

# **Illisa's Trial**

## **2**

t'Sade



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Curious Cabbit Press

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# Illisa's Trial 2: The Terrific Formulas

# 1

From the surface, A'sin Academy wasn't anything more than a few scattered stone buildings hiding in a deep forest. The building furthest from what passed as an entrance was resting right up against a broken cliff bound with rusted iron bars in an attempt to keep it from collapsing against the building that could have passed as a cathedral.

But, below the crumbling building, the Academy thrived with life and death through its shadowed halls. Narrow tunnels spread out like a cancer through the earth, budding into various school rooms, study halls, and dormitories that the academy required. Fifteen levels deep and easily four square kilometers in breadth, the school was a testament to the untiring expansion of the necromantic school. Deep below the lowest levels, a legion of skeletons and zombies were already expanding the school's tunnels, in preparation of the next wave of new students.

For most students, they spent ten years in the academy, losing sight of the sun the day they joined and not seeing it again until they graduated or their corpse was taken out of the school. Necromancy was never an easy art and many died trying to learn the basics... or from trying to perform rituals far and beyond their own skill.

One student was contemplating risking even her own life as she slipped down the dark tunnel of the school. Her eyes were closed as she walked down the exact middle of the hall, her lips moving silently as she counted out the steps. She was confident as she walked down the tunnel, a familiar gesture instead of the furtive movements of a thief. Reaching some memorized number, she spun

on her heels and entered into an unlabeled door. A brief flash of light, brilliant and painful, flared up around a candle, igniting it. The light, however dim, filled the hallway and glittered off hundreds of razors and dripping knives that stuck out of the sides of the tunnel. Dried blood discolored many of the blades, signs of students who learned quickly the folly of not learning how to see in the dark.

She closed the door behind her quickly, and slowly opened her eyes as she adjusted to the light. She parted the black robes that covered her body and hung it on the door. Underneath, she was wearing a dress of soft grays and blues, they were almost white in the shadows of the room. The dress clung to her hips and breasts, accenting her hourglass figure and the deep cleavage that shadowed the v-neck of her dress. Her hair was auburn but it shone dirty gold in the candlelight as it framed her heart-shaped face. Her eyes were dark and shadowed, but a permanent grin etched itself across her face as she peered around the room.

It was a library, of sorts. The bookshelves stretched up to the four meter ceiling and each shelf was filled with books, jars, and other necromantic devices of all shapes and purposes. Her delicate-looking fingers locked the door, trailing her brightly painted fingernails against the door and whispered a few words of power. The lock glowed a sullen red as it gathered up her necromantic energies, then faded as the spell completed.

Hanging her robe on the door, she threaded her way through the bookcases to the one near the back. The entire shelf glowed with flickering red energies. The protective wards crackled with obvious power and were an effective warning for almost all who didn't belong.

She didn't care as she held out her hand and started to whisper a different set of words. This one came out as a hissing poem, but with a cadence that would send a shiver down most human's spines. She chanted out the spell for a long two minutes before her hands crackled with energy, bright red motes of light dripping from her fingertips as she reached through the ward. Flares of energy burst up from her wrist as she fingered through the books, finally grabbing an ancient tome and pulling it out.

It was a complicated-looking manuscript, bound with two sheets of hammered platinum and bound by a woven cable that punched through the binding exactly eighteen times. The writings on the front of the book were painted over with the broad brush of black paint, but she traced the words with her fingertips. Tiny sparks of red energy crackled until she lifted her finger and eased open the book. The words on the front flickered for just a moment before fading.

“Terrifin Formulas.”

The scent of age filled her nostrils as she flipped through the pages for a moment. Then, she narrowed her eyes and stepped back for the greater light of the candle as she found what she was looking for. Her triumphant whisper broke the silence of the room.

“You did it, Elina, you found the Formulas.”

She pressed the book up against the soft swells of her breasts as she padded back over to the candle. Her slippers, black with gray soles, whispered against the hard-packed earth as she set down the book near the candle. Brushing away some flecks of dust, she pulled a small notebook from a small pouch at her hips. Cracking it open near the middle, she found a fresh page before she started to write down some notes.

An hour passed, then a second as she paged through the books, writing out short terse notes and complicated symbols. It was well past the fourth hour when she felt a vibration through the floor. The candle flickered for a moment as she sighed softly. Moving quickly, she returned to the bookshelf and repeated the minute-long chant to bypass the warding on the shelf. Shoving the book back into place, she gathered up her robe and slipped them over her body. Even wrapped around her, the dark fabric did nothing to hide her feminine form.

She traced her fingernail against the lock and it sputtered for a moment before the red light faded. She twisted the handle and stepped out into the hallway, but froze when she felt movement in the shadows.

A young-looking student stepped out of the shadows and spoke in a soft, almost ethereal voice.

“Hi there.”

Elina stepped back against the door frame in surprise, then realized that the girl was at least seven years her junior. Despite that, she felt a faint tremor of jealousy looking at the younger girl. She was beautiful, with silvered hair that cascaded down her shoulders and along the large swell of her breasts. Her dress was tight, showing an expansive amount of cleavage and breasts that refused the grip of gravity. A black corset squeezed the young girl's waist into a delicate curve before widening around her hips. Elina felt a strange pounding in her heart as she forced her head up to stare into the silvered, ethereal eyes.

"Um, hello."

The younger student smiled broadly, "I didn't expect to find anyone down here."

"This is the archive floor, younger," she empathized the word, "students aren't even allowed here without an escort."

The student chuckled, "Actually, in this wing, I don't think either of us is suppose to be here."

Her voice was sly and playful and Elina felt a shiver as the truth resonated with her growing fear. The girl gave her a sheepish grin.

"I just wanted a walk to clear my head, so if you don't tell, I won't tell."

Elina paused for a second, "Thanks."

A wry smile, "My pleasure."

Neither woman moved for a long moment. Then, Elina cleared her throat.

"Well, I better get moving," she hesitated, "and so should you. I'll just get yelled at but you might end up in an experiment of the teachers find you here."

She grinned, "Good idea."

When the younger girl didn't move, Elina slipped past her and started down the hall, automatically counting backwards as she walked. She went a few meters before stopping. She didn't know why, but she slowly turned to see the girl closing the door and plunging the hallway into darkness.

"I didn't catch your name."

"Oh... it's Illisa."

"Thank you, Illisa, my name is Elina."



Feeling better, Elina turned back and around and sped through the hallways, quickly counting down to retrace her steps. Her eyes closed automatically as she reached the darkness that filled the primary staircase of the academy and mounted the stairs heading up to the student levels.

Behind, Illisa watched her disappear up the stairs. The young girl didn't even know it was dark anymore, seeing as well in shadows as in the light. She smiled and then looked at the door she just closed. Grinning, she stepped through it as her body grew translucent and spectral. The door shimmered for a moment as the young student practically floated through the library to the bookcase at the back of the library. Her eyes, silvered and translucent, peered along the shelves until they focused on the edge of the Terrifin Formulas.

“Oh... she is ambitious.”

Grinning, she reached through the crackling field of energy and safely pulled out the book. Thumbing through it, she stopped when her supernatural senses felt the fading heat of Elina's body and started to study the section of the forbidden manuscript.

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Two days later, Elina had filled an entire notebook with her notes on the Terrifin Formulas. The complicated symbols and script were copied painstakingly into her books and she spent almost every waking moment working out the spell. She already found at least three dozen obvious mistakes, ones that would catch lesser students of the necromantic arts and quickly ensure the death of the necromancer who used it.

Elina was in one of the many study rooms of the school. There was more light in that room, bright with two candles for the dozen students that studied on long, wooden tables. An occasional cough filled the room and from the hallway outside as students shuffled back and forth. Along the edge of the room were zombies and skeletons lined up, holding books and bags, waiting patiently for their masters. Many of them carried easily sixty kilograms worth of books, heavy load but expected for most advanced students.

She paged through her notes one more time and stopped at the final section of her book. The book was now full, but her thoughts were focused on her final thoughts, the ritual she was creating and reviewing with every waking moment.

It was based on the third Terrifin Formula, a viral control spell that would command mastery of every single zombie, skeleton, and undead within range of the ritual. The Formula itself only lasted as long as the necromancer concentrated, but Elina found a way of extending the ritual to last for a short period of time even without concentration. She smiled as she twisted the various formulas and procedures together into a ritual that filled her notebook.

“Working on your final, Elina?”

She jumped at the older man’s voice and slapped her notebook shut. Looking up guilty, she stared at her instructor, an older man who paged through a large sheath of papers held in one arm.

“Yes, Master Rabbis.”

“Good and I hope it is much better than your essay.”

He dropped a thirty page paper down in front of her. Her eyes focused on the dark red writing, a two out of ten. Inwardly, she groaned as she saw notes scribbled in the margins and a dozen corrections even on the first page.

“Your conclusion was excellent as usual, but your research and justification show that you still fail to understand the fundamentals of necromancy, despite your obvious talent at the practical side of things.”

She glanced over at the others in the room, who were looking discretely at her and she blushed.

“I’m sorry.”

“You should be, you are barely passing my class at this point and if your final isn’t up to par, I will be forced to fail you.”

Elina frowned and glanced down at her notebook, then back up at him. Her instructor leaned over her and spoke quietly to her.

“Listen, I know you have talent, Elina. Just study and try to think about what you are saying. Knowing how to use necromancy is important, but understanding how it works it just as important.”

“But, I-”

He shushed her with a finger, “No, ignore the rest of your classes for now. Just make sure your final stuns not only me, but also every single other instructor in this school.”

She had no response as he tapped her essay meaningfully and walked away. Elina blushed as she looked around, watching as the others returned back to their books and study materials. Still

blushing, she gathered up her things and fled the room. No zombie or skeleton followed her. Unlike most other students, she found the use of servant undead to be distasteful and she was willing to return to her room between every class than wake up with one of the corpses standing by her bed.

Grumbling to herself, she made her way to the main staircase and looked around. A thin streamer of students circled around the huge stairs, avoiding the edge which had no guard rail to protect them from a hundred meter fall. Elina shook her head as she stared at it.

“Would it kill them to ever put in a rail?”

A soft voice spoke up next to her.

“No, but it is a test, much like the razors.”

Elina jumped as she looked at Illisa, who was standing in the shadows next to her.

“How did-? Where did you come from?”

The younger girl smiled, “Downstairs. One of the instructors wanted to berate me for my inability to summon zombies.”

Elina frowned, “Why? Second year students aren’t required to animate anything?”

Illisa beamed, “I’m a third year, actually. Failed my class.”

“Oh...” Elina voice trailed off as her brow furrowed in a frown. She looked at Illisa, then gasped.

“Illisa, you mean you were named after the creator of Illisa’s Disruption?”

The young girl beamed and nodded, “Yes, a... relative of mine.”

Elina heard the pause, but dismissed it. She took a deep breath.

“I better go, I need to finish some things up.”

Illisa smiled and stepped back into the shadows.

“Good luck with your final.”

Elina froze, “How did you-”

But the girl was gone. Elina stared at the shadows for a long time before slipping down the stairs, away from the crowds. Her slippers made a whispering noise as she kept on going down the stairs, past the tenth floor which was the lowest student floor and even beyond the three levels of the instructor quarters.

As she reached the depths of the Academy, she felt the weight of millions of tons of rock and earth above her. The ground was solid and the walls were solid bedrock. Deep below, she felt the vibrations

of the legion of undead carving out new floors and tunnels. Taking one of the unused tunnels near the very bottom, she wound her way through the narrow, claustrophobic tunnels. Her fingers trailed lightly along the wall, the tunnels were too new for the razors and knives to be embedded in the walls. She followed the various branching corridors, occasionally feeling the sides of the tunnel brushing against her shoulders as she worked her way deeper and deeper.

Finally, she took a final turn and came into a larger room. She took a deep breath and spread out, whispering a few words of arcane power. Red flashes gathered at two points in the room and ignited the two candles placed against the walls of a roughly cut opening in the earth.

The room was ten paces across and swept clean every day. Near the opening was three canvas bags with her supplies. Elina thought back to how hard it was to secret her supplies down here without being caught, even as a tenth year student, the lower levels were forbidden to all students. The penalty could automatically fail her, or make her the victim of one of the instructor more “advanced” procedures. The horror stories echoed endless through her head as she stepped back into the hallway and started to chant out the words of a warding spell. Crackling red energies burst out along the hallway, filling it with a spiderweb of delicate, but deadly, power.

Wiping a bit of sweat from her brow, she returned back to the opening and pulled out her notebook. Flipping it open, she pulled out a large array of tools from one of the bags. Reviewing the largest and most complicated symbol, she started to inscribe it on the floor. It started simple, with a large circle. After years of practice, it was as close to a perfect circle as a necromancer could make it. She started to fill in the space with symbol after symbol, in a multitude of colors. It took her well over three hours to fill in the circle and she had to frequently review her notes to make sure they were as precise as possible.

By the time she was finished, she was exhausted. Grabbing one of her packs, she pulled out a blanket and settled into the corner. Closing her eyes, she struggled to get some rest before starting the most dangerous part of her ritual. Her mind kept reviewing her ritual, over and over again, and she had to struggle to find sleep.

Finally, her thoughts faded into darkness as she clung to sleep for a few strained hours.

She woke up and groaned as she sat up. She felt almost as tired as she was when she slept. Closing her mouth, she listened to the air around her. Her world was silent, except for the dull rumble of the legions blow. Above, she could imagine the school sleeping, the perfect time for her rituals.

Elina scrambled to her feet as she whispered into the silence.

“I’ll show him the best final he’s ever seen.”

She could already picture in her mind every zombie and skeleton in the Academy obeying her will. Rising up to tell the school that she is the strongest necromancer in the school. With a fierce grin, she started to strip off her clothes. Folding them neatly, she set them near the canvas bags. Standing up, she shivered in the cold air, her dusky rose nipples growing hard in anticipation of the ritual to perform.

Her breasts sagged slightly without the dress, but she still admired her body as she looked down. A thin patch of pubic hair sprung up from her pubis, hiding the folds of her sex from view. Her legs were lined with muscles, soft and almost hidden, but she exercised as often as possible to retain her figure with the long hours of study. Her auburn hair clung to her breasts and shoulders until she pulled them back into a pony tail. She tied it off with a small twist of metal transparent to necromantic energies.

Emptying out two of the bags, she pulled out an array of more tools, carved and engraved symbols, daggers and candles brimming with energy, and even a celestial compass that pointed toward the mystical centers of death energies.

Setting them up, she was careful to avoid the circle on the floor. It took her another twenty minutes of arranging the tools in the required place, feeling that they were correct as much as knowing they were from her notes. Her body adjusted to the cold, but she still felt her sensitive skin in the still air around her. The smell of incense filled the room as she ignited the enchanted candles and extinguished the two she used for light.

Finally, she found herself stalling, checking the individual positions over and over again. Forcing herself to stop, she stood in the center of the circle and calmed her rapidly beating heart. She

felt naked and vulnerable in the circle, she always hated the sky clad rituals but the power of the Terrifin Formula would require no disruption of energy to complete safely.

Long minutes passed before she was ready. Taking a deep, shuddering breath, she drew down into her reserves of power, drawing up the necromantic-tainted power and letting it fill her body. It felt icy and hot at the same time, filling her mortal shell with the raw power of her talent. The candles flickered slightly and the compass began to swing toward her as she smiled inwardly.

Holding out her hands, she ran the base of her palms along the sides of her breasts and stretched them out in front of her. A tremble fluttered through her heart as she pushed out on the energy, her lips working for a moment before she started the foreign cadence of the Formula. Unlike almost all other rituals she performed, the Formulas were more complicated by orders of magnitudes. The first time she read the Formulas, she had nightmares for weeks trying to comprehend the alien constructs that formed in her head, but after a month of study, comprehension danced at the end of her consciousness. She relaxed and let her thoughts flow, following her intuition that guided her through the rituals, keeping the flow and rhythm to it that she didn't quite understand.

The words came freely at first and she watched as the circle around her started to glow with multi-colored energies. She steadily worked her way through page after page in her mind, chanting in the right places, activating or moving devices in the circle. The swirls of energy rose up around her, she felt them dancing along her skin, filling her body with alien power. It seemed to burn her from the inside and she felt a sweat growing on her brow as the energies seemed to gather at her most sensitive of areas: nipples and between her legs, but soon it filled her with tingly, icy hot power that made it harder to breath with every second.

Her thoughts were twisting around the ritual and she felt the power of the Formula actually forcing her thoughts down into black tunnels of her subconscious even as she worked out the words. She felt herself deviating from her planned notes, but the new path felt more comfortable, more... right than the ones written. She also felt power in the new pathways, a seductive power that left her flush

and a burning forming deep inside, igniting a brief pang of lust that she ignored for many years.

Letting herself go, she followed the dark shadows of her mind instead of the carefully crafted ritual, pulling on incredible power that she always felt, but could never tap. The circle around her flared with brilliance, fires searing their way along the circle as they redrew the lines, forming entirely different symbols that were too foreign. With every passing syllable, she found more understanding in the symbols, she started to truly understand how they were shaped, what energies they formed, and even how to finish the ritual.

Her face a mask of triumph, she pushed forward through the spell, the supernatural words dripping off her tongue as she finished the spell and threw out her energy into the circle. The entire room lit up with the force of a thousand suns, the light so bright it blinded her and she felt the twisting webs of energy burst out of the cave, stretching up into the school above her. Questing threads of control flailed blinding through earth and stone until they found the dim motes of the student skeletons and zombies above. Her lips parted in joy as she felt her spell latching on them, ripping control from their former masters and binding them to her powerful and ultimate spell.

Even as she felt the web expanding to grab a last few zombies, new strands burst out of the newly controlled ones and spread out among even more, expanding her base of control ten fold in a matter of seconds. The energies in the room drained out through the web as her spell dominated every single undead she could sense. Each of the lesser creations were bound firmly into her command and she laughed with the feeling of power that coursed through her body.

She finished the ritual, sealing off the twists of power and basked in the afterglow of power that filled through her. Her eyes cracked open to look at the circle, burned into the very ground from the force of the ritual. Hesitantly, she pushed out with her senses of power and found the circle dead, its carefully crafted energies drained in the ritual.

“Now... this will show them who is the best student in this school.”

Illisa's voice spoke up from the entrance of the cave, "Sadly, I suspect it won't be you."

Elina let out a tiny shriek as she jumped back, staring at the silvered-haired girl standing at the entrance.

"How-? How did you get in here?"

Illisa shrugged, "Your wards were sloppy."

She felt a flush rising up in her cheeks, "They were not! I'm the third best warder in the school!"

The younger girl shrugged, nonplussed, "If you say so."

Elina noticed that Illisa was looking at her, but her eyes were too low. She looked down and realized she was still naked. Blushed, she glared at the younger girl and ran over to her shirt. Yanking it over her head, she continue to glare at the silver-haired student.

"What are you doing here?"

Illisa padded further into the room and peered at the scorched circle. Elina felt annoyance rising up inside her as the third-year student casually inspected a ritual that was forbidden even to the instructors.

"I wanted to see if you would succeed."

Elina felt the energies threading into her, hundreds upon hundreds of zombies and skeletons and the net of her control continued to expand as the viral spell reached out for even more.

"And I did."

A faint lip crossed Illisa's lips.

"If you say so."

Elina sighed, "What do you know, you are a third-year student, you aren't even suppose to know about the Terrifin Formulas."

A brief haunted look crossed the girl's face.

"Oh, I know about them. A fellow third-year died when he had access to them."

"What? Those have been sealed for decades down there, there is no way he could have gotten them, much less understood them."

Illisa said nothing, kneeling next to the celestial compass. For a moment, Elina thought she saw it started to twist toward the girl, but she was distracted by a horrible sensation of the threads of her spell being snapped off, the flailing end fluttering out of her senses in a heartbeat.



She gasped and stretched out her senses, even further, trying to grab the threads. They fluttered against the edges of her control and she swore.

Illisa looked up, her face impassive.

“Lost control already?”

“Shut up!” Elina frowned as she threw out her power, clutching against the threads as they bound into the undead that she originally controlled. She could feel the windings of power wrapping around the spells that animated the creatures of death, tying down into impenetrable spells that resisted all of her attempts to rip them free.

Swearing violently, she stormed around the room. Illisa moved into the center, avoiding her. Elina felt her eyes burning into her as she circled around, trying to regain control of either the spell or her frustration. Finally, she managed to stop stomping through the room and leaned against the rough wall.

“Damn, I thought I had it there.”

She looked at the young girl accusingly and Illisa looked back.

“What?”

“How did you know?”

Illisa feigned innocence, “How did I know about what?”

“About this ritual, about the Formulas, about everything!?” Elina’s voice rose up shrilly as she paced the room. She stopped and headed toward Illisa.

“Damn it, how do you know anything!? You are nothing but a third-year!”

Illisa backed up away from from Elina’s rage, her face impassive but wary. Elina kept on yelling at her, asking her question after question, but never giving the girl a chance to respond. Finally, she pinned Illisa against the wall with the force of her rage.

“What is going on!?”

The younger student pressed her back against the wall, “Just pay attention. If you performed the Formula correctly, you’ll see the answer.”

“What do you-” Realization dawned as the foreign symbols flashed through her mind. Elina stepped back and stared at the symbols on the ground, picturing the energies that were formed by the spell. It only took her moments to realize what happened.

“This spell... you don’t keep control, do you?”

For a moment, she wondered why she asked the girl seven years her junior the question, but the soft, confident response came back after a second.

“No, the third Formula only allows you to imprint a command on the lesser undead. Once imprinted, it changes the very nature of the energy that bind the undead, making them immune to further controls outside of their existence. A very nasty Formula indeed.”

Elina looked at her quizzically.

“How is that you know so much?”

Illisa smiled wryly, “Tell me I’m wrong.”

The necromancer looked back at the circle, playing the spell back through her mind. Everything Illisa said was true, the undead were imprinted with commands but she realized she didn’t know which command she gave.

“No... you aren’t wrong, but you shouldn’t be knowing this.”

Illisa chuckled dryly, “Tell me about it.”

“What are you?”

The younger girl’s smile broadened, “Well, now you have finally asked a question that does make sense.”

“So, what are you?”

The girl smiled and stepped forward slightly. Then, she stepped back as her body grew translucent. To Elina’s surprise, the girl stepped into the wall itself. She felt her jaw drop as she stared at the surface, even as the spectral girl stepped back through with her wry smile.

“You could say... I can feel your spell in that ‘special’ way.”

“You’re dead!?”

Illisa shrugged, “As I said, you may not be the best student here.”

Elina extended her senses out to Illisa. To her surprise, she felt the icy heat rolling off the innocent-looking girl. The translucent smile disturbed her almost as much as the incredible power the girl had, power that she didn’t even sense from before.

“How did you... what is happening?”

“Well, let’s say I can feel your spell trying to command me, but it doesn’t have enough power to affect anyone, much less me and Winsil.”

“Winsil... you mean the dean?”

A nod. Elina gasped.

“He’s undead?”

The young student smiled, “A lich precisely, but my companion of many centuries.”

Elina felt the world spinning around her and she spoke helplessly.

“Centuries...”

The dead girl smiled, “You have other things to worry about, Elina.”

“Such as?”

“Your spell is still gathering power.”

“How, I no longer control it...” Her voice trailed off as she extended her necromantic senses further up into the school. She felt the web of energies growing, a massive knot that continued to draw more and more undead into its net. She felt it gathering in power, a maelstrom of power that reached down toward her.

Then... she remembered the legion of undead below. The thousands of workers shaping out the lower tunnels. It was only a matter of time before the viral spell gathered them into its overriding embrace.

“By the dark forces, what is my spell doing?”

Illisa shrugged, “I can’t tell until it tried to bind me. But, the last time someone used the third Terrifin Formula, every single instructor and student died.”

Elina gasped, “Everyone?”

“Yes, but one survived long enough to be killed properly.”

“I don’t... you?”

The silver-haired girl nodded curtly, but said nothing. Elina felt the world still spinning around her and for a moment, she felt helpless.

“W-What do I do?”

“You are the great and powerful necromancer. At this point, I think you are in control of your own destiny.” Illisa amended herself after a second of silence, “Besides, isn’t this your final?”

“Yes... it is.”

“So, what are you going to do?”

It was a plain and simple question, but it implied something Elina didn’t want to decide on. She bit her lip with frustration, looking

back at the seared circle and back at the web of necromantic power growing above her.

“H-How do I stop it?”

Illisa thought for a moment, “None that I know of. Think for your self, Elina. It is your ritual.”

Elina’s mind ran furiously, tracing over the path of the ritual, the symbols and dark shadows of her mind. She forced her thoughts to curl inward, exploring the which pathways she used for her spell. Her body trembled as she felt the power above her growing, the first threads seeking the legion of undead below.

Her thoughts froze as she found the pathways of hidden lusts and destruction surrounding her. The primal side of her mind which fed on the need for sex and the need for blood. It stormed around her and for the first time, she felt true fear pooling in her stomach.

“It... will be a bloodbath.”

Illisa spoke sadly, “Yes... a violent bloodbath, I suspect.”

Elina felt flustered as she ran for her clothes.

“I... I need to get out of here.”

Silver, translucent eyes watched Elina as she pulled on her clothes, strapping her belt tightly around her waist as she took a deep breath as she summoned protection spells. Crackling necromantic power flooded her as she felt the ruddy motes of energy dripping off her body.

Illisa watched impassively, “And of the others?”

Elina didn’t look back as she grabbed her notebook and headed down the short hall. At the crackling web of her ward, she ran through the brief set of chants that would dissolve it. As it started to fade, she ran through it, closing her eyes as she followed her memorized path back to the main stairs. Above, she heard faint screaming already above her.

Frowning, she started up the stairs, running for the main entrance. It was fourteen floors. She reached the lowest of the instructor floors when she saw movement down one of the halls. She slowed down, her heart pounding in her chest as she called up the darkness sight. The world grew gray as her magical vision pushed away the darkness.

She gasped as she stared at one of the instructors, a woman in her thirties. She was on her hands and knees. A zombie was behind

her, driving what looked like a glowing red cock into her ass with hard and brutal strokes. She knew that the instructor would be screaming, but there was a zombie pounding a thick, swollen sausage of a zombie shaft into her mouth. Elina gasped as she saw the instructor's throat bulging with each one and a trickle of blood dripping down from the tightly stretched lips.

She shuddered as she saw the teacher tried to form a magical spell, but the hard pounding from both ends interrupted any form of concentration. The zombie in front started to pound harder and faster, a red glow seeping out of its eyes and chest. Then, it thrust powerful forward and Elina heard a wet ripping noise as its cock punched out of the instructor's throat, faintly glowing red slime burst out of the tip of the swollen shaft.

Whimpering, she turned away at spasm that almost tore the teacher apart, the wet sounds filling her ears. She inveterately caught sign of more movement down the other hall. She gasped as she saw another teacher pressed up against a wall, a male this time. He tried to scream, but she could see that the zombie that was raping him from behind had shoved his throat into the razors along the wall, hot blood poured down even as the force of the blows was tearing his throat open even more.

Sobbing, Elina ran up the stairs. She slipped on a stair suddenly and she crashed to the hard surface. Her knee exploded in pain and she felt something cold and sticky on the surface. In her magical vision, it was black but it smelled of blood. Frowning, she looked up, trying to find the source. Her eyes found it a few seconds later, a student still being raped by one of the zombies, but the girl's eyes were no longer seeing, just two bloody sockets where the zombie was alternating from. Glowing slime dripped out of the gaping holes and the look of horror on her face sent a shiver down her spine.

Elina stared at the thrusting zombie in fear, her hands shaking against the cold ground. Slowly, she crept up to it, watching it warily as she drew closer. It didn't seem to notice her, any attention it had was plunging its magically created shaft deeper into the corpse's face. Biting back the urge to throw up, Elina slipped past the zombie and sped up the stairs.

She managed to crawl further up the stairs, but she feels the stairs growing slicker, then the dripping sound of blood as it

cascaded down the stairs. Above, she could hear the desperate whimpers and wet slurping noises of students and teachers alike being raped to death by the creatures. The knowledge that she was the cause brought tears to her eyes as she threaded her way around raping undead and corpses of students.

Near the top, at the fifth floor, she spotted a living student. She was screaming as she backed away from three skeletons advancing on her. Elina gasped and froze as she watched one of the skeletons reaching out for the pretty black-haired girl. It looked like a fourth-year student and she tried to dodge, but the skeletal hands clutched into her hair, yanking her down as the other two advanced. She screamed out loudly as one of the other skeletons used both hands to claw down her front. Elina saw the sharp ends digging into the girl's pretty breasts, a shower of red, as the skeleton tore open her shirt and pants. Flinging them back, it grabbed the slashed tits and mauled them. The screaming grew louder and the shrill tone broke Elina's shock.

Coming closer, she sent a brief prayer to anyone listening and shouts the words to one of her combat spell, Illisa's Disruption. The spell flared up and she watched as the energies tried to tear the third skeleton apart. Bands of red binding energies lit up around the joints of the skeleton, but her spell refused to tear it apart. Blinking back at the stinging tears in her eyes, she repeated the spell again. It tried to tear apart the skeleton, but the spell didn't have enough power. The third skeleton lifted its head and turned toward Elina. She felt a icy claw grip her heart as it came toward her, shambling quickly as the bloody red cock bobbed in times to its movements.

She backed down from the stairs as the skeleton lunged for her. Her slippers slipped on a pool of blood and she felt herself falling. The sharp stairs slammed into her back and side as she tumbled, then she felt the horrible sensation of hovering in the air. Her hands flailed out as began to fall down the center of the spiral of the main stairs. Her fingernails scraped against the very edge of the stairs. Frantically, she squeezed her hand with all her might, her nails cracking on the stone. She bit back a scream as her plummet was halted with a terrible jerk on her arm. Elina's legs dangled in air and she gasped with the pain that shot through her arm. She threw up her other hand, fighting the pain and flailed for a second before her

other hand caught the edge. Sobbing, she struggled to pull herself up.

Her hand slipped again and she had to throw all her strength into holding her body above the inky depths before she could get her hand back on. Her arms were burning from the strain as she pulled herself up.

Then, a flash of bone white crossed her vision and something reached down. She looked up in horror as the skeleton chasing her crouched down and she felt a terrible burning in her chest. She looked down to see the skeleton grabbing her left breast, claws punching the skin. She screamed out as the undead creature dug its claws into her ribs and pulled her up. The skeleton threw her across the stairs and she slammed into the stone wall before sliding down. The wind burned in her chest as she staggered to her feet, burning hot blood pouring from the grievous wound.

Gaping, she watched as the skeleton shambled toward her. She screamed out herself as two claw-like hands reached out for her. She threw herself to the side as the claw slashed along her side, cutting the fabric of her shirt. She spun to the side and screamed out the words of Illisa's Disruption three times in rapid succession. This time, the binding energies of the skeleton flared brightly, then the skeleton exploded.

Shards of bone slashed at her face, digging into her skin. She yelped as she staggered to her feet. Her magical senses caught a flailing of energy as the threads of her spell seared away the web of her viral spell. She could feel trickles of blood dripping down from the multiple of cuts and the pain dulled her senses long enough for the clarity to disappear. She pulled out one long shard, then jumped as she heard a female student scream out shrilly. Ignoring her pain, Elina sprinted up the stairs, struggling up the stairs. As she came around the spiral, she saw that the girl was almost on her hands and knees. One skeleton was driving his enchanted cock into her mouth, holding her skull tight to his crotch as he thrust. The other was holding her legs apart, claws piercing her thighs as he thrust deep and hard. Wet dripping poured out of both junctions and there was no question that they were thrusting harder and harder with every second.

Elina screamed out Illisa's Disruption as loudly as she could. Binding flares of energy exploded from the joints. She screamed it out again and again, frantic and desperate. With terrible clarity, she watched as the skeleton raping the poor girl finally flared up and exploded, the force of the explosion pouring down the magical cock and bursting out of her vagina with a wet explosion.

Elina gasped as the girl's body dropped to the ground. The skeleton continued to rape her mouth and Elina bit back a sob. She switched yells, yelling out the words to a lesser spell, Yibbin's Disruption. This time, the reddish energies grabbed the skeleton and slowed it down, but didn't cause an explosion that would kill the girl. Scrambling up, she grabbed her two hands into a fists and swung hard, catching the slowed skeleton in the chest. Bone cracked as the force of her desperate blow tore the skeleton away. She saw a flash of a tooth bouncing out of sight as the skeleton staggered back.

Panting, Elina found the energy to scream out the words to Illisa's Disruption until the skeleton exploded. She let out a long shuddering gasp and focused on the energies of the skeleton. She saw the threads of power lashing out, then searing away like a quick burning fuse. It burned toward the end of the thread, but she saw how the energies could have burned in the other direction, if it had only one choice.

Sobbing broke her focus and she spun around and ran to the injured student.

"I'm so sorry!"

The girl was sobbing, her hands reaching down to the gaping wound in her pelvis. Elina began to cry herself as she saw shattered bones and ragged wound. She held the girl tightly, tears pouring down her cheek.

"I am so sorry!"

The student tried to speak, but then the sound of shuffling drew both of their attentions. As one, they looked up the stairs and saw a small army of zombies and skeletons coming down, their bodies glowing bright red from the magical cocks that stood up in mockery of all that is living.

The girl beneath her whispers, "No... please, no."

Elina struggled as she wrapped her arms around the student. Tugging with her might, she managed to get her to her feet, but the



ruined pelvis cracked under the pressure and the girl collapsed back to the ground with a shriek. Elina gasped, "What do I do?"

Looking up at the incoming undead, she grabbed Elina and whispered hoarsely.

"Kill me..."

"What? No, I can't!" She strained to lift the girl, but she could already see the will to live fading. The girl grabbed her, her bones grinding together.

"Kill me!"

Elina desperately wanted to say no, but the girl slumped. She started to whisper the words of a killing spell. Her new knowledge from the Formulas gave her new symbols, new arcane powers as she twisted the spell, snuffing out the girl's life force in an instant. In a moment, she realized she could rip the force out and hold it in her hand, but she refused to finish the spell to its completion. Above her, the skeletons and zombies continued to mark down toward her, slowly but relentlessly coming closer.

She swore to herself and called out the words of power of Illisa's Disruption. She had to struggle with it, but after a few tries, one of the skeletons exploded. The others just walked toward her, their heads rotated to focus on her.

Seeing the flailing energies, she realized that she needed to find an eye. Stumbling backwards, she started to go down the stairs slightly faster than the creatures following her, building up a spell inside her head to trace the energies of the Formula itself. She found something and quickly whispered out the alien words. The spell sputtered, but she found a new approach and whispered it just as quickly. The second attempt failed, but her third attempt exploded across her vision, a field of endless webs stretching across the entire A'asin Academy. As she watched, the crystal clear fields were moving slightly as the undead shifted around the endless tunnels. She stretched out her senses, seeking out the end of the webs.

After a few seconds of searching, she found none but the creatures were coming down toward her. She sprinted down the stairs, further away from her own freedom as she traced the lines of her viral spell. To her sinking realization, they all stretched down, where the legions of the undead finally were snared into her spell.

She skidded to a halt on the thirteenth floor, panting heavily as she heard the moans and shuffles of a thousand undead strong, all shifting with the terrible power of the Formulas, of her spell. She panted heavily, her heart pounding in her chest as she stared down into the shadows below.

Illisa's voice spoke up next to her.

"That is death, Elina."

Elina jumped as the spectral girl stepped out of the wall. Her silvery hair drifted in a wind that didn't exist. She glared at the girl.

"I know that, damn it."

"So, why are you doing it? To save your own hide?"

Elina glared, but then she thought about the horror she saw with the results of her spell. The look of the female student who she snuffed sent a terrible shiver down her spine. Then, she found her eyes sliding over to the ghostly woman, realizing that if her spell took hold of her, there would be no safety for anyone.

"Yes... but not just me."

Illisa cocked her head, "Oh?"

She swallowed hard, "If you... and Winsil get caught, then you might kill everyone."

"They are already dead before then."

"No, outside of the school. If the spell refuses to give up, you would rape and kill everyone until you were destroyed."

Illisa thought for a moment, "Yes, we would. And between us, hundreds if not thousands would die and we would be unable to stop ourselves."

"I... I can't live with that."

The ghostly girl stepped back, her voice echoing softly as she disappeared into the wall.

"Oh, really?"

Elina whimpered, looking down and imaging the endless hordes. Then, she felt the pull and she started to walk down, her eyes scanning through the haze of the energy webbing, seeking out the terminus of her spell. The red glare of the energy grew brighter and brighter, then she found herself standing right above a solid mass of skeletons and zombies, an evil glow rising up from the press of body. Her body and soul both twinged with the knowledge that she was looking at her death.

Taking a deep breath, she ran down into the mass, screaming out Illisa's Disruption at the very limits of her voice. The flare of energy rose up as she felt claws scraping at her, tearing at her skin and clothes. She felt the terrible sensation of rotten flesh grabbing her arms and legs, pulling them painfully apart as she kept on screaming. She felt the shudder and concussions of explosions, but then she felt the terrible burning pain as something slammed between her legs. The searing agony tore her apart as she felt her dry labia being ripped open by the necromantic cock of some creature. Her voice faltered as it plunged deeper, tearing her inner walls as the creature started to pound into her. She screamed out her spell again, feeling the impact of a creature dying.

But, a red glare filled her vision as a zombie, rotting and putrid grabbed her head. She tried to belt out the spell, but it rammed its cock toward her mouth. She tried to close it, but it impacted with her teeth, cracking them as her jaw was forced open. She felt the burning energies searing her tongue. She gagged on it, then felt her throat being torn as the immense phallus jammed deep into her throat, bulging it out as it burned all the way down. Claw-like hands grabbed her skull and the creature started to drive into her, forcing its way into her throat with the same supernatural strength as the creature that tore into her pussy. She felt blood trickling down her thighs as the endless creatures tore at her skin, cutting to the bone. One of them was trying to rip her breasts off, but her scream was muted by the necromantic shaft gagging her.

Between her spread legs, she felt the thrusts growing faster and harder. The supernatural strength was increasing and she felt the impacts shuddering through her entire body. She felt it claw into her hips, digging the sharp daggers of its fingernails into the flared curve of her hips, piercing skin as it drove forward. She felt a terrible wet ripping inside her body as the inhuman creature punched into her womb, tearing her cruelly open and spewed his horrid glowing slime directly into her most secret of places. She tried to scream out, but her throat was ruined, destroyed by the cock that tore into it. The zombie fucking her face grabbed tightly, its claws digging into the bone as it jammed forward, slapping hard and fast. Then, it too shoved deep into her mouth with the force that dislocated her jaw and she felt the hot, searing pain as it

ejaculated into her throat. The pure energy burned down her throat but she could barely feel it through the pain of her body being violated. A wet sucking sensation burst through her agony as she felt claws tearing her breasts off and she wondered if she ever had a chance to stop any of it.

As she felt the creatures starting to thrust harder again, the one violating her between her legs punching in and out of the entrance of her womb, the mixture of pain and pleasure mixing up into a sensation of an orgasm that would never crest, she found herself thinking of the dark places of her mind, the shadows of power that the Formulas revealed to her. The creature was coming again, cracking her pelvis as it drove the inhumanly thick shaft deeper into her body. Fleeing the pain, she dove into the recesses of her mind, racing past alien symbols. She grabbed random ones, feeling how they could form into a spell of destruction.

Even as she felt her body going into shock, she assembled the most destructive spell she could, or what she thought she could. The power needed was immense, and she faltered, unable to speak the words needed. In a desperate moment, as she felt her throat being torn open from the inside, she grabbed her very own life energy, ripped it from its mortal coil, and forced into the series of symbols with the last of her strength.

Her world exploded into red-hot flames. She felt her life being drained out as everything exploded, heat and ice, flames and darkness colliding and she felt herself dying.

But, as the tattered remains of her soul were being torn away, she felt something grab them. Skillful energies pulled shards back together, holding them in cool, silvery hands. Her mind was struggling with the shock of being torn apart and she was only dimly aware of being kept alive.

Then, she woke up screaming. Her voice, a strange and foreign sound, echoed shrilly off the walls. Her hands clutched her face and she gasped as the horrible feeling of them. Shocked, she yanked them down and stared at them in the flickering silver light that flooded the heavily decorated room she was in.

“These... these aren’t my hands!”

Her voice was shrill as she stared at her hands. They were soft and delicate but not the hands she grew up with. They were hands

from two different people. Her eyes, wide with shock, followed down to stare at the thin line of stitches that bound her hands together. She could feel the tug of the connections of different bodies. Panting, she let out a long whimper as she stared down at her body. Underneath the silk sheet, she was naked. Each breast was a different color, sewn on to a torso that wasn't hers. Even her legs were assembles from two different parts, all feminine but completely and utterly foreign to her.

She almost passed out, but didn't. Instead, she sprung up on the bed and staggered toward a shimmering mirror. She stopped in front of it, staring at her body in the mirror. She was a patchwork of women, completely healthy parts except for their mismatched colors but somehow they were the right proportions to give her a body that she would have killed for.

That she died for.

She gasped as she grabbed her body, shivering with the intensity of foreign nerves all sending a chorus of sensations through her system. Her knees buckled and she dropped to the ground as struggled to control the overwhelming sensations. In the mirror, she could see that her breasts were hanging down, swollen and large. Somehow, they were from two different women, but the same size. One nipple, the dusky pink one on the right was much smaller than the large dark one on the left. She frowned, then burst into laughter as her mind struggled to coordinate the strange sensations of being assembled and feeling so many different bodies as one.

Illisa's voice spoke up, vibrating with amusement.

"I see that you found out."

Elina looked up, gasping from the swarm of sensations as each body part sent a completely different sense of "amusement" through her. Wiping at the tears in her eyes, she looked up at the translucent girl.

"W-What happened?"

Illisa knelt down next to her, a smile on her lips and press a hand against her leg.

"We brought you back."

"How? Why?"

The century-old specter grinned and shifted closer, sitting down right next to Elina. She slipped a cool arm around Elina's naked waist.

"Well, only a few people have ever mastered even one of the Formulas. I can read them, but I can never use them. Dean Winsil has mastered all but the fourth and I only know of three others who have mastered even one of them. So, that puts you in the a very limited population of the top five of all necromancers this school knows."

Elina gaped at her, shivering at the sensations. She slowly turned back to the mirror, looking at her new face. It was different, compiled from three different bodies. Even her eyes were different, one was a brilliant blue and the other was a milky green. She stared in shock, trying to convince herself that the stranger in the mirror was herself.

Illisa chuckled dryly, "Not to mention, the spell that you managed to destroy the undead with was almost powerful enough to destroy both of us. And it isn't part of the Formulas."

Elina jumped. "But, the symbols...?"

"Yes, the symbols are actually what the Formulas are about. No one has ever mastered them enough to use them to create a new spell directly."

Elina felt Illisa's hand reaching up and cupping her chin, pulling her gaze away from the mirror and into the silvery eyes of the century-old specter.

"And the person who created the twelfth Terrifin Formula is the woman I'm going to offer a job to."

Elina didn't hear it for a second, then she gasped.

"Me? A job?"

She didn't know what to do, a feeling of elation rose up so sharply that she had to do something. She grabbed Illisa and kissed her right on the lips. The girl resisted for a second, then moaned softly as she wrapped her cool arms around Elina's patchwork body, kissing her back just as intensely. The kiss went on and on and Elina realized that she didn't need to breath. She lost herself in the sparkling of necromantic energies between them, their cool lips embracing as the kiss turned more heated between them.

Breaking it off after some time, she held Illisa away from her slightly.

“What happened?”

Illisa rolled her eyes and grinned, “Sorry. I got worked up myself when I was putting you back together.”

Elina stared at her in shock, “You did this? You saved me?”

The specter grinned, “Of course. I had plenty of materials in the school.”

“The school! Did anyone survive!?”

“Yes, fifteen instructors and about a hundred students, your spell killed about four out of five of every living being in the school.”

Elina’s hand flew to her lips, “That’s terrible.”

Illisa scrambled to her feet, her body shimmering for a moment as she stepped back through the bed.

“No, the last time that Formula was used, it killed every single student, teacher, and living being. The school has never had so many survivors.”

The specter grinned, “And that is an grand improvement. You’ll be a great teacher, Elina.”

*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](http://tsade.com). Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

*t'Sade*

# About the Publisher

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