

Act One: Wizard Training

“That’s it, just keep concentrating,” Golerys Relvani, Archmage of Vel’shannar, said between labored breaths. “Illusion magic is just like stoking the forge. If you lose your focus for a split second, you can ruin hours and hours of work.”

Solemi nodded. Her left hand quivered with exhaustion as it continued tracing arcane patterns in the air; her right hand quivered with excitement as it continued stroking Revlani’s cock beneath the table. He was almost ready to burst, but she slowed her rhythm to try and stall his climax as long as possible. She might still need his guidance before her performance was over, and she knew from experience that he would be useless for several minutes after he spilled.

“He likes it when they put up a struggle,” Relvani said. “You should try and wriggle away from him.”

Solemi’s eyes narrowed at the crystal ball resting on the table in front of them. Within the globe they could see into the apprentice’s quarters as clearly as if they were an insect on the wall. Right now the Archmage’s top pupil, a young drow male named Vilur, was madly fucking an illusory double of Solemi. The doppelganger was bent over a table, her arms pinned behind her back, as he yanked on her blonde ponytail and thrust deeper and deeper into her quim.

Maintaining an illusion of this detail from this distance was far more taxing than she’d ever imagined. Sweat beaded on her brow, and she was starting to feel light-headed from her consciousness being tugged in two directions at once. But despite the strain, she couldn’t deny that the experience was incredibly empowering...and arousing. She had never watched herself being fucked before, obviously, and if her fingers weren’t busy with Relvani’s cock they almost certainly would have been stuffed inside her quim...

“He’s losing interest,” the Archmage warned. “You had best do something quickly, girl.”

Solemi bit down on her lip and refocused the spell. Her doppelganger began trying to wriggle away from Vilur, forcing him to pull her ponytail so hard she yelped in discomfort.

“I’m not done with you yet, cunt,” the apprentice growled into her ear. “Stay still or I’ll fuck your ass instead!”

With one hand in her hair and the other grabbing her throat, he started pounding the illusion so relentlessly Solemi was surprised the table didn’t break. Her duplicate whimpered and writhed in perfect unison with his movements, and soon he closed his eyes and grit his teeth in preparation for climax. The doppelganger wasn’t just a figment of his imagination; it was every bit as tangible as Solemi herself so long as she maintained the spell. She could even shift a portion of her own consciousness into the clone if she wanted. Her quim was currently plugged by a *ky’ostal nauvith*—a drow chastity belt—but when she closed her eyes she could feel Vilur’s cock slamming into her. The pressure of his hand on her throat, the warmth of his breath on her back, the slap of his thighs against her skin...they all seemed as real and visceral as if she was bent over that table herself.

“*Xas!*” Vilur screamed as he finally erupted. Solemi gasped in delight when she felt his seed splatter the inside of her doppelganger’s quim. An unexpected climax washed over her, weakening her knees and forcing her to catch herself on the table before she lost her balance. Her concentration faltered, and her grip on the real world might have even slipped away completely if the archmage hadn’t suddenly cried out in release himself. She recovered just in time to watch the first volley of his seed shoot out across the floor, but she dropped to her knees and opened her mouth just in time for his second salvo to splash across the bridge of her nose. When her

lips engulfed his cock a split-second later, he grabbed onto the back of her head and held her in place so she could drink the rest.

“You’re getting better at this, my dear,” Relvani breathed after he’d recovered. “But I warned you not to break your concentration...”

Solemi glanced back over her shoulder after she finished licking him clean. Her illusion had dissipated now that she’d lost control of the spell, and Apprentice Vilur was busy scowling and the splotches of semen on his floor. It would only take him a moment to realize he’d been tricked, and she wondered if he would storm through the tower and try to find her...

“Leave him to me,” Relvani said, smiling and running his fingers through Solemi’s hair. He snapped the fingers of his free hand, and the image in the crystal ball slowly faded away. “I was trying to teach him some defensive magic anyway. This will be a good lesson on how to resist illusions.”

“Thank you, master,” Solemi told him. “You’re very kind.”

Relvani snorted. “That’s not something many drow want to hear.”

She gently pushed his wilted cock back into his trousers. “Maybe not, but you’re different than the others.”

“Not as much as you might think,” he murmured. He lowered his hand from her hair to her cheek and gestured towards the semen dripping down her nose. “I should get you a cloth so you can—”

“That’s all right,” she soothed, smiling seductively and licking a dribble from her upper lip. “Mistress Varassa says I should always wear it with pride.”

He patted her cheek and chuckled. “You really are something special, girl. If I were younger, I don’t think I’d ever let you leave this tower.”

“Do you have more for me?” Solemi asked as her hands eagerly returned to his trousers...

“No, no,” Relvani said, squeezing her hands. “But I’m sure we’ll come up with something fun the next time you visit. I have plenty of other apprentices—I’d love to see how you handle them.”

Solemi grinned. It hadn’t taken her long to realize that the Archmage was a voyeur. He had dozen of crystal balls and other scrying devices scattered throughout the Tower of Wizardry, and they allowed him to watch far more than his apprentices. The female soldiers were his favorite, but he kept his arcane “eye” on several of the priestesses as well.

Varassa was a notable exception—he probably wasn’t willing to risk the wrath of the First Daughter if he was caught. Still, he’d seen Solemi pleasuring plenty of other drow in this city, and when she’d arrived at the tower and asked for training he’d immediately leapt at the opportunity. Their early lessons had involved very little training, naturally—he’d probably fucked her twenty times in the first few days alone—but at this point she had been able to learn far more about magic than she’d ever dreamed possible.

Placing her hands around the back of Relvani’s neck, Solemi slowly inched forward and straddled his lap. She was completely naked aside from the *ky’ostal nauvith*. The Archmage had made it clear from the beginning that he “wasn’t about to teach any surface cunt magic unless he could see her tits.” Thanks to her human blood, her breasts were considerably larger than most drow females, and he seemed to enjoy fucking them every bit as much as her quim.

“I can’t thank you enough, Master Relvani,” she said. “My tutors on the surface...they never wanted to teach me anything useful.”

“I doubt they *knew* anything useful,” the Archmage replied with a contemptuous snort. “Nearly every surface mage I’ve met has been little more than a glorified hedge wizard. Your people are always so terrified of ‘misusing their power’ that never learn how to do anything interesting.”

“You’re probably right.” He was exaggerating, of course, but she didn’t particularly care. Putting up with his bluster was a small price to pay for access to his knowledge.

“Of course I’m right,” Relvani grumbled. “I almost always am, no matter what the females say.” He muttered something under his breath and wrapped his arms around her slender waist. “You’re smarter than most of them combined, you know. I doubt the priestesses could learn half these spells in twice the time.”

“Thank you, Master,” Solemi beamed. Honest praise was rare here in the Underworld. “I don’t know what to say.”

“It’s barely a compliment, trust me. Females have everything handed to them in this blasted city. The moment tits sprout from their chest the temple takes them in and heaps power upon them. They never learn to work for anything.” He shook his head in disgust. “You may be a mixed-blood cunt, but at least you’ve earned something in your life. How many cocks did you have to suck before the First Daughter agreed to let you visit me?”

“I’ve lost count,” she admitted.

Relvani grunted. “Maybe that’s what the priestesses need. They’d probably be a lot smarter if they had to spend a few decades scuttling around on their knees before the Spider Queen loaned them her power. But that’s obviously never going to happen...”

Solemi smiled. She was tempted to kiss him, but drow males weren’t particularly fond of such intimacy, especially from mixed-blood slaves. Besides, she didn’t want to risk having any of the seed on her face drip onto him.

“I’m sure Mistress Varassa will allow me to return soon,” she told him. “Perhaps she’ll even allow me to remove the *ky’ostal nauvith* again.”

“I doubt that very much,” Relvani said. “Now that she knows I want it, she enjoys denying it to me. I’m surprised you haven’t figured out how she thinks.”

Solemi *had* figured it out, of course. Varassa had been using her as leverage ever since they’d moved to Vel’shannar. At first the half-elf had been a prize for loyal soldiers and stewards, but over time it had become more and more difficult to curry the First Daughter’s favor. Solemi was now in such high demand that even the *ky’ostal nauvith* wasn’t enough to protect her. Varassa had ordered a tattoo of the House Hun’ate coat of arms branded onto Solemi’s stomach. The symbol was a warning to all the males of the city: whereas before they’d at least been able to spill upon her any time they wished, she was now officially off-limits without Varassa’s direct permission.

“Anyway, as long you bring these magnificent tits of yours, you can visit whenever you like,” Relvani said, squeezing her breasts and pinching her nipples. “Now get going, dear. And make sure to practice whenever you can.”

Solemi giggled playfully as she hopped off his lap and strode out of the room. Nearly every other wizard in the tower tossed her a lustful gaze as she passed through the laboratories and libraries on her way out. This was the real reason she had left the Archmage’s seed on her face; she’d wanted all of his underlings to see it. Their simmering jealousy, their burning desire—they gave her *power*. The drow here hated humans nearly as much as they hated surface elves, and yet most of them would have given almost anything to have her right now. It was exhilarating.

Once she finally left the building, she shoveled the rest of the semen into her mouth and then continued back home. The Tower of Wizardry was only a few blocks away from the House Hun'ate estate in the heart of Vel'shannar, and there were hundreds of other drow on the streets going about their daily lives. Solemi could hear them much better than she could see them, naturally; other than the sporadic patches of glowing fungus or the occasional dim lantern, the world beneath the surface was completely shrouded in darkness. Even though it was no longer necessary, she found herself squinting into alleys and peering through long shadows to try and spot and would-be assailants lurking at the corners of her limited vision. She knew that her new stomach tattoo would protect her from them, but the habit remained nonetheless.

At first, Solemi had actually been a bit disappointed by the transition. She had grown quite fond of her role as highly-coveted prey. Just walking from building to building in the city had been an adventure; there were always plenty of young, lust-riddled drow males skulking in the shadows just waiting for an unaccompanied slave to stroll past. Usually they were content to hold her down and spray her face with their seed, but sometimes they would actually fuck her mouth and spill down her throat. On rare occasions they would discover that the *ky'ostal nauwith* wasn't plugging both her holes, and in that case they would eagerly ravage her two or three times before they finally let her go.

Her forays across the city were much less interesting these days. Still, she had grown fond of the additional power the tattoo had given her. The males were still watching her—she could feel their presence even if her eyes couldn't pierce the darkness—and so she always made it a point to strut as slowly and seductively as possible wherever she went. One day, she hoped that Mistress Varassa would finally allow her to wear heels. Then all these men would truly become putty in her fingers...

Solemi was halfway back to the Hun'ate estate when she spotted a flicker of movement from the shadows behind her. By the time she turned her head, an arm had already locked around her neck and yanked her into the darkness. As usual, she didn't bother fighting back—she simply allowed her muscles to go limp as she waited for her assailant to realize his mistake. When the man dragged her all the way back into a deep alleyway, however, she started to grow concerned. The drow weren't a shy people, and molesting slaves wasn't a crime. All the previous men who'd caught her had been perfectly content to shove her down and spill over her in plain view of the public. The whole point was to demonstrate their dominance, after all.

"I admit, a part of me wants to order him to slit your pale throat right here," a female voice said from somewhere nearby. "No one would stop him. Some of them would probably even enjoy watching a surfacer bleed out."

"I'm the property of House Hun'ate," Solemi blurted out. "You can't—"

"I'm a part of House Hun'ate, and I can do whatever I wish with its property," the mysterious female interrupted. "Have you forgotten me already?"

Solemi's eyes popped open wide. *No, it couldn't be. Not after all this time...*

A pair of fingers snapped, and the male holding her by the throat abruptly spun her around and relaxed his grip. It was so dark back here that Solemi couldn't see more than a few feet in front of her, but she watched in horror as a familiar figure stepped out of the shadows in front of her.

Laetharys, Second Daughter of Vel'shannar—the woman Solemi and Weylin had spent weeks humiliating at Varassa's command.

“So you do remember me. Good.” Laetharys snorted and folded her arms across her chest. “I realize that surface cunts are incomprehensibly stupid, but you struck me as slightly more clever than most.”

Solemi gulped and tried to back away. Unfortunately, she just bumped into the armored male standing right behind her. She was trapped and helpless...and Laetharys knew it.

The last time they’d seen each other had been almost six months ago under *very* different circumstances. Solemi could remember the scene quite vividly: she’d had her magically-conjured cock stuffed down the drow’s throat while Weylin had relentlessly fucked her ass. Laetharys had essentially been their plaything for several weeks, and they’d humiliated and degraded her at every opportunity. After the atonement ritual, the Spider Queen had restored her servant’s priestly powers, and the Matron Mother had dispatched her recently-redeemed daughter on several important missions far away from the city.

But apparently she had returned, and now Laetharys looked more like the powerful warrior who had led the city’s armies to numerous victories. Her tall, slender frame was encased in a black, curve-hugging breastplate and a matching metallic skirt. Just like her sister, she preferred to wear heels whenever possible, though her knee-high greaves were marginally more functional than Varassa’s leather boots.

All in all, the Second Daughter was equal parts sleek, sexy, and lethal—the perfect vision of a drow warrior.

“I assumed my sister would have had you sacrificed by now,” Laetharys went on. “But apparently she’s grown rather fond of you. Marking you as her pet, allowing you strut around the city without bindings...and now letting you study magic with the Archmage himself.” She scoffed contemptuously. “No *niskaru* mongrel should be granted this kind of freedom, yet so many of the weak males in this city would pay a king’s ransom for the chance to spill inside you. It’s *disgusting*.”

Solemi remained still and silent. No matter how badly the average drow treated her here, she hadn’t genuinely feared for her safety in a long time. No one, not even the most impudent male, dared to risk Mistress Varassa’s ire. She had castrated—and occasionally even sacrificed—plenty of her underlings for less egregious offenses.

But Laetharys wasn’t just another random rebellious male; she was still the third most powerful person in Vel’shannar behind her mother and sister, and her reputation for cruelty had only grown since her powers had been restored. Solemi had no protection against her, especially not when Varassa was still several blocks away...

“Killing you would infuriate my sister,” Laetharys said as she slowly drew a dagger from her belt. “Disfiguring you would probably throw her into a frenzy. I could scar you so badly that even the Spider Queen’s healing power couldn’t restore your beauty. Every cock in this city would wilt at the sight of you.”

Solemi tried to retreat again, but this time the male standing behind her grabbed onto her arms and held her still. The Second Daughter crept in closer, the dagger twirling back and forth in her long fingers.

“You’re lucky that I thought of an even better way to humiliate Varassa,” Laetharys said, a wicked smile tugging at her lips. “And you, my dear, are going to help me.”