

Hoarfrost

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“Mister Galers! If you would be so kind...”

The blond-haired head snapped up at the annoyed noise that filled the room. His eyes darted around before looking up from the back of the cramped room toward the front. Brown eyes widened in brief surprise before he scowled and sat back with a thump. The two students he was whispering with rotated in their chairs so they could focus on the speaker, a sour-looking old man by the name of Master Balmstagger. The rest of the room, six men between the ages of 18 and 22 winters focused on the board with a sigh, half of them were discreetly listening to the story also.

Balmstagger was a painfully thin man, about 160 cm in height. Gaunt cheekbones pushed up from his face, giving him the impression of being carved from stone. His students swore that they could count his ribs in his parchment-like skin underneath the dark blue robe he always wore. The top of his head was smooth and hairless, reflecting the dim candlelight as he made his sharp movements. A short goatee sprouted from his chin, a recent attempt to cover the frailness of his jaw.

Nestled in one was a long, willow stick. On more than one occasion it was used to smack a student to make a point. At that moment, it bobbed slightly with the contained annoyance within the teacher’s hand. Making no notice of the scowl, Balmstagger turned back to board and started to point toward the intricate markings of a magic circle.

“Now, this is known is Thorin’s Fourth Circle of Protection. It’s primary attributes are based on containment toward fire attributes

and sealing on the pure heat attributes. Remember, the lesser fire demons have a strong fire attributes and a strong secondary heat..."

As he spoke, Marin Galers slowly turned back and caught the attention of the other two students. They both grinned and turned their back on the droning teacher. Marin dropped his voice into a whisper as he continued his story.

"...after I manage to sneak into the ritual room, just missing Balmstagger. I heard him heading into town, so I figured I'd have enough time to complete it."

The other student's eyes glittered in the candlelight as they listened with rapt attention. Grinning, Marin continued.

"It didn't take long for me to draw all five of the sealing circles-"

"Which ones?"

Marin scoffed, "Like I'm going to tell you. Well, I lit the candles, I stole them from the black cabinet, and started the words. The first time, it was easy, but Balmstagger wasn't wrong when he said it got a lot harder to say the second and third stanza. I thought something was choking me when I was saying the last few words of the spell."

He paused, waiting for one of them to ask him to continue. One of the teenagers did, almost begging. With a grin, Marin continued in a superior tone.

"Then, there she was, the succubus. She was so beautiful and... sexy. If it wasn't for the ritual circle, I would have taken her right there. She had tits like large melons, but they stood up as if gravity didn't exist. Her eyes..."

As the highly detailed description evolved, a fourth student found himself watching over his shoulder at the whispering boys, straining his ears to catch every word. He was slightly older than Marin, who just reached nineteen, but had a sense of innocent to him. His dark brown hair was streaked with blond highlights and his face was slightly rounded. His eyes flickered almost silver in the candlelight; in the sunlight, they were a brilliant icy-blue, almost white.

He wasn't thin, nor was he fat. There was a slight hang to his chin and there was a softness to his curves. He was shorter than both Balmstagger and Marin as he tried to sit up straighter on his chair as he turned to focused on the symbols on the board.

Balmstagger was trying to explain the attributes of Thorin's Fourth Circle in a straight, dull voice that barely cracked or changed volume. The monotone voice barely interrupted the dark-haired student's description of the female devil and her erotic duties as Marin described them in lewd detail. He frowned when he couldn't quite picture the devil, but pushed it away as Balmstagger stopped and waited for Marin to notice the noise had halted.

It took Marin a few minutes before he noticed the lack of drone, but by then class was over and Balmstagger dismissed with a sigh of disgust.

As the dark-haired student gathered up his books, Balmstagger stepped toward him.

"Sarvin, nineteen words?"

The student looked up and ran his fingers through his hair.

"Yes, Master Balmstagger?"

"You might finally learn the symbols correctly if you stop listening to fanciful tales crafted by your fellow students."

Sarvin bowed his head, "Yes, Master Balmstagger."

The teacher nodded once and walked away, pulling his shirt slightly down his sleeve before grabbing his own set of books and papers and disappearing through the door.

Sarvin stared for a second at the doorway before leaving himself. He headed straight for his room, to drop off his books to head into the village. He stopped at the outside gate, staring at the sign that hung on the wrought-iron.

Embedded in the metal frame was a small sign, with a picture of an angel hanging from the top. Below, in a neat, golden script hung the name of the school, "Balmstagger's School of Summoning."

With a grin, he kicked a stone and headed down the dirt road. He had been at the small school for almost three years now and it was the best time of his life. He earned his tuition with hard work and a sizable inheritance when his family was killed by a normal, nonmagical plague. Ever since, he's lived at the school, slowly moving through the ten years it took to learn the high art of summoning.

His joy rose as he bounded down the road, toward the small village, enjoying the fall colors.

Months later, winter had come and piled its white snow against the sides of the school. Nestled inside, Sarvin found himself in the huge library buried in the center of the school. No windows sent bright beams or even the dull gray across the windowless room, instead crystal spheres glowed an even, brilliant light across the room. Inside each sphere, a small fire elemental raced from side to side, like a goldfish in a tank.

Four of the thirty students sat inside the room quietly, ignoring the claustrophobic tightness or the six meter height of the heavy shelves as they towered over the students. Some of the books hummed softly while others flickered lightly in the bright light; the protection spells that covered them were strong enough to knock out even the most curious of students. In one corner, a closed cabinet contained a small, hairless creature motioning for one of the students to steal its book. In its other hand, it hefted a club as large as itself. The students ignored its silent prodding.

Sarvin was nestled on the end of one of the three tables in the room. Huge piles of book surrounded him, protecting him from the prying eyes of the other students.

In front of him, two books laid resting. The first one, a book on magic circles was pushed away from him as he peered into the second book. His eyes widened as he silently turned to the next page.

Inscribed on the page, in graphic detail, was an image of a male devil. He was naked and posing proudly. A pair of short, curved horns curled up gracefully from his forehead and a pair of sharp claws hung from his fingers. The devil's feet were furred claws, but that wasn't drawing Sarvin's attention.

His eyes were focused on what sprouted up from the devil's hips—a huge cock tipped with a wedge-shaped tip. The immense cock was dripping with black cum as the devil, an incubus, motioned for a young woman to come closer.

Sarvin gulped and stared at the image, wondering what it would look like in real life. Beneath the table, he could feel his own hardness begin to press painfully against his trousers; a faint blush colored his cheeks as he glanced up quickly.

Seeing no one nearby, he dropped his eyes back to the page and started to read on the attributes of the incubus. His other hand

slowly drifted below the table, to rub his hardness through the thin fabric of his clothes. Even after a few moments of viewing of the images, his penis was already soaking his pants with precum.

A soft sigh escaped his lips as he turned the page, showing another image of the incubus in the middle of an orgy, taking woman after women. Even though the pictures of the women were in intricate detail, he found his eyes locked on the naked image of the male devil as he penetrated the ass of a screaming woman. The depiction of the penetration also caught his attention, wondering what it would feel like if he was in her place.

The door to the library creaked open and Sarvin quickly flipped the page to another part of the book. Not looking up, he dragged the first book over the second and pretended to focus on the dry writings. His fingers toyed with a pen as he struggled to understand even the first sentence.

A whisper of cloth alerted him to someone walking and he focused harder on the page, trying to make sense. The symbols seemed to swirl in his eyes and he felt the heat of his blush beginning to intensify. The whisper slowed, then stopped next to him, but he forced his eyes to stare at the page ahead.

When the long finger reached out to push at his book, Sarvin jumped up with surprise. He stifled a yelp as he looked up at Balmstagger, his cheeks aflame with surprise.

The master mage didn't pay attention to him as he examined the book Sarvin was reading. Then, with the student's heart stopping, he pushed the top book aside. Sarvin began to shake slightly in fear but the mage said nothing as he appeared to stare at the lower book. Around him, Sarvin could feel the other students watching him with amusement.

Finally, Master Balmstagger spoke in a monotone voice that revealed no emotions.

"Mister Turston, most students find themselves turning away from the entry on 'Succubi and their Unnatural Sexual Positions' when hiding their interests from bystanders. I find it most odd that you would choose this page over whatever page you were reading."

Muffled snickers filled the room as Sarvin slowly looked down at the book. His gasp was clearly audible as he stared at the page in front of him.

It was of a succubus in the middle of a bloody orgy. Men in front of her were begging for her while the men behind her tried to stuff their internal organs back into their bodies. The poor soul currently mounting her was bleeding from his ears and eyes as he screamed in some intense emotion.

Sarvin's feel his entire face and neck turn red as he found himself staring at the page with utter fear. The noises around him seem to fade as he waited for the worse.

Balmstagger ignored the other students and looked down, his dark eyes hardening for a second, "May I speak to you in my office?"

Sarvin nodded but no attempt to move. His eyes locked onto the page as the mage began to step away. Turning around, Balmstagger looked back and spoke loudly, "Now."

He nodded and mumbled something as he stood up. Pushing the chair back, he turned and followed Balmstagger as the mage walked quickly out of the room. Before the heavy oaken door shut, he heard the peals of laughter and jokes tear into his back. Still blushing bright red, he stared at the hem of Balmstagger's robe and followed silently.

The mage stopped at his door and opened it, pushing Sarvin into the cramped quarter. Following behind, Balmstagger closed the door.

"Sit."

Sarvin looked around for somewhere to sit, but the entire office was filled with artifacts and papers. Shelves lined all four walls of the room and were filled with items ranging from a tiny scene of an angel's death to a huge, life-sized statue of a stone golem. Daring not to push any papers aside, he found a corner of a chair to sit down on.

Balmstagger moved around the room comfortably, blowing some dust off a metallic flower and moving a piece on a chessboard. Finally, he sat down on the edge of his desk and stared at Sarvin.

The student looked away and waited.

After a second, Balmstagger cleared his throat.

"Sarvin Turston, I have noticed a distinct lack of focus in your work for the last few months."

He didn't respond as he waited for the mage to continue. After a second, he did.

“You appear to be reading, in your spare time, everything you can about the Infernal, both their history and aspects. I assume this is due to the stories Mister Galers has been presenting recently?”

The student responded after a second, realizing it was a question. He nodded, his eyes still locked on the floor. Balmstagger sniffed in a brief annoyance before speaking dryly.

“It is not my place to interfere with student’s social lives, but I feel I must in this case. I have scraped too many student’s bodies from these very walls because they sought the darker powers. I do not wish to find your mangled corpse anywhere near this school. Is that clear?”

“Yes, Master Balmstagger.”

“Good. I don’t want to have this conversation again.”

“Yes, Master Balmstagger,” came the sullen response.

“And to encourage you, tonight you will report to the greater summoning room in the north tower and clean it. Last night’s ritual with the seventh year students went... poorly and the fire element made considerable damage to the room.”

Fighting back tears of frustration, Sarvin just nodded and stood up to leave. He reached the door before the mage’s voice called out.

“And don’t touch the book you’ll find in there. You are not ready for it.”

Sarvin stared at the door as he spoke in a dull voice, “Yes, Master Balmstagger.”

The mage allowed him to leave after that and Sarvin headed straight to his room. Already, the rumors of his being caught had swarmed through the tiny school and no doubt everyone would laugh at his discomfort.

The day passed slowly for him. He ate dinner in silence, ignoring the jokes and snickers that surrounded him. On the far end of the tiny hall, he could hear Marin telling another tale of his own succubus, the one he claimed he dominated until the end of time. Sarvin sighed as Marin ignored another request to see his so-called succubus.

Later, as the other students headed toward their rooms to sleep, Sarvin started up the cracked stone stairs leading up to the north tower. Outside, he could hear the wind howling as it raged against the walls; the pane glass windows he passed rattled with the

strength of the storm outside. The further he moved up, the colder the air went. By the time he reached the top of the stairs and stopped in front of the massive stone doors, his breath was already fogging in the air.

He briefly looked over the door as he waited for his breath to catch up. Four large panels filled the door, each one telling the story of Balmstagger's almost fatal attempt to summon the four great lords of the elementals. His weakness, fire, caught him and killed almost all of his assistants; now Balmstagger ran the school and left the heroic magics to the younger generations.

Catching his breath, he took a deep sigh and pushed open the door. A wave of burnt wood and stone washed over him, nauseating him before racing down the stairwell. Sarvin made a face and stepped inside.

Inside the room, he halted and stared in complete disbelief. The circular room was almost five meters across. The floors, ceiling, and even the curved walls were made of the same gray stone. However, not a hint of gray was visible over the thick layer of ash and soot smeared across them. Spaced around the room, at equal intervals, were eight globes of light. Three of them were smashed while a fourth had a sleeping fire elemental inside it. The other four continued to glow brightly, lighting up the room with their flickering light.

In the center of the room, he saw the remains of the circles of protection. The silver of the inner circle was melted completely and it hardened in the cracks of the floor. The outer circle was probably wood and left a black smudge where the elemental's fury raged over it.

Along one edge of the room, he saw the remains of the black cabinet, the storage area for the rituals. Half of it was shattered and a pile of rods, each one between 20 and 50 cm in length and made of various materials ranging from gold to glass to expensive stones, and small leather bags, filled with various powders and dusts, spilled out into the floor.

"Oh, dear," was the only response before he sighed heavily and stepped into the room. On the opposite side, he saw a large pile of cleaning supplies and headed over there, his spirits sinking low.

Grabbing a bucket of soapy water and a wire brush, he knelt down and started to clean.

Hours passed and soon it was midnight. Sarvin stood up and held his lower back, trying to ease the tight muscle that screamed in agony. The wire brush, black with soot, dropped into the bucket with a splash as he tried to wipe the darkness from his fingers. Except for a smudge on his dark robes, Sarvin couldn't manage to get his fingers clean.

Giving up, he looked around again. Over the hours, he managed to clean a fair section of the floor. The walls and ceiling were still black, but almost the entire floor was once again gray. Even the scoring of silver was chipped up and thrown into a pile of garbage forming just outside the door.

Needing a break, he ignored the brush and stepped over to the shattered cabinet. Kneeling down, he began to gather the rods together and place them to the right. At the same time, he gathered up the tiny leather bags and placed them to the left; he briefly looked at the various identifying runes on the bags as he set them down.

“Gold, virgin's tears, dragon's bone, Carthin Castle...”

It took him a few minutes before the area in front of the cabinet was cleared. Spying more bags and rods inside the cabinet, he hesitantly brushed his fingers against the wood, fearing some trap or spell.

Nothing happened.

Pulling on a brave face, he gently rocked the door open. The bronze hinges squealed once and snapped off. Sarvin tried to throw himself back as the heavy door landed on his lap. Right behind it, a massive pile of rods began to pour out of the bottom shelf, across his lap. He watched with helpless frustration as they scattered themselves to all edges of the room.

Throwing the door aside, Sarvin grumbled as he moved to gather the rods. Finding two heavy pieces of wood, he propped them around the pile of rods and started to stack them there, like planks of wood.

It took him almost an hour to empty the rods from the cabinet and gather them together. Finally, he set a cracked glass one on top of the pile and looked in the cabinet.

There were three shelves inside. The bottom one contained the rods, hundreds of them as far as Sarvin could tell. The second one contains tiny bags of leather. Dust and powder poured from the shelf and he saw the remains of paper and cloth satchels the fire elemental destroyed in it's anger.

He ignored the contents of the top shelf as he began to pull out the tiny bags and set them carefully on the pile to the left. The destroyed ones and the spare powder, he gathered up in a metal bowl and set aside for later.

Finally, he focused on the top shelf. It appeared empty at first, but he saw the glimmer of a book in the back, hidden deep in the shadows. Frowning, he reached into and grabbed it. It felt warm in his hands as he tried to pulled it out. The book easily slide toward the front of the cabinet, but then it stopped, as if stuck. Sarvin frowned and tugged harder; the book shifted slightly and sunk back into the cabinet.

Growling to himself, he put all his weight behind the book and yanked hard. It came out with a snapping sound, throwing Sarvin back from his own force.

The hard ground came rushing up and slammed into his ass, sending a brief spike of pain as he felt the wind knocked out of him. Gasping for breath, he pushed himself into a sitting position. By the time he reached being upright, he caught his breath once again.

Shaking his head, he looked around for the book. He didn't find it until he looked between his outspread legs; the book was sitting open to two pages filled with bright red script.

He looked around nervously, but didn't see anyone looking. Leaning forward, he examined the pages in detail.

In the center of the two pages, in intricate detail, he saw a picture of a succubus pleasuring a wizard. At her feet, a broken body with a crown was in a pool of blood. The caption underneath spoke of using the succubus to destroy a false king of the Fifth Imperium.

Feeling nothing for the picture, Sarvin began to read it. The first part of the page described the succubus in question, her history and traits. The name was written in black, in the long flowing letters of the Infernal alphabet. Her physical appeared was given great detail, especially her mouth, breasts, and legs.

Sarvin shook his head and continued to read. He found the ritual for summoning the succubus, including the coded symbols for the rods and dusts he needed to draw the circles of protection to prevent his soul from being destroyed. He grinned as he realized he actually understood the symbols, and that he remembered handling the ingredients of the spell as he emptied the cabinet.

As he reached the bottom of the page, the actual words of the ritual, a thought began to filter through his mind. He had almost everything he needed to actually perform the ritual. He read through it again and then shook his head. Nothing was written that he didn't know. A frown marked his forehead.

"But why stops me from doing this until eighth year?"

No one answered his voice and he shook his head. The black soot of the room caught his attention and he sighed. Setting the book down, still open to the page, he got up and moved back to the bucket. Swirling around the cold water, he grabbed the wire brush and began to clean once again.

Two in the morning passed and he had barely cleaned a quarter of the soot-covered walls. The elemental's attack manage to crack the stone, leaving deep gouges that clung to the blackness with a tenacity that Sarvin could only overcome with backbreaking effort.

He stopped with a swore and threw down the bucket, stepping away to glare at his work. Muttering to himself, he started to pace the room.

"Damn Balmstagger, he knew this was going to take more than a night."

He stopped his pacing as his foot caught on the book, still left open to the succubus page. Needing something to focus on, he bent over and picked it up.

Feeling curious, he turned to the next page, it was blank. Keeping his finger on the page with the succubus, he started to flip through the book, frowning as he only saw blank pages. Thinking that is was the last entry, he flipped backward, looking at blank page after page. His brow furrowed with his confusion, but eventually he turned back to the page with the succubus and read through it once again.

Looking up at the black walls and ceiling, he thought for a moment. A wry smile lit up his face as he looked back at the book.

“It wouldn’t hurt... just to ask her to clean the room. Balmstagger would never know.”

His eyes slid to the pile of rods and dusts, the supplies needed for the ritual. Looking over the book, he started to collect the various ingredients for the summoning.

A few minutes of work and he had seven bags of powders and dusts, in various colors. In addition, he had nine rods as he finished pawing through the pile once again, swearing.

“...missing the star sapphire one.”

He almost cheered as he grabbed a translucent blue rod, sapphire, and held it above him. The light glinted off the clear blue rod and his heart soared. It came to a halt as he stared at it.

“Isn’t there suppose to be a star in it?”

He thought for a moment, “Na, shouldn’t matter.”

Gathering up his supplies, he moved a meter in and set down the rods and bags. Using his foot, he pushed the book to his pile and prepared for the ritual.

Using the first two bags, he began to draw the first circle of containment. From a dark leather bag, a silver powder poured out into a fine line. A brown, kidskin bag was filled with a dark coarse powder—crushed obsidian. With a steady hands, he poured two lines in a circle about three meters across, twisting the two lines together into a woven pattern that surrounded the room. As he moved, he silently mouthed the instructions for Haris’ Second Circle of Sealing.

As he finished the two lines at the same time, both bags ran out of dust. Sarvin admired his circle and grinned. The lines were almost flawless, as if he pulled them out of the book he learned them from. His elation grew stronger as he realized this was the first time he ever drew it properly and in less than an hour.

Feeling encouraged, he swept up the next two bags, a yellow and black one. He opened both of them and started another ring, outside of the first one, with about half a meter between the two. As the thin line of ruby dust began to pour out of the yellow bag, another thicker line of white wooden dust also dribbled out. Trying to keep his hands steady, he walked around the circle, drawing a more complicated line around the first one.

This line was harder and he was sweating from the effort but when the two bags emptied, he managed to draw an almost perfect

circle around the first one. Wiping the sweat from his brow, he grinned and tossed the bags to the side, next to the first two.

For a brief moment, he stopped and caught his breath. His chest was beginning to tighten with the excitement and he didn't want to make a mistake. If he failed, the expense of the rods and dust would guarantee his being kicked out of the school. That depressing thought was blown away as he looked down at the final three leather bags. With shaking hands, he reached down and grabbed them. Looking at the runes, he identified their contents: gold, bone of a Snowy Frost dragon, and pure sulfur.

He examined the book again, trying to memorize the infernal runes that spelled out the succubus' name. Bobbing his head, he silently mouthed the words a few times before he set the book down.

Sarvin's hands grew steady as he began to draw the letters, using a stream of dust from all three bags. The long, complicated word took the entire circle to complete but soon he was finished. He started to drop the bag before he realized he still had dragon's bone left in the leather pouch.

His elation bore him through and he tossed the two empty bags aside and tucked the last one in his belt, just in case.

Moving back to the book, he grabbed a handful of metal, stone, and wax rods. The heavy book was pushed closer to the circle and he examined the directions before pulling out the sapphire one.

Moving around the circle, he started to speak the words of the setting spell. In his hand, the sapphire rod began to glow softly, a warm ice-blue color Sarvin associated with his magic. Reaching the spot in the circle where the devil's name started, he paused. Reaching an apex of the spell, he slammed the rod down into the stone.

It flared a brilliant blue color, then sunk slightly into the stone. From it's tip, a jet of sapphire-colored flame burst out of the top, like a flare. Sarvin felt a flush cross his face as he realized that lighting non-candles with the spell was just as easy; in class he could never ignite more than wax or paper.

Still speaking the words of the setting spell, he paced to the next location. As he started to reach the next apex of the spell,

something caught his attention and the words halted in his throat. One of the letters looked wrong in his memory.

Juggling the rods in his hand, he moved back to the book and looked over the name. His eyes found the letter in question and realized it was slightly different, he was missing a small slash to modify one of the attributes.

Sighing, he shifted the remaining rods into his left hand and fished the bag of dragon bone from his belt. Moving the letter, he opened the bag one handed and finished the letter properly; the bag ran out of dust just as he finished the symbol.

Tossing it aside, he grabbed the next rod, an amber one. Silently mouthing the words of the spell, he found his place and began to speak them out loud. The energy flared up again, an ice-blue glow forming around the amber rod.

Quickly reaching an apex, he slammed the rod down, burying it into the stone. It flared up like the fire one, a bright amber colored flame flaring out from the top.

Still chanting, Sarvin quickly placed the other rods equal distance in the circle and finished the spell with a flourish. Stepping back, he admired his work, almost text-book in quality. He was very proud he was able to do it and he skipped back to book.

Sarvin spent a few minutes memorizing the words to the spell, enjoying the pattern they made in his mind as he prepared himself for the actual summoning.

Bobbing his head slightly, he mouthed the words silently and stood up. Standing next to the book, he cleared his throat and took a deep breath.

The first words of the spell were simple, almost musical. They had an easy rhythm that he caught quickly. His voice rang out against the walls as he practically shouted them. As he spoke, he felt a hungry sexuality began to fill the room, the energies of the creature he was about to summon. As he finished the first of three parts, he felt lightheaded.

Walking quickly to the next place in the circle, on the other side of the book, he stopped and took another deep breath.

The second part of the spell was harder. The words were longer and his tongue kept trying to stumble over them, but his head remained clear. He managed to get through it quickly, not finding

the rhythm of the words. As he finished, he wiped the sweat from his brow.

Moving to the third place, almost opposite of his location, was an effort. His feet felt sluggish and difficult to move. Somehow, he managed to find the location and stand there. He took a deep breath, then another. Finally, he started the final words of the spell, the short part.

Almost immediately, something felt like it was choking him; the power and energy of the creature seemed to lash out at him, clogging his throat and freezing his vocal cords. He felt his lungs grow still as he tried to push out the words.

He managed to croak out a few words before his body froze on him. A dull shake began to wrack his body as he gasped silently for breath. The next word caught on his mind and he focused all of his will on forcing it out. It came out with a sob, but he was already working on the next part of the spell.

The room disappeared in his focus as he struggled with the spell, pushing one word out after the other. His body continued to fight him with every effort, but his will manage to force it to obey.

The last word came out in a scream. It's power filled the room with the intense potential of energy, then something cracked. A tear in reality itself ripped open inside the circle. A deep growl filled the room, but Sarvin was on the ground, choking for breath.

The temperature of the room dropped as darkness plunged into the room. The fire elementals inside the globes gave one squeal of terror before they were snuffed out with a cold, angry force.

Sarvin's lungs suddenly worked, pulling in sweet, cold air until he choked. Gasping, he rolled onto his stomach and forced himself to stand, to move. Finally, his shaking hands pushed up from the stone floor and he stood.

The darkness surprised him, he was focusing more on his breathing than the cold gloom that surrounded him. His eyes scanned for the light globes, but they were all still.

An even, blue light filled the room as a voice called out. It sounded like two blocks of ice scraping against each other, a deep rumbling sound filled with shattering sounds. The very noise of it sent shivers down Sarvin's spine.

"Light, master?"

Slowly, the student summoner turned toward his circle. The first thing that caught his attention was the snow and ice. Already it was piled up against invisible wall of the innermost circle. Filling the center were massive winds, throwing bright flecks of ice and snow in a circle, like the snow globes he saw last summer.

Then, the inhabitant of the circle caught his attention.

It was no succubus.

Sarvin gasped as he stared at the ice devil that now stood in front of him, sealing by the ritual circle surrounding the creature. It appeared to be an almost perfectly human-looking snowman, except for the thick layer of ice that covered it. It's eyes, a brilliant blue-white seemed to hang in the air until his eyes watered.

He found himself staring into the infinite depths of those eyes for a second, before he tore them away to stare at the rest of the creature. The face was detailed, down to every wrinkle and hair of a normal human. The ice was the thinnest here, except for the tiny icicles that hung from it's ears, chin, and nose. It's teeth, brilliant white, were also coated with the same thin layer of clear ice; Sarvin's eyes began to water again as he tried to look through the translucent covering.

Movement behind the infernal caught his attention; he noticed large, misty wings slowly flapping in the wind. The upper edges were solid, detailed bones of clear ice, but the flaps were translucent, like mist, as they shifted through the wind.

Sarvin continued to look over the devil, staring at the snow-covered shoulders that flexed with powerful muscles. No ice covered the devil's neck and shoulders, but there was a sense of strength and hardness of their appearance. His eyes roamed further down, following the arm. He felt a shiver as he saw the claws, jagged icicles the color of sapphire. They flexed underneath his gaze and he tore his eyes away.

The next thing that caught his attention was the devil's penis. It was an icicle hanging from between it's legs. It's thick base turned into a violent-looking series of sharp tips. From his distance, it appeared to be twice as long as Sarvin's, if he was hard. Streaks of white snow were embedded in the clear shaft, like veins on a human.

Even as he watched, he felt his own shaft began to twitch and grow. A hungry lust briefly passed through him as he admired the rest of the devil, down to its sapphire-tipped claws on each foot.

“Do I please you, master?”

The harsh, scraping sound of the devil broke his admiration and he looked up to find himself caught in the icy-blue eyes. Their depths swirled around his attention, drawing him in until he realized and forced himself out of their rapture.

“Ye-Yes, you do.”

A predatory smile crossed its face, “Good. I am glad, master.”

Sarvin cleared his throat, “Uh, you’re not a succubus.”

Even as he spoke, he could feel his heart reaching out for the infernal. Something in that creature called to him, a sensual lure of power that promised more than just energy.

The ice devil nodded, “Correct. Is there a chance that you have summoned me by mistake?”

Distracted, Sarvin answered while his eyes looked in amazement at the circles of protection, how they kept the devil’s snow and ice contained inside, “Maybe... who are you?”

Something flickered in the cold eyes of the creature. He spoke softly, “If you know not my name, I shall not give you,” he continued before Sarvin could interrupt him, “But you may call me ‘Hoarfrost’.”

“What are you, Hoarfrost?”

“An ice devil of some power, master. And you have summoned me, even if by mistake.”

“I-I was trying for a succubus,” Sarvin’s voice sounded false to him, but he managed to stand up straighter. His eyes briefly dipped down to look at the icicle shaft, but then back up toward the face of the infernal.

Hoarfrost nodded, then looked up at him, “May I ask why, master, would you want a succubus?”

“For pleasure of course.”

“Of course. Though, I assume that you are beginner, one not trained in the proper manner?”

Sarvin blushed, his cheeks turning hot as he looked down, “Why? Did I do it wrong?”

A flash of amusement crossed Hoarfrost's face, "You did well enough, master. I would think you could have done worse if you succeeded."

"How so, if I may ask."

"You have no need to ask. You have summoned me and I am yours to command."

Sarvin blushed, "Sorry."

There was an awkward silence as Sarvin realized he was being polite again. Finally, he finished, "Why would it be worse if I got her, Hoarfrost?"

"Well, master, I know this infernal that you sought. She is of sex and frustration."

"Why does that matter?"

Hoarfrost paused for a second before answering, "We feed off emotions, as you must know."

Sarvin nodded as if he understood and waited for Hoarfrost to continue. The icy infernal continued, the wind swirling around inside the protective circle.

"And we feed based on our attributes. This determines what we seek from those who call us and also what we inflict once we bind with them. If you submitted to her, you would have found your life filled with sexual frustration, both in yourself and in you inflicting it on others. Pleasure would become meaningless as you strive to feed your mistress."

"Why would anyone submit to an infernal?"

"For power, of course. However, if your summoning is not perfect, your protections not strong enough, the infernal can step outside the circle and force you to submit. In that manner, you would only suffer horribly in her claws."

Sarvin thought back to the symbol, "Uhh, did I do it right?"

Hoarfrost looked back, a serious expression on his face, "Are you suffering from cold and agony, screaming for mercy as I break your body?"

The summoner shook his head and the infernal smiled.

"So, you must have gotten it right."

Relieved, Sarvin nodded before thinking of his next question.

"Uh, can I ask you questions?"

"I am as yours to command, as long as your spell holds."

Sarvin looked down at the rods and saw that he had at least ten more minutes before the rods burned down.

“You said that mages submit to devils for power. Is it worth it?”

Hoarfrost nodded slowly, “Many think so. You gain stronger powers in the attributes the infernal contains; it influences your spells and you gain some minor gifts from the exchange.”

“Does it hurt?”

There was a brief silence, “Yes and no. It depends on the infernal. For the one you sought, she would inflict pain on you, in addition to forcing you to do it on others.”

“What about you?”

“Me? I prefer to treat those who bind to me with respect. They know what I desire and they help me attain my goals.”

The thought of his life with the infernal warmed him and he felt something that wanted to step into that circle to hug the creature before him. The hunger, the longing all burned inside him as his eyes locked once again on the icy-blue depths of Hoarfrost’s eyes.

Speaking in a soft, distract whisper, he found the words.

“Do you make them hurt other people?”

“All infernals feed off those emotions. Some of us are more... patient when it comes to that feeding and are willing to wait. But, eventually, we need to feed to survive.”

“So you make those who... bind to you hurt others? By what, freezing them?”

“Throwing them into rivers and pulling them out before they die. Sending them out into the cold. Any negative emotion, be it hate, anger, frustration, or even despair, can sustain me, as long as it’s focused on cold and ice.”

“So, the annoyance of having to shovel the road counts?”

Hoarfrost chuckled and nodded, “Exactly, master. But a trifle annoyance could no longer satisfy me if I were to gain in power. More negative emotions are required to sustain me at that point. The stronger, the more intense, the most original negative emotions fills us the most; daily annoyance are less... there for us.”

Sarvin paced around the circle as he thought; his mind was swirling with the new information and he was beginning to feel confused himself. However, the thrill of power was beginning to seep into his veins.

“Can I make you do anything?”

“Such as pleasure you, master?”

The young man found his blush increasing and his eyes drifting toward the icicle shaft of the infernal's cock. Pulling his eyes away, he shook his head.

“But you're male.”

A shrug, “That would not matter.”

Sarvin continued to pace around the circle. Hoarfrost watched, not moving except for his head. The icy blue eyes tracked Sarvin with a calm expression.

Finally, the young man spoke up in the barest of whispers, “But, could you do that?”

“Command me to do that? Yes, master. Though many things of that nature require some negotiation as it involves stepping out of the circle.”

Shaking his head to clear it, Sarvin mutter, “Of course. How would...”

He seemed to remember the ice infernal, “What kind of negotiations?”

Hoarfrost shrugged again, his claws gently scraping along his thighs, “You offer me something I want and then I do what you want,” he made a point of looking around, “but, I see nothing that I desire outside this circle, nor do I see anything the succubus would want.”

“What would she want?”

The infernal looked at him, “A virgin boy.”

Sarvin blushed fiercely and looked away. The infernal chuckled and waited patiently.

Remembering the candles, he looked down and saw he had about five minutes left. The black soot on the walls reminded him why he summoned the infernal in the first place. The words of the infernal caught in his head, replaying over and over until he concentrated on the lines of the circle.

“What do you want? To do a favor for me?”

“For what duty, master?”

“To... to clean this room completely.”

Hoarfrost looked around again before speaking, his scraping voice more serious, “Someone who lost a loved one to the cold, a

block of rare ice, a mage willing to bind himself, a rare magical spell of ice or snow.”

“All of those?”

“No, master, any of those.”

“I don’t have...” Sarvin’s voice trailed off as he looked at the bucket. The water had already frozen into a solid block of ice and he felt his breath fogging in the air in front of him.

Nervous energy poured through him as he looked from the bucket back to the infernal. Images and sensations raced in his mind, wanting to feel the surrender, the power of the binding. To make ice dance from his hand as he was taken by the infernal before him. But, there was still something terrifying about that surrender, but he couldn’t name it. Finally, he focused on the icy-blue eyes and manage not to lose himself in them.

“I only have one of those, and you know it.”

Hoarfrost smiled and shrugged, “You asked, I answered.”

A nasty thought drifted through his head, “What if you are lying.”

“I have no reason to.”

“No reason? Why?”

“You have something I want. I see no reason to deceive you to get it. As I said, I respect those who surrender willingly.”

A flush warmed his cheeks as the brief image of him on his knees in front of the devil flashed through his mind. He forced it down, along with the growing shaft between his legs.

“Would it hurt?”

The infernal’s eyes narrowed, “If you mean a binding, no. But, I warn you, if you bind your soul to me, it is no going back. Don’t choose it foolishly just because you want some walls cleaned or a pox on your enemy. Choose because you really want it, the power and the curse, the dark and light. Yes, you will find pleasure and power in a binding, but you will also find sleepless night and times when my needs override your own. I have no time for trivial wants and you have nothing else I want besides yourself.”

Sarvin gasped at the hint of pleasure, then he realized he did ache to feel the devil against his skin. But, the hint of power, despite Balmstagger’s words, drew him until he realized the decision was made even before he set the first candle.

"I-I want to bind myself."

A deep, scraping growl filled the room. He jumped back in fear, but watched as the infernal turned to face him, "Are you sure? There are few powers in this world that will break that die. Not even death will you be able to escape me if you choose otherwise."

Sarvin nodded slowly, "I want it... I want you."

An ice-covered eyebrow raised, "You don't want to the succubus?"

He shook his head and he spoke firmly, "No. I want you."

A brief pause, then a response, "Why?"

"It feels right."

The infernal shook his head, "Too many times have I heard that and too many times I've seen them fleeing before me. Why do you really want this? You don't know the power I offer, you have no clue who I am. Only a novice tries to bind to an unknown infernal. Only an idiot..."

Sarvin felt the tears begin to form as strong emotions boiled up from his heart, "I-I'm sorry, I just wanted... you're beautiful... and I still want it."

Hoarfrost growled deeply, "Even knowing that you would be an idiot to bind yourself, you still want it?"

Tears freezing on his cheek, Sarvin nodded, "Outside of this school, I have nothing. I barely survive because Balmstagger wants my money. My family is gone, my house is gone. I have nothing and seven more years of schooling is just delaying until I find something useful. With you, I could learn new things, new powers. I could find a-a lover in you."

"A lover?"

Sarvin nodded, his cheeks turning red. Hoarfrost stared the the mage, as if he could look right into his soul. Underneath the gaze, the mage found himself looking down at the icy shaft, wandering what it would feel like in his hand or his mouth. A hungry longing burned inside him as he fought the urge to step into the circle, to break the spell and let the infernal take him. He couldn't find the desire and soon his cock was pushing up at his robe, a tent pole that was obvious in the cold blue light. Hoarfrost's eyes looked down briefly at it, then up at Sarvin's eyes.

Then he stepped forward.

Energy crackled along him, racing a brilliant blue-white along his outline as he stepped outside of the circle. As soon as his foot touched the cold stone, a howling wind began to rip through the room.

Sarvin gasped and backed away as Hoarfrost stepped outside of the circle, then took another stepped in front of Sarvin. Sapphire claws snapped out and caught the front of his robe.

As the mage was pulled closer to the now freed infernal, he felt the heat of desire burning even hotter. The rat magnetism of the creature seemed to haunt him and he fought every muscle that wanted to throw themselves at his feet.

Hoarfrost growled deeply, barely centimeters from his lips, “Do you still want me? I could tear your throat out and make you suffer a thousands deaths. I could drown you in your own frozen tears and force you to feel every agony of me stripping your flesh off. Do you still want that, little one?”

Even through the fear, Sarvin felt the longing burn. Being right in front of the infernal, he only saw desire. His hands reached up to stroke one of the icicles hanging from Hoarfrost’s ear.

“More than ever, Hoarfrost. You have something I want... you.”

One sapphire claw reached up and caressed him, stroking along his jaw, down his chest to tease with the strings of his robe. Sarvin felt his body shake in fear, except for his own manhood which was straining against the fabric of his jeans.

Hoarfrost spoke softly, his voice like cracking ice, “Because I prefer the willing surrender than the forced submission, I will accept this negotiation to bind yourself to me.”

Speaking in a soft whisper, Sarvin found himself caught in those brilliant eyes, “What do I do?”

The infernal’s voice came almost as softly, the cold breath brushing against Sarvin’s lips, “Just a kiss, for now.”

Every part of his body screamed of a burning need, with his balls being the loudest. Desire poured into his veins as he looked at the perfect lips that waited for him.

His breath caught in his throat, he leaned forward and kissed Hoarfrost gently on the lips.

The world exploded into snow and ice as he felt his veins run with ice. Something felt like it reached into his heart and torn it out,

leaving nothing but a cube of ice and cold in it's wake. The very breath from him was ripped out in a gust of air and cold, clear air filled the very limits of his lungs.

Sarvin pulled back gently, gasping with the sensations that now raged against his nerves. In front of him, the infernal had a look of bliss on it's face and it stepped back.

"It is done, you are bound to me and I am bound to you."

The human cast his senses inside him, searching for something different. Inside his heart, he felt the heavy weight of cold pressing down and realized, with a start, that the wind slamming in the room no longer felt cold, just cool.

When he looked up with surprise in his eyes, Hoarfrost laughed loudly, "The mark of the bound, immunity to cold. The other... abilities will come as you practice them."

"It feels... it feels good."

"Good, because you'll be feeling that for the rest of your life."

Sarvin looked at the infernal and found the desire still burning inside him. Then, he noticed the ice covered walls did not cover the vast spreads of soot and scorch that covered most of the room.

"Uh, could you still help clean this room?"

Hoarfrost nodded, "I could, but I would request a favor in exchange."

The sinking sensation came back, "What's the favor, Hoarfrost?"

The infernal stepped forward, his claws reaching up to brush lightly against the robe that covered Sarvin's chest. When he spoke, there was a hunger inside the icy voice.

"I could not help notice that your body screams for release. May I... pleasure you before I task to clean this room?"

Sarvin just gasped and stared at the ice infernal with a look of astonishment. Hoarfrost looked down with half-closed eyes as his claw trailed down to brush painlessly against the ache between Sarvin's legs.

"It would not hurt. I would soon cut off my own member than harm you now."

Even though he didn't speak, Sarvin's penis found a way of answering for him, but growing harder than he thought possible. The claw along his length sent delicious urges through his body as he dumbly nodded.

The sapphire claw raised up and caught on the collar of his robe. As the infernal drew down, the fabric ripped without tugging on the incredibly sharpness. Sarvin watched in shock as the infernal easily sliced off his robe, leaving him completely bare to the cool air; he barely felt the screaming winds as his body exploded in a red-hot heat of desire.

The claw drew up to run the dull edge against Sarvin's throbbing member, teasing it as it slid up the smooth skin to catch lightly on the narrow edge. Sarvin felt a sigh escape his throat as his own precum dribbled along the bottom of his shaft; he didn't notice it freeze as it dripped off his hairy balls.

Hoarfrost spoke up again, "My claws could not pleasure you, as yet, but I have another manner..."

Sarvin started to ask what it was when he saw the swirls of snow and ice begin to narrow, to grow more solid. As he watched, he saw tendrils of snow solidify into smooth tentacles of ice.

His lips parted slightly as he watched them wave in the air, like socks in the wind before curling around him. The smallest one gently wrapped around his shaft, teasing the nerves as he felt its coolness against his sensitive skin.

Hoarfrost's words were almost lost as he signed in pleasure, "Please enjoy this, master."

The tiny tendril wrapped tightly and began to slide up and down on Sarvin's throbbing cock. It seemed to tease the skin, trailing along the ridges of his manhood. His precum was drawn into the white tendril, turning it into a soft snow that continued to stroke up and down his shaft. Part of it, near the base, looped around his balls and tugged at them, pulling them away from his body. He felt a tightening around his base as the white tendril of wet snow wrapped around him and squeezed gently, in time to the wet slurping of the strokes.

Sarvin watched with amazement, then with desire. He felt his breath grow shallow as he watched the white tendril stroking his cock, even the tugging and separating of his balls seemed to intensify the pleasure.

As he watched, a movement caught his eye. He looked up to see more tendrils of snow, thicker than the first, reach out to caress his ankles and wrists. More of them, maybe hundreds, began to gather

in the wind to reach out and touch him. He felt their feather-light caresses cover every inch of his body, curling around his knees and elbows, his wrists and ankles.

His eyes followed the white strand back to their source, Hoarfrost's wings. The very wind itself appeared to be coming out of the misty flaps of energy, coalescing into thick tendrils of snow and ice before touching his body.

Behind him, he could feel the tendrils wrap around his inner thighs and buttocks, sending cool waves of pleasure through his skin as he felt a strange sense of helplessness and ecstasy began to war inside him.

He noticed that no tendril wrapped around his neck and he was grateful; many of them teased his hair and one of them ran across his face. Feeling daring, he opened his mouth and licked the surface of the white tentacle, enjoying the dull taste of clean ice as it brushed against his tongue. In front of him, he could hear Hoarfrost's moan scrape in pleasure.

Below, the tiny tendril continued to stroke his shaft, sliding along the thick bulge of a vein at his base and wrap all the way up until it nuzzled briefly against the tip of his cock. The lower parts of the tendril continued to tug and nuzzle against his base and balls; he could feel the steady pressure pushing back his aching desire to come.

Sarvin was enjoying the pleasure as he wondered if he could come while being held by the tentacles of white and snow. His answer came when he felt a thin, wet tendril begin to worm its way past his buttocks. Reflexively, he tightened his butt, trying to force it away from the tight opening of his sex.

"No, Hoarfrost, not there—"

The infernal smiled almost sadly, "No, don't resist. It will hurt..."

Sarvin started to resist, then remembered that, in the last three months, he's dreamed of this very thing. Behind him, he could feel the tiny tendril continue to worm its way toward his anus, despite his tightened ass.

His body almost came when he felt the first brush against the sensitive, wrinkled opening. The tendril wrapped around his shaft squeezed tightly and he felt his body spasm but no cum drip out.

The incredible sensations, from the tendrils that touched and caressed every centimeter of his body to the intense pleasures wrapped around his cock, flooded him and he forced himself to relax, giving the infernal full access to his body.

The tendril from behind circled around his anus as two tentacles pulled apart his legs to give it better access. Even with the feeling of helplessness and realization he was being held up in the air, Sarvin tried to focus on the sensations that filled him.

The tendril itself circled around a few times, allowing itself to melt from the heat of his body before gently pushing a pointed tip against the tight muscle.

Even trying to relax, he felt his sphincter tighten up but the tendril easily wormed it's way past the two inner rings. The strange feeling of being held apart seemed to intensify as the cold tendril began to wiggle deeper into his body. Every centimeter he could feel as it began to explore his insides with the same curious stroking that the tendril wrapped around his cock was doing.

He gasped as he felt it brush against something that sent a surge of heat through his shaft; the tendril wrapped around his length soaked up the flood of precum and continued to stroke him in wet, long strokes.

Inside his ass, he could feel the tendril growing thicker as it's tip continued to worm deeper into his body. A slick coolness began to fill his rectum, leaving the sensation of wet slush forming as the tendril continued to push more of itself into the tight opening.

Sarvin gasped with the sensation. He started to push his hands down toward his ass, but the thick tentacles of snow pulled them away, forcing him to feel the sensations of one icy tendril around his cock and the other thrusting inside him.

The one in his ass stopped and started to withdraw, leaving an empty heat behind. He gasped as he felt his anus cling to the slickness of the tendril, as if it didn't want it to escape. As he felt the last bit of tendril escape his ass, he gasped in desire once again.

To reward him, the tendril pushed it's way back in, but this time it had a twin. Each of the thin tendrils wiggled and pushed, filling him up as the third one continued to stroke around his soaked shaft.

Sarvin moaned in pleasure and tried to lean back, feeling them as they wiggled and pulled apart inside him; his anus resisted the intruders but soon gave up and allowed itself to be pulled open.

As the coolness flooded his insides, he felt his cock surge to release his balls, but the tendril wrapped around his base tightened, forcing his body to hold back on an orgasm.

A fourth tendril slipped into his body, pulling apart his anus even more as it plunged in and out of his sex, curling up right behind the two stretched rings into a thick knot of pleasure before unwinding.

Sarvin felt his body spasm with the need to orgasm, to cum, but he continued to moan and gasp with each new sensation as a tendril stroked along his sides or one teased the area between his taunt balls and stretched ass.

Just as he was about to scream for the need to release, he saw Hoarfrost's cock, hard and smooth, present itself to his face. With a start, he looked around and noticed that the snow tentacles had picked him up and dragged him closer until the smooth hardness was presented right in front of his mouth. Behind the devil, he could see the wings fluttering as they continued to direct the tendrils to penetrate the tightness of his body and stroke along the aching hardness.

He opened his mouth to say something and realized he wanted to feel the sapphire-colored shaft inside his mouth. With a whimper of need, he stretched for it, opening his mouth to it's limit.

Hoarfrost smiled and pulled him closer until he felt the hot mouth wrap around the very icicle tip of his shaft. Hungrily, Sarvin closed his lips around the smooth surface, enjoying the taste of melting water in his mouth as he stretched his neck for more.

Hoarfrost continued to slip his tentacles in and out of the tight asshole as he drew Sarvin closer. He sighed in pleasure as the young man took his entire length into his throat and pressed his lips tightly against the base of the ice shaft.

Sarvin felt the very tip of the shaft almost painfully poke the back of his throat, but he didn't care. The triple sensations of something filling his mouth, something wiggling in his ass, and something stroking his shaft was sending a heated pleasure to every part of his body. His pulled back his head and thrust his throat back

onto the icicle shaft; part of him worried about the sharp point but his need pushed that caution away.

Soon, he lost himself in the sucking, pulling the melted ice from the shaft and marveling at the smooth texture his lips and tongue found. He soon felt it vibrating inside his mouth, sending a flow of ice water down his throat as he continued to suck and bob on the icy hardness.

He continued to bob on the icily until Hoarfrost pulled him off. He blinked in surprise, then closed his eyes suddenly as he felt a wet snow splatter again his face. A few more tiny snowballs splatter and he opened his mouth to see the devil panting hard, his cock already melting away. Some of the snow melted against his face and he lapped it up, tasting the same clean water as before.

Sarvin's eyes shone as he looked up at the devil, then glazed over as he focused once again on the three wiggling tendrils that explored his insides. They continued to stretch deeply into his body, filling his insides with their coolness. He could feel the dripping water running down his inner thighs as the pleasures continued to push him against his orgasm, again and again. Only the hard pressure at the base of his shaft and around his testicles prevented him from coming.

A fourth tendril pushed it's way into his stretched ass, sending a bolt of pleasure into his nerves; he arched his back in pleasure but the tendril prevented his body from doing more than a dry spasm. His hands ached to wrap around his shaft, to jerk himself off, but the thick tentacles prevented him from moving.

Finally, he couldn't take it anymore. With pleading eye, he looked up to the ice infernal, "Please, Hoarfrost, let me..."

His voice drifted off as another dry orgasm wracked his body, sending his mind reeling with the pleasure that crashed again him. His body ached for release even as he felt the wet softness around his shaft begin to stroke him toward another orgasm.

Hoarfrost smiled and pulled all four tendrils out from his asshole, leaving behind a dull ache that begged to be filled. The look of dejection and need crossed Sarvin's face until he felt the thick, smooth tip of one of the larger tentacles wiggle up against his anus, pushing to enter his body.

A hiss of need filled the air and Hoarfrost pushed the tentacle inside the body of the young man. The expression on his face and the moan of pleasure sent ripples of pleasure through the tentacles.

Inside him, he could feel the thickness of the snowy-white tentacle begin to push inside him. It was smooth and cool as it fill his insides to their limit. He could feel the rounded tip exploring deeper, pushing into his insides until he felt them strain from the pressure.

Slowly, the thickness stopped inside him and withdrew. As it reached his entrance, the relaxed sphincter, it shoved back inside, fucking him. As soon as it reached his limit, it pulled out to thrust back inside. Each stroke sent more of the smooth white surface to stuff inside him, filling him up with cool pleasure.

As the wiggling tentacle began to plunge in and out with hard strokes that seemed to fill every part of his body, he felt a pleasure grow that almost consumed everything. It burned inside him, growing with each thrust of the immensely long shaft that plunged inside him.

Hoarfrost speed up his tentacle, thrusting in and out with a fast stroke that shook the young man's body with every movement. The whimpers of need were almost constant, dissolving into moans as he felt it penetrate deep inside him and withdraw in a wet sucking sound of melting snow.

On one long stroke, the tentacle brushed against a strange nub of pleasure in his ass and Sarvin felt the floodgates of pleasure burst. His orgasm seemed to race through his veins, a brilliant wave of icy pleasure that chilled him to his very heart with its intensity.

His balls contracted, almost exploding with need as he felt the burning sensations of his cum slamming against the hard pressure of the tendril wrapped around his base.

Those tendrils melted almost immediately as his cock thrust forward in the air and he screamed loudly in pleasure. Long jets of his cum sprayed out into the gathering snow as he felt every surge of heat throughout his body.

His gasps continued for each of the long strokes, then he felt himself grow limp in the snowy tentacles of the ice devil. Hoarfrost smiled and set him down on the snow.

“I always prefer them willing.”

Sarvin nodded and tried to push himself up, but the energy had drained out of him and he slumped back onto the snow-covered stone.

Hoarfrost knelt down, the tentacles already melting away, "Sleep, master. I will do your task and we shall meet again. If you ever need me, just look into your heart."

The young man felt his world grow dark as he curled up into the snow, only feel the warmth of his afterglow.

He woke up with a start, his fingers reaching out for something. His eyes snapped open as he looked around the stone room. Not a hint of snow or ice hung in the air; no icicles hung from the ceiling. Every sign of ice was gone, along with the soot and grime. The walls were polished smooth, almost to a fault. The cabinet was fixed, the wood replaced so it looked like new.

His eyes drifted to the center, where his circle was. On the stone, there was no sign, except for the mark of countless washing and paths; of his ritual, there was no sign.

Sarvin sat up, "Maybe I dreamed it..."

His voice trailed off as he realized the heavy, icy sensation was still in his heart. He frowned as he concentrated on it. When he felt the cool glow of power from Hoarfrost, he smiled. As he realized he draw on it, like a source of energy, his smile grew wider.

"Maybe you did, Mister Turston, but I think not."

Sarvin shrieked as he jumped up, looking at Master Balmstagger with fear and shock. The old man was not smiling as he looked around the room. Under his breath, he spoke to himself, but Sarvin could hear it as clearly as if the old man spoke it.

"I would have never... I guess he did... I'm impressed... Well, I guess he'll..."

The young man wondered what Balmstagger was saying when he noticed something in the mage's hand. Focusing on it, he saw the star sapphire rod, with the star brilliantly visible from his position. The image of the sapphire rod came to him and he realized what part of the spell went wrong. His thoughts stopped as he realized the old man was talking to him again.

"...cleaning, thought I suspect you had help last night."

Sarvin started to lie, but then nodded his head, "Yes, Master Balmstagger."

“Was it the succubus?”

The young man’s jaw drop, “How did you...?”

“I am the master of this school,” Balmstagger frowned for a second, “No, you summoned something more powerful.”

Licking his lips, Sarvin wondered how much to say when his teacher spoke up again, “Well, we’ll figure that out later. I think you need to learn about infernals properly now.”

“Master?”

“There is an etiquette and a manner to them. If you are going to be dealing with them, you might as learn the proper way of talking, begging and requesting favors. You may have gotten lucky this time, but if you are not careful, you might still end up his snack.”

Sarvin nodded head head, “Yes, Master Balmstagger.”

The old man’s tone got more serious, “Though I seem to recall me telling you that you should not have been doing this.”

Blushing slightly, the student nodded, “Yes, Master Balmstagger. If you want to throw me ou-”

“I’m not going to throw you out! You paid me for ten years of education, Mister Turston, and you will get your due.”

Surprise and astonishment glowed in Sarvin’s face as he looked at the mage. Balmstagger looked back, a slight quirk of a smile on his lips.

“However, you will be spending the rest of the nights in dentition, in my office where I can make sure you won’t be summoning any other evil creatures in the middle of the night.”

“All seven years?”

“All seven years, starting tonight.”

Despair started to fill him, but the memory of being with Hoarfrost crushed it quickly. The memories continued until he felt the heat of his own manhood beginning to stir.

“Mister Turston! Do not think of your indecent affairs with devils while I’m talking to you!”

The willow whip cracked against the stone and Sarvin stepped back in surprise. The old man grinned, “Now, get some sleep and be at your noon class. As the others go to sleep, present yourself at my office.”

Forcing his emotions in order, Sarvin nodded, “Yes, Master Balmstagger.”

“We can start on how to identify the difference between sapphire and star sapphire and the various attributes of infernals of ice and snow.”

t'Sade

About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, tsade.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

t'Sade

About the Publisher

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