

# Love Potion

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Amy slowly stirred her potion, careful to keep her wooden staff in the exact center of the cauldron. Small, concentric, tedious, annoying circles. She couldn't afford to make a single mistake, though, or she'd have to start it all over again. Still, it was so tempting to slip, just a little bit. Widen the circle, allow the staff to come ever so close to hitting the edge of the cauldron, and...

*Whack.* Miss Fernholt's staff smacked against the edge of the cauldron, causing green liquid to slosh against the pewter sides. Amy winced, visibly, speeding up her stirring to try and draw the liquid back in. "Amelia Delheart." The voice was firm, making Amy shake a little in her leather boots. "You know vitality potions must be mixed *precisely*, or else they'll poison their users. Yet you act like five careful minutes of your time, to save an adventurer's life, is somehow the most excruciating thing you've ever experienced. Do I need to force you to taste test each potion, just to save on mice?"

"No, Miss Fernholt..." Amy whispered, continuing to stir. Her eyes were locked on the potion, her red hair lowered over her face to hide the faint blush. By all the goddesses, being yelled at like this... It was honestly such a panty soaking turn on, that she worried there might be a wet spot on her black dress... Pure willpower was required to keep both hands firmly on stirring with her staff, even

though surely Miss Fernholt wouldn't notice if she took one hand off to reach beneath her skirts.

There was another slap of wood against pewter, this time almost causing the cauldron to tip over. "Amelia! Are you listening to me!?"

"Yes, Miss Fernholt..." Amy whispered, head down, hair covering her face, but green eyes flicking upward to take in her teacher's visage. The woman looked nothing like the manner she presented. Her hair was a soft strawberry blonde that Amy felt was too beautiful to be natural. Her face was set in a hard expression, but her dear teacher couldn't help the soft roundness of her cheeks or the way her full lips always looked like they were pouting when she was mad. No more than she could help those green eyes, soft in color as fern, even as they tried to look stern in expression. Bethany Fernholt was gorgeous; and she was strict; and even if there'd been another witch willing to apprentice a witch student as poor as Amy, the redhead wouldn't have picked anyone else in a million years.

"Amelia! That's enough stirring. It's time for the next ingredient."

"Yes, Miss Fernholt." She added the frog legs, hand trembling a little from need. She focused on stirring the pot for another minute, sparing glances up at her teacher when the wait became interminable, and then slowly drew her own wooden staff out of the potion.

Well. She called it a staff, but it was more a stick with a knob at the end than anything. It did get the job done, though, and once she shook the green slime off of it, she was able to plant it firmly on the kitchen floor of their little log cabin.

“It’s done, Miss Fernholt,” she whispered. “You can feed it to the mice, now...”

“Hmm.” Miss Fernholt leaned close, sniffing the potion, with a disdainful expression on her face. She reached over to the wall, taking a metal spoon off its hook and scooping a small amount up. She stared at it judgmentally for a moment, and then let it drop back into the potion. “We’ll feed it to the mice later; but it smells like you got it right.” She placed a finger on her nose. “Remember, Amelia. You can tell a lot about potions by their smell. This one should smell slightly... sweet. If you do it wrong, it’ll turn bitter. Don’t waste the lives of your mice if it smells wrong.”

“Yes, Miss Fernholt...” Amelia nodded, making a mental note. She had a pretty good memory, actually... and she’d eagerly memorized every potion Miss Fernholt would teach her, even the ones that grossed her out - like toenail growth - or the ones that annoyed her... Who wanted to spend ten minutes stirring just for a potion that dulled your sensitivity to pain? The entire concept bored her to tears.

Still, she knew how to make it! The only reason she ever messed up was... well. She *liked* being punished.

This potion, though, was too important to mess up. This was the first potion, of all the ones she'd made, that would actually be sold to adventurers passing through town... and she didn't really want to kill any of the cute mice she'd spent the last few months taking care of, either. So she leaned over the potion to take a good sniff, before smiling up at her strictly frowning mistress. "If we put it in the front, the smell might attract customers?"

"Yet if we put it in the back, it's less likely to poison someone. A truly hard decision... but we'll discuss it later, Amelia." The teacher turned away from her with that and moved to the door. "I'm going to lie down. Clean up in here, and then make dinner."

"Yes, Miss Fernholt," Amy whispered, staring at the floor in fake consternation. She waited until the door was closed behind her teacher before breaking into a smile. She'd been left alone with potion ingredients, put in charge of dinner, and her teacher was gone. It was the perfect recipe for a little trouble that was guaranteed to get her punished, in the worst way possible. See, if there was one thing wrong with having Miss Fernholt as a teacher, it was that she wouldn't go *far enough*. Oh, she yelled, she smacked her staff against the pewter, and once

she'd even come perilously close to smacking Amy straight on the bottom with the knobby end of her staff... but there was something holding her back, no matter how angry Amy ever made her. Whatever happened, all she saw was her student. Not a young woman, nineteen, with needs and wants and panty soaking desires. She deserved to be spanked like a child, treated like an adult, and held like a woman in her lover's arms... and she had a plan to make it all happen.

The first step was to alter her potion. Energy was a good base for love, making the heart pound and the palms sweat. She just needed a lock of her hair, a few ingredients best not thought too much about, and... a touch of lust, created by the target. For that purpose, she was finally able to reach beneath her skirts and touch her soaking cunt, gently probing it for liquid that she would then hold over the pot. Letting it drop in, there was a puff of pink smoke as the potion changed color, and she gave three quick stirs with her staff before pulling it out. Now, for most people it would continue to just be an energy potion - but if her teacher so much as drank a sip from it, she would end up head over heels for her student.

As for how to arrange that - well, she was making dinner, wasn't she? She was specifically making pasta. So she slipped a little bit of it into a glass vial, and - while stirring the spaghetti - she slipped it into the pasta water... and smiled. Dinner was about to be served.



Dinner had been a bust. Her teacher had sat down at the table, dressed in a white blouse, deep blue skirt, and stone gray cloak. She'd taken a single bite of the pasta, chewed, swallowed, and then pushed the plate away. Amy had kept her face schooled completely straight, while Miss Fernholt had stared at her across the table. The redhead's heart had been beating a mile a minute, unsure if she'd been caught out, or if the spell had worked like it was supposed to. Yet all Miss Fernholt had done was stand up and leave the dinner table. "Finish your dinner before you go to sleep," she told her student in a strict voice, before leaving the dining room. Her cloak sweeping across the floor had been the only noise, a faint whispering sound that rang in Amy's ears as she stared down at her plate in consternation. She was sure something had gone wrong, but for the life of her she couldn't figure out what. Maybe she should have used a sedative, to put the teacher's mind to sleep and make her suggestible. That might have been better... but this route should have worked, too!

The witch sighed, not very hungry but not wanting to look suspicious with a full plate. She knew that eating the pasta was just going to make her energized

right before bed, but she forced herself to swallow a few bites and then moved the pasta around the plate so that it would look like she had eaten more than she had... There was Sleep Tea in the cupboard, so she put a kettle on the stove, added some tea leaves, and poured herself a hot cup of it before going to bed. It was sour, making her lips pucker every time she took a sip, and somehow it was bitter too. She thought she must have brewed it especially strong, because she felt the energizing effects of the potion drain out of her from the very first sip. She still forced herself to drink the rest before getting into the bed and pulling the covers over her head.

Sleep came even quicker than Amy was expecting, washing over her the moment she slipped under the covers. It was deeper than she could have imagined, and she did not wake when the door to her room was opened and the tall figure of Bethany Fernholt stepped into her room, and pulled back her covers. She did not wake when she was lightly shaken, or when her clothes were magically dissolved to nothingness. First the dress, revealing her white bra and panties. Then her underwear, revealing breasts, pussy and nipples, the last erect from the cold - but still she didn't wake. Not even when Miss Fernholt waved her staff, and caused her to float out of the bed and down the hall. She did not even wake as rope was slipped around her ankles and tied to a hook dangling from the ceiling. She didn't



wake until her teacher slammed the end of her staff against the ground, releasing a circle of green light that illuminated Amy's sleeping face. Then she twitched, blinked, and groaned, trying to stretch. She couldn't, of course, with hands tied in front of her, wrapped from wrist to elbow in rows of coarse braided rope that dug into her when she tried to pull free. The poor redhead panicked, trying to kick with her legs and pull with her arms, but only succeeded in spinning about from the ceiling in a lazy circle.

Miss Fernholt banged her staff again, causing Amy to stop what she was doing and focus on the older woman. The student swallowed hard when she saw the grim smile on her teacher's face, an expression she'd never seen before.

"Did you think I wouldn't notice?" Miss Fernholt asked, brushing a loose strand of strawberry blonde hair behind her ear. "Did you think I would suddenly develop feelings for you and not pin down the cause? Do you think I'm so blind to the taste of potions to not taste it in my own food? Do you think I'm *stupid*, Amelia Delheart?"

Amy shook her head fiercely, eyes wide and scared. She'd never seen her Miss Fernholt angry before - she was strict, and stern, but always cold with her behavior and her punishments. She dealt out punishments as she saw fit, but they were always fair and even - she'd assumed the worst she'd be facing was getting

turned into a rat for a week as a punishment for bad cooking, not... whatever this was.

Bethany Fernholt responded to her student's fear with a wicked smile. "Then you must know I noticed, the way you shift and squirm whenever I yell at you. Whenever I punish you."

"I..." Amy's cheeks flushed bright red, and she felt her traitorous cunt begin to leak a little lubricant. A line of pure need began to trail down from her slit, sliding over her flat stomach and coming to a rest within the curve of her cleavage. Amy shivered, knowing she was utterly exposed, knowing the teacher could see this. Fearing it - but also loving it. Loving the punishment, even not knowing where it would lead.

Even Miss Fernholt didn't know exactly what she planned to do with this treacherous, lecherous student of hers, until she realized that her grip had shifted further down the staff. She pulled the long and crooked stick back, and then struck the length of it across Amy's ass. There was a meaty thwack as she made contact, one that not only caused the upside down woman to cry out, but actually sent her spinning. The teacher waited until her student was in position again, before striking in the opposite direction, and turning the rapid spin back into a lazy circle of pain, with slaps coming across her rear end until her pale white cheeks were flushed as

red as her hair both above and below, and her throat was worn out from screams of pain.

Only then did she lower her staff back to the floor, smiling cruelly at the woman. “Do you know why I haven’t turned you into a rat yet?”

Amy shook her head no, a real tremor of fear going down her spine - and another treacherous drop of lust slipping from her thrice-damned pussy lips. What was wrong with her, that the mere thought of being a rodent - completely under someone else’s thumb, forced to eat and drink at their permission - was actually turning her on?

“It’s because you did a fine job with that potion.” Amy’s eyes widened, faintly, but the knobby staff was placed against her lips before she could speak. “I’m quite in love with you. And I don’t quite have it in me to take the antidote... So lucky you get to find out why I don’t have any lovers in my life... Why I’ve never called you out on your lecherous thoughts...”

Miss Fernholt smiled, gripping Amy’s head and forcefully turning her to stare at an oak chest with a golden lock. There was no obvious keyhole, but the moment the teacher placed her staff’s end against the padlock’s surface, it clicked open and fell to the floor. The teacher released her student’s cheeks, stepping to

open up the chest and pulling out a few tools. A long leather whip, a switch made of a weeping willow's flexible branches, and a simple red candle.

“We’re going to have fun with that needy slit of yours, you and I...” Miss Fernholt’s smile widened. “You wanted it played with so bad that you altered my mind to make me yours. Now you’re going to find out that I’ve been holding back on punishments for your sake, dear Amelia. You’re going to find out what my unaltered attention and lust is really like...” She struck out with the whip as she trailed off, a line of fire striking across Amy’s stomach as a red welt appeared on the surface of her belly, a slight drop of blood appearing in a miniature cut across the belly button. There was another strike, creating a simple “x” across her stomach, the skin peeling back faintly from the wounds made. Amelia whimpered as the blood began to slide down, squirming again in her grip. Still, her traitorous slit was leaking lubricant and lust down her belly, causing her belly button to sting when it struck against the wounds, and making her squirm again as the teacher expertly crossed little red welts across her belly, her back, her bottom and even her thighs. Amy whimpered with each strike, but she couldn’t say whether it was from hurt or need.

This. This is what she deserved. This is what she had brought on herself.

“Please...” she found herself whispering. “Please...”

“Please give you more?” the teacher whispered in response, putting the whip down on the wooden floor with a smile. The tip of it was red with her blood, but Amy didn’t care. She whimpered to see it just out of reach of her teacher’s hand, knowing instinctively that her teacher wouldn’t have let it go if she wasn’t done with its use. At least for now. “Good girls get more....” her teacher told her. “Bad girls get whatever I deem necessary.”

The woman picked up the wooden switch next, flexing the wood with a smile on her lips. She struck out with it, expertly maneuvering the tip so that it landed between her thighs, right between the pussy lips. Another strike, and another, each hitting to either side of her cunt. Then the next, as Amy mewled out for more, this one landing on the tip of her clit. She screamed, and a squirt of liquid lust burst from her pussy as pleasure overtook her cunt, and she wasn’t sure if it was the blood pooling in her head or the lust building in her pussy, but she felt like her brains were dribbling out of her needy slit.

“More...” the student whimpered. “Please. More...”

“More.” Miss Fernholt smiled. “She dares to ask for more after that. As if I weren’t giving you enough...” The teacher licked her lips and put down the switch. She picked up the candle, lighting the tip with just a look. A pool of wax was

forming in mere moments, and the teacher floated slowly into the air. She held the candle above the woman's cunt.

"I won't cast a love spell on you," she whispered. "I'm not crass. But one drop of this on your cunt, and that slit of yours will be sealed to everyone but me. No sensation, no self touching, no anything. It'll be a sealed hole except when I bother to unseal it. Or I could still turn you into a rat..." The teacher smiled, listening to her student's heart beat faster.

Amy shook her head fiercely, lips dry and throat tight. "Please..." she whispered. "Please. Make me yours. Goddess, I want to be yours..."

The teacher smiled. Then dropped the candle to the ground, not a drop spilled. The fire went out before it even landed. "You really are a hopeless case... What did I say, when I first took you in?"

"That... I'm a poor excuse of a witch. Probably a terrible student. And that I'll be lucky if I get good enough to make a living as a magic boot shine girl... but that you'd take me in."

The teacher smiled. "That's right. Well. You've proved me wrong, for the most part; I hope you can appreciate that, while I say... goodnight." And with that, the teacher took her leave.