

To Be Envied, Chapter 01

“Hii, babe!”

Clara gave a start at the call from the other room. She spun away from her desk and snatched up her wand, nearly toppling over a large stack of books in the process. With a flick, she doused the foxfire, scooped up the scryfungus, and dropped it back into its terrarium with the turtle.

She didn’t quite manage to get the lid back on the tank before Amber entered.

The Crowbar Academy’s dorm rooms were not small by peasant standards. But wizards needed storage space. Any self-respecting wizardess would have shelves lining every wall—furniture not covered by tuition, obviously—to be laden with books and trinkets and charms and curiosities of all types. These were also not covered by tuition. Across the whole of the Glowpebble Path, there were far too many *things* a wizard might wish to collect, and not nearly enough time to sort through them.

For a house of wizardry, this was basically a cupboard. And it was not remotely suited for two lodgers.

But in fairness, strictly speaking, Clara wasn’t supposed to have one of those.

She grimaced up at Amber, trying not to meet those sparkling golden eyes. “Hello, Ambrosia. I believe I asked you to knock.”

Amber giggled. “My apologies, Mistress Clara,” she chirped. She’d already changed out of her human disguise and seemed to have just returned from a jog. Her skin shimmered with sweat like red maple leaves in the rain. Her short dark hair was pierced by a pair of stubby antlers, and one long tufted ear was pierced with a crescent moon earring. Behind her flicked three sinuous tails, each tipped with a different-shaped barb.

She was about a foot under Clara in height, not counting the horns.

The succubus smiled sweetly down at her ‘roommate’ as Clara slowly rose to her feet. Then her eyes drifted towards the terrarium. “Hm?”

She fluttered over, using her wings to bypass the mossy log, agate pile, and stack of dirty plates Clara had left littering the floor. “Were you scrying again, Clara?”

Clara flushed. “Yes. For an assignment, Ambrosia.”

“Oh?” Amber flashed her a scowl. “You didn’t tell me you had an assignment. Why not? I could have helped!”

Those eyes gleamed with Amber’s excitement. Clara tried not to look directly into them. Amber was a loyal familiar, as succubi went, but she was always very eager to make herself... indispensable.

And in this case, that was exactly what Clara didn’t want.

“It was—extra credit.” Clara reached to cover the tank, but too slow—one of Amber’s tails had already snapped up to hold the lid in place. “And I figured you’d be busy. You’ve been getting back pretty late, lately, haven’t you?” She forced a laugh. “Flirting with my classmates again?”

“Wh—” Amber huffed. “Only a little.”

“When I told you to keep an eye on my classes for me, I didn’t...” Clara grimaced. “I didn’t count on how much that eye would *wander*.”

Amber’s head tilted to the side. Her eyes narrowed. “You’re changing the subject. How come?” She slipped around Clara to approach the tank. “Why won’t you let me help with this?”

“You wouldn’t want to!” Clara’s nails scratched into her palms. “It’s—it’s boring! And easy!”

“Well, so are you. Come on, let me see what you’re working on!” Amber reached in, past the slow-blinking turtle, and pulled out a piece of the scryfungus with her bare hands.

She didn’t need a wand, of course.

Clara’s heart started to beat faster. “No, you don’t want to see it, I promise!”

“Let me *help*, Clara,” Amber snapped. She set it upon the scrying lens, licked her finger with a forked tongue, and tapped the fungus twice.

“Wait!” Clara squeaked. “*Don’t*—”

The glowing foxfire surged from the fungus and immediately flared back to full life.

Desperate moans and pleasure-drunk coos reverberated off the walls around them. Wet, lewd *smacks* and *plaps*. Images swirled around Amber and Clara—images of illustrated girls getting

filled, getting *fucked*, fucking each other, smirking at the camera and squeezing their breasts together and licking luscious lips and—

Amber licked her lips and tapped the mushroom again. The foxfire winked out, and the images and noises with it.

She turned to blink down at Clara. Big, golden eyes. Her inner eyelids blinked horizontally.

Clara's cheeks were burning. She scooted back in her chair. "I—It's not—"

"I didn't hear any of that before." Amber's head tilted innocently. "Was the sound being dampened somehow?"

"It's—it's not—"

"Oh, you must have been linking directly with the foxfire." The third tail flicked out and tapped Clara's forehead, and Amber nodded to herself. "Oh, *yes*. A little containment bond. Keeping all those yummy sounds to yourself, huh?"

"A-Amber!" Clara plucked up the fungus, cheeks burning, and dropped it back into the tank. "You can't just—"

"You told *me* you were barely that interested in sex." Amber raised an eyebrow. "But now I find you're... *gooning* to all these otherworld fragments?"

Clara squirmed. "I'm not..."

Amber leaned down very close. Her Academy uniform was suddenly very tight and very low-cut, and her tits were on lewd display right in front of Clara as she whispered, "I can smell it, Clara. I've *been* smelling it, actually."

Clara's toes curled and dug against the floorboards.

Amber leaned in closer. "I can feel how *horny* you are." Her lips brushed Clara's ear. "It's been driving me *fucking crazy*. Every day, this fucking *furnace* of... of *heat*, and yet you never ask me for help with it, not *once*. But." Clara heard Amber lick her lips. "But, see, what's been *reallyyyy* throwing me is..."

Her voice lowered to a sultry coo, and Clara trembled, shivering, almost moaning as that tongue flicked out—

“I haven’t been sensing you *cummiing*~”

“Get back, Ambrosia” Clara squeaked.

Amber recoiled as if she’d been shoved. But she was smirking.

“It’s—obviously I get horny, Amber. Ambrosia.” Clara swallowed. “I just didn’t want to. Distract you with it. It doesn’t bother me that much.”

“But you’re so pent-up!” Amber’s voice was giving way to a whine. “I could take care of you!”

“No! I—” Clara cut herself off. Idiot. There was no point in denying it. She’d known the sound isolation was too risky, would basically *guarantee* she wouldn’t hear anyone entering in time to cover it up, but—but fuck, it was Day Ten of this stupid challenge and she was an absolute wreck. “I’m... trying *not* to cum. Okay?”

Amber’s eyes glittered. “Uh-huh. Why?”

Clara knew there were so many answers she could give that would make perfect sense. Rituals could call for all kinds of embarrassing acts. Some wizards literally derived their power from denied pleasure and frustration. Others made bets with demons and fae, testing their will against the patron’s temptations. A few strange mages even gathered magical energy from conserving their bodily fluids. And many pacts with succubi were meant to be sealed by a long-denied orgasm.

That excuse would only make things worse in this case, obviously. Not that it mattered, since Clara wasn’t allowed to lie to her familiar. That had been one of the key conditions.

“There’s this...” She squirmed. “This... contest, sort of, in one of the Otherworlds.”

Another sideways blink. Amber tilted her head to the side.

“It’s—” Clara coughed. “Okay, so as I understand it, it’s a challenge where from one full moon to the next, everyone who takes part has to—”

“Oh. My gosh.” Her succubus’s eyes widened.

Clara froze. “Wh. What?”

“Clara.” Amber’s face broke out in a heartbreaking smile. “Are *you* doing... *No-Nut November*?”

Clara shrank back, cheeks burning. She had never so envied a turtle. “I. You’ve...”

“That’s *soooo* embarrassing!” Amber squealed. She grabbed Clara by the hand, and Clara shivered as she sensed the lust in Amber—and sensed her own lust transmitting over, saw it in the way Amber’s eyes sparkled. “That’s, like, a super fringey-cringey thing even in the Otherworlds!”

Clara swallowed, struggling to contain her response. The touch was overwhelming, almost intoxicating, and gods help her if Amber decided to interlace their fingers.

Allowing handholding was... another one of the conditions.

Succubi got touch-starved easily. Especially Amber.

“It’s... not that embarrassing.” Clara rolled her eyes. “It’s just—I don’t know. It seemed, um, interesting.”

“Uh-huh?” Amber tilted her head. “How come?”

“It’s a test of—”

“Well. Not how *cum*. Since you can’t.” Amber smirked, although Clara could see another emotion in there. Envy? Hurt? Whatever it was was swiftly covered by sly, predatory guile. “But what about it makes this *not* some kind of super embarrassing, degrading, *pathetic* thing to do?”

Clara fought not to squirm. Fuck. When Amber talked like that... “It’s a test of willpower. It... I mean, it seemed like a useful skill to develop, especially with—”

She cut herself off. No. Fuck. *Shut up.*

“Hm?” Amber blinked. “Especially... with...?”

Clara took a deep breath in. She needed to control herself. She was still so horny, still dizzy from lust, and Amber made it so easy to babble on—

“Especially with... me around?” Amber’s eyes sparkled. Her fingertips traced around Clara’s wrist. Her own left wrist was adorned with a plain iron bracelet, a symbol of her service. Clara’s was bare, and she meant to keep it that way. “Do I... *test* your willpower, Clara?”

Clara let out a short laugh. “My patience, maybe. Come on, Ambrosia.”

“Sure.” Amber wet her lips. Three forked tongues darted out this time. “But having me around all the time... I mean, it must be *tempting*.” She swayed her hips slowly, and her skirt looked much

shorter than Academy regulation all of a sudden. It barely concealed those luscious curves when it fluttered up. “I don’t know why you’d need all of that Otherworld *porn* when *I’m right here~*”

“It’s... not supposed to involve other people.”

Amber was silent a moment. She released Clara’s hand.

“But it is, isn’t it.” Her voice was strangely quiet. “I mean, it’s a *social* challenge, isn’t it? Lots of people are doing it at the same time, and everyone else knows about it. So it sure seems like the whole point, *Mistress Clara...*”

She looked up at Clara with gleaming eyes. “... is that you’re trying to resist... while others try to make you *lose*.”

Clara’s lips were dry.

All succubi had some ties to the Demon Moon Ero, but Amber—Ambrosia—had her closest ties to Iage. And succubi from the Demon Moon of Envy could be very, very insecure. It was a hunger that demanded to be satisfied. And a hunger Clara was learning to use.

She licked her lips. And she could use it here.

She smiled slightly. This hunger made Amber very easy to control, which was important when one’s familiar was also one’s only friend and the greatest threat to one’s self-control.

“Someone seems a little... *jealous*,” she murmured, rising to her feet.

Amber stared at her, then laughed. “Jealous? Who’s—I’m not jealous! Why would I be jealous of some dumb contest?”

But her cheeks were reddening.

“No?” Clara reached down between her own legs and delicately caressed her bulge. She sensed Amber’s lust aura pulsing with need, but the succubus was steadfastly refusing to look. “You mean you’re not at all *envious* that all these pretty faces are out there... teasing me? Tempting me? Getting me hard?”

Amber shifted, looking away with a glare. “Of—of course not, M-Mistress.”

“Ambrosia,” Clara cooed. She reached up and cupped Amber’s cheek. Amber flinched at the touch. “*Look.*”

With a faint whimper, Amber obediently dropped her head and stared.

She licked her lips, rubbing her thighs together. She seemed to have stopped breathing as her eyes fixated on the hardness between Clara's legs.

"Good girl!" Clara patted her cheek. "They're all having so much *fun* with me, you know. Tempting me. Teasing me. And meanwhile, here *you* are, inches away." She licked her lips, sliding her hand under her trousers, grasping her cock. Fuck, she was so hard, so sensitive. "And there's *nothing you can do~*"

"S-Stop it, Mistress," Amber whimpered. Her dark lips were parted. Her tongues were lolling slightly. Gods, she was so fucking hot like this.

"Even if I lose to them, you wouldn't get a single drop~!" Clara giggled. She sat back down in her chair, rubbing slowly. "All these weeks of pent-up lust... *wasted*. All because your silly Mistress couldn't hold out against some random humans we'll never even meet in person."

"S-Stop it," Amber whined. But Clara was not bound to obey commands. The succubus grasped feebly towards her, but she'd been ordered to stay away, and so she would. "Y-You could touch to me instead! I—I'd behave, you could—"

"So jealous," Clara gushed. "My poor, precious little familiar. So needy and insecure." She shook her head sadly. "But, well... it's just that you're gone so often, Amber..."

She squeezed her cock, slowly pumping up and down, staring down at Amber's tits as Amber sank to her knees. Fuck, the neckline was dropping lower. Her cock was throbbing. It felt so good.

"D-Doing your classwork," Amber whined. "H-Helping you—!"

"F-Flirting with my teachers. With other girls. Making so many *friends*, s-so many..."

Clara trailed off. Her voice was starting to shake—not just with arousal, but with emotions she didn't know how to process. She knew she needed to be careful.

But Amber needed to be punished. She knew that, too. Clara needed to punish her familiar, needed to bring her bratty, bitchy, needy, *cheating* succubus back in line...

"... and you're such a good girl~!" She smiled. She made herself release her cock and pulled her hand out from under her pants.

She realized belatedly that this would fill the air with her cockmusk, which would only make Amber's state worse. She watched Amber's eyes glaze over, the tiny pink fiendhearts starting to dance within...

Good. She loved seeing Amber sink like this, plummet into this depraved, needy, broken state, panting like a dog, doing and saying whatever Clara wanted. She loved seeing her *need* her like this. She kept rubbing through her pants, her own breaths growing heavy. "But I. I wonder about that *wandering eye*."

"N-No, Mistress," Amber whimpered. "N-No wandering. You. Just you!"

Clara panted, rubbing faster. Hot, pulsing lust was sinking into her, and her cock felt so good, everything felt so good. "Just me? Only me?"

"You! Y-You! You're s-so pretty, and smart, and—and g-good to me, and—"

"You—you *love* me, don't you, Amber?" *Please, please—*

Amber's eyes filled with hearts.

"i love you, Clara!" she squealed.

Clara growled softly, bucking against her hand, trying not to moan aloud. "A-Are you sure, slut~?"

"love you," Amber whined, nodding desperately, eyes wide with need—need for affection, for praise, for closeness, for reassurance— "loveyouloveyouloveyou—"

She lunged and grabbed Clara's hand.

Clara froze. Her cock twitched.

Amber had grabbed the hand resting over Clara's bulge.

"A-Ah." Clara licked her lips. The horny fog had suddenly lifted a little, and some of the things she'd been saying to her best friend started to echo back to her.

And they sounded... telling.

Her cheeks flushed.

"I, um." She shifted. "Amber—Ambrosia—I didn't mean to, um..."

Amber was panting, whimpering, squeezing Clara's hand desperately. Her fingers lifted, then interlaced with Clara's. Amber's lust was furious, a blazing lust poisoned with anxiety, envy, resentment and yet burning all the hotter for it.

For a second, Clara could scarcely breathe.

"A-Amber—" Clara swallowed. "Ambrosia, st—"

But she couldn't make Amber let go of her hand. And with Amber's hand held close to her cock, all of the succubus's desperate lust was pumping *right into it*, and fuck, *fuck*, Clara was still squeezing her bulge, she couldn't stop herself, it felt too good, she—

"*Amber!*"

Amber blinked.

She looked up at Clara, almost looking startled.

"Amber. Ambrosia." Clara heaved in a slow breath. Her embarrassment was starting to muddle with guilt, and shame, and a little fear. "I didn't mean to. I mean, I—I didn't mean all of that, I..."

Clara slow-blinked those sideways lids.

She looked down at her hand clasped with Clara's. Gripped right over Clara's throbbing, needy, drooling cock.

A sly smile spread across Amber's adorable face as she looked back up at Clara.

And she started to guide Clara's hand to rub.

"Everything okay, Mistress?" she cooed.

Oh, fuck. Oh, *fuck*—

"A-Amber—" Clara's lips were dry. "I—I'm s-sorry, I—I didn't mean—"

"Huh?" Amber smiled quizzic ally. "You... didn't mean...?"

She started making Clara rub faster. Clara's cock twitched eagerly. Even with indirect touch, having a succubus's hand this close—all that burning molten lust flowing right into her—and Amber's pretty eyes, Amber's wicked grin—

“S-Sorry,” Clara cried. “I’m sorry!”

“I can’t heear you~”

Faster. Faster.

“I’m s-sorry!” Clara squealed. She couldn’t cum, she mustn’t, this wasn’t just the challenge, she *couldn’t let her familiar make her cum*—

“Then take your hand away from it,” Amber squealed, bouncing with glee. “Just stop pumping, Clara, dummy! I can’t *make* your hand stay here.”

“*Please!*” Clara moaned. She was humping her hand. Fuck.

“So if it stays,” Amber squealed, bouncing with glee, her fat tits bouncing and wobbling, nearly fully exposed, “it must mean you *wantit~!*”

No. *No*, *no*, **no**—

“A-Amber!” she cried.

Amber smiled up at her. And slowly pumped.

“*Clara~*” The succubus’s lashes fluttered low with adoration.

Clara trembled.

And she forced her hand away.

She was a mess. Sweating, panting. She couldn’t look anywhere but the floor.

She felt Amber’s hand give hers an affectionate squeeze.

“What’s the date over in the Otherworld?” the succubus asked innocently.

Clara stayed very quiet.

“Clara? Oh, *Mistress?*” Her best friend leaned down to catch Clara’s eye. The succubus’s golden eyes were shining with glee. “How many days left~?”

Clara shivered.

TO BE CONTINUED...