

Illisa's Trial

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A'sin Academy was alive, in a matter of speaking. Reaching toward the finals seasons, the young necromancers and students were focusing on their final projects and preparing for the month-long summer vacation before the year started again. Dark, windowless hallways wound through the solid earth, buried well beneath the ground and safe from the occasional riot or mob. Each room was lit with only a single candle, two for it to be considered brightly lit. The students and teachers all adjusted to the gloom and light, some through magic and others through sheer willpower. After all, in the darkness, the magic flowed easier.

Classrooms, carved out by bone fingers and zombie labor, were quiet and still, except when filled with students. Air flowed sluggishly down the hall, vented out by the thousands of grill-covered pipes leading to the surface. Even with the venting, the smells of rot soaked into the stone seeped out in thin rivers of blackish slime that coated the walls.

Many of the students never progressed beyond the school, but some of the more talented became physicians, morticians, task masters, or even forensic mages. Buried in the past of the academy was the occasional general, who would rise an entire army out of the remains of a battlefield and went on to war against Franome's enemies. Of course, many of those aboveground outside of the school felt that necromancy has no purpose in life, much less in defending the country. Fortunately for the school, the royal family of Franome felt otherwise. For those talented ones who did not step into the light, there were far more unacceptable professions to

dabble in: tomb raiders, warlords, and mages obsessed with death. Everyone had a future after A'asin, just not all of them lived doing it.

That wasn't Illisa's concern as she padded down the hallway. Instead, she was focused on making sure her outfit was straightened and on not being late for class. Her outfit was simple: black blouse and black skirt. The top two buttons were undone, revealing a jet black, silk bra that pushed the two smooth mounds of her breasts into a deep cleavage. As with most students, Illisa didn't see the sun, so her skin was pale white. Unlike most of them, her body was flawless and lithe, mainly due to her constant running and exercises after classes. Her flared hips, well into the years of womanhood, sway seductively as she pads around a corner, slipping smoothly round a thick knot of black-clad students.

Behind her, a shambling zombie hesitated for a moment. The knot of students parted around it, moving smoothly and ignoring its confused look. As soon as the last student passed, it shuffled forward, tightly holding the books in its hand. Bare bones peeked out from the knuckles and pieces of flesh dropped to the ground, but it continued to follow Illisa, silent like a mute dog. After it passed, the pieces of flesh melted away into the black slime, to eventually disappear into the corroded gutter along the halls.

She moved just fast enough to keep her zombie in range. Finally, she stopped moving in front of a glass-fronted door. In neat letters, the sign listed the room number and purpose: #38, Dissection Laboratory. Her bright, red lips tightened as she peered down the hallway, where her zombie follower was moving closer. In stark contrast to the rest of the school, her bright blond hair was almost painfully bright in the dim flickering light of a single candle. As the shuffle grew louder, she looked up at the flame. Hanging from a steel cage, it was used to light up an almost ten-meter section of the stone hallway. A first year student stumbled past her, pressing/touching one hand against the black stone wall. Her eyes, well adjusted to the murky dim light, caught sight of one of the razors embedded in the wall.

Her soft voice, almost a trill, called out to the student. "Razor."

The student yanked his hand back carefully, avoiding the blade by a few centimeters. He whispered thanks and stepped a few more steps forward, leaning away from the wall. A few meters down, he

reached out blindly for the walls again, trying to feel them. Illisa saw another razor some distance further, but chose not to warn him of the second danger.

Feeling the zombie next to her, she opened the door and stepped inside. The animated corpse followed her, shuffling inside before she closed the door. It merely took a second for her eyes to adjust to the brightness. A single, caged flame hung over each of the four tables in the room. Four candles in the same room was painfully bright to her dark-adjusted eyes and it took another few moments to finally see the other presences in the room.

There were six other students in the room. The instructor and the seventh student were missing. Three zombies and a skeleton stood along the walls, their duties as servants unneeded in the class. Unlike the zombies, the skeleton was held together with dull red strings of force, each joint glowing with its power. The skeleton's head twisted around, to look at Illisa.

She gave it an appraising look. When she looked back at the tables, one of the male students gave her a grin.

“What do ya’ think of him?”

Illisa shrugged, “You reinforced some of the bindings, but you missed the lateral power line. It will probably only last a few months before dissolving.”

Her voice retained the softness, but there was a sharp edge to the words. The other student grinned even more.

“At least I can make one.”

A tiny flare of jealousy surged through her and she sniffed. From outside, she heard a brief scream as the first year student from before found the razor. Using that as a distraction from the challenge, she directed her zombie into the corner. Ignoring the laughter, she found her own position at another table. Hands trailed along the stainless steel surface before brushing up against the corpse stretched out along the top. There was a cut running down the chest and stomach already, spread apart to reveal organs partially cataloged.

The laughter died down as the door opened again and an older woman, some sixty years old, stepped in and shut the door. She spoke in a curt tone, impatience evident as it cut through the dimness of the room.

“Jacob will not be joining us. He attempted one of the Terrifin Formulas and the backlash killed him.”

The instructor leveled eyes met those of everyone in the room in turn, “And I would remind you to be careful about using magics beyond your skill. We are dealing with deadly magics in this school and despite your advanced skills, you can easily find yourself at the wrong end of a spell.”

Her eyes stopped on the male who had challenged Illisa. “That goes doubly for you, Maru. It is impressive that you managed one of the Formulas, but those are reserved for fifth year students. And you, Maru, are only a third year.”

“But, Mistress Quaan, I can easily-”

“No buts, Maru. I cannot stop you and the principle encourages you, but be careful. I’d rather not be using one of your bodies for instruction in a few weeks.”

Maru glared around the room and closed his mouth. The instructor nodded and gazed around the room again.

“Now, we left off yesterday with the intestines. These are broken into three parts: the thinner, the thicker, and the junction. You can-” Her voice continued to lecture in a fast tone that almost turned into a constant drone. As she spoke, the Illisa and the six students labeled the parts on the bodies in front of them. Near the midpoint of the lecture, they had already cataloged the rest of the digestive system and most of the reproductive system.

When a bony hand pressed against the curve of her ass, Illisa jumped with a shriek. The grip was surprisingly strong as it dug in, tearing through the cloth to slide against naked flesh. She spun away amidst the laughter of Maru and the other students. The glowing skeleton grinned at her, wiggling its fingers as it stepped closer to her.

“Better run, Illisa, I think he has the hots for you.”

Another student added to the laughter, “Yeah! Prepare to get boned!”

Illisa glared at him and held out her hand. A short word of power, a terrible sound that refused to be easily remembered, cracked out in the confines of the room. The red bindings of the skeleton flared, almost to a burning brightness, before the skeleton exploded. Shards of bone slashed out in all directions, cutting into Illisa’s

blouse and skirt, but also into the other student's clothes. Two of them shrieked as they flung themselves away, protecting their eyes. Maru refused to look away, but when Illisa looked at him, the anger and hatred burned in his eyes. A slash of bone had caught him on the bottom of his cheekbone, leaving a streak of growing crimson.

He hissed at her, "You... bitch."

The instructor's voice snapped through the room. "Maru! That is enough."

"But, she destroyed my skeleton!"

"And you used it as a joke. You got what you deserved and she showed a wonderful response by creating feedback with your incomplete spell."

Maru paused, "Incomplete?"

"Yes, incomplete. You failed to tie off the—"

The instructor was interrupted as the door opened. A zombie came shuffling in, its hands held limply at its side. It was a message zombie that much of the school used. As the mistress turned to handle it, the students started to speak amongst themselves. Illisa started to, but then stared at the zombie.

A faint feeling of wrongness grew in her and she stepped back. Frowning, she stared at the zombie, watching it as it reached up to deliver a paper-wrapped message. Mistress Quaan grabbed the paper and pulled it open. When Quaan frowned, the feeling inside Illisa spiked. She was already lifting her hand, to cast a spell, when the zombie slashed up with its hands, blood-tipped claws sparkling for a moment before slashing into the instructor's stomach with a terrible tearing sound. Illisa watched as the zombie yanked up hard, cutting jagged wounds into her instructor until the sharp claws caught on the jaw bone. Quaan's spell died on her lips, but Illisa shrieked out the words of her spell.

It didn't catch at first and she yelled it out again. The other students finally noticed the body of the instructor hanging from the zombie's hand when the third attempt succeeded. Green and blue energies erupted from the zombie's flesh, then it exploded in a shower of rotted flesh and bone.

"What the hell!?" Maru's voice cut through the stunned silence. He rushed over to Quaan and knelt down, trying to find any sign of

life. When he looked up, there was shock in his eyes before he shook his head.

“Sh... she’s dead.”

“What was that?”

“A zombie killed her?”

“A zombie? How could a zombie-”

“What are we going to do!?”

The tones were growing more frantic, but Illisa was ignored them. Her lungs hurt as she panted for breath, leaning against the wall of the classroom as she tried to stop her head spinning. Everything hurt as she stared at the gaping eyes of Quaan. With a supreme effort, she closed her eyes. Her breathing slowly became easier as she fought to control it, ending the frantic gasping, finally regaining some control..

When Illisa opened her eyes, Maru was standing next to her, concerned and frightened.

“Are you okay, Illisa?”

Staring at him for a second, she slowly nodded. “Yes, I’m... just... surprised.”

He nodded seriously, “I think we need to tell someone.”

She thought furiously for a moment, “Master Jimmal is four rooms down, he should know what to do.”

“Good idea, I’ll go get him.”

Maru hesitated, looking at her, then spun away. Grabbing his book bag, he slammed open the door and sprinted down the hall. The other students watched the gaping door for a moment before one of them closed it. They all moved in silence and shock. Illisa watched them, the effects of the sudden death of the instructor evident in the way they moved. The feeling of wrongness was still throbbing inside her, however, twisting her thoughts until she was staring around the room almost frantically.

Slowly, her gaze stopped on her zombie. It was staring out into the room, unseeing, seemingly innocent of any intention. The wrongness grew inside her however, as she stared at it. Then, without being commanded to, it lifted one hand and dropped the books it was holding onto the ground. The thud of leather striking stone froze all movement in the room. Illisa’s heart pounded in her chest as all the zombies stepped away from the wall, moving

towards the students with incredible speed. Her own zombie jumped on the table, crushing the corpse as it moved towards her in a crouch.

Screams filled the room. Illisa stared up at the zombie she had created and saw an unexpected intelligence in its eyes. Hatred, anger, violence raged in the two motes of reddish light that rested in the empty sockets. As she stared, the zombie clenched its hand, then relaxed it. Sharp points of bone pushed through the nails, forming into claws as a low, hissing growl vibrated in its chest.

Illisa froze at the look, at the malevolence that burned in her creation's eyes. Around her, screams were turning into gurgling cries for help, but fear locked her eyes onto the zombie's. It stepped forward, to the edge of the dissection table and her heart almost exploded in her chest. Rapidly pounding, it slammed against her ribs in a frantic drumbeat and she still couldn't tear her eyes away from his.

When she saw another zombie move towards her out of the corner of her eye the fear that had held her immobile lost its grip. Turning to face it, she saw it moving towards her, fresh blood on its claws and mouth. As their eyes locked, it growled and lunged for her.

She threw up her hand, gasping out the words to her disruption spell. As she spoke, she more felt than saw her zombie leaping off the table, claws aimed for her throat. Throwing as much energy as she could into the spell, she spread the effect in front of her and finished the single word with a scream.

Energy coursed through her, burning through her veins, her body screaming with the agony of its passage. The spell's force seared her throat as the word hung in the air, the world slowing down. Illisa could feel the two sets of claws reaching for her. One of them snared her blouse, tearing down slightly before the spell's effect finally caught its owner. A flare of energy, brilliant and terrible, exploded from both zombies.

Screaming, Illisa found herself able to move again and threw herself away as a shower of flesh, bone, and rotted organs splattered against her and the room. She barely slammed into the ground before she was up, pressing her back against the hard stone wall and staring frantically into the darkness.

The explosion had snuffed out three of the candles, but one flame still danced frantically in its cage. The entire room was splashed with gore, from dead students and destroyed zombies. Her spell caught all of them and she was the only one left moving. Gingerly, she sped through the room, checking the bodies. Most of her fellow students were beyond dead, throats and stomachs ripped open. One of them had his skull cracked open and large chunks of brain scooped out. Illisa fought down the bile rising in her throat and grabbed her purse. Checking its contents, she gingerly moved to the door and peeked out.

The stench of fresh blood was thick in the hall. Darkness clung to every edge and she was blind. Whispering softer words of power, she focused her energies on a spell and released it. Shadows slid away as her vision cleared, the magic enabling her to see in the dark. Another set of whispered words and she saw waves of energy rippling down the hall, in all directions. The second effect was to detect necromantic energies and was just a precaution.

That very precaution saved her when she started to move out into the hall. A flare of reddish energy rippled from one end of the hall and she saw a pair of zombies marching down the hall, directly toward her. Stepping back, she quietly shut the door and waited for them to stop. Their footsteps passed by, hard squishing noises marking their passage, but neither zombie even slowed as it passed in front of her door. When the room was finally silent again, she tried once more, peering in both directions before sneaking toward the next room.

The room was thankfully empty and she took a deep breath to slow the pounding in her chest. As her heart slowed, she peeked back into the hall. Finding no necromantic energies, she sprinted to the next door and pushed inside. The flare of red energy startled her as the door closed, but Illisa was already whispering the single word of her disruption spell. It came easier and the zombie rising up from the dripping body exploded in a spray of putrid flesh and bone.

Illisa pushed the door shut and padded over to the corpse. It was a girl, a sixth year student by the looks. Her delicate body was torn open, showing jagged wounds in her breasts and stomach. The look of terror on her face turned Illisa's stomach and she had to look away.

“How... how could a sixth year student be killed?”

Her whisper was painfully loud in the silence of the room and Illisa winced. Standing up slowly standing, she peered around at the classroom, but found nothing that would help her. Looking back at the door, she frantically tried to think of a direction to head for. Slowly, she realized her only option was to head towards the exit gate, a massive set of stairs that went all the way up into the brightness of the surface.

Trying to remember the surface, Illisa realized she hadn't seen the surface for three years. Only faint memories of something green teased the back of her mind, but it was open and easier to escape. The silence of the school was beginning to frighten her.

A goal in mind, Illisa stepped back to the door and peered outside. The gate rested two more floors above her. The nearest stairs were six more doors down the hall. One fast sprint and she could reach the stone steps. Taking a deep breath, she prepared to sprint.

Then, something touched her mind and she hesitated. Instead of running for the stairs, she focused on the next door and ran for it. It opened easily. Inside, the flare of red was thankfully missing. She carefully moved door by door to the stairs. When she reached the last door, she gasped as she saw the flare of energy as seven skeletons marched down the stairs.

Shutting the door as quickly and as quietly as she could, Illisa held her breath until the sharp sounds of their feet had passed by.

“Good thing I didn't run.”, she muttered softly to herself.

Her heart pounded painfully until the clatter of skeletons had faded. Moving as quietly as she could, she eased open the door, checked for necromantic energy, and finding none, stepped into the stairwell (or onto the stairs). Below her, there was reddish energy, but above her things were dark and empty. Moving hastily, she ran up the stairs, taking two steps at a time. Reaching the second floor, she paused and glanced down both hallways. Red flickering energy was building up at the end of one of them so she dove into the other. Finding the first door, she eased it open and peered in. There were two flares of red necromancy, but the hallway was more dangerous. Stepping inside, she threw her disruption spell into the room. One of the flares exploded wetly, but the other just cracked. Realizing

she was up against a skeleton, a fifth year student's effort at best, she cast the disruption three times in a row. It finally exploded in a shower of bones. Illisa felt two slashes of burning pain in her side as fragments of bone hit her, but the growing sound of zombie and skeleton feet froze her again. The sound moved down the hall, then stopped. Illisa gasped and threw herself to the back of the room, cringing as she tried to find a hiding place.

The footsteps grew ever louder, pounding on the stone floor. She managed to crawl underneath a table when the footsteps passed by the classroom door and faded into the distance. Illisa remained on the ground, gasping in fear. The effects of shock were creeping up on her and she started to cry.

Soft sobs ripped out of her throat as she broke down, still hiding in the illusory safety of the table. Her fist pounded into the stone until she felt it grow wet with blood, but the utter frustration continued to slash at her heart, filling her with despair.

Survival instincts took over when the marching sounds grew louder again, penetrating her despair. Illisa stopped, feeling the pain of her fists for the first time as the marching moved down the hall, turned around and marched back down. She listened to them disappearing in the distance and slowly crawled out from underneath the table. Sneaking over to the door, she waited to see if the the sounds would return. They did, and turned around again just like the last time. When the footsteps faded, she made her move.

Peeking out, she looked around for red energies. Finding none, she padded back into the stairwell and looked up and down. The red continued to glow from below, but the stairs going up were once again empty of necromantic energies. Moving stealthily, she almost crawled up the stairs, to the top floor of the academy.

At the top, she looked toward the hallway leading to the exit. She almost lost heart at the sight of the raw necromantic energies rolling down the hall. The sheer presence of zombies and skeletons created a reddish fog that filled the black stone halls. Illisa felt her fear growing, her chances of going through there alive were minimal.

Suddenly remembering another exit in the other direction, she glanced down the other hallway. It was empty of energy and movement and she moved quickly from door to door. Her stealth

saved her twice, ducking into classrooms to avoid the patrols of animated creatures. One of the rooms was filled with zombies, third year projects from the looks of it, as they exploded from a mere single application of her spell.

Illisa was almost there, in sight of the stairs leading up, when something stepped out of one of the classrooms. It was humanoid, but didn't glow red from necromancy. It stopped in the middle of the hallway and turned to face her. Illisa whimpered as she skidded to a halt, twisting her ankle slightly. She was still trying to identify it as friend or foe when it spoke in a deep, rumbling voice.

"And you must be the survivor. What is your name, girl?"

Her mouth worked, but no words came out. She gasped and tried again.

"Illisa."

A faint pause, then the figure stepped forward, darkness clinging to his form.

"A third year student? The only survivor is a third year student?"

The voice finally rung a memory, it was the dean of the academy. Dean Winsil was a very private man who made one speech to her class, three years before. It was the last day she saw sunlight, which was now a forgotten memory.

"Y-Yes, sir."

Winsil stepped forward again, the darkness peeling back from his face to reveal the deep wrinkles and amused flicker in his eyes.

"Impressive. I would have expected a ninth or tenth year student, but never a third year. How did you do it?"

Illisa answered, surprised completely by the question. "Yibbin's Disruption."

"Yibbin's? But that is a first year spell. One to slow undead, not to destroy it."

"Y-Yes, sir. I got good at it and figured out how to use it to destroy simple undead."

The dean nodded his head and spoke to himself, "Very impressive."

He walked up to her. Illisa, fearful and uncertain, backed away until her shoulder blades pressed against the stone wall of the hallway. The dean stopped when he was only centimeters from her, looking down into her eyes with a faint smile on his face.

“You are... impressive, Illisa. Very impressive.”

She gulped and looked up at him, at the dark eyes that smiled down. “Thank you... sir.”

The feeling of wrongness surged through her and she felt trapped, pinned against the wall by the dean’s presence. His body didn’t touch her, but she felt caught by him and his smile. Winsil said nothing, but stepped back.

“Are you curious?”

Illisa asked the first question that came, “About the zombies?”

He nodded, “That, and why I’m here.”

“Y-Yes, sir.”

“Good, curiosity is a good trait. So is the ability to adapt to the situation. A sign of potential in a necromancer.”

He finally moved back, freeing her from the wall. His form stopped only a meter away, but his presence no longer squeezed her heart painfully. The dean peered down the hallway and Illisa followed his gaze. The far end was packed with zombies, far too many of them for her to disrupt. Malevolence almost flowed down the hall, burning along the intense red energies that filled the hall.

“Wonderful creatures, zombies. In this case, they were the perfect tool for a surprise quiz.”

“Quiz?”

The dean glanced at her and then back at the zombies. His profile melded with the dark stone, but her magically enhanced vision caught the hint of a smile.

“This school was too complacent. Lost in their simple dreams of foul energies and no longer pushing the students. Instead, they taught simple rules and formulas and never the ability to think.”

Illisa could hear the bitterness in the dean’s voice, but there was nothing she could say. He continued, his smile fading with his words.

“Two hundred years ago, I did this before. Animating the zombie to attack the students. There were two survivors. One died later that night, but the other survived almost fifty years. He failed too, but he was a good companion to the end.”

The dean’s words finally sunk into Illisa’s thoughts. Shock coursed through her veins as she stared at him.

“You killed everyone? For a companion?”

Winsil smiled at her, "Bright girl."

"Couldn't you just find-"

He stopped her by holding up his hand. "No, girl, I couldn't. There are things about me that no... mortal could survive."

"No... mortal?" Her voice was soft and confused. He turned to face her fully, the smile gone from his lips.

"No mortal."

Then his face melted.

It came off in wet slurping noises, splashing down on the ground. Brilliant flares of red necromantic energies flooded into the hall, blinding her as the dean's body dripped off. Splattering of wet meat mixed with other noises, but Illisa could not see through the glare of energy. Holding one hand up in front of her, she realized the magical spell to sense necromantic energies was blinding her. With a curt word, she released the spell and the world plunged into darkness.

Blinking to clear her eyes, she looked around until her vision returned. The dean was there, clearly visible but different. Instead of the deep furrows of an old man, his face was covered in tightly stretched skin over bones. Two points of horrible light glowed in empty eye sockets. The rest of his body was covered in the same clothes, but they hung loosely on skeletal bones. Skin creaked as he shifted in position. His smiles stretched across his face.

Illisa gasped, pressing her back tighter against the hallway side.

"A lich!"

He nodded, his body pushing forward with incredible speed until she could feel the cold tingling of his power pressing her down again. The sparks of light peered down at her, boring into her soul. His voice retained the same deep tones as before, much to her surprise.

"Correct again. You are full of surprises, Illisa."

One claw-filled hand reached up to touched her cheek. Illisa flinched from it, but it followed unerringly. It was dry and cold, a long-dead body moving under its own will. One claw traced her cheekbone to her lips, caressing them even as she felt herself trembling.

"W-What do you want with me?"

The claw stroked gently back, teasing the edge of her ear. The intense necromantic energies from the lich were tingling across her skin, driving her heartbeat into a frantic pounding against her ribs.

“To give you a choice, Illisa.”

She gulped hard, feeling tears forming in her eyes.

“A choice?”

“Yes... a choice. To be my companion in the coming years.”

“Why?”

A faint smile, “You like that question.”

She said nothing, frightened beyond the ability to speak. The lich traced the curve down the edge of her neck, trailing along the collar bone before slipping down. She could feel the sharp point tracing the edges of her cleavage, to the fabric of her bra.

“You survived. Instead of dying, you adapted. Maybe, in the long years, you will continue to adapt instead of letting time drag you down into insanity.”

Illisa whimpered as she felt his clawed hand cut through the front of her bra, releasing the pressure against her breasts. They swelled with freedom, straining against her blouse. He grinned, the dry breath brushing against her face.

“Please... please let me go.”

Winsil shook his head, “My dear Illisa. There are only two ways out of this and one of them is to accept my offer.”

“And the-” She never finished her sentence. Claws pressed against her breast, almost piercing the skin. She could feel the raw energies of the lich raging against her, held in check as a mute threat against her very soul.

Her realization halted his spell and he rotated his hand, to press the cool palm against the side of her breast. With a delicate swoop, he slid his hand underneath her blouse, pushing the fabric side until she felt it rubbing against her nipple. The tiny nub hardened underneath his slide and he cupped her mound. Claws touched slightly against her side. His other hand reached up to part the fabric of her blouse, spreading against her other breast and exposing it to the cool air of the violated academy.

“You are very beautiful, Illisa. A sight for ancient eyes.”

Tears dripped from her eyes, dribbling down her cheeks to splash against his dry skin. She watched it soak in as the hand twisted

around her breast, teasing both nipples up to hardness in a few seconds.

“I don’t want to die.”

The surprising compassion in the dry voice startled her.

“I know, but I need you more.”

Hand hands continued, caressing her breasts as he stared down at her body. Slowly, his right hand drew forward to rest the claws against the strap of her skirt. Illisa felt the pressure grow, then the sound of tearing cloth. Not a single point cut her, but the skirt soon slipped off her hips, hanging from the pressure of her holding against the wall. The claws curled further down, catching the tip of her red thong.

He looked back into her eyes, a smile on his lips. “Not school dress.”

Illisa started to respond, then sobbed. Tears rolled down her cheeks, splashing against her breasts. He didn’t move, watching her until the sobbing finally faded into sniffles. Winsil’s left hand slipped off her breasts to brush away the tears from her eyes, stroking the cheek as he lifted her chin. Illisa resisted for a moment, then looked into the two points of his undead eyes. He spoke softly, a rasp of noise in the darkness of the hall.

“Illisa. You have a choice. You either accept your death here and now, or you fight it. If you fight, it will end. Forever.”

A few final tears dripped from her eyes and off her jaw, “I don’t want to choose. I want to live.”

He smiled, but there was no humor in it, “I know, but that isn’t an option.”

The claws around her thong pushed down and she felt him pulling the fabric away from her skin. Cool air rushed in, filling the gap and stirring the tiny curls of blond hair below. His gesture brought it even further out, until the bottom began to press firmly against her labia. To her surprise, she felt a tingle of excitement growing deep inside, flaring out to her hips and sex. It curled up her spine, quickening her breath as she focused on the lich’s eyes.

“Please... please don’t.”

“Illisa, you must choose.”

Slashing through the darkness, the sound of ripping fabric was loud and hard. The strap of her thong shuddered and fell away until

it hung heavily on her hips. The strip down the middle tightened for a moment, outlining the slit of her sex against the fabric before it fell down. The back of her thong remained against her hips, resting on her ass while being pinned against the wall.

Illisa shuddered as the cool skin pressed against her stomach, right above her sex. The faint pricks of claws caressed her as the palm worked down, through the curls. The thumb, tipped with a cool claw, caressed the tip of her slit, right above the protection of her clitoris.

Sniffing, she begged him to stop. Winsil didn't. His thumb gently parted the outer folds and stroked along her inner lips. The delicate smells of her excitement, her body fighting against her, drifted up as his thumb pushed through the dampness to rest against the hard bump of her excitement.

A soft, dry whisper. "Choose."

"No."

The thumb caressed again, stroking down to find the opening of her sex, the claw gently caressed along the edge, but he made no effort to enter, just to circle around it in slow, maddening spirals. She sobbed but no tears came.

"Please don't."

He repeated himself, "Choose."

Winsil's thumb continued to caress her, finding tiny motes of pleasure that grew quickly into something more exciting. Illisa tried to look away, but the burning eyes refused her escape. She realized the pleasure was growing too fast, her hips were slowly rocking against the gentle ministrations. His upper hand continued to hold her chin in place, surprisingly gentle for a creature who killed hundreds of people in the last hour.

He changed his words slightly. "If you accept, it won't hurt. Only pleasure."

"Why?"

He smiled, his thumb drawing more of her juices into the gentle, endless circles. His palm pressed against the top of her sex, rubbing through her outer folds to the center of her pleasure.

"Because you are beautiful. And bright and capable. You would be a worthy companion for me."

"If I... resist?"

He stopped moving, denying her the pleasure. His smile faded as he spoke tersely.

“Then it will hurt. Hurt more and longer than anything you have ever felt.”

Illisa glared at him, “What kind of choice is that?”

A faint glimmer of smile returned, “One I hope you make.”

His finger returned to the circle, rubbing and caressing. The sharp claw never entered her, never threatened, but it teased her folds with every circle. Illisa fought back a moan, trying to remember she was being fingered by the undead.

Her choice was made when he leaned forward, dry lips close to hers. His whisper brushed dryly against her face.

“Choose.”

“Ye-” the word caught in her throat. Gulping, she forced it out as he stared down into her eyes, “Yes.”

The smile grew on his face, his fingering continuing the small circles around her now soaked opening. Soft slurping sounds drifted up between them as she moaned softly, rocking against his fingers. His upper hand released her chin, sliding along her neck to push one edge of the blouse and bra strap off her shoulder. It slid down until catching against the wall. His other hand reached up to push the other side of her blouse off. Faint scents of her excitement teased her senses as the damp finger caressed her skin. Slowly, Illisa leaned forward, letting the fabric of her outfit flutter to the ground, pooling unseen below.

Her breath was coming in short gasps, surprised by the growing excitement and anticipation of death. The glowing eyes refused to let her look away, but she felt his hands drop to hers, wrapping around gently before bringing them to his crotch. Illisa whispered softly as her hands began to work the buttons of his pants.

“This isn’t needed, is it?”

Winsil hesitated, then whispered back, “No.”

She felt a faint smile crossing her lips as she felt his cock slip out, huge and smooth and thick. Her fingers caressed the tip, but found no opening, just a smooth head about half the width of her wrist. The urge to look down grew inside her, but the eyes continue to hold her gaze.

“Why?”

“Because you are beautiful.”

In response, Illisa stroked both hands down, exploring the long thick member inside her grip. Not a single ridge marred Winsil's cock, only a smooth and hard surface, like a swollen sausage. Her hand moved some distance before she found the parched skin base. Two balls, each one shriveled up to the size of a grape, hung tightly against the base. Illisa frowned as she explored it, feeling tiny trembles ripple through his body as she did.

“How?”

“For you... for this.”

Moving as he spoke, Winsil reached down with his hands, between the smooth skin of her legs, and gently parted them. Illisa moaned softly as he lifted her up, spreading her legs at the same time. The harsh lines of the wall behind her dug into her back, but there was nothing she could do. The lich didn't even strain as he spread her legs as far as they would comfortably go. Her sex felt exposed, cold. It also ached for something she knew would come. He leaned forward and she felt the smooth, rounded tip caressing her opening. Another moan escaped her lips as she closed her eyes, focusing on the image in her head as it positioned near the opening, the smooth, swollen head slipping back and forth before finding the slick entrance.

Winsil paused for a moment, then drew forward, easing the thickness into her sex. It felt snug and delicious against her opening, barely stretching it but stroking along every nerve of pleasure. It continued to slip deeper inside, filling her up with cool hardness that moved slickly further.

She let loose with a long gasp of pleasure as he lowered her on his shaft, a slow, torturous movement that forced her to enjoy every centimeter, every pulse of her heated body against his strong, unresisting cock. Friction grew, but it continued to slip into her, lubricated by her own juices. It burrowed deeper, moving the thickness until she felt it reaching the limits of her sex. It continued to push further, her depths molding themselves around the thick smoothness. Illisa gasped again as she felt his base press against her opening, holding his cock inside her as her inner walls twitched around the stretching invader.

Illisa moaned softly as she felt her body releasing tiny spasms around it. Her words came out in a single breath.

“Not very slick.”

He held her as he pressed slightly in, “You have enough.”

Then, with horrible clarity, she felt the thick sausage of his cock slipping out, leaving her, leaving an empty void behind as he drew out. When half his length had abandoned her, he leaned forward and buried in her again. This time, it slid in faster, finding that wonderful point where it pressed and rubbed against every secret sensation. Then another strong stroke, half way out and back. She jerked with the sensation, moaning as she felt the spasms of pleasure spiking deep inside her.

Winsil's stroking grew steadily faster, plunging deeper into her body until she was panting with fast whimpers of pleasure. Her arms stretched up above her, pressing down on the hard stone surface in time with his movements. His own hands pushed further around, cupping her hips better as he pulled out of her slightly, for longer thrusts into her spasming sex. Every thrust ended with a tiny pause inside her sex, letting it squeeze and tremble into position before he drew his cock out, only to plunge it back into her.

Soon, Illisa gasped out with an incredible orgasm that tore through her whole being. Every thought, every sensation focused on that hard, smooth shaft. It slammed in and out of her with steady strokes, each one pulling her further from the wall to drive even deeper into her body. She was helpless against it, rocking back and forth on his cock as he drove more and more pleasure into her system, almost overwhelming her with ecstasy.

Illisa realized that he continued to pull her away, but her fingers were barely touching the stone. Eyes she never remembered closing, flew open to see zombies, those in the hallway, surrounding her, holding her off the ground. She started to panic, but the thrusting cock interrupted her movements. It drove harder, slapping against her skin as the thick, swollen intruder continued to attack every iota of pleasure burning in her body. In a matter of seconds, she allowed the zombies to hold her, their hands forming a bed as the lich rammed his cock in and out of her soaked, slurping hole.

As a second spike of pleasure reached its zenith, she felt the first mouth against her. Rotted flesh pressing against her breasts. The

orgasm crashed into her before she could respond, surging through her veins as her lover, her undead lover, stuffed his cock into her body with hard, fast strokes that shook her from tail to head. It filled her with heat, every vein gasping for more every time it slipped out.

Winsil continued to ride her.

More hands and mouths were on her, holding her, sucking on her breasts, thighs, legs, and arms. Slowly, she opened her eyes to see a girl from another class, now as an animated zombie, lean down to kiss her lips. Winsil drove hard into her and she gasped into the kiss, finding cool lips pressing against her own. She moaned into the embrace, kissing back as she felt the lich release her legs to the other zombies. They spread them even further, giving him more access to pound and slam into her, filling her up with incredible pleasures before drawing out. More zombies took her arms and spread them out, kissing them on their own as they held her. Soon, Illisa was spread-eagle in the hallway, zombies holding her on every side and a lich, one of the most powerful undead, fucking her, bringing endless pleasures.

The intensity of hundreds of cool kissing and sucking lips against almost every centimeter of skin, along with the powerful driving of Winsil's pleasure, drove her into another orgasm. Sexual energy flared through her, burning away all sensations as she let loose with one of the most powerful orgasmic screams of her life. The zombie at her lips let it's mouth dance down, kissing along her chin to nuzzle against her throat. Illisa screamed again, spasming in the endless arms, begging wordlessly for more pleasure, more anything. Her sex felt like a volcano, burning and squeezing against the hardness that plunged in and out with necromantic force.

Illisa felt something new. Her throat felt suddenly hot. The zombie kissing her lifted up her mouth and she saw something drip off. Hot and red. It was blood...

Her blood.

No pain, just heat. The zombie's mouth dropped back down, nuzzling harder against her neck and she felt her scream turn into a gurgle. Flares of heat exploded from her body as zombies bit down everywhere. Winsil reached up to grab her hips, to hold her tightly as he pounded even faster into her body, riding her faster than any

mortal could. But the bites were also growing. She felt her skin being torn away from flesh as the zombies began to feast. Blood splashed across her vision, but she could only let loose with a gurgling scream as a new crest of sensation tore into her: the pleasure of death. Winsil finally groaned and she felt his cock explode inside her.

It wasn't liquid, it wasn't even the dust of a dead man. Instead, it was the incredible heat of pure necromantic energy, exploding through her body and soul as it burned away her life. The zombies kept feeding on her body, gathering energy until they glowed with visible light, but Illisa was lost in the crest of the most powerful orgasm of her life.

Endless waves of force battered her, pounded into her. Even as the dull ripping of flesh faded into the sounds of cracking bones, she felt it gather around her, wrapping around her thoughts and the bright spark of her soul. It carried her away as she watched and felt her body being eaten. Organs were torn out and messily swallowed, but she rode on the waves of magical pleasure, feeling nothing but the orgasmic ecstasy.

It was over soon. Her body gone, torn apart and consumed by hundreds of zombies. Each one stood there, glowing with red power, waiting for a command. And Winsil, staring at her, incredulity warring with another powerful emotion in his eyes.

Illisa frowned, then realized she could actually frown. She gazed down at the remains of her corpse, a few strips of blood-soaked fabric and nothing else. Slowly, she lifted a hand to her eyes.

It was her skin, but translucent. She could see the wall and the zombies right through it. Curious and almost fearfully, she lifted her other hand to her sight. It was the same, almost solid seeming, but translucent. Faint wisps of milky skin could be seen, but barely. Trembling, she looked down at her naked body. Breasts pushed up, full as they had been in life. Even the curls of her pubic hair greeted her, but they were silver in color, brighter than the translucent flesh of her body. Even her feet were there, standing a few inches above the ground.

Frowning, she tried to feel the floor, but there was nothing. She concentrated and felt herself lowering, until the cool floor caressed

her feet. Reaching up, she pulled down a few strands of silver hair, translucent as the rest of her and stared at it in shock.

“How...?”

Winsil stared at her, along with the empty expressions of the zombies. He shook his head slowly, a slow smile growing on his face.

“A specter. Most unexpected.”

“A specter?” Sher remembered from her lessons, a magically powerful ghost with incredible abilities. Many specters matched a lich in power, but they also were able to do ghostly things like move through walls. Curious now, she reached out, pushing her hand into the wall. Curling it around, she drew it back out and watched wisps of ectoplasm reform in her arm.

“I’m a specter?”

Winsil nodded slowly and she could feel his stunned emotions. Favoring him with a smile, she spoke in her soft trill of a voice.

“Is this what you expected?”

“No. The others just became zombies, nothing more.”

Illisa felt an unexpected flare of pleasure, pride almost.

“Then I guess you better treat me well.”

“Why?”

She laughed, “That is my question.”

Winsil grinned again, “Why?”

“Because I’m going to be the best companion ever.”

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

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