

# Spell-Bound

Story by Katie D  
Art by CallMePlissken

“This is so unfair!” Darla snapped at her classmates. The sweet-faced woman with bright red hair was uncharacteristically flustered, her hands stretched out wide in exasperation. Before her sat two other young women from her ‘Ethical use of Magic’ graduate class. Between them was a library table piled high with books. “You two have taken out every Ethics book there is!”

“Well maybe you should have come straight to the library like we did, instead of hanging back to brown-nose the professor,” the pretty woman with dark brown hair chided.

“I wasn’t brown-nosing, Mara,” Darla retorted. “I was getting his approval on my thesis.”

“Sure, if your thesis is ‘how many BJs does it take to get a passing grade,’ Darla,” said the more plain-looking auburn-haired woman next to Mara. “Everyone knows why you are considered his ‘Head Assistant.’”

“Very funny, Kira.” Darla fumed. “at least my boyfriend doesn’t have to put a cloaking spell on me to hide my face during sex.”

Kira started to get to her feet, but Mara stopped her with a hand on her arm, and interrupted: “Maybe you should try a cloaking spell yourself, Darla, since you’re stripping your cloak off for every man in the dorms.” Mara giggled at her own joke while Kira contemplated putting a choking spell on Darla.

“At least let me use a couple of these books,” Darla pleaded. “You can’t possibly need them all.”

“No way, you ginger witch,” Kira said. “You’re on your own.”

“Easy, Kira,” Mara said in a suspiciously soothing tone. “Didn’t the professor say he had a couple special books in his office library? Something about angels and demons fighting over the lives of humans choosing right and wrong?”

Kira’s angry glare was broken with a jolt as if she had been kicked under the table. “Y-yes,” she stammered. “He said the angels and demons help him decide. Maybe they can help you decide not to be such a whiny bitch.”

Kira jolted again and turned her glare to Mara, but said nothing. “Isn’t the professor in the Department Heads meeting?” Mara offered. “You only have to wait about four hours for him to get back to his office. I’m sure he’d let you borrow a book, if only you had something to give him in return...”

“Or you could interrupt his meeting and give all the Department Heads head!” Kira snickered at her own play on words. “Then you could probably skip the assignment and get an A!”

“Enough!” Darla shouted across the quiet of the library. “baillon cerise!” she cried as she flicked her fingers at her antagonists. Shiny red balls appeared in the women’s mouths with an audible popping sound. Both gave muffled cries as their heads jerked back from the impact.

“You both are horrible, horrible people,” Darla said bitterly. “I’d do so much worse to you if I wouldn’t get expelled for it. But mess with me again and I’ll do so much worse.” She stormed off in the direction of the faculty offices.

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As soon as Darla disappeared, Mara popped the ball out of her mouth and tossed it on the table. “Let’s go...I think the professor needs to be alerted to a break-in at his office.”

She turned toward Kira, who seemed to be distracted clenching her teeth against the ball gag. “Are you listening, Kira?” she asked.

Kira looked back at Mara with one eyebrow raised suggestively.

“Oh, no, you just forget about that, Kira,” Mara replied, leaning away. “I told you, that was a one-time thing. I was just curious...and tipsy...and...c’mon, let’s go get the professor.”

Kira shrugged her shoulders, and took the ball out of her mouth, too. As Mara busied herself collecting the pile of textbooks, Kira looked her over. She knew that a couple glasses of blueberry flavored apple scrumpy would be all it would take to get Mara back to her room. She slipped both red balls into her satchel and helped Mara gather the rest of the textbooks.

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Outside the professor’s office door, Darla fumed. She couldn’t believe those nasty witches. Granted, that’s what they were all training to be, witches. But still, they didn’t have to be so proactive about it.

She couldn't wait hours and hours for the professor to return, she needed to get her ethics paper written. And who was to say the professor would even return after the meeting anyway? He was known to go out for drinks with colleagues and co-eds in the evening. Regrettably, there was a hint of truth in Mara's and Kira's taunts about her relationship with the professor.

For the fourth time, she tested the doorknob. It was still locked. Ironic that any doors in the school were locked, because even new undergrads at the school could cast an unlocking spell. But what was even more ironic about Darla's decision to use such a spell was the fact that it would be so she could complete a paper on ethics. Darla rolled her eyes at her own ability to rationalize away the troublesome dilemma.

Glancing up and down the hallway, Darla touched the knob as she whispered a spell. The lock clicked, and she silently slipped inside the office. She thrilled at the sudden sense of danger and naughtiness from sneaking in, even though the professor wasn't due for hours. She would find the books Mara described, grab them and be gone before anyone knew she was there.

Searching through his library took some time, but she came across two books with the title 'Angels & Demons.' One was a mediocre and predictable tale by Dan Brown (which was made into an even more mediocre and predictable movie by Ron Howard—and is there any role Tom Hanks won't take??) Darla resisted doing her professor a favor by tossing it in his waste bin.

The other was a large and heavy ancient-looking tome with a cover made of an odd material that felt creepy to Darla's touch. It looked like the kind of book you'd see in a movie right before the idiots on the screen foolishly read aloud a spell they didn't understand and which ultimately led to their doom. But then again, most of the books on the professor's shelves looked like that.

Darla opened the book and began to flip through the heavy pages. As if on its own, the book flew open to the centerfold page. The centerfold pages were by far the most handled and worn pages in the book; they had odd watermarks splattered over the pages, and felt slightly tacky, too.

On the open pages, Darla saw two beautifully drawn images: a breathtakingly beautiful and sweet female angel on the left, and on the right, a stunningly voluptuous and erotic-looking female...demoness? Was that the right word?

Across the top of the two page spread was an inscription:

**Summon the angel and your conscience be heard;  
Summon the demon, and temptation be stirred.  
Summon them both and your decision be made,  
Summon them both and a price must be paid.**

That seemed inordinately ominous, Darla thought, but she'd seen her share of odd things in classes and workshops at this school...spells always contained mild warnings. She needed to get her assignment done, and if the angel and demon could help, well the price was surely worth it!

Another inscription was printed across the bottom of the two pages, in a heavy italic script:

### ***Angeli et daemones serve tuus magister***

About the only words Darla could recognize were 'angel,' 'demon,' and 'serve.' That seemed to be what she was looking for. Then Darla noticed another phrase written in pencil in her professor's unmistakable handwriting:

### ***Angelus daemonium deduces me to serve***

If Professor Gimbleplup had handwritten in an alternate incantation, then this must be the one she needed! Darla held the book out in front of her, and read aloud the words her professor had written.

Immediately, the book began to vibrate, and the pages began to emit a bluish glow. Fascinated, she watched as the hands of the angel and demoness began to rise off the page, and seemed to grow larger. As their hands and arm began to take shape as flesh, the book quickly became very heavy. Darla dropped it to the floor, and took a step back.

She watched, incredulously, as the angel and demoness from the pages became full-sized flesh and blood figures, standing before her. Darla couldn't have moved or spoken if she wanted to: she was utterly transfixed by the sight before her.

She thought that the angel was the most impossibly beautiful creature she had ever beheld, with pale soft skin and a mane of blonde hair that seemed to float and shimmer around her. And she had the face of...well, an angel. Darla couldn't think of any better words to describe the woman before her. Darla felt a nearly overwhelming desire to step forward into the angel's arms and be subsumed within them, to be lulled to a peaceful and passive state.

In stark contrast, the demoness was a more intensely erotic vision than Darla could have imagined in her most decadent dreams. Her dark red hair seemed to ripple with light and heat as smouldering embers do at the base of a fire. The curves of her body oozed sultry sexuality, and the suggestive swaying of her arrow-headed tail was somewhat hypnotic. Darla's fierce feelings of desire were not to be embraced by the demoness, but rather to fall to her knees and pledge eternal submission to her.

When their transformations were complete, the angel and demoness turned toward Darla. She was astonished to see their faces had changed slightly, and Darla was now looking at virtual images of her own face—they had become her personal shoulder angel and demoness!

The demoness' expression broke into a broad grin as she looked Darla up and down. Though her expression was mischievous and playful, the intensity of her gaze made Darla instantly uneasy, as if she were being inspected. She felt an instinctual desire to be found worthy.

"What have we here, dear sister?" the demoness inquired in a deep and sultry voice, without taking her eyes off Darla.

"A pretty young thing in need of our help, it would seem," replied the angel in a soft and sensual tone. "Are we in a helpful mood today, Jezebel?"

Darla turned her gaze to the angel, and immediately felt a wave of peaceful calm. She sensed the angel also examining her, but as if in appreciation of Darla rather than looking for flaws.

“Of course, Joy!” the demoness named Jezebel replied. “I am *a*lways helpful. I sense this little one has many needs we can help with. Some needs she doesn’t even know she has...”

“Indeed, Jezebel,” the angel named Joy answered with a sweet smile. “Our new friend Darla has a need for relief from many troubles. And relief we shall give you, dear.”

“You...you know my name?” Darla stammered.

“Of course, little one,” Jezebel said with a distinct purring tone. She stood before Darla and put her gloved hands on the young woman’s hips, gazing directly into her eyes. “We have been expecting you. The naughty girl who wishes to cheat on an ethics thesis?”

Darla suddenly felt very small and helpless, and had the distinct sense of being vulnerable before this powerfully seductive being. “Well, not to cheat, but...”

Joy moved around behind Darla, and whispered beside her ear in a soothing tone: “Oh, sweet girl, you should not lie to us...or to yourself.” Darla felt Joy’s hands rest first upon her waist, and then softly slide around and up to the base of her ribs.

“We can see right through you, wayward little witch.” Jezebel’s voice came in a whisper as well, but in a much more sinister tone. She leaned close to Darla’s face, head tilted to one side as Darla visibly withered under her gaze. Jezebel began to unbutton the top of Darla’s blouse. “We know what you need...there’s a price to be paid for our help, however.”

“Wait...what are you doing?” Darla asked as Jezebel slid the top of her blouse back over her shoulders, and pulled down her bra, exposing her breasts. She was dismayed to see her nipples already responding to the feel of Jezebel’s fingers as she fitted Darla’s blouse and bra around her breasts to squeeze them together.

Jezebel produced dark red ropes that matched her own attire and hair, and began wrapping them around Darla’s upper body above and below her breasts, pinning her arms to her side and securing her wrists behind her. Darla continued to struggle while Joy held her body firmly.

“Shhh....relax, sweet girl...Jezebel and I are going to give you the release you need.” As she whispered this, she unbuttoned the top of Darla’s skirt and began to slide it over her shapely hips.

“But Joy, if you’re an angel...aren’t you supposed to save me from Jezebel’s temptations?” Darla looked down at Joy removing her skirt while Jezebel cinched her chest ropes tightly and gripped her upper body firmly.

“No, darling Darla,” Joy cooed. “My role is to bring you bliss beyond your wildest dreams...”

Joy removed Darla’s shoes and socks while Darla tried to cross her thighs, attempting in vain to cover up what the tiny triangle of her white panties couldn’t.

“Oh, no, no, your attempts to keep yourself closed off simply won’t do!” Jezebel admonished. She had begun caressing Darla’s breasts with one hand while gripping her firmly with the other. “Joy, don’t you have an enchantment that will keep our little pet more ‘open’ to our attempts to help?”

“Of course, dear sister,” Joy replied. Darla felt cool metal against one ankle, and looked down to see Joy locking a shackle with glowing gold runes around it. A long bar with a matching shackle on the other end soon kept Darla’s legs spread wide apart.

“Let’s get these out of the way, too,” Jezebel said. Darla heard a quick tearing sound and her white cotton thong panty was torn from her right hip. Jezebel let it drop and it slid down Darla’s left leg to her shackled ankle.

“I don’t understand all this,” Darla asked tentatively. “Are you trying to give me blissful relief from my troubles, or are you planning to torment me for my wayward behavior?”

“Yes!” Joy answered breathily, as she began caressing Darla’s breasts from behind her.

“Yes!” Jezebel answered with an evil laugh as she gave Darla’s rear a sharp swat.

“Hush now, darling Darla,” Joy whispered. “Let us take it from here...”

Joy continued caressing Darla’s breast with one hand as she slowly slipped her other hand down Darla’s side, over her waist and around the curve of her hip to the base of her rear. The soft tracing of Joy’s fingers lulled Darla into a passive state, enjoying the arousal so much that she barely felt Joy’s fingertips gliding between her legs. At first, anyway...

Then Darla gasped as she felt Joy gently spread her open and tease her before slipping two fingers inside. Darla’s mouth worked soundlessly, opening and closing in time with the steady strokes of Joy’s skilled fingers.

At the same time, Jezebel began to lick and nibble at Darla’s breast, teasing her nipple with one hand. With her other hand, she gripped Darla’s thigh tightly to keep her still for Joy’s attentions. Meanwhile, Jezebel’s tail began swaying rhythmically as if it had a mind of its own, weaving its way closer to Darla’s exposed flesh.

Darla saw the tail coming closer and realized what Jezebel had in mind, but she was far too consumed with pleasure to let it worry her. The intensity of Joy’s touch was driving her to the brink of an orgasm, or of passing out, or both.

As if through a fog, though, Darla heard voices in the hallway. They seemed to be getting closer. And they sounded familiar to her. But at the moment, she couldn’t think of a reason to care...

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Professor Gimbleplup acted annoyed with the two graduate students who had interrupted his meeting, but the truth was, he was grateful to have a reason to leave early. He couldn’t stand most of his colleagues and their trivial concerns. He’d much rather spend the evening in the company of some of his impressionable female students.

Now he was headed back to his office with these two lovely young women, while listening to their obviously fabricated story about a disturbance in his office. When their hoax was revealed, it would give him a reason to detain them in his office and reprimand them. And if that plan didn't work, he could always summon his Head Assistant Darla over for the evening.

As they approached the office, though, he saw a familiar bluish glow in the window of the office door. 'What in the...' he wondered. There were many things in his office that could give off a glow like that...and very few of them were good. Perhaps Mara and Kira were justified in their alarm after all.

The professor prided himself on taking most things in stride. But even he was taken aback by what he saw when he opened the office door. He'd seen many strange things in his time, but this was just...amazing. It might just be the most insanely erotic thing he'd ever seen.

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Darla flushed with embarrassment as her professor and her two nemeses burst through the door. Mara and Kira giggled and pointed at Darla pinned between the two beautiful creatures, waiting to hear how their professor would react. But none of the students anticipated what came next.

"Joy and Jezebel, have you fed yet?" Professor Gimbleplup asked with unexpected familiarity.

"No, Master," Joy replied, her eyes falling to the floor. "She has not climaxed yet."

"But she was about to!" snarled Jezebel, scowling at Mara and Kira for the untimely interruption.

Mara and Kira suddenly realized their little prank might not end well for them, and began a hasty retreat. Before they took two steps, however, the professor snapped his fingers and they were paralyzed in place. "Please!" Mara cried out. "We didn't know what Darla was doing!"

"Take these two to my chambers and prepare them," he told Joy and Jezebel, while waving dismissively at Mara and Kira. "I shall attend to young Miss Darla myself."

Joy and Jezebel grudgingly detached themselves from Darla and approached Mara and Kira. Ignoring the desperate pleas from the students, they led them across the office and through a door to the professor's residence beyond.

Darla nearly fell when Joy and Jezebel let go of her, but she steadied herself and watched as Mara and Kira were led away. She avoided looking up at her professor, instead looking at the scattered clothing about her and looking down at her own nakedness. Her face flushed nearly as bright red as her hair to be caught in such a humiliating and compromising situations. She dreaded her professor's response.

"Well now, Darla, it seems you've gotten yourself in well beyond your depth, wouldn't you say?" He walked over to her and lifted her chin until her eyes met his. "And I'm sure there are some important lessons to be learned here, wouldn't you also say?"

"Yes, professor," she said in a voice barely above a whisper. "I'm sorry...I...what are you going to do to me?"

“Oh, so many, many things, Darla,” he replied with a wry grin. “And every one of them deserved. You and I will be spending much more time together from now on. There must be consequences for your behavior, don’t you agree?”

“Yes, professor,” Darla replied. “Yes...master?” She was surprised at how naturally the words sounded when she said them. She was even more surprised by the flutter of excitement inside.

“But first,” the professor said. He studied the shackles on her ankles and the bar between them. He then muttered a few words, and the shackles popped open and fell away from her legs. “Let’s go see how your fellow students are faring with Joy and Jezebel.”

Professor Gimbleplup gripped Darla’s upper arm, still tightly bound to her side, and led her across the office toward the door through which the others had disappeared. Beyond was a modest living space, dominated by an oversized bed with thick posts at the four corners.

Mara stood before one of these posts, stripped naked, and bound to the post tightly with golden cords. Her head was tilted back and her eyes were closed; her face showed a look of absolute ecstasy. The reason why was obvious; Joy knelt before her, gripping Mara’s hips in her hands, and with her tongue moving in rhythm with Mara’s meows of pleasure.

Kira stood before the other post, also stripped naked and bound to the post with dozens of criss-crossing dark red ropes like the ones Darla still wore. She also appeared lost in a haze of ecstasy, as Jezebel stood before her slapping at her breasts and viciously tweaking her nipples. Jezebel’s tail curled forward between her own legs and was vigorously thrusting between Kira’s legs.

“Delightful!” the professor declared. “Joy and Jezebel will be fed and sated soon enough, after consuming Mara and Kira’s sexual energies. Then they will once again be fully under my command...and I can allow them to resume their fun with you.”

Darla tore her eyes away from the scene by the bed long enough to glance at the professor. His usual stern demeanor was nowhere to be seen; he wore a wide unabashed grin and his eyes twinkled with excitement.

“But for now,” the professor continued as he led Darla over to an overstuffed leather chair. He settled himself down into it, then pulled the naked and bound woman down into his lap. He circled one hand around her waist and pulled her close, then began fondling her breasts with his other hand while redirecting his attention to the other women in the room.

“For now, let’s just enjoy the show.”