

Bad Words

Rhoda was almost paralyzed.

She stared at the glittering cursive letters hovering in the air before her, their words curved gently downwards to frame the pretty face of the smirking little devil behind them.

You stupid *fucking* *imp, you know* *that wasn't* *what I*

Rhoda's heart was beating fast, but her lungs weren't working right. She stared for a moment at those curling, slithering letters.

With quivering lips, she experimentally mouthed one more word.

meant.

Her throat constricted against the air she was fighting to bring into her lungs. She felt lightheaded. She blinked helplessly at the imp. "W-What?"

She kept her voice down this time. She hated the imp's approving nod at this, hated how those solid golden eyes gleamed with glee, pale pupils forming themselves into stars.

"Big improvement." The imp twirled a finger through the letters, and they swirled around her wrist and reformed into another little red thread—to join the dozens of others. "I don't think a stupid little girl like you should be raising her voice at me anymore."

"I—" Rhoda glared fiercely, angrily mouthing—

You fucking bad-faith, blue-blooded

The imp's fingertip swirled around the words, forming them into another loop of thread.

"Yes, Mommy!" Rhoda cooed.

She froze. Her cheeks went scorching-hot.

The imp smiled up at her sweetly. Her eyes had slightly narrowed at 'blue-blooded', though. "Oh, stupid little girl," she purred, leaning as close as the circle would allow and batting her lashes. "You said I could have a word with you, didn't you?"

"I—" Rhoda shook her head weakly. "N-No, that's..."

The imp licked Underworld-black lips. So plump and luscious. "And... what was it you said again?"

Rhoda hesitated. The binding-mage didn't want to answer, couldn't bear to give the imp the satisfaction—fuck, this was *humiliating*, if her partymembers saw her like this—

But that finger was spinning. Twirling. The question just kept ringing in her head, and her mind felt... not empty.

Unspooled. Every twirl scattering her thoughts more and more. She licked her lips, squirming, watching the imp start to bounce in place, staring at those curves, those luscious lips, that twirling, swirling finger...

“Tell Mommy what you said, little echodoll~”

“I said imps always cheat on their written contracts, Mommy!” Rhoda squealed, giggling. Then she blushed hotter and wiggled in place, feeling a sense of shame tingling on her lips. “I—I—”

“That’s right! You did!” The imp giggled. “You were *such* a rude little noisebox.”

“Ooh, yes, Mommy, I was! I was such a dummy little noisebox!”

I didn't say that. I didn't say that! Stop! Stop it!

Rhoda stared dizzily at the swirling words, trying to understand the disconnect. She shook her head uncertainly...? Was she saying...

But then the imp's finger was swirling through the letters, and they were just another loop of red thread.

“Gooooo.” The imp's little golden horns shimmered with arcane light she snapped that little hairband around one. “Oh, but babygirl, it's just so hard to enforce *good faith* in a verbal contract, isn't it?”

Stop it! Please!

“I...” Rhoda's head swam. “Um, I didn't...”

“No nasty paper trail for the Boss to look over.” The imp's cheeks glowed a little at the thought. “Just you... me... and *theese*.” She held up the new red string loop just before sliding it down the other horn. She smirked up at Rhoda. “What a sweet little *idiot* Mommy's caught~”

“I'm—”

not

“—an... idiot...?”

Rhoda's chest seized, and her whole body burned with humiliation, as she stared at the three stolen letters.

“Aw, that’s cute.” The imp giggled, reaching up to mime cupping Rhoda’s cheek. Her tongue seemed to glow a faint pink as she spoke. “Yes you are! Yes you *are*! You’re my *pretty little idiot pact-slut*, and you *love me*.”

Her tongue flicked across her lips on those last two words. The tip of her tongue sent out little rose-gold sparks.

Rhoda’s mind stuttered and stuck. She froze, frantically scanning through it for signs that the pretty imp had just spelled her. Was that a Charm spell? It felt strange, but...

But she didn’t feel like she was in love. She didn’t feel stupid, or infatuated, or like the imp was suddenly the most beautiful girl she’d ever seen.

Obviously, the imp *was* kind of gorgeous. She had a cute heart-shaped face, perfectly-shaped breasts, and big dark doe eyes filled with little golden stars that danced like fireflies within the shadowy depths. Rhoda wasn’t usually into shorter girls, but the imp had the sort of smile to compel exceptions.

And obviously Rhoda *could* be a bit dumb at times—especially compared to this quick-witted little devil, with all those knowing smirks and clever remarks. That wasn’t a fair contest. If she’d been half the wizardess she’d thought she was, this little imp wouldn’t have outsmarted her so effortlessly.

But knowing all that wasn’t because Rhoda was enchanted or anything.

Those were just... facts.

She licked her lips. The imp’s rack was an unbearable temptation for her wandering gaze right now. She could see right down the imp’s shirt. Gods, she needed to... to stop staring, to stop being such an *idiot* and just...

“P-Please,” she whispered, trembling with the effort of controlling herself. “I-I didn’t want...”

She watched the imp lick those luscious black lips, and the *pact-slut’s* pathetic pleas oozed away from her to form just another delicate red thread curled around the imp’s *lovely* finger. She stared, quivering, staring at those plump, kissable lips, at the faint rosy-red energy glowing from within...

“Huh~?” The imp cocked her head adorably to the side. She leaned in close, eyes swirling with golden hearts. “What was that?”

“P-Please... I...”

“Go on. Use those big girl words!” The imp licked her lips, making her tongue spark again, and her voice began to pulsate with arcane power. “Tell me what *Mommy’s stupid little dumbfuck cutiepie* was trying to say.”

This time as the imp spoke, those sugary-sweet humiliating words began to take physical form. Just as Rhoda's had. Magic poured out from the imp's fulsome lips and flowed into the form of shimmering pink script. The cruel letters crackled, sending off golden sparks.

Rhoda blinked stupidly. The imp grinned, twirled a finger, and pointed at Rhoda's neck.

The letters darted forward.

By the time Rhoda's sluggish brain had registered the danger, it was too late. The script reached her and looped around her wrist.

Rhoda gave her arm a shake, panic starting to rise, but it refused to dislodge as it started slithering up her arm.

"H-Hey!" she cried, trying in vain to rub it away. "W-Wait—"

The script reached her shoulder and, with a single flick, looped itself around Rhoda's neck and *snapped* into place.

Rhoda was collared. Heart sinking, her eyes drifted down to the delicate golden thread extending down from the collar... to loop around the imp's index finger.

She squeaked as that finger twirled again and the collar drew a little tighter.

The hand gave a yank, and Rhoda stumbled right into the binding circle with the once-captive fiend.

"That's better," Mommy cooed. "So, what was it you were saying?"

Rhoda's heart was pounding. She stared down helplessly, feeling her whole body trembling with useless panic. No, no, she—this wasn't—

The collar thrummed. Rhoda wiggled with pleasure, lips parting in an involuntary *stupid little* smile.

She let out a moan as Mommy reached between her legs and gave a slow, indulgent rub, stroking against her *cute* leaking pussy.

"I-I was—I was—"

Mommy giggled again. The collar tightened, and Rhoda felt the words slip away from her. She mouthed something, tongue lolling, grinding against Mommy's plump, soft thigh.

There came a sudden knock at the door. Rhoda's head shot up. So did Mommy's, and for a moment, the *lovely* imp seemed genuinely startled.

"Rhoda?" called the familiar voice of Falcata, the party's fighter. "Is everything going okay with the, uh, divination thing?"

Rhoda's eyes widened.

Hope exploded in her chest, and her lips parted to cry out—

Falcata, help!

She read dazedly, continuing to mouth as her brain tried to process...

Mommy took over because she is smarter than me and I need backup! I—

Realization began to set in.

—help, q-quick, please, I—can feel my brains getting... wait, no... no, please—

Her breath caught.

The little dumbfuck cutiepie tried to scream.

All that came out was a stream of glistening pink heart bubbles.

She stared at the hearts, then at Mommy, whose grin was widening. The imp reached up and spooled a finger around the letters, casually gathering them up.

She sucked daintily on that finger, and Rhoda watched those lips smack and suckle. Rhoda's thighs clenched, and the imp giggled.

Mommy opened her mouth and spoke in Rhoda's voice.

"Everything's fine, Falcata!" she sang. "Don't interrupt! I'll call for you in just a minute."

Rhoda's head swam. She stared at Mommy, blushing hot.

There was a pause. Rhoda's heart was pounding. Maybe Falcata knew? Maybe Falcata would notice, would burst in to help, would—

"Okay, Rhoda." A little laugh. "Just be careful! I knowimps are easy to handle for you, but... well, anyway. Good luck!"

Rhoda whimpered and whined softly as she heard Falcata's departing footsteps.

Another tug on the collar. She felt her knees crumple, and suddenly she was on the floor.

She stared hopelessly at the little shortstack devil. The imp gave a wicked little stroke against Rhoda's, and Rhoda let out a silent squeal.

The imp's eyes gleamed. *"Dumb little kissyslut."*

The collar pulsed with light, and Rhoda found herself smiling. “Yes, Mommy! Please! Please, I n—” The collar throbbed. “*Nnghh!* Please, d-dumb little kissyslut needs a kiss from Mommy! Please please please please *please!*”

Mommy leaned in closer, and that golden tongue licked the kissyslut’s drooling lips.

The imp giggled, cupping the dumbfuck cutiepie’s chin.

“Mommy’s going to handle the big words from now on,” she cooed, and took her idiot pact-slut into a nice, deep, contract-sealing kiss.