

**THE THRONE OF THE GODS
PART 2**

A FUTANARI ROMANCE SERIES

BY

NIKKI CRESCENT

KEEPING UP WITH

NIKKI CRESCENT

JOIN NIKKI CRESCENT'S MAILING LIST!

Thank you for picking up one of my books! Chances are I'm in the process of working on another one! Hey—Did you know that you can read my whole catalogue free if you subscribe to **Kindle Unlimited**? It's true! If you aren't subscribed, I would highly recommend it.

I have started this little newsletter to let all of my beautiful readers know when I'm offering discounts, releasing new books, and giving away **EXCLUSIVE CONTENT FOR FREE**. The sign up takes about four seconds (seriously). I will never share your email address with anyone, you will never receive any spam, and you can unsubscribe at any time with the click of a single button.

[CLICK HERE TO SIGN UP FOR NIKKI CRESCENT'S MAILING LIST NOW!](http://eepurl.com/O3CKz)

Can't open the link? Just copy and paste this link into your browser:

<http://eepurl.com/O3CKz>

Want to get in touch with me? It's really so easy!

Email me at:

nikkicrescent@gmail.com

COPYRIGHT INFORMATION

This book is a work of fiction. All the characters in this book are fictitious and any similarity to any person, living or dead, is purely coincidence.

Published by Honey Wagon Books Inc.

Copyright © 2021 by Nikki Crescent

Model License Holder: Honey Hunter (Shutterstock Inc.)

Background Image License: Whiskey Boone (Shutterstock Inc.)

Cover by Fleetwood Lebowski (Honey Hut Designs Inc.)

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other non-commercial uses permitted by copyright law.

NAVIGATOR

[Begin Reading](#)

[Table of Contents](#)

[Newsletter](#)

[Copyright](#)

[About the Author](#)

TABLE OF CONTENTS

NAVIGATOR

-

THE THRONE OF THE GODS PART 2

CHAPTER ONE

CHAPTER TWO

-

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

FIND ME ON PATREON!

I really hope that you're enjoying my work! I've been fortunate enough to make this my full-time job for the past couple of years, though it hasn't been easy. There's a lot of financial uncertainty as a full-time self-published writer.

I would feel tremendously blessed if you would venture on over to my Patreon page and consider supporting me there. I think you will be excited by what I have to offer: **a community, free book chapters, pictures, contests, commissions, free stories, advanced releases, and much more.** It's the only way to get your hands on **FORCED, THE PUNISHMENT, TRANS CAM WHORE, GETTING READY FOR PROM,** and **TWINS:** novellas too hot for Amazon. Oh, and did I mention the Patreon-exclusive novel, **THE GIRL TWIN?** And for as little as a dollar per month—is that even a quarter cup of Starbucks coffee? Oh—and then there are the shorts! **JILLIAN'S 14 INCHES, CORA'S CUCUMBER, PETRA'S FRISKY PHOTOSHOOT, LORI'S LAST FUCK,** and **I LOVE IT WHEN YOU SEND ME LINGERIE.**

Be the gorgeous, filthy doll you know that you are and come hang out with me:

<https://www.patreon.com/nikkicrescent>

DEDICATION

To Everyone,

Thank you so much for your amazing support!

Love,

Nikki Crescent

THE THRONE OF THE GODS PART 2

The fight for continental dominance continues as tensions grow hot between Aluria and Goleah. And now, Sabas is caught in the middle, with Queen Kali possibly descending into madness while the trickster, Syren, has taken over the body of the Golean queen.

That's just child's play compared to what's about to happen next—and what's about to come down from the heavens above.

CHAPTER I

It was a long, quiet journey home. It took five days, hiking for over twelve hours each day. By the end of the third day, Sabas's muscles were screaming from going up and down so many hills. His fellow guards wouldn't cut through that mountain again; they all claimed to have had terrifying nightmares when they made the original journey with Syren. They told Sabas that he could cut through the mountain alone, but he chose to stay with his group.

And when they returned to Aluria, the kingdom seemed like a wholly different place. The drought had reached most of Aluria, including that capitol city. The heat was horrible: humid and tacky. The plants and trees that had lined the roads for hundreds of years were now shriveling up in the peculiar heat. Shops were starting to close down. Signs hung on the doorways, 'Nothing to sell. Hoping to reopen soon.' People were all inside, too afraid to waste energy out in the horrible heat.

Sabas quickly learned that the water supply was drying up. When they arrived at the temple, the guards were told to share a two-liter bottle. Sabas got some dirty looks when he drank slightly more than his share, which was an accident. "We'll have more later," said the guard that met them at the door. "We sent thirty men to retrieve water from the reserve to the south." And apparently, those same thirty men had been going back and forth for over a week, desperately trying to bring enough water into the kingdom to provide for the royal family and the Royal Guard.

Sabas crashed on his bed. He was given the next day off, but it wasn't at all relaxing. The heat in his room was unbearable. He wasn't able to sleep. He tried to lay on his floor, because the floor was cooler than his bed, but when the sun came in through his window, the floor became hot and almost untouchable.

Occasionally, crying could be heard from outside the temple walls as the people of the city screamed at Queen Kali to help them. Aluria reported its first death the day from the heat after Sabas returned. The next day, when Sabas returned to his post in Queen Kali's chambers, there were seven deaths. Sabas was genuinely concerned that he was going to be a goner within the next week. His armor was so heavy and so suffocating. He poured sweat while he stood still in Queen Kali's living area. They brought him a glass of water twice a day, but it was far from enough, and each glass was only about two-thirds full.

"Oria brought this to Aluria," Queen Kali muttered as she paced around in her chambers. She wasn't speaking to anyone but herself—though Sabas wondered if she was possibly hoping he would chime in. "That damned girl summoned some negative spirit and now we're cursed." She kept pacing, shaking her head. Sabas tried not to watch when she drank from her cool pitcher of water. She drank four of those pitchers throughout the day: about twenty times more than Sabas was given.

And it wasn't until the only other guard in the room passed out, the next day, that she decided to share with Sabas. "I should have offered him some water," she said, sounding guilty as she

handed Sabas a glass. Sabas poured the water directly down his throat. It was the first glass of cold water he'd had in weeks. He sighed heavily, and within minutes he was feeling rejuvenated—though the relief was short-lived.

“Thank you, my queen,” he said.

“No, thank you, Sabas,” she said. “You’ve endured so much since you started here. I would be nothing right now if it wasn’t for your loyalty.”

Sabas smiled. Now, he was the only guard in her chambers. The other guards—who hadn’t passed out from the heat—were all sent to collect water from the mountains to the south. It was a long journey, and they were being kept on a constant rotation. There were only five guards left in that temple: Sabas in the queen’s chambers, one guard in the hallway outside of the queen’s chambers, two guards downstairs at the front door, and one guard at the back door.

The temple was vulnerable. If there had been a coup or an attack by an enemy, they would stand no chance. Thankfully, Aluria’s only real enemy, Goleah, was suffering from the same drought—and they had it much worse. But maybe that was just more of an excuse for them to attack. And Sabas just didn’t know what Syren would do. She seemed so sweet and so grateful to have a second chance at life—but she was a spitfire. She was unpredictable. And now that she was in charge, she had a duty to serve her people.

Sabas still hadn’t told Queen Kali about what happened with Syren and Ilyra. He had no idea how to tell her, or if she would even believe him if he did tell her. All he said was, “Queen Ilyra wasn’t happy that we won’t be sending food supplies, but there aren’t actually any troops gathering at the border—that was just a lie invented by the messenger. They locked the messenger up.” Sabas hoped that the last bit would make Queen Kali relax a little bit, but it just seemed to add more stress onto her plate. Now, she had no idea what to believe. So troops were sent to the northern border, just to be safe. Half of Aluria’s army was gathering water from the south and the other half was getting ready to defend an attack. Aluria was stretched so thin—it was a disaster waiting to happen.

Now, Kali was still pacing, still swearing under her breath. She kept looking out at the sky, as if she was hoping the muggy clouds would turn to rain—any second now... But they just lingered in the air, teasing the city with that dense humidity, but no water came down.

Sabas knew that it was his job to keep his mouth shut and worry about protecting that doorway, but he couldn’t help himself. He liked his queen. He felt for her and her struggles. It hurt him to see her so overwhelmed. “What can I do for you, my queen?” he said. And she looked at him with a curious face, surprised that he’d opened his mouth.

“Excuse me?” she said, staring at him. He wasn’t sure if she was mad that he’d spoken without being prompted.

“I would like to help you, your majesty. Please put me to use. Perhaps I can help you relax in some way. I can run you a bath or find fresh lemon for your water. Anything. Or if you’d just like me to shut up, I can do that too. I’m here to serve you, however you please.”

Queen Kali stared at Sabas for a long time with that perplexed look on her face. Then she blushed slightly. “Maybe you could just come and rub my shoulders.” She sat down on her couch and straightened her back, tilting her head up and taking a deep breath.

So Sabas came up behind her and took off his heavy gloves. He placed his hot hands down on her soft shoulders, and he began to rub. He kneaded deep into her muscles, making her relax into the couch. “You’re a special guard, Sabas,” she said. Sabas blushed. “I don’t believe I deserve you.”

“On the contrary, your majesty.”

“I’m honestly surprised that you stuck around after my episode. I wasn’t in the right headspace.”

“It’s fine,” Sabas said. “You can do with me as you please. It’s what I’m here for.”

“Then keep rubbing,” she said. And she relaxed deeper into the couch. “Rub my head. Rub my arms and my chest. Help me to relax, just as you are.” So Sabas rubbed her temples. He felt her soft hair with his hands, and then he began to rub her arms. He placed his hands on her collarbone and rubbed gently. Queen Kali took his hands and pulled them down to her large breasts. “Rub,” she said, so he massaged her breasts, feeling her pokey nipples against the palms of his hands. He blushed again, but she seemed to like it. She moaned, so he didn’t stop.

Then he noticed the skirt of her dress rising up. She was too relaxed to notice; it was certainly an erection. Sabas blushed again and looked away. She was so relaxed that he began to wonder if she’d fallen asleep.

And in that moment, he realized how much power he had. He had Kali all alone. Her head was tilted back and her throat was right there. If he wanted to kill her, it would have been terrifyingly easy. Nobody in Aluria had that much access to the queen.

But he didn’t want to kill her. He liked his queen. He had no reason to want her dead.

“Massage me, Sabas,” she whimpered.

“I am, your majesty,” he said.

“No—massage my shaft. Make me come.”

Sabas’s heart skipped a beat. He cleared his throat, hesitated for a moment, and then he went around the couch and dropped to his knees. He gently lifted up her skirt and saw her cock, escaped from her tight panties. He blushed once more and then he gripped it with his sweaty hand. He squeezed it firmly and he pumped it slowly. She moaned, elated and relaxed, with her head still resting on the back of that couch. He pumped a little bit faster, but not too fast. She liked it slow and tight. He watched her large cock: eleven throbbing inches. He watched closely as he pulled back her foreskin before sliding his hand up again. He watched her tip as it got redder and redder. Then, he watched as it suddenly burst, spewing thick white cum into the air and onto her

thighs and that couch. Sabas made sure he was clenching and massaging until she was drained, then he fetched a towel to clean the mess, so his queen had nothing to worry about.

She stayed in her position for the next fifteen minutes, seemingly asleep. It wasn't until she sat up and stretched out her arms that Sabas learned she wasn't sleeping at all. He asked, "Was it a good nap, your majesty?" He was still red in the cheeks from the handjob.

"I didn't nap, Sabas," she said. "I was meditating, trying to contact the gods. You helped me to reach a meditative state, but sadly, the gods don't seem to be listening. I need to get their attention, and I think I know how." She stood up and fixed her dress. "Desperate times call for desperate measures, unfortunately."

"Of course," Sabas said, though he had no idea what she was talking about.

Queen Kali walked up to her balcony. She looked down at her city, and then she shook her head. "Call in General Hermes," she said.

So Sabas went to get General Hermes, who had taken over for General Ceas after the failed coup. Hermes came into the room and stood tall. "Yes, your majesty?"

"Prepare the sacrificial pillar," Queen Kali. "The time has come. We need to reach the gods, and there isn't much time left at all before this heat wave kills us all."

General Hermes stood silently for a long moment. "Are you sure, your majesty?"

And even Sabas was shocked into silence. His eyes were wide and his lips were parted. He'd heard of the sacrificial pillar; it hadn't been used in over one hundred years, back when silly, old superstitions controlled the whole kingdom. Sabas's skin turned cold. Is that where Aluria was headed now? Was Oria right all along?

"The witch that was arrested three days ago," Kali said to General Hermes. "She will be first. Put her on the pillar."

"Y—Yes, your majesty," said General Hermes. His face was white. He looked at Sabas for a moment before scurrying out of the room.

Kali walked back over to her balcony. "The old texts say that the gods can be summoned through sacrifice, so that's what we'll do."

Sabas knew it wasn't his place to speak, but he couldn't help himself. "Sorry, my queen, but hasn't that been tried many times before?"

Queen Kali looked at Sabas for a moment. She smiled and shook her head. "Not properly. The queens before me were making their own lazy interpretations of the old texts. They just went and sacrificed random people—sometimes men, sometimes women—whoever was expendable and convenient. But the texts are very clear, guard: the sacrifice must be meaningful. Otherwise it's not much of a sacrifice, is it? And there is a passage in one text that specifically says 'marked sacrifices.' Now, this can be interpreted many ways, but what do you think that means?" She stared at Sabas for a long moment. "Think about it, guard. It's very obvious. They gods want the

sacrifices to have the mark of the gods: girls with their own godly blood. Girls like myself, like Oria—not just random girls picked off of the street. And right now, we happen to be lucky. We have a girl in our possession. She was caught a few nights ago, while you were on your way home from Goleah. She was caught in the graveyard, over my sister’s grave, trying to cast a resurrection spell. She was conspiring with the coup—they’re still out there, you know: the conspirators. They found this witch who was trying to bring their leader back to life. But we caught her, and she has the mark. So we will sacrifice her today. And if the gods don’t come down, we will sacrifice another girl tomorrow, using the pillar, just as described in the old texts.”

Sabas was at a loss for words. He couldn’t believe what his queen was saying. They were going back in time, hundreds of years, into the Dark Ages. This wasn’t going to make Kali any more popular with the people of Aluria. And it wasn’t going to look very good on the international front. There were already rumors swirling that Kali was losing her mind... and maybe she was.

It was an hour later when General Hermes came to fetch Kali. “The stage is set, your majesty,” he said. “The pillar has been erected and the guards are waiting to put the prisoner up top. The town has already gathered... You’re sure you want to do this, Queen Kali?”

“Of course I’m sure,” she said. “Let’s go. Come, Sabas. Be by my side to watch the sacrifice.”

She waved Sabas to follow her. Sabas hesitated, but only for a few seconds. He ran up next to her and followed her out into the terrible heat. The crowd was large. Men were shirtless and women had shawls over their heads as they tried to protect themselves from the heat... But the heat wasn’t coming from the sun. The heat was in the air, and it was inescapable. People looked thin. They coughed and swayed slightly as they held onto the little bit of energy that they had left in them. They were all gathered around a thirty-foot pillar. There were three long poles at the top of the pillar, sticking out at 45-degree angles, and each pillar had a dense chain tied to it.

“The queen is here! Get the sacrifice onto the pillar!” a guard shouted. It took two guards to get the girl up, and it wasn’t a fast process. She fought, squirming and kicking, as they dragged her up a tall ladder. They had her arms and legs bound, but she was feisty. The crowd stood for over fifteen minutes while they pulled her thirty feet up and tied her wrists to the chains on the top of the spire.

She yelled at the crowd. “This is why we tried to kill your queen! She’s a psychopath! She’s going to take you all back to the Dark Ages!”

“That’s very rich, coming from a witch!” Kali yelled back.

“Her evil conscious brought this drought upon us!” the girl yelled.

And then Sabas heard a conversation between two nearby guards. “Who is this girl?” one asked.

“We arrested her at the royal graveyard. She was over Princess Oria’s grave, trying to summon her from the dead.”

“So she’s really a witch?” the guard asked, sounding shocked.

“She calls herself a healer. She lives out in the woods with the animals.”

“She’s crazy,” another guard chimed in. “She told us that she can turn into any animal she wants. She even bit one of our men on the arm. He had to get nine stitches, she bit so hard.”

Sabas turned to look at Kali. Sure, the woman sounded crazy, but Sabas had seen things that seemed just as crazy, so he couldn’t help but believe the woman could actually do what she claimed. Maybe she really could turn into an animal. Why wasn’t she turning into one now? Maybe turning into a pigeon would be useful. She could simply fly away.

But she didn’t turn into anything. She apparently accepted her death, and it was a horrible death. Kali ordered the birds to be released after the guards finished coating the girl in that substance: a honey-like fluid that was made to attract hungry birds. They swarmed her and ate her flesh while she was alive. Nobody could see the girl through the swarm of birds, but everyone saw the blood as it began to run down the grooves in the pillar, down into the fountain below.

Kali reached her arms into the air and looked up at the sky. “Save us from this drought!” she yelled. “Return to us, old gods! We need you now more than ever before!”

And the crowd stared at her as if she was insane. Even Sabas, after seeing many magical and unexplainable things, thought Kali had lost her mind.

Nothing happened. The muggy clouds remained in the sky and the people began to disperse once the guards told them it was okay to do so. And as soon as they returned to the temple, Queen Kali gathered her remaining generals and began to plan tomorrow’s sacrifice. “We need to find another girl. The old texts say that the sacrifices must continue until the gods are brought back.” She sent two groups of soldiers into the town to find a girl with the mark of the gods.

Sabas was not at all happy with the way things were now going. He found himself thinking more and more about Oria. She was right: she wasn’t lying after all. Maybe her coup was for the best—had it been successful. Maybe Oria was the queen that Aluria needed. It was too late now... Though maybe there was still some hope. Maybe Oria couldn’t be brought back from the dead, but maybe there was some magical solution to Aluria’s problems... Or maybe Oria could be brought back from the dead?

In the middle of the night, Sabas slipped out from his bed. He knew of an exit in that temple that wasn’t being guarded (as most of the guards were still down south, bringing water up to the Alurian capitol city). He made his way down the quiet hallways, tiptoeing, until he reached the narrow hallway that led to that secret side exit. He crept slowly towards the exit, and then he reached for the door handle.

Before he reached the handle, the door opened. Sabas gasped and jumped back. He reached for his sword, but didn’t pull it out before he recognized the girl entering from outside: Princess

Medea, Kali's youngest and only surviving sister. She gasped and looked at Sabas's fingers, which were curled around his sword's handle. Sabas quickly let go of his weapon. "I'm sorry, princess," he said. "I—I came down to..."

"You heard me leave," she said. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have snuck away. Please don't tell Kali about this." Her eyes were big and full of guilt. "I promise that I wasn't up to no good. I was just getting some fresh air. I didn't want to make a big deal of it. I just wanted air, that's all."

"It's okay, princess," I said. "I'm sorry I frightened you. I won't tell anyone that you were here—as long as you promise not to tell anyone that I was here."

She paused for a moment. "Should you not be here?" she asked, narrowing her eyes.

Then Sabas realized he'd said too much. He bit down on his bottom lip and smiled. "I was just going out to get some air as well. And like you, I didn't want to make a big deal of it. Everyone is on edge right now. I—I figured it would be best not to stir anyone up."

"Well I'll warn you," she said, making her long eyelashes flutter. "The air out there isn't much nicer than the air in here. It's still hot and damp."

"Of course," Sabas said, blushing and nodding his head. He'd never spoken to Medea before. He'd always been a shy mess when she was close by. She was the truest beauty of Aluria—and most agreed. Though Sabas had always fancied Oria over Medea, her beauty was still undeniable. She had big eyes and soft cheekbones. Her lips were plump and pouty, and she always looked so young, with smooth, tight skin. Now, she was wearing a white and gold night dress. It was slightly transparent, showing her braless breasts, which were small and perky.

She smiled as she noticed Sabas blushing. "I recognize you," she said. "Your Kali's favorite new guard."

"Am I?" Sabas asked, nervously keeping his distance.

"She keeps you by her side all day and night," she said with a soft giggle. Her voice was so soothing. Her long black hair was perfect, without a single stray hair to be seen as her locks reached down her back. Her lips were glossy, shimmering with a pink-gold. Sure, she was wearing a night dress, but she could have easily strolled into a fancy cocktail party and fit right in.

"I'm just doing what I can to serve the kingdom," said Sabas, holding his head up high as he blushed.

"Well good for you, guard," she said. "Why don't you walk with me? That way if anyone sees you out of the temple, you can tell them that you were escorting me for a stroll."

"Of course, princess," I said.

So they went out together, into the hot, quiet town. They were both sweating, but the sweat actually looked good on Princess Medea. Her skin glistened with those beads of sweat, accentuating her soft curves and flawless skin. It was hard to believe that she was the only royal sister without the mark of the gods, because her beauty was godlike.

They walked towards the town square where that pillar was still standing. There was a skeleton—now mostly picked apart—slumped on the top of that pillar, still bound in chains. “It’s terrible, isn’t it?” Medea said. “I’m not going to judge my sister’s actions, but I will admit to you that I’ve never believed in that stuff: the old gods, magic—any of it. It just seems so... silly, I suppose you could say.”

Sabas nodded his head. “Well, I have to agree with you, princess. But I can tell you that I saw some things recently that—well, they’ve made me change my mind, just slightly.”

Medea’s eyes grew wide. “Magical things? Oh, please tell me all about it! I mean—I’d love to hear about it if you’re willing to share.” She blushed. “I don’t believe in that stuff, but I have to admit that I do find it intriguing... I’m sure it can all be explained.” She looked into Sabas’s eyes. Her eyes flashed and she smiled. “Will you tell me?”

So Sabas told her about the nymphs in the forest, though he left out the sexual details. “They were all around me,” he said. “And the forest glowed until they all ran off. I don’t know how you could explain it without magic.”

“Why did they all surround you like that? What were they doing?”

But Sabas couldn’t tell Princess Medea about the Ilyra-Syren body swap. “I was just trying to save a friend’s life. And it worked. He... survived.”

“Was he sick?” she asked with an amazed face, like a child listening to a fantastic bedtime story.

“He didn’t have long to live,” Sabas said.

“That’s incredible. I’m sure it’s true... But there must be some other explanation. Or maybe it’s true. Maybe there is magic in this world, and we’ve just lost it.”

She stopped and put her hands on Sabas’s shoulders. “Now just stand here for a minute. We had an aunt growing up, and she was very much into magic. Look into my eyes.” It was hard for Sabas to look into her eyes. She was overwhelmingly beautiful. He almost didn’t feel worthy of looking into those stunning eyes. “My aunt used to tell us that any person could be magic—and that you could see that magic by looking into someone’s eyes for long enough. Tell me, Sabas: can you see any magic in my eyes?”

So Sabas looked. He looked hard, feeling flustered the whole time. He couldn’t quite understand how a woman could have such beautiful eyes. And why was she at all interested in talking to Sabas? Surely, there was a more handsome man that deserved her attention.

Sabas looked hard. He couldn’t see any magic, but he could see that beauty—and that beauty seemed impossible enough to be magic. “Tell me,” she said excitedly. “Do you see it? Do you see the magic?”

“I do,” Sabas said.

Her eyes lit up and she gasped. “Really?”

“Really,” he said.

Sabas nodded his head.

“Well then it must be true,” she smirked. “Because you strike me as someone who would never tell a lie, and if you are telling me that you see it, then it must be true.”

“It must be, because I see it,” Sabas said with a grin of his own.

Then Medea paused. She narrowed her eyes and then she gave Sabas a playful shove. “Are you teasing me, guard? That’s not very nice, you know.”

“I wouldn’t tease you,” Sabas said.

“It’s not nice to tease a girl—especially a princess.” She stood up tall and made herself look more royal. “I am a princess, remember. I think most people forget that, because I don’t have the mark.”

“You don’t have it?” Sabas said.

Then Medea grinned. “Why, it’s not very polite to ask a woman about her private area, guard.”

“I—I didn’t mean it like that,” Sabas said.

She giggled and turned away from him. They continued walking. “No, I don’t have it. My sisters were born with it and I wasn’t. I suppose it’s a blessing and a curse. I’ll never hold the throne, and maybe that’s for the best. I prefer to stay out of the drama, after all. But it does certainly complicate things. For instance, what happens if Kali passes away? Who takes the throne then? I can’t take it. She’s the only remaining royal with the mark of the gods, and as you know, you must have the mark of the gods to hold the throne.”

“Perhaps a man,” said Sabas.

“Which man? It’s not so easy to know when a man has the mark. Surely, you know that.”

“Right…” said Sabas. He remembered hearing something along those lines.

“Maybe you have the mark,” she said with a little wink. Sabas laughed, feeling a bit nervous.

“How would I know?” he said, staring into those piercing eyes.

“I’ve heard some rumors,” she said.

“Like what?” Sabas asked.

“Well… You’re making me feel a bit shy,” she said. Her cute cheeks turned red.

“Why?” Sabas asked, letting out another small nervous laugh.

“They say the men with the mark are bigger than normal men. Are you big, Sabas?”

“Big?” he said, and then he realized what she meant. She wasn’t talking about his height or his weight at all. He blushed and looked away from her for a few short seconds. “Well, I suppose I’m a bit bigger than most men, sure.”

“And there’s another rumor too,” she said with big eyes. She bit down on her bottom lip.

“Wait,” said Sabas, shaking his head. “Are you suggesting that I could be a candidate for the throne? I’m really not interested. I don’t want that drama in my life.”

She perked up and smiled. “Then you’re like me!” she said. “We have that in common. And you would think it would be easy to find someone like you, but it’s not—on the contrary. Men who want to be close to the throne flock to me like hungry moths towards a glowing window. Unless, of course, you’re lying—but you don’t strike me as a liar.”

“I promise you I’m not lying,” said Sabas. “I’ve had enough drama for a lifetime.”

“Don’t you want to know the other rumor? Don’t you want to know what they think about men with the mark of the gods?” Her eyes flashed. She inched closer to Sabas and looked around, as if she didn’t want anyone hearing what she had to say.

“Tell me,” said Sabas as they stopped and stood by a large fountain.

Medea bit her bottom lip again. “They say, when a man has the mark of the gods, that he comes three, four—even five times more—than a normal man.” Her eyes flashed again and she blushed. “And I feel so naughty asking, but you’re a remarkable man, Sabas. I’ve met many men, of course, but you seem special, and I’m wondering if you could have the mark. So tell me, if you’re willing: do you make more than the normal man?”

Sabas felt red all over. He looked away from her eyes. He didn’t know how to answer the question. “I haven’t compared myself,” he said.

“No girl has ever commented?” she said.

Sabas thought for a moment. He’d only been with a couple of girls before—and both were virgins with no reference of their own. “I’m afraid not,” he said.

“Do you have a girlfriend, Sabas?” she asked.

Sabas flushed. “No, princess.”

“You can just call me Medea,” she smiled. She put her hands on his arms. Then she paused. “You’re very strong. My God, your arms are like rocks.”

“I have to be for my job,” he said modestly.

“I’m very interested in you, Sabas. Perhaps we can go for a walk again tomorrow night. But I have to say that I’m very intrigued in learning more about my theory—about you have the mark of the gods. Perhaps we could just settle my curiosity.” She looked down at his crotch and let a small whimper slip. “It wouldn’t take long, and it wouldn’t have to mean anything.” She slipped her hand down and gently caressed his cock through his pants. She let another whimper slip.

“I could get in a lot of trouble,” Sabas said, tensing up all over.

“I won’t tell anyone,” she said. “Besides, it’s just research. Let’s just think of it as research.”

Sabas looked into her eyes. He nearly laughed. Just a few minutes earlier, she was telling him that she didn’t believe in the gods. Now, she was desperate to know if Sabas had the mark of the gods. It was all very ironic. And it was a bad idea—but how could Sabas turn her down? Every man in Aluria wanted to fuck Princess Medea, and now Sabas was being given the opportunity.

She unbuttoned his fly and she pressed her fingers into his pants, biting her bottom lip as she curled her fingers around his cock. “Oh my,” she gasped. “It is big.”

“Is it?” he said, nervously.

She nodded her head slowly. Now, there was a band of dark red across her cheeks and the bridge of her nose. She squeezed that cock firmly and gently began to massage it. “It’s just research,” she said again.

“Should we go back to the temple?” Sabas asked as the tingling pleasure began to pulse between his legs. He was getting hard, fast.

“No, we would be caught in the temple. Let’s just move into the alley, right here. Nobody will find us here. Are you coming?” She let go of his cock and jogged halfway across the road, leaving Sabas in the middle of that open area, with his cock half erect and hanging out from his pants. He was flustered and nervous. What would Queen Kali do if she found out he’d been with Princess Medea? Was Sabas supposed to keep himself exclusive for Kali? Was he obligated to tell Medea about his sexual relationship with her sister? “Are you not coming, Sabas?”

Sabas ran after her, though he remained hesitant, even once they were in the shadow of the alley. She grabbed his cock again and then she looked into his eyes as she began to pump. “I will make it worth your while,” she said.

“I’m sure,” he said. “I just—I have a duty to, uh, uphold the, uh…” He couldn’t formulate a sentence.

“It’s just research, Sabas. Think of it like that. Though I do like you, and perhaps we see where this goes: me and you, away from the drama of the throne. Doesn’t that sound lovely?”

“It does,” said Sabas.

“So why are you so hesitant?” she asked, tugging his cock a bit faster.

“I’m not sure,” he said, biting his tongue so he wouldn’t tell her about Kali’s sex dungeon.

“I will tell you a secret,” she said with those flashing eyes.

“What’s that?”

“You must promise you will tell nobody,” she said.

“Okay. What is it?” Sabas said, suddenly intrigued. She moved in closer and she pressed his erection against her stomach. She let out a soft moan as she looked down at his cock, which made her body look small and almost childish.

“Do you promise?” she said.

“Yes, of course. What is it?” Sabas asked. Then he whimpered as her fingers pulled over his tip, sending an especially warm jolt of pleasure through him.

“My sister’s up to no good,” she said.

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, she’s going to get herself killed. Oria was mad enough to try to take her out. I would never do anything like that—and believe me, I’m not interested in getting involved in any of that drama. But it probably would have been better if she’d been taken out.”

“Why? Because of the sacrifices?” Sabas asked.

“No—though those aren’t favorable by any means. The sacrifices are just a means to an end. She thinks that she can summon the gods to make her more powerful. She told me about it, just two weeks ago. She wants to take over Goleah, and she wants to take over the unknown lands to the south. She thinks she’s entitled to rule the whole world. I don’t know what’s gotten into her. She used to be so soft spoken, and so kind. Now, she’s just drunk with power. And that’s what the throne does to people: it makes them mad. Nobody should have that kind of power. And imagine Kali with that much power! Imagine what she would do if she controlled everything, everywhere. That girl has some radical ideas about how things should be. And I know for a fact she thinks there are too many girls with the mark running around. She sees them as a threat. Why do you think she was so fast to have Oria put to death? And that healer—the girl she killed just today—she had the mark too. They say at least a quarter of the women in Aluria have the mark of the gods. Kali wants to be the only one.” She laughed, still clenching Sabas’s cock. “And to think there was a time that I was jealous my sisters had the mark. For once, I’m totally happy with how I am, down there.” She blushed.

Sabas was silent. He wasn’t sure whether to believe her, though he had no reason not to believe her. Why would she lie? Why was she telling him the truth? Was she hoping Sabas would kill Kali?

“It’s just a matter of time before one of her generals—or just some angry Alurian commoner—decides to take her out. Once her plan begins to unfold, someone is going to take her out... And it’s so sad. She’s such a sweet girl—at least, she used to be. Wow, your cock is quite big! And it’s so hard, Sabas. I can feel it throbbing. It’s warm... Where was I?” She giggled nervously. “Right: my sister. Someone will take her out. And then who will take her place. Well, I looked into it, just out of curiosity. I swear I’m not plotting anything. But according to the Alurian constitution, if there are no marked royal family members to take the throne, then it is up to the closest relative of the most recent throne-holder to choose a new ruler: someone with the mark of the gods. And that closest relative is me. But who would I pick? I don’t know any girls with the

mark who are fit to rule... Sure, I know a couple of girls, but they aren't leadership material. So that's what got me looking into how to identify boys—and you: look at you. This could be a godly cock, Sabas." She giggled, grabbing his shaft with both hands and pulling up gently. "It's certainly bigger than average. And we'll see when you come... perhaps it will be another sign, enough for me to feel one way or the other."

"But I don't want to rule Aluria," said Sabas. "I don't want that at all."

"And neither do I," she smiled, jerking him faster. "And that's why I said that it's just research, nothing more. Though I must say, you're far more qualified to rule than any other candidate I can think of, for what it's worth. The girls I know—they're so vain and emotional. This kingdom needs someone strong and levelheaded. I can't take any more of this! I need to have you inside of me. I'm sorry if it's not so ladylike... Please just put it in me, Sabas. I won't tell anyone. Just stuff me hard and make me moan. I want it so badly. I swear I'm not a whore—I just can't help myself." She let go of his cock and turned around, pressing her hands against the stone wall. She looked back at Sabas. "Just do it, Sabas. Don't leave me like this. Fuck me. Stuff me with your big cock."

Sabas stepped up to her. He put his hands on her soft sides and he moved them down to her perky royal ass. He pulled up her nightdress, exposing her bum. He used two hands to spread her cheeks, making her pussy gape along with her asshole. He pressed his tip against her damp hole. A drop of warm fluid trickled down the length of his shaft. He began to push in, making her gush slightly—and then she grabbed him. She clenched his cock, moaned, and moved his tip from her pussy to her asshole. "Don't judge me," she said. "I like what I like." She began to push Sabas into her rear. She moaned, clenched, trembled, and then she relaxed, letting him slide into her body.

"Oh God," she said, clutching the stone wall ahead of her. Her legs shook and she rolled her head from side to side. Sabas pushed in deep, stretching her tight anus wide to accommodate his large size. She took it impressively, until his pelvis was pressed against her bum. "Fuck me," she commanded, so that's what he did. He pumped her, using the entire length of his cock. He slid in and out, massaging her anal walls with his veiny member.

He clutched her small breasts and squeezed. He reached down and rubbed her beautiful tits. He squeezed her hard nipples, and then he pushed two fingers into her mouth so she could suck. Then he pulled her hair, making her moan. He pulled hard and slapped her firmly on the ass, leaving a red handprint. He slapped her again and her legs trembled violently. Her pussy gushed as she had a small orgasm, then it gushed again as she had another. She pressed her face against the stone wall and moaned loudly while Sabas continued to thrust.

And then he felt himself coming. He groaned loudly and clutched the petite princess firmly. He felt her warm, sweaty body tense up as she had her final orgasm, and then he came, filling her ass full with hot cum.

She gasped loudly, and then she gasped again after his eight gush. “My God!” she said, clenching her hole firmly. “You’re still coming! I can feel it, Sabas! Oh my God, you’re still coming!”

Sabas pulled out slowly and Medea clenched as hard as she could, trying to hold back his massive cumshot. But she was too stretched to hold it. It poured down her legs, and she watched as it came down. Her eyes glistened and she gasped again. “How can you tell me you think this is normal?” she said, perplexed.

“Is it more than normal?” Sabas asked, blushing.

“Of course, silly!” she said. “You’ve poured a pint of cum into me! It’s still coming out of me. Maybe the rumour is true. You very well could have the mark of the gods, Sabas.” She cleared her throat. “We’ll have to conduct further testing to be sure.” She wobbled as she stood up straight. “And remember: that was just research... Would you like to hold hands as we walk back to the temple? It’s late enough that nobody will see us.”

“O—Okay,” said Sabas, and then they walked home together. This time, they weren’t talking business. Instead, Medea asked Sabas about his childhood. She listened with glowing eyes as he told her about life outside of the temple walls. She fantasized about being a commoner. It was becoming more and more obvious that she hated being part of the royal family. When they reached the temple, she said, “I just want to be done with all this drama. But I fear that it’s about to get so much worse. Anyway—we should go back in separately. I’ll go in first, and you can enter in ten minutes. Go straight to your room. And if anyone asks, we weren’t out together. It’s just better that way. We don’t want Kali thinking that we’re plotting anything. And I’ll assure you again that I’m not plotting anything. You believe me, right?”

“Of course,” Sabas said. He looked into her brilliant eyes. She smiled, and then she went in through that unguarded side entrance. Sabas waited for at least fifteen minutes, staring at the stars. He noticed a peculiar star in the sky: one that seemed brighter than the others, and it was moving across the sky—too fast to be a planet, too slow to be any comet. What was it? He watched it for a long moment, and then his eyes began to feel heavy. He knew he needed to sleep, so he made his way back to his room and he crashed as soon as he hit his bed.

When Sabas woke up, there was a meeting underway. The generals were organizing groups to search the town for girls with the mark: the sacrifice for the day. Kali was going to sacrifice one new girl each day, until the gods returned to the earth. Sabas wasn’t included in the meetings, and when he went to his post at Kali’s bedroom, he was met by General Hermes, who told him that he had the day off. “Queen Kali has asked that you take a couple of days to rest. She thinks you’ve been working too hard.” He had an unimpressed look on his face as he stared into Sabas’s eyes. “Lucky you.”

“O—Okay,” said Sabas. But he wasn’t sure what to do with the day. He knew that he didn’t want to stick around the temple. It was too hot within those temple walls. And he certainly didn’t want to stick around the town if they were going to be putting an innocent girl to death atop that horrible pillar.

But he had an idea. He remembered the nymphs in the forest. If they could magically body-swap Ilyra with Syren, then maybe they could do something about this drought. And if they could do something about the drought, maybe Queen Kali would stop her crazy sacrificial plea to the gods. It seemed like a far shot, but Sabas didn't want this drama to escalate any further.

So he packed a light bag and started hiking out into the mountains. He stopped many times to ensure he wasn't being followed. It wasn't easy, hiking in that terrible heat, but once he reached the shade of the forest, and he began to climb up the mountain, it wasn't quite so bad. In fact, it almost seemed like a bit of a relief from being in the town.

He did his best to move quickly. He knew he couldn't be away from the temple for too long: two days at most—so he didn't take many breaks, and he jogged when he was able. He only rested when he found an active stream: long enough to make a fire, boil some water, and fill his canteen. Then he resumed his hike.

He didn't know where he was going. He didn't know where the nymphs lived. The forest was dark and frightening, and Sabas couldn't help but wonder if the stories of the Skinwalkers were true. Maybe they were a different race from the nymphs. Maybe there were some scary beasts out in that forest, waiting for a human body to feast upon.

It was dark, but Sabas kept hiking. And occasionally, he would call out to them. "Nymphs! Girls of the woods! Are you there?" But as the sky became darker, he felt less confident in giving away his position. He stopped to light a fire, so he could make a torch, so he could go for a little bit longer.

Then he felt a presence: a large, ominous presence. He felt like he was being watched and followed, but not by a group of harmless forest nymphs. He knew it was time to stop, and he found the perfect place: a cave in the side of the mountain. It was a large opening. Water dripped from the ceiling of the cave, seeping through cracks in the rocks. Sabas collected the drips into his canteen, and the water was remarkably clear: drinkable without having to be boiled.

He rested on the cool cave floor. A part of him was tempted to stay there until the drought was over, but he knew it wouldn't look good if he disappeared for a week... or two, or three, or eight. If he disappeared, the generals would surely assume he was out conspiring against the kingdom.

He began to fall asleep, and then he heard something: footsteps. He jumped to his feet. His torch was dead and the cave was pitch-black. He looked around with a pounding heart. He could hear those footsteps along with something else: a slithering. "Who's there!?" he said, turning left and then right, with his sword now in his hand. "Don't come any closer!"

He heard a hissing, and then he heard a giggle: a female giggle, but it wasn't playful like the giggle of a nymph. "I mean it! I will kill you if you come any closer."

"But you're in my home," said a female voice from the shadows. "And if you can't see me, how are you going to kill me?"

He felt a rush of air as the thing moved behind him. He spun around and swung his sword at nothing. He grunted and almost fell to his feet, tripping over a rock. His heart raced faster. “I—I’m just here to rest. I didn’t know this was a home. It’s just—It’s just a cave.”

“That’s a bit rude,” said the voice. And now, it was coming from the other direction, so he spun around again.

“I’ll leave. Just let me go. I—I can’t see anything.” Sabas wasn’t sure whether to threaten the entity or if he should bargain with her.

“Don’t leave. Be my guest,” said the voice, and then he heard that hissing again, like a snake was slithering through the room. “I love guests. Just lay down and relax. Why are you so scared? I can smell your pounding heart.”

“Don’t hurt me. I will kill you,” Sabas said, going back into threatening mode.

The voice laughed. Then, Sabas began to run. He didn’t know where to run, so he bumped into a few walls and tripped over a few rocks. The voice laughed as he scrambled out of that cave—and once he was out, he ran by the light of the stars until he had no energy left. He fell to the ground and caught his breath as beads of sweat dripped off of his forehead.

And when he looked up, he saw a girl before him. She had fair skin and long brown hair. Her body was clad in a skintight gold dress, and her feet were hooves, like those of a doe. “A nymph,” he muttered under his breath.

“Your terror has awoken the whole forest,” she said with a soft voice.

“Was that you in the cave?” he said, stumbling up to his feet.

“The cave? I don’t go in caves,” she said.

“There was something—something in the cave: a snake, but she spoke...”

“Relax, traveler,” said the nymph. “You’re safe here, with us.” She walked forward and put her hand on Sabas’s shoulder, filling him with an instance sense of relief. Sabas took a deep breath. And that’s when he noticed two things: the crown on her head, and the long, thick bulge in her tight dress, pushed down her thigh, reaching halfway down to her knees.

There were more nymphs behind the trees, watching cautiously. “Are you a queen?” Sabas asked softly.

“No, we don’t have a queen,” said the nymph. “But I am a princess, one of many. We rule these woods as a collective. You happen to be in my area now. Do you like it? It’s much nicer in the daytime when you can see the flowers. Why are you so pale? Did the creature in the cave truly frighten you? But you’re so strong.” She felt his arms. “Surely you aren’t afraid of a babbling snake.”

Sabas stared into her eyes. Her eyes were black and large. Her pupils were indistinguishable from her irises. Her plump lips stole the attention on her face.

“I’ve come to talk to you,” said Sabas. His heart skipped a beat. “It’s very important.”

“What do you want from me?” she asked.

“You’re magic, right? You can do anything. I’ve seen it. I’ve seen what you can do, and now I need your help.”

“I can’t say that I can do anything, but I certainly have a few tricks.” She smiled. “For instance.”

Then, a pair of hands landed on Sabas’s shoulder. He spun around suddenly, gasping. And then he found himself shocked as he stared into the eyes of the girl’s identical twin. He looked back to see the original nymph princess standing there. “You—You have a sister?” Sabas said.

“No, it’s just me,” said the clone. “I have become two. It’s a handy trick, especially when I need to get lots done around the forest. And, of course, it comes in handy during intimacy.”

“Tell me,” said the original copy of the nymph. “What is it that you need?”

Sabas turned around, not sure which girl to address. He heard giggling from the woods: the other nymphs laughing at his flustered state.

“The drought,” he said. “You need to bring rain to Aluria. The drought needs to end. Please help us.”

The nymph shook her head. “I don’t know if I can bring any rain,” said the princess. “That would be a difficult request.”

“Then the queen,” he said. “You need to stop her from killing innocent women.”

“Which queen?” said the princess.

“Queen Kali,” he said.

“How should I stop her?” said the closed nymph behind Sabas. He spun around again.

“I’m not sure.”

“Do you want her dead?”

“No!” Sabas said. “Just... Can’t you just make her stop? Can’t you just make her change her mind about the whole thing?”

“I’m afraid not. She has her freewill and we can affect that.”

Sabas suddenly felt defeated. “Then you can swap her, like you did with Queen Ilyra.”

“I don’t know anything about that. What do you mean by swap?”

“Put her into a commoner’s body. Put someone else into her body. You’ve done it before!”

She nodded her head slowly. “We can do that, yes,” she said. “But not without permission from the gods.”

“So you had permission from the gods when you did it to Syren and Ilyra?” Sabas asked, perplexed.

“I had nothing to do with that, but if it happened, then yes. In fact, it would have been the gods doing it. We can only reach the gods and tell them what we want. Would you like for me to ask the gods to swap Queen Kali with a commoner? Do you have someone in mind? I can certainly ask, though I can’t make any promises. In fact, I will tell you quite frankly that the gods probably won’t play along. They’ve been rather busy over the past few days. We haven’t had much luck reaching them at all.”

Sabas paused for a moment. “So you can really talk to the gods?” he said softly. “They’re real?”

“Of course they’re real,” the princess laughed. Then the other nymphs giggled along with her.

“Well then you can ask them to bring rain, no?” said Sabas. “They’re gods, aren’t they? Surely they can bring rain.”

“I suppose we could ask,” said the nymph princess. “But it’s not something we’ve ever asked before. The drought is stretching across the entire continent, traveler. That’s a lot of rain. Surely you understand.”

“You must try,” said Sabas.

“I will need a powerful energy if I’m going to reach the gods,” she said. “Drop to your knees.”

“Why?”

“You said you’ve dealt with us before, no?” she said. “There are four types of energy, traveler. Sexual energy is one more the more powerful, and it’s the energy that we primarily deal with. And I can see that you have a powerful sexual aura. Impart some of that energy on me, and I can do my best—and I can only do my best. Now drop to your knees.”

So Sabas sunk to his knees. The two versions of the nymph princess stepped in front of him. They both took their dresses and pulled up, revealing their long, thick cocks. Like the nymph Sabas dealt with before, they had doe fur where their pubic hair should have been. And the base of their cocks even had some fur on them. Their ball sacks were especially furry, and then their thighs were smooth before the fur resumed on their calves and shins. It was a strange sight, to say the least, and it made Sabas hesitate before opening his mouth to pleasure the girls.

But he did his best. He lifted their heavy cocks and he massaged them. He pumped and he gave them each turns in his mouth. He felt them getting harder. They became erect in tandem. The heavy members throbbed as they stretched out long. The cocks were large, maybe ten, maybe twelve inches long, and thick enough that Sabas couldn’t wrap the fingers of one hand completely around them.

The girls stood close together, touching their cocks together so that Sabas could attempt to suck both at once. They giggled along with the nymph audience. Sabas wasn't fond of the audience. He didn't like the idea of being a public display, but that seemed to be a part of the nymph culture. They were sexual beings, and apparently, they operated on sexual energy. And if it was true—and Sabas believed it more than ever—then he wanted to give them as much of his energy as possible, whatever that meant.

So he sucked until they were rock hard. He pumped until they were leaking pre-cum, and then he took down his pants when one of the girls went behind him. He stood up and bent over a log. Before he was penetrated, one of the clones stuffed her cock into his mouth so he could continue sucking. He was reluctant, but he didn't stop—not even when she started to push her thick throbbler into his asshole. She pushed hard and deep, until he could feel her furry base pushing into his anus. It was an odd feeling, though it was strangely arousing, especially once she started pumping.

While they fucked him, he could feel something: a tingling that was growing stronger and stronger. It wasn't just euphoria; it was something else. And he could see it: particles of light, swirling around them, rising up into the air as the forest began to glow. Was it the sexual energy that the nymph princess alluded to? Was it working? Would it be enough to reach the gods?

Sabas had no idea. But that light became brighter as the pleasure inside of him grew stronger.

He could feel the big nymph cock pushing deep into his body, sliding in and out while he sucked on the tip of that doe cock. He sucked hard, moaning softly. His own cock was erect, but it didn't remain untouched.

A nymph came out from the forest: a young woman with more fur than her friends. She giggled as she crawled down onto the ground and slipped her fingers around Sabas's erection. He gasped. The palm of her hand was soft and her fingers were slicked with fur. She pumped him, and it didn't take long before he was coming. She gasped and used her other hand to catch the cum. Once he was drained, she slurped it out from the palm of her hand and giggled, and the nymph princess clones reached their respective climaxes. One filled Sabas's mouth with warm doe cum while the other pumped his ass full of thick ejaculate.

They lowered Sabas down softly to the ground. His body was sapped of energy, and maybe that was for the best. Maybe the nymphs needed every little bit they could get if their plea for rain was going to be successful. It was the least Sabas could do for Aluria.

The nymphs pranced off, giggling, into the forest, leaving Sabas alone on that warm forest floor. He dozed off, once again wondering if any of it had been real. Then, ten minutes later, he felt a drop as he fell asleep. The drop touched his cheek and rolled down his face.

When he awoke in the morning, the forest was hissing with the sound of rain against the leaves. Rain poured down heavily from the heavens above. Sabas sat up slowly, wet all over but with a smile on his face. He held out his hands and felt the water against his palms. "It

worked...” he said. And it seemed too unlikely to be a coincidence, though it seemed too surreal to have been his own doing.

CHAPTER II

Sabas nearly shed a tear, he was so overwhelmed with joy. His back was sore from sleeping in the forest, and his skin hurt: the cool rain tickling his sunburn—but none of that mattered, because it was finally raining.

Sabas grinned. He wasn't one to boast, but he was happy with himself. He couldn't help but feel like a bit of a hero, even though he didn't exactly do anything; the nymphs did it. Or maybe the 'gods' did it because the nymphs asked them to... but Sabas asked the nymphs, and he gave them the sexual energy that they needed in order to do it. So maybe he was in a position to brag just a little bit.

But he couldn't brag to anyone. He had to keep what he did a secret, because he wasn't supposed to be leaving town and colluding with creatures in the woods. He wasn't sure if it was something Kali would have appreciated, seeing as she was a fan of the occult and the supernatural, or if it would have horrified her.

But Sabas kept smirking. He marched proudly through the forest as the rain came down, hissing on the treetops as glittering beads bounced off the leaves. After a few hours, there was thick mud on the ground, making it difficult to walk, but that wasn't so annoying; it was just a reminder that there was hope for the future of Aluria—and for Syren up in Goleah as well. It was likely raining there too, which meant nobody would be waging war over the drought.

Sabas worked his way down the long slope of that forested mountain. The warm rain was still hissing, still pouring all around him. It was hard to hear the sound of the stream through that loud rain—and it was even harder to hear the singing, but he heard it.

He paused, listening carefully. It was a mystical sound: singing in a language that Sabas didn't know or understand. He looked around, trying to trace the source of the noise. He moved towards it and it became louder. It was a woman singing: a serene voice. Sabas stopped and listened for a long moment. The sounds were so pleasant. That voice was so perfect.

And now, the rain didn't seem to be falling on his head or running down his skin. He looked up and noticed that the rain was running down some invisible wall above him, as if he'd walked into a glass dome. He looked back and saw the heavy drips where he entered the bubble.

He was warm now in a comfortable way. There was a tingling sensation deep inside of him: almost like a vibration. He felt light. Was he dreaming? He held up his hands and looked at his palms. He almost felt drunk, but his mind was clear. He was in complete control of his body.

And now, that singing was crystal clear. He couldn't see the girl, but he could hear her and nothing else. He could feel her energy, so he moved towards her. His heart was calm and his muscles were beginning to melt, relaxed.

He pushed away a leafy branch and saw her: a beautiful blonde woman, naked, sitting on a rock in the middle of a stream. She seemed to be glowing as if there was a light under her skin. Sabas gasped at the sight of her, but she didn't look up from the water, which seemed to be glowing around her. "Are you a god?" Sabas asked, because it was the only possible explanation for what he was seeing.

"No," she giggled without looking up.

"What are you? Are you a witch?" he asked. "Are you a nymph?"

She giggled again and shook her head. She still wasn't looking up at him.

"You aren't human, are you?"

"I was human, a long time ago," she said softly. And it almost seemed like her voice could be heard all around, as if it wasn't coming out from her lips but instead the air.

"Are you dead?" Sabas asked.

"I never died. I transcended," she said, finally looking up and showing off her stunning, bright eyes. Sabas was so taken aback that he gasped aloud.

"What does that mean?" he asked.

"I found peace with the higher gods," she said. "I became a part of the earth. And you—I can see that you're a higher being. I've been watching you since you came into the forest. Your aura is strong. You may not be completely of this earth, you know."

"What does that mean?" Sabas asked, taking a step towards her. He could feel the heat rising in the air.

"Did you know both of your parents, Sabas?" she asked.

"How did you know my name?" he asked, but he knew it was a silly question. He knew that she was magical and could probably read his mind.

She just giggled.

"Why are you here? Are you here for me?" he asked.

"You didn't strike me as the type to have an ego, Sabas," she said gently. "No. I'm just enjoying the forest. You came and found me."

Sabas suddenly felt awkward that he was staring at her while she was naked. Her perky breasts were hard to look away from—and so was her small flaccid cock. She had a cute figure, with long hair that was almost down to her bum. Sabas took another step towards her and that warm vibration became even stronger. Then he paused. She smiled at him, and he suddenly didn't feel like he deserved to be in her presence. "I—I suppose I should be going," he said.

"Are you sure?" she asked.

“Well, I don’t want to keep you,” he said, blushing slightly.

“You aren’t keeping me, Sabas. I rather enjoy your company,” she smiled.

“Well I’m happy to stay, but I also need to be back in Aluria before my next shift—and before too many people notice that I’m gone.”

“You have an important job,” she said, raising her eyebrows. And it took Sabas a moment to realize it was a question and not so much a statement.

“I suppose so,” he said.

“Well I won’t keep *you* then,” she smiled.

But Sabas lingered. He stared at her glowing, naked body, and he wondered whether she might actually be a god. “Do you have powers?” he asked nervously.

She giggled. “Do I have powers? No. But the earth has powers,” she said. “And I’ve learned to be in harmony with the earth.”

“What can you do? I mean—what can the earth do?”

She stared at Sabas strangely for a moment before grinning. “What is it that you need?” she asked.

Sabas paused. “Well,” he said, toeing the dirt on the ground. “I suppose I don’t need anything. With this rain—our problems should be solved,” he said. “But something is bugging me.”

“What is it?”

“There was this girl: Syria, I think her name was. She was a healer, and they killed her... Kali killed her. And another girl, yesterday. I don’t know who—I left town before it happened. But Kali put them to death, and for nothing. I mean—supposedly Syria was caught trying to bring the princess back from the dead... maybe she was a conspirator, I don’t know. But it’s been weighing on me. I don’t like to think that innocent people have been put to death. Maybe there’s some way for you... I don’t know—to see that they’re fine. I mean their souls, of course.”

“That’s very sympathetic of you, Sabas,” she said. “And for a short moment I thought you might ask me to make you rich. Many men come through these woods and ask for riches. I’m sorry I thought that of you, even if just for a moment.” Then she smiled and stood up from her rock. She walked through the water and onto the shore, standing feet away from Sabas. She looked into his eyes. “I knew Syria. She was a disciple of mine.”

And that word—disciple—made Sabas wonder if she really was a goddess. Was he speaking to the divine? His heart fluttered but he maintained eye contact with those amazing eyes.

“She had a good heart, like yours. She wanted everyone to be happy. She spent the last decade curing cancers and sicknesses. I felt the sadness of her soul as she died.”

“I’m sorry about that,” Sabas said, biting down on the edge of his tongue.

“We can bring her back,” said Victorine. “Tonight, Venus will pass before Orion and the violet energies will be stronger than they’ve been in twenty years. I will madidate. I will try to bring her up from the ground, intact. I can’t make any promises, of course. It’s ultimately up to her soul, and the higher gods. I can only put forth my own energy to sway nature.”

“Okay,” said Sabas. And he wasn’t sure if he was doing the right thing. Maybe he was just stirring trouble where trouble had already been taken care of.

“Go to the site where she was put to rest, tonight, at midnight when Venus passes before Orion,” she said. “Greet her and then bring her back to me. I will make it worth your while, as she is very dear to me.”

“You will?” Sabas asked, and his heart fluttered again. After being with the nymphs twice, he couldn’t help but think that the earth spirit was talking about sex. She was certainly beautiful, and Sabas had been thinking about sex on and off since his gaze fell upon her. He was thinking about it now, in vivid detail, imagining her on top of him, with his cock deep in her firm ass.

She giggled, as if she was reading his mind, and then he blushed all over. “Okay,” he said, trying to push those thoughts away. “I will go and get her for you. Thank you.”

“It’s my pleasure,” she said. “And by the way, my name is Victorine.”

“I’m Sabas,” he said.

She smiled. “I know,” she said. He blushed again, and then he started to back away from her. He stared into her stunning eyes before nearly tripping over a root. He gasped and then he laughed nervously. He turned away from her and left her dry bubble, going back into the rain so he could finish his hike back to Aluria.

And it was a long hike now that he was stressing out over what he’d done. Syria was put to death by Queen Kali: the queen he swore he would serve and protect. And now, he was going to be sneaking out to a graveyard to bring her back to life. What if she really was plotting to overthrow Kali with Princess Oria? What if Sabas had just set that plot back into motion? What if he was ushering in the end of Queen Kali’s reign over Aluria? Maybe he wasn’t just harmlessly bringing some sweet girl back to life... But it was too late to change his mind now. Now, Victorine was already working on the resurrection. All Sabas could do was hope for the best.

It was amazing to see the rain falling on the Alurian capitol city. Children were running in the street, leaping into puddles, laughing wonderfully as men fell to their knees to thank the gods. Sabas bit down on his lip as he strolled down the roads towards the temple. He tried hard not to smile too much, not wanting to take too much credit for the beautiful rain.

“Sabas,” said the guard at the door. It was one of Sabas’s old coworkers, from before he was promoted to the Royal Guard. “It’s great to see you.” He smiled and stared into Sabas’s eyes. “You look... different.”

“How so?” Sabas asked curiously.

“You almost seem... taller,” he said. “Happier, no doubt—but taller, and maybe a bit older.”

Sabas laughed. “Well, it’s been a long few weeks since starting here,” he said.

The man looked up and the rain splashed against his face. “The gods really have saved us,” he said. “Queen Kali’s plan worked.”

Sabas bit down on his tongue and resisted the urge to take credit for the rain. He loved Queen Kali. He was still devoted to protecting her. But her plan to murder innocent people daily until it rained was just nonsense—and evil. He couldn’t begin to understand how she thought it was a good idea, and he couldn’t believe there were people like the guard standing in front of him who thought it was good. “I’ll see you later, brother,” Sabas said, stepping by him to make his way up to his room.

In the temple, everyone was ecstatic. People cheered and the high priests all made prayers to the gods, and the Queen Kali, who was being called the hero. Sabas had to bite his tongue a few times as he made his way to his room. He was exhausted, but he couldn’t sleep with all the noise. He could hear the city streets: the partying and cheering. It sounded like they were throwing a literal parade. And for what? Did they really think that murdering innocent people brought the rain? Did they really think that the gods were so evil?

Now, Sabas was starting to feel like he was being tested by the gods. He had to keep reminding himself that he was there to serve Kali, no matter what, even if she made some mistakes.

Sabas managed to fall asleep, resting on a bed for the first time in what felt like ages. He was relaxed for the first time in weeks. Maybe things were finally going to start settling down. Maybe life would get back to a relative normality.

Sabas was hopeful, but he was very wrong.

When he woke up, it was dark and quiet. The partying had died down and the rain was still falling, splashing against the cool cobblestone roads. Sabas got up and checked the time. It was nearly midnight. He’d been asleep for much longer than anticipated. He grabbed some clean clothes and rushed over to the door. He knew he had to hurry if he was going to be at the graveyard for the resurrection.

He knew where Syria was buried, at the edge of town, in a small forest where they buried most ‘traitors’ and prisoners and the like. He carefully made his way down to that hidden hallway and moved down the narrow passage to that unguarded side entrance. He opened the door as quietly as he could and then set it back down carefully. Now, there was a guard outside of the door. He didn’t look back to see Sabas; he was staring forward, and the sound of the rain kept him from hearing Sabas’s footsteps while Sabas moved along the temple wall until he reached a corner and turned. Then, with a clear line of sight, he ran down the lawn until he reached the next wall, which was short enough to climb over.

Sabas's heart was pounding. He didn't like having to sneak around. He didn't like doing what they captured and killed men for doing—especially now that everything was seemingly back to normal and everyone was happy. Maybe he needed to just leave well enough alone.

He crept down the streets until he was far enough away. Then he put his hands into his pockets and he kept his hood up. He was halfway across town when he noticed something up in the sky above him. It was a star, but it wasn't an ordinary star: it was bright, brighter than Venus or Mercury or Mars. And it seemed to be getting brighter and brighter by the minute.

Sabas tried to ignore it, but the brightness was too overwhelming to ignore. It was nearly as bright as the moon now, making him stop in his tracks once again. He lifted his hand to block out some of that intense light. Now it was almost as big as the moon! What was it?

He heard a door behind him opening. He looked back and saw a woman looking up at the sky. "What is that?" she asked.

And then he heard a gasping from further down the road. People were leaving their houses. "Mom! Come out and look!" he heard a child shout. And soon, the streets were filled with people.

"It's the gods!" someone shouted. But Sabas wasn't quite so optimistic, given the way the last few weeks had gone. Maybe it was some magical bomb about to flatter Aluria...

His heart began to race. He knew that people were probably freaking out over at the temple, which meant he probably needed to be back. So he started running back to the temple, but he didn't make it far before the growing light began to materialize. It was a large metallic disc, coming down from the heavens.

"What is that thing!?" someone shouted.

"It's death! It's coming to take us away!" someone else shouted. Then, people started running in terror. The whole town became a frenzy. Sabas thought about running. The disc was enormous: the size of fifty city blocks, round, with strange lights and panels all over it. It hovered without making a sound, and it was centered right over the temple.

Sabas knew he needed to get to Kali, to protect her, even though nothing could protect Kali from this gigantic device, whatever it was. It was bigger than the biggest temple, made from the same steel that was used to make Sabas's sword.

Now, it was just floating there, hovering over the temple, being held up by nothing at all. "What is it?" someone said with awe in their voice.

"I have no idea," Sabas said.

"Is it Golean?"

"No way," someone replied.

"Then where did it come from?"

“It came down from the stars!”

“Impossible!”

“I saw it!”

“It’s true,” said Sabas. “I saw it too. I was out walking, and it came down from way up in the heavens.”

“So it is the gods then,” said someone.

Sabas’s heart skipped another beat. He couldn’t waste any more time, so he started running to the temple. He ran underneath that giant disc and he ran for many blocks until he was right under the disc, which was now just one hundred feet overhead. He looked up at it as it hovered motionlessly. He was worried it was just going to drop and crush absolutely everything under it. The guards apparently had the same fear, and most of them had taken off running, leaving the temple doors unguarded. Sabas slipped in and saw that people were hiding and covering their heads. One woman looked at Sabas with terrified eyes. “What is that thing!?” she asked, crying

“I don’t know,” said Sabas. “Where’s the queen?” But the frightened woman was too hysterical to answer, so Sabas went looking for Kali himself. He searched her room, but she wasn’t there. He went down the hallway, past a group of screaming priests, and he checked in the meeting hall, but she wasn’t there either. Finally, he found her up on the roof of the temple, looking up at the floating disc. She looked back at Sabas and she smiled. “It’s good to see you, Sabas,” she said. “Why am I not surprised that you’re the only one here who isn’t crying under a rock?”

“We need to get you out of here, your majesty!” Sabas said.

Her eyes narrowed. “For what reason? The gods came to see me,” she said with a smile. “I summoned them, didn’t I? So why would I run away?”

“Your majesty, please. We don’t know that this has anything to do with the gods. We need to get you to safety—until we know what’s happening.”

She sighed. “Sabas, I’m disappointed in you. You’re welcome to hide with the rest of them, or you can come up to the heavens with me, to speak with the gods.”

Sabas wanted to beg her some more, but he could tell that it was hopeless. He looked up at the strange object and then he looked back at his queen. It went against his better judgement, but he stepped up to stand next to Queen Kali. He had no idea what was going to happen, but he had a feeling it wasn’t going to be good. Maybe this was the final moment of his life.

The strange thing above them began to hum. A circle of brightness opened up underneath the disc. It was too bright to look at, so both Kali and Sabas looked away, sheltering their eyes. The humming became louder and louder, and then there was a flash. Sabas felt his body lighten. He could feel his skin tingling all over, almost as if it had fallen off and now it was trying to reattach itself. He tried to scream, but it felt like his throat was being stretched. He grabbed at his face in horror as the world around him dissolved into a bright, terrifying light.

Then, his knees hit the ground. That light settled down and he found himself staring at a smooth floor, made of metal—but it wasn't cold. He gasped and jumped to his feet, realizing he wasn't on top of the temple anymore. Now, he was in some sort of strange room, with glowing panels on the roof. It was a large room with a number of strange round doors on the walls. Queen Kali was standing up, rubbing her eyes as she came out of a strange daze. She groaned.

“Queen!” said Sabas. “You're okay! Are you hurt?”

“I'm fine, Sabas,” she said, waving him off as she shook her head. She groaned again. “Just a bit sore.” Then she looked around. She gasped in awe and then she nodded her head slowly. “This must be heaven.”

She walked over to a large black panel, which was glossy and perfectly smooth—smoother than any stone surface he'd ever seen, and maybe even smoother than any blade surface.

A door across the room opened magically, making Sabas jump and spin. Kali was calmer as she turned around. Her eyes burned with excitement as she saw the three tall, pale people coming towards us. They were dressed in tight black and white outfits, made from fabrics that didn't look at all familiar to Sabas. Sabas reached for his sword but there was nothing at his side. So he jumped in front of Kali and said, “This is the Queen of Aluria! Don't come any nearer until you state your business!”

The three people stopped and then Kali put her hand on Sabas's shoulder. “Please,” she said. “Let's not make this moment embarrassing. Step aside, Sabas.” So Sabas stepped aside and Kali smiled. “I'm sorry about my guard. He's very devoted to his job—too devoted, perhaps. Please don't let him ruin this historic moment.”

“Don't apologize,” said one of the people. They had calm, serene voices. Sabas couldn't believe how pale their skin was: almost white. Their hair was blonde. Their eyes were the brightest shade of blue.

“So you are the queen,” said the woman standing in the middle of the three. She was younger than me and younger than the queen even. She was wearing a tight strappy outfit, showing off lots of skin—so much skin that she would have been scolded on the streets of Aluria. She was confident and her aura was overwhelming. She smiled gracefully. “My mother will be happy to speak with you soon. Right now she's in a meeting.”

“I'm happy to wait,” said Queen Kali.

“Well it shouldn't be long—no longer than thirty minutes.”

“Fine with me,” said Queen Kali with a smile.

“Feel free to sit,” said the young woman. Kali looked around but saw no chairs. Then the woman laughed. She walked by the duo and gently tapped her foot on the ground in two places, making two seats rise from the ground. Sabas gasped, and even Queen Kali looked impressed. She blushed and smiled and then she gracefully took a seat and crossed her long, smooth legs, planting her hands on her thighs. Sabas didn't take a seat. He just wasn't able to trust the people.

They certainly didn't seem like 'gods'. Sure, they were impressive. Their realm seemed magical, but they weren't gods. Gods were supposed to be omnipresent and omnipotent. A god should be able to do anything. They don't take meetings... Or maybe they do.

The three strangers smiled and waited patiently. Sabas eyed them closely. The two men were strangely generic. The woman stood out. She was petite but cute. She was wearing makeup, with rosy cheeks and dark eyeliner. And why would a god wear makeup? Shouldn't gods be out creating universes and instigating miracles? Why was this woman putting on makeup? And who was her mother?

"Who are you?" Sabas asked, killing the awkward silence in the room. Though he had not killed the awkward.

"Sabas!" Queen Kali snapped.

The woman laughed. "It's alright," she said. "We're the Erians."

"I've never heard of Erians," Sabas said suspiciously.

"Why are you being so aggressive, Sabas?" Kali asked. "It's rude and embarrassing."

"I'm sorry, my queen, but I'm afraid something about this doesn't seem right to me. How can you be so sure that these are gods?"

"Sabas!" she snapped again.

"We aren't gods," said the young woman, and then Queen Kali gasped. She stared at them in disbelief.

"You're just being modest," she said.

"In what way are you assuming we are gods?" the young lady asked, batting her long eyelashes.

"You—You are," Kali said. "You created us. You created the world. That makes you gods."

The girl giggled, covering her mouth and looking more mortal than ever. Now, Kali looked like she was about to have an aneurism. Her face was turning red, as if she'd been personally offended. "What's so funny!?" she asked.

"We get that a lot, actually," said the Erian woman.

Kali's eyes narrowed. She pressed her lips thin. Sabas couldn't remember the last time he saw her so angry; even when she caught her sister plotting against her, she didn't get this furious or personally offended. "So then what are you?" she said.

"We're Erians."

"What does that mean?" she said, almost before the young woman could finish speaking.

"We're from Orion," she said. "The star you call Saiph."

“Star? You’re from a star?” Kali said, shaking her head. “What kind of nonsense are you spilling right now, woman? Don’t play games with me.”

“Kali...” Now Sabas was the one getting nervous and embarrassed.

“You’re on our ship,” said the young woman, who was now smirking in an almost condescending way. “We were here last... oh, I don’t know—four hundred years ago in your time?” She giggled. “It’s been a while for you, I suppose. Though for us, it’s only been about two years.”

“What does that mean?” Kali said. “Why are you speaking such nonsense!?”

“It’s okay. You’re early in your development, so you won’t understand everything,” said the woman, tilting her chin up with a smug smile. “When we were here last, you were living in huts and caves. We did a few little experiments, and in return, we gave you some of our DNA.”

“What does that mean?” Kali said, getting increasingly frustrated.

“What is DNA?” asked Sabas.

“I probably should just stop,” the woman said. “I can tell that I’m just making you angry.”

“Don’t stop!” Kali said. “I demand an explanation for this. My people are hiding under tables right now. They think the end times have come. I was under the impression that you were gods, and now I’m embarrassed. What am I supposed to say to my people now?”

“Well, that’s up to you. I was just trying to explain to you that we inseminated a number of your women before we left, to help give you a little boost, to speed up your development. And it seems to be working somewhat, though perhaps not enough.”

“What is that supposed to mean?”

“Where did I lose you?” the woman asked with her confident smile.

Kali’s face was turning dark red now. “Put us back into my temple and leave our land. Go back to your... your star! What a foolish concept... You really expect me to believe that you came from a star? Our worst writers couldn’t think of something so foolish.”

“Why are you so angry, earth woman?” the girl asked with her grin.

Then Kali snapped. She lunged forward and Sabas caught her, holding her back. The two Erian men stepped in front of the Erian princess, though they were thin and short. Sabas looked at them and almost laughed at the idea of engaging in a fight. They didn’t even have weapons on them—just their tight bodysuits and little L-shaped boxes on their waist belts. “You’re lucky I don’t send my best man to rip you to shreds!” Kali said, and it took Sabas a moment to realize she was talking about him. He blushed slightly, but remained in the moment.

“And this is why we’re here,” said the young woman, rolling her eyes.

“What’s your name, whore?” Kali asked.

“Queen Kali!” said Sabas, shocked and horrified.

“My name is Nerys. I’m the daughter of the Erian queen. And you should be nice to me. I just happen to be my mother’s favorite daughter, which makes me quite influential. In fact, we’re here because of me. Your planet is one of the planets that I manage, as the head of scientific research projects and development.”

“You speak gibberish,” said Kali, rolling her eyes.

“To you, sure,” said Nerys.

Kali lunged again, and Sabas barely managed to grab her.

“So why are you here?” Sabas asked, trying to bring the conversation back to its origins.

“We have some concerns about the state of things on your planet. My mother was notified of the issues and now we’re hoping to find some resolution.”

“What are your concerns?” Kali asked through clenched teeth.

“That’s a conversation for you to have with my mother. Speaking of which, she’s ready to meet with you now.”

Sabas wondered how the woman knew her mother’s meeting was finished. Nobody came in to say anything, and there wasn’t even the slightest noise to notify anyone. Perhaps it was magic...

Queen Kali was taken by the two men, to the door, to meet with the Erian queen in that strange floating Erian temple.

Now, the room was silent. Nerys stared at Sabas with that grin on her face. Sabas thought about apologizing on Kali’s behalf, but he knew it was pointless. And he didn’t want the Erian princess to think that Kali’s men often undermined her, apologizing behind her back.

“I forgot how big earth men were,” Nerys said. “It’s been so long since I’ve been here.” Then she laughed and covered her lips with her mouth. “When we came down last, your people gathered under the ship and tried to throw rocks at the hull. It was quite funny. We bring that up all the time when we need a laugh.”

Sabas bit down on his tongue. The woman clearly had no respect for Alurians. “We’ve had a lot of struggles over the years: corrupt rulers, poverty, war—and we just got through a very difficult drought.”

“A drought?” she said. “But you’re right next to the ocean. How do you have a drought?”

Sabas narrowed his eyes. “You can’t drink saltwater,” he said. “And you can’t use it to water plants.”

Then Nerys giggled again. “Oh, I see. You haven’t figured that out yet. Well maybe that’s something we can leave you with this time around. You know, I really thought leaving you with our DNA would help, but perhaps I overestimated your potential.”

Sabas took a deep breath. “I won’t apologize for my queen,” he said. “But I will tell you that Alurians are a generally kind people. We don’t want to fight with anyone.”

Nerys giggled.

“Why is that funny?” Sabas asked.

“Well we’re here because we detected sacrificial activity,” she said. “And that’s not generally something kind people do.”

“Most people were opposed to that... And it was to end the drought.”

She giggled again. “And did it work?” Her giggling turned into a laughing fit. “Primitive people are so funny.” Then she stopped laughing and looked at Sabas, up and down. “Your men are your saving grace.”

“What does that mean?” Sabas asked.

“What can I say?” she said. “I like tall, muscular boys. Evolution has really taken its toll on Erian men, physically speaking. There’s no need for big muscles or tall frames... but it’s unfortunately, because they’re appealing.”

Sabas tried not to blush, but it was difficult. “So what is your business here?” Sabas asked.

“That’s between your queen and my mother,” said the Erian princess. “Or do you want to know my business here? I’m in charge of scientific research. Your planet is one of the few remaining planets with primitive intelligent life. We come down from time to time to track your progress, and sometimes to introduce variables so we can see how you adapt compared to our control planets.” Most of what she was saying was lost on Sabas, but he nodded his head anyway, as if he understood. “But we have to follow galactic protocols. Wide-scale sacrifice is a big no-no.”

“So that’s why you’re here,” said Sabas.

“I didn’t say that, but I’m not saying that’s not why we’re here.” She giggled and covered her lips again. Then she walked towards Sabas. She looked up into his eyes and then her cheeks turned a pink shade. “Your men alone are worth sparing your planet,” she said. Then she put her hands on his arms and whimpered.

“What is that supposed to mean?” he asked, pretending not to notice that she was fondling his biceps.

“It means whatever you want it to mean,” she said. She cleared her throat and looked into Sabas’s eyes. “Did I mention how I’m my mother’s favorite daughter?”

“I think you mentioned it,” Sabas said.

“I’m very influential. It is worth being in my good books,” she said, blushing even more.

“Okay,” said Sabas. Then, Nerys let go of Sabas’s arms.

She composed herself and said, “Would you be open to having...” She cleared her throat. “... Intercourse with me?”

“Excuse me?” Sabas said.

“You heard me,” she said. “We can call it a scientific experiment. I’d like to see just how far you’ve come in four hundred years or so.”

“But my queen...” Sabas started.

“Don’t mind her. They will be a while. There’s lots to discuss, and it will probably take ages to explain to that woman... Just come with me so I can examine you. Please—follow me.” She grabbed Sabas’s wrist and tugged him. He hardly moved at first. She was weak: short and thin. She couldn’t have weighed more than a third of Sabas’s body weight. But he went with her, feeling nervous. She was a bit of a bitch, but she was beautiful. Sabas was excited by the idea of having sex with her: pumping her small, tight body with his thick cock.

At least that was his fantasy, but his fantasy wasn’t close to reality.

They went to the wall. Nerys waved her hand and the wall opened suddenly, revealing a large white room with a giant window looking down at the Alurian capitol from above. Sabas gasped. He could see his people—small and terrified—looking up at the giant floating temple. “They can see us!” he said.

“No, they can’t,” Nerys said. “Take off your clothes.”

“I can see them.” He waved. “We’re okay! Aluria is safe!” he tried yelling.

“Please stop embarrassing yourself,” said Nerys. “They can only see metal. It’s only a window to you and me. And they certainly can’t hear you.” She giggled.

Sabas nodded his head slowly. “It’s magic,” he said.

Nerys rolled her eyes. “My God,” she said. “Never mind that. If it will help you focus, I will turn it off.” She waved her hand and then the window turned into white, blending seamlessly with the white walls. Nerys tapped her foot on the ground and a bed rose up from the floor. Sabas gasped.

“Take your clothes off,” she said. “Please show me your human body.”

Sabas hesitated. He felt so vulnerable. He didn’t know the woman... but it wasn’t the first time he had to sacrifice himself sexually for the greater good. And it wasn’t the first time that he was a bit excited to do it. So he took off his shirt, and then she demanded he remove his pants. Once he was naked, Nerys whimpered. Her face flushed and she bit down on her lip. “You’re very beautiful,” she said, unable to look away from his body. “Of all the planets I monitor...” She whimpered again. “Flex your arms for me.” He did, and she whimpered again. Sabas

blushed and let a small laugh slip. “Do it again. Let me touch you.” She walked towards him and put her hands on his chest. She moaned. “Oh God,” she said, running her fingers down his chest.

“Shall I fuck you?” Sabas said.

Nerys narrowed her eyes. She took a deep breath. Then she looked down at his cock. She reached down and curled her fingers around it. She gripped it firmly and moaned again. Then she tilted her head back. Sabas leaned in and kissed her on the throat. He sucked her neck and made her moan while she massaged his length. Then she pushed him away suddenly. “Don’t you dare leave a mark on me, human!” she snapped. She took a few deep breaths while the redness faded from her face. Then she smiled. “Stroke your large cock, please. Just stand there and do it.”

So he did. He stood awkwardly, slowly jerking his semi-erect cock. He pulled his foreskin back and forth while she squirmed out from her tight jumpsuit. She let it fall to the floor before removing her tiny panties, leaving her naked. She had the mark of the gods: an average sized cock, which looked huge on her small frame. She was already erect, standing tall, throbbing. Her cock was curved and veiny, and her foreskin looked like it was pulled back as far as physically possible.

She moaned again. “Just watch me, human,” she said. “Stop stroking now and watch me. Don’t look away from me. That’s a command. I essentially control the fate of your planet, so you’d better do as I say.” She gripped her throbbing cock and began to jerk it quickly. She moaned and leaned forward slightly. She clenched her tip firmly and moaned a bit louder, pumping fast. Sabas felt awkward, watching a woman masturbate. He looked away for a brief second, but then she snapped at him. “Stare at me, human!” she said. She jerked faster and faster, moaning louder and louder. “Watch me come.” And then she came. Cum spewed from the tip of her penis and streaked across the floor. Her legs trembled and then she let go of her throber, letting it aim upwards as the red marks from her tight fist faded from the skin on her penis.

Sabas was hard now. It was a strange but erotic sight. He figured they were done, now that she’d had her orgasm. But she wanted more. “Bend over my bed,” she said.

“Right now?” he asked.

“Do it, human,” she said. So Sabas turned to the bed. He hesitated before bending over, planting his elbows on the mattress. She came up behind him. She put her hands on his muscular ass and she gently rubbed, moaning again. She pressed her cock between his butt cheeks. He felt her warm cum dripping from her tip onto his skin. She wasn’t huge, but she was impossibly hard. She was so hard that she struggled to lower her tip to his anus. “I’m going to fuck you, human,” she said. “I’m going to come inside of you, and you will allow me if you want me to put in a good word with my mother.”

Sabas bit down on his lip. He had no idea what she was talking about, but he nodded his head regardless. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath, right in time. She penetrated him and he gasped. She pressed her cock deep into his body. Another drop from her previous orgasm oozed out of her, inside of his body, and then she began to slowly pump, pulling out and pushing in.

She bent over him, feeling his whole body with the palms of her hands. She felt his muscles and the sweat forming on his skin. She moaned and her body trembled.

She pumped faster. Sabas wondered if it was even possible: if she could ejaculate immediately after ejaculating. Her cock was so hard, and it was throbbing so intensely! Maybe it was possible. Maybe it was something her race could do, over and over. She was a woman, after all. Maybe she orgasmed more like a woman than a man.

She pumped hard and fast, and then she moaned loudly. He felt it: her cock gushing thick cum into his butt. He gasped and clenched the bed sheets, but she wasn't finished. After spraying seven or eight shots of cum into him, she continued pumping as if nothing had happened. She pumped him hard for another five minutes, and then it happened again: another ejaculation. Cum gushed out from his butthole. She pulled out briefly to stroke herself, and to watch as his bum oozed her fluid. Then she plugged him again and went for another round, pumping for five minutes before ejaculating once more.

Now, cum was pouring down his legs. He was out of breath, even though he'd been still and submissive the whole time. His legs were weak, but his partner wasn't finished. She came around and stuck her cum-slicked cock into his mouth. He groaned and she started to gently thrust back and forth. "Suck me, human," she said. "Fuck, that feels so good. Don't stop."

And he was shocked when she came again, three minutes later, spewing her cum on his tongue and into the back of his throat.

This time, she was finished. She fell onto her back on that soft bed and she let out a deep sigh of relief. "You know, I will be queen one day," she said without prompt.

"Is that so?" Sabas asked.

"I'll be one of the most powerful people in the universe," she said with dreamy, glossy eyes. "I won't need my mother to fulfil all of my ambitions."

Sabas didn't know what to say. He wasn't even sure if she was talking to him, or just to herself. He cleared his throat and forced a smile. "I think you'll make a wonderful queen," he said.

"Thank you, human," she said. Then she sat up. She stretched out her arms and scratched the back of her head. "It's late. Surely, my mother is almost finished with that vile woman. Why don't you put your clothes back on so we can send you back into your silly stone box?"

Sabas paused before getting up to get dressed. Nerys waved her hand, making that white panel turn into a magical window again. She looked down at the city and then she giggled. "The door is just behind you," she said. And Sabas looked back to see that the doorway had magically opened again, so he let himself out. He hadn't even taken three steps out of the room when the doorway magically disappeared, and he was alone in that large, empty waiting area when he was first transported.

And it was just thirty seconds later when a frustrated Kali came out with those two scrawny men. "I will make sure nobody calls you gods ever again!" she shouted without looking back.

“Surely, that was our people’s biggest mistake. Sabas! Let’s get off of this floating thing. I’ve had enough. I want to sleep in my bed, and I want to forget like these mad... creatures never paid us a visit. Come on. How do we leave here? Where is the staircase?”

One of the men pointed to a circle on the ground. “Stand there, together if you want, and we will have you placed back down.”

“Do it now!” Kali screamed before she was even on the circle. “Come, Sabas! You’re wasting time now. Let’s leave these star creatures alone on their silly flying city. Stand next to me. Let’s waste no more time!”

So he stood next to her, then he looked at the thin, short men. They stared at him with a blank look before pressing a button on some device. Then, his vision turned white. Everything was gone, and it felt like his body was being stretched apart for a moment before he was back on that temple rooftop. And before he clued into where he was, Kali was already swearing and storming off to the staircase to go down to her room. Sabas ran after her before looking up at the floating disc. It didn’t move. It stayed there, floating. It stayed there all night, and then it was still there in the morning, when Sabas awoke.

Now, people were beginning to gather underneath it, trying to look up at the strange smooth hull of that flying city. Sabas was sent out to break up the crowds. Kali didn’t want people staring at the air-ship, and she certainly didn’t want people gathering around the temple walls. Kali still hadn’t told Sabas what was said to her by the Erian queen. She hadn’t even told her generals, and they were all dying to know what was happening. They were so desperate that they were coming to Sabas in private, asking if he knew anything, seeing as he was the only person to enter that floating city, aside from Kali. But Sabas said nothing, not sure what Kali would be okay with him sharing.

And it was later that afternoon, while Sabas was out clearing a crowd, that he noticed a vaguely familiar face across the street. The woman looked confused, and almost faint. She wandered aimlessly for a moment before noticing Sabas. Then she began to back away, looking fearful. It took Sabas a long moment to realize he was looking at Syria: the healer that had been sacrificed by Kali, the conspirator who had apparently been working with Oria to take down the sitting queen.

Sabas went to chase after her, but she was too fast. She went around the corner, and by the time Sabas reached that corner, she was gone. He’d forgotten entirely about his deal with Victorine, to meet with Syria at the graveyard. “Damn it,” Sabas muttered to himself. She was gone.

But now, Syria seemed like the least of Sabas’s problems. Now, there was a strange metallic floating ship over the Alurian capitol, and nobody—except for maybe Kali—knew what was going to happen next.

TO BE CONTINUED...

FIND ME ON PATREON!

I really hope that you're enjoying my work! I've been fortunate enough to make this my full-time job for the past couple of years, though it hasn't been easy. There's a lot of financial uncertainty as a full-time self-published writer.

I would feel tremendously blessed if you would venture on over to my Patreon page and consider supporting me there. I think you will be excited by what I have to offer: **a community, free book chapters, pictures, contests, commissions, free stories, advanced releases, and much more.** It's the only way to get your hands on **FORCED** and **TWINS**: novellas too hot for Amazon. Oh, and did I mention the Patreon-exclusive novel, **THE GIRL TWIN**? And for as little as a dollar per month—is that even a quarter cup of Starbucks coffee?

Be the gorgeous, filthy doll you know that you are and come hang out with me:

<https://www.patreon.com/nikkicrescent>

KEEPING UP WITH

NIKKI CRESCENT

JOIN NIKKI CRESCENT'S MAILING LIST!

Thank you for picking up one of my books! Chances are I'm in the process of working on another one! Hey—Did you know that you can read my whole catalogue free if you subscribe to **Kindle Unlimited**? It's true! If you aren't subscribed, I would highly recommend it.

I have started this little newsletter to let all of my beautiful readers know when I'm offering discounts, releasing new books, and giving away **EXCLUSIVE CONTENT FOR FREE**. The sign up takes about four seconds (seriously). I will never share your email address with anyone, you will never receive any spam, and you can unsubscribe at any time with the click of a single button.

[CLICK HERE TO SIGN UP FOR NIKKI CRESCENT'S MAILING LIST NOW!](http://eepurl.com/O3CKz)

Can't open the link? Copy and paste this link into your browser:

<http://eepurl.com/O3CKz>

Want to get in touch with me? It's easy!

Email:

nikkicrescent@gmail.com

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

NIKKI CRESCENT

Nikki Crescent is a young writer from the golden prairies of Alberta, Canada. She spent her schooling years lost in her own imagination, writing everything from articles, screenplays, comic books, and short stories. Obsessed with the idea of love, fascinated with sex and captivated with the art of writing, Nikki decided to become a writer of erotic romance.

Nikki Crescent is a top-selling writer of romantic and erotic fiction with over two hundred and fifty titles across many sub-genres. Her fiction work has found her on Amazon's best-selling charts many times over.