

Earning a spot in the Drossler Academy was no easy feat, and for good reason. It was the premier academic setting for any and all arcane research, a wonderland of theory and practice that had transformed the world's way of living a hundred times over. Indeed, it had become such an institution in the world of magic and magic research that laypeople often assumed "Drossler" was simply the word for a school of magic. Its graduates went on to change the world...provided they weren't inclined to simply coast off the easy life a diploma from Drossler afforded them.

That being said, one had to *graduate* first, and that came with its own unique set of challenges. For students like Laurence, those difficulties were further compounded.

Laurence had been admitted under *special* circumstances. He was, after all, a "mother's boy," so to speak. The son of a powerful feline sorceress, he'd inherited so much of his mother's raw magical energy that he, a *boy*, was able to cast spells just a few months past his sixteenth birthday. Virtually unheard of, considering most wizards were in their late forties, if that! He'd further honed his talent for spellcraft over his seven years of study at Drossler. But even if he was an exceptional example of talent in the male pupils, his classmates tended to focus on...*other* attributes.

"Well, *well!* If it isn't *kitty-cat!*"

Laurence looked over his shoulder, books clutched close to his chest as his smallhairs stood straight on the back of his neck. His ears twitched, and his heart sank along with his tail. *Elodie.*

Elodie was everything that Laurence wasn't. He was meek, quiet, and polite. She was smug, boisterous, and imposing in the most *literal* sense. He was a scruffy mess, often wearing his unkempt black hair in a cowlick. *She* was a gorgeous, fashionable blonde, the kind of glamorous woman that had a different set of braids every day.

*He* was talented. *She* was not. But if fortune favored the bold, one of the two clearly earned that favor, and it certainly wasn't Laurence.

Laurence sighed and turned to face her. "Hello, Elodie," he mumbled, not bothering to give so much as a nod. He'd long since abandoned any pretense of courteous delight: when he greeted her, it was with a sullen sigh if at all. That being said, the last few times he'd ignored her, Elodie had opted to tug his tail until he relented.

Apparently pleased by his hollow gesture, Elodie instead opted to reach up with a smirk and give Laurence a pat on the head. "So *polite!* And to think I

was worried you might not hear me this time." She bared her teeth in a glittering smile, one hand brought to her chest. "Those tricorn ears of yours might be utterly *adorable*, but I find myself wondering sometimes if they're as keen as mine!"

Laurence wasn't altogether unused to remarks on his unusual appearance -- unusual for a boy, at least. He tended to humor most people when they commented on his more feline attributes, but Elodie had long since worn out her good faith. She never failed to fixate on his somatic quirks, delighting in the way his ears and tail showcased his mood, teasing him when he dared to sip milk at mealtime.

Most worryingly, she'd idly mused at times on how an aspiring witch such as herself ought to have a *familiar* to match. Her daydreams of having a collared kitten to toy with didn't sit well with Laurence, especially considering she hadn't seemed to actually look into any *actual* cats to make her familiar.

Thankfully, however, *that* particular subject wasn't often the centerpiece of their limited interactions. At least, not as of late. Most of the time Elodie seemed content to taunt him for whatever virtuous habit she caught him in the midst of. Laurence wasn't often teased for being a studious apprentice-mage, but Elodie managed to turn silk purses to sows' ears with alarming aptitude.

Elodie canted her head to the side and looked down at him, grinning. There was something so infuriating about a young woman even just a year younger than Laurence being taller than him. "What's it that they say about stopped clocks, *kitty-cat*?"

Laurence sighed and glanced away. "That they're right twice a day?"

Elodie blinked at him. "What? No, no!" She grabbed him by the wrist and tugged him down the hall, the *opposite* direction he'd been headed before her imposition. "It's that time waits for no woman! A stopped clock may *seem* to offer respite, but it's so *specious* a space between seconds!"

Laurence squeaked, ears flattening as he looked over his shoulder. This was a bit much, even for Elodie's flagrant disregard for social decency! Laurence shook his head, stumbling along behind her. "Elodie, I was in the middle of--"

"Oh, it wasn't anything *important*, I'm sure!" She cut him off with a toss of her hair and an airy laugh. "And I don't mean to be *rude*, kitty, but it's not a terribly attractive quality for a boy to constantly chirp about what *he* wants and what *he's* doing." She pulled him around a corner and marched onwards.

"Especially," Elodie continued, "when the attractive young lady he's with has already prepared something *wonderfully* special for him!"

"Prepared-" Laurence repeated, blinking. "Prepared for *me?*" Oh, *no*.

"Oh, yes, kitten!" Elodie shrugged her free shoulder and shook her head, evidently *quite* pleased with herself. "I noticed that you've been so *miserably* tense when I've seen you as of late, and I took it upon myself to help alleviate that ill-ease!"

"How?"

"You'll *see*, you curious little kitty-cat! Goodness!" Elodie came to a stop in front of a plain wooden door, whipping about to wag a finger in Laurence's face. "It's *very* unattractive for a boy to ask so many questions about a gift he's about to receive!" She stepped behind him and pressed her hands flat against his back, pushing him forward despite his best efforts.

"Gift?! What manner of *gift* are you trying to give me?!" Laurence yelped, clutching his books tight once more in some vague facsimile of a security blanket. "Elodie, this is-"

"*What*," Elodie began, grunting as she shoved Laurence towards the door, "do they say about *curiosity* and *cats!*"

"I don't want to die!" Laurence wailed, shutting his eyes and shaking his head.

"Oh, shut *up*, you're not going to *die!*" Elodie gave an uncharacteristic growl as she finally *pushed* him through the door. As the world seemed to fall to pieces around him, Laurence felt for a moment as if he were floating. He didn't dare open his eyes, but in the cold space of wherever he was, he heard Elodie's voice vibrate around him.

"But *satisfaction* is what's going to bring you *back!*"

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Laurence wasn't unused to teleportation spells. He had a few doors in his room enchanted with them, in fact. So it wasn't the sort of sudden weightlessness that upset him, it was the notion he had no idea where he was going to end up.

...That and the fact that this teleportation spell must've been *miserably* conceived, because it was taking far too long to actually teleport him anywhere. As terrified panic turned to mere anxiousness, Laurence called out into the void. "Elodie!"

"Yes, kitty?"

"How long is this going to take?"

She giggled, light and maliciously pleased with herself. "Oh, I don't think it'll take very long at all, kitten! I expect you'll be back before supper and ready to-"

"No, no, you misunderstand me-" Laurence interrupted. He didn't normally like to speak over people, but Elodie, he thought, had earned it. "This teleportation is taking, ah... It's taking a bit of time, isn't it?"

He may've been hurtling towards the unknown, but Laurence still managed a quiet smile when he heard Elodie's indignant sputter in response. "A bit- Listen, I'm not wholly sure what you mean to *imply* with that, but I can *assure* you that it is taking *precisely* as long as it needs to!"

Silence for a moment. And then...

"So perhaps you might consider *shutting your mouth* in the meantime!"

Laurence rolled his eyes in a rare show of defiance, sighing as his dread further mellowed into dull irritation. It wasn't often that he made his displeasure so obvious -- if one considered passive-aggressive sighing obvious, that is -- but this was beyond the pale, even for Elodie. He'd have words with *someone* when he returned, though a snide part of him wondered if Elodie had even thought to provide a way back.

...

"Elodie, there's a way back, isn't there?!"

"Yes, *there's a way back!*"

So *that* was reassuring, at least. Elodie wasn't a diligent student by any stretch of the imagination, but she had at the very least ensured that Laurence wasn't going to end up devising his own way home. And as the world began to coalesce, reforming around him in vague blobs of color, Laurence braced himself against the unknown. He had *no* idea what Elodie had planned for him, and while he was confident it wouldn't be *violent*, it certainly wasn't going to be *pleasant*.

He dropped down onto a bed of grass, momentarily disoriented. It had been so long since he'd been subjected to what was clearly an amateur's teleportation spell, Laurence had nearly forgotten the loopy dizziness that accompanied one's arrival.

Except it wasn't going away. Sure, Elodie wasn't very talented at spellcraft, but this kind of loopy-headedness wasn't supposed to last this long! ...Or feel this

pleasant. He didn't feel nauseous at *all*, actually, so he might have had to give Elodie a bit more credit. Laying back on the grass, he took a moment to rest. He could sit up and survey his surroundings after a moment. Right now, Laurence needed to relax.

...*Mm*.

He took a deep breath, lips curling into a lazy, indulgent smile. "Elodie," he murmured, rolling onto his side and stretching his back with a pop. "It may have taken a bit of time to *get* here, but... I have to admit, the way the spell *ended* is *delightful*."

Elodie's laughter filled the air, a wavering projection from afar. "I'm so glad you feel that way, kitten!" She hummed with delight, and Laurence wondered for a moment if she could somehow see him. "Though I'll freely admit, what you're feeling right now is most likely the *catnip* you're laying on."

"Mm..." Laurence nodded with a- "*Nyeh?!*" His eyes went wide as saucers, and he scrambled to his feet, hair bristling! "*Catnip?! Where's-*" He whipped about, goggling at his surroundings in a panic, and- Oh, *no*.

The room he'd been teleported to was rather sparsely furnished. There were only a few things contained therein, but each of them sent Laurence's heart sinking. He'd landed on the most prominent piece, a lush bed of catnip, but there was also a fountain of what he *already* knew was cream...as well as a skylight casting a ray of sunshine into the room.

"I hope you *appreciate* where I've sent you, kitten!" Elodie jeered, unseen. "It took quite a bit of *time* to prepare this, and I hope sincerely that my efforts weren't in vain!"

"Elodie," Laurence whimpered, pupils dilating as his attention flicked from the sunlight to the fountain to the catnip to the sunlight to the fountain- "What. What's going on."

"Well, it should be obvious!" She giggled once more, and her laughter seemed to vibrate in the air. "I took it upon myself to *correct* your misplaced priorities. You seem to have it in your head that you're meant to be a *proper* mage, and I couldn't disagree more! A *cat* like you is obviously meant to be a familiar for a witch like me. As such!" A pair of white gloves suddenly appeared in the air, fingers wiggling as they floated closer. "I'd like to *formally* welcome you to the Elodie Bardeaux Academy for Wayward Kittens!"

Laurence slowly backed away from the two floating hands, hunched over, tail standing straight up, ears folded down. This entire room was *poison* to him, and Elodie was *ghastly* for arranging it. To think that he'd abandon all

academic aspirations so he could indulge in such base pleasures! Pleasures that he didn't even *like!* The notion- He looked down to step around the catnip- that he would even *enjoy* this sort of thing was *insulting*.

The hands started to float towards him a little faster, and he yelped in fear before turning and running from them. The room wasn't altogether large, so it was more looping in frantic circles, but Laurence was at the very least faster than them.

Unfortunately, his route took him into the ray of sunlight, and the sudden warmth slowed his stride. The hands were upon him a moment later, gently scratching behind his ears and massaging the top of his head. His arms fell slack at his side, and his tail drooped along with his eyelids. Laurence might've been able to shake off one, but with both the warmth against his skin and the fingertips probing at his scalp, it was all too easy to sink to the floor and splay out.

The panic *bled* from his body as he soaked in the delicious solar warmth, and his tail lazily flicked as he basked. Part of Laurence hated how easily simple things like this could delight him, but the other part of him was too busy drooling at the two hands expertly scratching his head to muster much of a resistance.

*Besides, he reasoned, it wasn't as if he'd succumb so wholly to pleasures this fleeting and carnal.*

"Kitty-cat..." Elodie's voice rang out once more, this time as a soothing murmur. It seemed to surround Laurence, and for the first time in his life, he didn't entirely mind the sound of her speaking. "Are you enjoying yourself, kitty?"

Laurence sighed, turning onto his side and curling up before stretching out once more. Then, when one hand moved to his belly and began rubbing slow, relaxing circles under his shirt, he flopped onto his back instead to afford it easier access. Either way, he didn't answer. Not immediately, at least.

In fact, it was nearly a full five minutes before he finally managed to get a word out, and even then his speech was slurred with relaxation. "El-o-dee," he murmured. "You'll be in such *trouble* when I get back... This is simply too *much* for a poor boy like me to bear!"

Elodie's laughter tinkled like bells in the air before she dipped into an indulgent hum. "Oh, kitty, I don't think I've ever heard you speak so *playfully* before!"

The notion brought a smile to his lips, and soon Laurence was giggling, too.

"Well!" He faux-pouted. "I'm a *boy*, you know. I'm allowed to be a bit indignant when it's deserved!"

"Of *course* you are, kitten. Here." Another hand began to massage his scalp, taking Laurence deeper into blissful, sunlit relaxation. Oh, wait- With a whine, Laurence realized it wasn't just *one* hand that had joined in. A *second* one had planted on his lap and began to knead slow, insistent circles. "Is *that* better, kitten? I don't think I'd be able to bear it if you were cross with me."

Laurence had since gone boneless with warm delight, happy to let the conjured hands knead and rub and massage him. His breathing was slow and relaxed, each breath released in a happy sigh as he was *pampered*. He purred with pleasure, his lazy bliss vibrating deep in his chest, and the sound of it seemed to delight Elodie.

"Ooh, *good* kitty!" She chirped. "Here, I think we can come to an agreement. A playful little secret between just the two of us." More hands descended upon him, easing him out of his clothes and leaving his fair skin bared to the sun, free to soak in even more of its soporific light.

"This little playroom I've devised for you is so *lovely*, isn't it?"

Laurence nodded with a sigh as the hands resumed their indulgent massage. It *was* lovely. So, so lovely...

"And it would be *such* a shame if you were to tell anyone about it. Why, they might not let you come back! That wouldn't do at all! Don't you agree, kitten?"

Laurence was about to nod once more when a hand brought a sprig of *catnip* to his face. The scent was unmistakable, *intoxicating*, and Laurence huffed a deep lungful of it on instinct. As undiluted *bliss* spread through his body, his expression turned from placid contentment to whorish, slovenly ecstasy. His eyes rolled back, his tongue lolled out, and his back *arched* as he groaned with *pleasure*.

Right on cue, a hand wrapped around his cock and began to stroke him.

"I'm so glad you feel that way, kitten," Elodie purred, her words almost seeming to come from the back of Laurence's skull. "But I think you need to do something for *me* if you want to come back here. Nothing difficult! Nothing *big*. Just a teensy little gesture to show you're the sort of *good* kitten that deserves to feel like this."

"Mmmf- Yessss, El-o-dee," he moaned. "Gonna be... *Such* a good kitty..."

"I thought you'd say that, kitty." A note of smug satisfaction crept into Elodie's voice, and after a pause, she continued. "You know, kitten. I think that's the first time you've ever admitted you were my kitty! Fancy that. But it actually ties in *perfectly* with what I want you to do."

"Meow for me, kitten."

Normally Laurence *despised* the notion that he'd ever meow. He wasn't some housepet, he was a *person* to be treated with dignity and respect. Normally.

"Me-o-o-ow..." Laurence moaned, gasping with delight as the hand- No, the *hands* around his cock started to pump faster. Another kept wafting that sprig of catnip in front of him, and as he let out another "Mew!" Laurence reached up to bat at it, pupils widening to all but eclipse his irises.

"Good kitty!" Elodie's praise felt like honey drizzled on Laurence's brain, and those two words seemed to make his cock twitch with eager pleasure. "Meow for me again, kitten. Show that you're ready to be my *domesticated housecat*."

So Laurence kept mewling and meowing, eyelids fluttering as he showcased how eagerly feline he could be for his unseen mistress and her myriad hands. He took himself deeper and deeper with his submission, reduced to kittenish whimpering as the hands on his twitching cock started to *pump* his length. Bit by bit, the pleasure eroded his already fragile mind, encouraging total, *mindless* obedience.

At some point, a hand brought a cup of cream to his lips, and Laurence gulped it down in mouthfuls, gurgling with bliss as the hands on his belly soothed him further.

After a point, though, it all became too much. The petting, the sunlight, the catnip, the cream, the *praise* throbbing in his head. It didn't push him over the edge of his climax, but Laurence couldn't respond, couldn't move, couldn't *think*, so thoroughly subsumed in bliss. Words bled together, sensations bled together, pleasure meshed with pleasure and kept him wonderfully cocooned in ecstasy.

"Kitten."

Elodie's voice didn't cut through the fugue as much as it glowed from within, coloring everything with its presence. With eyes shut, Laurence listened to Elodie's beautiful voice.

"I have a *present* for you. A present for being my *obedient kitty-cat*."



Laurence sighed. It was impossible to muster a response, but his cock drooled at the notion of being rewarded. Distantly, Laurence heard something tinkle.

"Open your eyes, kitten."

His eyelids cracked open, and Laurence saw...

...A collar. A cute, black collar with a large, silver bell dangling from its front. Shameful. Degrading.

*Shiny.*

Laurence's hand twitched, his desire to reach up and bat at the glittering bauble not quite enough to win out over the relaxation that consumed him. Lucky for him, the phantom hands holding the collar were able to act even when he couldn't, and with quiet chiming, they brought it down around his neck. They tightened it around his neck, reassuringly snug.

*"There."*

Laurence's eyes sank shut once more, and he purred with bliss. A hand reached to *flick* the bell, and soon the steady rhythm of its jingle became the metronome that Laurence's blissed-out mind focused on when Elodie wasn't speaking.

As it turned out, though, Elodie had a great deal more to say.

"Now, my *sweet* little kitty-cat." There was a hunger to her words now, a predatory delight. "I want you to listen *very* carefully. And I want you to let all my words sink deep, *deep* into your mind, deeper than you'll be able to reach when you wake up from the *wonderful* catnap I'm about to give you."

Laurence would've nodded, but the distracting chime of his collar scattered his thoughts...and the steady *pump* of hands around his cock made refocusing his thinking far too much effort to be worth it. As his prick was stroked up and down, as the bell dangling from his collar disrupted his focus more and more, Laurence could do nothing but listen without truly understanding Elodie's words.

"If I approach you," she murmured, "and if I ask you to follow me like a *good* kitten, you'll *always* obey me. You want so *badly* to be a good, *obedient* kitten."

Pump, pump, pump. Stroke, stroke, stroke. *Jingle.*

"You'll always obey me, because you know that I want so *badly* to bring you back here so you can *relax* and be a *good* kitten."

Pump, pump, *pump*.

"You'll *never* take off your collar. If you ever try, the sound of that *adorable* bell dangling from it will make you feel too warm and relaxed and *kittenish* to worry about something as silly as that."

Stroke, stroke, *stroke*.

"And whenever I call you 'kitten' or 'kitty' or 'kitty-cat,'" Elodie continued, breathless, "you'll realize that much more that you belong to *me*. That you want nothing more than to be my *obedient kitten familiar*."

*Jingle*.

"Now... *Cum for me! Be a good kitty and cum for your mistress!*"

Laurence gasped as his pleasure suddenly peaked. In truth, he'd long since passed when he'd *normally* climax, but the heady bliss of obedience had been enough to keep his orgasm at bay. Now, though, he was *acutely* aware of the irresistible ecstasy pulsing through him, and as hands groped and stroked and rubbed and *pumped* his body, Laurence came. He splurged his submission into the air in thick ropes of jizz. Each shot arced up, up, up...! Before eventually splattering onto his belly, the euphoric catboy staining himself white with his eager surrender.

And then, as pleasure faded to afterglow, the warmth of the sun overwhelmed him. Hands stroked and petted him, and Elodie's- *Mistress'* voice echoed in the back of his mind, compelling his mind to

"Sleep. Sleep. *Sleep*."

"*Good* kitten."