

Alyxundra Commission – Recovery Period

“You're late again,” Ylliahn said, crossing her arms. The bigger elfin woman leaned against the door to the communal dorm. “Roll call was an hour ago.” She narrowed her eyes at Ouralia. Wearing naught but her sports bra and shorts, her muscles shone in the dim light.

“One of the instructors needed to engage in more hands on instruction. I needn't be ridiculed for that,” Ouralia muttered. Despite herself, she could feel her gait slightly off kilter. She hoped it not obvious to Ylliahn, but the hope lay dashed as the woman grabbed her shoulder when Ouralia moved to pass her.

“Hey. You keep getting held after class a lot. You aren't stupid.” Ylliahn paused. “Well, not for a human, anyway. So what's the deal?” Despite the rivalry Ouralia felt simmered between the two, here Ylliahn's concern felt genuine, heartfelt. Looking up at her, Ouralia met Ylliahn's gaze. Intense, smoldering. She averted her eyes almost as quickly, a faint blush coming to her cheeks. It wouldn't do to get into *more* trouble at this hour...

“And what's this?” Ylliahn asked, brushing a finger over Ouralia's collar. Tugging it open, she let show a bruised set of teeth marks near the base of Ouralia's neck.

“N-none of your concern!”

“It is now.” Ylliahn ignored Ouralia's protests, dragging the girl into her own dorm room and shutting the door behind them. Pushing Ouralia deeper into the room, Ylliahn tapped her foot. “Strip. Let's see what they did to you.”

Ouralia blustered, but folded under the stern gaze of her erstwhile rival. For the second time that day, she disrobed, setting aside her clothes in a neat and tidy pile. The copious decorations upon her body from switch, nail, tooth, and paddle lay exposed, Ouralia's body a tableau of bruises. She tried to hide her body for modesty's sake, but a cluck of the tongue from

Ylliahn and she let her hands fall to the side. Shoulders slumped, Ouralia lay bare and exposed. And yet, despite her shame here, as always, the arousal crept into her loins. Perpetual, like a starved beast which longed for her to feed it endlessly.

Ylliahn crossed over to her, and tilted her chin up. “You take too much of their *discipline*. Would it kill you to stand up for yourself once in a while?”

Ouralia couldn't respond. She refused to meet Ylliahn's gaze. The forest elf sighed, and wrapped an arm around Ouralia's body, pressing her close. A muffled 'mmph' was all the noble human could manage to utter from between Ylliahn's considerable bust. Struggling availed her naught; despite the elven reputation for greater magical aptitude than physical, Ylliahn possessed enough of the latter to keep Ouralia pinned with ease.

Ouralia stopped struggling, and found herself trying to relax, breathing deep. Ylliahn smelled of loam and earth, a heady, musky aroma. Finally looking up, she met Ylliahn's eyes, the bigger woman smirking.

“You can stay with me tonight. At least I'll keep you out of trouble.” Ouralia opened her mouth to protest, but gave up. There would be no point, she could tell, and besides, she might as well enjoy Ylliahn's company while the latter felt charitable.

Ylliahn picked her up, scooping her off the floor. Ouralia squeaked in surprise, but all the forest elf did was bring her to the bed, setting her down gently. She examined Ouralia's upper body first, turning her head one way and another to look at both sides of her neck. With no sense for propriety, or even that she violated a noble's sexual confidence, Ylliahn groped Ouralia's chest. Ouralia dared not speak now – if she cried out, it would only bring a hall monitor to question why they were not in bed asleep at this hour.

Ylliahn, to her credit, did not pressure her bruises too harshly. Cascading her hands down

Ouralia's body, she left no portion untouched, exploring her fully. The attentiveness felt almost unnatural compared to how most fondled or abused her without regard for her dignity. And it made Ouralia even wetter, rubbing her sore thighs together. She squirmed under Ylliahn's grasp, but didn't try and skitter away. By now it seemed obvious she would not be harmed.

Ylliahn's hand drifted down between Ouralia's legs, and she sucked in her breath in anticipation. But while Ylliahn spent a moment touching the slickness which lay between the petals of Ouralia's flower, she lingered on it not. Instead, she spread Ouralia's legs wider, and ran her fingers along the sore buttocks underneath.

"Ylliahn...?" Ouralia whispered. A sharp glance hushed her, and Ylliahn returned to her focus. Sliding Ouralia's hips up, she propped her own thigh underneath to support her, and rubbed Ouralia's ass with her middle finger. A hiss emerged from Ouralia's mouth as that same finger slid inside, with Ylliahn's thumb rubbing at Ouralia's pussy.

Ylliahn seemed unconcerned with Ouralia's reactions, instead focusing on pistoning her finger in and out of the tight hole. By the same token, she let her thumb slip inside of Ouralia's other entrance, lightly pinching the thin membrane of skin between the two and working them in tandem. Ouralia gripped the sheets, unused to this manner of treatment. She certainly put out (whether she liked it or not), but rarer still was it when someone give her such attentive sexual care.

Ylliahn focused her gaze now on Ouralia's face, catching the latter off guard as she spread her legs. Her breath hitched in excitement and nervousness alike, afraid to break eye contact. With her free hand, Ylliahn moved to rub her other thumb on the now sensitive clitoris of her rival. The small nub sent electric jolts of pleasure radiating through Ouralia's body, and she could feel herself compressing on Ylliahn's fingers. Desperate, yearning!

Orgasm followed swiftly thereafter, little stimulation needed after the punishment previously endured at the hands of her teachers. Ouralia's hitched breaths gave way to lurid moans, low and sultry, but she at least kept them quiet enough the two would not be caught. Flushed and gazing upon Ylliahn, who retrieved her fingers, she could offer no response.

And for Ylliahn's part, she only offered a smug grin.