

To Be Envied, Ch. 02

“Hi, Clara!”

“Oh! H-Hi, Daisy!” Clara smiled awkwardly, leaning against the doorway. “You’re here early.”

“Yes.” Daisy smiled brightly up at her. Her blonde hair was plaited into a thick braid, and sparkling silver mascara adorned her particularly thick lashes. Though still wearing the standard school uniform, she'd donned a pretty blue shawl to accent it. “I thought it would be nice to show up and get the classwork part done ahead of time.”

“Oh, yeah?” Clara felt significantly underdressed for this study session. Her school uniform was creased and wrinkled from ill care, and she was actively fumbling to tie her long hair back into some kind of ponytail. She'd barely had time to pull on her black leggings before answering the door. She hesitated, then swung the door open wide and gestured a bit too theatrically. “Well, come on in!”

Her dorm's front room looked like a wreck. Books and scrolls and bags of pungent reagents littered the shelves, table, kitchen counter, and two of the three chairs at the table. It was a spacious living area, but it didn't feel it.

“Sorry about the mess,” Clara added, with a sheepish twinge in her gut.

Daisy picked her way through the room to the table, still smiling. “It's fine! You're apologizing, but my room isn't much better. The front room is supposed to be messy so you can keep the clutter out of the bedroom.”

Clara laughed. “Uh, good point. Better than doing your spellwork in the bed.”

“All the powders and mouse skulls in the sheets.” Daisy shuddered.

“Oh, *Shatterbell*, mouse skulls?”

“My roommate is...” Daisy pursed her lips as she delicately retrieved her pink composition book from her handbag and set it on the table. “A little disorganized. You understand.”

“Right.” Clara nodded uncertainly. She did a little, although in roommate terms, the worst Amber usually did was forgetting to close the doors. “I suppose I got lucky with mine.”

“Oh, right, I forgot you have a roommate, too.” Daisy blinked big blue eyes up at her as she donned round reading spectacles. “Did I know that? Isn’t this a single?” Her head tilted. “Have I met her?”

“Oh.” Clara’s breath caught as she took her seat. She’d forgotten what she was saying. “Um. No, I don’t...”

"Dizzy~!" came a squeal from Clara’s bedroom door, which, Clara realized, she’d left open. Amber came bouncing out—thankfully in her human likeness, all curves and swishing dark hair and fluttering frills as her skirt struggled mightily to keep up with her motins. She raced around the table and scooped Daisy up in a hug. “It’s *soooo* nice to see you!”

“H-Have we met?” Daisy squeaked. She was about Amber’s size, but Amber’s strength was well beyond mortal bounds, and she loved to show it off. “It’s Daisy.”

“Nuh-uh. I don’t think so!” Amber released Daisy with a girlish giggle. “But I’ve heard such an *amazing* amount about you!”

Her eyes narrowed slightly as they met Clara’s. *Which is to say*, her voice slithered into Clara’s mind, all pulsing sibilance in its slippery implications, *nothing at all. Which I think says a lot.*

Not now, Ambrosia, Clara thought back. Unlike Amber, she had to use her casting hand to guide the telepathy, writing the sigils in the air under the table where Daisy wouldn’t see. She smiled weakly. *She’s just here to study.*

“Daisy,” she said, “this is Ambr—Amber.” She tried to ignore Amber’s smirk. Demons always made nicknames for themselves. Nicknames couldn’t be used to bind them, after all. Clara always tried not to use it, to keep from forming a habit, but she didn’t have much choice in this case. “She’s rooming with me... *temporarily*... while the Academy figures some things out.”

“Oh.” Daisy blinked. “Well, it’s nice to meet you, Amber!” She hesitated, then smiled and—to Clara’s horror—gestured to the final chair remaining, right next to Amber’s. “Would you like to have a seat?”

“Ooh, sure!” *She’s cute.* Amber’s eyes sparkled as she sat down next. “That’s so nice of you!” *Do you liiike her?*

Dangerous ground. Very dangerous ground. *I—*

Amber’s voice wrapped around Clara’s and choked it into silence as her hand grabbed Clara’s under the table. *I can feel your heeartrate~* she purred.

Clara was helpless to respond. She swallowed.

Aloud, Amber added, “So what are you stuyding?”

Daisy was looking quizzically between the pair, but she was still smiling. She glanced down at the book. “Currently we’re learning about mechanical magic. It’s quite... dry, as I’m sure you can imagine.”

Clara squirmed. Fuck. Fuck.

It had been a week since Amber had found out about the challenge, and it had been all Clara could do to keep her familiar in line. It seemed Amber found an excuse to hold Clara’s hand or whisper in her head at every opportunity, and Clara had frequently been forced to order Amber out of the dorm just so she could edge her brains out to some porn without Amber’s helpful... ‘assistance’.

The worst part was, she couldn’t concede the challenge now. Not now that Amber knew. There was no way to back out without losing all semblance of dignity, and her friend would never let her hear the end of it. Amber would be insufferable.

Or it would hurt Amber’s feelings. Clara never could be sure how Amber would react to these things. Amber had only just found out about the ‘game’, and Clara shutting it down the second Amber started taking part... it felt a little unfair to just drop things immediately.

Of course, Clara knew how to end the game immediately without hurting Amber’s feelings one bit.

And Amber knew, too.

Clara swallowed. She just had to endure.

“Ooh, of course!” Amber giggled. “That stuff is so boring.” She gave Clara’s hand a squeeze. *Imagine having a cuuute girl like her over right now.* “Everything’s so predictable, you know? Everything following the same boring *triggers* and *programming*, time after time.” *This month. Of aaall months. Hmm~!*

Clara shot Amber a pleading look, but she couldn’t say anything back with her hand restrained. “W-Well, it’s a lot more complex than you probably think, Am—Amber. Maybe you should *look into it more* before you *jump to conclusions*.”

“Mm, maybe I should~!” Amber giggled, leaning over closer—ostensibly to peer at Clara’s notes. “I’ve been wanting to—”

"Back up, Amber."

Amber hesitated, then pulled away. She wasn't bound to; Amber wasn't her true name. But the threat was there. She pouted. She didn't let go of Clara's hand, though. *Since when do you have other friends?*

Clara hesitated.

She sighed. "Sorry, um, Daisy. Excuse us a moment." She half-rose from her seat and, realizing she was sandwiched between Amber and the wall, gave Amber a pointed look.

Amber hesitated, then smiled and released the hand. She stood up as well. "Yeah, we need to hash out some *roomie problems* really quick," she chirped, flashing Daisy an easy smile. "Back in a bit, Dizzy~!"

Daisy smiled uncertainly. "Everything alright?"

"Yeah. Yes. Of course." Clara nodded quickly. She waved Amber to continue on; sullenly, Amber obliged. Once Amber was seemingly out of earshot, Clara leaned in closer. "Amber's kind of a... challenging roommate in her own way. She's really sensitive about this living situation, so I'd really appreciate if you could... not advertise it too much around the school."

"Of course. I'm not a gossip." Daisy tilted her head curiously. "Are you two...?"

Clara felt a telepathic twinge.

"No," she said quickly. "No. I'm—she's just a friend."

Your only friend, Clara whispered in her mind. *Or I'm supposed to be.*

"Sorry, I wasn't expecting her to be in this morning." Clara was babbling a little to drown out Amber's teasing at this point. "She should have classes, she just—well, she has a habit of—"

"Hey, it's perfectly fine!" Daisy held up a hand, smiling shyly. "Honestly, it's kind of a relief."

Clara blinked. Her heart sank slightly. "It is?"

"Yeah. You're a little intimidating, Clara." Daisy ducked her head. "Which... I know is silly. YOU're really very nice. But you don't really speak to anyone at school, and... well, you know."

“Yeah?” Clara’s own cheeks were heating up as she smiled slightly. “You, um. Think I’m intimidating?”

“You’re this mysterious beautiful generalist mage who spends all her time in her room doing all kinds of advanced arcane research.” Daisy giggled. “It’s nice to know that even you have, you know. Friend drama. It makes you a little more, um.” She tugged at the collar of her shirt, blushing. “Approachable.”

Clara licked her lips.

‘Advanced arcane research.’ A telepathic cackle resonated through Clara’s mind like thunder. *I wonder if she knows just what you were ‘researching’ right before she got here. Because I bet I can gueueess~*

Be quiet, demon.

I know you. You’re thinking about how that cute neck would look in a cute little collar. Perrrv~

Clara’s finger twitched behind her back in a rude two-word reply. She was barely focused on it.

“A-Anyways!” Daisy squeaked. “Better, um...” She waved a hand towards the bedroom Amber had retreated to. “Go tend to your lodger, right?”

“Right.” Clara nodded quickly, turning away. “I’ll just be a minute!”

She swept away and rushed to the bedroom, slipping inside.

She made sure to shut the door behind her this time.

“She’s pretty, isn’t she.” Amber’s arms were crossed over prodigious chest—enlarged to be just a little bit larger than usual. She was in her half-demon form, antlers poking up from the sides of her head and triple-tails flicking behind her back. “And basically my height. She’ll be great as *my replacement*.”

“Seriously?” Clara stared down at Amber, annoyance warring with a kind of exhausted amusement. “Daisy is not your *replacement*.”

“I guess she’s not!” Amber rolled her eyes. “I mean, at least *her* you’ll probably actually bother to *fu—*”

“Voice down, *Ambrosia*,” Clara hissed. “And Daisy is *just a friend*. Okay?”

“But—But *I’m* your friend!” Amber stared up at her plaintively. Her lower lip quivered. “That was the deal! And also, I can sense the need radiating off of you when you look at her, so—”

“Okay. Okay. Look.” Clara put her hands to her head. “I’m sorry, but I’ve had a really long day and I don’t have any energy to handle this right now.” She took a deep breath. “I... would really like to at least be on speaking terms with *one* of my classmates, and Daisy is weirdly willing to spend time around me. I *don’t* want her to think I’m... I don’t know, some kind of...”

“Perverted loser who makes a *succubus* her familiar against strict Academy policy?” Amber supplied sweetly. She obviously wouldn’t give up a chance to torment Clara. “Maybe who does a dumb no-cum challenge and starves that poor, sweet, *adorable* succubus B-F-F of hers for a while month?”

Clara flushed. “Amber, I—”

“Getting all pent up and *horny*, jerking off at every opportunity to edge after edge...”

“Amber.”

“... just turning yourself into a sweaty, musky mess of temptation to torment yourself?” Daisy leaned in close, eyes gleaming. “*And me?*”

Clara clenched and unclenched her fists, pushing Amber’s sultry voice to the back of her mind and forcing that lust-softened mind back into sharpness. “You are not being replaced. But we can talk about this *later*. For now...” She took a deep breath and focused on rallying her voice to a proper commanding tone. “No more teasing. No more lewd messages. And no casting spells on me for any reason while Daisy is here. *Behave yourself, Amber.*”

Amber straightened at the command with a grimace.

Then her posture shifted slightly. She blinked, head tilting slowly to the side.

“Okay, Mistress Clara.” She smiled slightly. “Fine. You win. I will follow your orders as the contract requires. That was, um...” A finger went to her lips. “Behaving myself encompasses those acts?”

Clara sensed the trick. “It encompasses all acts you would, by a good-faith reading, interpret as *misbehavior*. Very transparent, Amber.”

"Aw, darn it." Amber pouted. "You can't blame me for trying. Well, fine. I'll obey all commands given. And *after* this date goes south..."

Clara stared. "I—"

"... you will *apologize* to me for all this." Amber bounced up and kissed Clara on the cheek. Her hand grasped the doorknob. "Okay, babe?"

Clara's cheeks burned. "I won't. And it's *not a date*."

"Okay, Clara!" Amber chirped, swinging open the door and bouncing back out. "Got it! No Forbidden Treatise!"

"I—" Clara hurried after, trying to banish the redness from her cheeks.

"Forbidden Treatise?" Daisy blinked. "Wait, what?"

Amber drew to a dramatic halt. Her eyes widened, fingers going to her lips. "Oops. Um, forget I said anything!"

Daisy blinked between the two of them. "Do you... have access to a copy?"

Clara had to think on her feet. She wasn't good at that when a girl like Daisy was staring right at her. "Um, A-Amber does. Did." She laughed awkwardly. "Damn it, Amber. I told you not to bring it up. That's the... whole reason I took you aside."

"Yeah, she didn't wanna get you in trouble." Amber took her seat with a remorseful expression. She was a much better liar than Clara. "She wants to keep you safe from a troublemaker like me, you know?" She winked. "She must really like you."

"A-Amber."

Daisy looked up at Clara, cheeks reddening slightly. "Oh. Um, well. I'm not about to pressure you to..." She hesitated. Her eyes darted back to Amber's. "You've really read it?"

Amber smiled at Clara as Clara took her seat, again sandwiched between her and the wall. "And I'd be happy to share what I know! But then you'd be involved, and, well, if anyone found out..."

"I'd love to hear it!" Daisy burst out. She coughed, ducking her head. "If you wouldn't mind."

Amber blinked big innocent eyes at Daisy.

She turned and smiled at Clara. "I guess I'm sticking around, then."

Clara rolled her eyes. "I guess so."

It was a childish move on Amber's part. She'd already been ordered to behave, so all she could do was forcibly insert herself and try to sabotage the not-a-date by being a third wheel.

It was fine. Clara could handle a third wheel. She just had to focus on...

For a brief moment, the world... flattened.

Clara looked around sharply. Everything around her seemed suddenly simplified, lower-detail. A pale light spread between the objects of importance, and she realized that she was having an advanced scrying vision.

What?... but why would...

And then the rest of the vision hit her.

Bodies on bodies. Moaning. Kissing. Sucking. Slurping.

Girls fingering each other, pumping each other's cocks, licking each other's pussies, making out, suckling at breasts...

... girls tormenting each other, a girl being collared, a girl being hypnotized by her two friends, a girl drooling and begging for more as her pretty Mommy choked her—

"A-Ah—"

The visions and sounds dropped away instantly. Clara jolted back to reality, realizing she was the one who'd just made that small sound. Daisy and Amber were both staring at her.

"Clara?" Daisy blinked. "Are you... okay?"

Clara's whole body was burning. Her head was spinning. She whirled to look at Amber.

A smile crept beneath the succubus's mask of concern. Her hand took Clara's under the table, capturing it before Clara could even process what had just happened.

You did say to behave myself, Amber cooed in her mind, voice slithering in as Clara struggled to catch her breath without panting overtly. *But...*

Clara's heart plummeted.

But she'd used the *fucking nickname* to do it.

She'd slipped up.

"She's okay! She's just tired from exercising earlier. I know the signs." Amber turned back to Daisy and tapped the book in front of them. "So, like, we can cross-reference some info to start with. If you look at what Yuel had to say..."

Her hand gave Clara's a little squeeze.

Let's see how long you can hold on, 'Mistress'~

* * *

"That's remarkable." Daisy still seemed far too riveted by Amber's prattling to notice anything out of the ordinary. "I would have thought it was the reverse. Mechanical magic seems like it should be less arbitrary. More consistent."

"Well! It can be." Amber shrugged. "It follows the, like, input? Of the caster? Which usually means the mechanics are pretty reliable. But the caster's sense of mechanics may not match yours, is the thing, y'know?"

"So it's based on perception?"

"I guess! I mean, I dunno what it's based on, but it does what it does. Causes be damned." She giggled. Then she turned and flashed Clara a smile. "Clara, you've been super quiet! Anything you, like, wanna add?"

Clara's whole body was shaking from the waist down. Her slow, even breathing only served to feed the panicking thunderstorm building in her chest. She had to fight to let the air out gradually, to keep from letting any sign of what was happening to her show.

During Amber's binding, she and Amber had used a standard polar contract—sometimes playfully called a "couple's contract". For every rule Clara imposed on Amber, Amber could impose one on her. They'd made a lot of agreements through the contract.

One of the most important was that Amber could not deliberately seek to deliberately humiliate or expose Clara in any way that could threaten Clara's status or social standing. She couldn't just point out Clara's erection to Daisy, or start talking about Clara's more... undignified habits, even if she wanted to.

But Clara could still expose herself. Clara could still humiliate herself, given enough encouragement.

She was practically squirming in her seat.

That's right, Clara, Amber cooed in her head, giving Clara's hand a firm squeeze when she tried to write the words to respond. *Isn't this fuuun? You know, Daisy's not so bad, when you get to know her!*

Clara swallowed.

Clara was drowning in porn.

Visions coursed through her faster than she could even fully process them. Gorgeous women sloppily making out. Moaning. Mewling. Bunnygirls squealing as they were bred stupid. Sheepgirls prostrated on all fours, babbling eagerly as their smug wolfgirl Mommydommes guided them to lick and suckle big, throbbing cocks. Throbbing spirals, bouncing tits, flashing subliminal messages.

So much porn. Illustrated. Acted. Voiced. Every scry-vision she'd ever saved. Every depraved, pathetic, embarrassing ounce of porn she'd ever pumped for was currently pulsing in her head and shoving out every other thought she could possibly manage.

And daydreams, too. Every fantasy Clara had ever whimpered to, every wet dream she'd thought Amber couldn't possibly know about. A buxom, smirking Amber wriggling in her lap, bouncing, giggling. Amber crying out as Clara spanked her. Clara crying out as Amber choked her. Clara falling to her knees, admitting her succubus owned her, begging to be *Amber's* familiar as Amber guided her between Amber's legs...

So many sweet, salacious sounds. So many pretty girls. So much porn. So much sex. Too much. *Too much.*

"I-I dunno," Clara managed. Keeping her voice level felt like trying to flatten a tidal wave with her bare hands. "It's—um—it's interesting."

“Isn't it?” Amber beamed at her. She gave Clara's hand another squeeze. *Gooooood Mistress. You're doing sooo well! But I can sense that cock throbbiing. Leeeaking. How much longer can you control it, Mistress Clara, when you're soooo pent-up?*

Clara stared down at her book, keeping her face totally expressionless.

Wouldn't it feel soooo good to just pull it out and...

“I think,” Clara said slowly, every syllable feeling like torture as a cowgirl bounced her tits right in her face, “part of the o-verarching... purpose, *message* of the Crowbar Academy is that rules are a tool to h-hh—” She watched a vision of Amber cupping Daisy's chin and taking her in a deep kiss, and her embarrassment and anger were rapidly consumed by lust. Fuck, they looked so hot together. Amber's tongues grappling with Daisy's, Daisy's pretty lashes fluttering lower and lower... “... h-harness particular effects. There aren't truly different methods towards a single overarching force of magic, just... just hh... wholly different kinds of magic with their own... expectations.”

“Right, that's what I was thinking!” Thank the Giver of Gifts for hyperfixations. Daisy was just nodding eagerly, completely focused on whatever Clara had just babbled. “It's not that mechanical mages use a different method to achieve the same results. It's that they're accessing something entirely distinct. The common label of ‘magic’ is wholly arbitrary.”

Gosh, she's soooo cute, Amber sang in Clara's mind. Clara watched an alraune's luscious ass slowly sway before her eyes, hips swinging, bubble butt bouncing. She listened as girls moaned and cooed encouragement to masturbate in her ears. *Anyone else would have at least noticed how red you've gotten by now. But she's so focused! Or maybe she just doesn't realize what a horny, depraved slut my Mistress can be.* Clara watched that alraune turn around and spread her arms wide, welcoming the viewer to sink into her embrace and latch onto a nipple and... *Wouldn't it feel... soooo good... to show her? So niiice to rub just a teensy-weensy bit?*

As Clara shivered and struggled for a response, Daisy said something Clara didn't quite catch. Amber's focus returned to the conversation, her eyes alight with glee as she nakedly admired Clara's classmate.

I mean, she really is just adorable. And we get along so well!

Clara couldn't process what was being said. She trembled faintly as visions of goblin girls bounced through her brain. Amber was replying, excited, animated. Clara almost whimpered; it was like Amber delighted in showing off the effortless chemistry she had with everyone she met. It was so easy for Amber. Amber could have anyone, and Clara couldn't even—even her own familiar was always—

Seeming enthralled by the conversation, Amber released her hand to wave giddily, sketching some sort of shape in the air as she explained some sort of magical thing or whatever. Clara felt submerged. She watched a vision of herself fucking a squealing, mewling Amber, and her cock felt so hard, so needy, so desperate to be touched...

And then she registered it.

Clara's magicking hand was free. That idiot bimbo succubus had just released it without even noticing. She could order Amber to stop!

Moans and slurps and plaps echoed close to her ears. Her cock twitched and drooled.

"Right!" Daisy beamed. "It's in conversation. It has to be."

"Uh-huh!" Amber nodded eagerly. Her eyes flashed back to Clara's as Clara's fingers fumbled for the first words of the command.

*I can see why you wanted to **cheat on me with her**, Amber's voice hissed in her head. *Maybe I'll just have to beat you to it.**

Those words made Clara freeze.

That fucking—

Her face seared. Her spare fist clenched in anger, and with trembling fingers she scribbled, *I. Am not. **Cheating**. On anyone, **with** anyone. You and I are **friends**, and she is just a **fucking friend**, you **tiny, obnoxious little green-eyed**—*

Ambers' hand shot down and snatched Clara's back up.

The visions briefly multiplied tenfold, and the volume shot up two full decibels.

Clara nearly choked on her own breath. Slime girls giggled and jiggled and squished against each other. Succubi sucked and bucked and bounced and sneered. Alraune shoved girls between their tits. Tits and butts swayed hypnotically. Spirals flickered and flashed. Lamias swung from side to side, hypnotizing hapless heroines. Depraved messages strobed inside her brain. Voices whispered degrading praise right into her ear.

Shlup. Slurp.

Coo. Moan.

Suck. Kiss. Squeal. Pant.

Touch. Pump.

**Kneel. Serve. Obey. Lose.*

Good girl. Good slut. Good bitch!

It was too much. Clara's hand gripped Amber's tight enough to hurt as she struggled desperately to hold it all in. Her cock was twitching, tingling, begging for her to stroke, rub, pump, goon...

Um, like, sorry, Mistress, came Amber's mockingly innocent voice, **what** *was that you saying?*

Clara let out a tiny whimper.

The visions and sounds fell back to their normal volume.

Daisy had said something. Amber didn't seem to have noticed.

You know, I'm pretty silly. Amber giggled aloud. *You say that sometimes. I'm a dumb, silly, slutty, airheaded little ditzy bimbo slut. I forget things all the time. Like to keep holding your hand.* Her nails traced the inside of Clara's palm. *Buuut...*

Clara swallowed.

*... you didn't order me to stop when I gave you the chance, **did** you?*

Clara's breaths were getting ragged.

Soooo... since you clearly actually liiike this...

Clara shook her head minutely, making pleading eye contact with the openly smirking Amber.

... maybe I should add touch sensations to the visions.

Clara's heart started to pound.

Hmm? Amber's mental voice couldn't have been sweeter if it was decorated with honeysuckles and dripping syrup. *Would Mistress like that~?*

Clara gave Amber's hand a desperate squeeze.

"S-So, um!" Daisy's voice broke the quiet—at least, quiet from her perspective. "Amber, it's been amazing learning all of this. And it was quite nice getting to meet you." She smiled uncertainly between the pair. "But I don't want to keep you any longer from your own classwork. I know you must be as busy as we are."

Amber blinked. To Clara's intense relief, the lusty visions started to ebb away. *Is... is she **shooing** me?*

"And I think Clara and I will probably need to turn to our specific coursework, which is... well, it probably won't mean very much to you, considering our curriculums are... what are you studying again?"

"Undeclared," Clara said quickly.

"Right. So, um..."

Amber stared for a moment, her expression a blank mask. Clara knew Amber well enough, though, to see the hurt behind those eyes.

...she likes you better, doesn't she.

Clara cleared her throat, forcing herself to tune out the lingering daydreams. "I think Daisy's right, Amber." She gave Amber's hand one last squeeze—both to firmly stress her meaning and to try to dull the sting. "Maybe you had better turn to your own coursework for now. We can all hang out another time."

Amber blinked slowly.

She licked her lips. "Right. Right!" She gave a winning smile, leaning forward. "It was sooo nice meeting you, too, Dizzy!" Before Clara could stop her, she darted in to plant a peck on Daisy's cheek. "See you around!"

Clara's throat tightened slightly.

Daisy blinked blearily as Amber at last released Clara's hand and got out of her seat.

End the visions, Ambrosia, Clara signed frantically. The visions instantly dropped away. Including the audio. You fucking bitch.

Hmph~! Amber strutted out and back into the bedroom, flashing Clara a strange little smirk. *We'll see.*

And before Clara could try to figure out what that smile meant, Amber disappeared into the bedroom and slammed the door behind her.

And no more porn, Clara added quickly, *and no more daydreams, Ambrosia.*

There was no answer. But Clara knew her order would be followed.

Daisy looked like she very much wanted to ask a question, or maybe several, but she still looked a little out of sorts from the succubus kiss.

“Sorry about that,” Clara said, eager to offer some distraction before Daisy could think to wonder about the unusual dazing. “Amber can be a little bit of a, uh... flirt.”

“Ha.” Daisy smiled awkwardly down at her notes. “I mean, um. Yeah. Yes. Right. Indeed.” She nodded curtly, her eyes flickering back to full life. “So, do you want to turn to actually studying now?”

Clara opened her mouth to reply.

H-Hi, Clara.

“Yes,” Clara said, swallowing. *Back off, Ambrosia.*

Mm, so, u-um... Amber’s voice sounded strangely unsteady. *a... about that. Remember A-Agreement C?*

Clara froze.

“Great!” Daisy smiled shyly, opening her notebook to a new page. “So, um, base principles. I’ll let you... take the lead on this one, okay?”

Agreement C, Amber continued, her voice cloyingly sweet, *p-pertains to my being, um... prohibited from cutting off my telepathic sensors or s-selectively ignoring your words, so that I can’t, like... A lengthy pause. ... like... refuse to listen to orders. Or. Or cut orders short to change m-meanings. Right?*

“Right,” Clara whispered.

Daisy blinked. Clara realized she'd just been invited to speak. "Right! Yes. So, mechanical magic is derived from, um... simple machines. The Wedge, the..."

*But, um, like... my condition on that... Amber's giggles echoed softly through Clara's head. ... w-was that **you** can't break off contact with me if one of us is in danger of being, like, hurt, or subverted, or controlled by someone else. H-Hha...*

"... Wheel," Clara murmured, "And Axle. And... so on." *You aren't **in** danger. Except in how I'm going to punish you, you little demon, as soon as I'm done here.* "Tools." Her voice lowered slightly. "Tools that wield your *force*... to exert *control* over others."

Daisy blinked rapidly, and Clara registered that she'd slipped into her bedroom voice without even noticing. She noticed a flush deepening across Daisy's pretty cheeks. "Um. Right." Daisy scooted in slightly, scribbling down suddenly rather shaky notes. "Indeed."

*Oh my gosh, she's s-suuuuch a bottom. I bet she's a, nnf, **little**, too. Wants a taller, stronger girl she can... can call Mommy. Overachievers like her always do. No wonder you like her, you, like, creep~*

Begone, demon. Clara shifted in her seat. *End transmisison, Ambrosia!* Why wasn't the order working?

Mm, but I a-aaaam in danger, Clara. Another giggle came, but this one had a frailty to it that Clara instantly recognized. *Because, um... oh... s-see, you... I'm... a-ah...*

Clara's throat constricted.

Fuck.

Amber was getting hypnotized.

Ambrosia, she started.

"What were the others?" Daisy asked.

Clara gave a jolt. "What?"

"The other, um, machines."

Awww, is someone getting a li'l distraaacted by little old me? Trancedrunk giggles rang in Clara's head. *G-Gosh, Clara, your scryer has... s-sooooo much lust built up in it... and so many... h-hypnofiles...*

Amber's voice was wrapping tighter and tighter around Clara's mind. Clara squirmed. Fuck. She—she could handle Amber's teasing, but Amber *breaking* like this—that submissive, helpless hitch to her voice, made so much more raw and vulnerable over telepathy—

“Pulley,” she whispered. “L-Lever.”

I'm... a g-good girl! Amber's voice was a twisting, twining whimper encircling Clara's mind, clutching at it, clinging to it. *I l-love to... lose... t-to girls I've never m-met...*

Clara's breaths were coming in shallow. Her writing hand had to stay in view on the table, but her casting hand was in her lap now. She had to keep it there, hidden under the table, so she could respond.

But while it was there... oh, *f-fuck...*

Feels goooooood to touch, Amber moaned. *Oh, Mistress, I can't fiiight it~*

S-Stop, Clara fumbled, but her spell-writing was clumsy, her hand shaking. She was touching through her pants. No. No no no. *Amber, I—I mean, Ambrosia—*

Daisy tapped her pen against the inkwell expectantly, yanking Clara back into the physical world.

She blinked rapidly. “Ah. The... the Inclined Plane.”

“What was that?” Daisy looked up from her notes. She licked her lips slightly.

Fuck. Clara had started doing the voice again.

Inside, a dizzy giggle came in reply. *Thaaat's it, Mistress,* Amber cooed. *Say my name. Say my p-pretty name as you rub, rub, rub. You wanna lose with me, d-don't you~?*

N-No, Clara wrote, but it was getting harder and harder to spell-write between rubs, harder to interrupt. “I-Inclined Plane,” she managed.

Her familiar's voice echoed inescapably in her mind, crackling with smoky need. *Touch. Rub. Thaaaat's right. Sooooo weak~*

S-St— Clara couldn't focus on the telepathy, her hand couldn't stay still long enough—fuck, she needed to stop, but—

Amber's tiny cries and moans filled her head. The serpentine form that had wrapped around her brain was now melting into sweetest syrup, and oh, gods, rubbing felt so nice... just tiny rubs, little pets, it was fine, it was...

Sooo good, Amber whimpered, sooo easy, just rub, rub, rub... f-focus on that motion... every ounce of focus on that niiice... repetitive... motion...

“Screw~” Clara panted, squirming in her seat. It took all her focus to get the word out. The lust of her enthralled succubus familiar was like a furnace. She was fine, her hand was under the table, Daisy didn't—couldn't—

Daisy bit her lip. She gave Clara a strange, hesitant look at made Clara's heart thrill. “Hey, you're... speaking kind of softly.”

“Oh. *Sorryyy*, Daisy.” Clara rubbed her throat with her spare hand. And down below. Rub. Rub. Tiny touches, just the tips of her fingers in gentle, repetitive motions, Daisy didn't have to know... gods, she was so, so pent up, it wasn't *fair*... “I guess my, um...” A helpless moan echoed in her head. “... v-voice is giving out.”

She leaned heavily against the table, struggling to collect herself.

“Right.” Daisy gave a quick nod. “Um. Well. Perhaps I should... take Amber's seat, then? So you don't have to raise your voice?”

Clara's heart stopped.

Amber's dizzy, dreamy laughter echoed in her mind.

“A-Actually, um,” she squeaked, “so, th...”

Just take it out and start pumping at this point, Mistress, Amber cooed. Wouldn't you like that? For her to see?

P-Pplease, please, s-stop...

Awww, and now Mistress is b-begging me~! Amber's voice dripped with insufferable glee even through her horny trance. *You kn-know it's dangerous to talk to your familiar that way, Mistress Clara. Who knows what I might, um, do with you if Daisy weren't here?*

“Clara?” Daisy blinked those big, pretty blue eyes.

“J-Just a moment!” Clara managed, rubbing her bulge between thumb and forefinger. “I’m... thinking...”

Or you’re not thinking, Amber purred. Of course she could hear every word they said. *You’re just rub, rub, rubbing. You’re gonna... o-oh... lose that silly challenge so bad at this rate!~*

Please, please, please... Clara fumbled the same sign over and over again, her hand trembling.

*Ooh, and cumming under **my** influence... oh my gosh, that’s g-gonna be veeery dangerous...*

Amber—

You’re sorry you tried to replace me now, aren’t you?

I-I didn’t! I—

Daisy was starting to look uncomfortable, and Clara realized she’d left her hanging on her answer.

“Yes,” she whispered. “Just—just a moment, I’m—sorry, I’m zoning out today—”

Moans. Mewls. Amber was transmitting every sound she made. Clara could barely breathe as raw demonic lust pulsed and pumped into her, filled her mind. She couldn’t think, couldn’t fight, couldn’t—

O-Ohh, you know, it’s been a whiiile since you told me to s-stop with the visions... Amber’s dazed voice oozed sugar-glazed venom. M-Maybe I should... bring them back?

The visions.

In a panic, dizzy, pleasuretranced, and terrified at what Daisy was about to see, Clara did the only thing she could think of.

She severed the connection.

For a moment, there was nothing but blissful silence.

It was like being shoved headfirst into icewater. Cool, clear quiet filled her head. Her trembling witching hand released her cock and drifted back to her side.

Clara managed an awkward smile. “S-Sorry. I, um, didn't get much sleep. Social battery. Drained.”

“Oh!” Daisy was quiet a moment. She reached up to polish her glasses with a cloth; Clara could see disappointment in those pretty eyes. “Well, if you, um. Want to do independent work instead, we could...”

“No! No, it's—” Clara flushed. “I like having you. W-Working with you. I think we sh—”

And then it hit.

Clara felt a hot, wet mouth wrap around her cock and start to suck. Silken pleasure took hold in an instant. She jerked in her seat, then looked down—

And Daisy—sweet, pretty Daisy—was there, under the table. Red-faced. Licking, sucking, slurping. Eyes heavy-lidded with lust, desire, adoration.

It took Clara a long molten moment to process that it was an illusion. She could barely hold in her cry of pleasure. Had she not had so much practice as a succubus summoner, she was pretty sure she'd have squealed.

Her heart started to pound. This had to stop. *Now.*

Ambrosia, cease the visions.

No response.

Because Clara had severed their connection, Agreement C was temporarily voided. Amber was allowed to do the same. Amber was not listening.

The beautiful blonde between her legs smiled dreamily and reached around to grope Clara's ass. Clara bucked and squirmed. *Ambrosia. Ambrosia!*

“*Feels good to pump,*” moaned a goblin girl in her ear.

“*Feels soooo good,*” whispered a lamia, drifting before her eyes, gaze swirling hypnotically.

“Nnn...”

“*Just touch,*” cooed a cheerleading honey elf, “*and rub, and goon, and lose! You love being broken and abused~!*”

Daisy—the real Daisy—was getting up. Clara realized with a jolt that she was coming to sit down next to her.

Ambrosia, she signed frantically, *Ambrosia, please, please—*

Aren't you sorry yet? cooed Amber's voice in her mind.

Clara nodded desperately, looking sidelong at Daisy as her classmate drew nearer. She fought not to buck again as illusion-Daisy pulled off her cock with a lewd pop and started licking, lapping at her cock like sweet candy, swirling her tongue around the tip, smiling that adorable, shy smile, glasses crooked...

I'm sorry! she cried mentally. *I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm s-so, so, so sorry—*

I can't heear you~ But Clara knew Amber could. Clara knew Amber was listening, knew Amber wouldn't be able to resist listening to this. Amber could cut the line the second Clara started signing the second syllable of her name. She had Clara trapped, and it was all Clara's own fault. Her and her dumb, drooling, throbbing...

"Goon, goon, goon," cooed phantom imps, licking her sensitive neck. *"Give in, in, iiiiin~!"*

"Sink," a pair of bunnygirls sang, bouncing their tits in her face. *"Sink deeeep, Mommy! Just pumping and breeding! Pumping and breeding!"*

Amber was just flicking through the old scry records now, pouring in extra intensity, extra sensations...

There was no way out but one now. *I'm sorry*, Clara babbled, *I'm sorry—s-sorry I tried to replace you, I could never replace you, you're right, you're right, please, pleasepleaseplease—*

You can't ever replace me. Amber's mental voice was a little shaky, and it wasn't just arousal now. There was a different kind of need there. *You need me. You'll never, ever leave me, right?*

Daisy sucking, slurping, slobbering, cooing, moaning... so much porn, so many visions, so many touches...

Never ever! Need you! Need you need you—just please, please, please, b-before I—

Real Daisy was sitting down next to her. Clara was openly squirming, trying to escape False Daisy's soft, pink lips as they encircled her tip again—she wasn't there, Clara's cock wasn't even

out, but her body didn't know the difference—fuck, she was rock-hard, all Daisy had to do was look down to see...

And you. Love. Me. Amber's voice was a sultry, triumphant coo. *Don't you?*

I—I lo—

And then, to her horror, Clara felt a soft, slender hand take her witching hand, and her final words broke off.

"Clara," Daisy's voice said softly, "are you okay?"

Clara mentally screamed in panic and anguish as she stared at Daisy, redfaced, frantic, panicked beyond belief. She needed to say it, Amber was so close to showing mercy, but *she couldn't sign*, and Daisy was *right there*—

The visions pressed in. So much lewdness. So much lust. False Daisy was whimpering, taking her cock deeper, *deeper*, tongue swirling, Clara was about to—

—about to—*ghh*—

She knew what she had to do. Oh, fuck, gods, no, no, *nononono*—but she had to—

"I l-love you," she whispered. She knew Amber could hear it.

The sensations vanished. The visions cut out.

Clara was left in total, agonizing, mortifying silence as Daisy—sweet, gorgeous, adorable little Daisy—stared blankly at her.

Daisy blinked.