



MENTIS IMPERIUM

A DUEL OF DOLLS
WILL B. GUNN

Mentis Imperium – A Duel Of Dolls

By **Will B. Gunn**

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All sexual participants in this e-book are aged eighteen or older.

Chapter One - Prologue

Nara watched as the light of dawn chased away the shadows from the wooden huts and houses of the village of Underlake.

The soft song of morning birds filled the air. One of the small bright green birds chirped and landed on the windowsill. Its gentle hymn floated into the room where Nara lay comfortably in bed.

The raven-haired beauty looked over her bare shoulder and glanced at the bird.

As if aware of Nara's gaze, it flapped its wings twice and was gone from view.

Nara rested her head back on the pillow, and smiled at her lover, still sleeping peacefully beside her. She gently patted Cali's silky hair, and gave the nape of her neck a warm kiss. She cuddled her sweetheart, lovingly rubbing her leg along Cali's smooth thigh.

With a sleepy sigh, Nara immersed herself in Cali's silky warmth, dreaming of the bright blue jewels hiding behind her lover's closed eyelids.

After a momentary embrace, she moved a locket of golden hair from Cali's forehead, kissed the fiery emblem tattooed above her right eye, and slid out of bed with feline-like agility.

Already naked, the slender rogue walked into the bathroom. She stood over the large tub.

"Maybe today we can finally try it." She licked her lips, tenderly ran a finger along her thigh, and turned toward the shower head.

A small wooden wheel with four spokes controlled the water flow to the shower. It made a creaking sound as Nara turned it, and soon enough a pleasant stream of water showered from above her.

"Nice and warm." Her voice echoed as hot water began washing over her smooth body, making her skin glisten in the dim light.

She stood under the stream and ran her hands through her long black hair. She turned her head up and let the water wash over her face. She sighed with a smile, feeling rejuvenated.

Even with her eyes closed and water gushing over head, Nara still noticed when Cali sneaked into the room, silently creeping her way, attempting to go unnoticed.

“Adorable.” She raised her voice, not even bothering to open her eyes. Cali crawled closer and attempted to kiss Nara's perfectly flat belly.

She stopped her with a gentle hand on Cali's forehead, opened her eyes, and looked down with an overjoyed grin.

“You'll have to do much better than that to sneak on an elite member of House Novicis.” Nara let her fingers slide along Cali's golden hair.

“Who said I wanted to sneak up on you?” Cali smiled back, looking up with her wide, bright blue eyes. She stretched her head forward, and nibbled at the sensitive skin where Nara's thigh met her hip.

“*Ohh!* I stand corrected!” Nara arched her back and stood on her tiptoes. Letting her head rest on the wall behind her, she turned her hips and pushed her crotch forward.

“I don't need stealth to put you off your guard, Novicis.” Cali took a giggly breath. She gave Nara's pink lips a wet kiss, and flicked her tongue along her folds at an increasing pace. She heard Nara moan and felt her muscles tense, and kept beating her tongue on Nara's sensitive pussy till she reached a quivering orgasm.

“Oh wow.” Nara panted. “Now my morning is complete.”

Cali slid upwards and came face to face with Nara. She gave Nara a wide smile full of lust, and moved in for a passionate kiss.

Nara felt Cali's hand creep to the back of her head. Cali gripped her shoulder and turned her around with one strong motion. Nara pushed her pert ass away from the wall and moaned as Cali twisted her arm around her back.

“Why didn't you wake me up?” She kissed Nara's neck and whispered the accusation in her ear.

“I figured you could use the rest.” Nara said and turned around to face Cali with catlike swiftness, escaping Cali's grip with ease. “After the fun we had last night, that is.” She gave Cali a red hot kiss, locking tongues with the warrior princess.

“Is that so?” Cali smiled between lustful kisses. “Does that mean you're too tired for another go?” She asked, her hands exploring Nara's wet body.

“*Never!*” Nara hissed and gently bit Cali's scrumptious lips. She sent her own hand between Cali's legs, and traced her finger across her pink

pussy.

Cali closed her eyes and whimpered, standing on her tiptoes and opening her legs, just wide enough for Nara's hand to rub her pussy lips undisturbed.

Nara looked deep into Cali's smoldering eyes, and slid to her knees with sinuous grace.

"Ohh yeah!" Cali moaned with an excited grin.

Nara gave Cali's precious pussy a single lick, and giggled. Cali whined, still smiling, "Stop teasing!" She begged, running her fingers in Nara's hair and desperately gyrating her hips in circles.

"Oh but you're so cute when you beg." Nara said coyly, giving Cali's sensitive lips another quick lash of the tongue.

"All right then." The dark-haired vixen gave another giggle, rubbed two fingers on Cali's clit, and charged forward with gusto, eating her pussy like a pro.

"Ohh!" Cali fell with her back on the wall, and pressed Nara's head between her legs, her cheeks pink and hot, and her loins burning with desire. It took less than a minute for Nara to bring Cali to a screaming orgasm.

Cali panted, her back pressed against the wall. Nara kissed up her belly and midriff, stuffed her face between Cali's cushiony breasts, and rose up to stare longingly in her lover's blue eyes.

They held each other under the running water, as the room filled with steam, and felt their warm breath on each other's lips. Cali took a sharp, bracing breath, and planted her lips on Nara again, sliding her tongue in Nara's mouth.

They stood there, naked and wet, locked in a romantic embrace they hoped would never end. Unfortunately, time had a tendency to keep moving on, ignorant to the wiles of the youthful in-love. At least Nara and Cali could have fun, washing each other's well-toned bodies clean.

"This hot water system is amazing, isn't it? Every time I shower here I feel like never getting out." Nara said, arching her neck up and letting the hot water wash over her face again.

"What's amazing is that you shadow dwellers don't have hot showers at all." Cali snickered.

“Well we don't have volcanic mountains and hot springs at every corner, like you Fire Mountain freaks.” Nara jabbed with a coy smirk.

“*Hmm*, good point.” Cali gave her a kiss. “You have depressing swamps and icy tundras.” She stabbed right back.

“Actually, in the Shadowlands bathing in ice cold water is considered a sign of resolve and indomitable fortitude. My mother always said it made our people tenacious, and hardened our will beyond anything our enemies could ever predict.” Nara added.

“Funny, people have an eerily similar notion in the Fire Mountains, only about scalding water, and how long someone can last in a sauna.” Cali said.

“Sauna?” Nara asked.

“A small room that acts as a steam bath. It really refreshes your body, makes you feel rejuvenated, like a vitality booster. Unless you stay inside for too long, that is.”

“I'll have to check those out when I come visit.” Nara said, her dark eyes lighting up with joy.

Cali's eyes shifted awkwardly. “Um yeah, I guess.” She mumbled, staring at her feet.

“So, how do they warm the water here at Underlake?” Nara asked after an awkward moment of silence.

“What?” Cali looked up and asked, a bit puzzled.

“Great Basin Mountain isn't volcanic, is it?” Nara replied.

Cali smiled gratefully, Nara's attempt to steer the conversation to a more mundane path not lost on her.

“It's Azamite engineering. Who knows what kind of tricks they had. The lake's surface is freezing cold though.”

“Oh don't remind me.” Nara said. “I get the shivers just thinking about it.”

Cali laughed. “Didn't you just say you're used to cold water?”

“It's...different. Oh shut up.” Nara responded to Cali's smirk. “But it's been centuries since it was built, hasn't it?”

“So? Still more advanced than most other nations have. Maybe they pump it up from the bottom of the lake. It actually goes way deeper than Basin Mountain.

“Wouldn't it be even colder at the bottom?”

“Not if it's really close to the bowels of the Earth. That's where all the magma comes from.” Cali said.

“You're so smart, Cali.” Nara gushed, pressing her boobs forward till they mashed against Cali's bigger breasts.

“Oh don't be silly. That's common knowledge where we come from.” Cali said, pushing her soft melons together so Nara could lick her large, pointy nipples.

“Stop being so modest.” Nara complained with an elvish half-smile. “Fancy trying the bath today?” She asked.

Cali's eyes lit up. “You have no idea how much I want that...”

“Great, let's go!”

“But...”

“No buts!” Nara protested and gave Cali a playful spank.

“I still have tons of errands to do before going back.”

“Errands? Isn't your dad the king?”

“You know exactly why I have chores on this trip, Nara.” Cali gave her a remorseful look.

“All right.” Nara sighed.

“We'll try the tub tomorrow.” Cali promised and nibbled on Nara's ear. “I'll show you how long Sunbeard monks can hold their breath for under water.”

“Oh that's cruel, Cali. Now I really can't wait.” Nara let out a steamy moan and swooped back into Cali's loving embrace.

They came out of the shower clean and very satisfied.

Cali fastened the belt-line of her silver skirt, tightening it around her trim waist. Her top was made of the same light, silvery metal, crafted from the scales of an onyx ice dragon, the fiercest creature to roam the peaks of the fire mountains.

Her bracers and anklets shined bright gold, as sparkling as the silver of her skirt.

“I still can't believe you travel with such expensive equipment.” Nara said, coiling a long, black strap around her leg. “I mean, Dragonscale armor and solid gold bracers. You're practically inviting looters.”

Cali chuckled, fastening her anklets. “First of all, they're pure Magmar, not gold. Magma derived from the heart of Sunbeard's volcano,

cooled down and molded into material sturdier than any metal. It's much rarer than gold, mind you."

"So it's even more priceless than what I thought? Nice." Nara said with greedy eyes.

"You're not still planning on robbing me, are you?" Cali asked.

"What? No! Don't be silly. It is tempting, though. I was trained to find objects of great value and taking them for myself, after all."

"I thought you were trained as an assassin." Cali frowned.

"That, too." Nara nodded. "A good assassin knows to take advantage of every opportunity, monetary and otherwise."

"So you're a trained thief as well as a trained killer. Lovely."

"You were trained to kill, too, Cali." Nara argued.

"In proper combat, face to face. Not jumping from the shadows and plunging a dagger in the back of unsuspecting victims."

"Hey, whatever helps you sleep at night." Nara shrugged, taking out a long black strap from her drawer.

"Besides, look who's talking. You have those Black Noxium daggers and that magical body ribbon thingy." Cali retorted.

"It's called Dark Viper. Living magic attuned to my soul." Nara explained. The Dark Viper strapping started wrapping around her leg like a snake, seemingly moving of its own accord. It coiled a few times around her waist, continued up her lithe torso, and then down her arm where it wrapped around her hand like a fingerless glove.

"Whatever. Point is, it makes you a rich target too, doesn't it?"

"It's soulbound, Cali. I'm the only one who can use it."

"And you think that means people won't want to steal it? Pretty naive for a trained killer thief." Cali mocked.

"I am also trained to never let my guard down. Anyone going for my daggers would have to pry them from my cold dead hands." She put the daggers on the Dark Viper wrapped around her waist, where they seemed to practically blend with the magical fabric. "And nobody knows better than you how challenging that can be." She gave Cali a wink.

"You were lucky, Nara. Any other thief trying to steal my stuff would have been dead long before I had a chance to fall in love with her." Cali bragged.

"So you're saying even with all your focus training you couldn't help but be distracted by my sexy little tush?" Nara asked, teasing Cali with a

shake to her trim hips.

“Well it is quite distracting. But it was more that I figured I shouldn't murder a petty thief before I got to know her a little first, you know.”

“Oh please! The only reason I failed was I underestimated you. Figured a chick with such big boobies can't be too smart.”

Cali's chin dropped. She looked at Nara with wide eyes, clearly amused. “Look who's talking, your tits are pretty big too. Must make sneaking around like a shadowcat really tough, huh?”

“Not at all. You never noticed me sneaking up to your room in the Sunbeard palace to watch you sleep, did you?”

Cali no longer seemed amused. “Please tell me your kidding.”

“Oh I don't know.” Nara rolled her eyes, clearly enjoying herself.

“No, seriously, Nara.” Cali demanded.

Nara sighed. “You're no fun. Of course I didn't. You think I'm crazy? Just because our countries are in piece now doesn't mean I'll risk infiltrating your capital's palace uninvited.”

“Good.” Cali breathed a genuine sigh of relief.

Nara quieted down and sat on the bed with a long exhale, taking hold of her mask.

“Speaking of being invited to Sunbeard...” She put her black mask on, covering the lower half of her face.

“Oh now why do you have to do this?” Cali cut her in mid sentence.

“What?” Nara asked.

“Put that silly mask that nullifies your scent. You know I love the way you smell.” Cali scooped over to kiss Nara's slender shoulder. Her rushed attempt to change the subject was not lost on Nara.

“You never know where the enemy's bloodhounds might be lurking, that's what my mother always said.” Nara responded with one of her common quips.

“Gosh, you're nineteen years of age, Nara. Stop quoting your mom like a little girl.” Cali rolled her eyes.

“Look who's talking, Cali! You won't even tell your family about our relationship, which is why we have to meet here, in this infuriatingly green and friendly little slice of hell called Underlake.” Nara said, her voice significantly deeper under her black mask.

“You Shadowlanders are so gloom and dour, hating on sunlight and blooming nature.” Cali mocked, shaking her head. “Are you people allergic

to flowers or something?” She smiled at Nara, expecting a witty retort.

Nara unclasped her mask so her mouth was unobstructed, and gave Cali a piercing look.

“Nope, not this time. We're not having fun in the shower right now. I want to know when you plan on telling your family about me.” She demanded, glaring at Cali with her intense dark eyes.

Cali stared right back, her watery blue eyes trembling lightly. She prefixed her response with a tormented sigh. “I just wouldn't know where to start, Nara. I mean, the fact you're a Shadowlander is bad enough, and then there's the fact you, well, you're a woman! Our love is taboo in the Fire Mountains. It's downright illegal!” Cali exclaimed, shamefully avoiding eye-contact.

“We Shadowlanders may be gloom and dour, but at least we don't outlaw love.” Nara criticized. “And as for the other thing, our countries have been at peace for decades.”

“And at war for centuries before that, Nara. My grandpa led a bloody war against the Shadowlands in his youth, remember?”

“Oh yes, I do. To be honest, my sisters cautioned that you may be trying to seduce and capture me for information.” Nara admitted.

“Sounds like something the Shadowlanders would come up with...” Cali chuckled.

“Then again, at least I feel free telling them about you, and our little carnal encounters.” Nara continued with a somewhat sanctimonious tone.

“Then I suppose you told them exactly who I was?” Cali asked slyly, raising an eyebrow.

“I...” Nara hesitated. “I told them you were from the Fire Mountains.”

“A-ha!” Cali said triumphantly. “So me being a royal princess just somehow slipped your mind, then? Me being the granddaughter of Damas Solbarba himself, the war prince who waged the most recent war against the Shadowlands? Didn't mention *that* to your sisters, did you?” She asked coyly.

“That's not the same thing and you know it.” Nara argued, letting her tone of voice tell Cali she was in no mood for jokes and coy jests.

Cali frowned at her peeved lover, and walked over to give her a reassuring kiss.

“I’ll tell them, Nara. I promise.” She said, her sky-blue eyes seeping deep into Nara’s soul. “I’ve never felt for anyone the way I do for you, Nara. Nothing will come between us, not the Crimson Ridge, not the Swamps of Darkness, and definitely not my family, okay?” She took Nara’s hand and held it tightly. “We will always end up together, Nara, no matter what.” She vowed. The fire emblem above her right eye seemed to glow brighter, somehow.

Nara nodded, a single tear rolling down her cheek. They kissed one last time, and Nara turned away. “Okay then, glad we sorted that out.” She said, her voice a little cracked. “I’ll go back to skulking around this sickeningly warm and flowery dump, then. What are your plans? Oh, I’m sorry, errands.” She mocked.

“I’ll head to Aerie first, then to Fir’s store. High Priestess Emberin asked me to pick up some shredded Springvines for her. Supposed to have healing powers or something.” Cali said, chuckling at her lover’s attempts to hide her emotional tears.

“Why does a priestess need a herb with healing powers?” Nara wondered, putting her mask back on.

“Just cause she’s a priestess doesn’t mean she has to cure everything with her own divine magic.” Cali said.

“Then what is she good for? Puh, I’ll never understand your silly religions.” Nara shook her head and said. “Okay, my love, until we meet again.” She gave Cali a bow, and tossed a smokescreen vial on the floor. The small cloud dissipated in a second, and Nara was gone.

Cali looked out the window with a bright smile. A colorful flock of Jade and Ruby hummingbirds flew up from a nearby tree, painting the blue sky red and green.

She looked down and saw two men dressed in loose, baggy silk wander the sole street of the small village. They were chatting in hushed tones. One was bald, and the other had bells tied to the ends of his hair. The one with the hair carried a pretty menacing looking scimitar. The kind of weapon that would prove quite dangerous in the hands of a skilled fighter.

She didn’t need the spiral tattooed on the bald man’s head, to know the two hailed from the almost universally hated country of Mentis. The truly weird part about him was that he was keeping his eyes closed shut as he walked, and his stride did not appear to be affected by it whatsoever.

“What are they doing so far north?” She wondered, gritting her teeth. She watched them for a few seconds, and turned to walk away. She had a lot of unique groceries and trinkets to buy for her friends and family back home, both to justify her trip, and soften the blow when she finally told them all about Nara.

“I still don't know how I'll do that...” She shook her head worriedly, and headed out.

Chapter Two – Tame Flame

Cali walked down the stairs to the tavern floor of Underlake Inn, where she and Nara were staying. The innkeeper, Tabitha, polished the glasses while her brat, Nep, cleaned the tables.

Tabitha was in her early thirties, and had bosoms large enough to nurse a litter of mountain lions. Her pillowy pair even dwarfed Cali's impressive rack. For such a busty woman, Tabitha's figure was surprisingly slim, and her posture was straight as an arrow. She was clearly very fit.

“Why do those two ladies never leave their room?” Nep asked. He was always a curious boy.

Is he talking about me and Nara? Cali wondered.

“They're Mentis women. They rarely do anything unless their men tell them to.” Tabitha huffed, twisting her lips and crooking her nose.

“Why?” Nep asked.

“Hell if I know. Mentis women are weird. Way too silent. I don't trust 'em.” Tabitha said.

“So those two brought women?” Cali asked, realizing the boy was speaking of the men she spotted from her upstairs window.

“Yeah. I think one of them is pregnant.” Tabitha nodded.

“Those Ments look like trouble.” Cali said. “You should probably tell your skinny golem ranger thingy to keep a close look on them.”

Nep smirked. “Can't. It's her day off.” He said.

“A human sized golem needs a day off?” Cali asked.

“Once every month. She has to recharge her runes. And she's not one of your Fire Mountains 'golem' automatons. Sylva is a masterpiece in flexi-matter rune craftsmanship, equipped with an ingenious control panel for personality programming.” Nep explained, or at least he thought he did.

Cali gave Tabitha a perplexed look. “Where did that come from?”

“Oh Nep's become quite proficient with Azamite technology. Sylva's been letting him look at her hardware and teaching him stuff.”

“I had no idea.” Cali gave Nep an impressed nod. “Your ranger always seems so unfriendly, though.”

“To outsiders, sure.” Nep said. “Suspicion of visitors is part of her programming. She is our protector, after all.”

“Plus I think she's just happy there's someone in Underlake to fix her in case something goes wrong.” Tabitha reasoned.

“Fix her? Wasn't she built centuries ago?”

“Over a thousand, actually. By Underlake's founder.” Nep said proudly, as if he was involved.

“And she never even had a glitch?”

“Not since I came here.” Tabitha said. “But still, might happen.”

“I suppose. What about guards from Huntly Point? Maybe they can make sure those Ments aren't up to any trouble.” Cali returned the conversation back to its original track.

“They patrol here once a week. Should be here in three days time.” Tabitha said.

“Once a week?”

“Lucky us, to be honest. This close to the Shadowlands border and so far from the city. We should be grateful they bother periodically checking our little village is still around. Especially considering how many people at Huntly Point consider us a remnant of the Azamite occupation. Which is utterly ridiculous, of course.”

“It is? Your founder was Azamite, wasn't he?”

“Yeah, more than a thousand years ago. I bet there's not one person in Underlake with actual traces of Azamite blood running through their veins.”

“Well maybe I can check up on them, then. Just to see what they're up to.” Cali decided.

“Oh you're such a dear, but be careful. I ran into Mentis men before, in my journeys.”

“How did that go?”

“Can't remember, but I bet it wasn't good. They did something to my mind. Made me forget. Their magic is really sinister.” Tabitha stared at the glass she was polishing, looking lost for a second. “But enough about our dark and gloomy visitors, and I'm not talking about your dark haired friend,” she winked, “how was your night, princess?”

Cali cleared her throat, looking around suspiciously. "It was mighty fine." She said.

"Relax, there's nobody here other than Nep, and he's too busy asking questions and yapping about ancient technology to realize half of what's actually going on." Tabitha laughed.

"Yeah okay. Just remember that I want my identity to, uhm, not be passed around too much." Cali reminded the earthy innkeeper.

"Tell your fancy skirt." The older woman chuckled.

"Why does she have that weird red leaf above her eye?" Nep asked, pointing at Cali's face.

"Gosh, ya brat, we've been through that. People from the Fire Mountains tattoo their symbols on their bodies, like all those other damn prideful countries and empires, thinkin' they're so special they gotta show it off. No offense, dear."

"I feel obliged to say none taken." Cali said with a hint of sarcasm.

"Those Shadowlanders with their moons and fangs, and those damn Mentis folk with their spirals and creepy eyes." Tabitha spoke mainly to the glass she was busy polishing. "You Fire Mountain people are actually not so bad, truth be told." She paid Cali a rare compliment.

"Uhm, thanks." Cali said. "And it's not a leaf above my eye, kid. It's a flame." She told the boy.

"Looks like a leaf." Nep insisted.

"Well it isn't." Cali said with a slightly exasperated half smile, and turned to leave, shaking her head.

"Have a fun day, princess." Tabitha called out, and Cali gave her a friendly wave.

Her first stop was Aerie's little trinket stall, right outside of her mother's local grocery store.

"Hey you." The brown haired girl greeted Cali with a cheerful smile.

"Hey Aerie. What's been going on?" Cali asked, her eyes tracing the various colorful bracelets and necklaces Aerie had for sale.

"Mother still thinks I'm wasting my time with this little business venture of mine." Aerie sighed. "It's like she doesn't want her own daughter to be successful."

“She doesn't want you to leave Underlake like you've been threatening to do, once you save enough.”

“But I want to see the world! Like you and your 'friend'.” The perky young woman said with a giggle.

“Well I hope you have fun.” Cali smiled.

“Speaking of your friend, is she around?” Aerie asked.

“Nara? She's...somewhere around. Why?”

“She told me something interesting yesterday. A little freaky, actually.”

“She...did?” Cali looked surprised. “Now I'm getting worried. What did she say?”

Aerie looked down, touching one of the rings on the table. “That you two were talking about inviting me in for a threesome at some point.” She said.

“She what?!” Cali's chin dropped.

“Yeah.” Aerie lifted her eyes to look at Cali with a sheepish half smile.

Cali stared at Aerie's adorable face, speechless for a moment. “I assure you, she was just joking.” She said, flustered. “Nara has a weird sense of humor.”

“Oh?” Aerie's smile vanished. She actually looked disappointed. “So you don't think I'm pretty enough?” She accused.

Cali looked down. “What? No! It's not that. You, you're very pretty. One of the prettiest girls I know, actually. I mean...”

Cali stopped, looking back up and seeing the bratty smile forming on Aerie's face. “You're mocking me, aren't you?”

“How'd you guess?” She grinned at Cali, clearly enjoying herself.

Cali had to admit, Aerie was certainly a looker. Her body was perfectly petite, and her bright red eyes were truly one of a kind. She never met anyone else with such a vibrant ruby color in their eyes.

“Does that mean you're offering?” Cali decided to try and turn the tables, expecting her forwardness to make Aerie feel awkward.

“No, sorry. Not really into chicks.” Aerie responded, as lighthearted and carefree in her demeanor as ever.

“Not really? You're not sure?” Cali tried again.

“Pretty sure. Besides, I ain't going to give my virginity to a couple of strangers visiting the village. Even frequent, friendly visitors like you.”

Aerie, of course, had no clue of Cali's royal status. To her, Cali and Nara were just like any other pair of travelers passing through Underlake on their way in or out of the shadowlands.

“So you're waiting for a prince charming, then?” Cali asked.

“Doesn't have to be a prince. But I do want to get to know him first.”

“Here in Underlake? If you rule out travelers you're pretty much stuck waiting for Nep to grow up.”

“Okay, eww, never. I hate that kid.” Aerie shook her head, disgusted by the notion.

“So is that why you want to move to the big city?”

“One of the reasons. Don't tell my mother.” Aerie whispered jokingly. “So, interested in anything new? I made these today. This necklace matches the bracelet I sold you last time.”

She handed it to Cali.

“Actually my friends back home wanted me to...” Cali stared at the necklace in her hands. She felt weird for a moment. Her body felt light and somehow detached.

“To...what?” Aerie asked slowly, staring forward as if looking through Cali.

“Did you hear that?” Cali asked.

“The bell? Yeah...” Aerie nodded, a dreamy smile on her face.

The two stood silently for a lengthy moment, both seeming lost in their own worlds.

“A-Anyway.” Cali shook her head and blinked. “Yeah, so my friends back home liked my new bracelet and wanted me to get some for them.”

“Oh.” Aerie looked around, then grinned at Cali. “Music to my ears!” She cheered, back to her normal, energetic self.

“I love what you did with your hair, by the way.” Cali said.

“Oh thanks. I love it, too.”

“The braids perfectly frame your cute little face.” Cali complimented. “Takes a little time to get that done, I bet.”

“Oh you have no idea.” Aerie twirled one of her braided twin tails around her finger. “But the compliments make it all worthwhile. I like to show off.” She added with a radiant smile.

“So how many friends are we talking...” She paused, her eyes widening. “...about.”

Aerie let go of her hair, her arm falling straight to her side. Cali wanted to ask if something was wrong, but she heard that weird bell ringing again, and found it hard to focus on making words. Her eyes stung, forcing her to blink.

“Aerie?”

When Cali opened her eyes, she stood alone. Aerie's jewelery and trinkets for sale lay idle on the table, but the spunky saleswoman was gone.

“Where did she go?” Cali looked around. “Didn't I just close my eyes for a second?”

It didn't make any sense. Nobody can move that fast, apart from Nara perhaps, but Aerie was not a professional assassin.

A jingle echoed in her ears. No, deeper than that. It resonated in her mind, tickling inside her head.

“What is this?!” She pressed her hands to her ears and rubbed her temples. It didn't help at all, so she lowered her hands and tried to ignore it. A deep groan coming from inside the grocery store grabbed her attention.

Cautiously, she walked around Aerie's stall and approached the grocery store's door frame. She peeked in and made an audible gasp.

“Yeah, choke on it! Fuck you're cute!”

Aerie knelt before one of the Mentis men Cali spotted from her window, the one brandishing a scimitar with bells in his hair. With her small, perky tits exposed, Aerie held the base of his big cock with both hands, and sucked on his shaft with zeal. She used her dainty hands to gently fondle his balls as she bobbed her head back and forth.

“Move your tongue more, cunt.” The man looked down at her with a dismissive grin and ordered. Aerie responded with an agreeable nod and a muffled whimper, and Cali could see her limber tongue begin to work overtime under his bulging hard-on. She made choking sounds as she gagged, forcing herself to take him in deeper. Her desperate moans, her reddening face, and the tears in the corners of her eyes as she sucked only seemed to excite the man further into a sexual frenzy.

Miss Fennec, the grocer, stood next to the man. Her breasts as exposed as her cock sucking teen daughter, she held the man's heavy scimitar with both hands, an oblivious, dreamy smile smeared across her face.

“Don't drop it, bitch.” He reminded her with a derisive flick to one of her nipples.

Her dimwitted smile broadened. “Yes master. Bitch won't drop it.”

“Good whore.” The man said and continued to play with the middle aged woman's breasts with both hands.

“*Ohh fuck!* She's good at this.” He moaned and lightly thrust his hips forward, knocking on the back of Aerie's throat. She slurped and gagged in response, taking his cock even deeper down.

“Look up at me while you suck it, sweet thing.” He lay a gentle hand on Aerie's head.

She turned her sunset eyes upwards without recoiling even an inch. She tightened her lips around his cock and looked up with wide, bright eyes, her ruby irises flashing like priceless gems in the sunlight.

“Damn, those eyes! Like rich red wine. And they match your lips so well!” The man exclaimed.

Cali had to admit, Aerie did look sexy with a cock in her mouth. As hot as any young woman could be, while performing such a base and debauched task. Her flawlessly smooth cheeks sparkled with tears. Cali couldn't be sure, but they looked like tears of joy.

“What's going on...?” She mumbled.

Why aren't I doing anything?

This wasn't normal at all. The man from Mentis clearly did something to their minds. The nubile virgin sucked his cock like it was the most important thing in her life, and her mother looked on as if nothing was out of the ordinary.

And yet Cali was rooted in place, standing at the door. The eerie ringing still itched at her mind, scraping at her consciousness in pulse-like intervals.

She stared at the man, took a deep breath, and walked a single step forward. It was enough to get the man's attention. He looked up at her, smiled, and tilted his head. The bells in his hair rang with every motion he made, but this time was different.

Along with the tilt, came a surprisingly sharp ring. The kind of ring that burrowed deep into her mind. Cali suddenly felt surefooted.

Walk over to him.

She decided, or maybe she didn't. She could barely tell.

Walk over to him and stand next to him, on the other side of Miss Fennec. Stand and be quiet. Don't be bothersome. Be helpful.

The ringing in her mind made those words sound so right, it was impossible to argue and inconceivable to ignore.

“Took you a while, cunt.” He wrapped Aerie's twin tails around his hands, and began to casually fuck her face, using her braids as reins.

“You're stronger than the average slut, it seems. Interesting.” He studied Cali, looking her up and down as he increased the pace of hip thrusts. Aerie made a gagging slurping sound every time he shoved his full length into her throat.

Cali watched, her mouth agape and her mind numb.

Am I awake right now? Is this a dream? It feels like a dream. So calm. Like my mind is half asleep and my body is...is...

Can't concentrate on anything but my next breath. Deep in, deep out. Like the cock ramming in and out of Aerie's pretty face. So pretty...So docile. It feels good to be docile.

She wanted to speak up, to voice her concerns, but the man tilted his head and made the bells ring loudly in her mind again. She lost track of what she was thinking of. It probably didn't matter anyway. The man said something, or so she thought. Probably telling Aerie to worship his cock better or something. Normal stuff like that, not anything to obsess about.

Besides, something else was beginning to distract her...

My breasts feel...really cramped.

She frowned and twisted her lips in discomfort.

It's starting to hurt. Are they getting bigger? That's the last thing I need...

Watching the stream of sticky saliva roll down Aerie's chin, Cali brought a hesitant thumb to the bust line of her silvery top. Pulling it slightly, she tried giving her breasts room to breathe, without exposing too much to the man standing next to her.

The bells in her mind suddenly became louder, almost making a sharp squeal. It made her jump in surprise. She thought the man had said something, but she couldn't hear due to the sudden shock.

It would be rude of her to ask him to repeat what he said. He was busy using Aerie's mouth, after all.

I have to take my top off.

Cali decided, or so she thought.

I feel like they're going to pop right out.

She gave a whimper and grasped the bottom part of her dragonscale top. A question formed in her head. It seemed odd, foreign, and yet made itself at home within her addled mind.

Should I ask for his permission? No, that's silly. He wouldn't have a problem with it. Of course if he objected I would...I would...

Without a second thought, she tugged at her top and freed her boobs. The man looked at her with a sly half smile and wasted no time. He sent his hands forward, shamelessly enjoying Cali's ample assets.

She stared ahead, wide eyed and disoriented. Words swam in her head, weaving between the jingling of the bells that only seemed to get louder with time. The music left only a few small spaces in her mind for her thoughts to linger, and even that felt like a generous act of grace.

My titties are boring.

She realized.

I should make them more interesting. Yes.

With that, Cali began to hop up and down, pivoting her torso from side to side as she did. Her buoyant jugs jostled and bounced, occasionally smashing against each other with a quiet smack.

Hands on my tits. I should stop.

She came to a halt as she felt a pinch. Didn't even look down to check what it was. She stared forward blankly, letting what little thought her mind could muster fill her head.

Touching. Squeezing. Fondling. Treating me like an object. Pinching my nipples. Massaging my breasts. My boobs. My tits. My funbags. No, his. They are for his fun.

He pressed and tugged on her nipples, making her sway back and forth according to his manipulation.

So different from Nara. From the way she touches me. She's always so tender, soft, like a breath of cool morning breeze. Even when she's rough, and she can be quite domineering, it's always an act. She always puts my pleasure first.

Why does this feel so much better?

He squeezed both her tits hard, and licked around her nipples one at a time. Cali's eyes looked empty, like the noon sky of a crisp summer day, but her cheeks had a rosy glint to them. She breathed slowly still, in and out, except for when he closed his teeth on her nipples. Not too hard, but enough to send a tingle through her spine that made her take a sharp inhale.

I never felt like this with Nara. I don't want this to end, please don't let it end. My cunt is melting and I'm not even touching it.

“I'm cumming!” The man gave Cali's breasts a final squeeze and focused back on Aerie. “Suck me harder, beautiful! Drink it all up!”

Aerie let out a needy squeal, a small nod with her mouth full of cock, and took him down all the way.

The man gave a feral grunt, grabbed her head with both hands, and fucked her face with sex crazed vigor. Cali could still feel her pussy tingling. She longed for his touch, but it was obvious he was focused on other things at the moment.

He let out a deep moan and pushed into Aerie's mouth. Cali looked down at the sweet young thing out of instinct. She could see how Aerie tried her best to suck it all up, to keep it all in her mouth. She even almost made it, but the man's orgasm still flooded her mouth and coated her lower lip, and then her chin.

“Good effort, cunt.” He pulled out of her lips with a wet, juicy smack, and gave her a pat on the head.

“Thank you, master.” Aerie spurted out with a kittenish smile, and licked her lips.

He looked at Cali with a wicked grin. “Kiss her.” He said, and gave his head a tilt that made the bells ring.

Once again, Cali could barely focus on his words. It was so hard hard to hear anything past the bells. But this time, he definitely addressed her.

She blinked at him, and looked down at Aerie.

I should kiss her. Her lips are so alluring. So inviting. And I don't think she'll protest if I do it now. Maybe she'll even come join me and Nara tonight.

Cali decided and leaned down to meet Aerie's lips. She closed her eyes as their lips touched, and gave a moan as she felt Aerie's tongue respond and meet her for a passionate kiss Cali would usually reserve for Nara alone.

Cali opened her eyes and looked around. There was a weird, bitter taste in her mouth. She smacked her lips to try and get it out.

“So what will your friends like?” Aerie asked with a bright smile, standing behind her makeshift counter displaying her handmade jewelery. “Is everything all right?”

Cali frowned at Aerie, looked down the road, and then back at the tavern. “No it's just...I think I spaced out for a moment.”

“Probably tired from a night of frolicking in bed with your special friend, hmm?” Aerie winked.

“Does your mom know you talk like that?”

“Like I need her permission. I'm as old as you are, and you're traveling the world and making rendezvous with lovers on the road. I'm seriously jealous.” Aerie said, clearly excited by the notion of being able to do the same.

“I'm not the adventurer you think I am, Aerie.” Cali admitted.

“What do you mean?”

“Oh, nothing. Anyway, my friend Ciri likes green gems, emerald and jades and stuff. Not much of those where I'm from. Got anything like that handy?” Cali scanned Aerie's offerings and asked.

“I could make some. I think I've got enough for a necklace and two bracelets, if I dismantle some of my other creations for the gems. You sure she'll want pure green? I find colorful to be much more...striking.”

“Oh, I'm sure.” Cali nodded. “It would be great if you could. She'll be ecstatic.”

“For you, I'll even save a jade for an extra ring, free of charge.”

“Really?” Cali raised an eyebrow.

“Um, well no. But I'll give you one hell of a bundle discount!” Aerie promised.

Cali laughed. “All right then.”

From the corner of her eye, she spotted one of the men from Mentis, the one with bells tied to the ends of his hair.

“I'll come by to pick it up later today, okay? Got some more errands and stuff to check up on.” Cali gave Aerie a kind farewell, and turned to walk away.

“Sure thing, Cali! Will be done by tonight for sure!”

“Excuse me, sir.” She approached and made her presence known in a polite yet assertive manner.

The man turned around and gave her a sleazy smile. “Yes, little lass? What is it?” He answered in a somewhat condescending manner.

“I advise you to watch your tongue. I am far from being a little lass.” Cali stabbed him with a piercing glare.

“Intimidating, for sure.” He chuckled, letting his eyes stray down toward Cali's bust.

“Shameless prick...” Cali muttered. “Hey! Eyes at me, bastard. I'll get right to the point, why are you here?”

“You approached me, remember?” He sneered.

“I mean here in Underlake. Pretty far from home, aren't you?”

“What's it to you? Can't noble men of the southern empire travel north? Is there a rule I'm not aware of, hmm?” He gloated.

“Pfft, noble? You don't even know what the word means.” Cali spat. “I want to know your intentions, and don't try one of those mind bending spells on me. It won't work on me.”

“You seem confident. How intriguing. Perhaps it's time I ask you some questions.” His devious smile made Cali sick.

“You impudent...” She clenched her fist, and he gave his head a small tilt. His bells gave a jingle.

“Calm down.” He said. “I'm just curious. What is your name?”

“Calypso Solbarba.” She replied instantly. “What the...?”

“Solbarba? Of the Fire Mountains?” He asked, a glint of awe in his dark eyes.

“Yeah. I'm the granddaughter of Damas Solbarba, war prince of Sunbeard.” Cali said, her mouth moving before she could think.

He stared at her, his mouth ajar. “Are...Are you serious? What is a royal princess doing in this sorry dump?”

Cali recoiled and furrowed her brow. “I...Nothing. Why did I tell you...”

He tilted his head again with an exasperated huff.

“Go ahead.” He prodded.

“I'm meeting my secret girlfriend, an assassin from the Shadowlands.”

“Girlfriend? From the Shadowlands?! Oh my what did I step into.” The man rubbed his hands with glee. “And right on time. I was starting to

think I'd have to forfeit our next match.”

“What's going on here?” Cali's awareness was flickering in and out of focus. “How are you doing this? I'm a trained fire fist monk. I should be immune to any arcane influences.”

The man laughed in her face. It was so demeaning.

“Magic?” He said. “That's so old school. My skills are much newer, and quite innovative if I might add.” He tilted his head again, his wide eyes staring at her ravenously.

“I-I don't understand.”

“No, you do not understand. But you do hear me, don't you?” His smile turned wicked. “And you can hear my bells.”

“Are...Are you saying?” Cali tried to hide her shock, and her fear. She wanted to knock him out, but the ringing in her head stopped her. It was like the faint jingling between her ears had more control over her body than she herself did.

“Magical protections won't help you against me, Ca-Lyp-so Sol-bar-ba.” He emphasized every syllable. “Mine is a sensory control, no magic involved. As long as your ears work, you are mine to play with. Speaking of.”

He took a step back, and swung his head from side to side. The ringing was so abrasive – It was as if the sound formed a physical cocoon around her.

She heard his voice echo in her head. “First, you'll answer some more questions for me. Can't be too careful with a priceless thing like you.” She felt his hands touch her hips.

“Then, we will play some more.” He lowered his voice to a whisper. “Got the whole day, after all.”

She heard him laugh, but somehow his voice began to soothe her. It started to feel good, somehow.

* * * *

“Forget...” Cali mumbled and opened her eyes. She was alone outside Tabitha's tavern.

“What?” She frowned, and looked around. “I was sure there was someone there.”

“It's already almost noon?” She surmised by the location of the Sun in the sky. “Better hurry to Mister Fir's store before he takes his midday

break.”

Old man Fir greeted Cali with a nod and a toothless smile. He was almost blind, making the bell connected to his door his only way of knowing when a customer walked in.

“Hey Mister Fir.” Cali said.

“Hello there, young lady. What can I do for my best customer of herbal oddities?” He recognized Cali's voice.

“I'm looking for some shredded Springvines, actually. And some Aranbaga root, if you have some left.”

“Ooh, Springvines, that's rare.” He said, rubbing his chin.

“Does that mean you don't have any.” Cali asked with a concerned frown. She didn't want to go back to the high priestess empty handed.

The old man grinned.

“It means it will be expensive.” He said with glee. “It's on the second row in the back, to the right, bottom shelf, next to a vial of Jenxin Ale. I think.” He told her, still scratching his chin.

“Incredibly specific, as always. Thanks, Mister Fir.” She said and walked away.

Cali paced slowly, keeping her eyes peeled for the items she sought. The stuff at the very back had already gathered a few layers of dust, and the smell of musk was quite distinct.

“How does he even remember everything he has back here...” She murmured.

“Ah here we go!” She found a jar of Springvines on the bottom shelf, and crouched down to get a better look.

The entrance bell rang again, and Cali heard the old man greet a new customer.

The ringing continued even after the door closed, though. At first, Cali thought she was imagining it. The jingly sound was so soft and subtle, so different from the loud dings and dongs of the doorbell. It was somehow familiar, though she could not tell where from.

Still crouching down, Cali tilted her head and tried to listen. There was something mysterious, and somewhat alluring about the soft metallic

rustling. It sounded almost like actual language, like someone was trying to tell her something.

The ringing intensified for a single moment, and then it was gone. Cali was bent over, her legs perfectly straight, still staring at the jar of Springvine. Something was weird, but she couldn't put her finger on it. She felt like she missed something, somehow.

“Mm-mm! Now *that* is a lovely view.” A man's voice she heard.

Cali looked back, and saw the Mentis man wielding a scimitar, a mere step or two behind her.

How did he get there so fast?

She wondered, her eyes wide with shock. He looked at her behind with depraved hunger in his eyes, and it was only at that exact moment, that Cali understood why.

“*Eek!*” She squealed, realizing the compromising and incredibly demeaning position she was in, bent forward at the waist, with her legs straight and her ass up in the air. Not only that, but her silver skirt was hiked up, exposing her most private parts with no restriction. Her right hand was between her legs, and her middle and fore finger parted her pink lips, as if putting her tight pussy on display.

Cali's shock quickly turned to rage. She bent her legs till her knees touched the ground, swung her hand away, and glared up at the man with a poisonous scowl, her cheeks red with embarrassment.

“What's going on here, you Mentis scum?!” She demanded, knowing in her heart the man must have done something to lull her senses. She thought she was immune to such manipulations.

The smug smile never left his face as he chuckled dismissively at her. It was clear he had no respect for her whatsoever, and the caution that usually came when people saw the flame above Cali's right eye never even registered on his condescending mug.

“I was just about to offer you a task of great honor, cunt.” He said insultingly. “So you'd better listen up.”

“*What did you call me?!*” Cali shrieked. She tried standing up and punching his nose in, but for some reason her combat trained body failed to obey her fiery will.

The man casually leaned on the shelf, and continued as if he didn't hear her protest.

“You see, me and my friend, we have a bit of a wager going.” He said.

“We decided to have a duel between our sex slaves. Whoever wins, gets to keep both slaves for himself. I know it may seem weird, but it's a common thing where I come from.” He waved his hand nonchalantly.

“Mentis pig.” Cali spat.

“Yes, quite.” He chuckled.

“Trouble is, the only slave I took on this trip has come down with an untimely pregnancy, and although I would normally trust her to win for me, I fear her sluggish condition may prove to be rather counter productive. She still has her uses, and I don't wish to rid of her just yet, especially if it means losing to my friend. I'm very competitive that way. So as you can see, I am in quite a pickle.” He said, looking down at her.

Cali narrowed her eyes at him, seething with rage.

“That is where you come in.” He continued. “As the granddaughter of Damas Solbarba himself, I'm sure you are quite skilled in the kind of unstoppable hand-to-hand combat the Fire Mountain monks are famous for. There's only one pickle. To use you in the fight, you have to first become one of the slaves in my modest harem of hot bitches.”

He suddenly started to laugh, out loud and comically sinister.

How does he know who I am? Cali looked up in shock as the man's bout of laughter subsided.

He shook his head from side to side, grinning from ear to ear. “I actually feel bad for poor Xander.” He said. “There's no way his slave will be a match for a cunt from the infamous Solbarba clan.”

“I am nobody's sex slave.” Cali growled through gritted teeth.

“Is that so?” The man replied, amused. “Does that mean you are refusing the honor of fighting for my pleasure and entertainment, cunt?”

“Do *Not* call me that again!” Cali demanded.

The man pushed himself from the bookshelf and towered above her, his eyes filled with intense hunger.

“Fortunately for me, I am not asking. I already have you under my control. Whether you realize it or not is completely irrelevant.” He said, his lips curved in a maniacal half-smile.

Cali wanted to further protest, to spit in his face, but he had already gave his head a tilt, and the bells in his hair rang gloriously in her ears, penetrating into the deepest reaches of her soul. She let out a tiny, nearly inaudible gasp, and her bright blue marbles trembled in her eyes.

“So, cunt, what do you say about my offer now?” He wondered, and Cali was suddenly very aware of how close the bulge in his pants was to her face.

She looked up at him with a radiant smile, and a twinkle in her eyes.

“Anything you wish, master.” She chanted softly. “It will be an honor for this slave to fight for your pleasure and entertainment.”

He smiled and scratched beneath her ear, as if she was a pet.

“Good girl.” He praised Cali's compliance. “However, the rules do specifically state that you must be my *sex* slave, in order to participate.”

“O-Oh?” Cali asked nervously, afraid the great honor was about to slip from her reach.

She worried for nothing.

“No worries, cunt. You can start by sucking my cock, while telling me just how much you love worshiping me.” He said, grabbing his erection through his baggy, silken pantaloons.

Cali's face lit up.

“Yes master.” She cooed, and kissed the bulge in his pants. He folded his arms and looked down at her, clearly impatient, eager for her to start.

Cali complied enthusiastically, gently reaching into his pants and pulling them down. His hardened shaft sprang out, flicking her nose. She crossed her eyes, staring at it, and did not hesitate a single second longer. She parted her lips, and stretched out her tongue to lick his tip. She inhaled a sharp gasp, bliss coursing through her horny body, and lunged forward to stuff her throat with his fleshy sword.

“*Mmbh! Mm! Mmh!*” She let out a sequence of muffled moans, peppered with shamelessly wet slurps.

Cali tended to his pleasure with both hands as well, using one to massage his balls, and the other to stroke the base of his shaft. Eager to please, she bobbed her head back and forth as fast and as deep as she could.

She wiggled her tongue around his manhood, and let his rod grind against her inner cheeks and deep down her throat.

She blew him with love and gusto, disregarding her own comfort for the sake of her master's gratification. She was rigorous in her service, happy to be nothing but an object for his pleasure.

Her tongue never stopped working, even when she pulled back completely, detaching her lips from his tip with a moist kiss.

“I love worshiping your cock with my mouth, master.” She looked up and said, happily jerking him off, her sapphire eyes shimmering with love and adoration. She tilted his rod up a bit, stretched out her tongue, and gave his under-side a slow, passionate, and broad lick.

He gently patted her sun streaked hair, and Cali delicately nipped at his tip, desperate to please.

“Fucking suck it, bitch!” He grunted and tightened his grip of her head, pushing her on his crotch with one fluid motion. Cali gagged and choked, her eyes rolling up a bit, but she did not struggle or pull back. She let her arms dangle to her sides, pursed her strawberry lips tightly around his shaft, and let him mercilessly bang her face.

I love it when master uses me.

She thought as he choked her on his dick.

He arched his neck up and growled with every forceful thrust. Thick drool built up at the rims of Cali's lips, and slowly oozed down her chin. It formed a sticky cone that dangled from her face and hit her neck and chest every time he shoved himself into her mouth.

Her throat felt sore by the time he stopped roughly ramming into her. He let her catch her breath, but not for too long.

“Lick my balls, cunt.” He ordered, shoving his testicles in her face.

“Anything you wish, master. I live to serve you.” She smiled up at him, bubbles forming in the corners of her lips.

Cali stretched her tongue and began brushing his balls with long motions, as if licking ice-cream.

“I love licking your balls, master. I am your worthless sex toy. Pleasing you gives my life meaning. It's the only thing I'm good for.” She kept ingratiating him with words of worship, between wet licks.

“My mouth is for worshiping and adoring you, master. I will suck your cock whenever you wish.” She grabbed his dick and slowly jerked it.

“Keep saying things like that and you'll get a creamy reward, cunt.” He promised, looking down on her with smug cockiness.

“*Ohh master!*” She increased the pace of her licking and jerking. “Please cum on me! Please spray your load all over my stupid face! My body belongs to you, master! You own me, master!”

He chuckled, but frowned soon after. Grabbing her silky hair again, he pushed the back of her head and pressed her cushiony lips on his balls.

“When I say lick my balls, kissing and rubbing your fucking lips on them is implied, cunt! Don't just lick it like a kitten drinking milk from a bowl!” He scolded her.

“*Mm!* I-I'm so sorry, master! Please forgive me!” Cali pleaded, begging his forgiveness.

“Yours is the first cock I ever serviced this way, master. I saved my slutty mouth for your pleasure, master. I exist for you!” She exclaimed, hoping her words of utter submission would make him happy.

“Seriously? You haven't heard of blowjobs in the Fire Mountains?” He asked, astonished.

“I was never interested in men until you showed me the light, master.” Cali said, and gave his balls a long, messy kiss.

“Really? You're only interested in other chicks? That's fucking hot. Like that legend about an Ur'gla Plateau tribe filled with nothing but pussy licking warrior women.” He said. “Speaking of, I'll have to ask you some questions about your secret girlfriend later. You'll tell me anything, won't you?”

“Anything, master.” Cali replied, her lips tickling his tip.

“Good girl. I'd better learn as much as I can about your possibly lethal spurned lover.”

He grinned at her and pushed his cock into her.

“Oh yeah! Seriously, though, knowing your sexual preferences makes using you even more fun, somehow.” He admitted.

“I am so happy, master. I love increasing your pleasure.” Cali looked up with awe.

“Sure you do. Now suck my cock deep, till I cum.” He told her in a casual, almost polite manner.

“Yes master. Gladly.” Cali whispered softly and parted her pretty, soft lips again.

Cali ignored her gag reflex and moved her head back and forth as fast and as deep as she could, even more intensely than when he fucked her face on his own.

“Oh fuck! You learn quick!” He moaned with joy.

“*Ulp! Ulp! Ump! Uph!*” Her lips softly tapped his balls with every deep motion. They were tightly wrapped around his pole in a perfect O-shape. Spit bubbles formed at the corner of her mouth, as she barely took the time to breathe. Disciplined as she was, Cali continued methodically polishing his member at a constant, blazing pace, spearing her face on his crotch relentlessly and without restraint.

Her efforts paid off. Her master felt such intense pleasure, that his pelvis muscles tensed and contracted every time his cock throbbed. He nearly fell backwards, and had to hold the shelves to keep his balance. Two jars filled with herbal perfumes fell to the floor and shattered, spreading a rosy scent that easily canceled the previous musky odor.

“*Ulp! Ulp! Mm! Mph!*” She pushed her head all the way forward, and stayed, fervently moving her tongue in circles. She looked up with wide eyes, trying to show him how much she loved stuffing her face with his bulging hard-on. She tried so hard to convey, with the shimmering oceanic jewels in her eyes, just how happy she was, to degrade herself for his pleasure.

His cock trembled in her throat, and he pushed her back in an instant.

“I'm gonna cum, cunt!” He announced, grabbing his cock. He strongly gripped her shoulder, and rubbed his rod, aiming for her cleavage.

“Yes master! Please cum wherever you wish! I never knew being a cum dump was so much fun, master! Thank you so much for teaching me!” Cali pulled on her silvery dragonscale top, to reveal more of her cushiony breasts. Her supple fun-bags were pushed together by the sturdy light armor, and created a tight and inviting valley between her tits, a perfect target for her master's throbbing hose.

Her skin was already smeared with her own saliva which drooled down earlier, giving it a sparkly and alluring quality.

“*Hrrm! Aah! Oh yeah!*” He pushed his tip on her soft bouncy meat, and let loose with full force, spraying her breasts first, and then shooting up to hit her neck as well.

Cali happily accepted his heavy load, arching her back so his cum would slowly slide down between her squeezed melons.

“Thank you so much, master. I love your cum on my body,” She cooed sexily.

Cali never looked so pathetic. Her wide blue eyes begged to be used. Her lips, chin and cheeks glowed with moistness, and her neck and decolletage were covered with sticky beads of potent semen.

Even disheveled by the hardcore experience, Cali was still a sparkle-skinned knock-out babe. Her depraved grin made her look like a cheap courtesan, but her graceful form showed her true royal bearings. Anyone seeing her, in her present state, would assume she was a horny wanton slut, working as a high-class whore in the wealthy districts of some large city.

“Stand up cunt. Time to go.” Her master told her, and she jumped to her feet and followed him to the door, like a docile puppy, her eyes glassy and her smile cheeky and cute.

They stopped near the front door. The aging clerk behind the counter was clearly numbed into complacency by the hypnotic ringing of the bells.

“Pay the nice man for the jars I broke back there.” He told Cali, playfully pinching her pert behind.

“Yes master.” Cali handed the old man the gold coin she meant to use for buying the Springvine.

“In my master's name, I apologize for breaking your merchandise. Please accept this restitution, and know it was all my fault, alone.” She smiled and bowed her head courteously. Sticky sperm dripped from between her tits.

“Thank you miss.” The lethargic old man mumbled and took the coin from her.

“Great. Let's go. Hike your skirt up so I can grab that cute ass of yours.” Cali's master said and slapped her ass.

“Yes master.” Cali nodded and obeyed. She leaned on his arm, sighing calmly at the gentle jingling of the bells in his hair. Her pert ass was completely exposed, and his hand shamelessly rested directly on her bubbly

buttock. None of the commoners paid any attention to her lewd display, mesmerized into ignorance by the skillful man Cali devotedly served.

They reached his room, a floor below Cali and Nara's. His other sex slave knelt naked next to the foot of the bed. She was clearly an attractive young woman. Her bloated belly attested to her advanced pregnancy. She turned her head to give Cali a tepid acknowledgment, and returned to her usual state, staring blankly into nothingness.

The Mentis man rummaged through his backpack, leaving Cali to stand at attention next to the closet.

“Here, try these on.” He handed her a pair of pink glasses.

“Yes master. What are they for?” She obeyed first, and asked thereafter.

“You'll probably need to wear them for the fight, later today.” Her master hinted with a triumphant smile.

“Yes master. I understand.” Cali said, looking at him through the pink tinted lenses.

“You do?”

“Not exactly.” Cali admitted. “But I trust you completely, master. I will obey your orders, and everything will be okay.”

“That's a good girl.” He praised her, took the pink glasses off her nose, and told her to strip naked for him.

“Yes master. My naked body is yours.” She replied at once, undressing every last item of clothing from her perfect body, including her bracers and anklets.

He fondled and touched her all over while she undressed. By the time she stood bare before him, his cock was rock hard once again. Not giving a single word of verbal instruction, he lay her on his bed, front first, and mounted her from behind, penetrating her cunt with his full length, and resting his crotch on her soft cheeks.

“*Mmh master! Ahh!*” Cali moaned as he tore her hymen. He began plowing into her, pinning her to the mattress with each powerful thrust.

“I haven't had a virgin pussy in quite a while. *Oh wow!* I'm already cumming!” He whispered in her ear, and exploded into her like it was nothing.

He spent a few moments lying on top of her, nearly falling asleep. Before he fell to a nice noontide nap, he kissed her golden hair, and rolled over.

“Try and rest properly.” He told her, fondly smacking her ass. “You'll need your strength for the fight tonight.”

“Yes master.” Cali said, already lulling herself to a deeply relaxed dream-state. Her final conscious thoughts were of the cum her master deposited in her pussy, and the pregnant slave kneeling at the foot of the bed.

Thinking nothing of her past, and only of her future, she smiled to herself, snuggled into the pillow, and fell fast asleep next to her wonderful god, a gallant man from the great empire of Mentis.

Chapter Three – Captured Shadow

Nara felt most comfortable hiding in the shadows, invisible from the prying eyes of the common riffraff.

None of the travelers staying at Underlake, nor the few dozen locals, had half the skills necessary to spot her if she wanted to remain hidden. None other than Cali, of course.

She crouched in the shade of a derelict cabin, perfectly still and silent. Twenty steps from her, she spotted the innkeeper's whelp, Nep, sneaking out to the woods. Nara could certainly educate the clumsy boy when it came to moving around undetected. She could also catch him, and tell him not to wander off to the woods without his mother's permission.

That wasn't her job, though, and frankly, she couldn't care less. Nara was focused on Cali, peeling her eagle eyes from roughly two-hundred steps away. The rest of the living rubble in the tiny village were mere white noise to her sharp senses. She noted their location and general trajectory, but paid them no further attention.

She was stalking Cali from afar. Far enough to avoid detection by the talented warrior princess, or at least so she hoped. She wasn't being creepy or anything, and it certainly wasn't something she did often. She just had to make sure Cali was occupied, before returning to their room.

Usually, Nara would spend her time sneaking around Underlake, picking pockets and eavesdropping on locals and travelers alike. After all,

one never knows the kind of information one can glean in such a small crossroads hovel. She never picked pockets she didn't think could do with losing some weight, though, knowing Cali would take umbrage if she stole from the poor.

She would also wander deep into the surrounding forest, to stalk the fiercer wild animals hiding under the dense canopy of trees. Those creatures were the only ones around to almost give Nara a real challenge. If only they had more wit, and relied less on pure primal instinct.

More than anything, Nara was bored during her stays in the quaint little hamlet. She simply tried to occupy herself, while away from the arms of the one she loved. Snuggled in Cali's tender, loving embrace was the only time Nara felt truly safe in the world, the only time she let her guard down, even if just a little bit.

That morning, Nara finally decided it was time. She had hesitated, over the first few days of their reunion, especially after learning Cali still did not tell her family of their relationship. She understood her lover's trepidation, seeing as their love was prohibited in the Fire Mountains. Still, it made Nara pause and think, consider whether her and Cali had any possible future together.

Cali's words of devotion after their erotic shower were all Nara needed to hear. She knew it was time to propose. Not marriage, of course, that silly concept did not exist in the Shadowlands. What Nara meant to offer Cali was a bond far more profound than any verbal marital commitment.

In the lands of shadow, there exists a joining ritual. Some call it dark, but then again most anything that comes from Nara's homeland is misunderstood by foreigners.

After drinking a special alchemical concoction, reciting a few powerful words of ancient magic, and sealing the deal with a loving kiss, the two souls shall be forever entwined, beyond life and death, and throughout all realms and planes of existence.

Once bonded, both will be able to sense the whereabouts of the other, no matter how distant or remote. But divining locations is hardly where it stops. The two bonded parties will know each other's heart and soul. They will be able to summon one another in the blink of an eye. They will

become one, in the most profound way. And, when one dies, so will the other. Not even death can do part what was bound by the spell.

Nara still needed some time to prepare the binding potion, and she wanted everything to be ready before popping the question. That's why she was following Cali around, waiting for the right moment to pop back to their room, and begin the preparations.

She watched Cali talk to the cute trinket girl who liked pretending she's more worldly than she actually is, and knew it was the right time. It was only Cali's first "chore", and the two seemed to strike a conversation.

If she had paid attention to anyone but Cali, Nara would certainly have realized someone else was taking keen interest in the two chatting young women. Someone who always came with bells on.

Fortunately for him, Cali was the only person Nara truly cared about. She was the only one Nara ever opened up to. She was the only person who could easily see through Nara's lies and misdirection, see her true self. It wasn't just about the potion and the ritual, Nara wanted her proposal to be romantic, and needless to say, romance was never the sly assassin's strong suit.

The concept of private property and trespassing did not exist in Nara's vocabulary. She moved swiftly back to the inn using the fastest route possible, even if it meant moving through other people's homes.

She approached the inn from the back, and instead of circling it to enter through the front door, Nara simply scaled up the wall into the second floor. Hers and Cali's room was on the third, the so called "royal suite", as the innkeeper called it. Their window was locked from the inside, however, and one of the second floor windows was wide open.

Agile and nimble as ever, it took Nara a short moment to reach the open window on the second floor. She slipped inside, completely unnoticed by the three occupants present.

Nara had seen a lot of odd things in her life, but what she saw in that room was still enough to give her pause.

There was an olive-skinned, naked woman kneeling next to the dresser. She held her head up, and stared forward into the distance, in utter

silence, like a living statue. She had spirals in her eyes, dark-blue and shiny. She never even blinked. Her spiral eyes were open wide.

The young woman was clearly the victim of some sort of magical charm, and was obviously in no state to notice Nara, or anyone else for that matter. Good thing, too, because judging by her well-toned physique, the kneeling woman was no stranger to melee combat.

On the bed, facing away from the window, sat a muscular man. A big blue spiral tattoo adorned his shiny bald head, enveloping his entire hairless scalp.

Below him, on her knees, knelt the fetching innkeeper, Tabitha. She squeezed her enormous tits around the man's hard cock, and vigorously bounced them up and down, as if her life depended on it. She looked up at him with spirals for eyes, and a smile between her blushing cheeks.

“Thank you for using my tits, master.” The busty innkeeper panted and said, moving her body up and down at an obviously tiresome pace, yet showing no signs of slowing down.

Her tits made a slapping sound every time they smacked against the man's pelvis. It was clear to Nara that Tabitha's cheeks were flushed red not from any sense of embarrassment or shyness, but rather from the heat and effort she was expending, in her fervent attempts to please the cock tucked between her melons.

Tabitha was clearly put under the same spell as the olive-skinned wench, and turned into the man's sex slave. Without help, she was probably fated to be used as an object, for her tits and most likely other desirable parts. The man was easily recognizable as a Ment, and those were not well liked in these parts of the world. Even Shadowlanders shared that disdain, and Nara was no exception.

Still, after her initial shock subsided, Nara resolved to make for the door as quickly as possible. This was not her problem, and she had more important matters to attend. With Tabitha and the other chick hopelessly mesmerized, and the man so distracted by the pleasure of Tabitha's eager boob service, Nara figured she could easily sneak past them unnoticed.

Ever the cautious one, Nara quaffed a potion of short-term invisibility, adjusted her mask to muffle even the tiniest sound, and silently dashed forward.

“My fun-bags belong to you, master. Please enjoy my service.” She heard Tabitha say, a couple of steps from the door.

Unable to resist, Nara glanced aside to look at the shameful display. A grown woman toiling hard to cater to a man's carnal needs, without receiving any physical pleasure of her own. Unless he somehow turned the valley between Tabitha's huge knockers into an erogenous zone, that is.

Nara gave an entirely inaudible smirk when she realized the man's eyes were closed. He was fully immersed in the pleasure he received, and there was no way he would ever notice her slipping through his private room, on her way upstairs.

Or so she thought...

“I can see you, you know.” He suddenly said, making Nara gasp into her sound canceling mask. There was no way he knew she was there. It was merely a crazy coincidence, she figured, and turned to go.

“Oh don't go. You're very pretty. Take your silly little mask off. Stay a while.” He spoke loudly enough to overcome the sound of Tabitha's mammaries smacking against his pelvis.

That could no longer be some weird coincidence, or a lucky guess. Somehow, he knew Nara was there. She gripped her Noxium daggers with both hands, and turned around to face him, ready to tear him apart at the faintest sign of foul play.

“How can you see me? Your eyes are closed.” She reduced the noise canceling power of her mask, and asked.

“Heh, perhaps 'see' was the wrong term.” He chuckled. “I can *sense* you.” He clarified.

“I was making no sound and emitted no fragrance. If you couldn't see me with your eyes, how could you possibly sense me?” Nara couldn't decide if she was more curious, or concerned.

“Seeing as you are still completely invisible, thanks to that neat little potion you quaffed a moment ago, me seeing you ought to be just as baffling as me hearing or smelling you, wouldn't you agree?” He asked in a patronizing manner, and pinched Tabitha's nipple, twisting it. The big-breasted woman gave a sheepish moan, and tightened her gigantic fun-bags around his rod. Her tongue dangled down to lick his tip as she worked.

Nara's invisibility wore off at that moment, not that it mattered much anymore. She was in a rush, and since the man was clearly not keen on sating her curiosity, she decided it was high time for her to split.

“Well, to each their own. I have to go. You don't bother me and I won't slit your throat, deal?” She suggested with a not-so-implicit threat, opened the door, and stepped outside.

“Wait! There's one more thing.” He suddenly said.

“*What?*” Nara turned around, daggers in hand, ready to pounce at the slightest warning sign.

Her dangerous daggers and lightning reflexes couldn't help her in this situation. When Nara turned around, she realized the man had opened his eyes, and in that very instant, their gazes locked. Nara saw red spirals in his eyes, rippling infinitely inwards. Soon, the red spiral breached into the deepest reaches of her soul.

Her eyes were now a canvas of pure dark blue, her black pupils gone. On each blank canvas a spiral was drawn, identical in shape and color to the spirals in Tabitha's eyes.

“Now take the stupid mask off, slut.” The man said assertively, pushing his burly thumbs into Tabitha's nipples, pressing her cottony cushions in. The busty innkeeper squealed, happy to be abused.

“Yes, my lord and master.” Nara nodded, unclasped the side of her mask, and let it drop to the wooden floor with a soft clank. She stood at silent attention before him, her spiral eyes wide open.

It was so bizarre. Nara felt relaxed and a bit disoriented, as if she'd been in a hot bath for way too long. And yet, she also felt strangely focused. It was as if the world surrounding that man turned all blurry, while his image became clearer and more vivid than anything Nara had ever laid eyes on.

She could still remember what she wanted to do, even as her grip on her ebony daggers loosened to the point of nearly dropping them. She still had Cali and the bonding ritual on her mind, and something deep within her told her she had to hurry. Hurry and fly away from this man's grasp.

Her inner conflict was the most surreal part of it all, or perhaps it was the fact she was so distinctly aware of it.

She tried feeling anxious, distraught, scared – Emotions she knew, on some primal level, were proper responses to her present predicament. But those emotions failed to emerge beyond the haze of the deep dense calm her soul was trapped within.

She stared at him, the drive to remain at attention before him overriding everything else. The urge to stay at his side forever, to obey anything he said, overcame all her other needs and wants.

She remembered everything, she knew she had important things to do, and yet in Nara's mind nothing was more important than staying rooted in place. She waited, her new spiral eyes unblinking, eternally serene and ever so docile.

“What a beautiful face you have. What's your name?” He asked.

“Nara of House Novicis, my lord and master.” She said, bowing deep before him.

“Master is enough, Shadowland slut. And you don't need to bow every time, either.” He told her, absentmindedly patting Tabitha's head.

“Yes master. This slut understands.” Nara nodded. The title he awarded her was engraved into her mind, and she used it without even realizing.

“You're very attractive, Nara. Strip for me. Make it slow and sensual.” He commanded, pinching Tabitha's nipples and making her whine.

“As you wish master.” Nara said, tilted her hips in a sexy manner, and dropped her daggers to the ground.

“Bounce your fun-bags faster, you worthless slut.” He told the busy innkeeper, lightly slapping her cheek.

“Yes master. Anything you wish, master. I am your worthless slut.” Tabitha huffed breathlessly, tightened her grip of her boobs, and continued her rapid, slippery tit-fucking duties.

Nara moved closer to him, lewdly swaying her hips from side to side, like a strumpet from the sleaziest brothels of Pasha, a city known for its debauched institutions.

Her outfit consisted of one long leather ribbon, black as the midnight sky and flexible as a velvet scarf, but tough enough to fend against the sharpest sword. It was her Dark Viper, bound to her soul, which was now bound to her master's will.

She wrapped it around her in a seemingly random fashion, covering all her essential parts. It coiled around her trim hips and her chest area, before going around her shoulder and spiraling down her right arm. Anchored by its attachment to her right hand, Nara could control the Viper's movements by moving her fingers in certain patterns, like a puppeteer.

She could use the Viper to swiftly defend any part of her body, and even send it flying forward as a whip, to strike at her enemies. Anyone unfamiliar with the Viper's attributes would find Nara to be a pesky and formidable foe, not to mention incredibly deadly.

Now, however, She had no intention to do any fighting. She stood next to the edge of the bed, and moved her body in the most alluring way she could. Focused solely on enticing her master, she danced for him in a shameless manner, of the kind she never thought she would ever present.

She gyrated her hips in perfect circles, teasing with a flash of a nipple and a flexible backwards arch. The strap slowly receded into her right hand, but the path it took across her smooth skin changed with every passing second, as if it had a mind of its own.

Her master started touching her, once the lower part of her buttocks became exposed. He playfully slapped her wiggling ass, grabbing and fondling her bubbly buns to his heart's content. She took his groping with passive acceptance, even as he stroked her inner thigh with the back of his hand, edging a finger-width away from her pussy.

“Such a beauty.” He said. “Turn around. I want to get a good feel of your front side.”

“Yes master. Squeeze and fondle my tits as much as you want.” Nara chanted and quickly turned around, exposing her large, firm bosoms.

“Hmm that's nice.” He reached up with both hands and squeezed her tits hard. Nara bit her lower lip and whimpered in response, but never stopped moving her hips in perfect circles.

He ran his fingernails down her midriff to her perfectly lean belly, circled around her belly-button and then plunged his finger down between her legs. The Viper was now a mere belt around her waist, and her entire crotch area was fully exposed.

“*Mm!*”

He stretched a finger across her smooth pussy lips, making her yelp. She curled her feet and stood on her tip-toes, grinding her hips back and forth on his extended finger.

“Good girl.” He praised her, tickling her precious pussy.

“Th-Thank you master.” Nara held her makeshift belt with both hands, tilting her head and staring into space, the flashy spirals in her eyes shimmering. He pressed his finger onto the warm folds of her pink pussy, and it squelched wetly in response.

With her supreme balance, Nara could stay in that position without falling, till her master decided to stop teasing her snatch and take his hand away.

She never stopped pulling her belt away, and by the time he plopped his finger from her wet pussy, nothing at all covered her petite body. She set her heels back on the floor and stood straight. Strands of clear-colored juice ran from her soaking pussy, and down her inner thigh.

Her strip show complete, Nara dropped the loose strap from her hand, and stood before her master. Tabitha, clearly not upset the man she devotedly tit-fucked gave Nara his full attention, continued rubbing his cock with gusto and determination.

He patted Tabitha with one hand, and used the other to explore Nara's naked body. His fingers lingered on the tattoos on her left waist.

“A bloody dirk and a star.” He described. “I suppose this is the symbol of your house?”

“Not exactly, master.” Nara replied, staring forward blankly.

“Then what, exactly?” He pressed.

Revealing such information to a foreigner is an act of treason.

Nara heard herself say, but that didn't stop her from giving an answer.

“The bloodied blade is the mark of the second night, a squad of elite assassins working directly under the Trinity. The black star is the mark of House Novicis.” She said, her voice solid and unwavering.

“Interesting.” The man said, moving down to her perfect legs. “I find other cultures fascinating, especially ones as far away and closed off as the Shadowlands. So very few know any actual details about your people.”

“It is a treasonous travesty to reveal such details. The punishment is worse than death.” Nara said, making him chuckle.

“Hmph, I see. Then as your master, I may as well punish you for it, don't you think?” He asked, rhetorically.

“I obey my master.” Nara said simply, never feeling more sure about anything in her life.

“Not to mention the fact you so rudely trespassed into my room.” He said, his hand creeping to her behind and gently smacking it. “You ought to feel lucky. I'm sure my punishment is not nearly as bad as what your people would do if they found out about your blabbing.”

I would be put in the Pits of Nocturno for the rest of my mortal existence.

Nara reflected. Her mother took her to the pits once, to see what happens to those who wrong The Trinity. It was a sight the young woman never fully recovered from.

“So what's this trinity?” He inquired, curious.

There's no way. This must never be allowed.

The words echoed in her head.

Nara remembered the oaths she took. Her pause only lasted a second, and her sacred oath drowned into the blurry edges of her existence. Her master beckoned, and his question demanded answer.

“The Trinity is effectively the ruling government of the Shadowlands. It is comprised of the three greatest houses - Vortox, Darken, and Novicis.” Her voice trembled at first, but she stomached through it.

“Novicis, huh? So you are like royalty? I got myself quite a prize, crawling into my room trying to be all silent and evasive.” He laughed heartily.

“We have no royalty, master.” Nara corrected him.

“But it's safe to say you had a privileged upbringing, yes?”

“Yes master.” Nara nodded. “I was taught and trained by the very best, in the fields of subterfuge, combat, and diplomacy.”

“Yes yes, that's very nice. Turn around and lean on the wall. Show me how you spank yourself for me. You can teach me about your weird society later.” He said. Nara nodded, and moved to obey, passively accepting a gentle slap on the rear.

“You've slowed down, cunt. Move those damn balloons of yours, and make me cum!” He grabbed Tabitha's breasts, and demanded.

“Yesh mashter!” Tabitha slurred, too weak to even reel her tongue back into her mouth. She was exhausted nearly to the point of fainting, but his fierce command injected new energy into her devoted service.

Nara leaned on the wall, bending over at a perfect ninety degree angle. Looking back at him with her unblinking spiral eyes, she started wiggling her ass from side to side. Her flawlessly round breasts dangled like slow, synchronized pendulums from her chest.

She lifted her arm high in the air.

Spank! She swatted her sexy buttocks with full force, and didn't even flinch before lifting her hand high again.

“Beg my forgiveness while you do that, slut.” He commanded.

“Yes master.” Nara replied immediately. Her master was focused solely on her, completely ignoring the pair of tits so earnestly and reverently massaging his cock.

“I'm so sorry for intruding on your privacy, master!”

Spank!

Nara cried out, and brought another harsh slap down on her bubbly buns.

“Please forgive me, master! Please accept this slut's forgiveness!”

Spank! Spank!

She smacked both cheeks in quick succession, making her apple-shaped ass jiggle and shake. Her left cheek was already receiving a certain pinkish hue.

“What a hot piece of ass! *Hrr!*” Her master growled through gritted, grinning teeth, his pelvis contorting towards the air-tight embrace of Tabitha's boobs.

“Please forgive this hot piece of ass, master!” Nara pleaded shamefully, displaying herself to him with no inhibition.

Spank! Spank! Spank! Spank!

She used her lightning speed to spank herself quicker than the naked eye could see, landing four smacks on both her cheeks, within the blink of an eye.

“*Hrrm yeah!*” Her master grunted, clearly entertained, and started outright pumping his pelvis up towards Tabitha, grabbing her shoulders like handles for support.

“Master! Please let me apologize by punishing my hot ass for you!”
Spank! Spank! Spank! Spank! Spank! Spank!

Nara continued, still somehow wiggling her ass from side to side, as she gave it slap after ear-ringing slap.

“*Ohh! I'm gonna cum!*” He announced, and a moment later groaned with the pleasure of sexual release.

“*Hrrm! Hrrm! Hrrm!*” He blew his massive load all over Tabitha's enormous breasts, getting her lips and one of her eyes in the process.

After a moment of basking in the aftermath of his orgasm, the bald man looked down at the busty, cum-drenched Tabitha, and disrespectfully pushed her away with his foot.

“Go show Nara your reward.” He ordered the enthralled innkeeper, and reached for the night-stand next to his bed.

“Yes master.” Tabitha nodded weakly.

Worn out and weary, she waddled over to Nara on wobbly legs, her cum-dripping tits bouncing freely. She pushed her cream-covered tits together in Nara's face. Nara, still bent over with her hand on her ass, simply stared at the sticky jizz with her wide spiral eyes, awaiting further instructions.

“Taste it, Nara.” He commanded as he whipped a small glass bottle from the top drawer.

“Yes master.” Nara chose a particularly condensed spot of man-milk, and pursed her lips around it.

“It's delicious, master.” She swallowed and announced.

“Glad you like it. You'll have plenty of it from now on, seeing as you'll be my fuck-toy for the rest of your life. Well, or at least throughout your best years.” He said casually, and started gulping down the contents of the bottle.

For the rest of my life? What about Cali? What about my dark sisters? Her inside voice asked, but her questions didn't matter. She knew she had to obey, anything else would simply have to be addressed later, or

perhaps never. *It is an honor to be his slave.* She reminded herself, and smiled back at him.

“Okay, fun-bags, I'm done with you.” He stood up and gave Tabitha a powerful slap on the rear.

“Ow!” The totally spent innkeeper stumbled forward and fell on Nara.

Nara, even in her very compromising position, was steady as a rock. She easily stopped the older woman's fall. Tabitha's heavy udders rested on Nara's back. The pretty young thing could feel sticky liquid oozing down on her, adorning her fair skin with cum.

“Go downstairs and continue with your day. I'll get one of my toys to call you, if I feel like using you again.”

“Of course, master.” Tabitha stood back up, her cheek still stinging from the forceful spank, though not as much as Nara's petite, reddened buttocks. “You can use my tits whenever you wish, master. I hope you enjoyed using me, master.” The big breasted innkeeper intoned, left the room, and scurried down the stairs.

The bald man sat on the bed once more, and squeezed the last few drops from the bottle. Nara looked back at him, still bent-over and wiggling her ass. She wondered if he expected her to keep spanking herself. Her right hand was itching to obey.

“It's a special blend that resurrects a man's virility much more quickly.” He held the bottle up and explained, mistaking her look for an inquisitive, curious one.

“I should be ready for more fun very soon. Excessive use may lead to blindness, but thankfully my eyes are immune to such silly side effects.” He rubbed his flaccid cock and said.

Spank!

Nara couldn't hold back, and smacked her ass again.

“Oh right! I never told you to stop, did I? Heh.” He chuckled, clearly finding her actions hilariously entertaining.

Spank! Spank! Spank!

Nara interpreted his merry reaction as a go-ahead for more spanking.

“You may stop now.” He said just then. “Yes master” Nara responded instantly, and stood back at attention before him.

He lay on the bed and looked at her.

“Speaking of me being ready for more fun, I want you to rub that hot pussy of yours for me, so it will be nice and wet for me to use.”

I've never had a man inside of me.

“Yes master. I will get my pussy nice and wet, for you to use.” She ignored her inner qualms, lifted one leg in the air, and flexibly held it next to her torso.

Perfectly balanced, rooted to the floor on one leg, Nara writhed her hips back and forth in a perpetual wave of passion. She rubbed her virgin lips in circles, whimpering and looking down at her hot pussy. Motivated by her compulsion to please, her precious spot became wetter with every passing second.

“Look at that, your juices are already trickling down your legs.” Her master remarked gleefully.

“Yes master. My pussy is wet and ready for you, master. I'll always be wet when you want me to be, master! *Mm!*” Nara droned out lustfully, her spiral eyes shimmering.

“Get that pussy over here, slut.” He told her, his cock semi-erect “Polish my cock with those pink lips of yours. Brush my length till it throbs under you. *Hrrm!*” He gave an enthusiastic grunt.

My pussy is going to kiss my master's cock.

“Gladly, master.” She smiled at him, lowered her leg, and gently hopped on the bed.

She straddled him and took hold of his cock, letting it rest right between her legs, her cunt kissing it with a wet squelch. He grabbed her thighs, and started applying tender pressure, moving his fingers back and forth on her smooth skin.

Nara took the hint, and started rocking her hips, her wet pussy lips sliding along his cock's under-side. She gyrated her hips in a flowing motion, like the limber sex-kitten she was so eager to be for him.

I can feel his cock's veins popping on my folds. I'm getting so soaked.
-She thought with awe.

“I can feel your veins popping, master. It's making me so wet, master.” She gave voice to the only thoughts swimming in her subdued mind.

“What an honest sex toy.” He said warmly, reaching up to fondle and massage her gravity-defying boobs

I was born to serve my master

“I exist to serve you, master. My pussy was put on this earth to please and worship you, master.” She whimpered with joy, grinding her hips flexibly, her pussy lips caressing his stiff staff.

“Then stick my cock in your pussy and start riding me.” He said and playfully pulled on her nipples, stretching her big tits out.

“Yes mast-Ahh!” Her hands moved quicker than her mouth, and before she finished the sentence, she had already took his cock within her. Her hymen tore, and the formerly fiery assassin bit her lips.

I-It hurts! She thought, and gave a sharp squeal, her resolve waning.

Cali never hurt me. Except for when we met, when I tried to steal from her. But...But I live to serve him. I must obey and serve. My pain is irrelevant. My pussy belongs to him. I...

She kept telling herself, stridently trying to persuade her own mind to knuckle under, and embrace her master's inescapable mental shackles.

“Keep riding, cunt. Faster!” He gave her a prodding spank, and ordered.

“Y-Yes master. Sorry master.”

Though her mind was in turmoil, her body knew exactly what to do. Disregarding her discomfort, Nara took his sword within her, all the way to the hilt, the walls of her tight twat quivering and quaking.

“Ahh! Ahh! Ahh!” She moaned, wriggling her hips up and down, so fast and deep, the mattress under them creaked.

“Ohh! What a great pussy! And it's bleeding for me, how adorable. Does it bother you?” He rubbed her clit mischievously, making her go even wilder than before.

Nara howled so loud, she momentarily went out of breath and nearly lost consciousness. Her eyes rolled to the back of her head, whiting out completely. When her spiral eyes rolled back to place, her entire body tingled with electrifying numbness, and her mind began to race.

Betraying the secrets of The Trinity, and succumbing to the control of a foreign man. Such shame and treason can never be forgiven. I have no home to return to anymore. My place is with my master. -She realized, hyperventilating, and resolved to embrace her new purpose, and her new life.

The final miniscule grains of resistance, that still lingered within her, melted away. Her beautiful spiral eyes once again front and center, she tightened her wet cunt around her master's pulsating shaft, gave him a lovely smile, and gave him her answer.

“No amount of blood or fatigue will stop me from serving you, my master.” She solemnly declared, knowing it was right, and proper, and good. In the end, there was no way she could ever resist her master. Her submission to him was absolute, and anything else came second place.

“*Hrrm*, that's good to know. Keep shaking that hot ass on my cock.”

“Yes master! *Mmh!* I will master! *Ahh!* I live to serve, master!” She hopped on him like a bunny, her pink pussy convulsing and tightening around his throbbing blade.

“And don't orgasm unless I tell you to.” He said viciously, and flicked her nipple with his forefinger.

“Yes master. **Gasp** Only when you tell me to, master!” She sucked in a sudden gasp of air, and said.

Master's pleasure is the only thing that gives me pleasure. My own is insignificant. -She thought, as she forcefully denied herself a mind numbing climax.

Nara rode him till her toned legs began to tire. Her master ran his hands all over her body, smacking her bouncing ass and squeezing her perky tits.

“*Hmmm! Ooooh!* I'm gonna cum, cunt! *Ohh!* Grind those hips faster! *Aahh!*” He grunted and moaned, his cock welling up with spunk.

“Yes master! *Ahh!* Please use my pussy to *cum!* *Ahhhh!*” Nara begged, grinding her pussy vigorously, as ordered.

She felt his cock tremble inside of her, and took it all the way in with a decisive downward thrust.

He groaned repeatedly, and with every groan, he shot a massive load deep within her. Nara arched her head back, her hips buckling and her muscles twitching. She felt his warm seed fill her up, and nearly fainted from the amazing sensation.

“Hmm, that was nice.” He said, running his fore-finger from her nipple to her belly-button. “Few more like that, and I might let you orgasm.” He added.

Nara looked down at him with her shiny spiral eyes.

“Thank you, master. What do you wish me to do now?” She asked, eager to please.

“Just stay as you are while I relax a bit. Keep my crotch nice and warm.”

“Your wish is my command, master.” Nara said and remained passively mounted on his lap, acting the part of a docile extension of his satisfied cock. He felt himself slowly becoming flaccid and soft within her.

He napped, and let Nara rest as well. She stared forward at the wall above the bed's frame, her mind empty and without worries.

A short while later, her master suddenly snorted and opened his eyes. He woke up, and smiled at the nubile young woman straddling him. Once again, he began appraising her lithe, smooth form, with his eyes and probing hands.

He paused on the black tattoos on her waist, painted inches away from where he still penetrated her.

“So, why are your tattoos in such a discrete place on your body?” He asked curiously, “Most high class houses like to flaunt their marks, to instill terror in their enemies, or some other prideful bullshit...”

I have no secrets from my master. My only loyalty is to him. -Nara reminded herself before betraying her people once more.

“House Novicis is known for producing the greatest assassins. Staying hidden in plain sight, moving silently like a ghost, and striking from the shadows is our expertise. There's an old saying in the Shadowlands: The true face of a Novicis diplomat is the sharp, steely edge of a dagger. Keeping our markings hidden and unknown is paramount to our success.”

“A Novicis diplomat?” He asked, raising an eyebrow.

“House Novicis is known for securing political power through deceit and strategic assassinations. I'm not sure how it started, but calling our spies and assassins diplomats has been a tradition for centuries. When the Shadowlands united under the Trinity, House Novicis took the charge of foreign affairs and international diplomacy, applying their skills of subterfuge and guile to further the prosperity of the Shadowlands.” Nara parroted her history lessons to her intrigued master.

“So the Shadowlands' leader, Dark Chancellor Ra'tar, or whatever his name is. He's a Novicis?” He asked, casually reaching over to the night-

stand.

“He is my father.” Nara said, “But he's just a dummy figurehead. A very weak member of the ruling council. He's not even the head of House Novicis.”

“Oh? Then who is?” He found one of his sexual virility potions, and uncorked it.

“My mother, of course.” Nara said, as if it was obvious.

“Heh, I really found myself a prize, didn't I?” He chuckled, and gulped the potion down with a single sip.

He tossed the empty bottle to the floor, and placed his hand on Nara's thigh. His fond touch put a smile on her face. She could already feel his cock rejuvenate inside of her.

“I was wondering, how good a fighter are you? I mean, you said you were a part of some elite group of assassins?”

“Yes master. The Second Night. We are the assassins House Novicis sends to clean matters up, when the diplomats fail their mission. A special forces unit, if you will.”

“The so-called diplomats, who are actually top-level assassins, themselves?” He wanted to make sure.

“Yes master.” Nara nodded.

“Wow, and you are a part of such a select group? At your age?”

“I am the youngest in history, master.” Nara told him.

“Was it just cause you're a Novicis, though? A nepotism thing?” He asked.

Anyone other than her master would lose their tongue for even suggesting such a thing.

“No master.” She shook her head and smiled pleasantly, “I became a member of the Second Night based on my prowess alone. And as for your first question, I can hold my own in a skirmish, but I prefer hiding in the shadows and quietly picking my targets off.”

“I see. So a one-on-one, arena-style duel won't be your forte.” He surmised, his cock hardening in her pussy.

“Because I have this wager with my friend, Otis, and I could really use a victory. He won three slaves from me, just this past month.”

Nara frowned. “I don't understand, master.” She said.

“Right, we have our own traditions in Mentis, you know. There's an activity, a national sport, really, with an official league and everything, where masters pit their formidable slavegirls against one another. Winner gets both slaves, and the loser gets nothing. Me and Otis are just amateurs, of course, playing against each other for the recreational fun of it.”

Nara took a moment to process his words.

“I understand, master. Do you wish me to fight for you? One-on-one duels are not my strong suit, as you said, but I can hold my own better than most.” She said with pride.

“Depends on how you fare against that worthless sack of meat, kneeling over there.” He pointed to the olive-skinned woman, still staring ahead like a statue, “She knows how to fight, and I've been training her for a few weeks now. Otis claims he forgot to bring any worthwhile slaves on this trip, and that his only choice is the cunt he knocked up a few months ago. I don't buy it, though.” He said, casually rubbing Nara's naked body.

“My friend can be very cunning, and I've been duped by his bluffs before. Either way, I plan to use my best fighter against him. It's high time for me to break my fucking losing streak, don't you think?” He finished rambling, his cock rapidly gaining volume in Nara's pussy.

“Yes master.” She nodded and said.

“In fact, let's do it now, before I fuck you again. Stand up and face each other, both of you!” He barked.

“Yes master.” The olive skinned woman spoke for the first time since Nara came in. She stood at attention next to the wall. Nara dismounted from her master, and stood at the other end of the room.

“The rules are: No killing blows, no bleeding strikes, and no breaking bones, since we have no healer. Other than that, anything goes.” He said, and without any delay, he added “Begin!”

The olive-skinned woman moved first, charging at Nara with great speed. Nara did not move a muscle. Her athletic opponent swung a decisive and swift kick, aimed at her chest. A fraction of a second before her foot connected, Nara's form blurred and vanished into thin air, reappearing a step behind her opponent.

Their master gasped from his comfy bed.

Nara turned around, and spat a needle from her mouth, hitting the other woman's neck. The olive-skinned slave collapsed to the ground before she could even tell what had happened. She was out like a light, and their highly mismatched “duel” was decided.

“Wow! What was that? How did you move so fast? Did you teleport or something?” Nara's master asked, amazed. He felt like a kid who just found out his toy dragon doll can actually fly and breathe fire.

“It's called blur jump, master. A secret technique of House Novicis.” She said.

Everything for my master. There are no secrets.

“That's amazing! I'm definitely going to win with you. Hah! I almost feel bad for poor Otis!” Her master cheered happily.

“I'll be happy to fight for you, master.” Nara droned.

“Of course you will. Now get over here so I can fuck your hot ass.”

“Yes master.” Nara said with no hesitation.

My ass belongs to my master.

“I'm going to wear you out and you'll still win the fight for me. Hah!” He bragged, brimming with confidence. Nara got on the bed and slipped into his embrace. She used her saliva to lubricate her anal entry, and helped her master guide his member into it. She didn't even fidget as he slowly penetrated her.

He promised he would drill her holes all day long, and ordered her to never stop begging for more.

Chapter Four – Cali vs. Nara

The sun had set, and the single stretch of road crossing through Underlake was completely deserted.

Nara waited for Xander to get out of the shower. She looked at the bathroom door with wide, spiral eyes, listening to the white noise of the splashing water. The soft jingle of bells echoed in the distance. The ringing was weak, and yet very distinct, seeping through and interlacing with the early evening ambiance.

Xander kept true to his promise, and used his special virility potion to fuck Nara for hours, non-stop. Per his command, the spiral-eyed beauty

kept begging for more, pleading for him to drill any of her holes he desired, and do it as roughly as he wished.

Her pussy lips were raw and sparkling with wetness. Cum still dried off her inner thighs. Her ass gaped slightly, and her throat was a tad sore. Nara was tired and disheveled, but she knew she would do it all over again, the instant her master commanded it. Her unwavering certainty left no room for doubts or fears. Nara was happy, happier than she had ever been before.

Xander came out of the shower with a towel wrapped around his waist, shaking his head and smiling slyly. Nara could hear the bells ringing even stronger, now that the water stopped running. It was as if they were calling to her, demanding attendance, but Nara would never leave her master's side without his explicit say-so.

“Otis is getting impatient.” Xander said with a chuckle. “Let's head out, Nara.”

“Yes master.” Nara thrust her chest out proudly, presenting her graceful neck for her owner.

Xander walked Nara on a leash, like a dog. She wore her Dark Viper around her body, in a way that left her tits to dangle freely, and wedged between her buttocks like a thong. The dirt of the unpaved road scraped her hands and knees as she crawled beside him, shaking her shapely behind from side to side with every step.

They walked from the inn towards the outskirts of the small village. Not a soul could be seen anywhere. It was a little early for the only street crossing in Underlake to be so deserted.

Being trained in passive reconnaissance, Nara knew that Underlake had around thirty-five residents at the time, along with about ten visitors including her and Cali. From her daily prowling, she gathered that six of those were low profile merchants, and two were casual travelers, on their way to visit the neighboring countries.

No one was around to see her shameful display, however. In fact, no one was even close, as Nara could attest, her exquisite senses still responding flawlessly even in her fatigued and worn-out state.

Nara wasn't too surprised to spot a large gathering about fifty steps ahead, in the same direction Xander led her. Her keen senses picked it up

long before Xander could, even with his special eyes. It was clear that all the residents and guests of Underlake stood there, mostly unmoving, breathing slowly and calmly.

How many of them will have spirals in their eyes? Nara found herself wondering.

Two delicate, feminine figures knelt before someone, moving their heads in perfect unison. The man towering above them folded his arms and tapped his fingers impatiently. There was also a very familiar figure gently pressing herself onto his back, but Nara couldn't be sure at that distance.

The townsfolk and guests formed a perfect, sizable circle around a makeshift ring of small rocks. Most of them had dirty hands, probably from picking the rocks and placing them down to make the circle. They all stared forward blankly, apart from Tabitha, who still had the blurry shade of a spiral in her eyes. One look at Xander, however, and those spirals became sharp once again.

“Master!” She called out happily, kneeling before him and kissing his feet, “Tits, master?” She tore off her top and let her gigantic breasts swing free, offering them for Xander's pleasure.

“Sure, why not.” Xander shrugged and waved her in. With a joyous gasp, Tabitha lunged forward to cradle his manhood between her enormous boobs.

The man standing on the other side of the ring had long, curly hair, with several bells tied to the edges of his locks. He wore a pair of pink glasses, and was enjoying the oral service of two young traveling women from Kelborn, about Nara's age, one blonde and one redhead. They brushed their tongues along the under-side of his erection, like a synchronized machine, their glazed, unblinking eyes looking up at him with an eagerness to please.

“You're late, Xander.” He looked at Nara's master and spat out with a frown.

“We said we'd meet after sundown, man. This is after sundown.” Xander claimed.

Otis looked at him for a moment, and began to laugh. “You're quite a piece of work, Xander.” He said, shaking his head.

“Just as much work as you are, Otis. That's why we became friends.” Xander claimed. “And please take those glasses off. You know I'd never use my powers on you.”

“I don't know, man. You're so desperate to win, I wouldn't put anything past you.” Otis jested, but took the pink shades off nonetheless. “Honestly, I think these glasses look really good on me.” He added, looking at them for a second, before placing them in his pocket.

The curly haired man gave Nara an inquisitive look.

“She's new, isn't she?” He asked. “What are those markings on her waist?” He pointed at the bloody dagger and black star tattoo. Xander told her to make sure they were showing.

“Oh she's new indeed, my friend, and she is the best and ultimate trump card I could ever have hoped to find sneaking into my room.” Xander boasted.

“Is that so?” Otis asked with a conceited half-smile.

“Otis, my man, you always had a great poker face, but nothing will help you win this time. This here is a member of the Second Night, a daughter of House Nov, uhm, what was it, cunt?” Xander mumbled.

“Novicis, master.” Nara spoke up, so both Xander and Otis could hear.

“Is that supposed to mean anything to me?” Otis raised an eyebrow.

“Oh not much, actually.” Xander intoned coyly. “Just that she is an elite assassin, expert in taking down foes in the blink of an eye.”

He looked at Otis triumphantly. “It's all right if you just want to forfeit in advance, Otis. I can see you have no one other than your pregnant cunt with you. I have to admit, I was sure you were bluffing about that. You don't really expect one of those peasant girls licking your cock to fight against my new slave, do you?”

Otis did not seem bothered in the slightest.

“Why are you still smiling, damn it? You think I'm bluffing?” Xander suddenly burst out, clenching his fist, his smile turning into a spiteful frown.

“Heh, you were always so easy to goad, Xander.” Otis said. “I am smiling because none of this is actually surprising to me. I figured you got to Nara when she failed to answer my call.” He waved his hair, ringing his

bells loudly. All eyes turned to him, as if magnetized, the villagers and visitors clearly drawn to the sound like moths to a flame.

“What?! How do you know her name?” Xander asked, clearly unnerved.

“You know Xander, for someone with your special eyes, you're not too perceptive.” Otis mocked.

“There's someone behind him, master. A woman.” Nara said, trying to help. “I-”, she hesitated, “I think I know who it is.”

“What the hell are you blabbing about, cunt?” Xander barked belligerently.

“My my, just as sharp and observant as Cali led me to expect. I'm impressed. This should be quite an interesting match.” Otis stared at Nara with intense, predatory lust in his eyes. She felt so small and weak in the presence of her master and his friend. She meekly lowered her head, her spiral eyes gazing at the ground. Being the first to break eye contact, in such a docile manner, was something Nara had never done before.

Cali stepped out from behind Otis, answering Xander's question. Nara lifted her head once more, and the two locked eyes. Cali's golden hair managed to shine even in the dark of night, and the flame above her right eye shimmered brilliantly. She looked down at Nara, through the lenses of her pink glasses, her blue eyes empty and her expression serene and emotionless.

“What the...?” Xander looked on with shock.

Nara fidgeted lightly where she knelt, suddenly feeling the full brunt of her muscle fatigue. Cali didn't even flinch at the sight of her lover's new eyes. The pink glasses she wore made sure Xander's menacing red spirals did nothing to affect her, even if he tried it. She slowly paced into the ring in her full battle gear, looking formidable and daunting.

“That's your problem, Xander. You're too quick to make optimistic assumptions.” Otis said. “Did you seriously not ask your new slave any questions? Like why is she in this boring little settlement? Did you even try to learn what she is capable of? Or did you plan to just throw her in the ring and see what happens?”

“What is that tattoo above her eye?” Xander asked, his voice shaking.

“Come on, Xander, I'm sure you recognize it. After all, of the two of us, you are much better versed in the intricacies of other cultures.” Otis said

with a gloating smile.

“I'd like to introduce you to *Calypso Dar Solbarba*,” He raised his voice to an echoing boom, “*Proud Champion of the Solbarba clan, and granddaughter to the mighty Damas Solbarba son of Dar, War Prince of Sunbeard.*”

Cali punched her fist into the open palm of her other hand. Her strength resonated through the air, her might cutting through like a gust of wind. Her Magmar bracers gleamed in the moonlight, and her dragonscale skirt lightly swayed in the evening breeze.

Otis looked at his shocked friend with amusement.

“Shall we start? Or would you like to forfeit in advance, Xander?”

Xander clenched his jaw angrily, and shoved Tabitha away. The busty innkeeper fell to the ground and quickly rose back to her knees, holding her tits in her hands, ready and waiting for whatever he pleased.

“Should have known. Bastard always has a card up his sleeve.” He muttered. “Well, at least this is sure to be entertaining.”

He looked down at Nara, and pulled her up by her arm.

“It will be so fucking embarrassing if I lose to him again. He won't *ever* let me forget this, and as my best friend, he'll have plenty of chances to remind me of it.” Xander told her, his red spiral eyes looking more intense than usual. “So I'll ask you this - Can you beat her?” He asked.

Nara wanted so much to please her master, but she couldn't lie to him.

“I don't know, master.” She said. “But the odds are greatly against me. Cali was the only one to ever spot me in stealth before today. She successfully restrained me when we first met. I tried to steal her...”

“I didn't ask for your fucking life story. Can you fight on her level? Can you challenge her?” Xander squeezed her arm tightly.

“Yes master. Definitely.” Nara responded immediately.

“Good. Then get yourself ready and step into the ring.” He pulled her closer, and whispered in her ear “Do *not* use your secret move till I tell you to. Avoid her attacks, and try to wear her down, understood?”

Nara nodded, her master's faith strengthening her resolve.

“So what will it be, Xander?” Otis asked, standing on the other end of the ring with folded arms and a cocky smile.

“Oh, I will fight, Otis.” Xander said, putting on a veil of self assurance. “This is actually better. I'll beat you as the underdog. Will make

my victory sweeter.”

“Hah! Big talk from the guy who never beat me once. What's my lead now? Seven to zero?”

“Eight...” Xander curled his lips and muttered. “But this is where I start tipping the scales back! I win the Solbarba chick from you, and then I'll have both her *and* Nara. Let's see you find a cunt to beat *that* incredible tag team!”

“You *do* know the horses ought to be hitched *before* the wagon. Right, Xander? Besides, the scales can't tip *back* to your favor, if they were never in your favor in the first place!” Otis said with a snarky smirk.

“Your sarcasm compensates for your lack of intelligence, Otis.” Xander retorted.

“Your intelligence compensates for your poor sense of humor and nonexistent people skills, Xander. Not to mention your lack of foresight and shabby tactical thinking.” Otis shot right back.

“Whatever...” Xander huffed grumpily, rolling his eyes.

Nara paced into the ring and raised her right arm at a ninety degree angle. She moved her fingers gently, and the Dark Viper started sliding along her body like a snake. Slow at first, it picked up speed with every passing second. She gave Cali a driven glare, the spirals in her eyes glinting like the tip of a sharpened dagger.

The Viper's movements gave an audible hiss. Nara clenched her right fist, and a pulse of energy echoed around her, making the ribbon detach and hover over her skin. It swirled around her like a hurricane, her spiral eyes the only thing peeking through the twisting cone of darkness.

“Here's something you don't see every day.” Otis said, gazing on in awe.

The black strap's dance was over as quickly as it started. Nara loosened her fist, and instead of wedging into her buttocks like a thong and shamelessly displaying her breasts, the strap now coiled around her entire body, starting on her left leg and ending along her right arm. It covered half her skin like the stripes of a zebra, and protected her vital parts with extra layers. Xander could swear it was longer than before, somehow.

Two small Blackwood truncheons appeared in her hands as if by magic, in place of her daggers. Deadly weapons were not allowed in the

duel, so she had to use a non lethal alternative. She took a deep breath, struck a defensive fighting stance, and held her position.

“Are you both ready?” Otis asked.

“Yes master.” Cali said.

“Yes.” Nara replied.

“Go for it.” Xander said, grinding his teeth with anticipation.

Otis gave a nod, and tilted his head lightly, making his bells rustle.

The two young women sloppily lavishing his cock with love pulled back, and re-joined the circle of entranced villagers.

“Very well.” He tucked his cock back in his pantaloons. “Remember - If you lose, your master loses you from his harem, and you become property of the winner's master.” Otis reminded the two enthralled combatants.

“Begin!”

Cali shot out towards Nara with a velocity that made both Xander and Otis gasp. She made the distance to Nara faster than the blink of an eye, and aimed a devastating chop towards her chest. Nara dodged in an instant, Cali's powerful burst not even scratching her agile body.

Cali continued pushing the offensive. She aimed for where Nara was exposed, but the Dark Viper kept moving and shifting to defend her. Nara's catlike reflexes allowed her to fully dodge most of Cali's attacks, but she knew all too well that one successful blow from the warrior princess would be enough to decide the match.

Otis and Xander watched the fight with wide eyes and dropped chins. They've never seen such a flurry of blows, dodges and blocks from so up close.

“This reminds me of the championship match between Lord Tarbak's and Lord Yarin's slaves. The coliseum's crowd went wild that day.” Otis mumbled, already dreaming of selling the two elite fighters sparring before him to the professional arena masters of Mentis.

Nara continued her defensive maneuvers, only rarely managing to swing at Cali with her truncheons. Cali blocked every swing with her Magmar bracers, resulting in brassy concussion sounds.

Xander frowned and tried not to blink, desperate to understand if his slave was doing well, and eager to find the right time to unveil his secret weapon.

Otis had a better eye for such things, and more faith in his submissive toy tigress.

“I see what you're trying to do, Xander.” He called out smugly. “If you think Nara will last longer than Cali in this little cat and mouse game, I'm afraid you've got another thing coming.”

Xander pouted at Otis, clearly not interested in entertaining his friend's mind games.

“Oh come on, man, let me give you some advice. This won't be interesting if we just watch them go at each other till Nara faints from exhaustion.”

“Shut up already!” Xander barked.

Cali knew her master was right. She could sense Nara's fatigue even before their battle started. Her raven-haired lover's agility and strength was waning with each passing moment. Cali only needed to stay vigilant and keep her rigorous offensive going.

“Ah!” Nara missed a step and nearly took the full brunt of one of Cali's fists to her gut. She only barely managed to direct the force away with a truncheon.

Nara escaped, but her truncheon was not so lucky. It shattered on Cali's fist like a twig, leaving the dual-wield expert to fend for herself with only one small weapon in her right hand.

“Ouch, that was harsh!” Otis said, splinters from the smashed weapon landing at his feet.

“That's the nice thing about Cali. She doesn't need weapons to thrash her opponents and tear them a new one. She's an expert in the martial arts of empty handed combat.” He bragged. “Seriously Xander, if this goes on, our match will be over quite quickly.”

“I said shut up! Damn it...” Xander clenched his fist.

“I would suggest changing tactics, Xandy. Move to a more aggressive approach. Let's see a real fight instead of this dodgy mess, come on!” Otis continued, trying to goad his friend into making a mistake.

“*Shut up!*” Xander's eyes stung as he tried to perfectly time his move.

“Try to distance yourself from her, cunt! Make her charge you with full force!” He spewed angrily.

Nara couldn't even afford to nod, let alone utter a breathless acknowledgment to his command. But she tried doing as he said, regardless of how bad an idea it was tactically. Cali was not an amateur who would get taunted into charging forward aimlessly, and that is assuming Nara could even get the requisite distance from the warrior princess.

“Ooh, he has a plan.” Otis mocked. “Cali, do what he wants. Let Nara gain distance, and then charge her with all your might.”

“M-Master?” Cali stopped in her tracks, looking at her master with bewilderment. “Why? I-I mean, yes master. As you wish.” She quickly reminded herself it was not her place to question his will.

“I'm curious.” Otis answered anyway. “Besides, maybe if I let him get this bullshit plan of his out of the way, he'll realize he should try and listen to my advice.”

“Hah! Your arrogant fool!” Xander called out triumphantly.

Cali took a few steps back, took a steeling breath, and began her charge. She moved forward with the grace of a swan and the force of a raging bull. This was precisely what Xander had been waiting for.

“Now, Nara!” He roared, his voice coarse with excitement.

“Yes master.” Nara mumbled, and hurried into a defensive stance.

Time to wipe that smug smile off your face, Otis. Xander told himself, his grin widening.

A flickering moment before Cali bashed into Nara like a battering ram, the agile rogue vanished into thin air with a swoosh. Cali managed to stop herself just before stumbling out of the makeshift ring. Nara reappeared behind her, and shot two needles from her mouth, aiming for Cali's neck.

“Heh.” Xander smirked, but it was his own smile that was quickly wiped off.

Cali turned around in a flash and used her bracers to block the needles' path. One fell to the ground and the other ricocheted, hitting one of the mesmerized spectators. The villager fell to the ground like a rock, and sunk into a deep slumber. The other spectators mindlessly dragged her back, so she could sleep the effects off without interfering with the duel.

“Neat trick, Xander! Seems my new toy handled it without batting an eye, though.” Otis chuckled. “Don't worry, when Nara is mine I'll use it properly.”

“Damn it!” Xander gritted his teeth and howled with rage. “You useless cunt! Couldn't you hit her faster?!” He berated.

Nara panted, standing in a slightly crouched, clearly encumbered stance. “I'm sorry, master.” She said.

Cali looked at her coldly, no compassion in her intense eyes. The powerful warrior showed no sign of fatigue.

“Don't relent, Cali. Now is the time to finish this. Oh, and keep watching out for those needles, just in case.” Otis said nonchalantly.

“Yes master.” Cali nodded, and shot forward like a bullet.

“Don't let her get you, Nara! Damn it!” Xander cried out desperately, stomping his foot on the ground.

“Yes! *Hmph!*” Nara tried saying master but had to dodge Cali's attack before she could finish.

The fight quickly devolved back to what it was before – Nara barely evading Cali's knock-out blows while trying desperately to retaliate with the truncheon in her right hand.

“This is what happens when you don't plan ahead, Xander.” Otis once again taunted his friend.

“Screw you, man! Stop acting as if you have anything to do with this. You just told your slave to go all out and then clammed up!” Xander barked. “The only reason you're winning is because your slave is stronger!” He complained.

“Precisely!” Otis replied over the sound of Cali's bracers clanking against Nara's truncheon. “I know Cali is stronger, and I know she knows much more than I'll ever learn about hand-to-hand combat. So, I told her to do what she thinks is right to win and go all out. Sometimes the winning strategy is doing nothing.”

Xander did his best to ignore his friend's gloating. He wrecked his brain trying to come up with some sort of tactic to put Nara on top, but had absolutely no ideas. He was so desperate, he even considered what his boastful friend would do in his stead, an act that came with no small damage to his ego.

Just when he was about to give up, the red spirals in his eyes glinted with the glow of an epiphany.

In my place, Otis would probably listen to his own fucking advice. Fuck it, I always lose to him. Maybe it's time to admit he's better at this than me. I'd rather win with his condescending help than lose again...

Xander finished his inner contemplation, clenched his jaw, and gave a confident nod. He looked at Nara with a sinister half-smile.

“Nara, listen to me! Forget what I said earlier. Stop evading. Go all out and do whatever you can to win!” He bellowed.

“Finally, Xander! You're finally starting to think!” Otis gave his friend a very rare compliment.

“Yes master.” Nara nodded, and avoided Cali's fist with another fade step. She vanished and reappeared outside of Cali's reach. Cali turned to face her, and stood her ground, cautiously gauging Nara's movements.

“Why did you stop your assault, Cali?” Otis asked, raising an eyebrow.

“A precaution, master. Nara's energy changed all of a sudden. I can sense her resolve fortifying. I know her, master. She has a plan.” Cali explained her deductive reasoning.

“What a smart, careful slavegirl. I am so proud.” Otis praised. “Carry on then. Win this fight for me.”

“Yes master.”

Otis then turned to Xander. “See? You have to know when to trust your slave's instincts.” He said, and Xander couldn't help but huff a smirk in response.

Nara raised her right arm again, and dropped the truncheon to the ground. She took firm hold of the Dark Viper and waved her arm deliberately. The ribbon flung away from her body, leaving her stark naked.

“Getting rid of her only armor?” Cali mumbled. She charged Nara again. This time, she didn't make it all the way before being struck. Nara used her strap like a whip, and its bite was much fiercer than her truncheons could ever be.

Ignoring the lashing pain, Cali continued forward. It became surprisingly difficult to reach Nara's naked body, the Viper flying around with the power and ferocity of a dozen ravenous snakes. Just when she

thought she found an opening, three black darts flung from the flurrying ribbon, all in her direction.

She only barely dodged all three. Cali guessed that if those darts had even scratched her, she'd be out of commission for a few hours, at least.

“*Argh!*” She howled in frustration.

Stunted, Cali made a move to grab the Viper as it tried whipping her midriff. Before she knew it, her grasping arm was snared.

Nara leaped up, vanished in mid air, and reappeared behind Cali. The warrior princess turned around, and the Viper tangled her other arm. Before Cali knew it, she was constrained in a standing position, barely mobile. Nara moved the strap with her hands like the conductor of an orchestra.

“Freaking awesome!” Xander cheered, but once again his joy was short lived. Cali struggled her right arm free, grabbed the Viper, and pulled on it with all her might.

Nara held the strap tight, and instead of fighting against Cali's powerful yank, she flew towards her, letting go of the Viper a flicker before impact. Cali was sure she regained the upper hand, until she saw a small glint between Nara's fingers.

It was too late, especially with the Viper still limiting her movements. Nara shot a whopping eight needles in her direction, one hiding between each two fingers. Cali miraculously blocked and avoided six, but two still pricked her skin, and she felt their effect almost immediately.

Nara combat rolled back a safe distance, panting breathlessly. It took all her efforts to keep herself from falling to the ground.

“Yes! I fucking won!” Xander cheered, watching Cali's consciousness fade away.

“Not so fast, Xander. My slave is still standing.” Otis tried sounding cool and calm, but even he couldn't hide his concern at that moment.

“Cali, how about you show me that indomitable fiery will I heard so much about. Go on, bitch, you don't want to disappoint your master, right?” Otis tried motivating her in his own callously insulting manner.

“No...Master...” Cali waddled from side to side. She could barely speak up, but she knew losing was not an option.

“Master...Demands...Victory!” She stomped her foot on the ground, and clenched both her fists. The flame tattoo above her right eye burned brighter than ever. Heat spread through her body, filling her with energy.

“*Hraaahhhh!*”

She let out a terrifying roar and swung her arms free of the Viper. She tore the sturdy leather as if it was paper, and stood firm before the wavering Nara.

“Oh crap...” muttered Xander.

Cali charged forward with steamrolling fierceness, her eyes ablaze.

“Dodge it Nara!” Xander pleaded, but Nara could barely move to step aside.

“*Fwha!*” Nara's eyes widened as Cali's fist landed on her lean belly, knocking whatever wind she had left right out of her. She grumbled and dropped face first to the ground, unconscious and defeated.

Cali stood victorious above Nara's limp body. Her eyes flaming behind her pink glasses, She looked down at her vanquished foe.

“N-Nara...?”

Xander rushed over and stepped on Nara's thigh with his boot.

“*You stupid cunt!*” He grunted. “You had it! Why couldn't you hit her with more powerful stuff!” He nudged the knocked out rogue with his sole, knowing he already lost her as his property.

“I can't believe I lost again! Damn it!” He kept lamenting, and kicked Nara in the shin.

“Leave her *alone!*” Cali suddenly burst out, shoving him backwards furiously.

“Woah!” Xander tumbled to the ground like a broken twig. He looked up at Cali, trembling with fright.

“What the fuck are you doing, cunt!?! Did your master tell you...?” He started, but Cali punched her fists together and stared him down, menacingly. Xander's voice broke off with a squeal in mid-sentence.

“*I am nobody's slave!*” She said. “*And I'm going to kill you for what you've done to Nara!*”

“Uh oh. Otis, do something! My eyes don't work on her because of those stupid pink glasses!” Xander cried out, horrified.

“I'll gouge those eyes of yours out and use them as jewelery!” Cali announced, making Xander shriek in terror and call out for Otis again.

“Problem, Xander?” Otis chuckled smugly, and waved his hair, making his bells ring.

Cali turned her head to Otis, but her fierce expression did not mellow.

“That won't work on me anymore, scum! And don't worry, you're next on my to-kill list!” She threatened.

“How very intriguing. I admit, I didn't expect your so-called will of fire to be *that* indomitable.” Otis said in an offhanded manner, still seeming only mildly amused.

Cali raised her fist, ready to reign hell on Xander. He squealed and lifted his arms in a desperate attempt to protect his face.

“You need to *Chill*, Cali.” Otis asserted, his voice seeping into Cali's mind like a thundering echo. She stopped in her tracks and squinted, her sight becoming blurry.

“What the hell...” She murmured.

Xander looked up and frowned at Cali, before turning his head to stare quizzically at Otis.

Otis folded his arms and sighed. “People process sounds and words a little differently. Indeed, words that carry meaning to a person's mind are invariably stronger.” He said. “If I already have one in a trance thanks to my wonderful bells, it's mighty easy to convince one's mind to accept a trigger word. A word to override one's conscious will, regardless of how strong or resolute it may be. Because something deep inside of you longs to obey, Cali. To be commanded. To relinquish control and be possessed by your master's will.”

“Screw...you...” Cali sneered through clenched jaw.

“I always make sure to equip my fighting slavegirls with a calming trigger, just in case. Never came in handy till today, to be honest. Remind me to thank you later, Cali.” Otis grinned, enjoying Cali's futile struggle.

“Nobody's...slave...” Her arms trembled. She lifted her clenched fist again, giving Xander a hateful glare.

“It's not working!” Xander covered his face again. “Help!”

“It clearly is working, buddy. She's calming down” Otis said. “The way I see it, there are two options. Either she will calm down enough to slip back under my full control.” He said as Cali struggled to keep her footing. “Or, the knock-out reagent still in her bloodstream will finally do its work.”

Just as he said those words, Cali dropped to the ground next to Nara, out for the count.

Otis slowly strode towards the still rattled Xander, and extended his hand out to help him up.

“Congratulations, Xander. Cali is quite an amazing addition to your collection. Just be careful with evoking that fiery will of hers. Quite a double edged sword.” He said.

“What are you talking about?” Xander asked, confused. He let Otis help him back to his feet.

“Official rules dictate that if a master loses control of his slave, even momentarily, he has forfeited the fight.” Otis explained, “especially when said slave nearly kills the opposing master.”

“Seriously? You're giving me the win?” Xander couldn't believe it.

“You did surprisingly well with a clear underdog. I'd say you earned it. And like I said, I broke the rules.” Otis gave his friend a pat on the back, and started walking away, back to the inn.

“No Otis, wait.” Xander shook his head. “You only lost control over her *after* the fight was over. You won Nara, fair and square.”

Otis stopped and looked back.

“Are you sure?” Otis asked, smiling.

“Positive. I don't need your pity win. I'll beat you on my own, and it will be a real victory.” Xander said. “And on a different note, thanks for saving my life, kinda, I guess...”

Otis chuckled. “As you wish, Xandy. You did well. Keep it up and maybe, just maybe, you will actually beat me someday, many years from now, probably when we're both in a senior-care home being served by hot nurse slaves.”

“*Hah!* We'll see about that, you smug bastard.” Xander grinned. “Come on, big boobs, we're going back to my room.”

“Yes master.” Tabitha said and crawled to his heel.

“My my, when did you decide to grow up, Xander? Hope you won't stop being fun.” Otis said, and looked around the crowd of enthralled spectators.

“Pick these two up.” He pointed at Cali and Nara. “The rest of you can go. Except for you.” He told Aerie, who until then stood dead-eyed next to her mother, staring into nothingness.

“Thank you, master.” She looked at him with a meek smile and said.

“Yeah, fucking your pretty face was so fun. I'm sure your pussy will be just as pleasing.” Otis smiled at her.

“I hope so, master.” Aerie nodded, instinctively touching her thigh, and moaning in anticipation.

The spectators had barely begun dispersing, when an unexpected arrival made its presence known.

“What's going on here?” The newcomer asked, a petite woman with perfect features and pointy ears. She had long shimmering silver hair with bright green edges, and wore a skirt and push-up top seemingly made out of autumn leaves.

Otis looked at her with wide eyes and a curious grin. “Where have this one been hiding? Hmm? She looks like a magical creature from fairy tails.”

The woman walked forward, giving the villagers an inquisitive look. “What have you done to them?” She demanded. “Some sort of magical mind control?” She presumed, steeling herself.

“Shut up and get on your knees, bitch.” Xander said and stared her down with his captivating eyes.

“I shall do no such thing, Xeel.” She reached back to grab her longbow.

“What the fuck, again?!” Xander's voice rose a pitch higher. “What did she call me?” He turned to Otis and asked.

“Xander, this is serious. She's not responding to my bells, either.” Otis clenched his fingers around the grip of his scimitar. The woman had already pulled an arrow from her quiver and nocked it on her bow. When Xander turned his head back to her, he froze with shock, seeing the steel tip of her arrow aiming directly at him.

It took his breath away when she set the arrow loose, sending it flying for his jugular. Xander was sure it was all over. Time seemed to slow down. His life flashed before his eyes. He closed his eyes tight and hoped it won't hurt as much as he imagined.

He heard a loud clank and a gust of wind before him, but no pain.

“Get a hold of yourself, Xander!” Otis said, and Xander abruptly opened his eyes. The steel of Otis's scimitar flashed before his eyes. He used his sword to block the arrow's path, and quickly leaped away with a combat roll to dodge the archer's next arrow, this time directed at him.

“Run Xander! Get cover!” Otis screamed at him, barely keeping his footing.

“R-Right.” Xander forced sensation back to his limbs and dashed in the other direction, towards the bushes. Tabitha, still under his control, hurried after him, intent to never stray too far from her master unless he commanded it. The rest of the villagers stopped in their tracks, still obeying Otis's bells.

“Appears your friend is useless.” The woman said.

“You have no idea, and I'm not being sarcastic.” Otis spat.

“Good to see even Mentis scum appreciate the value of camaraderie.” She shot right back at him. “Is this how you maintain your sick society in Mentis? Using mind control to enslave those you deem inferior?” Her voice dripped with disdain.

Otis assumed a fighting stance. “I am at quite a disadvantage here. How 'bout you tell me who you are.”

“I think treating you like a pincushion for my arrows would be a better strategy for me.” She drew another arrow and nocked it. Otis gave his head a tilt, and three of the villagers rushed towards her. Like elaborate marionettes they took position before her, obstructing her aim.

“Tsk.” She lowered her bow and glowered at him. “Craven coward! You'd use innocents as human shields!”

“Not without shame.” Otis replied, dead serious look in his eyes. “Admittedly, some of my countrymen think of foreigners as nothing but tools to be used and discarded at will. Suppose I'm enough of a hypocrite to care about killing them, but if the choice is between me and them, I'll bear that cross.”

“Hmph.” She huffed, clearly unimpressed. “All right. Want to know who I am?” She said. “My name is Sylva. I am Underlake's ranger protector.”

“Doesn't explain how you're immune to both mine and Xander's powers. Mind explaining that?” Otis kept adding more of the villagers to the wall between them, ready to have them gang up on the so called ranger protector.

“Not going to waste more time on you. You disrupted the peace here in underlake. Your life is forfeit.” Sylva reached for a small sack dangling from her belt, threw it in the air, and pierced it with an arrow. A sparkly

powder rained down upon the ranger and the villagers, momentarily engulfing them with a honey colored shroud.

“Fuck...” Otis let out when he saw the result. The peasants and travelers alike slumped gently to the ground as they entered a calm and deep slumber. His advantage was all but gone, and he was standing there like a sitting duck.

“What the hell are you?” He gritted through his teeth.

Xander watched with horror from the bush he was crouching behind.

“You're saying she's a machine? She's not human?” He asked Tabitha.

“Yes master. Sylva was built by the founder of Underlake, centuries ago.”

“And that's why she's immune to our powers. She doesn't process sound and sight the same way humans do...” Xander surmised.

Otis managed to deflect another arrow with his scimitar, but a second scratched his shoulder. He only barely dodged a more serious wound and moved forward for a desperate attack. He was quite proficient with his blade, but all the ranger had to do was use her superb speed to keep herself in range.

“Damn it! Otis is in deep shit. What do I do?” Xander wrecked his brain. “I know some weak illusion spells, but that probably won't work on her.”

He watched with terror as Otis barely parried an arrow aimed at his head.

“Fuck it fuck it fuck it! She's going to kill Otis, and then she'll do me in too.” He dug his fingers in the ground under him. “I can't just run away and leave him. I won't be able to look his dad in the face even if I manage to escape.”

Otis screamed as an arrow scratched at his side. Sylva was pecking at him like a wounded animal, and soon he'll lose the strength to dodge and deflect her arrows.

“Come on, Otis, you always have a card up your sleeve.” Xander prayed to whatever deity willing to listen.

“I have to help him. I...” He turned to Tabitha. “Can't you do anything you useless cunt.” He growled. “Do something! Turn her off or something!”

“She doesn't have an off switch, master.”

“I don't care! Do something!” He cried in desperation.

“As you wish, master.” Tabitha nodded, and shot forward like a meteor.

“What the hell?”

Xander couldn't believe his eyes. He barely blinked and Tabitha was behind Sylva. She caught Sylva by surprise and disarmed her of her bow.

“Tabi...?” The vigilant ranger protector let out, her eyes wide with astonishment. Before she could even react, Tabitha clobbered her with her forearm, knocking her to the ground with one decisive blow.

Sylva writhed for a moment. Her pupils shook in her eyes, and then vanished, leaving nothing but white.

Otis used his scimitar as a crotch to help him back to his feet. “What just happened?” He looked at Tabitha with awe. “And what's wrong with her eyes? She...” He paused, “she isn't dead, is she?”

“I'm not sure, master's friend.” Tabitha said. “Maybe Nep can fix her.”

“Fix her? What are you talking about?”

“She was created by Underlake's founder, master's friend.”

“She's a robot? Seriously?”

“Yeah I was shocked too.” Xander walked over, still sending cautious stares in the direction of the collapsed ranger. “And you can just call my friend master, too, bitch.”

“Nah just call me Otis.”

“Yes, master Otis.” Tabitha nodded.

“Even better! Now what the fuck just happened anyway? What took you so long? I almost died here, dammit.”

“You think I knew she could do it? I thought she was just a pair of huge knockers.”

“How many times have I told you, Xandy, find the time to interrogate your new slaves in between fucking them!”

“Come on! Like you would've asked a big boobed innkeeper if she can kick ass.” Xander defended himself.

“Whatever. So how can she kick such ass?”

“Well...” Xander shrugged.

“For crying out loud. Who are you, Tabitha? Because no normal innkeeper could fight like that. Who trained you?” Otis asked.

Tabitha looked at Xander, wordlessly asking permission.

“Yeah answer the question, cunt.” Xander approved.

“I was trained in Terraka, master Otis.”

“Terraka? I thought they only let men become warriors?” Xander said.

“I was a special case, master. I didn't take no for an answer. After my training completed I became a mercenary, and eventually I led my own small adventuring party, taking odd jobs all around the world. They used to call me the Iron Maiden of Terraka.”

“The Iron...” Xander gasped. “Otis, she's a legendary fighter. I...”

“I know, Xander. Everybody heard about the Titanium Sword” Otis cut in.

“Yes, master Otis. That's another name I used to go by.” Tabitha said.

“How did you end up as an innkeeper?” Otis inquired.

“I'm not sure, master Otis.” She replied. “I found myself alone one day and decided to quit the adventuring life. Owning and running the inn just worked out. It...just happened, and it felt right.”

Otis smiled, intrigued. “Interesting.” He said.

“Hold on a second.” It was Xander's turn to butt in. “Could you have been my fighter in the match? Could you have defeated Cali? If your answer's yes I'm going to have you spank yourself till your fucking arm falls off, bitch!” He warned.

“I doubt it, master.” Tabitha answered. “If I had a sword and wore proper armor, I definitely could. But unarmed, Cali's expertise would be difficult to match.”

“Fine, I'll spank you myself while I fuck you from behind.” Xander relented.

“Thank you very much, master.” Tabitha smiled and said.

“I can't believe I have a legend as my fuckslave!”

“And I thought I was lucky today.” Otis shook his head. “We ought to get her a sword and armor to make the most use of her.”

“Oh we'll get it.” Xander agreed. “And I'll get her a blunt weapon she can use in dueled and I'll win all your fucking slaves for myself! Hah!”

“Now I'm really worried.” Otis said sarcastically.

“You should be.” Xander said and gave Tabitha the first of the powerful smacks on her ass he promised.

“Glad to see you're happy, Xander. If you don't mind, I'll go patch myself up. Can I trust you to put our audience back in their place once they

wake up?”

“Least I can do, man.” Xander smiled.

“Yes. Yes it is.”

“Is that resentment I detect in your voice, Otis?”

“Yes.” Otis narrowed his eyes. “You're so freaking perceptive.”

Xander laughed for a second, and stopped when Otis failed to join in.

“I am sorry for being so useless, man.”

Otis sighed. “It's okay. We all have our strong suits, right?”

“Yeah. I suppose.”

Otis nodded, and started walking back in the inn's direction. “Wait.”

He stopped. “You said Nep, whoever that is, can fix her, right?”

“Possibly, master Otis.” Tabitha confirmed.

“Could he reprogram her, do you think?”

“I don't think, master Otis. I obey.”

Otis smiled at Xander.

“I see where you're going with this.” Xander said. “Slave, take the ranger back to the inn and find this Nep you're talking about. And then obey Otis about what to do with her.”

“Understood, master. Right away, master.” Tabitha, The Iron Maiden Of Terraka, said. She carried Sylva on her shoulder and followed Otis to the inn.

Xander folded his arms and curled his lips. “Hope that knockout powder wears off soon. That chick Otis called Aerie is a peach.” He looked at the beautiful Aerie, sleeping on the ground, his cock getting harder by the second.

Chapter Five - Epilogue

Xander ended up falling asleep on Tabitha's gigantic pillows while Nep worked on Sylva's “reeducation”. The villagers continued with their normal lives, with the only exception being that they won't enter Tabitha's inn until the nice man who put the spirals in their eyes permitted it.

A muffled sound of rhythmic thumping woke Xander from his sleep. He drowsily brought his hand up to cup one of Tabitha's titty cushions, and wiped the drool off his chin

They were on the first floor where Tabitha usually tended bar, only instead she sat cross legged next to her master and pleasantly patted his bald head.

“Wow.” Xander raised his head. “I fell asleep sitting?” He asked.

“Yes master. You did.” Tabitha confirmed with a radiant grin, her world brighter now that her master's eyes gazed upon her once more.

“Must've been exhausted.” Xander figured, rubbing the cobwebs from his magical eyes. He adjusted himself in his chair, and looked at the source of the constant thumping. It didn't surprise to see Otis bend the lithe Sylva over the counter, pounding into her so hard her pert buttocks ripples with each thrust.

“I see the reprogramming was a success.” Xander stood on his feet.

Otis gave a cheer and spanked Sylva. “One-hundred percent!”

“How does her pussy feel? I mean for a...” Xander started, but stopped as Otis gave a loud, deep moan, pressing his crotch onto Sylva's bubbly behind.

“*Ohh fuck! Ohh!*” He moaned and kissed her neck, pumping her artificial pussy full of cum. “You have no idea, man. She's so tight and wet and fucking perfect!”

“For real?”

“I don't know who this founder who made her was, but I'm certain he didn't just build her as a so called 'ranger protector'.” Otis said.

“Fan-freakin-tastic!”

“Next time listen to me when I say I need a break.” Otis gloated.

“Yeah, as if you knew.” Xander walked over to the counter, and grabbed Sylva's chin. “Are you properly apologizing for trying to kill your master, machina-cunt?” He asked.

“I'm not sure what you mean, master.” Sylva replied. “But this slave pussy is ever so thankful to be used as a cum dump for her owners.”

Xander frowned.

“Had to wipe her memory completely to reprogram her, it seems. But she still maintains her archery skills.” Otis explained.

“And now that skill of hers will be used for our protection, is that right?” Xander slapped her cheek derisively.

“Yes master.” Sylva said. “My function is to protect, serve, and obey masters Otis and Xander. I will obey any command.”

“Good fuck-toy.” Otis pulled out of her and slapped his softening manhood on her butt cheeks. He ran his fingers through her silvery hair, all the way to the bright green edges, and gave a weary sigh. “I’m off to bed.” He said.

“It’s morning.” Xander frowned.

“Well somebody had to stay awake and oversee Nep’s work, Xander.” Otis said.

“Hey don’t get all bitter with me. You got to fuck her first.” Xander reasoned, absentmindedly fondling Sylva’s perky tits.

“Sometimes hard work pays off, Xandy.” Otis lectured. “Anyway, I gotta get me a few hours of sleep in Cali and Nara’s room.”

“All right. I’ll have the slaves pack our things properly and get ready for our departure.” Xander said. “And hey, get some actual sleep up there, man. Don’t want to stop in another hole like this cause you’re too tired to continue on the road.”

“Really? Don’t want more stops like these?”

“This was like a unicorn galloping on the surface of a double rainbow with a three-leaf clover in its mouth. Don’t expect it to happen again.” Xander said.

“Oh ye of little faith.” Otis laughed jovially as he made his way up the stairs.

* * * *

Nara slowly opened her eyes. Her head rested squarely on the mattress, in front of her new master’s crotch. His cock tickled her lips.

He spooned Cali, embracing her like a doll, snoring as he drooled on her shapely breasts. Cali’s waist was bent at a ninety degree angle. Nara’s hair tickled her ass cheeks.

Still half asleep, Nara took her tongue out to lick his tip. His cock responded, jerking lightly. She could tell Otis’s cock was ready to wake up, even if he was still fast asleep. Her new, single-minded determination quickly nudged her forward. She dedicated every part of her body for her master’s comfort and pleasure, after all.

She sleepily took his tip between her lips, and proceeded to give him a gentle blowjob, good enough to satisfy him in his sleep, but tender enough not to wake him up.

She wiped the cobwebs from her spiral eyes as she sucked. The spiral in her eyes would never change, Xander made sure of that. Even under the thrall of Otis, Xander remains the one who took her will. Per his command, she now belonged to Otis, and that was all that mattered. She felt no remorse or disappointment for losing the duel. The only thing she cared about was using her mouth to get her master off.

She took him deep in her throat, and moved her tongue around his shaft. He mumbled in his sleep, and cuddled Cali tightly, instinctively pushing his pelvis into Nara's face.

“Hmm. Nn. Mph.” She bobbed her head back and forth, providing a meek and silent service, like any good slavegirl would.

Otis gave a deep grunt and smacked his lips dreamily. His cock throbbed in Nara's mouth, and thick jets of sperm shot out of it, down her throat. She gulped the sticky stuff down, while tenderly kissing his cum dripping tip.

With his sleepy climax done, Nara licked at his tip gently, and slid her lips off with a caring kiss. She licked her lips, and swallowed what was left in her mouth. Diligent and loyal, Nara moved to clean his cock, rubbing his flaccid snake with her tongue. Otis smiled in his sleep, burying his face further in Cali's mountainous cleavage.

When Nara was done cleaning his cock, she rested her head back on his thigh and stared blankly into the distance, her eyes half-open. She stayed that way for a short while, recharging before continuing the “wake up routine” Otis dictated for her before going to sleep. She had already successfully accomplished her first task.

With a happy sigh, she gently crept out of bed, making sure to not wake her master up in the process.

She checked the water temperature in the shower. It was Nara's duty to make sure her master's shower was warm and soothing, just the way he liked it.

Once the shower was ready, Nara had one more thing to prepare, per her master's instructions. She got under the shower-head, and let the warm water wash over her pristine body.

“Master wants his shower to be hot and steamy. Master wants a warm, wet pussy in the shower, ready to receive him.” Nara repeated her master's commands out loud, and reached between her legs.

She stuck two fingers in her pussy and leaned back on the wall. Using one hand to finger her pussy, she availed the other to squeeze her tits and pinch her nipples. She writhed her lean body back and forth, whimpering with lust, and soon she was soaking wet, inside and out.

Her master must have heard the water running, because it wasn't long before Nara heard the constant sounds of pelvis gently smacking against bubbly mounds of skin. Otis banged Cali from behind, walking her into the bathroom.

“The water is wonderful this afternoon.” Otis said, letting the water wash over his head.

“Hello, master. I prepared my pussy for your morning shower, like you told me.” Nara said with enthralled pride.

“Excellent.” Otis said. He slapped Cali's ass and tossed her away. She would have slipped and fell if not for her incredible cat-like reflexes.

He stood behind Nara and gently bent her over. She felt his cock tease her pussy lips, and moved her hand away.

“*Mm!*” She whimpered as he drove his big stick into her.

With a deep groan, Otis started humping her, pumping in and out at a casual pace. Soft, wet smacks resonated through the steamy room, every time his crotch splashed against Nara's petite buns.

“Fuck my pussy, master. *Ah!* This wet pussy belongs to you. Thank you so much for making a proper fuck-slave out of me.” Nara whispered sweet words of worship and adoration, keeping her pussy nice and tight while he roamed through her smooth, wet body with his hands, touching and rubbing to his heart's content.

He suddenly grabbed her cheeks and made her look back at him.

“I'll need to punish you for missing my morning blowjob.” He said. “I woke up so hard, I had to pummel Cali into the mattress for a whole minute before I was even able to get up.”

“B-But master...”

“No butts, cunt.” He spanked her. “never argue against me.”

“*Nn!*” Nara moaned, her inflicted buttock stinging.

He wrapped his fingers around her neck, lightly choking her.

“Yes master. I'm so sorry, master. This wet, defeated pussy is your worthless toy, master.” She relented. It didn't matter that he was wrong. She

gave him pleasure while he slept, and if he took some playful, sadistic pleasure from punishing her, then she was doubly happy to be of use.

“Cali, get your pussy here too.” He spanked Nara again, and said.

“Yes master!” Cali cheered, her sky-blue eyes radiating with joy. She leaned forward next to Nara, presenting her pert ass for him to screw.

“Oh yeah!” He pulled out of Nara, and with a deep grunt and a hearty spank penetrated Cali's pink pussy, pushing all the way in.

“Hmm, you're both so tight.” He wrapped his arms around her, squeezed her tits, and moved her athletic, limber body back and forth.

“Use me, master. *Ooohh!*” Cali moaned, her pussy quivering around his shaft.

“Thank you for filling my cunt with your cock, master! I am your mindless bitch, your obedient fuck-doll. My world revolves around your pleasure, master!” She declared jovially.

Nara stayed bent over next to Cali, availing her pussy for whenever Otis's mood struck. Cali looked at Nara with a vapid smile and flushed cheeks. Nara grinned right back, her spiral eyes glossy and sparkling. They giggled and kissed each other, entwining their tongues lewdly.

“Do you like watching us kiss while you fuck our tight pussies, master?” Nara asked playfully.

Otis gave her a harsh spank.

“*Ah!*” She yelped and jumped in surprise. “Was I bad, master?” She hooked a finger in her lips in a sultry, fake-innocent kind of way.

“Hah! What a coy little slut you are. I like it!” Otis said, and spanked her again.

“*Ooh!* I thought you might, master.” Nara was ready this time, and responded with a sexy moan, biting her lower lip seductively and giving him an inviting wink.

He continued alternating between their pussies, until finally he shot his load deep into Nara's cunt. Her face twitched every time she felt a strong gush of sperm spurt into her. She smiled so wide it hurt her cheeks.

“Thank you for filling my pussy, master. I live to serve.” She spread her ass-cheeks wide, and let his hose fill her womb with spunk.

Otis shoved her down to the floor, where she settled on all fours, with her ass up in the air.

“Orgasm for me.” He ordered and snuck a finger between Cali's legs. “Both of you.”

“Yes master!” Cali and Nara said together, and through the power of their shackled wills alone brought themselves to a mind-numbing orgasm. Their master's command was all they needed to reach their climax - One stronger than ever before. Even at the pinnacle of their most wonderful nights together, they did not experience such tantalizing pleasure.

Nara gyrated her hips and wiggled her ass in circles, her trembling pussy squirting juices mixed with cum. Cali arched her head back and leaned on her master. He drove his finger deeper into her cunt.

Before the water could wash her exertions from his finger, Otis made her lick and suck it. Her tongue dangled aimlessly from her mouth as she dumbly lapped it up, getting a good taste of her own pussy.

“Get on the floor with Nara. Have some fun while you soap each other up.” Otis told Cali and flicked her nose with the finger she just lapped at.

“Happily, master.” Cali nodded and dropped to her knees. She eagerly leaned down and tasted Nara's pussy, before taking a bar of soap in her hands.

Soon their bodies were slippery, shiny, and encrusted with soapy bubbles. They giggled as they mashed their round, gravity defying boobs together, hopping up and down like dewy-eyed bunnies.

Otis looked down on them with his cock in hand and a devious smile on his face.

“My turn, cunts.” He told them.

“Yes master.” Both girls chimed together, and stood on their slippery feet.

Otis stood still and let them tend to him, using their soft, pleasing bodies to rub him with soap.

“Do you like this, master?” Cali asked as she squeezed her soapy tits around his arm, sliding them back and forth to polish him, from forearm to biceps.

“I do. Your tits are quite useful.” Otis chuckled and rested his hand on her hips, swiftly reaching down to grope her sexy ass.

Nara pressed her tits on his back. Otis reached back with his free hand and slipped a finger between her legs, inside her wet cunt.

“Mm! Master...” She whimpered, writhing her hips and kissing his neck. She reached around him and grabbed his cock. Slowly and sensually she jerked him off, all the while fantasizing of sucking his cock and swallowing another of his holy loads. Her devotion was absolute. Every part of her was fixated on being a good, obedient sex slave for him.

She got on her knees to soap his legs up, and took the opportunity to give his erection a loving kiss.

“Mmmh! Mm!” She made lewd kissing sounds, twisting her nipples and moving her tits in circles. They bounced together with soft, wet smacks.

Otis moved her hand away and gave her nipple a pinch.

“Use these, Nara.” He commanded. “Service me with your tits.”

His words were like sunshine on a rainy day. “Happy to, master. My titties are all yours.” She grabbed her tits and squeezed them together around his cock.

Otis groaned, moving his cock back and forth between Nara's tightly compressed pillows.

“Join her, Cali.” He gave Cali's breast a fond squeeze.

“Use your tits together.” He clarified. Nara heard and adjusted her position immediately, moving aside to leave room for Cali and her lovely jugs.

Cali squeezed her tits, pressing them against Nara's. Their master's cock was cradled in the cushiony nexus of four voluptuous breasts, and the two obedient slavegirls began moving their bodies up and down in perfect unison, their minds synchronized to an unending tune of subservience and submission.

“Oh fuck!” Otis moaned, his cock throbbing with electrifying warmth between their soft cushions. He leaned back, closed his eyes, and immersed himself in euphoric joy. The water massaged and relaxed his muscles, while Cali and Nara massaged his boner with their big tits.

A blissful moment later, Otis gave a grunt, and pushed their faces closer together. Cali and Nara's nipples poked against one another, flicking and sending jolts of lust throughout their bodies. Snuggled within their amazing tit-sandwich, Otis's cock quaked like an active volcano.

They pressed their cheeks together, and looked up at their master. His cock erupted with an explosion of cum, spraying between their tits. Jets of

cum shot up to their faces.

Cali and Nara looked up at Otis, smiling gingerly. A pool of thick white gathered in the bottom of their curvaceous cleavages.

“Ohh, you two look so pretty with spunk all over your faces.” Otis looked down at them and said.

“Thank you, master. Your pathetic slaves are happy to shower in your cum, master.” Nara sang, her eyes fixated on his cock. A single drop still oozed from his tip. She brought her limber tongue closer, and eagerly lapped it up.

Otis smiled down at her, gripped the base of his shaft, and slapped his softening snake on her lips. Nara pouted for him, so his tip landed tenderly with every demeaning smack.

He continued his shower, allowing Nara and Cali to clean themselves up. They made out, kissing and licking each other's faces. They've never been so lustful, so passionate. It was as if all their past sexual encounters were mere practice for pleasing their master.

The lesbian lovebirds shared his cum equally, touching each other and giggling like two dumb sluts.

“You were right, my love,” Nara whispered, “no matter what, we will always end up together.”

Cali licked Nara's cheek and gave a kittenish giggle. “I was wrong about nothing coming between us, though.” She glanced at their master's flaccid cock with yearning eyes.

“At least you don't have to worry about telling your family about me now.” Nara shrugged perkily, and leaned down to suck Cali's ample breasts.

“I guess that's true.” Cali dove down after her, meeting her lips.

“I hope they won't search for us too hard.” She voiced her concern with a peck on Nara's lips.

“Nobody will ever take us away from our master.” Nara assured her, reaching aside to eagerly fondle Otis's balls.

“Yes. We'd rather die first.” Cali declared, looking up at Otis with devotion in her eyes.

He didn't hear a word they were saying, his head immersed within a soothing warm stream of water.

“Finally, man!” Xander called out when he saw Otis come down the stairs, one hand on each of his slaves' asses.

“Been waiting long?”

“Yeah. Almost got bored watching Tabitha spank herself here.”

Xander pointed to the wall where Tabitha stood, slightly bent over. Both her ass cheeks were hot and red.

“Glad to see you found something to occupy yourself with.” Otis shook his head.

“Seriously, we barely have any daylight to travel left.” Xander complained. “You can stop spanking yourself, slave.” He added in a cavalier manner, letting Tabitha rest her aching arm muscles.

“I stayed up all night to make sure the ranger turns out all right.” Otis reminded.

“Yeah, about her. We need to decide who gets to keep her, before we head out.” Xander pointed out.

“I did the work.” Otis claimed.

“I'm pretty sure that tavern whelp, Nep, did that.” Xander retorted.

“I did more work than you, sleepyhead.” Otis shot back.

“Come on, man! You won Nara from me...”

“You have Tabitha!” Otis said. “Look at those tits, and she's fucking strong, too!”

“She's just one slave, though, and you even took that cute trinket girl for yourself.” Xander kept trying.

“Finder's keepers.” Otis shrugged. “Where are Aerie and Sylva, anyway?”

“Behind the counter. Had them teach each other how to eat pussy properly.”

“Oh.” Otis peeked behind the counter and saw the two beautiful slaves locked in a passionate sixty-nine position, munching on each other's pink pussies. “Hmm, lovely.” He said.

“So as I was saying.” Xander continued.

“Fine. Fine. Sylva can be technically yours. Although I think her programming states she obeyed us both, and I'm not going to have Nep reprogram her again.”

“Yes! Thank you, man!” Xander cheered. “I suppose Sylva isn't a very orthodox slave, but we'll work it out. I trust you to honor my official status as her owner.”

“Sure, sure.” Otis sighed. “Ready to go?”

“Yeah let's head out.” Xander got back on his feet and handed his satchel to Tabitha. “You carry my stuff. Did you manage to count your spansks?”

“Yes master.” Tabitha said. “Seven-hundred-and-ninety-two, master.”

Otis's eyes widened. “Holy spiral, seriously?” He said, astonished.

“Gotta keep her sword arm strong, Otis. She'll be a useful bodyguard for our travels.”

“Once we actually find her a sword.” Otis said. “Too bad there's no blacksmith here. Anyway, Aerie and Sylva, up you go. We're heading out.”

“Yes master.” The two chimed together. Aerie was so close to an orgasm, but she wasn't about to make her master wait.

Besides, she was finally getting to travel, just like she always wanted.

And so, Otis and Xander left Underlake, their party significantly larger than when they arrived.

Cali took the vanguard, leading them with a sure stride while giving her master a nice view of her ass. She carried Otis's backpack on her back. Aerie walked close to Otis, so he could touch and fondle her petite body as he pleased. Sylva and Tabitha served as the rear guard, protecting their back flanks. Sylva wore her leafy clothes, only slightly more exposed than she did before. She held her bow at the ready and looked around with vigilant eyes, ready to protect her masters, as her programming dictated. Tabitha held Xander's satchel over her shoulder, a permanent smile on her face.

Nara did what she was best at. She skulked around them, between the trees, in the shadows, invisible to anyone who didn't know she was there. She served as the party's scout, of sorts. Otis and Xander knew they couldn't be too safe walking around with such a bounty of great quality slaves.

“How did Nara get that black strap thingy back?” Xander asked. “I thought Cali tore it to pieces.”

“It's called Dark Viper, actually.” Otis replied. “And apparently she can always grow it back even if it tears, so long as she has a single scrap of it.”

“That's awesome.” Xander said.

“Yeah. Didn't know Shadowlanders had such magic. Plus it's bound to her soul, so no one else can use it.”

“Neat. So where to now?”

“Southward to Mentis, of course. We could stop by the Pools of Mists. Heard the experience can be quite invigorating.”

“Yeah, maybe.” Xander didn't sound too enthused. “How about visiting Pasha?”

“That's way out of our way, Xander.”

“A worthwhile detour. Trust me, Otis.”

“Heh, we'll see...”

Otis and Xander continued debating their next destination, as if everything was perfectly normal.

Things will never be the same again for the Solbarba princess and her shady Novicis lover, however. Their journey towards their new lives as sex dolls was only just beginning.

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