

## **The Writing's On The Wall**

*(A Silversmith story)*

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The minute I entered the gymnasium, I immediately regretted it. The DJ was blasting Limp Biscuit's "Nookie" and I debated on just bailing before I even made it ten steps inside of the door, but for whatever reason, I decided to try and push through and hope that it was just an unfortunate bit of timing. The gymnasium was filled to the brim with my fellow ASU students, all of whom were dressed in Halloween costumes of varying levels of success.

Many of the guys had half-assed it, much like they did back in my home town of Des Moines, but there were at least a handful that had made the genuine effort to try and put together something impressive or if nothing else original. A couple of them, though, like the zombie Kurt Cobain, seemed like they were in particularly poor taste, even with Kurt's death being nearly half a decade ago at that point. Besides, he was outdone in spades by the guy who was dressed as zombie Buddy Christ, an undead version of the icon from Kevin Smith's then most recent film "Dogma."

I wasn't going for timely, though. I was going for timeless, which is why I was in a Ziggy Stardust costume, reflecting Bowie at the peak of his powers, although I'd just seen him come through with Nine Inch Nails opening for him a few months ago, and he hadn't lost a step. It seemed like most of my fellow students didn't have much of an idea who I was, though, because at least two people said, "Dude, nice KISS costume!" to me before wandering off.

The girls, on the other hand, were all using Halloween as an excuse to put on their sluttiest clothing, if it could even be called that. Lots of them were in bikinis or lingerie, just enough covered so that they were being allowed in, but not so much that they couldn't flash you at half a second's decision if they wanted to. The ones that were going for costumes were going for skimpy and flashy versions of whatever it was they were dressed up as. It felt like there were loads and loads of people dressed up as Neo, Trinity or even Morpheus, since "The Matrix" was all anyone was talking about, although there were a handful of girls dressed up as characters from Sailor Moon.

As I moved further into the gym, Blink-182 launched into "What's My Age Again?" over the PA system, and giant swaths of college kids started thrashing around happily on the dance floor, so much so that I sort of scooted off to one side, heading towards the wall of the building so that I wouldn't get stomped on accidentally.

I remember back then, I couldn't wait to get off of campus. I was spending my second year in the dorms, and the call of having my own apartment had been strong, but I hadn't been making enough money to comfortably move off and do that, so my sophomore year was being spent in the dorms again, and in the spring I'd look at finding an apartment somewhere in Phoenix that was close to the college campus but wouldn't require me donating a kidney to science to be able to pay for the damn thing.

Some friends of mine had said they were going to come to the party that was being held in the campus gym, but I remember thinking that I wasn't sure how the hell I was going to find them among the giant mass of people out there. There had to be two or three hundred people in the gym at least, and the last thing I wanted to do was shove into the middle to try and find Davey and Nicky, just to see them jamming their tongues down the throats of their girlfriends Nancy and Desiree. I jokingly referred to the four of them as Dan-Dan when I was especially annoyed with them.

The Halloween party was free, but since it was on campus, it was also dry, housing only the freshman and sophomores who didn't have an in over at Greek Row or with older friends hosting parties of their own off campus. It wasn't the sort of thing I typically went to – I hadn't even bothered last year – but this year enough people had asked me if I was going to go that I basically got so tired of explaining why I wasn't going go that I changed my mind and just decided to go instead of having to repeat myself over and over again.

To be fair, the girls in their sexy costumes were easy on the eyes. There was a girl dressed as Daisy Duke that caught my eye, and I remember I was thinking to myself, 'There's no fucking way those are her real tits,' when I felt a tapping on the shoulder. I winced for a second, wondering if I'd been caught leering, then turned around to see my lab partner from Chem 209, a girl named Taylor, standing there dressed in what could only be described as Little Red Riding Hood meets Victoria's Secret Angel. Her brown hair had to have been in the curlers for hours to get those heavy long rings that she had running down from beneath that red velvet hood, covering a lot of what she had on display hidden, but it looked like she was wearing a black corset and black satin hotpants on beneath it, as well as leather boots that went all the way up to her mid thigh.

Now, don't get me wrong, I've always thought Taylor was hot, but I'd shot my shot with her before and she'd turned me down, saying she didn't want it to ruin our friendship, and that she enjoyed being able to talk so open and freely with me, something that she was convinced would end if we ever hooked up. She must have forgotten her contacts because she had on large, chunky black-framed glasses on over her eyes, something I'd only seen her wear a few times because she said she hated how they made her look. I'd told her I thought they were kind of hot on her, and she'd scolded me and told me to stop flirting with her, because it wasn't gonna happen, and if I kept it up, I was only going to make her mad.

She wasn't alone, though, because standing next to her was another girl whom I didn't recognize, although I certainly recognized her costume. She was wearing a Union Jack dress and red knee-high gogo boots, and while her face didn't look at all like Ginger Spice, her hair was a vibrant shade of strawberry blonde that gleamed in the flashing lights within the gym. The dress looked like it might have been a size too small, though, because it was clinging on to her like it was threatening to give out at any moment, and it was especially tight around the chest area, the impression of her stiff nipples visible to anyone who gave even a casual glance her direction.

"Hey Steve!" Taylor said with a wide smile. "I don't think you've met my roommate, Maggie." She gestured to the redhead next to her, who gave me the kind of look that made my knees go a little bit weak, something somewhere between interest and delight, but backed by the kind of intensity that made me feel a bit like an ant underneath some schoolboy's magnifying glass on a hot sunny day.

"Hey there Steve." I was about to reach out and shake Maggie's hand when she leaned in and kissed one of my cheeks, then moved to kiss the other, the entire time her tits were wedged right up against my chest, and I held my breath for a moment, the scent of her, floral and yet also sweet, lingered in my nostrils. Her hand was on my hip, as if she thought I might try to back away from her, but I was almost too terrified to move.

Here's the thing – Maggie wasn't just *pretty*, she was the kind of hot that made you want to not tell your friends about her because of fear that might cause them to swarm your place and prevent you from getting any time with her. She was the level of beautiful where you were certain she'd never heard anyone tell her no for anything in her entire life. Perfect skin, perfect teeth, perfect cheekbones... Taylor was easily an 8 or a 9, but Maggie broke the top of the chart off and just kept on climbing.

I remember thinking that there was almost something *unnaturally* attractive about Maggie at the time, and I probably should've listened to that, but at the time, all the blood was rushing towards another part of my body and abandoning ship on my brain's functionality.

"H-h-hey there, Maggie," I said when I finally found myself able to speak. "Nice to meet you."

I was going to pull back, but her hand on my hip hooked her thumb into one of the belt loops on my pants, keeping me right where I was. "I was just telling Taylor about how all of the fucking guys at this school are way too uptight for me, like, how I can't even fucking be myself around them, because swearing's not 'ladylike' or I'm too outspoken or some shit like that, but *she* said I should just meet you, because *you're* the kind of guy who likes outspoken women. That true?"

I didn't realize it at that point, but the hooks were already into me, and my opportunity to flee was already long since passed. Our faces were only a foot apart from each other, and I didn't smell

alcohol at all on her breath. In fact, she sort of smelled like the kind of bubble gum you used to get in packs of cards, or in that long roll, what was it called? Bubble Tape. That's it.

"I want anyone and everyone in my sphere of influence to be able to hold their own, that's all," I remember hearing myself say.

"That's very appealing about you, Steve," Maggie said, licking her lips. "I have to confess, this place is a little crowded for our tastes. Maybe we should continue this conversation somewhere quieter? Like our room?"

I glanced over at Taylor, who was nodding so emphatically I thought her head was going to roll off, before turning my eyes back to Maggie, trying to offer her my best suave smile, although in the state I was in, I wonder how it really came across. "As long as you ladies feel comfortable with me coming to your room, I wouldn't mind getting out of here. It's impossible to hear anything here anyway."

Maggie's thumb in my beltloop gave me a pull, and Taylor lead the way out of the party and away from the gym, heading towards the dorms. Normally I wouldn't want to be going back to the dorms for any kind of less crowded experience, but everyone was out on the town tonight, and Maggie and Taylor were roommates, so if things kicked off between me and one of them, I guessed I wouldn't have to worry about the other stumbling into the room and awkwardly finding us.

As soon as we got into the elevator, Maggie slid her arm around my waist and pressed her body against mine, while Taylor slid *her* arm around *Maggie's* waist, leaning into the redhead's ass a little bit, giggling over Maggie's shoulder. "You're gonna have the best time of your life tonight, Steve," Maggie said. "Your life is never gonna be the same again!"

Even she didn't really know the half of it.

We stepped out of the elevator and headed down the hall, the carpet that sort of ugly skim layer of bare minimum softness that only dorms in the 90s seemed to have, compressed within an inch of its life. Taylor took point, and I felt Maggie's hand on my ass, so I slid mine around her waist and was about to grab her ass in return when she pulled my hand up to her hip, clicking her tongue at me. "You're gonna get everything you can handle and more, mister, but you just gotta be patient, okay?"

I smirked back at her. "Yes ma'am."

Taylor unlocked the door to their room, a corner unit, then ushered us both in before closing the door behind us, making sure to lock it again. The lights in the room were down low, but there was definitely some sort of decoration on the walls that I couldn't make out clearly. The room had a couch in the center of it, flanked on either side by beds and desks, with a television on a stand below the main window looking out of the dorm room onto campus. There were fluorescent lights above us, but they were off, and the room was lit up by a string of Christmas lights around the couch, and a lamp with a silk scarf draped over it to diffuse the light down to almost candle light levels.

Maggie pulled me over to the couch, sitting me down in the middle of it, as Taylor made her way over to her little stereo unit on top of the desk, turning it on before making her 5-disc CD player shift to disc 3. A soft electronic drum beat began to fill the air, along with chiming noises and an inviting Gregorian chant, as the music of Enigma drifted over us.

"You're never going to forget this," Taylor said as she made her way towards the couch as Maggie moved to get down on her knees between my legs, as my breath caught. It was all moving a lot faster than I expected, as Maggie started to unbutton my jeans. "I'll bet she's an amazing cocksucker, but I'm gonna be sure and help her, because if one girl blowing you is great, two girls blowing you is gonna be fucking fantastic."

Maggie had reached in and pulled out my cock and was slowly running her tongue along it, a wicked smile on her lips as Taylor leaned in and the two of them began to kiss around the head of my dick, the sensations of their battling against the very end of it sending wild shivers up my spine, as my breath caught and I grabbed onto the couch cushions.

"I knew from the moment I laid eyes on her that she was going to be fucking sweet with a dick

in her mouth,” Taylor purred as she pushed Maggie's mouth down onto my cock until I was buried in her throat, although Maggie didn't so much as cough or puff her cheeks out before Taylor pulled the redhead's hair back, and she laughed, a line of my precum connecting her lips to my prick.

“You promised me a good cock,” Maggie said as she stood up and reached behind her to unfasten the top of her dress, the zipper running down the side as she slowly dragged it down. “But this is more than that. This is an excellent prick. I can't wait to get it inside me.”

“You are willing to pay the price, though, yes?” Taylor said as she started to loosen her corset until it dropped down to the floor, leaving her teardrop shaped tits exposed, thick areola and nipples exposed to my eyes, a deep shade of soft pink. “No pay, no play.”

“I accept the terms of the contract,” Maggie exhaled, divesting herself of the dress, leaving her pale, majestic skin exposed to my eyes, a bright red bush above her pussy, although parts of it were so faint blonde that it almost disappeared into the milky white.

For the briefest of moment, the walls all seemed to glow, characters in a language I didn't even recognize, much less understand, and the air felt heavy around us. I didn't know what was happening but the room felt unearthly, and I could feel a pressure somewhere inside my head, against the back of my skull, and my brain almost felt wobbly and swollen. Something significant had happened but I didn't know that, and even to this day, I'm still not fully certain what exactly transpired, so I'm going to tell you the rest of the story as I remember it, and hopefully you can make some sense out of it.

“Good,” Taylor said as the glow of the room faded, although I still felt an odd throbbing against the core of my mind. “Good good. Then why don't you enjoy the cock you've paid for?” Taylor peeled off the hotpants, exposing her completely bare snatch, and left the boots on because, well, as it turns out Taylor loves wearing boots.

I was about to try and stand up, but Maggie shoved me back down onto the couch and moved to slide one of her long legs on either side of my mine, straddling me as she took both of her hands and held onto my shoulders. “You're all mine now,” she said to me. “Or I'm all yours. I can't tell. I'm not sure where you end and where I begin, but I think we'll figure it out in the end.”

“What, you're what?” Taylor said as Maggie lifted up and then thrust her cunt down onto my cock with a deep and heavy groan, forcing my shaft up and inside of her as her head leaned back to look at the popcorn effect painted ceiling above her, a throaty and almost primitive moan melting out of her mouth.

“God, you feel so fucking good,” Maggie said to me as she leaned her head down and pushed her face into the nape of my neck, slowly kissing her way up to my ear, her teeth clipping down on it even while her tongue was slithering against my skin, as she started to twist and wiggle on my lap, unwilling to start bouncing up and down yet but completely incapable of sitting still. “Don't move, don't you *dare* fucking move an inch. Let me do all the work.”

I was almost terrified to even think about moving at this point, especially as I saw Taylor lean her head in and press her lips against Maggie's, giving her roommate a searing hot kiss, the two women pressing against each other as much as they were me, but I felt Taylor's hands slide down and grab Maggie's hips, pulling her up a bit before shunting her back down, slotting her onto my dick once more, as Maggie whimpered into Taylor's mouth.

Taylor's hand lifted up and then slapped down on Maggie's ass with a loud, hard crack, which made Maggie giggle a bit, which she tried to silence by leaning in to kiss me, which only made Taylor spank her again, causing Maggie to snap her hips down a bit harder into my lap, trying to get me deeper inside of her pussy.

Almost as if she thought Maggie was taking it too easy, Taylor stood right behind Maggie and latched her hands onto the redhead's hips, yanking her up and pushing her back once more. And once Maggie seemed to have taken the hint, Taylor slid one hand beneath her friend and started cradling my balls, fondling them as I felt my breathing picking up pace.

“Oh fuck yeah,” Maggie purred at me. “I felt that little subtle twitch, that need to just mark me

with your seed. I want that. I want to feel you painting me up, to feel you letting go of all your worries, all your tension, all your fear, and embracing this moment, our moment, where everything old is new again, where we begin without any fear of the past catching up to us. It'll make me cum so *fucking* hard when you do, so you need to let me have it, to savor this moment, to feel the connection between us solidify for now and all eternity and evermore. Do it. Cum in that tight little coed cunt. Fill me up. C'mon, you glorious man you, cum inside me. Cum cum cum!"

Now, I was trying to make a good impression, but when the most gorgeous woman you've ever laid eyes on is begging you to release inside of her, there's only so much even the strongest of us can do, and I've never been the sternest of wills on the best of days.

I filled that girl's cunt full of so much fuck cream you'd think she was a goddamn creampie pastry.

When I did, the scribbling on the walls glowed bright enough to light up the room and it felt almost like there were thousands of ants crawling on the inside of my skull, but thankfully that sensation quickly passed, even as the room continued to throb with an unearthly glow. Maggie had orgasmed so hard, she'd slumped over onto the couch off to the side, her face frozen in a widespread grin, her eyes steeled shut, her body still giving little aftershock twitches of pleasure even though she'd slipped off my cock, and my jizz was trickling out of her in tiny rivulets.

Without any warning, the door to the dorm room flew open, a heavy gust of wind filling the air, slicking my hair back as I turned to look towards the hallway, only for the door to slam shut once more, although now there were two people on the other side of it in the room with it, a man and a woman, at least mostly so.

The woman looked a little like Maggie, with the same sort of glorious explosion of wild red curls, but was much bustier, with tits that looked like they were just the perfect ratio for her body, but I was more noting that they were uncovered, as the woman didn't have a stitch on her.

Oh, she also had a *fucking tail*.

Yeah, I know this is the point where you think I've lost my fucking mind, but you have to believe me, I know what I saw, and the woman had a tail jutting out of the small of her back where I'd sort of expected to see a tramp stamp, just at the top of the crack of her well-sculpted ass. She looked to be in her mid twenties, like a beauty that had once been unbearable and had only grown more compelling, if somewhat less shocking.

The man standing next to her *was* clothed, thankfully. He appeared like he was in his late 40s, Egyptian I thought, with deep brown skin and black hair that was already starting to show streaks of grey and silver through it. He was dressed in an honest-to-god suit that looked like it probably cost as much as my tuition, the fabric cut loose, a deep color of slate. His eyes were behind octagonal shaped glasses, and he had a look of profound disappointment on his face.

"Sloppy work," he said, shaking his head. "I mean, honestly, this is far too complicated an undertaking for an amateur to be playing at, and the craftsmanship is terrible, not to even begin to speak about the penmanship. No wonder I could feel these out of control magics half a state away."

"*Infernatus expulsious!*" Taylor suddenly yelled, flicking her fingers in the direction of the man, who looked on at her with a sort of amusement replacing the disappointment.

"Oh, little witch, you sincerely don't know how badly you've fucked this, do you?" he said to her, almost ignoring me and Maggie completely.

"What's... what's happening here?" I remember saying. I needed to get a foothold to start to understand what was happening, so I decided to risk the danger of speaking and drawing attention to myself, as the man's gaze turned towards me.

"The sorceress here," he said, gesturing dismissively at Taylor, "was trying to muster up a binding spell, but she's mucked up so many steps along the way, it's gone all haywire."

"*Incindiari maj-*" Taylor started before the man flicked his hand at her and she was lifted off her feet and flung onto the couch next to me.

“Silence, mage,” he said, his voice taking on an ominous, almost nefarious tone. “Or I shall decide the fastest way to rectify this mess is by removing the original cast. I am Jonas Silversmith, often referred to as the Dragon Bourne, but most commonly called The Red Joker. I take it this pedigree means something to you?”

The look on Taylor's face had switched from confrontational to terrified in just a few sentences. “Oh gods,” she whispered. “Don't kill me. Please.”

“Better,” Jonas said, folding his fingers together in a cradle before cracking several of his knuckles. “You don't even realize how off the rails this spell has gone, do you, mage? Do I need to explain your errors to you?”

“I... I know it wasn't acting like it should have, but I don't know why, or what it's doing instead of what it was supposed to,” she said as the woman leaned down to sniff Taylor's hair.

“There's genuine fear on this one, Master,” the woman said to Jonas.

“Thank you, Kelly, I will handle it.” He glanced over at me with a sympathetic smile. “Succubi, right? You just can't take'em anywhere without them losing their manners.” His attention turned back to Taylor. “Tell me what your spell was supposed to do.”

“It was supposed to lure Steve up here, and then bind him to Maggie, and then Maggie to me, so I would have two perfect playthings to enjoy.”

I wanted to be angry in that moment, but it almost felt like my emotions were being kept under lock and key for the time being. “You what?”

“Relax Steve,” Jonas said to me. “I'll handle this. It isn't what she did anyway.”

“Oh.” When no one spoke for a few seconds, I decided to interject again. “What *did* she do?”

“Well, she bound Maggie to you, and then didn't close off the spell properly, so it's like an engine that just keeps gaining more and more power with nowhere to go.”

“That's not—” Taylor started to say.

“Speak once more, mage, and I will silence you for the rest of this conversation, if not the rest of all your conversations,” Jonas said to her as the girl, Kelly, giggled in amusement. “Now I could finish the spell the way this mage intended, with you and Maggie being subordinated to her, but I don't think that's very fair. I mean, I could just close the loop off by making you submissive to Maggie or Taylor, but that also doesn't seem right. So what I'm going to do is put Taylor under Maggie's command from now on, since Maggie's under yours, Steve.”

“Oh,” I found myself saying again. “Are you sure that's wise?”

“Steve McKenzie,” he said in my general direction. “If you have any intentions of harming either of these two women, or mean them any malice, speak now.” The room was quite for what felt like a long moment before he spoke again. “There, see? You're not such a bad man. Let me set forth to closing the loop.”

As Jonas walked around the room, smearing paint in different directions, changing the shape and size of many of the characters painted on the wall, I found myself with only one question. “How long is Maggie going to be bound to me?”

“Oh, forever, Steven,” Jonas said with a soft shrug. “I know you didn't seek this, but poor magic like this is unstable, and in trying to undo it, I might cause her far greater harm than the good I might incidentally do. Besides, she's a gorgeous woman, and so's Taylor, so I see it as a win-win situation for you, with your two new women, although you need to remember that Taylor will be bound to *Maggie* and not you, so Maggie will be the only one who can order her around. Which seems only fair, since the spell was meant to entrap Maggie, and you were simply a means to that end.”

Kelly, the woman who'd come in with Jonas, crouched down next to Taylor, her fingertips moving to cradle Taylor's skull in the palm of her hand. “You're lucky he didn't let me eat your soul, because I would've consumed it whole and not regret a single thing.”

“Stop harassing the poor mage, Kelly,” Jonas scolded as he twisted one final character and suddenly the vibration of the room shifted, no longer feeling broken and menacing, it felt warm and

relaxing, like a shower after a long day. “There. It’ll take another five to ten minutes to set in, but it’ll keep you all alive, which is more than what I can say about what would have happened should I not have come by to fix things.” He glanced down at Taylor, shaking his head. “You will not cast any more spells on yourself, Maggie or Steven here, and any other spells you *might* consider casting, you will not only double check, you will *triple* check your work, because if I have to come back here, your safety will be none of my concern. Have I made myself clear?”

“Perfectly, Red Joker,” Taylor said, her expression one of aghast fear.

“Good. I swear, I need to take a few years off, and so many of you mages are emboldened and convinced you can do whatever you want with nobody around to prevent you from meddling with forces you aren’t ready to,” Jonas sighed. “I mean, the glamour you put on Maggie is excellent, so I don’t know why you couldn’t let that be enough.”

“I...” Taylor started, then stopped, then started again. “I wanted her to love me like I loved her.”

The Red Joker shook his head. “Love is earned, not taken. Let that lesson fill your brain, and may you learn it well. Come Kelly, our work here is done.”

“Remember,” the woman said to Taylor. “If we return, your soul belongs to my dinner plate.” Her tongue whipped out, several feet long, slender and whiplike, lashing across Taylor’s face before sliding back into her mouth as the door opened, a searing blast of cold wind sliced into the room and then the door shut once more, both Silversmith and the succubus gone.

All of that was four years ago, and I’ve never seen either of the two of them since, Jonas Silversmith or his succubus Kelly. You know what I *have* seen a *lot* of over those four years, though? Maggie and Taylor.

Maggie and I started dating the next day, and Taylor followed her around like a little puppy, yearning for attention. When I got my own apartment, both Maggie and Taylor moved in with me. Jonas was right – Taylor never listens to a word I say, but whenever Maggie snaps her fingers, Taylor comes running.

The first thing Maggie did was forbid Taylor from using any magic ever again. I don’t know if I’m going crazy, but that’s how I remember it all. Maggie asked me to marry her last week, and of course I said yes, and Taylor’s going to be her maid of honor.

But I think no matter where I go or what I do, I’m always going to be in a bed of three.

I mean, the writing’s on the wall.