Words of a Witch pt.2 - Draft

The squelches and moans became louder as the soldier approached, the castle steps winding to the Duke's chambers. Ramb tried not to think about what was going on inside and knocked a mailed glove on the thick wooden door.

"My Duke!"

"Mmm…. *Piss off!*"

Ramb gripped his spear tighter and knocked again.

"My Duke! It regards your wife."

The squelches stopped. A few seconds later a sweaty-faced Sir Vancel, moustache uneven, appeared in the door with a cloak around him, his toes sticking out from underneath it.

"WHAT?"

"My Duke…. Your wife was seen in the town of Fothings, heading west."

"*West…..* Very well. See to it that I hear of any further news immediately… perhaps you can do that job seeing as you all can't catch one spoiled bitch."

"Of course sir Duke… apologies my Du-"

Ramb paused, eyes wide as a naked woman appeared with eyes wide and desperate, crawling to grab at the cloak of her master. Sir Vancel glanced down and smiled as the woman began to wrap herself around his leg, humping the cloak, leaving wet stains against it as she moaned.

"Mmmmasster….. Ppplease fuck me…"

"Of course… aren't you going to say hello to our guest?"

"Hhello," she slurred, spittle running down her chin as she blew a sloppy kiss, before going back to humping Sir Vancel's leg, this time keeping eye contact with Ramb the entire time.

"H… I-I apologise sir Duke," Ramb stammered.

"As you should," Sir Vancel smirked, "off with you."

Ramb fled the scene as fast as he dared, with the squelches and whines of Sir Vancel's slave bitch ringing in his ears, and a stiffy in his metal codpiece.

***

Rundi awoke to the sound of wooden coverings being flung wide open, daylight blinding him.

"Up my little soldier…. Your companion may start to get restless if you sleep *too* long…"

He felt the smells of the strange bed he was in…. The earthy musk of Sooliya like mushrooms in a damp forest. The stink of old sperm was also present, permeating the room. The hemp woven cloth that he'd been wrapped in was soft on his skin, heavenly to the rough sleeping they'd had for many moons.

"Mmm…"

His body felt bruised and battered. Somehow, it was a strangely enjoyable ache, the kind that comes from muscles being worked in unique ways**.** The haze quickly drained from his body as a naked Sooliya stepped over him to reach for something, and her cock slapped him in the face. Even washed it still had an untameable musk, the weight not as painful as the emotional damage.

“MPH-HEY!”

“Oops! Silly me…”

She tittered as he scrabbled clear, reaching for his garments, and finding them nowhere.

“W.. where-“

“They are drying outside. Your companion brought you fresh clothes, which I left on the kitchen table…. She seems quite chagrined at your.... apparent virility,” she smirked.

Standing hands on hips, her nipples and cock pointed accusingly at him for not showing immediate care and attention. Rundi found himself roving over her curves before he shook himself.

“*Come on*,” he muttered, quivering as he tried to stand.

“Hhoh… *nnooo*…..”

The mirror piped up as his legs wobbled, having to steady himself on it only to look into the gleaming smile of Khol, almost face-to-face with him.

“Ooooh she fucked you good, huh!”

“Maybe not now **Khol**,” Sooliya muttered, although she had to fight a grin as the boy whined and attempted to stagger to the ladder and ended up on his knees, crawling. When he reached it, his head bowed. He saw no way of descending alone.

“Would one be in need of assistance?” Sooliya said lightly, tying her more familiar threadbare hemp dress tight to her waist.

“… yes.”

Thankfully she didn’t force him to ride the straps again, instead lowering him down from below. A quick kiss on his bottom was quite humiliating enough to produce a deep blush, made worse by a harsh spank that jolted his pillows, staggering to drape himself across the long table in the centre of the room. Embarrassing as it was, it was preferable to ending up on the floor. Somehow her being clothed and him being naked felt almost as oppressively one-sided as last night when she had folded him in half. She stared at him as he tried to prop himself up.

“C-can you not….!”

“Of course, I apologise… but you are gorgeous,” she murmured.

He had to bite back a smile and nod.

"...Thanks."

"No smile for mother?"

A weak shrug.

"Oh, *no you don't. Not in my house!*"

"W-Wait-"

He yipped as she stormed towards him and grabbed his battered body, bulldozing through worn arms to mash their faces, enveloping his lips in hers. Her tongue danced into his mouth. He whimpered and then went limp entirely as she coaxed the pleasure out of him, and he weakly draped his arms over her shoulders. They kissed for a few more moments. She felt so strong and warm.... safe, even. Bit by bit she tickled his tongue with hers until he began to connect, and eventually after another minute of giggling and teasing, she had Rundi kissing back, and he even tried to pull her back in as she separated, a sliver of drool connecting their lips.

"Don't even try to pretend you didn't enjoy me. You like this, understand??"

"... alright."

"Alright *what."*

He groaned.

".... alright..... mother."

She gave a pleased grin.

"Good boy. You may get dressed... I have almost readied your enchantments but it just needs....."

She reached down and dabbed a finger against the slit of his hard cocklet, stealing the morning dew. The shiver that went up his spine was delicious, his cock flexing for more even as he covered up, shamed at how easily she controls his body.

"... a little *passion*."

Bustling over to a pot in the corner, she unstoppered it and dipped her finger inside, before closing it quickly.

"Your clothes. Over there."

"M-my... legs..."

"They'll start working soon. In fact, you'd better start using them, even if it hurts or your companion may put two and two together... I'd suggest that she doesn't seem like the *understanding type*..."

He nodded.

"Yeah..."

It took him a few moments to pluck up the energy to drag his limbs to the pile of clothes on the side, and more to pull his clothes on, grimacing as every muscle complained at the abuse and rough treatment from last night. Once clothed, he began wolfing down the simple oats she'd made for him, watching with intrigue as she concocted something far more potent on the counter, measuring a spoon of pinkpowder from another jar and produced flames in the hearth with a click of her fingers, thrusting the powder inside. The flames seemed to momentarily bend, as if some sort of force were shifting around them.

"Hmm. It needs..... Rundi, I must tend the fire. Could you fetch me some crushed stag-horn from the larder? Salted meat too... You should have some on your journey."

"I... that's nice but we don't need-"

"I *insist,"* she said with a strong tone, before smiling again, "... my sweet soldier deserves a present for such a performance last night."

A flush of heat came to his cheeks.

".. Um... right... thanks."

"Thanks who?"

He rolled the word around in his mouth. It still felt strange to be calling her that.

"I think that.. maybe-"

The speed at which she moved from the fire to him was once again terrifying, and she simply squeezed her body into his, enveloping it in all of her womanly fats.

"Call me my NAME!" She spat, flecks of saliva hitting his face.

*"M- Mother!!!....*Mother*..."*

"Exactly.... now get me my stag-horn my sweet treat. And take all the salted meat you find... I can always make more," she whispered, leaving a slobbering kiss on his forehead before releasing him and pointing him in the direction of the front door.

"Walk," she said tersely.

"B-but-"

"I said... *WALK."*

She grabbed him and hefted him to his feet.

He panted, gripping the table for support and wincing as his asshole ached again, trying to take a few steps.

“It feels so wonderful watching you re-learn your body,” she murmured.

The flush of heat in his face came strong as she drank in his staggered gait… and found himself moving towards a cellar door which had suddenly appeared next to the front door. He didn’t bother asking how it had appeared as the answer would probably just annoy him. He gingerly pulled the handle, blinking at the ladder leading into inky darkness below. It took a heavy dose of willpower to rest his feet on the top rung.

"How... many secret rooms do you have in this house?"

She raised a mischevious eyebrow.

"I'm sure I could show you.... if you wished to extend your stay."

He knew exactly what that meant, and felt her eyes undress him again, made worse by the fact she knew exactly what lay underneath.

"I... I'm fine, thank you."

She winked.

"Shame... you are a *lovely* young man..... Do you need help with the ladder?”

“N-NO! No, I’m…. *Very fine…* th-thank you…”

“Very well… let me prepare what you'll need….”

She turned back to the fire.

Taking each rung carefully as he descended into darkness, Rundi squinted.

"Um-... is there a light?"

"*Ah yes-!"*

Click

A snap of fingers from above lit a brazier close to the entrance, and Rundi sighed in relief, skin still crawling as the shadows of shelves and damp boxes shimmered in the half-light.

"Salted meat.... Stag-horn...."

The meat was easy enough to find, drying in strips on the wall. Next he searched the pots squeezed at random onto the shelves, bearing small sigils combined to represent bear-tooth, or fox-liver. As he found the stag horn, he noticed a rather worrying one that he hoped was not man-testicle.

The items collected, he turned to the ladder... and a curious thought whispered in his brain.

'How many secret doors does she have in this house... perhaps there is another here?'

Guil would say he could never find it. But...

He took a breath, and concentrated, more than he usually would. Most of the entrances she'd disguised in corners away from prying eyes. If one were to hide another door here-

He looked around at the shelves, then at the corners, and finally to the wall filled with large wooden boxes. Underneath them... The corner of a trap door was just visible.

As he did, he heard a moan that made his skin crawl.

Was it an animal? A person? Perhaps trapped in another, deeper cellar? His feet were already moving before he could **think**. As he approached… the whisper from underneath became what might have been a word.

"iiiicckk....."

“W-what the-“/"By the grace of.... Oh no..."

Rundi bolted, his legs working in different gaits as his ass burned, but he pulled himself up the ladder with more speed than he could have imagined, whimpering.

As he reached the kitchen, ashen-faced, Sooliya’s smile slid from her face, replaced with concern.

“Is everything alright?”

“M… MOANING…!? Someone… is someone down there…??!”

Sooliya nodded slowly.

“… Ah. You are becoming more observant to my concealment spells... Yes, there is someone down there. But not what you think."

"Wh-who?!"

"Have you heard of the grave plague?”

Her face, usually so warm, was sharper than before. He leant against the table, taking a moment to catch his breath.

“.. *Perhaps*.. But.. That was long before I was born..”

“Eight decades ago to be exact. I remember it well… I was the one who cured it... or, cured most of it. Some I was too late to save.”

He stared down at the hole in the floor, shivering.

“… You still keep them…?”

“I must,” she murmured, “If the curse is awakened again, we will need a cure. This is the only way unless we wait for more victims…..*wait. Quiet!*”

She waved her hand as the front door thumped, and when Guil barged in the cellar door was gone.

"D*on’t tell your companion. She will not understand,"* Sooliya murmured in Rundi's ears, "the stag-horn, please."

"O-okay-"

The young elf girl was clenched and tight as she stormed right past Rundi to Sooliya and jabbed a finger to her face.

"Alright. I've slept and waited ENOUGH!"

Sooliya maintained her smooth gait, taking the bowl from Rundi's hands gently, a kiss on the cheek making him blush, and he bit his lip, trying to ignore Guil's glower whilst quickly taking a seat in case he happened to be standing in an I-got-my-asshole-widened manner. Within seconds he realised that sitting wasn’t a wise option either, squirming at the discomfort of his aching rim and tired buttcheeks.

Guil wrinkled her nose at the kiss, unaware of the seismic shifts that had taken place in Rundi's ass.

"For *fuck's sake...* Congratulations for enjoying yourselves so *thoroughly*. Now, ENOUGH. We promised you an evening, *witch.* You got a night and a morning. Now you promised us-"

"Everything you need," Sooliya finished.

The woman measured a pinch of the *stag-horn* into the bottle, and an acrid, sharp smoke burst out of it, tinged with green sparks. She thrust the stopper down on it, squeezing it tight, and then presented it.

"This will counteract the effects of my sister's first hex. One gulp before you enter. No more."

She grabbed two brown stones, just smaller than their palms although the stones looked tiny in her hands.

"Suck on the pebble when the second hex hits. It'll counteract most of the effects."

"How will we know when it hits?"

"You'll probably feel like you're floating... or underwater. Or worse. Either way, it is imperative you have them ready in your mouths as you enter."

"Right. And how can we trust you?"

Sooliya looked at them solemnly, and then went down on one knee in front of Rundi, taking his hand.

"I swear on everything I hold dear... all I have given will assist you in finding the ice queen. I will not forsake your quest."

She squeezed and kissed the hand, pressing it against her forehead.

"I swear on my heart."

Rundi nodded, lost for a moment before Guil snapped.

"Rundi!"

"Uh yeah... yeah she's telling the truth."

"*Good boy,"* Sooliya muttered in his ear, fingers lingering a little too long across his shoulder. Rundi had to take a deep breath to prevent himself panting as she rose up.

"Allow me to see you to the border."

***

One Marsh.

Two Cities.

A thousand roads, from royal convoys horse-to-cart, to dirt paths.

The small, pale pair went entirely unnoticed by the thousands of travellers and empty vistas as they made their way north again. Mud began to freeze under their feet as winter settled its claws into the landscape. When they reached the forest of dead trees, snow blanketed the branches, then turned to sleat beneath their feet. There was less conversation this time, more grim determination. Surely now, their quest would not be in vain.

Rundi had a bad feeling about it. Their meeting with the Sooliya certainly hadn't gone the way they had originally hoped... and the display of her 'abilities' had given him misgivings about their quest.

"Do you think it's a good idea?"

"What."

"To... to actually find the ice queen. I mean, we know her location... why not go back and tell Sir Vancel and your people? That was our task after all... "

Guil paused, and a flicker of molten anger bubbled to the surface. Rundi was beginning to understand that, especially for an elf, Guil didn't seem to have the same leash on her emotions that others did.

"*Rundi...* I'm tired of you trying to chicken out of everything we came to do. We came here to KILL the Ice Queen!!"

"But I thought... we just came to *find her?"*

"Shut UP!"

She ground to a halt, slipping on the sleet beneath her as the veneer of grace dropped, face contorting into a crow's beak as she shrieked.

"If you won't do it with me, then give me the potion and I'll do it MYSELF! I don't need a DONKEY like you to carry anything..... I'll kill the Ice Queen, and then I'll rub it in their FACES!"

"Ah.. their...?"

"My MOTHER'S obviously!"

"M.. mother's?"

She turned, chuntering to herself through the desolate landscape, her face flushed pink.

"...and father... and my stupid brother.. and my even MORE stupid sisters!...."

"Sisters..?"

"SHUT UP!"

She clenched and unclenched her fists.

“We are going to the Ice Caves… and we will take the Ice Queen *prisoner*. There, happy?”

“Uh yeah…”

“Good. And if she fights… I’ll kill her myself.”

She stalked off further ahead so he couldn’t catch the muttering under her breath. Rundi followed, frowning in worry. The words of Sooliya echoed in his ear - *'if you follow her down this path.....'*

He fingered the blade by his side.

'Follow her down this path….. She said I’m more than a warrior.... what does it all even mean….?'

*****

The same mountain looming over them. The same outcrop, hidden away. The same snow seemed untouched in the entrance, but it now connected to a thinner, grey blanket outside it. Guíl held the pot in her hand, crouched behind the same rock they had hidden behind all those months ago.

"One gulp, right?"

"Right."

“Cheers.”

The liquid felt surprisingly cold, and they grimaced as the bitter taste burned their tongues.

“Yeuggh…”

“Glad we only have to do this once…”

They emerged, and began to creep towards the cave. Darkness inside seemed to deepen as they approached, and the moment they came to the line, both paused. A single look, and they touched a toe tentatively over the line.

A strange tingle… and nothing.

“Huh.”

Guíl stepped across, nodding to herself. As her eyes adjusted, she spied some strange runes carved between icicles hanging above, like a strange mosaic between the ceiling of knives. Somehow, despite no light source, the snow itself seemed to act as a sort of dull luminescence in this place where daylight could not reach.

“Yes… YES… Let’s go.”

“Um, should we.. The pebbles?”

“Ah. Of course..”

He quickly retrieved the strange small objects and they each placed one in their mouth. It tasted of a strange spice, and Rundi was about to grimace as they began to move to the deeper, shallower innards of the cave... until in a second the entire cave rotated upside down.

“MMM!”

He sucked, and felt his stomach lurch back to normal, holding his head. Guíl was shaking too, and they staggered forwards down a passageway which began to bend left to right, like a snake’s belly. Rundi sucked harder, squinting at the spicy heat building on his tongue. Thankfully the corridor ceased moving, and they staggered along it, the stony floor angled down into the depths of the mountain base.

After an uncertain amount of time spent furiously sucking and running, they stopped, panting. Rundi pulled the stone from his mouth, and spat.

“I-I can’t keep… ugh…”

“We’re through anyway,” she nodded, placing hers back in her sack. “Weapons out?”

“Yeah..”

Rundi had the same premonition of Sooliya's run through his head in that moment. *If you follow **Guil** down this path....* He paused, tapping her on the shoulder as she made to lead them down.

“Um…. Maybe let me go first.. Maybe they’ll… y’know.. Be charmed by me?”

“CHARMED by you?!”

“Y-yeah… like Sooliya?”

Guíl pursed her lips, unsure whether to laugh or scowl.

“Fine, whatever.”

He continued with his sword held limply, and after a longer walk than expected, the density of rock above them feeling heavier by the second, they emerged into a gigantic cavern. Like a separate world, white snow blanketed the floor, giving off that strange light. What at first seemed like trees turned out to be twisted sculptures of ice, swirling in beautiful patterns and shapes, some reaching all the way to the vast ceiling, and connecting with it like the pillars of a temple.

“Woah…”

"*Oooh, visitors!"*

Guíl's spear was raised and pointed in a split-second at the dozen or so women lounging in various parts of the cavern, some eating fruit, others playing with their nipples - all were barely clothed, yet seemed unaffected by their supposedly cold surroundings. They all inched upwards, keen to observe the newcomers, and one brazen blond even stepped up and cupped her naked breasts.

"EXCUSE me pretties… but are you in need of… *assistance?"*

*"*I'm a warrior. I don't need *sex,"* Guil said testily, "stand aside."

The blond pouted.

"With that attitude, perhaps you need it more than you think."

Guíl was almost shaking with rage.

"… Get… out of… my WAY!"

She barged past, and Rundi offered a few snivelling apologies as the women huffed and strutted back to their sprawled out positions, watching with dirty looks as they made their way to the far end of the room, in which sat a silver throne, framed by a translucent sheet of ice behind it.

"Guess we're in the right place…"

They approached, senses heightened. The throne looked massive as they walked towards it. A gentle breeze tickled their skin, though no wind should exist in such a space. Rundi crept up to the throne and felt an icy cold from within the smooth stone….. Perhaps made for one of Sooliya's ilk. Even empty, it made him shiver. As they crept around it, Guíl's ears flicked up.

"SHh!"

"What?"

"I hear something… creaking."

"Creaking? Like.. Like a door?"

"Quiet."

He sighed as she held her hand up.

"Almost like…"

"A spinning wheel."

"YES, like a… how did you know that?"

He pointed.

"Because that old woman over there is using one."

Guíl frowned, running up to join Rundi and see the hooded figure in the corner, quietly sewing.

"Huh… oh reeeally. A *disguise?!"*

Spear up, Guíl marched over.

“Do you think us IDIOTS?!! A witch pretending to be a *spinster? Some sort of old crone quietly spinning threads in the corner?!* Did you not think we’d see through this fairytale SHIT!”

She marched forwards and pulled the hood back… revealing the deep dark skin of Nezuli, a polite smile on her face.

“Wellllllcome friends!”

“Nezuli-“

The creaking of the wheel stopped. Nezuli threw back the tattered robe to reveal her nakedness once again, standing unabashed with her breasts and vagina on show, holding up her handiwork…. A small pair of lady’s undergarments, but so small and see-through as to be pointless for anything other than the delights of a lover.

“Made of the finest Corsgard silk. For you, Guíl.”

“For… That is NOT FOR ME!”

Guíl lanced the panties with a jab of her spear, and flicked them away.

“TELL US WHERE YOUR MISTRESS-”

“She is behind you.”

“Behind..?”

They turned back to the throne.

Rundi’s heart stopped, his anus squeezing tight. An albino woman now sat in the throne, towering over them and dressed in a deep black cloak that covered her from neck to ankles, thin bar the swell of breasts and hips within her garb. What little skin she showed seemed impossibly pale, translucent like the snow around her as if she wasn’t all quite there. Red eyes stared with the intensity of a hawk.

“Hm. They seem confused Nezuli,” she drawled, “I would have thought they’d understand how magic works by now.”

Guíl made to march forwards, but seemed to be moving in treacle, slightly uncoordinated as she shambled to the base of the steps preceding the throne, readying herself for an awkward charge.

“The…. THE ICE QUEEN! By the KINGDOMS OF ELVEANOR AND MAN….”

“I surrender.”

“…. I-I ORDER YOU TO *SUBMIT!!!!…”*

“I submit, Guíl."

Guíl’s jaw bounced. Apparently she hadn’t truly considered the possiblity of *not* charging her spear through her prey’s chest.

“I-…”

"Does one need to surrender thrice? Or should I call for a carrier pigeon?"

“No… well… that’s GOOD.....”

The woman seemed so unperturbed that it was making Rundi feel queasy. He also worried at how Guíl seemed unable to stop staring, as if she were staring down an arch nemesis, but also a succulent, juicy plate of braised pheasant that had to be consumed immediately.

“I, am Azkarina - The ICE QUEEN…. you may address me as *your majesty.”*

“Azkarina, huh?” Guíl hissed. “You don’t look that powerful.”

The woman’s eyes glittered.

“For now. But know that I am not the one you seek. The witch who committed those terrible crimes is a forest dweller… but I believe you know her well…. *Rundi*.”

Here eyes bore into Rundi. He felt his bowed legs tremble. It made it all the worse that she somehow knew his name without having asked for it. Guíl stepped in front of him.

“No. YOU ARE THE ICE QUEEN! We are here to k…. T-take you prisoner!”

“Are you? And why would you want to do that?”

“You are a *monster*. You turn men into women… steal them from our lands and enslave them.”

She chuckled.

“Oh, how sweet… A few centuries ago perhaps. Isn’t that right Nezuli?”

Nezuli nodded, sighing at the panties on the floor that she’d spent days threading together.

“Yes Mistress.”

Guíl grinned in triumph.

“So you DO change men into women! Then we shall administer justice.”

“Two centuries ago when I was a younger woman. I’m far beyond such trifling matters now. Why do you think I reside here in the farthest corner from your civilisation? I have all the mewling whelps I could possibly want. You *saw* my harem. As I said before, if you wish to find the witch who still turns men to slavering whores, it is my sister that you seek.”

Guíl aimed her spear, advancing.

“I need no more lies from your vile throat. *Kneel or you shall perish!”*

The blade advanced until it was touching the woman’s throat. She didn’t tense a muscle.

“Why not ask your friend? He knows.”

Her empty eyes shot to Rundi and went through him, into his soul. It chilled him to his core.

“I…”

“What’s she talking about?” Guíl hissed.

“I.. Don’t know…”

“Oh, I think he might have been sleeping off a few *spectacular* orgasms, but I dare say he recalls what he heard in the basement of that stuffy little tree of hers.”

Rundi felt a lump in his throat.

“You mean the.. Moaning?”

“….. *Moaning*?”

Guíl ground her teeth, removing the spear from the woman’s neck, almost pointing it in Rundi’s direction instead.

“What *moaning*?”

“In.. In the basement… she said it was a remnant from the plague….”

Guíl’s eyelids turned to slits. Rundi realised he’d made a terrible mistake as Guíl forgot for a moment that Azkarina, this powerful being with supernatural abilities, existed, turning her back and rearing up on him.

“Hang on. You heard *moaning*. In the *basement*…”

She advanced, backing Rundi up against the icy stone wall of the cave.

“…*And you didn’t think to tell me?!?!?”*

“That’s… I-I didn’t think…”

“WELL THANK YOU FOR EXPLAINING HOW YOU DIDN’T *THINK. Maybe you should THINK about telling me when you hear strange noises in A WITCH’S DUNGEON!”* she shrieked, almost slavering with rage.

*“*I… *I’m sorry-….”*

“SHUT up! Don’t even speak. BY THE **HIGHER/GODS** you are *pathetic*…”

She backed down, leaving Rundi flat against the wall, looking as white as the icy walls.

“Tie up the prisoner. We’re leaving!”

“You’ll never find her,” the woman said lightly.

“QUIET. We found her before. We shall find her again… remember that I am an elf, not some simpleton human!”

“She’ll know you’re looking now. Every elf in the kingdom could search that forest for the rest of their lives and you’d never even see a trace of her if she decided to remain hidden, even if you walked every blade of grass.”

Guil jabbed the butt of her spear on the floor, jaw so tight it looked like it might snap from the tension.

“Well then… you will help us! And we will determine which if you is the true witch, or take you BOTH to the gallows!”

The woman's mouth twitched.

".... *Fine*."

"Tie her hands Rundi-"

"... *for a small price."*

Guíl slammed the spear into the stone beneath her. The sound echoed through the vast cavern.

"What. *Price*."

"A night of pleasure."

"HA!"

The elf slapped Rundi on the back.

"Do your thing stud."

"Not him."

“Huh?”

"... *you."*

Guil looked back, and the woman was eyeing her up and down appreciatively.

“What? How *dare* you make fun of me-“

“I’m not. I wish to fuck you.”

This time Guíl laughed.

“With what? A magic wand?”

“We do not use *wands,”* the woman said acidly. “I’ll be using *this-“*

She waved a hand, and her cloak unfurled itself, rippling into nothing. Both intruders gasped. The woman was entirely naked, her breasts large and protruding from her chest. Rundi found his mind swirling as he stared at the bevies of womanly fats, little to no muscle to be found. The woman was curvy in an entirely unnatural way with an hourglass figure, but even that faded into the background due to the drooling monster lying between her legs.

It had the same translucent grey-white skin as the rest of her, the veins visible sprawling across it, and it was so thick and long that Rundi reckoned if Sooliya’s was about the length of his forearm, this must have been even larger, perhaps the size of his shin, and almost as thick. As it leaked, Guíl stared in horror at the puddle forming at the base of the throne.

“…. No.”

“It is the only way to find Sooliya.”

"There is no way I would EVER put-“

“If you want to find my sister, that is the price.”

Guíl growled, almost half-mad as she hefted her spear, although it took her a moment to rest her eyes from between Azkarina’s legs.

“I’ll take ONE witch for starters! We can find the other later…”

“And bring back the wrong woman? Is that really going to impress your family?”

"Don't. Speak. About my family."

"My apologies," Azkarina said smoothly, "nonetheless, my words are not to be taken lightly."

“I’m…. I’m NOT doing it.”

“Then you will never find the woman you seek.”

Guíl lowered the spear, and put her head in her hands. For a moment no-one spoke. Rundi opened his mouth, but realised it would almost certainly anger her further, instead watching on as the girl took a shuddering breath, looking like she was going to cry before pushing it all deep down, taking one more hoarse intake of air.

“…..*how do I know… that this isn’t a trick…”*

"Simple. I promise - on my SOUL-"

Azkarina came to one knee, and her skin began to shine like it was reflecting moonlight.

"-that I will honour my word if you lie with me tonight, and be your prisoner until we find my sister."

Her skin faded back to merely pale white.

"Will that suffice?"

"Your cheap tricks mean nothing."

"Oh come now. Do not insult me… A witch’s oath is binding. And I believe you wouldn't risk leaving your quest unfinished.... what would your mother say?"

Guil's trembled, the temperature dropping even though there was no magical change from the soft chill. She stomped forwards until the spear was inches from the woman’s chest, the tip shaking.

“*Last warning… if you ever discuss my mother-“*

“Done. I will not mention her name, nor your family’s. But know that I am the only way to fulfil your destiny… tell her, Rundi. Was your experience with Sooliya not satisfying?”

“I… S-Sooliya was true to her word,” he managed. Guíl didn’t respond for long enough that he began to mumble an apology…. Until her spear clattered to the ground.

“Look after my spear,” she ordered to Rundi, before snapping at the Ice Queen. “Let us get this over with.”

“Very good,” Azkarina smirked, rising to her prodigious height. “Nezuli… keep the young man entertained.”

“Yes mistress,” Nezuli nodded, bowing low.

As Rundi watched Azkarina take Guíl’s hand, Guíl spoke over her shoulder with some of her haughtiness returning, chin high.

“Well…. I guess I’ll have to show you how to pleasure a woman!”

“Ah Yes, *ha*… I’m.. I’m sure… good luck.”

Guíl managed a defiant smile, but it disappeared as she glanced once more at the huge thing slapping the insides of Azkarina’s thighs. Suddenly she looked every bit the waifish elf girl trying to play hero, lost as an adult led her by the hand. As they disappeared down a dark icy corridor, Nezuli turned to Rundi and raised an eyebrow.

“What *shall* we do to pass the time?”

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'Words of a Witch pt.2' will be released in full on 4th May! Stay tuned…. – Thereshegoes123