

Alyxundra Commission – Careful Discipline

Ouralia winced. She knew the rules. Any mistakes would be harshly punished. Quick and careful lessons made for good study. Deviating, intentionally or unintentionally, from the course lesson would be duly punished in turn. Today's classroom lay in the depths of the academy, in a mostly disused section. Perhaps once a dungeon, the stone walls lent naught but a chill in the air. Before her lay her instructor, an under elf named Luneris, and the sole desk in the chamber, her own. Luneris had a makeshift desk, a handful of books – things which ostensibly any instructor needed.

“Tell me, Ouralia. What is *that* supposed to be?” the under elf sneered. On Ouralia's desk, a tiny, lopsided lump sat. Once a perfect sphere of clay, now... something. Ouralia swallowed, her pale skin and raven hair a stark contrast to some of those she would study with, Luneris included. Despite her noble upbringing, her would-be haughty air, she could not profess expertise in shape changing. And she certainly failed to create the starfish shaped pattern out of her target clay.

“I –”

“No excuses,” Luneris said, cutting her off. The instructor crossed over to the desk, planting a hand upon it. “That is a miserable failure. We give you access to so much research, so much knowledge. Yet here we are,” she finished. Ouralia tried not to let the words cut her to the quick, but her heart sank. She knew what proclivity most of her instructors seemed to hold when it came to disciplining her. Indeed, as she looked up, sure she looked as if a lost puppy, Luneris already brandished a willow switch. Its supple structure sang through the air as Luneris swished it about.

“I suppose you must be used to this treatment by now, yes?” The instructor's words seemed barbed on purpose, and Ouralia flinched on hearing them. She rested both hands upon

her desk, waiting for the inevitable. She flinched again when she felt the under elf's hand caress her bottom, but not from the touch itself. Already sore from previous punishments from other instructors, Ouralia felt the sting renewed.

“Honestly, you cannot even compose yourself properly during a disciplinary session. Is that a personal failing, or perhaps just something your kind are inclined toward?” Luneris said, mockery in her tone. Trailing her nails along Ouralia's buttocks, the instructor patted her bottom with the switch. Gentle. Ginger. Almost sweet, if Ouralia didn't know what still would come.

“Disrobe, human.”

The command led her to act on automatic impulse, removing her outer robe and placing it on her desk. The white fabric wouldn't stain with the clay, she hoped. But her mind only lingered on it for a moment before she continued, removing the black garb which served as her primary dress. Beneath it, she wore plainclothes without decoration, earning a snort of derision from Luneris.

“A noble, wearing this...” The instructor shook her head. “Disappointing in all marks, it seems.” This time, Luneris didn't wait for Ouralia to pull her own bottoms down, stripping her in one unceremonious motion. The preexisting porcelain skin lay marred with the welts and bruises disbursed by other instructors, and Luneris let out another snort. No words followed; only the singing swish of the switch.

Ouralia braced herself, but Luneris didn't strike her with it. Preemptive tears at the corner of Ouralia's eyes made her blink, and she stiffened. She could feel herself dripping, against her will, a string of liquid connecting the delta of her sex with one thigh. Luneris offered no comment on her apparent arousal, only striking her without fanfare.

Ouralia yelped, her head shifting down as her thighs quivered. The second strike came

only the briefest of moments later, repeating the first's placement. She could feel a pit in her stomach, gnawing at her. Shame and despite herself, lust. Her knees trembled, even as she could feel herself become wetter. This, then, was her true reward for her 'hard work'. To be punished. She could lie to herself as much as she wanted. But it made no difference. Her lineage could offer no solace. Or was it because in these moments she could cast off the yoke of her heritage and yield to a greater authority?

The third hit of the switch broke her from her reverie. The sensation of its loose tendrils on its end sent another shudder through her body, her preexisting marks colored deeper crimson. Ouralia gripped her own clothes, her nails digging into the fabric as she bit her lip, near so hard as to draw blood.

“A piteous display. Your parents would be ashamed of you. Or does that bring you pleasure?” Luneris said, drawing the switch along her back. Agonizingly slow, measured, the motion made Ouralia arch her back further, as if splaying out to present herself. Luneris repeated her strikes, making Ouralia yelp openly at last, her voice echoing against the stone walls.

“Do not *bark* out of turn, insolent cur,” Luneris spat, switching her again in quick succession. “A dutiful student should know their place and actually manage to improve over their tutelage. Your performance is abysmal; one would think you enjoy this,” the instructor finished.

Ouralia laid her head on her robes, hiding her face. Her cheeks burned crimson with the admonishments. What was wrong with her? Even as she asked herself the question, she could feel her walls open wider, as if eager for Luneris to play with her as she saw fit. The click of Luneris's heels drew her attention back to the fore. Luneris walked around her, to the front of the desk. The instructor cleared her throat, and Ouralia raised her head, gazing up at her.

Luneris stood before her, and tugged at her own robe, letting it fall to the ground. Laid bare, the instructor's chest glistened in the low light, her nipples stiff. But her expression, clad in a sadistic smile, offered no respite. “I suppose a *shem* like you need be taught her place more thoroughly, yes? Don't worry. I will keep you in class as long as need be until my lessons sink in...”