physical aftereffects of my actions. The ripple travelling up her thick thighs, the sway of her large breasts, the shaking of her entire body, all of it caused merely by me slamming inside her. The cries of her lust were proof of something more important than the physical strength I put into my feverish assault: that I was hitting her depths in all the right ways. Lewdly, her expression contorted, replacing any semblance of self-control with her wide open mouth and fluttering eyelids. Her nostrils flared whenever she desperately inhaled to fuel further screams.

“Ka-aaaahh... Karitas! Aaah-rrri... ooo-o-o-oooh,” She continuously tried to shout my name. Seldomly, she succeeded, often she broke down into a mess of syllables and choppy gasps. Her throat was tightening from the same spasms that made her quivering quim a gripping, wet depth.

I kept going and going at a rapid pace. I had orgasmed not too long ago and she'd been draining me every day more reliably than most succubi. On a normal day that meant I would last a respectable amount of time. Sometimes I still came fairly fast. Sometimes I could continue far beyond expectations. This definitely fell in the latter category. I felt nowhere near the edge, despite the tempo, and delighted in making my woman squeal in ecstasy again and again.

Esther squirmed under me. Her face displayed near-mindless bliss. Eyes rolled up, tongue stretched out, her multiple climaxes claimed her lungs completely. All she managed to press out was the occasional grunt, otherwise she was silent.

“Ss...stooooahp!” The cry was unexpected, unwanted even, but I did bring my movements to a sudden halt. Still inside her, I felt the continued constricting of her trembling pussy around me. Her whole body was spasming. “I... need... to breathe...” Esther panted.

I clenched my jaws, suppressing the savage instinct of continuing despite her request. To make that effort easier on myself, I pulled out of her hot folds and let go of her. Esther's moan was relieved and disappointed. An apologetic gaze assured me that she wanted to continue. It was truly her body that could not sustain the pleasure at such a rapid rate. She reached out to my cock and stroked it, keeping me hard while I waited for her breathing to stabilize. “Perhaps this is why I need a second woman in the bedroom,” I dared to joke.

Esther's eyes turned yellow. She rolled her jaw and slowly the amber returned. She knew what I wanted from my Anomalia. What every man wanted from their Anomalia, really, I was just very upfront about it. The last bit of yellow disappeared and she nodded, “If you continue to impress...” she had to swallow in the middle of the sentence, “...impress like this, you will need more than me to satisfy you.” After a thoughtful pause, she added. “You will... deserve more... even.”

I grinned from ear to ear. She knew what I wanted to hear and she would not have said it if she didn't mean it. Because this was Esther, I could be certain that she meant it. The lady of my love did not dabble in lies or appeasement. "Only as long as I can please all of you."

Esther nodded strongly. "You understand your responsibilities, my Karitas." Her eyes wandered to my cock, where her hand was still sliding up and down the well lubricated shaft. "Right now, it occurs to me that I owe you compensation for this pause. What would you want, creative Karitas?" Her silky voice caressed my ears, her longing gaze found mine, filled with anticipation.

The first idea I had was to demand a blowjob. A bad idea, as it would have made her uncomfortable and I was too turned on to wait for her to figure the basics out. I wanted to try something quick and then get right back to fucking her brains out. "Bad girls deserve a spanking, wouldn't you agree, my beloved?" I suggested.

Judging by her first reaction, I had chosen wisely. A long, excited sigh escaped her and she rolled onto all fours. I repositioned myself behind her and let my hands glide over her round ass. She trembled in anticipation. This was hardly the first experiment around pain, but we weren't entirely clear on the borders yet. I would slowly up the force as I went on. After I corrected her posture.

"Face down, ass up," I commanded her. Esther hesitated and looked over her shoulder. Equally on all fours, her back was pretty much level, the majority of it hidden by the shirt she wore. "It's just me," I assured her with a smile, before repeating the order. "Face down, ass up."

Still hesitating, but now moving, Esther lowered her upper body onto the sheets. Her shirt slid down about halfway, revealing part of her back and the scar spread out over it. It was a grotesque mark on her gorgeous body, a circle interrupted by a dozen lines, all of it carved by hand. It was grotesque - she wasn't.

"You're gorgeous," I told her, concentrating my eyes on her butt. The pose emphasised the perfect curve of her hips and thighs. Proportionate to her hourglass figure, large, round, firm and soft, her butt was everything a man could desire. I gave it a soft tap to start with, then a mild clap, and finally a proper spank. Esther cried lustfully at the sting and my cock tensed happily at the sound. I gave the left cheek the same treatment and got the same result. A mild redness started to spread. I knew she was strong enough to take more.

By the third smack, the force was enough to keep her ass jiggling for a couple of seconds. The fourth, she inhaled sharply after the initial cry. I made note of this and paused to give her now sensitive ass a more loving treatment, rubbing it gently and kissing it. After two more, milder slaps, that had her moaning and whimpering in equal measure, I was satisfied.

"That's enough for now," I told her and aligned my cock with her entrance. I rubbed the head against her swollen lips. Both her ass and cunt were a lively red. All of it was my work. All of it to her pleasure. "You ready?"

"Fill your Queen," Esther demanded with a mild quiver in her voice.

I thrust forward, until the tip of my cock was securely inside her pussy, then grabbed her by the hips with both hands and slid in the rest of the way. Groaning and clawing at the sheets, Esther remained in the demanded pose, even as I picked up where I had left off and fucked her hard from behind.

Her screams had a different tone to them now. They were sharper, louder, doubtlessly fuelled by the small break and the additional sensitivity of her flushed butt. Each of my thrusts

slammed against that sensitive derriere and I was hypnotized by the ripples I sent through her. After having spent so much time this morning appreciating her tits, I greedily partook in the equalizing.

“Spank me... again!” Esther panted.

What my Queen wanted, my Queen got, and so I brought down my left hand on her sensitive ass between two thrusts. A scream exploded from her, spurring me on to do the same to the right side. She was positively gushing. Her obediently raised backside couldn't stop jiggling. Not between the sporadic slaps, my thrusts, and her own movements. Shaking her hips, rocking them back and forth, Esther danced on my cock as much as the position allowed. The soft flesh flattened against my groin at the moment of impact, then swayed as we departed, and flattened again when we, in our need for each other's body, met again. Only the spasms of renewed climaxes kept Esther from moving sometimes.

When I approached my orgasm, I didn't even have to announce it. Whether in my tone or the twitching of my cock, Esther noticed how close I got. “Inside!” she screamed. “Cum inside... again... my... my...!”

Esther never got to finish that sentence, as I slammed against her backside one last time. I remained still; her quivering folds wrapped around my erection. They massaged me over the edge, brought me a moment of ecstasy that then exploded into a prolonged stream of bliss. Spurt for spurt, I filled her with the second load of the morning.

For once, her orgasm was over before mine, the multiple climaxes turning into an afterglow while I was still unloading into her eager cunt. Gyrating her magnificent ass, she added to the rhythmic contractions of her insides that drained me of practically all I had to give in that moment. The white lightning that danced in the corners of my vision retreated until I was finally spent. I pulled my shrinking cock out of her and let out a held breath.

‘I love waking up with Esther,’ I thought.

Chapter 1 – The Simple Life

My morning wood had been taken care of twice over. A wonderful start to the day that could only have been bettered by two additional events. Number one was a shared shower with my girlfriend. An affair of kisses and cuddles, but no further lewdness. Even if I had managed to work up the necessary vigour for a third round, I was certain Esther wouldn't have let me. Taking the excuse of cleaning her to rub up and down her curves was enough entertainment though. There was just so much about her to squeeze.

Number two was coffee. It was instant coffee and it was tasty. I drank it black, unwilling to dilute its awakening capacity. One would think that two rounds of morning sex got the blood pumping enough that caffeine was no longer a necessity. Such a person would not know about the depth of my addiction. Only extreme excitement, such as the first day on Welldark, was enough to overpower that particular need.

Between sips of my coffee, I prepared our breakfast. It was a new month and I had a fresh influx of money from the allowance and from my wage from the service job at Café Served. Part of this money had been invested into the cheese omelette currently frying in the pan.

Practically every morning, I did this job. Esther was not particularly happy that I did it so often. To stop me, she would have needed to enter the kitchen before me. While we usually took our showers together, we never left the bathroom together. By the time I was dried up and ready to leave, she had barely started her hair-taming routine. That gave me plenty of time to cook.

A bit too much time, as I had learned. If I started cooking immediately after I left her to her desperate quest to gain control over her luscious mane, the food would be cold by the time she got to the table. Because of this, I had about an hour in the morning to kill in various ways. Typically I went through a light workout and read. There was plenty of learning to do and I had a clear mind after the preceding morning activities.

When it was time, I prepared breakfast. On days I didn't feel like cooking, I just threw bread, toppings, milk and cereal on the table. In all honesty, it barely mattered. Esther wolfed down anything and everything within reach. The submissiveness and agreeability displayed during morning sex was entirely forgotten. After spending upwards of an hour on getting her hair in order, the usual crankiness of her hunger was in full effect. The calories burned during our erotic entanglement only worsened that.

The lesson I had learned early in our relationship held true: do not talk to a hungry Esther. Wait until she either slowed down or addressed you first. Otherwise, stay quiet, make no sudden movements, and never, ever mess with the hair.

Because my Queen was a woman who hated owing anyone anything, on days I prepared breakfast, I was often treated to either home cooked lunch or dinner, depending on what we had time for. Because I, her King, was a man who loved treating her, I returned the favour on the days when she prepared breakfast for me. That was, typically, Tuesday and sometimes Sunday. Tuesday, both of us could sleep in until around nine. I graciously accepted that as the gift from every last god out there that it was. Esther saw it as an opportunity to wake up at the same hour as any other day. Consequently, even her hair routine allowed her to get into the kitchen first.

We still found the time for morning sex on those days, I just snoozed off afterwards. A two hour sleep extension after pounding a bombshell like Esther into the mattress was heavenly.

While Esther's repayment always came in the shape of a meal of her own, I often opted for an alternative: massages. One of the many absolute truths in the universe was that women with sizable chesticles desperately needed someone to work their back at least once a week. As much as I enjoyed touching her, this was actually about her enjoyment first. Her spine did require frequent relaxation. Food could be bought practically everywhere, but a proper back rub was something she had to entrust me with. No one else was allowed to see her naked back.

Thinking about this and many other things, I lifted the bottom of the omelette. The cheese had melted, the bottom was a light brown, and therefore it was as good as I could make it. I cut it into two halves with the spatula, which landed on separate plates on the table. I was fine tuning the arrangement, when Arlethia and Willt decided to grace me with their presence.

"Look at it, our butler made us breakfast," Arlethia remarked. The succubus moved towards the table, mischievously reaching for the plate. I slapped her hand. She pulled back with a giggle and an overplayed protesting sound. Then she fell onto another chair.

Arlethia was a demonette dominated by the colour red. Her hair was red, her skin was red, and her pupil was a red slit sitting in a black iris. Shades between different areas made it easy enough to differentiate and prevented her from appearing too monochrome. This was especially notable around her dark red lips and, as I knew from a years past school trip incident, her nipples. Today, she covered herself with a dark, oversized shirt and hotpants.

Like all succubi, she had a thin tail and horns that curved backwards. My personal theory was that succubi had these horns for two particular reasons: one was to protect their hair during cat fights and second was to serve as handles while they used their mouth. Since succubi were born with a natural inclination to extract male reproduction fluid in order to raise their energy levels (Arlethia described it as a better version of coffee), it would have made sense that they developed the features to make the process more enticing for both parties.

I did have to doubt that Willt was the kind of person who took full advantage of those love handles though. The young warlock, and Arlethia's childhood friend turned boyfriend, was of a slender figure, particularly for a man. This was especially notable with how short and curvy Arlethia was. His hair was long, brown, and straight for the most part. Often, he could be seen with circular, red tinted glasses. Today, he opted for just circular. He wore a shirt with the logo of a metal band. The exact name passed me by. If the random assortment of jittery lines was supposed to spell it out, they failed to do so. At least his jeans were normal.

Willt sat down next to his girlfriend and added, "He isn't on shift at the moment."

"Oh, that's an idea," Arlethia hummed and tapped her feet on the ground. "Maybe we should come hang out at the bar later."

"You might serve to break up the monotony as I serve in the Café Served," I responded, while sitting in eager wait for my Queen. "Maybe Esther will get you a discount. She's bartending."

"She's already been promoted to running the bar?" Willt asked.

"Assistant bartending," I corrected myself and let out an overplayed sigh. "A true shame of epic proportions, that after so much time has elapsed, we are still not trusted with the sole oversight of the bar. Alas, the tips must be split, between us two and whoever else appears, in our splendid establishment."

“Dude, relax, you’ve only worked there for two months,” Arlethia pointed out in her dry tone.

“I practically run the establishment.”

“Then why do they put Esther behind the bar and not you?”

“Because my beloved is- a purely rational being that deserves any raise she gets,” I playfully interrupted myself, when the Queen of my heart entered the room. Her hair was bound into the typical low ponytail. The strands that were spared the confinement framed her face in their usual wild fashion. A pair of particularly long ones fell all the way to the round rise of her chest.

More of her hair was loose than before, compromising the stern order she had imposed on herself. A few weeks ago, I had voiced my preference to see her hair a little wilder. Since then, she had gradually eased off little by little on the intensity of her preparations. Sadly, she had stopped before she freed that wonderful streak that always settled between her eyes. I was certain I would see it at some point. The chaotic make of her hair always won against her methods of binding it.

Truthfully speaking, I could have lived with her doing nothing but the basic brushing to the wild mane that was her natural display. Stern as she was with herself, she refused to leave the house in such a state. She ran a hand over her hair, making sure everything was in place. Towards the tips, reaching down to her lower back, the wild and uncommon texture of the strands was apparent. Each strand appeared to have a mind of its own, waving wildly, running criss-cross, and fanning out all at once, creating a gorgeous mess.

Once the lady of my desires, now the lady of my happiness, would have appeared as an example image for the word ‘understatement’. This was because any single word attempting to describe her beauty would have come short of being adequate. Although she was of a naturally pale complexion, Esther spent enough time outside to give her smooth skin a mild tan. Her eyebrows and nose were swung elegantly, the cheekbones of her heart-shaped face combining nobility with cuteness, and her amber eyes focused on me with great amusement. They say that the eyes are a window to the soul and as much as I loved hers, I still had to say that her ruby red lips were the most attractive feature of her angelic face.

Today Esther wore her casual outfit. Despite the warm weather, this included a long-sleeved shirt. It fit her snugly, stretching around her large breasts and then narrowing to properly fit her waist as well. The lower edge of the white fabric covered the start of the yoga pants that so fantastically clung to her wide hips.

Esther’s hourglass figure was enticing in every way. Between her thick thighs and gorgeous face, my only complaint about her looks was the lack of jiggle in the chest area. None of that could be faulted to her body. The clothes made her breasts appear a cup size smaller than the true dick-enveloping massiveness they had. She was wearing a bra, plain and simple. An accursed, jiggle-preventing, squishiness-blocking bra. I much preferred the natural, mild slump of her firm chest and the jiggle. Matter of fact, having lived in Hell for many years, I was of the thorough conviction that bras were a creation of a demon not even demons would tolerate. They existed solely to make men unhappy and have women study arcane measurement tables.

Esther nodded to herself, a gesture that would have made her tits jiggle under proper circumstances, and stopped inspecting her hair. Instead, she directed her eyes to me. “What did you wish to say, my Caritas?” she asked, while approaching the table.

“A great many topics and words whirl around my head at any given time, my dearest and only Queen, among which...” I stopped myself, as she sat down and glared at me, the amber of

her eyes just slightly rising into the domain of the sulfuric yellow. My tendency to elongate my sentences with flowery descriptions was one of those things she did not appreciate about me and without an impending orgasm or a full stomach to appease her, she did not tolerate it.

I liked my extrapolations and I wouldn't forego them entirely, not even for her. The perfect couple did not truly exist and every pair of sapient beings did have at least small points of conflict. Knowing when to escalate a problem into a discussion and when to give in was the core of any harmonious relationship. As such, I interrupted myself, cleared my throat, and then answered her question.

"Your militaristic attitude got you banished behind the bar because it's easier on the customers," I told her the truth. I hadn't meant to hide it anyway, I just thought it'd be funnier if I made it dramatic.

Esther pressed her lips together until the gorgeous red was entirely drained from them. Without answer, she turned to the omelette. Her pupils narrowed down, her jaw relaxed, and her entire body language shifted. The sight of the cheese covered breakfast sufficiently distracted her from her irritations. I quietly poured her a cup of coffee and turned to my own half of the omelette.

Willt was trying to get up, but the hold of his girlfriend's tail around his wrist prevented him. "You already gave me breakfast, I'll get you yours," she whispered, loud enough for everyone around the table to hear it. He blushed, looking over to Esther and me. The lady of my love did not care, solely focused on devouring her omelette. I did chuckle and bit my tongue.

I would never understand why Willt still got so easily embarrassed when discussing lewd matters. Growing up in hell and among succubi, one would have thought that he would have been overexposed to such things. Sometimes, I did wonder if he secretly enjoyed being teased like this. There was no way Arlethia kept doing it so consistently if it led to fights in private.

"Why are you so embarrassed about getting sucked off every morning anyway?" I verbally poked at my longest friend. He blushed just a little bit harder. Two months ago, such questions in Esther's presence could have given him a heart attack. "You have a hot succubus girlfriend, most guys would kill to be in your situation."

"Was that a compliment, Karitas?" Arlethia shouted from the kitchen.

"Sometimes you deserve something like it," I answered.

"Look," Willt managed to find his voice, "I do like it. I want it to stay in the bedroom though. Can we do that?"

"No," I denied.

"Definitely not," Arlethia joined in, returning from the kitchen with a tray. On it were two bowls, milk, and cereal. A quick, easy, and traditional breakfast.

"May I inquire about the topic of blowjobs?" Esther chimed in; her omelette wholly eliminated while I still had more than half to go. A little knot in my stomach urged me to prioritise eating. I obliged and focused on listening.

"Still don't have the courage to just do it?" Arlethia asked. I was aware that they had talked about this before. Esther and I had been together for over three weeks now and the two of them had been friendly before then. Willt and I talked about our girls, obviously our girls would and should talk about their men.

"It is an odd activity."

“You’re talking to the wrong gal if you come at it from that angle,” Arlethia shrugged, her boobs, slightly bigger than even Esther’s, bounced under her black shirt, clearly free from the yoke of underwear. “Sucking cock was always completely natural to me.”

Willt nodded sheepishly. His face practically spelled out: ‘I couldn’t believe she hadn’t done it before.’

“I also have this though,” Arlethia opened her mouth wide and her tongue elongated until half its length was well past her chin. In less than a second, it slithered back into her throat. “You’re really talking to the wrong fucking woman if you want advice on how to overcome hesitancy in getting something hard and long down your throat.”

“My hesitancy lies less in the act itself. Primarily, I fear I’d lack the ability to make it pleasurable.”

“Got no pointers for you there, either. Just start small, I guess,” Arlethia said with the uncaring attitude of a species with a selective gag reflex. “You should just talk to Danielle about it.”

Even if I hadn’t been busy with the omelette, I’d have nothing to add. All assurances I could give that I didn’t mind if initial attempts were fumbling, I had and would continue to. With time and some more nudging, like I had done this morning, I was confident she would eventually give it a try.

Esther and I would be together for a long, long time. I hadn’t conquered a woman like her to let go. That being said, what I had of her was already enough to keep me content. My bartering was for the proverbial cherry on top.

Quiet settled over the table for about half a minute, during which most of us ate. Esther moved her chair closer to mine. The signal was obvious and I placed my left hand on her deliciously meaty thigh. In return, she embraced the arm and rested her head on my shoulder.

Eating an omelette with one hand was easy enough. The side of the fork cut through the cheese and the egg underneath. My left hand moved upwards, to places no one but I was allowed to touch.

“Too far,” Esther denied me only when I threatened to literally get into her pants. Grumbling, I stayed my hand at the base of her leg and squeezed. I would have gone for her boobs, however, after knowing the greatness that was their direct juiciness, a part of me died every time I felt a bra between them and my palm.

“We should get a maid,” Arlethia complained, after we all had finished breakfast. Esther was diligently taking care of our half of the plates. After she had loaded them into the dishwasher, she cleaned the kitchen of all remains of my cooking. “A really hot one.”

“If you want a maid in our Anomalia, you should hurry up and learn how to do it,” Willt teased his girlfriend.

“I’m trying, okay!” she cried and took the tray back to the kitchen herself.

Arlethia still failed at the ritual. Willt had passed the test this week, managing to mark one of the cards with his Astral Capacity. His was a Cross Anomalia, which mostly fit his character. The three typical characteristics for a King of Cross were to be cunning, bold and prideful. While Willt was far from bold, he definitely was cunning, particularly when it came to working smarter not harder, and he could be prideful when it came to intellectual sparring. In most conversations, it just didn’t come up.

“Like Karitas is trying to create the Ephrogea Pill,” Willt turned his teasing to me.

"I will succeed," I declared decisively. The Ephrogea Pill was one of the many alchemical concoctions that I had bookmarked during my research about sexual applications of the craft. Once taken, the pill boosted the activity of the male reproductive gland and caused a notable amount of sucrose to be released into the mix as a by-product. In layman's terms, it boosted sperm quantity and added a fruity sweet taste to it. Expert alchemists could provide custom tastes or even create a version that made cum taste like deliciousness itself. As in: it would no longer have a definitive taste but simply be whatever the woman subconsciously desired.

I wasn't at a level where I could get that much done. During each Alchemy class, all students got some free time to use the provided tools however they wished. So far, I had failed to bind even a single compound required for the Ephrogea Pill.

"You really should bounce to simpler concoctions," Willt recommended. Of the two of us, he was the better alchemist. He had more talent in this specific field. Not surprising, since the young warlock had always been the book smart part of our group and basic alchemy was a lot about sticking to the proper outlines.

"...maybe," I answered slowly. I did have enough sense that jumping right into a difficult procedure had definitely not been the smartest path to take. I just really wanted the result, was the problem. "Did you do the additional reading about Nutheus, by the way?"

"I started out of boredom and did not stop until midnight," Willt responded, a hint of excitement sneaking into his voice. "What a badass, rising from literal filth and muck, toppling an evil warlord, and creating the first slime society by sacrificing himself to become a planetary nucleus."

"I know, right? Small scale compared to what Arthur did, but what a story."

"We should visit that world if we ever can."

"Absolutely."

"Glad that you boys like your heroes," Arlethia remarked, somewhat sarcastically. "Do you want to buy some action figures to go along with the classes?"

"I'd rather invest in some lingerie," I responded honestly, squeezing Esther's thigh a little harder. The Sexual Skills class yesterday had gone into the visual pleasures of outfits and underwear. No one needed to be told that certain varieties of underwear were sexy, but a lecture on what made certain outfits appealing and various strategies on when to wear what was enlightening. "We have the money now, right, lady of all my lust?" I asked, leaning in to kiss her behind the ear.

"I doubt that I am the lady of all your lust," Esther responded while my lips wandered down her slender neck. "You are impossible to contain, perverted Karitas."

"I never said only - and we have several hours of free time before we need to head to the city," I reminded her. "Lingerie or not, would you consider appeasing my desires with that female form of yours? Fertility goddesses pale in comparison to your beauty. To stay by your side will keep me forever needful, for there is nothing but your presence that could slake my thirst for you."

"Imma head out before I puke," Arlethia wretched.

"How about we actually do go buy some lingerie?" her boyfriend suggested.

"Can we afford that, if we go into the bar later?"

"Of course, we can," Willt responded smugly and they headed to the entrance. Whether they were in the room or not made little difference to Esther and me. Our lips found the other's in

sweet competition. Neither of us had any shame about displaying all feelings we had for one another publicly. Only undressing her was a no-no.

Despite my misgivings with her bra, my hand did end up on her breasts. She moaned into my mouth. I positioned myself to lift her up and carry her to my room. No further lewdness could unfold. Equal parts sadly and understandably, Esther's scars prevented her from undressing unless there was a locked door between her and potential witnesses.

Had we not shared the house with my friends, I was fairly certain she would have, like me, been fine with doing it wherever. Neither of us were exhibitionistic, neither did we care about people seeing us in the act.

I had already lifted her up, ready for another round of lovemaking in this gloriously warm morning, when Esther's expression showed a mild distraction. She reached to the side of her pants and pulled her Ashod out of her pocket. By pulling the two halves of the magical device apart, she created a screen between them. I did not approve of the distraction. However, the time between kitchen and bedroom was the only one she had to check. After that, I would have her pinned and moaning.

"Anything interesting?" I asked, recognizing the direct message interface.

"Aclysia wishes to meet us tonight," Esther informed me. Interesting news indeed, enough so to make the corners of my lips curl upwards. The white haired half-elf was a woman I had my eyes on and the only one, so far, of the women who I showed interest in that Esther was definitely approving of.

Mostly, this was because Aclysia had shown that she respected Esther's position as the Queen of my Anomalia well before it had become reality. They had talked in private and agreed on the rules of the courting. That she contacted the lady of my love rather than myself was another aspect of that respect.

A primitive part of me was annoyed that I outsourced my date planning. It stripped me of an aspect of my freedom, of choices to expand my harem. Everything else of me was elated that I had a loving partner who was part of coordinating that expansion. Minorly, because her advice would keep me from making terrible decisions and, majorly, because I had a partner that allowed harem-building in the first place. It was only right that she and any of my future haremets had a hand in who else joined. A lifetime was not to be spent with partners one loathed.

Esther gave me the tiniest of smiles. With her proclivity for controlled expressions, it might as well have been a grin as wide as the one I gave her in response. "I shall invite her to the bar, perhaps we will find additional time for her past our shift."

"That is a fantastic idea," I answered, while entering the bedroom.

The nightlife had slowed down dramatically since Esther and I had taken our jobs at the Café Served. All of the freshmen, eager to celebrate their new position in life, had learned that money was something they needed to conserve if they wanted to make it through the month with three good meals a day. Some had gotten jobs to supplement the university-provided income, others had simply gotten good at saving, a concerning number chose beer over food, and a select few had managed to become friends with upperclassmen of the upper two ranks, Golden Eagles and Silver Knights, who were decisively more flush with cash than them.

Whatever the means of maintaining some funds to go drinking were, the people that could afford to drink were spread out throughout the month and less prone to getting absolutely wasted. The weekends, particularly Saturday, were still the most crowded time, but it couldn't be compared to the concentration of ill behaviour and foolishness that had been the second weekend. I didn't want to imagine what the one prior to us taking the job had been like.

Whatever horror we had missed there, nowadays the majority of our shifts consisted of serving regulars. A few locals were regulars of the Café Served's bar. It's quiet atmosphere, and its relative remoteness. Plus, Hannibal, the regular barkeeper, was a person of moderate renown. I wasn't aware of this initially, but apparently barkeepers had several bars they worked at on different days of the week. Hannibal was a hired hand only for the weekends in the Café Served, Monday to Thursday he worked in a bar closer to the city centre. We regularly had friends and customers that followed him here, because they appreciated his service. They also got to make fun of him having to wear a butler's suit.

Long before any of them arrived, Esther and I got to work. The bar opened at 17:00, our shifts started at 16:00. Due to the intricacies of the uniform, getting changed took around ten minutes. Getting undressed was easy enough. On a good day, the clothes that I had hung in 'my corner' of the changing room were still there. On most days, the actions of a colleague had either displaced them or ruffled the perfectly ironed shirt in such a way that I was better advised searching for a replacement at its size.

Once assembled, I stepped out of the changing room as the image of a barista. A sleeveless vest covered my white shirt, and a black tie was orderly tucked between both. Shining shoes and fine, well-sitting pants covered my lower half. Accenting the entire look was a pair of white gloves and a felted wool hat. Both were articles the shop provided, yet weren't regularly worn by the employees. I had picked them up just because I wanted to.

When I stepped out, Esther still waited for the changing room to be vacated. Although they didn't know why, our fellow employees had taken note that my raven-haired lady never changed while others were in the dressing room. Esther always made up for the lost time, adding it to the end of her shift, so there were no complaints.

Out of the changing room came Mathilda. The pink-haired maid was another regular for the Saturday shift. In all due likelihood, she was the connecting link between the shark-man and Allister, the owner of the café. Unlike the barkeeper, she was a regular employee, working on the weekdays. She was also part of Hannibal's Anomalia – his Jack, to be exact.

"Waddup?" she greeted the two of us in her casual tone, high-fiving Esther in parting. "One day you'll learn not to answer that like a robot," the cool-headed woman remarked, just as Esther put her hand back down in a mechanical motion.

"I only respond due to your insistence," Esther returned and marched straight into the changing room.

"You two sure are weird...", Mathilda said to me, just as the sound of the door lock put a barrier between us and Esther, "...but useful. Sort of like magnets. Weird, but useful."

"My dear senior servant, I must leverage, formally, a complaint. Could continuously cantankerous characters, such as you, truly call collaborating colleagues, such as us, out as curiously kooky?" At the end of this question, Mathilda just looked at me for several seconds. The empty look in her eyes reflected deep thought about something definitely unrelated to me.

“Let’s not keep the big guy waiting,” Mathilda decided and walked out of the door of the café’s pause room. Waiting for Esther would have been a waste of time, so I followed after my senior servant.

“No acknowledgement whatsoever of my brilliant wordsmithing?” I asked, unable to hide my disappointment. For having been woven together at the spot, I reckoned I could be proud of that string of alliterations.

“No,” she answered plainly.

I pouted the rest of the way down. Interactions between me and Mathilda usually went like that. She was the calm, teasing character. For my part, I felt like I got along with her splendidly, given the limited interactions we had whenever our work schedules overlapped. Much like Arlethia and I kept getting into verbal altercations that I typically ‘won’, Mathilda handled me by depriving me of the one thing I often craved more than I should: attention.

The result didn’t hurt me, not getting attention wasn’t a big deal. Just because I liked it didn’t mean I was offended if someone denied me their time. Rather, when it came to getting ignored in a friendly fashion, I took it as a different flavour of banter. Until she clarified, Mathilda and I had that sort of relationship where I said something interesting, far-fetched, or plain stupid, and she shook her head in dramatised exasperation.

“Congratulations honey, you’re the second most annoying guy in the room,” Mathilda announced, when we emerged from the storage room behind the bar.

“There’s only two men here, you dumb broad,” Hannibal growled back. The two-metre-tall man was a mountain of muscles. His smooth skin had a blue hue to it and was completely hairless, excluding his head. While he could have grown out his hair, he preferred to keep it shaved, making his eyebrows the only notable presence of hair anywhere. Due to the two rows of pointy teeth in the shark-man’s mouth, his voice always had a sharp undertone. “Can you do me a solid, Mathilda?”

“Depends.” his Jack responded.

“Can you hurry home and bring the Rewelterb gin here? Allister forgot to restock and if Jenma shows up, which she will, I guarantee she’ll want some.”

“Sure,” Mathilda affirmed and went back up the stairs, leaving me and Hannibal alone in the room.

I was already past the actual wooden construction that shared its name with the type of establishment it was inside. The bar underneath the Café Served was pretty light on the servant theme, all things considered. The tables, benches and chairs were made from the same dark wood as the bar. Seats were covered in dark grey cushions, their colour similar to that of the simple carpet. The round tables were meticulously polished, the rims of their surface decorated by white lines that had the same style as the embroidery on the skirts of the maids. That and the pictures of famous servants was as far as the theme went.

The bar was only open on the weekends. For the people who worked on Friday, that meant that they had five days to clean up after what had happened the previous Sunday. For us, the Saturday shift, it was only a single day. Typically, this meant that there were some small inadequacies that had been overlooked, so the first hour of the shift was making sure everything appeared proper.

“Where did you leave your girl?” Hannibal asked.

"She's still changing. Evening, by the way," I greeted and waved, before bowing sideways to check under a table. All chairs were upside down on top, to make vacuuming easier. A fact that I decided I should take advantage of.

"Evening," Hannibal responded to the delayed greeting. "Here I thought she'd leave me dry on her first shift."

"You should know my beloved lady well enough by now, honoured Hannibal. She is physically incapable of going back on an agreement once struck or once she has decided on its validity, ignoring the other party's thoughts," I responded, while fetching the vacuum cleaner. "Also, whoever had cleaning duty left a literal cigarette under the table."

"What?!" the barkeeper circled out from behind his domain and into the room. I could hear the very unservantly curses from the other room. "Who smoked in my bar?!"

"Probably got stuck on someone's shoe," I just guessed at the simplest explanation, carrying the device with me. Hannibal picked up the cigarette butt and inspected it. Appeased, he nodded and carried it to the trashcan behind the counter. That did not removed the reason for me getting the vacuum cleaner in the first place. The presence of a large piece of trash indicated a general lack of attention. Best to give all the corners a bit of attention, before the guests arrived.

"I think some fresh meat was on cleaning duty yesterday. I'll tell the chief about this," Hannibal said, before the roaring of the vacuum cleaner made polite conversation impossible.

It did not please me that I was the source of trouble for someone. Doubly so because, statistically speaking, that someone was probably a woman. The male to female ratio when it came to people that knew the Dimensional Truth was 1 to 10. Welldark, as a Cosmic University, was almost entirely populated by students of the Dimensional Truth. Therefore, the gender ratio was skewed immensely.

Much as I loved flirting with the fairer sex, a bad job was a bad job, however.

Halfway through vacuuming, Esther joined us. I was temporarily distracted by the glorious sight of the curvy, raven-haired woman in a maid outfit. A warning glance got me back to work. While Hannibal continued preparations behind the bar, making sure all the glasses and bottles were in order, my Queen lifted the chairs off the tables I had double-checked and inspected the surfaces. It was unusual for the carpet to require additional cleaning. Stains on the tabletops were even rarer. Esther found nothing to do, beyond setting the chairs in correct positions.

Ten minutes before opening, we had everything sorted out. The vacuum was back in the staff area, Hannibal poured himself the first beer of the evening, and Mathilda returned with the bottle her King had asked for. "Might as well open a bit early," Hannibal said and threw the key to me.

It turned smoothly in the well-maintained door, which swung open inwards. A broad staircase led down to the door, atop of which three people stood. Arlethia, Willt, and Aclysia were all waiting for the establishment to open. The former two looked just like I had last seen them when they had left the house, with the addition of two stuffed backpacks. Aclysia was every bit as gorgeous as I remembered.

She was about Esther's height, just a tad smaller, and remarkably bottom-heavy. Her chest was on the petite side of things, present enough to be seen under her white blouse. Stretching out her pencil skirt, the backside of the half-elf could best be described as prime real estate. The

swing of her wide hips fit wonderfully with her long legs. The thickness of her thighs contrasted mildly with her overall slender figure. Pear-shaped as she was, nothing was out of proportion.

In the sun of the late summer's day, her snow-white skin was almost reflective. She looked better once she was under the soft, artificial light of the lamps, allowing the silvery-white of her hair to properly rise from her skin. She wore it strictly combed back, the straight strands aligning orderly and falling all the way down to her fantastic ass. Green eyes and light pink lips were all that gave her face colour. As a fellow white-haired person, I shared much of the struggle - albeit my skin did have enough colour to draw an easy contrast.

"Greetings, Karitas," Aclysia said in her soft, diligent tone. Competing with Esther in matters of a sexy accent was a battle no one could win. That being said, if the voice of the lady of my love, with all its velvety sensuousness, was a 10, then Aclysia's maidly softness was a solid 7. As an all around woman, she was a definitive 10. Greater than the sum of her parts, as they said.

"My deepest gratitude, that you bless me with your presence," I said and bowed down to kiss the back of her hand, "milady."

A blushing smile appeared on Aclysia's composed face. Before she could form a proper response, Arlethia chimed in. "He's just flirting with you to get bigger tips. I mean, just look at what he's wearing. He's fucking asking to be ordered around."

"Dear customer, in this establishment we value proper language," I responded.

"Karitas, stop loitering in the fucking entrance!" Hannibal shouted from inside.

"Ya were saying?" the short succubus asked smugly and strut past me. I sighed and conceded this particular verbal match. Willt followed his girlfriend, I kept my hand on Aclysia's and guided her to the bar. All three of them sat down. Well, Arlethia less sat down than jumped up in order to reach the bar stool.

"Can I... see the menu?" Willt asked carefully, as if Hannibal would reach over the counter and drag him off the stool if he said something wrong. Entirely unfounded. Hannibal would never drag someone over the bartop.

"Sure," Hannibal responded, sliding the plastic-wrapped booklet over between two gulps of his drink. "So, you lot are friends of these oddballs?"

"Sadly, yes," Arlethia responded.

"I have great interest in Karitas and Esther," Aclysia practically made it known that she was trying to be more than just a friend. Orderly, she placed both her hands flat on the bar. Unlike Arlethia and Willt, who were casually slumped, she sat perfectly straight. "May I ask for a recommendation on the red wine?" Hannibal started listing off their selection and, once Aclysia had made her choice, Esther was sent to fetch it. "She must be serving well to be promoted to bartender already," Aclysia remarked.

"Yes and no," Hannibal said while Mathilda walked around the room, quietly triple-checking everything. "She's a true workhorse, but she gets a bit possessive of the philosophising guy sometimes and that's bad for business."

"Maybe Karitas should flirt less," Arlethia suggested.

"Like that will ever happen," Hannibal laughed, just as the lady of my desires returned with the wine. Esther poured it, Arlethia ordered a beer, Willt asked for a bourbon.

"Your job is paying way too well," I complained. "All you do is draw circles in a library, I have to run around the Café three times a week."

"You do my job then," Willt suggested, keeping his eyes fixed on me. "All you have to do is learn summoning."

"What is your occupation?" Aclysia asked.

"I..." his voice grew more hesitant the moment he addressed someone he was less familiar with. "...you know..."

"Willt is an assistant demon communicator. He helps set up rituals before summoning classes," Arlethia came to her introverted boyfriend's rescue. Boasting, she added, "He's the youngest to ever have been accepted in that position."

"People usually don't apply..." Willt tried to downplay it.

"By the way," Hannibal turned to Aclysia. "Kind of obvious, but you're one of Derilea's daughters, yeah?"

"That is correct," Aclysia responded and lowered her head. Derilea was the Queen of Taurus' Anomalia, the Headmaster and founder of Welldark. Practically speaking, Aclysia was part of the royalty of the university. Not that it meant much, as Hannibal demonstrated by nodding in acknowledgment and otherwise ignoring the topic.

"I think she would do splendidly on the other side of the bar," I added semi-jokingly. Aclysia had been raised with discipline and diligence in mind and something about the Derilea bloodline seemed to produce women who were delighted at the prospect of being maids. Aclysia had openly professed to me that being caretaker of the house of her Anomalia was her goal in life and sometimes talked about her sisters having achieved the same station.

Aclysia shook her head at the suggestion. "Although I do admit that a job at a maid café would fit me, I cannot pick up any job where I am a visible part of the proceedings. It would draw undue attention to the store."

"Not like you're short on money anyway, eh?"

"It is a point of policy that we, father's children, receive no additional funds," Aclysia responded, only to sigh. "Albeit our Anolia do like to dote on us."

"It's what parents do," Arlethia shrugged. Anolia were not exactly parents. The word described women who were part of a father's Anomalia, without being the actual mother of the child in question.

"Aunt would be more appropriate as a simile," I commented. "Women in an Anomalia strike me more as a sorority than sharing a womb."

"Details," Arlethia waved.

"The devil is in the details, Arlethukinia, and one of your descendance should worship the devil with great veneration."

"Why do you insist on using my full name all the time?!"

"...because your reaction amuses me?" I chuckled and glanced at the two bags my friends had placed on the ground between their feet and the bar. "Anyway, how was the shopping trip?"

"Already sent you a message with the location of the lingerie shop we went to," Arlethia responded swiftly, before taking a huge gulp of her beer. Her nimble tongue slithered over her upper lip, taking care of excess foam. "You two should go and try some stuff on. They do measuring and everything."

"I decline," Esther said swiftly. Trying on bras required her to go topless, which was not an option at the moment.

I did want her to overcome that particular limitation. Witnessing the lady of my heart halt at all of these self-imposed roadblocks saddened me. The reason for her denial was more than understandable. The scars on her back were hideous, trying to hide them only natural. Still, going on like this forever did not strike me as healthy. I wanted her to come to terms with who she was, including the ugliness she could not change.

Pressuring her into revealing her back to a bunch of strangers was way too forceful a step in that direction.

"Maybe some other time," I therefore agreed with Esther and dropped the topic, instead addressing Aclysia. Before I decided on a replacement topic, the arrival of other guests pulled me away. Since Esther was behind the bar today, Mathilda and I were on task to take orders.

For now, I still had a job to do.

It was a nice, slow shift. Most of the customers were regulars and drinking was kept to a moderate amount, meaning that I didn't have to move around too much. A group of five, we talked quite a lot. To be more precise, Arlethia and I did the majority of the talking. Esther and Aclysia weighed in regularly and Willt went from barely to occasionally involved as the night continued. Personally, I attributed that more to the alcohol than him getting comfortable around all the people he didn't know yet. Most of the time he had opened his mouth during the night, it had been to take another sip of liquor.

Esther and I ended our shift at midnight. Past that point, it was highly unusual for someone new to arrive, so activity was limited to serving who was already there. We changed back, met our friends outside the bar, and all of us started our trip home. Regular students of the first and second semester were housed in a skyscraper specifically for them. Us five, Arlethia and Willt courtesy of me inviting them, had been assigned mansions west of those skyscrapers. Although Esther had her own, Aclysia was the only one of us to live in a different one. Something that I was sure would change in the coming months.

"Steady," I said to Willt, walking next to my oldest friend, always ready to catch him should he stumble. The slender man didn't look like he could drink a lot and tonight had been another confirmation of that fact. Why he kept doing it to himself despite the horrible hangovers he got, I could not quite understand. When I drank, even when I mercilessly overdid it, I was out for a few hours the next morning at worst. Willt lost an entire day to the aftereffects of his binges.

"He can walk, don't worry so much," Arlethia assured me.

Doubtfully, I glanced back and forth between her and her boyfriend. Willt moved as if he was about to master a forbidden martial art. It was, however, true that we still moved at a regular speed and the young warlock hadn't fallen yet. After scratching the back of my head, I decided to relax and let the evening progress as it would.

We went further south, towards the centre of the city. There was a quicker way to the train station, undoubtedly. Following the main road had the advantage of shutting our brains off as we walked. Willt was drunk, Arlethia tipsy, and Aclysia... I did not know what Aclysia was. She had drunk a moderate amount of wine. Diligent behaviour was so deeply drilled into her that even now her body language remained straight and proper. Esther and I were sober.

'Actually, this may be an opportunity,' I thought. I had suddenly remembered that Esther hadn't had a drop of alcohol in her life. A bar made for a poor environment for a first try. A few

beers or other spirits among friends, a few metres away from one's bedroom, that was the proper place to dabble in booze. "How about we have a little afterparty? A few drinks back home?"

The suggestion reached willing ears. "Yes!" Willt exclaimed with drunken enthusiasm.

"I'd be happy to spend more time with you tonight," Aclysia responded, less interested in the drinks and more in the socializing. Completely legitimate, especially in our current dynamic. Over two months had elapsed since we had first confessed a mutual interest in her joining my Anomalia. Since I had Esther to satisfy my immediate desire for companionship, I wasn't pressing Aclysia as much. I had less time for it. From her side, the maidly woman was holding back on full commitment as well.

Joining an Anomalia was a big decision. Most that formed this early in the first semester were relationships like that of Willt and Arlethia – couples that were already established before they moved to Welldark. My relationship with Esther was anomalous in how quickly it had become a true Anomalia. Given how much we both had mulled over that decision, the drama, heartache and joy that had accompanied it, I deemed that we had made it wisely.

"I will retreat, should I get tired," Esther added her opinion to the mix, after some contemplation.

Last of us to voice her opinion would have been Arlethia, but her thirsty eyes already spelled out what she would be doing the second we were home.

Locating a store that was open at this hour was incredibly easy. As could be expected of a city whose economy existed solely to cater to the needs of young adults, many shops were open around the clock. A supermarket by the city centre offered exactly what I looked for.

I entered with Aclysia, leaving Esther and Arlethia to prevent Willt from following us. Between his drunken stupor and his full wallet, I was afraid we would leave the store with a crate of beer. That was more than I needed and definitely more than I wanted to carry at the moment.

We bought two bottles of wine, a six pack of beer, and a bottle of ouzo. The entire reason why I had picked that spirit out of all that were on display was that ouzo could be mixed with flat tap water. That was no Bloody Mary, but it was definitely serviceable, cheap, and easy to transport. Rather than buy a bag along with all of that, I simply created one with my Artefact.

I closed my eyes and wove the fabric mentally. Flexible materials were more difficult than rigid ones. After about five seconds, I felt the handle manifest in my hand. I opened my eyes and inspected the bag. The semi-translucent silver of consolidated Astral Capacity was outstandingly beautiful. Interspersed dots, connected via thin lines, like consolidations naturally decorated the thin 'cloth'.

I loaded the bottles into the bag and we went outside. The trip home was uneventful, which only meant that the conversations were friendly and fun, to be remembered as a general feeling of the chain of events, less for the actual content. Since we took the train back home, there was a stretch of time during which we were seated. A blessed occurrence, as it allowed me to sit between the squishy thighs of Esther and Aclysia.

Often when the three of us hung out, I did get this delightful glimpse into the proper harem life. My arms were around their waists, wandering up and down their sides. Both were willing, stretching to nuzzle against my side and the palm of my hand. Cupping tits, squeezing thighs and groping butts, my greedy grabbers found the delicious variances of female squishiness.

Perhaps even greater than the ease with which they offered their bodies to me were the actions they took. One could posit that they were returning the favour I gave them, stimulating their sensitive skin with my careful caress. I would return that every moan I caused, every tiniest of lustful sighs that reached my ears, was my gain. The way they then explored my toned chest by moving their hands over my shirt was an additional return on the investment of my time and love into their lives. Their soft lips pressing against my neck, that was beyond any economic comparison.

Velvety, soft, warm, just a bit wet, their mouths were repeatedly pressed anywhere between my earlobes and my collarbones. Esther was to my right and I turned around to kiss her properly, while kneading her breasts. Accursed, her bra prevented me from fully teasing the doubtlessly hard nipple its cumbersome embrace hid from me. Even Aclysia, on my left, clad her breasts in the blockading cloth.

Much as I wanted to turn my head and deeply kiss Aclysia the same way, this was a bridge that had not yet been crossed. It wouldn't be her first kiss, by her own words she had wasted it foolishly on a boy who she had lost interest in swiftly afterwards (as happened regularly with teenagers). That she kept her first kiss with me for so long did speak to an increased wisdom.

Across the cabin table sat Willt and Arlethia. The two of them were also making out. We occupied the same, isolated space, yet were in entirely different places.

Had it not been for the bag, I would have kept playing with both of them during the remaining walk back home. I had to delay that until we were past the door.

Expectedly, the drunkard most enthusiastic about the afterparty was in no state to continue drinking. Between then and now, Willt had calmed down considerably and now he looked as tired as a bear that had just realised it was winter. A hungry grin on her lips, Arlethia dragged her boyfriend up to their part of the mansion on the third floor. She would tuck him in pleausurably, I was sure.

That left the three of us.

The mansion was vast and there were quite a few corners that I had hardly used before. In one of the many rooms besides my own, there was a couch and a table. The three of us placed the drinks there. I brought the laptop with me, to entertain us with various videos or at least provide music. The latter was what we ultimately decided on, as our attention firmly laid with one another.

"I'm not certain I should," Esther said, while I questioningly held up the bottle of wine. Aclysia already had her glass and I preferred the beer, all that remained to be seen was what the lady of my love would claim as her beverage.

"You don't have to," I assured her. To lend additional credence to those words, I moved the bottle into a less demanding position. "Some drinking is fun," I explained my position. "It's not like sex with someone you love though. To compare an orgasm to the depths of jolly drunkenness is to compare, foolishly, the taste of supermarket cheese to a gourmet meal presented by a number of women most willing. Albeit that cheese is indeed a manifestation of raw deliciousness, it will never measure to the complete fulfilment of proper and carefully crafted... food." I stopped myself there, as the point was made. "Also, cheese doesn't give you a headache if you eat too much of it."

Esther gave it a bit more consideration before saying, "I will abstain."

“Fair enough,” I responded, keeping the disappointment from my voice. The sole reason why I had suggested this path was because I wanted to find out what kind of drunk she was. My ulterior motive, selfish as it was from the outset, should not be used to guilt her. I was a minorly possessive boyfriend, not a manipulative one. “Water?” I suggested instead, having brought a pitcher of it with me.

Gladly, Esther accepted that. A wine glass filled with plain hydration may have been heretical in the eyes of convinced alcohol enjoyers, but between us three that passed. We toasted with water, wine and beer, and leaned back in silence after the first sips had been taken.

I clicked my tongue, covered in the delightfully bitter taste of beer, annoyed with myself.

“What is the matter, my Karitas?” Esther asked. Like always, her addressing me this way sent delightful shivers down my spine. As if her voice, the audible equivalent of velvet gliding over bare skin, was not enough to arouse the mind, the particular speaking quirk that so easily conveyed her endearment with me only brought mine to new heights.

I leaned over and kissed her, needing no other reason than my adoration. Beyond her red lips, I desired to resume the tactile worship of her body. In this lay the origin of my annoyance. “I need three hands,” I complained. My left was on Aclysia’s plump derriere, my right held the beer, and Esther’s curves went undeservedly untouched.

In a normal situation, the obvious solution was the table in front of me. Normal, this situation was not. Other rules applied to regular drinking than to drinking with two gorgeous, not to mention interested, women. Once the beer was on the table and my right on Esther’s body, heavenly and hellish in sight and seductiveness, they would remain there.

“Let me be of assistance,” Aclysia whispered into my ear and took the beer from me. Daringly, she took a sip and then leaned in for a kiss.

The intent was unmistakable, my will wavering at the suggestion. Openly perverted as I was, it was a wonder that the gentleman in me won over and I placed a finger on her soft, pink lips. “You’re drunk,” I told her. “You don’t want our first kiss to be like that.”

Her expression was cryptic, while she looked at me with her green eyes. It remained difficult to ascertain how much the alcohol did truly affect her. In the end, she swallowed. “You’re right, my future Master.”

My pants turned into the tightest confinement possible. ‘Master’ truly was a deadly weapon shaped into a single word. Spoken by any attractive women, especially the ones I was attracted to, it turned immediately into a spell that slowed my thoughts and quickened my pulse. “No ‘hopeful’?” I asked, since that was usually an adjective used in conjunction.

“I want to be closer to you,” Aclysia confessed and physically backed up her words by pressing against me. “Closer to being part of your Anomalia. Many suitors reach out to me...” I knew that. We shared some classes through the week and it was rare that I didn’t have to shoo away some competitor. “...yet, there is only one man I have met thus far that I wish to call my Master.” Her lips were right next to my ear, whispering the obvious. “You, Karitas.”

I was wrong. It was possible for my pants to feel even tighter., I felt like they were ready to burst now. Matter of fact, I did feel the zipper lowering a tad. “We should talk more about this tomorrow,” I said, feeling my lustful side scream out in agony. I could have kissed her. I could have added her to my Anomalia right then and there. For someone to join an Anomalia, all that

was required was a simple ritual between the founder, being me, and the joiner, being her, during a moment of honest and genuine affection.

Such moments came easily to us, in this moment in our relationship, and this current one more than certainly qualified.

“Indeed, we should,” Esther added, her tone slightly frosty.

I hadn’t done anything wrong in this situation, so I was spared my Queen’s annoyance in this instance. The disgruntled gaze of her mildly yellow eyes was entirely aimed at Aclysia. Swiftly, the white-haired woman lowered her head. “I did not wish to ignore your authority, Lady Esther,” she apologised. “Is this beyond the agreement we reached?”

“It is not,” Esther conceded and took the beer from the maidly woman. She took a sip herself, confusing me until her lips approached mine. Eagerly, I accepted the mixture of her saliva and sparkling beer. A drop of it pearly down my chin. After our lips parted, she gazed into my eyes. An enigmatic mixture of emotions laid out there. “Fully accepting that he will not be exclusively mine anymore will be difficult,” she said and then reached for the water. She washed the taste of beer from her mouth. “I do not like this bitterness.”

“Beer is often an acquired ta-ah-ha-ste,” I stuttered through the last word, as Esther grabbed my groin. What had been a bulge became a clear outline of my manhood. “You are playing with fire, my dearest Queen,” I warned her.

“And it flickers so amusingly,” she returned.

“May I do as much?” Aclysia pleaded submissively, trailing one hand up my thigh. My sober mind made a mental note that the half-elf got incredibly daring when she was under the influence. My perverted mind finally scored a win, as I nodded. There was only so much resistance I could put up in one evening.

It was an absolutely horrible mistake.

Two women were massaging my manhood through my pants. Nothing further happened. Aclysia had reclaimed enough of her reason that she claimed seeing my cock before joining my Anomalia would have been improper. My Queen decided to join that logic, most likely to tease me. I had to endure the tormenting touch, mustering all my will to not unload in my pants.

Life had its ups and downs.

That steady distraction aside, it was a nice evening. We continued talking about this and that, exchanging details about our week we had not divulged prior. Because we frequently met in classes and because Aclysia had more than once visited us here in our free time, we knew the majority already. With good friends, there was always something else to discuss, or a silence to be enjoyed together. High as that standard was, I did want all of my haremettes to not only be my lovers but also my friends.

After downing an additional bottle of wine, even Aclysia started to slur her sentences. Esther and I were starting to get tired at that point, so we called it a night.

“May I shleep with you?” Aclysia asked. Sexily adorable, she was on all fours on the couch, looking up to me and Esther with big green eyes.

“...Sure,” I sighed, knowing that I had prolonged my torment. Gone was the option to take my previous frustrations out by driving Esther into the mattress. Even if I could convince the lady of my lust to undress to the necessary degree in front of Aclysia, it would have violated the unspoken accord of keeping my dick hidden.

If she hadn't been drunk, I would have disregarded that accord completely. There was only so much a man could be asked to endure before grabbing a clearly willing female and pinning her against the wall. Sadly, because she was drunk, I did not want to do anything to her that she may regret in the morning.

So, I had to sleep with blue balls. In my underwear.

Had there not been two gorgeous women snuggled up to me, I might have gotten mad.

Luckily for me, I had two strong hands, was a confessed pervert, and had a Queen who I had been having sex with every morning for the past three weeks. Aclysia was still asleep by the time we woke up, so doing our usual business in the bed was out. Neither of us were willing to wait until she was gone either. Therefore, in the midst of my morning grogginess, I dragged Esther to the shower.

Drag was a big word for the context. I grabbed her by the wrist, led her through the mansion to the bathroom, and told her to undress. After that, I pushed her against the shower wall and into her as soon as she was wet enough. A fairly short wait, asserting myself was always to her liking. Otherwise, we wouldn't have ended up together.

Two loads and the orgasm-caused collapse of her legs later, I had sufficiently made up for last night's aching end.

After that, the morning continued regularly. Esther remained in the bathroom to take care of her hair and I moved to the kitchen to prepare breakfast. While I was still scanning what I could make for three people instead of two, Arlethia came walking in. "How dead is he?" I asked.

"Alive where it matters," the succubus chirped happily. She seemed more awake and happier than ever, despite having downed quite a few beers herself yesterday. I only had four small bottles, so I was just fine. Once the cup of coffee let me enjoy its awakening capabilities, I would feel the same as always. "I dunno what is wrong with his body, but every time after he gets shitfaced he just lies there and gets hard over and over again. It's great!"

"Huh," I made an interested sound. I wouldn't have asked, but I didn't mind that intel either. Perhaps it could be used to make fun of him at some point.

"Anything interesting happened during your night?"

"Nothing of particular note, although we'll have a talk with Aclysia once she's back in the land of the living."

"Something serious?"

"Maybe?" I responded, finally deciding to go for a simple breakfast of bread and condiments. "Nothing unexpected or unwanted on either side. Most likely, we'll just clarify where to go from here."

"I'll leave you to it then," Arlethia said and left, after filling two glasses with water.

Aclysia stumbled into the room about twenty minutes later. For the first time since I had known her, her hair looked anything but perfectly combed. It retained most of its backwards orientation. Parts stuck out unevenly and one strand even had the audacity to be in front of her pointy ear. "Hey there, Sia," I greeted her.

"...do you have a second bathroom?" she asked in a tiny, exhausted voice.

The mansion had a total of seven bathrooms, so the answer was obviously yes. Besides the one Esther and I tended to use, there were two on this floor. In one of them, incidentally the one I guided Aclysia to, was a bathtub big enough for four people.

Another two hours later, the three of us sat around the table, and Esther finished her breakfast. Her hair routine had been a much bigger delay than eating. Point put aside; it was time to finally address the big question. "So, you have decided you want to join my Anomalia?" I asked.

"I am convinced that I want to do that, yes," Aclysia answered with a strong nod. "I would be elated if you two were to let me join."

"I should remind you that we," I gestured to my Queen and myself, "are not exactly regular people. You know even more about Esther's past than I do, because you have access to the school files." I said that neutrally. Whatever Esther was keeping to herself, I trusted she did so for a good reason. Until I shared my own secrets, I couldn't blame her for anything. "As for myself, there's something unsaid too. Nothing that should put you in undue danger, I hope, but something that may complicate our future a little bit... there's more to it than I can predict." That was as much as I was willing to let on.

Aclysia fell silent for a moment, then shook her head. "Many times, I pondered this and my conclusion remains the same." Emerald eyes pleadingly danced back and forth between us. Now that she repeated her conviction in a sober state, there was nothing holding me back. However, it was not solely my decision. Ultimately, I looked to Esther, and so did Aclysia.

Who stared back, like a predator focused on her prey. Without knowing her any better, it was easy to misunderstand that concentrated glare as a gesture of intimidation. In reality, Esther was sorting her thoughts and choosing her words carefully. "I hesitate for two reasons, one personal and the other cautious," she finally spoke up. "There is an issue with my body that I need to reveal before you should join, one that I find difficult to show."

"I swear every oath that I would never share it," Aclysia promised.

"I believe you. Yet, this is... difficult," Esther continued. "Caution and advice from the Anomalia Management classes further tells me to try your resolve once more. At the end of the semester, I will show what I hide and you may join our Anomalia."

"Sounds acceptable to me," I agreed. The semester ended in another two months. That was a long time, but not unreasonably long. Esther could brace herself and Aclysia would have the time to seriously think this over. We could still spend time as we had.

"May I ask for two additions?" Aclysia asked.

"Let's hear them," I said. As much decision-making power as I surrendered to Esther on this topic, I never wanted to be left out or even appear disconnected. I was still the King of this Anomalia.

"First, I would like a date, only you and I, when the time comes to join your Anomalia," Aclysia said.

"Absolutely," I agreed.

"Secondly, I would like to move in today."

That was a bit more difficult, since it carried with it the risk that Aclysia may see what she wasn't supposed to ahead of time. "I would be fine with it," I gave my side and looked to the lady of my love.

“You’ll have your own bedroom until your proper joining,” Esther stated. “Yesterday was an exception.”

“I understand,” Aclysia respectfully lowered her head.

“Then you may pick whichever,” the raven-haired lady said and got up. “Living with you will be pleasant.”

“Glad to have you here,” I added with a smile.

Sometimes, good things in life came about simply.

Chapter 2 – University Life

Stained glass broke the summer light. The tinged, fractured beams cascaded down into the gothic architecture of Welldark's central train station. The air was pleasingly damp and cool. Here and there, artificial illumination assured that it did not get too dark.

Only the roof of the vast structure was above ground. Large pillars of grey and black rock, decorated with purple tiles and golden trims, extended more than twenty metres upwards. The 3'000 active students of the university were funnelled through his building every day, moving to their courses from the trains that carried them from their dorms. The many stylized pictures under the ceiling matched the sombre architecture.

More impressive than the ornate roof was the state of the stone rows that served as boarding platforms. They were dark grey and clean. Not universally dark grey, there was the typical mix of deep purple and thin gold, but mostly. What was impressive wasn't the colour anyway.

Admittedly, the numbers of train stations I had visited in my life was limited. Before I went to Hell, I had rarely moved from my place of birth. Afterwards, the typical mode of long distance travel was on the back of some air or seaborne demon creature. Even with my limited experience I was aware that the most common kind of flooring at train stations were the flattened remains of bubblegum. There was none of that here. There were no signs of any stains of any origin. Not even an invisible, oddly sticky spot.

There was no lack of opportunities to fill the area with trash. Every platform had its own kiosk, selling small snacks and the university newspaper. The latter was done through a code that unlocked the article on the Ashod, rather than wasting a bunch of paper every day. Beyond that, there was a commercial area that had, among other things, a bakery and a fast food 'restaurant'. Newspaper aside, all of this did create trash and I was not naïve enough to believe that a gathering of humanoids this large never littered. I had even seen students drink here before. Yet, I never spotted any trash - nor cleaners.

The mystery managed to hold my attention and distracted me from the inevitable. Hand in hand, I walked with my Queen up the stairs that connected the train station to the actual university complex. I would have held Aclysia as well, but three people next to each other took up too much space. Like Willt, she had to pace behind us.

Atop the stairs, Esther and I stopped by a wall and kissed goodbye. A tide of red washed by us, students in crimson shirts and dark pants or skirts. The uniform of Welldark, to be worn by anyone on campus grounds. "See you at work," I said.

"At work," Esther confirmed with a militaristic nod and parted from me, marching towards the Magic Wing of the university. Her tricorne stood out among the students for a while, the white feather bobbing with each of her marching steps. Then she disappeared around the corner and I let out a heavy sigh.

"Three hours," Willt drily commented.

"Three hours of great heartache and longing," I lamented. "Three hours without the sun of my life, shining her rays of merciless criticism and deep adoration upon my every action. Three hours..." I trailed off into a dramatic pause. Aclysia put a stop to my loathing by stepping up to me.

“I may be able to make the void bearable?” She put a hand on my chest and got close. Wonderfully close.

The sun of my life may have vanished, but I got ample access to a pair of moons in return. It wasn't the fine tone to put it like this, regardless it had to be said: Aclysia had a fat ass. Magnificence only hinted at by the skirt she filled with that lovely behind now shifted under my palm. When we walked, every step brought it through various states of firm and bouncy, the muscles under the soft jello tensing and relaxing.

That her ass was this large was what prevented it from being perfect in my eyes. Esther's bubble butt was a bit more balanced, narrower and in line with her figure. That being said, perfection was subjective and any flavour approaching it was to be treasured. Having so much to claw into was definitely an advantage I would not have passed on. Variety was the spice of life.

While I was on the topic of butts, my mind wandered to that wood elf I had met on my first day. Her ass had been even larger than Aclysia's, an absolute pillow of a backside. She had also been taller, so that balanced out. 'Inistra was her name, I think,' I recalled, wondering if I would ever get another chance to talk to her.

My open perversion had offended her. I did not see any need to apologize. Regardless, it was a shame that she deliberately avoided me since. Whenever we were in the same room, she was on the opposite side. Those meetings were always by chance. We shared no classes, so I had no opportunity to try and reconcile. Maybe next semester.

There was a risk that she would join another Anomalia before then. This risk was inherent to the situation at large no matter what I did. Doubtlessly, I was already well ahead of the curve. Not only had I formed an Anomalia already, I essentially had confirmed the second entry. Beyond that, Esther, Aclysia and I were the strongest combatants in our semester (officially speaking, there may have been people hiding their true power level, or catching up to us). To describe myself as greedy because I was already thinking about women I wanted beyond those two would have been an understatement.

And I was greedy. Unapologetically.

I wanted who I wanted and I would put in the work required to have their ear, their adoration, and their hearts. I would put in the work to retain their affection, prove that it could last, until my Anomalia was filled and I was waking up every morning amidst a crowd of deeply attractive, adoring females. What man would blame me for this greed? Only those without the will and honesty to pursue the dream themselves, I reckoned.

The crowd around us gradually thinned, as the many streams separated again and again. Welldark had 13 branches, each of them possessing their own set of buildings. Courtyards acted as separating areas. They came in many shapes. Small parks were commons. As were simple lawns. Plazas of cobblestone could also be found. All of them enveloped the clusters of buildings belonging to the branches. Each cluster had its own individual set of architectural quirks, while adhering to the gothic theme of purple, dark grey and black.

Roofed pathways cut through these spaces between branches. The stone floor was flanked by curved pillars that could have fit nicely in a cathedral. Aclysia and I were currently crossing the largest green area on the university ground. More than a park, the orderly assembly field between the tall walls served as the university's public herbal garden. Many of the fields here could be rented, all the other ones were used to grow low-priority herbs used in cooking and

alchemy. Truly important, valuable, or interesting plants were grown in the greenhouses. Access to them was restricted.

The three of us entered the Mixtures Branch of Welldark together. Copper and glass tubes ran around underneath the ceiling and through the walls. Fluids visibly and audibly flowed through them creating a constant buzz that echoed through the corridors. Parts of the walls were cut out and replaced with tanks. Windows allowed every student passing to see the liquids and gasses within.

They weren't mere decoration. This absurdly expansive network of pipes was necessary to mass produce Alchymiet, a stable alchemical reactant. In the craft, it was used as commonly as water. Metal plates besides each tank described what the current step of refinement was.

There were other tanks as well, some of them located in the middle of a crossing, exuding a cold air. Bubbling mystery fluids of various colours invoked wonder of what they may be. These, too, could be rented by students for their projects and came in various sizes. An array of containers the size of the average kitchen pot filled a niche in a wall opposite to the classroom we aimed for. They contained fish skeletons boiling in a blue liquid.

By now, the wave of students had broken down into countable groups. It was the second time slot of the day, running from 8:30 to 10:30, generally the busiest stretch of the day. This deep in the university, most had reached their destination, however, and the hallways were emptying by the second.

"I'll see you tonight?" I asked, kissing Aclysia's hand. Monday was my busiest day, as much as I had wanted to avoid that. The only option for us to see one another during the day was if she swung by Café Served while Esther and I were working.

"Yes," she dashed that particular (unreasonable) hope. Hugging me, she leaned up to my ear and whispered. "I will have dinner prepared."

Just like that, a smile appeared on my face. It grew even larger when she pressed a kiss on my cheek. Then she took a step backwards and bowed, before heading to a part of the building which appeared downright mundane by comparison to our brewing environment. While I had an alchemy class, Aclysia had one in cooking. The two were in the same branch, which made sense to me.

The alchemy classroom, like practically all classrooms of moderate size, was designed such that the student's seats rose up higher as they went towards the back of the room. A standard design decision, employed by universities of any variety, to ensure that the people at the back could see the teacher. Welldark afforded its students a great array of luxuries, providing leather seats and large tables in every normal classroom. The latter was further amplified in this classroom. Every table was its own workstation, surrounded by a cubicle of glass that would contain any explosion or other mishap. The former was replaced by a wooden stool.

I disliked those. Certainly, it made sense to have them there. Alchemy was not a craft done sitting down and stools were easier to replace. I was also quite certain that leather could have transmuted in unwanted ways, more easily so than the mundane wood used for the current seating. From what I had learned so far, animal materials were more alchemically reactive than plant matter. This was why herbs were so common in alchemy, what they did to the brew was gradual, while pieces of fauna could create some drastic changes.

Still, my butt would have appreciated a softer seat.

Willt and I took the same two stations as we always did. There was nothing forcing us to do so. At the beginning of the semester, the alchemy class had been almost completely filled. After three weeks, we had gone down to about half, about 25 people, which was the number we were currently hovering at. All teachers expected such a development. Since classes weren't mandatory, anyone who felt disillusioned or unmotivated to attend a particular one could just not show up. They weren't required for graduation either.

Cosmic Universities, unlike regular universities, didn't prepare their students to enter an academic field. The primary purpose of Welldark was to teach its students in the Dimensional Truth in a safe and controlled environment. Because that was an endeavour best approached carefully over a long stretch of time, additional courses had been established to educate the students in whatever they might fancy. Welldark, in particular, demanded a minimum of battle and diplomacy training as well. Anything else was on a voluntary basis.

Grades and such would be printed out in a document after graduation, but such a diploma was only of use if one decided to stick to the explored and civilized worlds that knew about Welldark. The knowledge itself was the reward for attending the courses.

Alchemy was useful, that's why I went there and kept coming. I had considered dropping out of a few of my classes. The stern influence of my Queen kept me motivated. Esther wouldn't have let me hear the end of it if I wasted two hours playing video games. Annoying, at times, yet ultimately positive.

We had gotten comfortable and were chatting about nothing in particular, when the teacher came in. He was a middle-aged man of good looks. His head was as hairless as his chin, although he could on some days be seen with a bit of stubble in both places, proving that he was doing this by choice. A well-fitting suit covered his body and he carried a labcoat over his shoulder.

Fluidly, pushed his arms through the sleeves. As he closed the buttons, he raised his voice, like he always did at the start of these lessons. The magic in the room carried it to every corner, "Say it with me, students," he demanded.

A chorus of bored, excited, neutral, bothered, and yawning voices accompanied him during his next sentence: "Alchemy is an art of the outcome, many roads lead to one goal."

"Very good!" the teacher, Temerian Lerezen, continued with his ritualistic start. "In chemistry, there are often several ways to refine a desired molecule – several paths one could take to create the compounds desired. In alchemy, the same principle is amped up to twelve-thousand. Alchemical concoctions are created by a process of transmutation, the elements used valuable not because of their physical but their esoteric properties. To succeed in creating the desired outcome in alchemy, one must reach an end-state by balancing the magical and symbolic attributes of the ingredients."

I leaned against the wall behind me. In the absence of a backrest, that was the best I could do to sit relaxedly. Temerian continued his spiel about the way alchemy worked. The first five minutes of his lectures were always the same. Drilling those fundamentals into us was advisable, yet I was bored every time he brought it up. I went back to listening when something new was being said.

"Alchemy is a mysterious art. Because the value of the ingredients is symbolic, our own perception influences the outcome of the brews. A grand master may be able to substitute materials of equal magical potency for another, strictly by believing, truly believing, that they

hold the same esoteric value. In its entire history, Welldark has only produced three such masters, one of whom is the current head of this branch. For us normal alchemists, our characters, our subconscious beliefs, alter the final brew in small or large ways. This depends on your affinity with the brew and the enthusiasm you put into it. Alchemy is a pursuit of the heart. Many formulae can be followed to achieve predictable results, but treating this art as a hard science will only get you so far. A true alchemist gives themselves to the passion of creation.”

I nodded along. Passion was a word that I was passionate about. What he described, this influence of one’s emotions and character on the brew, was called the Gestalt Effect. I had stumbled over it before, during my private studies. Obviously intent could not fundamentally alter the nature of a concoction. All the Gestalt Effect did was add or emphasize a few properties. For example, a healing potion brewed with a lustful intent may be particularly effective at treating the side effects of a rough lovemaking session, such as sub-drop. Besides that, it was still a healing potion.

“Today, we’ll make a potion renowned for its reactivity to personality.” Temerian connected his Ashod to the laptop that was in turn connected to the board behind him.

At first sight, it looked like a plain old chalkboard. The moment the magical communication was established, the grey surface wavered like a calm pond getting disturbed by a small stone. Once the ripple had reached the edges, the entire screen was activated and showed us how Temerian clicked around in search of a file.

“The professional name of it is the Jekermen-Welde Potion, which might appear on the test but is not something I actually expect you to remember. We refer to it as the Lotion Potion. I assume all of you have heard about body lotion before – the Lotion Potion is a brew you can drink and it instantly treats an area of your body as if you had been consistently applying lotion to it for a year. The Full Lotion Potion would do the entire body without fail, but that’s for the third semester.”

I had hoped for something a little more exciting. Not that the described effect was without its benefits. As a strapping young lad, my body was still in perfect condition. Age would take its toll with time and such a potion would do wonders in keeping my skin (and the skin of my haremetses) taut for several additional years. If it even came to that. There were ways to prolong one’s life using magic.

If nothing else, it would make for good practice.

The teacher found the file he required and the screen soon showed two lists. On the left was a step by step of what to do to get to the potion. On the right was the actual end-state of the potion. ‘Stable water, whimsical oil, dashes of sanguine and an essence of rejuvenation,’ I read. Already, I reached for *Alchemica Esoterica*, Version 43. The book listed the symbolisms of common ingredients, as well as their magical potency.

“You will create the potion twice today,” Temerian instructed us. “First you will follow the instructions on the left, that will get you to the potion guaranteed. Second you will attempt to reach the desired state of the potion by using your own methods. Like always, if you have any time remaining by the end of the task, you may use it as you please. Now, come to the front and fetch your materials.”

Willt and I remained seated, while the majority of our (almost exclusively female) class moved to the front. We were in no hurry to get our materials. Idle, however, we were not. My

friend was repeatedly glancing up to the list and grabbed various tools and contraptions to be used later. I first glanced at the list, then at what he had chosen, and then grabbed either the same or very similar tools and contraptions. As was already established, this line of work was up Willt's aisle. I was just happy I could keep up with the reasoning without asking.

"Hey there, Willt," purred one of our female classmates, approaching us with her box of provided materials. She had dark grey, almost black skin and a slender, elegant body. Her hair was primarily black, with white streaks interspersed. The last segments of her fingers were claws of a polished horn-like material and her feet were that of a running bird, like an ostrich. "Mind if I work next to you?"

"By..." Willt cleared his throat and pointed at the empty station to his right, "...by all means."

"Hi Melternykina," I greeted her. A mammonette, she was a female greed demon and someone who I had talked to numerous times in the past three months. Each of those times had been either with Willt in the room or the conversation had been about Willt. From what I heard, and I heard practically everything when it came to the friends I shared an accommodation with, she had talked with Arlethia already too. Interest wasn't as solid as it was between me and Aclysia, regardless there was something here.

If nothing else, she often joined us during alchemy class.

"Melina," she corrected me swiftly and gave me a pleading gaze. Covertly, I nodded. It was a silent signal between the two of us that I would keep my mouth shut for as much as was inconspicuous. Removing myself entirely from the scene was a path I was also open to. However, if Willt didn't have me as a proverbial lifebuoy, his awkwardness was certain to stifle conversation.

That being said, I could and did leave for tiny bursts.

"I'll go get our stuff," I announced and pat Willt on the back. Then I winked at the smiling mammonette. Greedy as I was, I could also play the wingman. Luckily, there were enough women for all of us and, if I was being honest, Melina wasn't my type. Her face was too sharp for me and private conversations had revealed her to be on the dom side of things. Neither were necessarily a dealbreaker, but I could chase other women that were closer to my preferences.

"Ah, Karitas," the teacher greeted me, when I had made it to the podium.

"Morning," I returned, while grabbing two of the wooden boxes, stacking them so I could carry them more easily. Before I lifted them up, I halted. His tone indicated that he wanted something from me. Words to confirm this swiftly followed.

"I hate to be the bearer of bad news, but today is the last time I will supply you with the ingredients for the Ephrogaea Pill," he informed me. "Your enthusiasm is great, but we can't just throw rare ingredients at students endlessly. Our stockpiles are only so big."

I sighed, having anticipated that this would come eventually. "I understand."

"Drop me a message before next week and I'll prepare the materials for another project," he promised me. His tone switched to the amused, "Perhaps you should go for something less ambitious."

"I'll see what I can find," I answered and then made my way back to our workbenches. By the time I placed Willt's box on his bench, Melina had completely enticed him to help her figure out what utensils she needed to go through the steps outlined in the guide. She did need that help. Truthfully speaking, she was pretty mediocre at alchemy. Her primary motivation for attending appeared to be Willt. Which, as far as I was concerned, was valid enough.

Left to my own devices, I focused solely on the task at hand.

First, I placed the foundation of all potions before me: the cauldron. The word invoked the image of massive pots that witches stirred. In alchemical terms, the cauldron was a metal container above a fire. Size wasn't a factor and, due to the size of the classroom, limited. The cauldron sat in a tripod, holding it up above a gas-fuelled flame. A nearby tap provided me with a stream of Alchymiet.

The fluid was of a verdant green and was slightly more viscous than water. I carefully measured it, before pouring every drop into my cauldron. Immediately, it started to bubble, but it did not boil. Alchymiet was a fundamental material of alchemy due its supernatural property of keeping ingredients in the cauldron from reacting with one another, until the mixture was cooled. It made alchemy a less volatile art.

I crushed the dried wings of Fairywood Butterflies into a fine powder and mixed it with oil. The resulting paste was scraped into the cauldron. Next, I filled a bowl with tap water and placed it on a level surface. It was to remain there for a full five minutes or more. Provided it was not moved, it could then be called stable. In the meantime, I grabbed the Redworm from the provided materials. It was a larva, still alive, and squirming between my fingers. Its red body was shorter than my pinkie.

'Sorry little guy, but you are about to become lotion,' I thought and dropped it into a second mortar. Peculiarly, the worm was grinded into a dry dust, rather than the pulpy mess I would have expected. That dust was sprinkled directly into the cauldron. Next, I took three closed flowers and placed them in a pot. I filled it halfway with water and sprinkled some Essence Salt into it. Not quite certain if that had been enough, I added some more. The instructions specifically said to intuit the measurement here. Then I stirred the pot for ten minutes, only stopping to add the stable water to the mixture.

Gradually, the mix I stirred turned pink, as the essence of rejuvenation was drawn from the closed flowers. Once I deemed that process complete, I filtered the contents of the pot. The blackened remains of the flowers were left on top of the iron mesh, to be swiftly discarded. Boiling the remaining pink fluid, I reduced it until the colour had reached a satisfying intensity. The penultimate step was to add the essence to the cauldron.

Afterwards, all I had to do was to put out the flame and stir the mixture. As the Alchymiet cooled, the colour of the brew shifted. First it went into a brackish brown, simply combining all the colours of the ingredients. Once it had cooled enough, the reactions took place, swiftly turning the entire mixture into a mild, flowery pink. Visibly, the amount of fluid reduced, until the cauldron was only half as full as it had been at the start of the reactions.

'Nothing unusual here,' I thought. I had seen my fair share of catalysation by now. The amount of material that went into the process was a poor measurement for how much came out by the end. Carefully, I poured the final result into a vial and labelled it 'Guided' with a removable marker. 'Onto improvisation.'

There were a few materials provided beyond those used in the guide. Each of them was in its own segment of the wooden box, a label providing the name. I decided to look all of them up in the Alchemica Esoterica. Once I had checked on them, I also looked up the materials I had already used, just to see if they had any additional properties.

To achieve stable water, I ended up doing the same thing as the guide. I reckoned I could freeze it, but just having it stand on a level surface for five minutes was too easy not to go that route.

Whimsical oil I got done by grabbing a bottle of it and shaking it as I danced around in front of my work station like a fool. Several of my classmates giggled at the display, which worked fine for me. Notably, the teacher gave me an approving nod, so the method was likely to work.

Dashes of sanguine I acquired by using one of the other materials, rose petals, and reducing them to paste to get a nice red to throw into the brew.

Finally, rejuvenation essence, I managed to extract from the remaining Redworms. I made sure to kill them before I tossed them into the water with the Essence Salt. They were insects and lacked the necessary nervous system to be tormented. Ultimately their existence was insignificant. I didn't want to draw out their end though. Even if it made no difference to them, it would have been bad for my soul to callously drown them.

After mixing it all, I got a second flask full of the Lotion Potion. Its colour was notably more intense, so pink that it almost overpowered the translucency. When Temerian came over to check on my work, he was thoroughly amused. "Figured that you would have libido-tinted brew," he remarked.

"I guess the colour gives it away?"

"Exactly," the teacher confirmed. "The Lotion Potion is one of the few where the tint is immediately obvious by the colour. For most others, you have to drink it to find out."

I had a follow-up question, but Temerian let me know not to ask before he was back in his position at the head of his class. Once he was, he explained what I wondered about anyway. "You have probably all noticed that the potion you made through improvisation is more intense in its colour. This is because, working by your own intuition, emphasizes your personal investment on the product. Keep this in mind: if you want a brew to be as neutral as possible, stick to a recipe. Treat it as a mechanical process and don't get invested emotionally. If you want it to have your personal touch, go at it in whatever way you want. That's the lesson for today. You may now leave or go after your personal projects."

For the remainder of the class I tried, and failed, to make any progress on the Ephrogaea Pill.

"This is art." A picture of a finely crafted vase appeared. "The swing of its narrow neck, the imagery of a sun rising on the blue pottery, the careful elements of white and purple blending to form the gradations of the sky and clouds, beauty in every thoughtfully realized detail." The image switched to depict a metal cylinder. "This is trash," the speaker sneered. "An object without aesthetic, only purpose. It holds what you put inside it and is bereft of soul. Hollow, empty, an object. Trash. Trash." The image switched to the vase. "Art." The metal box was on the screen again. "Trash." Back to the vase. "Art." Suddenly the image was that of a black-haired man with sleek glasses and androgynous looks. "Trash." The next image was that of a chaotic individual in a bright, blue suit, with a blonde afro. "Art."

'I should bring popcorn to these classes,' I thought, laughing to myself. The last two images that had just been shown depicted the teacher of the Applied Arts and Aesthetic Arts classes

respectively. I was currently in the latter of these two, watching the flamboyant teacher, one Ignatz von Wunderhaupt, propagandize against his 'opposite'. Esther, who was currently in the class of the sleek teacher, Tom Jenkins, had told me that she was getting the same treatment.

We were told Tom taught his students that only angular shapes and simple materials were acceptable to use in projects. Over there, they were told Ignatz taught us that colour blotches were the peak of artistic expression.

The mystery of this rivalry's beginning was one that I wished I could unravel. Neither here nor there was any answer for their seething hatred given. I had even asked some other teachers about this and they had just smiled. Perhaps all of this was a massive inside joke? It was certainly amusing.

The visual presentation ended, leaving behind what looked like a regular chalkboard. "Alright, now that we got that established again, we'll be continuing your projects from last week," Ignatz informed us and pointed at a table full of semi-finished clay projects.

Of course, the clay in question wasn't normal, otherwise it would have dried to the point of uselessness over the past week. This particular kind was closer to putty in that it remained formable at all time – until it was baked. After that it turned into a kind of pottery that was weaker than what could be created by purely physical means. Not everything that was magical was better than science. Had bombs not been so cumbersome to carry around and use, they may have enjoyed higher popularity in the magical world.

I was pretty sure I would take a class regarding combat against firearms eventually, so I didn't ponder that topic further at the moment. There was enough to listen to.

"Aesthetics are the bread of the soul," Ignatz went on, pacing up and down before the chalkboard. "Sapient beings do not surround themselves with what is practical. If purpose, if application, was all that mattered, there would be no attraction to a kindred spirit on the basis of their looks. If it was all about procreation, men and women would be attracted to one another purely on the basis of fertility. A hammer is a tool, yet there is more to its appearance than its capability of driving nails into a wooden board. The colour of its grip, the shape of the head, the way these two are joined, all of this matters to the eye and the hand. Yet, the hammer must remain a hammer."

I nodded along, which was actually kind of bad. All Ignatz said I instinctively agreed with. I had a great appreciation of beauty. Most specifically, I loved gorgeous women, but creation at large also had much to offer to please my eyes. The entire mythos of beauty that Ignatz presented - I already shared it. That made attending his classes pretty useless. Nothing new was being said to me, I was learning nothing of value.

There had been a segment where Ignatz explained to us various instinctive reactions the sapient mind had to distinct shapes. Interesting about that had been that these reactions were shared between all of the different humanoid species, with only minor cultural deviations applying. Otherwise, everything I could have just as well learned from a video tutorial. Even the clay that had been provided was something I could have gotten cheaply from the internet.

Fundamentally, my goal in coming to this class had been to expand my creative thinking. Turned out that that was impossible to be taught. The artistic practice that made up the majority of the class time did help somewhat, but not in such a way that I deemed it useful for my goal: to expand on the visualization required for my Artefact. Shaping clay and shaping Astral Capacity were only related insofar that they used the same mental muscles.

In order to train my Artefact ability, I was better advised actually using it, rather than crafting things the regular way. I needed to study the objects I wanted to make from Astral Capacity, not make them from a different material. That realization had been valuable in and of itself, so I didn't think I had wasted my time by picking this module for this semester. I just wouldn't attend the follow-up.

While I still had it, I decided to enjoy it. The clay was free and I had to be at university at this hour anyway. Besides my Queen giving me a hard time if I skipped classes, the timing just worked out that way. This module took place right after my shift at the Café Served and before my class on the basics of gravity magic. The train was driving through Welldark University anyway and sitting home for one hour only to go back out would have been bad for my motivation. Once my body was at rest, it wanted to stay at rest. Better to stay in motion.

Ignatz finished his philosophical preamble and allowed us to fetch our current projects. The idea had been something that we would like to have in our homes. A home was the physical extension of a person's mind and the way it was kept reflected on the soul, or so they said. Certainly, having a room decorated in ways that one found mentally harmonious with their being served to have that relaxed feeling only one's chosen dwelling could bring.

Therefore, my choice of what to craft had obviously been a figurine of Esther.

A wax cloth was spread out over the tables, to allow us all to work without minding the dirt we created in the process. In the first place, the tables of this room were considerably larger than in the standard lecture room. I sat down with my piece, while other students ran over to the various vitrines along the sides of the room, containing tools for all manners of carving and shaping. Since I could just materialize the tools I needed, I spared myself that particular effort. Ironically, that creation of utensils was better training for my Artefact than the crafting I had come to the class for.

I turned the figurine in my hands. Already I was committed to destroying it at the end of the semester. For a first-time clay-shaping, it was a masterpiece, to give myself that much credit. The proportions were accurate to a human, the little pose she struck close to lifelike, and even the balance of the entire object proper, the circular base at the bottom providing all the stability it needed.

I had a talent – no – a gift when it came to creation.

Regardless, this first attempt was a bust – in part because I had failed to capture my woman's wonderful bust. What I had given her was the correct proportionate size, but the twin globes were too perfectly symmetrical and static in their roundness. They required a certain slope to communicate the true softness of the abundant flesh at display. For her butt, I was not entirely certain how to carve that fold between cheeks and thighs. Above all, I failed to give her facial features justice. Her fine nose, the way her unruly hair framed her stern expression, the exact shape of her eyebrows, and a myriad of other details.

There was only so much I could do with clay alone and the scope provided. Standing, the figurine was only as tall as my hand. The rest of the semester would give me the opportunity to paint the figurine. I would take the opportunity to learn, then destroy it before the lady of my love would ever have to lay eyes upon this crude representation of her. Experience gained during the endeavour would aid me in fashioning the second version.

It was a humble goal of mine, acquired after I had begun crafting this very figure, to create one worthy of each of my haremettes. Knowing Esther, she would likely object to something of

her likeness being displayed in our shared spaces, so I would have to create a room for them elsewhere. In general, I would eventually require my own little corner of the house, dedicated to craftsmanship. I had a natural inclination to make things, be they figurines, potions or small artifacts.

'Maybe I can get a garage or something,' I thought in all seriousness. How stereotypical that was only dawned on me a few seconds later. Then I continued my work. I would enjoy doing this in self-study in the future.

I would have lied if I said I was happy about my decision to throw my class on gravity magic to the last slot of Monday. Certainly, I wasn't looking forward to doing anything during these hours. The summer sun outside was setting. Even it bid adieu to the day at this hour. Meanwhile I and two other students were stuck inside a small chamber in the outer areas of the magic wing of Welldark.

This specific branch of the university did generally possess smaller chambers than the rest. Unlike alchemy, where most kinds of concocting still utilized the same instruments, training magic was best done in facilities specialized to the specific sub-type. Not only was it necessary for all of these facilities to find space under the same roof, the amount of people requiring them was also quite small. Magic classes, despite being in the most popular branch of the entire campus, were therefore typically small.

What made my class even smaller was that gravity magic was among the rarest types of talents to have. Everyone formed an affinity for certain elements during puberty. Usually that was in accordance with personality type or life experiences. Consequently, fire and water magic were most common, closely followed by wind and earth, the four basic elements in most conceptions. Following them were the more unusual but still widely known varieties, such as light, shadow, lightning, and so on. Gravity, while still an element people recognized, was not one people usually felt an affinity for.

Personally, I liked to pretend that mine came from my attractiveness.

While people were not shackled by their affinities, it was difficult to expand beyond them. A psychological inclination had created a mystical one, not the other way around, so the motivation to try was typically low as well. I was no exception to this and stuck to what I was good at.

Back to the topic of the small chamber, it was barely larger than the living room of a family home. The windows of the room were stained glass, depicting planets and lesser celestial objects in their sphere of influence. The entirety of the walls was covered in a deep purple, wave-like pattern that was clearly meant to symbolize the pull of gravity. Each branch of Welldark had its character imbued into its architecture and the magic branch was steeped in mystic and esoteric depictions. The air was pregnant with the smell of incense. A faint tingle of mana filled the lungs on every breath, remains from generations of students practicing and exuding trace amounts through inefficient usage.

I stood in front of one of the specialized training apparatuses. A pole that went up from the ground to the height of my shoulders, its surface covered in the kind of trenches one knew from screws. The density of the spiralling winding could be adjusted magically. Orbs were kept along

the walls, varying in their weight. Together, the number of turns and the weight made for the difficulty of the exercise.

The teacher, a stern man in his thirties, paced up and down between me and my two fellow students. Both of them were women, yet it wasn't just the teacher's challenging gaze that kept me focused on the task put before me. Simply put: neither of them was my type and with Esther at home, flirting outside my preferences was just a waste of energy.

I exhaled slowly to gather myself. After the long day, my mind and body were tired, but my Astral Capacity was mostly untapped. As I had done several times already, I put both hands on the lightweight sphere on the top of the pole and let my magic flow into it. The Astral Capacity was formed by my magic channels into the specific shape I wanted it to have. As soon as it left my body, the magic increased the pull of gravity on the sphere, causing it to slowly descend down the windings. I gathered myself and waited until, inevitably, the magic I had pushed into it was consumed.

Gravity magic, in terms of combat application, was a peculiar thing. Typically, the basic attack spell of a supernatural art was to conjure a bolt of it. Gravity magic, instead, was applied through direct contact. Any such contact could weigh the target down or, at a much higher cost, lighten it. Freeing people from the grasp of gravity was harder than to reinforce it. Fortunately for the enemies of us gravity mages. Being weighed down may have been incapacitating, but becoming weightless to the point that one started drifting towards the sky was almost impossible to deal with for most people.

Aside from range and cost, the main drawback of gravity magic was its short-lived application. Repeated hits with gravity magic increased and lengthened the effect. Failure to re-apply caused the effect to fade entirely. For that reason, gravity mages had to keep forcing direct engagements, if they wanted to take full advantage of their magic. It was also one of the reasons why I preferred gauntlets as my battle equipment.

The sphere came to a stop. The mundane pull of gravity was not enough to overcome the resting state. I put both hands on it again, channelled, and let it go. I didn't bother to measure. The goal of today was not to check on my progress, it was to exhaust my magic channels. Like muscles, stressing specific magic channels widened them. The more I cast gravity magic, the more the magic channels utilized for that endeavour were stressed, the more Astral Capacity could flow through them, the stronger my spells could be. This class allowed me to utilize all of the additional mana the Astral Cultivation class put at my disposal.

Not that mana was the best word for this. It was an archaic term, used broadly to describe 'magical energy'. It was accurate enough for general conversation, just as 'fuel' was accurate enough to describe the various kinds of petrol. Astral Capacity was specifically the variety of magical energy exclusive to those that knew the Dimensional Truth. It was similar to regular arcane power in that one could use it to conjure various supernatural effects. What differentiated us from regular mages, warlocks, shamans and the like were our Astral Bodies, the capacity to freely travel between dimensions, and Anomalias. Of course, mages, warlocks, and shamans also had their individual differences. Their energies were, respectively, arcane, demonic, and naturalistic in origin, each coming with their own attributes. Not all fuel made all engines go.

In summary, magic was a complicated matter.

And I was trying to distract myself from the boredom of repeatedly moving this sphere up and down by mulling over all of it. It was effective and necessary, otherwise I would have quit already. I still would have much rather been at home lying in Esther's cleavage.

"Today, we'll do a classic exercise: king of the hill." The teacher told all of us. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man with a strong jawline, a short beard, and barely stylized brown hair. In short, he was the kind of 'generic' handsome man that covered the front of magazines. "For anyone who doesn't know what that is, a quick explanation. I have marked the arena with three flagpoles..."

I looked behind the teacher and scanned for the positions. We were inside one of the three major training halls of the Battle Branch of Welldark. They were marvelous pieces of magic engineering. The floor was made from a dense network of hexagonal tiles, which were themselves further subdivided into six triangles. Each of those tiles could individually be raised up to ten metres, the triangles slanted at various angles, and a limited selection of texture created on the surface.

Inert, the hall would have looked like a square kilometre field of grey. As each tile had to be adjusted manually, setting up a battlefield was a tremendous amount of work. Through generations of dedicated teachers and students chasing extra grades, a vast catalogue of pre-sets had been created. As I had seen, they were saved on card-shaped pieces of crystal that looked remarkably similar to electrical circuitry.

Brilliant and ambitious as the engineering behind this whole system was, there were still limits to it. For a start, each of the three major (and ten minor) training halls were limited to a theme. We were in the one dedicated to mountainous terrain. Brown and grey rocks dominated all around, rising as slopes to peaks or sharply as cliffs. Patches of grass and small bodies of still water existed between the rocks. Flowing liquids were too much to simulate for this one.

There was a distinct artificiality to all of it. The angles all around were just a bit too uniform to be natural, as much work as had been done to alleviate that problem. More outstanding was that the sides of the tiles were still completely regular grey hexagons, as the magic only adjusted their upper areas. Consequently, the sides of the cliffs stuck out like sore thumbs.

The area we stood in was flat rock, the elevation rising steadily towards the back of the artificial mountain slope. I spotted a yellow, red and blue flag up there, each further away and each at a higher place.

"...when you reach the flag, you slot in one of these devices," the teacher gestured towards a basket full of rectangular pieces of metal and plastic, numbered and coloured in various ways, next to a table with an empty list on it. "It tracks the time your team has been in control of a point. To take over a point, you remove the opponents device and slot in your own. These things are sturdy, so feel free to chuck them as hard as you can to delay your opponent's counterattack. Do not destroy them though. The further away a flag, the more points each second is worth. You fight in teams of two. Any questions?"

I raised my hand. A simple gesture gave me the go-ahead. "Teams of our own choice?"

“Yes.” The answer caused some sighs and chatter by my fellow students. By the size of the crowd, the chatter rose quickly in volume. This being a mandatory class at a reasonable hour, from 18:30 to 20:30, attendance was high. Over fifty people mumbled and the teacher had to clap to retain their attention. The voices ebbed away as he spoke over them. “I know that some of you feel like you have no chance whatsoever. However, there are three capture points. You can engage wherever you feel is best, and you can be sneaky about it. All that is mandatory for this class is that you have a chance to win. It is on you to take it. First place gets 100 Dark, second place 50, third place 25. Now, form your teams.”

I agreed with that whole methodology. Usually, the combat games we engaged in were balanced with fairness in mind, pitching people of equivalent strength against each other or compensating with numbers. That was a poor representation of reality and I had wholly expected that circumstance to change as the weeks and semesters continued. It was good for people to learn they were inferior combatants. It either motivated them to try harder or to specialize in something else.

To be fair to my critics, I was making these statements from a superior position. To start with, I was arguably the strongest person in class. I had earned much of that through hard work, but it was also true that I had natural advantages. Beyond that, I was squeezing the ass of the arguably second strongest person in class.

The only argument to be had was which one of us was which.

“Ey, Karitas,” one of the other males in the class approached me. “Want to give the rest of us a fighting chance by separating from your Queen?”

“With the deepest of respect and the highest esteem I hold you in, dear colleague, I must ask a simple question: would you?” My hand rose from Esther’s butt to her boobs and squished a handful of the other kind of softness. The raven-haired lady of my love reacted with the barest of gasps. Otherwise, she did not care at all.

“Was worth a try,” the guy shrugged and walked off, to form a team with one of the many women around.

‘Kudos to him for being cordial,’ I thought and turned my attention to Esther. All of my attention, to be specific. My hand was still and steadily kneading her bust. I could feel even less than usual, courtesy of the grey vest she wore over her long-sleeved gym clothes. Under the top, she wore a sports bra, reducing the apparent size of her breasts immensely. A loss as far as my eyes were concerned. Obviously, I could accept her taking precautions against jiggling or a strike at her back exposing what she wanted to hide.

The temporary loss of the delectable sight of her large breasts was a sacrifice I almost appreciated, knowing I would get to unpack them later. After tugging them into a sports bra for two hours, she was usually appreciative of a front-side massage. Besides that, her yoga pants still gave a phenomenal view of my Queen’s bubble butt. All of that, exclusively mine to caress.

Until she softly flicked my cheek. “You are diminishing our chances,” she told me and squeezed the bulge in my sports pants. Words could hardly describe how gleeful the touch made me. It proved all over again just how much she was my kin when it came to wearing desires on one’s sleeve. A squeeze was all I got, however, for a great many reasons not least of which was that she meant what she had said.

Like a bee from a jar of honey, I only separated my hand from her bosom to enjoy more of it later. “Do we need to try?” I asked, to be looked at with a raised eyebrow. The two of us were

clearly the most powerful among our peers, but if four of the remaining upper echelon ganged up on us we could still be in trouble. "Let me rephrase. Do we even need the money? We could just sit this one out."

"Lazy Karitas, you are aware of my answer, so why ask the question?" she responded with a sigh. "I shall not be found wanting. You will support me in this endeavour."

I hummed, as if I had to consider this. Obviously, the final answer was a foregone conclusion. We both knew that. A little negotiation was how the two of us could pass the time until the line in front of the team write-in had diminished. "Alright, since you want the victory, I want the money," I told her.

"A hundred Dark equals roughly a seventh of our monthly allowance. Such a sum should enter our shared finances."

"Fifty-fifty split, then, half for the shared finances, half for me."

Esther considered for a moment. The difference between the two states of affairs was tiny. Our shared funds paid for most of our food, snacks aside, covered our dates and whatever devices both of us wanted in the household. Whatever happened, I got the value out of the shared funds anyway. "What do you wish to acquire with 50 Dark?" she inquired instead.

"I want massaging oil and thought about getting some toys – of the sexual variety," I added that last part only because my Queen had consumed exactly as much lewd content as I had shown her. Which was barely any. "You know the remote-control vibrators I showed you?"

"I refuse to wear such in public, perverted Karitas."

That was a strong and disheartening rebuttal, but I had a feeling that I could weaken her on that front. All depended on time and context. "Could still be fun at home." I stuck to the safe lane for now. "Definitely need that massage oil."

"Which would be appropriate to be paid by the shared fund. I am the primary benefactor."

"I must vehemently disagree, my dear lady. By the truth of my hands and the light in my eyes, there can be no doubt that it is I who benefits the most from the privilege of oiling your angelic curves." She quietly stared at me for several seconds. "Too much?" I asked to hear her velvety voice's response.

Esther's red lips parted, pressed together, and then she shook her head. After brushing one of her unruly strands behind her ear, her amber eyes focused on me once more. "I grow tolerant of occasional extrapolations," she said with a slight smile. "Fine then, take the 50 Dark. I trust you will use them wisely, my Karitas."

Hearing her say that raised my mood considerably. Not only did she use my second favourite title for me (after Master), but she expressed that she trusted me with the money. My lack of financial awareness was one of the spots where our relationship sometimes came to small blows. I had gotten better in terms of frivolous spending, because I had her to keep track of things and because, between both of our incomes, we had quite the sum available every month. I also did my personal bookkeeping, but that was a sporadic effort. Motivation to write down what I spent on every meal every day was low.

"Best you keep an eye on me. How about we buy these toys on our next shopping date?"

"That would be in three weeks," she reminded me. Shopping dates were specifically on the first weekend of every month, when we toured various shops we did and did not know for several hours in search of what may be handy. Keeping that to a specific date prevented us from debating larger purchases the rest of the month.

I shrugged. "Not a long time to wait, cosmically speaking."

With that decided and the line greatly diminished, Esther and I took one of the last few point trackers from the basket and then wrote our names on the list next to the number imprinted on the device.

"Do we make a rush for the one at the back?" I asked.

"It is the objective with the most points associated." Esther held out her hand and I placed the device in her palm. She tucked it away in the breast pocket of her vest. "Give me a proper starting position," she requested.

I closed my eyes and manifested the starting block used typically in running competitions. Although I had made it heavy, I added some extra weight with my gravity magic. Esther pushed against it with her feet twice, testing how well it was secured. Approving, she nodded and positioned herself in front of it. Her hands touched the line separating the flat gathering area from the training hall proper. Everyone else lined up as well, the last names entering the list.

I stood next to my waiting Queen. "Ready!" the teacher shouted, causing Esther to raise her delicious derriere in preparation. "Set!" Much as I enjoyed that sight, there were competitors I had to consider. I closed my eyes and prepared my Astrality. "GO!"

The sound of magic attacks rang in my ears, colliding with a solid object. First right next to me, then behind me. I opened my eyes and turned around, as Esther passed me by. At the first blink of the competition, I had created two walls to either side of the lady of my love. Everyone knew we were the favourites and that made us the targets for an opening ambush.

The walls had warded off the first round of attacks and now it was on me to dismantle the rest with my presence. I had teleported five metres ahead and now stood in the path of anyone watching to chase right after my teammate.

A duo of the more able competition came right at me. I created my gauntlets and let them approach. 'One of them will try to make a run for it,' I reckoned and looked back and forth between them. One was blonde, the other a redhead.

At the last moment, the blonde swerved away from me. I immediately dashed at her. All that mattered was that I tagged the blonde with my gravity magic. Even if it only lasted about ten seconds, the gap between her and Esther would become too large to catch up on. A tap on the wrist was all I needed to succeed, Immediately she whirled around. If she couldn't run, she would take care of me first.

My white shirt was consumed by a firestorm shot in retaliation by the redhead. Like the scorched skin underneath, most of the clothing was immediately restored by my Astral Body. The state of disrepair one's clothes were in was a good tell for how much their Astral Capacity had been diminished. My shirt was barely frayed around the edges

'I shouldn't get stuck here.' Esther could fend for herself for a while after reaching the flag, but I could get surrounded whenever the competition decided that taking me out early was to their advantage. Which, if I remained a sitting duck in the starting area, they inevitably would.

Aware of my surroundings, I dashed off to the side. The blonde and the redhead were right after me. Another student tried to hit me with a poison-drooling axe. As the weeks progressed, more and more people found their Artefacts. That had been the largest advantage Esther and I had possessed over everyone else. Everyone who caught up in that regard considerably narrowed the gap.

Alas, there was still a gap.

Reacting swiftly, I knocked the weapon aside with my armoured hand. I jumped back, dodging an opportunistic attack by the redhead. The fireball sailed right by me, as I backed up against a cliff. Two duos closed in on me.

My eyes shut for a little bit longer than a standard blink and then I found myself on top of the three-metre-tall cliff. "I greatly appreciate your attention," I thanked the ladies and then ran after my Queen. Curses filled the air behind me.

Esther left the rest of the competition in the dust, sprinting, leaping and manoeuvring over the artificial landscape with the grace of a mountain lioness. Most of the other students had opted to head to the two other flags, so the primary threat, numbers, was eliminating itself. All I had to do was stay clear of the routes everyone was taking.

I jogged, retaining my stamina, and kept a constant eye on Esther's position and my surroundings. No one was gunning for me at the moment, which was nice, but I still needed to accelerate. Someone was using their new Artefact to effectively slide up the mountain side.

Whether this was some kind of stone-shaping, gravity inversion, or some other manifestation of the soulborn weapons' unique capabilities, fact was that the female student was rapidly approaching my Queen and that there were three more people in hot pursuit, with an additional two, the blonde-redhead duo, hanging further back. A total of eight of the fifty students in the class were gunning for the high-point flag.

Despite all efforts of the rock-slider, Esther arrived first. She slotted her device in place. Feather pulled from her tricorne, she whirled around. I was close enough to hear the ringing of her conjoined weapon manifesting

The duo of blades, short sword and sabre, were of a plain lead grey. Flat sides of both weapons were covered in glowing runes. A second time, they rang out when their handles were pulled apart. Esther drew her left hand, holding the short sword, back. Magical lightning exploded out from the weapon, screaming as it crackled. A well-aimed throw launched the thunder-infused Artefact at the vanguard of our competition.

The brunette jumped to the side, ending her charge just short of the contested area. Continuing to fly, the small arm suddenly disappeared mid-air. It laid, unenchanted, in Esther's hand again. The greyish blue runes on her sabre were now partly discharged, betraying the time reversal she had just applied to herself.

Although the charge was broken, the engagement remained. From a closing distance, I watched Esther fend off one, then two, then four assailants. As the number of enemies increased, the opportunities for her to counteract became fewer. Soon she was doing nothing but dodging. Any attacks she attempted existed solely to create space between the time tracker and those that would replace it with their own.

The last pair stood ready nearby, waiting for the other fighters to tire themselves out. I made eye contact with them. They were women as well, making me the only male in the upper area of the map. Getting sweaty with a bunch of sexy fighters was generally to my liking. Preferably inside a small ring, maybe with some oil involved. The kind of stabbing this competition demanded, I did not enjoy.

I ran by them. Priorities had to be set and my priority was the tracker and my Queen. Definitely not in that order.

Entering a brawl was a peculiar sensation. At one moment, I was moving with the intention of getting somewhere. The next, I uppercut into the side of a narrow-visioned combatant. The

impact drove her back. More importantly, my arrival bought space for Esther. The raven-haired lady immediately switched from pure defense to balanced offense, assaulting the target I had just unbalanced and slowed with gravity magic.

Her sabre sliced through the student's abdomen. Blood covered the blade, but the body was regenerated near instantly, leaving only a gap in the sportswear of the student. Esther was about to be pelted in retaliation, when she snapped back in time to her previous safe position and launched a second offensive on the closest enemy.

I threw myself in the fray, trying to isolate the three from the one. The runes on Esther's short sword burned out from the tip down. Without any warning, she accelerated twice fold. Her motions looked like she was part of a sped-up video.

To be in a duel with Esther was the worst position anyone around could be in. She was faster through time acceleration. She could recover Astral Capacity through reversing her state and position. She was a master of her dual weapons and lightning magic. To outrun her was nigh impossible. To wait for her stamina to be expended a fool's errand.

My own skillset was more versatile. Gravity magic was especially potent if repeatedly applied to one enemy, but it also helped with levelling the playing field against several opponents. Accepting a couple of hits meant that I could slow the one's throwing them with cheap tabs The sword, fists, and bladed boots coming for me, I could soon swat aside. Graceful swipes became forced swings. The number's advantage that should have been overwhelming could not be pressed, courtesy of the diminishing effect I had on their agility.

They understood the fundamental drawback with that strategy. I was expending a lot of Astral Capacity. Taking the initial hits and reapplying the gravity magic over and over again, it tapped on my resources. My shirt soon sported several holes. The trio tried their best to drain my resources and force me to tap out. As per the rules of the class, once I surrendered, I had to recover for at least fifteen minutes back in the gathering area.

The problem with their strategy was that they were setting themselves up to be stomped.

The sword of the blonde scratched over my gauntlet. My knuckles connected with her stomach for a brief moment, the retaliating punch delivering little force thanks to the rock slamming into my head. Now identified as a stone manipulator, the brunette tried to conjure another attack. She wouldn't have gotten away with it, had it not been for the redhead engaging me with her burning hands.

Turned out the brunette didn't get away with it anyway. As she raised her bladed foot, exercising control over another piece of stone, Esther was suddenly next to her. The blade of her sabre stopped short of the woman's throat. Who swallowed and raised her hands in surrender.

I couldn't verify whether she actually stepped back, as I had to dodge another stab, but I had not yet noticed anyone violating the honour of the exercise. It was two down, two to go. A statement that was immediately falsified by the two onlookers joining the fray and then rapidly re-instated as truth by Esther unleashing a flurry of attacks.

Slowed down as the remaining two of my previous enemies were, they stood absolutely no chance against my accelerated Queen. Slicing, whirling, almost dancing, Esther's blades drew the blood of our enemies, depleting them of their Astral Capacity in a storm of metal and grace. They ran out of harm's way, arms raised. Leaving me and Esther to fight the last two.

Esther continued fluidly. Swinging her weapons in parallel, she forced a fellow raven-haired woman to jump backwards. That left me with another brunette. I raised my fists in guard and kept my distance. My Astral Capacity was down to a quarter. Carelessness was not something I could afford and damage not something I had to sustain anymore.

I concentrated fully on the enemy in front of me. She was a brunette with medium sized breasts, although the sports bra could have fooled my perception to that end, and very nice legs. More importantly to the situation, she wielded an estoc, a light stabbing sword. 'Gravity magic will do little there, so I guess I'm doing this purely physically.'

My winning condition was waiting for the timer to run out or for Esther to take out the other one. I had only stood to gain from each passing second. The brunette must have known as much. Stepping up to me, she launched her offensive.

I dodged by turning my whole body sideways. Committing to the whole thrust anyway, the brunette left herself wide open. She shot me a confident glance. I disengaged immediately. A stab from a supernatural source cut through where my shoulders had just been. Immediately, the brunette launched another attack. This time, I knocked the blade aside. A streak of blue white scraped over my hand half a second later.

'An echo attack in the vicinity of whatever she hits?' I theorized and dodged the third strike. Again, the streak of sharp energy cut through the air. It moved in parallel to and in close proximity to her estoc. That basically confirmed my theory. 'Not easy to get in there if she gets a second try on every miss.'

I kept dodging in circles, observing her patterns and the exact make-up of the area. Gradually, I goaded her to a boulder. I acted surprised, when my back hit it. Gave her the opening she thought she needed. The lunge came predictably and I teleported one step to the right. "CLING!" the tip of her weapon collided with the rock. She hastily pulled back, unable to use the echo attack to keep me at bay.

Although I wasn't a big fan of it, her face was the only available target. I stopped the full swing short of her nose and waited for a reaction. "You really are too good," the brunette sighed with a smirk and stepped backwards.

"Do not compliment my Caritas too much," Esther requested in her stern tone. Even as she approached, she kept a tight grip of her weapons. "It gets to his head."

The brunette gave Esther some serious side-eye. It occurred to me that it must have sounded like a demand to someone who wasn't familiar with the stern tone of my raven-haired lady. "She was trying to make a joke," I assured her.

"Was she now?" the brunette asked sarcastically. With a friendlier tone, she said to me, "I'll see you around," and then walked over where her defeated comrade was waiting.

"You should work on your joke-tone," I recommended to my Queen.

"She has an interest in you. My words will be taken in bad faith." Esther joined her weapons again, to free one of her hands and wave at me with her finger. Taking the invitation, I bowed down to her and received a kiss from my soft-lipped love. "If you wish to try and pursue her, I would swallow my complaints until we know her better."

I directed my gaze at the brunette. She was good looking and I liked her figure. Physically there was nothing wrong with her and what I had seen from her in terms of character was perfectly acceptable. 'Acceptable just isn't really enough for me. Oh, how greedy I am. Like the

nothingness from whence I spawned, the never and the forever, so I too wish to devour all I please.' "She's not quite my type," I summarized succinctly.

Esther gave me a quick peck on the cheek. "Then you have more time to spend with me," she said and the two of us returned to the flag.

Several more times over the coming two hours, our position was attacked, but there simply wasn't enough coordination to take us out. Really, it felt less like people tried to beat us and more so that they had already accepted they wouldn't score in the top three and just wanted to grind their teeth on something difficult. I honestly admired that level of dedication, so we kept those duels going for longer than was practical. Between those fights, Esther and I just talked and made out.

It was a nice way to earn 100 Dark.

Wednesday flew by me. The classes on engineering and cooking went as expected. I screwed together a simple device that focused or scattered the light created by a magical crystal at the centre. Afterwards, I spent two hours preparing and then eating a casserole. All ingredients were provided at the start of the class, which limited my choices, but also assured quality.

After the three months I had spent attending this class, I realized that there were several members of the Wood Division and Bronze Area, the two lowest of Welldark's five brackets, that joined the class only for the free food. I felt a strange mixture of respect and annoyance towards them. Respect was aimed at their craftiness, to solve part of their money problems by going to a class that would offer them high quality ingredients for free. Annoyance was born from the majority of them displaying behaviour that deservedly put them among Welldark's poor.

They put in the minimal amount of effort and had obviously no drive to improve. Lazily, they cut and seasoned the food, wolfed it down with no love for the craft, ignored the advice of the teacher, and left as soon as they had finished eating. It was all representative of an attitude that would keep them where they were for the length of their attendance. There were many ways in Welldark to rise up beyond combat. Tests, additional efforts made in class, working with or for the faculty, that was just the short list. Everything counted towards the score that decided one's standing.

I wasn't going to pretend that everyone could make it to the Golden Eagles. The highest echelon was meant to represent exceptional individuals. From what I had seen, however, with enough drive anyone could rise to the Iron Ranks, the middle segment, at which point life was at least comfortable.

Seeing this general lack of drive among so many people made me wonder whether the percentages associated with the five segments were set in stone or if they were a rough estimation of how the motivational differences between people manifested. At some point, I would have to ask Willt about it.

The teacher was obviously used to the low-ranking individuals attending the class. Patiently, they made sure that there was no disturbance for those of us who wanted to do the proper work. Where they could, they offered a hand to those few that weren't settled in their low-achievement mindset. By my estimation, that was the best that could be done.

It also served to make me feel better about myself. On a normal day, I would qualify myself as a procrastinator, but I did at least do the things I committed myself to. I attended my classes, stuck to my workout, and I never knowingly missed a meeting I had agreed to. Knowing that I was more reliable than about half the student body with those three qualities alone made me... well, it made me something approximating happy. I liked being better than my peers, obviously, but I would also have liked it if I could have reasonably held everyone around to at least that standard.

Thankfully, I had the freedom to pick my circle of associates, so I did not have to be friends with any of these people. I made my casserole, flirted with some classmates, and left half of my food for Esther. My raven-haired lady had her scheduled lunch break after my cooking class, so she typically came over to feast on what I had made while it was still fresh. We could afford the cafeteria, yet saw no reason to leave food on the table – literally.

Much as I liked seeing her react to whatever I had poured up to two hours of work into preparing for her, the saddening fact was that I only had about ten minutes to spend with her on those occasions before I had to head out to my last class on Wednesday.

The advanced lecture on unarmed combat had been mildly awkward after Esther and Karona had their brawl. That situation had essentially faded, with me and the succubus just existing in the same space. Out of respect for the distance she kept between us, I kept my lecherous stares to a minimum. Something made easier by the hideous teacher we had, Grumble Stiltzkin. The half-dwarf, half-troll who was as much annoyed with everything as he was talented at teaching us to beat one another up. I had a great amount of respect for the man, even if his appearance managed to make me question how him and beauty could exist in the same universe. One moment I was looking at a bubble butt jiggle in the aftermath of a kick, the next his wart-covered hide entered my field of view. It gave my perversion whiplash.

In any case, this Wednesday, like most, was relaxed. My first class had been at 11:00 and I was out the door at 18:00, leaving me with ample time to laze about, hang out with my friends and keep my body working. On this particular occasion, I also headed out and bought the oil and other utensils helpful for massages. Only for massages, the erotic toys I wanted I did keep for my next shopping date with Esther, as agreed. It was unsurprisingly useful to have the input of the woman when buying things that were supposed to go inside her.

Thursday was slightly more involved. I only had two classes that day, music and basic weapon training. The former was becoming more interesting for me, now that I had the basics of singing down. Maria Trostwald, the teacher, hadn't given me any special attention since the initial incident and I appreciated that. After having observed and offered some distraction from my relationship troubles, she had allowed me to switch classes to accommodate my working hours and then stepped back into her role as someone who lectured me and other students about music.

The weapon training class was primarily interesting because I was everyone's target dummy. That sounded like a thankless job, but it was exactly what I wanted. I was in that particular class not to learn how to wield one or several weapons, but to learn how to fight against them while utilizing my gauntlets. To that end, I was practice on a moving target and in return learned the most common attack patterns.

After that, I had another shift at Café Served. Thursday was my least favourite shift. Esther wasn't there. Thursday also had a low workload. Less work was surely more enjoyable? A naïve

thought only someone who had never worked in the service industry could make. Less and especially no work were the absolute worst. An overabundance of work was tiring for the body and that had its issues. Lack of work was tiring for the soul and there was only so much I could do on my Ashod in the breakroom before twiddling my thumbs became a torturous exercise. I cleaned the tables three times more regularly than I needed to. My desperate search for something to do eventually led me to partly reorganizing the storage.

Boredom was part of the university life though.

I had a swing in my step as I wandered through the corridors of the Etiquette branch of Welldark. Of all the segments of the campus, the buildings dedicated to this branch were by far the most 'normal'. There was nothing really special about the purple, black and gold that had been intertwined in the gothic design of the tall stone walls. No concoctions in the walls, no great statues, no otherworldly lights or intense heraldry, just shaped rock and clear glass.

'I suppose that is representative of etiquette – a front of bland behaviours existing so you can get along with strangers,' I thought. The smell of peppermint and black tea in the air was swiftly replaced by the sweet fragrance of flowers. A colourful carpet of petals stretched over the surface of the medium sized park that I walked across. Even the butterflies frolicking in the air were pale in comparison to the brightness of my mood.

It was close to 11:00 on Friday, which meant that it was time for my penultimate class of the week. While the lecture on dimensional heroes I would have later that day was held in great esteem in my mind, the class I marched towards at the present had the dedication of my heart.

Of course, I was talking about the Sexual Skills class.

After a few minutes of walking, I approached the Sexuality branch of Welldark. Even from the outside, the character of that building was clear. The stained-glass windows of its gothic towers depicted humanoid forms, primarily women, in erotic poses. Many statues adorned the walls, the corners, and the roofs, each showing the pinnacle of a flavour of attractiveness, ranging from the bouncy shortstack to the muscular amazon.

On the outside, such displays had just enough modesty that a minor walking around the campus could have been shown around without issue. Inside, those restrictions were shed, and the statues depicted people and acts in full nudity. The stones were expertly cut, giving a soft appearance to the rigid material. The air was pregnant with the stimulating smells of vanilla and burning sandalwood. Every surface was clean, every piece of art graceful. I loved Welldark's Sexuality branch for how it displayed sex not as something depraved to sinfully revel in, but as the intimate, almost holy, union between consenting partners it optimally was.

I entered the classroom and looked around. Like with most classes, attendance had gradually decreased over the weeks. Still, the Sexual Skills class retained three quarters of attendants, which was a lot higher than most classes. Although there were more than seventy people in attendance, the room was less than half full. A deliberate decision, I had eventually come to guess, as it allowed pairs of attendees to sit with at least some space between them and their peers.

Esther and I were no different. I swiftly located the lady of my love, chatting with Arlethia. Sitting straight, her tricorne placed in front of her, she chuckled at something the succubus had said. Arlethia tilted her head, lazily resting on her palm, and looked at me.

“Our stripper is here,” Arlethia joked.

“I don’t want to hear that from you,” I responded swiftly. The red-skinned succubus was in her underwear, a particularly attractive set of black lingerie, complete with garter belt and stocking. It complimented her red, curvy body fantastically. The straps dug into her squishy assets, emphasizing the size of her tits and thighs.

Arlethia was far from the only one in a state of partial undress. At the start of the second month, Danielle, the teacher of this class and Mistress of Sexuality, had told us that she encouraged us to get comfortable with public nudity. More advanced classes in future semesters were held entirely naked, as per her own description. It was all part of her philosophy that there was nothing shameful about openly displaying one’s sexual desires, as long as they were tempered by discipline. The class was a setting where desires and bodies were laid bare.

“Willt is a lucky guy,” I said, admitting to my attraction to her physicality as platonically as possible. That was part of the discipline one had to have to keep this openly sexual setting wholesome. Sexy as Arlethia was, objectively, I did not covet her.

“I know, right?” Arlethia asked and unashamedly pushed her boobs together. She only did it for a laugh, not to entice, and stopped quickly. “Too bad he’s too fucking shy to show up.”

“Not everyone is as forthcoming as us,” I stated as I unbuttoned my shirt. Once I pulled the red cloth off me, I orderly folded it and placed it on the table. I couldn’t suppress a smile. All across the room, women of the single variety were glancing or overtly salivating over my exposed chest, hairless and toned. They knew as well as I did that it didn’t stop there. My pants and underpants followed my shirt quickly.

I had always said that I did not care whatsoever about being nude in public. Presented with a chance to prove it, I had taken it. Six weeks had passed since Danielle’s encouragement and I had been naked in this room six times since.

Folding up the rest of my clothes, I placed them in the empty chair next to me. “Nice cock bro,” Arlethia laughed in the meantime.

“Do you have to say that every week?” I asked, feigning disapproval. Our friendship hadn’t changed at all over this. To start with, she was a succubus and nudity was a more casual affair for her kind in general. Further, we both knew that we were mutually off-limits, so we could appreciate how good the other looked on a platonic basis. “Any reason you let me be the lone naked fool this week?”

Arlethia pulled softly at the lace cladding her curves. “I had something to show off and wear in.”

“That’s fair enough,” I surrendered and finally sat down next to Esther. Loudly, my hand slapped down on her naked thigh. She let out a tiny squeal in response.

Although she refused to loose or even unbutton her top, the lady of my desires had followed my first display of nudity by at least taking off her pants. A week later, the panties had followed, and ever since then her bottom half had been naked during these lessons. It made it exceedingly clear to everyone in the room that she was hiding something under that shirt. That no one asked helped her a little bit to be at ease with it. What helped even more was that with every week, a few more of the people attending the class gathered the resolve to follow the general example.

Many had imperfections that they likely felt some level of shame about. None were as pronounced as the scars that disfigured my love’s back. Regardless, being surrounded by

people that managed to display their imperfections did make Esther a bit more comfortable with herself. She had told me as much. The entire practice of stripping in this semi-public setting was more for people like her than it was for people like me, who hadn't had a problem to start with.

Even with those insecurities under the surface, Esther managed to give me a chiding glare. "You dare accuse Arlethia of redundancies, yet you always greet me with a smack to the thigh."

"I will not apologize," I told her straightforwardly and squeezed. There was just so much to hold onto. The thickness of her thigh was pancaked on the surface of the leather seat. Her annoyed sigh was compromised by the excitement accompanying it. "Let me make it up to you," I hummed and reached up to her face with my other hand.

Leaning into the gesture and then towards me, Esther presented her red lips. They came closer and closer, until they left my field of view and I felt them on my own. She wrapped her arms around the one I had on her leg and pressed her boobs against me. Even the accursed barrier that confined her delicious melons could not fully rob the fantastic sensation from me.

Our tongues and then our lips separated. My excitement was plain to see, yet neither I nor Esther acted on it. Shameless honesty and loyal discipline, those were the core tenants of the Sexuality branch of Welldark. The shameless honesty of many of the students was on open display. The loyal discipline was to stay in control of those desires rather than have them control us. As much as I wanted to have Esther ride me where I sat, this was not appropriate for the time.

I had to restate to myself: this space was not about quick indulgence and certainly not about depravity. It did not treat sex as something cheap to be had whenever desired. Sex was an extension of love itself. That was what the local philosophy (which I largely agreed with) said. By extension, the act had to be treated as precious as the emotion. Those were concepts I had to hold on to, even when my erection was telling me that it was all annoying and that I was better off just pumping a load in the closest cunt.

Arlethia, Esther and I distracted ourselves from our physical desires through idle banter, until Danielle entered. The fox girl was already stark naked when she walked down the stairs. Her tanned curves were flawless, save for a reddish birthmark under her right shoulder.

The lecture began soon and I listened eagerly. Danielle was an excellent speaker and the topic she taught us about was an easy sell to start with. Everyone was glued to her red lips, as she retold stories of what she did for her King and what her King did for her, of how and why it worked, and how we could go about discovering similar paths if the one described did not map onto our own preferences.

It dawned on me that the way I sat there was representative of my university life so far. I was completely comfortable in my own skin. Although I had many urges pulling on me, I remained in control of whether I indulged them or not. My Queen sat by my side and although she denied me teasing touches of her sacred sanctum, she did occasionally sneak a glance at me – and smiled. A seat further, one of my best friends rolled her eyes, completely content in her own position. The lecture I listened to was engaging. The space around me intrigued me.

For all the boredom and the disappointments I had to occasionally endure, this was where I wanted to be.

Chapter 3 – Paternal Standards

A faint sensation nudged me out of my dream world. My mind retained the simulation for a little while. I was the lone man on an undiscovered island. The sky was a grid of hexagons, connecting dots that weren't. The island was inhabited only by gorgeous women between twenty and forty. Lines extended upwards, penetrating the two dimensional sky. The women were all strong of character and yet deeply submissive sexually. The island was where I was currently at. All the women were sluts, only for me and each other. They were led by none other than Esther. I was fondling her sizable boobs.

What I dreamt could not compare to what I actually felt. As my mind rose to reality, the realization dawned that I was actually working Esther's tits. The lady of my love lay in front of me with her back against my chest. She the little spoon to my big one. Sizable as her assets were, I did hesitate to call her little, admittedly.

The instinctual kneading I gave her breasts switched to deliberate fondling. I grabbed her left tit roughly, while pinching the nipple of the right. Esther pressed her naked back against me. I blinked a few times, realizing that it wasn't yet morning. The air was humid, the open window letting in the nightly breeze. It made our skin sticky.

Dimly, her amber eyes glowed in the dark. They found mine, an adorable drowsiness on her face. "Sorry, just instincts," I apologized. Morning sex was our norm, so my honest body had done what my equally honest mind would have instigated and worshipped the raven-haired beauty. "Want me to stop?"

"Hmmm." Esther let out a throaty yawn and stretched. The roundness of her juicy ass rubbed against my erection. "No, continue," she told me, snuggling her back against my chest. That our sweat made us stick together, she seemed to not care about.

Her agreement created a hunch and I reached between her legs to find her notably wet. Our youthful urges were, as per usual, matched. The compatibility of our physical forms extended even into awakening simultaneously in the middle of the night. Relief was needed, before we could find rest again.. Delectable gasps accompanied the renewed attention I paid to her form.

I claimed her lips, first brushing over them with my fingers, then bowing down and kissing her. My left arm, the one she partly laid on, returned to working her breasts. One after the other, I squished her sizable, yet firm mounds of female flesh. Always, her sexual inclinations had appeared complimentary to mine. Since I spurred on the awakening of her kinks, this had become an observable fact. I twisted her nipple and she moaned loudly and unashamedly in masochistic delight. As a reward, I curved two fingers into her pussy. Wet, slick sounds filled the large bedroom. She grinded her hips into my moving fingers.

In less than a minute, she reached completion. Sensitivity when awakening horny in the middle of the night was often far above the average. It was the same for me. Esther must have known that, breaking our kiss to make a wonderful suggestion, "You can use my breasts." Her voice still quivered with the aftershocks of her orgasm.

I considered and swiftly nodded. Fucking her was fantastic, but this was going to be a short affair. She rolled onto her back. I straddled her. Squishing her enormous breasts together, she created a tight crevice of hot flesh. My opening was the delectably deep line of her underboobs.

The head of my cock pushed into the hot, firm and yet yielding cleavage. A couple of thrusts, and my precum had lubricated enough that I could slide back and forth.

All Esther had to do to satisfy me was to lie there, if I was being perfectly honest. My heart had not fallen in the hands of a woman that was content being a mere receptacle, however. Kneading her breasts, she indirectly massaged my erection. Near all of it was enveloped by her beautiful breasts. Only the tip of my girthy cock peeked out from her cleavage and only when my groin pressed against the underside. Every little rub of her marshmallow breasts, I felt somewhere along my shaft.

Esther's panting was as constant as my own. Her breasts were objects of true wonder. Large, enormous even, firm, jiggly, and so sensitive her moans filled the room. All of her body seemed to be the manifestation of my erotic desires. She was perfect, with manifold paths to please and be pleased.

I clenched my teeth, knowing that I could make her orgasm a second time if I just lasted long enough. To spur on her pleasure, I played with her nipples, gave her cheeks a few little smacks. They were more for the humiliation than the pain. A wonderful reminder of who served who in the bedroom. When we were both getting closer, I grabbed her throat and slowly squeezed.

Eyelids fluttered. Hips shot up behind me. Her hands clawed into her own breasts, tensed involuntarily. Overabundant squish spilled between her fingers. The sight and her choked cries brought me to the edge and I announced as much.

"I'm going to cum," I groaned, wondering if she even heard me through her blissful haze. The answer was in the way her glassy gaze found mine. Her breasts slumped aside when her hands forcefully relaxed. I was only shortly bereft of pleasure, as she grabbed my cock firmly with both hands. I deemed that as a less satisfying way to orgasm, until she brought her open mouth to the head of my cock. The glans rested on her outstretched tongue, massaging that sensitive spot at the bottom while she worked my shaft. "Oh, oh yes," I gasped and unloaded.

Spurt for spurt I filled her mouth with a large serving of my seed. Whether it was the constant positive reinforcement or the sexual aspects of an Anomalia starting to manifest, tasting my cum send visible aftershocks rippling through her nubile curves.

Just like she had done during our first time, she gathered the entirety of my load in her mouth. When her hands had wrung the last drop from my shaft, she pulled back to present the white batch. "Swallow," I ordered her and she closed her mouth, gulping audibly. When she presented her tongue again, it was clean. "Good girl," I yawned.

Although I wanted to ask what had spurred that sudden willingness to get her tongue on my dick, I was way too tired to formulate a proper sentence. In the absence of the lust, my need for sleep crashed back down on my mind stronger than ever. Resigning myself to asking in the morning, I practically fell down on the mattress. With the last bits of consciousness, I put my arms around my Queen. Esther wiggled back into the previous position. Our breathing was almost in sync.

Hours later, I awoke again. The incredible heat of the summer day let me know that it was the appropriate time. Blinking, I noted that I was lying on my back. A most unusual situation, prompting me to search for my nightly cuddling partner.

I found Esther in a most pleasing position between my legs. Naked, she had her face lowered to my groin and her butt raised. A quick glance up confirmed that she saw me moving. Then she gave my morning wood (second morning wood, technically) a poke. The gesture was laden with a kind of playfulness she only displayed around me. It made me chuckle, amused and joyful in equal measure.

“If I may inquire, queen of my heart, what are you doing down there?” I asked.

“I am considering if I want to try,” Esther responded.

“Is it because Danielle pointed out some standard blowjob techniques yesterday?” I inquired. Although I most certainly wasn’t the target audience of lectures on how to orally please a male, I had been listening to it with great interest. The lesson had been part biology, part psychology, and part life advice. That was a summary of most of the Sexual Skills classes, really.

What went into a blowjob? A fascinating question, really. What drove mankind to look at the mouth of their fellow people and decide that it was a sexual orifice? The fundamental answer appeared to be that oral favours were a way of pleasing others while avoiding the risk of pregnancy. That had been the trivia setting up the whole lecture. From there it was a breakdown of nerve endings and how best to stimulate them. After that had followed the importance of employing techniques that were as much physically gratifying as they were visually stimulating.

Personally, I could say that I liked my blowjobs on the messier side. There was a special pleasure to seeing saliva and precum mix and draw gooey strands between my groin and a woman’s face. I like the squelching sounds, the glistening of sweat, and the dripping of fluids from chins. Pace and ‘cleanliness’ of the service were a matter of preference. Life advice had been the same old, nevertheless important, reminder to always keep communicating with our partners.

“I’m more comfortable with the idea now that I have technical knowledge,” Esther stated and trailed her finger up to the top. After a few moments of hesitation, she leaned down and gave my balls a kiss. It was the first of many. Lewd, little smacking sounds were caused by each.

I only produced pleased little gasps. Eagerly, I observed her getting more comfortable using her lips on my manhood. ‘Has the barrier been shattered? Is this the morning?’ I asked the world, not anticipating an answer. My eyes eventually wandered from her attractive face to her raised ass. The twin globes drew my eyes for a while. Esther curiously shifted her weight left to right, making her bubble butt swing. It was the cutest and sexiest little habit.

“It is almost worrisome how mesmerizing I find your manhood.” Esther presented the killer line in such a wholesome tone that the mentioned body part instinctively twitched. “I remember how great a pleasure this has brought me. My interest is piqued.” Finally, she stretched out her tongue and licked up from the base to the tip. It was a quick travel upwards, almost like she was tasting a popsicle. For a start, it wasn’t bad. “A peculiar texture,” she mumbled. “How, smooth, and yet veiny.”

I awaited the moment when she would wrap her lips around the tip and go further. Esther was clearly ruminating on whether or not she was comfortable with it. My eyes, meanwhile,

were left to wander. "I'm proud of you, Esther, for trying to get over your inhibitions," I told her, just as my eyes landed on her back.

It was not on purpose. I generally avoided staring at her back. At those horrid scars that covered more than half of it. The large circle started below the neckline and ended with the lowest ribs. The blade had needed a barrier, as it carved through twitching skin and muscles. One of twelve lines, similarly jagged, their colour the clean white of well-healed injuries, extended down her spine. The others, typically shorter, were spread out like the segments of a clock. Their asymmetry and malicious nature made them unpleasant to look at. A cruel irony lay in the clock-like shape.

Truly hideous were the two fleshy, pinkish patches that ran in parallel to her shoulder blades. Texture and colour was bad enough, the width of those scars, three of my fingers put together, only furthered the gruesomeness. It was all the more terrible for the smooth skin that surrounded the scars. A profane desecration of my sacred lady.

I realized my mistake when Esther shot upright, ripping her back out of my vision. Trembles went through her body. Her eyes were of a dull, brass colour and avoided mine.

A deep sigh got stuck in my throat. Too easily could my frustration with myself could be misunderstood to be frustration with her. I had made her feel unsafe. She was frozen, like a deer in intense light. Quickly, I scanned the room for her shirt. I had persuaded her to leave it behind last night. Now, a safety blanket was required.

"Here." I offered her the simple, dark blue shirt. Her trembles intensified. Pressed together lips lost all colour. A frustration beyond words. I could understand. "You're making good progress, Esther," I told her as softly and honestly as I could. "Nothing is to be gained from you forcing yourself this much." I put the shirt over her shoulders. "There's always the next morning."

"Thank you, my Karitas." Her sultry voice, meeker than usual. A deep breath and her eyes returned to their typical amber.

I loved the way she put on the shirt. Swiftly, she pushed her arms through the sleeves. The hair, stuck under the collar, was freed in a fanning motion. The chaos of her untamed mane was in full display. Dishevelled strands settled in a deeply attractive look. My favourite strand, the one across her face, was particularly pronounced that morning.

What I loved most about her putting on her shirt was that she did not even consider buttoning it. The open middle of the shirt framed her breasts. Deliberately, as the wanton gaze she shot me made clear. She crawled on top of me. "I hunger, beloved Karitas, and I wish to be distracted from... that."

"It would be unwise of me to ignore my Queen's wishes," I thought out loud and grabbed her ass. A whirl and had her fall down on the mattress, with me on top. Before we got started, I needed to get just one thing off my chest. "I did not mean to stare," I assured her. "I love you."

Esther placed a hand on my cheek. "I know," she responded with a light smile. "I love you too."

Many more meaningful words were spoken, as we indulged in our morning rituals.

Obviously, sex was the highlight of my every morning. As a young adult with honest desires, getting to live them out was most certainly the perfect start to the day. Then that transitioned

into me accompanying Esther into the shower and delighting in her body a little more. The absolute honour it was to 'help' her clean herself could not be emphasized enough.

A recent development was what happened after I left the shower. Esther tended to her hair, I prepared breakfast, that was the dynamic that had been established over the past three months. In the past week, a new addition to the household had shaken up that configuration.

I stepped into the mixture of living room and open kitchen with a hum in my throat and a smile on my lips. Clean and satisfied, I went from the presence of one gorgeous haremte to that of a prospective one.

Aclysia stood in the kitchen, diligently observing the development of an omelette. She was wearing an apron over her school uniform. Not quite the sexy combination of an apron and her birthday suit. Regardless, her sight was enough to challenge my 'sexually satisfied' status. The roundness of her butt filled her pleated skirt. A sight for a pervert's eyes, she shifted her weight from left to right, wiggling that sizable bottom of her pear-shaped figure. I could see the little jiggles those motions created. Recollections of that very same butt under my palm had me grope the air in an attempt to hold on to those memories.

'Is that little wiggle a thing girls I am attracted to just do, did she pick it up from Esther, or did I get that lucky twice?' I thought, hypnotized by the back and fourth sway. I must have stood there for a full minute just... watching.

Raising my gaze, I caught her glancing at me over her shoulder. A pleased glint was in her emerald eyes and a maidenly smile on her lips. She was enticing me. She had been enticing me every morning this past week. To give in was natural, perfectly justified even. An offer to the benefit of both parties was only refused by a fool.

I walked up to her. "Morning." The simple word was my first greeting, the second the fulfilment of my hands' desire. Even with both hands, I could not cup the entirety of her backside. "Bubble butts like yours are a gift to the sapient races. Nothing, not even the boons of chocolate and coffee combined, could compare."

Aclysia chuckled, a reserved sound that was exactly as quiet as she wanted it to be. Had she trained herself to make her voice an exclusive treat for the master that was to stand close to her, his chosen maid, perhaps? To monopolize a voice was not among my typical desires, yet I could not dismiss how intrigued I was by the concept. Little whispers and giggles that only belonged to me. What a fantastic treat to consider.

"This is a softer greeting than usual, Karitas," she said to me, while I carefully found where her plump behind met the mixture of fat and muscles of her thighs. It was such an interesting area of the human physique, that crease of squish. Doubly so for the female 90% of the population.

My typical stance towards fat was that I preferred it absent, with some varying degrees depending on body type. When it came to butts and thighs, a layer of fat was greatly appreciated. The preferred core of any good backside and meaty legs was still muscle. Encapsulating it with a squishy surrounding was a biological synergy of the highest order. The layer of fat gave an ever squishy, plump surrounding to the hard definitions underneath. When smooth skin then further covered that round and sizable combination, glory was achieved.

Glory was at my fingertips. I shamelessly reached under her skirt and grabbed her firm, juicy cheeks directly. "I did not want to reduce your work to scrambled eggs," I told her, looking at the slowly solidifying omelette.

“Always aware,” Aclysia responded, appreciation swinging in her voice. After one more squeeze, I left her to concentrate on cooking.

Had I been acting on pure desire, I would have sacrificed the quality of the breakfast in favour of smacking her backside and doing whatever else came to mind. My goal was not to merely engage in eroticisms with Aclysia, I wished to be intimate with her. The difference was the emotional component and such a thing had to be carefully cultivated with deliberate action.

Paying attention was generally the greatest tool one had when it came to making a lasting impression. It sounded quite obvious, but anyone who had lived more than a few years knew how difficult it could be to listen to someone talk. Watching what someone was doing could be even harder. It was made a little easier and a little harder if that someone had such a fantastic ass.

Attention often had to be deliberately maintained. Personally, I had trained myself for many years to be aware of what was going on around me. It went hand in hand with my ability to open portals and teleport. Situational awareness was a fantastic tool in courtship, because everyone loved it when they were given what they needed without having to ask. It was also a fantastic tool to avoid the pain of teleporting into a wall.

I gave Aclysia her opportunity to make the perfect breakfast and I got the perfect breakfast. Honestly, I was the winner here. People like her, who derived glee from being of service, were an absolute blessing to everyone who knew them. A downright necessity for a harem as well, I considered. ‘When my Anomalia is full, every breakfast will have to be for eleven people. Someone has to enjoy cooking duty.’

I sat down at the table and pulled out my Ashod. Had I come to the kitchen about twenty minutes earlier, I could have helped with the prep work. Far along as she was, I would have just been in the way.

Browsing the internet, I contemplated the future of my lifestyle. I always knew I wanted a harem and I was certain I was willing to put the work in. Two stunning women, with bodies to match the beauty of their souls, I could already call mine. With those successes under my belt, I kept reconsidering what I had done right and what I had done wrong. Up until recently, I had paid near exclusive attention to the wooing part, not the rest of the life that came after that.

‘Really difficult to make any definite considerations when there’s so much still open.’ I came to the same conclusion as usual. What I had right now worked. My duty was to keep paying attention and do for the women of my love whatever I could. As much as I liked being treated to a home cooked breakfast every morning, I did not want to be pampered. Well, I did not want my existence to be defined by being pampered. Spending the occasional day in bed, surrounded by tits, ass, and compliments, that was definitely on the menu.

Those would be treats for me being a good provider and protector. An anchor in their life that they could hold onto.

Before long, I got my opportunity to be of use. Proactively, I started loading the various finished pieces of food onto a tray I manifested and then carried it up to the top of the mansion’s tower. Esther joined us up there. Food was consumed in a harmonious silence. My Queen was not one for mid-eating conversation and Aclysia was more the responsive type. Rather than strike up a conversation, I let the relaxing quiet dominate.

“I’ll take care of this,” I assured her, when Aclysia made gestures to stack the plates.

“It is-“

“You cooked, I can do this much. Plus, I don’t think you brought a tray.” Smiling, I disarmed any further protests the half-elven maid may have formulated. The plates she held were wrestled from her grip and placed on the semi-translucent construct of Astrality that I manifested. I left them there for the moment. “You should leave some of the chores for us.”

“I like to take care of the household,” Aclysia stated the obvious.

“Yeah, but taking care of my laundry may be a bit much.”

“I was already folding my own, it added no meaningful hassle to my routine.”

I scratched the side of my face and sighed. Such or similar answers were what I had come to expect whenever I tried to tell her that she didn’t have to go quite so hard. Certainly, I believed that the Pareto Principle could be applied to housework. In other words, I believed that 80% of the necessary chores would be taken care of by 20% of the members of it. The numbers wouldn’t quite break down so cleanly, since the dataset of participants was too small (especially at the moment). The spirit, however, I stood by.

Again, I just needed some way to give her recompense for her effort.

“If you ever need me for something, do tell me,” I assured her.

“I echo my Karitas’ statement,” Esther added, sipping on some milk.

Aclysia bowed her head, as if she had just received a gracious reward. “I shall take it into consideration.”

I felt a mild frustration at that answer. It was that typical, somewhat confusing feeling of being next to someone that was just too nice. Had we been at that stage in our relationship, I would have bent her over the table and spanked a little bit of selfishness into her. A hunch told me she would have enjoyed that. Well, considering that she was interested in joining my Anomalia in full knowledge of my inclinations, plus her relationship with the word ‘Master’, a hunch was an understatement. ‘All but confirmed’ - that was more fitting.

I wanted to make further small talk, but my attention was captured by Esther. She placed her empty glass on the tray. That was all it took. My eyes were drawn first to her boobs, jiggling while she bowed over the table. A moment later, I beheld her red lips. Assertively, I took her by the back of the head and claimed her mouth.

The taste of the milk on her lips was quickly neutralized, swirled away by our tongues. We indulged ourselves deeply in what we knew would be the final kiss of the morning. That went not only for Esther and I, but also Aclysia. The maidly student boldly grabbed my arm and nuzzled against my side, pressing her breasts and right thigh against me. Of the latter, there was much more to feel. Warmth from both women enveloped my entire being with prickling happiness. It turned into a physical shudder when the half-elf pressed her pillowy pink lips against my neck.

Only having more haremetses there could have made the situation more satisfying. My resolve to find more was hardened all over again.

I let go of Esther on my own terms. “Alright, let’s stop here, before I have to keep one of you here.” The only joke in that sentence was that I, currently, should have asked only Esther to take care of what their presences did to me. Softly, the raven-haired lady flicked my forehead in the softest reprimand.

“You are mine to monopolize – for now,” she added that last bit with an acknowledging nod. Jealousy had been slumbering for a while. It stirred in its sleep sometimes, but Esther had mostly managed to come to terms with the situation. At the very least when it came to Aclysia. Which was all that really mattered at the moment. “I will come seek you later.”

“I’ll have something ready,” I promised quietly. Then I let go of her.

Esther straightened up and re-fixed the ribbon that confined her hair in the low ponytail. Whether I had grabbed her or not, that would have been necessary anyway. Any 30 minute stretch made it necessary. She made a commanding gesture and Aclysia detached from my side.

“Until later, Karitas,” she said her own goodbye, curtsying in a way that revealed a truly scandalous amount of leg. Then she followed her Queen down the stairs.

I sat there smiling for a little bit, stirring in how fantastic I had it. Eventually the lack of distractions reminded me that it was summer. The tower, for all its virtues, was also the highest point in the entire mansion. After the relatively mild morning hours, the sun shining on the roof and through the many windows turned the middle-sized chamber into half a greenhouse.

Both of my women were now on their way to the Anomalia Management Class for Queens. Aclysia still attended despite having opted out of gunning for that position. Understanding the many duties of a Queen should help the social cohesion of the harem. I fully supported that. Truthfully speaking, I should have probably booked a similar course for my position as King. I hadn’t even checked if that existed.

In my defence, I was doing quite well, generally speaking. Psychologically, I had a much easier job. Men had the greater drive to get many partners due to obvious biological reasons and the reality of my current environment was completely tilted in my favour. Because of that I lacked neither reason nor opportunity. Confidence, I had in spades as well.

‘Confidence in spades... heh,’ I chuckled to myself, realizing the accidental pun I had made, since my Queen was of the Spade variety. After my mild amusement settled, I returned back to the topic at hand. ‘I should look at some advice. People have been doing this for generations, they must have formulated some useful advice.’

Where were there teachers I could ask about this? Maybe one of the libraries offered books on the matter? Perhaps I should just have waited until next semester and scan the catalogue at that time? I cleaned the table while I contemplated those questions. Had I been on my own, I would have stopped the moment I threw everything in the dishwasher. Since I knew I would leave work for Aclysia otherwise, I grabbed a wet rag and a towel and headed right back up to give the table a swipe and, after that, the floor a vacuuming.

I was fine with leaving some dirt around, but this was no longer about me. This was about us and they deserved the best.

I stretched and headed back down to the kitchen to grab a glass of cold water and consider what to do next. The rest of my Saturday would follow a clear pattern. I would be on my own until about 11, at which point Esther and Aclysia (and Arlethia) would come back home. By then, I would have prepared something to eat. Nothing big, just enough to keep Esther’s appetite from souring her mood. Then we’d have about four hours of nothing, during which we ate actual lunch, before we moved into the City to take our bar shift at the Café Served. Aclysia would stay behind and certainly greet us with something opulent after we came back.

All of which meant I had now about two to three hours to myself. I had a couple of options of what I could do. Idea number one was to start carving out the one area of the house that was just for me. Getting a garage or some other area for workshopping had occurred earlier in the week and it was still bouncing around in my head. There, I could be as messy as I wanted and do whatever came to mind. Much as I wanted to do that, I did not feel motivated nor did I want

to go through the hassle of calculating what it would cost me. Handling money was still an absolute chore to me. I would ask Esther to do the budgeting sometime.

Idea number two was to sit around in my room and just dilly-dally the time away. Certainly not the worst plan and I was heavily considering it. Only problem I had was that it was hot and would only get hotter. Considering my room was entirely mattress, I would end up lethargically laying around for two hours, listening but not listening to whatever autoplay put on.

Had I been stressed, I would have jumped at that idea, but I had no need to unwind at the moment. Plus, I could do the same Sunday morning, with the important difference being that a naked Esther would be in my arms.

Idea number three, I could work out. Now was as good a time as ever to get my daily body maintenance in. Me being sore now meant I could laze about and concentrate on watching Aclysia and Esther when they did their sport later. Plus, there was someone I could most effortlessly hang out with during these two hours.

I knocked on Willt's door.

A groan, loud enough to make it through the thick door, made it to my ears. I counted the seconds. When the visage of my friend presented itself to me, I could only smile, "Thirteen, how fitting for someone of your dark persuasions."

"You say they are my dark persuasions, but I feel like you're here to torment me more than any daemon, demon or devil I ever met," Willt groaned.

"What torture would I inflict on you, my longest friend? Certainly, what I demand of you causes aches and pains, but they are only to your benefit not the pain for pains sake that the pitchforks of Satan so eagerly inflict on their victims. Indeed, what I demand of you is not a pursuit of devilish lament, but of forthright discipline and..." I stopped myself when Willt let out a long sigh. "Alright, so you want to tag along or not?"

"...Sure, just give me a second," he said and closed the door.

About twenty seconds later, he opened it again. All that had changed was that he had put on a pair of flexible pants on top of his underpants and a loose black t-shirt. We moved to one of the unoccupied rooms on the base floor, where it was the coolest, and rolled out some mats. It hadn't exactly become a ritual for the two of us to do this every Saturday, but it happened frequently enough to say it was a habit.

With everything else that was going on in our lives, us two guys spending time together outside of classes was getting rarer and I did not see that changing anytime soon. More likely was that the time together would get rarer. I didn't lament that, what I got in return was well worth it. Still, one should hold on to good friends when one could.

For the first twenty minutes of the workout, Willt just mimicked my warm-up routine. He was a lanky guy and pretty flexible despite his lack of regular exercise. That being said, his stamina was terrible and so he was gasping on his back once we transitioned to actual sets.

"Come on," I encouraged him, "one more."

"That's... what... you said... the last... three times..."

"And you got three more done. Expectation, my dear friend, raises one's motivation. I present my expectation, what is your response?" Willt, sweat dripping from his everything, clenched his teeth and curled his upper body up one more time. I wouldn't exactly call it a proper sit-up, but the thought counted here. "Alright, guess it's your turn to torment me."

I managed to execute a whole lot more of the sit-ups than he did. The final result was the same though, him standing over me and repeating the demand, "One more," until my entire midsection trembled from the exhaustion of every new curl.

At the end of an hour, he could barely move and I was contently sweaty. "You want to die yet?"

"I already have... this is hell... figurative hell..." Willt gasped. His thin arms moved about as if they were made of lead, searching for his water bottle. I nudged it within reach. "Aaaahhhhhh," he let out a deeply relieved breath after taking several deep swings. "That's all you get out of me today."

"You did improve a little bit," I told him. "Should probably do some cardio though."

"What I should do and what I will do are two totally different things." Willt managed to pull himself into an upright position. "Enough about me, what's bouncing around your head today?"

"I was thinking about building some kind of crafting room," I confessed. The idea was still sticking around and I had learned a long time ago to at least consider what my brain wouldn't let go. It drove me to create a number of objects and to create I required space and tools. Well, space more so than tools.

"Like a garage?"

"Exactly like a garage!" I agreed enthusiastically and took a swig of my own water. "With alchemy utensils and a workbench, maybe a pottery disk, and whatever else."

"Probably a bad idea to do that here."

"Because of the money?"

Willt amusedly raised an eyebrow. "Esther really made you hyperaware of your spending habits."

"It's better than the alternative."

"True enough, but I was thinking more because we'll only be in this house for another nine months."

"Hmm," I hummed. The point was taken. We would vacate the mansion at the end of our second semester. More accurately, we would vacate it after the tournament at that time placed us in our appropriate segment of the Welldark hierarchy. "Doesn't seem like that large an issue though. It gets moved for us."

"Problem is more whether or not where you end up after that has enough space."

"My destination I have no doubt about, as I know the steps and know who I am. It may be horridly sparkly and bright, but nothing less than the utmost luxury for my partners I can abide."

"Please don't start rhyming when you extrapolate."

"I shall see what I end up doing, just like I do not yet know which women I will be screwing."

Willt let out a sound between frustration and amusement.

I knew that something was off the moment Aclysia came in through the door.

To start with, Esther had arrived thirty minutes before she did. Aclysia getting halted by the teachers was not an uncommon situation, given who she was. Many of the teachers she had known since childhood and sometimes they wanted to chat. Further, the Anomalia Management teacher, Veliona, was quite the empathetic individual. When she felt someone needed a 1 on 1 talk, she gave it. The delay, therefore, did not give me pause in and of itself.

When Aclysia avoided my gaze upon entering, that was the clearest sign that I could have asked for. Like a bird seeking shelter, so too was the sideway glance of a lover a sign of storm or rain. I did not press her on it, neither did I comment. I greeted her like I normally would, offered her the share of pudding I had prepared in their absence, and waited patiently for her to present what was (or could be) the problem. Until then, we had our regular chatter about this and that.

It was after I had loaded the bowl into the dishwasher and returned to the table that Aclysia revealed what had her unnerved. An envelope, pulled from her shoulder bag, and placed in front of me. "An invitation from my honoured father."

The preface was necessary, given that the envelope was the same kind of simple paper that I would expect to receive advertisement in. It wasn't even addressed to anybody, every last segment left blank. 'He could have just sent me a message on the Ashod,' I thought and opened the unsealed envelope.

Inside I found two items. One was a folded letter, just a standard format page that looked like it had been taken out of a printer and re-used for a handwritten message. The other was a business card, showing on it the location of the headmaster's office. Unlike everything else about the message, it was of incredibly high quality. It was made from plastic, with metal decorations around the edges and a chip embedded in one corner.

Unfolding the letter, I read the short message inside:

"To Karitas Desia,

I wish to discuss with you the nature of your relationship with my daughter, Aclysia. Please find me in my office during working hours (from 8 to 12 and from 13 to 18 o'clock during weekdays) or at my residence during the weekend at any hour reasonable. Show the business card to be given entrance.

I expect to see you within two weeks.

With regards,

Arustius Taurus."

"Straight and to the point, I like it," I said and handed the letter off to Esther. She had been keeping her eyes to herself, but her intrigue was clear either way. While she, and then Aclysia, read through it, I turned the card in my hands. 'How do I transport this?' I asked myself. Not since I had visited Earth, had I carried a purse on me. Everything around here was done via Ashod. I would have to tug it into a folder to keep it unblemished. "Any tips on what I should expect?"

"My older sisters have been silent on the matter," Aclysia reported with a sigh. "It appears to be some kind of interview for your fitness. I am terribly sorry for the inconvenience."

"Don't be." I took her hand and gallantly kissed the ring finger. "It is proper for a father to take interest in his daughter's partner. All that could be improper is the degree of control he

wants to have over our relationship.” With a wink, I raised my head. “I don’t think this is his first rodeo. He’ll be reasonable.”

“I hope so,” Aclysia sighed.

“Should I accompany you during this?” Esther asked, changing the topic.

“No, I think this is a man-to-man conversation.” My tone was more certain than my choice of words let on. “If he wanted to meet all of us, he would have asked for all of us. This is specifically addressed to me.”

The lady of my love nodded and carefully put the letter back into the envelope. “Understood. You are the King of this Anomalia, my Karitas.”

“Indeed, I am,” I hummed and put an arm around her. Without comment, I rubbed her back. She turned her gaze towards me and I gave her a supportive smile. Disapproving family must have reminded her of her own. All I knew about them was that they were to blame for the scars on her back. That was plenty to deduce that they were horrible people.

Esther moved her chair a little closer. Eyes closed; she rested her head on my shoulder. I kept rubbing her side, and gave Aclysia’s hand an inviting tug. A moment later, her bubble butt found rest on the left side of my lap. Now I certainly felt like a King.

“When do you intend to answer my honoured father’s invitation?” Aclysia quietly inquired. Whether she wanted to maintain the quiet for Esther’s sake or due to the intimate proximity we now shared, I respected her choice of tone. Not that she needed any excuse at all for me to appreciate that reserved whisper caressing my ears.

I considered the question. Today was out, I had somewhere else to be in the evening. Tomorrow would be Sunday. Not an issue according to the letter and I would have time to be well rested. “Might as well get it done tomorrow,” I therefore decided.

“Your timeliness is appreciated.” Aclysia’s elegant little smile was worth the time taken out of my Sunday already. Those pretty pink lips of hers were deeply enticing. Alas, they were also not mine. Reserved, they were, the lips of a spouse, a promised, a beloved to be, yet still not mine to claim. That her father gave me an invitation was proof that we appeared serious to the rest of the world.

Longingly, the maidly student returned my gaze. Gentle arms embraced my neck, a hug born of mutual adoration. The borders set and agreed upon bound her by honour and prevented her from initiating what I denied myself. While a touch of our lips would have been inappropriate, hers on my scalp and mine on her neck was well within our reservations. A first kiss saved until the moment of true love was a first kiss imbued with meaning and so we stayed as we were.

Admittedly, I was making the lesser sacrifice.

The whole affair left me excited. I neither had to resist the urge to masturbate nor indulge in it, as I had next to me a straight-laced woman who I could drag to the bedroom and reliably excite. It pleased me to no end, to have this woman of powerful character submit to me so eagerly in matters of passion.

Besides the letter, the time between their return and our shift at the Café Served was spent as usual. We talked, worked out, Aclysia cooked, and when I felt like it I checked the quality of the mattress. By that I meant that I observed how long it took for Esther’s outline to disappear after I pounded her into it. The length of our engagements varied wildly, anything between five and forty minutes. The regularity of them tilted endurance towards the latter. Also, I tended to employ alternative means whenever I knew I wouldn’t last long. Even when I overestimated

myself, I did get Esther to climax. It was a matter of pride. When penetration failed, fingers would have to do.

Eventually we did go to work, had a regular shift, headed back, and went to sleep after another round of sex and a shower. In that order, by Esther's demand.

And then came Sunday.

At the heart of Welldark's campus was an octagonal building. Although following the general colour scheme of the university, a mixture of gothic and luxurious elements, it seemed all around humbler than what lay around it. Less gold and silver had been used in the construction. The wood of the doors and the stones of the walls had been allowed a degree of degradation from the weather, where the rest of the campus was kept in pristine condition through effort and magic. The windows were simple, crystal clear panes of glass held in wooden frames.

The exception to it all was the large stained-glass relief that decorated the front of the four-sided tower that extended far above the slanted roof. It depicted a splendid bull on a radiant background that gave it a sanctified appearance. Even though the university had continued to grow all around the first building, that tower was the highest of its kind. Tall enough for that bull to watch over all that lay beyond.

There was very little activity anywhere around me, including the building when I entered it. It had that particular smell that only old institutions of knowledge could produce. A mixture of leather, old wood, and the various chemicals used to scrub the floors. I passed humble classrooms that almost reminded me of my time at high school. The notable difference was the quality of the chairs. It appeared Welldark had always cared about the comfort of its students.

My steps echoed in the corridor. Somewhere in the distance, I heard someone pushing a cart. Cleaning personnel, most likely. I checked my shoes to make sure I wasn't dragging any dirt onto the meticulous, dark grey slabs. Not anymore than was reasonable, by my estimation.

The structure of the building was straightforward. Each of the main entrances along the cardinal directions had broad corridors that went simply ahead. Ignoring the various forks eventually brought me to where all four of these corridors intersected: a circular hall with a pillar at its centre. A pillar that was, on short inspection, revealed to be an elevator shaft. I pushed the button to call the elevator and inspected the hall as I waited.

It was a simple gathering area with tables and chairs for students to lounge, work, and converse. Although kept nice and tidy, I could not imagine it saw a lot of use these days. Each of the thirteen branches of the institution had their own hangouts, then there were the cafeterias, and, given the season, the sprawling green areas. This seemed to be nothing but a remnant of a time long passed. That, in itself, made it valuable to be maintained.

A loud ding notified me of the elevator's arrival. Black-painted doors parted, retreating into the sides of the gothic pillar. I stepped inside. The hard carpet felt quite different compared to the stone. The quiet was bothering me a little bit. I liked activity around me. I distracted myself by wondering what the five greyed out buttons on the panel before me were. Rooms only the administration was supposed to access, perhaps? Maybe Taurus' personal sex dungeon? If I had this much space, I would have at least two of those.

'Not like I have a lot of choices here,' I mused to myself. Two buttons were left and one of them was the floor I was currently on. I put my finger on the magical interface. The little square

of stone yielded to my touch, then pushed back out, as any mundanely engineered button would. Smoothly, the doors closed and the entire elevator rose at a leisurely pace.

After ten seconds, it stopped. Another ding. With a whisper, the doors opened again. Now I found myself in a foyer.

The difference from the hall below was stark. Gone was the simple cleanliness of the old institution, replaced with a complex that had been retrofitted considerably to move with the times. The gothic designs here were in keeping with the splendour displayed with the newer buildings. Paintings, weapons, and ornaments hung from the walls, invoking a vague sense of symmetry. The floor was black marble, white veins running through it. By no doubt supernatural means, all of them came together underneath a wine-red, semi-circular desk at the far-end of the room. Like a red sun radiating white mist.

Behind the desk were two women. One was working on a computer, wearing the kind of long-sleeved white blouse often associated with the secretary image. The other I knew already, a woman with long, silvery-white hair. She was of pale complexion, had emerald green eyes and ears that were notably pointy, without being much longer than that of a regular human. Standing behind the secretary, her maid outfit was on full display, from the frills that covered her petite breasts, over the corset that covered her midriff, down to the long skirt with the two frontal slits.

Surprisingly little separated Derilea's looks from that of her daughter (specifically the one I was currently living with). Their difference in age was not as apparent as it should have been, given that it covered several hundred years. Between her species and the potent magic in her veins through (personal and Anomalia in origin), aging must have been a crawling if not completely halted process. Because of this Derilea looked like the world's least wrinkled thirty-something.

Both the redheaded secretary and Derilea turned their eyes to me. "I will return in a moment," the Queen of Taurus' Anomalia announced and circled around the table. I had to keep myself from checking her out too much, as we walked towards each other. There was much to behold in how her thighs peeked out of her slit skirt with every measured step. The likeness to her daughter did extend to her bottom heavy figure.

One of my primary principles was to not covet another man's woman (more exactly it was not to covet another person's partner, but I had not yet found myself wanting someone who was engaged in a lesbian relationship). What made me weak in this instance was that Aclysia came so firmly after her mother that I could gleam what she would look like in a couple hundred years by watching Derilea. Keeping the inappropriate gazes to a minimum, I could tell that I was in for a very happy future.

"Hey there," I greeted with a casual wave. Immediately, Derilea gave me a raised eyebrow. It appeared she still held some scepticism towards me. My natural expressiveness had rubbed her the wrong way during the introduction ceremony and I had not given her a chance to redeem myself. Clearing my throat, I reminded myself to behave in an approvable way and bowed my head respectfully, "I'm here on invitation of the headmaster, I hope I did not come at an inopportune time?"

"Only the usual pains of administration," Derilea responded.

“Unruly programs not doing what they are supposed to?” I took an educated guess. I wanted to add a joke or three to that, but if I had learned anything during our last encounter, it was that the Queen of Welldark’s founder appreciated briefness and sincerity.

“Exactly,” she responded in a neutral tone. Much like moving into a dirty apartment after living on the street, her ambivalence was already a step up.

I raised my head. Derilea was mustering me, analysing me in a way only parents could muster potential suitors of their children. It felt a tiny bit like I was some cattle for sale, but it ran much deeper than that. “Will you require the card?” I asked, reaching for the blue shoulder bag Esther had lent me.

“That won’t be necessary. Come along.” Derilea led the way to one of the two corridors to the sides of the secretary’s desk. Step for step, I was brought into the headmaster’s domain. The deeper we got, the less it felt like a place of administrative business and more like a home. It had those various marks of being lived in, from the placement of objects that had been adjusted to purely personal preference to the many small doors that isolated private areas.

At one point, we came across a dark-haired, human woman holding a young child, around three years old. She gave Derilea a smiling nod, and the maid returned in kind. It occurred to me that she must have been another one of Taurus’ Anomalia members and, by extension, that the boy was Aclysia’s half-brother.

Human sensibilities were a bit weirded out at the prospect of a family still growing after several hundred years. Having spent a lot of my time in Hell, however, I didn’t really have any of that left in me. Not that there had been much to start with.

I bit the inside of my cheek to prevent myself from any attempts at banter. Whether Derilea was always this stuck-up or if I had to whittle away at her exterior over the years would remain to be seen. I hoped it was the latter. Having a steadily annoyed mother-in-law sounded like the kind of misery I wanted to spare myself.

In silence, we made our way up the flights of stairs. The surroundings narrowed, as we ascended from the main building into the tower. All the way up, we walked. I couldn’t help but wonder why we weren’t using the elevator, but did not dare to ask.

Eventually, we made it to a wide-open, double-sided door. Stepping through came with yet another change in scenery.

We were behind the stained-glass window now. The depiction of the bull glowed from the sunlight that fell through, casting its form on a large assembly of glass cases to both sides of me. All throughout the room, distributed with no particular pattern, sometimes tightly clustered, stood trophies from various worlds. There were mighty weapons, odd statues, and a few locally contained magical phenomena. From my brief observation of everything, my favourite must have been the ball of slime that was endlessly falling into one portal and then emerging from the other. It was doing so at a speed almost too fast to properly track.

At the back of it all, right in front of the window, stood a desk that was almost humble. In form and function, it certainly did not match the gathered glory of the trophies in the room, the rafters of thick wood, or even the dark grey tiles of the floor. Its size was all that seemed to fit with the sheer immensity of this space.

A concession, I believed, that the man sitting behind it had made purely because of his own size. Arustus Taurus was a man over 2,20 metres tall and he was, to use crude but apt language, built like a brick shithouse. With arms like logs and paws like that of a bear, he could

have snapped the average sized person in half and continued to write with the other hand. That was the impression I got before I even considered just who he was.

What softened the look of this weather-tanned, middle-aged man was the awkwardly tied bow tie around his left horn. He had never worn anything like it before and his otherwise proper attire led me to believe that there were circumstances other than his personal choice of clothing involved. Something about one of his children or haremetses, most likely. The dark colour of the cloth did compliment the black-tipped white of his smooth, bull-like horns.

Carefully, the headmaster put aside the pencil he held. It was of an above average size, doubtlessly necessary to allow him to handle it with finesse. Even then, his handwriting was limited to signatures. There were two monitors on the left side of the table. The right was kept clear of any larger obstacles, three chairs in front and around it.

"Take a seat, Karitas." The voice hit me alongside his gaze. Unlike the last time I met him, there was no magical element to the intimidation. It was his sheer physical presence that created a little knot in my stomach. I prided myself on keeping a clear head in most situations and, outwardly, I did. One did not meet a man such as Arustus Taurus under the context of dating his daughter without feeling at least a bit nervous though.

"I will leave you to it," Derilea announced. In a much warmer tone she added. "You know you can always call me, beloved."

"I almost certainly will," Taurus added in a similarly warm tone. He looked after his Queen, while I took a seat. Openly, he was staring, focused intently on something behind me. I could imagine and, in the same situation, would have done the exact same. Patiently, I folded my hands in front of my stomach and waited for the sound of the doors getting pulled shut.

At which point, the dark eyes of the headmaster snapped back to me.

"One day," he said. "A good time."

"How long do suitors usually take?"

"Between an hour and never." Taurus leaned forwards, placing his own folded hands on the table. "The serious ones come quick."

"I never really considered myself a serious person," I responded with a little quip.

Taurus seemed at least somewhat receptive to this kind of banter, blowing air out of his nose in an amused fashion. "Diamond Anomalia?"

"Yes, I do make it pretty obvious, don't I?"

"The first impression first. Are you never serious?"

"To speak without jest or other amusement, in pure sincerity, I can be serious. I am certainly serious when it comes to my Anomalia. I want that to include Aclysia."

"Have you had sex with her yet?"

"No... sir," I added the title only because I somehow felt it was expected.

"Kissed her?"

"No, sir," I responded a second time. "Would it be a problem if I did?" I inquired.

"It would have told me something about you," Taurus stated. Without further words, he reached under the table. The distinct sound of a fridge being opened was quickly followed by a small container of ice cubes being placed on the table. Two glasses and a bottle containing a golden, no doubt alcoholic, liquid were next. All of them were combined into half a glass full of whiskey standing in front of me.

Taurus raised his glass. He wasn't offering. I wasn't declining. We toasted. I took a nip at first and, upon realizing the headmaster was downing the thing, did the same.

I could taste the oak barrel and the strong alcohol content and wheezed. "Not my liquor of choice," I confessed and placed the empty glass on the table. The ice cubes clacked together. I had to wonder what the purpose of them was. Who needed ice if we were just going to down it anyway?

Taurus refilled the glasses, answering that question. "We drink that one slowly. Don't forget to smell before you sip." he told me, then continued right on with the topic at hand. "Aclysia told me it was on her initiative that she moved in. Is that correct?"

"Yes, sir," I went back to that mode of talking. Taurus radiated paternal, low-key approval, so I was continuing with the strategy that made me popular. Hesitant, I grabbed the whiskey glass again. It really was not my beverage of choice. It was also placed there with some expectation. I wasn't sure if Taurus wanted to use the alcohol to loosen my tongue or if he was doing it to be a good host. For all I knew, he himself was uncomfortable with having these kinds of conversations. Could have been all of the above.

"What are your plans for my daughter?"

That was the standard question that men across all ages, worlds, and languages had been asked. There were many answers, few of them truly satisfying, hardly any that balanced brevity and clarity of intent well. I chose to dispense with the former. "I have no specific plans for your daughter," I said, continuing quickly before the stern gaze could turn annoyed. "I lo-greatly appreciate her maidly disposition. Truly, it is a quality I greatly admire in potential partners, being of a straightforward and demanding mindset myself. It feels like she completes me. However, I do not wish to impose myself too much on her. I think that it was natural compatibility that brought us together, so I didn't make any specific plans for her. Where the whims will take us will be good enough."

Taurus grunted enigmatically and initiated another sip from the whiskey. I followed his example, even if it made shudder. "Acceptable," he stated. "A daughter of mine, however, is not something I part with easily."

"I would not dare to assume a precious jewel is bought for cheap. This one, if I may elaborate, I take is acquired not through money but through respect."

After another sip he shook his head. "She is not acquired at all. In the end, it is their choice who their partner is. What I think of it is only important if she cares."

"She cares a lot," I said with certainty. "I think you raised a daughter with a good sense of family – which takes a good family."

"What about you, Neverborne?"

"I would like to acquire one," I responded sincerely. "My relationship to my father is... My relationship to my parents was complicated long before I became a Neverborne... but my mother did try to teach me appreciation I learned all too late was wise." I grabbed the whiskey and took a huge gulp. Then I said nothing else on the matter, for fear the alcohol did succeed in loosening a bit too much. "I would like it if we had your blessing, sir."

Taurus stared at me for a while. I wasn't the only one doing social calculus around here. Rather obviously, he was considering whether he could or should push me on my familial situation. More defiantly than before, I stared back. "My blessing comes on two conditions," he continued with what he had invited me for. "I must believe that you are a good influence on my

daughter. That's what any father would want." I nodded. "Secondly, I must believe you have the potential to protect her. My name carries weight."

"I understand fully."

Taurus emptied the rest of his second glass and I mimicked the motion. "Time will tell me about the first. For now, you strike me as an interesting young man. Everyone has phantoms haunting them. Yours aren't in control."

"Thank you, sir."

"The second, is more direct." Taurus folded his hands again. "You will have to withstand the full brunt of my presence for a minute."

I gulped, audibly by accident. Astral Capacity could be projected outwards to intimidate prospective opponents. It was more effective the larger the difference. I had been subjected to his aura both times we had met. The first time he had used it to immediately silence the entirety of the freshmen. The second time, he had done it to force the argument between me and Imrult, the Master of Order, to stop. Neither had been the full brunt of it. One knew such a thing instinctively, like one knew that only a limited amount of water made it out of a faucet.

"The choice of when is yours. You can try as often as you can ready yourself for it," Taurus eased my mind a little bit. "I do not expect a freshman to accomplish what others have only managed to do in their last year. You can leave now, if you want." The headmaster began to put away the glasses and whiskey, while I pondered.

What was my obligation here? De-facto, none. Taurus had already admitted that he was not a tyrannical father, therefore whatever I and his daughter did was ultimately outside of his authority. That only meant that I was bound by decency instead of power. As I certainly had my contrarian streak, that was way more effective. Had he been the overbearing kind of parent, I would have been tempted to revolt against what he wanted just because I could.

First question was whether or not I would even take this demand for full. Having established his decency, I felt that it was my obligation to. That, in turn, created a more pressing issue: how did this affect my timeline? By Esther's design, Aclysia should join our Anomalia at the end of the semester. That was six weeks from now. Ample time to get to know each other better and for Esther to sort out her scar issue. Not necessarily ample time for me to learn to withstand the pressure of the headmaster.

'One can only make estimates on what one has attempted,' I thought to myself and locked eyes with Taurus. The giant of a man was patiently waiting for my response. "I need to try right now."

"Stand," Taurus ordered and rose to his feet himself. He guided me halfway back to the door, before stopping. A step's distance between us, he faced me. Three fingers raised, he gave me a countdown. I took a deep breath, let it out, and braced myself for the inevitable.

It was like one large hammer hit every upwards facing surface on my body at the exact same moment. My knees buckled, my head was forced halfway down, my eyes stared straight ahead, without focusing on anything. Universally constricting pressure made it difficult to draw air into my lungs.

My legs desperately pushed against the supernatural weight on my shoulders. The initial strike was the easiest of it all. I got a first-hand experience of what it felt like to be underneath a hydraulic press. At the same time, it was entirely different. In reality, there was no weight. The heat all around me, the pressure on my lungs, the descending force on my shoulders, all of it

was akin to the optical illusions one experienced when putting soft pressure on closed eyes. My senses were capable of noting the presence of Arustus Taurus' Astral Capacity, and, uncertain what else to do with it, were interpreting it as physical phenomena.

Knowing what the nature was helped my mental state. That only did so much. My physical experience was a teeth-clenching terror that only intensified further with each passing second. All of what I was, was sinking deeper into crushing depths. The ground was getting closer. Then I lost my balance.

The moment my hands touched the ground, the pressure was gone. I snapped for air, as if I had just spent several minutes under the surface. All over, I felt damp. I wiped away the sweat on my forehead and did my best to ignore the iron taste of blood in my mouth. My Astral Body would fix what I had done to my teeth.

All of my muscles felt leaden, as if I had just ran a triathlon. Barely, I managed to get from my hands and knees into a normal sitting position. I shot Taurus a questioning gaze.

"Thirty-five seconds."

"Felt a whole lot longer," I confessed and let out a long exhale. Nothing about me should have been actually exhausted. "Is that a good start?"

"Adjusting for you being a freshman, it is the best start anyone had," Taurus told me.

I nodded, entirely unsurprised. "I do have a lot of Astral Capacity," I groaned as I fought my way back to my feet. The primary factor in the intensity of the pressure I felt was the difference in our supernatural power. It followed the same logic as the level of intimidation one felt from larger lifeforms. Someone two centimetres taller created barely any instinctive response, while a five-hundred metre giant would make most people react with instinctive fear.

The alternative way to overcome this was through mastery of oneself. In the end, all of the pressure was not an actual physical thing. If I could achieve the necessary level of self-control, the difference in power would not be as difficult to resist.

Taurus waited for me to say anything. I was tempted to try again. 'No, that won't end well,' I told myself. The well of power within me was depleted, expended in instinctive response to the pressure around me. 'I won't be able to try this more than once per day... and I shouldn't waste the headmaster's time either.' "Would it be fine if I returned next weekend?"

"You have the card," Taurus just stated and pointed me towards the exit.

Chapter 4 – Mess of Magic

I woke up the next day, unworried and unbothered.

Many people insisted that procrastination was a solely negative trait. Personally, I had come to the conclusion that it had its upsides. If the ability to not worry about something until it absolutely needed doing was not evolutionarily advantageous, why had it survived for so long? That was how I thought about it, whenever someone wondered how I could be so unbothered by being unbothered. Stress was bad for the soul.

As far as I was concerned, this was a typical Monday. Sure, I had something new to worry about, but I also had six weeks to resolve an issue of twenty-five seconds. That I started more than halfway there made the matter manageable to me. I would let worry grow as I approached the due date. That was much better than burn myself out on the way there.

Which was not the same as ignoring the problem in its entirety.

I was choiceless in that regard anyway.

Esther slammed a piece of paper down in front of me. Delicately, to not break the utensil, a pen immediately followed. “We are compiling a list.”

“Milady, if I may be so clear, I have already sorted through my immediate priorities. Ivy does not require human help to climb when there are trees nearby and neither does my mind require the structured... I can just stop with this, can't I?” I sighed, Esther's unwavering gaze backed up by the maidly woman standing behind her. “Okay, but I want it understood that I'm doing this for you,” I said and pointed at both of them in turn.

“You shouldn't do it for us,” Esther reprimanded. “It is your duty. Approach it with the proper earnesty.”

“I am, because I'm certain we'll be fine whether I write a list or not. I do not function like you two. I want that to be crystal clear,” I pushed back, twirling the pen between my fingers. I kept a friendly face, Esther kept staring, Aclysia kept standing in the background. Finally, the lady of my love groaned and sat down next to me.

“For me and Aclysia, then,” she surrendered.

I gave her a quick hug and a kiss. Standing my ground was important, but only because it was part of having a harmonious relationship. Victory in arguments themselves were of little value. I did not want a defeated partner. I wanted partners who understood me and who loved me as I loved them. “For you two,” I whispered into her ear and beckoned Aclysia closer.

The maid, rather than sit down on my other side, stopped behind my Queen and me. Gently, she took hold of my neck and gave me a soft massage. “I apologize for the trouble my father is causing you.”

“I would probably do something similar in his stead,” I said, as I had many times since I had returned yesterday. Aclysia did not stop being apologetic and I did not stop being understanding. This situation was entirely acceptable to me, as natural as a papa hawk heading out to feed his chicks. “Alright, so, there's a very easy two-side separation here...”

I drew a line down the middle of the paper, scribbling ‘Astrality’ on one side and ‘Willpower’ on the other. I proceeded to write ‘Cultivation’ and ‘Exposure’ under each of the categories. Those were the most obvious ways to increase the amount of time I could withstand the efforts.

“Aclysia, can you organize additional Astral Cultivation lectures that Karitas could attend?” Esther asked.

“I may be able to find out which meditation chambers are unoccupied during which hours,” the white-haired half-elf responded. “Supervision and advice will be difficult to obtain.”

“It must suffice,” Esther stated and I added ‘additional meditations’ to the ‘Astrality’ side of the list. “Would training your magic channels be of use?”

“It would let me put up more counter pressure,” I responded and put down ‘magic training’ on the Astrality side.

“I may be able to request aid for additional exposure,” Aclysia suggested.

It was getting a bit ridiculous. “I don’t want you to bother every single teacher you know over this.”

“Our future is at stake,” Aclysia responded.

“No, that’s the point - your father’s respect is at stake,” I reminded her. “I don’t have to get this done in six weeks, because he is not unreasonable. I want to pass this test because I want you.” I turned halfway in my chair to take her hand. Swiftly, I pressed my lips on the back. “I will pass this mustering, no time, trials or tribulations may stop my will to be with you, second of my Anomalia, maid of my dreams. Convenience is all that is at stake.”

“I do not want to wait any longer than is required, Karitas,” she responded quietly.

“My Karitas would never disappoint,” Esther stated proudly, in a tone only a partner with trust in their significant other could use. It made my stomach flutter and my heart skip a beat. “Maximize your chances. Ask not for help, ask for lessons.”

“You know how to play me,” I complimented her. “Still, I want to do this without bothering anyone too much. Let’s keep the requests for direct help to a minimum.”

“As you wish,” Aclysia responded, before Esther could. My Queen’s eyes took on a yellow note. The sign of her displeasure disappeared swiftly. This happened sometimes when Aclysia took my side. The two got along splendidly, so any difference in ‘loyalty’ rubbed the lady of my love the wrong way. I was completely informed about this because Esther had told me about it.

To get upset when a close friend and fellow haremte had a difference of opinion was understandable. As long as Esther reined in any excess rage on this, I did not mind. “I must insist that you consider your options,” she stated, as calmly as she could.

“I will.” The little promise appeased the raven-haired woman and we returned to the list. “Anything else that comes to mind?” So far, everything that had been talked about had been what I had already considered anyway. Since there was no other immediate suggestion, I only grew more certain that this entire list-making thing had been a waste of time and brain cells. ‘I guess it’s good to have Aclysia prepared already,’ I played the advocate for my own devil. “Let’s get to class then. No need to have the future hinder the present.”

“Follow me, class,” mister Smithson, my gravity magic teacher, said to all three of us students. We had been waiting for his arrival at the usual chamber, prepared to do the same exercise we had been doing for the past few weeks.

I continued to loathe the torment of doing any kind of work this late on a Monday. Today, specifically, and for the next six weeks, most likely, I would have at least have a powerful motivator to do my utmost to train, despite the ungodly hour. When we were led to a tiny

classroom, I repressed my urge to sigh. With our attendance numbers, every little thing I did would be noticed.

Including not sighing, apparently.

“Something the matter, Karitas?” Smithson asked. The stern man’s dark green eyes focused on me, the wrinkles around them deepening. He was not amused. I was certain he lacked the capacity of being amused. Doubtlessly one of the reasons why he was one of the few teachers without the mark of an Anomalia on his hands.

“Just a private concern. I had hoped to keep training my magic channels today.” I tried to keep it brief.

Smithson seemed satisfied with that answer and turned to the magic-powered whiteboard. After slotting his Ashod into it, he opened a file. The words ‘Varieties of Magic’ were projected on the wall. The promise of that title was interesting enough that I had no qualms about losing this day’s training progress. I knew a lot more than the average freshman. More was not everything. I was attending this university to learn, even if that was second to networking with cute potential haremettes.

“Traditionally, the third week of the third month is when we magic teachers expand on the kinds of magic that can be learned. Unlikely as it is, I should ask: did any of you have any presentation to this effect in other magic-teaching classes?” No response, only shaking heads from me and my two female peers. “Then a different question: can you name any varieties of magic are you familiar with?” All of us raised our hands. “One at a time. Karitas, you go first.”

I was sitting furthest to the left, from the teacher’s perspective, so I had anticipated that. “Enchantment,” I stated.

Smithson nodded and tapped a segment of the board. The slide changed and the word appeared at a random spot on the left side. His finger then pointed at the next student. “Active,” she stated. Another tap, and the word was revealed. In quick succession, we kept answering. “Passive.” “Ritual.” “Wild.” By that point, only my hand was raised. “Divine.” I said, when pointed at me. There was still one spot left.

“Chaos,” the teacher put the last of the seven varieties in place. “As those that know the Dimensional Truth, the very essence of realities, we have the rare opportunity to learn and practice all of these different kinds of magic. The origin of one’s mana limits the caster, either absolutely or through the manas natural shape benefitting one variety of magic over another. Druids, as you can imagine, have an affinity for wild magic, warlocks for rituals, and so on.” He tapped the slide and it moved on to ‘Active’. Aside from the title, it was empty for the moment. “Tell me what you know about active magic.”

Too lazy to run my mouther about the obvious, I left it to the other two to answer. “Active magic is one of two standard manifestations of magic and encapsulates those spells that come from a normal energy source, are released from the body, and have a short-lived effect, typically a bolt or a ray or something like that.”

“Very good,” Smithson said in the closest thing to pleased I had heard in a while. “That covered everything about that. What differentiates passive from active magic?”

“Rather than short-lived effects, passive magic describes those supernatural phenomena that exist in perpetuity, typically inside a person’s body.” The woman who answered stopped for a while then added, “I think... the metabolism of a slime is an example of that?”

"In the context of the sapient slimes, this is correct," Smithson nodded. "There are a few other examples, but passive magic in general is not particularly noticeable even if some of its workings, like the metabolism, are vital to those affected by it. Do you all think the Anomalia is a form of passive magic?" I shook my head immediately, the other two followed my example slowly. "You would be correct, the Anomalia falls under a different category. Now, what can you tell me about enchantment magic?"

"It's the variety of magic that imbues items with effects that can last as long as mana is provided," came the immediate answer from one of my peers.

"Correct," Smithson nodded, appearing appeased. Not sure what he could have been angry about. Despite his steadily bad mood, he was a good teacher though. "Number four, ritual magic, what makes it special?"

"It is used to achieve specific and powerful effects that other magic is not strong or precise enough for. Because it uses esoteric means to channel the mana, it makes the soul type less relevant, allowing practically everyone to learn it, provided they have the patience. So it's used to generate specific results other magic could, but in practice rarely does."

"...and...?" Smithson asked, demanding further details. Neither of my peers had them and, honestly speaking, neither did I. All I had was a hunch and in the uncomfortable silence the stern gaze of the teacher created, I was happy to say anything. "Yes, Karitas?"

"It also encapsulates disciplines like alchemy that draw magical effects from ingredients through means of concentration and esoteric interpretation," I suggested.

"There's no need to sound uncertain when you're correct," Smithson chided me. What we, as a class, had laid out appeared in bullet points on the wall. "Active, passive, enchantment, and ritual magic. Those are the four main varieties. All those who can cast magic, no matter the source of their mana, can tap into these four types of casting magic, even if the manifestations differ. They are the best researched, the most formulaic, and can be learned through regular training and lessons, like one would learn any other skill. Now, the remaining three. What can you tell me about divine magic?"

Less than two seconds passed, before his mouth was about to open again. When I raised my hand, one of his eyebrows rose with it. He did not seem used to people being able to answer that question. It also did not seem this was the first time he was surprised. "Yes, Karitas? What do you know about divine magic?"

"Divine magic is to manifest the constructs of the soul in reality. A common example for this is the creation of life by gods, who expand their soul and, upon creating a vessel for it, separate it from themselves to create a new, independent being through their will and mana alone. Unlike other creations by magic, these constructs capable of developing on their own. An enchanter cannot create an item that exceeds his own magical power, but a new life created by a god may possibly be able to exceed that god in strength - rare as it is. Important to us, that know the Dimension Truth, both Anomalias and Artefacts are a manifestation of divine magic."

Smithson nodded a couple of times throughout my explanation. "A good summary of it all. Divine magic is distinct in its capability of creating effects that others would describe as miraculous. Other categories of magic are capable of summoning or binding life, but divine magic is the only one that can truly create new life. There is one exception, but we will get into that in a moment. As Karitas pointed out, Artefacts and their effects are also divine magic. They are manifestations and channels of your soul. As you should have already observed, they are

also capable of manifesting powers you yourself don't have." He went over to the next slide. "What do you know about wild magic?"

There was no immediate answer. Not to leave the stern teacher staring for too long, one of my peers eventually raised her hand. "It's magic that interacts with the wild...?" she suggested. "Like, it affects nature and other living things?"

"...Acceptable enough," Smithson grumbled. Pacing back and forth in front of the class, he elaborated. "Wild magic is indeed the variety of magic primarily concerned with interacting with the natural elements around us. That is the primary difference between it and active or passive magic: that the target of your magic lies outside the bounds of your body. Although wild magic is among the most efficient uses of mana, its results are difficult to measure because you are lending power to nature. In what way or how you are helped is not up to you. It is recommended you use wild magic only towards elements that favour you. There is a reason why druids are often sedentary. Different woodlands have different temperaments."

Without stopping to ask us, he turned to the next slide and said, "Chaos magic is simply summarized with 'magic we do not comprehend'. This does include parts of magic we have not yet categorized, but for the most part it is the kind of primordial force that allows a certain variety of twisted creature to manifest their will. You will learn more about it in the second year. With the generalizations out of the way, let us talk about the applications of gravity magic across the six non-chaos varieties."

A new slide appeared, once more headed by the word 'Active'. Underneath was an icon of a non-descript human figure on their hands and knees, pushed down by a purple power. It was a pretty accurate representation of what happened when gravity magic was used on enemy combatants.

"You should all know the active magic application of gravity magic. That is what we have been practicing the past few weeks, after all. Via contact with a medium that you have charged with your mana, typically your hands or your Artefact, you infuse the target with a short-lasting gravity-manipulating effect. This effect can be prolonged and strengthened through repeated application. Gravity magic is almost unique in the fact that this repeated refreshing of the effect continuously amps up the effect without further cost. A point of notice is that it is much easier to weigh targets down than to make them lighter. In any case, it enables us gravity mages to pursue some unusual strategies. Wearing down our opponent through repeated engagements becomes exponentially more effective. This is not the only point where gravity magic is different from the standard evocation elements."

The slide switched to 'Wild', this time showcasing the non-descript humanoid standing sideways on a wall, much to the surprise of the crowd underneath him. Just the insinuation filled me with anticipation and Smithson showcased the reality of what was depicted. One foot, then the other, he carefully placed on the wall and casually strolled up. He wandered all the way to the edge of the ceiling and then, shortly hesitating, up to it as well. None of his clothes reflected that he was now upside down.

"Afflicting other people with a total change of gravitational direction is difficult, but for ourselves it is possible to ask naturally occurring gravity to pull us in other directions. Like most pure elements, such as fire, water, air, and rock, gravity is predictable wherever you go. Fundamental elements are simple in their character. Gravity mages can use this wild magic to walk on a surface no matter its angle or the direction it faces. More advanced uses..." Smithson

jumped underneath the ceiling and was yanked off to the side. Gracefully, he landed on the wall to our left. "...allow for three-dimensional manoeuvring. It's not the same as flying and if you're not careful you will break your bones." He jumped back down to floor level. "For that reason, this three-dimensional manoeuvring and hovering are kept for more advanced classes. I will only teach you the basics of gravitational re-orientation this semester."

'That is so cool,' I thought to myself. I was already a mobile fighter, having portals and teleportation, in the repertoire of my space-bending Artefact. Walking on walls in addition to that would be hilariously annoying for my enemies.

"Getting back to the proper order, passive magic offers little for gravity mages. There is no inner fire that keeps you warm in all environments or using the wind to create a sphere of universal awareness around you. At best you will be able to notice gravitational anomalies. Not a useful sense.

"Gravity enchantments, on the high end, are highly sought after in societies that have highly sophisticated machinery. Manipulating the weight of certain parts in the machinery enables marvels of engineering otherwise impossible. However, to reach grades of efficiency that make this worthwhile, one has to pursue it with mastery in mind. If you want to become rich, this is a path to follow."

The two slides were skipped over with these short explanations. Then we reached the 'Ritual' part of the presentation. Depicted was a black hole above a circle of runes. From the left side, it drew in a flame from a torch, from the right side, one flickering above a person's hand.

Smithson walked to the corner of the room, where several large scrolls extended from a large container. They were made from thick, yellowish parchment, the kind that lay in the background of every artistic representation of a mage tower. He checked a few of them, then grabbed one bundled up with a purple band. He unfurled it on the teacher's desk, only to stare at it displeased.

"Why can't they pick a more distinct colour between shadow and gravity?" our teacher grumbled and rolled it back together. About a minute later, he had the correct scroll and weighed the corners down with iron cubes.

Me and my two female peers halfway stood, inspecting the content of the scroll. Three layers of circles, each filled with their own runes, surrounded a symbol that looked close to a black sun. Rather than rays, the central, pitch-black sphere was surrounded by a vortex of swirls.

Smithson put his hand above the representation of a black hole. Deep purple mana was drawn from him and absorbed into the swirls. First, they sent the magical power into the outside runes. Once they were filled up, the magic instead gathered in the centre. After a minute of constant development, a pitch-black sphere, the size of a marble, hovered upwards. After five minutes, it had swollen to the size of a tennis ball.

Carefully, Smithson turned his hand around. The conjured black hole followed the direction of his palm at equal distance. "We call this a Spell Siphon," he told all of us. "As with all ritual magics, it is something that could be achieved by purely active means, but realistically exceeds the capacity of almost all mages. Every Spell Siphon is created either with physical or magical matter in mind. This is a weak, physical one."

Smithson got a lighter from inside his suit and held it up to the Spell Siphon. A flame was ignited. Immediately, it started to stretch. In a large curve, it was pulled into the supernatural

black hole. It was a fascinating display, a localized cosmic development. As the golden fire was drawn into the superdense void, it turned crimson, then vanished entirely past the event horizon. The lighter itself befell a similar fate. The moment Smithson let go, its greater mass was sucked straight into the sphere. A moment later, Smithson dismissed the spell. Down dropped a pebble-sized marble of metal and plastic, condensed into one object.

“Much like black holes in reality, the destructive power of these is highly concentrated. Do not underestimate them. Spell Siphons can be adjusted in their range and destructiveness. A quite common application for physically-aimed Spell Siphons is to use them to shred through mountains or fortified areas. Magic-aimed Spell Siphons are good to make mage ranged magic combat unfeasible. The largest advantage of Spell Siphons is that, once created, they only require concentration to wield. You got all of that?”

All of us nodded and Smithson rolled the scroll back up. As he put it aside, he continued. “I lack the power to showcase the divine variant of gravity magic. It primarily serves to create actual centres of gravity that typically attract mass until their initially magical effect becomes purely physical. Gods use it to consolidate asteroid fields into planets.”

The last slide was put on the screen and then swiftly put away. While Smithson got his Ashod out of the socket in the wall, we were left to ponder the possibilities of what we had just heard.

I had always imagined that walking on walls and hovering may have been part of what I could do, but having that confirmed made it all the more interesting. The Spell Siphon was entirely new to me, particularly the anti-magic variant. Learning all of this would be quite interesting and broaden my toolbox considerably. Ranged attacks were one tactic I considered myself vulnerable to. I had ways to close the gap, which still offered the opportunity for enemies to strike or reposition in their own time.

If I could figure out a way to quickly and reliably put a Spell Siphon together, that would neuter those who aimed to take advantage of my most glaring combat weakness.

Walking on walls was way cooler though.

“For the rest of today’s lecture, I will teach you the basics of shifting the direction of a gravitational pull on you.”

“Embarrassing Karitas, can you walk with me?”

I understood Esther’s demand, but I just could not help myself. Like an overenthusiastic skater, I saw an opportunity to test my newfound abilities on every slanted surface. Carefully, I walked along the ridge of a knee-high brick wall whose slanted top contained a raised flower bed. My feet were planted firmly on the flat, 45-degree angle surface.

Also like an overenthusiastic skater, I inevitably made a mistake. One hesitating step and suddenly my sense of perspective reminded me that my surroundings were not meant to be crooked. Vertigo broke my concentration and I slipped. Gravity was no longer convinced I was worthy of an exception. I was not worried about falling, considering what my face would plant into.

With a swift step, Esther put herself between me and the stone floor. By design, I was most certain, my field of vision was filled with the red of her shirt. Arms and boobs caught my fall. As

a well-endowed superhuman of athletic figure, she most certainly made for the best landing pillow a lover of well-endowed women of athletic figures could ask for.

For a few blissful seconds, I allowed myself to remain with my face between her twin-hills. The presence of her bra did little to dissuade me. It was almost more about the psychological gratification of being allowed to bask in the glory of her rack in broad view of the public, than it was about the soft sensation of her twin hills under my facial features. Almost.

I felt Esther's deep inhale in how her chest surrounded me, before I heard her sigh. That was my signal to go from full-face-plunge to chin-on-boobs. "Your sigh is a note hypocritical. It was you who deemed this was the way to catch me, knowing full well who I am and who I will continue to be."

"You are, indeed, my Karitas," Esther responded and puckered her lips. That was a way to get me off her boobs. I kissed her red mouth, then straightened up and wrapped my arm around her waist.

"I will walk with you."

"How generous," she responded, sarcastically, and we continued our path down the flower-rimmed walkway. It was a little divergence from the usual route we took to the Astral Cultivation Class. Tuesdays were great days. Not only did I get to sleep in, we also got to go to class together. All three of us. Aclysia had just taken a different corner a few minutes ago. She had Servant Class in this bracket. "How will I repay you, spouse?"

The way she said that, snarky and sharp, made me giggle. "You are repaying me plenty just with the proximity of your heavenly curves, lady of my love."

"You should repay me then."

"Hmm, I think I do every morning. Be it that our activities at dawn are never to anyone's loss, I do know that you enjoy them quite fervently. Like a hummingbird craving nectar, you do keep craving... well, there is no way to put in flowery words what you know I want to say."

"The nectar of your loins?" Esther suggested mockingly.

"That's so crude," I complained, the philosophizing tone in my voice dropping. "I could probably come up with a way to put it nicely if I thought about it for a bit."

"All your time is invested in thinking about the female physique. Come up with a nice way to say breasts, immediately."

"Heavenly mounds - their jiggling about - making flow the waters of my mouth."

Esther made a tossing gesture, not honouring me with a verbal response. I did hear the tiny chuckle though. Just as I did see the raised eyebrow from another female student we were passing. She did seem amused, but only in the 'someone said something weird in public' way.

That we made for an odd couple, I fully accepted. Outwardly our personalities may not have meshed that well, but I had long come to believe that what mattered more about whether two people got along was what values they shared. The philosopher and the stoic could see eye to eye, if they both worked towards a similar goal. Ideas were like language in that way. Following wholly different ones would ultimately lead to a total breakdown of communication. There was wiggle room, of course. When it came to ideas, a lot more than in many other regards.

Esther and I got along splendidly because, for all our differences in expression, we ultimately were aligned about what we wanted this relationship to look like. We had been talking about our future and our faults. Not to the degree that we were certain yet which neighbourhood we wanted to raise our kids in, just enough to have an idea of if and under which circumstances

either of us would like to have kids. Certainly, it helped that we were exceptionally compatible sexually. Erotic love and friendly love went hand in hand when it came to relationships.

The back and forth of our banter continued as usual, as we entered the Magic branch of the campus. A faint tingle greeted us, the mana of generations of practitioners filling the air, along with the pleasant fragrance of incense. The walls were covered in mystical symbols, some stylistically distorted runes, others wall-covering depictions of fantastical creatures.

A statue stood still in front of a picture of a busty goblin woman, the sun behind her as she lounged on a half-bed. It was by far the most erotic picture around, considering the goblinette was wearing little more than silk strips. I actually had to wonder how I had never seen that picture. 'Something like that would certainly catch my eye,' I thought.

Which was proven all too true when I suddenly realized that the statue I was happily ignoring was actually a person – and not just any person at that. Omnius Magnari, Master of Magic at Welldark, pulled his hands out of his wide sleeves. Like always, he wore a particular, dark blue and grey mixture of oriental robe and suit. All manners of little trinkets adorned him, some seemingly video game related, others more representative of the mystical arts, like enigmatic, rusted keys or an unsolved puzzle made out of metal pieces. The moment he opened his eyes, golden and glowing even in the summer light, any likeness of a statue fell off the brown-haired man.

"Karitas, a word if you may?" he greeted me casually. "...Between the two of us," he added when Esther and I stopped.

"I don't think we'll talk about anything I won't tell her anyway," I dared to suggest.

"I think we might talk about something you should tell her anyway," the Master of Magic stated, clueing both me and Esther in what variety of topic this was.

My raven-haired lady glanced at me, then distanced herself from me. I tightened my hold on her waist and pulled her back. "Perhaps we should carefully peel at that band aid."

Esther saw fit to remind me, "That is the opposite of the recommended method."

"And I'm more comfortable with it nonetheless. Will you accept this small offer?"

"...I shall," Esther nodded.

Omnius clapped his hands and made both of our attention return to him. "If that is quite sorted out, follow me." He turned around and, while doing so, lifted one foot above the lower rim of the wall painting. First his leg, then the rest of his body, disappeared through the depiction of the female goblin. The art piece rippled for a moment, like the surface of a pond, then reverted to its 'solid' state.

Amazed at the illusionary wall, I walked towards it. Esther and I took a moment to inspect it. Our fingers dragged through the surface. It was less than two centimetres deep. The sensation was akin to dragging one's fingers through a strong wind. Behind it was just regular air. Together, we stepped through.

We emerged in a charming little room. It was filled with the scent of freshly brewed coffee. It originated from a tiny kitchen station at the opposite wall, where a goblin woman was currently working. She was the striking image of the picture we had just stepped through. Busty, with long, voluminous white hair, and extremely wide hips. She even wore the same outfit, made out of white silk straps that hid barely anything.

Gracefully, the short, stacked lady moved towards the table, carrying a pot of the coffee with her. "There you go," she said lovingly, as she poured Omnius a fresh cup. She had to stand on

a stool to get that done. Once the pot was securely on the table, the Master of Magic rewarded her with head pats.

"Please, take a seat," he invited us and pointed across the table. I almost felt bad, stepping on the fine rug on my way to the finely fashioned chairs. Esther advanced much faster. A second after her, I sat down.

The goblin placed her immense derriere in Omnius' lap. The Master of Magic immediately began fondling her boobs, while drinking coffee by means of levitation. I knew I liked that man for good reasons. Without hesitation, his hands slipped under the silk strips. The little lady just lewdly grinned and nuzzled against her King. At least that's what I had to assume was the relationship at play here.

"I have heard Taurus is giving you his standard mustering," Omnius said, while bouncing two G-cups in his hands.

I did not stare. Holding my principles certainly helped in situations like these. Also, I had Esther's thick thigh to knead. There was no need to stare, because I had nothing to envy. "Did Aclysia inform you?"

"It reached me down the grapevine. One of my haremets is good friends with one of his. You weren't the first, you won't be the last. I just thought I'd take this opportunity to extend my aid, of sorts." Omnius raised a hand, the back of it turned towards me and Esther. Like a leaf in the wind, it swayed left, then right. When he turned it around, a little flask fell down, stopping, dangling from a gold chain. It was filled with a few drops of a dark blue liquid, sparkling with silver dots. "Do you know what this is?"

"Astral Essence."

"You should not know what it is," Omnius said, his hand still swaying, moved by invisible tides. "Let's be real for a second Karitas: you're not human. I don't know what you are, but you're not that."

"I'm 100% a physical human," I insisted, almost exclusively jokingly. At least when it came to who was inside the room, the jig was clearly up. I was only talking around it to not reveal anything else.

"Physical," Esther commented and pinched my arm, shaking it as if the skin would come loose.

"Whatever your origin, however you came to be what you are, know that some of the more... mystically attuned teachers have an eye on you. We do not pry, but we do notice."

"If you do not pry, what is this about?" I asked. The tiny flask came flying my way in response. In a panicked hurry, I took my hand off of Esther's thigh. With both hands, I caught the tiny projectile. Barely, I managed to keep myself from glaring at the Master of Magic. 'Do I have to reprimand him in matters of his own field?'

Omnus just smiled, as he went back to two-handing the massive melons of his green-skinned haremets. "I would not trust any regular freshman to dive into the Astral Sea, but I think this isn't your first trip. This should keep you entertained in classes that would mostly be meditation for you." He pinched the goblin's nipples and she loudly moaned. "Do keep it hidden from the other students."

"I will," I promised, already putting the chain around my neck.

I could feel a nostalgic touch on my skin, where the tiny container touched me. Like the smell of a parent's house or the voice of a long-lost friend, yet completely unlike either. I

adjusted my collar and made sure the chain was covered by the red-shirt I wore in accordance with the school uniform.

“Since you are here, Esther, I should tell you that you will receive one of these yourself soon,” Omnius told my raven-haired lady.

Adjusting her tricorne, Esther did appear to grasp the importance of what was said. “I will interrogate my Karitas about the significance of this in private,” she stated.

“You do so,” Omnius shrugged, lifting a tantalizing pair of tits in the process. “I’m in the mood for a lot of other things now so... goodbye,” he nodded towards the illusionary wall we had come through.

The signal was obvious. Within five seconds, Esther and I found ourselves on the other side of the painting. We glanced back, to watch it vanish like dissolving food colouring, leaving a depiction of the Scale constellation behind. “I liked the other painting more.”

“You do have a weak spot for... what was the term? Shortstacks?”

“Oh yeah. All the assets in a tiny package, it is glorious,” I responded and put my arm back around her waist. “I do also love tall girls though.”

“I have ample reason to believe you,” Esther hummed.

“Karit-ass!”

“Crocko!”

The mountain of muscle and I slammed our palms together. As best as we could, we arm-wrestled mid-air. He clenched his square jaw, I presented a broad poker-face smile. Our muscles tensed, the pull on both sides bringing us closer together, until we just laughed and slapped each other on the back in half a hug.

We took half a step back. Jacko, or Crocko as I had come to call him, was larger than me, broader than me, had a buzz cut, and was an all-around very masculine guy. He was a showcase of just how many men with impressive physique were running around.

I rarely gave it much attention, but the guys matched the girls when it came to being above the universe-wide standard. This was, in large part, because of where we were. Not only did an Astral Body help maintain peak shape, but Welldark’s selection process did involve physical fitness. My friend Willt was one of the rare showcases of people that were intellectually able enough to get through despite subpar showings in athletic regards. Most of the men were some variety of trained, whether that meant they were lean like me, a powerhouse like Crocko, or an absolute titan with fair amounts of fat supporting their muscle.

The main reason why I called Jacko Crocko was lazily curved behind the upper half of his legs. A scaled tail, that turned flat towards the tip, with a ridge going along the upper edge. A crocodile tail, the only real sign he was of a different species than human.

Crocko and I had first met when I had asked him to step aside so I could speak to Esther. At the time, I had been more concentrated on patching things up with her, since that had been right after the debacle about my spending habits. In the weeks since, Crocko and I had grown somewhat close. He hadn’t cared that I had removed his chances with Esther and I didn’t mind that he had tried. We both understood that was just what guys did in our respective situations. He hadn’t tried again and I hadn’t meddled in any of his attempts to flirt with the 27 other women in class.

As the only other guy around, and a sociable type like me, we just naturally started talking. Our acquaintance was actually limited to about twenty minutes a week. We hadn't even exchanged contact info. It was the kind of basic student relationship where we got along when we saw each other and nothing more. If either of us made the effort to dig out a proper friendship, it would have worked. Neither of us had so far. Maybe neither of us would. If so, we would just wave at each other in hallways in the future. Then we would graduate and think about each other once a decade.

"Any good news lately?" I asked him, as was our ritual.

"Haruka is still tolerating that I haven't figured the Anomalia stuff out, so I would say so," Crocko joked. Like Arlethia, he appeared to be a bit of a slowpoke. Most people, by now, had managed to perform the faux-Anomalia binding with the card-crystals they handed out.

"Otherwise, nothing much, how about you?"

"Well, you remember how I told you Aclysia had moved in?" It was a rhetorical question. Crocko was my outlet for whatever random stuff I wanted to talk about with people who had a somewhat neutral ear. "Turns out her father has a testing ritual... so now I have to withstand his boosted presence for a whole minute to prove I have the fortitude to protect his daughter."

"Or else he's going to throw you out of the academy?" Crocko asked, one eyebrow raised.

"Nothing that dramatic. He just wouldn't give his blessing, but that essentially just means he won't be happy about it."

"That seems pretty lenient."

"I think it's perfectly reasonable."

"It falls in the scope of lenient, not sure if I would take that stance... more of a protective guy myself."

"I don't think I really know how I'll react until I have a daughter. Impossible it is for a man to judge the state of his parental mind, until the hand of his baby clutches his thumb."

"That's fair." Crocko rolled his shoulders. "Well, I'll let you get back to your girl before she pierces me with her eyes."

"Her vision is based on movement."

"Hah!" the crocodile man laughed and we separated. I did indeed go back to Esther, while Crocko went ahead and impressed himself on all the still available ladies around.

Every space had someone that was in command of it, that was just the nature of instinctual hierarchies. When it came to the foyer of the Astral Cultivation room, Crocko was definitely the one in charge. He was friendly with everyone around, even the women he had no chances with. Even my anti-social lady at least gave him a friendly nod when she saw him. Most of his command over the room was entirely earned by his charisma. The rest came from me willingly giving up my own claim to interest and socialization. This was one of the classes I shared with Esther and I'd much rather concentrate on her during this time. There were no other women, from their looks and the limited intel I got through social osmosis, that intrigued me anyway.

In our own time, we transitioned from the cramped foyer into the meditation room. All that had been separating us from it was an unlocked door, made from stained glass. It depicted a large sun over a green field. We left behind our bags and our shoes.

Silence enveloped us. An unnatural silence, swallowing all sounds after a short distance. I could see the mouths of other people in the room moving, but at best I heard a distant whisper.

What was said was indiscernible. Even speaking to Esther, who was directly next to me, was like listening to her and my voice in mono. "So, where do we sit today?"

"All that matters is that you are next to me, my Karitas," Esther responded with such direct sincerity it made my heart flutter. Having a lover high in directness made for some incredibly sweet honesty, even if the banter was not necessarily as entertaining. Trade-offs in everything.

I randomly picked one of the midnight blue mats and we sat down there. The firm material was a nice separation between us and the black marble floor. Just like Taurus' office, and a few other places in Welldark no doubt, the white veins that ran through the stone all concentrated in the middle of the room, where a soot-filled depression was located. The black spot served to invoke the impression of an eye.

The room itself was circular, with a dome as the ceiling. There were twelve, equally spaced-out windows of stained glass around the room. Each depicted a different celestial body or formation, each had a golden, slanted window sill underneath that had the name of the depicted object engraved in it, each of them was illuminated by the dull sunlight that shone through it.

Obviously, that made no sense whatsoever from a physical perspective. The chamber, with its dark, curved wall, was a circle. It was impossible for sunlight to fall in equally from every direction simultaneously. The location of the chamber was an enigma. There was no circular appendix to the outside of the building where this classroom should have been located. Also, the windows changed every week.

To put in obvious terms: the Magic Branch of Welldark sure was magical.

"Begin your meditation," Esther whispered to me. The intimate tone served no other reason than to caress my eardrums. It worked beyond well. Her voice was always like evenly spread honey over warm oven bread and half-melted butter, but those quiet, love-filled whispers... those were like a fragment of divinity was travelling its way down my eardrum, hit my brain, and then spread down my spine as pure joy. Someone this stern should not be allowed to have a voice this soft, feminine and sultry.

Actually, as the benefactor of this unfairness, I would have been a fool to complain.

"It is good manners to wait for the teacher," I responded, trying my best to match the intimacy of her tone. Compared to hers, my voice was sandpaper on wood. My personal opinion mattered little, only that she inched a little closer and caressed my neck. The rub of her finger against my skin was a dangerous invitation.

"His only addition to this room is oversight and music," she told me. "Close your eyes, mysterious Karitas." I followed her instructions. The gentle caress turned into a gentle massage. She shifted around me. Her boobs pressed against my back. A worldly presence fundamentally opposed to the efforts of mediation. "I'm being selfish when I ask this of you," Esther whispered to me, "but you are the one who I can be selfish with. To Aclysia, I feel a kinship. If she were our first addition, it would ease my uncertainties, manifold as they are." The message turned into a hug; her arms wrapped under my shoulders.

She said nothing more, but I understood. I had known that she wanted Aclysia in our Anomalia. What I had failed to see was that any delays from my side would increase her uncertainty. Aclysia had taken all the necessary steps to appease my Queen when it came to her jealousy and Esther was preparing herself to reveal her scars. Esther wanted to have Aclysia on lockdown for our first addition, because she was the perfect candidate for the lady of my love to ease into opening up to more future haremettes.

We could have continued as we wanted without applying the actual Anomalia ritual. Ignore the mark of the soul and indulge in physical relations regardless. Even I did not find that to be a satisfying conclusion. In order to give Esther the confidence she needed to handle further expansions of my harem that would follow, this needed to be a success – an emotionally resonant one, optimally.

“Hum a little something for me,” I requested.

To the sweet melody created by Esther’s voice, I let my mind drift away from physical sensation. The presence of her nubile curves turned from distractions into pleasant heat, into nothing at all. Soon the sounds were swallowed by the universal trance I entered. Like control over my dreams, so too did the ability to lose myself in meditation come naturally to me.

All I felt was relaxation.

Then, between my drifting thoughts and the lack of physical awareness, appeared a new sensation. It was cold, like the void between the stars. A chilling touch that would have made anyone of sound mind snap back. The Dimensional Truth reached out to my soul. An ephemeral awareness, guided by no will, following no purpose. Raw energy, permeating and seeping into the cosmos. Astral might, whose capacity to wield we all were here to increase.

Close to my awareness, it stopped. Close enough that I could have communicated with it. That I could have joined drifting fragments of the universal power with my own soul.

The Astral Essence, resting against my solar plexus, sent silver light in every direction. It pierced my mental form, on its way to the edge of my soul. A myriad of pathways were created, needle-thin voids of light. The Dimensional Truth rushed in, eager to find another host. It touched my mind with an eldritch lack of intent or curiosity. Like water flowing where it could rest the easiest, so did the power fill the space of my awareness. It reached the Astral Essence. Then it filled my mental form. Like a smooth piece of ice being slammed through my forehead, I felt freezing cold and pain pulse through my brain. I resisted the urge to inhale forcefully, as my eyes flew open.

Nothing.

Around me was a vast expanse of nothingness. Midnight blue, gradient towards black, endlessly in every direction. I took a deep breath. My projection needed no air, but it was a habit that made it easier to maintain my presence here. If I grew too uncomfortable or agitated, my body would snap out of its relaxed state and my awareness would be pulled back where it belonged.

“Fairly dull around here today,” I remarked, looking around the void for any sign of something. “Perhaps I should know better than to scout the Astral Sea for distractions,” I mumbled. I had meant to think that, but my mastery over projection was not yet so far that I could think in a body constructed by my thoughts. Any word I formulated would just drop out of my mouth. “Do I even have a mouth right now?”

I looked down at my hands. They were rudimentary, thin constructs. Sticks of light with wiggly-end bits, more than proper limbs. A showcase of just how insignificant my capability to wield it was compared to the might of the Astral Sea.

Extending my will into the void, I pulled tiny threads of silver, sparkling energy from the environment. They originated somewhere close or infinitely far away, moved crawlingly or with immense speed, the lack of reference points made that impossible to judge. Streams of starlight, the finest of threads, joined my left arm.

Through skill and determination, I willed the Astral Energy into the form of a human arm. Well, the core of one. Joints and bones, slowly, meticulously, crafted with the same care as a smith would need to carve the gears used in wristwatches. Focused, working hard, I pushed my mind like a physicist on the edge of solving a formula.

The Astral Sea became part of me. Energy was the medium in which I stored the information. The more details I added to my form, the more I expanded my Astral Capacity and the power my will had in this realm. This was the core of all cultivation that us, observers of the Dimensional Truth, did.

Beyond my arm, I saw the darkness shift. Something moved inside it. A remnant of a thought that had stayed here, perhaps, or a figment of this ocean of untapped creation that had developed a mind of its own. I knew what swam these waters. Most of it was ambivalent to my existence, some of it was benevolent, some of it would ravage my thoughts and leave my soul.

Vastness protected me. I was a speck of dust in an endless expanse. A tiny fragment, a visitor, who, even if found and hunted, would yield little to no sustenance.

I continued my work unabated. Just when I had finished with my skeletal lower arm and was starting work on my elbow, I felt a distant shift. After a few seconds, I realized what it was. The music the teacher had put on had stopped. The class was coming to an end. Sorting out dual senses was a bit difficult, but I had ample practice in it.

I unravelled the paths that the Astral Essence had laid through me. Without ways to reach me directly, the Dimensional Truth had to retreat. As it ebbed away, it filled my mind with images of distant stars. Cold balls of barren rock, circled close to an abomination of metal and fungus. Twisted it gnawed and cried like a goat mid-bloodletting, as tendrils of-

The vision was gone, the Dimensional Truth ebbed away and in the absence of its absolute cold came the heat of reality. It burned on my skin. I was stepping out of a blizzard and dropped into a steaming hot bath, with little transition. Inhaling sharply, I opened my eyes. I closed them again immediately. Even the twilight of this room was too much initially.

I stretched, revelling in the fact that at least my muscles were my own and functioning without complaints. After about ten seconds of readjustment, I opened my eyes a little and gradually managed to get back into reality in its entirety.

—

“You can do it, honey!” I shouted over the sound of flying lightning bolts and cracking stone. Esther shook her head slightly in disbelief. That was all the acknowledgement she had for me. Her concentration lay with the stone that was flying towards her at moderate speed.

“I don’t think she likes you anymore,” one of my fellow students poked fun at me. Malana, was her name, a busty woman with bright red hair and eyes, harmonizing nicely with her caramel skin tone. She was definitely a stunner, fun to talk to, and single. That she continuously sought me out in conversation made me wonder if she wanted me to change that last fact.

If she did, I sadly had too much on my plate at the moment to invest time into that.

“She loves me,” I assured her with a broad smile, “for many good and varied reasons.” Just because I didn’t have time to pursue a new relationship at the moment did not mean I wasn’t going to flirt.

“I bet,” Malana purred.

I opened my mouth in response. “No need t-“ I stopped there, the scream of magical lightning, like a songbird crying at full volume, overpowering my voice.

In Esther’s raised hand, a myriad of blue electric arches danced. As she drew her arm back, the energy, incapable of discharging outside the bounds of her demands, crackled and formed itself into a lance. Fused into a single bolt of lightning, arching and writhing in her grasp. Always, it retained a straight core.

With the power of her magic and physical prowess, she launched the condensed lightning. It blasted through the crack an earlier attack of hers had made in the defensively raised wall of rock. Once through, the seal that kept it all together was suddenly undone and an explosion of electrical energy ravished the air. Spasming, clothes partly charred, my Queen’s opponent fell to the modular floor of the artificial battlefield.

Esther reached up behind her head, fastened her ponytail, and walked away. The white feather that adorned her tricorne bobbed with every step. The teacher shouted out Esther’s victory.

Today’s exercise in the Battlefield Training class had been to fight utilizing only our magic. Likely, to stay in theme for the reveals everyone was supposed to get this month, regarding the varieties of magic and how our innate soul-types interacted with them. I had dropped out in the first round. Gravity magic really did not lend itself to this type of exercise. Without my Artefact, all I could do was run up to people and try to tag them. Even if I did that, without a punch to follow, slowing them down was only a momentary inconvenience.

So, I had just thrown in the towel. The teacher had not been able to condemn me for it, considering there was literally nothing I could have done, short of revolutionizing my field of magic by coming up with a working ranged attack.

For the entirety of the class, I had watched Esther fight her way through the other contenders. As per usual, she proved herself highly capable. A fight purely on magical grounds, even without Artefacts, against her was incredibly unfair in the first place. Esther was one of the few freshmen who had immediately jumped into the Advanced level of her magical inclination.

“Once more, I stabilize our finances,” Esther remarked.

“I didn’t even get the chance this time,” I complained, while greeting her with open arms. She stepped right into my embrace, which swiftly turned into a deep, passionate kiss. We were no strangers to public displays of our affection, but this one was charged, to say the least. The last class of our day had concluded and, like every Tuesday, our excitement had reached a veritable peak. Barely, I managed to pull away from Esther’s lips. “Well, goodbye Malana, love calls.”

The redhead just smiled and waved, while I grabbed Esther by the hand. Not bothering to change back, we grabbed our bags. We hurried our way to the train station, felt one another up most of the ride, walked as quickly as was possible to our mansion, and made our way to our bedroom.

I wasted absolutely no time. Esther had barely pushed down the handle when I was shoving her through the door. There was no other floor to land on than the soft mattress. Excitedly, Esther looked over her shoulder, but did not turn on her back.

With my foot, I closed the door, and descended on my Queen. A dull sound filled the room, as my hands smacked down on her butt simultaneously. Esther gasped and raised her hips. The already tightly sitting fabric of her pants seemed ready to burst at the seams, around her

bubble butt. I couldn't help myself, and drummed her overabundant backside for a little bit, just enjoying the confined jiggles.

That only increased my appetite. When lust overpowered patience, I reached under her and swiftly undid the button and zipper. Immediately thereafter, I treated myself to the unpacking of her alluring ass. The difference between her narrow waist and wide hips was stark and some force was involved in dragging her pants over the hill of her displayed backside. Bit by bit, the juicy, smooth spheres came into view, in all their taut glory. Then, suddenly I was past the widest point and her pants were yanked all the way down to her thick thighs.

I did not spend a fraction of that time on her practical panties, just pulling those obstructing things out of the way. Tongue extended, I leaned down to her exposed pussy. A long lick let me taste the sweetness of her honeypot, mixed in with a bit of fresh sweat from the earlier fighting. I penetrated her tight folds, feeling them shift and clench around my tongue.

She was wet. Without any action from me in this bedroom, she had already been plenty wet. Teasing her the entire trip home definitely paid off. Still, I wanted to hear more of her cries. Face buried between the symmetric halves of her heart-shaped pillow of an ass, I spanked her, harder than before, creating sharp sounds, born from the impact of my palms directly on her smooth, lightly tanned skin.

Each time, she erotically cried. My masochistic love had her lust spike and her sensitivity elevated. Scientifically speaking, the pain was agitating blood flow in the area and releasing a cocktail of chemicals linked to heightened awareness. Realistically speaking, I was doing it because I like the little rush of power almost as much as her ecstatic cries. Strange that the people I enjoyed hurting the most, be it only in these harmless manners, were those I was the most intimate with.

Further thoughts on that line were eliminated by the lack of attention I paid to what my brain wanted and the attention I directed to what my lower half wanted. Whatever that was, it had nothing to do with unpacking the reasons for my mild sadism.

Her cheeks red, the imprints of my hands faintly visible, I stopped and instead concentrated solely on eating her out. Every day, I studied her sensitive spots. Our first time had gone splendidly and I was greater at pleasing her now than I had ever been.

"S-stop," Esther cried.

Confused, I nonetheless obliged immediately.

"Your cock," she panted, wiggling her firm, full ass. "I want to climax from your cock."

"Just what did I do to deserve you?" I asked and gave that presented butt one more smack. Tensing all over, so close to orgasm that even a spank almost set her off, Esther screamed. Pussy juice dripped onto her pulled-down panties, while I rapidly removed my own legwear. I did not bother fully pulling it off. Halfway down the thighs was enough to get my erect manhood out.

I got on top of her, mounted her like we were both animals in heat. Wet as she was, I still had put force behind my plunge to penetrate her tight pussy. I grunted, savagely, while her quivering quim surrounded me. Every last enthusiastic opinion I so openly declared regarding sex was instantly validated by the pleasure we shared.

Almost fully inside her, I pulled back and then slammed back into her down to the hilt. Esther screamed, the impact pushed her hips back down on the mattress and set off that orgasm she had been so close to.

I held her by the back of the neck, kept her pinned down, and kept aggressively panting. When she was in this mood, when she was in any lustful mood really, the sounds of my pleasure were something she desperately wanted to hear. Men and women were more alike than different, in most regards.

“Fuck you’re TIGHT!” I roared, unable to properly move while the orgasmic clenching grabbed my shaft like it was the key to every last satisfaction a person could ever dream off. If my efforts were successful, it would be the key to most physical satisfactions a woman could ask for.

I grabbed the side of her shirt and pulled at it until the metal buttons popped open. While the shirt may have been designed with this kind of pressure in mind, her bra most certainly wasn’t. After spending another day and a train ride reminded of just how much I hated any obstacle between me and her massive tits, I ripped it apart where the two cups were linked. Roughly, I tore the unwanted underwear aside.

I assaulted her now naked tits relentlessly. Two large bags of squishy meat, less firm than her ass, and a lot jigglier in return. They were sensitive in their own right, hers more than any other woman I had the chance to play with so far in this life. Just kneading them created loud moans, running my finger up the valley between them made her shiver, and pinching her nipples made her scream.

Her orgasm had subsided enough that I could resume fucking her. Without any transition, I went into a hard pounding. Her ass radiated heat from the previous spanking. Her screams doubtlessly made it through that door, but who cared? I hoped Aclysia was listening to this, fantasizing at night about her getting hammered into a stupor.

“Karitas! Karitaaaaaaas!” Esther shouted under me. My broader frame pinned her down. I loved this sensation. This position of power, given by a submissive partner not taken by any actual violent means. Esther wanted the exact same thing as I did: for me to use her tight cunt in a rough and merciless fashion.

For several minutes, she got exactly that. Our clothes were sticky. Our breathing ragged. Our groans and shouts frequent. The pleasure mounted rapidly. “I’m going to cum,” I groaned. Esther screamed louder in response, as if to animate herself to a second orgasm just in time. I clenched my teeth and held on for as long as I could – then unloaded inside her.

As one, we became a suddenly silent bundle. Pressed tightly against her ass, which was pushed up against me in response, my seed pumped into the depths of her tight snatch. Motionless, we lay there, me on top, her below, riding out the ecstasy.

My cock was still twitching inside her, when I regained enough control to gently comb through her hair. I pulled the completely displaced ribbon out and put it to the side. Kissing her black, wild mane once, then a second and third time when my love for her overcame me, I worshipped her in all the little ways I could.

Biology and gods had made unfair calls when they decided women deserved to be multi-orgasmic, but for the ecstasy of my orgasm to be generally shorter than Esther’s, I was very thankful. It gave me time to adore her when all of her worries, all of her stern exterior, were temporarily wiped away by the pure orgasmic bliss.

Once I had dribbled everything I could into her, I started to turn limp. Esther’s breathing was mostly controlled as well by that point. I rolled off her. I stripped completely. Esther did the same. The shirt, however, stayed on. “You don’t need that here,” I whispered encouragingly,

pulling it off her with determination. Once she was naked, I brushed over her back with the back of my fingers. When I came into contact with the particularly large and gruesome scars by her shoulderblades, she jumped as if I had just poked her with a hot iron. Immediately I pulled my hand back. "I'm so sorry."

"I... don't be, gentle Karitas," Esther sighed and dropped against me. "That was... new...?" she was confused by this. So was I. Encouraging touches to her back were an almost daily occurrence and all reactions so far had been purely psychological. That was different. "This, however...", she picked her ruined bra up with her toes. Accusingly, she dangled it in front of my face. "...is an almost weekly occurrence."

"If I may put it plainly: you have no idea how much I hate your bras." I said this with the full earnestness deserved by these accursed barriers between me and pure softness. "Even if they were a fully sapient race, I would genocide them. That's how much I loathe these things."

"It is proper to wear one."

"Proper..." I grumbled something critical about the state of universal society. Sure, bras had their uses, particularly when it came to keeping the squishiest of these glorious mounds still while doing physical work, but did they really have to be the general norm? "My fantastic, gorgeous, wonderful lady, Esther, Queen of my Anomalia and light of my life, I have a simple and yet utterly brilliant proposal for you."

"State it in 20 words or less," she demanded.

'Way to steal my thunder,' I complained in my head. "How about you become my full-time sex slave and never leave the bedroom? Bra issue eliminated."

Humming as if she was seriously considering it, she did give me the slightest bit of hope my joke would become an actual reality. After all, my Esther did have certain inclinations. Maybe she was ready for me to order a collar and a nametag for her and-

"No."

I let out a long, theatrical sigh, as my fantasy was reduced from 'fully manifested reality' to 'likely future bedroom roleplay'. "What is even the point of this existence of mine, if I cannot possess that which I hold dearest?"

"To ruin and acquire new bras for me," Esther stated drily and tossed the reprehensible piece of underwear with her leg. "I dislike the confinement. I dislike the stares and the jiggling more."

"But the jiggling is the best!" I put my palms under her twin mounds and softly bounced them. Delectably, the hilltops of her breasts drooped past my palms, like... like... breasts that drooped past palms. There were few things quite like it. Nothing, really. "Just look at that," I insisted, entrancing myself with the rippling of her chest. "If your boobs were people, I would marry them in a heartbeat. I'd get gorgeous twins out of the deal."

"They wouldn't be identical," Esther reminded me.

As was normal, one of her breasts (the left one) was just a teeny-tiny bit larger than the right. Esther was way too aware of this flaw in her symmetry. No man ever cared; few even really noticed such things unless they were specifically pointed out to them. The sight of breasts was too powerful a distraction. "You're way too self-aware about that."

"Considering you would leave me for my breasts, I should pay attention."

I grumbled in surrender. She had won that line of banter. Entertaining myself further with the bouncing, the squishing, the kneading, and the tiny gasps she let out in response, I found no

words to say anything else. Enticed, I barely recalled how careful I had to be with her breasts when I had first been allowed direct contact. Now I could be reasonably rough and expect her to moan for me in delight. Wonderful, what trust, habits and understanding did.

My erection inevitably returned. Esther panted and clicked her tongue. Vocalizations of two very different emotions. "I have questions and a duty."

"May I be informed what you mean by each?" I requested, even if I could make an educated guess.

"The Astral Essence still intrigues me and your manhood will not tend to itself."

"I don't know if it's your duty to tend to my dick... even if I really like the sound of that," I averted my gaze from her boobs for a moment to dedicate more of my brain to that question. "Be it, that I would see it as a moral failing of mine to provide satisfaction in the event of your desire burning hot. Applying that standard equally, I suppose it is a form of duty to satisfy me."

"Precisely," Esther's soft voice stated, as if it were an obvious matter of fact. In a way it was. It certainly resonated emotionally on the deep-seated level of adoration. She grabbed my kneading hands and removed them from her chest. "Besides," she whispered temptingly, "it is my fault that you are erect again, lustful Karitas."

Since I had just had my fix of establishing dominance, I silently let her decide how she would take care of me. Turning towards me, she put a hand against my chest. For a few seconds, we both thought she would push me over and climb on top of me. Then she decided differently, fell backwards herself, and invitingly sprawled out her limbs. Her pussy was oozing a trickle of white from our engagement minutes prior.

I may have had my basic dominance fix, but it seemed Esther was not quite done getting topped. Taking her invitation as it was presented, I plunged back into her pussy. Still wet and still stretched from the previous pounding, it was easy to penetrate her. Her arms and legs wrapped around me, hugging onto me almost as tightly as her folds did.

Aside from the position, it was a complete continuation of how we had been copulating earlier. She was underneath me, moaning into my ear, while I responded with animalistic grunts. Again and again, I smashed into her eager cunt. Instead of her perfect ass, her shapely thighs took the brunt of the thrusts. Flattened funbags were smooshed against by a woman all too eager to remind me that they were a part of her.

Aggressively, I grabbed Esther's head, pinned it between my palm and delivered kisses with force. Her fingers clawed at my back, making me once more thankful that she was one who kept her nails short. Heels dug into the back of my hips, urging me to push deeper even when I was fully sheathed inside her.

An unbroken series of thrusts filled the harem-sized bedroom with the various noises of sex. Her blissful moans. My own gasps. The clapping of smooth flesh on smooth flesh. Wet smacks that accompanied the rapid penetrations. Bedsheets rustling.

Esther screamed, as she came for the first time in this round – well before I did. I stopped, concentrated on kissing and cuddling her, and let her gather her breath for a bit. When the repeated tightening of her pussy reduced in frequency and intensity, I resumed, working her afterglow into the pursuit of the next orgasm.

It was, most of the time, easier to endure when a second round followed so closely, especially when morning sex was such a constant. I also had enough presence of mind to be

more creative this time. Considering Esther had elected this position, I decided not to change it. Instead, I just gave her, hard and fast, exactly what she wanted.

“Yeee-yesssss!” Esther shouted. “I love you! I love you, my Karitas...”

“I’m cumming,” I warned her.

“My mouth!” she screamed, the ecstasy making her voice so much loud and erotic. “Finish in my mouth!”

“Oh fuck...” I gasped, between excitement and panic. In a hurry, I pulled out of the quivering quim and straddled Esther’s chest. I could feel her hips jerk off the ground behind me. Her tits brushed against my legs, as she raised her head. Too slow, as I was already past the point of no return. The first rope of cum shot out, much of it staining that rebellious strand of hair that went across her face.

Gracelessly, just aimed at doing what she wanted to do, Esther hastily wrapped her red lips around my cock for the first time. They formed a tight seal around the head. Her tongue aimed for that sensitive spot at the underside, circling it with the tip, just as the class on the matter had told her a man would enjoy.

Clumsy and hasty as it was, it worked on me like a charm. It was one of the few instances where the second blast was more intense than the first, pumping what I had to give into her hot, wet mouth. Still holding onto her hair, I was sorely tempted to pull her down further. Between my limbs locking up and a spark of reason, I reined in my greed.

Esther did not go any deeper. Her hands cupped my balls and worked my shaft, making sure I spilled every last drop I could in her mouth. “Oh yeah... that’s it...” I groaned, encouragingly. This was not the blowjob I wanted, it hardly even qualified as oral, but it was progress. My balls emptied past her lips.

Carefully, I pulled back, smearing the last drop of sticky white over her chin on the way out. Esther presented to me my load. It was the fourth of the day and, in terms of quantity, not that impressive. Submissively, the lady of my love kept her golden eyes locked on me, swirling what she had gathered with her tongue. When I nodded, she closed her lips and gulped audibly.

“Good girl,” I complimented her. It was beyond adorable to see her smile at the two words. We were conditioning each other in many ways. I knew which adjectives in front of my name I wanted to seek out and avoid. She knew just how pleased I was when I used that little phrase.

With how stained her face was now, I had no bad conscience about messing it up further. Pulling her towards my crotch, I let my mostly erect cock settle across her face. She took an excited breath, inhaling my scent – mixed firmly with hers. “It truly is worrisome how much I adore this phallus,” she said, while the mixture of our love juices pulled sticky strands between my dick and her skin.

“I wish I could go another round,” I wheezed, my dick slowly decreasing in size. “I’ll need a protein shake and half an hour though... that was incredibly hot.”

“The idea possessed me,” Esther confessed, each of her breaths felt on my balls.

“You always seem to go a little further when you’re turned on,” I analysed out loud.

“Appears so,” Esther agreed.

I grinned ear to ear. “It therefore follows, if I get you mindlessly turned on, I can do whatever I want with you?”

“You can try, my King,” Esther purred, then shifted around a little bit. That was enough for my now flaccid dick to flop off her and just dangle, purpose fulfilled, between my legs.

I was not entirely satisfied with my performance. Not because I thought Esther was going to bed tonight thinking I had come short or something like that. I was just considering that I wanted Esther, Aclysia and up to six more women after them to reach the same level of bliss on a daily basis. I had researched alchemical ways to help with that. My natural performance would not suffice, not even boosted by the traditional ways.

Part of the Anomalia was an increase of any pleasure that originated from me for those who were a part of my harem. That would only go so far, however, and the two large issues were that I could only cum so often, particularly in succession, and that I could only be at one place. Both were problems the Kings of Anomalias would have had since the inception of the practice. There had to be more solutions than alchemical supplements. I would have to ask Danielle about this, best before my Anomalia grew so large that problems started to manifest.

Esther scooped up a little bit of the cum on her face with her finger and licked it off with the same attitude a cat would clean its paw. "My duty is fulfilled, leaving me with questions."

"How about asking them in the bath?" I suggested. Both of us were sticky from excess and sweat. "I will grab that protein shake and be right there with you."

"Bring two," she demanded.

I put on some underpants and left the room. I met Arlethia in the kitchen, who only looked up for half a second to see me walking in, before returning to whatever she was reading. We just acknowledged each other's existence, while I went to the fridge.

Shakers and chocolate flavoured protein powder were recent additions to our household, but something I appreciated solely because it gave me something to fill myself between meals. I threw two scoops of powder into the plastic containers, topped it off with milk, screwed the tops shut, and shook them both as I marched towards the bathroom where I would find Esther.

The mansion had a total of seven bathrooms, three on the base floor, two for each floor above that. Of those seven, five were spacious for what they contained (the usual combination of sink, toilet and shower). Only the remaining two were the kind of luxurious sprawl expected of a mansion. Importantly, they were equipped with bathtubs that could easily fit four, maybe five people.

I wasn't quite sure why the scale stopped there, when Anomalias typically had a size of 10. Given Welldark's general 'prove yourself' philosophy, it was likely that the mansion wasn't meant to be perfect, since the dormitories of the two highest ranks were supposed to be better. Maybe there was an element of large Anomalias not being expected in the first year.

In any case, I knocked on the bathroom door twice and said, "It's me."

Only after hearing my voice, did Esther unlock the door. Wearing a shirt and panties, she let me come inside. With a click, the lock snapped back shut behind me. I put the shakers down by the broad, grey rim of the bathtub. Thirty seconds later, the two of us sat inside the slowly filling tub. There was ample space, but we only occupied one corner. I lacked the libido to get another erection, but I certainly still craved her proximity.

I put my hand into the water, currently around the midriff of our half-lying forms. "Hmm, maybe I should have taken my Ashod along. For a bit of music and entertainment."

"People survived without constant audio and visual stimulation for thousands of years; you can accomplish the same."

"No wonder they had so many kids," I joked, while I rubbed the clear water all over Esther's body. I would give her a back massage after we were done with this bath. All of those muscles

carrying her large breasts were fulfilling a divine task and had to be maintained with the appropriate amount of veneration by proxy.

“Begin with your explanation.”

The suddenness of that request made me chuckle. “Alright... where should I start...?” I sorted my thoughts. Never had I considered having to explain this before, so I had to find words to convey what I knew instinctively. “You should have felt it yourself, the Dimensional Truth, bordering your entranced senses when you are deep in meditation. That vast, homeless knowledge that exists at the edge of your perception, only to be felt when all other senses are subsumed to relaxation.”

Esther cupped the warm water with her hands and splashed her face with it, rubbing what remained of the stickiness from it. “Indeed,” she answered. “Continue with what I desire to know, not with what I already know.”

“I wouldn’t want to tell you something before the Dimensional Truth shows it to you, it makes for... a bad experience,” I told her carefully. Those flashing images that I had seen at the end of my contact with the Astral Sea, the abomination floating in space, were typical experiences at the end of every contact with the Dimensional Truth. “The free-flowing information that connects all realities of this three-dimensional plane, it sort of senses when you know something you shouldn’t yet and then it... fills the gap. Otherwise, it just piles on top in the order of what your mind can take, for the most part.”

Esther’s response was twofold. For one, she changed the dynamic of who was cleaning who. Rather than me gently rubbing her face, it was her giving my abs a bit of a scrub. It was a nice sensation. The daggers she stared at me, a wordless demand to get to the point, I did not find pleasing.

‘Just trying to prevent your mind from breaking in unwanted ways,’ I thought. That statement would not have put an end to the glaring. “Alright... the Master of Magic did say you would be ready soon too, so I guess this is fine...” I pushed her back a little bit, so we sat across each other in the now chest-high water. “Imagine this bathtub to be the unclaimed energy which we store in us and utilize with our Astral Capacity. The Astral Sea, many call it, or the plane of fundamental energy.” Esther nodded and I raised my hand. “This is how you, and I until today, communicate with the Dimensional Truth.”

I made a tightly clenched fist and carefully submerged it, barely creating any ripples or disturbance. After a few moments, I raised it back up. A few drops of water dripped from my skin, barely anything joined when I loosened my fingers.

“We submerge ourselves in the untapped force, but it only touches the very surface of our souls. Just like little water sticks to a clenched fist, so too does the little Astrality we have contact with manage to expand our capacity to wield it. However, we are also safe, because this distance prevents the power within us from coming into close contact with that outside us. Now, to increase the effectiveness of the cultivation, we need to find a way to do away with that difference. One is through training, the other is through having a master of cultivation hand you an Astral Essence. A piece of the Astral Sea, carried over to this side, which will use the proximity of your soul to return to its origin. It uses you and you then use it. Whichever of the two paths you follow, it now looks more like this.”

I raised my hand again. Instead of making a clenched fist, I made a loose one. The fingers formed a basic funnel. When I submerged and then brought up my hand again, water dripped

out of the little hole my pinkie left open. “And so additional power from the Astral Sea reaches you,” Esther summarized.

“Precisely,” I said and moved over to the valve to stop the flow of water into the bathtub. “In the Astral Sea, your soul is part of the might of the cosmos. Diving into it too early risks your soul ‘fraying’, because your will is not yet strong enough to keep yourself consolidated. Once you can overcome that hurdle, the cultivation is a lot more efficient, because you do not merely absorb what rubs up against you, you can actively pull it into you, expanding your Astral Capacity.”

Esther hummed and resumed her caress of my body. Given that I had already resolved to give her that massage, I received the care happily. Repayment in full would not have to wait long. “Do I understand correctly that our current meditations are practice for the eventual diving into the Astral Sea, then?”

“Yes.” I grabbed the protein shake. The cold, chocolate flavoured milk was a nice contrast, to the lukewarm water and Esther’s hands working my thighs. “Eventually we won’t need the room either. It’s easier there because that place is somehow tied to the Astral Sea. No idea how. Maybe it’s some kind of demi-plane?”

Esther inquisitively stared at me, then shook her head and smiled. “Mysteries will be solved, in time. Magic is always a mess.”

Chapter 5 – Small Steps and Challenges

Left, right, I swivelled. Bored, because there was little else to look at, I checked my calendar. 'Four more weekends,' I thought. 'Well, three and the weekend the date is supposed to happen.'

It was the Wednesday of the first week of the fourth month of my first semester in Welldark. More importantly, I had been subjected to Taurus' pressure three times total now. The second had been a relative disaster. That is to say that I treated it more relaxed than I should have and lasted only twenty seconds, a little over half the thirty-five I managed to keep standing on the first try. The third, I redeemed myself for that embarrassing showing, lasting a total of forty-one seconds.

Purely mathematically, I had improved 6 seconds in two weeks and needed to improve another 19 in the next three-and-a-half weeks. In other words, I needed to double my current improvement speed. The fact that I was approaching this like a formula was likely linked to my current environment.

The Engineering Class was, perhaps unsurprisingly, one of the few fields of study where men remained the majority. Something about putting together constructs of various sizes, utilizing every last tool between blunt and razor-sharp, manual and mechanical, must have tickled a very old part of the male brain.

That being said, the women present were as capable as their peers. Sometimes more, sometimes less, on a purely individual basis. They were also worshipped to high heaven. In this classroom of forty, there were thirty-one men and nine women. Of these thirty-one males, about twenty were people I would describe as 'engineers by character'.

What this meant was that they loved nothing more than talking about machines, consistently read about machines, and typically had a personal project that they were working on before, during, and after class. Fundamentally, I found these people interesting, praise-worthy even. The world could always use more people capable of advanced problem solving.

Their problem was that their social game was clearly lacking in experience.

These twenty had descended on the nine women in a manner that I could only liken to a swarm of very hungry locusts descending on a wheat field that was armed with pesticide spray bottles. Although nonsensical (how would wheat even wield a spray bottle?), that was the exact mental image their behaviour invoked.

All twenty of them, during the first class, had come in with the same three assumptions. One, Welldark was a school where people gathered harems. Two, the women in this class were similarly interested in machines as they were. Three, there was no better time to talk to them than before and after class.

Those were, all three, logical standpoints that I would have taken myself under other circumstances. The problem was that they had all forgotten about this little thing called nuance. Their assumptions were, broadly, correct. It all became more complicated because there was a swarm of twenty people that all came to the same conclusion simultaneously.

Of the nine women, eight had submitted to interest overload and completely shut down any attempts made by people in and around this classroom, because they were evidently tired of being distracted from their tinkering. The ninth had turned out to be a slut of epic proportions and was riding all twenty guys like they were her personal bicycle collection. She would either

eventually settle with one of them or be rejected by all, because of that behaviour. There was also the forbidden option, the one where she settled with the one that let her ride the nineteen others without complaint. In summary, it all was a total shitshow.

Personally, I was a bit miffed. I had a thing for engineering girls, but I also had the tact to wait. While I was an openly lustful guy and did not care to hide my flirtatious attitude, I also hated to engage in 'swarm tactics'. My plan had been to... well, I had no plan. I had been distracted with Esther and by the time that got sorted out, the aforementioned blockade was already in place. Considering I hadn't yet bothered anyone, my chances of whittling down their defences were relatively good, but none of them struck me as quite interesting enough to invest that particular effort.

To put it succinctly, twenty thirsty guys had ruined the chances of getting with a hot mechanics girl for the ten of us that were sane. This was another lesson for me that, even when the sex-ratio was 1 to 10, women sometimes had to endure waves of unwanted attention. My takeaways from this: to continue to be upfront with my desires and to never, ever move with the crowd.

Idling away the time, I turned left and right in my swivel chair, trying not to dwell on these unpleasant topics too much. Most of my work station was empty. Where others lined up their tools, I kept them tucked away under the bench. The only reason why I would take out any non-power tool was to remind myself of its shape. Replicating them with my Artefact was easier.

Eventually, the teacher of this class, Tom Jenkins, entered. He was an androgynous man who, if he had dressed the part, almost certainly could have tricked most men into mistaking him for the opposite sex. The chin-length, orderly hair and sleek glasses only furthered that impression. The black suit he wore was gender neutral. His voice, while not exceedingly masculine, did tilt towards typical male deepness.

"Good morning class," he greeted us, once he was behind his desk. "Before we start class, I have to introduce someone to all of you. Voxxy, if you would enter." Everyone, including me, perked up and looked towards the door.

In walked an incredibly short and stacked woman. Standing at little over a metre tall, she almost had me salivate. Breasts that bounced with every step drew my eyes first. They were almost as large as Esther's and, on her much smaller frame, seemed gigantic. Wide hips and a pillow ass balanced things out, giving her that stacked hourglass figure that stretched both the red top and the black skirt of her uniform. Her stockings were similarly straining, encapsulating meaty thighs that rippled almost as much as her chest did. The green skin gave away her species.

Voxxy was a female goblin. She had large, long ears that were shaped like a mixture between a spoon and a pointy leaf. The inside was a pinkish red, a colour that gradually became more pronounced, overcoming the green towards the earholes. Otherwise, her head was the typical humanoid shape. Like most shorter species, her face was rounder, leaning more towards adorable than sexy.

That was just her face structure though. The way she presented herself screamed 'mature'. Between the way her bust stretched her red shirt, the black-framed glasses, her fat ass, and the high pony tail she bound her scarlet hair into, she was abundantly erotic. As a matter of fact, she flaunted her appearance almost too much for me. Almost being the operative word. I noted

the red colour of her lips. Whether that was lipstick or the actual colour was a question that intrigued me. The green tint to it implied the latter.

"Hello," she greeted all of us. Her tone was a bit squeaky, another manifestation of her kind, but overall feminine and attractive. Oddly, I found that she had the 'sexy teacher' vibe, despite being one of my fellow students. "I'm Voxxy RundscREW. Glad to finally get to study here."

"Due to personal reasons, Voxxy could not enter this semester immediately. Typically, we would hold her back until next semester, but she insisted. Be - nice - to - her," he spoke those last four words very slowly, while looking around the room. Jenkins was, subtly, telling everyone to give her some space before they descended on her.

I could already tell this was falling on deaf ears.

'Does that include me?' I wondered, while Jenkins pointed Voxxy to one of the unclaimed workbenches. My eyes were stuck to her jiggy ass. Goblins were one of the three famous shortstack species, being goblins, gnomes, and dwarves. Experts were debating whether dwarves even counted among shortstacks, as some said a shortstack could not be taller than 1,20 metres. Others insisted the cut-off was 1,40.

There was many a dunce that insisted that this difference was arbitrary. I could only assume that these people had never taken the advantages of shortstacks into true consideration. What made a shortstack attractive? Obvious answers were that small women were cute and that large assets looked even larger on a small frame.

While well and true, these fools did not think far enough on the possibility of sexual activity. Considering an average male size of 1,75 metres, 1,20 metres was the tallest a shortstack could be and still perform a blowjob while standing. People that argued for up to 1,40 said the breasts could supplement the mouth and that shortstacks should therefore be viable up to a height where a standing titjob was no longer possible.

Personally, I agreed with the latter categorization. Dwarves clearly were shortstacks. Any measurement that denied this was useless.

Of the three widely known shortstack species, I preferred... none. All three had their advantages. Going purely by the average behaviour and appearances of these species, dwarves were generally the bustiest, because they were stout. They had a love for alcohol, writing things down and smithing. Gnomes and goblins both shared a love for tinkering. The primary difference between them in this aspect was that gnomes had greater respect for safety protocols. Which was fortunate because they were not nearly as fecund as goblins.

Gnomes were also typically more pear-shaped and, aside from their height, human in their appearances. Goblins were, as the fine speciwoman walking past me proved, more on the hourglass, monster girl side. Large ears, small fangs, green skin, all of that. In accordance with their higher reproductive drive, goblins also were more openly erotic. Many of them were promiscuous, which I did not like, and openly submissive, which I liked very much. It was a widely renowned aspect of goblins that they surrendered to big dicks in the bedroom. Fortunately for their species, female goblins only ever gave birth to goblins. The short, green, and dangerously curious genes were really strong.

Alright, maybe I had a small preference for goblins. As a well-endowed male of dominant persuasion, they complimented me nicely. Whatever the case, I knew I wanted a shortstack in my harem. It was a body type I adored. With one that absolutely met my bar of attractiveness before me, I had three possible ways to win her over.

Number one: talk to her before everyone else could collapse on top of her. This strategy would most likely have an immediate pay-off, but I would also have to be very clear towards my male colleagues that I wanted to 'mark my territory'. With the local competition, some pushback was bound to happen. There was also a chance that I came on too strongly. With the way she presented herself, it was a safe bet she wanted some aggressive attention though.

Number two: wait for everyone else to talk to her, then come in as an interesting guy after a crowd of mediocre people. The strategy hinged on her finding me interesting. Additionally, I had to gamble that she found none of the twenty guys that would doubtlessly compete over her interesting in any shape or form. If I was going to woo her I did not want her to gather a number of fuckbuddies beforehand. I was fine with women having previous relationships. I did not like it when my potential partners were bouncing on a different dick every weekend.

Number three: Play it casually, keep an eye on her, seek her out somewhere outside this classroom if I ever came across her. This strategy had all the drawbacks of option two, with the upside being that I did not seem that interested and that I had more time to try and read her. That could work. Generally, that was the strategy of the coward, but it could work.

The teacher explained our job for the day, as I considered my options.

"Today you will work on your own. You will be provided with a vast array of basic materials." He gestured towards several dozen boxes filled with metal bits that were lined up on a preparation desk next to his own workbench. "With these materials, I want you to solve the following problem: a metal cube of 10-centimetre sides and a weight of 50 grams sits on a solid platform of 40 centimetres height."

I hurried to get out writing utensils, not having expected to have to calculate anything already. Rapidly, I scribbled down the numbers.

"Your task is to move the cube to a second platform that stands 80 centimetres to the right of the first one. The second platform is 50 centimetres tall. Your solution can be manual or motorized, but you are not allowed to touch the cube or the platforms yourself. Whoever directly moves the cube the least is awarded 50 Dark. You may work in teams. If you do, you still only get to use one set of parts."

Immediately I turned to the newcomer. Voxxy happened to look in my direction, or perhaps my movement had made her peer over. Whichever it was, I established eye contact for a moment. I let my eyes drift away, then looked at her again. Eye contact, again, lasting this time around. She seemed confused and intrigued.

'And that makes my choice of strategy clear,' I thought. Eyes closed, I stood up. When I opened them again, I was right next to Voxxy. The goblin was raising an eyebrow at me. I had to keep myself from staring down into her cleavage. She did not keep her uniform buttoned all the way up. The result was bodacious. "Sorry to be this sudden about this," I said, conspiratorially bowing down to her. "I'll be frank. This room is filled with men that are about to swarm you."

"So, like you?" Voxxy asked, mockingly raising an eyebrow. She tilted her head, looked at something behind me. Almost certainly a guy that was trying to be as close as possible without appearing too eager. "Seems like the only difference between you and the rest of these brash fuckers is that you can teleport."

"I would say I am also considerably more charismatic and honest," I suggested with a simple smile. "This sudden approach has many ulterior motives, the primary one that I wished to

contact you before the constant swarm may have bothered you to the point of isolation. It would not be the first time this occurred around here.”

“That so?” I backed off and let Voxxy take stock of the situation. That I was telling the truth should have been rather obvious in how the groups did and did not form. With a little ‘come hither’ gesture of her index finger, she told me to bow back down. We continued our conversation quietly. “So, you’re trying to impress me before everyone else can turn me off, do I get that right?”

I nodded. “You’ll be swamped with attention whatever you do. You can try your luck with me, one of the guys, work with one of the other girls, or you can make it clear you don’t want the help.” My smile grew a little broader. “Confident as you look, I don’t think you’ll need any help with this task.”

Voxxy mustered me over the black rim of her glasses. “What’s your name?”

“Karitas.”

“Karitas... could you show me where the bathroom is?”

An odd question, particularly at this time, but I accepted it. “Sure, come along,” I responded chirpily. We did not have to ask for permission from the teacher, since this was a university course - not some kind of day-care. On our way down the corridors of the Contraptions Branch of Welldark’s campus, we passed many an interesting gadget.

Everything around us moved. Gears were behind the walls, hung under the ceiling, and connected to all kinds of mechanical masterwork about the place. Mechanical force was being transported through the motions of these teathed disks, ringing little bells, powering water fountains, or fulfilling purposes elsewhere entirely. There were also showpieces. The final tests of previous students were displayed, be it a swing that was as close to perpetual motion as anyone around here ever got or an entire, functional airplane.

“Okay, seriously,” Voxxy addressed me, her tone now firmly defensive and bratty. “The fuck is this about? Are you wasting my time for the hell of it or am I actually about to be distracted by a bunch of mediocre guys?”

“I was being completely serious,” I responded and quickly retold the story of what had happened with all the other women in the class. “You can ask around if you want to, I wasn’t part of any of the previous swarms. I figured, if I wanted to have a chance with you, I had to get ahead of the crowd.”

“...and what makes me so special, huh?” she asked, challengingly.

I raised an eyebrow, while openly and lavishly devouring her curves with my eyes. “For the moment, the obvious. Before anyone ruins my opportunity to see if you’re as interesting as you are hot, I decided to go for the bumpy start.”

“Let me guess, you love short girls with big tits?”

“I would never limit myself to such a narrow selection of the various glorious wonders of the female form. An above average interest in women like you, short and stacked above and below, I do admit to.”

“You talk weird.”

“I get that a lot.” We stopped in front of a little sidepath that split towards the end into male and female halves. “Well, we’re here.”

“Great, wait a second,” the goblin hastily walked towards the woman’s bathroom and went inside. I did prepare myself for at least a minute of standing around, but Voxxy returned after

less than twenty seconds. Then, she grabbed me by the hand. "Alright, it's empty, move your ass."

I pulled my hand free. "You don't drag me around," I reprimanded her, using the slightly deeper, more dangerous tone I reserved for domming. It was different from the way in which I would actually threaten people, in various small ways that pretty much every humanoid was capable of picking up.

Voxy was no exception and she reacted very favourably to this tone. Her ears perked up, her spine straightened, her stare grew a little more interested, and she did not try to grab my hand again.

"Explain what you want to do," I demanded, looking in both directions to make sure we were in no hurry.

Voxy's tone, despite her calmer body language, remained snarky. "I'm weighing my options here. I don't want to be bothered by a bunch of guys while I work, but I also don't want to have no guys around. Being part of an Anomalia sounds really hot. So!" she crossed her arms (over her boobs) and stared up at me, her blue eyes hard and demanding. "Since you approached me because I'm hot, it'd only be fair if I got to see if your dick is up to my standards, right?"

When I immediately nodded, she seemed surprised. "Yeah, that logic works for me. So, you want us to go into a stall and for me to get out of my pants, do I get that right?"

"Uh, yeah."

"Sure, let's do it," I said and gestured for her to go ahead. I was completely fine with revealing myself to this shortstack. Entering the woman's bathroom ahead of her, that was a line of weirdness I was not willing to cross. Emulating certain mythological creatures, I felt like the doorframe was an impassable barrier, unless I was invited.

The difference between male and female toilets in Welldark was limited to the lack of urinals and addition of a few extra stalls in their place. Quickly, we entered the second closest one. Voxxy closed the lock behind us. "Alright, go ahead," she demanded, arms crossed (under her boobs).

I took my time, partly because I enjoyed teasing someone that was so eager. "Do you usually do this?" I wondered.

"Do I usually check how ballsy someone is who teleports up to me by asking them to whip their dick out in a bathroom stall? No, not really," she responded, voice dry with sarcasm.

Considering that was an apt summary of what had happened so far, I forgave her that tone. If she kept it on for the entire rest of the class, I would cross her from my list of interests. I did enjoy myself some sass, but only if it was a front for or a supplement to friendly banter. "That's good then. To each their own, obviously, but I do not particularly care for women that sleep around a lot...?"

The statement was half a question. A lack of dick inspections did not correlate with other slutty behaviours. Voxxy picked up on that. "I don't sleep around anymore."

I had questions about that. Too many with too long answers to do it in a woman's bathroom stall. Her response had no influence on me obliging her anyway. The logic did truly make sense to me. I had approached her because she was of a body type that I adored, a purely physical matter. Now she wanted to check if I had the kind of dick that could scramble her insides. Another purely physical matter. If that's what she needed to know if I was worth her time, that was fair.

The fly down, I tugged down my pants and underpants. Semi-erect, my dick flopped out. Voxxy seemed reasonably curious. "Do you usually whip out your dick when girls you don't know ask you too?" she poked fun at me.

"Depends on why and who is asking. If it were a choice more regularly, I would take it, I suppose. This, however, is the first time I find myself in this situation." Again, I devoured Voxxy's curves with my eyes. I could have recalled any number of debaucheries with Esther to get an erection. One of my many guidelines when it came to eroticism was to only think of the girl(s) I was with at the time.

Intimacy like this was an engagement, an engagement of the body and the mind. I would not sully any entrustment of their attention by turning mine to memories or fantasies of others. Few greater insults, could I think of, than to reduce a woman before me to a toy that I used to get off while another was on my mind. Few graver affronts to the sacredness of a relationship. She who stood before me, this delightfully squishy, short woman of leafy green, she was the sole focus of my lust at this time.

Voxxy smirked upon realizing the intensity of my gaze and leaned against the door of the stall. Grabbing the edge of her shirt, she popped two more buttons open. Her breasts spilled out of the tightly sitting uniform. She was wearing a black bra made of lace and designed for full erotic effect. She did not strip further, instead squished her round breasts between her upper arms.

They truly seemed to be only a little smaller than Esther's, DD-cups, on a woman about three heads shorter. Round, smooth, and squishy, the green was pushed together. I could imagine my dick almost vanishing between them.

My erection was forming rapidly at this point and I glanced off her breasts to follow her reaction. At first, her expression spelled out 'eh, it'll do'. Then it gradually went to 'Respectable', underlined by small little nods. Finally, she wrinkled her forehead and stared in awe. We did not reach the realm of disbelief. Monstrously large, my dick was not. "Okay, stud, you pass this test," she said. "That's one suckable cock right there."

"Do you want to?"

"Yeah..." Voxxy's nostrils flared as she took a deep breath. The answer pleased and displeased me simultaneously. I loved that her first instinct was to 'offer' a blowjob. I knew that I couldn't take that offer, because that would have been pushing it further than Esther or Aclysia would have been happy with. Lastly, if she did do that to guys she had just met, she was way too loose for my liking. "...but," she added, "we have other shit to do. Let's head back."

'I shall pry deeper into how easily or not easily these lips and legs do part, with tact and care,' I pondered, while waiting in the stall. Voxxy was scouting ahead to make sure there was no one who could have seen me coming out of the wrong bathroom. Once we were out, I asked, "If I may inquire, my fellow, albeit little, pervert, what will happen after our return to the classroom?"

"Yeah... okay, so, stud, I'll give you your chance," Voxxy said. Her tone had shifted dramatically away from snarky and almost into the realm of the flirtatious. "We get back, we work together. You get to talk to me and I won't be bothered by all the other guys. That's our deal?"

"That's our deal," I accepted.

When we returned, the twenty guys I was wary of instantly switched their attention to us. I was amused by this. Initially, because it was like a herd of cats all immediately honing in on a moving target. After that, because the remaining 'sane' men and annoyed women in the room rolled their eyes.

"Alright, I'll go get our supplies," I said out loud, stretching 'our' loudly. The reaction was a series of annoyed puffs and scoffs, mostly quiet, with a little grumble mixed in here and there. Three of the guys glared daggers at me. No one raised an actual fuss. 'They'd wait until after class for that.'

I grabbed one of the crates and brought it back to Voxxy's workstation. I arrived just in time to see her draw a step out of a compartment under the workbench. It allowed her to stand high enough to work properly on the hardwood tabletop. "You'll be my assistant for this, stud, since you've got so much... reach."

The sudden uptick in innuendos pleased me almost as much as the fact that I would get to side-eye her cleavage the entire class. I was also rapidly taking to the word 'stud'. That title was another fairly stereotypical goblin thing. Not all stereotypes were bad. Actually, most stereotypes I operated under were rather positive. I still didn't hold onto them too firmly. Stereotypes help to orient one's mind when dealing with strangers. Adhering to them too strongly was just as paralyzing as it was to not have any idea at all.

What was in the crate was soon orderly laid out on the table. I put similar parts in the same corners and Voxxy then categorized them further. Everyone else was already in the drafting, if not the early implementation stage, while we scanned through what we had on offer.

Various different forms of sheet metal, battery-powered motors, gears, wooden and metal staffs, wire, cables, rotational joints, hinges, and a bunch of screws, nails, and other such things. "Pretty varied selection," I hummed, putting the pieces together in various configurations in my head. "There'll be a bunch of ways to approach this."

"Platform A at 40 centimetres, Platform B at 50..." Voxxy mumbled, rapidly drawing representations of them on the graph paper. Free-handed, she drew perfectly straight lines, with only the occasional, inconsequential imperfection here and there. She did not bother writing down the measurements. I followed it all with interest.

"I suppose you were an actual engineer where you came from?"

"Engineer and porn star," Voxxy responded, grinning at me when she spotted my raised eyebrow. "I only shot solo scenes. Was more a dabbling than an actual career."

"I suppose that's when you did your sleeping around too?" I asked, actually curious.

"Yep, yep." The answer was fast and casual. "Was a fun two years."

I hummed and looked at the drawing with her. "Want some help visualizing that?" Voxxy nodded wonderingly, as if she was expecting something incredible to happen next. Given that my Artefact was quite unique even among personalized powers, I could deliver. Closing my eyes, I visualized and then manifested the objects of our task.

Voxxy let out a series of enticing noises. By the time I opened my eyes again, Voxxy was holding the first platform I had manifested in her hands. It was just a rectangular block of the necessary dimensions, of translucent energy and silver light. "What is this made from? How did you do that? Can you create whatever you want?"

"My Astrality, with my Artefact, within reason," I responded rapidly.

“Astrality... Artefact...” Voxxy mumbled, giddy with excitement. “I want to learn so much more about these things.”

I blinked a couple of times. “I take it you are from a world with little in the ways of magic?”

“Yes and no.” She put the platform back and assembled the proper configuration of parts for the task given. “You probably never heard of it, I’m from Tezzl.” Shaking my head, I confirmed her assumption. “Plenty of artifice over there, few actual mages though. Next to none, really. It’s mostly dimensional travellers coming through that cast the traditional way.”

“The universe sure is vast,” I responded, more to show that I was listening than anything else. We paused our chit-chat to concentrate on the actual task at hand. “First question, one of intense import, do you care about 25 Dark?”

Voxxy rubbed her thumbs against her index finger, as if there were paper notes between them. “Who doesn’t care about having more money?”

“Eh, I just need it to buy certain objects for those I do desire.”

“You can spend all of it on me then.”

“I do have a Queen already, actually,” I said and showed the tattoo-like mark around my right ring finger. The kind of ‘huh’ Voxxy let out upon the realization clued me in that she had barely any idea what that meant. That girl really was a recent arrival in Welldark and probably the Dimensional Truth at large. “To the point, if you do want to serve Mammon, our solution needs to be one of further complexity to fulfil the demands of minimal movement.”

“It’s not fun if it’s too simple anyway,” Voxxy grinned. I got a peak of the engineering soul behind that sex presentation. “We need some kind of crane. That way, we can control the movement.”

“Hardest part will be to build the kind of clamp that can grab and release the cube,” I mumbled, scanning the materials for anything that worked.

Voxxy was already creating blueprints for some kind of claw. “I can do some wiring, no problem.”

“Alright... hmmm... the condition was ‘directly’ moving the cube, right?”

“Right! We can save ourselves a lot of distance and keep the crane itself smaller if we have a way to push the platforms together.”

“Do we know... never mind.” I meant to ask if we had any idea what surface the experiment would happen on. Looking over to the teacher, I realized that he had put the conditions for the experiment onto his own workbench while I wasn’t looking. The two platforms stood on a smooth, lacquered wood surface. Mister Jenkins was currently in the process of writing down any further information we may need, like the material and weight of the platforms. “Give me a moment, I need to re-create these.”

I dismissed the current constructs and resummoned them with the correct density. Voxxy weighed one in her hand, before redoing the model. With our two goals in mind, we moved into the design stage properly.

We needed three mechanisms and a way for them to move properly. First, we needed two horizontal hooks that could wrap around the platforms and pull them without toppling them over. Then we needed a simple crane that grabbed the cube, raised it the minimal amount, and then dropped it on the second platform. Lastly, we required the claw to actually grab it.

After having designed the shapes we needed, the next question was that of the force between each movement. The claw required constant pressure, so a motor solution made the

most sense. Voxxy had already drawn up a design, so that task clearly would go to her. Since the crane would be lifting something, consistent movement via a motor would also be the best. Only the platform hooks, due to the amount of force needed, we decided was best done manually. A crank, of some sort.

Putting the final touch on our design, we quickly drafted a case that would put all of our three mechanisms into the same contraption. Then we got to work. I started with the hook, she with the claw. As we worked, we picked up where we had left off.

“So, why did you stop sleeping around?” I asked, hopeful to finally get a solid idea of how loose or not loose she was.

“Dunno, I grew out of it,” she answered dismissively. “Realized it wasn’t satisfying, so I stopped. Then there was this whole ‘comprehending the Dimensional Truth well enough to travel’ thing that kind of took my attention.”

“You got that solved though... what are you going to do now?”

Voxxy spoke quietly, stared at the stripped cables she was carefully securing inside the improvised claw, “Study... I got here because I heard there were more interesting materials to work with... the whole Anomalia thing is just a hot side-bonus....”

“No more fucking random guys then?” I asked outright.

The green skinned shortstack did not answer immediately. “Fucking... I need something thin to push this in...” A moment after she said that, I handed her a manifested screwdriver that fit her requirements. “...you got the right tools for all the holes, don’t you stud?”

“In both presence and application,” I assured her. For a solid minute, we were just dedicated to our individual tasks.

“I dunno,” she finally answered. “Probably not? I love sex with big folk, but I was doing all of that because I was in it for the heat of the moment. Since you’re supposed to become part of a harem around here... yeah, no, wouldn’t be the smartest thing to do.”

“It really wouldn’t be,” I agreed with her.

I was dissatisfied that she looked at it from the perspective of ‘smart’ rather than ‘proper’. A minor hang-up. With all of that established, she was definitely on the list of potential interests. That she had done solo porn, I didn’t care about. A promiscuous past was mainly an issue if I had reason to believe she would fall back into old habits. The way she spoke made me believe that she was still interested in getting railed, but not enough so to ruin her chance of finding a permanent partner by becoming a free ride.

“My apologies for riddling you with such private questions.”

Voxxy waved off with one hand and repeatedly tapped the power button of the claw with the other. It opened and closed without issue. “I don’t care about telling anyone about any of that. I’m not ashamed about it. I wanted to get fucked, I did the things to get fucked, now I want to be a haremette, so I’ll do the things to be a haremette. It’s that easy. How’re the hooks going?”

“Pretty well,” I said, pulling the smaller of the two platforms with the improvised construction. For the sake of stability, I had extended the original plans upwards. A parallel bar ten centimetres above the first prevented excess wobbling. “You’ll take care of the crane; I’ll do the crank and casing?”

Voxxy nodded and we continued our work. “Much as I enjoy you penetrating me, stud, I think it’s my time to ask questions.”

“Shoot,” I responded jokingly.

“You said you already have a harem?”

“I have an Anomalia,” I stated. “I have a Queen. A second member is pending. Truly, her heart is mine already. Conditions of the world, her father most of all, demand a delay on the officialization of her status.”

“Is her father, like, a local or how the fuck does he even know about your relationship?”

“He’s the headmaster.”

“...Are you fucking with me? Because this is the kind of fucking with I don’t enjoy.”

I gave her a smile of sunshine and rainbows. “Read my lips, for you have missed much in your four months’ delay – I am Karitas, almost certainly the strongest fighter of the freshmen. For my deeds I was awarded a mansion to live in for the first year and I share it with the woman I fought it for, alongside the headmaster’s daughter, and my friends.” Generously, I gestured towards the rest of the classroom. “You can ask just about anyone here for confirmation.”

“...Gimme a moment,” Voxxy stepped off the bench and waddled to the nearest woman in the room.

Contently, I smiled, waiting for her inevitable return. I did quite enjoy being an outstanding individual. Whenever I boasted, I could back it up. The boasting itself was nice in a limited way. It was the respectful expression of the goblin on her return that I truly cared for.

“And here I thought you were just some big-dicked guy with confidence,” she said.

“I am that and much more.” With one push, I snapped a piece of metal into the cranking mechanism. “I know you wanted to ask me some questions, but another one just came to mind. Want to share those personal reasons you were missing this long in the first place?”

Voxxy played with her bright red hair as she answered. Her answer was a quiet mutter at first. Correcting that on her own, she repeated herself after a sigh. “I passed the whole exams but I wasn’t able to figure out the whole ‘dimension travelling at will’ for a while...”

“Ah.” I stayed quiet and looked at her intently for a little bit. She seemed genuinely bashful. The connection she had to the Dimensional Truth had to be awfully weak for her to need an additional four months to figure out how to get to Welldark – presumably with the aid of whoever had gotten her to the exam. “If you need someone to show you around, you can give me a call sometime.” Before she responded, I had already written down the first few letters of my number on her graph paper. “Or just drop me a text message.”

“Hmm, I just might,” she purred in an overtly sexual way.

We continued chatting about this and that. Primarily, she asked me about how magic functioned, taking great interest in my Artefact and gravity spells. I continued to explore her sexual openness for a little while, until I was truly firm in my knowledge that she had left the slut life behind. From there on out, I was more interested in what her hands were doing. Since she fulfilled my two most basic requirements (being attractive and potentially exclusive to me), I naturally grew more intrigued by what she was capable of.

Of the two of us, she was definitely the better engineer. Most of my building talents were raw and physical in nature. I was impressive at visualizing what I wanted to create and to pick the correct parts to accomplish that goal. Voxxy could do both of these things, and she could sketch her solutions, and she understood how to abuse the laws of physics much better than I did.

We put our contraption together, tested it, ironed out some kinks, improved on it, and finally declared it finished. Had it not been for the delay we took due to our ‘bathroom break’, we would

have been... about fifth to finish. The four that went ahead of us all utilized much simpler solutions. They did not care about the prize money.

A common design used by our peers was a swinging claw. It grabbed the cube on one side, swung up in a near semi-circle overhead, and released the cube once over the second platform. Hilariously, they proved that our claw was immensely overdesigned. With wire and some metal, most of the people in the room had created a manually workable clamp. They never touched the cube directly.

One person, the one to finish first, actually took it so far that they had come with nothing but a hastily created pan and prod. They pushed the cube into the pan and then just carried it over to the second platform. The teacher complimented them on their time efficiency and reprimanded their lack of application of engineering knowledge. That same person would go on to bring a second, more appropriate model later.

As for our contraption, it worked perfectly. Having an accurate test station gave us a definitive, probably unfair advantage. Where everyone else had studied the floorplan of the labyrinth at the entrance, we marched in there with the map. The hooks pulled the platforms together, the claw gripped, the crane went up, and the cube was placed properly on the elevated ground.

We were certain of our victory for the longest while. There was a moment of uncertainty towards the end of the class, when a design clearly inspired by ours was placed on the table. A key improvement was that this improved contraption aimed to not push the two platforms together, but also raised the starting one to the level of the target. That made the crane entirely superfluous, as it would only take a nudge to get the cube to its destination. It was, doubtlessly, the minimum amount of movement.

It also did not work.

The elevation mechanism was not strong enough to keep the platform clasped. With the materials provided and in the time given, the team of three had not managed to construct a horizontal grip sturdy enough. Another hour would have let them solve that issue, doubtlessly, but that was the end of the class.

"Fifty Dark split between Karitas and Voxxy. Good job you two," the androgynous teacher complimented the two of us. "Good job to the rest of you as well. Some of your machines did not work, but all designs were promising. We'll continue these kinds of contests for the remaining three lessons. I want all of you to apply what you have learned this semester."

We all answered in the affirmative.

I left the classroom together with Voxxy. "Where are you from anyway?" she asked me.

"Oh, you know, here and there... and there..." I joked. "I sort of come from all over the place. I spent my formative years in Hell though."

"...You know, every time I think you're fucking with me, you're telling the truth... are you telling the truth again?"

"Yes."

"Which Hell anyway?"

"Earth Hell."

"Ah, so THE Hell. What the hell? Why did you live there?"

"I had a deal with Beelzebub."

"Isn't that the head honcho?"

"No, although that's a typical mistake to make. Hell is led by archdevils and overlords, and Beelzebub is a prominent member of the former, the Lord of Flies. However, despite being often linked, he and Satan are not the same entity. Neither is Lucifer, for what that is worth."

"I have no idea who Lucifer is," Voxxy told me.

"...Man, it's really weird to hear which parts of Earth mythology made it to other corners of the cosmos and which didn't." Parallel to us talking, I was writing Esther a message. I would see her when she came over to eat whatever I put together during Cooking Class today.

Regardless, I felt it right to inform her I had found another woman I was interested in.

Esther: Understood.

I chuckled. "What's so funny?" the shortstack asked and I showed her the message. She raised an eyebrow, properly reading the part about herself where I described her as a 'sexy, foxy little thing of great talent and a refreshingly open, erotic attitude'. She did not comment on any of it. What I was after and why I had asked all these questions earlier was just as blatantly obvious as the reason she had answered all of them. We were exploring our options. "Are you in trouble?"

"No, she just writes that way," I responded. My Ashod vibrated in my hand, while I pulled it back. A new message had just appeared. I stopped in the middle of my step. "Although someone might be in trouble," I added, my voice strained with annoyance.

On my screen was a message by one 'Lemair', demanding that I come see them by one of the nearby green areas. Because this was part of AppDark's communication system, there was a photo attached. While the name was unfamiliar, I did recognize the man depicted. He was one of the three who had glared daggers at me earlier. That he took action was unsurprising, that he had my contact info, that was the annoying bit.

"I was just summoned by someone quite annoyed that I got my foot in the door first," I told Voxxy. "I'll have to take this. Could get ugly, so if you want to go, that'd be-"

"I'm tagging along," the shortstack interrupted me.

Nothing about that idea bothered me. I did try to decipher her reason why she came along though. She was grinning, removing guilt from the possibilities. Eager, was how I would have described her looks. Maybe she liked watching violence or maybe she wanted to confirm specifically how capable I was. Maybe she just wanted to see magic in action.

"Alright, let's go then." I shrugged and led the way.

Even though this was not how I preferred to spend my break, I had little choice in the matter. For one, I would not have anyone mouth off that I was a coward. Many a title could be used to describe me, that one I rejected. Secondly, I seriously did not like that some random student got my number.

After two minutes of walking, we arrived at the green area. Students who were, just like us, on break, were scattered loosely around the place, chatting and sunbathing. Lemair stood, eagerly waiting, towards the back of the field.

He was similar to myself in build. Slightly above average size, fit, and attractive. He wore his dark hair around the same length I wore my white mane. In these broad strokes, we looked similar. The shapes of our noses, ears, and such finer details differed more than enough to make it impossible to mistake him as my evil twin.

Which meant the 'fated rival' way of him getting my number was out, leaving the mundane and more upsetting explanation. "Did you rummage through her desk while we presented our machine?"

Lemair had opened his mouth to say something else. My sudden question put him on the backfoot. He glanced at Voxxy. If he had done that, he wouldn't have wanted to confess it in front of her. Predictably, he dodged the question. "Fuck off, I called you to give you a lesson."

"A lesson on what, if you are capable of putting together the necessary intellectual capacity to muster a precise answer?" I asked, arms crossed.

"You can't just slander everyone else in the room!"

Slowly, I tapped my foot, carefully weighing what my response to that should be. Then I sighed. "This is stupid. Apologize, delete my number, and I'll be on my way."

"No, it's time someone showed you that you can't just throw your weight around," Lemair growled and pulled out his Ashod. "By the Welldark rules, I'm challenging you to a duel."

I wrinkled my forehead. For a moment, I thought, then I shook my head and sighed again. "Last chance, just do as I asked. You don't want this."

"Take the duel, coward," Lemair growled.

"...If that's what has to happen," I finally gave in. I wasn't one for unnecessary violence. After having asked twice, I had fulfilled my moral obligation to make sure it was, indeed, necessary violence. My only options now were to oblige or to be slandered.

I opened my Ashod and maneuvered to the duels page. Several options were available, one versus one and Anomalia versus Anomalia being the most prominent. I went with the former and was then presented with the various things the system knew I could wager. Money, my phone number, the entrance code for my mansion, a spare school uniform. At the bottom was a write-in field, currently being occupied by the placeholder sentence 'You are not authorized to wager anything that is not in your direct possession, such as other people's phone numbers.'

Welldark's duel system existed, fundamentally, as a correction mechanism outside of the tournament season. Should someone hit a growth spurt between two tournaments, it was this that let them potentially rise up the ranks. If someone in the Wood Division managed to score ten victories in duels against people in the Bronze Area, they would be assigned a new home in that higher rank.

There was also the option for anyone to directly wager their current lodging, switching it with that of their opponent upon a loss. This was, like all substantial losses, dependent on the agreement from both sides. The administration knew that no one would accept any correction duels if they could actually lose something for accepting them. Hence why, in regular cases, it was about a showcase of skill, not a chase for someone stupid enough to bet their cushy, high-class suite.

That was what the system had been conceived for: correction. Whether it had launched with the capacity for duels in the interest of private matters or if that had been a reaction to student behaviour, I had no idea. Fact was that the version I had access to could be used for practically any purpose.

Reasons to use the AppDark duel registration were twofold. For one, it meant that the university had a back-up of the wagers made. That was required for the tracking. In private duels, it also meant that the administration could operate as enforcers for whatever had been

agreed on. The second benefit was that Welldark had a number of battlegrounds all over the campus and the rest of the pocket dimension.

I typed 'will delete my Ashod number' into the write-in field and pressed a button to confirm. Lemair stepped up to me and presented the bottom half of the metal-framed stones that made up the physical bits of the device. Contact with my Ashod allowed a swift data transfer. Presented to me were the terms of his victory. I was to stay away from Voxxy for a month and to apologize for my behaviour. Both were ridiculous. I accepted anyway.

The Ashod switched to a loading screen, as it scanned for the closest arena acceptable for people of our power level. Obviously, two freshmen fighting was not as worrisome as people, particularly the most talented ones, in their last year on Welldark throwing around the full might of their spells and Artefacts.

An arena was found right in our current courtyard. Speakers hidden underground blared out warning sounds, as a square of pavement between walkway and green area was lowered half a metre down. Students looked around in interest, soon spotting us heading towards it. For many freshmen, this was the first duel they witnessed. I imagined that most of them happened around the dormitories. Had it not been for Willt, I would have barely known anything about this possibility in the first place.

"How about we wager something too?" I asked Voxxy, who followed me closely. "If I win, I get your number."

"You'd get to see it when I make contact with you anyway, stud," the shortstack said.

"Sure, but it's more fun this way," I told her. "Do we have a deal?"

"Hmm, sure, whatever," Voxxy grinned and stopped at the edge of the arena.

I jumped in first, Lemair followed immediately. His anger seemed to have doubled, probably because I had continued flirting with the goblin of our desire right in front of him. It would have been unbecoming of me to change my behaviour because some intrusive element decided he had a stake in my relationships. I could understand many a rationale for becoming annoyed. This particular chain of events, particularly how it played out, struck me as entitled above anything else.

The walls of our arena were made out of smooth blocks. The ground primarily consisted of dark grey tiles, with two rows of dark red breaking up the monotony. "The fighters should position themselves on the red tiles, across from each other," a mechanical, neutral voice commented from the hidden speakers.

'Neat design,' I thought and took my position. 'How seriously do I take this...? Ah, obviously there's a relationship on the line. I wouldn't want to be bothered in the future either.' I closed my eyes and manifested my gloves. Opening one eye, I checked if Lemair was manifesting his own Artefact. Surely, he wouldn't have challenged me if he hadn't managed to create his own, at least?

I saw nothing. That was no cause for relaxation. His Artefact could have been a small object, easily hidden, or had a passive state that was integrated in his clothing. I closed my eyes again and just waited for the duel to begin. The mechanical voice counted down from ten. I sensed the ground getting lowered further.

On zero, I teleported across the distance. I opened my eyes, looking at my unsurprised opponent's face. To his credit, Lemair had obviously done his homework. One of the biggest

drawbacks of being well-known was that everyone could research my Artefact. Immediately, he pulled his hand back to deliver a devastating punch.

I delivered a quick jab to the chest.

Lemair stumbled one step backwards involuntarily, then took a second step back to gain distance. The drawn back hand opened. Particles of dirt and rock flew towards him from the over two metre tall walls that made up the borders of our fighting pit. All of it consolidated in a fist-sized rock that he attempted to lunge at me.

I grabbed his wrist mid-motion.

Struggling, Lemair must have been confused when I let him go with barely any resistance. While he took another half step backwards, I crouched with my entire body. The motion was smooth, well-trained. Years of mixed martial arts unloaded swiftly. I aimed at his centre of mass. My fist, covered in an astral gauntlet hard as steel, slammed into his kidney.

I waited, as Lemair bent forwards and put a hand against my chest. Too late, I realized that was more than a reflexive gesture. Intense vertigo took hold of me, then my physical being followed and I was catapulted back in a straight line. I didn't stop until my back hit the opposite wall. Dull pain spread up my spine and my shoulders. Bothersome, not truly distracting. I kept my eyes keenly focused on my opponent.

Who was wiping spit off his chin with the back of his hand. With a deep breath, he straightened up. The Astral Body eliminated the pain along with whatever injury I had caused. "Could you just surrender? I have a lady to cook for," I pleaded.

"Fuck off, you hit me, I hit you back, we're doing this."

"With all sincerity, you do not have the combat experience to beat me," I told him. "Next time I get a leg up on you, I'm not giving you any chances. If you were so inclined to spare yourself the pain and me the taint of inflicting such, I would be much obli-

"Shut – up," Lemair growled.

With a sigh, I granted him his wish. 'Just violence then,' I resolved and began to walk towards him. 'His Artefact creates a push of kinetic force on contact. Does it work on recharge time, maybe?' I looked him over, still unable to find where exactly he was wearing it on his body. 'I don't think I have to find out to win though...' While I approached him, Lemair backed away and got closer to the corner.

He finally chucked the stone at me, but I just swatted it aside. It didn't change our situation. I closed in on him. Then, when he was where I wanted him to be, I charged.

Raising his foot high, he stomped hard and sent intense vibrations through the floor. The first tremor had barely hit me, when I leapt. Committed to the stomp, he managed to dodge only by twisting his entire body to the side. My open hand drifted by his face and grabbed his shoulder.

I held him where he was and my flying knee slammed into his guts. This time, I did not give him a moment to gather himself. I immediately smacked him on the head with my right hand. Disoriented and his weight increased, he did not have the speed to prevent me from forcing him into the corner. I backed off slightly, let him try to hit me with his Artefact. I caught his wrist again. Then jabbed his ribcage. A clean, but not particularly impactful hit.

Lemair tried to hit me with his other hand. I pinned that one against the wall of the pit. With no hands left, I had few options remaining. He had none. "Give up," I demanded and only got a spiteful growl back. The sound didn't last long. A headbutt to the temple shut him up

immediately. When one was reduced to swinging the skull as a weapon, the only part that mattered was that one's own hardest parts slammed into the opponent's softest.

He was visibly dazed, giving me the opportunity to wrestle him into an even worse position. It took thirty seconds of continuous struggle, then I had one arm of his pinned between the wall and my shoulder and the other in my grasp. That left one fist just manoeuvrable enough to repeatedly punch him in the gut.

Guided more by rage than reason, Lemair struggled and struggled. A normal man would have gone down a while ago. The Astral Body kept him standing. Eventually, he would manage to wiggle an arm free. I decided to get ahead of that and just backed off when I felt the pin of my shoulder weaken.

I backed off two steps, far enough to be out of reach and close enough to keep him from getting out of the corner. He had only two options: come straight at me or try to break out. Actually, he had a third option, which was to collapse to his knees due to the stacking effect of my gravity magic. The option took him out.

"F-fuck," Lemair gasped, trying to stand up.

If I had wanted to, I could have kept applying the magic and just watch him tire himself out. "Look, I can either knock you out or you surrender here," I offered again. He was about to growl something defiant again, it was self-evident in his body language. Raising his head in response, I kicked him across the face. Collapsed, he lay still on the floor.

I pulled out my Ashod and pressed a 'Victory by Countdown' button. The mechanical voice once more rang out. Lemair could have ended the countdown at any point, by just touching his own Ashod. Hand contact with the standby mode of the device would have been enough. That whole mechanic existed only if one participant was unconscious or immobile.

A referee would have been preferable, of course, but I doubted teachers would be big fans of a duel system that regularly interrupted their breaks. I would hate that. There were so many better things to do during the breaks, as Omnius had shown with his goblin haremme a few weeks ago.

My prospective goblin haremme was waiting for me at the edge of the fighting pit. The countdown had reached zero and Lemair was, albeit conscious, still not able to move. Slowly, the floor rose back up to regular levels. I absorbed my gauntlets back into my Astral Capacity and waited.

The brawl had attracted a small crowd, about twenty people. Considering this was an unannounced fight in the middle of one the more tucked away courtyards of the massive campus, that was pretty impressive. A few of my fellow students clapped for me, when I reached their height, celebrating a victory they had no stake in.

"You really got a lot to show off, don't you, stud?" Voxxy asked, glancing at me with yet another kind of interest. Initially she had been, negatively, struck by my assertiveness. Then she had been interested in my sexual equipment. During the class she got to learn about my mental capability. Now, she had witnessed first-hand my physical aptness.

Really, I should have thanked Lemair. His envy allowed me to leave an even stronger impression on the shortstack. After adjusting her glasses, she reached as far up to my biceps as she could. I neither minded the squeezes she gave my muscles nor the demand she made.

"Show me those guns!"

No questions asked, I stripped out of my shirt. Usually, I enjoyed ripping the buttons open on Esther's uniform, but my own were just as easy to pop open. The blatant stares of sexual desire I got from Voxxy and most of the crowd were another layer of encouragement telling me to keep sculpting this temple my soul inhabited.

I held the red shirt by the collar and tossed it over my shoulder. Posing would have gone a bit far. All I did was tense my abs, only to make myself look better. "As you can see, my delectably honest shortstack, I don't carry any firearms on me," I joked.

"Definitely not, you just have water pistols around. Every woman is in the splash zone, huh?" Voxxy's eyes traced every outline of my muscles for a little while, before getting stuck on my V-lines. That was one part of the male physique I could understand why she loved looking at, if only because I had a deep attraction for the same in athletic women. The depression between the midriff and the hips, seductively vanishing under legwear, was like an inbuilt path to the promised land.

I was wondering how I should best respond to that particularly lewd innuendo, when a groan from Lemair reminded me of his existence. As quickly as possible, I wanted to turn my attention back to more interesting people and things, like Voxxy, Esther, and their respective cleavages. "Alright, let's make this quick," I said and squatted down next to him, shirtless. "Delete my number."

Lemair hissed something aggressive. Initial defiance quickly made room for resignation. It must have occurred to him that he could do as we had agreed or I would get the administrators involved. At this point he had lost his chance and a good portion of his dignity. To also drag his official standing down would have been cruel beyond what I was comfortable with.

There was empathy to be had for the guy. He was, like me, trying to make himself popular with the opposite sex. His problem was that I was better at it than he was. Of course, that would be frustrating. I had been in his shoes before, not like every attempt at flirting I had ever made had ended up with me getting the girl I wanted.

"Want a word of advice?" I asked, while Lemair browsed through his Ashod to the proper page.

"No... actually... whatever," the guy groaned and moved into a more comfortable sitting position. "Shoot me, wise guy," he said, sarcastically.

"You should tone it down on the desperation and up the confidence," I told him. "Good on you for rising from the glaring crowd, but I don't think you really need to be part of it in the first place."

"...Sure," Lemair answered with that single word and turned the phone towards me. A box showing 'contact info deleted' confirmed that he had held up his end of the bargain. Pleased, I offered my hand. He took it, after some hesitation, and I helped him up. Without any further conversation, he walked away, his shoulders pulled back and without gazing back. As graceful an exit as he could make.

"You know what? I envy that," Voxxy commented, while the crowd around us dispersed.

I winked towards one of the ladies who snuck a last peek at my chest, before asking, "Envy what?"

"This guy thing where you beat the shit out of each other... well, you out of him... and then you shake hands afterwards and just go different ways." The shortstack cackled. "When I get in a fight with another woman, we ain't talking afterwards."

“A fact that I too have observed and to which I have come to this conclusion: for us males, the fight is an initial response. The option is on the table, off the bat, because the physicality of our-“

“Okay, real talk, stud, your way to go full sophistry on everything is super annoying.”

“Haaahhh,” I exhaled slowly, reinforcing the mental note that I had to find at least one Anomalia member that let me get all of the extrapolating out of my system. “What I’m trying to say,” I put it in the boring, common terms, “is that men can and will fight, because harm to us is not as ‘important’. For women, violence is the last resort because your bodies have way more inherent value that could be lost.”

“You got that right,” Voxxy grinned and bounced a bit where she stood, making her breasts jiggle so wonderfully. I was getting more to the point that child-rearing made women more important, on a purely materialistic level, but boobs were a fantastic argument too. “I do owe you something though, don’t I?” she asked.

“Indeed, you do,” I hummed. “As per our wager, I hereby demand your number.”

“Sure thing, just one problem, I’m terribly bad at listing stuff,” Voxxy responded theatrically. She waved around a folded piece of paper. “So I wrote it down for you and – ooooppps,” she stuffed the note into her cleavage, “what a terrible accident. I guess someone with big hands will have to dig that out!”

I played along. Whether it was in the way Voxxy had imagined or not was questionable. It was doubtlessly in a way she appreciated though.

Rather than answer, I grabbed the shortstack and carried her to a nearby bench. She let out a surprised ‘eep’, but did not struggle. Harshly, I tossed her into the seat. Her entire body was a quivering display of bounciness, from the ample bosom to the thick thighs. The latter were intensely pressed together, when I maliciously bowed over her. Hard, I grabbed the backrest, framing her head between my forearms.

“How clumsy can you be?” I asked, aggressively. A tiny smile was as much of my true feelings on this act as I let show. Voxxy’s expression mirrored that, a mixture between intimidated, amused, and incredibly aroused. Her eyes dashed between my blue eyes, naked chest, and the bulge in my dark pants.

People walked by, while I stared the goblin redhead into submission. Distantly, I wondered just how far I could push this. It was a question of what she would let me get away with, what Esther would accept, and what a teacher coming by would potentially have disciplined me for. For the moment, I was content when her blue eyes stayed permanently locked on mine. She did have sexy, young teacher vibes, with the black skirt of the uniform and those black-rimmed glasses of hers. That only made it more delicious to see her so utterly enthralled in my shadow.

“Answer me,” I demanded. “How clumsy can you be?”

“Very clumsy,” she responded sheepishly, as if she was in a trance. “You’ll have to correct my mistake.”

My eyes finally broke from hers and wandered to her bust. She was presenting her tits ferociously. Two buttons were open, the third seemed like it could pop any moment now. Between the light green of her breasts, turned slightly deeper in colour by the flushing of her skin, the white of the paper stuck out clearly.

“Happens that I can also be quite clumsy,” I confessed.

“I’m sure your hands won’t go anywhere they shouldn’t be, stud,” she cooed.

Consent could have only been established any more clearly by filling out a legal document.

Taking my right hand off the backrest I reached down and completely missed the note. My fingers 'slipped', moving over the top of her left boob, gliding from where the squishy bag of hopes and dreams was attached below the collarbone all the way under her shirt. By pure accident, I stuffed my entire hand into her bra. Doubtlessly without lewd intentions, I squeezed.

In appreciation of the form of her boob I moved my hand around the orb of bounciness. From every available angle, I took my chance to appreciate one side of her chest and then shamelessly moved on to the other.

Voxy bit her lower lip and shuffled left to right, while my digits, one after the other, rubbed over her erect nipple. Too curious to not risk it, I tugged at her bra and an actual view of the crown of those grassy green hills. Dark green, her nipple peeked back at me, at the centre of a nicely sized areola.

That curiosity sated, I went back to groping and fondling her. Voxxy let out the occasional held breath. Otherwise, she was quiet, letting me do as my heart desired. I always stopped short of doing something that would have made her tits actually pop out of her shirt. That limited my range of operations, but only by so much.

I was most interested in getting a proper idea about her size. She seemed to wear clothes that were just a tad too small for her, from a visual perspective. Investigating physically, it looked like her clothes were actually tailored perfectly to her curves. Those curves were just that seductive. Her tits had that undeniably natural squishiness to them and I could barely wait to find out how they would look without clothes meddling with my perception. How firm were they? Were they smaller than Esther's or the same size? Either was impressive on her small frame.

Time forced me to move my hand to where it was supposed to go. For a moment, I was blessed with complete envelopment by heat and female softness. I could feel my comparably inelegant fingers force her abundant flesh to reshape around them. If there was any benefit to a bra, it was that they kept boobs pressed against an object between them.

'Maybe bras can be useful as titjob assistances... but then who would rather look at a bra than naked tits getting squished together by hands?' I thought while retrieving the piece of paper. It had, by courtesy of heavy breathing, slid a bit deeper in there and also turned damp with sweat. Animalistic instincts told me to sniff it. Not that I needed to catch Voxxy's fragrance. It was a mixture of honey and machine oil. Unorthodox and pleasant, simultaneously. I unfolded the piece of paper, confirmed it was only the number, and then swiftly registered her in my contacts. "So, what are you going to do now?"

"Find a private corner and masturbate while thinking about you," Voxxy answered with respectable shamelessness.

By this point, it wasn't just her previous assurances that made me certain she didn't do this for just any guy. After all I had done around her the past two to three hours, I had left enough of an impact that I could justify her taking special measures for me. "You should control yourself for a little while," I suggested suavely and put my shirt back on. "What's your next class?"

"Magic Awakening."

I wasn't even aware they had that class, but it did make perfect sense in her circumstances. "Alright, how about you come to room 11 in the alchemy branch during the next break? I have my Cooking Class there and my Queen and I eat whatever I make." I grabbed her by the chin. "You should join."

She gave me the slightest, most dedicated nod possible.

I was late to Cooking Class. Neither the teacher nor my fellow students even noticed. This late in the semester, we were rarely taught anything new. The first few weeks had included the basics of various knife grips, how to sharpen, optimal strategies for various vegetables, and so on. Basics of culinary expertise, to put it shortly. Attached to each of those lessons had been a meal that utilized them.

Eventually, meal making had become the primary focus of the lesson. The teacher's role was that of an overseer, only participating if someone made rudimentary mistakes. Basically, we were left to practice what we had learned.

While I did enjoy cooking a free meal every week, my consideration of taking the Advanced Cooking Class next semester had more to do with what it offered. All skills here were, as stated, rudimentary. The lectures existed so that students got competent in making basic meals for themselves and didn't just subsist on cheap instant-ramen, chocolate, and the occasional 'healthy' treat in the form of a raw vegetable. Also caffeine. Caffeine as pills, caffeine in coffee, caffeine in energy drinks, and caffeine through pills washed down with coffee brewed with energy drinks as a water substitute.

Personally, I had been tempted by that lifestyle and only the fact that I loved women more than videogames had prevented me from sliding into it. I did still have a minor caffeine addiction though.

In any case, I did want to improve my cooking skills. Yes, I fully expected Aclysia to eventually claim the kitchen as her domain. No, that was not reason enough that I shouldn't be capable of preparing tasty treats. If nothing else, I wanted to have the option to be a useful help in the kitchen. To that end, the more advanced classes on various specializations of dish preparation, from deserts to seafood, could be useful.

Today, the food we were tasked with making was a casserole with a simple pudding dessert. Neither were complicated. When one was given two hours of cooking time, however, the care that went into something as simple as a glass form filled with goodies and cheese became exorbitant. Over the course of an hour, I carefully prepared all the vegetables, decided on a layering order, and considered how I would go about the firmness of my dish. A casserole, in my humble opinion, was more enjoyable when the piece of the dish stayed mostly consolidated. Egg was the binding agent of choice.

Much attention went into the dish. A whole lot of attention, more than anyone needed to hear about. While my creation heated in the oven, I spent twenty minutes chatting with the other students in the room. There were a few women here that I was interested in. I feared my efforts to that end were spoiled. In my ever-honest flirtations, I had apparently offended someone who was part of a large friend group that was part of this class. Words must have been exchanged outside my reach. Exclusion was too strong a word to describe the treatment I got. We talked, without any of my flirting attempts being taken seriously or even laughed at. Certain was that I had been assigned a reputation that did not make me an attractive prospect.

That Esther came by every week had not changed that. I even felt that it had hardened their resolve to only deem me worthy of entertaining chit-chat. The assumption was that they saw our

very physical relationship and decided that was too much for them. Disappointing, to say the least. It served as a reminder that, for every Esther, Aclysia, or Voxxy I managed to meet, there were about five to twenty women that gave me the pass within five minutes.

I was charming, at least I thought so, and a bit lucky. Neither of those would have served me without being prolific in my attempts. Few people ever got what they wanted without working hard for it. A harem was no exception to that. All the individual rejections were disheartening. They were also the price I had to pay to get what I ultimately wanted.

With my chatter, I aimed to break down the walls that had been erected. An effort unlikely to pay off, but an effort that had to be made nonetheless. It was better than just staring at my cheese melting.

Eventually, I went back to my cooking station, prepared the pudding, and then the class was effectively over. People shared their casseroles, put what was left in containers they had brought along or tossed it away. By the time Esther entered the room, most of the other students had left.

My Queen strutted straight towards me, ignoring everyone else, and sat down on one of the tables at the back of the room. The several kitchens across the room were only for food preparation, actual eating took place back there. Wordlessly, she stared, her eyes wide, her pupils narrow. All signs that she was, well and truly, hungry.

Proper manners would have been to wait for Voxxy. Putting the goblin between Esther and her food would have been the quickest way to ensure they had a negative first impression of each other. Therefore, as a wise man, I put reality before manners and served the famished lady of my love a first serving of the casserole.

The glass form was placed on a piece of porcelain, separating its hot form from the wood of the table. Careful not to burn myself, I held my creation with the aid of an oven cloth. I cut into the almost smooth surface of molten cheese, quartering my creation perfectly. Sadly, that did not account for much when I had to actually lift one of those quarters out. The egg was not enough to keep it all consolidated and the cheese drew strings. Chaos may have ruined the symmetry of the display, but the sweet and savoury smell maintained the edibility.

I had barely placed her plate in front of her, when Esther dug in. Chuckling, I watched her diminish the casserole. It was like she was inhaling the food. How she maintained grace while doing that was almost as much of a mystery as the question of when she chewed any of that. 'Actually, she chews pretty little,' I observed. 'Wonder if that's a sign of impatience, upbringing, or her species...'

Food was one of the few things Esther was outwardly impatient about. Even if her upbringing was still shrouded in mystery, she had obviously spent much of her formative years in the upper class. Similarly, I did not know her exact species, but I had narrowed it to about a dozen likely contenders. None of which, admittedly, I knew the chewing habits of.

It honestly could have been any of the three.

Esther was mostly through her first serving when Voxxy peeked her head in. I raised my hand to get her attention. Visibly relieved, she quickly came over to us. "Man, the campus is enormous," she complained. Before I could respond, she had already turned her attention to Esther. "Hey, Voxxy Rundscrow, I guess you're Karitas' Queen?"

"Yes. My name is Esther," the lady of my love responded in her tone. In the presence of a stranger, the true sternness of her tone surfaced again. She eyed the shortstack up and down,

like an owl measured a mouse it was trying to swallow whole. "Sit," she ordered, pointing at the chair opposite of herself. "We eat first, then we talk."

"Can't we do both at the same time?" Voxxy asked, mildly confused.

"No."

"Not much of a multi-tasker, ey?" the shortstack asked and did not get a response. After I had sat down at the head of the table, between them, she leaned over to me and whispered, audibly, "She always that fucking grumpy?"

I responded with a joking recommendation, "She gets nicer when you do what she asks." My words were swiftly followed by Voxxy's plate and my own getting loaded with our parts of the casserole. While I was on it, I also put a second serving on Esther's plate. That left us with an eighth of the total size of the meal.

Voxxy, despite her minute size, ate the entirety of her serving. Goblins stored excess energy in the pigment that gave them their green colour, rather than fat. A famished member of her species would gradually turn white with remains of green patches all over. Common goblins, that was. No one knew exactly where goblins came from, only that they were present on a vast number of worlds. They were quite prone to mutations that adapted them more to the local environment, so goblins could come in a vast array of small and large differences.

"You really penetrate topics you are interested in, ey, stud?" Voxxy asked, after she was done questioning me about her own species.

"I do go deep when it comes to such topics, yes," I responded with a smirk. "I am very attentive as well, never stopping before I know I have come to know all about it. Water?" I raised a pitcher.

"Yes, please," Voxxy pushed her empty glass towards me. Esther did the same. I forced myself to eat the rest of the casserole. It was either that or throwing it away.

"You are talkative," Esther commented on the obvious.

"Ya think?" Voxxy asked, mockingly. It was a bit too sharp for a friendly jab. For the moment, I left my Queen to deal with that as she saw fit.

"Yes," she responded with simple honesty. Her hand lay on top of her glass, the index finger repeatedly tapping the rim as she sorted her thoughts. "Frankly, I am not a great communicator," she stated and glanced over in my direction. "I try not to appear rude. Respond in kind... no, sorry. I ask that you respond in kind."

"Eh, sure, I'll try," Voxxy assured flippantly.

Esther scoffed, unhappy with the answer. Non-involvement seemed like a bad strategy, so I lowered my fork and jumped in as mediator. "Do oblige my Lady, please, she really is trying her best," I told Voxxy, "and there's no potential of joining my Anomalia without her approval."

"...That's kinda limp-dicked, not gonna lie," Voxxy responded. "I thought you were the 'hands-on' sort."

Esther suddenly stood up and made her way around the table. She turned Voxxy's chair towards herself and then grabbed the goblin by the chin. "Is this what you respect?" she asked, while staring the shortstack down, much like I had done on the bench earlier. This was considerably more abrupt. The effect was similar though.

Slowly, Voxxy nodded. With only a gesture, Esther made the engineer stand up. The mustering she had given her earlier was repeated with greater intensity. Esther circled Voxxy,

squeezing and grabbing the goblin in whatever ways she wanted. Although there was the element of physical appreciation, I sensed this was more of a hazing.

Esther was definitely growing into her role as my Queen. Experience from the Anomalia Management Class and previous encounters gradually clued her in on how to deal with prospective additions. This was new though. Esther asserting her dominance this blatantly was a deeply intriguing process to follow. If she got a taste for it, I would not mind. Part of the fun of a harem was that my women could live out their kinks with each other. Esther developing a top preference towards other females would fit nicely with her station.

Getting dommed by her was not something I cared for (as an occasional treat it could be interesting). Domming a second woman with her in the future, that was a hot fantasy. Doubly so when Esther then got submissive for me.

“Sit back down,” Esther ordered.

“Alright,” Voxxy responded with an enthusiastic nod. The girl respected willpower, that much was clear by now. They returned to their seats and the conversation carried on in a much more civil tone. “You’re fucking hot.”

By civil I only meant the tone, not the choice of words.

“You meet my Karitas’ standards, candidate Voxxy,” Esther responded. “As for mine, I reserve judgment until a later date. Are you in a rush to join an Anomalia?”

“Honestly, I’m just going with the flow. I arrived here last weekend and I’ve been spending most of my time getting dedicated catch-up classes with the rest of the magically crippled. Pure chance I ran into your big dick King over here.” I waved when I was pointed at. “Well, when he teleported up to me.”

“Well-endowed Karitas tends to involve himself,” Esther responded, crossing her arms under her boobs. Even with both pairs in my field of view, I could not quite decide if Voxxy measured up to her. Clearly, I needed to stack them on top of each other, chest to chest, to make an educated guess. “You failed to answer my question. Are you in a rush to join an Anomalia?”

“Not really. Would you mind if we fucked before I did?”

“Intensely so.”

“Urgh,” Voxxy made her dislike loudly known. “I have to tighten my screws before I get screwed?”

“I demand that it be apparent that you wish to join before you become part of our intimate circle. This is for reasons of personal comfort and general sustaining of good habits.” Esther adjusted her tricorne. “If you wish easy access to sex then-“

“Karitas already riddled me on this, so no, it’s not about just fucking around,” Voxxy interrupted. “Just looks like I’m about as talented as a tortoise when it comes to magic.”

“Turtles are typically among the more magically gifted animals,” I commented.

“I know, I meant that literally.”

“Oh,” I was surprised to such a degree I did not get to chuckle. “Ah, so you don’t think you’ll be able to pull the Anomalia ritual off in the near future?”

“Ye.” Voxxy drummed with both hands on the edge of the table. “Not like I’m really locking in on you already, stud. If first impressions play out nicely, I don’t want to go like six months unfucked because the hot prude here doesn’t let me get stuffed.”

“An arrangement can be struck in such a situation,” Esther assured her and took a sip of water. “To repeat, I need it to be apparent that you truly wish to join. What I will not permit is a casual hook-up. My Karitas will be our Karitas, impatient Voxxy, not the world’s Karitas.”

I washed the rest of the casserole down and let out a relieved, “Aaaaaah,” afterwards. “It is, against my male instincts, agreeable to me that these are the terms struck,” I added to the conversation. “Although I think the occasional bit of fun outside the Anomalia could be on the table?”

“We will contemplate this once the ranks are filled,” Esther stated. “I wish to continue this interview.”

“Oh, it’s an interview now? What do you want to view, hot stuff?” Voxxy winked at my Queen. “You prefer tits or ass?”

“Ass,” Esther responded immediately. “In that binary.”

“I would not dare to proclaim any preference on the glorious female form.” I passed the question back to Voxxy with a raised eyebrow.

“Tits.” The shortstack bounced in her seat. Had she done it a little more intensely, her jiggling breasts would have escaped the confines of her shirt.

“Glad that someone is asking the important questions,” I commented, while following them up and down.

Sadly, that ended when Esther asked her next question. “What are your plans after Welldark?”

Voxxy shrugged. “Got nothing specific for you there. I just wanted to get out of Tezzl. Way too crowded and even as a prodigy engineer, you can’t do much there. I want to see what ridiculous shit I can build with supernatural and enchanted components. So, I guess I would like to have a load of cash as thick as my thighs to build a giant workshop somewhere and tinker all day in the future.”

“Works with my plans,” I said.

“What would those be?”

“Adventurer.”

“Ooohh, sounds interesting!”

“And ill defined,” Esther curbed our enthusiasm. “Although this mutual fluidity may be beneficial.”

“I always love inducing mutual fluidity, hot stuff,” Voxxy flirtatiously said. “What about you, hm? Where do you want to go after we’re done here.”

Esther did not answer, for the same reason she never answered me immediately when I asked something similar. She tried to find something to say, some kind of conclusion, to that question that would satisfy her. Then she said, “I do not know.”

“You do not know?” Voxxy was visibly puzzled, looking between me and my Queen. In her defence, given Esther’s general attitude, her lack of future plans was properly responded to with confusion. “I figured you were the ‘I got it all planned out’ type.”

“I strive to be.”

“I guess we might as well come clean with that early.” I leaned onto the table and spoke a bit quieter. We were alone by now. Still, I lowered my voice. “Esther and I have rather convoluted pasts that we are not quite comfortable discussing yet... not even with each other. While that is

a temporary state, I do guarantee that, at least in my case, things will inevitably get complicated.”

“That sounds fucking rad!” Voxxy declared.

It was at that moment, I knew, I had to have her.

Chapter 6 – Side Questing

‘Life is going well... life is going well!’ I chanted to myself. The mantra repeated forcefully in my mind. I had to keep thinking something to distract myself from the steady, heavy pressure that descended on me like the jackboot of a heavy-handed thug. A steady stream of encouragement to keep myself from think about the eternal stomping on my head.

Admittedly, that was an improvement over how I felt under Taurus’ aura until now. Regardless, my body was slowly giving in. Beads of sweat rolled into my eyes, adding the sting of salt to my various pains. My knees felt like they were about to shatter. My shoulders burned. My feet felt like they should have cracked through the marble floor. Simultaneously, my soles felt they were grinded to dust between my bones and the ground. Yet, they were still there.

I tried to focus on that reality. My weight hadn’t changed. All the heaviness I was feeling, all the pain, it was just an illusion of my senses. There was no need to collapse. There was no actual weight. There was nothing, but the presence of this bull of a man, testing me.

I stood and stood and stood, trying to fight my way back into an upright position. The clenching of my jaw was so intense, I constantly heard the grinding of my teeth. Only when I loosened my jaw a little did I realize I had been holding my breath. I tried to inhale, tried to force my lungs to expand. They refused. Little dots danced in my periphery, multiplying until they narrowed my vision to a tunnel surrounded by white noise.

‘BAMPF!’ the sound registered in my ears before the pain spread. Vaguely, I realized there was something wet against my face. The pressure vanished, I inhaled deeply. An iron taste spread through the back of my throat, as I pulled blood into my lungs. Immediately I coughed and rolled onto my side.

Panting, I rapidly got my body the oxygen it desperately needed. I reached up to my face, touched the wet spot under and around my nose. My fingers were stained with blood. I must have passed out and landed particularly badly, breaking my nose on impact. The Astral Body had fixed the injury, but the spilled blood was not returned to the body. It was replaced, which was its own tax on the resources.

I was about to ask Taurus for a handkerchief, when I realized he was already in the process of getting me something similar. It was a nice, steamed towel, more than I would have asked for. He didn’t just hand it to me either. Instead, he put me into one of his chairs, carried along in his other hand, and began to carefully wipe away the blood for me. “I could do that myself,” I assured him.

“You could.” The headmaster continued. The warm, wet and soft towel cleaned me up swiftly and, I assumed, effectively. Not like I had a mirror to check. “44 seconds.”

'Shit,' I thought, keeping my composure. I had three more attempts after this and still had to improve by 16 seconds. 'We are now entering dicey territory. Should I make the case that I clearly have the potential? No, no, that's the wrong way to go about this. Plus, he already knows. I can do this.'

"You're clean," Taurus stated and pulled the now bloodied towel away.

"Thank you, sir," I responded and got up. I shook out my limbs, to get my muscles to stop protesting. After a couple of seconds, I had mostly recovered. Taurus raised his flagon of whiskey in my general direction. I refused with a shake of my head. Usually I took the offer afterwards, but I had to be somewhere else in a moment. "If I may ask, do you have any recommendations for alchemy ingredient shops?" I figured, since I already had the owner of this pocket world before me, I might as well ask.

"Can you not get what you want from your teacher?" Taurus answered with a question of his own. "That is what alchemy classes are for."

"For what I wish to concoct, the materials are in high demand and I would prefer to start my own laboratory at home."

"I see." Taurus poured himself a glass of whiskey and nipped. Then he grabbed a pen and a piece of paper. It found its way into my hands swiftly, spelling out an address and the words 'powder monkey'. "This code authorizes you to buy alchemical utensils up to danger grade two."

As far as I knew, I would not need that. Better to have it than not, however. I put the folded piece of paper away and then stretched. "Thank you," I hummed, in a good mood. "Guess I will be seeing you again next week."

"I hope so," Taurus nodded with a serious expression.

"I did not think we were so close already." The jesting words hung in the air for several seconds, while Taurus just stared at me, not a single muscle in his face moving. "...Sorry, sir," I added and bowed my head. Respect for the man was natural. He had earned it through hundreds of years of heroism and by creating one of the most renowned institutions for dimensional travellers.

"Truth be told, I do like you, young man," the headmaster stated, before I could start my retreat. "You have simple problem. You are talented and you know that you are talented. Many people stop working hard when they realize that. I see some of that in you. You're not giving it your all. You are making an effort... only when you are to." He took another sip. "Your written test results were average."

"I've always believed in giving everything 80%," I responded, my tone gradually transforming from joking to serious. 'Not a bantering crowd,' I reminded myself. "I just don't believe in exhausting myself over everything. When it's necessary, I can give 120%."

"We will see about that." Taurus circled around his table and sat down in his chair. "I hope you will be here again next week – to continue proving yourself."

"I will be, sir," I assured him. Turning halfway away from me, he brooded over his mostly empty glass. With a wave of his hand, he dismissed me. 'What a person of integrity and character, unrelenting and intense, truly a magnificent and mimicable role model – bit emotionally stunted though,' I thought, while making my way down the usual way.

My next target was the train station over at Welldark City. This was the first weekend of the fourth month, which meant that I had a date with destiny. Well, destiny would have been a

rather boring date compared to what was actually in store for me. In an exceedingly good mood, I entered the train, waited for the drive to be over, and was excited for my destination.

I could spot Esther and Aclysia from a distance. Both of them were rather tall women, which made them stand out in their own right. More importantly, Esther's feather-capped tricorne was a unique marker in every crowd and Aclysia... to put it bluntly, the pale half-elf glowed like a signal flare when she stood under the sun. It made me consider buying shades during this trip. White hair, white skin, white eyebrows, she was gorgeous and she was specifically the kind of gorgeous that was most beautiful indoors.

It was like even the drawbacks of her physique wanted her to be a housemaid.

Aclysia was wearing a long, flowing summer dress of a black colour, with white, diamond-shaped decorations. Her shoulders were bare, her arms exposed. A pair of long gloves would have really pulled together her looks, and diminished the plight of my eyes. Alternatively...

Before I could get to acquiring that or another solution, my attention shifted to Esther. The lady of my love had changed to a short-sleeved t-shirt, which was rare enough on its own. However, this specific t-shirt stood out by being specifically tailored to her measurements. What this meant was that, unlike many articles of clothing bought from the rack, her boobs were perfectly accounted for.

Like a pocket, the chest segment of the top enveloped them and let the true size of her endowment stand out. Rather than a boob tent, the shirt almost looked painted onto her gently sloped breasts. That she wore short yoga pants in addition to that, a surrender to the hot weather, only made her doubly mouth-watering. Her thighs were on display, her ass nicely accentuated, and I was the one who could walk straight-up to that woman, grab her by the butt, and pull her into a greeting kiss.

Last time we saw each other was less than an hour ago. A terribly long time apart and I longed to fill it with the sweet taste of her red lips. She obliged me, putting her arms around my neck and then pushing her chest against me. All of the softness of her tits flattened against me. I had obviously spied it from a distance, but now it was confirmed: my Queen had decided to give me a treat and had left the house without a bra. My most accursed enemy did not accompany us on this day. I had to hold back from copping a feel instantly. Two handfuls of her round bubble butt would have to suffice – for now.

"Ever hungry, my Karitas," Esther eventually pulled back. "Let us not dwell. We have purchases to make and the sun scorches."

My raven-haired lady was right, of course, and I turned to Aclysia to give her the next best thing to a kiss – a deep hug. Just a deep hug could have been an indication that we were just good friends, so I went for a more aggressive approach and gave her massive ass its own bit of attention, starting with coming down on it with spanking intensity. When she only reacted to that with a jump, without any sort of moan or other vocalization of enjoyment accompanying it, I immediately discarded my plan and checked her expression.

Aclysia's light pink lips were pressed together, draining most of the colour from them. I was worried for a moment that the issue lay in my approach. That would have been confusing. Hugging and feeling her up were two things that were baseline to displaying my physical affection for the women I was interested in and I certainly hadn't held back for her. Swiftly, it became clear that her point of annoyance was something else though. Her green eyes were directly focused on something around my collar.

“Why is there blood on you, Karitas?”

The question alerted Esther immediately. The lady of my love stepped up to me and both of them gave me a very detailed look up and down. I was wearing pretty simple clothes, a light grey, buttoned-up shirt and blue jeans. I wanted to look casual and presentable while being out and about with my ladies.

I tried to see what they were talking about, but the issue was somewhere directly underneath my chin and neither of them gave me the space to open a button and tug at my shirt. While I adored how worried and close they were to me, I did not like to actually worry them. “I just broke my nose earlier, nothing bad,” I told them.

That explanation, I realized near instantly, did more harm than good. Aclysia’s expression shifted from annoyed to pissed and Esther’s eyes turned into the sulfuric yellow that I wisely associated with incoming troubles. Her stern expression otherwise maintained its tranquillity. Both the reserved women took a simultaneous, sharp inhale.

“What did my father do?” Aclysia demanded to know. Her voice was like a freshly sharpened knife about to behead the fish she caught for dinner.

Hearing the soft-spoken, maidly woman like that did give me a certain case of ‘I want to stick my dick in that bit of crazy’. I just hadn’t expected that side of her. She looked like she was figuratively about to stab her father over me. Not actually, she did not strike me as that crazy (and I would have been worried if she had been, I had a previous experience with someone that far down in the mental dumps).

In any case, I needed to clear this up. “Nothing, I just fell in a bad way,” I told them. “There is absolutely nothing to worry about. It was all the usual. He even helped me clean up afterwards.”

Esther took a deep breath, her pupils slowly dilating back to regular size. The maidly half-elf seemed less appeased. She did relax, but a bit of anger stuck around. Obviously, her emotional stake in all of this was higher than Esther’s was. The lady of my love’s priority was to have this go smoothly. Aclysia, optimally, wanted this to go without any harm to me. The drop of blood must have made her paranoid that there was more danger to this than she knew.

“Hey, all is fine,” I said, quietly but convincingly, while putting a hand on the right side of her face. “It was just a tiny accident. Absolutely nothing to worry about, alright?”

“...Alright,” she responded in a quiet voice and averted her gaze.

I could tell this wasn’t over for her, but what she said to her father was outside my reach. For my part, I wanted us to turn our thoughts to the pleasantness of this warm day and the vigorous spending of money as we celebrated today. Our budget was quite large, almost as large as Esther’s rack. Which I could no longer resist.

Putting my arms around both of them, I forced us to move away from the train station. My left hand was on the luscious swing of Aclysia’s pear-shaped figure, where I could physically feel both the narrowness of her waist and the fat (in the best sense of the word) roundness of her booty. On the right side, I had my arm around Esther’s upper back, unashamedly cupping her right boob as if I was her bra. Except with a lot more kneading than an inanimate object would provide.

In most places across the universe, this configuration would have come with two issues. One, it was an open and mildly sexual, polygynous display we put on and would have netted us anything between disapproving stares and legal persecution on many worlds. Two, moving as a

wall of three people was, even with both of my dates tightly pressing against me, typically bad when it came to manoeuvring through crowds.

Our particular locale fixed both things. Welldark City was created to house young people that were creating harems. Yes, there were families around here too, but they knew better than to have young children hang out where all of us students were. The border of what was acceptable around these parts lay beyond publicly copping a feel. It did still exist and was somewhere between hyper-skimpy clothes and public sex. While I found that still a bit stringent, I could accept that they didn't want the city to devolve into public orgies and an exhibitionist paradise. That would have attracted a whole different clientele than what Welldark was known for.

From all of that flowed the second point. People were used to flirting becoming more physical around these parts and they were also more used to the large groups that formed naturally when that flirting came to its Anomalia conclusion. In the first place, Welldark City was a pretty sprawling place for the number of inhabitants and the near total lack of cars meant that people weren't limited to the sidewalks.

There was both the space and the local 'walking etiquette' for us to move unhindered.

I aimed us towards the large shopping centre at the main plaza of the city. It wasn't our favourite place to shop. The fact that everything was close together meant that they all charged a premium for the convenience. That, and the quality was that of mass fabrication. Good, still, Welldark had clear quality control, but not measuring up to what could be found in specialized places.

Eventually, Esther raised her voice. She had been gasping and covertly panting for a little while. "I a-ahmm given another good ree-ason to wear a bra."

"That's the absolute worst thing I have ever heard come out of your mouth," I declared and gave my masochistic Queen's nipple a pinch. She inhaled sharply and gave me a glare that reflected a mixture of annoyance and lust that I quite frequently induced in her. Both of us enjoyed that. There were few things better than a horny, bantering lover.

"I appeal to your pride, lustful Karitas. Your hands are too distracting."

"Are you giving me an ultimatum?" I asked.

"Indeed."

I sighed and gave her tits one last squeeze, one after the other, before moving my hand off her sensitive chest and to the same place my hand was on Aclysia. It was not all bad. I got to compare their asses with my hands again. Aclysia had the larger of the two, by a notable but not absurd margin. It was softer, wider, and rounder and all of that were reasons why I preferred Esther's. The lady of my love had the perfect balance between size, muscle to fat ratio, jiggle and firmness. Both of them had asses to die for. Cushions for my head and for the thrusts with which I would drive them into the mattress.

Comparing them with direct physical contact was a privilege and I could not wait until the day, not too far from now, when I would be able to put a side-by-side image to the sensations.

Sad as I was about my boob fondling privileges being rescinded, the glorious bounces of her breasts with every step we took hardened my resolve. I would rather have her not wear a bra and only get the almost full effect of her breasts in motion than I would have her wear a bra and get to knead her tits with the hard fabric in the way.

My eyes wandered over to the left and to Aclysia's petite chest. Small but fantastic, especially in how they gently raised the front of her summer dress. Yes, I did prefer it when I had a lot to work with and it was a shame when the possibility of tit fucks was off the table. All of that said, I did adore the aesthetics of smaller assets.

"Where are we going?" Aclysia asked, her voice returned to that pleasing softness that I was used to.

'I wonder what buttons, exactly, I have to push to see more of that crazy side of hers.' I had seen something under that soft-spoken, diligent exterior that intrigued me and I wanted more of it. Without shattering that exterior, since I did also like her as she was a lot. Simply, I wanted to know all of her. "Sorry, could you repeat that?" I asked. "I was so deeply distracted thinking about you."

Aclysia gave me a tiny smile. "I asked where we were going," she said again.

"A clothing store," I told the white woman. Her shininess was currently subdued, because we were moving in the shadows of several buildings.

"Clothing was not part of our list of necessary items," Esther remarked. Obviously, we had something like that. To be more exact, she had something like that. I usually bought what I had in mind, often on impulse. Which was exactly why she was the head of the household finances. "I have already..."

"...bought replacement bras, yes," I finished the sentence for her and then theatrically sighed. "Can we not talk about the cursed item?"

"What else could you aim to buy?" Esther wondered.

"You will see." I wanted to keep the mystery up for just a little bit. We moved towards the mall and to the clothing store within. Locating the area that had hats was a quick affair.

I picked up a nice sun hat with a large rim and then put it on Aclysia's head before she had a chance to react. As expected, the light blue item looked wonderful on her head and the slight tilt had a decorative element. The real reason why I had picked one that was slanted was so I could still see her face while we walked side by side.

"There," I said and smiled, "Perfect."

Aclysia moved in front of the mirror and inspected herself. The hat went nicely with the dress, even if the colour coordination wasn't perfect. "It does look nice," she agreed, "but why do I ought to have this?"

"To put it in unblemished terms, my adored, maidly half-elf, you are radiant... sadly, in a bad way," I confessed and scratched the back of my head. "It's difficult to look at you when you reflect the sun like a field of freshly fallen snow."

"Oh," Aclysia looked a bit distraught at this news. "Mother did warn me... I should have taken her more seriously... I shall acquire this immediately." The maidly woman strutted towards the nearest cash register.

I did not like that I had made her self-conscious and uncomfortable in the same breath. However, part of being a good partner in a relationship was to make those one loved both self-conscious and uncomfortable. To not do so was to forego any right to complain when issues weren't fixed for days, months, and years.

Swiftly, I followed Aclysia and took the hat off her head. She turned around, but I just wordlessly walked by her and reached the cash register first. I paid for the hat and then handed it over. "A gift," I told her, "not something you have to buy to make me happy."

"I... thank you, Karitas," she said, raising the hat in front of her lips to hide her smile. It was the most adorable gesture I had seen all day, grace and youthful embarrassment in one moment. The words 'I love you' almost poured out of me instinctively.

I would have meant them, because that was how I felt about her. It had been quite some time now since she moved in with us. Between our daily talks, the way she took care of the household, and the way she allowed me to take care of her, I had just about everything from her I could have asked for.

Those three words, however, I kept in my heart until the proper time. I trusted she did the same. We had made all but the formal confession, after all. "Nothing to thank me for, it's my honour," I assured her. Careful to not disrupt her backwards-combed hair, she put the hat back on. Then she circled around me, so she would be on my left side again. The tilted design of the sun-shield worked wonderfully and I could see her smile without difficulty.

Until she grabbed onto my arm and rested her head on my shoulder. There was no hat design in existence that would have let me see any part of her face in that position. Considering I was reimbursed with her fingers locking with mine I was, all around, happy with the situation.

"Now, where did we leave Esther?" I asked, checking our environment. Each time the three of us were on a date, the raven-haired lady got a little better about giving me and Aclysia a bit of time to be amongst ourselves. It was something she had started doing on my request and had recognized as necessary, doubly so after an Anomalia Management Class had outlined that situation. My Queen wasn't a natural at conceding time to other haremettes, but she was making an effort and I loved her for it.

That being said, I had actually lost sight of her.

"Esther?" I shouted as loudly as I dared.

"In the changing rooms, my Karitas!" she responded.

'Could have guessed that,' I chided myself and moved over with Aclysia. We sat down on one of the benches. "What are you trying on?" I asked, intrigued. "I thought we didn't need any more clothing?"

"I was intrigued... and am... trying to get more comfortable," my Queen's voice came from the inside.

"Were the clothes you picked too tight?" Aclysia asked, not having the context that I did.

"No, it's... about a primary reason why I asked for the delay on your joining."

I was mighty proud of Esther that she even said that much. While I was wrestling with Taurus' pressure, she was dealing with her own demons. Personally, I believed I had the easier fight. Yes, sure, it was physically more exhausting, but I had a goal and ways to work towards that goal. Fighting long entrenched insecurity that had only been challenged relatively recently, that was an uphill climb at the best of times.

Whenever she could, Esther had avoided changing in these public areas by keeping her exact measurements at heart and just buying what fit them. Aclysia must have thought that was just a time-saving measure, it certainly fit with the rest of Esther's character. I had made the same mistake, although I had dispensed with it fairly quickly after getting other clues.

Aclysia did not have a proper response. I had to nudge her a bit. "She can't see you right now," I reminded her quietly.

"Oh... Oh!" she responded first to me, then to the initial sentence. "Is it a physical situation?"

"It is."

“May I ask of what kind?” Aclysia asked softly.

“The... disfigurement kind.”

“I understand,” was all the maid had to and could say. She turned to me and whispered, in a worried tone, “You should check on her.”

I considered that for a moment, then nodded. The argument could be made that Esther was trying to be strong about this and that I should give her the space to unfurl further. What had been said was already a mighty leap though. She had been strong enough for a day.

I slipped swiftly inside the cabin and found Esther, dressing herself. She trembled, like only nervous wrecks could tremble. With big eyes, she looked at me. I smiled and embraced her.

After a minute, the trembling stopped.

We only had a few definite goals for this shopping trip. One was to buy, in bulk, foods that had a long shelf life.

To get to Welldark City was a bit of a pain. The train directly from the station by the first-year housing only went there once an hour. Time spent riding was limited to about ten minutes. However, it was typically easier to catch the train that went from the dorms to the campus and from there to the city. That was a fifteen-minute ride, assuming one switched without issue (which was usually the case), and those trains were in a constant back and forth.

In either case, walking to the station, taking the train(s), making it to the grocery store, returning to the station, taking the train(s) back and then walking home with a bag full of groceries was a logistical nightmare. This was exceptionally true for any kind of food that needed freezing or swift refrigerating, in the current season.

Wherever there was an obvious problem in Welldark, there was an obvious solution. On the student side, getting most meals from the cafeteria worked. No need to keep large stockpiles of anything around, particularly the kind of ingredients that needed a fridge, if all three meals in a day were already made elsewhere. An alternative solution was to buy the kind of bag that was lined with isolation.

For our situation ordering bulk deliveries was the best way. There was a service to have stuff dropped off at one's dormitory. One of the smaller perks of having our own mansion was that this drop-off was directly by our estate, while the rest of the first years needed to go downstairs at the daily delivery times and wait in line for their package.

The privileges of success were truly endless.

Welldark's service industry was largely centred around this delivery mechanism. The way it worked was pretty simple. AppDark had a tab that allowed for a 'crate' to be rented and then one could, when purchasing things at the store, decide to put them in that crate. They would then be picked up by someone with a car, put into an actual physical crate, bundled up at a distribution centre, and finally delivered to the destination.

There were a variety of crates, including those appropriate for transporting frozen goods, and so the entire system worked to get the groceries to people that didn't want to leave the house to eat breakfast.

The only drawback of all of that was that the goods arrived with a delay of one or two days. It was a pretty useful service, but it wasn't a miracle. People still needed to do the grabbing, the

sorting, and the delivering. That still beat having to ride to the city whenever we wanted to pick up a new carton of milk though.

Speaking of milk, another benefit of this system was to have crates delivered at a specific time. Because milk had a limited shelf life, buying a month's worth of it would only work out if we bought the heavily processed variety. Instead, we bought all of our milk for the month at one opportunity, but had the packages delivered over the course of four weeks. Because they only picked the cartons up before delivering them, that meant we got what we wanted fresh.

To make a long story short: buying in bulk was the way to go about meal planning in Welldark.

We had a general list of what we wanted. Aclysia was a blessing, because she had a meal plan for the entirety of the next month. The list of necessary ingredients was always prepared. All of that was in her head too. A truly marvellous display of housewife material.

Our second goal was the alchemist shop. That was more of a 'my' goal than either of theirs, but we would need to get a crate for that anyway and we were all out already. That was, according to the paper Taurus had given me, tucked away in a side street, so we kept that for last.

Which brought us to our third goal for the trip.

The outside of the shop gave away what it was by being almost absurdly incognito. The windows were tinted black, the door a solid piece of wood, the building as non-descript as something in the gothic city could be. The name of the business spelled out what was implied by the secretiveness of its design: the Lucky Girl. It was a sex shop.

Esther and I had no need to spice up our sex life. A lack of need was divorced from a lack of want though. There were too many fun things one could do with a submissive that involved ropes and vibrators to own neither. That, and a great deal of other things.

We entered and I felt... a bit disappointed, actually. Past a small entrance area, everything around us was oversexualized to the point of absurdity. The shelves had tits, the floor was a carpet depicting naked women, there were porn posters on display, and everything was just steeped in big busty bimbo energy.

Now, I did not necessarily have anything against highly sexualized places or big busty bimbos. What I did not like about either was the over exaggeration of features. I loved big tits, not balloons, sultry lips, not duck beaks, and I most certainly loved smooth skin more than plastic. All of this focus on pure 'hotness' without the actual beauty of women made me dislike the place, especially after the many hours I spent in Welldark's gracefully erotic Sexuality Branch.

This felt like walking into a cheap brothel after being used to a lady's club. The kind of establishment where the ladies had more make-up than face and the guy at the door looked twice as drunk as the clientele.

I really didn't like it in there. The guy behind the counter didn't look like he would have cared if I had called his shop a run-down warehouse. Dead eyes barely acknowledged our entrance. That was the final straw for me. If this had all been the passion of a fellow sexual enthusiast who merely followed a different school of thought, I could have worked with it. Evidently, we were in a sex shop that existed to make money. I didn't even know why a place like this existed in Welldark, but it did and I didn't want to be there.

"Let's go somewhere else," I whispered to my dates.

Esther nodded, Aclysia seemed slightly surprised but pulled along. Once outside, she asked why we had left and I gave her my reason. "You continue to intrigue, Karitas," she said afterwards. "I didn't take you for one so choosy in where he got his merchandise."

"If there is no other choice, I shall endure. From my heart of hearts, however, I speak when I say that I do not want any part of my sexual experiences to be a soulless, lifeless exchange of goods," I declared. "A sex shop need not be sleazy, there is much to be passionate about, one honest pervert to another."

Esther hummed in agreement. "There is another shop further out, on the way to the alchemy store. We will go there next?" she transformed that into a question with the intonation on the very last syllable.

"Sounds good," I agreed.

Even from the outside, that shop looked more promising. It did have the same tinted windows and solid door, likely a demanded aesthetic to keep the prying eyes of children from spying what they weren't supposed to. The building by and large had decisively more flair though. Three stories tall, it stood proud, like a proper business, with decorations that made it inviting to enter. The name was displayed in bold golden letters: For the Adult Mind.

We entered and the difference was highlighted immediately. There was an entrance area here as well, but it was more spacious and a curtain prevented people from peeping in. More importantly, the air smelled not of fresh plastic, but of rosewater and incense. Music played, of the typical store variety, not the cheesy porn beats.

This felt like a place that wanted to have customers, not transactions. This was validated by the "Hello!" that greeted us when we made it past the curtain. The store clerk was a woman, apparently in her mid-fifties, who was not afraid to address us with a smile. Proudly I smiled back. We exchanged a knowing nod. I had found one of my people. "Let me guess: you're here to buy toys?"

"What gave it away?" I wondered chirpily, while stepping into the first floor of the shop. My feet landed on firm stone. The toys, ropes, and other utensils were respectfully displayed and sorted, and the posters on the walls only depicted the most elegant of erotic poses of pairs in the act of lovemaking. Truly, this was the proper place for an honest man to shop.

Because I had good taste in women, Esther and Aclysia followed me to the counter. The greatest sign of embarrassment between the two of them was a slight bit of red in Aclysia's face. "You want some recommendations?" the clerk, not sure if she was the owner, asked.

"Just the first time we're here, mind explaining the layout?" I asked. The shop occupied the entire building and expanded upwards and sideways. "Although I might have some questions later."

"Sure, it's pretty easy. The first floor is the couple's floor, second is the women's floor and third is the men's floor. Gay sections are at the back of the middle and upper floor. Down here, you can find practically everything you should need though," she looked over to my two dates, "don't think you'll need to buy a flashlight."

I nodded along until that final remark, where I finally shook my head. "Good to know, we'll be looking around then," I said. It felt nice just speaking at a regular volume. The other place felt like we would have had to whisper everything to fit in with the vibe. Sex toys here were treated as a casual commodity, which I much preferred over giving it that sinful, secretive paint job.

“There’s such an interesting selection,” Aclysia hummed, while standing in front of the shelf dedicated to ropes and other utensils for restriction. She pointed at a roll of latex tape. “Would that not hurt?”

“Sometimes that’s the intention,” I whispered to her, only to watch her get little goosebumps in the neck. Desperately, I hoped that was for enticed reasons. “Typically, tape used in BDSM is only self-sticking though.”

“Tape seems economically inefficient,” Esther remarked, holding a nicely tied black rope in her hands. “These are reusable.”

“Tape is usually more friendly to the skin,” I told her. “No rope burns to worry about.”

“The Astral Body makes that a non-issue anyway,” Esther stated. “We are buying this.”

“You know how much I love it that you just declare that?” I asked. There was no doubt which one of us would be restricted with that rope. In her eyes was the clear statement that she was looking forward to that as much as I was. Having both my hands available while hers were impossible to be moved was deeply satisfying. We both knew, because we had used my Artefact to manifest some limited restraints before. Having actual ones was just easier. As I got more familiar with them, I would be able to reproduce them more accurately too. With that in mind, I turned to Aclysia. “Do you see anything that strikes your fancy?”

Aclysia moved around the room, upon my question. Her eyes sometimes lingered on the dildos around, but she did not seem truly intrigued by any of it. We changed rooms, to see if there was something else.

The main room had a broad sweep of everything. Finding the actual BDSM room was a revelation, however. There we found the kind of specialized equipment that partly was too much for me. Nipple clamps, for example, which I usually regarded as inflicting pain beyond what was fun. Obviously, I couldn’t speak for the masochist afflicted with such torment, I just wasn’t enough of a sadist to enjoy seeing that. The aesthetics disagreed with me.

As far as dom tools went, the selection was incredible though. I was instantly drawn to a selection of catalogues on Shibari techniques. I had done my preliminary reading on this, most certainly, but an actual book on the matter would be very helpful, now that I had both a willing woman and the rope to practice with. I brought it to the counter and placed it next to the rope. The clerk was letting us hold things by the counter until we were ready for check-out.

I returned to the BDSM room to both of my dates standing in front of a selection of egg vibrators. “Interested?” I asked.

“Intrigued,” Esther confirmed for me, reading the packaging on one of the vibrators. The reason why these were here and not with the other vibrators in the main or women section was that these came with a remote control. The tag line ‘in Master’s hands’ made the intentioned purpose very clear. “Although I am uncertain if you should be given this authority.”

“Should he not be given the authority especially because he would tease us with it in... socially unacceptable situations?” Aclysia asked.

“Does that excite you?”

Aclysia’s green eyes dashed between me and the package in Esther’s hand. In that sensuous, deliciously restrained tone of hers, she confessed, “If that is ‘in Master’s hands’, yes.”

I really had to try not to stumble over my own dick after hearing that sentence. “That’s what I love to hear,” I said and grabbed two of the vibrators. Esther took one from me and put it back.

“We have budget restrictions,” she reminded me. “Unless you forgo the alchemy equipment, carefully pick what you wish to afford.”

I sighed but did not put up any resistance. She was right and the alchemy equipment would ultimately be of higher value. Putting an arm around Aclysia, I moved her towards a wall with various gags and masks proudly displayed on top of mannequin faces. There were even little graphs on the expected strain to the jaw. “If you had to pick one of these, which one would it be?” I asked her.

Ball gags were the most common, closely followed by ring gags and finally bite leathers. There was much more beyond that, in small quantities. Aclysia scanned the selection and eventually pointed, with a hint of shyness, to one of the ring gags. It was a simple one, just a metal ring with leather straps keeping it in place. I put a hand on the back of her neck, grabbing her possessively and dragged her close towards it.

It was the first time I was handling her in this variety of a rough fashion, but I already knew she was going to like it. The maidly virgin made it very obvious what she wanted her sex life to be like. The little gasps she let out while I manhandled her confirmed my hopes.

“Why that one?” I asked in the slightly deeper tone I used when domming. My mouth was right next to her ear, her face as close to the chosen gag as we could be while retaining store etiquette.

“I don’t want to block my mouth from... being of use,” she answered.

“Good girl.”

It was fascinating that there were certain words that everyone of a certain persuasion just reacted the same to. This was the most basic and simultaneously heartfelt compliment a dom could give a submissive and, no matter how often it was repeated, it always had the same effect. Aclysia’s smile left the diligent territory and bordered on lecherous, while her eyes reflected a sudden rush of serotonin through her entire brain.

It could be that easy, if the right person said it.

Had I had a mirror around whenever someone called me ‘Master’, I doubtlessly could have followed a similar reaction in myself.

Because I wanted to and because Esther was intrigued by them as well, we bought one of those ring gags. That brought us closer and closer to the edge of our budget. Sex toys weren’t cheap and we didn’t need to buy an entire library’s worth of BDSM articles when we were only beginning to dabble in the exercise. Rope, a gag, and a remote-control vibrator, that was already plenty to start with.

However, there was one more article that I wanted, for reasons related but not restricted to BDSM. It was also an article that I had no personal experience with. I didn’t have any direct experience with vibrators either, but I had used them on women before and there was not much to guess about how to use them. Same could not entirely be said for what I was about to ask for.

“Can I get a recommendation?” I asked the clerk.

“For the money you are going to make me?” she looked off to the small pile of articles we had gathered. “I’m joking, you can ask me whatever whenever.”

“So, we would like to try anal at some point,” I confessed, gesturing to Esther.

“He is insistent,” she corrected my statement instantly. “I obey because my Karitas usually has good ideas.”

The store lady looked at the pile. "Oh, is that what the dynamic is here? Classic," she purred, her smile spreading. "Well, if you're looking for something to... ease into it, as they say, we have... follow me," she circled around the counter and led the way to an area in the tugged away rooms of the first floor. It was the anal section, which I had seen from a distance but I would have only looked at the display with no idea what was a proper starting size. Which was entirely why I had asked. "So, we specifically have this starting box."

She pulled and presented us with the kind of packaging toys of all ages came wrapped in. A plastic window revealed a row of four progressively larger steel butt plugs. The thinnest was little more than a finger while the widest was about three-quarters of my dick at the base. In typical butt plug fashion, they had an onion-esque shape past that base, letting the sphincter mostly close behind the majority of the size. A circular attachment to the end then made certain the entire thing couldn't slip fully in.

"These are all pretty small and let you prepare yourself gradually for anal sex," she explained, with the same passion an artist would use to describe the benefits of different kinds of paint. "Lots of girls I recommended these to were happy with them as a starting kit – and some of them just stuck with them forever because they did everything they wanted to. We do have glass and silicone versions as well, but steel is typically best for butt plugs. Silicone requires extra lube and glass is... well, its glass. Steel gets to body temperature quickly and has a nice bit of weight to it. Alternatively, there's some small dildos you could use. Usually, it is recommended you try some fingers just to test if you got any interest in the stuff. Not everyone enjoys anal."

"We have tested interest," Esther stated. It had been, as she just described, just me putting a finger in here and there. Had the lady of my love gotten an adverse reaction to that, I would not have cared to try. "How would you recommend using these?" Esther asked, after taking and inspecting the package.

"That depends on how kinky you want to be about it," the woman said with a wink. "Generally speaking, just inserting them when you're about to go to sexy times will do. The butt plugs are less about conditioning your body, your backdoor will do fine unless you are dealing with a real monster cock, and more about getting used to the sensations. You need to be relaxed. Nothing worse for anal than a clenched sphincter. You can also wear them throughout the day. As long as you stay with the small sizes, there shouldn't be any issues in your everyday life. If you get easily excited by anal, it might be recommended to only wear them at home though. Whatever you do, you just scale up as you're comfortable. You should definitely aim for the largest of these four and wear it for a bit before your first experience. Also, make sure there's plenty of lube."

"Is it... hygienic to use them with several people?" Aclysia chimed in. I hadn't talked with her about anal yet. That she was curious was pleasing, although I wondered how much of that curiosity was due to an honest interest in her backdoor and how much from a general want to be of service. "Or would you recommend a second set?"

"These are stainless steel; you can scrub them clean and disinfect them no problem. Could probably throw them into the dishwasher, if you wanted to."

I was a bit weirded out by the idea, although I wasn't exactly sure why. Okay, I knew exactly why, I didn't want something that was in someone's butt to be in the same washing utensil that

cleaned what I ate with, but after two hours of treatment with steaming hot water and soap, how many traces of that would really be around?

I was too uncomfortable with the idea to run the experiment. Purely logically speaking, however, she was right that one could almost certainly throw them into the dishwasher. It was about as unorthodox, yet realistically possible, as keeping cockroaches as pets. It disagreed with my sensibilities and that was about the only reason not to do it. Typically, that was a good enough reason.

While all of that went through my head, the explanation continued. "Obviously you shouldn't just pass them back and forth," she explained, "and, on the risk of kink-shaming, I don't recommend licking them either after they were in use. Magic helps in getting rid of a bunch of nasty bugs, but you still have them until the diagnosis, so keeping it as clean as possible is recommended. Provided you clean them between uses, sharing the same set should not be an issue though."

"Noted," Esther hummed and turned the box in her hand a little while longer. Finally, she nodded. "We will take this set. The recommendation is appreciated."

"A pleasure to help," she hummed. "Anything else you may want an opinion on?"

We looked at each other and considered. Basic bondage, basic vibrators, basic anal... I tried to think of something else we could need at the present time, but came up short. There was one item Esther and I had briefly considered - that being a strap-on - but had discarded that for two reasons. Number one, there was no reason to own a strap-on until there was a second woman in my harem (it sure as figurative hell would not be used on me). That was the financial reason. Number two was that I didn't really enjoy the idea of even a fake dick in the bedroom. Having the monopoly on deep penetration was a concept I rather enjoyed and the aesthetics of girls fingering and licking each other pleased me more than them fucking each other.

We'd see how hard my stance on that remained over the months and years, as the harem expanded and my 'phallus monopoly' was challenged by rising demand. Then again, if I curated who I chased carefully, they'd be all too happy to wait until it was their turn. I very much did want my harem to be overwhelmingly filled with submissives. Maybe just a few switches so they could play with each other when I wasn't around.

In any case, for today we had everything we wanted. "No, that will be all. Much like the caterpillar first enters the chrysalis, we shall enter a state of learning with what we have right now."

The clerk lady raised an eyebrow, but did not comment. I filed her under the ever-growing category of 'unappreciative of splendid rhetoric and elaborate metaphors'. The rest of our business happened swiftly. Between three bundles of BDSM rope, a ring gag, a remote-control vibrator, and a butt plug starter set, we were 273 Darks poorer. That was about half a month's worth of meals and an expense we had saved towards with all of the bonus money we kept on getting.

Each of us (Aclysia's finances were effectively joined with ours already) received a 750 Darks allowance each month. On a regular day, about 15 Darks were expended on food. Cooking for three people was more efficient, so we spent about 40 Darks a day on food expenses. A month was 30 days, so that was about 1200 Darks out of our total allowance of 2250 Darks a month. Our side jobs earned us another 1000 Darks per month, for a total of 3250. Then there were the additional, regular household expenses, like detergent, soap, the

delivery crates, entertainment subscriptions, new bras, and so on. In aggregate, our reliable monthly expenses ran about 1800 Dark. That left 1450 as disposable income.

A pretty good sum and a perfect example why pooling resources was so much better. Had we kept separate, we would have paid more for food and each of us would have needed to consider buying certain items, like my laptop, separately. Together, we had money to spare for these larger expenses.

The beauty was that Esther, Aclysia, and I were all what could be firmly described as 'geniuses'. I didn't mean that in the way of absurdly inflated IQs, but in all the other ways that mattered. It was abnormal for people to have their Artefact awakened before attending a cosmic university, just as it was abnormal to figure out the Anomalia bond in the first lesson. Our talents in this and other fields regularly netted us the bonus pay of gracious teachers eager to reward excellence.

Which meant we had more and more money to spare. Not that we lacked ideas on what to spend it on.

"Crate or handbag?" Esther asked, while readying for check-out.

"We're going to do a lot more walking, so crate is easier," I stated my opinion.

"I agree with Karitas," Aclysia stated.

Esther hesitated for a little bit. I could see the calculation inside that pretty head of hers, considering whether it was better to spend the money for an extra crate or just spend some time slightly uncomfortable. In the end, she surrendered to our opinions and pressed the button. The cash register scanned in the screen of the Ashod, the transaction took place, and money had exchanged hands.

"I'll see you again," the clerk lady cheerily sent us off.

As much as I enjoyed buying sex toys, the real highlight of this entire trip was always going to be our stint into the alchemy shop. That was, not least of all, because my reason for this sudden and clear interest in getting the laboratory going right now was as sexual in nature as buying the toys.

About a month back, my efforts to try and make an Ephrogea Pill were discontinued. That pill, which would have had the capacity to boost my cum production considerably and make it taste sweet to boot, was simply too advanced a project and the materials too rare for the school to continue providing me with them. Since then, I had changed to a humbler project, something within my reach: aphrodisiac massage oil.

The good news was that I had already succeeded in making a batch. The bad news was that I had only done so by recipe. Since the lesson on the Gestalt Effect had taught me that I had a libido-tinted creation process (something that came as a surprise to nobody) I wanted to learn how to create the aphrodisiac massage oil by feeling. To do so would heighten the effect of my psyche on the product and, for an aphrodisiac, boost its effectiveness.

Since I had succeeded with a recipe, I was certain I could succeed in freeform too. Alchemy was one half science and one half esoteric art. What I needed was the additional opportunity to practice. Getting Esther on my side when it came to putting together a workshop in one of the

empty rooms of the mansion had been easy. Self-sufficiency was something she craved, after all.

“You have the list prepared?” Esther asked, when the shop came into view.

“Of course, of course,” I assured her, while squeezing her and Aclysia’s butts. The restriction the lady of my purse had put on me was that I needed to have every last item I needed picked out in advance. There was no snooping around the alchemy shop for whatever I wanted. We would go in there, place the order, and let it be delivered before I was tempted to buy the type of condenser I would only need two years from now.

Which I understood, in part, but wasn’t Esther being a bit too strict here? Maybe I was going to make leaps and bounds. Within three months, I could have been at the border of the Ephrogaia Pill or, even better, the Tultin Compound. That alchemical masterpiece induced in the body a transmutation that permanently altered the sweat glands to spread pheromones at will. That sounded a lot lewder than it was, since those pheromones could not force any kind of horniness. The primary benefit was that I could let subconsciously noticed fragrances reflect my mood, which made communication a lot easier, inside and outside the Anomalia. It also assured I would smell pleasantly at all times.

I was about to bring all of this up with Esther, when I found her hard eyes already staring in reprimand. “You know me too well, my Queen,” I conceded, before a single word of discussion was exchanged.

“Karitas,” Aclysia chimed in, “may I suggest you continue your attempt to rein in your spending habits? Relying on Esther as a crutch will not serve you.”

“...I’m proud of you for following all of that non-verbal communication,” I told her.

“I have been studying you two,” Aclysia responded, a cute little smile playing around her pink lips. “I aim to please, my King and Queen to be.”

“You are exceptional at it,” Esther said what I wanted to, using much fewer words. I just nodded in agreement.

The shop we were heading towards was in a whole different ballpark than the two sex toy stores. One of those had been cold merchandise, the other hobby shop. This - this was a warehouse. Not an actual warehouse, just a shop the size and feel of a warehouse, like Labyrinth in Hell or Ikea on Earth. It occupied an inner-city block and had a pretty clear name: Alchemy General.

I would have gone there regardless of Taurus’ recommendations. Unless one needed custom pieces, this was the place to be. The code I had been given would doubtlessly be handy though. We entered through the main gate and found ourselves in the kind of hall someone would expect plants and building materials to be lined up in. That was, in part, because there were plants and building materials lined up there.

Alchemy came with a whole host of side tasks. Herbalism, primarily, and the gardening that was attached to that. Other crafts like animal husbandry, hunting, breeding, engineering, and a whole lot of other things could all be tangled up in the requisites for alchemy as well. It was no wonder that a general store would therefore offer what could be needed for all of that.

I glanced at Esther and again she stared at me. This time, I did not heed the silent warning. “I mean, maybe starting to raise my own-“

“No.”

“Just a few...”

“No.”

“You won’t even let me fini-“

“No, wasteful Karitas,” she interrupted me for the last time. “No. No. No. A thousand times no. You will acquire what you need for the goal you have and nothing more.”

I grumbled but surrendered. Happy wife, happy life, as they said and Esther was my wife with another title. That was what an Anomalia was, for all intents and purposes. Had I married quick and young? Yes. Had I thought a lot about it? I think that was self-evident.

With my surrender, I defaulted back to the original plan. Quickly, we located an unoccupied worker. Unlike shops like this on regular worlds, this warehouse of a business was pretty scarcely visited. Its size was outsized for the actual demand for alchemical utensils, no doubt. Welldark’s economy was, in large part, an illusion.

“I’d like to buy everything on this list,” I told them, presenting them with what I had compiled in terms of utensils and ingredients I expected to need for my endeavour.

“Some of that isn’t being sold to first years without qualification...” the man said apologetically.

“I have this right here,” I said and handed over the piece of paper Taurus had given me. The man blinked a couple of times. Then he spoke up again.

“If you would follow me to one of our terminals,” he requested, and led the way, both pieces of paper in hand. We stopped in front of the counter, he bowed over the computer behind it. “...alright, who is your reference?” the worker asked, while tapping about on the screen.

“Taurus, why?” I wondered.

I did not receive an answer immediately. The mention of the headmaster caused the man to look up in surprise. Once he realized that Aclysia, in all of her resemblance to Derilea, was accompanying me, the question if I was serious must have answered itself. “Access to higher security levels is granted on a code word and reference system. If it was just the code word, someone could steal it, so we have to send a confirmation request to the person who handed it out.”

“Ahh, that does make sense,” I nodded along. I hadn’t really thought about it until now, but it would indeed be pretty disastrous for the system if it was only on a code word basis. I still would not share it with anyone else, because that would have meant that Taurus got swamped with notifications. I did not want to be the indirect cause of any annoyance on the headmaster’s part. “So, I can’t buy these things today?”

“You can, but they will only be delivered after he has confirmed it is real... which he just did... not that it matters, the size of your order means it has to be delivered by crate. That would be 694 Darks.”

That was about what we had estimated and took a hefty bite out of our savings. Not enough to really worry us though, we would just have to cut back on other luxuries for this month. Esther made the payment. She looked like she had torn out a tooth. “I dislike such massive spending,” she stated.

“As do I, lady Esther,” Aclysia stated. “It will be the basis of future money retained.”

‘Considering the amount of massage oil I use up already with one woman, those things will probably pay off within a month,’ I thought.

The crates arrived on Tuesday. "Hello, Josh," I greeted the driver in charge of getting things out to us. "Sorry for the hassle."

"Eh, no biggie," the middle aged, chubby man responded and adjusted his trucker hat. He was the spitting image of a delivery driver, from the hat to the stature and the stubby beard. What was different from usual was his thoroughly friendly attitude. This was probably because, unlike delivery drivers on other worlds, this man did not have a work schedule that bordered on a torture scheme. From what I had heard, he had a pretty regular eight-hour shift and a bunch of extra hands to help him.

Being part of the crate delivery service was, apparently, a popular job with the students, particularly the male side. The reason why, I had needed about half an hour to crack, but then it had been obvious. It was, in all of Welldark, the only occupation where one reliably got to drive a car. A lot of guys enjoyed driving, particularly on otherwise empty roads, at high speeds. I wasn't one of them, but I could understand the general impulse.

"Alright, have a delivery from a sex shop and the alchemy store for you, alongside the weekly groceries," he read out, dispassionately. If he, after years of delivering things to nubile students, had been shocked about seeing sex toys on his delivery list, I would have been highly surprised. "You fine if I just leave the crates here and leave you to it? I'll come by again tomorrow anyway."

"Sure, we'll leave them outside the gate after we're done with them," I agreed.

"...Right, I also have some books for your housemates."

"Just drop them off too," I stated and Josh nodded. He climbed into the back of his delivery truck and eventually pushed a cage trolley onto the part of the truck that could be raised and lowered. Two minutes later, I pushed that very same trolley up to our front door, while Josh went and finished the rest of his run.

There were a total of five crates, all of them made from hardwood, all of them neatly stacked in a way only things designed to be stacked could be. Only the upper ones had lids, everything below was sealed by the bottoms of the crates above. A marvel of simple design. I loved everything about that simple yet most efficient use of space.

I brought three of the crates inside, after checking their contents. Willt had ordered a giant pile of books, most of them further learning on demonology, summoning, alchemy, herbalism, and all the other fields of study one would expect a warlock to dabble in. My friend was quite the typical representation of his occupation (or occupation to be, rather). That was part of what made him so interesting though. People that perfectly mapped onto stereotypes were actually rather rare and even he had more going on beyond that.

His crate, I just left in the living room where either he or Arlethia would see it when they came back. Had this been a few weeks back, I would have also left a note telling them to leave it outside when they were done with it, but we all knew how this worked by now.

Crate number two was filled with this week's groceries. I left that on the table, for Esther and Aclysia to sort through. The two had entered the living room while I had been outside, taking the delivery.

Crate number three had the sex toys, which I took along to store in my bedroom. A proper BDSM playroom down the line was a possibility we were considering, but what we had did not warrant claiming a whole part of the mansion for it yet. Yet being the operative word, if I had

anything to say about it. To my boundless joy, I was the master of household when it came to this aspect of our living.

Much as I was giddy to get a first use for the toys, the time of day and the last two crates did manage to pull me away from them. Esther and Aclysia followed me, the storing of the groceries having occurred as swiftly as two well-sorted order-enthusiasts could make it. Everything had a pre-ordained place in our kitchen.

“Let’s hope everything is in there,” I said, checking the insides of the crates. Both were filled to the rim with the utensils I had ordered. It was too much to scan through at just a glance and so we brought it all inside. We used one of the mansion’s side doors for this.

I had chosen a room at the back, reasonably far away from everything else, and had been modifying it gradually to make it more fitting for what I wanted to do there. To start with, the mansion did have some rooms that lent themselves optimally to being modelled into a workstation. The one I had picked was on the left outside corner of the L-shaped building, on the opposite end of the octagonal tower where we often ate our breakfast.

The room had two large windows and a reinforced pillar in the corner between them. All of that was important, because it gave explosions an easy route to spread outside. Plans to create explosions, I had none, but safety precautions rarely existed because of planned incidents.

Further, this particular place was most attractive because it had a number of vents that laboratory equipment could be attached to and a massive table that could serve as a workbench – or as a particularly large office desk. The space was perfect for what I wanted, but it was so barebones that it could have been turned into a series of other things. That being said I had, with my own money, brought in a secondary desk and some other crafting related furniture already.

“Okay, so, put all the glass on that table...” I pointed to the secondary one. “...all the clamps and connection pieces on the floor...” I gestured at the flat stone ground. “...and all the ingredients on that table.” Finally, I pointed at the original one. “Leave the tools in the crates for now.”

We started unpacking immediately. The glass was easy to pick out from the rest, but the difference between connection pieces, ingredients and tools was not quite as clear to my alchemically unlearned dates. “Where does this go?” Esther wanted to know, holding up a green, squishy ball of a moss-like material.

“Connection piece,” I responded patiently, having answered similar questions repeatedly for the past twenty minutes. This wasn’t their area of expertise and I was just happy to have the extra hands. That was, until the preliminary sorting was done and the actual using began. “You sit over there,” I shooed them off into the corner, where they wouldn’t be in the way.

Halfway through planning my set-up for this catalysation, I was reminded how lucky I was that I had the nerves of a brazen seagull. A lot of people got stage fright, particularly when doing something in front of people for the very first time. I just lacked that bit of ‘reasonability’, having Esther and Aclysia watch made no difference to me.

On the contrary, I was grateful for the opportunity to have the silence filled with their words. “Feel free to ask me anything,” I told them, while tightening several clamps around the edge of the table. Each of them had a metal rod that expanded vertically. That was going to be the skeleton of my set-up. The rods would be used to hold the various glass bits at whatever levels of elevation I needed them at.

That being said, the aphrodisiac massage oil was not an experiment that required that much in terms of boiling, catalysing, reduction, and condensation. It was a primarily tool-using creation process, which was why it was so beginner friendly.

“Remind me, my Karitas, alchemy works off esotericism, correct?”

“It’s largely influenced by esoteric meaning and symbolism, yes,” I softly corrected her in my agreement. “There are still scientifically trackable processes in there. It’s a mixture of both.” I scanned through my glass pieces. I started at the end and placed a flask where I would want the finished oil to emerge. Then I switched to where it should start.

“If symbolism is of import,” Aclysia spoke up, “I would like to inquire what you considered when creating the outline of this personalized set-up in your head?”

“Good question,” I told her, since it was one I had sort-of hoped for. I attached the various glass utensils to the three rods I had prepared, while I answered. “If this were pure chemistry, there would be a correct way to make this set-up, but I was wondering ‘what do I want from this oil and how could a bunch of glass represent that?’ The answer, my dearest ladies, was clear and quickly found, for it is what I desire at most times – at all times if I... long rambling short,” I interrupted myself after Esther warningly cleared her throat, “the way I’m setting this up, the ingredients will go through a gradual rise and then a rapid fall. It symbolises an orgasm. At least, to me, that is, which is the primary thing that matters here.”

“I understand the thought process,” Esther hummed, while I stepped back.

There were only five pieces involved. It started at the level of the table with a large flask that had one opening to pour things in and one opening that then connected with a slanted tube. Between it and a second of its kind was a glass ball with a dense spiral filling out most of it. The fifth and final piece was half of an upside-down U. The inside of the tube was wavey, the end pointed right at the opening of the flask I had placed earlier.

All of that was in place, but I wasn’t done yet either. I was eager to explain and Aclysia did me the favour to give me the excuse. “What are you doing now?”

“The glass is all in place, but I still need to prepare some things. First off, there needs to be a cooling agent. Just some cold water will do.” I went over to a hose I had screwed onto the water vent and filled a common drinking glass with it. That then was poured into the glass ball with the spiral.

“You want condensation halfway up?” Esther asked, confused.

“That’s what the Attraction Sponge is for,” I explained, tapping the mossy ball that Esther had asked about earlier. It was stuck between the second upwards slanted and the half-U piece. “As long as a brew is in a state of longing, it will ignore gravity and move towards the sponge.”

“...I do understand, conceptually,” Esther stated. “In detail, how a mixture of compounds can have a mood is confusing to me each time you mention it.”

“You aren’t cut out for alchemy then,” I told her, not for the first time. “Luckily, you have me.”

“My luck will be demonstrated by your success.”

I hummed my agreement, while wrapping the final piece of the contraption with reusable cloth. When the oil was finishing up, I needed it to be infused with symbolic privacy. With that finished, I got to mixing the actual ingredients together.

First, I needed some Alchymiet. The base compound made everything way easier, even if it wasn’t strictly necessary, and I had brought a twenty-litre container of it from the university to

my home a week ago. The fluid was harmless on its own, so all one really needed to take some of it outside the laboratories on campus was a container.

I poured exactly 500 mL of it into a chemical container. The measurement was important, as the amount of Alchymiet I used would dictate how much oil I had in the end. Half a litre of aphrodisiac oil would cover us for a while, especially since I wouldn't use it on every massage opportunity. This was a special occasion type of thing.

What and how much stuff I added to the Alchymiet wouldn't matter for the amount of produce in this particular refinement. At the best of times, alchemy's relation to the law of conservation of mass was shaky.

I separated my 500 mL of Alchymiet into five batches. That, I did by feeling. With the initial measurements done, we were now out of the realm of science and completely into the realm of art. Three batches I kept in bowls, one in a mortar and one in the original container.

The one in the mortar was the smallest by a large margin, not least of all because it didn't fit a lot. I grabbed the first of the proper ingredients, flower petals from a variety of dusk flowers, and crushed them into the Alchymiet, creating a deep purple paste. I sprinkled it with pixie dust, and it all turned into a warm yellow, without any further actions. A capricious, lustful mixture, that I put to the side to calm down.

I grabbed the batch in the original container second and just swirled it around for a while. Nothing happened with the stable base compound, I just prepared it, esoterically, to take back what had been poured out of it.

I moved onto the bowls. For the first, I grabbed a large leaf from the Leyndell Tree, one that was famous for the oil that could be won from its bark. I would use the reputation of that tree to convince my brew to take in the wanted viscosity. With my hands, I ripped the leaf apart and sprinkled it into the bowl. Then I poured all of that into the original container.

"POP!" a loud noise echoed through the room, when the Alchymiet that I had prepared to receive some part of itself reacted enthusiastically. I stirred it some more and watched as the leaves dissolved, tinting the clear fluid light green.

The second and third bowl both received the same ingredient: a batch of jelly slime, which I hand-kneaded for a while before separating it into two equal halves. One bowl was then poured back into the original container as well. Now there was both oil and massage in the symbolic make-up of the fluid. What I needed now was to prepare the rest of it for the process it needed to go through and the aphrodisiac it needed to be.

To make something an aphrodisiac, the final brew needed to be lustful, obviously, as well as enticing, encouraging, stimulating and mildly forceful. The crushed dusk flowers did a good start for the lustful bit, but I needed a bit more. I took a bottle of crushed sandalwood and mixed it in the now large batch, then added cinnamon and a drop of tabasco. Into a hollow hand, I poured a few coffee beans and whispered to them sweet nothings. When I added them in, the entire brew expanded in volume. To curb its excitement, I first added the second slime-infused batch.

Then I had to wait for a little while. To add the flower pulp now would have been disastrous for what I was going for. I needed to wait until both the excited main batch and the capriciousness of the flower pulp had calmed down. Too much enthusiasm on the brew's part and I would come out with libido-boosting bombs instead of oil.

When the flower pulp had turned back purple, I deemed it ready. I tossed it back into the main container. While it was absorbed into the entire liquid, I prepared the flask at the start of

the procedure. I threw a sandstone in there, along with some scraps of parchment and a piece of metal I had left laying in the sun. Together, they would give the brew a need to wander and the blank parchment, specifically, would leave it longing for its purpose.

“Alright, final step,” I announced. All of that had taken me about twenty minutes. Now, in front of my captivated audience, I poured the mixture into the secondary opening of the flask at the start of my glass contraption. Once everything was in, I closed it off with a glass lid and watched the brew inside.

The wanderlust soon took hold of my alchemical preparations. Without boiling, the entire brew turned into a pinkish red mist, which flowed up the first tube. The moment of truth was when it hit the spiralling glass sphere. There, the brew’s mood was cooled and the gas liquified. For a moment, I was disappointed, seeing some reflux happening. Then, I noticed that the liquid turned around before going more than a quarter back down the way it came. It seemed it had just had some doubts, but was ultimately clear in its purpose.

Now truly pink, the brew climbed all the way to the Attraction Sponge and then dropped down the final segment. What happened behind the wrapped cloth was a mystery, as it should be. Fact was that a translucent oil fell down into the flask I had placed there. Of the pink, only a slight tint remained.

“Success,” I declared and stepped away, to let the rest of the procedure play out as it should.

Aclysia applauded me, “A splendid display of alchemy.”

“Thank you, thank you,” I said with a bow. “It was an honour servicing you tonight.”

“On the matter of tonight,” Esther spoke up. “I believe I am to get a massage, still?”

“Of course, only the greatest of attention for my lady’s back,” I agreed swiftly.

Aclysia, knowing where this was going, excused herself. “I will tend to the laundry. I will see you two in the morning, my King, my Queen,” she said, a slight smile playing around her lips.

She knew she would be a part of this in a few weeks.

Chapter 7 – A proper massage [Erotic Content]

Esther and I entered the largest of the three bathrooms on the base floor. It was where we stored the massage table that we had acquired last month. It was a foldable construction of grey-painted steel and reddish-brown leather. The colours worked nicely with the gothic style of the bathroom. The floor was one continuous, smooth stone surface of light grey, the furniture was red-trimmed black. Only the porcelain of the toilet, sink, and bathtub were white. Everything about this had that typical Weildedark aesthetic.

The door was locked, the room had no windows, and so Esther was as comfortable revealing herself as she ever could be. The casual clothes she wore around the house in this climate were few. The yoga pants were the first to go, a wiggling process that she deliberately underwent with her back turned towards me. When tight legwear was pulled over a juicy ass, it truly was a motion of pure beauty. The waistband continuously pressed into the flesh, creating a notable depression. Even as the cloth wrinkled, the thickness of her thighs kept it taut around them. Only past the knees, did it slacken enough that it finally fell without further issues.

The panties were pulled down swiftly, revealing her pretty pink pussy and tight asshole. There was not a hair anywhere on her body. All of her was smooth. She wiggled her butt, bending her legs in that enticing fashion, while she pushed her panties to her ankles and then stepped out of them.

One last article of clothing was left. Straightening up, turning towards me, she grabbed the lower edge of her shirt. With a small smile playing around her lips, the lady of my love teasingly pulled it up. She stopped when she hit the underboob of her clearly braless chest. Just for me, she jiggled them with the rolled up fabric. Their incredible size rippled with each little motion. It took barely anything to make them bounce and the deliberate efforts were downright mouth-watering.

Torturously slowly, she resumed the pull upwards. Bit for bit, the naked softness of her tits became visible. The edge of the shirt made it up and up, the immensity of her breasts was pushed up and up, until the proverbial dam broke and they bounced to freedom. Rippling from their own weight, the boobs dropped and jiggled, distracting me from what I was doing with my hands.

While I had observed my Esther disrobing, I had not just gawked like the lovestruck pervert that I was, I had also unfolded the massage table. All that remained to do now was to push the head piece into the slots at one end. It was a ring of leather with an empty centre, letting one lie on their chest without having to awkwardly find the best way to angle their head.

I carried the massage table to a place close to the sink. The primary reason for that was the nearby stand, on which we had several bottles of massage oil. We had standard, herbal infused, scented, and now aphrodisiac oil. The knowledge I had gained making the last of those four would let me create the other three as well, by filtering out the enchanted properties.

Before we went to the main course, Esther's hands found their way under my shirt and glided over my abs. The caress was short-lived, as she yearned to see me stripped more than she wanted to feel me up. Quickly, my shirt sailed to the ground. Esther unbuckled the front of

my pants. She only kept the following removal of my clothes slow because any rapid movements may have painfully pulled at my prominent erection.

Truthfully, getting me naked wasn't necessary for what happened next. We had just found that my trousers needed more thorough washing if I kept them on during these massage sessions. "Alright, no more waiting," I declared, after Esther took a moment to gather and orderly fold my clothes. "Get on the table, my hands cannot be without contact with your nubile form any longer."

"I will oblige." Esther, giving my erection a playful brush in passing, climbed on the massage table. Customarily, she turned onto her chest. Her upper torso was lifted notably by the twin mounds, now squished on the leather. Such was their immensity, that I could see a notable amount of them even while standing at the footrest, spilling left and right past her torso.

The temptation to forego the massage and pump a few loads into her was immense – as it always was when I gave us this treat. I controlled myself. The proper art to massaging, especially the kind I was going to give her, was to forget one's own demands for pleasure for the moment and focus entirely on giving the partner the best, relaxing experience they could have. Giving a message and being a dom were similar in that way. My hands could go wherever they wanted, I was in control, but that control required a restraint on my desires.

I grabbed the bottle with aphrodisiac oil and liberally squirted it on Esther's back. It was a drug, of sorts, but it was an alchemical one and those always had odd effects. Basically, although an aphrodisiac, using more of it barely did anything to increase the effect. There was a threshold past which it no longer did anything but lengthen the effect. At the same time, an alchemical aphrodisiac was dissolved inside the body not by means of chemical procedures (not primarily at least) but rather, it was the act of orgasming that diminished the effect.

A fantastic innovation all around.

Drops of oil began to run down the sides of her torso, when I deemed I had enough to start with. The bottle was put aside and my hands onto her upper back. I felt the tingle of the aphrodisiac's effect on my hands, and, from there, a pleasant warmth quickly spread through my own body. I lightly jumped, when the effect reached my groin, a sensation akin to stepping into a warm pool. It would make it harder to concentrate on selflessness, but I had a feeling that I would be reimbursed one way or another.

With great veneration, I began my work. Symmetrically, I moved my hands over her upper back. The pinkish tint of the liquid was lost, as it was spread out as thin film over her smooth skin. I felt the small bumps of her scars as I moved repeatedly over them. To the best of my ability, I paid them no mind. To acknowledge them right now was useless. It was her muscles, the manifestation of her discipline under that well-maintained exterior, that I needed to pay heed to.

Before I got to anything sexy, the proper places to start were her upper back, her shoulders, and her neck – all of those areas that continuously carried the burden of those two wonderful melons she was currently resting on. Considering she was carrying around my property all day, for that was what those breasts were nowadays, it was only fair that I reimbursed her for the trouble by kneading her sore muscles. A truly selfless act, that I just so happened to enjoy thoroughly.

Once her neck was loosened, her shoulders soft, and her back relaxed, I squirted some more oil on her and continued on with her arms. There was a hint of a tan line on her. By some

arcane measure, she was always evenly coloured - and it wasn't naked sunbathing. I would have caught her doing that by now.

One arm, then the other, I covered from shoulders to fingertips in oil. I did it quickly and properly, with well-studied movements born from my thorough enthusiasm for the female form. The next part, I took more time for. Another fresh bit of oil and I was onto her legs.

There was so much to work there. Thighs, relaxed and laying flat on a table, were a special piece of art. Right above them, her bubble butt, laying still and juicy. I couldn't help myself and ran both hands over those twin hills. Every bit of pressure I exercised on them created deep depressions in the twin hills. I went flat over them, over the sides, and through the valley between them, turning them into glistening marbles of creation.

I knew she enjoyed it when I worshipped her butt, so taking a prolonged pause there wasn't just for me. Pushing my thumbs into the crease between the butt and the thighs, I framed her ass between my hands and pushed the twin hills together. Then, I softly shook the entirety of her derriere, watching each little motion ripple through the entirety of her juicy ass.

"How could something this erotic possibly exist?" I bowed down and gave her ass cheeks a kiss each. The lady of my love let out a dreamy giggle.

Down her left thigh, my path took me. My thumbs barely touched, when I had made it down to her knee, and parted again when I made it back up to keep spreading the oil evenly all over her. The perfect mixture of fat and muscle rolled under my hands and trembled for a little bit when I suddenly let go. A little bit more fresh oil and I worked down her other thigh.

The work on her lower legs and feet was less exciting, yet rewarding all the same. All I required to work her feet was the pleased sighs she let out when I rubbed the soles. Once I had completed turning those muscles as tender as was possible, I let my hands go back up her legs. I spread some more oil on and between her round cheeks. Then I took a step back.

Esther's excited breathing was the primary sound in the room. In the absence of my touching, she wiggled seductively. I wondered what kind of expression she was making at the moment. From the sounds of it, she was exhaling a lot from her mouth, so I could imagine her red lips parted. In my mind's eye, my dick was sliding between them and she took it all inside not just effortlessly, but with great joy.

Much as I loved the fantasy, I had no use getting lost in it when I had the genuine article to please. My pause was entirely in service of grabbing one of the butt plugs that had been orderly and unashamedly lined up on the stand. I grabbed the smallest one. At its thickest, it was barely more than my pinky and not much longer either. It looked tiny for me even as a start.

'I'm not the one who will receive, so what do I know,' I chided myself and returned. "Alright, get ready," I warned Esther, who raised her butt to allow me easier access. I could see both her thoroughly oiled sphincter and her glistening pussy lips. The latter may have seen some excess oil running down to it. That was not enough to explain the sheer wetness on display, however.

I put the tip of the butt plug against her sphincter and gently pushed. Thin as it was, and lubricated as she was, it slipped in practically without issue. Soon, the round base was all that was visible. "It's... interesting," Esther moaned, her butt sinking back down. She shifted left and right a bit, testing the feeling of the foreign object inside her. "I do like the sensation."

"I do love to hear that," I said encouragingly, gliding two fingers over the butt plug and down to her cunt. Those same two fingers curved inside her, coaxing a much greater moan from her.

Slow and steady, I fingered her cunt, while moving my left hand all over her back. Wherever a muscle twitched from the rising pleasure, I was quick to give it tender attention. Whenever there was nothing but her moans, I was kneading her splendid derriere and giving it playful little taps, to make it jiggle. As much as I would have loved to properly spank her, it wouldn't have lent itself to the mood.

I knew how long Esther usually needed to orgasm from this treatment. The aphrodisiac cut that time by about a quarter. The tender wiggling of my fingers, more of a massage of her insides than proper masturbation, accelerated rapidly, just like her breathing did. I could practically count by her gasps how much longer she had until she came. I was only one breath off.

Her ass bucked off the massage table, rising several centimetres in the air in all of its glistening, round glory. My fingers kept working her cunt. Folds tightened and relaxed all around them. Gradually, I slowed, letting her orgasm ease off. Relaxation was the goal for now. Ecstasy was for later.

I went back to massaging her back, while the trembles of her afterglow ebbed away. 'She looks incredible.' The thought surfaced on its own, as I witnessed her occasionally shivering, glistening form. It was impossible to get enough of it. Squeezing her magnificent backside one more time, I enjoyed it while it was within reach. "Turn around," I said, after I had felt what I wanted to feel in firm softness.

Esther shuffled around, moving in that groggy way only drunk and entranced people could. Once on her back, one of her hands absent-mindedly crept towards her crotch. Gently but firmly, I took it and moved it to her side, where it stayed. Then, I grabbed the bottle with the pinkish oil again, squirting a considerable amount of it onto Esther's midriff. She pulled one of her legs in, as the sensation of the tingling liquid made her gasp with heavenly softness.

I appreciated the front of her curves as I spread the glisten to them. Relaxed as she was, the soft definition of her flat stomach was less visible than usual. Only when a little spasm went through her, an aftershock of the last orgasm, or a little progress towards the next, could I see the full glory of her fit midriff, all shiny in the artificial light coming from above.

Taking the path down, I oiled up what little of her legs was not fully covered yet. A fantastic excuse to grab her meaty thighs again. Up and down, with slow, appreciative movements, I rubbed her legs one after the other. Little sighs escaped her. Her butt wiggled left to right on the lubricated massage table. Tiny motions, still impossible to miss.

I was tempted to pour a little more of the oil directly onto her slightly agape pussy and repeat, with great fervour, the service I had given her minutes ago. There was, however, another option to make her orgasm again. Before we got there, I could tease her a little more.

I went to her arms. Spending a fair bit of time massaging her palms and oiling up the limbs in their entirety, I followed the constant rise and fall of her chest. Her breasts and face were all that did not glisten yet. The latter was out of the realm of this massage, but the former was my final and clear target.

Done with both arms, I took the two steps towards the head end of the massage table. The lady of my love had her eyes closed, breathing in through her nose and out through her mouth at a steady pace. Her dark hair was loosely tucked underneath her. My cock ached with the need to see her suck it. A fantastic opportunity to distract myself was before me. Two fantastic opportunities, to be exact.

One more load of oil, I poured over her collarbones. Then I put both of my hands around the upper edge of her boobs. Bending over her, I pushed forwards. Juicy flesh was squeezed and emphasized, by the pressure of my massage, until the firmness of her tits prevented them from 'flowing' any further away from me and the jiggy mass surfaced where my hands had slid past.

Quiet gasps escaped Esther, growing more intense with each moment my palms methodically glided over her hard, pink nipples. Once at the underside, my hands moved in a heart-shaped motion around her breasts. Every bit of force exerted shifted the position of the delectably soft mounds. When I was back by a collarbone, they naturally resumed a 'flat' resting position. Of course, there was nothing truly flat about the twin hills, their soft rise spilled past the boundaries of her torso.

Only marvelling for a moment, I soon let my hands travel back up, this time through the valley of her cleavage. Spreading more oil to her under and side boob, I repeated the heart-shaped path again. I did this over and over again, slightly alternating my path forwards each time, making sure all of her magnificent bosom glistened like the rest of her body.

I did not stop when I was done. Esther's moans remained quiet, yet also grew more heated. Her breasts were jigging mounds of goodness and they were also exceedingly sensitive. Once more, her hand crept towards her cunt. I did not stop her, I was too occupied with indulging both of us by flicking her nipples. Halting on her own accord, she only rubbed her lower abdomen, denying herself the full pleasure of masturbation.

Trembling, spine arching, she writhed more and more with each passing minute. I sometimes stopped working her breast, to feel her midriff or massage her neck. At all times, I returned to her breasts swiftly. The suspension grew, her relaxed muscles tensed, until all of her seized up and then released.

Intense breathing caressed my shaft, as Esther enjoyed her second, gentle climax. She barely spasmed or shifted at all, the pleasure she experienced was doubtlessly of a mellow variety, fitting for the tantric massage.

"Mhmmm," she moaned, mouth closed, as the peak was left behind. Laying there, she continued to enjoy my touch for half a minute. Then, I heard her whisper my name, "...Karitas..."

I took half a step back, so I could see her face. Her eyes were open and glassy. In them reflected the intense relaxation she experienced and an effort to refocus herself. The latter was unwanted in this situation, a good massage was defined by the recipient getting to let go of all earthly burdens for a little while. "Is something the matter, Esther?" I therefore asked, eager to read every last wish of those luscious red lips of hers.

Focusing on them was a mistake. The gorgeous red glistened in the moist, warm air of the bathroom. Slightly parted they formed her every exhale into a sensuous sound. They looked soft and many a contact had confirmed to me just how soft. The upper lip was a swung work of art, the lower a pillow I loved to bite so softly.

Laying there, upside down from my perspective by the headrest, all of her was a glistening work of art. From the immense rise of her breasts, still jigging with the occasional spasm, over her thin waist, down to her broad hips that her bubble butt currently flattened on the surface of the lounge like a particularly fluffy pancake. I wanted to devour all of her.



“I have resolved to give you what you want.” Esther visibly swallowed, then continued. “Yet, I lack the confidence to repay your massage properly... I leave it to you, to ease me into this new sensation. You may use my mouth, my Karitas.”

My cock twitched as the words registered. It was my turn to swallow, looking down at my Queen, and her aphrodisiac-fuelled, slow, relaxed panting. How turned on she was must have made her more willing to yield to my desires, as that was how this normally went. I would be a

bad spouse if I exploited this relentlessly – I would also be a bad man if I never exploited it at all. Thoroughly, I was convinced that crossing this boundary was going to make both of our sexual lives more interesting.

“I love you, thank you.” Not my most eloquent response, yet all I wanted to say. I grabbed my cock and directed it towards her mouth. The massage lounger was at a perfect height for what she had asked me to do. The headpiece of the lounger let me get into position, the edge of the table several hand widths removed from my legs. All the repositioning that was needed was Esther tilting her head backwards, to align her mouth with my dripping cock.

I once more had to send a thankful prayer to Danielle and her Sexual Skills class. Without it, Esther would not have thought about the many varieties and poses for blowjobs, disinterested as she had been in porn and the like. With the seminar under her belt, she was not only prepared to give me this treat, she made it our first shared oral adventure.

Mouth agape, she greeted me with her probing tongue. I felt it against the upside of my glans. “Swirl around the tip of my cock,” I instructed her, remaining where I was. Slow, uncertain, and eager to learn, the dextrous muscle circled around my dick. I groaned lustfully whenever she brushed over that sensitive spot at the bottom. A little lesson she would doubtlessly retain for later.

As much as I wanted to train her on how to properly give head, this was about her getting comfortable with my cock sliding into her mouth and deeper into her throat. Consequently, I soon resumed moving. She pressed her tongue flat against the bottom of her mouth and let me advance. My cock blocked most of my view of her expression, and so I concentrated on the sounds she made and the sensations around my advancing shaft.

Not that I would have needed any additional reason for that. The heat of her mouth was incredible. Saliva mixed with my overflowing precum. Controlled breaths from her nostrils caressed the more than half of my large dick still on the outside. Little twitches and tensing gave away that she was suppressing something.

The space around the tip of my dick got considerably tighter. I spotted the first bit of a bulge in her throat, as I penetrated into it. The slippery wetness was a sensation of immense stimulation. I pushed in a little bit deeper and the entirety of Esther’s body bucked up. Hastily, I pulled back. Goopy strands of saliva and precum connected me to her lips.

Esther took a deep breath and started to cough. Some of the strands settled on her face, while she did her best to regain control over herself. I just waited, not insulting her by offering to postpone this to another day. My Queen had made her resolution and she would only stop of her own accord. “Again, careful Karitas,” she demanded. Her voice was audibly less relaxed, which was to be expected. More interestingly, it sounded like she was hungry.

“You just lie there and be a gorgeous comfort hole,” I told her in my assertive tone. The objectification made her shudder. Aligning my cock with her lips, now precum stained lips, again, I pushed back inside. Faster and more forceful this time, albeit still not with the same force I would have handled a seasoned cocksucker with. I got about two finger-widths deeper than before, a considerable progression, before her gag reflex acted up again.

I didn’t pull all the way out this time, only retreating so far that she could breathe without any problems. Neither did I wait until she was fully recovered. I was trying to engage her masochistic side and I rather obviously succeeded. One of her hands was once again creeping around her cunt.

“You can masturbate.” Three words from her dom and my submissive dream woman immediately dug middle and ring finger into her pussy. ‘Best her subconscious learns to associate worshipping my manhood with pleasure,’ I thought, while pushing back inside. Moans reverberated around my shaft, as I made a bulge in her throat yet again. The deeper I got, the sharper the muffled sounds she created.

I had to always be wary of the gag reflex, yet I also got deeper and deeper. Admittedly, my perspective was skewed from having only slept with succubi previously, but I would not have regarded her as a natural. She clearly struggled, I never could remain down in her throat for more than a few seconds, and there was no clear or immediate improvement. What instinctive skill she had with her tongue we could hardly test, as I was the one fucking her face at the moment.

With all of that in mind, I still eventually pressed the base of my cock against her lips. For two seconds, I indulged myself in the tightness of her insides twitching around me. Her fingers pumped feverishly between her legs, one hand masturbating, the other rubbing her clit.

I wanted to cum then and there, I was certainly close enough. The last sliver of pre-orgasmic reason told me that, if I stayed and pumped it down her gullet now, I was inviting a terrible accident. With my last willpower, I pulled out, until only the head of my cock was still inside her. “Seal those lips tightly around my dick,” I instructed her hastily. I was obeyed and then thrust back and forth a couple of times. Tiny movements, I didn’t need more. Wet sounds echoed from both ends of the lady of my lust.

Her hips shot off the massage table the same moment I shot the first spurt of cum into her mouth. Hands coming to a standstill, she writhed, tits and thighs jiggling, giving me a showcase of female bliss, while my shaft tensed again and again. A load befittingly large for a reward pumped into Esther’s mouth. Each spurt made it difficult to retain sensation in my legs. I held onto the edge of the table, bowed over Esther’s tits, while her tongue caressed the head of my dick.

The spurts ebbed away in intensity. I clung onto the orgasmic sensation for as long as I could, indulging myself in the warmth of her lips and the hypnotic sway of her breasts. Even as biology dictated that I was done, my cock did not settle down, remaining almost as hard as before.

I grabbed my dick and pushed the last few drops of cum remaining in my shaft into her mouth, before pulling out. The world of blowjobs may have been new to her, but she had been one to swallow from the start. When I finally pulled out, I did so while stating the obvious. “You seem to have liked that, my Esther.”

“It was... enjoyable... peculiarly...” Esther’s voice was strained and phlegmy. A clearing of her throat helped considerably with the latter. “Physically it was... invading.” The term was spoken hesitantly, she probably hadn’t found a better one. “I will learn to overcome my hindering reflexes. Mentally, I must say, it was intensely satisfying. Your enjoyment of the service was palpable.”

“I hope so, for there is nothing else I would have wished for more today,” I told her and stretched. Much as I wanted to continue, the post-orgasmic fog did settle in. I would need at least a little pause to keep going. “Are you comfortable enough to give actual blowjobs?”

Esther swung her legs off the massage table and soon stood. Two times, she tapped on the oily leather. “Your turn.” Her smile contained the answer to my question.

Eager to see where this was going - that phrase merely began to describe what I was feeling at that moment. Laying down on the softly creaking massage table, I remained on my side, observing her oiled-up curves, until a gesture of her hand let me know to turn on my stomach.

Esther had her breasts to be concerned about. I had my quite sizable erection. Layered between my body and the slippery leather, still warm from her presence, my dick sent tingles of pleasure through my body. The aphrodisiac nature of the layer under me did not help. What I previously only had contact with via hands was now touching much of my chest. Each beat of my heart brought more of it in circulation. The heat I felt previously rose quickly and it was my turn to softly squirm in front of my beloved.

I caught a soft chuckle. Even if I, with my face planted in the head-holder, could only see her feet, I realized that she was rather enjoying this sight. True, I was the dominant of our pair, but I did not doubt for a moment that having me horny at her fingertips was satisfying for the lady of my love. Men and women alike were quite eager to explore the bodies of their partners.

The lukewarm touch of oil soon spread over my back. Tingling warmth followed, the telltale sign that she was using more of the aphrodisiac. My cock twitched in its confinement. Increased blood flow kept it hard and made it harder still. I distracted myself from my untended erection by imagining what her hands were doing.

In my mind's eye, I saw the naked and excitedly breathing Esther move both of her hands over my back. There was more of me to cover, with her smaller hands, and she took great care in spreading the oil out equally. The muscles of my back relaxed, as she firmly kneaded each of them with great care. Excited gasps escaped her, whenever she followed a depression in my toned, hard-earned, manly physique.

Great care was taken of my arms. She seemed to indulge herself in massaging my biceps in a similar way I had done with her thighs. Still, she did not linger for too long. Down my arms, to my hands, she oiled up each of my digits. Then, she switched to the other side.

After completing her task there as well, she went on to my ass. Personally, I could not find much enjoyment in the way the male butt looked. That being said, I did do my squats and the result was positively mesmerizing on Esther. Although not as grabby as I was with her perfectly round and jiggy derriere, the raven-haired lady always found an excuse to rub over my firm backside repeatedly. Each stroke also oiled up the back of my thighs, turning the solid muscle into easily worked putty.

"Turn around, my Caritas," she whispered in my ear.

I wanted to obey immediately, be subjected to what more she had in store. My relaxed body moved slowly, however. It took me several seconds to turn on my back. Lazily, I looked at Esther. The thick oil had not dried in the slightest. Her tits tilted softly, swaying as she moved. When her feet hit the floor, however soft she walked, her ass and thighs could not help but jiggle. Everything was further accentuated by the way the light broke on her glistening skin.

So relaxed was I, that I almost missed the way she licked her lips at the sight of my erection. Hard and eager for attention, my cock stood near upright. Only a little natural tilt, made it point softly in the direction of my head. It was as rigid as it could ever be, trembling with each heartbeat. Pulsing with desire.

Esther noticed my immediate need. I moaned, first because of the oil spilling over my shaft, then at the hands spreading it. With great care, greater care than she had for any other part of

me, she meticulously stroked my shaft. Oil mixed with the remains of her saliva, soon creating optimal conditions for a handjob. Up and down, her hands went. Her palm circled the tip of my dick. Half of her attention eventually diverted to my balls. She rolled my still heavy sack carefully in her hand.

The heat of the aphrodisiac felt particularly intense there. My spine arched off the massage table, involuntarily, as a surge of lust went through me. I settled back down quickly, only to groan when Esther bowed down to kiss a ring around the base of my cock.

I was not yet blessed with more. My immediate desire appeased and worsened, simultaneously, she hesitantly retreated from my glistening manhood. With more haste than was common for her, she cared for my smooth arms and legs, then returned to my chest. There, she slowed again. Perhaps she had regained her composure or perhaps she was distracted by the sight of my midriff. My solid abs were turned from marble into sandstone by her touch. My pectorals were played with in a fashion that amused me a fair bit. My fairly broad shoulders were tended to with care.

Then her hands glided back down my torso. From my neck, over my sides, bumping over where my abdominal muscles protruded from my hips, then spreading the last bit of oil to my groin. At that point, my entire body was held in a velvety aura of steady stimulation. The aphrodisiac made my skin sensitive, kept my mind focused on the here, now, and her, and my body entirely engaged in this prolonged session.

It would have needed no further convincing, not with Esther diligently wrapping her right hand around my cock again. Her soft palm stroked me at a leisurely pace. The left hand continued the massage. Rarely, she stopped to pour some fresh oil over me.

After a few minutes, I mumbled, "...your mouth..." The state I was in did not let me put a proper tone to these words. Whether it was a command or a plea was up to interpretation – Esther obliged either way.

There was a short lull, while Esther walked to the foot rest of the massage table. Then the metal frame creaked. The lady of my lust halfway climbed onto the massage table. Her nipples brushed against my legs. Her breath caressed my manhood. She kissed my balls, then extended her tongue. Lewdly, it travelled up the length of my girthy shaft.

Soft, red lips wrapped around the tip, turned into a tight seal. The facefucking had either given her the confidence or the zeal to entirely disregard previous reservations. Pushing herself down, she did exactly as the lessons had recommended and worked the sensitive spot at the underside of my glans with her tongue.

She made it past the upper third, before being hit by her gag reflex. Her jerking back stirred me out of my relaxation. A fact that I earnestly appreciated. My consciousness rose from the entranced state it was in and I felt will return to my muscles. Slowly, a smile spread on my face, as I witnessed Esther bob up and down, familiarizing herself with the girth of my cock. "Good girl," I encouraged her. The words sent a visible shiver through my aphrodisiac-covered Queen.

The alchemical drug certainly increased our natural kinks in their severity. I could feel that in the way I stared at her, like she was finally doing what I had rightfully ordered her long ago. A pair of golden eyes, amber glowing more radiant than ever, submissively returned the gaze. Up and down she went, while we held our eye contact. She tried to get deeper.

I observed, only moving to twist a couple of knobs that adjusted the heights and angle of the upper table segment. With my torso and head propped up, I watched her do her best at worshipping my cock.

Perhaps she wasn't a natural at taking a large cock down her throat, but Esther certainly had absorbed all lessons on what to do to make a man feel lusted after. Whenever her attempts to deepthroat me ended in a rapid retreat, she spent her recovering time tending to my manhood otherwise. Kissing and licking down the side, stroking the length while whispering words of appreciation, taking part of my balls inside her mouth, all just to constantly keep moving and loving me.

When her mouth wasn't occupied, I could see a satisfied smile forming. Each groan I let out animated her to continue. My reactions were all she needed to be motivated to keep serving me. Her heightened submission was perhaps a consequence of my character and my wishes seeping into the concoction. There was not a single sign of displeasure with her current state.

Time was a concept I only loosely tracked thank to the clock by the sink. Twenty minutes of trying were needed, then Esther's lips hit the base of my cock and stayed there. The strain was visible on her face, but Esther remained there. Eyelids fluttered, she shifted around, but she did not yield. Staying down a whole ten seconds, longer than I had been fully sheathed inside her during the facefucking, Esther only retreated when she absolutely had to.

Rather than retreat all the way up, she stayed with her lips wrapped around the glans. Heavily breathing, she blinked, her eyes finding their focus again, searching for my approval. She found it in a smile and my lips forming the word 'good girl' without saying them. Still, she quivered joyfully. Her hand reached out for mine – I expected her to hold it. Instead, she dragged it to her head and placed it on top.

Just far enough to speak, her lips parted from my cock. "Of my own accord, I took all of you down my throat. Now guide me again, Master."

I snorted loudly, like a bull in heat, and clawed into her hair. A lapse in my mind later, I no longer lied on the massage table. I stood, Esther on her knees in front of me. Staring up at me with big, golden eyes, the slit pupils dilated with the same love that shifted the colour, she eagerly moved her head in accordance with the demands of my hand.

Truly, I did nothing but guide her. Every little drag and push was answered by immediate obedience. Still, she struggled to get past the halfway point. My heightened urge to dominate was accompanied by the same care I always had, the care anyone placed in charge of the bedroom should have. Up and down, I directed her, only 'forcing' her deeper when I deemed that she could take it.

"You are truly my woman," I could not help but monologue. "All I ever dreamt of possessing. A feminine manifestation that matches my kinks, eager to be trained and to sign away all your rights when I fuck you. What consent will you not give, my Queen? None. Because you only care to please me. Master, you name me, and that makes you only one possible object. You are slave of our whims, a deviant of debauchery, that I will tame and awaken. You will be beyond perfect, my personal submissive, tailored to all I want – nothing more, nothing less."

The confirming, repeated screams she let out, were all I could take anymore. I let go of her wild mane and let her decide how she wanted to finish me off. A strand of black hair separated her eyes, as she gave me a confused glance. Then my submissive realized what I demanded.

Throwing all caution to the proverbial winds, Esther overcame her limits in a moment of heat. All the way down and all the way up, at a rapid pace, making me loudly moan her name, as I was pushed over the edge. She stopped, her lips around the tip of my cock, her hands rapidly wrapping around my shaft and pumping as my seed surged.

Aphrodisiac, fulfilment, and her being just the absolute hottest creature imaginable, made me fill her mouth with an absolutely massive load. Spurt for spurt, my shaft tensed. Each rope of cum seemed to be as thick and large as the last one. Esther moaned intensely, with each drop that pooled around her tongue.

All good things had to come to an end. Even this intense an orgasm petered out too quickly, on the cosmic scale. Struggling to regain my composure, I pulled back. Out of the reach of the lady of my lust, who had continued to wring every drop out of me. A bit disappointed, she looked at me, even as she tilted her head backwards to present the gathered, thick white.

I found myself unable to speak, breathing too heavily. Awaiting my command, she stirred the semen with her tongue. Like a dog waiting for her reward, she knelt there, two hands on the floor, right in front of her folded legs.

Finally, I recovered enough to say the word, "Swallow." Sensually slow, she closed her mouth, and gulped. When she opened it again, it was empty, and the corners of her mouth curled into a lewd smile. "I love what you're being today."

With eyes that had calmed down from gold back to amber, she responded, "It is liberating to surrender to you, dominant Karitas."

I swallowed, my cock going from minorly limp back to fully hard quickly. I had no idea what my limit today would be, aphrodisiac skewed the perception intensely. It also was putting a fog back over my mind faster than I could say post-nut clarity. "Did you cum during all of that?" I asked. A bit of an odd question, the people that, specific races aside, could orgasm from just their throat were few and far between. Biology had concocted quite interesting effects in the past and I still did not know what exactly she was. There was a sliver of hope.

"No." And there it went. "But..." Now she was just messing with me. "...I feel as if I did, in a satisfied way... it is difficult to describe. The physical effect did not occur, yet... I would not mind if I were to serve like this often." My cock was back to diamond hard and she focused me. "I much prefer you plough me into a spasming mess, my dominant-"

Whether the next word was my name or my title, I did not have the patience to find out.

Grunting and groaning, I pinned her down on the floor. Every one of my deep vocalizations, she responded to with feminine moans and sighs. Aggressively, I kissed her neck. Her skin tasted sweet, with an afternote of artificial flavouring from the oil.

The ground was hard and notably cooler than the summer-heated air around. Both factors only registered distantly with me, as I spread her eagerly parting legs. The wish to pound her mingled with the need to reward and torture her more. To see her reduced to a state of total, submissive pleasure. The aphrodisiac encouraged the latter aspect.

Hard, I grabbed Esther by the throat. Her face reflected bliss, as its colour turned redder. My right hand unceremoniously invaded her slit. Ring and middle finger curved inside her. Sitting half next, half over her, I masturbated her at a rapid pace that made a mockery of the careful, massaging service we had given each other so far. Now, the only guideline was that whatever I wanted went and I wanted to see my lustful masochistic lady driven insane with pleasure.

Esther grabbed my arm. Her oiled palm slipped down towards my hand, attempting to make me choke her even harder. Round and juicy, her tits trembled with every breath she could not take. My aggressive breathing and the steady wet noises from her masturbated cunt were all that filled the room. The gagged sounds she let out were completely drowned out.

Swiftly, her hips shot up. A veritable geyser of her pussy juices exploded from her cunt, as her once more golden eyes rolled up in her deep red face. She was silently smirking, mouth agape, like only those in true ecstasy could. Her hips hovered off the ground. Thighs and ass jiggling from the violent spasms. Again, weaker, she squirted.

My fingers did not slow in the slightest. I aimed to reward her thoroughly for her blowjobs. The giving of service seemed to have left her in a state of need beyond what even a slathering of aphrodisiac could explain. Drenched fingers continuously pressed the sensitive spot at the roof of her cunt, while the base of my oiled thumb glided over her clit.

The aphrodisiac drove me to extremes, but reason still remained. When the colour of her face started to displease me, I let go. The unrefined, desperate inhale was as beautiful a sound here as it would have been alarming in the wild. The rush of oxygen lit a fire inside her and Esther suddenly came again.

"Yes, yes, yes, yes, ye-e-e-eeeees!" Esther shouted, staring wide-eyed at where my fingers were driven repeatedly into her cunt. "Yours, it's all yours Master, do with your holes as you please!" During her erotic confessions, her eyes fell on my dick. All words ended immediately, as she opened her mouth for access and access alone.

There was no refusing that invitation. Straddling her head, I feverishly pushed my cock into her throat again. I grabbed her neck with both hands and fucked her face. My last remaining vestiges of reason kept the pace to what she could handle.

Screams reverberated around my shaft. Working her cunt almost as hard as I just did, she matched the pumping of her fingers to my usage of her mouth. I wished to go absolutely wild in my comfort hole, but her gag reflex prevented me from utterly ruining her in this way. With the kind of wild gear-shifting the height of desire brought, my attention suddenly shifted to the row of butt plugs by the sink.

I pulled out of her throat, stood up and hurried over. In my lust-addled state, I grabbed the butt plug two sizes bigger. It was still smaller than what was usually advertised in porn. Together with the flask of aphrodisiac oil, I returned.

Laying her over my lap on the bathroom floor, I first gave her magnificent backside a reverberating smack. Esther howled in perverted pleasure, as the ripple spread. I clawed at her wild, partly oil-soaked hair and gave the other side a comparable spank. I did not know what was sweetest, the way the mass of her perfect bubble butt was set in motion, her corresponding cry of loving torment, or the way with which she wiggled her hips to entice me into giving her another.

I did smack her ass again and again, watching it turn redder and redder under that sheen of oil. Between the echoing spanks, I let my fingers roam over the curve of her behind. Soon, the repeated punishment made her derriere so sensitive that any touch made her sigh and gasp. I decreased my use of force appropriately.

Whimpering for more, Esther collapsed across my lap. It was then that I was reminded of the butt plug I had fetched. Digging between her relaxed, smooth and jiggy cheeks, I hooked under the base of the toy currently inside her and pulled. Gradually, her sphincter stretched, until the

broadest part was passed and I pulled the plug out without any issue. Mindlessly, I threw it aside. I poured fresh oil on her mildly agape back entrance. A perverted groan echoed from Esther, as if she wanted to say something but her desire-possessed brain had decided otherwise.

I could only agree with a primitive noise of my own. We were beyond the need for words. Pushing the larger butt plug against her asshole, I kept pulling her hair as I penetrated her with the toy. Even if we had skipped an in-between, this was very much a beginner friendly size. Esther only moaned as I pushed the bulbous object into her.

I played with her ass for a few more seconds after it was in, enjoying the squishiness, then the last bit of patience left me. I needed to be inside her and I needed it now. Rolling her off me, I grabbed her by the hips and turned her glistening, voluptuous curves towards me. Esther let loose a depraved sigh, when I grabbed my cock and aimed it at her cunt. She was beyond ready, her pussy lips swollen and utterly wet.

Parting her outer folds, I stopped for a moment to move my hands to her hips and then rammed all the way inside her in one thrust. Both of us shouted in wild lust. Her tight folds grabbed my cock, simultaneously stretched around its girth and clamped down on it to never let it go. I had to upend that desire, pulling back, but only to ram back into her. The force made her tits jump in front of me.

Hard, as hard as I could go, from the very start, I fucked her. Esther writhed in front of me. Each aimless swipe of her arms spread more of the oil over the beige bathroom tiles. Distantly, I could see the bulge of my cock in her lower abdomen, lifting skin and muscles above it. Each thrust had me stop a few centimetres shy of her womb, it seemed.

Her thighs pressed against my hips. Their meatiness clenched as Esther came again, but I slipped back and forth effortlessly between them. Possessively, I grabbed one of her tits. Even under my grasp, I could feel the shockwaves in the overabundant female flesh. Her other tit was swaying freely. Her red lips quivered when they weren't locked in an O-shape.

My orgasm approached rapidly and I just kept on fucking her. The release was something I craved. I needed to fill up this cunt, my personal cunt, and mark it. She was already screaming from the repeated orgasms, her pussy juices were overflowing, so there was no need to hold back on my side.

Hips a blur, I used her as hard as I wished, as hard as her cries animated me to. Then, all of me decided to stop. Deep inside her, I stopped. My balls tightened and I blasted my seed deep into her greedy pussy. "Fuck..." the uncouth word escaped me, as the ecstasy reached its peak. I kept spurting ropes of cum into her. Only slightly, did the pleasure wane, as the orgasm ran its course. Her clenching walls wrung my shaft dry of all stuck inside it.

Esther let out gasping breaths that sounded like she had just run a marathon. From the state both us were in, we might as well have. I could feel my heart beating in my throat. The imprint of my hand on hers was all that I needed to maintain my rock-hard erection. Well, after three times, perhaps I would have gone limp without the aphrodisiac, but the sight certainly helped.

I got further on top of her. My entire torso was bowed over hers. Her hips were rolled up, my cock still comfortably inside her. With lust-crazed eyes, she stared at me. "M-as---ter," the single word was choppy, interrupted by the aftershocks that kept her spasming under me. My cock twitched inside her and she moaned.

My lips descended on her neck. Wild kisses and a deep embrace, to that I treated her. Her feet and hands locked behind me. Her massive tits pressed against my chest. Her heartbeat joined mine. The oiled-up tits effortlessly glided over my muscles in all their softness. My cock slowly glided out of her cunt and then slammed back in.

I made her body my plaything. The receptacle for my overflowing desires. Grunting and groaning, my heat irresistible, I covered her neck in love bites. I clawed into her hair and back. Her own fingers returned the favour, scratching my back as much as her short nails allowed. Her velvety voice was twisted, nay, elevated into a state of debauched bliss.

My eyes saw nothing. There were tiles and hair in my field of view, neither mattered. All that was important was that I kept rutting into her. That I kept pounding her cunt. After the continued usage of her as my convenience hole over the past... however long, her walls had stretched out to fit my cock perfectly. Folds clamped down with continuous spasms, as my animalistic, assertive domination of her made her climax over and over again.

At times, her voice stopped. I raised my head at those times, beheld her face and the ecstatic look upon it. Always, she took a trembling inhale, when her body demanded. Then she screamed, screamed for more. Always, I gave it to her.

I pounded her into the bathroom floor. Each thrust was straight downwards. My cock slammed deep into her sensitive sex. My hips slammed against eagerly presented ass and thighs. I pressed down into her. We were one hasty decision away from truly mating.

A sharp, short shout escaped Esther. The second time, she squirted, more intensely even than the first, absolutely drenching my member in her love juices. For a couple of thrusts, her wetness was so intense that there was barely any friction at all. The tightness of her cunt soon fixed that, gripping my cock like a vice.

Either the aphrodisiac made me a lot more sensitive or my concept of time was absolutely screwed. My fourth orgasm rose quickly. I wanted to look into her eyes as I came again. Forcefully, I broke her tight hug on me. Her arms fell to the side. Totally surrendered to my designs, she just let me grab her ankles. I stretched them to the side of her head. Used them as my handles, as I used her cunt.

Loud, rapid cries accompanied every hammering impact. Her tits jiggled between her thighs. The room was filled with the clapping of my hips against the taut skin of her tanned ass. Past fluttering eyelids, she gazed at me, eyes submissive gold, tongue lolled out.

Unceremoniously, I slammed into her one last time and came. Her head flew back as soon as the second load flooded the depths of her cunt – of my convenience hole. Spurt for spurt, I unloaded. Folds greedily massaged me. I completely lost control over my senses. There was only her and my ragged breathing. I felt like I was melting inside her, in a torrent of electrical satisfaction and a current of love.

I had no idea how I still had this much to give her. Each time my cock tensed, another surge of bliss overcame me and another load of cum filled her. With it, much of the overbearing intensity drained from my mind and body. I nearly collapsed on top of her. Barely, my control sufficed to get her legs into a comfortable position and then just be on top of her.

“Oh... if I... had a god... I would be saying their name right now.” I swallowed hard, slowly regaining control over my breathing.

Underneath me, Esther was still going through the aftereffects of a multi-orgasmic venture. All she could produce was an agreeing, throaty sound, that still bordered on a moan. When I finally pulled out of her, she gasped one last time.

I laid on the lukewarm tiles next to her. Gradually, the world turned from a barely comprehensible swirl back into the combination of sense stimulations that I was used to. Blindly, I felt around my side, until I found Esther's hand. It seemed she had also been searching for mine. We locked our fingers, turned our heads, and smiled at each other.

"That was... dangerous," I tried to put it in a single word. It did not suffice, and this I elaborated. "A trip of terrible seductiveness, of deep kinks and deeper satisfaction. To repeat it mindlessly would be a vice indulged without control."

"It was exciting and difficult to comprehend," Esther added in an agreeing tone. "You're still hard enough to continue."

"Yeah... but the rest of my body is in no state," I confessed.

"To continue would be to ensure that I cannot walk."

Much as my young mind craved endless virility, I did not possess it yet. Thus, we ended it there. Slowly, the cocktail of erotic and romantic chemicals drained from our systems. Heartbeats slowed, breathing calmed, and finally we got to the bothersome part of every wild sexual session: the cleaning.

What a lovely evening it was, regardless.

Chapter 7.5 – Servile Rebellion

Aclysia awoke in her room in the mansion. Karitas' mansion, by assignment. Her father's mansion, by true ownership. Her mansion, by shared dwelling. A triumvirate of sensations that closely knit the half-elf into the environment.

Swinging her legs out of the bed, she stretched. Deliberate, long movements, to make every muscle in her body as awake as her mind was. Even the breathing was controlled. Her nubile form was on full display. Petite breasts rose and fell. Her belly curved outwards with deep breaths, only to return to its flat, softly defined state on exhale. Thighs tensed as she got on her toes. Her heels tapped back on the floor. She could feel her butt jiggle, in its rather impressive size.

Aclysia knew what she had to offer, in all its advantages. To flaunt it without control would have been unbecoming. Derilea had drilled it into her from the age that she began to realize what sexual attraction was, that attractiveness was a good most valuable when displayed with caution. Only for those dear to her, should she unveil and display herself.

The drawn curtains allowed no one to take a peek at her and yet she imagined someone was watching. Her Master, the person who she honoured with the privilege of her loyalty. To be a maid had been in her blood and she had taken to the lifestyle well. It was her calling and she answered it willingly.

The mental image of the man whom she was to serve had once been a hazy phantom. Recently, it had taken the firm shape of a man with white hair and blue eyes. Aclysia turned her head to smile at her bed, as if she could find Karitas there. Like every other morning, she was disappointed. A state of being that would not last for much longer.

Unless her father ruined it all for her.

Aclysia's smile collapsed into a frown. A complicated mixture of emotions rose in her chest. The love she had for her father wrestled with the adoration she had for Karitas. How dare her father interfere and ruin what she had nearly attained? Worse, draw his blood.

She was so close, to attaining it all. The conversations with her Queen-to-be were amicable and none else would she accept as her superior. Esther was all she could have asked for, stern when it came to reigning in Karitas' excesses and soft where it came to complimenting his strengths. All of the careful and fateful meetings and conversations, threatened in their culmination.

A violent rage compromised Aclysia's posture. She hunched forwards and grit her teeth. Then she slowly exhaled. "How dare father hurt my Karitas?" she mumbled and let the rage simmer inside her. It was only appropriate to be upset with what inconvenienced her beloved.

To stir in it, however, was unproductive. Aclysia had her morning routine to consider. First, she made the bed. Little had to be done there. She was a still sleeper and only needed a single pillow. It was fluffed easily, the sheets pulled straight and the blanket folded so she could slip underneath it in the evening.

Aclysia turned right and took a measured step. She shook her head, returned to her original position, then took the step again. This time, she did it with the proper sway. The maid sashayed along the walls of the room, inspecting the state of the furniture and presenting

herself to her imaginary Master with every metre crossed. Her long hair bounced with every step.

'Perhaps I should have it shortened?' she wondered. She would have to carefully inquire if Karitas preferred it if her hair was as long as it was currently, reaching her thighs, or if he'd rather have it so it would not obstruct the view of her butt.

The surfaces around the room were as clean as she had left them yesterday. There was little decoration around her. No point existed in outfitting a room that she would not stay in. In a few weeks time, she would be invited to Karitas' room and she would not leave it again. The memory of her drunken dare, when she had slept in his arms, made her skin flush and prickle. She finished her round, then directed her march towards a red shirt that hung over the back of one of the chairs. It was terribly out of place in the otherwise spotless room.

Aclysia grabbed it and, with not even a moment of hesitation, pressed it against her face. She inhaled deeply. The masculine scent filled her from the nostrils all the way down to the lungs. Like her future, he smelled, of stars and pine and confidence. The slight note of sweat added exertion to the mix. She wondered what he had done while wearing this one. Being in charge of the laundry afforded her the opportunities of absconding with his worn shirts and she took them whenever she required.

With his scent filling her lungs, she dropped down on one of the chairs and reached between her legs. Eyes closed, lost to the moment, she quietly moaned to herself and imagined it was his fingers. She barely needed five minutes before she had brought herself to orgasm.

'Ah, I did it again,' she thought, with just a twinge of shame in her heart. Masturbation had become a more frequent pastime of hers recently and the number was only ramping up further. After leaving her Karitas and Esther to their lewd activities yesterday, she had brought herself to orgasm several times. The more time she spent with them, the more intense her urges got. 'What will they do to me when it is finally time?'

Taking a parting huff of his scent, Aclysia pulled the shirt away from her nose. She furrowed her eyebrows, displeased with herself that she had left a spot wet with drool. Standing up, she kept it in her hands for one moment. The thought to put it on (and only it) and make her way to the bathroom occurred. For that manoeuvre, however, she was not daring enough - yet. Particularly with the friends of her Master-to-be in the house.

Instead, she marched to the large closet. The double-doored wooden furniture was the reason why she had chosen this room in particular. It had a coat hanger and various drawers, for her to finely sort out her items. For the morning, she put on a simple indoor dress. It was only to cover her while she made her way to the bathroom.

Aclysia used the same bathroom as Esther and Karitas did. However, she was, as per usual, there an hour before them. To be the maid was to be the first to awaken. Besides, there was a mild satisfaction in seeing the clean shower. Esther was thorough in her discipline and always cleaned up after herself. Therefore, when Aclysia showered first, she could leave the glass behind wet, knowing it would be used and cleaned within the hour. A rudimentary cleaning, certainly, but enough to make the maids' life easier.

'As mother's adage goes: do not serve those who make serving difficult,' Aclysia thought to herself, as she began her morning routine. It was an overall short affair. She brushed her teeth, then her hair, reining in what few strands had escaped her backwards comb overnight and undoing any onsetting knots that may have formed. That took her about ten minutes, after which

she hopped into the shower. She cleaned herself thoroughly with a sponge, ever committed to scrubbing any impurities from her smooth, pale skin. After she stepped out, she covered herself in a thin layer of moisturizer, let that be absorbed, and did her final inspections. Afterwards, she put on the clothes for the day.

It was Monday, therefore it was time for her school uniform. The garter belt came first, then the stockings. The fine black, semi-translucent fabric rolled along her long legs one after the other. The tops were secured with straps, then she put on her bra and panties, a matching set of white. The red shirt's long sleeves were pulled over her arms, the buttons all closed. Last was the skirt, whose belt wrapped around her lower waist. The pleated fabric settled over the curve of her butt.

Aclysia inspected herself in the mirror, trying to spot any imperfections. She checked behind her pointy ears for any excess moisturizer. Then, she smiled diligently and nodded to herself. Before her stood exactly the woman she aspired to be. Now it was time to make her acts match her appearance and be a good woman worthy of a good man.

The most important step of every morning, she had found, was to make coffee. Among Karitas' negative attributes was an addiction to the black liquid. Among the bad habits a Master could have, this was one of the better ones. Caffeine was a compound found across many worlds and it gave her an easy path to ingratiate herself. To make a delicious coffee was to make herself indispensable.

'Remember, daughter, that men will ingest whatever you put before them, as long as it is edible. However, while they may not mind a subpar meal, they will never forget a great one.' Another piece of advice from her mother wandered through her mind.

With great care, Aclysia prepared the coffee machine. She employed every last trick in the book, to get the most aroma out of those beans. She fully ignored the coffee machine. Even if there was only a 5% increase in the taste, she was fully willing to invest double the effort.

"Morn', 'Clysia," yawned Arlethia, while she marched into the kitchen. The short and stacked succubus wore one of her boyfriend's shirts and hotpants. If there was any pretence about her hiding her curves, it was lost when she reached underneath the t-shirt and scratched between her boobs, revealing the underside of her enormous chest in the process.

In a way, Aclysia admired this lack of care. To retain her modesty in public was preferential to her personal taste, however. To surrender it only in small and creative ways, like that ball vibrator they had bought yesterday. What that remote control could do in the hands of her Master...

"You are up early," Aclysia responded chirpily, the lewd thoughts pushed aside for the moment.

"Yeah... you know how it is... when the morning wood calls, you go for the succ... eh?" Arlethia wiggled her eyebrows and gestured at her demonic horns. The maid responded with an elegant chuckle. "Good enough. Mind making him a cup too? He'd appreciate it, whenever he wakes up."

"That will pose no problem," Aclysia assured her. The extra work to make the cup of coffee extra tasty was meant for Karitas. With the preparations done once, filling the container up with more than one person's worth was a minimal increase in effort.

"You're the best," Arlethia said and sat down at the dinner table.

"I am grateful for your appreciation." Aclysia put the electric water boiler aside and let the coffee gradually emerge on the other side of the filter. "Would the laundry machine be currently unoccupied?"

"Oh, sorry, I'll get to that right away," Arlethia stated and hopped up.

"I could-"

"Nah." The succubus waved away the offer before Aclysia could make it. "Willt and I have to stay capable of doing our own chores. You'll be Karitas' maid, not ours - the lucky bastard."

"I would introduce you to one of my full-blooded sisters, but there are none other in attendance at the moment," Aclysia reported, as she followed Arlethia out of the kitchen and into the washing room. "Admittedly, I believe they would not be struck by Willt."

"Yeah, you mentioned it before that you're all a bunch of giant fucking bottoms," Arlethia cackled.

A crude way to express a previously shared similarity between the Kings that the daughters of Derilea served. All of them were strong-willed and dominant in their behaviour, asserting their presence in a variety of ways. Of course, there were vast differences between Karitas and Imrult, the Master of Order whom her older sister Teliala served as Queen. It was that specific aspect that they shared.

Crude it was and also accurate. Aclysia herself was not certain if there was something genetic about it or if her mother had perfected her style of upbringing. Likely, it was both. Derilea herself was a maid out of her own conviction and why would a mother not wish to share the path that had worked so tremendously to assure her own happiness? Aclysia would certainly replicate it with her own children, when she was blessed with daughters.

Arlethia got her laundry out of the machine and Aclysia then loaded it up with what she had gathered by yesterday evening. When they returned to the kitchen, Aclysia started cooking and they continued chatting about this and that for a while.

Eventually, Karitas entered the room. "Good morning my lovely Aclysia and hello Arlethia," her Master-to-be greeted them in a sing-song voice. For a moment, it sounded like he wouldn't even need his coffee this morning. An impression that immediately changed when he yawned. Rapidly, the maid moved to pour him a cup and brought it to the table. "You spoil me, spoil me more than I could ever deserve."

"I will decide the degree of service you deserve," Aclysia hummed, while he sipped on the cup. Her estimations were accurate as ever, it was at the hot end of drinking temperature and thus required no waiting time on the part of her man. "I must sadly remind you that you will have to partake in your lunch without me today."

"That is a sad reminder," Karitas sighed and it made her heart sink. Then it soared back up when he gave her a smile. "I am being theatrical Aclysia. I'll miss you... and your cooking, but mostly you. I'll still see you in the evening, right?"

"Affirmative," Aclysia said with a nod.

Aclysia's early classes passed by the usual way. She spent the Cooking lesson on creating tasty treats, as she did not want to fill her stomach that morning. After that came a class in which she barely listened. Her thoughts circled around what she would say to her father.

During lunch, when she would have normally made the effort to head out into the city to see Karitas and Esther during their shift in the Café Served, she walked towards the heart of the campus.

The elevator that her Karitas had needed to use, Aclysia ignored. There was a staircase, tucked away behind a locked, heavy door, that she had the key to. Automatically, the mechanism snapped back close behind her, making sure no one without the proper access could enter the Taurus' family home without permission.

As per usual, the enormous complex that her parents and their Anomalia occupied was filled with distant noises. At least one of her honoured Anolias was always working on a task. They kept themselves busy, throughout their long lives.

The gothic halls were filled with the smell of home. Aclysia smiled softly at the mixture of cleaning agents, peppermint and wooden furniture.

"I take it your home still finds your approval?" Gregory asked. The head butler of the household awaited her in the usual spot, right next to an indoor fountain. It was an enormous thing, constantly bubbling with fresh water that streamed down in decorative waterfalls. His long dark hair handsomely framed his long face. "You arrive on time."

"I aim to cause no inconvenience," Aclysia stated and they respectfully bowed towards one another. The half-devil's tail curved mischievously behind his back. "Is everything in order?" the maidly woman asked, as she followed Gregory down a path she knew all too well.

"Your father has been recently displeased by the overreach of a minor god aiming to encroach on the surrounding void, expect this to come up at the table," Gregory reported. With a smirk unbecoming of a loyal butler, he added, "Of course, you will be the talk of the day, milady. You and your chosen King's progress – or lack thereof." Aclysia pressed her lips together and stared grimly ahead. Gregory giggled. "I see it was wise of me to recommend soup for today."

Aclysia did not understand how that factored into anything else he said. Eventually, the butler pushed open the ancient wooden doors that led to the Taurus' family dinner table. In other estates, so Aclysia had heard and recently experienced, what she categorized as a regular dining room was more akin to a banquet hall. To know one lived wealthily and to see it was the difference between trying to be humble and being humbled.

The enormous table was easily capable of holding 50 people. A necessity, when the family unit began at 10, before children were even considered. Her father, in all of his impressive bulk, sat at the point of the oval table, casually holding his Ashod and reading something, while bouncing a comparatively tiny three-year-old on his thigh.

Taurus had a content smile on his face, just sitting there, while his Queen presented spoons of easily digested food to the kid. Derilea was doing her work diligently, albeit Aclysia recognized the slight curve to her lips as the carefree happiness her mother only seldomly got to enjoy. The mother of the child, Velma, the 6 of the Anomalia, stood behind the Anomalia's King and played with his horns, while the father and the anolia of the child cared for it.

Children were a constant presence in the household, although not as many of them as one may expect. When asked about it, her mother had told Aclysia that there was a precarious balance to having several pregnant women and newborn simultaneously under the same roof. The screams, the stress, the mood swings, they were not conducive. After long years of trying to reach a working solution, they had abandoned the approach of being pregnant when they

individually desired. Instead, there was a balance, a steady discussion of who desired another child next. They all cared together for the little ones. Aclysia knew it no other way.

That approach meant that Aclysia was the current third youngest in the family. There was the little Manar currently getting cared for and a sister four years her junior, currently attending a school in another world. Aclysia herself had been sent off-world as well for her middle education. The Anomalia deemed it necessary for the children to gain life experience.

Beyond the group of three at the head of the dark oak table, the dinner room's many purple-cushioned chairs were filled with the entirety of her father's Anomalia. Left of her King was Merliona, her pale skin shining as gold as the buildings she had designed. Even with the white wings hidden and halo hidden, her angelic radiance surrounded her, particularly the blinde head. The Jack of the Anomalia was keeping herself busy reading up on her latest obsession – fishing, apparently.

One seat down was the 8 of the Anomalia, a curvaceous woman of deep blue skin, covered only in semi-liquid latex. Her light grey hair was short. Two jagged horns extended from her temples, curving backwards, as the horns of the female species of the universe tended to do. Valia gave Aclysia a cheerful wave, as she approached.

Opposite of the Nightstalker demon was the chilling presence of Aurora. The 7 of the harem had pale skin and blue hair. She was one of two in the room that wore an oriental garb – a kimono to be exact. The white dress was covered in the patterns of snow crystals. The ice woman gave Aclysia a courtly bow of the head, then turned her gaze back to the child in the room. Her pale blue eyes had a warmth inside them that belied her nature.

The 5 of the Anomalia, Anna, was almost too big for her chair. Like Aclysia's father, she was a minotaur, which put her head and shoulders above everyone else besides her King. She wore practical clothes that were one thick overall away from making her fit for the forge. Her toned arms were on full display. Her tiny horns pointed upwards, her brown hair was confined in a high ponytail. Even if she appeared like she could bend steel rods with her bare hands, she was still beautiful. She was also too distracted with a small toy in her hands to note Aclysia's arrival.

That was until Sybille, 4 and Ace of the Anomalia, spoke up, "There you are, Sia," greeted the seamstress. The tall and mildly muscular lady grinned broadly at the maid and got up. In the typical manner, the blue-eyed human placed kisses swiftly on Aclysia's cheeks. Then she took a step back and looked at her. "Maybe I should get you something more to wear..."

"The offer is appreciated, but it would be unbecoming of my task to prove myself," Aclysia reminded her.

Sybille sighed and shook her head. "Always so serious, your mother and her children," she said and then smirked again.

"Maybe you're not serious enough?" suggested the blonde, fox-eared woman who sat just a few metres away. Tomoe was the smallest of the Anomalia, standing at a mere 1,60 metres. Her figure was slender and alluring, with medium-sized breasts and thighs that were on almost full display beyond the exceedingly short skirt of her own kimono. Her nine tails were currently fused into one, for ease of sitting. She was the 3 of the Anomalia.

"Not sure if I can take that from you, you little trickster," Sybille responded immediately. "How many pockets did you want for your next dress again?"

"All of them," Tomoe responded and licked her lips, green eyes reflecting schemes that were as inconsequential as they were brilliant.

Opposite of the conversation, a woman with nearly black, blueish skin sighed. Zemerina ran a hand through her silky, white hair. The drow, 2 and therefore weakest of the Anomalia, wore her hair much in the same fashion as Derilea did, albeit that was where the likeness stopped. Zemerina had longer, pointier ears than the half elf or any of her children. Her eyes were the silver of spider thread and her lips were as black as the night. Busty and with long, slender legs, she was a different kind of looker. Her arms were crossed. "If you rearrange my records again, Tomoe, I'll be mad."

"Like you don't appreciate an afternoon of sorting your records for the fiftieth time this year," the fox-eared woman joked.

Aclysia let the conversation continue. Her family was as it always was: lively. Some of her anolias she got along with splendidly, others she felt like she barely knew, but they were all her family. One after the other, she greeted all of them, whether that was verbally or not. For a little bit, she played with her youngest sibling. Some people she had talked to expressed that they found it weird that Aclysia had a brother 18 years her junior. As one who had full-blooded sisters 200 years her senior, the half elf did not share such thoughts. This was the only family she had ever known.

The laughter around the table let her know it was a good one.

"Everyone is here," Taurus said and handed his son over to the child's mother. Velma carried him back to her seat, where a smaller, higher chair had been placed to allow them to sit together. Aclysia was afforded a place next to her mother.

That placement alone made her nervous. Typically, the Anomalia seated itself in the ranking of the power, with the older children sitting away from their mothers. To be placed among the Anomalia was either a sign of concern or disapproval. In either case, it was an awkward position to be in.

Aclysia surrendered to the position and awaited the inevitable. Her father made eye contact with Gregory and the butler hurried off into a side room. "What did you prepare today?" Aurustus asked his Queen. Even though Gregory was the head butler, Derilea was still the lead cook in the household. Her obligations were many and cleaning was simply not in her time budget, but her mother refused to let go of this aspect of her duties.

"On... recommendation of Gregory, I went with a soup," Aclysia's mother responded with an annoyed undertone.

"No knives, I see," Merliona remarked passively and closed the book with a loud thud, placing it on the ample space of the table. "Soup is a good choice."

'Why is there such a fixation on the meal today?' Aclysia wondered, but stayed silent while Gregory and two additional butlers brought in the lunch. Quietly she sorted her thoughts. All the things she wanted to say to her father had been swept away by the moment. They slowly trickled back in, while the meal began and conversation around them took a casual tone.

"What will our response to Malodictus be?" Merliona asked, between perfectionist movements. The angel refused to sit in any way other than perfectly straight, moving the spoon up and down, without letting a single drop pearl off her utensil.

"Annihilate him," Derilea responded immediately, her voice as sharp as a freshly whet dagger. "How dare he provide such a headache for Master?"

"What did he do?" Aclysia investigated. "I have been informed he's a minor god who has been invading the surrounding void."

“An apt summary, daughter, and an outright violation of the agreements that keep the Cosmic Universities safe from the meddling of creatures our students are not ready for,” Derilea responded. “To destroy this annoyance completely will send the necessary message.”

“An overreaction,” Arustus responded in his rumbling voice. “He’s a young god, not wise to the way the universe works yet. Follow the diplomatic path.”

Derilea took two breaths to get her rage under control. “Fine,” she said, releasing her remaining distaste through that one word. “Merliona, can I continue to lean on you in this endeavour?”

“I am the most suited for it,” the angel responded in her usual calm demeanour.

“Besides, you might end up annihilating him after all, if he says the wrong thing,” Valia, the demon, added in an amused tone.

Derilea did not honour that with a response. Everyone knew there was a risk of this. Aclysia had never seen a more dangerous or beautiful woman than her mother. Someone that badmouthed her father was someone in danger. Such affronts to her Master could not be abided and as the 10 and Queen of the Anomalia, she had the power to obliterate most obstacles.

Aclysia fully agreed to her mother’s approach, which gave her the surge of urgency to address the topic weighing most heavily on her mind.

“Father, you made my Karitas bleed.” The hissed words caused the chatter around the table to stop and be replaced with silence. Aclysia caught an amused undercurrent, especially in the way her anolias exchanged glances and gave her mother barely suppressed smirks. The anger inside her was whipped up further and she clenched the spoon in her hand, wondering how well it would serve as a throwing weapon.

“I did,” her father responded sternly.

Before Aclysia knew it, she had rammed the head of the spoon into the tabletop. The metal bent, leaving the wood with only a mild scratch. It joined the hundreds others that the long usage had caused. “Why do you take it upon yourself to hurt my darling?” the half elf demanded to know. “Why impose your ridiculous test?!”

“Aclysia, you will address your father with respect!” Derilea responded in the exact same, maidly infuriated tone.

“Alright, alright, settle down,” Sybille raised her voice immediately. “Deri, be quiet for a moment, you know how this ends otherwise.”

On recommendation of the Anomalia’s Ace, the Queen pressed her lips together until the last bit of pink had been drained from them. Aclysia forcefully relaxed her jaw when she realized she had been grinding her teeth. Her eyes were focused entirely on her father, until Sybille entered her field of vision.

The human woman fished the bend spoon from Aclysia’s hand and put it out of the reach of the maid. “It is admirable that you and your sisters get this protective of your chosen Masters,” the seamstress said softly. “Truth be told, you all come after your mother to a scary degree when it comes to these things.”

“They learn by example,” Tomoe weighed in. “What other choice do they have?”

Velma laughed, while whipping some soup off her child’s face. “Did all of your kids turn out tricksters?”

“Fair point,” the nine-tailed fox woman surrendered.

“Cease your distractions, anolias,” Aclysia hissed, fingers drumming on the tabletop. “I have not been provided a response as to why an inconvenience of my Master is either justified or required. My choice has been made, his choice has been made, what right do you have to interfere?”

“The right of the family,” Sybille responded plainly. “You got it wrong. Arustius has not placed an absolute condition on you joining Karitas’ Anomalia.”

“Father may as well have,” Aclysia disagreed immediately. “My Karitas is one to take words seriously, he is a good man. It is part of what makes him worthy of my love.”

“What about you, hm? Would you ignore your father’s wishes so flagrantly and just run into the arms of a man you fancy against his recommendations?” Sybille poked Aclysia’s nose. “Come on, Sia, you know that’s not true.”

Aclysia took a deep breath and tried to wrestle down her anger. She failed to diminish it and yet succeeded in putting a blanket of control on top. “This only furthers my point. Neither I nor Karitas would be comfortable with consummating our relationship without the approval of father.”

“At least you retain a minimum of respect,” Derilea weighed in. “Be thankful that your oddity of a chosen Master is accepted at all.”

Aclysia outright growled at her mother. She could have never imagined doing so, but there she was. Derilea in return only appeared upset, not surprised. Her elegantly swung eyebrows pulled together. “You will not deride the good name of my Karitas, mother.”

“I will-“

“Deri, please,” Sybille interrupted again. “Every time. You know how this ends every single time when you argue with your daughters. Can we not buy new chairs this once?”

“A couple of replaced chairs are a minor sacrifice compared to insubordination,” Derilea hissed.

“Mom, why’re they fightin’?” the babbled words of the three-year-old cut into the tense and amused mood of the room.

“Love, honey, they’re fighting because of love,” Velma responded. “Maybe you’ll understand when you’re older.”

Aclysia and her mother stared at each other and simultaneously directed their eyes at their laps. For nearly half a minute, Aclysia did nothing but watch her fingers, as she went through various unproductive gestures. “I’ve been dreaming of a man worthy of serving for so long.”

“We know, Sia,” Sybille assured her. “Very serve-happy genes you have.”

“You have followed the path of your sisters,” Aurora weighed in, her voice slow and elegant, almost songlike. It was as elegant as her icy appearance. “You are blessed that you found him so soon, yet cursed that this may lead to him falling short of Arustius’ expectations – for the time being.”

“It’s not a good or a bad thing, that you’re the way you are,” Anna, the minotaur woman, joined and scratched the back of her head. “We’ve simply experienced the drawbacks of your obsession before.”

“It is good to be committed to one’s Master, my darling daughter,” Derilea spoke, with a soft tone this time. “Entirely appropriate to make sure annoyances around him are dealt with...” Foreheads wrinkled and anolias sighed. Aclysia ignored all of that and listened to the wise words of her mother. “...any of our daughters are protected by our concerns. With you and your

sisters, we must take particular care. Nothing would hurt me more than knowing that the depth of your servitude is wasted on one who nearly feigns the part of the worthy Master. I trust your judgement, Aclysia, but can you allow your father to verify?"

Aclysia turned her gaze back to her father, the anger in her heart finally calmed.

"...honoured father, I kindly request that you inform me of your intentions?"

Arustius pushed the empty bowl of soup away from him and folded his hands. "Your mother said all I could say," he informed her.

"I wish to hear it from you," Aclysia requested and pouted. She could see the will of her father crumble away immediately. At a young age, she had learned that there was a particular look that she could give that would make him give her anything she desired. Seldomly, she had used it, content as she was. The knowledge remained.

Taurus shifted around uncomfortably. A mountain of a man, capable of breaking most gods over his knee, brought to his figurative knees by a pair of green eyes and a slightly pushed forwards lower lip. "Karitas is a worthwhile young man." These words alone made Aclysia smile. "I sense potential in him – and laziness. A man like him... men like us work the hardest when we want to impress a woman we care about."

Aclysia exhaled slowly and reached for the spoon. "I thank you for your explanation, father," she said and resumed her meal. After she had been handed a new spoon.

"Do you truly love this Karitas enough to call him your Master already?" Derilea asked softly.

Nodding, the maid took a sip. Even lukewarm the soup was delicious. "At times he babbles or speaks with little sense. You speak true that he is lazy at times, but he is animated at others. He knows much and shares with no condescension. Most importantly, when he observes me, I know that all I could do, he would react to. He would catch me if I stumbled, wipe away my tears before the first one has fallen, and embrace me when I desire his warmth." Aclysia smiled, showing her pearly white teeth. "Is it not natural to fall completely to desire such a man to be my Master? He can care for himself and that makes caring for him all the more rewarding."

"Truly, you are my daughter," Derilea said approvingly.

Chapter 8 – What friends are for

I weighed the pot of ink in my hand. Crimson, too crimson to be authentic blood, it had a foreboding colour. I gave it a couple of shakes, to make sure the particles were evenly distributed, before putting it on the table and pulling the glass seal off.

To do so without spilling ink all over myself may have been the hardest part of the entire procedure I was helping out with. The lid sat vacuum tight, so overcoming it was a matter of force that could easily set the liquid inside into motion. With a trained hand, I managed to overcome this hurdle and access the ink.

“Can’t they store these with a screwing mechanism?” I complained, after putting the lid aside on the table. It was a uniquely shaped wooden top, with a frame integrated that perfectly fit the parchment that Willt had placed there. A light shone weakly through the yellowish paper, outlining a summoning circle of moderate complexity.

“Haven’t you paid attention in alchemy class?” my friend asked me, his tone quiet out of respect for our location. The ‘demon library’ of Welldark’s Communications Branch was tucked away in a corner, where this part of the campus was closest to the Magic Branch. The seven shelves stacked thirteen rows high, under the ceiling. Grimoires in red and black leather, with the occasional other colours dedicated to various sins, filled them. There was a reading corner and a summoning circle preparation corner. The latter of which, we were currently at.

I had no idea why demon summoning had been assigned to the segment of the campus that primarily dealt in linguistics. Perhaps because making deals with demons was an effort of such fine wording. Still, I felt like this was like putting a platypus into an aviary just because it had a beak.

“How is the form of the lid important to the esoteric value of the ink?” I asked, grabbing one of the brushes that was provided with the table. Willt did not answer my question immediately, he had to keep his hand steady while drawing a summoning circle of much greater complexity.

“It’s because the lid makes it difficult - you could spill the red ink all over yourself if you weren’t careful,” my warlock friend explained to me. “It’s a tiny bit of symbolism. If you’re not careful, you could make the ‘power’ you wish to ‘bring forth’ ruin what you currently have. Be thankful that the ink will only ruin your current set of clothes.”

I looked at my shirt. “Would red on red be a sin enough to power this symbolism, or would it be more effective if I changed into a shirt of virgin white? It is widely known, after all, and across all worlds, that demons have great appreciation for the sacrifice of virginity.”

“Only if you dwell in the domains of greed, pride, or lust,” Willt responded in a serious tone and raised his brush from the parchment. “Are you going to distract me all day or will you actually help me?”

“Truly, you are one that dances with demons, slave driver that you are,” I grumbled and looked at the small stack of circles that I had already finished. Next to it was a stack twice as tall and twice as complicated. I may have known my way around a summoning circle, absorbing the necessary knowledge by cultural osmosis, but Willt was on a whole different level.

I let the brush soak in the ink and then got to drawing. Following the lights that shone through the parchment was an easy task for someone with a steady hand. That we had to do this by hand, at least, I could understand. A summoning circle could not be printed, it required

the touch of sapience to properly work. If it had been any other way, demons would have had to deal with confusing calls a great many times. In a practically infinite universe, even the tiniest chance for a randomly occurring summoning was guaranteed to happen at an irksome frequency.

He who created this plane of existence certainly had a lot of good ideas about putting it together.

I was helping Willt with his side job. I had little better to do during a Tuesday morning and I hadn't been able to spend a lot of time with my best friend recently. The reasons for that were obvious, as both of us were pursuing our fields of interests and the growing of our Anomalias. Male camaraderie was a fantastic bond, but the continuation of sapient life required that the bond to women typically trumped it. Importantly, I would have been lying if I said I preferred spending time with Willt over spending time with Esther. The Queen of my Anomalia was just so witty and she wanted the best for me, even if that meant she got in my way at times. Aclysia, similarly, was gorgeous company. She had the rare gift of holding an engaging conversation without saying much at all.

Time spent with Willt would grow shorter as our studies progressed. In less than a year's time, our current, shared dwelling would be upended by the dormitory system. By then, both of us would have several women around us. It rarely took more than one to take enough time that previously constant meetings became infrequent. After we graduated from the school in Hell, we both had known that this would be our path, even at a shared university. Once we would graduate from Welldark, I would move on entirely, while he was likely to settle down somewhere. Probably back in Hell.

I rarely bothered to consider my future in detail. I only knew that I was going to cherish what I had right now. "Don't forget the demon talons," Willt reminded me for the third time.

"I won't," I assured him and drew the jagged curves into the circle just to demonstrate. They were not part of the path the light shone. What was projected was a basic circle. What was required had a select few additional details. "I know exactly why I shall never dabble in demon summoning. They artfully paint these circles, one after another, only to see them all go up in flames, it pains me already."

Willt just hummed in acknowledgement, while he fanned the ink of his finished circle. "You're being more palavering than usual."

"I have to get it all out of my system while I can. Esther does not like my extrapolations."

"Sounds like you're whipped."

"A little bit," I acknowledged with a shrug. "We all make sacrifices to get along with our loved ones, don't we?"

"I certainly have been missing a lot of shirts," Willt joked.

"Me too, although Esther insists she isn't taking any... and I believe her. I feel like even my shirts wouldn't be big enough for her." I made outlining gestures in front of my chest. "Your shortstack can wear your stuff without issue, but my girl is tall."

"That only leaves one other culprit though. You think Aclysia is the kind to steal shirts?"

"Absolutely." I executed the final brush stroke. "I've only been catching onto this recently, but there's crazy under that surface." Willt snorted in amusement. "Not surprised?"

"Look, dude, I know you aren't the greatest judge of common sense, but the amount of women that run around eager to dedicate themselves to a 'Master' that do not have at least

some bits of crazy to them is zero,” the young warlock responded. “And I don’t mean that there’s no sane people who have a BDSM kink, I mean that the kind of woman who puts on a maid outfit and calls it her proper attire is definitely not normal in the modern age.”

“Another plain reason to reject modernity and return to maid,” I said and put the brush into a small glass depression. Like Willt, I got to fanning the ink. “When men wore suits and women wore elegant skirts. Truly, the most civilized of times.”

“So you’ll be seeking a world around the Enlightenment era when you get away from here?” Willt asked.

“It’s on the list, albeit I don’t need such tricks to see neither Aclysia nor Esther in a maid outfit.” A great, dramatic flourish brought the back of my right hand to my forehead. “Alas, I cannot yet see them in such clothes and devour them erotically as they deserve.”

“Your boss would not like that.”

“Indeed, he would not, and he’s a really nice boss.” I sat down for a moment, just waiting for the remaining ink to dry. Willt mimicked the motion and we continued our conversation in a more relaxed fashion. “Not worth the risk of getting caught balls deep inside Esther. We’ll just buy roleplay outfits another time. Maybe Aclysia can buy two. I refuse to believe she hasn’t picked one out.”

“That’s assuming you convince her father to let you have her,” Willt reminded me of that sordid detail. My facial features contorted as if I had just bitten into a raw lemon. “How’s that going?”

“I need to last 16 seconds longer.”

“Can’t even do that much for Esther, huh?” Willt answered immediately.

“That doesn’t even make sense, friend,” I responded with a shook head and a chuckle. “We were clearly talking about Taurus and I assure you that no thoughts of lewd activity spawn in my head in combination with the man.” After a pause, I added, “Your girlfriend is rubbing off on you.”

Willt still laughed to himself. After clearing his throat, he continued, “Anyway, 16 seconds, sounds like you’ll be cutting it close with your current efforts.”

“Yeah,” I agreed. “I’ll be doubling down during Astral Cultivation today. Time to give it all I have.”

“You usually get what you want when you do that,” Willt said, his attempt at encouragement was noted, even if he sounded more analytical. “It’s always fascinating to watch when you actually try. I keep forgetting you can do that.”

“I’m always trying, just not as much as I could.”

“Basically what I was saying,” Willt shrugged. “I just find it interesting how motivated you get when there’s something you want behind a giant hurdle. That’s way too much risk for me. I’d just go do something easier.”

“I’m the fast and bold rabbit, you’re the slow and steady turtle,” I mocked him.

“You do remember that that turtle wins in those tales, yeah?” he responded with a raised eyebrow.

“Merely due to specific circumstances that would never be the case in reality. In the end, the rabbit would outrun the turtle and so it will always be. But let us dismiss such petty strategic differences, how are things going with Melina?”

Willt blushed slightly at the mention of the greed demon from alchemy class. Even though we were alone in the library, he remained uncomfortable when it came to disclosing his love life. One day, perhaps, he would be cured of his awkwardness. "We are advancing well..." he mumbled.

"...She totally made you eat her out while I wasn't around, didn't she?" I made a wild guess. Willt stood up and checked on his summoning circle. He picked it up and carried it over to the stack. I copied the action and both of us got the next parchment ready. "So you got your second girl on lockdown, congratulations. How is Arlethia coming along with the Anomalia ritual?"

"She almost has it," Willt mumbled, still a bit embarrassed. In spite of his emotions, his hand moved the brush along swiftly and expertly. "Arlethia brought a ragefire home yesterday. Someone she met during combat class... might be the third. She seemed interested enough and she's hot."

"As ragefires tend to be," I responded jovially. "That'd be your third kind of demonette. Aiming to build an Anomalia featuring all seven sins?"

"It'd be aesthetically pleasing... also Arlethia keeps insisting I'm a demon magnet."

"It's because you're a subby warlock, that attracts every demon girl in a thirty pentagram radius," I told him and I was not entirely joking.

Females of the humanoid, sapient species were generally attracted to a similar set of attributes. Efficiency, strength, capability, empathy, such general concepts. It only made sense, as the reproductive method of all these species was fundamentally the same. Whether a human woman gave birth or a female slime spawned a number of new cores, they both went through a period of gestation during which they were vulnerable. Consequently, they would want a male that could provide security and resources.

That was the biological calculus underlying love. Not particularly romantic, but useful to understand nevertheless. With all of that said, there were small to medium differences between what the species valued when it came to their 'protector'.

Demonettes had, broadly speaking, two modus operandi. They either dominated their partner in the bedroom or they provided immense amounts of sexual services. The goal was to make oneself so indispensable in the bedroom that removal became unthinkable. No submissive man would want to change out their dominatrix and no normal or dominant man would want to miss the blowjob slut that treated his dick like it was their god. For better or for worse, demon women liked having aggressive leverage. In the cutthroat realm of Hell, it was often a necessity - even if the realm had mellowed out a lot from mythological times.

To this day, in the world of demons, clashes only went violent when one side was either desperate or felt they were certain to win. Because the society was innately magical, having intense supernatural abilities was just as much acknowledged as raw physical prowess. Everything that was a deterrent to an enemy attack was seen as attractive, from influence to money.

In other words, Willt, the descendant of a semi-accomplished warlock, with the Dimensional Truth awakened, and a disposition towards moderate submission, was like a pot of honey left near a hive of very hungry bees. Unless he specifically tried, and I doubted he would, his looks, reputation, and Arlethia's recommendations to whatever demon friends she made, would inevitably fill up his Anomalia with the more dominantly minded members of the local, female demon population.

A part of me envied that, the rest of me was eager to continue what I was doing. Having a look that was naturally appealing to a certain kind of forthcoming woman made things a lot easier, but I preferred to be the chaser. I liked the challenge of impressing a woman and the work it required to convince them that I was the guy they should go with. Besides, forthcoming women rarely were the kind of submissive I enjoyed. Esther was a pick-up so fortunate I would never stop being thankful for her.

Not that I would ever stop being thankful for Aclysia either, once I had her in my bedroom. Haremettes were to be appreciated at all times, especially when they were such good girls. Already, I was fantasizing about the double blowjobs I would wake up to in the not so distant future. A foregone conclusion, if my training to elaborate on their inclinations continued successfully.

Esther had been giving me service when I asked for it both yesterday and today and there was no reason to believe this pattern would not continue into the future. Without the aphrodisiac influence, she had regained a bit of hesitancy. Still, the greatest hurdle was cleared. She was willing to take my cock into her mouth and from there all I needed to do was direct her and tell her she was doing fantastic. For all the control she had over my financial life, Esther remained obedient to my whims in the bedroom. A separation of powers that I could fully subscribe to.

As for Aclysia, I had ample reason to believe she would take to blowjobs with more ease. Unlike the lady of my love, the maid of my life had considered her sexual tastes previously and clearly knew where she wanted to be: at the bottom. With that certainty came interest in a set of acts and it would have surprised me if she had not already practiced how to deepthroat.

“Are you thinking about anal sex?” Willt took an educated guess. He knew me well enough to know that prolonged silence on my part meant that was I likely contemplating something sexual.

“Oral. I finally got Esther to try. Was a lot harder than anal, ironically.” I wondered if Esther was wearing her buttplug at this very moment. Her habit to change where no one could see any part of her naked came in handy when there was also something to hide between her legs. If she was, I doubted she would keep it in until the Battlefield Training lesson later today. She was too serious for such stunts. “Lemme guess, you already got all three holes down?”

Willt cleared his throat. “She is a succubus.”

“You can just say yes,” I told him. I still won on the technicality that I had banged another woman’s asshole before, but that was in the throes of passion, this was convincing my long-term partner to try.

Our chat went back and forth for a while. Mostly we spoke about our women. They were, evidently, what was on our mind the most. Willt got a jab in on the fact that this was not a changed state of affairs for my horny butt. I philosophized on whether this was a bad thing or not. It was a good time all around.

At the end, Willt double checked the prepared parchments. The crimson pentagrams on them were all without flaw, although he temporarily seemed displeased with one of my creations. That he kept it in the stack was basically a sign of ‘this is good enough’. Good enough worked for me, in this instance. I was not a summoner and I would not be one. Besides the aforementioned distaste for seeing my creations go up in flame after usage, I had no utility for summoning. Although a succubus was on my proverbial harem bingo card.

—

“Hey,” I greeted Karona.

The greyish white skinned succubus’ eyes mustered me. The dark red rose intensely from the black of her sclera. Her pupils dilated slightly, once she stopped at my face. Her lips, of an even darker red, pressed together, until they turned white. The intense frown did not fit her heart-shaped face, framed by crimson.

She crossed her arms. Out of sheer habit, she did it in such a way that she pushed up her decently large breasts, which were only clad in the tight spandex of a workout top. Her bubble butt and shapely thighs were covered only by the yoga equivalent of hotpants. It was a wonder that the flexible fabric didn’t ride up while she shifted her weight back and forth. The whip-like, black tail curved around her, moving in agitated quickness. Both it and her backwards-curved, thin horns showed rose-like thorns for seconds at a time. A visible manifestation of her conflicting emotions.

Finally, Karona let out a long sigh and ran a hand through her red hair. “I’ve made a wager not to talk to you Karitas,” she reminded me.

I did remember that well. After several instances of teasing her, Karona had stepped over the line with the lady of my love. A challenge had been uttered: they would have a fight and the prize was me, essentially. As attractive as fights between women were in my mind, that one had been rather vicious. In the end, Esther had won and Karona had kept her promise to not approach me again.

“Well, I am talking to you, so that certainly clears that issue,” I suggested.

Karona’s crossed arms pressed together a little tighter. “What do you want?” she asked, eyes narrowing. “I won’t join your Anomalia while your ‘lovely’ Esther is your Queen. A girl has a right to keep a grudge, you know?”

“Is that the only reason why you wouldn’t join?” I asked in a suave tone and got a little closer. Karona coquettishly raised an eyebrow. The thorns on her grey horns and tail finally disappeared entirely.

Barely she had opened her mouth when the unpleasant, deep voice of Stiltzkin cut through the room. The warty, ugly, short, troll doll of a man shouted at everyone simultaneously. “Alright you maggots, whoever you stand closest to is the one you’ll be punching today. Yes, Karona, I know you and Karitas got some bullshit going on. Use it to punch each other harder!”

“You’re such a charming fellow.” Karona’s voice dripped in sarcasm. “How’s Teltra?”

“Good!” Stiltzkin, for just one word, sounded happy. Then he was back to aggressive. “Now, punching! Warm-up! No protections. Slow, telegraphed movements!”

“Guess we’re stuck together,” I observed the obvious.

“Yes, I guess – so!” Karona swiped at me at a speed I would not at all classify as clearly telegraphed. Barely, I ducked under and then blocked her flying knee with both hands. “Still quick.”

“Still feisty,” I responded. We hadn’t really sparred in quite some time. I would have tackled her, but that would have certainly gone against the spirit of the warm-up. Instead, I palmed her in the stomach.

Karona's abs became visible with seductive subtleness when she tensed up to take the impact. She was driven half a step back, then clawed at my arm. I could feel her sharp nails scrape over my skin. I did not enjoy the pain, but neither did I hiss at it.

Those were the only hits either of us landed, before Stizkin whistled in our direction. "Punch yourselves hard within the boundaries of my instructions, dumbasses!" he told us.

"And it was just getting fun," Karona whined erotically. She licked her lips, when her tone caused a rather obvious reaction in my pants. She took a basic stance in front of me. I mirrored it and went for a basic shove. "Such a shame you're settled with a Queen who is so stuck up."

"Esther is plenty of fun when you get to know her – and when you aren't constantly trying to fight her," I defended the lady of my love. "You know she did extend a hand to you. Only condition is that you fix your arrogance, as she put it."

"I am not arrogant!" Karona threw a hand at me and I effortlessly pushed it aside.

"With all due respect, my delightful succubus of the thorns, I must completely disagree with you on that one. You most certainly have a way of overestimating yourself. If you did not, we would not find ourselves in this situation."

"...You've an interesting way around words," Karona told me. Did I hear a mild ring of approval in her voice? Was she the one that appreciated my extrapolations? If so, I needed her yesterday. "Whatever, I will not change myself for that harlot."

"Don't insult her," I warned and thrust a slow fist towards her. She pushed it aside without further comment. "So, Teltra?" I asked, wondering what that had been about.

"His daughter," Karona told me, a carefree smile on her lips. "She caught a fever last week."

"I see you continue your 'gossip trading'." Our spar continued in its leisurely pace. "Anything interesting you want to tell me?"

"Apparently someone has the Headmaster's attention and is required to withstand his full presence for a minute in order to get the hand of his daughter," Karona told me. She giggled. It sounded malicious, but I had learned a long time ago that Karona was too occupied with having fun to be a true danger. Simply, it was the intonation that made her sound evil when she was just honest. Some people had a resting bitch face, she had a demon voice. "The poor idiot."

"An idiot indeed... Arlethia?"

"Arlethia," Karona confirmed. Even though contact between me and Karona had been shaky, the two succubi continued to be on friendly terms. "She suggested I meet her King sometime."

I hesitated and almost got struck in the forehead because of it. Bending over backwards, I narrowly escaped that, only to have a foot kicked away under me. I hit the sport mat, where I remained on my back for one moment to catch my thoughts. 'Do I care?' I wondered.

A question also written over Karona's face, when she bowed over me. Albeit, she seemed more amused by the question, a slight smile across her face. She extended a hand to help me up and I took it.

"And?" I asked, when we were back across each other.

"I haven't decided yet. A warlock sounds interesting, but he is rather... scrawny. I prefer my men tall and capable of advancing!" She ducked away under an attack. I immediately took one step forwards. She smirked at me, while I toppled her over, using my entire body to assure she went down. With a loud smack, my hand slammed against the smooth surface of the mattress,

right next to her head. "Do with that information as you will," she said. Her irises shifted left to right slightly, continuously changing which of my eyes she was focusing on.

"It would be unfair of me to deny you your prospects," I hummed, "and yet I find myself incapable of telling myself that I wish for you to remain loyal to a path you wish not to walk." I got up and extended my hand. Easily, I pulled Karona to her feet. She 'stumbled' forwards, as if I had pulled too intensely, and fell against my chest. A long nail scratched sinfully along my jawbone.

"I've never been one to care about the visible path," she whispered and then distanced herself before Stilzkin could get upset with us.

I could still feel her warm breasts squished against me, when I had to dodge her swipe at me. Truly, cuddling with attractive women was so much more enticing a prospect than fighting practice. Then again, I did like them somewhat feisty and Karona was giving me that in spades. She also had given me a lot to think about and I hadn't even asked what I had sought her out for yet.

The idea that she would end up with Willt did fill me with... an emotion I could not quite place. Disgust was too strong a word, but it was in the same family. It was below that and above the sensation I was struck with when I walked in a room where a single thing was out of place. Like a red tile in a blue-tiled room, for example.

Point was: I did not want that. I was in no place to declare her mine. To insist on adding her to my Anomalia was to pick a fight with Esther. While I was willing to do that in principle, looking at it reasonably Karona was in the wrong. She had been the one who teased Esther, she had been the one to ignore my Queen's wishes, she had been the one to suggest the wager and now she was the one who refused to apologize. While Esther had been wrong in her initial instinct to monopolize me, given where we were, she had since sorted that out. The ball was firmly in Karona's court. If she desired to play with us, she would have to pass it back over.

Alas, I desperately wanted to play with her.

"You aren't going to do anything stupid, are you?" I asked the succubus. What this conversation had revealed was that she was just as little over me as I was over her.

"That's a secret," Karona hummed. "Now, were you really just reaching out to me or did you want something?"

I sighed. I wished it was the former, but I had not previously tried to bridge this awkwardness between us. "I do have a question... would you happen to know where I can find Omnius?"

"Mhhmmayyybe," Karona responded in a stretched-out tone. "Come on, keep my gossip mill running, what do you need him for?"

"I need to make bigger strides if I am to meet Taurus' challenge before the semester is over, thus I require help from the Master of Magic. He was nice enough to extend his hand before, but I cannot find him anymore."

"So now you want to beg for his hospitality a second time?" Karona chuckled in that sinister voice of hers. "How greedy. I like it. Rumour has it that the Master of Magic's office can only be found by following the cosmic lamia around the halls. That is all that I can tell you." I smiled and she raised an eyebrow. "Do you actually know what that means?"

"I pay very close attention to the artworks around."

"Alright, enough warm-up, crickets!" Stilzkin growled. "And enough of the flirting! You disgust me! Today you'll be doing cardio. Yes, punching cardio! All your power and technique is worth

fuck all if you can't keep going after more than a couple of serious swings. Push that superhuman physique of yours to the limit.”

“I'll keep honouring the wager and stay away from you.” Karona turned and talked over her shoulder. “If you're going to approach me again, though, what can I do, really?”

I missed my opportunity to present a suave response, too mesmerized by her backside. Just when I had thought maybe I was a tits man after all, her strutting away from me pulled me back into sexual equilibrium. What a fine bottom she had, a pair of round buns that had risen to maximum attractiveness with age. How I wished to knead that dough thoroughly, test if it was just as firm and soft as it looked.

“Karitas! Think about punching, not dicking!” Stilzkin reprimanded me.

“Sorry,” I apologized half-heartedly. I had respect for the teacher. Sure, the bitter drill sergeant routine got repetitive fast, but it also worked. He was dealing with a bunch of students that were skilled at unarmed combat already. Karona and I were the standout in the class, because we were the only two freshmen around.

Everyone thought they were already capable and sometimes a student got a big head. They thought they could put Stilzkin in his place, only to be put on their asses instead. It was amusing whenever it happened. Basically, Stilzkin's abrasive attitude served to humble people that thought they were masters because they were in the advanced class.

Even as I walked towards my own punching bag, I looked at Karona. When the semester had begun, Karona and I had been only really talking to each other. The freshmen protection rule of Welldark meant that seniors did not approach us (well, mostly her) until they were allowed to suggest they join their Anomalia. Karona had since blurred those lines, by being her intel gathering self.

After giving me another glance, she gave one of the upperclassmen a flirtatious brush over the shoulder in passing. I furrowed my eyebrows, as did the man. We both could sense when someone was being used to elicit jealousy from another guy. We both let it pass without comment. I, because I wasn't going to yell across the room and he...

Well, I wasn't a mind reader, but if I had to take a guess he probably owed Karona something. I was not sure if Karona was an accidental information broker that really loved to trade gossip or if she was being humble to downplay her importance. Seven out of ten people I had mentioned her towards had already saved her number in their Ashod. The succubus had her claws everywhere.

Which only made me want her more. The only thing more attractive than a gorgeous woman was a gorgeous, competent woman.

I spent the better part of two hours wandering around the Magic Branch of campus. A while ago, I had realized that the art around the place was constantly changing. Primarily, the walls sported various celestial formations. Constellations, planetary alignments, swirling galaxies, solar systems that took the shape of summoning circles, that kind of thing.

I had, occasionally, spotted pictures of attractive women around. Following Omnium's invitation to a room hidden behind an illusionary wall, I had realized that these were most likely depictions of members of his Anomalia. After all, that white-haired goblin had been one of his. It

further stood to reason that this was a way the Master of Magic had to be available to the initiated few.

Well, if I was in his shoes, I would have used this ability to scatter a number of personal retreats all throughout the building. That would allow me both to make mysterious entrances/exits by disappearing behind walls and give me space to fully appreciate my Anomalia members in the downtime. Since Omnius struck me as a fellow man of culture, I would expect this to be exactly what he did.

Regardless of why or how he did anything, important to my current situation was that I failed to locate either this cosmic lamia or any other pictures of attractive women. Either I was unlucky or he was avoiding me. I truly hoped it was the former. There were ample reasons why Omnius could have been busy for two hours.

The belltowers announced the 20th hour of the day. Not wanting to intrude at such an hour, I instead returned to reliable training methods. I was still dressed in my sports clothes, not having taken them off after the Unarmed Combat class. A deliberate decision, as I would be running the way home.

Once I hit the road, I began sprinting. The usual advice for long distance running, I wholeheartedly ignored. The goal was neither to train my stamina nor to cross the distance effectively. What I wanted to do was to push myself to the edge of exhaustion.

The distance barely sufficed for this. The path home was about five kilometres and even if I was only at the starting point of being a superhuman, I was still above any regular athlete the worlds could produce. Only towards the last fifth did my limbs get struck with the leaden feeling. I carried on, challenging myself to push it to the edge.

I arrived home, drenched in sweat. Deliberately, I stopped. The adrenaline dropped, making the heaviness of my shoulders that much worse. I filled a cup with tap water. Cold water ran down my throat. My breathing stabilized. Everything inside me urged me to take a rest, but I refused.

What I had to train above anything else was my will. Increasing my physical prowess in this manner was recommendable, but not what I needed to overcome Taurus' challenge. I needed to overcome the suggestions and demands of my instincts. Even if it was crude, to push my body to the edge and then assert that I would continue regardless of aching bones and wailing muscles was a worthwhile way to increase that discipline.

I was outside, right next to the pool, doing a variety of workouts without a clear goal. I just moved whatever part of me was still capable of moving. I reached the point where I no longer felt heavy. Instead, I simply felt incapable. My arms were light, but my sinews refused to lift them. When I did manage to get them up a little bit, they fell back down.

Barely, I could turn my head to see Esther approach me. "The mischief I could force upon you at this moment, admirable Karitas," she whispered while caressing my head. I was too beaten to even give that a response.

It was far from the first time she had found me like this recently and it would become a regular occurrence for these next few days. We both were less than three weeks away from the promised date. Three more tries to get the challenge cleared. Twenty-one days to sort out her insecurities.

My eyes were glued to Esther's thighs. Squatted down right next to me, wearing only her swimsuit, her smooth, meaty legs were all I could concentrate on. That was until she parted

them just so slightly. The stretchy, dark fabric of her swimsuit hugged her crotch tightly. Although the neoprene piece was fundamentally of a plain, conservative design, her curves transformed it into the most seductive swimwear that could exist.

When I mustered the necessary concentration to look up to her face, I found her flushed and biting her lower lip. It was like she had taken a bath in the oil I had concocted. I could smell her desire in the air of this lovely summer evening. The sweet smell of pheromones mixed with that of distant flowers and the surrounding forest.

There was an aphrodisiac above all others when it came to Esther: effort. Nothing had a more immediate effect on the lady of my love than watching me try my hardest. More specifically she loved watching me make an effort towards something she also wanted and that I could get. If I tried to scale a smooth wall with all I had, she would have simply berated me.

The something in this case was another woman, that other woman, the only one Esther felt had approached me the correct way so far. Aclysia joining in time was important to both of us.

I expected her to help me up or to turn me over and give me a back massage. That was her normal encouragement during these situations. When she instead yanked my pants down, I groaned in surprise. My cock went to full mast practically in record time, my beating heart needing to get my blood somewhere. It made me feel dizzy and then she wrapped a hand around the base,

“Oh, Esther...” I gasped. All my nerves were on edge, and that included my cock. Precum soon lubricated her pumping motions and I was left shamelessly groaning. “Good girl,” I whispered to her.

“Keep those words until your submissive Queen has earned them, my Karitas,” she purred. My cock twitched at the sound of those words. Even though I was helpless, my woman was so eager to remind me that I was in charge. Could one ask for more?

The same joy that made me wish this situation would last forever put me on the speed lane towards orgasm. She bowed down to my crotch and wrapped her lips around the tip of my cock. Eagerly, her tongue swirled around the engorged tip. The words ‘cum inside my mouth’ vibrated through her lips.

I held on for a little bit longer. One hand, I managed to raise. I ran my fingers over her cunt. I could feel the wetness through the stretchy fabric. Pussy juice stuck to my fingers. Her perfect ass was right next to me, in all its juicy roundness. I stared at it intensely and came.

I had to hold onto my consciousness to not tap out. Each spurt, she so greedily swallowed, made the blackness encircle my vision. Her hand flattened against my groin, her red lips pushed further and further down. When the last few drops were pumped into her, her lips brushed the base. Slowly, she went back up, her vacuum tight mouth rubbing what little semen remained in my shaft. She gulped that down too.

Breathing heavier than I had been when she arrived, my field of view was filled with dancing dots around the edges. Ever so slowly, they were pushed back. I moaned, when Esther licked my deflating cock, having spotted another drop of my cum. “Are Willt and Arlethia out?” I managed to gasp.

“No,” Esther responded as plainly as ever. “Does it matter?”

I shook my head and smirked. ‘How truly blessed I am,’ I thought. Esther’s inhibitions towards public exposure had been low to begin with, so this was not exactly surprising. If my friends or Aclysia stumbled across us having sex around the house, then that was just the

hazard of living in my mansion. As far as me and my Queen were concerned, there were no issues as long as we did not interrupt anything and cleaned up after ourselves.

With calming breaths came some control over my exhausted limbs. I pulled Esther's swimsuit aside and fingered her hairless cunt lazily. Her cooing moans were enticing, but not enough. I had the obligation as a man to take full advantage of outdoor sex and as her partner to make her feel at least as good as she had made me.

A demanding tug gave her the signal and seconds later she straddled my face. Her bubble butt rested on my face and I took a deep inhale of her citrus aroma. Getting her to climax took no time at all, turned on as she was herself.

Not three minutes later, we were laying side by side on the tiles. They were pleasantly cool in the late summer weather. Once the semester was over, we would enter a short autumn, followed by a long winter. I would miss spending time outside in little clothes.

Shaking from the exertion, I sat up and reached between Esther's legs again. She shivered softly when I found and pressed the bottom of the butt plug. "What size are you at now?" I asked.

"Size 2," she responded. The 4-sizes starter set had served us well. Size 1 was honestly useless. Aside from a short, initial stint with it, Esther had left it in the packaging. During our aphrodisiac-fuelled engagement we had used the Size 3 for a while. In everyday use, Esther had found Size 2 to be more comfortable for the moment. It had only been three days. Taking time to climb the ladder was reasonable, as was preferring smaller sizes during 'passive' usage.

Recommended was to not try proper anal until Size 4. While I was understandably eager to expedite the process, it was not my backdoor that was at the risk of tearing. Consequently, I left it to her better judgement. All I had to know was that Esther wore these out of her own volition even when I was not around.

"Aclysia claimed the basic size," Esther informed me. Had I been any less tired, I would have immediately popped another boner. I would have to investigate what the maid's enjoyment of anal was. Wouldn't want any of my haremets to think they were expected to do something they were uncomfortable with. "You talked with insolent Karona?"

"Yeah." I kept playing with her thick thighs and pussy lips as we talked. She was just too beautiful not to touch. A logic that I usually ignored when I looked at females that piqued my interest. This one was mine, however, and she smiled softly at the attention I paid her. "I got what I needed," I said and proceeded to catch her up to what had happened.

Afterwards, Esther stood up and helped me on my own feet. We had the decency to fix our clothes, before she pointed me towards the shower. After cleaning the sweat off and having dinner, I collapsed in my bed. I was ready to pass out when Esther poked me painfully in the ribs.

"You can move a little more," she stated and spread her pretty pink pussy for me to see. I was a very simple man to motivate.

My hand moved with slow precision alongside the neck of the guitar. Every movement hurt. The drawback of using physical means of exhausting myself was that my muscles hated me the next day. The Astral Body fixed many ailments, but the kind that was imposed by one's own

body was not among them. Some pain was necessary for growth. Matter of fact, some pain was the very cause for growth.

The way the cords of the guitar pressed into my fingertips was similar. Because I viewed the mild pain as a learning experience, I experienced the discomfort of plucking the strings. In the end, the Astral Body was an instinctual reaction to physical trauma. Had it reacted to every last issue with the body, the magic would have drained with every bit of dust I inhaled, every step I took, and every nail I clipped. As it was, I still had to cough sometimes, the skin of my soles had hardened, and I had to file down my nails.

Not a habit I had until recently, but Esther had complained that a badly trimmed nail had stung her butt recently. For the privilege of clawing at those marvellous cheeks, I was willing to spend some extra time grooming myself.

I glanced up, when Maria opened the door to the insulated room. The Asian music teacher had the sexy secretary look down to a T. Dark hair tied up in a bun, tightly sitting white shirt, even tighter pencil skirt, and a pair of dark-rimmed glasses. She was young and attractive, appearances suggested early thirties, misguiding as that could be. An Anomalia mark wrapped around her left ring finger.

A deterrent that I, perhaps, required. Fundamentally I was not going to fornicate with a teacher in earnest and bring upon me the consequences such an action could have. However, to flirt and position myself approvingly for after graduation, that was possibly on the menu. This was a university and moral concerns were greatly lessened by the students being firmly in the adult category.

That being said, I doubted I had the patience to leave an Anomalia slot open until graduation. I fully intended to see my harem filled by the time the placing tournaments happened. That gave me roughly six more months. While that sounded ambitious, I was confident that it could work. To grow an Anomalia was easier once it was established and between Esther and Aclysia, I had to be recognized as a big deal. I already had a certain goblin on the shortlist, for one.

None of that had anything to do with Maria though, who closed the door behind her and watched me expectedly. I plucked the cords as if she wasn't there, one after the other. As I went on, I hummed the notes I struck in my baritone. My voice was my primary instrument. I had picked the guitar up just because. The pretty, popular guys often played guitar and embodying an archetype was advisable when one wanted the same successes.

"You're worse than last week," Maria commented and sat down on a stool.

"As much as this may displease you, I must admit that I taxed my body immensely the day before this. There is something I must achieve and for that, I must steel my nerves. A drop in the quality of my music is a sacrifice I am willing to make," I gave the long-winded answer and struck another cord. "Truly, I am only in attendance because moving here was difficult."

"Preparations for the Headmaster's test, I assume?" Maria asked.

"Yes." I finally put the guitar aside. It was normal for Maria to check on the students that had scattered throughout the various studios. Now that we were transitioning from musical advice to life advice, the instrument was in the way. "Do you happen to have been around when it last happened?"

"I was," Maria responded with a nod. "Must have been... eighteen years ago? It wasn't one of Derilea's daughters."

“Anything remarkable the man did?” I was willing to integrate whatever had worked previously. Only a fool dismissed the lessons of the past because they sounded odd on the face of it.

Maria shook her head. “He was already at the end of his second year here and had progressed far enough where he cleared it after only a couple of tries. It’s quite impressive you’re trying despite how early in your development you are. Does the suffering inspire you?”

“To write a song? A little bit,” I admitted and rolled my shoulder. Every part of the motion hurt. It would only get better if I kept moving. Active rest and all of that. “I was wondering if I could use it to distract myself. You know, channel my distress into music.”

“As it is happening? It would be an impressive performance if you managed that.” Maria put her legs in parallel and I kept my eyes on her face. “In your mind it may work. A personalized mantra, so to say.”

I nodded, that was mostly what I was thinking. “I would feel silly singing to the Headmaster anyway,” I joked. “Although the confusion may cause him to ease up.”

“I wouldn’t bet on it,” Maria chuckled. “You’re a good man, Karitas, so I feel comfortable in giving you a tip about something that may help you.”

“I’m all ears?” My tone reflected scepticism. Helping intentions were appreciated. Platitudes were not. I was not convinced that anything could be said to me that I had not thought of already. An open mind was something I prided myself on, however, so I did give her the chance to surprise me.

“Attempt to have an audience.”

That was not something I had expected or thought of before. “Why?” I wondered immediately.

“I have come to the conclusion that you, Karitas, are a performer. You meet the challenge of the spotlight, love the occasion when you can prove yourself before people. It wouldn’t surprise me if you were incapable of finishing a song until you performed it.” Maria made an off-handed gesture. “It’s pretty regular among Diamond Kings. It’s your individualism, your whimsical need to prove what is special about you.”

I contemplated her words. ‘Would I perform better with an audience?’ I wondered and the answer was an immediate ‘Yes.’ The confirmation came from a deep part of my mind that was more me than my active thoughts. The wisdom of the subconscious that really made up all that I was, even if I did not always listen to it. ‘Especially if that was an audience of women. It is of most dire importance that I impress the ladies.’

“Am I correct?” Maria asked, already knowing the answer.

“Absolutely,” I confirmed for her. “I’ll keep that in mind.”

Maria stood up and stretched. “Now, keep practicing. I understand that maids make men go crazy, but you have a talent that I intend to see blossom.”

“I’ll do my best,” I responded and grabbed the guitar again. By the time the padded door closed behind her, I was back to plucking the cords. ‘A song to my current trials, hm?’ I thought and imagined myself thundering vocals in a steady tone, shrugging off Taurus’ influence to the swooning of the audience. ‘A power fantasy of the most juvenile kind, pleasing as it is,’ I reined myself in. There was no way I could formulate any sentences under his pressure, much less sing. I won if I managed to keep standing.

That was challenging enough. It was Thursday, so I had two more days until the next Sunday rolled around. This would be the last 'test run' I afforded myself. If I did not manage to make large improvements, the last two tries would be desperate. It might be that my worst enemy was time. My current training regimen was not sustainable. It was possible that it even decreased my performance, unless I gave myself the necessary time to rest.

I hummed to myself and tried to make my fingers keep up with the tune. Universally, I failed. My skill in the guitar was amateurish, to say the least. This was the third time I even tried it. Before I knew it, the class was over.

I headed over to my second and last class of the day: Basic Weapon Training. It was exactly what I needed. Constant, mildly exhausting movement, with small breaks in between. When my muscles were no longer stiff, I participated at the usual level.

Weapon Training class was one of my favourites. The teacher had taken all of our wishes into account and because of that I was constantly matched up against different weapons and numbers of enemies. They, in return, got to train how to deal with an individually superior opponent with teamwork. I typically lost these, since I did not get to exploit my Artefact or magic. My physical strength was not so far above my peers that I could effortlessly outmanoeuvre several at once.

After that, I took a shower and headed over to my shift at the Café Served. It was a normal Thursday shift, which meant it was terribly dull. Thursday was the least active day. The nature of my work meant I couldn't use that time to work out either. Best use I found was to retreat to a corner and watch gruesome stuff on my Ashod. The kind of wretched, disgusting video that I would completely avoid in any other circumstance. Anything to improve my control over my danger aversion instincts.

Rather than take the train home, I changed into my sport's clothes again and ran the way home. It was a longer route, courtesy of no direct path existing. Welldark was designed around the train network. The paths that existed around the local forest and plains were designed to be scenic backdrops to romantic walks. They served well neither for running nor efficiently reaching any place. That only made it more serviceable for my purposes.

I arrived home, barely capable of putting one foot in front of the other. Smacking my Ashod against the signature reader, I leaned onto the gate and nearly fell when it swung open. I stumbled through the front door and into Aclysia's arms.

I had not expected the white-haired half elf to be there, yet she caught me all the same. "Welcome home, my Master-to-be," she whispered in my ear. The tranquil voice immediately made the entire struggles of the day worth it. Slender fingers played with my neck-long hair. "It honours me infinitely that you torture yourself to impress my meddling father."

"You should be infinitely honoured," I mumbled. "Truly, if there is such a thing that deserves infinite honour it must be..." I let out a long yawn. "...maids."

That was all the energy I had for compliments. Aclysia helped me towards the kitchen table where I sat down. My eyelids were heavy and I struggled to stay awake. It had been an exhausting day. I should have headed out to try and find Omnius. A terribly difficult prospect. Which was exactly why I was supposed to do it.

"Care to stay for a minute?" Aclysia asked and rubbed my shoulders. I hummed an affirmation.

“How was your day?” I asked the simplest question imaginable. From strangers to lovers of 70 years, it was a staple of sapient interaction. Nothing was more important than knowing what those around oneself were currently dealing with. Any other topic of conversation was secondary.

“I attempted to locate this celestial lamia between classes,” she reported.

“Aclysia, this is my challenge,” I reminded her. Any kind of actual reprimand in my voice melted away under the massaging circles her thumbs drew.

“My father may have presented the challenge to you, but I have an intense investment in seeing it through.” Aclysia bundled my hair up and hummed thoughtfully. “You would look good with a ponytail.”

“Would I?” In my raised hand, a silver-white mirror manifested and I inspected myself. I found that I looked no better or worse with my hair up. “I’m thinking I should get a haircut.”

“If you wish for that, I can provide.” Aclysia went back to massaging my shoulders. “I have basic training in hairdressing. It would strike me as a waste to diminish your hair at this length, however.”

“Honestly, it’s only this long because I was too lazy to find a place for a haircut,” I confessed jokingly. Again, I yawned, this time stretching as I did so. A sudden surge of energy let me get on my feet.

Following pure intuition, I whirled around. One of her hands I grabbed, the other landed on my shoulder after I placed mine on her hip. The wide swing and round behind gave ample room to hold onto. With the elegance of a hummingbird, my feet flew over the floorboards. I pulled her along, and led her along the dance and she followed with measured steps. Closer, she got ever closer, until our dance was replaced with the rhythmic swinging of a pair arm in arm.

Aclysia hummed a little song. She was a few finger widths shorter than I. Not enough to truly put us apart, but enough that she looked at me past her coquet blinks. She leaned up and kissed the point of my chin.

Guiding our swaying steps towards the wall, I slammed her against the hard plaster. “Mhm...!” she suppressed a gasp and deliberately made herself a little smaller. The smoothness of her hair glided under my palm like polished silver. I grabbed her chin while brushing through her pale strands. The fair colour of her face was tinted red by her excitement. “Master...” she whispered.

“No ‘to-be’?” I asked.

“A technicality I am eager to forget.” Her fingers slowly wandered up my sternum. “You make it difficult not to, acting like I am yours already.”

“A happenstance I am eager to make reality.” My thumb brushed over her lower lip. It was notably fuller than its counterpart. The pink was flawless, soft, and she let me deform it without a single complaint in her body language. I breathed in deeply. She smelled of oranges. My thumb pushed between her lips. Opening, she let me play with her teeth and tongue. “Good girl.”

Aclysia beamed at those two words, as if I had just poured the most expensive wine in her glass. Her excited breathing brushed over the back of my hand. Her nostrils flared. How I wished to make those lips mine, to kiss her and take her to wherever this moment would take us.

This was not, however, the time. My hand retreated. I kept playing with her lips. “You’re stealing my shirts, aren’t you?” I confronted her.

She went rigid instantly, her blush intensifying from excitement to shame and excitement. “I... uhm... I may have withdrawn one at a time due to a delayed cleaning strategy...” She blinked at me cutely and pushed her lower lip out. I almost believed that horrendous excuse just because she was giving me that special kind of look.

“Be real with me, Aclysia,” I whispered to her and got a little bit closer. My thigh pushed between her legs, folding the skirt of her school uniform up to her crotch. She let out a feminine sigh, eyelids fluttering. Her nostrils flared as she audibly drew in my scent. Fresh sweat was often pleasant and I was blessed with a low body odour anyhow.

“...Yes, I am appropriating your shirts,” she relented in a breathy whisper. “May I continue to do so?”

“On one condition: you have to answer truthfully to two hypotheticals.” Aclysia blinked a couple of times, but nodded. “If I were to tell you to take off your panties right now wo- Okay, stop.” I had to interrupt her in doing what I was theoretically requesting. Approvingly, I chuckled, then tried again. “Let me be more direct: If I wanted to fuck you right now, would you oblige?”

“I would have to regretfully ask you to honour my loathsome father’s wishes and clear his interrupting test first. Further, I would have to remind you that the conditions Esther put into place have not yet been fulfilled.” Aclysia gulped and took another whiff of my scent. “If those were taken care of, a Master may copulate wherever it pleases him in his domicile.”

“Esther and I had sex by the pool yesterday,” I told Aclysia and listened to her breathing stop for a moment. Long, the held breath was pushed out of her nose.

“Our Queen is a woman of approvable priorities,” the maidly half elf responded. “And your open lust, intensely upfront as it may have been, I share it. Why would I withhold any desires I have for you within our own home? Why should you not have access to all you own?”

“To be intensely upfront is to be honest. To be honest is to beget good karma. I keep being rewarded for my good karma.” My thigh travelled higher and Aclysia whimpered wonderfully. She grinded against my leg. Breathing accelerated as her hips did. I forced her to look at me, her eyes were glassy. “Cum for me.”

I kept staring in her eyes, wishing to keep both the view and the touch of her quim an event for another time. Near my leg, I felt her fingers move. Barely any time at all passed, before she spasmed where she stood. Little cries escaped her. The entire time, she was looking straight at me. I could practically see the love soar higher in her eyes.

Absolutely, I had this woman wrapped around my fingers. She had let me in and I had made myself at home in her head. What exactly was it about me that she adored? Hard to say. My confidence, I reckoned. The raw sexual compatibility between us was evident. I also reckoned I just smelled the right way. For some women, the right musk was all that was required to attract them. That I was an upstanding gentleman let her follow that instinct without further thought.

Sometimes, finding a relationship was a matter of consistent effort. At other times, it was as simple as being a decent person.

“Did you cum?” I asked, already knowing the answer. Aclysia, taking slow and deliberate breaths, gave me a dreamy nod. “Good girl.”

“Thank you, Master,” she responded under her breath.

“I met Omnius and he told me he would never help me, because I did not deserve you.” Aclysia’s body language shifted from post-orgasmic trembles to sudden rigidity. It went so far

that she began to quiver all over in a different way. Her green eyes immediately snapped back into focus. Although her face remained tranquil and diligent, I could sense the boiling behind.

“Did he say that?” she whispered, her voice as smooth as the side of a polished blade.

“Aclysia, you have nothing to hide from me,” I told her and kept patting her head. “I want to love all sides of you. Don’t suppress anything you feel in my presence. What would you do if he said that?”

“Something that makes him regret those words.” Aclysia’s hiss was deadly elegance. Behind those emerald eyes formulated revenge plots that were as simple as they were cruel. It took her a few seconds until she realized the key word of what I had presented to her. “Would?”

“That was my second hypothetical,” I revealed to her. “Just wanted to really coax out the crazy in you. Don’t worry. Much like mankind can be fascinated with an approaching lightning storm, so am I struck by the thunder of your passion, my maid. You can be as crazy as you want around me.”

“Ah, Master,” Aclysia leaned forwards and pressed her nose in the depression of my shoulder. She was right back to riding my leg. “Master... you’re making me... so needful...”

“Good. I should always have access to all I own – and that includes you,” I said that firmer than I truly meant it, used that deep, slightly threatening voice reserved for sexual domination. Aclysia brought herself to a swift, second orgasm in response to my claim of possession. ‘What a truly good girl,’ I thought and backed off.

Aclysia slowly sunk down along the wall, the orgasm making her legs too weak to stand. Her eyes were glued to my crotch, where my dick bulged visibly through the stretching material of the sportswear. I could see the thoughts go through her head, because I was thinking the exact same thing. How enticing it was to pull down my pants and then ram my cock down her throat. Her mouth was agape, open so much wider than she needed to breathe.

The door opened at that moment and Esther came marching in. Behind her were Willt and Arlethia. My Queen analysed the situation Aclysia and I were in. There was no way to misconstrue, not with Aclysia’s hands still between her legs and my erection so prominent.

Confidently, I smiled at her in greeting. She took off her shoes. “Leave no stains on the wall or floor,” she demanded and placed a welcoming kiss on my cheek. She stared at me for a few seconds afterwards. When she spotted not a sign of guilt on me, she walked off.

“Really, the living room?!” Arlethia complained.

“My dearest frenemy, I shall inform you of what both my horny and gorgeous haremetses have now approved of: within my house, indeed in any setting that is not inappropriate by our measures, our love shall manifest however we want.”

“Normal speak, you pompous third-grade philosopher,” Arlethia groaned. “You’re just saying you’ll fuck on every surface of the house.”

“If we so desire,” Esther stated firmly, while checking the contents of the fridge. “You are welcome to do the same.”

Arlethia turned to Willt, who was doing his best not to participate or acknowledge the situation. His poor heart probably couldn’t take this. “Yeah, that ain’t fucking happening,” the succubus drawled.

“There is an alternative solution, if I may present it,” Aclysia said. I was tempted to press her face into my crotch, to assert dominance and all that. I did not trust myself to not put her in a mating press three seconds after she would lick my bulge. I had pushed this far enough.

Instead, I helped Aclysia up. I caught a glimpse of the panties halfway down her thighs, before she pulled them back up.

Willt was crimson now, staring at a wall. Arlethia had seen it as well, but she just shrugged. "Let's hear it, 'Clysia?"

"We do have an additional mansion available. I have no utility for the separate home." The maid directed a slight smile in my direction. Her swooning voice was as soft as half-melted butter. "Karitas' home is my home. Whether I join his Anomalia at the desired time or not makes no difference on my wish to stay."

I put an arm around her and she was right back to cuddling me. No sniffing this time, at least not overtly. It appeared I had pushed the last magical button to make her all mine. "Are you not lucky that you know me?" I asked, while combing Aclysia's hair with my fingers. Esther sat down on a nearby chair with a cream cheese sandwich in hand.

"We're lucky we know Aclysia," Arlethia shot back.

"You know her, because she'll be my haremte, and I know her because I earned this mansion, to which you were invited by me. I am the chain of causality here," I corrected her.

Arlethia groaned and turned to her boyfriend. There wasn't much to discuss between the two of them. The mansion was enormous for us. It was not enormous for two growing Anomalias. More importantly, while the two haremtes I had gathered for myself were of the fellow, unbothered variety, it was not definitely the case that future ones would share the sentiment. If I wanted to have free erotic availability around the house for the next semester, it was best the only people I shared it with were those that I also shared a bed with. No haremte that I could attract could be so prude to protest being bent over the breakfast table, when the only people around it were other haremtes that had seen her naked less than two hours ago.

If I did somehow attract such a prude, I had failed myself. Or I would have to train a shy submissive in the joy of showing herself to her equals. That would be rather entertaining.

As for Willt and Arlethia, if I had to view things from their dull perspective, they probably had inhibitions about finding me balls deep inside Esther once or twice a day. I did not share such issues, I would high-five Willt in passing if he was nailing Arlethia against the corridor wall, but that was what I understood their sensibilities to be. Actually, just his sensibilities. Arlethia saw me nude every week during the Sexual Skills class.

"Nah, we'll be staying," Arlethia announced, much to my surprise. "Thanks for the offer though."

The pair finally stepped out of their own shoes and into the room. "You sure?" I asked.

"Y...yeah," Willt stuttered his response and headed swiftly through the room. Arlethia tugged me by the sleeve, staying for a moment while her boyfriend brought a bag full of stuff upstairs. Apparently, Esther had been out shopping with them.

"He's trying to be less embarrassed about sex and stuff," Arlethia revealed to me in a conspiratorial tone. "Do me the favour and be a little less you when he manages to not lock the door two fucking times before we do our stuff."

"Do not barge into the room blasting cheap jazz music, got it," I responded with jovial seriousness. "What brought about his change of heart?"

"Just hanging around us deviants," Arlethia grinned widely. "Also, something about wanting to be more proactive. Which, fun as it is to suck him dry every morning, I won't complain about. Switch things up a little, you know?"

"I do know," I said with a nod. I was smiling broadly. Yes, this might lead to potential complications with future haremets, but I was happy to have my friends around a little while longer. Willt could definitely use the exposure therapy. Plus, it wasn't like the other mansion was running away. "What are the odds I see him tomorrow during class?"

"Higher than before." Arlethia playfully whipped me with her tail, as she walked away.

I had intense respect for Willt, when he actually accompanied us to the Sexual Skills class. Even Arlethia was surprised when he announced that he would after breakfast. The spontaneous decision was one that lasted. Even though he was clearly nervous, as he chatted with us during the way there, he did not turn around. He walked into the classroom and sat down next to Arlethia.

Everyone around the class stripped, except for him. In an effort not to stare, he kept his eyes glued to the table in front of him. Not for the first time, I wondered how someone that had grown up around succubi had such difficulties with sexual expression. It wasn't even that I thought Willt had to be as casual about nudity and public sex as I was. I understood that was not a lifestyle fitting or appropriate for everyone. Rather, the intensity of his embarrassment was puzzling.

"Proud of you that you came along, friend," I told him, instead of what else I was thinking. Much like one should only encourage the unfit person that attended gym, it was only appropriate to reinforce Willt's decision to come here. Conservative voices would say that the former was good for you, while the latter was a terrible indulgence that enslaved one to sin.

Now, with so many other things, one had to give tradition its due. It was doubtlessly true that oversexualization of the mind led to various negative consequences. However, the Sexuality Branch of Welldark under the leadership of Danielle was no depraved hell.

As per usual, I stripped completely. The lady of my love only dispatched of her legwear, although she made the conscious step to also unbutton her shirt and put her breasts on display. She left her clothes neatly folded on the table, next to mine. "That's quite a leap from the usual," I whispered to her.

"If he can become more comfortable, so can I," Esther put it simply, not bothering to lower her voice.

Willt stared at my Queen's exposed breasts for an almost inappropriate amount of time. He cleared his throat and visibly forced himself to relax. The presence of Arlethia helped him in that. The succubus had also stripped completely. Evidently, she had no lingerie to show-off this week. Not that the shortstack needed any accentuation, with her giant tits, fat ass, and narrow midriff, all sporting smooth, red skin. She was quite the erotic sight.

I analysed that platonically. My separation between available and unavailable still worked splendidly. "Nice cock, bro," she joked.

"Nice tits, sis," I responded in kind. This was the same exchange we had every week. My eyes moved on from her and over to a certain, greyish-white skinned succubus that sat notably closer than she had the last two months.

Karona's breasts were a cup-size smaller than that of my Esther, which still put them in the large category overall. They dropped, slightly, as natural breasts did. The nipples were of a deep, almost black grey. Down the flatness of her stomach in side-view, my eyes travelled,

taking in the midriff that I had seen numerous times before, only that no hotpants, skirt, or other legwear blocked me from fully taking in her sinful thighs today. Her legs were crossed. Her attractive face rested on her wrists.

Then, with alluring grace, she leaned backwards. She pulled one leg up into the seat, spread the other one out, and revealed her cunt for everyone else in the same row. A row that, usually, only included me, Esther, and Arlethia. For a split second, Karona glanced over and smirked directly at me. Then she blinked and her gaze had returned to the front of the class.

It was the first time Karona attended the class fully naked. I had checked before, to Esther's annoyance. A man was curious and Karona had taken my confirmation that I was more than curious and now teased me for it. That devilish little gorgeous semen swallowing woman of grace and lust. If she was trying to make me keep flirting with her against Esther's wishes, she was following the optimal strategy.

That being said, I did respect Esther's wishes a lot. I put a hand on my Queen's thigh and squeezed. "Not unless you say it's fine," I assured her and she nodded approvingly.

"This is the kind of arrogance she should be fixing," Esther responded, most certainly loud enough that Karona could hear it. The room was big, capable of holding between 150 and 200 students. At the moment, there were about 70. Consequently, there was lots of empty space, but not so much anyone was isolated.

Karona shot us an annoyed glare and turned her body sideways, giving me the most minimalistic view of her curves possible. Her tail lashed the armrest of the leather chair. This was, predictably, not the response she had hoped for.

While I was still going through the mental carousel of figuring out if there was any way to talk to her without upsetting Esther, Danielle entered the room. The brunette fox lady was as nude as many of us, wearing only a pair of flip flops. The moment she took her usual position, sitting on the edge of the desk, she kicked them off. She crossed her legs and laid her fluffy tail on her lap, stroking it carefully as her eyes wandered over us students.

First, she noted Karona, lingering on the nude succubus for a moment. Her eyes moved on swiftly, to find Esther and nodding approvingly towards her. Lastly, she spotted Willt. Immediately, she jumped from her position on the table and sashayed with natural elegance up to us. The eyes of the room were naturally drawn to her, then they all broke contact and turned to their individual conversations. Danielle had made it clear very early that, when she had direct conversations with students, others were to not stick their nose in it. A laudable and necessary precaution, since most of those she addressed privately were the shy and uncertain.

Danielle afforded herself a few comments in passing. "You decided to shed your clothes, Karona, but I'd have preferred it if you did it in solidarity with the less confident." A few more steps later, she said to Esther. "A large step, I hope you continue making progress with being open about your body." The lady of my love squeezed my hand under the table.

The fox lady arrived in front of Willt and Arlethia. She was one row down from us and of only average height. She placed her elbows on the table and rested her roundish face on her interlocked fingers. A gentle smile spread her red lips. Hazel eyes wandered from the nude succubus to the fully clothed warlock.

"You must be Willt," the Mistress of Sexuality of Welldark greeted him. Like usual, her voice oozed casual femininity. She had mastered the art of simply being a woman and being attractive by embodying the good aspects of the fairer sex. That made all of her motions attractive without

any further thought, as she was all us men had been seeking for countless generations. “I’m Danielle, a pleasure to meet you.”

Willt gulped and said, in a dry voice, “Likewise.”

“It is most laudable of you to come here. I understand it is hard. In more ways than one, if you excuse the pun,” Danielle chuckled at her own words and I could sense a little bit of the tension leaving Willt. I wasn’t sure if the poor guy was capable of getting erect, nervous as he was. “Please, understand that the view of sexuality I teach here is one of trust and comfort. If you, at any point, wish to leave, know that no one will judge you for it. I only request that you attempt to go a little further in time. Okay?”

“I’ll try,” Willt responded, quickly this time.

“Thank you. A personal tip: if you want to be comfortable without undressing, opening your fly will help tremendously. No one will see anything you don’t want to either. The table is in the way.”

‘How rare, she’s wrong about something,’ I thought. When I would have opened my fly and sat here, with an erection, something would have definitely shown. Then again, I was firmly above average, so I did not know how much other men suffered from erections poking past waistbands.

Danielle stepped away. Willt didn’t move, until Arlethia opened his fly for him. He turned crimson and I turned my eyes somewhere else before he could get too self-conscious. There were whispers exchanged between them. I instead paid attention to my Esther. I was dining on her body, filling up rather than get hungry somewhere else. How blessed I was to get that opportunity. Esther traced the underside of my erection with her finger. Outright sexual acts were discouraged, for this class. The way Danielle had made it sound, that was for further semesters, when general tolerance was higher and practice more important. Little touches, however, were encouraged.

“Today, I want to talk about the little things,” Danielle addressed all of us, once she was back at the table. “And about an important difference of what to do and not do, between being a man and being a woman. Be reminded that I speak in generalisations today and that all I say should be used as inspiration to learn more about your partner and his or her preferences. What is true for 60% of men is not that likely to be true for your man. Even what is true for 99% of women may not be true for your woman. She will appreciate you all the more, if you are attentive to that rare need.”

Danielle extended her hand to the left. One of the golems, depicting a naked man at the peak of physical performance, albeit in a bland and non-descript way, began to move. He walked to the back of the table and pulled out a fine fur brush. Once it was handed to the teacher, she began to groom her tail.

“In most sapient species across the universe, the man is the chaser and the woman the chased. The man aims to impress and earn the right to a mate. The woman waits for the man that sufficiently impresses her and grants that right. A simple breakdown of the biological imperative that has allowed our species to evolve, elevating the fittest of body, mind, and character to pass on their genetics. Dull science talk, perhaps, but also the fundament of how all of you have evolved to come to be where you are now.

“While men and women have evolved to complement each other, it is no secret to anyone who has lived past the age of 13 that the sexes can have quite the difficulty talking to one

another. Males are brutishly calculating creatures that simply do not get emotional finesse. Females are terribly nagging beings that do not appreciate how much is done for them. A typical and not particularly useful way to look at the other sex, with kernels of truth in them.”

Danielle put aside the brush, her tail showing the streaks of the attention. She waved it around a couple of times and then it was every bit as fluffy as it had been before. The brush wandered to the golem and from the golem back to the drawer.

“For us women, to receive compliments on our looks is painfully standard,” the teacher revealed. “Not that we do not like it, especially when we make the effort to dress nicely and take care of our skin. It is, however, always what we hear first when a man wants us for those looks alone. It is difficult, if not impossible, to discern the empty flatterers from those looking for a genuine start to a conversation. It makes us callous to compliments, which makes us seem unappreciative to the individual kind word. When care is feigned regularly, second-guesses become reasonable.

“As my husband tells me, for men the situation is one of unappreciated effort. To make the motions is quite frustrating when the response is lukewarm at best. Worse is getting tested and teased by women that either overstretch their emotional sway or do not know when they can trust a man. Although it is not a problem in a place as civilized and magical as Welldark, I will remind you that your evolution also has prepared women to deal with the fact that their partners are typically stronger than themselves. To be alone with a man is risky.

“And so one sex is doubtful and one sex is frustrated. An eternal dance we all must dance until we find the one who opens up to us. Until we find the many, for us blessed few that walk between worlds. Now, how does all of this translate to relevance for little gestures. Anyone got an idea...” She looked around the room, then picket at her own digression. “...Karona?”

The succubus tilted her head at the question. “If the bases for getting into a relationship are different, so are what one would appreciate in a relationship,” she presented her answer.

“Precisely.” Danielle smiled approvingly. “There’s two things men commonly do when they have a long term relationship that are insufferable. One is that they stop paying attention. All the effort the man made to get into the relationship? Diminished, gone, dropped once he feels like he has what he wants. The second is to be exceptionally physical, in the sexual way. Getting felt up can be quite nice, getting felt up all the time, with little to no conversation to accompany it? Exceptionally dull and, in some cases, humiliating. Much as some of you may enjoy roleplaying the part of the ‘slut that is defined only by her holes’, women do not want to genuinely feel like they’re that.”

“Hope I’m not guilty of that,” I whispered to Esther. Everyone watching us knew that I was an exceptionally touchy-feely guy.

“You have the equally annoying and entertaining habit, to babble as you caress,” Esther told me.

“I do not ‘babble’,” I grumbled. My hand brushed up and down her thigh. Danielle continued.

“Because the incentives are opposite, the issues are also opposite. The mistakes of women typically are to pay too much attention and to stop being sexual. Men are frequently surprised in how many issues we can find with their behaviour and that is because we, once a man has our interest, will analyse everything he does. It will be picked apart and interpreted. Bad is when you get it wrong, when you leave him no room to breathe, or are imprecise in saying what is bothering you. Many a man has been driven insane by ceaseless nagging, even or especially

when that nagging was aiming at something true. As for sex, because we control the access to it, we sometimes use it to goad a desired partner into a relationship and stop once we have accomplished that. A quick way to make sure men look for an alternative. Remember that they are wired to crave sex. I do not endorse that it is that way. It simply is. To accept that fact is the quickest way to learn how to handle it.”

“You are a little bit guilty of the bad communication thing,” I confessed to Esther.

Not what she wanted to hear, which was the point. “I do recall our spat over your monetary handling.”

“With this base established, we can talk about the little things. A good relationship is built on strong, core memories and a thousand little interactions that go well every day. For the men, keep paying attention while you are in the relationship. When you notice something that is different about your partner, comment on it. And, funny as you may think that is, I do not mean something like noticing a pimple that skincare refuses to completely remove.”

There was more than one supportive groan across the room and did my best to not remember the one relationship I had that had ended due to a very similar situation. In hindsight it had been terribly insensitive, something I had only come to learn once I started to actually take care of my own skin. Which, even if it was not typical for men, I would immediately recommend to anyone that ever asked me. The difference an occasional exfoliating could make was tremendous.

“Comment on the efforts we make for you,” Danielle said, once the groaning had stopped. “Matching underwear, the care we put in our eyebrows, the way our hair looks after we went and got the tips trimmed. Tend to us when we are in pain. Even a single piece of unrequested chocolate can go a long way. Do not attempt to solve any and all emotional problems by suggesting sex. It gets terribly repetitive and it does not work against all ailments. Keep your hands to yourself or to safe areas sometimes.”

“You can ignore that last bit,” Esther told me before I could ask. Man, I was happy that my upfront perversion filtered out the few that were willing to accept my boob-massaging nature. A nature I immediately went to indulge. I put my arm around her back and appreciated her left boob with gentle kneading. I loved how much of it spilled past my palm. “Remember appearances, however.”

“So can I ignore it or can I not?” I wondered.

“You can ignore it when the situation does not require a modicum of seriousness,” Esther stated, which did not help me. Our definitions of what required seriousness differed at times.

‘I suppose the occasional slap on my wrist will remain unavoidable,’ I resigned myself.

“Women, learn to concentrate your efforts and when to back off,” Danielle addressed the opposite sex. “If there is one thing I have learned my King loves, it is if I turn to him and simply look at him with all the love I have for about half a minute. The first few times, he may ask why you do that. Explain simply to him that you are happy to have him. Do not make it long, do not add any conditionals to the word, just say that you love him. Kiss him on the cheek and leave when he is concentrating. When he presents you with the fruits of his efforts, thank him or compliment him. If there are flaws, point them out softly or after the fact. His heart will be yours if you make it easy to love you. Do your best to satisfy him and he will never forsake you. Indulge some of his fantasies, those that you are comfortable with.

“Throughout all of this, remember that there is a balance to this. It is not unreasonable for men to diminish the efforts of their attention after the relationship. To get someone’s attention is more difficult than keeping it. Diminish does not mean minimize and certainly does not mean cease, however. Similarly, it is entirely reasonable to nag. If there are problems, make him aware of them. If he does not fix them, do it again. Simply be mindful of what you present as issues and that you do more for him than bring to his attention what is wrong with him.

“Always remember that you both want something out of a relationship. Yes, love is the emotion that makes us selfless, but no one should be cursed with being in love with someone who is selfish.”

Danielle let those words sink in for a moment. Broadly speaking, none of this was news for everyone around. As she had said, everyone who lived through the age of 13 had observed something or all of this. To have it put concisely, however, was useful. To hear it in a group setting further helped hammer down that none of us were crazy for noticing these things. Such reassurance was viable in and of itself.

“And how does all of this translate to sexuality, you may wonder?” Danielle chuckled into her raised hand, before sprawling out on the table. “Or perhaps you have been listening to me all this time? Marvin, if you could enlighten all of us?”

“The basis of a good sex life is a good life together,” the called upon student said.

“Not my favourite formulation, yet apt and succinct,” Danielle purred, her feet waving back and forth. The slender fox lady stretched. “The little things can go quite a long way. When you appreciate each other, when you lay next to each other, when he whispers the right words, and when he brushes your sides lovingly, you best believe that you will be dripping wet before he even reaches for your cunt.” There was a collective inhale of anticipation, from the women primarily but from the men as well. “This will be all for today. Arlethia, Willt, if you would stay for a minute?”

“There’s so much fun stuff in here,” Arlethia declared.

I had taken to printing my collection of alchemical concoctions I wanted to try out and file them away in folders ranked by difficulty and urgency. A collection that the succubus was now browsing through, discovering all of the debauched and wonderful discoveries I had made through the internet. “Yes, bask in the fruits of my labour, you shall never experience them!”

“Why wouldn’t she?” Willt dropped a pebble in the flask he was holding. The stone sank to the bottom of the liquid. Then there was sudden geyser of bright green smoke that rose from the neck of the bottle like a mushroom cloud. Willt remained calm and the cloud soon stopped spreading. It was like it was fixed in position above the bottle. He carried it with him to the workbench and tapped it with a golden hammer. The cloud was sucked like a bizarre mixture of spaghetti and broccoli back into the container. With a soft ‘pling’ it turned into a pill the size of my thumbnail.

I stared at it and was forced to realize that she probably would see most of the things in those catalogues before I would. “You book smart dick,” I let loose the rare curse, genuinely upset that he had managed to create the pill. He poured the small, green thing out of his hand.

This was not the Ephrogea Pill, which I so much desired. That pill's effects were both wonderful and permanent. What Willt had just created was the Erogea Pill, which, as the name implied, was a weaker version of the same. What it did was boost sperm production considerably for a month, allowing a man to cum full-sized loads up to six times a day. The drawback was the potential terrible case of blue balls.

For someone like me, that was the dream. With Esther, I found myself satisfied daily. It was obvious that adding additional women to the mix would require increased stamina on my part. Yes, leaving my haremets to satisfy one another through lesbian side engagements was also an option. A hot one, that would be a borderline necessity for several reasons down the line. Even admitting that, I wanted, nay, needed to raise my lovemaking capacity in scale with my Anomalia size. If I wanted to monopolize 9 women for myself, I was obligated to satisfy all of them in whatever way was available to me.

What was the point of having a harem if I could not stay hard throughout the daily orgies?

For Willt, who was just about ready to invite his second Anomalia member to the household, it was useful for two reasons. One, the same matter of pride as myself. Two, his two Anomalia members were demonettes. Not only that, they were a succubus and a mammonette, demons of lust and greed respectively. One fed off of semen and the other always wanted more.

'Actually, can mammonettes also live off semen?' I wondered, trying to distract myself from the envy I felt.

"You want this?" Willt offered and extended the pill towards me.

I considered for a second. I had provided the workstation and those were technically my materials in there. Before I could respond, Willt threw it down his throat, much to his girlfriend's amusement.

"Babe, I have never loved you more than right this fucking second!" Arlethia shouted and slammed my folder shut. She threw herself at her boyfriend, moments after he had swallowed down the pill.

"I would have said no, for the record," I told them, but they were off in a world of their own. Lips mashed together, Arlethia too demanding to make Willt conscious of me watching, they were intertwined. The scrawny warlock did manage to keep his shortstack succubus up. It was nice to see that my workout routine with him was accomplishing exactly what it should have.

What was surprising to see was one of the hands holding Arlethia up by her half-naked butt suddenly sport a deep blue, ring-shaped mark. I rubbed my eyes to make sure I wasn't imagining it. The mark was on the right hand, on his ring finger. Exactly where it belonged for a King. Moments later, he and Arlethia separated and the succubus checked her left hand. "Yesssssss," she hissed.

"Did you seriously just bond your Anomalia over insulting me?" I asked, equal parts flabbergasted and respectful.

"It's what we do best," Arlethia decided.

"We shouldn't define ourselves in opposition to Karitas," Willt cautioned.

"Maybe we should define ourselves by what I'll... what you can do to me with this, hm?" Arlethia grinded against her King's crotch with gyrating motions.

"Already implementing the new sexual confidence, I see." I theatrically shook my head. "Ah, to be young, to be so rapidly mouldable."

“Honestly, after the shock earlier... yeah, this doesn't faze me half as much anymore,” Willt responded, despite the intense blush on his face. That he could do this much in front of me, his best friend, was progress.

“You might even be able to lose the pants next week,” I teased him and he averted his eyes in response. “Want to tell me what Danielle wanted you two for, by the way? I've been curious all day. I respect it if it's your secret.”

“She just talked to us about whether or not Willt would attend the advanced seminar next semester,” Arlethia told me. “Speaking of which, are you and Esther tagging along?”

“And Aclysia,” I responded. I would try to convince her. With how much of a sexual awakening I caused in her (not that she had slept very deeply), I did not anticipate her resisting the suggestion. “Did she give you homework to catch Willt up on his lewdness development?”

The young warlock cleared his throat. “Let's just say it's good that I can make that pill.”

“That so? Well, remember to clean up after yourselves, whatever you do in my mansion,” I cautioned them with a large grin and stepped away to the side. “Don't let me stop you, I'm sure you have much to do.”

“Yeah... before we do that... want to talk about... Karona?” Willt carefully breached the topic.

I self-assuredly smiled, “What's there to talk about?”

“We kinda made a pass at her?” Arlethia asked.

“So I've heard and I'm neither mad nor do I demand an apology.” I rolled my shoulders. “I'm pretty confident that she wants me... probably more than ever just because she can't have me. The situation will either resolve or it won't, but I don't think you're her type.”

Willt nodded, just taking that explanation and going with it. Well, he went with Arlethia, but the proverbial point stood.

After they left, I started my frustrated attempts to get the pill done myself.

Chapter 9 – Flattened

“51 seconds,” I mumbled to myself as I wandered the empty corridors.

It was Sunday. The Sunday of the 3rd week of the 4th month of the 5-month semester. The penultimate Sunday before we transitioned into the break. The penultimate Sunday I had to finish the test. The penultimate Sunday before the agreement my Anomalia had with Aclysia would take effect.

Unless I failed.

Which was now looking likely.

I had already written Esther the news. Her reply had been a simple acknowledgement. Then she had asked me if I wanted to talk. I did not. I wanted to stir in these thoughts for a little bit and consider where I went wrong.

Did I not invest enough effort? Doubtlessly I could have done more. For the first few weeks I had been content slacking off. Now that was coming back to bite me. ‘It’s not that bad, I’ll just need a few more days or weeks into the break,’ I tried to convince myself. A foolish attempt that I chased away consciously. ‘Men that don’t do their best don’t deserve women like Aclysia,’ I told myself. ‘And you, Kosmhere, are not doing your best.’

In dark thoughts, I wandered around the campus. Sometimes, I came across the wild student or teacher. All who visited the university on a Sunday did so for reasons and they afforded me as little a glance as I did them. My feet carried me in no certain direction, while I tried to work out what to do next. Was I to accept that I had screwed up and take the challenge slowly? Should I unveil my secrets, only because I was incapable of withstanding the pressure of the Headmaster’s Astral Capacity? Were those my only two choices?

‘I should have listened to Esther when it came to that list,’ I admitted. ‘I owe her an apology.’

An apology owed was not a solution found. I had one more week to bridge 9 seconds. How hard did I have to try and steel myself to overcome that hurdle? What would I even do? There was only so much time I could spend steeling myself mentally, only so many ways I could go about it. If I went to Taurus every single day, perhaps that would do the trick? Would he afford me that?

I sighed and rolled my shoulders, trying to tap into the lessons of stoicism. It didn’t work. The mental discipline was not appropriate for the situation. Stoicism taught that one should not be in anguish over facts of life one could not change. I could change this fact of life. It was my life, my laziness, my pride that demanded I did this in the allocated time and my arrogance that saw me fail.

Again, the thought of giving up and just delaying crossed my mind. I shoved it back down, harder this time, hoping I could shatter that part of my mind like glass smacking against the floor. It cracked and I felt the weight of the cosmic disapproval behind it. ‘There’s no part of you that you could ever undo,’ I reminded myself.

The fact of the matter was that I did not care for a great many things. I did not care about my performances in written tests, so I didn’t study for them when I knew I could scrape by anyway. I did not care if I was the greatest alchemist, because I knew I could get what I needed eventually. I did not care to be the greatest fighter, so I only invested myself in combat training during the classes.

I was talented. I was smart. I had an inheritance that doomed me to greatness and I had decided to pick up that mantle before it picked me up. I did not have to be the most well-read, the greatest crafter, or the most combat-savvy. All of that were things that I was perfectly happy to be adequate at. A Jack of all trades, that was what I would be comfortable with.

The one thing, the only thing that I had ever wanted to be was a good man. The kind that others looked to and knew that he deserved everything he worked for. I never wanted to seriously think that I did not deserve what I got while I had it. Worse could only be if I found out that I did not deserve what I had in the moment I lost it.

And so, surrender was not an option.

Good men did not make their beloved wait. Good men said what they meant. Good men kept true to their promises. Good men were not a distant god whose plan was as ephemeral as the proof of investment in the creation he oversaw.

So, I had no choice. I had to try and fail and get-up again and I had to fail absolutely if I failed at all. Even if it would crush me in the moment, it would still retain what underpinned my mind. To have tried one's best and to have failed was terrible, but to not have tried as strongly as one could have and to accept defeat was to poison one's soul. To now give up on making Aclysia mine in time just because it would have been easier to wait a few days or weeks was the same as giving her to someone else.

I was the Karitas that had been arrogant. I would not be the Karitas that had given up. That sin was too heavy for me to bear.

I planted my foot down heavily and breathed in the mystically enriched air around me. The scent of incense and the tingle of mana hit me. My eyes wandered around the corridors. Where students usually wandered, only barely visible traces of magic moved. Like strings of the finest silk, they meandered through the corridors. Purple, they flowed, sparkling silver from its origin from the hundreds of thousands of students that had visited Welldark throughout the centuries.

It was easy to forget, with how well-kept everything was, how old an institution I stood in. Traditions had formed, been corrupted, restored, and outlived their usefulness several times. My hands brushed over the wall, as I slowly began to move again. I felt the bumps of stone and the coldness of the metal. Carved rock and forged depictions, combining to inlay the deep grey and purple of the gothic architecture with the black and bright radiation of the cosmos.

Slowly, I walked along the wall, my determination rising. Just when I had resolved to love, my fingers reached a point, widening into a horizontal V. I followed its partings, spotted the ridges of a scaled belly between the stars and the scales formed by the rings of planets. My eyes followed a pattern that wandered up to the gently curved ceiling, then down to the opposite wall.

Now that I had spotted the beginning, I could see it snaking down the corridor: the spiralling body of the serpent.

Disregarding any respect for the silence, I ran. My steps echoed in the expansive corridors. I had no idea where in the building I was, nor did I stop to find out. I turned a corner, then another one, ever aware of the spiral of planets, stars, and scales that continued. At some point, the building blurred around me. The details were hazy, except for the snake tail. It coiled around my field of vision, narrowed the periphery, as I ran. I ran and ran, until my lungs burned and the rhythm of my steps became a tired, infrequent stumble. I reached the end of the corridor and saw her before me.

The snake tail ended below a wall, giving rise to a woman with dark brown skin and silver hair that fanned out into the cosmos. The lamia's face was framed by scales of astral origin, her enormous bosom covered only by liquid gold. I blinked and the gold began to evaporate. I blinked and it was a flowing band that coiled like fine ribbon around her arms and arched above her back. I blinked and so did she. She beheld me with eyes of black, white pupils narrowing. No iris surrounded them.

"He's ready," she said and I dropped into the darkness I stood upon.

I was too tired to mind falling. On all fours, I landed on a platform in a place that could have been in the middle of space or not existed at all. In almost all directions, there was nothing. The stars were an eternity away. Only in front of me, was there a path. Translucent silver, leading up to a picnic table. On it sat the Master of Magic, wearing only a pair of loose pants. Next to him was the lamia, her tail now a length appropriate for her kind and yet still formed out of stardust, opaque darkness, and energy. Her lower half reminded more of skilfully worked glass than a true serpent and yet she moved with the same grace, while receiving strawberries from him.

I shambled over to the table and sat down opposite the two. My breathing was winded and remained so for a long time. Omnium pushed a cup of fluid into my field of view. Of the many things that it could have been, I did not expect to have been hit by the taste of cola.

The absurdity of drinking soda among the stars almost made me shoot the carbonated liquid out of my nostrils. An act that only prolonged my misery, as coughing was added to the panting. "Most are too awestruck to notice what they are drinking," Omnium remarked. "Even those that have travelled the veil rarely manage to stop and see."

"We're in the veil?" I asked, between coughs and looked around. I focused on one of the distant stars. As my attention narrowed on it, it became larger and larger, until my mind's eye was capable of seeing the planet that rotated around the sun. Blue, as most of the inhabited one's tended to be.

"A safe part of it." Omnium's voice caused my concentration to diminish. Immediately, the planet snapped back into being a dot among many. "Courtesy of my beautiful assistant here."

"Who is who's assistant?" the lamia asked, her voice sultry, with just the right amount of vocal fry to it to make her sound teasing. Omnium pushed one more strawberry between her dark lips. Clear fangs of pearly white showed for a moment, before the celestial being raised her voluptuous chest to the level of the teacher's head. Most of his face disappeared in the sheer quantity of those tits, larger even than Esther's were. I noted the presence of the Anomalia mark on her finger. As I had theorized, she was another one of Omnium's haremetses.

I let them have their moment. To respect another man's right to enjoy a moment of peace in the ample bosom of his beloved was only natural. As was to patiently avert my eyes when he went to knead said ample bosom. I did catch that the liquid gold that covered her deep brown chest moved as if it was just another layer of skin. What a wonderful way to give the minimum of 'public decency'. Not that they had to do that for my sake.

I continued to peer off into the vastness of the veil. I had been through here so many times, seen it so many different ways, and never had it been so calm. I did not trust it. "The Maleficarum cannot reach this place." The lamia caressed Omnium's brown hair, as she spoke. "Rather, they have no need to."

"You'd casually speak of the Ravagers of All to a first semester student?" I wondered, with a raised eyebrow.

"I'd speak of them to you, casual in gesture, but not in caution," the cosmic lamia returned. "Understand that the Maleficarum stand nothing to gain from visiting here. No Encephalon and no Infecta could reach this place before we retreated. There's no bounty here for them."

"No brain to pick," I said.

Omnibus chuckled, his face freed enough from the lamia's chest to partake in the conversation again. "Now who is talking of them casually?" he asked and put an arm around his haremte. "Apologies for my state of dress. You came about unexpectedly, although not entirely. I thought you'd stir in your thoughts for a few more days."

"So you didn't let me find you because I wasn't desperate enough?" I asked and he shook his head. "Determined enough?" He nodded to that.

"Let us begin with a simple question, Karitas Desia: who are you?" Omnibus wanted to know. I folded my hands together and silently stared at them. Inevitably, the Master of Magic continued. "You are a Neverborne, yet you are not. I can see it in the world that surrounds you." The golden, glowing eyes of the man traced my outline.

"You are a human, yet you are not," the lamia supported her king. "What are you?"

"I'm human," I insisted. "From the tips of my hair to the depth of my DNA, only human."

"What about your soul?" Omnibus wondered and waved off. Again, I averted my gaze. The secret lay behind my lips. How I loathed to keep it in. Secrets had never been my strong suit. Like a spider crawling up my throat, they yearned to escape and I yearned to spit them out before they could bite me.

"His soul did not begin in this body," the lamia hummed and I tensed up. "A reincarnation, perhaps?"

"Is that how it appears, Sethi?" Omnibus hummed, his fingers drummed on the tabletop. "It would be quite bad if you were right. We have strict rules against true reincarnations attending Welldark. It does not do well for us when millennia old entities are leveraging their experience to poach young students."

"I'm not any older than I said I was!" I insisted. "I'm---I... Why do you have to know?"

"I'm the Master of Magic of Welldark, Karitas Desia." Omnibus stood up and walked to the edge of the silver platform. He traced the rim, step by step. "Arustus is the Headmaster and his power exceeds mine, but his obligation is to keep it all running. I am obliged to make sure magic only twists the school in teaching ways and you... I cannot categorize you." He stopped after having made the full round. "I need to know what you are, so I know you are safe. I need to know who you are, so I know what contingencies I need to plan for."

"I..." The words surrounded my drumming heart. "Can I trust you?"

"You're my student," Omnibus responded with a kind-hearted smile. "As long as that remains true, you are as much under my protection as the rest of this school. I will not share what must not be shared."

I spoke five words.

Omnibus' face went blank and serious. He asked me to repeat them.

I said them again.

"Sethi, take us back to the school," Omnibus said immediately. The lamia was already weaving the magic. My field of view stretched, then I found myself in the middle of a large apartment, as gothic as the rest of Welldark. Omnibus marched over to a massive workdesk and

checked a number of instruments that were located next to a gaming rig. The computer fans hummed as if they hadn't been shut off in twenty years.

"Omni, all good?" a squeaky voice came from upstairs. I hadn't even realized we were downstairs until I spotted the staircase. What I had taken for lively wallpapers I realized were massive windows looking out into the sea that surrounded Welldark's islands. A seal swam by.

"Stay upstairs, this is private!" Omnium shouted back, his voice mildly relieved. "Close the lid, if you would be so kind."

"Kay!" the presumed Anomalia member shouted back and the sound of thick metal snapping close echoed through the room moments later.

"Who else knows?" Sethia asked, while Omnium marched to a chair that was randomly placed among piles of books and magazines. One of his robes was tossed over the back of it. "Anyone else you have told this to?"

I breathed out slowly. As tense as the situation was, I, too, was relieved. This had wanted to leave me for so long. Now that it had, there was danger, but there was also opportunity. "No," I finally responded. "I kept it from everyone, until today."

"I had guessed you were Dreamborne." Omnium pulled his robe over his shoulders. "I am not certain if this ludicrous situation is harder or easier to deal with. My god man, really, the... I shouldn't even repeat it. Who knows who could be listening? Fuck." If nothing else, it was amusing to see the otherwise so aloof and mysterious man lose his cool.

"If only it were that easy," I responded.

"At least that explains how someone who isn't a reincarnation knows so much of the Dimensional Truth already," Omnium mumbled and pulled the last cord tightly. "To say you're seeped in it would be an understatement." He turned to the cosmic lamia. "Sethia, I want you to put the Forlorn Stone in place. I'll make up some kind of excuse for Arustus."

"Understood." She went right into movement, slithering towards a hatch in the wall and disappearing inside it. A creative solution for the problem with stairs a serpentine body of that size would have had.

"That should hopefully give us time until your graduation." Omnium shook his head and plopped down in the chair. He ran a hand through his brown hair. "Of all the places you could be, you're here. You had to be somewhere, I get that. If you existed at all, that is."

"I was always going to exist at some point," I responded.

"Still... why did you tell me? A secret of this magnitude, to be shared on an assurance of trust alone? What was your reason?"

I met Omnium expectant stare head-on. "I did it because I have a promise to keep. I won't leave Aclysia waiting."

The Master of Magic smiled, not amused or belittling, but supportively. "You told me the greatest secret in the cosmos, because you would not want your woman to wait?" He nodded. "I would not have done anything else in your situation." He tilted his head back and looked at the ceiling. "What I would not give to keep all of them happy. My darlings... my daughters... my sons too, I guess." That last part was added jokingly. "Useless bastards aren't even cute and I still feed them.... Let us dismiss that." I could see how his body language returned to that of the mysterious teacher. "There is much that must be done for this to have no negative consequences. Leave, for now. I shall call upon you when the time is right."

I thought I would be happy when I got home. Instead, when I saw Esther and Aclysia greet me at the table, I felt a wave of guilt. It was them I should have told and them that I should still tell and yet I couldn't. It wasn't safe for them to know. Not yet. The implications could hasten them along the Dimensional Truth at a speed their minds couldn't handle.

"Beloved Karitas, sit with us," Esther said and gestured at the chair next to her. Her voice was soft even beyond the usual velvet that came past her pillowy lips. She must have misunderstood my guilt for sadness.

"I had to share my secret with Omnium," I could tell them that much and I was ready for the consequences. It took a few moments for the mood in the room to change. First to confusion, then to anger. "I did it voluntarily," I elaborated, as I realized the ambiguity of my words.

"Poorly worded, Karitas," Esther hissed at me.

"Guilty as charged," I admitted and slowly sat down next to her. I wanted to give her the opportunity to bar me from the seat, to be angry with me. She was, I could see it in the yellow of her eyes. Regardless, she changed her seat to my lap. I put my arms around her waist. "I will tell you when I know I can," I promised and looked over to Aclysia. "Both of you."

"Why did you do it, Master?" Aclysia wanted to know.

"Because I couldn't bear failing to fulfil the promise," I confessed, with no shame in my voice. "Because you were willing to loosen the bounds on your secret." I kissed Esther on the cheek. The explanations appeased them a little bit. "I owe you an apology, by the way."

"An apology?" Esther mockingly blew air out of her nose. "State which one of my 'nagging' statements you have acknowledged as truth, unwise Karitas."

"I should have taken that list more seriously. I could've beaten this challenge with no outside help, had I taken it seriously from the start, like you suggested. It won't happen again. I'm sorry."

The lady of my love mustered me for several moments. She sighed. When she next opened her eyes, the sulfuric yellow had waned, returning her eyes to their gorgeous amber hue. "Utilize such conviction in fixing your monetary habits."

"Difficult to get rid of that, I'm afraid." I did not sound actually afraid or remorseful and I knew that. Truth was that I'd rather stay generous than grow stingy. Was I leaning too much towards the generous side? Perhaps, but that I could live with. To change my money handling issues was simply not a priority. "Besides, you're here to complete me."

That framing made the lady of my love groan in frustration and surrender simultaneously. "You are lucky you have positive qualities." She played with the tips of my hair. "I do agree with your course of action. Decisiveness is a good trait to retain. Don't you agree, Aclysia?"

Simultaneous to asking, Esther shifted in my lap, until she only occupied one of my thighs. Aclysia soon found her seat on the other one. Two lovely ladies leaned against my broad shoulders and caressed my white strands. "I would have minded the wait," Aclysia cooed softly, her voice reserved for the two of us. I could feel Esther's shiver under my palm. It wasn't just me who was positively affected by the maid's dedication. What joy, to have harettes attracted to one another. The basis of any functioning polyamory. "Complaints, I could have withheld. I could have even forgiven. Regardless, I am joyful that you are every bit the man I measured you to be. Master's have words of immense weight." She scratched me under the chin. "I would not demand that you make such sacrifices for me. To say I did not appreciate it when you do would be to lie."

“Then I have nothing to regret,” I stated firmly. I squeezed them both against my chest and they let out the most delightful, feminine squeaks for as long as I kept the pressure up. Every second made my heart sore. Once released, they exchanged a quick glance. Kisses were simultaneously pressed on both of my cheeks and my entire world was turned into tingles. Goosebumps showed, up and down my arms, for I was in heaven.

“That’s the reward for the attempt,” Esther whispered in my right ear, voice smooth as silk and warm like her embrace. “Be a good man and prove your word.”

My smile gradually was replaced by a serious look. ‘My conviction is true, but my goal is not yet achieved,’ I thought and gave her a strong nod. “Alright then, no distractions for the week.”

“You will sleep in my room,” Esther decided.

“Why aren’t you sleeping in your room?” I asked. That we were going to have to sleep in different rooms was necessary. No distractions also meant that I was going to be abstinent for a week. Not a pleasant experience, but one that would be good for steeling my nerves. The ultimate manifestation would have been to lay next to her and not indulge but...

My eyes trailed over her hourglass figure. She was wearing a tight, black sport’s top this morning. It hugged her tightly enough that her bra was not a necessity. I could feel that fact in the way the top of her wonderful figure pancaked against my chest, Her perfect bubble butt rested on my thigh. A pair of pillows, that she carried wherever she went.

...yeah, there was no way. If I lied next to a woman like this and knew that she was mine, I would indulge. I may have admired some aspects of asceticism and general monkhood, but that did not make me one who followed those tenets. Their spiritual enlightenment was commendable. For my part, I wanted to have fun, love, and busy myself with the continuation of the species. Species in the plural sense. I wonder how much elf would be left in Aclysia’s child? She had barely changed from her mother, much less than children regularly changed from one of their parents. Were half-elf genetics heavily dominant or something?

Research for another day.

“Because I will be sleeping with Aclysia in ours.” Esther’s finger trailed my collarbone and then up to my Adam’s apple. The tip of her digit went up and down alongside it, when I gulped. “Do not make me kick her out by the end of the week.”

“I get to sleep in Master’s bed?” The maid fidgeted on my leg, as if she was an excited child in the backbench during a drive to the fast food restaurant. “Already?”

“It is a mere week away,” Esther stated with absolute certainty. “It will help me reveal my... scars.”

Aclysia took Esther’s hands in hers and simply smiled at the Queen of my Anomalia. “I am honoured by your trust,” she said. “What is our policy on pleasure?”

The raven-haired woman on my right thigh raised an eyebrow. She appeared relieved. To specify it was scars she was hiding was already quite a reveal on her part. Aclysia did not seem to care. Rather, Aclysia cared obviously more about the question she had just asked. “Pardon?” Esther asked, not quite getting it.

“As Master is celibate, will we follow his example or will we be intimate with each other while we share his bed without him?” Aclysia cleared her throat, cheeks dusted red by growing excitement. “Surrounded by his scent, I am going to have difficulties staying my hand, so to say.”

“You’re not going to touch each other,” I said and they turned their heads. Green and amber eyes beheld me. They were both higher than me, sitting on legs and all that, and did their best to correct that swiftly. They angled their backs until they looked up at me. “You’re not going to make me miss when you two have your first sapphic experience. I’ll be right there, guiding and indulging. You will not rob me of this delight, my lovely little submissives, will you?”

“No, Master,” they answered in unison and chuckled afterwards. It was Aclysia’s natural response, and Esther learned fast.

“Good girls,” I whispered to them, my baritone melodic and slow and intoxicating to their ears. Singing practice had many advantages. “No pleasuring each other, no touching each other as you pleasure yourselves, but you may masturbate as you feel free, to my scent and to each other. Get used to each other’s cries. Harbour hunger for each other’s curves. Drive yourself mad with need for each other and me. When Aclysia will be mine, we will let it all loose. Understood?”

“Yes, Master,” they again answered in unison, on purpose this time.

“Good,” I smacked both of them on their round asses. That was the last sexual action I took, before making them both stand up. If we went any further, I’d have three stains across my pants. “I’ll get my things from my bedroom for the week. Aclysia, get all your things you can store to my bedroom.”

Omnius was leading me through a dark corridor. Being called upon by a teacher at 2 in the morning would have normally caused me to call for disciplinary action. Even though we had agreed to this meeting, I was tempted. Well, not that tempted, I had bigger fish to fry. The respect of my woman and my sexual future were on the line.

I NEEDED to get into that bed again. Nothing was more important than to fulfil the agreement and witness what 1 week of semi-lesbian, pent-up sexual energy did to two submissives. A lowly reason to do anything? No, as far as I am concerned, seeing two women I love grind against each other for my viewing pleasure was just about the highest reason to do anything. The only thing that was more important than that was the same scenario playing out with more and more participants. A harem that loved itself was the greatest motivation any red-blooded man could have.

“You are wondering if this could have waited until tomorrow,” Omnius called out.

“I wasn’t going to say it,” I yawned. It had taken everything in my body to will myself awake. I was a terribly deep sleeper. Even putting my Ashod at full blast had nearly failed to stir me from my dreams. “I’m thankful for the help. I can rest when I’m in my own bed.”

Omnius chuckled knowingly. “What classical punishment – or perhaps an agreement to help you concentrate?”

“The latter.”

“Quite common, still,” Omnius said and shook the lantern. It rang like a chime and became a little bright, casting the flickers of its flame onto the distant walls. “Do you know what the Forlorn Stone is?”

“No,” I answered honestly. “My knowledge is still limited to what I learn in this life... it’s just that I understand a few things quicker than is reasonable. However, were I the estimating sort,

then I would direct my mind towards its name. A stone of forlorn nature, to be used to ward off the excesses of the Astral Sea and the Veil?" I hummed theatrically. "Yes, certainly, I would believe that the purpose of this object is to isolate a place in the Veil from everything else. To make it difficult to reach or seem abandoned to those who would peer at it."

"An apt guess. Indeed the Forlorn Stone makes Welldark appear deserted to unknowing eyes. Arustius does not like to use it and I understand why."

"Those who are newly awakened to the Dimensional Truth won't be able to find this place by accident," I guessed. "For as long as the stone remains in place, the bells will not be heard."

"Indeed. There are enough Cosmic Universities that I do not worry about one of us going silent for three years. The Headmaster does have a point however that this is unorthodox. It brings me no joy to keep this from him."

"You didn't tell him anything?" I asked.

"I did tell him that it had to do with you." Omnius turned his head to look at me. His eyes glowed more intensely than the lantern. Two golden spheres of solar radiance in the darkness. "Arustius is a capable thinker, he would have surmised correctly in due time. He trusts me to know what I am doing. You trust me to keep a secret. I will prove both of you right. Trust is more valuable than anything."

"I fully agree." Even love was built on trust. To love without trust was to grow mad. Nothing was worse. It was akin to having the desperate wish of sleeping in a box of vipers. "Anyway, why did you bring up the Forlorn Stone?"

"You must wonder about the construction of the Magic Branch of Welldark." Omnius gestured at a sign above us. It described the name of a classroom – the room I regularly had my Gravity Magic lessons in. We passed by it. The wall right next to it, a wall that I had passed not five hours ago, was as smooth as polished glass and as black as the void. I touched it and watched it ripple like the surface of a pond. "The truth is that this building does not exist."

"It's a shadow," I mumbled, finally realizing how everything could constantly shift.

"Rather, I should say the building no longer exists. The generations have steeped the walls in so much Astral Capacity that the original walls no longer matter. They penetrate the Veil - the Greater Veil. It is indeed a shadow, a shadow of many things above us in the hierarchy of dimensions."

"You want me to project myself up?" I wondered, fear sneaking into my voice.

"I want you to remember yourself down," Omnius stated and led the way. "I have control over the shadows cast on this place and so its form is malleable to me. I believe, where the heart is, you can connect to yourself."

I was not convinced this was possible. Separating me from what he mentioned were 21 years and an entirely different mode of understanding. Still, I followed, for I had nothing else to try.

Omnius led me down a staircase that had never been there before, to a door that only was created when we stepped up to it, into a room that was too large to fit where it was. Geometric shapes pulsed around the walls. They were constellations of many colours that I had never seen before. Just beholding them made my eyes hurt. My ears and nostrils quickly followed. "Concentrate on the light," the Master of Magic said and raised the lantern.

I did and the pain diminished. The light banished that which my eyes could not decipher, put it through the filter of simple illumination. I tried not to think too hard about the ground under my

feet or what would happen if I lost my shoes. Distinctly, I realized when I was standing on stone again.

"Meditate here," Omnius directed me.

"Alright," I said and sat down. Legs crossed, I closed my eyes and swiftly fell into the trance. To drop into my mind was easy. I had done it an infinite amount of times before.

Then I fell deeper.

Almost, I snapped out of my trance, a twinge of panic making my muscles seize up. There should have been no deeper than the end of me, yet there was. I relaxed my jaw. 'This is exactly why he brought you here, isn't it, Caritas?' I reminded myself and let myself fall further.

Water rushed around my ears, dull and yet loud. It was like sails rapidly moving in the gusts. Mortar shell reverberated in my ears and my skull. My flesh was shaken by nearby firestorms. Heat and cold were the same, frostburns ravaged every part of me. Behind my closed eyelids played out a kaleidoscope, a distant view of planets. I was floating in the cosmos. I was part of a page depicting the cosmos. I was a dot.

All of my senses fell through the floor, dropped out of my mortal shell as if they were pulled like a silk sheet through a small hole. The torrent of sensations stopped. My logical faculties were done trying to make sense of what happened. The world around me was steeped in incomprehensibility. Eyeballs that received soft physical pressure could create false light signals. This was no different. At this point, the stimulation was simply so abundant that they had shut down.

I was a flat surface. A depiction that knew neither left nor right. I knew up and down, backwards and forwards. That was all I could know. My existence was as flat as a shadow. I was something I could still comprehend. A flat being in a flat world. Sight as I knew it could not exist anymore and so it didn't.

I remembered this. Vaguely, I remembered this. Now that I was here, I recalled this existence. I recalled this existence many times. My mind scattered into the kaleidoscope. I swirled, reflections of myself, dissolved myself in the memories that no longer made entire sense. The importance of a triangle compared to a square, it was lost on me, and yet I almost wept when I realized that there was an important difference.

'Deeper,' I thought, struggling to pull my mind back together. The revolting parts of the kaleidoscope swirled down the page. At first it was gentle, my mind reassembling itself, then I was crushed. Crushed into a point of absolute relevance, all of my mind experiencing the point of losing the space between different segments of myself. There was no pride, no arrogance, no laziness, no respectfulness, no humour, there were no sides to me. I was only Caritas.

Because I was a dot.

Except I could not be a dot.

I was a singular spot, underneath a flat plain, underneath a cube. I was a mathematical description with only one measurement. I could have depth, I could have width, I could have height, but I could only ever have one of the three.

'So this is what I was,' I thought and tried to reach out. The world around me turned white. A pounding headache accompanied it, when I forced my eyes open and with them a fragment of my sense upon this plane.

The dot that was me was part of a vast network of hexagons. Each corner was me. Each side only existed because I willed it so. There was no line thin enough to exist without width.

The infinitely narrow black strings that layered upon the first dimension did not exist. I peered down from the third and forced it to obey me. Like the human from the bacterium, I was too far removed to perceive it without the proper tools. Unlike the human and the bacterium, I was born with the tool to observe what was too far removed from me.

The headache became a deadly pulsing in my skull. Realities crushed down on the paths I drilled through them. Paths that I had forgotten existed sprawled out into space and time. The layers of the Greater Veil shredded at the edge of consciousness, as if to scream that I was not yet worthy of beholding this.

I was every dot, that was no dot, connected by lines, that were no lines. From some of these focal points of existence in the hexagonal grid, paths reached up. Surviving lineages that passed up to the second layer. I found myself within my own mind again, in a trance that I knew. Reality prowled at the edge of my being, warning me to stay maintained this time by surrounding me in the pain of sensory overload. For as long as the roar of a thousand glaciers melting dripped through my head, I peeked outwards. I followed all the dots that had become pages. I scouted far and wide for the lines that had seen dots, become pages, become cubes. I wished to follow all of them.

I found only the one directly beneath me.

I inhaled heavily, hoping the sound of my own breathing would banish the torment. I was sweaty, tasting iron. I reached up to my face and felt hot blood on my fingers. I tried to open my eyes, but a crusty layer glued them shut. I finally realized I could not hear, only feel my breath going in and out of my chest. Warm liquid dripped from my ears as much as the rest of me. I was grabbed, I was carried.

I found myself on my back in a bed. My child hands were holding a toy. "Karitas, why don't you play with the other kids?" my mother asked me.

"Because they'll forget me anyway. It's fine," I responded flippantly and turned the toy. Just how did it work? How would it bounce if I dropped it and let gravity take over?

"Even if they will, you won't forget playing with them," she had chastised me. "Go on, chew their ear off with your wise little tirades. You're smart for a boy your age, I'm sure they'll love to hear you talk."

I looked up from the toy for but a moment, barely glancing at the woman that had given birth to me. "You don't have to care, you'll forget me too, mom."

"I'll never forget you!" she had been angry. She had always gotten angry when I suggested that. She had also been right. She did never forget me. That opportunity was taken from her, bestowing me with my greatest regret of all.

I found myself on my back in a bed, staring at a white ceiling. 'They have those in Welldark?' I thought. For a moment, I lingered on the bittersweet memories of my mother. I let them go when it started to hurt. Never did I quite realize that I would never see her again. I knew it, of course, but when I remembered her smile it did not manage to sink in that it no longer existed. No boy that searched Heaven and Hell could change that.

The sleep was rubbed from my eyes. I double checked, but it was just the typical, yellowish crystallizations. No signs of blood in there. The memories from yesterday were still with me and that I was in this place was proof that it hadn't been one odd dream. Omnius was no longer around, but I found my Ashod on the nightstand. I unlocked it and read the message that

popped up, A private one sent from the Master of Magic detailing what had happened after I passed out.

Apparently, he had watched as my body gradually degraded, fixed in intervals by my Astral Body. Shortly before I had been moved, the damage had overcome my Astral Capacity, and he had then decided to remove me from the area. After that he brought me to the hospital, where someone with a healing Artefact had patched me back together.

'Wonder what explanation he gave the staff,' I hummed and swung my legs out of the bed. I was stark naked, but a fresh uniform had been provided to me. As I put it on, I checked the time. Tuesday, 10 AM. I had basically slept eight hours. Whatever the Greater Veil had done to me in retaliation for my rude peeking at my lineage, it had not led to me passing out for an absurd amount of time. 'Unless...?!'

I checked the date.

It was the right Tuesday.

'Whew,' I thought. It was unusual, even when it came to events like this, to sleep for a week straight. To be hit with such mental exhaustion to be lethargic and barely willing to stay awake, that was much more usual. I stepped out of the hospital room and was hit by the familiar purple and deep grey of Welldark's architecture. The ceiling remained white. 'A design insistence by whoever runs this place, maybe?'

I searched for the front desk. There was only one corridor and one end of it was a window. Perhaps 'search' was the wrong word for it. I arrived at the front desk, after following the only path available and simply gave my name and room number when asked. The bored receptionist, a student from the looks of it, marked things down in the system and then went back to writing whatever she was writing. A doctorate, maybe? Welldark wasn't a university in the traditional sense, equipping people with life skills rather than diplomas, but there were still pieces of papers to be earned.

The time was advanced and I had to be somewhere. My phone was filled with messages from Esther and I decided I'd rather meet her in person than write her something that poorly summarized the situation.

I hurried back into the Magic Branch of Welldark. It was strange to see the building again, now knowing that I was wandering the overlapping shadows of various 4th dimensional objects. Even stranger was considering what I had learned about myself. For as much knowledge as my birthright instilled in me, there were still mysteries.

Esther was about to enter the Astral Cultivation chamber when she spotted me. Immediately she turned on her heels, pushed aside the massive crocodile man behind her, and stormed towards me. "Hello, lady of my love," I greeted her with open arms. I was every bit prepared for the intensity of the hug she afforded me. It took no less than two seconds after our embrace for our lips to follow the example of our arms.

Esther's tongue ventured past my lips, and competed against mine in who could be more intense in their desire for the other. I tasted cherry sweetness, a delightful reminder of her toothpaste. I smelled citrus, her wonderful shampoo. Intoxicating warmth filled my being head to toe. Neither of us wanted to let go and so neither of us did, even though there were people streaming past us and there was a class we were to attend.

It was only the rising desires of our bodies that eventually made us back away. That line of public decency we would not cross, for the trouble it would bring. Had it not been for disapproval

by the teachers and our current agreement to not have intercourse, I would have deemed the nearby piece of wall as an acceptable rest for her back.

“So?” Esther asked, the sternness in her voice contrasting sharply with the stormy greeting she had given me.

‘Get yourself a woman that kisses you before she asks you where you have been,’ I thought and smirked broadly, realizing I had already exceeded that desire. “Let’s just say I went through something terrible that makes me mostly confident I can withstand the Headmaster.”

“With ease?” Esther asked for clarification.

I shook my head to that. “With as much ease as someone who deadlifts 120 kilos can lug a 60 kilo sack around, I’d say. I’ve connected to... parallels out of this world, let’s say.” Guiltily, I glanced and tried to find the proper words to describe what I could of the experience. A complication of two layers, first to find the proper words for the experience itself and then to censor myself regarding what she could not yet find out.

Esther placed a finger on my lip. “You shall succeed,” she stated and then turned around. “Let’s meditate.”

To be trusted to such a degree, it filled me with joy unbound.

The rest of the week passed me by slowly. My every moment was filled with one of three things. When I had free time, I was reminded of how much of a horny creature I was. It had been easier when cumming twice a day had not been my minimum. After having sex every day for two months straight, not masturbating was simultaneously easier and a lot harder. I muddled through, but by all that was soft and squishy did the access to a limitless amount of porn appear more seductive than ever.

I tried to overcome this through my continued willpower training, but that was only doing so much. Deliberately, I avoided exhausting myself fully. This Sunday was going to be my final shot and I wanted to be rested for the occasion. I had pulled every stunt available, now I would either perform or disappoint my harem.

At least during university time, I was distracted nicely. It was the final week of the semester and every teacher took the time to have a swift talk with their students. With some, that was the tiniest of interactions, with others it was a prolonged dialogue. It all depended on how many people a classroom was shared with.

It had started on Monday (although I had been a bit distracted that day), with my alchemy teacher. He had recommended that I try to be a little less focused on lustful application, while also praising my enthusiasm. He had recommended I take next semester's class, with the caveat that I would likely not be sitting next to Willt again. My friend got the pointer to maybe skip a difficulty grade in alchemy.

Willt and I had not yet decided how to handle that situation. I wouldn’t want to hold him back. That he was more talented an alchemist than I was a fact. I fully endorsed any decision on his part to make that advantage flourish. He was, however, not keen on sitting through these classes without a familiar face. I could’ve ignored the teacher's advice and attempted to skip up as well. A lot of consideration there.

For the Aesthetic Arts, I was told I did not have the right mindset to continue and I agreed. While the classes were funny, especially with the feud the man had going on with the teacher of

the Applied Arts class, I did not feel like I truly learned a lot. I was given words for things that I already understood and that I did not need to describe. It just wasn't useful for me.

Gravity Magic was basically the shortest talk. The teacher simply stated that he wanted to see me next semester in the Advanced lecture. I was certainly going to oblige. To be the most powerful being to exist may not have been my priority, but I certainly was not going to leave Welldark weak.

Astral Cultivation was in the same vein. I got complimented for how swiftly I managed to drop into meditative trances and how easily I connected with the Astral Sea. The teacher had been informed of Omnius' decision to give me access to that particular facet of cultivation, of course. A recommendation to continue attending these classes did not have to be given.

Interdimensional Conduct and Battlefield Training were both mandatory courses and, as such, had some official evaluation. For Interdimensional Conduct, I got a rank that was average across the board. I had neither disrupted nor participated in the class to any notable degree and I was fine with that. For Battlefield Training, I received the second highest grade. Esther was scored above me because my lack of enthusiasm had been noted. Regardless, we were given some additional Dark to spend during the break.

The teacher of the Engineering class did praise me both for being a creative problem solver and for having made Voxxy's entrance in the class a lot easier. Tom wanted to see me again next semester. As did the aforementioned shortstack, who approached me after our evaluations were over and hinted not-so-subtly that I should call her over the break. I had a feeling I knew who was going to be the third addition to my Anomalia.

The Cooking class had no specific comment for me. I was a student with mild interest in cooking and I was treated as such. If I wanted to return next semester, then I was told I would be welcome. If not, there was no culinary genius lost in me. It was not expressed that clearly, I simply summarized it bluntly in my head.

Stiltzkin, in a tirade of curses, let me know to take the Expert class already, dumbass fucking capable asshole that I was. I looked forward to getting screamed at for another semester.

Maria insisted that I re-took the basic Musical Class next semester. I had talent. As late as I had started to use it, however, I was behind the people in more advanced classes. Plus, I had obviously been distracted for much of the semester and not given my voice the necessary out-of-class training. Further, she 'recommended' (ordered was more fitting a word) I bring one of my Anomalia members along. Nothing was more beautiful than loves making music together. I did not know if I agreed with that totally, but the sentiment I shared.

For Weapon Training, I was practically begged to return. Because I was testing every single weapon that was on display, I made for a wonderful practice opponent for those around that were sticking to whatever their Artefact was. I made the teacher's life a whole lot easier. I gave no definitive answer yet.

Interdimensional Etiquette I was given a soft recommendation on continuing. The class was interesting enough, unlike Interdimensional Conduct, but I was not sure if I would heed that. I would have to plan around at least one more person for my next semester's schedule and some things would inevitably end up on the chopping block due to conflicting time slots. This was one class I was willing to axe.

Danielle did not even call me in for a meeting, we both knew she would see me again next semester. A brief talk with Esther was had. All it contained was a few compliments about the

lady of my love coming out of her shell more and the way her sexual development had gone. It was an indirect compliment to me that the Mistress of Sexuality recognized how nicely Esther had bloomed from a completely inexperienced virgin to a woman simultaneously unashamed of her libido and completely loyal to her relationship. Esther embodied everything we had been taught this semester. An assessment I could not agree more with.

The Dimensional Heroes class strictly speaking did not have a continuation course and we were all told that next semester would be essentially the same class with a different set of incredible individuals. Much as Willt and I wanted to attend, this was another class that was certainly on the dismissible side of things.

Lastly, I talked to Allister. The owner of the Café Served wanted to know if I wanted to continue my work contract. I was recognized as a capable worker and I looked damn good in a butler uniform, so it would have been a shame to lose me. I agreed but did throw in that I may take a few weeks off during the semester break. Esther and I had been discussing plans to travel that had been, with everything else going, not finalized so far.

And that was the total summary of my teacher's opinions of me. To evaluate myself, it was unsurprisingly the case that I exceeded in combat and Astral Capacity related things, with everything else being either average for a lack of effort or carried by my talent in the field. No matter what happened with Taurus on Sunday, I vowed to not be as much of a slacker next time around. I had women to impress.

As for approaching Taurus, there was the perfect chance on Sunday.

"I congratulate all of you for finishing your first semester in Welldark," Derilea addressed the student body. The Queen of the Headmaster stood atop the same stone platform that she had held the speech on at the start of the semester. The damage Aclysia, Esther, and I had caused it had been completely fixed. It was all flat, light grey, almost white rock.

Taurus stood behind his Queen, looking every bit the bull he always was. For the moment, standing there, arms crossed, was all he did, while Derilea in her maid uniform continued her speech.

"For many of you, attending this school must have been a cultural change of immense proportions. The Dimensional Truth recommends to us a lifestyle that is often difficult to accept. I hope that your first semester has shown you that the Anomalia may be different from the monogamous lifestyle you have been surrounded by, but it does not need to be loveless. Matter of fact, it cannot be loveless.

"To love is the greatest hurdle of all. To fall in love is often easy, perhaps even unwanted, and so to continue loving can be a struggle that cannot be described. To learn is similar. Some lessons come swiftly and easily, some even unwanted. I can be content knowing that there's another wave of students in Welldark that has learned the first thing about the truths and the power the cosmos has cursed and gifted them with. May you be shaped by your experiences here, into better people, and into families of the multiplied love."

I had not expected such a speech out of Derilea. The maid was always so straight-laced that I had thought all she would say was a factual recounting of what was expected from us next semester.

“Next semester, the following things are expected from you...”

Perhaps I should have halted my thoughts for three seconds next time I dared to be surprised by anyone.

“...You are to continue taking the mandatory courses, although it remains up to you which semesters exactly you visit them all at. As you leave the first semester, the law that prevents upperclassmen from approaching you is lifted. Expect interest in you to rise accordingly. You will want to assemble your Anomalia by the end of next semester, as your ranking tournaments will be held shortly thereafter. As for the semester break, I wish to make you aware of the extracurricular activities provided by the university. You may sign in for them via AppDark. Otherwise, I hope you all use the break productively.” She turned her head, voice turning tender and loving when she beheld her King. “The Head-Master will now address you.”

Taurus tensed up in a way that, to most, must have seemed like he was flexing his impressive stature. After having spent a lot of time with the man, I realized that he was simply uncomfortable with giving public speeches. It was interesting what weaknesses even the most powerful of men had. His discomfort did not stop his voice from booming through the room though. His towering figure stared at us all through the large screens under the ceiling of the massive room.

“Ambition,” the word washed over the freshmen in the room. Row upon row of students, a few having to stand or sit in the corridors. About a quarter, by my estimations, of the freshmen had not bothered attending the end of semester speech. “All of you have ambition. Some of you have too much... a woeful many of you too little.

“The infinity of the cosmos makes many actions appear useless. Nihilistic reason may lead you to believe that nothing you do ultimately matters. Chuckle at such notions. Everything you do matters. Everything you do matters absolutely. You are part of the cognition of the universe. You are creation gazing in on itself and rearranging it to be more pleasing. You are cosmos into yourself. Every action matters, because it shapes you. Every inaction matters, because the lack of motions defines you just as much. An unworked block of clay may be defined as formless, but its potential dries up into a clump if not shaped.”

Taurus' eyes travelled over the crowd. He stopped at me. Despite the roughly hundred metres between us, he looked me dead in the eye.

“You must push yourself in order to attain what you want. Nothing about ambition is worthless. Recognize what you cannot do. Strive towards reaching what you can do. Your life may end, your name fade, the marks you made on the world erased, but no ripple ever stops echoing into infinity. All actions are a reaction to the first action. You are a link in the chain that stretches into the Dimensional Truth. Act like it. Show me that you are capable.”

“I guess that’s my cue,” I whispered to Esther.

“Your cue?” Willt asked, realizing quickly what I was getting at. “Seriously? Again?”

“As someone I regard as wise recently told me: I do my best work with an audience,” I responded and departed with one more kiss from both my Queen and my maid-to-be. I made my way to the corridor, then down to the arena.

I was noticed swiftly. Being the focus of the Headmaster let everyone notice when I moved. In a world of turning heads, I was the only pair of moving feet. At the foot of the stairs, I stopped. My eyes closed for longer than a standard blink. Standing atop the platform, I put my hands

casually in my pockets. With certain steps, I moved towards the speaker. My own voice was carried by the magic.

“Headmaster, I wish to face the challenge to be worthy of your daughter’s attention once more,” I said. “You speak of ambition and this is mine. I have come short. I have embarrassed myself in not being as serious about this as I could be. I have righted that wrong.” I stopped, only two strides between us. I took my hands out of my pockets, straightened up, and braced for impact. “Test me.”

There was murmuring all around. The news of my test had spread to most, but not to all. Those out of the loop were quickly caught up, while Taurus stared at me. The 2,20 metres tall goliath towered over me. When he took a step, I could feel the vibration of his sole hitting the floor. Broad, he positioned himself in front of me.

“Five times I have witnessed your improvements. Five times I was disappointed,” he said to me, as if no one else existed. “Let’s see if your ambitions are beyond or a match of your current abilities, Karitas.”

I smiled and let my eyes wander over the crowd behind Taurus. All eyes laid on me. Who out there knew me? Who was hoping that I would get crushed? Who was at the edge of the seat, praying for my success? Who was growing more interested in me for having tried and who would fall for me having succeeded? What ripples would this action make?

I loved to consider it all and began to hum my own little song.

In an instant, it got stuck in my throat. I hunched over, as if the air atop me was compressed into pure metal. Clenching my teeth, I straightened back up. Behind Taurus’ stern face, I saw the students pressing into their seats. Even those so far away felt a wave of the Headmaster’s pressure.

‘You’re being... too... kind...’ I thought, barely keeping myself from saying it loud. Very few in the room would understand the true meaning of those words. To most, it must have sounded like I thought he was going light on me. This was the full extent of his aura, everything that I was used to and having experienced it several times, I knew that Arustius Taurus was not one whose aura carelessly affected all around him.

He was giving everyone a taste of what I endured.

I raised one leg and slammed it back down, standing broad. The muscles in my neck tensed. Sweat formed between my brows and pearled to my nose. I felt like I was at the end of one of my sprints, my body heaving. My lungs refused to expand all the way, felt ironclad, as if I had been holding my breath underwater for several minutes. I was sinking deeper. The pressure mounted.

The Headmaster’s figure loomed over me. Taller and taller, he seemed. His dark eyes stared down at me, as if I was a mere ant. His features blended into a shadow that appeared out of nowhere, until only the white of his eyes remained. The horned darkness swallowed everything, until he was larger than life.

Just as my thoughts turned into crushed ice and my knees began to quiver, I realized in Taurus the view from my singular position. He was larger than life, but only than this life. I stood in a place impossible to stand, the heart of an endless plane of hexagons and traced a line upwards. I traced myself upwards and I alone remained.

The intensity of the aura changed. I grew numb, as if hypothermia was setting in. What had been terribly heavy became absurdly light and I straightened up completely again. Vaguely, I

was aware of the pressure. My fists remained clenched. My skin felt hot and cold, switching back and forth in rapid, unpleasant intervals. My lids were heavy. My soul was tired. Yet, despite all of this, I could stand without issue. I had passed the point of struggle. I was a runner in motion, capable of continuing until I stopped myself or dropped dead.

Then, the pressure was suddenly gone.

Subconsciously, I had been stemming against it. Once it was gone, I was a divider without elements to keep separate. I folded, the energy that had kept me upright leaving me. A paw-like hand caught me by the chest. For a few seconds, the Headmaster had to support me, then I stood on my own feet again. "Good work, son," he said and patted my shoulder. "1 minute and 23 seconds."

"Thank you, sir," I responded, and bowed my head in deep respect.

In the distance, I heard the shout of a very excited succubus, and then the entire room broke out into applause. I grinned, ear to ear, and bowed in a way that I knew made me look overly dramatic and like a show-off. I didn't care. I was overly dramatic and I was a show-off. I tried to find that succubus somewhere in the crowd.

I did not manage to, not before both Esther and Aclysia reached me in a storm of hugs and kisses. In front of the majority of freshmen, I grabbed them both by their round butts and pulled them tightly against me. What were kisses on my cheeks, I nudged towards my lips.

My first true kiss with Aclysia was not one I enjoyed alone. Although perhaps awkward in angle and not as deep as a union of two could be, it was all I wanted it to be. Aclysia, Esther, and me, our lips brushed together, our heads held close, the warmth of our bodies melded into one for one wonderful moment. Esther pulled away from the three-way kiss to whisper. "Now."

I wasn't going to argue with the lady of my love in front of the entire school and hungrily devoured Aclysia's lips on my lonesome. The pretty pink, soft pillow was all mine and I eagerly made that a reality. My Astral Capacity washed through our kiss.

At first, it felt cold, like holding my hand under a stream of water, except I was the stream of water and the hand. I could feel a tiny part of me spread through her. The last resistance, the respect for her parent's wishes, dissolved with their wishes fulfilled. Then, once I had filled her, she responded.

Diligent and orderly, her energy went into me. It felt like an intimate touch was washing through the fibres of my taxed muscles, making me feel secure and awake to the core. A truly calming feeling, as if I was laying myself to rest after a long day and knew I would drift off the second I closed my eyes.

Our powers intertwined, lingered in each other, left a mark that would last permanently unless removed by a force only we could muster. I could simultaneously feel my energy coalesce in her body as I felt hers in mine. Ours, all of ours, as a pool of energy beyond us two was nourished. The true heart of an Anomalia, growing by one member.

It was hot, almost unpleasantly so, as the Astral Capacity renewed the visible mark on the ringfinger of my right hand. For her, it was the left. We continued to kiss, ignored what of the world existed beyond us two and only stopped once the ritual was completed. Curiosity overcame the greed we had for each other's body.

I looked at my hand first. It was pretty unspectacular. The Anomalia mark of a leader had the shape of a black circle that ran around the first segment of the finger. Three lines now

crossed it. Two for the number 'cards' in use and one for Esther's Queen position. Both Jack and Ace were assigned positions and would not be claimed automatically.

I looked at her raised, left hand, which she inspected past dreamy, half-closed lids. Eight lines crossed it, demarking her at roughly 80% of my (and by extension Esther's) strength.

"Ambition," Taurus turned back to the crowd. "Not just for infinity, but for the now. Do not be bogged down by the uncertainty of a grim future. Live for the next step. Find for yourself what you can. Be the centrepiece of your story." A long pause. "Now, enjoy your break."

It would have been a laughed-at end to the speech, had he not radiated such power.

Chapter 10 – Servant Date

Validation coursed through my system. It was a drug sweeter than anything else. No cup of coffee could have made me this awake, no booze this happy, and no anti-depressant this confident. I had forgotten just how straight I could stand. My brain was flooding my body with all of the happy time chemicals and for good reason. I had, after all, just gotten what I had put my eyes upon.

Aclysia and Esther were inseparable from me. The maidly woman was to my left, my Queen to my right. Their arms crossed over my back. Mine were around their waists. We walked together, in unison, out through the exit.

“YO!” We were barely out of Welldark’s (unnervingly maw-like) main entrance when we heard the shout behind us.

We should have been among the last out of the room, since we had a little private chat with Taurus and Derilea after we stepped off the arena. Not much, just parents congratulating and grilling their daughter’s husband. Which is what I effectively was. The Anomalia vow was just as binding as marriage, a bond of love that could only be broken through a complete falling out. Personally, I thought the Dimensional Truth made for a better witness than a priest. Then again, a representative of ‘god’ was as close to having the cosmos itself take the vows as was possible for the regular mortal.

All musings that fell by the wayside when I realized who the shouting girl was who had chased us. A tiny green thing, barely over a metre, with big ears that bounced as much as her boobs did under that red shirt. Each hasty step made her thighs tremble. What of them wasn’t visible joined in stretching out the uniform skirt out until it barely counted as pleated anymore.

Voxy stopped in front of us. “That was fucking AWESOME, stud!” The engineering shortstack’s breathing was accelerated. From more than exhaustion, I reckoned. An easy guess, combined with the slight blush that dusted her cheeks in a deeper tinge of green and the intense pink of the inside of her ears.

And then there was the way she played with her scarlet red hair. That was a dead giveaway. Especially since she wore it open, where it was normally bound up in a ponytail. Through her black-framed glasses, her blue eyes looked up at me. Her greenish red lips moved, as if she wanted to add something. Ultimately, she closed her mouth.

“Thank you.” I took my hand off Esther and put it on Voxxy’s head. A demeaning gesture towards most shorties, but when one knew who one was dealing with...

“Ha... Haaaaaa...haaaaa...”

...panting breaths were a potential outcome for headpats. Not the normal outcome, even women who did get excited by casual showcases of physical supremacy typically did not show it that openly. It took a particular kind of depraved and friendly soul to just start gasping and biting her lip at having her hair played with.

“Soooo... what’re you doing todayyyyyy?” Voxxy asked, after I had withdrawn my hand. She pushed her arms together in a way that made it VERY apparent that she had opened the upper two buttons of her shirt. “Celebrating your victory in any way, hmmm?”

“I’m having a date with Aclysia.” Just as I said that, I saw movement in my periphery. In the entrance of the university, about a dozen women were standing opposite Karona. The

thornborne succubus was agitated, proven by the name-giving thorns being out and pronounced along her horns and tail. I had a hunch what that was about. It simultaneously made me want to grin and gave me cause for concern.

Voxxy noticed and turned her head. "Oh yeah, those girls also want to talk to you... why's Karona so pissed?"

"She is defending her perceived territory," Esther stated and marched towards the cluster of vicious females.

My concern immediately increased by one order of magnitude. Karona was arrogant, but she was sociable. For the many benefits of the lady of my love, she could both be arrogant and come across as hyper arrogant. The girl loved to word her sentences as orders.

"One moment, please," I said and decided to follow before anything terrible could happen.

Both Esther and I were too late. The discussion between Karona and the dozen other students came to an abrupt end when the succubus checked her nails. That was what I thought the gesture was, until a geyser of a blueish black liquid tormented up in the gap between them. The force of the explosion was enough to make the dozen other girls shout and scramble backwards. As it rained back down, the liquid evaporated, chilling the area around.

Karona dismissively cleaned her nails. Those ever pointy claws of hers were covered in black metal casings. Each was a perfectly fitting armour for the last segment of her fingers, turning her nails into razor-sharp and sturdy weapons. A secondary benefit to what was doubtlessly her Artefact. "Don't make me remind you of what I know," the gossip trader hissed. Together with the physical threat, it worked splendidly – until everyone noticed Esther and me approaching.

"Explain yourself," Esther demanded from the succubus.

Deep red eyes met that of my Queen. The sparks flew almost visibly. Esther reached up to the feather in her tricorn and that was when I stepped in between them. "I'd like to know what is happening here," I spoke firmly and with authority. Considering that this whole situation was about me, I assumed I had it.

I assumed correctly. Karona crossed her arms. "I let these fine ladies know where their place was," she stated directly and clearly.

'Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.' The saying shot through my head. It didn't exactly apply to the situation, but the spirit of it was very much in effect. It was rare for women to chase after the same man as openly as all of these ladies were currently doing and to chase after a man with a lot of competition... well, women could turn violent surprisingly quickly if the right impulses were at play. They were just people, after all.

"We just wanted to talk to you!" One of the dozen women said. I gave them all the once-over. They generally passed my attractiveness test, so I wasn't against giving them a moment of my time.

"You talk to me," Esther decided, making herself more prominent than before. My Queen crossed her arms and tested anyone to disobey this command. No one did and I left it to Esther to give them all a mild hazing. If they couldn't handle my raven-haired lady, then they couldn't be in my Anomalia anyway.

While that was going on, I gestured Karona aside and guided her back to where Aclysia and Voxxy were waiting. "Hey, Kay," the goblin greeted her fellow redhead.

“Hey, Vay,” Karonoa responded, some annoyance still swinging in her voice. “The nerve of some women, unbelievable.”

“What exactly is their crime?” I asked, still a bit confused.

“I said it already: they stepped out of line,” Karona repeated for me. At that point, I almost gave up on trying to get an answer that was understandable through logic alone. Must have been the same kind of situation as flirting with another man’s wife. Except I was not Karona’s husband and my Anomalia wasn’t full yet, so this felt more like Karona bullying out the competition.

Which was simultaneously hot as hell and disconcerting. “Karona, I would appreciate it if you did not harass anyone who shows an interest in me.”

“I do NOT harass anyone who shows an interest in you, I let Voxxy forward,” the succubus hissed back, her anger now directed at me. “You should be thankful I spare you the trouble of dealing with women who aren’t worth your time!”

“Master will decide that for himself,” Aclysia weighed in.

Karona rolled her eyes at that. “Your Master is a whipped dog, listening to every command o-“

Aclysia manifested her Artefact the moment the insult had come flying. Dancing back half a step, Karona took a low battle stance, claws ready to deflect the silver-white and black spear. In the background, the dozen women were starting to shout at Esther. That was the exact moment when things went from hot and concerning to only annoying.

I grabbed Aclysia’s spear below the tip and forced her to raise it into a passive position. “Dismiss it,” I demanded and she immediately obeyed. With a stare over my shoulder, I extended the same order to Karona.

“Tsk.” Despite the annoyed sound, the black sheathes of her fingertips disappeared. I closed my eyes and teleported myself over to the discussion.

“Can we all just relax?!” My tone made it clear that I wasn’t asking. I had not gone through six weeks of regular spirit testing to be brought to heel by jealous bickering. The intended effect happened and the situation calmed on the surface. They did make the effort to appease me specifically. “Great. Now. I’ll be busy today. I’ve gotten over her father’s test, and I would like to spend my day with Aclysia. You’re welcome to approach me again whenever you next see me. Are we clear?”

“Can I just maybe tag along...?” One of the women asked in that sickly sweet, fake tone that turned inexperienced men into puppets on strings.

“No,” I smote that down immediately. I saw near universal annoyance on their faces, which was not the reaction they should have had. That was the expression of someone who couldn’t let her fellow harem-mate have a nice time first. I committed their faces to memory to avoid in the future. A petty, hasty reaction perhaps, but I was not in the mood. Then I put an arm around Esther and swiftly walked back.

With each breath she took, more of the thorns over Karona’s tail and horns disappeared into the smooth texture of the black extension. “I’ll be on my way then,” she said, after crossing eyes with Esther again.

“Thank you,” the lady of my love said to the succubus.

Halfway through turning, Karona froze and then faced us again. “What?”

“Thank - you,” Esther repeated, slower.

“No, I heard you, I want to know what the hell that was for?”

“They were not worth our time. I appreciate your effort to keep them from us.” Crossing her arms, Esther added. “I will remind you that I insist that you fix your arrogance.”

“How about we have a rematch instead, hm?” Karona’s eyes narrowed dangerously, belying the smile that spread on her face.

“Anytime, any circumstance,” Esther stated dismissively. “If I win again, you will respect me or finally let go of your attachment to my Karitas.”

“Oh? I’ll take you up on that offer,” Karona hummed. Her eyes dashed over to me, then wandered down to the floor. “I just wanted to spare you from those that only care about you because you did something impressive. Scorn for effort is not a proper way to repay a lady.”

I sighed and, even though I knew Esther would disapprove of it, stepped forwards and gave her a hug. “You don’t have to be that aggressive about this,” I whispered to her. “I’m happy you tried for me and I do acknowledge that you didn’t just filter out everyone.” Before Karona could push this hug any further, I let go. “I’ll see you around?”

“Of course you will.” This time, Karona did leave, without any interruptions. With the crisis dealt with, I turned back to Voxxy. “So, what I was saying is that I’m going to have a date with Aclysia. I’d like to hang out with you, but this takes priority.”

“Oh, I get it... you know what to do when you miss me.” Voxxy tapped my belt buckle. For no reason other than to remind me that my Ashod was there. Totally no other reason.

“Are you available at this moment, Voxxy?” Esther wanted to know.

“Yeah, why?” the goblin wanted to know.

“This date does not include me. I would suggest we take the opportunity to get to know each other.” Esther nodded towards me. Any annoyance she had regarding how I handled Karona, she did not show, if it even existed. Oft disapproving as my Queen may have been, she was still my Queen and did submit to my whims when I was insistent enough about them. Relationships were give and take like that.

I smiled and returned the nod, which was the signal for Esther and Voxxy to walk away, leaving Aclysia and me in wonderful, dualistic quiet. “Whew,” I exhaled my remaining tension. “That was dramatic.”

“Affirmative.” Aclysia hugged my side tightly. “Popularity has its downsides.”

“I was hoping my popularity would manifest in women throwing themselves at me, not in women fighting each other to throw themselves at me.” I scratched the back of my head. “I should have known better, considering the amount of times I had to tell guys to back off from Esther and Voxxy. Not from you, though. Rumours of your father’s test did that for me.”

“Evidently that did have a useful function after all.” Aclysia had both her arms around me and beheld me with big green eyes. “Kiss me, Master?” she requested with irresistible coyness.

I had already lost count how often I had claimed these lips since that first kiss. The softness of those pink pillows was irresistible. I gave the fuller, lower lip a gentle nibble and she was all gasps. “How long did Esther say we should stay out?” I whispered to her.

“Roughly four hours,” the maid responded.

I chuckled at the immediate response. Of course there had to be a timetable. Between Esther’s military strictness and Aclysia’s diligent scheduling, there couldn’t not have been.

“Hmm, I have nothing specific planned... how about you?”

“Wherever we head together, Master, I only care for your company,” she responded.

Some women were just dream girls.

Aclysia and I moved around in silence. Not the awkward kind of silence, not the terrible kind of silence, but the intimate silence that was harder to create than a flowing conversation. I did not dare interrupt it with words and Aclysia hummed it into a little song. Her head rested on my shoulder, while we followed a random path into the landscape that we had found. Neither of us knew where it would lead. Neither of us cared to check our Ashods. All I made sure of while guiding our steps was to avoid the direction the signs pointed us towards.

'The Asylum' they read. It was the building that no one wanted to think too much about. When dealing with the Dimensional Truth, the mind often strained. That was the place where they tried to help those that tore.

We ended up on a path that was so rarely treaded, seedlings poked through the compacted dirt. We were in the forest south of Welldark, the largest piece of woodland in the entire dimension. About three square kilometres in total, if I had to make a rough estimate. Enough forest to be lost in for a few hours or to march through in less than one, if following pre-set paths like we were.

As we advanced, the dirt road became progressively narrower, until we came across a thin wooden board. I wondered about its purpose for a second, then I laughed. "We're on a dirt biking road," I declared. "How positively amusing that such a thing even exists out here."

"Should we perhaps vacate the area?" Aclysia suggested.

"I see neither people using it nor a sign that says no pedestrians allowed," I responded. "Truthfully speaking, as I am obliged to do, I believe this may have been mothballed."

"I will ask my parents, next time I eat with them," Aclysia decided.

Following a spontaneous idea, I grabbed the half elf by her waist and lifted her onto the wooden board. Effortlessly, she balanced, and still took my hand when I offered it to her. Slowly, I walked alongside her, providing security she did not really need. On the other side, she hopped down, revealing for a flash quite a bit of her stocking-clad thighs. I would get to see it all soon enough and so I banished my sexual desires for the time being. Something done surprisingly easily, after what else I had been through today.

The terrain turned erratic further down the path, the difficulty of the challenges increasing and elevation levels varying rapidly. "I'm doubting my dirt bike theory," I confessed. Before us was a field of wooden platforms. With a lot of fantasy and elegance I could see someone hopping through there on a bike. It was a forced explanation though. "Is it just for runners? Some long forgotten device that has long fallen out of favour?"

"If you wish for an immediate answer, I could..."

"No, it's fine," I said and hopped from the starting point to the first platform. "Let's just enjoy this." As unused as all of this appeared, the wood was still sturdy.

Aclysia smiled and leapt onto the platform. We could barely share it, which made it that much better. "I have noted that your lengthy diatribes have decreased in frequency."

"I do make the effort, since most of you don't appreciate them." I stepped over to the next platform, this one was definitely too small for the two of us. Aclysia jumped elegantly to the one to my right. "If I were to know how to reform it so I would not be called weird for them I would. Alas, as I stand in this realm, the only undisputed utility of my broad and deep descriptions of

my emotional state are in the service of mockery. The scorn, the frustration, the sighs.” I sighed. “Such sadness.”

“Truthfully, I do not mind them as much as I did... but you are using many words to say very little,” Aclysia criticized me.

“And here I thought maids supported their Masters no matter what,” I grumbled playfully.

“Bad maids are mindlessly loyal, bad masters demand mindless loyalty, as my mother likes to say.” Aclysia skipped swiftly over three exceedingly narrow platforms and landed on a nice and broad one. I followed her example, landed next to her, then immediately pulled her into a dance.

Alone, in the middle of the forest, to the song of distant birds, we made rounds on the platform. She settled her head on my shoulder. “Your mother sounds like a very wise woman.”

“She is,” Aclysia hummed. “Although it is amusing that her life lessons nearly led me to stab her.”

“Did she insult me?”

“She did indeed.”

“You shouldn’t stab your mother over a few misgivings.”

“I believe I should consider the possibility of stabbing her.” That she continued to say that in the sweet, diligent voice of hers only added to the craziness of the words. I loved every syllable of it. “We have a long life ahead of us, Karitas... you will prove again and again that I made the right choice, correct?”

“I’m a good man and a good Master – If those things are any different at all.” I kissed the top of her head.

“Can I make a selfish request?” the maid wanted to know.

“You can make any request, but I withhold the promise to fulfil it until I know its contents,” I answered truthfully, regret swinging in my voice.

“Can you tell me something about your past that your secret does not cover?” Aclysia stopped our dance to place a hand on my cheek. “I love you so much,” the sudden confession crossed her lips without a second of hesitation.

“I love you too,” I responded in kind and raised her left hand to my lips. Gently, I pressed them onto the Anomalia mark. “We know quite well who we are, but you know barely anything of where I came from, is that it?” Aclysia’s head moved up and down, her eyes stayed with mine. “I suppose I can admit that I truly am a Neverborne... and that it is more complicated than that.”

“Would you elaborate?” she requested.

The selfish part of her request was that she knew I hadn’t told Esther about this either. I would, later, or she would ask. Either way, my Queen would have to confront the fact that I had told another Anomalia member something before her. To trust the Master of Magic of the entire university was impersonal, in a way. Omnius had learned my secret by virtue of his status as an authority figure. Esther and Aclysia fulfilled the same role in my life, that of a lover. With how far the lady of my heart had come, I trusted her to deal with this changing paradigm.

“I was born knowing the Dimensional Truth,” I said, after putting the words in order. “Not born in a world that made me aware of it – I was born on Earth – but born knowing it. I had brown hair when I was young, but knew I would not keep it forever. I was born between the big city and the wide land and knew that I would live in neither. The household I was in was a

charity project for orphans and impoverished single mothers. Many books were brought to us. Many, many books. Probably because all the libraries were modernizing to files.”

“You knew they would all forget you,” Aclysia whispered when she realized where this was going.

I gave her a wry smile. “I truly did my best to live like the orphans. Not something many young kids do and my mother never let me. She encouraged me to play, brought me food when I asked for none, and scolded me when I made the girls cry. She was a good woman no matter how much I tried to push her away. I wonder sometimes if she knew... or if the love of a parent can be that pure.”

“Would you like to visit her some day?”

I swallowed heavily, “I couldn’t if I wanted. My mother never got to forget me.”

“Oh... Karitas, I’m so sorry, I...” Aclysia shut up when I ran a hand through her hair. We stood there, forehead to forehead.

“It wasn’t a tragedy,” I told her. “Her health took a turn for the worse, quicker than she deserved, slow enough that I could make up for being a terrible son. Still, when she drifted away, I could not accept it. I was 13, I went to Heaven and Hell and found that neither were the afterlives that humans describe them as. Desperate and sad, I attracted the attention of Beelzebub and he made me an offer. Assistance, a new place to live after I had become Neverborne, and in return entertainment in the form of my life until adulthood. It cost both of us little.”

Aclysia did not comment further, just held me tightly. I leaned my head back and blinked the tears away. It always was the memory of her smile that made me the weakest. “You can cry, my Karitas,” my beloved half elf whispered.

“I don’t want to,” I responded with half a laugh in my voice. “She would have scolded me if I got too hung up about her.” Softly, I made Aclysia break the hug. Thumbs brushed over her cheekbones. “She would be proud of me, I can know that much. Not sure what she would think of the harem building, but she’d be happy that I make the effort for all of you.” I laughed. “She was hardly like Esther and yet they would have bonded over nagging me for almost failing.”

“They would be... right to...?” Aclysia attempted an awkward joke. It was her attempt to help take the seriousness out of the situation. I loved her all the more for it and rewarded her with another tender kiss. At the tail end, when things transitioned from loving to passionate, I pinched her round butt. She squeaked, adorable and devoted woman that she was.

With a smile, I leapt the remaining two platforms to the other side. One and two, and she was there with me. The path meandered on for a while without further obstacles and we fell back into intimate silence. It was so easy with her. It was easy with Esther too, but in a different way. The lady of my love and I liked to quip at one another. Aclysia just looked at me and studied the swing of my jawbone. If only she had a mirror, she would have known that hers was so much more interesting.

“Hmm, now that I think of it,” I began a new conversation, the second a topic came to mind, “do you happen to possess a maid uniform already?”

“I have delayed acquisition until the Anomalia deal was sealed and I knew of the preferred design... Esther was kind enough to show me the appropriate folder.”

“I love that woman,” I said and proceeded to bite the inside of my cheek. ‘Don’t ask how sleeping with her was. Not yet. That will only give you an erection.’

We arrived at the top of a hill and gazed down a slope with many steep, deep steps. I did the gentlemanly thing and jumped down each of the steps first, to give her a softer landing when she followed. I would have carried her princess style down the path, had it been wide enough for that to be feasible.

“You do know that you will be obligated by law to change into your maid outfit when you’re at home the second you buy it, yes? Because I will not be denied the delight that is such a sight.” Already, I mapped the Café Served outfit onto her bottom-heavy figure. Delicious, like a ripe pear.

“If it is my Master’s desire, then law it shall be,” Aclysia purred. “Do you want me to change before or after I arrive at home?”

The thought of her walking home in a maid outfit did please me greatly. There were logistical difficulties to her always carrying a full set of clothes with her though. “At home will do.”

“Are toys to be a part of the outfit?” she asked coquettishly.

An earnest question that deserved an earnest answer. “Let’s say no, not on regular days. Although you should continue wearing butt plugs when you’re comfortable. I want you trained for that activity.”

“Affirmative,” Aclysia bowed her head diligently.

The track before us changed and became uneventfully clear soon enough. The parkour part of it was over, it seemed. I still did not quite understand what exactly that had been. In an institution as old as Welldark, quirky things like that just popped up sometimes. Following random paths, as we had before, we eventually arrived back at campus. It felt strange to see the gothic buildings again, even though it had been less than an hour.

“Karitas, I’ve a suggestion after all,” Aclysia told me, while we walked aimlessly around the edge of campus. “How about we head into the city.” I was with her there. “We buy the highest quality steak we can find.” Not sure if Esther would like that, but the occasion justified the idea. “We enter one of my family’s retreats.” If she had the keys, surely that was fine? “And I cook that steak for you.”

“I do love the sound of that. What brought the idea on, if I may ask?”

“You may always ask anything of me, Master,” Aclysia purred.

I was about to ask for her panties, but I already knew that would work. ‘Bless the maids, men do not deserve them, they’re too beautiful.’ “Then tell me what brought on the idea?”

“As housemaid of your Anomalia, my King, it is my obligation to assure your nutritional intake is balanced with your lifestyle in mind. It occurred to me that you will need additional protein tonight.”

I had never heard a wiser statement.

Segment [3] – Steak

We tracked down to the train station. It was absolutely packed. The end of the semester was the clearest excuse to get drunk anyone could have around here and so everyone was either heading towards the university to participate in club activities or entering trains to hit the city.

To find a cabin for ourselves was impossible under these circumstances. I didn’t think anyone below Golden Eagles had the necessary space to deal with this onslaught of people.

Just another reason to become a little more serious next semester. My women deserved maximum comfort and to get that we had to place high during the ranking tournament.

That was another semester out, though. Only after our first year was concluded, would we have to participate in the once-a-semester tournament. I wondered how that would be organized? I hadn't seen them go on around me. They probably were held during the last week of the semester break or something like that?

Actually, why did I theorize when I had Aclysia right there?

"Hey," I addressed the half elf. She was pressed tightly against me, for once for reasons other than our mutual wish for that. The segment of the train was just so packed that there was no alternative. She was holding onto me and I was holding onto a handlebar. "How exactly are the tournaments organized?"

Aclysia took the question without batting an eye. "First, there's the preliminary segment. This occurs in the penultimate week of the semester break." Alright, so I had been almost right so far. "People that are currently in Silver Knights or Golden Eagles need not attend this segment. All students that make it through the preliminary segment are then to attend the public tournament during the last week of the break. It is a standard one fight elimination tournament with a losers bracket that allows people a second chance. When you have qualified for the public tournament, you have already entered the Silver Knight ranks. After the tournament concludes, you can challenge participants for corrective placements."

"Not a big fan that they're cutting our vacation time by up to two weeks," I grumbled. I knew that a month straight of vacation was the dream of every office drone. Even 2 weeks free twice each year was quite a lot. Still, I wanted my 2 months total free. "I wonder how many people drop out of the tournament, then challenge someone they know they can beat afterwards."

"Father told me this strategy rarely ever pays off," Aclysia informed me. "Out of tournament matches must be mutually agreed to. Any attempt to coordinate deliberate manipulation of the system is punished with immediate placement in the Wood Division for the rest of their attendance and revocation of working licenses."

"Right, so if I make an agreement with ten people weaker than me, who would still go to the Silver Ranks, and we fight afterwards and beat them, I get placed in squalor." I snorted, listening to myself. "I honestly think that's a bit ridiculous."

"The system exists to provide incentives to continue doing your best. To run the tournament on an entirely point based system rather than an elimination bracket is, sadly, administratively unfeasible. To not run it regularly is to not measure growth. To not have the potential for corrective duels is to have people stuck due to unlucky matchmaking."

"I perfectly understand the reasoning, my Aclysia..." The two words made her smile devotedly. "...I merely wished to express that I still find it ridiculous."

"Through the lens of close analysis, most systems spawned by the sapient mind are ridiculous," Aclysia suggested. "A man has the right to rule by birth? Or by the decision of 50,1% of his subjects? I assure you that my parents have done their utmost to ensure that the tournament executes smoothly and fairly."

The train came to a slow halt, and many a relieved whisper was heard. Universally, people moved and streamed out onto the platform. I took Aclysia by the hand and walked ahead of her. To go side by side was not possible in such a dense crowd.

Only when we reached the plaza, did we get the necessary space to return to arm in arm. It was a nice day. The summerly heat was draining away, as tomorrow would mark the beginning of autumn here in Welldark. In the interim, it was neither too hot nor too cold. The trees around still had their leaves. The sky was blue.

There was much to marvel at and I still chose Aclysia. Yet again, our crossed glances translated into a kiss. How much longer would we stay all over each other like this? Days, weeks, months, years? I hoped it was until eternity ended. Perhaps a bit beyond that.

“Lead the way,” I whispered to her. “I don’t know where to get the best steak in this town. I only know of a restaurant that serves one.”

Aclysia nodded and pulled me southwards – away from the massive shopping centre. “I will remark that I will see it as a great insult if you step into a restaurant again,” she said. I laughed, then realized that she wasn’t smiling. “I am serious.”

“No exception?” I wondered. “Not even when I want to take you out on a date?”

“The only exception is if I am somehow unavailable and you still require to eat,” Aclysia held me tightly. “It is, from now on, my obligation and privilege to cook for you. To have a date where you do not eat my meal is to skip out on the pleasure of watching you appreciate my skill.” She was confident in her meal preparation, with very good reason. “Do not insult me by eating out.”

“Understood... does that include the cafeteria?”

“Yes.”

“...You know that...”

“I will be designing my schedule with lunch hour in mind,” Aclysia stated. “I will be providing meals on every possible occasion. This is non-negotiable.”

The heart wanted what the heart wanted. There were certainly worse traits for a woman to have than to insist on cooking every day. Matter of fact, that was a bit of a dream trait for most men.

We eventually arrived at a butcher. The man behind the counter, a fat man in his fifties, greeted Aclysia happily. They exchanged a few friendly words that let me glean that Aclysia had been coming here previously with her mother. With everything else I learned about Derilea and her daughters, it was entirely unsurprising that she had brought her children to a butcher at a young age.

“Want to get the cut yourself?” the man asked.

“If that would be possible,” Aclysia confirmed. Even this did not surprise me.

The butcher waved us behind the counter and then to the back area, where various cleaned carcasses hung from hooks. There were a few blood stains on the floor, otherwise the environment was practically sterile.

Aclysia kept a respectful distance from the bodies while she inspected them one after another with careful calculation. I could spot a few differences between the butchered cows. Build, the marbling of the meat, fat to muscle ratio, but I lacked the necessary experience to really know what any of that would mean for the final product.

“How do you prefer your steak, Karitas?” Aclysia asked.

“In terms of preparation, I defer to the chef. Otherwise, much like your thighs, I prefer my slices thick.” The butcher laughed, perhaps not used to such confessions being made in front of him.

“That one,” Aclysia pointed at a bulkier carcass. A clean metal cart, the kind I usually connected to service during banquets, was rolled over. There were a great number of knives and whetstones on top of it, alongside cleavers, bone saws, and whatever else a butcher could need. Taking quick stock of her tools, Aclysia swiftly and cleanly removed a cut of the meat, then cleaved a thick slice right out of it.

The butcher wrapped it in paper, then stuffed it into a bag. Before Aclysia paid, she put some seasoning onto the bill as well. Salt and pepper, with garlic butter being optional and denied on my part. Not for a lack of love for garlic, but for the lovemaking that would follow this date.

It was not as expensive as I would have expected. 20 Dark which, yes, was about as much as I would pay for 3 lunches in the cafeteria, but still nowhere near the abhorrent prices I knew food could reach. “I was afraid that you’d buy me some interdimensionally exported super steak,” I confessed.

“There comes a point, in culinary expertise, where the additional cost invested merely reflects novelty.” Aclysia ran her fingers over the surface of the bag. The action was accompanied by a layer of frost crawling over the surface. A casual and highly appreciated usage of her magic. “For most things, the production is not additionally difficult. When it comes to animal husbandry, most species of cow have the same set of demands. If one is acknowledged as more delicious than the others, it will replace others on the market over time. The prices will be driven down.”

“Demand and supply, ever reliable,” I hummed.

With the proper temperature of the steak assured for a few more minutes, Aclysia guided me towards that retreat of her family. It was a house, only about five minutes away, that was obviously being maintained by someone. The lawn in front of the deep purple and black building was trimmed and the windows and balconies scrubbed clean. Despite the colour scheme, it was a friendly looking house. Same went for the rest of the architecture in the area. Once more, I appreciated that uniformity of the base materials used in the individual houses. It really pulled the look of the city together.

Aclysia unlocked the door with a key that was hidden under a potted plant. A key she carefully put back into place afterwards. The inside was simple and homely. Definitely not large enough for an entire Anomalia though. A family of four could comfortably fit in there, nothing more and nothing less.

I sat down at the kitchen table and followed Aclysia’s handiwork. She grabbed an apron that had been left there and put it on expertly. Olive oil filled the pan, but the steak was not put on it yet. Instead, Aclysia put the oven on low intensity and let the steak get a bit of heat to it. A reverse searing, I believe that order of things was called.

While we waited, Aclysia offered me a few beverages. I took a coffee. On one hand, it felt wrong to just take from someone else’s kitchen. On the other hand, this was one of Aclysia’s family homes. Privileges of being an indirect part of a ruling family were doubtlessly many. Not that the Taurus Anomalia could be accused of nepotism of any kind.

After about twenty minutes in the oven, Aclysia moved the steak from oven to pan. Continuing the slow heat, she sprinkled on the seasoning. Repeatedly, she bathed the upside of the meat with the heated olive oil. At the end, she gave it a quick sear and then presented it all to me.

It was just one thick slab of meat. I gave it a cut and marvelled at the insides. There was a borderline erotic transition from the brown outside to the pinkish red inside. I took a bite and theatrically moaned when the juices spread through my mouth like a cascade of joy. Salt enhanced the taste immensely, pepper added a soft sharp undertone. Nothing more was needed to make this one of the best steaks I had ever had. "Well done," I said.

"Medium, Master," Aclysia corrected me jokingly.

I nearly blasphemed on this wonderful steak by spitting it out. In my defense, the steak tried to hurt me first by sliding down my throat when I was busy laughing. The pun had completely hit me out of left field. Aclysia hurriedly handed me a glass of water. Coughing and sipping, I gradually calmed down. "You can't just utter such humour with such a straight delivery, you're going to kill me!"

"If I must be the cause of your death, a rare moment of being funny shall be acceptable..." Aclysia shook her head. "...that was a joke. If I would be the cause of your death, Master, I would be shattered beyond repair."

"If you're the cause of my death, it's because I switched out my sin of lust for gluttony," I responded and devoured the rest of the steak.

We proceeded to just linger in the house for a while. Me, sitting in the chair, she, standing next to me at the table. When I requested she sit down, she politely declined. I only did it once. Something about this just felt right. She smiled at me, hands folded in front of her lap, and listened to me talk. As per usual, I did the most of it. She was a fantastic listener. She kept eye contact, nodded, and gave the occasional comment that clarified that she had missed nothing. It was beyond flattering to have someone that devoted. This particular aspect of her, she had shown me before our relationship had exceeded casual though.

Eventually, we moved back out and just walked about the city. "What would your dream house be?" I asked, while we moved around.

Aclysia hummed and had her answer ready right thereafter. "I would like a sizable estate beyond the borders of a town. Something of appropriate size for the Anomalia and the few children that will be playing about..."

"Few?" I asked. I had very intense doubts that, when I finally got the confidence to procreate, it would stay at a few.

"Oh, I suppose it would not be few in the beginning? You must excuse me, my parents and Anomalia have been keeping deliberate gaps between their children for a long time."

"Ah... hmm... I guess that would be the wise policy..." I had never given that too much thought, but Aclysia probably would have at least 4 siblings currently enrolled if Taurus had just been breeding his women like the bull he was. "Sorry for interrupting you, my beloved servant. Please continue with your pleasant voiced explanation."

"...Maybe a little farmstead, enough to supplement our diet with homegrown plants," Aclysia finished her recounting. "Not much... I am sorry, I think it actually is quite a bit by your standards? I do not want to appear snobbish."

"No offense taken," I assured her. "It is all relative to where we go anyway. Such an estate is a pipedream in one world and the norm in another. The universe will be ours to travel."

"Affirmative. What would your dream house be?"

Despite it being my question originally, I had to think about that for a while longer. "I honestly have no specific image in mind," I confessed. "I just know that you're in it. I want to wander the worlds for a time, after I graduate. Help the people where I can and all of that."

"A noble endeavour. I would enjoy supporting you in this," Aclysia assured me. "Would you entertain the thought of taking a route outside the city? I do not find looking at these buildings stimulating."

I had to agree. Even as someone who hadn't grown up here, the outskirts of the city were dull to behold. This had nothing to do with the architecture or a lack of individuality and everything with me just not finding buildings in general that interesting. I could acknowledge a gorgeous house when I saw it and yet it would never reach the majesty of a mountain piercing the clouds.

We wandered where the city transitioned into plains. We gazed out into fields, wondering how many different kinds of grain were planted here. Aclysia informed me that the vast majority of food in Welldark was grown in an attached artificial world that only existed for that express purpose. The fields that were on the university island were only there to provide a minor buffer in an emergency.

At some point, when the sun was getting low, I checked my Ashod and blinked when I realized over four hours had passed. "Esther must be waiting for us." I showed Aclysia the time.

"Our allocated time was at least four hours," Aclysia put my mind at ease. "I do, however, believe it would be appropriate to return at this juncture."

The train back home was a pleasant experience. Our fellow freshmen were still in the city and would remain there until the late night or early morning, I reckoned. Consequently, we had a cabin to ourselves and enjoyed it arm in arm.

I took a moment to check my Ashod again, this time to write to Willt. I hadn't seen him nor Arlethia after the end of semester speech. Typically, they would have congratulated me in their friendly degrading manner, as good mates would do. A quick inquisition on the matter revealed that they had been approached by Melina after the test had concluded and they were staying over at her place for the night.

A valuable bit of information, loud as it allowed me to be.

I also got a message from Voxxy that simply said. 'Love our Queen, stud.'

"Sounds like Voxxy and Esther had a good talk," I informed Aclysia and showed her the message.

"Unsurprising," Aclysia commented and raised an eyebrow at me when I let out a high-pitched sound. "You disagree?"

"I understand that you and Esther are highly compatible, but my... our Queen is not exactly what I'd call conventionally charismatic," I told her. "Then again, Voxxy does value directness a lot and Esther knows that. Not like it was the first time they talked."

"Not everyone is a Karona," Aclysia pointed out.

"I sure hope not. One is enough trouble for me... incredibly attractive trouble..." I mumbled. Time would elapse, until I came to a proper conclusion regarding the handling of that hot mess. Then I would reconsider. Then I would re-reconsider. This would continue until the situation was solved one way or another. I already knew that would be the case, because I really liked Karona and I thoroughly loved Esther.

“Are you not going to comment on Voxxy having written ‘our’ Queen?” Aclysia investigated another angle.

“Could be a typo, could be deliberate. I’m pretty sure she’s going to dedicate herself to joining our Anomalia.” I squeezed Aclysia’s thigh. “I made a good first impression on her. Today must have made it clear that I truly am an impressive specimen of the male sex.” I put away my Ashod. “I trust that Esther grilled her properly.”

Aclysia had no further comment on that, so we spent the rest of the drive back in that wonderful silence.

With nothing but a short glance, Esther met us in the living room.

The lady of my love sat at the table, turning a mostly full glass of water between her hands. The bottom of the container scraped over the wood. A rhythmic sound, with breaks whenever she had to reposition her fingers. Once outside my shoes, I walked over and gently took the glass from her. “It’s time.”

“Yes,” Esther admitted. “Willt and Arlethia-“

“Are staying at Melina’s place tonight,” I informed her before she could finish the question. “They aren’t here.”

“...Follow me to the bathroom,” Esther requested in her ordering choice of words. “I wish to see your face when I unveil myself.”

The tactless part of my brain wanted to ask how they had been able to dodge this while sharing my room. I was able to feed it the logical answer that Esther had either changed in the bathroom or Aclysia had stepped out first in the morning. Whichever it was, or whatever other solution they had found, did not matter right now.

In a solemn mood, Aclysia followed Esther and I followed the two of them. During this, I was a bystander. Emotional support, where I hoped none was needed. When we arrived by the bathroom, I leaned opposite the open door.

Past Aclysia’s slender form, I saw Esther unbutton the shirt of her uniform. The red shirt lingered on her shoulders for a moment, then a final tug made gravity do the work. In the bathroom mirror, I saw Esther’s tense face and Aclysia’s eyes go wide. The daughter of the Headmaster hid her mouth behind a raised hand.

I was thankful that Aclysia blocked the view of Esther’s back from me. For as much as I treated those scars as a part of her, they still enraged me. I wanted to treat them as no big deal, to let the lady of my love be comfortable around me, blemished or not. Most of the time I could. Knowing how difficult it had been for her to get to this point, the weeks invested in preparing herself to show this to just another person, it made me want to stab the ones responsible.

Aclysia reacted like I had and tenderly reached out to the clock of scars carved into her back. When the fleshy red scars by her shoulderblades were touched, Esther visibly twitched, as if she had just been brushed with an ice cube. “I’m sorry!” the maidly woman was swift to apologize and drew her hand back. “I did not mean to hurt you, Esther, I...”

“It’s not your fault,” Esther assured her, her voice flat and strained.

Hesitantly, the white-haired woman embraced her Queen from behind. Esther reached up and grabbed Aclysia’s arm for support. Like that, they stood there. “Who did this to you?” she whispered.

“My family.” Esther’s response created a wrathful inhale on Aclysia’s part. Tighter, my new haremte held our beloved raven-haired lady.

“I will tell my father to...” Aclysia stopped herself and looked over her shoulder. Our eyes met and I considered leaving. By the circumstances of who Aclysia was, she knew more of Esther’s past than I. The kind of intel a background check would reveal. A private talk could have helped Esther.

Rather than stand there and brood over the correct course of action, I decided to just ask. “Do you want me to step out for a bit?”

“No, my Karitas,” Esther shook her head. “Neither do I wish to discuss the details of this, Aclysia. That is a matter for another time... another stage of my preparation.” With a few requesting motions, Esther loosened Aclysia’s embrace. Facing the two of us, she visibly breathed a little easier, when her scars were no longer in our focus. I tried my best not to stare at the reflection of her back in anger. Instead, I beheld her face in love. “Know that I trust you both with this. It is my own inadequacy that makes me hesitate to have the details slip my lips.”

“You don’t need to apologize for any of this,” Aclysia assured her.

Esther gestured me closer. I pushed myself off the wall, then took the three big steps required to reach her. Both of us, she hugged, as best she could. “Thank you both,” she whispered. “My Karitas.” She placed a kiss on my lips. “My Aclysia.” She did the same with the half elf.

We remained motionless for a little while, until I could bear the heavy atmosphere no longer. “Let’s move to the bedroom,” I suggested in the softest voice possible.

It was not that I was especially eager to transition immediately into the lewd activities appropriate for tonight. As a matter of fact, my mind was currently as far from those desires as it could be. I simply wished to take this from the cold environment of a bathroom to the intimate closeness of our place of dwelling.

My intention was understood. I sent Esther and Aclysia ahead, closed the door behind them, then hastened to the head of the group and opened the one to my bedroom for them. The gesture got me a pleased smile from Aclysia and a mildly amused headshake from Esther.

The lady of my love resisted the urge to put her shirt back on, once we sat in the massive bed that I called my room. With two lovely ladies sitting among the pillows, the chamber was feeling like it was approaching the fulfilment of its purpose. It had never smelled better in there. The citrusy smells of their shampoos and general pleasantness mingled into a feminine cloud that enveloped me. My previous commitment to keep things pure for the time being was tested.

Esther folded, then put aside her shirt, placing it next to a little hill of crumpled up shirts that I recognized as mine. That put the first crack in my attempt to remain serious. “How many shirts did you steal?”

“She typically keeps three in rotation,” Esther responded.

Aclysia had the decency to blush. Kneeling on the mattress, feet tucked under her bottom, she rubbed her big toes together in awkwardness. “I have confessed to the state of affairs already,” the maid reported.

‘Is it appropriate to change topics so drastically?’ I wondered, exchanging a glance with Aclysia that spelled out the same question. A look at Esther made the answer very clear. The last thing we should do now was make a big deal out of what she showed us. It would only make her self-conscious. “How was the past week?” I asked the fateful question.

“Difficult,” Esther reported. “I believe Aclysia may be a nymphomaniac.”

“I... wasn’t,” Aclysia’s defence crumbled before it could even amount to anything. “You always masturbated when I did.”

“And I have been growing into a nymphomaniac,” Esther analysed, completely free of shame. Her focus shifted to me. “Having now experienced a prolonged period of exclusive self-satisfaction, I can say that it does not satisfy.” Hungrily, she beheld the new haremte. “I wonder how you will compare, dutiful Aclysia.”

“Poorly, doubtlessly,” the maid responded. Her fantastic ass wiggled on top of her heels. Each little movement was enticing. “I cannot imagine my inexperienced tongue compares to anything Master could offer.”

“So, you two have been good girls?” I asked, only to feast on their reaction. I stood over them, one tall man with two gorgeous ladies kneeling to his feet. My hands placed on their heads made them flush with excitement. Wild black and orderly white hair shifted along their tiny, anticipating twitches. Amber and green eyes beheld me. The difference between them was subtle, between Esther’s challenging and anticipating stare and Aclysia’s anticipating and devoted gaze.

“We did not touch each other, we did not pleasure each other,” Esther assured me. “Despite our daily desires.”

“When did you first masturbate in front of each other?” I wondered. “That very same day?”

Aclysia responded, following a gesture from Esther. “Our Queen returned from her shower to find me deeply inhaling your scent, my fingers deep in my pussy. She was clad merely in a shirt and panties.” Gulping, Aclysia stopped, leaning closer towards my crotch. The bulge there was growing more pronounced by the second.

“The sight of her naked form was stimulating.” Esther rubbed my cock through my pants and I groaned in appreciation. “I closed the door and proceeded to lean against it. She pressed the shirt against her face. We locked eyes. Her fingers accelerated, while my own began their work. She came swiftly, but was insatiable.”

“We did not sleep much that night,” Aclysia whispered. “Steadily, we would wake up, driven either by our own lust or the moans of the other.”

“And your scent, hygienic Karitas,” Esther sighed. “We could not keep our hands off your clothes. We could barely keep them off each other. Is the order lifted?”

“Not yet,” I said and reached for my zipper. “First, you serve me.”

Chapter 11 – The Lady and the Maid

My haremtes knew what I liked. Was the panting display they put on more than what was the reasonable biological response to me pulling down my zipper? Absolutely. Was it fake? Absolutely not. The fantastic thing about the sapient mind was that one's active desires could shape one's subconscious just as much as the reverse. Monks could ignore the fact that they were on fire. A well-trained submissive could very well believe that the mere sight of her dom's cock put her on the edge of orgasm. A thought that then became reality.

Esther shamelessly nuzzled her face against my underwear, after I had kicked away my discarded pants. Barely, the waistband managed to contain my engorged manhood. Through the thin cloth, I felt her breathing. Her lips brushed over my sack. Deeply, she inhaled, eyelids fluttering in the process.

I groaned lustfully, to encourage such behaviour in the future. "Good girl." The two words became ever more common and remained more delightful in their effect. I ran a hand through the glowing woman's hair until I arrived at the ribbon she used to keep her raven mane in relative order. One firm tug, and the cascade of black was freed. Her untameable hair spread out, a rebellious strand settling between her eyes.

A moan made my attention shift to Aclysia. My maid had her hands between her clenched thighs, working herself for me to see. Gone was the diligent elegance of her kneeling, replaced entirely with needful leaning forwards. Mouth agape, nostrils flaring, she attempted to get a taste of my manhood while staying just far enough away that Esther could continue with whatever she wanted.

What the lady of my love wanted, however, was secondary. In the bedroom, my authority was absolute. "Come closer," I ordered Aclysia.

"Yes, Master," she responded devotedly, wiggling over the rest of the way. I pulled her pale head towards my crotch. "Ah!" she cried, the movement of her fingers growing audibly faster and wetter as she inhaled my scent. The heat of my cock was pressed against the maidly lady's features.

I left them to it for a moment. In competition and mutual assurance, they grinded against my underwear, staining the fabric with wet kisses and soft licks. Softly tanned with black hair and snow white with colourless hair, they made for an immensely pleasing contrast, albeit not strong enough to categorize them as opposites.

I tossed my shirt to the side, tempting a further increase in their heat. Up and down my thigh, Esther's hands crawled, her naked tits brushing against me. Openly drooling against my underwear, Aclysia's masturbation slowed as her quivers intensified. "M-master, may I... cum?" she asked.

A hand placed on her cheek, Aclysia leaned into my touch like an attention starved puppy. The tremors grew more desperate, the longer she kept herself on the edge. "Climax for me, my Aclysia," I finally allowed her.

It only took three seconds for her to make good on my words. Kneeling before me, her eyes closed, she inhaled deeply, and then she moaned audibly. The spasms of a soft orgasm rolled through her still fully clothed form. White eyebrows moved, changing her expression from tense to blissful, and back again, until she let out a held breath.

“Thank you, Master,” she whispered.

“You should thank me,” I told her, my scolding tone causing her to open her eyes immediately. When meeting my gaze, she relaxed just a little bit. “I told you to serve and you began pleasuring yourself.”

“A poor showing, servant Aclysia,” Esther added.

“I-I intensely apologize!” the half elf declared immediately. She would have kow-towed before me, had I not still had a hand on her head. “Your magnificent form, Master, your scent, I could not resist, I...” Under my hard gaze, her words faded into a mumble.

“I allowed you to,” I told her. “Remember that, if you want to be a good girl. All pleasure that you earn in this room, you earn through what pleases me.”

Aclysia shivered and whispered, “Esther made a similar statement at the start of the week.”

I raised an eyebrow at her and the lady of my love confirmed with a nod. ‘Interesting and expected,’ I thought. That my Queen had a dominant side to her had been apparent for quite some time now. To have her live that out through our new and potential future haremettes was a fantasy I was eager to live out. To have Esther submit to me was all the more enticing for her having power over everyone else. “In any case, it is time you serve me properly, my darling submissives.”

Guiding their arms to my waistband, I had both of them hook their fingers under my underwear. They glanced at one another, then gave it a soft nod and carefully peeled back this last article of my clothing.

The head of my cock glistened already, precum smeared all over it. Hard, long, and girthy, it stood at full erection, trembling with every one of my heartbeats. Barely, they managed to keep their attention from it for long enough to see my underwear fully drop to the floor. Then, they both presented their faces. My cock became settled between their noses.

“So hoooooot,” Aclysia swooned. “May I lick it, Master?”

“You both are ordered to,” I clarified and was treated to hastily extending tongues working the base of my manhood. My hands sooned directed their efforts elsewhere. First I had them worship my balls in unison. Aclysia sucked on them without the slightest bit of hesitation. Under her breath she whispered devoted, sweet nothings, until I had her lips pressed against the side of my shaft. “Good girls,” I complimented them with a pleased groan, while they slid up my shaft.

The further towards the head they travelled, the more intense the stimulation got. Tongues bathed the full length, left and right, Aclysia and Esther doing their best to taste all of me. My pleasure rose sharply. It had been a week for me too and this was a previously unfulfilled fantasy that I had harboured since I had sexual urges, now obliged by two of the most gorgeous women I had ever laid eyes upon.

I had Esther arrive at the tip first and pulled Aclysia back to give our Queen the space to work. Ruby red lips wrapped around the precum dripping head. A sharp moan escaped both of us – me from being inside of her hot mouth, her from the taste. Esther placed a hand flat against my groin, keeping my cock steady as she took my length into her throat. She struggled, but still kept moving, until I was sheathed all the way inside her.

Little sounds of suppressed gag reflexes accompanied the stay of my cock deep in her throat. Esther held, staring at me with dilated pupils. The tight, slimy walls twitched around my length. There was a request in those beautiful orbs of amber.

“Always eager for more training,” I hummed and grabbed her head with both hands. Esther tried her best to keep her eyes open and I proceeded to thrust in and out of her face, like it was just another fuckable hole. No, not like it was. I was doing my best to make it one.

“Glack! Glack! Glack!” the depraved sounds of her throat getting penetrated filled the bedroom. Aclysia barely stayed her hands, watching us. I had to wonder what state her panties were in at this point. Same was true for Esther. Neither of them had been given the opportunity or order to lose their clothes, remaining or otherwise.

I rapidly pulled out of Esther’s throat, too close to orgasm. I considered, for a second, taking a break to order Aclysia to strip. My need to release disagreed. I reasoned that it was better to cum swiftly and recover afterwards, than to teeter continuously on the edge.

My cock was connected to Esther’s lips by viscous strands of various juices mixed together. Already, the face of the lady of my love was a mess. I wondered how much worse I would make it over the course of the evening. Before that, I would make a mess out of Aclysia as well.

The maid beheld my deepthroated cock like it was the most gorgeous thing in the world. “Have you ever sucked a cock before?” I asked her.

“Not a real one,” Aclysia purred with soft confidence. A feeling I put to the test. Without hesitation, she opened up wide. Eagerly, her tongue met me, targeting the sensitive spot at the underside of the glans, before she took it deeper inside.

There was no resistance to sliding into her tight throat. “Oh fuck,” I gasped, hitting against her pillowy pink lips before I knew it. I wasted no time to look in her emerald eyes for permission. My hands clawed into her orderly white hair and I fucked her face at my pace.

Aclysia’s eyes rolled up. Moans reverberated in her throat, almost as loud as my balls slapping against her chin. Hands submissively folded on her squirming lap, she kept on letting me use her, until I could see her spasm orgasmically for the second time this evening.

Almost, I blew my load then and there. With the last of my will, I pulled out, leaving behind a half elf with a gaping mouth. A blissful expression reflected in her eyes, while the aftershocks of her orgasm travelled through her. Her thoroughly combed hair was mildly dishevelled from my treatment.

“Did you climax from having your throat used?” Esther asked, while I was still breathing too heavily to do so.

“Elves have erogenous zones at the back of their mouth that activate when sufficiently turned on,” Aclysia responded with a dreamy smile. “I’ve never orgasmed from them alone, however.”

I committed this previously unknown and very interesting fact about elves to memory. “I must express envy,” Esther stated and almost reached for Aclysia’s face, before she remembered that my ‘no touching’ order was still in effect. Instead, she turned to me and my desperately twitching cock. “Master,” she cooed and opened her mouth invitingly.

I thrust my cock into her mouth and fucked it hard. Even if she could not physically orgasm from it, Esther’s enjoyment at the rough treatment was evident in every gasp and every shift of her curvy form. I used her as my toy. Used her tight, progressively better trained throat as a cocksleeve. My only goal was to get off.

Somehow, I held on for long enough to desire a change in pace. I let her take over. Esther not only obliged, bobbing her head along my length, but soon let Aclysia have her turn. The

maid took me in as easily of her own volition as she had let me fuck her face. With utter devotion, she tended to my cock, as if nothing else existed in the world.

Then it was Esther again. Methodically and at the quick pace she knew I wanted at this moment, she pleased me with mouth and hand. I gave them both an overt hint on what to do, dragging Aclysia towards my sack while Esther sucked the upper half of my shaft. One worshipped the heavy seed-storage and the other coerced it into emptying a part of it. Back and forth like that, they served me, until I could hold on no longer.

Esther knew the twitching of my cock as the sign it was. Lips tightly wrapped around the tip, she masturbated my length with rapid, blurry pumps. My hips pushed forwards involuntarily. My balls tightened under Aclysia's kisses. All motion stopped, except for Esther's worshipping tongue. My shaft tensed. My seed rushed up through it.

Thick and in big quantity, my cum blasted into her in several intense ropes. My perception was limited to her hot mouth. The pleasure of the moment robbed me of all other senses. A couple of seconds felt like they were drawn out into eternity. I swayed dangerously, but I managed to keep standing.

Esther resumed pumping my cock, this time more leisurely. When she had milked the remains of my load from my shaft, she pulled back. She did not ask for permission to approach Aclysia. Not that she could or, in this instance, needed to. There was no dimension in which I would have denied what came next.

Aclysia opened her mouth eagerly. Although swiftly pressed together, between their lips a trickle of my seed still escaped. Back and forth, the white liquid was passed between my two harettes. They both moaned at the taste, eagerly sinking deeper into the depravity of their new lifestyle. The more they embraced it, the more it became true.

Sexual energy lay so thick in the room, it was almost enough to keep me erect. Although my cock did not truly soften, it could no longer be likened to a steel rod. A little break was appropriate, to fix that state of affairs. There was much to do outside of me anyway.

I plopped down on the cushions, just as the last of my cum was swallowed. The two harettes separated, gazing at each other and then at me lovingly. "You two are absolutely gorgeous," I whispered to them. "Sharp witted, wonderful women, that can read my every desire from my mind."

"You wear them plain, my Karitas." Esther separated from Aclysia and then kneeled in front of me again. An example the maid swiftly followed, when her mind was no longer clouded by dreamy satisfaction.

I still could not entirely believe that Aclysia was so easily capable of climaxing from blowjobs. There should have been a limit to just how perfect a servant a single woman could have been. Yet, there she was. A set of fitting traits moulded by a deliberate upbringing into a flawless maid along every axis. Pleasure in submission, diligent, and dangerous, all a servant could be requested to be.

Esther licked her lips. "What do you desire next, Master?"

"The pill Willt made," I grumbled and received a pair of surprised giggles in response. It must have been the post-nut clarity that made me prioritize making a stupid joke over the obvious next order. "Strip and stand next to each other."

"Thank you for the opportunity, Master," Aclysia purred.

Esther got up and stripped out of her pants in the same motion. That was all she needed to remove. As greedily as I devoured her curves, our attention primarily lay with the new addition. Knowing that she was being watched, Aclysia put on a show.

Not a show of the dancing kind, although she doubtlessly was capable of that. Rather, it was a show of her grace. One button after the other, she orderly opened her shirt. Swiftly, she folded it and placed it on the floor. Her skirt was next, easily taken off after loosening the zipper hidden by a button and the pleat.

Aclysia bowed down without bending her knees, to place down the folded skirt. While still bowed, she unhooked her bra at the back, and placed it atop her shirt. When she straightened up, I got a fantastic view of her almost naked body.

The paleness of her skin was universal. White as a paper sheet, her bottom heavy curves were on display. Just how much of a pear shaped gorgeous being she was became apparent with all true obstacles to seeing her removed. Her hips swung outwards almost disproportionally, giving space to a doubtlessly fantastic ass that I would see in all its glory as soon as I got up. For now, I feasted my gaze on her thighs, wonderfully thick, and the absolutely drenched white panties between them. Above them was the garter belt, holding up the stockings that so seductively enveloped her long legs.

Aclysia reached for her stockings and shot me a questioning gaze. Only when I did not say anything, did she disconnect the garter belt. The stockings stayed up regardless, clinging to her squishy, wide thighs, until she loosened and discarded them, then the garter belt itself. Finally, she stretched her panties and again without bending her knees whatsoever, pushed them all the way to the floor.

The soaked underwear was the last item to be placed on the neatly folded pile. Aclysia stood, naked and flushed with excitement, before me. There was not a single hair to her below the eyebrows. No blemishes, no birthmarks, no bruises, just pale skin from top to bottom, tinged red by the fading daylight that fell in through the closed curtains. Notably pink were her excited nethers and the erect crowns of her petite breasts. Slender fingers folded in front of her lower abdomen.

Aclysia took a slight bow. "I hope this servant's naked form excites you, Master," she cooed.

"You're absolutely stunning," I responded and stood up. "Isn't she, Esther?"

"I've been thinking the same thing this past week," Esther confirmed for me.

Clicking my tongue, I delivered a swift and loud smack to the bottom of my first submissive, Esther cried out loud in surprise and lust. Standing behind her, I cupped one breast and plunged a finger into her cunt. The hairless sex let two of my digits invade her gleefully. Pussy juices lubricated each pump in and out of her. The sting from the smack must have still been around and I added a bit of more of the spice of pain to it by twisting her left nipple ever so slowly.

"Don't remind me of what I missed," I whispered in her ear. "It's bad manners."

"I wanted to... express my..." Esther gasped and softly shook her head. "You're right... Master... I'm sooooo... sorry, Master!" She came just as she yelled my title. Leaning against me for support, Esther gasped for air. Her groin grinded against my hand. Fingers kept moving rapidly in and out of her, giving her a release for the lust that had accumulated over the blowjob.

"Good girl," I whispered in her ear. I wanted to further and further deepen her mind's association with those two words and pleasure, until growing wet at them became the most

common response. With her natural proclivities, that was among the easiest aspects of driving her deeper into the role of a submissive.

"Thank you, my Karitas." Esther exhaled sweetly and held onto my arm. Less for support and more to squeeze my muscles. "May I touch Aclysia now?"

"You're very impatient," I noted, amused enough to fall out of my dom voice. "Let it be known, though, that I shall not blame you for craving this wonderful half elf. For now, greedy Queen, she is mine. You will resolve to stand here and watch until I tell you otherwise." I pulled her head back by her hair and returned to my deep, dangerous tone. "Or do you want to be defiant?"

"Your lead makes me feel good." Esther spoke loudly, clearly and with a lewd smile on her face. "I will obey."

"That's right, you know your place," I hummed. 'God I love how submissive she can get,' I thought and let go of Esther to give the new arrival all the attention she deserved.

Aclysia had been watching us, biting her lower lip the entire time. Fresh wetness made the inside of her thighs glisten, spread between them from her constant, wanton wiggling. Already behind them, I finally got a good view of that ass.

It was a bubble butt befitting those wide hips. The sheer size of her cheeks created creases that served as beautiful underlines of the magnificence I now called mine. I took a handful with the same certainty a gardener felt when grabbing a shovel.

Her ass was bigger than Esther's, by a notable but not immense margin. For as much as that made her butt jigglier in both appearance and sensation, it strayed it just a bit from perfection. Not that I minded. There was so much to dig into, so much to ripple from and under my greedy grasps. Aclysia let out a low hum and pushed her butt out for me to play with it more. The core became firm as the muscles went taut, the layer of fat above stayed nice and squishy.

I felt something hard, while I explored the valley between her cheeks. "Naughty girl," I cooed and played with the round base of the toy that sealed her backdoor. There had been no opportunity to put it in since we left the house. "The entire time, hm?"

"I had absolute certainty in your victory," Aclysia whispered. "You are my one and only worthy Master, after all."

My cock sprung back to full hardness at the sound of those words. I had planned for them to give me a demonstration of their activities during my absence first, but now my libido was inflamed. I ran my hands up her slender sides, until I arrived under her armpits. One hand then travelled forwards, cupping petite breasts. They easily fit in my hands, which was pleasing in a different way compared to Esther's enormous tits.

The other hand went over her midriff. There was barely any definition to her. Not for a lack of strength, as I very well knew, she was just built lithely, like a dancer. I reached all the way down to her smooth thighs and gave them a squeeze. Firmer than her butt, yet still a flawless fusion of fat and muscle.

All of her body, all of her little gestures, made my blood boil with the need to fill her. I reached between her legs and felt the sheer dripping need around my fingers. "You love serving," I commented on the obvious. "You're an absolute submissive. All your life you have been fantasizing about your one worthy Master claiming you."

"U-hu," Aclysia moaned her confirmation. Her butt rubbed against my erection, hotdogging the girthy shaft between her big bouncy buns. "I offer all I have to you."

"You can't offer what you already surrendered." I stopped playing with her pussy and raised my hand to her mouth instead. Normally, I would have kept playing with a woman's mouth until she was far down the blowjob training. The erogenous zone changed that. I pushed two fingers deep into her eagerly opened mouth. Aimlessly, I rubbed the base of her tongue. A good choice, as her slurred cries testified.

I fingered both holes at once. In and out, finding her weak spots while smearing precum over her rear. Her ass was so incredibly hot. Its roundness yielded to my firm muscles, then bounced right back into shape.

"Please let me touch her," Esther whined from the side. I had never heard her quite that desperate before. "I beg you, teasing Karitas."

With a malicious smirk and a shake of my head, I denied her. Matter of fact, I made it even worse for her by turning Aclysia so they faced each other. Esther had to watch, while I brought Aclysia to completion. Good girl that she was, the lady of my love did not touch herself at all, no matter how much she quivered in need.

Aclysia sucked on my fingers, muffling her orgasmic cries. Upper and lower lips clenched around my digits. She trembled and drooled, soaking my hand with her overflowing juices. All while staring straight in Esther's eyes. That she was being watched only made the third orgasm of the maid all the more intense..

"How ready does she look to you, Esther?" I asked, resting my chin on Aclysia's trembling shoulder.

"Exceedingly ready," my Queen summarized her thoughts, voice dripping with need like Aclysia's chin was dripping drool. I moved my hand down and softly held the maid by the throat. A test of her reaction as much as a signal for her to keep quiet. Her folds clenched around my fingers in response to the soft pressure.

"Kneel against the wall," I ordered the raven haired woman. Our gazes crossed and her need was replaced with anticipating agreement. Turning around, Esther strutted away from us. My mood was almost soured by the sight of her scar. What counteracted the hideous sight was the nonchalance with which she moved. Had she overcome her issue at least in our presence? Was she just too horny to care? Either worked for me.

Esther got comfortable at the edge of the room, by a wall that had no windows. She didn't wait there for long, as I nudged Aclysia into movement. Back towards me, I pinned her against the wall above the lady of my love. I angled my cock between her thighs, thrust between them and felt the slippery smoothness of her skin envelop me. Past her were Esther's lips, greeting me with a long lick.

"This is the best I can think of for Esther and me deflowering you at the same time," I whispered in Aclysia's pointy ear, speaking softly to cut through the thick mood of dominance and submission. "Does this position suit you?"

"Yes, Karitas," the maid responded, as a virgin about to be penetrated for the first time. We both understood that there could be complications, if we were not careful or proper about this.

"If it hurts at any point, you must tell me immediately. Understood?" She nodded, but I continued anyway, combing through her hair as I talked. "Even if you're feeling a bit uncomfortable, you have to tell me. There's nothing more important than you enjoying this."

"I understand," Aclysia assured me. Her eyes betrayed that she was too eager to hear further assurances. What she wanted, more than my tenderness, was for me to claim her. Sometimes, women just wanted to get railed.

I pulled back and aligned my cock properly. "Esther, you may now touch her," I allowed her and pressed the engorged tip of my sizable cock against the swollen labia. My hands around Aclysia's waist were quickly joined by Esther's around her hips. The lady of my love was, in one lick, caressing both my cock and Aclysia's doubtlessly exposed clit.

The maid moaned softly, shaking her butt to entice me to finally push inside her. Carefully, I did. Hot, wet walls pushed some of the blood out of the engorged head of my cock with their tightness. The rest of my cock was too hard to be affected. Deeper and deeper, I slid inside, the fluids coating our sexes mixing.

"So big," Aclysia gasped, her hands clenching into fists - only to then relax back into flat palms and sprawled out fingers. Her insides twitched in accordance with the motion. Walls shifted around my shaft. Folds clenched, rubbing along the length, and made me groan when I bottomed out inside her.

Aclysia quivered all over. The only sound that filled the room was Esther's tongue lapping at our joined sexes. "Are you good?" I asked the maid, who glanced over her shoulder in raw need. I did not make her waste time on forming words and instead slowly pulled out. As I pushed back in, my voice was strained by the sensation. "Did you train for this too?"

"No, Master!" Aclysia cried. "I could not have trained for this... your hot cock... mistress' lips on my -Ah!- clit.... It's so much more than I could've... prepared... fooor!"

I plunged into her hard enough to create a clapping sound. Rippling, her ass cushioned the thrust in a display of raw eroticism. Chest pressed against the wall, spine curved to display herself, her backside was more enticing than ever. Pale white cheeks of a bubble butt, their heart shape framed by my pistoning hips and Esther's hands. Aclysia swayed her rump left to right, her delicious thighs trembling with each shift of her weight.

"Oh, you're just asking to be trained into a real sex slave, aren't you?" the words slipped out of me as I picked up the pace. Soon every thrust sent that butt into a jiggle. Like jelly on a trembling table, it was in constant movement, ever attempting to resume its wonderful, round heart shape and getting distorted again before it could get there.

Esther made it so much worse, so much better, by sliding her hands down and digging deep into the backside. She spread the thick spheres and let me see exactly what I was doing while pounding her. The light pink colour of Aclysia's insides stood out intensely against her snow white skin. Each time I pulled out, the outer folds clung to my shaft, only relenting when they physically had to.

"A perverted sex servant," I continued the dirty talk. Visibly, her pussy twitched, tightening around me. "That's what you want to be. You don't even try to hide it. You don't even care to hide it, my beloved maid, because that's just who you are."

"Yes, Master!" Aclysia cried out.

I pushed all the way inside her and remained there. I groaned into her ear, letting her know just how good her insides felt to me. Through the hotness of her shifting walls, I felt the pressure of Esther's kisses on Aclysia's abdomen. The lady of my love was doing her best to worship my cock even as I was burred inside another woman. Just another aspect of how blessed I was to have two of such beauties.

My hands placed on Aclysia's, I lovingly pinned her against the wall. She had presented herself before, but I wanted to dominate her with my presence. I wanted there to be nothing in her world besides me and Esther. I moved slowly and with small thrusts, supplementing Esther's tongue circling the sensitive button of the half elf's sex. "Tell me your fantasies, little maid," I whispered and reached for her perky nipples.

Aclysia had trouble responding. An intense orgasm must have been mounting in that lithe frame. The previous three had come about fast, turned on as she was. Quick and satisfying releases, no doubt, but this would be more. I pinched the erect crowns of her breasts and bit her ear. A demand for her to form her words.

"I... ah – I imagine myself ssssstanding nnnnext to the t-table," she hissed and stuttered, bouncy bubble butt gyrating against me and grinding against Esther's lips. "Youuuu ennnjoy my... a mhm-meal I m-made for you, b-but it's... oh, yes!" A sudden shudder went through her and I grabbed her by her throat.

Tilting her head back until the back of it rested on my shoulder, I grunted into her ear. "You don't get to cum until you finish talking." The order made her eyes open wide. She did not even look at me, just stared in panic at the ceiling. I showered her neck in kisses, while she hastily stammered the rest of her fantasy. Words raced against the control of her ecstasy.

"It's not enough! Master wants more! Orders me under the table. I oblige gleefully, open your zipper. Am not allowed to use my hands and keep them behind my back! I take your cock down my throat! You cum, but stay hard! You make me serve until you finish eating. Then you drag me out, eat me out, and FUCK ME!"

She barely managed to press the last words of her fantasy out as loosely coherent rambles, before even her deepest submissive desire to withhold her pleasure was overcome. The last syllable was out and she was reduced to quiet sounds that bordered on choking. The bliss made her eyes roll up, blocked her windpipe more than my gentle squeezes did. Down below my cock got drenched. Rhythmic squeezes massaged the length and brought forth gushes of love juices.

I held Aclysia tightly, preventing her rigid spasms from taking her anywhere. She was right where she was supposed to be: in my arms, experiencing multi-orgasmic bliss. I couldn't move my cock, her clenching cunt too tight for me to do so without hurting her. Still, there were the wet noises of Esther eagerly providing in her first lesbian experience. After a little while, the laps changed priorities from Aclysia's cunt to the place my seed was stored. Esther lapped the dripping love juices from my balls as if it was ambrosia. For all her initial jealousy issues, my Queen had shaped up fantastically for her position. This week with Aclysia must have truly ignited the hunger for her fellow female in her.

"You'll have to clean that up later," I whispered in Aclysia's ear. "Not sure if you're a good girl for cumming for your Master or a bad girl for making my bedroom dirty."

"I want to be a good girl," Aclysia whispered and gasped in disappointment when I left her pussy empty and gaping. "Master?"

I heard Esther's voice as much as I felt every silky syllable over my moist cock. "Good girls share with their Queen, obedient Aclysia." The maid and I gasped in unison, when Esther gave my manhood a long lick that pressed it against the swollen mound. My first haremte had needed no word to catch my intention. I perceived her lust drunken giggles, sounds one would not expect from a stern faced woman like Esther. They were created by her cleaning Aclysia's

juices off my shaft. "Delicious," she let us know. Lips wrapped around the head. Then she pushed down as far as she could, with the maid's abdomen above her.

Aclysia was panting, shivering with aftershocks. "This is above all I fantasized, while my lust was inflamed by your smell," she moaned. "You're an artist of domination, Master."

"An artist? What a fitting term. Indeed, I am shaping you, my little maid. Few artists ever have the honour of working with clay that so eagerly assumes their vision." My fingers took the place of Esther's tongue, rubbing her clit. On the back of my hand, I felt the tingle of Esther's wild mane. "How was it? Squirted during your first penetration orgasm? That was an accomplishment for me too."

"It was... I forgot all but ecstasy for a few seconds," she whispered. "Just ecstasy. Then a blissful ebbing back into who I was... a me a little more in love with you, my Karitas." Audibly, she swallowed and turned her head to look at me. "You make me dangerous. I love you. I love you so much." Her voice grew more heated, less reasonable with each repetition of that wonderful word. "I want more. I want you to love me more. Make me yours more. Be your dream servant more. Never leave me. Never be able to leave me. Love. Love, love, so much love, I don't know what to do with it, I-"

I cut her off by grabbing her throat more intensely than ever before. A powerful aftershock pressed the last breath out of her as a high-pitched moan. The corners of her pink lips were curled into a smile, her emerald eyes twisted with debauched need. "I really shouldn't encourage this, but I would be lying if you getting crazy didn't turn me on immensely."

A loud pop testified my cock exiting Esther's mouth. Grabbing it with both hands, she guided it back to Aclysia's cunt. I pushed inside until my Queen could easily cover both the most sensitive spot at the underside and the maid's clit with each wiggle of her tongue. We remained like this for a little while. I drank in Aclysia's manic, lip biting expression. They said to never stick one's dick in crazy and I had learned that the getting stabbed way. Hot as it was, I had to rein her in a little bit. Luckily, I had the carrot and the stick.

"I'll let go of your throat in a second and when I do, I expect you to be a good girl. Keep the crazy contained. I love it when you're dangerous, I don't like you being a danger. Your Master will be exceedingly disappointed, were you to let go of your diligence." I gave her three seconds, amid the asphyxiated haze, to calm down. It was a struggle, but her features blanked and I let go.

"I apologize for the ranting, Master," she said, after drawing a deep, controlled breath. "I will attempt to contain myself."

"Don't fail too frequently," I said. Adoring as I was of her obsessive aspect, I did not want it to ever overshadow who she truly was. "I fell for the Aclysia who is orderly and who is a great listener," I caressed her hair. "I fell for the Aclysia who calmly discussed her place with Esther and who always has her schedule in mind. The Aclysia who is willing to point out when someone is making her housework harder than it needs to be." I kissed her shoulder tenderly. "I love this different part of you too, but don't make me all that fills your mind."

"You do not make it easier when you make me love you all the more," Aclysia purred in a tone that made it clear that she caught my meaning.

That was all I needed to hear. I pushed back into her and we moaned in unison. I pushed off the wall and grabbed her by the waist. I pushed inside her and watched her ass jiggle again.

With full force, I contrasted the tenderness of the moment with a speed that filled the room with loud, wet, erotic claps of flesh against flesh.

Aclysia screamed, ever louder. She quivered from her own pleasure and the force of the impacts. Futile clawing at the wall created scratching sounds. Esther's arms wrapped around the narrow waist of the snow white woman. Things moved too fast for Esther to worship either of our sexes and so she was back to kissing Aclysia's abdomen, trying to hit where my girth was stretching the thoroughly widened and yet tight cunt of our new haremte.

I bunched Aclysia's hair up in my hand. Even after all the motions, it was still oriented firmly backwards and long enough to reach my chest, had it not been for the eternal yoke of gravity. It was practically made to be pulled, and so I did. Teeth clacked and screams turned to wild groans. Her neck was fully exposed, her eyes rolled up so she could look at me past her forehead. Sweat pearled down her features. A savage smile revealed white teeth, compromised that heart shaped face in a way only I and mine would ever get to see.

"I'm going to cum," I announced and her cunt tightened. She tensed up, then willed herself to relax, driving back a small orgasm. "I won't ask you to beg. I'll give you exactly what you want." My voice got more and more strained, as my pleasure mounted. "I'll cum... all the way... inside you!"

"Yes!" Aclysia shouted. "Pin me down. Fill me up. Give me the first taste of my purpose in your bed!"

"Fuck," I let loose the instinctive curse, her words spiking my enjoyment and bringing me to the point of no return in an instant. Involuntarily, I thrust hard forwards with my entire body. Esther ducked under just in time, preventing me from smacking her head against the wall. Her hot tongue weighed my heavy sack just as it tightened.

Enveloped to the base by Aclysia's wet hole, I pumped my seed into her. Each spasm of my cock was pure bliss. The underline of a dream fulfilled, for both of us. Aclysia was all gasps and moans, shivering with each drop I pumped into her. What a lovely figure she struck, as I painted her insides as white as her outsides.

I took deep breaths, to calm myself and to try and will my cock to remain hard. The former worked, the latter did not. Inevitably, the release signalled the flow of blood out of my manhood and back into the rest of my body. My halfway deflated cock slipped out of her and I took a step back.

Esther caressed Aclysia's backside; helped the maid stand on her unsteady legs. The gasps continued, while fingertips drew little shadows in the squishy texture of her occasionally tensing butt. The trickle of my seed eventually showed. I got to feast my eyes on the visual showcase of my conquest for a few seconds, then Esther took the liberty of moving away from the wall.

Now behind the maid, Esther ate the cum straight out of my new haremte's cunt. I dropped down on the mattress and simply enjoyed the sight. I wasn't done yet, I had one more, maybe two more loads inside me. The sheer demands of the evening motivated my young body to perform at its peak and that steak did the rest. The extra protein was certainly needed.

Once Esther had cleaned out the majority, she backed off and licked her red lips. "Wonderful," she purred. "What a delightful mixture of tastes." As per usual, the lady of my love wasn't even aware of just how naturally erotic a being she was. Dropping a line like that after topping her first experience eating pussy with licking cum out of a submissive's cunt. Unbelievable.

“May I... sit down?” Aclysia requested and I allowed it with a simple gesture. The maid squatted down, then toppled over. She needed a breather after all of that, more desperately even than me. Only Esther was truly fine, for obvious reasons.

For a little while, we just existed in silence. Birds chirped outside the window, as breathing calmed. I could feel the post-orgasmic drowsiness set in, intense after a busy day like this, but I refused to let it claim me. With a shake of my head, I chased it away.

“Show me what you did when I wasn’t around,” I picked up an earlier idea. “What did you do when you were both needy?”

Esther took a quick look at Aclysia’s calmed yet flushed form, then crawled away from her. “We kept our distance, obedient to your order,” the lady of my love stated and plopped down on a pile of pillows opposite of where Aclysia now sat against the wall. “We had no inhibitions from the start.”

“Except that Esther would wear a shirt,” Aclysia added the obvious. The lady of my love shifted uncomfortably, but she was laying on her back and thus hid the object of attention. I was entirely focused on her curves anyway. Legs angled and spread, she showed off her cunt and the little button that sealed her backdoor. Her upper body was mildly propped up by the pillows. From the butt plug to the pose, Aclysia mirrored the look.

They stared at each other, as they reached towards their cunts. Fingers gently rubbed the labias, and soft, feminine gasps filled the room. It was as simple a scene as it was erotic, two gorgeous ladies masturbating to each other. They amped one another up with their presence. Sighs grew into moans. Fingers curved inside.

“Spread your pussy,” Esther demanded.

Aclysia responded through action, withdrawing her fingers and then spreading her already agape twat for our viewing pleasure. The wet, pink folds twitched under our gaze. They threatened to slip away under her fingertips. Although the half elf was no longer touching herself in any stimulating way, her breathing remained taxed.

Esther held her breath for a little while, something I only noticed due to the prolonged sigh she let out. Working pussy and clit with both hands she writhed, eyes stern and lustful, wandering all over Aclysia’s curves. “On all fours,” she moaned the next order.

Swiftly, Aclysia rolled over and got in the desired position. Bubble butt raised for Esther’s viewing pleasure, she pleaded, “May I touch myself?”

“Grab Karitas’ shirt,” Esther responded with another order. With a quivering hand, the white haired maid dragged one of the many worn shirts towards her. “Face down, plant it in the shirt. Then, you have my permission to touch yourself.”

“Thank you, Mistress!” Aclysia yelled with spiking lust apparent in her every action. Face half-hidden in my shirt, plump rear raised, hands between her thighs, my new haremte feverishly pleased herself. She rocked back and forth, visibly imagining me behind her, ramming her every bit as hard as I had minutes prior.

Esther came first. The lady of my love continued to rub her ready snatch until she was brought to completion. There was nothing outstanding to the climax, except all that was always outstanding about watching a beautiful woman reach bliss. She writhed softly, her fingers slowing until there was only a gentle rub. She played a little bit with the gooey strands that connected her lower lips and fingers, while continuing to watch Aclysia.

Who was drooling quite obviously into my shirt. I had to wonder if being soaked in her spit was a feature all of my future clothes would have experienced at one point or another. 'That's definitely the thought only someone not erect could have in this situation,' I chuckled to myself. Like an explorer chronicling the behaviours of unknown wildlife, I followed the pulses that made Aclysia's muscles tense, when she finally pushed herself over the edge.

She rolled back over. Both women continued to gently play with themselves, as they gazed at each other. They had not forgotten my presence, a glance from Esther prompting me to speak up.

"Did you usually give her orders?" I wondered.

"Yes," Esther responded, blinking at me with a little bit of guilt in her gorgeous, amber eyes. "Did this circumvent your order?"

"No, I think that's fantastic. For you to prime our submissive maid in advance," I said approvingly. Testing, I gave my cock a couple of pumps. Vigour was slowly returning to my loins, but not enough yet. "Show me something new," I decided and the two women straightened up, eager to hear what they had wanted to hear for over a week. "Pleasure each other."

Aclysia's gaze wantonly wandered to Esther, who lost no time whatsoever in bridging the distance. Firmly, Esther grabbed the orderly hair of the half elf and tugged. Lips descended on the presented pale neck, brushing over smooth, sweaty skin. "Mistress..." whispered the maidly woman. "May I...?"

"Your Master already gave you an order," Esther reminded her. "Pleasure me."

Under my greedy gaze, the two began their lesbian exploration. The fantasies of the past week, probably even longer, were turned into needful caressing and cupping of each other's nubile flesh. Neither had experience with the same sex, but their touches were far from the fumbling of virgins.

Aclysia knelt, Esther straddled over her joined thighs. A long, erotic lick brought the head of the lady of my love to that of our newest woman. They were lost in each other's eyes for a moment, heavily breathing. The tension built, until they could withstand it no longer. A long kiss filled the room with moans and wet slurps.

Breaking it, Esther rose a little bit, until her enormous breasts were level with Aclysia's eyes. The maid took the invitation with the eagerness of one who had only waited for an excuse. I could intensely relate to seeing those wonderful spheres and waiting for the moment to touch them. Both of them moaned, one from the touch of her sensitive skin, the other from experiencing that sinful delight of having one's fingers sink into such overabundant squish.

She was immediately entranced. Aclysia kneaded the tits of her Queen like the borderline sacred flesh they were. Over and over again, she repositioned her hands, weighing the large breasts and attempting to fit them in her palms. When she failed, she released the soft bite on her lower lip to give the erect nipples, crowning the softly tanned orbs, a loving lick.

To this day, I have no idea how Esther kept her tan so perfectly universal. Just an aspect of her species, I reckoned, or perhaps a part of her individual being. Whatever the explanation, her curves were in constant, swaying motion, sliding against the white haired woman who so eagerly kissed and sucked her nipples.

Swiftly, Aclysia discovered just how sensitive Esther's tits were – especially after such excessive foreplay. The Queen of my harem gasped, "More...", while she was served by

Aclysia's circling tongue. Aclysia's hips grinded against a hand that had managed to squeeze in between the half elf's plump thighs. Chopped breathing accompanied the venerating stare Aclysia had for Esther.

Swallowing hard, Esther's amber eyes were glassy. Little breaths and gasps escaped her continuously. The orgasm she had brought herself to earlier had done little to appease her need. Demandingly, she grabbed one of Aclysia's hands and placed them on her cunt. A soft yell filled the room when her cunt was filled with slender fingers.

I followed it all with great interest. Noted every little touch that they enacted on each other that made the other sigh erotically. Their lovemaking was softer than mine usually was. Even accounting for Esther's dominance, there was less demanding or manhandling involved in them grinding their curves together. Their pleasure rose slowly. They sometimes shot me wanton glances. Most of the time, they concentrated on each other.

It was a wonderfully gradual rise to the release. They measured each other, slowed their fingering whenever the intensity of their partner's cries exceeded their own. They came at the same time. The grinding turned into spasming. Exploring caresses were replaced by firm, needful grasps. Aclysia's moans were muffled by the nipple she still sucked on, while Esther's eyelids fluttered. They barely managed to keep gazing at each other.

Wave for wave of pleasure made them shiver. Sluggish movements hinted at them wanting to do something more, but the climax suppressed their fine control. There was only squeezing Aclysia's round ass, while the half elf returned the favour.

High pitched moans petered out, the orgasms slowly fading away. In their place came little giggles. "A good first impression," Esther whispered, brushing through Aclysia's hair.

"Thank you, Mistress. It's been my pleasure." She put special emphasis on the last two words.

"I concur with the lady of my love," I said, approaching the two of them. Although their embrace had loosened, they were still chest to chest. A perfect position, to pull them both towards my manhood. Although still flaccid, they licked and kissed it. Somewhat, it swelled, but not enough to be called an erection. "Those damn constraints of biology," I lamented with a long, long sigh. "I shall improvise."

I wordlessly left them where they sat. In absence of other orders, they decided to continue their mutual exploration. Their moans were the background to me removing the pillows from the wooden boxes that contained my belongings. Swiftly, I pulled out a pink, egg shaped object. A soft string dangled from one end. The corresponding remote control for the vibrator was found quickly as well.

With the toy, I returned to their lesbian engagement. My manhood was soon back between their eager lips, but that was a temporary affair. After I had their attention, I said, "On all fours." Esther gave a quick glance to her discarded shirt. "Now."

A glance was where it stayed. My two harettes disentangled and presented their asses to me. Every new angle I got to witness those glorious spheres in was renewed wonder. For my viewing pleasure, they inched a little bit closer to each other, until the sides of their bubble butts squished together. Their round forms flattened partly. Pale white against tanned pale. Esther's ass was ever perfect, Aclysia's a tad larger, juicier, and heavier.

I straddled over their parallel legs, running my hands over their behinds as best I could while holding onto the vibrator. Blood surged to my cock, joining the rest and bringing it almost all the

way to a proper erection. I only paid a moment's worth of attention to that, too enticed by the smooth, sweaty texture of their skin and the way it gave even to the softest pressure.

Like a cat stretching, Esther curved her upper body. The pose put extra emphasis on her ass, pronounced her dripping wet cunt between her thick thighs and cheeks. Aclysia soon mimicked the motion. The lady of my love had done an excellent job cleaning her out, leaving only transparent love juices to trickle down those snow white thighs. The bases of the butt plugs stood out immensely against their skin.

"Like what you see, Master?" The silk of Esther's purring tone sent shivers down my spine.

"How could I not?" I kept it at the rhetorical question, too tempted to go into a long winded monologue that would only distract from what I was gifted with. Instead, I took the egg shaped, pink vibrator and pressed its tip against Esther's engorged labia.

A low moan accompanied the toy's penetration of her cunt. Fingers had prepared her plenty and Esther was familiar with the little additions I created during our lovemaking. I pushed and pushed, until it was firmly sitting inside her, to be removed only by deliberate effort or the string that was now dangling from her cunt. It looked just a tad silly, but it was better than the awkwardness of losing something inside her.

I turned the control dial to the first, then the second level. Esther grasped at the sheets. I could faintly hear the buzzing of the toy inside her. "You deserve a little more attention, even if this is Aclysia's night," I stated and put the remote control aside. "Don't you agree, my maid?"

"Lady Esther deserves all the attention in the world," the half elf swooned. As a reward, I manifested a dildo with my Artefact and pushed it inside her with my right hand. "Thank you, Master!" she cried, when her gaping cunt was once more filled. "I felt so... emptyyyy."

Being ambidextrous certainly had its advantages, especially when pleasing two women. I pumped the toy of hardened, silver light in and out of her, while rubbing the clit of my Queen with my left hand. Both moaned softly, keeping their quivering bodies as still as possible, for me to do with as I pleased. Only their round rumps swayed with deliberate motion. Aclysia thrust rhythmically against the dildo, making her bubble butt jiggle with erotic zeal.

Esther's enticing sway, I knew all too well. Tilting and gyrating her butt, she presented a gorgeous target. I withdrew my drenched fingers from between her clenching thighs. For a moment, I just watched the peach skin in the seductive twilight of the room. Then I brought my hand down. A resounding smack made her abundant backside ripple.

Esther threw her head back in a cascade of hair. "More!" she begged and I obliged every meaning of that word. I turned the vibrator up to three. Her toes clenched, then curled when I hit the other cheek. "Karitas!" she shouted sharply. She wasn't alone in her moan this time. Aclysia followed us with wide, flustered eyes. The wish to be punished similarly was written all over her face.

A third smack was my temporary parting gift to Esther. The vibrations and the sting of my hand imprint on her trembling backside kept her company, while I grabbed Aclysia by the hair. To command her verbally would have been so easy, but to drag and move her through physical dominance was just more enticing to both of us. Soon, I had her on her back, face underneath Esther's cunt.

Not to lick it. No, she was there to witness what was happening and for me to shove my nearly returned erection down her throat. Her pink lips parted willingly. The lack of total hardness kept my manhood flexible enough to sheathe all the way inside her. Aclysia moaned,

less from the presence of my dick and more from the sight, I reckoned. Pussy juice dripped onto her forehead, when I gave Esther another smack.

"This sweet... fusion of pain and pleasure..." Esther gasped, her voice thin as a whisper. She was at the border of a trance, giving herself so eagerly to the constant buzz and my careful administrations of torment.

Again, I created a sharp clapping sound and that time was too much. Whether it was the spank itself or the constant buzzing, Esther was pushed over the edge. Eyelids fluttered and her cunt gushed, forcing Aclysia to close her eyes as she listened to the throaty, lust maddened giggles of the raven haired masochist.

The hardness of my cock surged, much to the enjoyment of the blinded half elf. Each tremble that went through Esther, each of the drawn out moans, was another reason for me to return to form. I had to withdraw my hips, give myself the space to grow to full mast, and was caressed by Aclysia's encouraging tongue the entire time.

Finally, I switched off the vibrator and let Esther run the course of her aftershocks. Glistening with Aclysia's spit, my erection surfaced with renewed vigour. Aclysia blinked her eyes back open, Esther raised her head and looked over her shoulder. Both were focused on my third rock hard erection of the evening.

That steak really was putting in the work.

I climbed off Aclysia. A signalling nod of my head was all that she needed to get back in line. My cock rested between their round butts. Heat radiated from Esther's spanked cheeks, while Aclysia had that normal, excited warmth. They shifted back and forth, competing with each other over who got to have more contact with my cock. A friendly competition, put on entirely for my pleasure, as the constant relenting of the winning side proved.

"Now, who do I wish to pound next?" I pulled the vibrator out of Esther's cunt, let it simply fall onto the mattress, before aligning myself with her ready entrance. Slowly, I pushed inside, parting her tight folds. My Queen gasped. She met me halfway. Her reddened butt jiggled softly when it met my groin. It was a snug fit, when I was all the way inside her. "You're quite eager, lady of my love."

"Always, Master." Esther gyrated her hips, letting her trembling walls massage my length without letting a single centimetre of me leave her. "The pleasures of the flesh, you have ingrained in me thoroughly." She rubbed shoulders with Aclysia. "Tonight only deepens this."

I lingered in the embrace of her sex for a little bit, then pulled out and instead aligned myself with Aclysia. The half elf had gone just a little longer without an orgasm and that was enough for her to throw her head back and shout when I penetrated her. That and the fact that I rammed into her agape cunt without compromise. She loved to take it hard and I loved to see her ass ripple. "Ever more hungry on the night of your deflowering, my maid."

"I'm your sex slave, Master!" Aclysia swayed her bubble butt back and forth. It was gorgeous in motion and gorgeous getting kneaded by my hand. I gave it a light swat. "...Master..." she gasped, a hunger in her voice. That first spank had not been enough for her. I repeated the motion, this time strong enough for it to echo in the room. Aclysia went rigid, soft red swiftly surfacing on her paper white ass. Her cunt clenched around me. "Master!" she shouted, with some delay.

I pulled out and got back between them, cock now glistening with the debauched mixture of saliva, precum, and pussy juices. That erotic cocktail was smeared all over where their butts

and my cock met. My fingers replaced my manhood, working them both at a steady pace. Moans and wet smacks filled the room.

“Two submissive, masochistic, gorgeous, intelligent, capable and beloved partners.” I let out a long, deep sigh, as if anything about that list was lamentable. There was, in that I could only make love to one of them to the degree I desired. “Who to choose? Which one shall I devour?” A renewed smack and Esther cried out loudly. “My proud and wonderful Queen?” It was Aclysia’s turn after that, shouting my title after I slapped her rump. “My diligent and obedient maid? What do you believe, my harettes?”

Esther spoke up first, of course she did. Her smooth voice was taxed by the pleasure of the continued fingering. “I desire to la-ah-p more of your seed... out of our servant’s cunt, m-mhmy Karitas.” If my cock hadn’t been already back to full mast, that would have definitely done it. Amber, her eyes were framed by the dishevelled strands of her untamed hair, staring needfully at her sister in desire. “Let m-mhm-e fa-fall deeper into this love. I’m Queen of this harem. I shall -yes...- see to the satisfaction of those who I share my ma-ah-n with!”

“Aclysia?” I urged my maid to say her piece.

“If I may, I -ah- disagree vehemently with-“ She had to stop and gulp. “-...my Mistress.” A smack to the bottom urged her to continue. “I... I have enjoyeed so much attention a-ah- ready. It’s unbecoming of a servannt to take all attention away from her Mistress. Please... please let me... have the honour of serving her the same way she served me! I wish to taste you both!”

Deeply, I hummed, grabbed my cock and drummed it on their jiggling behinds. Them making their case for each other was immensely pleasing, but it made my decision that much harder. How to choose between two girls so good that they pleaded for the other’s delight over their own? While I attempted to unravel this monumental issue, Esther drew away from my fingers.

The lady of my love turned around and gave first my cock, then Aclysia’s white rump several longing licks. She cleaned the gooey mixture of juices off the skin of her fellow harette. Fingers sunk into the fat ass. With the way Aclysia curved her back, putting her sphincter or cunt on anymore display was impossible. All Esther did was show how much meat there was to Aclysia’s backside. “Her, my Master,” she insisted.

Esther was my submissive and, in this dynamic, she evidently also was Aclysia’s dom. I had the final say, but to ignore her authority when she was this certain would have been bad manners. Plus, whatever made the decision easier, I would take.

Rubbing Aclysia’s labia, Esther entertained our servant while I inched the half step behind her. A few lewd smacks were delivered to the agape hole. Esther bit her lower lip, watching the sticky strands on her fingers. She grabbed my cock and guided me into the half elf’s drenched hole.

“Th-thank you, Mistress...” Aclysia’s voice was a relaxed whisper, beyond the throws of passion and fully indulged in the relief of really good sex.

“You should be grateful. I allow you to enjoy my Karitas’ erotic expertise.” Esther delivered a satisfying swat to the side of Aclysia’s rear, sending a ripple through the left cheek and thigh. Another red mark, that made her backside so much more colourful than the rest of her evenly white skin. I could see the sexual calculation in Esther’s eyes, while she caressed the half elf’s

butt. The art of spanking was to take it just far enough that there would be no bruising. "Each thrust is a token of our good will, servant."

"Yes!" Aclysia's cry spiked in volume, my cock being slammed deep into her. "Thank you," she moaned, when I pulled out. "Thank you!" she shouted, when I plunged back inside. "Th-ahn-k you!" she gasped, when Esther tugged at the butt plug.

The toy stretched her backdoor. Bit for bit it became visible. As a beginner size, even the broadest part was easily pulled past the tight embrace. Esther gave a debauched chuckle, withdrawing the toy a little more before pushing it back inside. Aclysia struggled to breathe in a steady pattern. "Oh, she likes that," I commented on the obvious.

Esther gave her ass another tap, a tame one this time. It was barely even audible, unlike Aclysia's heated panting. Her voice hitched and was released in groans, matching the unsteady pattern of her holes being penetrated. Esther dragged her tongue over the tormented curve of Aclysia's ass. Agape pussy lips were spread out further by her clawing hands.

I surrendered the worship of that behind entirely to Esther. The lady of my love did a wonderful job at working the plug in and out. Equally, she was doing well at giving me a show of Aclysia's juiciness. Not that much had to be further advertised there. Even the presence of her hands did not prevent the half elf's ass from jiggling whenever I thrust against it.

Grabbing Aclysia's hair again, I rolled the bundled, silky strands once around my hand. The shortened 'leash' forced her to tilt her head back, then for her spine to curve downwards. "Th-ahn-nk yoU!" she wailed at the ceiling. "Master, Mmmhmmistress I'm... cumming... I'm cumming! I-"

That was as far as she got, before the steady, hard penetrations of my large cock pushed the knowledge of vowels from her brain. Throaty, desperate sounds were pushed out of her mouth. I kept hammering her, even as her tight folds clenched around me, even as surges of liquid drenched my manhood. "Looks like our servant has the nasty habit of soiling the bed when she's too happy," I teased and hooked two fingers into her mouth.

Aclysia could only giggle in response. My hips gradually slowed down, until I ultimately pulled out. I rubbed the upside of my cock against her swollen lips. Again and again, I felt the twitching of her nethers spread through her entire body. Remains of her squirting pearled down my cock and dripped onto the sheets. One could clearly follow the path we had taken during lovemaking tonight.

"She squirts much more easily than I do," Esther remarked, mild jealousy ringing in her voice.

"All people are different, women and pleasure are no exception," I responded and drew back. "Although maybe that's a sign that I haven't been meeting your urges completely so far. I couldn't have, I feel." I gestured at the spasming submissive that we were both having so much joy in dominating. Esther gave me a lip biting nod and gave Aclysia another spank. The half elf's thighs clenched around my cock, becoming almost as tight as her cunt for a moment. "I know you wanted to taste me inside her again. Perhaps you want more of the opposite as well?"

As I spoke I raised my hips until my cock was right in front of Esther's face. I chuckled softly, when single minded desire caused my usually so stern Queen to go mildly cross eyed. She fixed it quickly, affording me an embarrassed and annoyed glance. Then my hand came down on her head. A simple gesture that was rapidly engraving a purpose in her suggestible mind. My digits sunk into her scalp and her mouth opened wide.

Few things were better than a natural submissive eager to be trained. Considering the revelations of the day, calling her a switch would have been more broadly accurate. For me, however, she would remain the bottom most of the time.

Her tongue met me shortly before I pushed past her red lips. It had been less than a minute without me being inside a woman, yet her hot mouth already felt like I was quenching a deep thirst. Eagerly, I pushed deeper inside. My hasty pull forced Esther to put her hands parallel to Aclysia's white thighs. The quivering hips of the post orgasmic 'sex slave' just did not provide the stability she needed.

Tongue still extended, reaching just past her chin, Esther welcomed me inside with the greatest ease yet. Be it competitiveness or just the sheer frequency of times I was penetrating her throat today. She took it all in eagerly. Sheathed as deep as she could take me in this position, just a bit of my shaft remaining outside her lips, she lapped at my balls with her long tongue.

Personally, I preferred the vacuum tight seal of her lips over the current, open mouthed service. Regardless of what I found better at large, the sensation was heavenly. Pleasure tensed my muscles, pushing the back of her throat against the tip of my dick – and pulling Aclysia's hair.

I had not let go, my right hand was still firmly holding on, and Aclysia moaned another "Thank you..." as she tilted her head back a little further. She was looking at me upside down, likely only catching what Esther and I were doing in the vague blur of her periphery. The sounds of Esther suppressing her gag reflex must have given away what was happening, as would the dripping of saliva onto her spanked ass.

Aclysia's eyelids fluttered and she moaned. I looked down to find Esther managing to get at least one arm back on the half elf's hips. She was right back to playing with the butt plug. "Sexy little minx," I purred. My cock came out of her throat, prompting a desperate breath.

No coughing, however. Esther got her breathing under control nearly immediately. "We have to train ourselves thoroughly, if you are ever to claim these holes, my Master." Goopy strands between her lips and my cock bounced with every word she spoke. Barely a nudge was required for her to get back to sucking my cock.

Changing the angle, she got all the way down to the base this time. She sucked her cheeks in, kept the vacuum seal tight, and slowly retreated upwards. What she left behind was a cock as polished as was possible, using one's mouth and throat. After the cockhead popped out of her lips, she tossed her hair to the side and went for my sack, lapping up the remains of Aclysia's juices there too.

"Delicioush," she moaned, a enticement and a signal for me. I lifted my hand and she pulled back, spreading Aclysia's cunt for me again.

The half elf screamed in delight. Although recovered from the last orgasm, she had not been given true rest, between the pain and the stimulation of her backdoor. I was, again, sorely tempted to pull out that butt plug and claim her last virginity right there. At the second of the four sizes that were supposed to lead up to comfortable anal sex, this was not something I was willing to do. That and I thoroughly believed I had another load in me after this one.

So, I instead spread her cunt with my cock again. Even now, the constant hammering of her nubile body left her cunt nice and tight. She was looser, compared to the initial claiming of her flower. All things considered, that was a benefit rather than a drawback. Even if it felt less good

from a pure pressure perspective, the way her walls snugly and comfortably surrounded my cock was just infinitely preferable for her and thus for me.

Esther appeared to have had enough of just teasing her fellow submissive. My hands took Aclysia's now fully available waist. I marvelled at that jiggling, whitered ass. The most intense stretch of the spanking was a little while back and the flushing had calmed into a gentler red colour. A sign that we had done this correctly. Too much force and the colouration would have shifted into an unpleasant direction – not that it would be entirely painless anyway next morning.

Banishing such thoughts, I just let myself be hypnotized by the mesmerizing sway of her fat ass. Back and forth, matching my thrusts, she moved her butt, always causing a powerful ripple to flatten her thick ass cheeks against me. Just as I was starting to get converted into an ass man, a silky moan made me look up.

Esther's saliva and generally stained face was displaying an expression of relaxed pleasure. Kneeling with her hips high in the air, her pussy was settled on Aclysia's upwards oriented mouth. The half elf was diminishing her sway, to keep her pretty pink lips firmly on Esther's cunt. Each time my pistoning penetrations shook Aclysia, the trembling made it all the way to the giant tits of the lady of my love. Little was needed to make those squishy bags of hopes and dreams sway, for their erect nipples to cut through the air.

"Oh yes," I groaned at the image. One submissive eating out another while I fucked her. The kind of spit roast that I had always dreamed of. My eyes did not know where to linger. Esther's amber eyes, flustered and depraved? Her tits, delectably squishy and ever moving from breaths and trembles? Her midriff, so much more defined while the pleasure caused them to tense? Her thick thighs, struggling to keep her balanced in position? Aclysia's emerald eyes, rolled up as the use of her body turned her brain into mush? Her back, narrow at the top, broad at the bottom, possessing more grace than the most expertly crafted violin? Her bubble butt, wonderfully abused? Her cunt, the labia sticking to me each time I pulled out?

Could I even concentrate on any one thing, while a storm of sounds surrounded me? My own taxed breathing mingled with moans pure and muffled, with cries and shouts that spiked alongside their pleasure. Rustled bedsheets and smacking lips, flesh clapping against flesh. Then there were the smells. The room reeked erotically of love juices and pheromones, of the sweat that formed a sheen on our bodies, all of it mingling with the sweetness of summer and shampoo.

My thrusts became faster, accelerated until the trembles made Esther fall over. I let go of Aclysia's hair, and the lady of my love immediately dragged the servant's head between her legs. Thighs wrapped around Aclysia's head, heels dug into her upper back, and I grabbed her hips with both hands to enter the final spurt.

A few more seconds was all that I could afford. I listened closely to Esther's heated shouts. Three, the lady of my love was crooning my name. Two, Aclysia's muffled cries barely made it out between Esther's legs. One, Esther tilted her head back and went quiet. Zero, I slammed all the way into Aclysia and released. The entire room went from a cacophony of debauchery to an erotic, quiet symphony.

My seed pumped into the depths of Aclysia's quivering quim. Nothing else mattered. I hung over her ass, all but drooling as my balls tightened, pumping into her a diminished load. A fact that did not bother Aclysia, as she squirted for the third time tonight. I lingered for as long as I had something to give the creampie loving submissive.

Much as I wanted to fill her up with immense quantity over and over again, there was a limit even to the impressive showing I was giving today.

It only took a few spurts, for all that I had to give to be emptied inside her. My heart raced in my chest and the tightness of her cunt was suddenly overwhelming. Once I had pulled out, the house of cards we were collapsed into heavily breathing participants in barely any time at all.

“Much as it displeases me...” I stopped mid-sentence, swallowing to get my airflow under control. “...I require a prolonged break.” To put my words to action, I grabbed one of the pillows and put it against the wall, sitting down against it.

I did not receive an answer. The shortness of my orgasm was contrasted starkly by the time they spent shivering from the aftershocks. To be multi-orgasmic, I could only imagine the blessing of such an aspect of the body. Although, were I asked if I would rather have that or maintain my privilege of being the acting party in any penetration, I'd retain the latter. To be the one whose bliss ebbed away first, typically speaking, did come with the privilege of watching them spasm from the pleasure I brought them.

Esther laid on her back, Aclysia on her stomach, face on the thigh of our Queen. Both were gazing off into the ether. The panting in the room calmed to steady, barely audible breaths. My spirit was willing me to move over there and take a handful of Esther's tits. To knead and squish them, envelop my manhood in their abundant size. My body was telling me in flaccid terms that that wasn't happening for at least a small while.

The women in the room did not have to fight with the same issue. It took a few minutes for their stamina to recover sufficiently. From my position off to the side, I witnessed the exact moment when Esther snapped out of her post-orgasmic trance. With a deep breath, she raised her head and took stock of the situation. She saw the half elf on her thigh first, still out of it. Then she saw me. For a wonderful few seconds, she saw just me. Not any of my features in particular, just me in my entirety. It was the dreamy look of a woman who was well and truly in love with me. I realized that and a hair raising, warm pulse travelled all over my skin.

The loving gaze gradually switched back into the analysis of the here and now. Her gaze fixated on my cock. She rolled on all fours and crawled over. Gently, she placed a kiss on the top of my flaccid shaft. “A splendid showing, Master,” she whispered.

The little sense of inadequacy I felt, against all reason, was extracted from my soul like poison by the antidote of her amber eyes. “You could make even the greatest egomaniac doubt if he deserved you,” I told her.

“Do not doubt, my Karitas, that I am your Esther,” her voice was even softer than usual. Her hands glided up and down the inside of my thigh. A touch as random as it was intimate. She placed another kiss on my skin, my midriff this time. One turned to six, giving each of my abs its individual token of appreciation. “May I entertain myself during your recovery?”

“You may,” I sighed and dropped deeper into the cushion. I loved her doting touches, I well and truly did. Regardless I needed some more time without anything stimulating my senses directly. ‘If only I had that damned pill,’ I grumbled in my mind. ‘Then again, a pause needed is a show received.’

The thought occurred simultaneously to Esther crawling away from me, her fantastic rear swaying. A switch on the prowl, she moved with grace and a hint of exhaustion. Once she turned Aclysia onto her back, I heard a displeased clicking of her tongue. “You have wasted my favourite meal, servant.”

The lady of my love positioned herself so I saw both her and Aclysia from the side. A wet spot stained the sheets where Aclysia had just been. At the centre of the pussy juices that had soaked into the cloth was a thicker and not quite as easily absorbed, whitish spot.

Graceful as a lady and shameless like a slut, Esther sucked the bit of my seed out of the sheet. It was as odd as it was erotic, to see her red lips pull on the white sheets. She savoured the taste for a moment, afterwards, then dragged her tongue from Aclysia's taint all the way to the mound of her hairless pussy.

"S-sorry, Mistress!" Aclysia moaned, as if she had just remembered how to talk. Her hips rose mildly from the mattress, pressing against Esther's mouth, when agape lips met agape lips. Red to swollen pink, both pairs glistening. The tongue of the lady of my love advanced into our submissive. A lustful exhale left Esther's nose. With newfound energy, she lifted Aclysia's thighs onto her shoulders.

It hid most of the action from me, but the sounds Aclysia produced were enough for me to imagine the vigour with which Esther scooped my cum out of the half elf's cunt. Eyes closed, Aclysia writhed. Esther was learning quickly how to use her tongue on her own sex and even the lengthy pause had failed to let Aclysia calm down entirely.

Animated cries soon filled the room again. Aclysia's flat belly moved in subtle waves, matching the wet sounds between her legs. "Ah!" a short lived, high pitched shout accompanied a little smack to the side of her fat ass.

Esther suddenly let the smooth, thick thighs slide off her shoulders. Swiftly, she climbed on top of our submissive servant and pressed a demanding kiss on Aclysia's lips. The lust made the blood rush hot and fast through their veins, evident by the renewed passion with which Aclysia responded to the aggressive attack of Esther's tongue.

"Delishiousshh," Aclysia slurred between kisses. She could only have talked about the mixture of Esther's saliva, my cum, and her own pussy juices. Muffled moans followed and my eyes were naturally drawn to their lower bodies. Esther joined the rhythmic motions of Aclysia's lower body. Pussies glided wetly over the surface of their partner's thigh. Desperate for something, anything, to stimulate their cunts, they grinded against each other. Fingers soon joined in, stimulating the clit of their partner.

The kiss grew ever more passionate. The pace increased. Eyes grew glassy. They weren't looking at anything at all, blinked lazily, if their eyelids did more than flutter. Esther's tits nearly completely hid the petite chest of Aclysia under their size. Aclysia clawed at the bubble butt of her Queen. Her hips shot up. Her scream was muffled. Esther increased her pace further, joining the half elf in orgasm swiftly.

Spasms broke the kiss. Esther tilted her head back, a relaxed, blissful expression replacing the tenseness of impending release. Quiet, rhythmless gasps were formed by her perfect lips. Aclysia trembled underneath, her sweaty curves shifting as much as they could. The leg Esther rode straightened, showing glistening, sticky proof of the act.

They remained a trembling image for the gods. No, not even gods would be privy to this. They remained a trembling image of beauty for me. My gorgeous haremetses, united in bliss. Where the trembling ended, the craving continued. Desire remained unsated.

Aclysia latched onto Esther's tit. A sharp moan closely followed, when the submissive's sucking turned into a pulling bite. "What rare autonomy, cheeky Aclysia," Esther hummed, after her nipple was released. "Autonomy that I did not approve."

“Do I deserve a punishment?” Aclysia blinked with feigned innocence.

Shaking her head, a smile on her lips, Esther swung her shapely legs off to the side. Swiftly, she straddled the head of the maidly half elf. With rapt attention, Aclysia stared at the cunt. It was the last I saw of her, before Esther said, “You deserve to serve,” and lowered her perfect ass.

A low moan swiftly followed. Aclysia’s finely curved chin pointed out between Esther’s thighs, gently moving while her lips opened and closed. Motions in tandem with the slurping sounds that inevitably accompanied any heated worship of the pretty pink flower between a lady’s legs. Aclysia reached up, grabbing the ass burying her face to press her mouth even deeper inside.

“So many doubts dispersed.” Esther’s head tilted loosely, rolled around until her half-closed eyes met mine. “A great boon that -mhm- she decided she wanted you, my Karitas. A ready target for your maid fetish. A great promise that sharing you perhaps...” A high pitched moan interrupted her careful, silky words. Casually, the lady of my love reached down and pinched Aclysia’s nipple. She pulled, the servant’s shout was muffled, and Esther smiled dreamily. “...won’t be that bad.”

“She’s so much more than a target for my maid fetish,” I responded.

Esther just nodded, her eyes closing further, until there was only a slither. The soft glow of her amber eyes remained clearly visible, dancing left to right without rhyme or reason. Her belly moved in graceful waves, dictating the rhythm at which the half elf served. Her breathing paused, then resumed, repeatedly. Large breasts trembled with each excited shiver. Lips moved between a smile and wide agape. The moans were quiet, until a deep one accompanied a visible tremor from top to bottom.

It was enough to make her breasts truly jiggle. For her hair to fly and her straight posture to sway threateningly. It was enough for her to clench her eyes shut, then relax the lids again. It was enough for me to feel the first bits of blood rush back to my manhood. I felt it grow slightly, but it was not hard and I was enraptured by the scene anyway.

Halfway through her orgasm, Esther finally let go of Aclysia’s nipple. Her hands instead glided over her own curves, up to her throat, where she squeezed. Even on top, the lady of my love chased the pains she had grown appreciative of. A second surge of bliss made her squishy bits bounce. The asphyxiation, weak as it must have been compared to what I could do to her, intensified her bliss.

Esther fell forwards. For a moment I thought she had lost her balance. If that was the case, she effortlessly played over it. Her head vanished between Aclysia’s thick thighs and soon the sounds of oral pleasure echoed from two different locations.

My two harettes licked and kissed each other’s sex. Any inexperience was already overpowered by sheer need and the accumulated events up to this point. They moaned and writhed. Simultaneously their bodies attempted to showcase the pleasure, and their wills refused to pull away from the source.

Aclysia continued to dig into Esther’s backside. The lady of my love only held onto the smooth leg of her partner with one hand. The other rubbed the nub of Aclysia’s clit steadily, while her tongue was inside. Then the positions switched, two fingers curving into the agape hole and the point of the tongue circling the exposed button.

When she got close, Esther pulled back and almost entirely stopped. Her fingers were dancing in trembling circles. Not a single sound of protest came from the half elf. She knew and revelled in her place at the bottom. Laps accelerated and soon Esther gasped aloud from another orgasm. The trembles took hold of her. Fixed her gaze on the ceiling.

Perhaps she would have dove back between Aclysia's legs, had my hands not wrapped around her throat at that moment. Esther went rigid. Her spasming folds gushed, pleasuring turning into bliss on her face. Her teeth clenched and she grunted like an animal in heat. My cock pulsed back to full hardness. A pale hand angled my cock towards those drenched folds. As I pushed inside, Aclysia kissed my nearly empty sack.

Esther's folds greeted my member with a lover's hug – tight and unwilling to let go. The sensation was dulled compared to the earlier stimulation. Through no fault of anyone in the room, it was the logical conclusion of cumming three times in relatively quick succession before. What pleasure my taxed nerves could not currently relay to me, my mind granted me.

The satisfaction of dominance burned inside me red hot. A synergistic craving, a fulfilment for me and my Queen. One thrust and I dragged her down from her high to below me. Her ass rippled. Her spine arched. I loosened my grip on her throat and finally let her scream. Long and hard thrusts made her entire body sway.

My mind was empty. There was only the moment. I was entranced by the shape of her back. My vision was blurry, the scars blending into her otherwise flawless skin. Only the pair of ugly red marks by the shoulderblades remained. Hideous they were and even they could not distract from the beauty of my lady's trembling curves.

Was it seconds that passed or minutes? I could not say. I pounded Esther relentlessly. At some point I grabbed one of her arms and pulled until she twisted her torso. Her hanging breasts swayed back and forth. Underneath, Aclysia kept desperately lapping at our joined sexes.

"Oooo-o-o-o-hhhhhh, y-y-y-yeeeeee-e-e-eesssss!" Esther cried over the echoes of each heavy impact on her bubble butt. Her eyes rolled up, her tongue lolled out. The panting reached a feverish pitch and then her pussy juice surged. Clear liquid sprayed everywhere. I kept worsening it, my hips moving back and forth, as unbothered by this tightening of her drenched insides as the previous couple of times. I vaguely knew what was happening. I revelled in it. I wanted more.

At the height of her climax, I pulled out of Esther, changed the angle of my cock, and slammed into Aclysia's throat instead. The orgasmic oral opening of the orderly servant reverberated around my manhood. While Esther's last bits of gushing juices ran down her face, the half elf took a rough face fucking. To slip so effortlessly from one woman into another, was that not the dream of every threesome?

"Turn around," I ordered. Esther did not hear me. I smacked her ass.

She snapped back to reality. "Yessss, Master?"

"Turn – around," I repeated, almost growling. My order was followed immediately this time. Esther's face hovered a couple of centimetres above where I was abusing Aclysia's throat. The lady of my love kissed the bulging neck. She licked heatedly up and down. Stared up at me with a craving so deep and absolute it could never be completely sated. "Finger her."

Aclysia screamed when Esther's digits sunk once again into her agape cunt. Already writhing, the white-haired woman soon began to spasm. Her hips shot up and perhaps she

would have squirted another time as well. Much like my own, her body only had so much to give.

I switched from Aclysia's mouth to Esther's. The lady of my love greeted me with the greatest fervour yet. I barely had stuck my cock in her face, when she was halfway down its length. She bobbed up and down, her throat tightening occasionally from the suppressed gag reflex. I let her do as she pleased, then pulled back, filled Aclysia's throat up again, only to return to Esther's heated service at some point. Back and forth, ever enjoying the heat of their lips and the gradual increase in my bliss.

'We are nearing the end.' They were the first words that popped into my head in a while and I immediately moved. I circled around. I grabbed Esther's hand and gently removed it from Aclysia's cunt. Then I nudged my first submissive into proper position. Two agape cunts were next to each other. I brushed over both with one motion, and watched the delicious jiggle of their swollen mounds. That was as much foreplay as I had patience for at this stage.

My cock slipped between their tightly pressed cunts. I groaned, as I slipped further up to their midribs. I enjoyed that sensation, that rush of dreams coming true. A few thrusts let me taste their smooth skin, slippery by sweat and overflowing love. Then, I penetrated Esther.

The lady of my love gasped. She screamed. I rutted inside her like a lion taking what was rightfully his. I did all that I had done to her before. I pulled her hair, grabbed her throat, smacked her ass and fucked her until she could barely even moan.

A swift exit. A tug on her hips. Understanding was quiet and clear. The two rolled over together, Aclysia now on top. An immediate spank was her reward. Aclysia screamed, "Master!" and curved her ass up for better use. I pressed her back down, refusing to have any other sensations than their pussies rubbing together as I pounded either of them.

I bowed over Aclysia, while filling out her tunnel. Her head curved upwards. Another matter I corrected. I pushed her down to Esther, until the upper lips met as intimately as the lower ones. Their combined, muffled gasps were the purest symphony. Aclysia's body swayed back and forth, slipping the sensitive surface of her hairless cunt over Esther's.

Their kiss broke, when I suddenly slammed back into Esther. I switched back and forth rapidly. My excitement rapidly ascended. All of my senses were drunk on their reactions. Their writhing, their moans, the perfume of sweat and pheromones – all of it caused by the repeated hammering of my submissives' holes.

All of the energy was gradually drained from my body. I laid my chest on Aclysia's back. Her warm, smooth, sticky body was between me and Esther. The only part of me that could still move were my hips. Back and forth, steadily filling Esther's cunt. Legs closed around my hips. Who they belonged to, I could not say. My eyes only beheld the ecstatic stare of both of the women. Of my women. My harettes. My Anomalia members. Mine.

I came inside my submissive.

I plunged into Esther one more time. What I had left to give, I emptied inside her. All was moans and gasps, exhausted vocalizations of bodies wrecked by bliss far beyond the reasonable. Each spurt was an eternity to me. An eternity spent in the absolute satisfaction of certainty. I had done everything and more that could be expected of me.

Rapidly, my cock went limp. My heartbeat was a torrent of drums. I rolled off the pile of bodies we were. With their last energy, Aclysia and Esther laid their heads on my shoulders. We

beheld each other. Our bodies were stained completely by the excess of our lovemaking. We were in desperate need of a shower. We were in even more desperate need of a rest.

And sleep came too easily for me to ignore.

Epilogue – Vacation

I sat at the breakfast table, happily munching on the cream cheese covered bell pepper slices prepared for me. To my right sat Esther, to my left stood Aclysia. The appearance of my Queen was the usual, her hair combed as best she could, her body covered in the tightly sitting sportswear that she preferred for her jogs. She wanted to take advantage of the good weather for the few more days it would last. It was Autumn now, after all.

Aclysia, on the other hand, was wearing exactly the outfit I wanted to see on her. White frills hugged her petite breasts, held up by two strands of white and black that connected her choker to the corset that clad her midriff in elegant dark. She had a long, flowing skirt whose potential to be modest was discarded by two slits that parted the front. For my viewing pleasure, she stood in a slanted manner typically unbecoming of a maid. It put one of her legs on display, the thickness of her thigh delectably proven by the way the band atop her stockings and the straps of her garter belt pushed into the abundant meat. Black shoes and gloves finalized the look.

It was a maid outfit, one that closely resembled that of her mother. Aclysia had owned it for weeks now. The adorable, splendid, wonderful woman had hid the fact that she had the key to my heart in her closet the entire time.

As wonderful as it was to have her stand next to me, I wanted more. I pulled on her waist and directed her to my lap. Soon that fantastic rear was seated firmly on my thigh. My next attempt to reach for a treat was interrupted by her presenting it to me. I chomped down and enjoyed what my life had become. My free hand landed on Esther's thigh.

Truly, the only thing that could have made this a situation of greater wonder was the presence of a third woman that smiled at me like Aclysia did at that moment. Esther was looking at her Ashod, reading something in the AppDark.

"Tell me, my Anomalia," Esther raised her voice suddenly. "What is our intention for the semester break?"

"Do we need a plan?" I asked. "Personally, I would be content just working our shifts and hanging out."

"An unproductive use of our time."

"I assume your payment has been lowered over the vacation period?" Aclysia asked.

Most of the students left Welldark over the semester break to visit their families. Since the inter-dimensional net was too slow for video communication, text messages and letters were the best most got during the semester. To reconnect with family, the four week break was the only time they could travel home for any duration worth the stay. As low as we were in the Dimensional Truth, landing on a deliberate location was often difficult and few worlds had selected anchor points like the artificial space Welldark was located in.

With the lowered number of students, commerce also came to a gradual halt. Bars and nightclubs would have business, but not more than on the average weekend. There was a spike during this first weekend and after that a lull. That was what our boss had told us at least. Consequently, we weren't really needed until next month.

"Indeed," Esther therefore responded. "I brought it up with the owner already. If we want to do something else over the semester break, we will be sent on unpaid vacation." The lady of my

love turned her head. "I believe we should take the offer. To sit around for a month is unproductive."

I considered the statement. A month was simultaneously no time and a lot of time. On one hand I did believe just sharing the mansion for 28 days would be pleasant. Willt and Arlethia would leave to visit their parents, no doubt. That meant we had this space all to ourselves, to converse and copulate. A pleasurable life, no doubt. The need for a challenge did arise, however.

"What do you suggest, my Queen, my heart, my raven haired wonder?"

Esther rolled her eyes at my words. "Neither of you have anywhere to visit," she stated, glancing shortly in my and Aclysia's direction. Neither of us denied her assertion, so she continued. "Welldark offers a variety of trips. I believe we should join one of them."

I rubbed my chin and smiled. "Could be entertaining."

Author's Note – Welldark Volume 2

Y'ello, Funatic here.

As this is the second book in the series, I will spare you a rundown of who I am this time around. You have either read it in the last author's note or you do not care. I will, however, once more drop the links to the site you can use to support me. If you read me exclusively for this story, it might not be the best purchase for you, but I would still implore you to consider.

<https://www.patreon.com/Funatic>

<https://subscribestar.adult/funatic>

For all those that already support me, you have my continued gratitude.

If you have enjoyed my work, other actions you can take are to recommend it on whatever forum you use to discuss your favourite books (provided it's a forum that allows NSFW recommendations), or simply leave Reviews on whatever website you have read it on. Every bit counts and if I want to keep doing this as a job, I will need every bit.

Now, with the necessities out of the way, let me briefly summarize my thoughts on this volume.

Originally, this book was to be focused around the vacation. In other words, the book ended where I imagined it would be after the Prologue. I realized swiftly that I required more time to introduce a few more characters, to showcase what side characters were up to, and to properly introduce Aclysia into the Anomalia.

The result is a volume without notable action sequences. There was that one duel and some training, but the results there were fairly clear. There also was the trial of Taurus. Not sure how much that qualifies as an action scene.

In any case, I did not feel comfortable just skipping the entire rest of the semester, so here we are. Next book will not have any such direct lessons, since we won't be staying in the classroom. I believe it's time for Karitas and his now two haremetses to venture out for at least a little while. I don't know if the entirety of the next book will be about the trip, but it will certainly cover a large chunk of it.

Similarly, I don't know if the next book will introduce only one haremetses, none, or several. I have said before that I do not plan to stick to one addition per book. I find that to be a bit too formulaic and I enjoy it when several plot threads weave together at the same time. We'll see how things build up and what makes sense to coincide. While I do have a fairly detailed outline until the end of the school life of this story, I am always up for revisions and for little details to cascade into large changes.

I do hope you enjoyed the romance in this one. It was less traditional than the first volume, in large part due to the character differences between Aclysia and Esther. There's also a factor of Karitas becoming more of a 'safe bet' with each woman he manages to woo. After all, one who has managed to please two already can act with an air of confidence around the third.

That's enough of the story though, you'll see where this goes next volume. That will be more concrete than any teasers I weave together from my notes.

As for when to expect this third volume, I cannot fully tell. I released the finished version of the first book on July 3rd 2021. I write this note after finishing the first draft. It's the 6th of March 2023. In other words, it took me about 1 ½ years to write the second volume.

I currently hope that the editing of the second volume will take me less time than the first. The first version of the first book was quite interesting. Somewhere between starting and finishing the first volume of Welldark, I solidified my modern writing style, which made me violently cringe at the early parts of that book... they were all rewritten and I will never ever show them to you.

We'll see if the same holds true for this second book. I intensely hope it does not. Because if it does, that'll push the editing time up immensely. I currently hope to have finished the editing by July. In other words, I hope to release a book of this story every two years. We'll see how that goes. My main project remains The Gamer, CHYOA Edition on CHYOA for the time being, my secondary project remains Drip-Fed, which you should be able to read wherever you are reading this.

I believe that is all that needs telling. If there's anything more, the me that is in the future from my current perspective, editing Funatic, may add something. We'll see.

Yes, hello, this is editing Fun.

It's the 23rd of April now and I can proudly say that this has been the smoothest experience I have ever had editing. I barely had to make any adjustments and did, in fact, hammer most of these edits out this weekend. The process isn't quite finished and I'm not sure if the smoothness can be attributed to me becoming a lazier editor or a better writer. I suppose you, in part, will judge that.

Now, first off, I wish to drop a little something for the PDF readers.



What you see above is another artwork I commissioned from an artist called PieGuy. It wasn't put into the chapter because they're in the wrong state of undress for the BJ scene, stupid as I am.

If you don't see it above, that's because there typically is a ban on putting porn pictures directly into chapters on most online literature sites for reasons that elude me - likely law or spam related ones. There was also a picture in the massage scene made by jiragora. To see either, I suppose you'll have to support me financially. Putting additional images behind a paywall is, I believe, reasonable.

What you will find right after this is Aclysia in her maid uniform though. Have fun with that.

Final editing Fun here, if you have the time for extensive feedback, please take this questionnaire: https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSftou43v-6qui0VuCYMsdjjGZIf5FMnRCFOwUkpHxMrsxphQQ/viewform?usp=sf_link

Hope to see you for Welldark Book 3~
Funatic.



