

Spell Resistance

It was a mandatory class at the college... And perhaps the most dangerous one. Spell resistance training. As competitive as the college was, this was both a vital skill to master, as well as the perfect way to eliminate some of the competition.

You could always tell when a new batch of students had entered their first Spell Resistance course, as suddenly everywhere you look, you could find at least one student suffering from a curse they were under the influence of. Often, these curses made it difficult for the victim to continue their studies until they had shaken off the effects. A promising top of their class student could find themselves falling to the back of the class if they couldn't escape the grasp of whatever curse had been placed upon them.

It wasn't entirely unheard of for such a student to end up dropping out; a total failure simply because they couldn't shake off the spell they had been placed under. As a third year, Sandra was finally required to take the class herself. After having two years to witness what these curses could do, she was not at all looking forward to taking the class herself.

"Now, I'm sure you've all seen what has happened to your fellow classmates." The instructor said, in an almost matter-of-fact tone. "Dreadful, really. But... Make no mistake. These curses are not our doing, but your own."

That piqued her interest. What did he mean by that? Were the curses self inflicted all along?

"You will write down the effect onto this sheet of enchanted parchment, and then add it to this hat. Nobody will know who wrote each curse, so no one can be blamed for what happens." The instructor said, pulling a hat from behind his desk. "The parchment will inflict that effect onto the one who next reads it. If they fail to resist."

As he spoke, the instructor began to walk down the rows of desks, handing out parchments one by one to each student. "What happens to each of you will be determined by what you yourselves write. You may write as terrible a curse as you want, short of death, but remember that you may end up drawing that curse yourself."

"Each parchment has exactly the same strength. So, no matter how nice or terrible the curse is, they are easy enough for a novice to shake off... Eventually." He said as he placed a parchment in front of Sandra, and continued on. "We have just one rule in this class."

The instructor continued down the rows silently after that, until he got back to the front of the classroom. "That rule is... You must break your own curse. We will not break them for you, and you are not allowed to break each other's curses. We will know if you do."

"This may seem harsh, but it is necessary." he continued, "Resisting or breaking a curse is difficult. But it is made ever so slightly easier when you know that you cannot rely on anyone but yourself to break it. Without this harsh standard, less than half of our students ever managed to break free of their first curse. With it, ninety percent of students manage to eventually succeed."

"Now... Has everyone written down their curse?"

Sandra looked down at the paper. She needed to write something. What were the odds she would draw her own curse? The class had around twenty students so... Five percent chance there. Quickly, she wrote "Heavy hands." on the paper and folded it shut. Not the worst curse but it would make note taking hard on whoever got it.

The instructor walked down the rows again, picking up the curses and placing them in his hat. He got back to the front of the class, gave the hat a couple shakes to mix them up, then began down the rows one last time, letting each student draw from it.

Sandra plucked one of the folded parchments from the hat and set it down in front of her. This was it... A curse. As soon as she unfolded it and read what was written inside she would have to resist falling under its influence or... Failing that... Struggle to break free of it.

"Open your parchments now." The instructor said as he reached the front of the class again. "But be ready to resist as soon as you read the text. I won't be hearing any complaints if you forgot to put your guard up before reading."

Sandra's heart was racing. Could she resist this? What was going to happen to her? Slowly, she reached down, lifting the corner of the parchment and slowly unfolding it, clenching her teeth and preparing herself to resist.

On the sheet, written in the center were three words. "Free use slut."

She let out a gasp as she saw the words. Someone in her class was a total pervert! She looked up towards the teacher, opening her mouth to object, but then felt the magic enter her body. She was so surprised, she dropped her guard completely.

She slowly closed her mouth, and looked down at the parchment again. "Free use slut." That's what she was... Until she could manage to resist it... She was a free use slut. She could feel herself getting aroused already. She squeezed her legs together and squirmed slightly as she closed her eyes and tried to focus on breaking the spell...

But... There was something distracting her. The... The incredible emptiness between her legs... As hard as she tried to focus, her mind kept wandering back to how desperately she needed to be filled! Even knowing it was a curse, it felt... So real. Like she truly and deeply desired to become the slut she was cursed to be!

"Alright... Looks like we have two students who managed to resist on their first try." The instructor said calmly, seeming either oblivious to, or uncaring about Sandra's predicament. "For the rest of you, you'll need to try to break your curses before class next week. Otherwise, you may have to endure two curses at once."

Two curses?! She could hardly handle just the one... She wasn't handling the one. How was she supposed to break this curse if she couldn't even focus? She needed a cock in her as soon as possible... No! That was the curse... Probably?

She panted heavily as she felt her arousal grow... She had to take care of at least a little of this arousal... She almost began to grope herself before a realization dawned on her.

Whoever wrote that curse was in the classroom. Right now.

She froze in place, and slowly folded the parchment closed. If they saw her acting like a slut... They would know she was the one who got their curse... And they would know she would be incapable of saying no to any lewd command they give...

Her only hope of making it through this with her virginity intact was to make sure nobody found out what curse she was under! But... Would it really be so bad? She... She kind of wanted to... She wanted to ride a cock all the way back to the dorms. Ride it all night! Just let herself be impaled on her fellow wizard's wand again and again!

NO!!! That. Was. The. Curse... She was... Pretty sure, anyway...

It wasn't impossible that she was a slut naturally, and the curse was just redundant, right? B-But to be safe... Maybe she should hold off on guzzling cum until she had the curse taken care of... Even if that mental image... D-Did things... For her...

"Alright." The instructor said suddenly, "Three of you have shaken off your curses. That's good. The rest of you should return to your dorms now."

The dorms? Mm... She could have some fun there... No... She... She could have some... P-Privacy there...

"If you haven't shaken off the curse by now, you may need additional encouragement." The instructor explained, "Walking back to your dorms, in full view of everyone else will be a good source of motivation."

Slowly, she put her hands down on her desk, and lifted herself to her feet. She kept her head down, and tried not to look at anyone else as she began to walk towards the exit. Her heart pounded, and she could feel her lustful desires pulling at her.

As she stepped out of the classroom, she could hear her classmates talking...

"I wrote a pretty fun curse down, but it doesn't seem like anyone has it." One voice said.

"Really? What did you write?" Another voice said.

"Wrote down that it would turn whoever read it into a slut." The first voice bragged. "But, I didn't see anyone in the class acting like one."

"With your luck? It was probably one of the two who resisted the curse right away."

"Probably. Kind of sucks though. I was looking forward to having one of those girls in class at my beck and call."

She felt anger bubbling up within her. This was him, this was the asshole who cursed her! But... She couldn't do anything about it... If she did... He would immediately realize why she was angry at him and... Well... She'd be riding him all night long for sure...

She must have slowed down enough to be noticed though, as the next thing she heard was that jerk's voice directed at her. "Oh, sorry, did you hear that?"

She gritted her teeth, and struggled to speak with a level tone. "I... Wasn't paying attention. I have to go."

Her heart pounded. Would he call her bluff? Would she get to ride him... No... Would she have to ride him tonight? She was feeling so hot right now... She kind of wanted to get caught. But... She probably shouldn't want it. It was... J-Just the curse... It wasn't her... Maybe...

"So what curse did you get?" He asked. She knew he was fishing for the slut he made... She couldn't let him know that easily...

"H-Heavy hands..." She lied, "I need to focus or I'll drop everything."

"So you didn't get the slut one?" He asked. Apparently he wasn't interested in being subtle...

"N-No..." She lied again, struggling hard against her desire to say yes and lose it all... "I-I should go..."

"Before you do." He said, "Would you like to suck my cock?"

"Right here?" She asked, turning her head and looking at his crotch. Or at least, where it would be behind his robe. "Now?"

"Looks like I found the slut." He said in a mocking tone. But... He was right. She was the slut... Slowly, she slid down to her knees, and bowed her head, tucking it under the bottom of his robe and sliding out of view.

"Really? You're going to use her right now?" the other student asked. "She's going to be so mad when she gets free from that curse."

"I'm doing her a favor." He replied, "If getting a face full of cock doesn't snap her out of the curse, nothing will."

Under his robe, Sandra was face to face with his underwear. Her heart was pounding as she heard what he said. Was it true? If... If she sucked his cock, would she really be stuck like this forever? She pulled his underwear down, and caught the wonderful sight of his cock. She had been waiting so long for this...

She took a deep breath, and dove down onto his cock, filling her mouth as the flavor of his wand was plastered all over her tongue. It was bliss like nothing she had ever known... She nodded her head again and again, going down on his cock relentlessly as her tongue played along his shaft, eager to taste more, eager to please him more...

Then, she finally tasted his seed, as it filled her mouth and she began to swallow it all down eagerly. She didn't even care to resist... Why would she? She was a free use slut. Now... And forever...!