

The Elf and the Maiden

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

It's night-time. The peace of the palace's interior is disturbed by the clanking of armor and the sound of desperate, feminine cries. Through the lavishly decorated corridors, only illuminated by the rows of torches on the walls, two 7-foot tall, green-skinned, tusked, royal guards, appearing like some mix of ogre or orc, are dragging a frightened human handmaiden by each arm. The middle-aged, fragile woman can do nothing to overpower them; her imploring words don't have any effect on them, either.

Finally, they reach a huge, arched, wooden door, decorated with intricate steel patterns. "Your Royal Highness" one of them announces as he knocks on the door. A few seconds later, the door is opened by a male servant, and the guards enter, still dragging the handmaiden's feet across the floor.

22 year-old Princess Jessica Falera Lewinn is seating cross-legged on an elaborate royal chair, reading a book. Besides the comfy pillowy seat, the chair is mostly wooden, but it might as well serve as a throne, since her dear father, the King, is off on yet another diplomatic journey to nearby Kingdoms. Being an old man, it won't be too long before the young Princess becomes a young Queen, if everything bodes well.

The young woman is a magnificent specimen of human beauty. Her royal tiara blinds with her shine, as it rests of top of her long, immaculately brushed, sunny blonde hair, which would run below her waist, if they weren't fashioned into multiple, intricate braids. Her beautiful face and smile are that of a fairytale protagonist.

That warm, wholesome appearance is undercut by the young woman's dress. Grown out of her bubblegum-dresses phase long ago, she is wearing a dark-red gown, with black roses carefully sewed all across its length. The sleeves end in some equally complicated, black frills on the elbows. The garment almost looks... sinful on her petite, slim form, nesting perfectly in the corseted mid-riff of the garment.

Her small, but youthful breasts rest elegantly against it. Her face might take off years from her, but her body is ripe in all the right parts.

The guards bring the handmaiden right in front of the young girl and throw her down on the floor. The princess does not get up, only putting her book aside on a little round table. Without saying a word, one of the guards takes out a necklace. A beautiful, deep blue, rare stone is dangling from its golden chain. It's only one in an abundance of valuable jewellery belong to Princess Jessica. "We found it on her" the second guard reports.

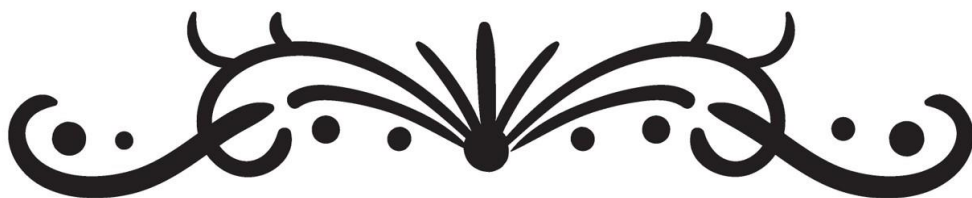
"Please your highness, I beg you..." the woman tries to make her case. "My husband died in the expedition last year. I was only trying to feed my four children" she implores with moist eyes. The Princess remains seated, listening to this woman, with an expression of half-ponder. A few seconds of pause follow.

"That's all well and good, Guenifer" the Princess addresses the woman. Miss Guenifer has been helping her in her daily needs ever since she was a teenager. "But stealing from the Royal family..." she lets her words linger "can only be regarded as a direct offense against our proud nation" Princess looks down at the poor woman. Jessica's eyes have shifted from examining to sparkling with a carnivorous flame to them. "As such..." she continues "...an offense like this can only be reciprocated with the harshest of penalties, fit for a traitor of the crown" her words come out blunt, cynical.

The handmaiden is left in sheer shock. The Princess tries to hide her smirk behind a veil of cold, indifferent strictness.

"As you wish, Your Highness. Her execution will be scheduled shortly" the guards respond and take away the woman as roughly as they brought her, towards the deepest dungeons of the castle. "Nooo, please Miss Jessica, I beg you... show mercy... NOOOOOOOOOO!" the handmaiden wails.

Princess Jessica has already returned her attention back to her book, not even giving a glance towards the condemned woman, her pleas soon fading away.



A busy market, spanning multiple long, slithering roads, at the outskirts of the castle can be seen from a bird's eye view, the palace appearing majestically in the background, under a clear, sunny sky. The ruckus of a thick crowd is a mix of a lot of different things. Yelling from the criers at each stand advertising their goods. Coins jiggling as they exchange hands. Horse-pulled carts wheeling through the muddy roads. And the general chatter of a street full of life.

The central market of Dendo is booming with life, especially today with such kind weather. Being a border city between the kingdoms of Haarikon and Aerolin, the Royal family's homeland, also helps with business.

The peace brokered between the two Kingdoms this past decade has boosted the blossoming economy of this merchant city. You can find anything you need at the market: Fish, ox chicken and pigs from the nearby Kingdoms. Vegetables and fruit from thousands of miles of crops. Tools and weapons from the best blacksmiths. All kinds of common or rare potions and herbs.

Anything you're looking for, chances are you'll find it here.

A young man can be seen, pacing excitedly through the crowd. He doesn't look a day over 18. He paces past stand after stand, until he reaches the entrance of a tavern, called the "Three-legged Griffin" with an image of the aforementioned creature on the tavern's sign, dangling from a wooden bar above the door. The young man smooths over his slightly ragged, commoner clothes before entering the establishment.

"Hi Milu!" he exclaimed, approaching a stunning barmaid, who was cleaning a large pint with an old rag, behind the tavern's bar. Miluvae, or "Milu" for the regulars, was no ordinary barmaid, though. Easily distinguished by her long pointy ears, the redhead lass was a half-elf, and therefore a rare sight around these mostly human-populated Kingdoms. Though she had been born in this Kingdom by a human mother, her father was descended from the Elvish mainland. But her novelty origins were only the headline on her list of appeals. It could be speculated that the success of this tavern was owed entirely to the young woman's jaw-dropping beauty.

With her fiery red hair, caught in a long, bohemian side-braid down to her waist, her mesmerizing green eyes and her slender, curvaceous form, the elf-girl had already captured the hearts of hundreds. She could put the entire Belial to her bidding.

The 26-year-old half-elf was well aware of her effect on the male (and sometimes even female) population, evident by her choice of clothing, a classic buccaneer wench outfit. Her dark brown leather underbust corset perfectly outlined her hourglass figure, while presenting her DDD breasts like a

pedestal. Said breasts pressed of firmly onto a demure white blouse, hiding Milu's cleavage, but with her "natural gifts" far from obscured. A long green gypsy skirt made her matching eyes pop.

"I wanna show you something", the young lad almost lipped onto the bar where the girl worked. He rolled up the sleeve of his right arm. "Give it a peck" he encouraged her with an innocent smile. "What are you on about, Simon? Get out of here" the girl waved him off with a playful giggle. "No really, I promise!" the young man persisted. Milu looked at the younger lad with a cheeky look of disbelief, but humored him, giving his upper arm a little peck with her full lips, same lively color as her hair.

At once, the word *Miluvae* began manifesting onto the man's flesh, as if an invisible hand was writing on his skin. Triggered by the girl's lips and hers only, the spell would require a bodily evidence of her in order to work. Though you could find Mana-infused artifacts or spells in various corners of the Kingdom, alchemy was a difficult skill to master and alchemists were even rarer.

With a tingling, fairy-like sound, a heart was traced around the half-elf's name on Simon's arm, signaling the magic spell's end. "You... charming devil!" the girl gave the guy a flirty push on his chest. "I should start scooping any hair that falls on the bar".

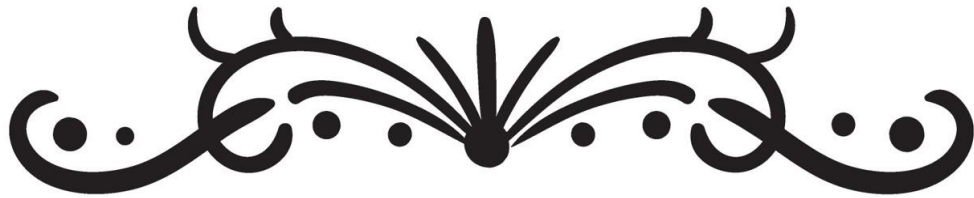
Truth was Miluvae was a sucker for any display of adulation directed her way. Even if she sometimes acted annoyed at the "overly ambitious" confessions of love from virtual strangers, deep down she got a buzz from the attention.

"Sooo? Will you run away with me?" the brave boy asked, his heart pounding. This spell cost him two weeks' worth of salary, but it would all be worth it if she said "yes". "I'm sorry Simon..." the pretty elf looked at him with apologizing eyes, pursing her nectary lips. "But I'm afraid I can't do that...tell you what; if in 10 years you haven't found a prettier girl to marry, I'll be your wife! How does that sound?" she said, bringing the young fellow down gently. Simon struggled to hide his disappointment with a kind smile. "Aaaalriiiight" he said with a sigh.

"Now, would you be a darling and get me a pouch of dragon-flower smoke? I've been out since last week" the girl asked him, enslaving his heart by not only hammering her seducing green eyes on his, but

also doing the age-old trick of pressing her bosoms together with her upper arms. The half-elf loved smoking with her pipe, and smoke derived from the dragon-flower plant was her favorite variety.

“Yeah, I’ll get you some” Simon replied, smitten with the young maiden all over again, despite her recent rejection.



A couple of days later, back in her father’s palace, Princess Jessica was looking down at the gallows from the comfort of her high balcony. The weekly deliverance of capital punishment was about to take place. It was not in her duties to observe the procedure, but the young woman often did nonetheless, not appearing particularly squeamish about death.

There were four people, waiting underneath four nooses, with rope-bound hands. Two serial rapists, a murderer, and a middle-aged woman, Jessica knew very well. Four nooses were placed around four necks, then after a short announcement, the wooden trap-floor opened underneath their feet. Jessica watched with a sickly satisfaction as Guenifer squirmed, suspended in the air, kicking the air with her bare feet. The young girl was enjoying the sight.

Nobody takes something that belongs to her.

Just then, a male, human servant approached the Princess, bowing before addressing her. “Your Highness, I wish to inquire in regards to the flower decorations of your royal wedding ceremony” he said, opening a thick book, to present an array of beautiful, pressed flowers on each page. With the use of alchemy, the flowers not only retained their shape, as if the book’s pages never touch them, but also their lively, vibrant colors, appearing fully bloomed.

“Hmm” the young woman pondered. “I like the fairy lilies” she replied. “An exquisite choice Your Royal Highness” the bald man nodded and departed after a light bow.

When Jessica turned her gaze back down at the gallows, the four convicts were much less animated than before. Only the wind now caused Miss Guenifer's hanging body to sway. Jessica then heard the sound of some rather heavy doors swinging open. It could only mean one thing. "He's here!" she whispered, rushing towards the throne room, all giddy.

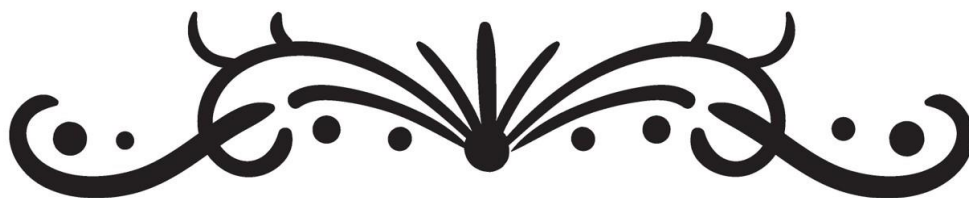
When she got there, a handsome man was already waiting for her. He had moderately long brown hair and a finely trimmed beard. It was Prince Roderick van Caphias, from the Kingdom of Haarikon. His silver armor looked impeccable, not seeing any combat. In his presence, every female in the room curtsied and every male bowed.

"Roderick!" Jessica neglects her elegant, high-class manners and skipped over to greet her fiancé, almost jumping into his embrace. The future ruling couple of the Kingdom was to be wedded in a few months' time and the Princess couldn't wait! Just a polite look from the future King around the room was enough for the servants to get the message and grant the couple privacy.

"I've missed you" Jessica said, planting a tender kiss on her dear's lips, as soon as everyone was gone. Erotic displays were far from allowed, until the couple consummated their relationship. But behind closed curtains, things were different.

"Me too, my love" the Prince replied affectionately. "Did the expedition go well?" the girl asked, looking up at her tall man. "Yes...it was dull to be honest" he replied. "I need to rest. Remember, we also have the parade tomorrow" Roderick reminded Jessica. "Yes...I know...the damn parade..." the blonde said with a mischievous smile, her fingers tracing below her man's waist. "I have a way of rejuvenating you..." she whispered seductively, capping her man's balls over his pants, biting her bottom lip.

A moment later, the two were making out passionately.



The town had put on its festive look for the Royal parade. It was tradition that every year at the first day of spring, the Royal family marched through the Market Road. Hundreds, maybe thousands of people had gathered to observe the custom.

Of course, security was present, with plenty of armed guards surrounding the Royal family. Wouldn't want any radical peasants harming the Nation's beloved Princess and Prince. Trumpets blared at the streets and flowers were tossed in front of their path, as Prince Roderick and Princess Jessica marched on horseback, dressed at their fanciest, waving at the crowd with big smiles. Just like everyone else, Miluvae was standing on the side of the road, in front of the "Three-legged Griffin", since it was part of the route.

As the parade approached the tavern, the Prince's eyes fell on this exotic beauty. Her emerald eyes, her tender lips, her majestic hair, her angelic body, ironically destined for sin. Who was this elf-girl? "I think I wanna mingle with some of the common folk" the Prince said to the guard constantly walking beside him. Roderick never had any trouble with charms and popularity. He dismounted off his stallion and appearing randomly (though very deliberately) approached the patch of crowd where Milu was located.

He shook plenty of hands, asked a lot of first names, until he was standing in front of Miluvae. "And what is your name, my fair lady?" he said with an attractive smile. "Miluvae...Your Highness" the elf-girl responded with a cheeky pause, never taking her eyes off the Prince's. Other people acted shy and awkward around Prince Roderick. Rightfully so. He was the biggest celebrity they could possible meet.

But Milu didn't seem to be affected by that. Despite referring to him with the royal pronoun, she stood firmly and proudly in front of him. "What a beautiful name" the Prince responded, seduced at first sight by the young half-elf. Despite not being protocol with commoners, the Prince took a gentle hold of Milu's hand and kissed it. "I'd love to learn more about your background. After all, Dendo is a multicultural city with progressive aspirations" he said to the woman. His eyes though, were speaking different things to her. Things having little to do with race-politics. Carnal things.

Princess Jessica watched everything from her horse's saddle. She definitely did not appreciate how much time Roderick was devoting to this one peasant slut. She couldn't quite hear their exchange, but their rapport was visibly palpable, even from the woman's distance.

As if this indignity wasn't enough, the female heir to the throne could have sworn that cocky half-elf had met her eyes and winked at her, while still chatting up her fiancé! The young Princess snorted, trying to compose herself. She needed to maintain appearances in such a public setting.

The clock is ticking towards the unity of the Kingdoms of Haarikon and Aerolin, through the marriage of young Prince Roderick and his beloved Princess Jessica. The role of a Prince is a busy one, let alone one who is next in line for the throne. There could be instances where the couple never run into each other for the whole day. But still, sneaky, late-night visits to the Prince's quarters were a frequent occurrence.

Recently though, Jessica rarely found her fiancé, waiting for her. Whenever she inquired him about his absence, he'd respond with a vague mention of a "Kingdom duty", something too dull to take space in Jessica's head. Jessica might have been young and baby-faced, but she was the least bit naïve. Something was going on.

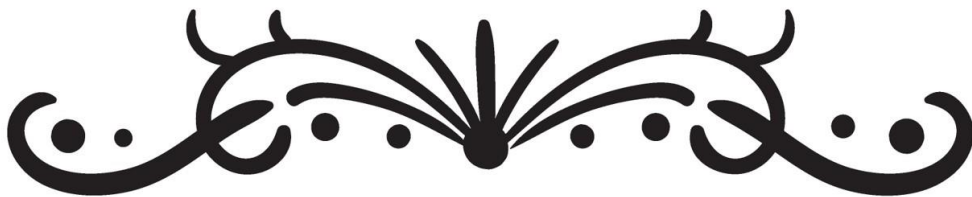
Luckily for her, a princess' webs of influence spread far and wide, thanks to her court and their faithful goons. Jessica would get to the bottom of this.

It didn't take too long. A sea of whispers slowly devoured the whole castle. Prodding eyes slithered their way in every alleyway and every corner of the town. All these eyes belonged to the Princess. And what they saw made Jessica fume with anger. Multiple sources sited seeing a cloaked man of the Prince's stature and age, departing from the "Three-legged Griffin" at extremely late, dark hours.

"That Elvish harlot..." Jessica muttered to herself. "HOW DARE SHE!?! HE'S MINE!..."

The young woman furious screams echoed in the tall ceiling of her quarters. The girl was pacing back and forth in her anger. Of course, the Prince's "night-walkings" annoyed her too, but she wasn't going to put off her crowning ceremony for such a thing.

No. This bitch would have to pay for both.



A barmaid's salary is ok, but not enough to afford a house of your own. Miluvae stays in a small apartment, above the "Three-Legged Griffin", her boss also serving as her landlord, living next door.

Despite its tiny space, Miluvae's humble little place has (yet again) a high-profile guest.

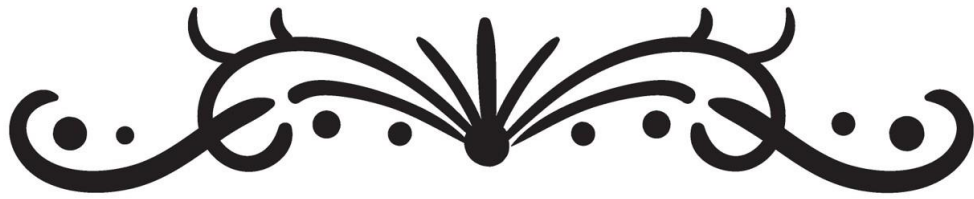
"Is she as pretty as me?" Milu asked the man, as he was putting his clothes back on, "drained" and satisfied. She was still in bed, albeit with her back against the bedpost, with only the bed sheet to cover her nakedness, half-wrapped around her breasts like a bath towel. "That's not the point" Roderick dodged the question. "Yeah..." Milu chuckled. "Dating a Princess comes with its added perks" she uttered with a smirk. "If you were high-born, you would not only rule Haarikon, or Aerolin, but the whole Belial..." the Prince gave her a quick smooch and smiled, before departing with quick pace.

Milu fell asleep with pleasant thoughts. The wind whistled through small holes of her windows. They needed fixing years ago, but the elf-girl had learned to scrape by. She liked sleeping in the nude. Many men would envy those bed covers.

The pretty woman was sleeping on her back, her face gently laid on one side of her pillow. Blissfully unaware of two shadowy figures, stealthily approaching. Suddenly, Milu felt a gloved hand roughly smothering her. "MMff?" she darted her eyes open and look up at two Orc-ish guards, one was already jumping on her, pinning her down.

"GGGggmmmmfff!!!" the girl's protests were swiftly silenced with a thick rag stuffed in her mouth and kept there with another scarf, tied over her pretty lips. Meanwhile, the second guard was tying the ambushed barmaid's wrists together. The two guards would need to stay extra focused, since the fighting that ensued had dislodged the covers and exposed most of the elf's heavenly body to their eyes. The ogre-like guards passed the loose end of the rope from the girl's wrists through her legs, then flipping her over and tying it around the elf's neck. This was the plan, regarding of her clothing state, but now the harsh hemp rope dug into the girl's most tender, private parts, her hands as taut as the rope, forced to point downwards. "Gmmmmfff, LLmmmggg!!!" with the girl furiously struggling, the guards wrapped more coils of rope around her knees, then her ankles, rendering her completely at their mercy. Milu could only share one last, terrified look with them, before a big, burlap sack was placed over her, engulfing her nude, bound form.

In the night's darkness, no one saw the two royal guards exit from the back of the tavern, with a rather animated potato-sack on their shoulders. Said sack was then dumped on the back of a carriage, which then promptly took off along with the two guards and their living cargo.



Princess Jessica Falera Lewinn made her way down the spiraling, stone stairway of the castle. She moved elegantly. There was nothing to hurry her steps. Her most recent guest wasn't going anywhere. Guards in front and behind her illuminated her way with lit torches. They were necessary. The deeper someone descended down the palace's dungeons, the darker it got.

Finally, the Princess and her armed entourage reached the bottom of their descent. Rows of small cells, with low, concave ceilings, sprang on either side of the small, corridor. The air was thick, smelling of humidity and rusted metal. A general feeling of dread loomed this place. The few torches that hang from rusty holders on the walls could only shed light on the cells thick, iron bars and a few inches further inside. Whatever this prison was, it looked forsaken by the Gods themselves.

Jessica moved to the end of this corridor, where an old man in a dark robe awaited. His face was obscured by his long hood, but when the Princess stood in front of him, he unveiled it to reveal a grey, long beard and a false green eye, that gave him an uncanny appearance.

"Good morrow, your highness" he said to her, as the sun would start to rise shortly. "Leave the pleasantries, Archmage Luther. Where is she?" the blonde woman cut through the small talk. The old wizard gestured with his slim, wrinkly, veiny arm towards the darkness of the cell next to him.

The guards unlocked the almost hemispherical door to the cell of the same shape with a loud metallic clanking sound. Jessica was not a tall lady by any means, but even she had to duck her head to avoid hitting the ceiling. Worried, feminine moans reached her ears as soon as the heavy door was opened.

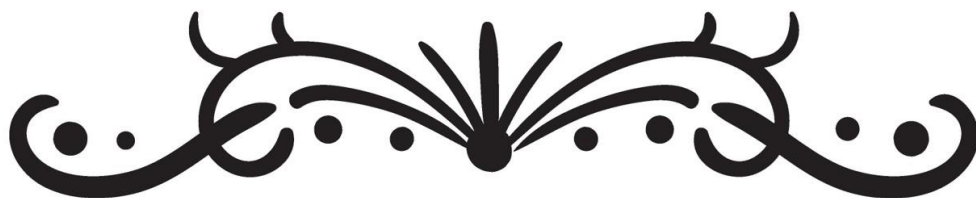
Then she saw her. The half-elf was bound to one side of her cell with thick shackles on her wrists and ankles. Two thick, short lines of chain connected her ankles and wrists, through two iron rings on the wall, leaving her little to no room for movement. The young woman's restraints forced her to sit on her cell's floor with her back to the wall. A third chain was connected to the woman's iron collar. A thick, cylindrical wooden bit-gag stretched her jaw, kept firmly in place by leather straps. Needless to say, she was as nude as when she went to bed. Someone might say, less so, due to her new iron garments.

The Princess walked in front of her prisoner and knelt with one leg, so that she was on the same level as Miluvae. The elf-girl was eyeing her with an angry, defiant look. “Was he good?” she asked her chain-bound “guest” with a calm, almost chat-like tone. Miluvae kept eyeing her with daggers, not dignifying a muffled, incoherent answer. Saliva had already drenched her chin and was running down her sizeable breasts. Jessica could only dream of possessing such a bust.

The blonde royalty gave the elf-whore a few moments of pause, then shrugged her shoulders. “Well, I hope he was worth it, because riding his cock is the reason you’ll be spending the rest of your pathetic life rotting here” Jessica said, as calmly as her first words, though these packed more of a punch.

The chains on the girl’s wrists rattled as Milu tried to exert any sort of rebellion upon hearing those words. Her hands stopped only a few inches closer to Jessica than their previous location. “What did he see in you anyway?” Jessica leaned a bit forward, mock-examining, knowing well that the girl’s collar could not allow her to reach her. “Are these what all the fuss was about?” Jessica continued teasing her captive, this time by grabbing one of her cute, long and pointy elf ears, the most apparent distinction between elves and humans. “Gnnf!” Miluvae tried turning away from her captor’s touch, but collared and shackled, there was nowhere to turn to. Her back was against the stone-wall. “Maybe I’ll take them as sort of a trophy, you know?” the blonde human kept twisting the knife, clearly enjoying herself. She then got up and exited the dark cell, leaving Milu behind.

“Regarding my...requests...” the young blonde turned to the Archmage who hadn’t moved a step from where she’d left him. “I’m afraid we are not yet ready, Your Highness” he apologized. “The spell needs more work to yield the...desired results” he concluded. “Fine, I’ll wait...” she nodded, not thrilled by the events. There are some things that not even Kingdom rulers can rush into fruition. The girl nodded to her two accompanying guards who immediately followed her. It was time to leave this filthy, vermin pit.



No sunlight ever reaches the dungeon where Milu is imprisoned. The weak, fading glow from the torches outside her cell is the only thing keeping the young barmaid from complete darkness. There are no warm covers to hug her naked body. Only the cold iron surrounding her flesh and her long, tousled red hair, trying their best to conceal her bare chest. The humidity is bone-crushing. Sleeping in this state is difficult.

Milu's jaw hurts from the wooden bit, which has little dents of teeth marks, presumably from previous prisoners wearing it for much longer than her. The elf-girl has already spotted a small pile of human bones in one corner of her new home. Jessica wasn't lying. People are literally left to rot here. Things are not looking up.

The young maiden is alone in this dungeon. The other cells are currently empty. Cells like hers are only saved for individuals deemed too lucky to be given the noose. Only treason of the highest caliber or pissing someone from the royal family off, could earn you a spot here.

In this deafening silence, the slightest noise reverberates. Miluvae hears a pair of footsteps coming down the stone staircase. One of them sounds like a guard, but the other pair sounds lighter, more elegant. Milu thought this might be little Miss Lewinn, paying her another spiteful visit. The chain-bound elf-girl braced herself for another round of evil-eyeing.

But it wasn't Jessica. Through the bars of her cell, Milu spotted a handmaiden of the palace, a young, beautiful woman with porcelain skin and pitch-black, curly hair that run down her shoulders, partially obscured by a white headscarf. She wore a plain, dark-blue handmaiden's dress, with a white apron over it. She was holding two small, tin bowls, the first with water, the second with an unappetizing, brown mash. The guard that was accompanying her unlocked the door and she stepped inside. Milu looked up at the woman with a worried look of distrust. No one that entered her cell thus far was on her side.

"It's ok" the kind woman sensed the captive's apprehension. "It's just food and water" she said, kneeling next to the clothless woman to undo her bit-gag. The beautiful prisoner groaned as her sore jaw regained mobility. The blue-eyed lass brought the water-bowl to the elf-girl's lips, tilting it ever so gently for her to drink. This wasn't the first "lifer" she had to cater to, though it was certainly the first that wasn't a slimy, greasy rapist and/or murderer. Milu slurped greedily from the water-bowl, a few drops spilling onto her naked body, still a gorgeous sight behind all the dirt.

“My name is Artemisia, what’s yours?” the young maiden tried breaking the ice. Many things reflected the obvious power difference between the new girl and Milu. Artemisia was well clothed, all warm and covered, while the elf was stark-naked, dirty and exposed. Artemisia had complete autonomy of her movement, while Milu was permanently chain-tethered to her cell’s wall.

But this power was nowhere to be found in Artemisia’s kind, blue eyes. The girl was looking eye to eye with the prisoner. Artemisia was a gentle, caring soul. The hand-maiden job fitted her nicely. She always liked helping people.

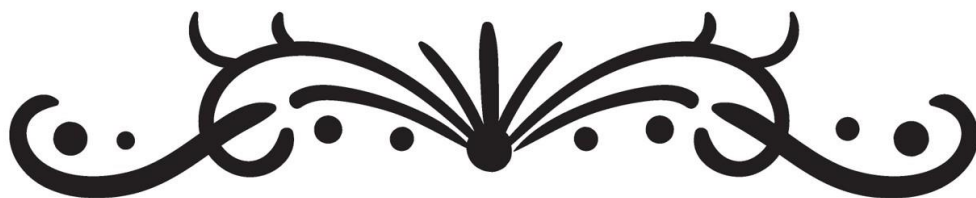
“I’m Milu” the half-elf responded. “Sooo, seems like I’ll be staying here for a while, right?” she said, sarcastically. “Uhhmm” Artemisia didn’t want to worsen the girl’s mood. She had no idea what was destined for Milu, though one thing was certain. Whoever was jailed in these dungeons, did not have a release date.

“Can I ask what happened?” Artemisia politely inquired. This wasn’t a three-headed monster chained down there. It was a pretty, young elf. “I pissed off little Miss Bubblegum... that’s what happened”, Milu said aloofly.

A couple of minutes passed, Milu putting some of the barely palatable mash down her gullet, with the help of the handmaiden. Artemisia’s humane treatment felt very out of place, considering the setting. Eventually, it was time for the black-haired damsel to depart. Her job was to bring food and water, not chat prisoners up.

“Wait, I need a favor...” Milu said, stopping the maiden with the bit-gag in her hands. “Find Prince Roderick, tell him I’m here” she asked of the girl. “I will” the maiden did not lie.

With the guard eyeing her from outside the bars, Artemisia put the bit-gag back in the elf’s mouth, making sure to buckle it a notch looser than before. She hoped things would work out for this unlucky woman.



The next weeks passed with Miluvae chained in the Castle's deepest dungeons. The only visitors she got were from a palace handmaiden, bringing her daily ration of food and water. There were three handmaidens assigned to Milu, which meant that the girl saw Artemisia once every three days, for a few minutes each time. These few minutes quickly became the highlight of her days and something to look forward to.

The young woman was the only one that showed the captive some warmth, in contrast to the other two, who seemed inconvenienced by this task, which was simply taking time from other chores. They treated Milu like garbage, roughly and with little humanity.

The two women enjoyed each other's brief company. During that time, Artemisia learned about Miluvae's upbringing, plenty of anecdotes from her days working at the "Three-headed Griffin" and inevitably, the real reason that she had been arrested in such secrecy. Upon learning that last one, Artemisia was furious. This was a great injustice!

Even more frustrating was the Prince's response to Artemisia, when she confided to him about his former lover's whereabouts. He completely dismissed the handmaiden's claims, acting like he had no idea who Miluvae was. He warned Artemisia that "whoever this woman was" was playing tricks with her mind, trying to get out of her life-sentence.

Even though he had nothing to do with Milu's "arrest", Prince Roderick had surmised that his little interracial adventure had been discovered and dealt with by his jealous fiancé. He also knew that letting this affair be discovered would be detrimental to his interests. His wedding to the beautiful Princess, a wedding that would grant him the throne in the foreseeable future, was fast approaching. The last thing he wanted was to jeopardize it all for an Elvish barmaid. If his affair came to light, everything would be lost. It was better that the girl vanished from the face of the earth. He had not paid her any visits and he didn't intend to.

By the end of the first month of Miluvae's imprisonment, you could say that young Artemisia had developed a crush on the stunning, witty elf. This was bad news. Romances with condemned criminals of the Crown rarely ever took off. It was the reason Artemisia initially tried to wave off these frustrating feelings. The whole situation made her angrier. Going public with Milu's story was also a sure-fire way to

find herself stabbed in a ditch. Miluvae could never be released from that awful dungeon. This relationship was doomed from the start.

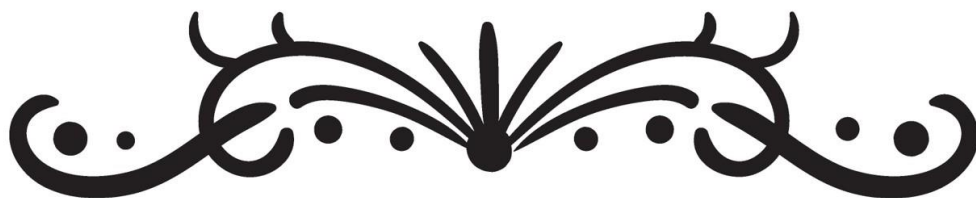
Nevertheless, Artemisia tried seeing the jailed elf as often as she could, often taking on the other handmaiden's "feeding" shifts, for an excuse to go down the dungeon's steps.

"You know, I'm getting tired of this menu. I'd like to have a word with the cook" the charming elf said to Artemisia with a smirk, as the girl was spoon-feeding her blunt mash, once again. "I'll see what I can do" she kept the joke going, her eyes smiling back at Milu. The handmaiden was young, but not a fool. She knew a flirt when she saw it.

"Alright! Enough screwing around. Out" the guard stopped his pacing outside the cell to shoo the handmaiden away, before continuing stretching his legs. "Well, I guess our little date has come to an end" Miluvae said, looking at Artemisia with those big, green eyes. It was unfair how mesmerizing they were. "Yeah, I guess it is" the girl took a hold of the thick, wooden bit's straps, to re-gag the prisoner. She brought the gag right in front of her lips, her face at the same height as Milu's, inches away.

Instead of gagging her, Artemisia planted a warm, tender kiss on Miluvae's red lips. Many nights she had wondered how they tasted. The elf reciprocated, kissing the handmaiden back, eagerly. Her feelings towards the beautiful handmaiden might not have been as developed and concrete as Artemisia's, but she was certain about one thing. She really liked that kiss.

Artemisia then placed the bit-gag past the elf's lips, eliciting a tiny muffled whine from Miluvae. "I'll be back tomorrow" the woman said, lovingly grabbing Miluvae's face with both hands, looking deeply into her eyes. The gagged elf nodded and Artemisia got up to exit the cell, in a chipper mood.



Miluvae was trying to stretch her muscles, sore from her limited range of motion. It wasn't more than two hours since Artemisia had paid her a visit. Her kiss still lingered on the Elf's chaffed lips, naked of any lipstick for a while. The upbeat handmaiden never left without stealing a kiss, nowadays.

On the contrary, the two often snuck some more adventurous fooling around, past the guards' eyes. Plenty of make-out sessions and even instances were a couple of Artemisia's slender fingers snuck their way past Miluvae's pussy-lips. It was fun, trying not to get caught, but also pretty dangerous. Artemisia's job, or even freedom, could be on the line if the two lovebirds were ever discovered.

The chained elf turned her head towards the sound of footsteps, echoing down the spiraling staircase. That was strange; no handmaiden ever came twice in the same day.

Her visitor was Archmage Luther, the old man present during her first day there, this time accompanied by a giant brut of a being, who was holding plenty of scrolls and potions in his huge arms. He was also carrying a wooden St. Andrews cross frame on his back, appearing laden like a donkey. This was Ragh, the Archmage's assistant, and very much the muscle to his master's brains. Ragh unlocked the cell door, and the old man stepped inside with a slow, solemn pace.

"Good evening miss" the wizard greeted the bound, naked prisoner with an eery formality. Milu looked up at him with suspicious eyes. "We will make some... alterations" he informed her, causing her worry to increase. The wizard would prefer to have his "subject" on his private laboratory, but Princess Jessica required absolute secrecy on this little "project". Her dear father, the King, didn't need to worry about this ..."project" of hers.

"These alterations might seem rather unpleasant, but they are her Royal Highness the Princess' wishes, and as such, we must all respect them" he said with an aged, raspy voice. Milu listened intently, trying not to let her increasing fear show. Her heart was beating fast.

Ragh undid the woman's restraints, except the gag and dragged the woman, a third of his weight, off the cell. Milu struggled with all her strength, but she was easily secured on the X-shaped table, waiting for her on the dungeon's corridor. "MMMMmfff!" Milu jerked in her bonds, as she was manhandled into a more compromising position, laying flat on the frame/table, with arms and legs widely spread and taut. The multiple leather straps of her frame left no leeway for movement at all, besides some nervous finger/toe wiggling.

Few men would have the restraint to not take advantage of her predicament and experience that heavenly cunt, presented in front of them. But the old Alchemist had other plans.

“Ragharoth, the potion please” Luther spoke and his bulky assistant handed him a deep, purple colored vial. “Thank you, Ragharoth”, Luther then turned to the guard. “I’ll let you know if we need you” signaling him to leave the room.

With Milu’s legs graphically opened, the old wizard dipped his index and middle finger into the purple potion. Its liquid contents were thicker in texture than it appeared. Less than water, more like paint. Milu could only watch in shock as the old man placed his coated fingers on her vulnerable sex! The Archmage traced his fingers around the woman’s pussy, drawing a purple circle around it, whilst mumbling something in a strange language. It was a spell. But what for?

Worried, breathy moans escaped Miluvae’s bit-gag. Whatever they were doing to her, it wasn’t going to end well. After repeating the circle three times around her sex, the Alchemist traced a cross, in the middle of the circle, showing little care to the young maiden’s protests, as his wrinkly fingers traced her labia, vertically then horizontally.

As soon as his incoherent spell-casting was over, bright light erupted right where the purple ink was coating the elf’s labia. Light that steadily grew, illuminating the dark room, then more, blinding everyone around it! Ragh and the wizard stepped back, watching the spell work its literal magic.

Then, just as quickly, the light disappeared with a final spark. What Milu saw looking down at her body was dumbfounding. In the place of her pretty sex-hole, was now a fully-fledged, erect cock! Around 6 inches long, it was indistinguishable from any penis a man could possess. Pulsing veins run across its length and a pair of balls hanged underneath. The woman’s sex organ had been alchemically transformed!

“NNNNNNNNNGgggmmm!” the girl let out a panicked scream. Her womanhood, her blasphemous cunt, had been taken away from her, replaced with its male counterpart. She’d have a much harder time luring “innocent” Princes away from their betrothed.

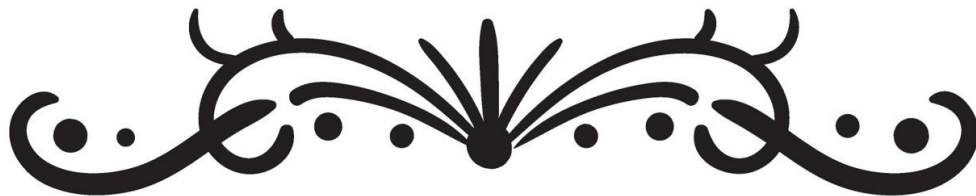
“Good” Archmage Luther simply uttered, satisfied with the results. The blood was already living Milu’s newest appendage, which was almost flaccid now. And rightly so. This was not an erotic setting for her by any stretch of the imagination.

“Let’s move on” Luther nodded to Ragh, who took out a hand-saw and approached Milu. The girl would have loved a few minutes of sobbing, to come to terms with her deformed anatomy, but once she saw the sharp saw, her focus shifted again and she started squealing and bucking in place. “NNNNNG! PLLLLLLLLLLLLGGGHHHH!STTTTTTPPP!” her pleads were not persuasive. Ragh uncorked another of Master Luther’s bottles, this one containing a light green liquid. He then soaked a rag with the green potion, and rubbed the saw’s linear blade with it, coating it.

“Don’t worry my dear, this potion will ensure a clean cut. It will heal the wound as fast as it is created. There won’t be a drop of blood” the wizard informed in a calm voice, not really acknowledging Milu’s main concern.

With no need for a tourniquet, Ragh lined up the saw’s blade, a couple of inches above the girl’s elbow. Milu’s wide eyes were stuck on the blade and the surface of her skin, now only an inch apart. She panted heavily and quickly through the sides of her thick bit-gag. Ragharoth gave his master one final look and he nodded.

The elf-girl’s agonizing screams echoed through the entire 225 steps of the spiraling staircase, never though reaching Jessica’s comfy bedroom.



Jessica made her way down the stone staircase with such giddyness, she almost tripped on one of the steps. She was so excited to take a look at her “creation”. Last night, she barely got any sleep, counting down the hours to next morning. Her royal breakfast had lasted for about 5 minutes. There were more important things to look forward to than crisped bread, strawberries and nectarine juice. Archmage Luther had advised to leave the prisoner to rest for at least 36 hours. But it was fine. The wait would be well worth it. She wanted the bitch to have some spunk in her. She didn’t just want to visit a knocked out ragdoll.

The young woman's immaculate, beautiful, colorful dress looked awfully out of place in the dark, disgusting pit she was descending towards. The girl was also holding a velvet, burgundy-colored, square pillow in her arms, taken from one of the dozen she had decorating her Queen-sized (no pun intended) bed. Golden tassels were on each corner of the pillow.

The young Princess reached the dungeon. The guard unlocked the only occupied cell. This time, no sound was made by the prisoner. Jessica stepped inside. The 2x4 meters of the room were now free to explore, though Miluvae was curled up in the far end corner of the dirty floor. There were no chains, gags or collars incapacitating her, but something else was.

The young barmaid's limbs had all been alchemically amputated, her arms just above the elbows, her legs just above the knees. Milu lifted her head towards the general direction of her visitor. She could not make out who it was. She could not make out anything with her eyes, rendered useless by another alchemic concoction. Their lively, green color had vanished. There were no pupils nor irises visible, only a white, empty background. The elf would never make "sweet-eyes" to anyone ever again.

"What? No cheeky wink, anymore?" Miluvae recognized the snarky, high voice as Jessica's. The elf girl had all kinds of witty retorts, but she could not utter any of them. Evident by a wide scar across the front of her neck, her vocal chords had been irreversibly damaged; her voice gone.



The helpless, butchered girl remained pathetic and passive, on the Princess' feet. She was powerless before, but now she was more than that. She was defeated. "Hmm" Jessica seemed disappointed at the little response. "Get up" she egged the girl with a kick on her ribs. Milu uttered a silent groan, then got up to all four of her stumps, baring her teeth in helpless frustration.

"I wanna see your devotion to the crown. Lick your future Queen's shoes" she uttered with a sadistic smirk. Milu kept her head down, but shook it, refusing. "It's funny how you haven't learned your lesson, after all this" Jessica replied, taking out a small blade from its sheath on her thigh-high stockings. A light green fluid dripped from the edge of the knife. Archmage Luther's potion.

The blonde girl stoically knelt beside Miluvae, but Before the elf could react, Jessica grabbed her by the throat, slamming her down on the filthy ground. With halved arms and legs, Milu could not fight the smaller girl off her. "You still have some attractive qualities that need...fixing" the girl said, her voice mildly shaking from the tension of pinning her toy down. She placed her knee on the elf's belly for extra leverage and started slowly, sadistic carving the girl's cheek with her knife. Despite the obviously deep

cut, no blood was drawn. A scar formed on the girl's face, as if time had sped up by months on this spot alone and the healing cycle had concluded in an instant.

But as for the pain, the potion did nothing to skip past that.

Jessica liked the look of that first scar. She made another, on the girl's alluring chest. Largely overpower, Milu relented from hurting her pride further by struggling, simply laying at the mercy of her captor. She was an emotional and physical mess. The blade traced her soft skin again, this time across her thigh.

After the fourth slice, Jessica got up, having made her point. "Up" she kicked the amputee again and a devastated Milu got up on her four stump-libs, like an abused pet. Jessica's cyan dress had been soiled from the one-sided fight, but the petite girl didn't care. "Lick" she repeated the order, offering her pretty, short-heeled, dark blue shoe, right in front of the blind elf's face. There was a small pause, then Milu reluctantly stuck out her tongue, which made contact with the Princess' shoe. "Put some life into it! Pretend it's some drunk regular's cock" Jessica referenced the barmaid's occupation. Milu obliged, tears streaming down her vacant eyes, then falling on the ground, surrounded by her long, red hair.

Jessica enjoyed degrading the Elvish harlot. "Are you getting off by worshiping me like this? You got a real rod between your legs there" Jessica acknowledged the hard cock, pulsating between Milu's thighs, for the first time. The young elf wanted to die from shame, fearing to stop her tongue tracing Jessica's shoe.

Jessica, of course, had spotted that the cock was fully erect from the moment she laid eyes on her prisoner. She also knew very well that licking her shoes was far from the reason Milu was aroused.

The reason was the potent aphrodisiac the royal alchemist had created, which was being mixed into Milu's mashed meals and water for the past two days. The Archmage had tested his concoction on bulls

and stallions, driving them amok with lust for 24 hours straight. One could only speculate what terrible effects it would have on a 130-pound half-elf. The poor girl was constantly aroused.

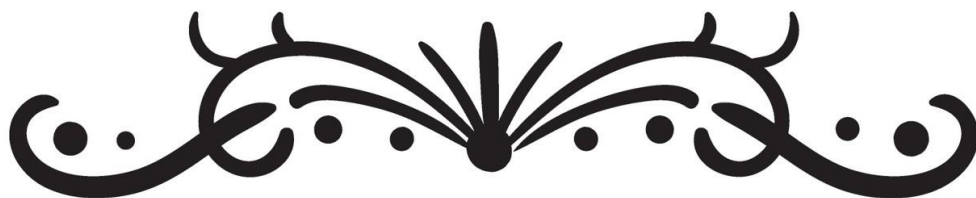
When Jessica got bored of her shoe-shining, she retrieved her feet and started walking around her permanently unsuspecting toy in circles, pondering. Milu could only use her ears and touch to gauge her environment. Jessica enjoyed taunting her half-elf plaything like that. The anticipation, the fear, she loved it! The latter was obvious in Miluvae's trembling, frozen posture. The girl could only dread what the Princess had in mind.

Suddenly, Milu felt the girl grabbing her from behind, her torso being pulled backwards and lifted, her tender neck placed in a headlock. Before she could process this new assault, Jessica's other arm reached down between Milu's legs. "Do you like your new...accessories?" Jessica asked, grabbing a rough handful of the woman's balls and keeping a dominant grasp on them. Miluvae let another soundless yelp out from the pain. Jessica was again rendering her completely submissive. She tried to move away from her, but the "vice" squeezing her testicles hardened its grip. This put an end to any rebellion. Her balls were not any less sensitive than your average.

"Sshh, shhh, easy now..." Jessica whispered in the girl's long ear, keeping the inside of her elbow tightly wrapped around her neck. "Maybe in a few months, or years, you'll beg me to cup these balls. Or give you a reach-around..." she said, teasingly moving her index and middle finger, which were forming a circle with her thumb, up and down the girl's half-erect shaft, barely giving it a single stroke. Like a true Princess, her pinky was raised throughout the gesture.

This only tormented Milu more. She'd need a bit more stimulation to overcome this hurdle. With no hands of her own to "take matters into" the young barmaid was left with no way to relieve her tremendous sexual frustration. Dry-humping against the floor had only injured her.

Jessica let go of Milu, fed up with her latest toy. There would definitely be plenty of time for more fun visits. The girl walked to a corner of the cell, where she previously tossed her nice, velvet pillow. "Don't say I'm not thoughtful" she said, then stabbed a hole into one of its sides with her secret little blade. "Here's your new Prince" she said, throwing the pillow randomly towards Milu's direction, before exiting the cell.



Milu wakes up, yet again. It's hard to fall asleep when you're entire body is constantly teetering on the verge of sexual climax. Her heart is always alert, pumping blood into that dreaded thing that has sprouted between her legs. Her face is permanently flushed with a wave of self-produced heat. The young elf knows this to be highly abnormal, but can't pinpoint why. She always considered herself a generously sexual person, but her current state is way more intense than any "heat-wave". This is clearly pathological. Something is very wrong. She believes her permanently lustful nature has to do with the transforming alchemy performed on her genitals.

But lust dehydrates you. She needs more water. In her tiny room, it's not too hard to keep track of her water bowl. She crawls a few feet towards the opposite longer wall. It's always somewhere there. As she crawls on all fours, her tits sway from her chest, her nipples sometimes grazing the dirty floor and adding to her stimulating frustration.

She also used to feel her hair sway on her back and her sides, as she crawled. But after Princess Jessica's last visit, a few days ago, their length is considerably shorted. Jessica had opted to give the elf an improptu haircut with her blade, Milu's long, beautiful red locks annoying the Princess with their beauty. Now, Miluvae's red hair barely reach the nape of her neck, cut crudely and unevenly.

The blinded woman slows down her crawling, sensing she's very close to the wall now. She edges her head further and further until her forehead makes contact with hard stone. Now she just has to follow along the wall until she finds the bowl. Miluvae's stump arms operate much like front-legs nowadays, but the girl currently uses them to blindly feel the air until they finally make contact with a tin object.

She has painfully learned by experience that she cannot pick up the bowl in order to drink. She had spilled her day's worth of water trying out that method. That was a rough, thirsty day for her. Ever since, she has found the safer approach, lowering her head over the bowl, sticking her lips on the surface of the water and sucking in to quench her thirst. There's not much left, the girl realizes, as her lips touch the metallic bottom of the bowl. But her lips are dry, chafed. Just one more gulp, she tells herself.

Little does she know that the source of her hydration is also spiked with the dreaded aphrodisiac.

Three months had passed since the half-elf that had dared to challenge the Princess' beauty had been imprisoned in the deepest, darkest dungeons of Dendo's Palace. If the first half of her stay was tough, the second was a nightmare she couldn't escape from. The mute, blind Milu had little to her disposal to

alert anyone to her state. During the first days since her transformation, she often mouthed the word “help” to any handmaiden that came by, getting an apologetic rejection, at best, and cynical silence, at worst.

Not from Artemisia, of course. The young human was devastated upon witnessing what these monsters had done to her dear. She first cried over Milu’s shoulders, then again at the pillow of her bedding, throughout the night. Ironically, the young servant was a complete stranger to the full ingredients of the mashed meals she was bringing Miluvae every time. Artemisia and the other handmaidens weren’t in charge of preparing the meals, only serving them.

Artemisia tried not to show pity towards the elf. She’d been raised to know that was rude. She tried to hide her sorrow whenever going down to the dark cell. Like before, she always stretched the time the guard allowed her inside the cell to its limit. She talked to Miluvae a lot, despite the conversation’s being very one-sided. Milu had tried mouthing some words back to Artemisia, and though it was ridiculously slow, it was still gratifying to communicate with someone. Artemisia had promised her to practice lip-reading whenever she could.

The pretty human had noticed the girl’s throbbing erection at each and every one of her descents to her cell, but she didn’t know what to make of it. The elf girl’s very apparent horned up state made her feel somewhat awkward and so she tried avoiding the topic.

Milu was grateful for Artemisia, though their intimate physical contact had turned from a blessing into a curse. While she welcomed her advances in the past, now the slightest touch would cause the naked woman to shiver with sexual stimulation. Anything as simple as a supporting palm on her lower back to help her reach her food, or a reassuring gesture on her shoulder, or the accidental grazing of her thighs or her sideboobs. The aphrodisiac-pumped girl’s libido was constantly at a hair-trigger.

Miluvae hated herself for feeling this, but her carnal instincts often took over and she had to control herself to keep from dry-humping the girl. Even though none of this was her fault, she felt deep shame for her constantly aroused state. She didn’t want Artemisia to see her this debauched, this unhinged. She was always masterful at utilizing her charisma and her sexuality to charm and yes, also control people. Like a skilled swordsman, this was her sword. Now, she had no control over any of her skills.

She had no control over anything.

Princess Jessica Falera Lewinn, now Princess Jessica Falera van Caphias, after her fairytale wedding to her beloved Roderick, periodically paid the dungeon a visit, to taunt, humiliate and add to the scar-tally on the woman's naked, butchered body, with the good help of her favorite blade, secretly tucked into her stocking. If all this was a competition, she had clearly won.

Water is dripping from the elf's chin. She has quenched her thirst for now, though she'll probably be looking for her bowl sooner rather than later. The arousing drug, which she has just swallowed more of, works in waves. The blind elf hasn't even crawled back to her "sleeping spot" before the first wave crushes onto her nervous system. The tormented girl bites her lip hard. She can't hold it anymore. She needs it right now! The base of her towering cock hurts from standing in constant attention.

She remembers the pillow was somewhere near the opposite wall of her bowl. She searches for it, like a hound without a nose. Though the pillow's insides have a particular, recently acquired scent, accumulated over the past weeks. A few goose feathers from the pillow's stuffing are laying scattered around it.

Milu finds the pillow and immediately mounts like a stallion ready to mate. The velvet exterior, moderately soaked with lots of sweat and dirt, still feels great against her skin. The pillow is not too large, but if she wraps her body over it, the underside of her voluptuous tits find some rest on the pillow's velvet. With a mind of each own, her dick impulsively thrusts into nothing, searching for the opening that Jessica had made with her knife weeks ago. Her chopped arms try to maneuver the object around to find the hole.

Seconds later, the elf's veiny appendage finds the incredibly coveted cavity and Miluvae starts vigorously fucking the pillow. The shame of this demeaning act is only slightly mitigated by the girl's blindness. She knows that the guard outside her cell can spot her through her cell's shadows, but she tries to avoid that thought.

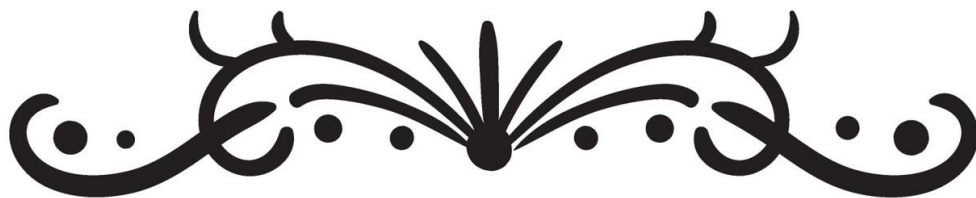
Her extreme lust is a great unabler, too. Milu has already "nuttled" inside her makeshift sex-toy twice today, but every time, her sex-hungry cock reared its swollen head back up, after an hour or so. There was no definitive rest from this torture, no end in sight.

Her brain is melting in vague visions, her synapses firing obscene and bizarre hallucinations into the darkness of her vision, that have little to do with eroticism and more to do with a vacant, contextless,

primal urge to empty her balls. She's fucking the inanimate object with animalistic violence, like this insignificant pillow is the best whore in the Kingdom, like that knife-made tear in its velvet case is the cunt of a Goddess. Milu's cheek is slumped onto the hard, filthy, stone floor, drool dripping from her half-open mouth, her eye-lids have closed.

The build up is so intense, almost anything will do, like the friction caused by a cock pounding against pillow stuffing, for example. It mind sound underwhelming to a normal person, but some repeated dick-humping of a pile of goose feathers is enough to drive the devastated girl over the edge. Finally, Milu furiously ejaculates inside her plush sex-toy, before collapsing on top of it, sweating, drained.

At least until the cycle repeats again.



Five months had passed since Milu was rudely awakened by Jessica's monstrous guards. Her blindness, her lack of voice and her ineffective limbs had become a staple of her meaningless, jailed life. The guards often caught her, circling the narrow confines of her cell, over and over, crawling around the length of each wall, just to occupy her mind, which was clearly less lucid than before.

To an outsider, she didn't appear any more intellectual than a clever dog or a cat. Her appearance was equally feral to one. Hair had grown in places the woman never allowed in her past life, a result of her clear neglect and the side-effects of the aphrodisiacs. Plenty of armpit hair, a bit on her thighs, some pubic hair and more on her testicles. There was even a slight trail of hair building, starting from her belly-button and merging with her pubes.

Her ribs were never outlined on her body, before her arrest. After all, Miluvae was a girl you could really grope. But now, her ribs are very visible, their appearance betraying the poor nutritional quota of her daily meals. While the girl is visibly skinnier, her breasts appear swollen, a second side-effect of the accumulative impact Archmage Luther's arousing potion had on her.

Much like a pregnant woman, Milu had grown two cup sizes, and she was already well-endowed in that area. Her areolas were now dragged across the floor every time she crawled on all four of her short stumps. Additionally, milk was constantly dribbling from the woman's nipples, like a faulty faucet. With no willing aid around and with her unable to relieve the feeling of built-up pressure on her breasts, Milu could only endure yet another indignity.

While Artemisia was living a comfortable life many floors above, she was not happy in the slightest. Her promotion to head handmaiden did very little to keep her content, knowing what Milu, what her friend, was going through multiple floors underground.

Artemisia had essentially removed all other handmaidens from the duty of feeding the prisoner, so she could see Miluvae every day. Nobody thought too hard about it and no one batted an eye. On the contrary, the other servants were happy to relinquish this chore.

“Don’t be silly” the black-haired beauty responded to Milu’s mouthing of the word “*thank you*”, as she stayed by her side to spoon-feed her and keep her company. “Just eat up, you’ve gotten very skinny” Artemisia took care of the girl, unaware of the meal’s side-effects.

“*Please...touch it...*” Milu soundlessly uttered, hoping the girl’s eyes would pick it up. It did. Artemisia read Milu’s lips, watching them repeat the phrase three times, to be certain. “Do you want.....this?” Artemisia placed her slender hand on the girl’s veiny, pulsing erection that was staring towards the ceiling as usual. Simultaneously, she shielded Milu’s bottom half of her body from the eyes of any passing guard, using her own body.

Milu nodded, reluctantly, shyly, but also urgently. Artemisia sighed. She cared about Milu. She wanted to make her feel good. There shouldn’t be any difference between the girl’s former and current state.

Artemisia began lovingly stroking the woman’s 6-inch penis, keeping a look-out for the patrolling guard outside the cell. Immediately, Milu was exhaling deeply, quicker. If her vocal chords worked, she’d let out the most luscious moan of pleasure. Artemisia silently spat on her palm, in order to work her lover’s cock with a bit more intensity and pace. Her gaze was half the time towards the cell’s entrance, looking out, but it didn’t affect her “performance” whatsoever. Her hand job was simply divine. Wet, tight-gripped and full-stroked, yet also sensual.

A droplet of milk dripped from the woman’s breasts onto Artemisia’s apron. It was only a precursor for things to come. With the glass of Milu’s sex drive always on the verge of over-flowing, the amputee elf was very close. Artemisia increased her jerking tempo; the girl was obviously on the home stretch. Artemisia touched her forehead to Milu’s, tenderly grabbing the woman’s chin with her free hand and placing her thumb in Milu’s mouth, helping her jump that final hurdle. In this single moment, it didn’t matter to Artemisia whether they’d get caught.

And help she did! Miluvae ejaculated seconds later, shooting her load onto the woman’s apron, the thick stain dripping on the fabric. “Good girl” the handmaiden gave the puffing woman an affectionate peck on her forehead. Artemisia took off her white headscarf and used it to cover the cum-stain, placing it over her dress with her hands, before departing for “upstairs”.

As head handmaiden, Artemisia had now access to the downstairs kitchen, where the servant's food was prepared, along with the daily, unappetizing meals of the castle's prisoners. Artemisia rarely ever engaged with Marcus, the large meat-closet of a man, who was the cook of these idiot-proof mashed meals. Marcus had bumps all over his skin, his lump-covered face not particularly pleasant to look at. His demeanor matched his appearance. Rough and uninviting.

The young woman rarely stopped to chat, simply taking the rusty bowl of sludge and being on her way to the dungeons. But this time, Artemisia arrived early, while the hunchback giant was still plopping the rations with his large ladle. The girl noticed that before handing her the bowl, the cook had mixed in a dosage of a weird, purple liquid. He hadn't done the same with the other rations.

"What is this for?" she asked him, immediately suspecting of the foul play. "Don't ask me, Master Luther's orders" the gross guy muttered, shed any responsibility for his actions. "The Archmage?" Artemisia widened her eyes. This was it! Whatever this potion was, she was certain it was responsible for the girl's extreme arousal.

Furious, she grabbed the bowl and threw it hard on the floor. "Give me another one!" she shouted, fuming. "Ok, but if anyone asks, I gave it to you like this" Marcus growled back at her.

From that point on, Artemisia was always present whenever Milu's meals were getting "served".



Artemisia tried getting the imprisoned girl off during her daily visits, at least whenever the coast was clear. Despite stopping the aphrodisiacs coursing through the elf's veins, Milu still appeared as horny as a bull, silently craving the woman's touch. Artemisia obliged, not wanting to cause Milu's added misery.

The pretty handmaiden sometimes hated herself for not getting over the unfortunate elf-girl, but she couldn't lie to herself. Her feelings were still there, beating like her heart. In her mind, she had a longing vision of them, living together somewhere else. Milu was able-bodied in these daydreams; after all, they were pure wish-fulfillment. These daydreams would slowly dominate most of the handmaiden's dull, chore-doing moments "upstairs".

In some of them, Artemisia was just happy to be with Milu, however mutilated the girl was. Away from all this, somewhere peaceful. Somewhere safe. After putting some serious thought into it, Artemisia was determined.

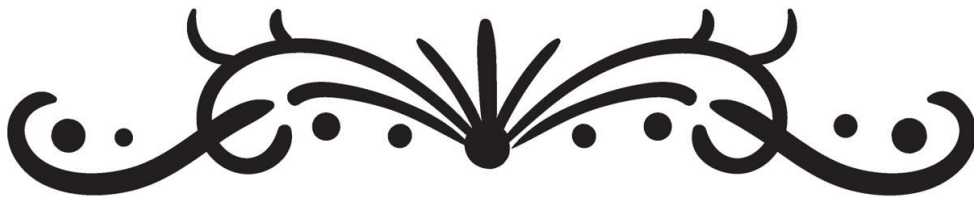
She would find a way to get Milu out of there.

The plan might have been simple, but it definitely wasn't easy. The risk was huge. Failing was not an option.

It was 1.30 A.M. The castle was sound asleep. "What have you got there?" the chubby, half-napping guard casually asked the handmaiden, seeing her descent the dungeon's steps holding a plate with some kind of pastry. "It's Miss Esmerin's birthday, so I thought I bring you some leftover corn-cake" Artemisia said with a smile, offering the man a piece. The man grabbed a big slice. He gulped it down in an instant in front of Artemisia. "That syrup is great!" he said with a full mouth. "Thanks..." Artemisia replied with a slight grimace at the man's grossness. A few moments later, he plopped on the ground, knocked out by the potion soaked in the cake.

The key to Milu's cell was around the guard's belt, dangling from a large, iron hoop, along with the other, unused keys of the other cells. Artemisia run over and took the key-ring out, finally unlocking Miluvae's cell after a couple of tries. "I'm getting you out of here" the girl said to a startled, sleeping Milu. Artemisia picked the naked, limbless woman in her arms, holding her like a big baby. She threw a blanket over the young woman, covering her from plain sight, the started ascending the steps. A big, canvas sack, full of Artemisia's bare essential possessions, was waiting for her, a few steps up the dungeon.

In the night's quiet, the two vanished from the castle like shadows.



A busy, muddy peasant street was roaring with life. Horse-carriages crossed it on both directions, splashing any absent-minded pedestrians with mud-waters. There were not any street-stands anywhere though, just lots of little houses and a few shops on either side of the road.

This was not Dendo. This was not even Haarikon, or Aerolin. It was the small town of Valhal, in the neighboring Kingdom of Waoji. A young, human woman, with curly, black hair was walking on the side of the road, her bag full with a few bread-loafs, courtesy of the bakery she was employed at. Her skin was not as pale as it once was, seeing more sun that it used to.

The woman had a lively pace to her, seemingly in a hurry to get home. She'd always been a bit worried, leaving her roommate alone for too long. But she had to make a living, for both of them, so it couldn't be helped.

The beautiful dark-haired girl reached the front, wooden door of a small, old-looking town house. The walls were clearly peeling from the moisture. The girl ignored the place's poor state and unlocked the door. The inside was not any better. But it's all she could afford. "I'm HOOoome!" she announced with a cheer, emptying her hands onto the narrow kitchen counter.

Miluvae appeared under the only other doorway of the house. She moved towards the girl's voice, aware of her surroundings. She had learned to balance on her leg-stumps and can even walk, though usually using the nearby walls and cupboards as rails with her shortened arms. She was wearing a cheap, light brown dress, which had been visibly cut shorter, so as not to touch the floor. The blind woman's fire-red hair had retained its beauty, though shorter than before, grazing the girl's shoulders.

Artemisia rushed towards the 4ft 5-tall girl and picked her up from under the arms. Milu used to be 5 ft 10 and taller than her partner, but Artemisia could not care less. She gave the half-elf a sweet kiss on her lips. "*I've missed you*" the elf-girl mouthed the words, the scar around her neck still a grim reminder of a past she had left behind. "Me too. But I won't be leaving for the rest of day" the black-haired woman replied. She had become an excellent lip-reader, and could discern basically anything Milu said, with a good look at her face.

"Want a quickie before lunch?" Artemisia whispered with a cheeky smile on Milu's long, elf ear, as she was holding her in her arms. The elf simply nodded, then leaned over the side of Artemisia's neck and begun kissing passionately. Artemisia carried the girl over to their only bed, with Milu giving her a hickey throughout the walk. She gently placed her disabled lover on it, then swiftly pulled up her dress off her body, undid her bra to reveal her small, perky breasts and took off her panties. She turned her attention back to Miluvae, lifting her dress up enough to reveal a pair of men's underwear and a generous boner, outlined from underneath.

Despite her current state, Miluvae's average arousal had lessened considerably, ever since her daily dosing of extreme aphrodisiacs had seized. Though the potion had left her nervous system with some irreversible damage, she was only horny for half the day, instead of the whole. This difference might appear meaningless, but it was as different as night and day for the elf's quality of life. Her breasts had stopped lactating and her sex drive was...manageable. For example, the elf's current erection was not there when Artemisia had arrived home.

Artemisia pulled Milu's underwear down, tossing them aside. For a change, Milu was now more dressed than the former handmaiden. As she was kneeling on the bed in front of Milu, Artemisia bent over and started fellating the half-elf's cock with enthusiasm. She loved tasting her. The elf breathed heavily, lying on her back as the human "serviced" her cock, getting it nice and lubricated with her saliva.

Then, Artemisia crawled further up the bed, grabbed her girlfriend's dick and lined it up with her moist cunt, before slowly sliding it in with relative ease, despite the girth. Mounted on her lover's 6-incher, the young woman begun riding it with eagerness, moving her hips up and down its length. It felt amazing!

Simultaneously, she moved her face closer to Milu's, kissing her all over. The elf's tongue responded, making intimate contact with Artemisia's. "Yes...yes...yes..." Artemisia tried keeping herself from moaning too loudly at each pounding she gave Miluvae's erection. The elf filled her up soooo good!

Artemisia had already orgasmed, though still "riding the lightning". She placed her hand softly around Milu's neck, not squeezing, just feeling her, then felt Milu's cock twitch inside her, followed by a hot load coating her pussy-walls.

Artemisia remained on top of Milu, the two women catching their breath, blissful, together. Milu's slowly deflating cock still inside the girl's pussy, dripping "love". A heartwarming sight. "Good girl" the still panting Artemisia whispered on her girl's long, pointy ear.

