

## The Dungeon of Lewdity: Origins

Novus Peregrine

*What many humans and other short-lived races tend to forget, is that their 'histories' are merely memories for those of my kind. The elder races of the world still remember much of what has been lost to time and temper of the lesser races. A tyrant king rewrites history over here, a fire wipes out books of rare knowledge there, and soon the words and deeds of eons passed are forgotten. For some things, that is probably for the best. Indeed, I sometimes wish I could forget the horrors of wars and disasters I have lived through. Yet, for some things the forgetting is harmful, and for still others merely tragic. One of the latter, so far as I personally think, is the forgotten Origins of the Gift of Isorin. What mortals now call, The Dungeon of Lewdity...*

*-Iyellia Riverwind*

*(Excerpt from The Book of Lost Wonders)*

Isorin couldn't get the image out of his head.

He'd tried. Of course he had. He'd thrown himself into his research, completing several long-standing projects with remarkable speed. He'd reconnected with old friends, actually gone out for drinks at the pub despite that not being his scene *at all*, and generally tried to forget what he'd witnessed, just under two months ago now.

He tried to forget watching, spellbound by the sight rather than any magic, as his mentor at the College of Allund was roughly stripped, bound in the most lewd of fashions, and then thoroughly fucked senseless...by her own magic. The spells themselves had been beautiful works of complex magic, showing the amazing talents of his mentor with every smoothly animated grope and thrust, but that had been noticed only peripherally, accidentally almost. The sight that had enraptured him, kept his feet glued to the doorway and his eyes riveted to the sight beyond the cracked-open door...that had been the heaving breasts, trembling thighs, and wantonly lewd moans and mewls coming from the beautiful professor.

He'd known she was gorgeous, of course. No one with eyes could miss the obvious. Professor Alyndra Brassard was a half-elf that had won every genetic lottery before she was even born, possessing the nearly-ethereal beauty and grace of the elves combined with full breasts and hips of a size no elven woman would ever have without the aid of magic. No one in their right mind would have denied her attractiveness... But that beauty was typically offset by a cool control that made thoughts of her body something for naughty little boys to whisper about in the dark, not the defining trait of a brilliant magical researcher.

But in that moment, that *private* moment where she'd thought herself alone, that cool control had been utterly absent. In place of the calm, controlled magical researcher Isorin knew, had been a fiery, passionate nymphomaniac that didn't just like it rough, but liked it every way she could get it, as many times as a lover could give it to her. A woman who must have spent an ungodly amount of time and magical energy to create an artificial lover that could go until her body gave out...and keep going after,

even as she begged it deliriously for more. A woman who had, when her mouth hadn't been busy, shouted things in passion he was sure would have shocked even the most...experienced...of *companions* that worked the brothels, bars, and docks.

Isorin hadn't meant to stumble on something like that. It hadn't been his intention to violate his mentor's privacy. He'd merely stayed late in their shared laboratory space, quietly working on something in his testing chamber, and then decided to say goodnight to the Professor when he'd seen a light on in her own study as he was leaving. Even so, even knowing that he probably should have left the moment he realized what was going on, Isorin wasn't exactly ashamed that he'd masturbated to the memory, repeatedly, after it happened. Hell, he wasn't even ashamed that he wanted to see it again, to see her *like that* again. What he *was* ashamed of was the degree to which it was affecting his every thought about his mentor.

Alyndra Brassard had gone out on a limb to bring an insanely young and, frankly, inexperienced mage into the college as a personal apprentice. A college whose students were either prodigies with more magic in their pinky finger than Isorin was every likely to have in his entire self...or else were those whose wealth and family power had let them receive the very best magical education practically from the cradle. A college whose staff were almost invariably either human archmagi or millennia old practitioners from one of the elder races. A college renowned across the entire continent for exclusivity and general excellence...

Isorin hadn't been born to riches and he was no prodigy. He hadn't done his first bit of magic until he was eleven, had barely scraped together enough money for basic lessons on combat magic so he could become an adventurer...and who hadn't lasted long in that profession. Any boyhood dreams of flinging fireballs at monsters had vanished like a puff of smoke within a few short months of making a go at that job. While he'd discovered, much to his own shock, that he didn't lack for courage or combat reflexes...he'd also discovered that he didn't have the temperament for violence. The third time his party, all friends of his growing up, had nearly died because he was too soft-hearted to kill a monster or bandit...

Well, it had been a mutual decision for him to retire from his attempt at being something that clearly didn't suit him...

Thankfully, it hadn't ruined his relationships with those old friends. Far from it, in fact, with the group actively helping him set up shop as a Runesmith. For in all three of those times where they almost died...it had been the clever application of his limited rune knowledge to weapons, armor, and even trap supplies, that had saved them. Isorin *wasn't* a genius...but he *was* an extraordinary good lateral thinker. As his then-girlfriend, a paladin of some promise, had put it...Isorin didn't so much think outside the box as he was utterly unaware that there was a box to think inside at all. That, in fact, if the box was anywhere near Isorin, it was only because he'd been using it as something to absentmindedly sit on while he thought crazy thoughts. Tara had also been exasperated that he'd thanked her for the compliment, and proceeded to bruise his arm with a 'playful' smack and blame him for her ability to even come up with the weird analogy.

He'd done well for himself after opening a small Runesmithing business, his friends being among his first and best customers. They, insisting on paying for his work even then, had also cheerfully sent dozens of other adventurers his way. Virtually all had left satisfied and many had been impressed enough to become regulars of his small shop. As his profits had grown, he'd managed to acquire more books on magic, most of them basic but still new to him, and his work had only gained more clients as a result of the improvements that allowed him to make.

Clients which, as it happened, eventually grew to include a few minor nobles that discovered his security arrays were better than anything the best and most famous Warding Houses were able to make. At least in thief detection, fire prevention, and other such things. If not in raw protective power, though even there his Rune based arrays held up well against far more expensive options. It was one of those arrays, and one of the older ones at that, that had led to the coolly beautiful Alyndra Brassard walking through his humble shop-door, excitedly quizzing him about his ideas... And then all-but-dragging him out of his store the same day, set on making him her personal apprentice at the College of Allund.

Given he'd had barely even the basics of knowledge for his own field, let alone general magic, and was almost 22 years old at the time...Professor Brassard had faced a ton of flak for her choice. Not that it had phased her. She'd merely stared down her doubters...and spent hundreds of hours of her personal time giving him a crash course in the basics of general magic. The sort of stuff most of the *students* probably learned before they hit puberty. Despite the derogatory names, the doubts cast on him and her, the accusations that there was something improper going on...despite all of that and more, she'd never once wavered. Not even when he had feared he might endanger her own position and offered to leave. She'd simply looked at him like he was one of her stupider students trying to convince her an eldritch horror had eaten their homework, then kept right on with the lesson she's been teaching him about basic evocation.

Then had come the day that one of Isorin's works, a divining rod that could point someone to whatever they most desired for a bare token cost of magic, had left the entire staff in a breathless panic.

It had been a fulfilling moment for both him *and* his mentor. It having been one of the few times he'd seen her calm reserve crack completely as she'd laughed long, loud, and in quite a few of their faces. She hadn't needed their acknowledgment of his value, having long since sworn that the insights he'd given to her own work processes were worth far more than the basic education she was giving him in turn, but it hadn't been unwelcome either. Nor had the many expressions of shock as he'd presented several other, lesser but still groundbreaking, projects on the same day.

Of course, something like the divining rod was much too dangerous to actually exist, and it had been sealed immediately in the College's deep vaults. Which was fair, really, since they didn't know that he'd put some safety features of his own into it and failed to tell anyone what they were. Nor did they know that he'd made two and the other was carefully resting in the hands of the paladin order his once-girlfriend was now a ranking member of. Their panic had been amusing, however...and not a single member of the staff had ever question Professor Brassard taking him as an apprentice again.

Which wasn't to say that many of them didn't still disprove of the 27-year-old apprentice who still had less understanding of magic than many of their youngest students. A few of them, maybe even as many as half by this time, had accepted that the unique way he used what he did know was an asset to the college...and even to the often-rigid thought processes of the students they accepted. The others would probably never like the 'peasant mage apprentice.' Which was, frankly, fine. He didn't really like them either.

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All of which meant that he felt *horribly* guilty that he couldn't stop undressing his mentor with his eyes whenever she wasn't looking, imagining her bound and helpless as he had his way with her. Even doing some of the obscene (and possibly anatomically impossible) things she'd cried out for to her! It felt like he was doing her a disservice after all she'd done for him...and he knew she was starting to notice something was odd, even beyond his sudden change in habits. Unfortunately, at this point he'd run out of hope that the feelings his accidental peeping had stirred up would fade away. His sudden view of Profess-

No, his sudden view of *Alyndra*.

His sudden view of Alyndra as a woman as well as a mentor figure had opened his eyes to other feelings. Yes, his baser urges had been stirred up. He absolutely wanted to bend her over a table, shove her own dripping panties into her mouth as a gag, and then screw her so hard she couldn't walk straight for a month. But...that wasn't the whole of it. He's realized, as he struggled, that his affection for her had grown far deeper than just that of an apprentice and mentor. It had snuck up on him without warning, been so gradual that it had felt natural. He couldn't claim he was *in love* with her. Not yet and possibly not ever. He wasn't a child any longer and his youthful relationships had taught him the difference between the many types of love. But...the only one he'd ever had feelings even half so deep for had been Tara, who'd he very nearly married. So no, he wasn't *in love* just yet...but he could easily see it happening. And, just to finish off any hope of anything ever being the same, his voyeurism had also served to trigger a tidal wave of ideas for using magic in ways that were...not for the battlefield. It hadn't helped, of course, that even in his enthralled daze, he'd instinctively recognized variations of at least three of his own rune arrays in use during that little show...

No. Things were never going to be the same. Which meant that his new goal had to be making them *better* than they were, rather than allowing his newly opened eyes to poison what they'd already had between them. A tall order...but he knew where to start. More or less. Sort of. Not really? Okay! So he knew what he needed to do but was utterly stumped by how to take the first few steps, alright? Give him a break here! He's a half-assed peasant mage who's never been all that good with people, not a charismatic rogue who removed panties with smiles and sticky fingers...

Wait. That was totally it. He could. No, he couldn't, could he? Spell creation wasn't really his thing...but what if...and... Isorin shot straight up in his chair in the back of the bar, completely forgetting the third beer he'd been reaching for. It could work! It was the *perfect* way to test the waters without her being able to trace it back to him.

Grinning like a loon, he threw a few silver onto the table to cover his tab and all-but sprinted out of the bar. He had a spell to craft...and probably a few books to read. He'd never crafted a spell before, after all...

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Alyndra tried not to let her anticipation show, even as she kept her magical senses spread out to the maximum. The anticipation had nothing to do with the lecture she was giving to an auditorium full of the College's most promising students. Normally, it wouldn't even be a duty she enjoyed. Most of these 'promising students' were noble brats. Great at rote magic, well on track to become archmagi who could cast all sorts of powerful and impressive spells...that other people had developed for them. Of the two hundred students attending this lecture, maybe three had it in them to be anything more than that. Those three had the true seeds of greatness in them and teaching them was a privilege...but teaching the rest was simply something she had to do to stay employed at the college. Not exactly something she was thrilled to do, normally. Particularly as, with large groups such as this, she was forced to teach *down* to the lowest common denominator. Dumbing her lectures down grated on her soul. Normally...

But today was different. Just as the last two weeks had been.

It had all started last Monday, with her first small class of the day. Halfway through a small demonstration of the practical application of Prelenor's Law, she's had to stop and blink in shock as she felt her panties *disappear*. There had been no warning, no magic cast in her direction that she could tell, and it had taken a little bit of subtly wiggling as she took up her lecture again to even be sure she wasn't crazy.

She hadn't been, of course. Someone had, somehow, vanished or teleported her panties off of her, right through her clothes and without her innate magical resistance and numerous protective enchantments impeding the action at all. That first time, she'd been stuck between the primal *fear* of someone managing to bypass all her defenses that way, and primal *arousal* at what that bypassing had been used for. There she was, teaching students...with no panties on. Panties that had been unexpectedly and forcefully taken from her...which ticked several of her sexual fantasy boxes all at once.

Horny as she'd been by the end of her demonstration, she'd let the class go early and forced herself to carefully examine the room for clues. Only to find...exactly nothing. There was no hint at all of how it had been done. With no clues to go on, she'd let her arousal take control, locking herself in her office for an hour, using a few spells and her own trusty fingers to relieve the ache the occurrence had set throbbing away in her core.

That had been elven days ago...and she'd lost her panties to the mischief-maker nine additional times since then. Always somewhere public. Rarely with any of the same people around. And the only clue she had so far was that whoever was doing it was, in fact, using some form of teleportation. After all, when she'd given in to the temptation to play with whoever it was and worn some of her sexier lingerie...it had been returned to her own home with a note saying it would be a shame for it never to grace her body again. The whole thing was maddening...and incredibly hot. So much so that she'd actually drained the magic right out of most of her toys trying to satisfy the urges the situation caused in her.

Which was why she was anticipating this particular lecture. If whoever was doing this could pull it off with so many witches and wizards in attendance...well, it would assuage her own frustration at being unable to figure out how they'd been doing it. And, of course, the thought of so many eyes on her when her panties suddenly disappeared...she tried not to shiver as the thought once again caused her pussy to react, leaking just a little more juice onto the panties she'd chosen for today. The panties that were all she had on under a short skirt...and they carried a little message for her playful assailant. More of a challenge...really. She still wasn't sure it was a good idea...but she was too horny to care.

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Isorin stared at the panties he'd just pulled from his pocket, mind screeching to a halt. Getting them in the first place had actually been easier than any other day so far...since it was the first time he'd been physically present to trigger the matrix of spells he'd used. The sheer number of magic users around should have made it harder...except that the magic he was using actually piggy-backed on the interaction between the fields of various magic users, hiding the tiny, *tiny* amounts of energy it needed in the instinctively-ignored colliding of those fields.

At a place like the college, there were so many magi of various types around that no one had a prayer of noticing a tiny uptick in the power of that field-collision...and he'd always been good at making spell matrices use a minimum of power. Of course, in this case, the cost of the spell itself was actually pretty significant...but most of the power came from slowly siphoning the target's own magic, in the form of the sparks of lost energy from those constant collisions. A sorceress of Professor Brassard's power would never even notice the drop in the bucket of power being lost. Nor would she have any realistic chance of noticing the spell's slow build and activation. Not when it was her own power being used on herself and that power was gathered over the course of an hour or more.

None of which really mattered to him at the moment, no matter how proud he'd been of his first serious foray into spell crafting. No, what was currently bringing all other thought processes to a halt were the panties in his hand. It was easily the most naughty pair yet, crotchless and barely containing enough cloth to count as clothing at all. But that, too, wasn't the issue. No, the *note* that had magically appeared when he ran a thumb over the soaked piece of fabric. *That* was the issue. It was a tiny thing and Isorin had no idea how it had been concealed. It held only seven words...

*Is that the best you can do?*

Isorin smiled. He had his answer. At least in part. Now...he had work to do.

**End of Part 1**