

Puppy Mill

t'Sade

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Curious Cabbit Press

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All characters engaged in, witnessing, considering, or thinking about sexual acts are eighteen (18) years or older.

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Kidnapped

1

Merrie rushed out the front door, her bag slung over her shoulder and her leather boots scraping on the rough wooden step. She spun around and yanked the door shut. The magical rune below the handle flashed twice, then turned red. Releasing it, she hurried down the small garden and along the wooden boardwalk that ran along the dirt road.

“I’m late, I’m late,” she chanted as she cut across the street and headed down Malcom East. Her skirt, the only clean one in the house, was shorter than she normally wore to work; it teased her upper thighs and she felt the warm spring air running past her legs. The brilliant red fabric was light and breezy. It complemented her cream blouse and socks that stopped right below her knees. The only piece of jewelery she wore was a butterfly hairpiece to hold back her curly, blonde hair.

Ten minutes into her bustle, her thighs burned with her efforts to hurry up. She crossed Center Line Road at a diagonal and jumped up on the boardwalk on the far side. The crowds were thicker near the center of the city and she had to push her way around people to make it to work on time.

Ahead, she saw a man standing in the center of the pedestrian traffic, creating a swirl of humanity as they circled around him. He was watching everyone through dark eyes. As she drew closer, she saw he wore studded leather armor and had a sword. She grabbed her handbag and felt a surge of worry. Very few people outside of the city guards wore weapons in town, more so during the middle of the work week.

She ducked her head and passed him. As she did, she heard him speak in a throaty growl. "Oh yeah, that's the one."

Peeking up, she saw him staring straight at her. With a squeak, she snapped her head back forward and pushed her way through the crowds. The look he gave her sickened her stomach and she wanted to get as far away as possible.

She slowed when she saw another man in leather armor standing at the opposite end of the block. His back was to her but doing the same thing as the first, watching the people as they passed.

Merrie came to a stop and turned around. The man behind her had resumed his watching the crowds. Looking around, Merrie spotted another watcher on the far side of the block, opposite of the first. When she saw the third, she knew there would be a fourth.

Fear filled her as she looked around frantically, trying to find some way out. Because she was walking through the upper merchant district, the stores on either side of the road were still locked and sealed shut. Bars covered the windows and metal gates and magical runes glowed along the entrances.

She spotted an alley and rushed to it, shoving people out of the way. She felt foolish and terrified at the same time and the curses that followed her didn't help either. She made it to the alley just as a man with dark brown hair stepped out of it.

He was huge, a thriban with dusty green skin and muscular arms thicker than her waist. One tooth poked out of his mouth as he focused directly on her. His eyes looked like two dirty orbs of sickly yellow, flecked with green. Like the other men she saw, he wore studded leather armor. Instead of a short sword, he had a wide-bladed, long sword in a scabbard at his waist.

Merrie felt her sphincter clench at the dark, malevolent gaze he gave her. She stepped back, but when she hit a pedestrian, she was shoved forward. Stumbling, her arms flailed until she hit the thriban in the chest; it was like hitting a solid wall of stone. The studs of his leather arm dug into her face and she whimpered as she pushed away.

The thriban grabbed her by the hair and pulled her to his chest. The studs scraped against her face as he crouched down. Wrapping one massive arm around her waist, he picked her off the ground and slung her over his shoulder.

She screamed as shrilly as she could. Her attempts to wiggle free were useless against the iron-tight grip holding her down. The ridge of the thriban's shoulder dug into her stomach, adding pain to her terror.

The thriban bellowed in a deep, rumbling voice. "Grab and stab!"

Light sparkled along the segment of road. The man slung her over his shoulder and she felt his shoulder digging into her gut. Behind him, runes on the wall burst into life. They were far more complicated than the ones used to heat her water or lock her door. More runes appeared in a line, running down the side of the street.

Terrified and confused, Merrie peered over her shoulder to see another set of magical runes lining the opposite side of the street. Seconds later, they reached the end of the street just as two more lines crossed the hard-packed road and completed a circle that encircled the entire block.

The world collapsed around Merrie. One moment, she was staring at the stone wall glowing with runes, and the next she felt her lungs and body being crushed into nothingness. Her stomach twisted violently and she felt bile rising up in her throat. Then, they were somewhere else.

The stone wall became the inside of a warehouse. Merrie threw up on the thriban's back. She sobbed and whined as she tried to pry herself loose. The thriban's grip on her tightened and she felt his fingers digging into her side.

"Ah damn," he muttered.

Another man laughed. "Bitch threw up you, Bass."

Bass growled and turned toward him. "Shut up, Trunk."

As he turned, Merrie found herself staring at the people from the street. They were now in a large warehouse. Men with drawn swords pushed their way into the dazed and confused crowds. She watched as one of the armed men rushed up to a fat man and slam his sword into the man's gut.

Merrie screamed as the man collapsed to the ground, but the attacker wasn't done. He dropped on the slaughtered pedestrian and started to tear off necklaces, jewels, and his money belt. Next to him, an girl with brunette hair was yanked from the downed man's arm and pulled toward the wall by another warrior. She screamed out and pummeled him until another attacker stepped in and

punched her hard in the stomach. She folded in half and they dragged her from the crowds and toward Bass.

The attackers moved quickly, picking out young people, male and female, and slaughtering the old. Riches and artifacts were thrown into bags. By the time the pedestrians managed to fight back, there was only a dozen left of them and they fell quickly under the onslaught of a dozen armed men.

Behind Bass, the captured pedestrians were being dragged to a wagon. It was low to the ground but the sides of the wagons reached easily three meters above the base. A door was open and the abductors were shoving their prisoners. Merrie could hear the thuds of them hitting the wooden floor of the wagon and the cries coming from inside.

One of the prisoners tried to escape the wagon. He punched the nearest guard, but before he could crawl out, an abductors ran him through with a spear. He fell back and there were more screams from inside. One of the warriors reached in and pulled out the dying man. They tossed him aside like discarded wood.

Merrie looked away, sickened. She tried to crawl away from Bass' grip, but Bass just pinned her tighter. She felt his shoulder digging into her gut and the discomfort mixed with her fear in a terrifying combination.

“Don't worry, cutie, old Bass will take care of you.”

Bass gave her ass a slap before he turned around and headed for the wagon. Merrie saw three more wagons on their side of the warehouse and another four on the far side. All of them were filled with people, screams, and terror.

In the center, there was just blood and corpses. In less than two minutes, the abductors had killed or kidnapped everyone on the street. A few remaining men headed toward the wagons, stabbing every prone body as they passed.

Merrie looked away at the violence and devastation. Her entire world had brutally changed in a matter of minutes and she didn't know what would happen next. It terrified her and she felt sick to her stomach.

Bass lifted her off his shoulder and tossed her into the wagon.

She hit someone's thighs and arms and slid to the ground in a pool of vomit. Sobbing, she tried to get to her feet but she slipped

and hit the floor of the wagon again. Hands reached down for her and she clung on them, using the others to regain her feet. Looking around, she saw fifteen other people in the wagon with her. All them would be fairly attractive, if it wasn't for the naked fear on their faces.

Bass leaned in and looked around. His yellowed eyes focused on Merrie and he chuckled. "Yeah, we got ourselves a good catch this time."

Merrie shuddered at his look, she didn't know if it was cruelty or lust in the thriban's eyes, but it terrified her nonetheless.

He pulled back and slammed the wagon door closed. Darkness swallowed up the prisoners and Merrie stood, blind and terrified. Cries and sniffing surrounded her.

"W-what is going to happen?" It was a boy on the far side.

"I don't know," said an equally terrified woman.

Outside, Merrie heard shouting. Through the cracks of wagon, a brilliant light speared through the darkness. Merrie gasped along with the rest of the prisoners.

"What-"

The world collapsed in on itself again. Merrie let out a strangled groan. The teleportation spell folded her body, squeezing it down to a single point in space. She felt her very being crushed and twisted, mutilated and folded. She thought it was never end and her sanity would be torn apart.

The wagon crashed into the ground, rocking to the side before settling back into place. Light streamed in through the cracks, but Merrie couldn't see anything.

"All right," bellowed Bass, "let's check out our catch."

The door slammed open and Merrie was blinded by sunlight that poured into the wagon. Hands reached out and grabbed her, yanking her out into the fresh air. She let out a shriek, but a slap silenced her.

"Stand there," came an order. She cowered but obeyed. As they pulled out more of the prisoners, Merrie looked around.

They were in a yard of some sort. The ground was packed hard beneath her, but she could see human footprints everywhere. Along the outer fence were guards with crossbows and swords. They watched the prisoners as they were unloaded from four wagons.

Merrie wondered what happened to the other four wagons, but didn't dare ask.

A guard stood in front of her. "Strip."

"What?" she asked incredulously.

He slapped her across the face. "Silence!"

Merrie opened her mouth to ask a question and he raised his hand. Cowed, Merrie looked down where they were lining up the other prisoners. Some of them were already stripping, prompted by the armed guards threatening them. She stripped with tears rolling down her cheeks.

Bass came down the line as she pulled off her last sock. He looked over her and rubbed his crotch. Merrie swallowed her revulsion and looked away. She held one hand over her own sex and her arm over her breasts. At his gaze, she wished her breasts were much smaller; they swelled over her arm and she couldn't hide them from his leer.

When she felt the large, meaty hand grab her arm, she let out a sob. Bass forced her arm down and grabbed her breast with his other hand. She shuddered at his touch and the rough fingers that squeezed her tit.

Bass twisted his grip on Merrie's soft mound. His fingers dug into her flesh and she felt her nipple growing tight from the sensations. It hurt but the humiliation that burned in her body ached even more.

"Now, little bitch, you're just my type." He released her breast and cupped her chin, forcing her to look up at him. She glared at him through tear-filled eyes; up close, he was almost a half meter taller than her.

Bass gestured with his chin. "Add her to our pile." One of the guards shoved her to the side to an area marked off by two wagons with "Paladin Puppy Mill" painted on the side. There was already a prisoner standing near the wagons, the first woman Merrie saw captured.

Merrie was shoved up against the girl and ordered to stay. Three guards surrounded them. Merrie turned to the girl and whispered, "Hi."

The brunette looked at her, tears rolling down her face, whispered back. "What is going on?"

"I don't know. I'm Merrie."

“Sama. I was just going to visit the museum for the day. Why are they doing-”

“Silence!” ordered a guard.

Merrie flinched as his command but clamped her mouth shut. She clutched Sama, holding her tightly. She lifted her head and watched as Bass inspected the prisoners. He had a companion, a woman with a bloody apron. Together, they walked down the line of sobbing prisoners.

“I want her,” announced Bass as he pointed to a girl, maybe early twenties and black hair. She had large breasts and tried to cover them and the thick patch of pubic hair between her legs at the same time.

“Look at the tits on her.” The woman spoke with a cultured, almost elegant voice. “She’s a cow and you know it.”

“Fine,” grumbled Bass as he pointed to the next two women. “Then I get these two.”

“Bah, I ain’t got time for small-titted bitches. You can have them. You need a breeder, Bass?”

“One,” Bass pointed to a skinny guy with dirty-brown hair, “that guy. You can have the others.”

She grinned and licked her lips. “I do need a bit more sausage at my farm.”

They continued to pick and choose their prisoners. Every one that Bass picked was immediately dragged to join Merrie and Sama. The woman’s choices were dragged into a circle guarded by two men with short swords.

As they reached the last one, a girl barely sixteen, both Bass and the woman stopped. They looked at her as the girl sobbed pitifully. The woman scratched her nose. “Not interested, she’s too young and she won’t produce any milk for months.”

Bass shrugged. “Why not. I’ll take her. I’m not fond of breaking in ones that young.”

As guards dragged the sobbing girl toward Merrie, Bass shook hands with the woman. “Pleasure doing business.”

“See you at the festival, Bass.”

Bass nodded and jammed his hands into his pockets. The thriban paced back to his prisoners. “All right, guys, let’s get home. I’m hungry.”

One of the prisoners whimpered. "What is going to happen to them?"

A guard barked "Silence" and smacked the one who spoke.

Bass chuckled and stopped in front of Merrie. His eyes bore into her and she shivered at the look. "Be happy you aren't staying here. Old Mare runs a dairy farm here. The girls will spend the rest of their lives shackled to stocks, pregnant and producing milk. As soon as they run dry, she sells them off as meat to Lord Dolcetin."

"A-And the guys?" came a question followed by another slap.

Bass chuckled. "She does something with their cocks, turns them into huge fuckers that will spend the rest of their," he empathized the word, "days fucking until their hearts explode. Then," he gestured with a hand, "off to the meat farm."

"What-" Sama clamped her mouth shut before the words escaped.

Bass stepped in front of her. She shied away from him but he followed her when she tried to back away. Sama wilted underneath his gaze. Bass took a final step forward and jammed his hands between her legs. Sama jerked up, almost off the ground, then let out a shriek. She planted her hands on his wrist and strained to move his hand.

He chuckled and drew her closer, dragging her by her hips. Merrie had no doubt that his thick fingers were violating Sama and holding her in place. Merrie felt a spasm with sympathy in her own vagina.

Sama twisted her hips, tried to pull away, as tears splashed down on her pert breasts and chest. She looked at Merrie with pleading eyes and Merrie felt a stab of guilt at her helplessness.

Bass growled into Sama's ear, "And you, little bitch, are going to learn how to be quiet. In fact, I think I'm going to take you and your little blonde friend's," he leered over at Merrie, "and train you personally."

Merrie shuddered at the tone of his voice.

Bass, fingers still jammed into Sama, spoke to the prisoners. "And, if any of you don't listen to my orders, then I will cut your pretty little throats. Do you understand?"

Sobs and cries were his answer. Bass pulled his fingers free of Sama and brought them to his lips. “Mmm, tasty.” He licked them clean before speaking to the guards. “Come on, get them loaded.”

Merrie and the others were shoved into the two wagons and ordered to sit down on benches inside. When the only male tried to speak, a guard punch him. As the guy recovered, the guard sat down next to him with his unsheathed sword on his lip. The threat was obvious.

She took the hint and remained silent as the wagons headed out of the dairy farm.

t'Sade

The Mill

2

Merrie woke up with a start. She was sleeping with her head on Sama's shoulder. On the other side of Sama, the last girl, the young one, was curled up on the bench with her head on Sama's lap. Yawning, Merrie sat up and looked around.

Night had come while they slept and the wagon was quiet. Everyone but her was dozing, including the three guards. She glanced toward the back of the wagon and, to her surprise, it was clear. It would only be a matter of slipping away and running to freedom.

"I'd hate," Merrie jumped as Bass spoke up from the shadows in the front of the wagon, "to break those pretty feet of yours."

"I-I wasn't going to run," she lied.

Bass stood up from the shadows. He padded over to Merrie and squatted down in front of her.

Merrie's body tensed at his presence. Even crouching in front of her, he towered over her. She felt vulnerable and helpless as he stared at her. One meaty hand rested on her thigh and she squeezed her legs together.

"You can't stop me," Bass said with confidence. "If I want your cunt, I will take it."

She squeezed her thighs together even tighter. "W-Why are you doing this?" whispered Merrie. Her voice cracked as she stared into the sparkling yellow eyes.

"It's my job. I'm going to break you, train you, and then sell you off to the highest bidder."

Merrie sobbed quietly, her body shaking. "Please don't do this," she whispered, terrified to raise her voice. She felt her chest

heaving from her breaths, and knew that it only excited Bass, but she couldn't stop.

Bass dropped his other hand on her knee. She looked down as he pressed his thumbs on her kneecaps. His arms bulged as he pushed her knees apart.

Merrie tried to stop him, but he overpowered her easily. He exposed her pussy and the thin triangle of hair above it and she couldn't do anything. Fresh tears ran down her cheeks. "Please... please don't."

His hands ran up her thighs, forcing her legs further open. Her right knee pressed against Sama who moaned in her sleep.

Knowing where his hands were going, Merrie squirmed with discomfort and anticipation.

His hand continued to drive up until she felt his thick fingers jamming into her labia. He dragged his fingers around until he caught her clitoris between two fingers.

She gasped at the sensation and tensed.

With a grin, Bass drove his fingers down to the opening of her sex and jammed it deep inside. Merrie jumped and cringed as he forced his way into her dry sex. Curling his fingers inside her behind the bone, he dragged her to the edge of the bench.

Merrie didn't want to move, but there was no resisting his call. She felt her stomach clenching at the effort and planted one hand on the bench for balance.

Bass took his free hand to push her knees even further apart. He leaned into her, whispering in a deep, rumbling voice. "If you shut up and obey, the following months will be pleasant or at least tolerable. If you resist, then you are about to experience more pain and suffering and misery than you can imagine."

Merrie choked back a sob. She felt his fingers driving deeper into her, stretching her opening as he plunged his digits in and out.

"Now, bitch, are you going to obey?"

When she didn't answer right away, he jammed his fingers to the knuckle inside her, his thumb crushing her clitoris. She let out a whimper.

"Are you going to obey?"

She nodded frantically, just to stop Bass. He withdrew his fingers and held up his two, sausage-like fingers. They glistened with her juices.

“Lick them.”

“What?”

Bass frowned and he reached out with his other. Grabbing her breast, he crushed her nipple in his hand. “I said obey, bitch. Now, lick them clean.”

Shoulders shaking, Merrie opened her mouth as he shove his fingers into her. She tasted herself on his fingers, the tangy taste of her pussy. He pumped his fingers in and out until they were clean and glistening. She closed her eyes in humiliation and tried to get the taste of herself off her tongue.

Bass smiled and stood up. She could see his massive cock straining at his pants. She wanted to look away, but couldn't imagine anything as large as a thriban. They were larger than human males, much larger. It would kill her if he raped her, but she knew there was no escaping Bass.

The wagon came to a halt. She could see torches out the back of the wagon. And another yard, not unlike the dairy farm. She turned back to see Bass smiling down at her.

“Listen, bitch, I tolerated you speaking just now. But as soon as you get off that wagon, if I heard you say a single word, I will beat you. Do you understand?”

Merrie whimpered but said nothing.

Bass chuckled. “Learning already. All right, everyone off!”

Merrie helped Sama and the youngest girl off the wagon. Bass lined them up in the yard. It was dark and cool and she felt the moisture clinging to her body. Shivering, Merrie looked around.

The large house was three floors in height and easily the size of a city block. On one side, she could see what looked like an agility course. It had ramps, loops, and tunnels in a random assortment. Frowning, she looked at the other side of the yard, then froze. There were lines of small houses, dog houses, in a fenced in yard. From what she could see, there were easily a hundred of the smaller houses.

As she watched, a woman crawled out of one of the dog houses. She was on her hands and knees. Her hair was pulled into a pony tail

on each side of her head. She crawled out of the dog house and sat on her ass, like a dog. To Merrie's shock, she was naked except for knee-high boots and elbow-long gloves. Up close, the gloves looked wrong, like they had shortened fingers, but she couldn't get a good look in the dim light.

The teenage girl came up to Merrie and whispered, "Is she naked?"

Merrie nodded. "Yes, but I don't know-"

Bass grabbed Merrie by the back of her neck. He squeezed down until Merrie's knees buckled and she hit the ground. Leaning forward, he growled, "You really don't know how to be quiet, do you?"

He bore down on her, forcing her head into the ground. Bass held her down as he spoke to the others. "Now, time for your first lessons. You are not people. You are... dogs, bitches. Even you," he pointed to the guy, "are a bitch. And bitches don't speak. They don't talk, say words, or do anything besides bark, whine, and whimper. Do you understand?"

Merrie heard a few say "yes" but most of them were silence and cowed.

Bass shook his head and gestured to the ones who talked. Guards rushed up and grabbed them. Like Merrie, they were forced down to the ground as the armed men shoved their heads down.

A pair of naked women crawled up on their hands and knees. Like the woman she saw in the kennel area, they were completely naked. Up close, Merrie could see that their hands and feet were different. The one girl had no fingers, just the palms ending with five tiny stubs. Her feet were the same, the feet were removed and there was just two stumps at the end of her legs. Looking at the mutilated hands, Merrie felt dread filling her. But, the girl was acting cheerful, her large breasts bouncing as she pranced over to Bass.

Bass dug his hand into the girl's bag, then pulled out a collar. "Thank you, Pillow Tits."

The dog girl barked once and wagged her ass like a dog. She had a tail that matched her brown hair. At first, Merrie thought it was attached, but the tail moved naturally and she could see where it came out from the dog girl's tailbone. Pillow Tits bounced toward the nearest guard with her bag held high in her mouth.

Bass grabbed Merrie by the hair and pulled her up. Merrie's back arched to relieve the pressure, thrusting her breasts forward as he pulled her from the ground. With his other hand, he wrapped the collar around her neck. As soon as the ends met, there was a scraping noise and the collar grew snug around her throat.

Unexpectedly, he released her hair and she fell down. The ground smacked her face before she could arrest her fall. "Ow-"

Merrie's world exploded into pain as electricity coursed through her body. She screamed out and spasmed as her skin crawled with power. As soon as it started, it stopped. Panting heavily, she looked up to see everyone staring at her. "What-"

The collar gave off a cracking noise and her body was wracked with electricity again. She felt it driving through her, tightening all her muscles until they screamed out in agony. She tried to breath, tried to move but the collar twisted her into a tight, shaking ball.

When it faded, Merrie remained on the ground, sobbing from the pain.

Bass leaned over her, his breath hot. "I told you to be quiet, bitch. And now, you are going to demonstrate the second lesson too." He leaned up. "Collars on?"

"Yes, sir!" came the guards.

"Anyone wanting to talk?" asked Bass.

Merrie panted as she looked around the yard. The naked prisoners, bitches, were shaking in fear. Two of them had thighs that glistened when they peed in fear. Four were still on the ground, one of them with her ass in the air as she sobbed into the ground. The others stood there, shaking and terrified.

"Good," said Bass. "Now, lesson two is a bit easier. But I think some of you," he smacked Merrie on the back of her head, "are too stupid to learn the first time."

Merrie whimpered, tensing for the electrical discharge but it never came.

"You are bitches and bitches obey commands. The first command is 'present'. When I tell you to present, you get on your knees and spread your legs. Put your head down to the ground. Do you understand? Oh, wait," he chuckled, "you can't answer, can you? When I ask you a question, you bark once."

He leaned over Merrie and grabbed her collar, hauling her up. She choked as the collar tightened around her throat. Her fingers clawed at the collar but she couldn't find purchase.

"Bark, bitch."

Choking, Merrie tried to bark. She gasped and choked, trying to bark like a dog but unable to get wind to her lungs. He relaxed his grip slight as she forced a strangled bark out.

"Good," he whispered. "I think I'm going to call you Happy Cunt. When I say Happy Cunt, you bark. Do you understand?"

Merrie barked once through the tears, her body trembling.

"Maybe you can be taught." Bass turned to the others. "Bark."

A chorus of barks rose up amidst the tears and cries. Merrie saw that the two other girls, the two from the house, also barked once as they sat on their asses. The only difference is they were smiling as they barked.

Bass tightened his grip on the collar. "Now, Happy Cunt, present."

Merrie knew what to do. She shook on the ground as she lifted her ass and spread her legs. Her breasts rubbed against the hard-packed ground as she sobbed.

Bass' hands grabbed her knees and forced them apart. "Further apart. I want to see that cunt and asshole of yours. If your lips are touching, you aren't spread enough. If your nipples aren't on the ground, you aren't low enough. Do you understand?"

Face in the ground, Merrie barked once and felt humiliation burn bright.

"Good girl," he patted her on the head, "and now you get a reward."

Merrie didn't know what he was talking about until she heard the sound of a buckle being undone. She was going to be raped, right in front of everyone. She tried to push up, but Bass slapped her ass powerfully. Her entire body shook from the impact.

"If you get up, this won't be a reward, it will be a punishment."

Merrie stopped moving, except for the trembling that shook her body. She held her breath as she heard Bass lower his pants. His fingers dove into her pussy, forcing the lips apart. They were still slick, much to her humiliation, and his fingertips reached deep into her pussy.

She never saw a thriban cock before, and she didn't know what it looked like. But, when she felt it press against her pussy lips, she wondered how humans could ever have sex with them. It was larger than her fist and it was pressed against her hole. It would never fit and she squeezed her eyes tightly in preparation for the pain of being violated. His cock was slick and hot, oozing precum. He slid his cock head up and down her slick, soaking it in his juices.

He leaned into her and the pressure at her opening increased. She desperately tried to bear down, to prevent him from entering, but more of his weight leaned into her and she felt her nether muscles being forced apart.

“Come on, Happy Cunt, this is your reward.”

It didn't feel like a reward as he forced his cock into her. It stretched her open, more than she thought possible. Her flesh strained to contain him as the thick member drove into her.

She was almost dry, but he wasn't. She could feel precum oozing out of his tip and it lubricated his shaft as he forced it in. He withdrew a centimeter and drove it in. Pumping in and out with sharp, powerful strokes. She let out a wail and stretched out, clawing at the ground to escape his shaft.

Bass' hands grabbed her hips and he pulled her back. She felt flesh tearing and screamed out in agony. “No!”

Even as she said it, she knew she would be punished. The collar exploded into pain and she felt the electricity crash into her. Her body shook in seizure and she felt Bass ram his cock entirely into her pussy, burying the far too large member into her pussy.

She screamed out in agony and her eyes blurred from the pain. His cock was a log inside her, tearing her open, but he didn't give her respite. Powerful hands gripped her hips as he drove his cock deeper into her, ripping her open as she suffered through the last of the electrical shock. His cock was too thick, too long, too hard. it slammed against the back of her vagina with hard, brutal strokes.

Bass didn't stop or even slow. With every stroke, she felt his apple-sized balls smack against her thighs. Every ridge of his immense shaft burned in her memory as he raped her. He continued to drive into her, inhumanly hard and fast. She shook with every stroke, her breasts scraping the ground. Even with the agony that filled her, she felt a hint of pleasure filling her and felt shamed by it.

Bass released her hips and grabbed her collar with one hand. Merrie was forced back as he pulled. The tightness around her throat choking her and she felt him grow even harder with her suffering. His cock swelled with every stroke and the pounding drove her off her knees and on the balls of her feet.

With a bellow, he punched his cock into her pussy and let go. Cum flooded her insides, filling her until it poured out around the junction of their bodies. He continued to drive in slow, shuddering strokes until his cock stopped spasming inside her body.

Releasing her, Bass let her slump to the ground. He pulled out of her pussy.

Merrie felt relief as he exited her, but her body felt strangely empty. Cum poured of her gaping sex and puddled underneath her.

Bass stood up. "All right, I'm taking Happy Cunt, Silly Tits," he pointed to Sama, "and... um... Ass Licker," his finger turned to the young girl, "with me. The rest of you take three bitches to your room. I expect to see some trained bitches tomorrow at dinner, do you understand?"

"Yes, sir!"

"And, little bitches, I expect you to know how to shut up and present. Do you understand?"

On the ground, shuddering in revulsion of her rape, Merrie barked once. Then closed her eyes as the tears splashed down.

Sable

3

Over the pounding in her ears and the terrible ache from her rape, Merrie could hear the handlers move to pick out their prisoners. Screams rang out and then stopped abruptly as electrical popping noises filled the air. Merrie felt bodies hit the ground with thuds and shuddered in sympathetic pain with each impact.

Bass' cum dribbled down her inner thighs. Merrie wanted to pull her legs together to stop the flow, but she was terrified that Bass would punish her. Instead, she buried her face in the ground and tried not to hear the pitiful cries filling the yard.

Through the din, she heard the handlers naming the prisoners the same type of names as Bass gave her: Pillow Chest, Snapping Pussy, Screams and Cookies, Anal Slut, and other just as degrading names. They grabbed the newly named prisoners and dragged them toward the house. More electrical popping noises sparked as the prisoners struggled and screams were cut off in mid-screch.

Next to her, Bass' boots circled around her. She peeked through her blonde hair at the dirt-covered boots and shook with fear. He stopped next to her right ear and she could feel his presence like a burning brand. "Stay down, Happy Cunt. You two, Silly Tits and Ass Licker." Merrie could almost picture them cringing at the deep voice. Boss stomped the ground next to Merrie who jumped. "Present yourselves right here."

Merrie heard bare feet scuffle next to her, then a presence as someone knelt down next to her. Merrie winced as a flash of pain radiated from her violated pussy.

Sniffles and tears splashed down as Sama dropped to her hands, then lowered herself to the ground. Sama's brunette hair pooled underneath her face as she pressed her cheek to the ground.

Boss growled, the deep noise shaking the air. "Ass Licker, I said present yourself!"

The teenage girl cried, a pitiful noise frequently interrupted with the tiny pop noises of her collar. Instead of dropping the girl to the ground, her whines grew louder and more frantic. Bass' boots stepped out of Merrie's vision as he stormed toward the teenage girl; Merrie couldn't quite call her Ass Licker, but it was the only name she had for the dark-haired girl.

Merrie shifted her head so she could look at Sama. In the silence as Bass chased after the teenage girl, she looked at the woman who was her companion in misery.

With Sama naked, Merrie couldn't help looking at her body. Sama was younger than Merrie, maybe in her early twenties, with sweeping breasts that didn't quite sag like Merrie's own large mounds. Her nipples, tiny bumps, hovered a centimeter above the ground. Her body was slender, lithe, with clear lines of muscles. Merrie caught a tiny hint of Sama's pubic hair, a light shaking above her nether lips. But, more importantly, the green-brown eyes that looked back were filled with the same terror and dread that burned inside Merrie.

Merrie didn't know what to say, what to do. She tried to give Sama a sympathetic look, but she knew that it was a lie, a mask for the outright terror that burned in her gut. The searing sensation in her pussy reminded her that their lives were to be filled with rape and violence.

Sama nodded, tears sparkling in her eyes. A fat tear rolled down her cheek and dropped to the ground, soaking into the earth instantly. As Bass' boots shook the ground, she closed her eyes and tensed.

Merrie couldn't look away as Bass shoved the teenage girl down on the ground. The girl let out a scream, this one more human than animal, and the collar finally gave out a large electrical burst and a flash of light. She slumped to the ground and a curl of smoke rose up from other side of Sama.

Bass sighed. "I never had to break in three at once," he muttered, "this is going to be the death of me." He circled around the three women on the ground. "All right, bitches, let's see some proper form. Happy Cunt, spread your legs more. Silly Tits, get them nipples on the ground! Ass... damn it, Ass Licker, stop sobbing."

Everything inside her screamed not to do it, but Merrie scraped her knees on the ground as she forced her legs apart. She felt her nether lips parting with a fresh surge of cum that splattered to the ground. She was terrified of exposing herself to Bass' lusts, but the fear kept her from closing her legs together.

Next to her, crying just as much, Sama pushed her chest against the earth.

"Tits, I said further down." Bass reached out and pressed his splayed fingers on Sama's back. His green-gray skin was a stark contrast to Sama's paler flesh. He bore down and Sama let out a gasp as he crushed her breasts into the ground. "There, nipples against the ground! Cunt-"

Merrie tensed, waiting her punishment.

"-good enough. Ass Licker, damn it." Bass growled as he crouched down between Sama and the teenage girl... Licker seem as good of a name as possible.

Morbidly curious, Merrie lifted her body, then lowered so her nipples were just touching the soil. From her vantage point, she watched as Bass took a ham-sized palm and grabbed Licker on the hips. He hauled her up as he used his other hand to shove her face into the ground.

"Listen, bitch, if you obey, this hurts a lot less. If you don't-" powerful muscles bulged along his arm and Licker gave out a wail of pain, "-this will happen. Now, lift that ass... good and keep your head down. Further down. Down." He finally seem satisfied and patted her on the ass, "good girl."

He stood up. "Good, good."

From the house came a high-pitched screech. Merrie looked up with surprise. From the second story window, a naked woman clawed at the glass before a hand reached out and yanked her back.

"Cunt, tits down!"

Shocked, Merrie dropped down and crushed her breasts to the earth.

Bass' boots trod on the ground and he stopped at her hip. His leather armor creaked as he knelt down.

Merrie closed her eyes, her body trembling with anticipation. Even expecting it, when she felt his thick finger slid down the crack of her ass, she jumped. Biting her lip, she shuddered as he ran his fingers through her splayed open labia.

He shoved into her, sopping his finger with his cum and her juices, then pulled out. He nosily sucked on his finger. "Virgin bitch, nothing tastes better. Don't worry," he smacked Merrie on the ass and she jumped, "I'm done fucking you tonight. First rule of the puppy mill, every bitch goes to bed filled with cum." He stood up. "It doesn't matter if its your belly, cunt, or ass. But, this is one of those absolute rules. No bitch goes to sleep without getting fucked."

Reaching over, he ran a hand along Sama's back. She shuddered and whimpered but he just stroked her back like he was petting her. "That means, Silly Tits, that you're going to get fucked. I'd rather take my time with Ass Licker there." He sighed, "She needs stretching out before she can take a proper cock."

Merrie felt a small measure of relief knowing that she wouldn't be raped again that night, but her gaze focused on Sama's and she saw the abject terror of anticipation. Risking punishment, Merrie reached out for Sama.

Sobbing, Sama grabbed her hand tightly, squeezing down as fresh tears ran down her cheeks.

"And what's this? What do you think you are doing?"

Merrie inhaled sharply but didn't release Sama.

Bass chuckled warmly. "No, this is actually what I want. Bond with your pack, it will help with the days ahead, but," he reached down and pried their hands apart. "Do it like bitches, not humans."

Merrie looked up with confusion and tried to pull her wrist free of his tight grip.

He gestured with his chin. "Happy Cunt and Silly Tits, up on your hands and feet."

Unsure if she was about to be punished, Merrie used her free hand to push herself up on her hand and knees. Her body balanced on three limbs as she tugged on her wrist. He released her and she slipped her hand free of his rough grip. Gingerly, she rested her palm on the ground and looked at him.

Sama did the same as she pushed herself on her hands and knees.

Bass groaned. "Tomorrow, you'll be getting boots and gloves. Until then, move as if you didn't have fingers. Don't don't have them anyways, but they can comfort each other with their bodies, their heads, sides, tails."

Hesitantly, Merrie thought she knew what he wanted. Head bowed down in case he hit her, she leaned into Sama and brushed her cheek against Sama's. The other girl's brunette hair clung to the dried tears on her face, but the touch of the warm skin against her cheek gave Merrie some small, pitiful measure of comfort.

Sama gasped, her breath hot on Merrie's ear, and she rubbed her own cheek against Merrie, running right behind Merrie's jaw and along her ear. Sama's tears streaked against Merrie's skin and soaked into her hair, but Merrie didn't care.

They pulled back and looked into each other's eyes. Merrie saw the fear in Sama's brown green eyes, but also a compassion, an understanding they were both in hell.

"Good, good," purred Bass.

Merrie glanced over to see him rubbing his crotch. She never saw his cock, but seeing the thick girth bulging out from his trousers gave her a start; there was no way it would fit in her hand, much less her pussy. It looked easily three hand-spans in length and there was a dark spot of pre-cum soaking into the fabric.

Bass stood up. "Okay, the hallways should be clear by now. Come on, Cunt, Tits, and Ass, time to see your new home for the next three weeks."

Merrie started to stand up, but a hard look from Bass stopped her. She dropped to her hands and knees and he nodded with approval. She lowered her head, humiliated at him denying even the basic human right of walking. She crawled forward on her hands and knees. She felt the rough dirt beneath her and the way her body swayed with the movements.

She made it a few steps when she realized that she was alone. Turning around, she saw Bass towering over Licker, who curled in a fetal position. Sama was in the same position, looking back and forth with a torn expression.

Bass squatted down next to Licker. "Look, Ass Licker, you're not going to make it."

“I-” Her body spasmed violently as her collar activated.

Merrie winced as the girl wailed out and clawed at her collar. Hesitantly, Merrie turned back around and looked helplessly as Licker writhed on the ground, crying out and setting off the collar repeatedly.

It hurt Merrie to see Licker being tortured. Every time the dark haired girl got out a word, the collar exploded into life and she screamed out. The sound echoed in the dark of night. Merrie realized there were tears rolling down her cheeks, in sympathy for Licker.

Bass surprised her when Merrie saw that he has a sympathetic look on his face. He didn't reach out to stop Licker as she electrocuted herself, but there was something cautious and sad in his eyes as he squatted next to Licker. Then, when Licker was flipped over, he finally responded. He reached out and pulled her off her arm, which got twisted underneath her, and set her back on the ground.

Licker, eyes red with tears, opened her mouth. “Pl-” Merrie winced as the collar set off.

It became too much for her. Crawling low to the ground, Merrie worked her way to Licker. She didn't know what to do, but she had to stop the slender girl from hurting herself anymore.

Bass' yellowed eyes rose to look at Merrie, but the expression never changed on his face.

Merrie hesitated, then crawled closer.

Licker was panting in the pause between trying to cry out. It would only be matter of seconds before she started again. Sweat glistened off her body; it dripped down from her throat and along her nearly flat, perky breasts before pooling in her belly button.

Worrying her lower lip, Merrie inched closer.

Licker gave her a pleading look. She opened her mouth and Merrie knew that she was about to say something and start the torture again. “Help-”

Without thinking, Merrie rushed forward on her hands and knees. Merrie plastered her lips against Licker to silence her. The collar around Licker's neck popped and Merrie felt the electrical surge slam into her. She almost screamed into Licker's lips, but Merrie forced herself to keep her lips sealed around the teenager's.

The pain ended quickly.

Merrie opened her eyes and saw herself looking into Licker's brown, tear-filled eyes. Their bodies were close. Merrie's larger breasts were grinding into Licker's sweat-slicked mounds.

Licker started to say something again and Merrie drove her body down, stopping the word before it vibrated the teenager's throat. Licker closed her eyes and her body shook with sobs.

Merrie held herself still, balancing on her hands and feet as she held the girl to the ground. It hurt her to force Licker to submit, but it hurt more to see the collar electrocuting her.

Long moments passed with Licker's panting blowing warm air against Merrie's face. The girl's slender body shifted underneath Merrie. Merrie kept her mouth sealed against Licker's lips as she lifted her arm, then her leg to let Licker stretch out on the ground.

"Well," rumbled Bass, "that was unexpected."

Merrie felt a flush of embarrassment. She broke the kiss and felt a line of saliva connecting her to Licker before it snapped. Panting herself, she carefully remained on her hands and knees as she stepped away from Licker.

Bass dropped to his knees and reached out for Licker. She backed away and opened her mouth to call out. Merrie started forward, but Bass moved first. He rested one massive finger on her lips and spoke in a deep, commanding voice. "Silence."

Licker froze, her breasts heaving as she stared at Bass.

Bass shifted forward as he spoke his gravelly voice. "Stop talking, Ass Licker. Right now. Do you understand?"

The teenage girl nodded with tiny movements, her wide eyes staring with rapt horror at Bass.

He slid his hands underneath her shoulders and knees. Without a grunt, he picked her off the ground and pulled her close to his chest. Licker trembled and shook, but she remained silent.

"Come on, I'm tired. Cunt and Tits, head into the house."

Merrie didn't really understand why she silenced Licker the way she did. She knew that if she used her hand, Bass would have punished her. But, she didn't know how... how to do something as a dog. So, she did the first thing that came to mind.

As Bass strode forward, Merrie followed after. She carefully moved on her hands and knees, feeling the ground scratching her

knees and palms as they made their way to the house. At the stairs, she hesitated at the first rough hewn stair, but then realized they were worn smooth with age. Giving it a ginger test, she crawled up the stairs and felt the burn already rising in her cheeks.

Still holding Licker, Bass opened his door. As soon as the door opened, a female barked from inside. Merrie looked up to see another dog girl sitting on the third step of a massive curling staircase leading up.

She was curvy, with a large ass and huge breasts. Her dark brown hair was pulled into two large pigtails, one on each side of her head so it looked like floppy ears. She wore a thin leather collar—Merrie couldn't understand why she noticed that—and nothing else. Merrie's eyes unwittingly traveled down the curvy woman's body, past the bare and swollen pubic mound and along her full, smooth thighs.

At the sight of the dog girl's knees, Merrie froze. The dog girl didn't have legs below the knees. Instead, they ended with a leather boot capping over the amputated ends. Merrie felt fear claw her stomach as she frozen in shock.

Bass chuckled. "Sable!"

Sable, the dog girl, pushed herself off the stairs and bounced over to him. She moved smoothly and wiggled her entire body as she reached up at him with fingerless hands. She had a tail, like the others, that sprouted out of her tailbone right above her ass. It was the same color and texture as her hair and it moved along with the rest of her wiggling. She panted with a smile on her lips.

Merrie glanced over at Sama who looked in the same horror at Sable.

Sable lowered her head and looked straight at Merrie. Intense green eyes, the color of grass, riveted on her and it felt like to Merrie that Sable was looking into her soul. With a smile, Sable dropped to her hands and knees and bounded over to Merrie.

Stomach clenching, Merrie tensed but Sable just slid her head right up against Merrie. Sable ran her cheek along Merrie's, then kissed Merrie right on her shoulder. Merrie gasped as Sable kissed her again, then along her neck. Finally, she kissed Merrie's ear with a breathy giggle, then pulled away.

Sable sat down in front of Merrie and barked once. Her eyes sparkled as she stared at Merrie. When Merrie didn't move, Sable shifted to her hands and knees again, then lowered her body. It was the present position, but Sable wiggled her ass as she gave Merrie a playful look.

Merrie looked helplessly at Bass.

Bass laughed. "I think Sable wants to play. Come on girl, let's get them to the room."

Sable spun around and barked twice. She bounded excitedly to the stairs and hopped up it.

Merrie stared in shock as she saw the woman without feet bounding up the stairs.

Still carrying Licker in his arms, Bass followed. His boots shook each stair and a few clods of dirt broke off the boots to bounce on the carpet that ran up the middle of the stairs.

Sama, then Merrie after a second, followed after them. They both crawled up the stairs. After only a few steps, it was hard work to climb and after an eternity, they reached the second floor. But, Bass continued up toward the third.

Merrie heard screaming down the hallways on the second floor. Somewhere, someone was being beaten and there were muffled, tear-filled barks through closed door. Merrie shivered at the sound and lowered her body more as she crawled up the stairs.

At the top stairs, there were three doors. One was ornate with carvings covering every centimeter. She didn't get a chance to look at the door as Bass pushed open a different door and strode inside.

Meekly, Merrie crawled after him, then slowed as she took in his room.

Bass had a suite, with a bed large enough for a king. It was a four-poster bed with harsh-looking metal rings embedded near the bottom. A low step surrounded the bed. To the side of the bed was a pile of pillowed and fuzzy blankets. She could see a large, gilded bathroom at one end and a small kitchen area, complete with a rune-heater and a water fount. The rest of the room had various tables, chairs, platforms, stairs, and hoops. She didn't know what they were for, but they looked out of place with the rest of the homey fixings.

She drank in the smell, of sex and men. She could almost pick out Bass' musky sent and the soft sweet smell of sleeping quarters.

"Come on, Cunt, all the way in the room and shut the door."

Merrie crawled into the room and reached out to close the door. A warning growl stopped her and she flinched back. Looking through her hair, she saw Sable shaking her head. The curvy dog girl crawled forward and used her face to push the door shut. It latched loudly and Merrie jumped.

Sable looked at Merrie through half-closed eyes and she smiled with bared teeth.

Merrie gasped and looked around. Bass was setting Licker down on the bed. He stroked his hands along her hair, then motioned for Sama. Merrie peered to get a better look, but Sable stepped in front of her view. Focusing on the dog girl, Merrie stepped away.

Sable gave a low, breathy growl and stepped forward. Her eyes sparkled as she grinned at Merrie.

Merrie backed away and tried to escape the sudden attention by the dog girl.

Sable followed her, her tail waving back and forth as Merrie was forced toward the bed.

Frightened, Merrie continued to flee slowly, but when her foot touched the pile of pillows, she froze. "What-"

She didn't mean to speak, but the collar shot electricity through her veins. She let out a whimper and dropped to the ground as the spasms shook her body from the inside. Tears from the sudden pain dripped from her face.

When it was over, Sable was using her nose to pull the hair from Merrie's face. Merrie let out a sob and reached up to wipe the tears, but Sable pressed her palm down on Merrie's wrist to pin it. Feeling the fingerless woman holding her down, Merrie froze and looked into the intense green eyes of the dog girl.

Sable leaned forward and kissed the tear from Merrie's cheek. Sable crawled forward and sensually kissed the other cheek. Merrie felt Sable's body, hot and curvy, pressing against her own and she felt a different type of fear. Sable was pushing her back.

Merrie tried to pull away, but she lost her balance and fell back. Her body hit the pillows and Sable was on her. Lips and breasts and

skin caressed her body as Sable pinned her to the pillows. Merrie struggled, then she felt Sable's lips latching on her nipple.

After scraping against the earth and stairs, her nipples were sensitive and raw. She didn't know how much until the single intense bolt of sensation slammed into her. Merrie gasped and winched as she waited for the collar to activate.

It didn't.

Sable used her head to push Merrie down and licked Merrie from navel to collarbone.

Merrie didn't know what to do. She looked over at the bed and her mouth opened with surprise. Bass was stripping out of his pants and his cock, a massive thing that looked larger than her arm, bounced with his pulse. The head was rounded and dripping with pre-cum. From her vantage point, it looked ten centimeters across and easily three or four times that length. In the middle was a bulge, only a centimeter thick but almost black compared to the purple-gray skin of the rest of Bass' masculinity.

Her pussy, raped with Bass' cock, sent a spasm as she realized how much was slammed into her body. She realized that Sable was kissing lower. Shivering, Merrie looked down to see Sable working her head between Merrie's legs. The green eyes were sparkling as the dog girl positioned her mouth right over Merrie's sex.

"Good girl, Sable. Clean her out. Get a good helping of cum. I don't think I'll get to you tonight."

Sable whimpered, but there was a smile on her lips.

Merrie breathed hard as she waited for Sable to press her lips against Merrie's pussy. Merrie never had sex with another woman, but there was something about the intensely green eyes and her current position that just made it natural. She also never had someone go down on her like Sable was, it just wasn't something proper lovers did.

At the first touch of the wide tongue against her sex, Merrie felt a pleasure she never experienced before. It was hot and slick and strong. Sable parted Merrie's labia and sought out the hard, sore clitoris. Her chin brushed on the sore and aching opening. With a few swirls of her tongue, Sable lowered herself even more until her green eyes were barely visible over Merrie's pubic mound. The tongue lapped at her sex, parting it and working at the aching hole.

When Sable lifted her body to change position, Merrie saw Bass' cum on the dog girl's face. Sable buried her head back between Merrie's legs. At the pleasure that blossomed from her recently raped hole, Merrie couldn't help but gasp at the forbidden rush that seared her senses.

Merrie gasped and reached down for Sable, but the dog girl stopped and growled. Remembering that she couldn't use her hands, she let them down. It was wrong to enjoy Sable's tongue. Merrie was abducted and raped in front of everyone. The very man who tore her body open was crawling naked on the bed. She couldn't see Sama except for one foot that Bass lifted to the side, but Merrie could hear the brunette's whimpers.

She closed her eyes, but that only increased her awareness of Sable lapping between her legs. Despite Merrie's resistance and confusion, her body quickly grew hot. Sable knew exactly where to lick, how to lap, and soon Merrie felt a single coursing down her legs and quickening her breath. She reached out for the pillows, grabbing them at first, then just resting her palms on the soft fabric as Sable brought her to her first orgasm with a woman.

It wasn't screaming pleasure, or a clap of heavens, but when it crashed into Merrie, she let out a long moan. Her eyes rolled up as she shuddered with every lap of Sable's tongue.

Sable continued to assault her, driving away the harsh memories of Bass' rape. When she finally looked up, her face was glistening with Merrie's and Bass' juices. Sable barked once and pushed herself up to her hands and knees.

Merrie laid on the pillows, her eyes half closed as she felt betrayed by her body. The warm tingles coursed up and down her skin and she panted in the afterglow.

To her shame, Bass was fucking Sama with long, powerful strokes and Merrie could do nothing to stop him. She could only see his ass hanging over the bed, his huge balls swinging back and forth as he held Sama's feet to his shoulders. Wet slurping noises filled the bedroom as his cock plowed into the brunette woman, a sound that Merrie could not escape.

Sable bounded over to the bed. She rested her arms on the side, right between Bass' legs, and peered over the edge. With a smile on her lips, Sable watched with rapt fascination as Bass' balls smacked

her face. Her tail wagged back and forth as she stared at the master's cock driving into Sama's body.

Merrie felt torn. Bass captured her, raped her, and forced her to be a bitch for him. But, as she watched Sable watching him with such innocent joy, she couldn't put the two together. Was Bass a horrible rapist? What did Sable see in him?

Fighting back tears, she couldn't figure it out. She rolled over with her back to Bass, Sable, and everyone else. Curling in a ball, she closed her eyes, held her arms over her ears and wished she would wake up in her own bed.

t'Sade

Begging

4

Merrie's bladder woke her up. Curled up in the pillows, she was warm and comfortable, but the insistent pressure between her legs refused to allow her to retreat back into her dreams. She desperately wished she was anywhere but in the pillow. She still felt the ache of her rape. No matter how she shifted, she could still feel Bass' massive cock ramming inside her and the ache of his withdrawal. No matter how tightly she closed her eyes, she couldn't escape her nightmare.

She cracked open her eyes and blinked past the tears to peer into the shadowed room. Everything was quiet and still. The morning light speared through wooden slats that covered the windows. It lit up the strange mixture of tables, chairs, and other devices that were, she had no doubt, intended to humiliate or fuck her. On the bed, Bass slept on his back with his arms and legs spread out to the four corners. Sable's ass stuck up in the air from where she slumbered at the foot of the bed. Her head stuck over the edge, but her dark hair covered her face in a curtain. Her tail drooped down the crack of her ass, covering her asshole and pussy as she snored softly.

Merrie lifted her head to look for Sama and Licker. She saw Sama first, only a meter away and ensconced in the pillows. Her brunette hair was splayed out across the pillowed but she was curled in a fetal position. Sama's hands were between her thighs; her hands were plastered against her vagina. Dried cum glued her fingers together and Merrie couldn't help thinking about the fingerless girls she saw the night before.

Movement caught her attention. She dropped her head back to the pillow before she realized it was Licker hesitantly standing up. The dark-haired girl looked around fearfully as she swayed back and forth. Her head stopped as she stared at Bass. A look of fear crossed the young girl's face, but then Licker turned away to gaze longingly at the door.

Stepping over the pillow, Licker carefully planted her bare feet on the ground and padded over to the door. As she walked, Merrie couldn't help but notice the differences between their bodies. Licker was much younger and more beautiful than Merrie. She had long, slender legs that led up to a tiny ass that Merrie wished she had. Her body continued into the slender line of her waist and up to her shoulders. The long, straight black hair cascaded down Licker's back as she peeked nervously at Bass before she grabbed the heavy handle. Closing her eyes, Licker slowly turned the handle. When the handle stopped rotating, Licker tugged on the door.

Merrie held her breath, wondering if Licker would escape.

The door didn't move.

Licker frowned, then tugged on it. She glanced over her shoulder at Bass as fresh tears rolled down her cheeks.

Merrie let out her breath in a quiet rush. She knew the look of despair on Licker's face.

Licker turned around, obviously trying to decide something. Her body trembled as her head turned back and forth, scanning the room. From the front, Merrie felt a renewed pang of jealousy. Licker was beautiful, with her pert breasts and trim belly. She had a thick patch of black hair between her legs and Merrie wondered if Bass raped her while Merrie slept.

At the thought, Merrie felt shame. She didn't wish rape on anyone, not with the ache still burning between her legs and the humiliation bright in her memories. But, Bass' declaration rang in her mind: no bitch slept without cum in her body.

Licker made a decision. She circled around the room and headed to the bathroom. Merrie felt the pressure of her own bladder as the teenage girl slipped inside. She closed the door. Moments later, the hiss of her peeing drifted quietly through the room.

Merrie groaned at the sound; Licker peeing only made her discomfort worse. She lifted her head to look at the bed.

Bass hadn't moved from when she first looked. He slept with his mouth slightly open, the large teeth sticking past his lips. His skin was a grayish color, like a cloudy morning, but he had well-defined and powerful-looking muscles. His chest was covered with a thick mat of hair, all black, but it looked too even to not be trimmed. Her eyes drifted down unwittingly and she hated her need to look. He had a sheet over his waist, but even through the fabric, she could see the large bulge of his cock; it was half-hard with his morning erection.

The bathroom door swung open. Merrie dropped her head as Licker padded out.

The girl glanced around, then headed for the pillows. Their eyes met and Merrie felt the fear mirrored in Licker's brown eyes. Licker headed for the furthest point of the pillow pile and burrowed her body until she was completely covered.

Merrie sighed. She was fully awake. She shifted in the pillows, trying to find some comfortable spot to force herself back into the better world of her dreams, but she couldn't. The anticipation and fear of the coming day combined with the need to pee kept her aware and uncomfortable.

Finally, after endless moments of mental struggle, she decided to repeat Licker's actions. Glancing over to Bass, she saw that he was still sleeping and crawled to her feet. With a second thought, she dropped to her hands and knees as to hide better from Bass. She sneakily crawled over to the bathroom and closed the door behind her.

Nature pressed for attention and Merrie hurried over to a massive-looking toilet. In the bottom of the bowl was a rune that would clean her mess without a sound. She breathed a sigh of relief. Sitting down, she could still feel Licker's warmth on the wooden seat. Aware that she was probably doing something wrong, she hurried up and did her business.

The bathroom was sizable, maybe two meters by three. It had a clawed tub large enough for Bass—she blushed at the thought—and two of the girls to move around comfortably. On a shelf above the tub, there were dozens of large towels of various colors. She also saw a wide array of bath salts, perfumes, and brushes. If it wasn't for the large man in the other room, she could have sworn that only

women lived in the bathroom. Around the sink, the illusion cracked. A pair of razors were on a self above a strap hanging off the edge. Another strap, obviously not for the razors, hung next to it.

Curious, Merrie reached out and picked up the strap. It was a few centimeters thick and cracked with use. In the middle, it had a large metal ring in it. She rubbed her finger along it, trying to figure out its use, and felt nicks along the metal.

“It’s-” Merrie jumped as Bass’ whisper filled the room, “called a ring gag.”

Her sphincter tightened involuntary as the strap her hand shook. Slowly, she turned her head toward the door and saw Bass leaning on the door frame, watching her with a sad look on his face. He was naked and his cock jutted out from his body like a gnarly hunk of wood. In the middle, the darker bulge looked larger than she remembered. She shuddered at the sight of it; it made his shaft look even thicker than normal. The thick patch of hair on his chest continued down around his shaft but she could still see two huge balls hanging low between his legs.

Merrie swallowed. Her collar felt tight as the muscles straining in her body. She opened her mouth to say something, but she couldn’t get the words out past the fear of being electrocuted.

“Normally, Happy Cunt,” he still spoke in a rough whisper, “we put cleansing runes on you bitches so you don’t have to shit. None of us are into scat, not even Tabitha.” He pushed himself into the bathroom and closed the door. “You’ll have to pee thought, but that’s part of your training. Bitches don’t use toilets, they go outside like the dogs they are. On leashes until they earn the right.”

Merrie whimpered and started to push herself off the seat, but Bass held up his hand.

“Finish and wipe yourself down.” When she didn’t move, he gestured with his curtly with his hand. “Now.”

Merrie finished going the bathroom under his watchful eye. Fresh tears ran down her cheeks as she knew she would be punished for what she did. She wiped and dropped the remains in the bowl; a flash of heat told her the rune had cleaned up the results.

“Now,” commanded Bass, “get on your knees.”

Still crying, Merrie slid off the toilet. Bass pointed to the side and she crawled over to it. He gave more gestures with his hands, turning her around and having her knee next to him.

“Bring your hands up by your neck. Fingers down. Little higher, even with your shoulders. Back of your hands should be parallel to the ground. Ass down... spread your legs a bit more. There, perfect. When I tell you to ‘beg’, this is what you do. Understand?”

She opened her mouth, then remembered his order. Ashamed, she let out a bark. When he nodded in approval, she felt a flush of excitement followed by self-loathing at doing what Bass ordered.

He turned away from her and stood in front of the toilet. From where he positioned Merrie, she couldn’t look away at his length as he urinated. Up close, closer than she ever wanted to be, his cock looked huge. She didn’t think she could get her hand around her, but she knew with brutal clarity that it would fit inside her. Looking it, she didn’t know how she got so much inside her and her pussy clenched with the painful memory.

“Now, I’m not into using dog girls as toilets, but I’m warning you that Borias does. If you get sent over him... well, let’s say it isn’t a good taste in your mouth. All of us have a morning ritual, usually abusing the worse-behaving bitch in our pack. At least I just fuck the hell out of her.”

She shuddered at the thought. Her body trembled on the cool wooden floor of the bathroom as he finished and shook his cock free. He turned to her until his cock brushed her lips. She breathed in the smell of his manhood and shuddered in fear. Her eyes slid away from his face and she stared to the side, not wanting to look at any part of her rapist. She focused on the ring gag, but that gave her no comfort.

“It’s too late, Cunt.” He spoke in a rumbling voice, loud in the closed bathroom, “This is your life. And if you obey, you’ll find yourself a lot happier. You’ll probably be sold to a good master and have a very happy life. He’ll take care of you and you’ll... find happiness.”

She glanced up at him, careful to keep her hands in a begging position despite her shoulders aching. Tears burned in her eyes but she knew they wouldn’t influence Bass.

He reached down and cupped the back of her head with his large hand. His fingers rested lightly on her scalp. "Are you going to be a good girl, Happy Cunt?"

Hating herself, she barked.

"And are you my bitch?"

Tears rolled down her cheeks. She barked.

"And am I going to punish you for pretending to be human?"

Her sob caught in her throat, but she barked obediently.

He cradled her head and pulled her closer. "That's right. You aren't human anymore. You don't have rights. You're a bitch. My bitch. Bitches don't use toilets. They don't speak and they don't walk. Every time you try to be human, I'm going to punish you. The more you try, the more I'm going to hurt you."

She sobbed, her chest heaving as she tried to get breath through the tightness that squeezed her lungs. She shifted her knees to relieve the pressure and tried not to think about the swelling cock poised centimeters from her mouth.

"Now," he released her head, "get that ring gag."

She reached out for it, but his grunt stopped her. "You aren't human, Happy Cunt. Pick it up like a dog."

A flush burning her skin, Merrie dropped her hands to the counter. Using it for balance, she lifted her body. Her lips trembled as she stretched out and picked up the ring with her mouth. The cool metal warmed under her lips as she settled back into a begging position. Her hands shook as she held them up, fingers down, as if she wanted him to do anything.

Bass smiled and patted her on the head. "Good girl."

He stepped back until he hit the wall. Looking her up and down, he smiled. "I love it when you bitches beg."

Merrie hated him more than ever, knowing what would come next.

"And when a bitch begs to have a gag put in her mouth, how can I resist?"

He plucked it from her mouth. Rotating it in his hand, he squatted down in front of her. "Open your mouth, Happy Cunt."

She sobbed and shook her head, pleading with her eyes. She mouthed the words, "please no."

His face darkened. "Did you just try to say something, Cunt?"

She cringed, lowering her body. She stared at the ground and shook violently. The tears never stopped as they burned her eyes and splashed down on her naked breasts.

Bass' hand grabbed her chin, forcing her to look at him. His thick thumb worked between her legs, then forced her mouth apart. "You were a bad girl," he said as he pried her jaw painfully apart and jammed the ring into her mouth. As he levered it into place, the metal ring stretched her even further open and she felt the muscles in her neck screaming in agony. The ring clinked as it caught right behind her front teeth. She tried to close her mouth, but the ring kept her mouth painfully open.

He leaned into her as he pulled the leather strap behind her head. He pulled it tight before he tied it down. The leather strap dug into the back of her head and she sobbed as she felt the saliva pooling in her mouth. She swallowed and heard the wet noise filling the bathroom. Cool air tickled her throat, but she couldn't close her mouth.

Her hands lowered as she struggled with discomfort of the ring gag.

"Hands up!"

She brought her hands back up into a begging position. Her knees ached as much as her mouth. She gasped for breath as she watched him stand up.

He aimed his cock up to her mouth again. The thick, swollen member drooled with precum. He pushed it forward until she could feel it pooling into her mouth, mixing with her saliva as it dribbled down the sides of her mouth. He continued to feed it into her mouth. She felt his flared cock head brushing her lips before it jammed into her mouth. The taste of his precum grew stronger as she felt his head lodge into her mouth.

Bass grabbed her head and tilted her head so she was looking up at him. "This is going to be uncomfortable, Happy Cunt. And there is nothing," his hips surged forward and his cock forced itself into her mouth, "you can do to stop it unless you obey."

She gagged on the cock as it tickled the back of her throat. She desperately tried to close her mouth, to somehow force him out, but the her teeth only ground against the ring gag. Her hands reached out to push him away.

Bass' grip on her head tightened as he drove forward. He forced his cock deeper into her mouth and she suddenly couldn't breath. Bass grunted as the pressure on her head increased. He tilted her head up as he tried to force his cock into her throat.

Merrie gagged on him, fresh tears burning her eyes as a ringing pounded in her ears.

"You-" He ground his cock into her mouth, increasing the pain and pressure. She felt something starting to give, a wet ripping noise filling her ears.

"Aren't-" Something in the back of her mouth gave and a sharp pain exploded as his cock sank a few centimeters into her throat. She felt her neck swelling against her collar.

"Human!" His yell filled the room as he drove his cock into her. She tasted blood as he drove half his length into her mouth and down her throat. She felt her neck being crushed between the thickness of his member and the collar wrapped around her neck.

He held himself there, choking Merrie. "Bitches don't have hands. If you try to grab one more thing, pick up one more item, or reach out one more time, I'm going to have your fingers removed. And if you piss me off, I'm going to have Tabitha bite them off."

Merrie's eyes were wide opened as she felt her lungs burning for air. She trembled, fighting the urge to push him away as her vision blurred from tears. Everything in her mind screamed to lash out, but somehow she managed to resist moving even when the world started to go dark.

When he withdrew his cock, she gasped for breath. It came out a ragged wheeze but she didn't care as she drank in the cool air. A few droplets of blood splattered down on the wood floor, but it was far less than she expected to see. Her throat burned in agony.

He gave her a few seconds, then tilted her head back. "Nine more times for your punishment."

Merrie shook her head, but with her mouth forced open, she couldn't stop as he forced his shaft into her mouth. It slid into the back of her mouth and she felt her stomach surging with revulsion when it tickled her gag reflex. She tried to swallow past the pain, but it only gave him access to drive his cock forward into her mouth and down her throat. At the feeling of her windpipe being crushed

between his girth and the collar, she prayed that he would keep it there and end her pain.

Bass held her tightly as he looked into her eyes. “You do not use the toilet... ever again.”

Slowly, he pulled his shaft from her lips. It glistened with her juices. She gasped for air, tasting him on her tongue and lips as her lunches burned with the torture.

Once again, Bass forced her head back, ready to rape her throat. “Now, I’ll give you a chance. If you can get to here,” he released one hand to point to the bulge, “with your lips, I’ll stop.”

He gestured to a point at least fifteen centimeters down his cock, and easily twice as far as he forced into her mouth before. Merrie sobbed as she looked at it, dreading what would come next.

His cock slammed against the back her bruised and bloodied throat. He bore down with his hands, forcing her down on the shaft as it slid along the slick muscles before surging down. She felt him forcing his cock past her collar, crushing her neck. She tried to relax, tried to open her mouth more in desperate hopes that she could reach his bulge. Her lips worked along his thick member, feeling the silken flesh.

When her eyes started to roll back into her head and the world grew dark, he pulled her off.

Sobbing for air, Merrie shuddered. She wanted to curl up, but the hands kept her head from moving.

“You know, Happy Cunt, the only reason I’m giving you this chance is because your hands are in the right position.”

He relaxed his grip and she glanced at her hands. They were right where he wanted them, in a begging position at her shoulders. She didn’t know why she kept them there, or even how with the pain radiating from her throat and jaw, but she felt a flush of accomplishment.

He guided her gaze back to him. “You are a good girl. And, I want you to be rewarded. Do you want me to fuck your throat? Do you want this punishment over?”

She knew what he meant. She knew that he would tear her throat open with his cock. And, even knowing that it would be excruciating, the hope that this punishment would end burned brightly in her hopes.

Merrie let out a breathy bark, unable to close her mouth to do it properly.

“Good girl.” Then Bass rammed his cock into her mouth. It slammed against the back of her throat, but he bore down with his hands and forced it into her throat. She felt the thick member forcing its way into her esophagus, stretching her open as the pressure swelled against her collar.

His knuckles cracked as he pulled her down. The bulge in his shaft swelled as he forced her lips closer to it.

Her lungs burned with the need for air. Her jaw screamed in agony from the ring gag. Neither could compare to the searing pain that radiated from her violated throat.

Bass grunted as he yanked her down. Her lips were only a centimeter from his bulge. She tried to open her mouth, to release herself, but it was only the force he tore her open that brought her close. She wanted to sob with the effort, to breathe, but she couldn't. Nothing could stop the cock as it drove toward her belly.

Then, she felt it. The bulge of his cock spread her lips apart. Her eyes opened, but she couldn't see past the stars that swam across her vision. She wanted to scream. Not even a whisper of noise could escape the cock that choked her.

“Good girl,” she heard him say.

He eased his cock out, almost tenderly. The first breath of air she pulled him was the sweetest she ever enjoyed. A heady euphoria filled her as Bass lowered her to the ground, almost lovingly, and set her down.

“Good girl,” he repeated as he removed her ring gag.

Crying from the pain, shame, and humiliation, Merrie curled into a ball on the floor. Every movement was electric, something that she didn't think she would ever do again.

His bare feet walked to the bathroom door and he opened it. She stared at his gray skinned soles as he exited and closed the door behind him.

She curled herself tighter, tucking her head between her knees. She burned from the inside, just like when he raped her, but she felt a strange pleasure coursing through her veins at touching that bulge in his cock. She hated him, but she hated herself more for finding some pleasure in her degradation.

Shivering, she gave into morbid curiosity. With trembling fingers, she reached down between her legs, along the sweat-soaked flesh, and to the cleft of her being. She stroked her labia, trying to tell herself that the slickness came from her sweat and fear. But, she knew the scent that drifted to her nose. It wasn't fear that soaked her fingers.

Merrie closed her eyes tightly and wished she was anywhere else.

t'Sade

Punishment

5

From beyond the door, Merrie heard Bass call out.

“Licker! Get over here!”

Merrie lifted her head from the ground to stare at the door. Her fingers still stroked her pussy as she was torn between the pleasure that slicked her lips and the ache in her throat. She was terrified at the idea of being turned on by being dominated, humiliated, but at the same time, her body was responding and she didn't know why.

“If you make me get you, that's just going to add—” His voice cut off as he stormed across the room.

Merrie cocked her head and she held her breath. She could imagine what Bass looked like, chasing after Licker. Something glass shattered, then the sound of furniture being shoved aside. Bass' footsteps came to a halt.

Licker's voice cut through the door. “No! Don't—” It ended sharply with an electrical crack noise.

Merrie cringed as Licker hit the ground with a thud. She wasn't surprised when she heard her cry out again. “Stop!” and it also ended with a second electrical crack noise. Light flickered underneath the door, sharp and brilliant.

The door swung open. Merrie watched with growing dread, but it wasn't Bass who walked through the door, but Sable crawling inside. Merrie thought Sable walked easily on the stubs of her amputated arms and legs, balancing on what would be her elbows and knees. Her dark hair was brushed and pulled to the sides of her head, enhancing the appearance that she had two big floppy ears.

Sable gave Merrie a smile and pushed the door further open as she circled around the bathroom. Her brown eyes focused on Merrie for a purpose. Sable came to a halt near Merrie's ass.

Merrie realized her fetal position exposed her ass and pussy to Sable. She pulled her fingers away from her swollen pussy as Sable lowered her head to sniff.

Using her head, Sable pushed her head between Merrie's legs and separated them. Unresisting, Merrie let Sable roll her until Merrie was flat on her back, her knees splayed apart. As Sable lowered her head to Merrie's pussy, her hair tickled the insides of Merrie's thighs.

Merrie felt her breath rattling along her aching throat. Her eyes were locked on Sable as she felt a heated tingle pooling between her legs. Her body wanted Sable's tongue even though she didn't want to give into the idea of being someone's sex slave. But, the first touch of Sable's tongue as she parted Merrie's labia was an intoxicating drug. It was hot and slick against her aching clitoris. She reached down for Sable, then stopped.

Instead of pulling Sable closer, Merrie curled her fingers in air as she fought with herself. Sable would stop licking if Merrie acted human. With a despair, she realized she needed Sable's tongue more than being human... just that one time. She lowered her head and spread her legs even further.

Sable smiled into Merrie's pussy, then lapped. Her tongue went from the bottom of her pussy to the clitoris, then back down. She moved her entire head as she lapped at Merrie's sex.

Merrie shuddered with pleasure. The humiliating euphoria of choking on Bass' cock, mixed with the persistent lapping of Sable's tongue pushed her over the edge. The orgasm was intense, hot and sparking, as it clutched her entire body. She let out a strangled moan as she fought not to make a human noise, but there was no denying that her orgasm was more powerful than anything she ever experienced before.

When it ended, Merrie sobbed from the empty feeling it left behind. She didn't want to be a slave, but she was accepting it because her body craved it. She didn't know why she wasn't fighting it like Licker.

With Licker on her mind, Merrie tilted her head to look into the bedroom. Her view was upside down, but she could see Bass had dragged Licker back across the room. His gray ass was visible as he did something just out of sight. Licker's cries were loud in the room and they re-doubled when a lock rattled against wood.

Sama crawled into sight. On her hands and knees, she looked devastated as she peered into the bathroom. An uncomfortable expression crossed her face and she crossed her thighs together.

Merrie didn't know what to tell her or how to tell her. She mouthed the words "hold it?" to Sama.

Sama shook her head, her eyes sparkling with tears. She shifted back and forth. Then, her head turned to Bass and her eyes widened. Another rattling noise filled the room and Licker let out a sharp scream. "No!"

Merrie winced as the girl's collar went off.

Bass sighed. "You aren't very smart, are you, Ass Licker? Maybe this will teach you to stop speaking." The crack of his hand against flesh shot through the room.

Sama cringed and let out a whimper. She kept her legs crossed as she lowered herself to the ground.

Sable gave Merrie's pussy another powerful lick, then she crawled over Merrie to the door. Her short legs and arms forced her body to slide along Merrie's skin instead of towering over Merrie. Merrie gasped as Sable's naked body ran along hers, the large breasts sliding up her belly, along her own breasts, then across Merrie's lips.

Merrie didn't think as she opened her mouth to let the hard nipple caress her lips. Then, Sable's pussy was poised above her mouth. Sable paused for a moment, and Merrie knew what she wanted, but Merrie couldn't get the courage to lick Sable. After a heartbeat, Sable continued crawling over Merrie.

Sable turned her head and grinned at Merrie, then she bounded into bedroom. She circled around Sama before delving her nose between Sama's legs.

Sama whimpered, eyes wide as she stared at Sable. Then her eyes started to roll up.

Merrie realized that Sable was licking Sama along her pussy, and she was surprised to feel a bit of jealousy burning. Merrie shook her

head and rolled to her hands and knees. She coughed at the ache in her throat.

Lifting her head, Sable rested her chin on Sama's tailbone and barked.

Bass turned around, then grunted. "Go ahead, take her out to pee. Right now, she's the only girl who's going to get through the morning without punishment."

Licker let out a whimper.

Sable wiggled her ass like a dog and panted. She bounded out of sight, then came back with a leash in her mouth. Sitting down next to Sama, she held it in the begging position. Merrie was surprised how natural it looked with Sable holding her amputated legs up to her chest and balancing on her knees.

Moving away from Licker, Bass came into view again. He was still naked and his cock jutted out from his body. Merrie shivered at the memory of the thick, hard length and felt sympathy to Licker, who would no doubt be feeling it soon. He squatted down and took the leash from Sable's mouth. Flipping it around, he clipped it to Sama's collar and ran his hand along the captured girl's hair. "You're a good girl. Now, Sable is going to take you out to go the bathroom. Be a good bitch and do it like a dog, pee and shit on the ground. Later, we'll use a cleansing rune so you don't have to make a mess, but until then, Sable will get one of the other trainers to wipe you clean. Don't do it yourself, do you understand?"

Sama's lip trembled, but she barked once.

"Good girl."

Sable bit the end of the leash and trotted out of sight. Sama followed when the leash grew taunt.

Bass turned and looked at Merrie. Merrie felt a shiver course down her spine and lowered her body like Sama did. Bass gestured with his finger. "You've already been punished. Help me with Ass Licker."

Trembling, Merrie pushed herself to her feet and crawled out of the bathroom. She followed Bass, but when she saw Licker, she froze with a gasp.

Licker was on a low table with her ass and pussy toward Bass and Merrie. Her two orifices were hanging out over the table obscenely, right at the height of Bass' manhood. Her ass clenched rhythmically

right above her splayed open labia. Her feet were hanging over the edge of the table, but there was a bar with two cut-outs pinning her ankles down and keeping her legs spread far apart. A padlock hung from a pair of rings, unattached, but there was no way Licker could free herself. She writhed in her bonds, but the only thing she could do was move her hips slightly.

Merrie lifted her body to see Licker on her elbows also, with a pair of bars keeping her pinned down on the far side of the table. She could see that Licker had nowhere to move, no way to move. She was locked in a position that had only one purpose. She shivered at the thought that she would be witness to Licker's rape.

Bass stopped next to Licker and stroked his hand along her taut ass. "Now, Ass Licker, this is a punishment for pretending to be human. Happy Cunt," Merrie cringed at the name, "was punished for the same thing. But, she at least crawled to the bathroom which is why I just tore open her throat. But you," he sighed and ran his finger down along her crack.

Licker let out a sob and shook. Her body trembled as he ran his fingers along her pussy, then up to her ass. He took one thick finger and circled around the clenched opening.

"You walked to the door, tried to escape, and then just pranced around like you had the right to walk. You used the bathroom like a human, which you aren't," he jammed his finger into her ass and twisted.

As Licker let out a wail of terror, Merrie felt her own sphincter clench in sympathy.

"And then you just trotted right around like you own the world. And, you gave Happy Cunt the idea she could do the same thing, which is why she was punished." Bass looked at Merrie over his shoulder.

Merrie cringed but Bass just smiled at her.

"Now, that is one of our rules here. Once you're punished, that's the end of it." He turned back to Licker and twisted his fingers in her rear, "I'm going to open you up, really open you up, but when I'm done, you'll be a good girl again. Do you understand?"

When Licker didn't respond, Bass pulled his finger out of her rear. He sucked on it. The entire length glistened with his saliva as

he pulled it out of his mouth. Without another word, he jammed his finger into Licker's ass.

Licker's body spasmed and she screamed out. Merrie cringed as she saw the thick digit disappear into the wrinkled opening. She knew that Bass would do the same to her, but seeing how easily he punched his finger into Licker's rectum left her gasping for breath and a tightness around her chest.

"Ass Licker. When I ask a question, you respond. Now, do you understand that I'm only punishing you for what you did?"

Body shuddering, Licker let out a gasping bark.

Bass patted her ass. "Good girl." He turned back to Merrie. "Cunt, over here."

Merrie crawled over. Up close, she could almost smell Licker's fear mixing in with the heady smell of Bass' cock at full hardness. She shivered at her closeness to him, but her attention with riveted on the helpless Licker before her.

"Good, get her ass ready."

Confused, Merrie looked up.

Bass ran his finger around the puckered opening. "See this. I want you to lick it really good. Get it sopping wet. And," the finger dipped lower to stroke Licker's clitoris, "maybe give this a few licks if she's behaving."

Merrie stared at the dusky pink opening and felt revulsion rolling in her stomach.

Bass, on the other hand, didn't have patience. He grabbed Merrie by her hair and pulled her close. "You already know she's pretty much cleaned out. Now, either start licking Ass Licker or you'll be right here," he pointed to another set of stocks next to Licker.

Not wanting to be forced into Licker's position without any chance of escape, she leaned in. She breathed in the smell of Licker's body, the tangy scent of pussy and the musky smell of the girl's ass. It was slight, perfumed almost, and she decided it couldn't nearly be as bad as being in Licker's position.

Closing her eyes, she opened her mouth and took a tentative lick at Licker's pucker. It wasn't as bad as she expected, but she wasn't expecting it when Bass grabbed her head and shoved her face into Licker's crack. "Come on, get that hole wet. If you don't, she's going to get torn up."

Merrie was humiliated and ashamed, but she worked her mouth for a moment, then used the gathered saliva to slathered it on Licker's ass.

“Shove your tongue inside too.”

Licker's body shuddered as Merrie worked her tongue into the clenching ass. She probed and circled, working as much of the saliva into the hole as possible. Merrie's own body was hot and tense, excited and ashamed, all at the same time. She wanted to reach down to see if she was somehow turned on, but she already knew the answer from the heated tingle that burned between her legs.

“Good girl, Cunt.” She only felt shame from his praise. “Now, lick her cunt a bit.”

Merrie never gave head to a woman before, but she knew the taste from her own body. She used to finger herself and taste her juices, but being presented with a pussy right at her mouth gave her pause. She didn't want Bass to punish her, so Merrie used her tongue like a dog and licked along Licker's pussy. It was sweeter than she remembered, but just as tangy. It was different and, somehow, she knew she would be tasting it frequently in the coming days.

Licker shuddered underneath Merrie's tongue as she slurped and explored. It was far better than working at Licker's asshole. The girl's hips rocked back and forth as Merrie tilted her head to get at the opening of her sex and then down to the folded bump of Licker's clitoris.

Merrie knew that Bass was about to rape Licker's ass. She decided to try giving Licker as much pleasure as she could, in hopes that it would help with the suffering the girl was about to experience. She worked her tongue around as she rushed to give Licker an orgasm.

By the time Bass pulled Merrie away by her hair, Merrie thought she tasted Licker growing a little excited on her tongue. She gasped for breath and felt her sticky face grow cool in the air. She reached up to wipe it, then stopped. Carefully setting down her hand on the ground, she looked around at something she could wipe the juices from. The only thing she saw was Bass' bare leg and she didn't dare use that. With a sigh, Merrie decided to suffer with the smell of Licker's pussy on her face and flavoring in her mouth.

Bass pushed Merrie aside as he stood behind Licker. His cock rested on her spine. From the ground, it dwarfed the tiny opening that she was now intimately familiar with. Precum dribbled down from the shaft and pooled on Licker's anus before rolling down along her pussy. It splashed down on the floor below and Merrie fought a sudden urge to taste it.

"You aren't human, Ass Licker. Do you understand?"

Merrie wished Licker would answer, but the girl only shuddered and cried.

Bass pulled his hips back and the massive cock slid back until the head rested right against the tiny opening. His bulge, the darkness in the center, was thicker than before. With a start, Merrie realized it was like a knot on a dog, growing thicker the more he got excited. She shuddered at the idea of being knotted to Bass.

He held his shaft down and his buttocks flexed. The large cock head ground against Licker's tiny opening. Licker let out a wail of terror as Bass bore down.

The opening resisted him and Merrie watched with horror and fascination as Licker's ass was shoved in. Her buttocks clenched together as Bass continued to bear down, forcing it against the tiny opening.

Long seconds passed and somehow Licker's anus resisted the glistening cock head. Precum frothed around the junction of their body as both of their skins grew white with the pressure building. Merrie clenched her own ass, thinking about Bass' cock against her own asshole. She could imagine the feeling of having something so large at her entrance. An irresistible force that could do only one thing.

Licker's wail filled the room as the pressure built. Precum poured down and splashed on the ground. Bass grunted, and grabbed Licker's hips for balance. His hips moved forward to force the immense cock into Licker's ass. Merrie could see his balls, each one the size of her fist, tightening up as he strained.

"I hate breaking in bitches like you. So tight," he grunted, "and it hurts to do this. But, better to get it over with and start to teach you properly."

Licker's scream grew high pitch in warning as her anus finally gave in to the irresistible force. Merrie lifted her body to get a better

look. It looked like half of Bass' cock was already in her body from the force of shoving against the opening to Licker's guts. But, then she saw the ring spread open. With agonizing slowness, it opened underneath the cock, and began to allow it to slide in. Licker screamed out, high-pitched and shrill as Bass' immense cock disappeared into her body through her anal ring, white with flecks of blood.

It took a moment for the ring to stop at Bass' knot, but Merrie was shuddering from the intensity of it. She felt hot and flush. Peeking down, she saw juices dribbling out of her pussy and a few splatters on the floor below her. Ashamed, she peeked back up to watch Bass rape Licker.

He didn't move for a moment, then he began to pull his shaft own. Centimeter after centimeter slid out of the abused ass, which clung to each ridge and bump like a lover refusing to give in. Just as the ring bulged with the girth of his cock head, he reversed direction and began to feed it back into Licker.

Precum glistened and lubricated his movements. It poured out of her opening as he started with tiny strokes, only a few centimeters. He seemed to be waiting for something because his movements grew faster. Licker's wails died down into sobs as he worked her open.

Merrie couldn't help but picture herself in the same position. She knew it would hurt, but seeing a dozen centimeters sliding in and out of the abused hole stole her breath away.

Bass changed his grip as things seemed to get easier. His thrusts were deeper, going from cock head to knot and back again with wet, slurping noise. He was whispering to Licker, a litany, a chant. "Good girl, that's a good girl. You're a good girl..."

Pussy tingling, Merrie focused on the knot. It was banging up against the tightly stretched ring, but she wanted to see it disappear inside Licker. She wanted to see if the tiny teenage girl could take everything.

He continued to drive into her, moving faster and deeper with every passing second. The knot drove into Licker's ass, forcing it apart. Licker tensed with the insistent pressure.

The knot swelled even more. It was at least a few centimeters thicker than his girth and black with excitement. Bass grunted as he

pounded Licker's ass, his entire body moving as he drove the knot hard against the ring.

And then, it was inside her. Licker let out a scream as Bass took a step closer to fuck with deeper strokes. His knot remained inside her as he fucked her with hard, strokes.

“Good girl, good girl.”

Merrie almost came at the sight of Bass' cock driving with deep, wet strokes into Licker's ass.

It was as if the girl was hollow. He grunted with every stroke, pounding in and out. As he withdrew, her anal ring bulged out with the his knot but then he drove it deep. Soon, he was burying his entire length to the base of his cock in Licker's abused ass.

Merrie's pussy overflowed with juices and she could feel it dribbling down her inner thighs. She was ashamed at her excitement, but she was thinking about Bass' cock inside her as much as watching Licker's change to the massive cock. It would hurt, she knew that, but Licker's wails had already dropped off into whimpers. Merrie didn't know if it hurt less as she opened up or Bass had somehow broken the girl.

Bass' knot popped out of Licker's ass. Merrie shuddered, but he drove it back in. Soon, he was driving the thick knot in and out of the opening, forcing it wider with every stroke. Tiny farts and spews of precum escaped with every stroke. Bass only grabbed Licker's hips tightly and drove with longer strokes.

Seeing Bass driving almost half a meter of hardness into Licker's ass, Merrie couldn't help but be awed and terrified. It was something she could never imagine and she both looked forward to and dreaded the inevitable hour that he would do the same to her.

“Good girl, good girl, good—” Bass chanted in a tense voice. His balls tightened up into two wrinkled apples and his movements grew more forceful. Every thrust drove his entire cock into Licker, shoving her forward into the limits of her bounds. He was coming.

Merrie reached down between her legs. She knew that she would be punished, but she needed to touch herself. Her fingers sought out her slick sex and she jilled herself frantically, looking up at Bass in case he started to look at her.

Sable nipped her shoulder, and Merrie let out a shriek. She spun around, hands caught between her legs. She lost her balance and ungracefully fell to the ground in a tangle of limbs.

Looking up, Merrie felt her cheeks burn. She was humiliated that she was turned on by Licker's rape as much as being caught masturbating to the sight.

Panting, Sable lifted one leg and used it to push Merrie flat on her back. Merrie, hoping that Sable would like her and relieve the maddening pleasure that refused to crest, obediently obeyed. She spread her legs with anticipation.

Instead of delving between Merrie's legs, Sable surprised Merrie by lifting her leg and straddling Merrie's face. Before Merrie could move, Sable sat down on Merrie's face.

Sable's swollen pussy was already wet with excitement and Merrie choked on the flood of juices that splattered on her face. Sable had a more mellow taste to her pussy, but there was a lot more juices that soaked Merrie's face. Sable ground her pussy against Merrie's face in a silent order.

Merrie resisted for a moment as the hairy pussy rocked back and forth, but then she realized Sable had pleased her before. It only seemed logical that Merrie did the same. For the second time that morning, she opened her mouth and ran her tongue along another woman's swollen clitoris.

When Sable came and Merrie finished choking on the juices, Sable finally lifted her body. Merrie blinked at the sudden light, and at the cool air not heated by another body, and looked up.

Bass was no longer fucking Licker, but he was still standing behind her as he held Sama's face to Licker's ass. Thick rivulets of cum poured down either side of Sama's chin as he forced her to lick the gaping hole. "Good girl, clean out Licker's ass. Good girl."

Sama's eyes were closed as she sucked and lapped. The tears ran down her cheeks, but she obeyed and ground her face into the cum-soaked hole.

Merrie, still on her back, shivered with anticipation as she watched Bass giving Sama the same type of directions he just gave her. But, there was too much cum and it dribbled down Sama's chest, soaking her breasts, before adding to the growing puddle between her legs and in front of the table.

Bass' yellow eyes glanced over to Merrie. He has a soft smile on his lips as he continued to say "good girl, good girl," and continued to hold Sama to Licker. He gestured with his chin to the ground, but Merrie didn't know what he wanted.

Sable, on the other hand did. Wiggling her ass, Sable crouched down in a present position and began to lick up the pooled cum on the floor. Her pink tongue flashed out and through the thick, congealing cum. Some of it dribbled out of the side of her mouth as she lapped at the floor.

Eyes wide, Merrie watched Sable then up at Bass. At his nod, she felt a shiver coursing through her body. She didn't know if she could lick pooling cum off the floor like Sable was, but her body already moved between Bass' legs. Gulping, she lowered her mouth and began to lap the cum from the floor.

Merrie was devastated that she somehow enjoyed Licker's violation. More so that she wanted to be in the same place. The tingling in her pussy just reminded her that she should have been terrified, she should have been cowering on the ground. Instead, she was on her hands and knees, ass up in the air in the present position, and licking the floor clean of Bass' cum.

And all she could think of was how to reach another orgasm to stop the maddening itch between her legs.

Outfitting

6

Merrie balanced on her shins, her feet stretched out painfully behind her and her legs pressed tightly together. She kept her hands by her neck, hands bent over. Her back ached to keep her position, breasts thrust slightly forward and her stomach held tight. Her throat ached from Bass' brutal fucking, but she didn't dare cough at the ache.

Her eyes slid over to Licker, who knelt to her right. The dark-haired teenager sobbed quietly as she struggled to keep her position. Between her legs, a puddle of cum continued to dribble out of her ruined ass, occasionally joined with a muffled slurping noise that filled the silence of the room.

Sable, on the other hand, was perfectly at ease as she begged with the others. Merrie watched from the corner of her eye as the curvy dog girl wiggled her ass and bounced it on the ground. Her amputated knees were braced to hold her upright, and her tail snapped back and forth as she panted softly.

Merrie couldn't see Sama from where she knelt. She didn't dare look over to the girl, and instead watched as Bass sat in front of them, his gray skin glistening in the light streaming through the curtains. He sat naked on a large, padded chair, one foot resting on the ground, the knee of his other leg hooked over a chair arm. His massive cock stood at half mast, the swollen head bobbing with the slow, steady beat of his body.

"Look at you," he said in his rough voice. "Four little bitches I have to train."

Sable made a whimpering noise.

He chuckled. "Okay, three I have to train and one who just likes to get fucked like a bitch."

She barked happily again and wiggled her ass.

Bass looked over the others, the vague smile on his lips and his teeth peeking out with his smile. "Normally, I only train one at a time. One girl, one trainer. But this deal I... we made. Well, we never had to train so many at a time. I can only hope that you'll all be worth it."

He leaned forward, resting one hand on his thigh. "So, I'm going to make a deal with you. If you obey, if you listen, then I will make sure it feels good. Not like what I just did to Cunt," he pointed to Merrie, "and Licker." His hand gestured to the teenage girl who whimpered. "Tits," his finger pointed to Sama, "is doing very good about this, which is why I haven't ripped open her holes."

Bass reached out and poured himself a glass of water. Two ice cubes slipped into the glass from the decanter. He took a drink before he continued.

"You got the raw end of the deal here. Kidnapped, raped. All that and then I'm going to train you one way or the other before I sell you to the highest bidder. On a good day, you'll make me twenty or thirty thousand marks. Bitches like Sable..."

To Merrie's surprise, Sable bowed her head and whimpered.

"-got off the auction block at a hundred and ten thousand marks."

He held out his hand and Sable crawled forward. Bass smiled and patted Sable on the head. The dog girl bent her head and rubbed against his thigh. "It was a good deal."

Merrie wondered if Sable was sold, how she was at the mill with Bass.

Bass stroked his fingers along Sable's chin. "Go on, Sable, back in line."

Sable crawled over on her knees and elbows, her short limbs tapping on the ground. She slipped back into place, turned around, and propped herself up in the begging position. Even with her amputated limbs, the impression of her begging was complete as she pressed her severed elbows to her chin.

Bass pushed himself up off his chair and stood in front of them. His cock bobbed with his movement, but he didn't approach. He

finished his glass, then set it down on a table. “Okay, let’s take it easy. Do you remember the ‘present’ position?”

Merrie jerked, not sure if she should assume the position. Next to her, Sable barked once.

He smiled. “Okay, present yourself.”

Merrie lowered herself to the ground, but she held herself in check as Sable spun around and dropped her chest to the ground. Her ass shot up in the air and her tail curled forward. Before Merrie could finish lowering to the ground, Sable was in position but looking away from Bass.

Merrie continued to move down, feeling like she was missing something. Her ass rose in the air, her body trembling as she obeyed Bass’ commands.

She held the position, her body tense.

Bass grunted. “Licker, spread your legs more. More, I know it hurts. Good girl. Tits, lower yourself more. Touch your nipples to the ground. More... more... good girl. Cunt,” Merrie tensed at her new name, “ass higher.” Merrie obeyed, feeling the air brushing against her privates. “Spread your legs more.”

He grunted happily as Merrie spread her legs more, exposing herself.

“Now, almost perfect, but all of you made the same mistake. When you get the present command, remember that you are just a cunt for your master. You are just holes for me, places to shove my cock. So, when I tell you to present, I don’t want to see your pretty little heads bowing, I want to see your holes ready to fuck.”

Staring at the ground, Merrie frowned. She wasn’t sure what Bass meant. She peeked through her hair at Sable. The dog girl looked back at her, a smile on her lips. She wiggled her ass toward Bass and looked at it pointedly with her eyes.

Merrie bit her lip and decided to risk Bass’ punishment. Lifting one leg, she turned herself around. Her body grew tight with anticipation of Bass hitting her. His bare feet slapped the ground as he walked closer. He knelt down behind her and she felt his large hand resting on her ass.

At the first touch of his finger against her sex, she let out a gasp. His thick finger slid up and down a few times before he pushed it into her pussy. It slid in to the first joint and she clenched her body

around it. He pushed in deeper to the second knuckle. He began to pump his finger in and out.

“You’re wet, Cunt.” Her pussy relaxed with his continued plunges of his finger, driving in and out. She could feel his trimmed fingernail reach inside, exploring her clenching inner walls. “What turned you on, Cunt? Sucking out Licker’s ass?”

She felt her pussy tingling. “Yes, that did turn you on, didn’t it? But how about watching me pounding my cock in that ass? Driving it deep? Oh, my, that also? You are a slut.”

Merrie closed her eyes tightly as she tried to stop her body growing wet at the memories. The recent memory of Bass fucking Licker still left her hot, and the thick finger didn’t help reduce the growing pleasure.

“You’re getting so wet. But, I wonder what you thought about me fucking that pretty little mouth of your’s. Ripping your throat open? Pounding your face until you choked—” as he spoke, he added a second finger. Her body clenched around the two digits, but that only increased the squelching noises that drifted from her exposed sex.

Her lips parted as Bass drove his fingers in and out, fingering her with deep, thick strokes that started a fire in her pussy. She felt shame burning inside her, shame of being turned on by his fingers, shame at obeying so readily.

Bass added a third finger. Her body was stretched open as he forced it deeper. It wasn’t as thick as his cock, but it still scraped against her senses with delicious agony. He leaned forward as he spoke with a chuckled.

“And if you are curious, this is what you get for obeying the commands correctly.” He drove his three fingers into her pussy and pulled out with a wet slurping noise. “I’ll give you pleasure if you obey, and pain if you don’t.”

He withdrew his fingers. “Cunt, beg.”

Merrie, cheeks burning, pushed herself up to her knees. She turned around, assuming that he wanted to see her face. She brought her wrists to her throat and let her tongue slip out of her mouth.

Bass nodded with approval. He held up his fingers and she could see her juices glistening along three digits and droplets rolling down the joints. He looked directly into her face. “Now, Cunt, lick.”

Her stomach twisted as she looked at the glistening fingers held in front of her. She took a deep breath and opened her mouth. A tear ran down her cheek as Bass thrust his fingers into her mouth. She almost choked on the taste of her own body, the tangy sweet flavor of her body. Every teenage girl knew what she tasted like, but it was a long time since she tasted herself on her fingers. And never with someone else thrusting them into her mouth. He continued to slide his fingers in and out of her mouth. “Go on, lick.”

Gulping, Merrie closed her eyes and lapped at his fingers. The taste of her excitement was strong on his fingers. She could taste it sliding down her throat. It wasn't much different from when Sable mounted her face.

“Open your eyes.”

Merrie opened her eyes and lifted her gaze up to Bass' yellowed eyes.

He pulled his fingers out from her lips. “Good girl. I love looking into your eyes. You have such pretty brown eyes.”

Thinking it was the right thing, she lapped at his palm.

Bass' smiled grew broader. “Good girl. Now,” he paused, “present yourself.”

This time, Merrie didn't hesitate. She spun around and dropped her head to the ground. Her leg spread apart until she felt her slicked lips peel apart. The air tickled her sex as she settled into position. She turned her head over to Licker, staring into the teenage girl's bright eyes.

She saw when Bass touched Licker. The girl jerked and shifted forward. Her eyes grew wide and pleading.

Merrie could do nothing as Bass' hands stroked along Licker's back, to her shoulders, then back down her flanks. Merrie's shifted her gaze to watch as Bass trailed his fingers up and down her slit and ass. To her surprise, Merrie's jealousy rose up in her throat as she saw Bass being gentle as he teased Licker.

“Good girl, Ass Licker. Now, I'm going to be very gentle here,” he eased his finger into her body.

Licker gasped. Her fingers clutched the floor as Bass plunged his fingers in and out. The wet noises were softer and thicker, as if he was using his cum to lubricate the hole instead of when he used Merrie's excitement for lubrication.

"Good girl," Bass murmured, "Good, pretty little girl. Just relax. That's right, just relax. I'm not going to hurt you." He spoke in a soothing voice.

Licker tensed her body at first, but as the minutes stretched by, her body lost some of its rigidity. Bass' voice continued to drone on and the teenage girl stretched her hand out. She no longer clutched the ground but spread her fingers across it.

The door to the room creaked open. As Licker struggled with her own body, Merrie turned to see an older woman walk in. Wearing a loose-fitting black dress, she looked like a fairy-tale grandmother with her hair pulled up in a bun and knee-high boots with buckles. She carried a pile of clothes and a bag. Setting them down, she pulled a silver medallion from her shirt and rubbed it. Her boots tapped along the ground as she walked around the four girls on the floor.

"Oh, Bass." She had a southern voice, worn smooth with age and just a hint of whiskey. She stopped with her hand on Bass' shoulder and Merrie peeked through her hair to watch them.

"Good morning, Mother Rendi."

Rendi shook her head. "What did you do to that poor girl!?" She gestured down to Licker.

Bass shrugged before he answered. "She disobeyed and tried to be human."

"Did you have to tear her open? She's bleeding from the inside. You're a big boy, you can't just shove your cock into a tiny little thing like that and not worry about ripping her insides."

Licker stiffened despite Bass' fingering her.

"I have you, Mother," Bass said with a soft but amused voice.

"Yeah, yeah. Yank your fingers out of her so I can fix her insides."

"Work on Happy Cunt first?" Merrie felt herself tensing and looked away as Bass pointed to her with his free hand. "I want to finish my lesson."

The old woman smacked Bass on the head. “Don’t you dare shove that dick of yours into her until I can heal that bitch up. Understand?”

He smiled and shook his head ruefully. “Yes, Mother.”

“All right,” she shook her head but stepped over to Merrie. “Come on, Cunt, let’s get you fitted.”

Merrie felt the old woman’s hand on her collar. There was a brief pressure as she was tugged toward the pile of clothes. After she recovered, Merrie crawled along the ground until Rendi released her.

The old woman pulled up a chair with a sigh and sank into it. “Okay, Cunt, beg!”

The sharpness of Rendi’s voice startled Merrie. It took her a moment to realize it was a command and she pulled herself up on her knees. Her hands caressed her chin as she looked up at the old woman.

Rendi snorted. “Bass loves that position, no doubt. Let’s see what he did to you.” She grabbed Merrie by the head and pressed against her throat.

Merrie winced at the pressure against her aching esophagus, but managed to hold still.

Rendi’s hands groped down, cupping Merrie’s breasts before sliding down to grab her thighs and force them further apart. “Let’s see what you got here.”

Merrie cringed as the woman jammed her fingers up between her legs, feeling around with brutal efficiency.

Rendi reached back and spread Merrie’s ass to explore that opening. “Well, you seemed to have taken Bass’ dick in the cunt without a problem. You are nice and deep there.” She grinned at Merrie, “bet it felt like he was in your throat then, didn’t it?”

The old woman continued. “Now, a little bit of roughness in the throat. He managed to damage you in there but nothing Old Rendi can’t handle.” She muttered, then pulled off her medallion. Closing her eyes, she held on to Merrie as she whispered across the silver amulet.

Merrie never experienced a healing spell before, but there was no question what the warmth that spread out across her throat was for. It sank into the ache of Bass’ throat-fuck and soothed it away. The

rush only lasted a second, but when Rendi released the amulet, the pain was gone.

“That’s the problem with Bass. He’s got a cock larger than your arm and the strength to make it go wherever he wants. Just be thankful he didn’t tear your asshole open. Did that to one girl...” the woman shuddered, “I just remember how much blood there was.”

At the mental image, Merrie shivered and felt her sphincter tighten.

“Well, don’t worry about that. Old Rendi has you. He’ll rip you open and I’ll heal it. He’ll do it again and I’ll keep on healing you. After a few times, you won’t feel a pain even if Tabitha shoves her fist in there.”

Rendi smiled and dug into the bag. “Okay, I have presents for you. First up, your tags.” She brought out a pair of metal tags. The old woman flipped them over and showed them to Merrie. In a neat, precise script, one tag said “Happy Cunt” and on the other, “Paladin Puppy Mill”.

“These are special tags, just for you.” Rendi reached up and Merrie tightened her body as the woman worked her fingers around the collar. There was a faint clicking noise as it settled into place.

Pulling back her hands, Rendi gave her an apologetic look. “Sorry, but I have to test it out first.”

Confused, Merrie frowned. She didn’t understand what the old lady was telling her.

Rendi frowned and wagged a finger at her, “Happy Cunt, you are a bad girl.”

As soon as the last “I” escaped her lips, an electric surge slammed into Merrie. She felt every muscle in her body tense as she let out a shocked scream of pain. The collar sparkled and ignited again, twisting her body until she collapsed into a fetal position.

Reaching down, Rendi patted her. “Now, now. We just had to make sure it worked. Now, when someone says that, you’ll feel it.”

Merrie looked up at her, tears burning in her eyes and feeling fear. The old woman didn’t seem concerned or even bothered.

“Now, Happy Cunt, beg.”

It took all of Merrie’s energy to push past the pain and force herself on her knees. She trembled as she straightened her back, thrust out her breasts, and pulled her hands to her chin. She could

feel a tear still rolling down her cheek as she looked up at the woman.

Rendi patted her on the head. “Good girl.”

Like before, as soon as the last part of the world came out, something hit Merrie. But, it wasn't pain that coursed through her body, but something that connected her nipples to her clitoris to every inch of her skin. A flash of heat that sent a tingle rippling through her body until it gathered inside her pussy with soft pulsation of powers.

“Happy Cunt, you are a good girl.” It came again, a flash of heat and pleasure. It added to the intensity and Merrie let out a moan. Her body trembled with the intensity of it and she spread her legs with the desperate hope that someone would extinguish the fire that burned inside her sex.

“Oh,” Rendi smirked, “you liked that. You'll be liking that a lot more. Every time someone says your name and ‘good girl’ in the same sentence, you'll feel that little tingle. This,” she caressed the tag, “is probably my greatest artifact. Along with these,” she dangled her wrist where a set of golden charms clinked delicately to each other.

“These charms are the rewards for being a very good girl, right Happy Cunt?”

Merrie shivered as the pleasure coursed through her. It gathered in her nipples and pussy, pulsating with a wet heat that left her panting for air. The pulse faded but she felt a desperate hunger to feel it again.

She leaned forward and whispered loudly. “I might have other surprises in that pretty little collar of yours, but only if you are really good. Even Bass doesn't know all my secrets.”

Merrie glanced over to Bass. The thriban was on his knees between Sama and Licker, both presenting themselves to him. He had a hand between each of the girls' legs. She could see the muscles in his arms twitching as he stroked both of them at the same time.

Both women had looks of suffering on their faces, a stark contrast to the happy smile gracing Sable's face as she watched. Licker's stared out into the room, not seeing anything, as her body jerked in time with Bass' hands. Sama, on the other hand, had buried her face in her hands as her shoulders shook.

Merrie felt a pang of sorrow for the girls. They both suffered the same as Merrie; all three of them were brutally raped and degraded, but Merrie didn't let it pull her down. Seeing Sable so happy gave Merrie hope, if she acted like the dog girl, she wouldn't as suffer as much as Licker and Sama. She looked away, feeling ashamed at her acceptance.

"You know, Cunt, there are only three types of girls who come through here. There are the fighters, like Licker there, who fight every command. She'll end up doing something stupid and Tabitha will take too much pleasure in cropping her. Silly Tits is the second type, miserable and suffering. She'll put up a resistance, but she won't fight. She won't give in either. In two weeks, she'll just be a mindless slut that obeys every command given to her. She'll break... I'd say in eleven days."

Surprised at the specific prediction, Merrie looked at Rendi questioningly.

The old woman smiled and held up a long pair of fingerless gloves. "We've been doing this for years, Happy Cunt. A lot of years and a lot of bitches. Trust me." She reached over and patted Merrie on the head, "you're a good girl, Happy Cunt—"

Merrie shuddered as the pleasure coursed through her system. She shifted and her hands lowered, but she brought them back up before Rendi corrected her.

Draping one glove across her lap, Rendi loosened the laces on the other. Spreading it open, she guided Merrie's left hand into it. Merrie held herself still as Rendi worked the glove over her arm. The snug leather held her tightly as the end came around her elbow. To Merrie's surprise, the elbow was padded.

She reached out for the ends of the gloves, but instead of holes for the fingers, she realized they were sewn over. Looking up, Merrie tried to ask a question with her eyes as she explored the palm of the glove. She could feel shaped grooves in the palm, but couldn't figure out the purpose.

Rendi answered as she tugged on the glove. "Curl your fingers up against your palms, like a dog's paw."

Merrie felt her body growing tense as she curled her fingers in. The grooves in the gloves fit her fingers and Rendi pulled the glove tight. Merrie tried to open her hand, but she couldn't; the snug

glove kept her fingers tight against her palm. She started to panic, her breath coming faster as she wiggled against the glove that Rendi laced around her.

“Don’t do that, Happy Cunt.”

Whimpering, Merrie looked up. She opened her mouth and closed it. She felt the panic growing inside her, but she couldn’t free her hand. She reached out with her other hand.

“Freeze, Happy Cunt!” Rendi’s sharp voice cut through her senses. Merrie’s arm, leg, and stomach muscles locked in place, freezing her in mid-reach. Her mind spun furiously as she panted with the fear that filled her.

Rendi shook her head sadly and finished lacing up the glove. She took the end and clipped on a small iron padlock. Without letting Merrie move again, she worked the second glove down Merrie’s right arm. When Merrie felt the stubbed gloves against her hand, Rendi finally spoke.

“Happy Cunt, free.”

Her body moved with a lurch, but she could do nothing but paw the air.

“Curl your fingers.”

Merrie whimpered. Rendi held the glove tightly as she started to speak. “You’re a bad girl—”

Merrie’s eyes grew wide and she curled her hands and shoved her hand into the end of the glove. It settled into place, tight and snug.

“Good girl, Happy Cunt.”

Merrie felt the pleasure slam into her, pooling in her pussy and leaving a tingling in its place. As Rendi finished lacing up the second glove, Merrie watched, feeling scared and excited at the same time. She tried to expand her hands, but couldn’t.

“Good girl.” Another blast of pleasure slammed into her. “And, did Bass teach you roll over?”

Hesitating, Merrie planted her hand on the ground. It felt strange, not being able to extend her fingers and she felt claustrophobic despite being almost entirely naked. She leaned into it and rolled over on her back. She pulled her hands to her chest, gloved wrists to her chin in a begging position.

Rendi smiled. “Very good girl—”

Somehow, the magical collar knew when Rendi used “very” and the induced pleasure filled her with intense waves. Every muscle in her body tensed as the ecstasy pooled in her pussy and nipples. Her exposed labia tingled with excitement and juices oozed out from her slit.

“Normally, you bring your knees up to your chest, but I need to get your boots on. Give me your right foot.”

Merrie considered resisting, but the weight of the collar reminded her that she didn’t have a choice. An electric shock would come if she did. She rested her ankle in Rendi’s hand. The old woman pulled the long boot up Merrie’s leg, working the incredibly soft leather along her calf and thigh. Mid-way along, the boot was padded like the elbow, and her knee fit into a groove in the padding perfectly. She wondered if the toes were stubbed like the gloves, but as her foot slid into place, she realized the boots had something else. The curve of the sole forced her foot straight out, into a point. As Rendi pulled it tight, Merrie tried to bend her foot into a more natural position, but she couldn’t. Instead, she was forced to extend her toes straight out.

By the time Rendi finished lacing it clear up to her mid-thigh, her ankle burned with the unnatural position. Merrie whimpered, her only way of expressing discomfort without risking the collar, but Rendi shook her head.

“Sorry, can’t have you walking around like a human. Give me your other foot.”

Merrie continued to hold her gloved hands to her chin, and watched as Rendi pulled the other boot over her foot. The feel of the buttery texture contrasted with the humiliation of being dressed in something designed to hold her in bondage. As her foot slid into the bottom, it fit into the groove. Moments later, Rendi laced up the boot snugly.

Looking at her hands, bound tight and utterly useless, Merrie felt a surge of shame and excitement. It was as if the collar went off, but Rendi said no words. Her body was hot and slick and she desperately wanted to find relief from the heat that boiled in her pussy. She let out a moan as the final lace sealed her fate.

Rendi patted Merrie on the head. “Good girl. Now, beg.”

As the wave of pleasure filled her, Merrie struggled to move into a begging position. With her feet extended, her weight bore down and she winced at the pain.

“Don’t worry, Happy Cunt,” Rendi reached out and stroked her fingers through Merrie’s hair, “the pain will fade. Just give it a couple days.” She smiled. “You have beautiful hair, Cunt. Let’s just make it even prettier.”

With brisk hands, she pulled half of Merrie’s blond hair into a bunch, positioned right above her right ear. She clipped a circular tie around the base. Humming to herself, she did the same with Merrie’s other side. Merrie didn’t need to see herself to know what she looked like. The two bunches looked like flopped dog’s ears, just like Sable’s black hair.

Rendi gave a satisfied nod. She stroked her fingers along Merrie’s chin. “You are very beautiful, Happy Cunt. And a good—”

Merrie shivered with anticipation. The pleasure that came from the collar and her insulting name was addictive.

“-girl. And we have one more thing and you’ll be ready to face the day. Now, normally we’ll start you off with a small one,” Rendi dug into the bag, “like this.”

Rendi pulled a smooth cylinder from the bag. It was black and about fifteen centimeters long. At one end, there a long tail of blond hair sticking out. Right at the base of the hair, the cylinder flared out a few centimeters.

Merrie stared at it for a long moment. The hair was the same color as hers but the long black length could only have one purpose, to be shoved into her body. She glanced over at Sable and her tail; the black hair sprouted from the base of her tailbone, right above the dusky opening of her anus. Merrie’s eyes drifted back and her sphincter tightened at her thoughts. She wiggled her ass and sat back.

“Smart girl, you figured out where it’s going. But, with Bass, I think you need something a bit bigger.”

Digging into the bag, she pulled out a much larger plug with the same color of blonde hair as the first. It was twenty centimeter long and half that wide. It ended with a large flare and tapered to a smaller point.

Merrie's lips parted with anticipation. Her body grew tight and excited, the memories of Bass' rape of Licker's ass. The plug was not nearly as large as Bass, but it was far larger than anything Merrie had ever had in her rear.

"Don't worry, it may be very uncomfortable, but you won't notice after a day. And," she stroked the hair at the end, "you'll be so pretty."

Merrie whimpered, both terrified and excited at the same time. Her pussy and nipples tingled with desire. When Rendi opened her mouth to speak, Merrie was already obeying the command she knew would come.

"Happy Cunt, present... good girl! You are a very good girl!"

Merrie spread her legs and pressed her chest to the ground. The waves of pleasure helped her spread her legs widely, exposing her opening for Rendi's use. She closed her eyes with anticipation, trembling as she wondered what was wrong with her to accept a dildo in her ass so easily.

Rendi pressed the tapered tip to her opening. It was slick as if it was lubricated, but despite Merrie's acceptance to it being shoved into her, she couldn't help clenching tightly against the opening. It was something she never did, except for a random finger, and her body refused to allow something her mind knew she couldn't resist.

The old woman twisted the plug in quarter circles as she increased the pressure. "Good girl, good girl, good—" she whispered the words that activated the collar and Merrie was hit with wave after wave of pleasure.

Her body trembled from the magically induced ecstasy that coursed through her. She could feel the pressure building, a single point of pain where the plug's tip had managed to force itself inside her tightly clenching hole. She let out a whimper and trembled.

"Push out, Happy Cunt, just like you were shitting. Don't worry, nothing will come out—good girl—there is a cleansing rune on all of these. Just... push... come on, girl. Good girl, good girl—"

Merrie's hands clenched tightly, her fingernails digging into her palms. She tried to open, to bear down on the dildo. It slipped in and she shuddered at the feeling of being held open by something thick and hard. Reflexively, she tried to push it out, but Rendi kept it

inside her. Merrie squirmed as she fought the alien feelings of having something lodged in her most private of openings.

Rendi grabbed her by the hip with one hand as she pushed with the other. The dildo twisted around and the slick, smooth surface inched into Merrie.

Mouth open but saying nothing, Merrie ground her chest into the ground. Her useless fingers skittered against the ground as her arms splayed out on the cool surface. She lowered her face to the ground, trying to escape the thickness that violated her ass, but she couldn't escape as it drove deeper.

The thickness kept increasing. She felt her anal ring stretching from the pressure, but there was nothing Merrie could do. She was helpless, vulnerable, exposed. And the very thought of it, coupled with Rendi's continual chanting to activate the collar, made it difficult to do anything besides swim in the ocean of pleasure that gripped her body.

Her whimper turned into a wail as pleasure and pain mixed together. Her asshole burned with the intrusion that she couldn't force out, but she could feel the length burying deep into her rectum. She remembered what it looked like when Licker was being raped by Bass, the massive hard cock sliding into her hole as if it belonged there. She tried to pretend that it was Bass that was impaling her. It sank a few centimeters deeper and stretched her painfully open as an orgasm came rushing up.

“Good girl, good—”

Rendi's words weren't needed anymore. Merrie's imagination filled her senses with the idea of being degraded and dominated, of Bass driving his cock as he spoke in his rough voice. She wanted him, she hated that she did, but Merrie desperately wanted to feel Bass' cock buried in her ass, tearing her open.

The crest of pleasure slammed into her. She screamed out with pleasure and shoved back on the dildo. The pain spiked as it sunk into her ass, but then she was past the thick end with the tail. Her asshole clenched tightly around it and pulled it snugly into her rectum, filling her completely as her world exploded into a shower of lights and ecstasy.

t'Sade

Cold Comfort



Sweat covered Merrie's entire body. It gathered in rivulets and rolled down her sides and thighs. She could feel it irritating the skin around her abused asshole, where the butt plug still stirred her insides with every movement. The blond hairs waved back and forth, throwing off her balance and teasing her with feather-light touches against the back of her thighs and calves.

More sweat slicked her labia, giving her the feeling of being excited. It itched in a place she couldn't reach, not with her aching fingers clamped to her palms. It reminded her that she had to pee badly.

A warm breeze blew past her, drying the sweat on her face and increasing the maddening itch across her cheek. She tried to wipe it on her shoulder, but stopped when she touched her soaked skin.

The leash clipped to her collar tugged and she jerked forward. Glaring forward, she saw Bass walking with a relatively slow, steady pace. Three leads ran out from his hands, one to each of the new bitches and herself. Sable trotted next to Licker, her ass high in the air and a smile on her lips.

When Bass first attached his leash, he said it would be a short walk. And, if she was walking, the distance wasn't further than Merrie walked to work in the morning, but on her hands and knees, it took almost a full hour and Merrie was rapidly running out of energy to move. Even with the padding on her elbows and knees, her body ached with the unfamiliar movements and she just wanted to curl up regardless of the punishments. Only an occasional white stick randomly stuck in the ground attracted her attention, but she

couldn't figure out why there were markers in the grass and among the trees.

“Good girl, Happy Cunt.”

Bass' voice set off the collar and she felt the intoxicating wash of pleasure course over her. It pooled into her slick pussy, radiating out. The sensations fought with her exhaustion and she stumbled. He stopped, a frown ghosting over his face. Turning around, he walked over to Merrie and squatted down in front of her.

Thankful that he wasn't pulling her forward, Merrie slumped down as he towered over her.

“Getting tired, girl?”

Merrie looked up with a pleading look, then remembered the proper action. She let out a gasping bark.

He reached out and stroked the slicked skin along her neck. She could feel the hairs on the back of her neck sticking to his fingers as he held her firmly for a moment. She could smell him with his closeness, a strong musky scent that seemed just right with the hard muscles of his chest. Bass was stripped down to a pair of denim shorts that strained around his muscular backside and the bulge of his cock.

She looked away, not wanting to encourage him; the last thing Merrie wanted was to be fucked in the heat and exhaustion. Her body shivered at his touch.

“There is a pond nearby. Would the bitches like a quick dip to cool off?”

Sable barked instantly and cheerfully, jumping into a begging position. Merrie watched her from the corner of her eye, then struggled to do the same. Leaning back on slicked shins, she trembled as she pulled her hands to her collar and let out another gasping bark.

“Good girl.”

She let out a shuddering breath as the collar sent another wave of pleasure through her. The magically induced pleasure was addictive and she wanted to desperately resist it but the heat in her sex made it hard to fight. She cleared her throat and barked again, this time clearly.

“Very good-” Merrie inhaled with anticipation, “-girl.”

The intense wave crashed into her and she sobbed as she felt a tiny orgasm ripple through her body. A few sparks of pleasure rose up into her chest, gathering around her perked nipples. As the sensations flickered across her nerves, she moaned with the desperate wish for someone to suck on them.

Sama and Licker barked after a few seconds and Bass complimented them. Merrie watched as they both shivered at the effect of the collar. If it was the same thing that hit her every time Bass said “good girl”, she could see why Licker finally started to obey commands. He used the phrase frequently as he gave commands, sometimes using it twice or thrice when Merrie obeyed a command with enthusiasm.

Ignoring the sweat that soaked her skin, Bass ran his hands along Merrie’s shoulder to her collar then down to cup her breast. His thick fingers caught her nipple. He twisted it in his palm and whispered directly to Merrie. “Good girl.”

A moan escaped her lips and she blushed hotly at her enjoyment of his domination. But, then teasing ended quickly as he stood up and addressed all four dog girls.

“Less than a quarter kilometer. Come on, if we make it there by the end of the hour, I’ll give you a treat.”

Sable barked happily and rushed forward. Bass followed as he rested the leads on his palm. Merrie followed before the leash grew taut but it wasn’t long before she could feel the pressure on her collar, insisting on pulling more speed out of her exhausted body.

It took almost twenty minutes before they reached the pool. Merrie saw another man standing there and cringed but Bass pulled her forward. As they came out from the surrounding underbrush, she saw that the man had three other girls on their hands and knees. All of them were a dozen meters off the trail, in an area of cut grass. On the opposite side of the trail was a pond that sparkled in the sunlight. Merrie longed for the pond, but the new dog girls caught her attention.

All three of the dog girls were covered in muck and mud. It dripped from their bodies, but there was nothing that could hide the swells of their breasts or the valley between their legs. The musk plastered their loose hair against their shoulders and faces. They turned to look at her, their eyes filled with misery. When Merrie

realized none of them had boots, gloves, or tails, she felt sympathetic to their misery. Her walk in the dog outfit was hard, without it would have been brutal.

Bass called out to the man. "Well met, Borias!"

Borias was a slender man with long hair pulled into a pony tail and a goatee. He had definition, but not the raw musculature of Bass. He wore a pair of breeches and a button-down shirt that was unbuttoned clear down to his belly button. Borias looked up from the girl he was standing next to and waved. When he responded, it was with a northern accent, "'ello, boss! Hold on a sec, 'k?"

The new trainer lowered his gaze to the girl at his feet. She balanced on the balls of her feet as she squatted down. Her face was buried in her hands as her shoulders shook. In the patches of exposed skin, Merrie could see she was as red as a tomato. On the ground, between her legs, was a pile of shit and Merrie was doubly-thankful that the uncomfortable butt plug meant she would never have to do that in front of anyone.

"Done now, Horny Holes?"

Sobbing, the girl at his feet nodded sharply.

Borias leaned over with a brown cloth. As Merrie watched, he wiped her tenderly clean. He spoke softly, "good girl," but the shamed girl didn't shiver like Merrie did. When he was done, he tossed the cloth to the side and pointed at it with his finger. "Bang."

When the cloth ignited into flames, Merrie jerked with surprise. It burned brightly and blew away into a cloud of ash before it hit the ground. He aimed his finger at the steaming pile. "Bang" and the feces blew away in a flash of flame.

Bass strode forward, tugging his girls ahead. "Rendi hasn't gotten to you?"

Borias shook his head. "Mother be drained from tagging everyone else. She's plumb out of name tags, cleansing runes, and tails. Being I don't mind a little crap," he chuckled, "I offered to be last so Piffin would get his girls fitted and tagged."

"Never thought Abbinkey would be an advantage, did you?" Merrie heard of Abbinkey, it was the famed prison to the north of Franome City. Only the country's worst criminals went there and very few every came back.

As Bass and Borias spoke, Merrie watched the three new dog girls. All three of them were sobbing and holding their heads to shield their faces from Merrie. Merrie wanted to reach out for them, to comfort them. Her heart lurched with her desire to do something for the three sobbing dog girls.

“If you could say that, but I’ll never regret my time there. Cleaning out the jacks for five thousand prisoners pretty much ruined my sense of taste and smell. Besides, a bit of humiliation does bitches good. Reminds them they aren’t human anymore.”

Bass grunted.

“Here for the water? Your girls look hot.”

“Aye, just a quick cooling down.”

Ignoring the men speaking above them, Sable trotted forward and over to the furthest girl from Borias. She was a brunette with long hair that wrapped around her arms. Sable stopped in front of her until the girl looked up, then Sable pressed her cheek against the girl’s cheek. The girl sobbed louder and Sable shifted her body so she could press her throat against the girl’s neck.

“Mind if I join you, Bass? Me girls just went through the swamp. Figured the soft ground on their hands and knees would feel better. At least until mother can outfit them.”

“Good thinking, Bori.”

Merrie couldn’t tear her gaze away from Sable and the girl. As she watched, the girl’s crying grew softer. She reached up to hug Sable, but Sable shook her head. The girl dropped her hands and leaned into Sable instead. Merrie felt a longing and she wondered if she could do the same for the other two miserable dog girls.

“These are Ass Licker, Silly Tits,” Merrie looked up as Bass introduced them, “and Happy Cunt.”

“I remember Cunt. The girl you picked out for your first lesson?”

“She misbehaved the first.”

“Right...” drawled Borias. “a sweet piece of ass and she just happens to be the first.” He chuckled. “Well, here be Horny Holes. Sable is comforting Cock Diver, and the last is Throat Fucked.”

“Good choices, the last Throat won the blue last year.”

“She be me lucky charm.” Borias grinned and ran a finger along his beard. “We’re done here, ready to go?”

“One moment. Girls, if you have to pee, do it here.”

Opening her eyes wide, Merrie looked in surprise. She didn't know what to do. She had to pee, but she didn't want to risk punishment.

Next to her, Licker started to push up but she lost her balance and dropped back to the ground. She let out a gasping noise, then slumped low to the ground and looked up at Bass fearfully.

"Go on. Scared?"

Merrie risked a bark.

Bass smiled and patted Merrie on the head. "Good girl. Sable, could you show them?"

Sable pulled away from Cock Diver and trotted over to the cut grass. Spreading her legs, she lifted her tail so it arched over her back, and released her bladder in full view of everyone.

Merrie felt a flush of embarrassment as she watched Sable going the bathroom in front of her. She glanced up, but neither Bass or Borias were watching Sable or anyone. Instead, they talked quietly about something.

Sable finished and carefully stepped away before coming around. She circled to Licker. When Licker didn't move, she nudged the teenage girl with her head. Licker shook her head fearfully. Sable's brown eyes slid over to Merrie.

Merrie knew what Sable was asking, to demonstrate. Her muscles clenched as she glanced up at Bass and Borias again. Gingerly, she crawled through the grass, careful to avoid the glistening patches. She felt her heart thumping in her chest as she spread her legs.

A hand grabbed her tail and pulled up. Merrie gasped and stared over her shoulder at Bass who pulled the tail out of the way. She trembled, staring up into his yellowed eyes and shivering.

"Go on."

Cheeks burning brightly, Merrie concentrated on relieving herself. It was hard, harder than she expected, but when she finally started, she let out a sigh of relief. She remembered a story when she was free, "no greater pleasure than emptying a rock-hard bladder."

She finished as quickly as she could, then carefully crawled away. The lead on her collar was slack. She peeked over to Bass who was helping Sama by pulling up her tail. Merrie looked around, then found her attention drawn to Throat Fucked. The black-haired

beauty was curled up on the ground, her arms and legs tucked under her body. Her back shook with tears and Merrie felt sorrow filling her.

Moving quietly to avoid attracting the trainer's attention, she crawled through the grass. Up close, she could smell the mud and rotted vegetation. She tried to find a clean spot to touch, but when she didn't, she decided to just imitate Sable. She nudged Throat with her forehead; the gesture left a smear of mud across her face, but she couldn't wipe it away.

The black-haired girl didn't move, except to tighten up.

Merrie glanced around to make sure Bass wasn't watching. She lifted one hand and set it on Throat's back. It seemed like a maneuver that a dog could do. She rested her weight on the first and lifted her second booted paw. With a rush that she might get punished, she slid forward and lowered herself until her breasts ground through the mud on Throat's back and she was half-hugging the girl.

So close to Throat, she could feel the tears wracking Throat's form. Every sob tore through Merrie's heart, but she just held Throat tightly. She didn't have anything else she could do.

Merrie jumped when she felt Throat snake out an arm and wrap it around her thigh. It was a small gesture, human in its desperation. Merrie knew she should stop it, like Sable did before, but she didn't have the heart. Instead, she lifted her leg to give Throat more access to cling to her and held her tightly.

"Bass? Look at that."

Merrie tensed up. Her back was to the trainers, but she knew that punishment would come.

"By the divine... is that what I think it is?"

Confused, Merrie didn't move. She lifted her head slightly, as not to let her collar touch Throat in case Bass triggered it.

"How did you find another alpha, Boss?"

"She isn't an alpha."

Borias laughed. "Funny, I remember Sable doing that."

"I don't know what you are..." Bass cleared his throat and tugged on Merrie's lead. "Cunt, come on."

Sliding off Throat, Merrie turned around. At the dark look on Bass' face, she cringed.

Bass didn't say the trigger words. Instead, he pulled on the leash and dragged her over to his feet. She scrambled to her feet, but kept her body low to the ground.

"Come on, let's get to the pond and cool you down."

It was less than half a hundred meters to the pond. When Bass didn't say "bad girl", Merrie relaxed slightly but waited for the triggering phrase with every step. She glanced over to Sable.

Sable caught her gaze and gave an approving nod. She wiggled her ass and trotted past Merrie, accelerating as she raced to the edge of the pond. With a bark, she launched herself off the shore and dove into the water.

Relieved, Merrie relaxed. She crawled across the pebbles and rocks that made the shore, thankful of her padding. With a start, she realized that Borias' girls wouldn't have the same protection. She stopped to look around.

"Cunt? Oh, Bori, bring them over there by the sand."

"Yeh, boss."

Bass pulled Licker, Sama, and Merrie across the shore. He stopped right at the water's edge. Reaching down, he unclipped Licker's, then Sama's lead. "Go on, get in the water and clean off."

Neither girl looked at Merrie as they crawled into the water. After the initial shock, Licker let out a sigh and rushed into the water and dove underneath it. A moment later, she surfaced a meter away, swimming out toward the center of the pond.

Sable splashed along the shore, circling around as she tracked Licker's movement. There was a predatory look on her face as she bounded through the grasses. Even with her amputated arms and legs, she circled the pond before Licker could reach the middle. With a wag of her tail, she crouched in a patch of tall grasses as if she was waiting for Licker to get out.

"Happy Cunt." Bass' whisper was right next to Merrie's ear. She jumped and glanced up to Bass who loomed over her. He pulled on the leash, dragging Merrie until they were centimeters apart. "I'm not going to say this again, but you are not an alpha. Do you understand?"

Merrie whimpered and her tail twitched as her sphincter tightened. She didn't know what Bass or Borias meant by "alpha," but it obviously meant something significant. She wondered if she

wasn't suppose to comfort the other girls, but Bass didn't stop her when she did it the night before.

Bass' hands wrapped around her collar, his knuckles digging into her throat. "You are not... an alpha, Happy Cunt. Understand?"

Terrified, Merrie let out a strangled bark.

Bass let her go with a relieved sigh. "Good girl. Very good girl."

The dual shocks of pleasure coursed through her. She trembled at the impact, then again as he unclipped the lead on her collar. "Go, have fun and get clean."

Merrie backed away from Bass, her body trembling. Seeing his angry yellow eyes frightened her and she was distinctly reminded that she was an almost naked human woman crawling on the ground. She turned away from him and hurried into the water.

It was cold, icy cold despite the summer heat, but it felt like ambrosia against her skin. Merrie let out a sigh and lowered herself into the water. On the far side, she watched as Licker crawled out the far side, dripping wet.

Licker made it only a few steps before Sable burst out of the grasses. The teenage girl let out a yelp and the crack of the collar shot out over the water. As she collapsed to the ground, Sable caught her.

It took Sable no effort to push Licker on her back. Spinning around, Sable planted her pussy right on Licker's face. She opened her mouth in a slopping grin and wiggled back and forth as Licker flailed underneath her.

Merrie grinned and wondered how Sable knew where Licker would come out. She remembered when Sable sat on her face, the taste of the dog girl's pussy on her lips, and the memory brought a flush of excitement to her cheeks. She ducked under the water and came to the surface. She shook the water off her face and turned to head closer to shore.

Throat knelt between Merrie and the shore. With the mud off her face, Merrie felt a surge of jealousy at the beauty in the water with her. Her breasts were large without sagging. Each one was tipped with a large aureole which caressed the water's surface.

Merrie crawled to the side, but Throat moved to block her. Merrie froze, holding one dripping glove out of the water and gave Throat a curious gaze.

Throat peeked over her shoulder at Bass and Borias, but both trainers were watching Sable mounting Licker's face. Throat returned her gaze back to Merrie, then gestured with her eyes to a point on the shore a few meters down from the trainers. There was a sandy beach and footprints where Borias led his girls into the water.

Guessing that Throat wanted her to go there, Merrie nodded. She crawled out of the water and up on the beach. She started to turn to look at Throat, but two hands on her ass stopped her. Merrie's breath locked in her throat as she felt Throat parting her ass cheeks, then the warm touch of the girl's breath against her exposed asshole and pussy.

Merrie never thought rimming was a sexual thing. Before her capture, the ass was just a place to shit out of, but at the first touch of Throat's tongue right below the butt plug in her ass, a shiver coursed through Merrie. Her arms felt weak and she lowered herself and spread her legs, presenting herself to Throat.

Throat lapped around the plug in Merrie's ass, digging her tongue at the junction before slurping around. Her finger's dug into the meat of Merrie's buttocks, holding them tightly as she lapped. Merrie felt her lower her head, then the touch of a tongue against her clitoris.

Breathing heavy, Merrie planted her face into the sandy beach with just enough room to breath. She didn't know why Throat was licking her, but it felt as pleasurable as the collar's magic.

Throat sucked on Merrie's clitoris, sending more waves through her. Then, she worked her way up along Merrie's labia, teasing them with her lips.

Boots crunched on the sand. Merrie closed her eyes tightly and clutched her hands to her palms, wishing to get as much pleasure before they interrupted her.

"Throat, you be stopping right there," Borias said firmly.

Throat stopped and pulled back. Merrie felt a tear burning her eye, she didn't want Throat to get punished. But, instead of saying "bad girl", Borias grabbed Merrie's tail and pulled.

Merrie pulled up her head as her mouth opened. Her rectum resisted the plug and she felt her insides shifting as she tried to prevent her anal ring from being pulled open. Despite her efforts,

the slicked surface of the butt plug slid out of her opening, and drew a shuddering gasp from Merrie.

Borias dropped it on the sand next to them. “Now, Throat, keep your hands on the ground, and go back to thanking her.”

Merrie looked up at Borias in confusion, then gasped as she felt Throat delving her face between her butt cheeks. Throat’s tongue lapped at Merrie’s asshole, circling around the gaping opening and pushing inside. Merrie gasped, the shock sending a tiny orgasm crashing into her.

Borias chuckled. “And that is how bitches be thanking each other. You comfort her, she be licking you out. Good girl, Throat.”

Merrie jerked forward as Throat jammed her tongue deeper into Merrie’s ass, swirling it around as her hot breath teased Merrie’s sex.

“Gods above, that’s hot.” Borias called out over his shoulder. “Say, boss? Your bitch need a ring gag?”

Bass grunted. “You think she’s an alpha, what do you think?”

Borias rolled his eyes and made an obscure gesture toward Bass. He looked down at Merrie. “If my girl keeps licking you, you return the favor to me? Be making me feel good? I be making you good?” To answer her confusion, he unbuttoned his pants and pulled out his cock.

He was already hard, but much smaller than Bass. He looked about fifteen centimeters, thin and long. His cock ended with a pointed tip that glistened with precum. Below, two hairy balls clenched tight against his body.

“Come on, Happy Cunt,” Borias knelt down in front of Merrie. He grabbed her bunched hair, her “ears”, and guided her to his shaft. “I know Bass fucked that pretty throat of yours. You can handle my little thing, can’t you? Throat, help her?”

Throat dove into Merrie’s ass, licking hard, and Merrie was pushed forward.

Merrie knew what he wanted and opened her mouth. His hot cock slid past her lips and along her tongue. The salty taste of his precum left a smear against her taste buds before the head bumped against her palate.

“Oh, I be never tiring of this.”

He gripped her hair tighter and thrust with his hips. Merrie opened her mouth enough that her lips wrapped around his shaft.

Behind her, Throat ground her face into Merrie's ass and sex, lapping hard and deep, moving quickly. Merrie spread her legs more to give the girl more access to her holes.

Merrie didn't need to do anything, couldn't do anything. Borias fucked her face with strokes that bounced his balls against her chin and crushed her nose against his belly, but withdrew just as quickly. Every ram of his cock pushed her back into Throat's tongue who managed to find more ways of pushing Merrie towards an orgasm. Merrie wanted to reach out to touch something, needing balance as her head spun from the new sensations at both ends of her body.

She rocked back and forth, on cock and tongue. Borias' shaft tickled the back of her throat, but went no further. It pulsed with every thrust and Merrie could focus her sole attention on pleasuring the trainer. She used her tongue to lap and taste him, squeezing her lips around his cock until her jaw ached with the pressure to keep her teeth away. Every time she increased the pressure, or found some spot to lick, Borias hissed with pleasure, gripped her hair tighter, and thrust faster.

It could have been seconds or minutes, but soon Borias grunted with every thrust. "Come on, Throat, make her cum before I do and you don't get toilet duty tonight... or tomorrow morning."

Whatever Borias promised, it sent Throat into a frenzy. She dropped her mouth to lap against Merrie's clitoris. It was hard, fast, and very wet. Merrie felt an orgasm rushing up and Borias matched it with frantic thrust into her face. She relaxed her jaw and accepted him as he pounded her face, driving her back with every grunt.

Merrie's orgasm became a white-hot flame with the realization she could do nothing. She was a fuck hole for the trainer and the dog girl behind her. Her mouth opened with the intensity that crashed into her, far more powerful than the collar could ever force into her. She let out a gurgling scream, interrupted with the rapid beat of Borias as he stabbed the back of her throat with his shaft.

Borias yanked his cock out from her mouth. Grabbing it with both hands, he aimed the swollen head toward Merrie. She had her mouth open, unsure of what he wanted, when the first blast of cum splattered against her face. It was a heated brand from her chin to

her cheek. Another splatter score across her face. He grunted and pumped his cock, sending burst upon wave of cum to splash against her face. He kept coming, more than any of Merrie's boyfriends ever did and almost as much as Bass' flood.

When the last surge dribbled out and began sliding down the bottom side of his cock, he let out a gasp. "Now, you be beautiful. Good girl, Throat. Good girl, Cunt."

The collar triggered, surprising Merrie since she didn't know he could do that. It pushed her into another orgasm that left her reeling for balance.

Sitting back on the sand, Borias called out to Bass. "Nope, yer girl don't need no ring."

Bass grunted. "You're lucky she didn't bite your dick off."

"Live a bit in danger, boss. Holes, come clean up Cunt. Diver, clean me up."

The two other girls crawled out of the pond. Merrie pulled back, but Horny Holes followed her. Merrie stopped when she bumped against Throat's body.

With a sad look on her face, Holes closed her eyes, made a face of revulsion, and began to lick the cum from Merrie's face. Past the girl, Merrie could see Cock Diver was doing the same for Borias, sucking the last of the cum from his shaft while tears rolled down her cheeks.

t'Sade

Gentle Lessons

8

Merrie dozed on the beach of the pond, her eyes half open as she stared at the bright blue sky. Underneath her, the sand had molded to her curves, cradling her. She knew she was in a terrible place, but as she lay in the sun, she could almost find herself enjoying it. Her mind drifted to Licker's rape and Bass' huge cock disappearing into her body, and felt a shiver of pleasure. It was only a matter of hours or days until Merrie would be on her knees, impaled by that very shaft. She knew it would hurt, more than she could imagine, but his brutal domination and size made her just want it more.

She groaned and rolled over on her belly. Her gloved hands slid through the moist sand beneath her as she adjusted her body, moving until her breasts ground into the surface of the small beach. Through a thin screen of grasses, she could see Bass and Borias talking to each other. Sama, Diver, Throat, and Holes were crouched on the ground next to them. Each of them had a leash on, clipped to their collar and held in their respective trainers' hands.

With a start, Merrie reached up to her own collar. Her knuckles brushed against the metal, but there was no leash keeping her bound. Her mouth open with surprise, and she stared at the two trainers in shock.

Borias glanced over and gave her a wink. He returned to his conversation with Bass. "So, boss? Can I be taking your Sable? Me girls could use bit of a role model to show them what a real bitch acts like."

"Why not? She's been riding Licker's face for almost an half hour now."

Borias chuckled. "Aye, that girl's tongue gonna be sore. Maybe she be learning not to be running away."

"That," murmured Bass, "wasn't even close to running away. Sable keeps a good eye on the new bitches."

"Wouldn't know. You and Tabby are the only ones with alphas. Maybe I should borrow your Cunt too?"

"No," came the sudden and harsh reply.

"Sorry I asked," muttered Borias as he stood up. "Here, boss, hold me girls while I get your bitch?"

Bass grunted and took the offered leashes. Borias brushed his hands on his thighs and walked toward Merrie. He had a smile on his lips. As he drew closer, he motioned for Merrie to get up.

Merrie pushed herself to her hands and knees. She looked up as the trainer patted his thigh. "C'mon, girl, let's get your bitch sister. Heel."

She wasn't sure if that was a command, but she knew what dogs did to heel. She turned around and crawled next to him, less than a foot from his thigh. Her booted knees crunched the sand, then gravel as they circled the water.

"Good girl."

Merrie shivered at the pleasure of his compliment, even though it came from the collar.

As they walked, he spoke cheerfully. "Ya know, we all have roles here. Bass teaches you how to take that big log of his. He'd ruin you for everyone else, but mother makes you nice and tight for us little guys. Got to thank those collars of hers for that. Best idea she got since convincin' a paladin to get me out of Abbinkey."

He paused to let her crawl over a ridge before he continued, "Piffin is perfection. An anal bastard who expects everything from you bitches in precise distances. Spread your legs thirty inches, not thirty-one. Grange is the cruel master you never want. I hate him, he reminds me of the gang leaders in Abbinkey that go around raping everyone. And beatin' up everyone to make themselves feel important."

"Tabby... well, Tabby scares me too much." He looked around, "And I better not be talking bad about her. She might hear, and I don't like when she humps me face."

As they came around the bushes Sable had hid in earlier, Borias lowered his hand, resting it on the back of Merrie's neck. She shivered at the contact, but had to concentrate to keep up with his pace. "And me? Well, I teach pretty little girls like you to swallow past your gag reflex. Ain't nothin' too dirty for me, but it prepares you for those nasty masters out there. Assholes who take a perfectly good and sexy girl and use her for nothin' but a chamber pot."

Merrie listened as she stared at Sable and Licker. Sable sat on Licker's chest, rubbing her pussy along Licker's throat and face. Even from a distance, Merrie could see Sable's juices coating Licker's face with a glistening glaze.

"And Sable," Borias lowered his voice, "got a role here too. She and Dixie show you girls what happens when you stop resistin'. The smart ones," his hand moved to stroke Merrie's ears, "like you learn quickly, and that makes me jealous. Wish I got the alpha instead of boss."

As they came to a halt next to Sable and Licker, Sable crawled off and sat on the grass. Her ass wiggled back and forth and she panted. She had a blush on her cheeks and a broad grin on her face.

Licker, on the other hand, slumped on the ground and looked miserable. She blinked, and her soaked eyelashes stuck to her face. Sable's drying juices covered her from nipples to hair, and one of the dog ears had come undone.

"Damn Sable, can she even use her tongue?"

Sable barked once and wiggled even more. Her tail wagged back and forth, swishing through the grass as she moved.

Borias knelt down next to Licker and stuck his fingers in her mouth. He inspected her for a moment, then he smiled. His other hand slid down to Licker's nipples and teased them. "Very good girl," Licker shuddered under his hands, "but don't be runnin' away, k?"

Licker moaned and tried to turn away from him, but he twisted her nipple. "No, I'm bein' serious, Licker. If you did get away, Tabby will come for you. And trust me, you don't want Tabby."

At her whimper, Borias reached down further and forced his hand between her legs. He stroked her a few times before sniffing his fingers. "Good girl, you just be relaxin' k?"

Licker whimpered as the pleasure shook through her body. Merrie felt a sympathetic pleasure coursing through herself as well.

Borias guided Licker to her hands and knees. His hand rested on her tight, teenage belly until she got her balance, then he clipped a lead to her collar. "Come on, let's get you to the boss so I can borrow Sable for the night."

Sable barked cheerfully and ran around in a circle.

He turned and started to head back around the pond. Sable barked and surged forward, circling around him as she bounded through the grass. Licker resisted until the lead grew taut and dragged her after Borias. She relented and followed with her head hung low.

Merrie worried her lip, then crawled after them. She came even with Licker, and something kept her beside the teenage girl.

"Hard to believe," Merrie looked up to see Borias talking over his shoulder to them, "that you were kidnapped just yesterday. Lot happened already, huh?"

Licker didn't answer, but Sable gave Merrie a hard look. Blushing, Merrie barked once to answer him.

"Don't worry, a lot more is gonna happen tonight. Or even after lunch. The first few days are always hard. Boss needs to rip you open and mother's gotta heal you. A couple times of that, and you can handle that big ol' dick of boss in any of your holes. Trust me, soon you'll be craving that dick in your ass."

Merrie shivered at the thought of being bent over something, her vulnerable ass exposed to Bass' cock. Her ass clenched around its plug with anticipation. She looked over at the broken Licker, and felt guilty at her excitement.

Licker shot Merrie a look through the hair draping over her face. It was filled with hatred, humiliation, and despair. The look of it shook Merrie to the bone.

Merrie knew she shouldn't look forward to being raped, but it didn't feel like rape anymore, not to Merrie. She was there against her will, and she would try to escape if she could. Yet at the same time, she craved that feeling of being dominated more than she ever thought possible. It was like a drug, even stronger than that of the pleasure from her magical collar. Like before, Merrie wondered if there was something terribly wrong with her. She peeked over at

Sable, who happily bounded ahead of Borias. Merrie wondered if Sable accepted her position as easily as Merrie did.

Lost in her thoughts, they had walked back around the pond before she realized it.

“Here ya go, boss. Three lovely girls, includin’ one that probably won’t be speakin’ for a while.”

Bass looked up from where he lay on the ground. He was sprawled out, leaning on one elbow. His hand held Sama close to him as his fingers stroked up and down her slit, his wrist against the tail sprouting from her ass. A look of reluctant pleasure stormed across Sama’s face as she looked at Merrie helplessly. Across from Sama, Throat Diver knelt on the ground as she lapped at Bass’ immense cock, his pre-cum soaking her face and hair. The other two, Holes and Throat, were crouched on the ground as far away as their leashes would let them.

Borias chuckled. “Aww, that looks nice, but I got to be takin’ my girls back to the hall. Time for a bit of toilet trainin’. Well, not Throat because she earned a night off.”

Diver and Holes looked up with naked fear on their faces. Throat glanced over two her two bitch sisters then ducked her head down when they shot glares at her. Merrie shivered at their look, afraid of what the cheerful Borias did in his room.

“Aw, come on, it’s just a bit of pee. Damn girls, can’t even appreciate a proper bit of watersports.” He rested his hand on Merrie’s shoulder, “I bet you would, wouldn’t you?”

Merrie whimpered, shivering with the mixture of revulsion and realization that if Borias wanted to, he would could make her do anything. She tightened her body and looked away, but she knew Borias was smiling.

“All right,” he released Merrie, “catch you later, boss.”

“See you at dinner, Bori,” grumbled Bass.

“Don’t forget we got a dog show after the meal. I bet Throat is gonna win the blue.” Borias grabbed the leads for his three girls and headed out across the grass, whistling cheerfully. Throat trailed behind at first, then peeked over her shoulder. She gave Merrie a look of desperation and helplessness, until Borias tugged on the leash and pulled her along.

Merrie watched until the trainer, the three girls, and Sable disappeared out of sight. Then, she peeked over at her own trainer.

Bass continued to slide his fingers up and down Sama's slit as he looked at Merrie, a strange expression on her face. It was a piercing, almost angry look, and she cringed at the yellowed eyes focused on her.

Frightened, Merrie looked around until her eyes rested on Licker. The teenage girl curled in a fetal position on the ground, her booted hands covering her face. Her leash draped over her naked hip and led over to Bass, who had left it coiled on the ground underneath his hand. Merrie crawled over to Licker.

Up close, she could see that Licker was crying into her hands, the tears rolling down through Sable's juices that covered her face. A pang of sympathy flooded Merrie. She glanced over at Bass, who still watched her, then crawled up and rested her chest against Licker's side.

The teenage girl shuddered and curled up tighter. She turned her head away from Merrie and buried it in the grass below her.

Not really understanding why she did it, Merrie rubbed her cheek against Licker's shoulders. When that didn't help the girl, she licked the curl of ear that peeked from the long black hair draped along her neck. The ear was sweet and tangy and tasted of Sable's pussy. Even as Licker shivered, Merrie rubbed her breasts along Licker's body and sucked on the teenage girl's earlobe. Her lips worked their way down to the slender neck, working into the junction of her shoulder. Merrie felt a shiver course through Licker's body, and a minute relaxing.

Encouraged, Merrie continued and forced her head underneath Licker's chin. Licker resisted, but Merrie shifted to a better angle and jammed her mouth in to lap at Licker's throat. It was soft and sweaty and smelled of pussy. Sable's juices were everywhere, but Merrie worked at it, licking the teenager's face and throat until she could no longer taste the tangy sweet flavor of Sable.

As she finished cleaning Licker's shoulder, she heard Bass come up. A tingle coursed through her body as she lowered her body to raise her hips. She slid her legs apart to present to him, even as she kissed her way down Licker's arm.

At his touch on her back, she shivered with anticipation. “Good girl.”

Bass knelt down next to them, and ran his hands along Licker’s body. His thick fingers cupped her breasts, the small mounds even smaller as she rested half on her back. He tweaked the large nipples and rolled them between his fingers. “Very good girl, Licker.”

Merrie felt the trembling of pleasure. She glanced up at Bass, then resumed her licking. She couldn’t taste Sable anymore, but with the trainer stroking Licker’s face and breasts, she let her mouth trail down. She followed the trembling flanks down to Licker’s hips. Leaving a trail of kisses, Merrie worked her way in between Licker’s legs. To Merrie’s surprise, Licker relaxed her knees and let them fall apart, exposing her sex to Merrie’s mouth.

Licker’s labia was swollen, pink, and flushed with excitement, and the smell of it drifted across Merrie’s senses. The lips would have been pressed together like a clam, but they were splayed open like a flower, with the inner folds peeking out from the pink depths. Merrie looked up at Licker, who was staring at Bass, and lowered her mouth to the moist slit.

At the first touch, Licker shuddered. Merrie kept her eyes focused on Licker’s face and smiled when Licker struggled to keep staring at Bass. Her body trembled underneath Merrie, so Merrie delved her tongue into the warm opening and spread her open, lapping like a dog against the teenager’s clitoris.

“Very good girl, Licker.”

Under her mouth, Licker shuddered and a flood of juices coated Merrie’s tongue. Bass reached up to stroke Licker’s face as his other hand pushed down to rub his palm along her erect nipples.

“It won’t be so bad, Licker. You’ll see,” Bass spoke in a comforting tone despite his rough, gravelly voice.

Licker’s legs parted even more and Merrie decided to reward her by probing her sex with her tongue. It tasted stronger in the hole, and Licker shuddered as she gave Merrie an almost thankful look. Merrie smiled and kept her mouth plastered to Licker’s cunt, lapping and sucking the best she could.

“In fact, let me show you what happens when you don’t fight. Tits?”

Sama looked up from where she crouched on the ground. At Bass' gesture, she slowly pushed herself to her hands and knees.

"Tits, now." Bass held up Sama's leash. She moved faster, but he tugged on the leash, causing her to stumble as the collar around her neck pulled her forward. She crawled over to the three and came to a halt.

Bass pointed to the ground next to Licker. "Come on. Last night, I was too tired to fuck you properly, but you've been a good girl-" Sama jerked from the pleasure, "-and its time to open you up properly."

Eyes growing wide, Sama shook her head. She opened her mouth but didn't even mouth words.

Bass tugged on her leash. "You only got half of me in. And I'm trying to show Licker that it doesn't hurt if she stops resisting. Don't force me, Tits, you won't like it." His warning growl hung in the air.

Head low, Sama crawled across the grass and sat down. She started to roll on her back, but Bass stopped her.

"No, present yourself. Getting fucked on your back is for special occasions."

Sama caught herself and crawled into position, her ass sticking up in the air. Her labia peeled apart from her movement, and exposed the pink opening of her sex to Bass, and also Merrie.

Merrie grew excited and she took it out on Licker. She sucked and nibbled on the delicate folds of the pussy under her mouth. Licker's hips rose and fell in tiny movements, but Merrie couldn't take her eyes away from Sama's slit. She was going to see Bass fuck her and she felt the excitement burning in her own pussy.

Bass quickly stripped off his own shorts and knelt behind Sama, his dark gray cock stiffly at attention. Pre-cum oozed out of the tip, down his veined shaft, and gathered at his balls. He reached out and held Sama's hips with both hands. "Now, when you are good, we go nice and slow."

He leaned into Sama and the large, flared head of his shaft pressed against Sama's slit. Sama jumped at the touch, but Bass did nothing but hold it there. He gently rocked forward and back, making tiny movements that pushed at her sex but did not penetrate.

Merrie breathed deeply into Licker's pussy and felt the moisture gather. She peeked over at Licker, who watched Sama and Bass with wide eyes. Her mouth was parted as she appeared to struggle between fascination and revulsion.

"Good girl, Tits. Good girl, Licker."

He didn't tell Merrie good girl, but she still felt a shiver of pleasure coursing through her body. It may have been sympathetic, but Merrie didn't care. She bore down and continued to lap Licker's pussy, enjoying the taste and heated silk sensation of the young girl's sex.

Bass continued to rock back and forth, pushing his cock against Sama. Then, between one stroke and other, the head just slipped in. The world slowed down for Merrie as she watched Sama's labia just relax under his gentle assault, and the slicked head of his cock just disappear.

Sama let out a gasp and arched her back. Her mouth opened up, but Bass suddenly reached out and clamped his hand over her mouth.

"This, Tits, is the wrong time to set off the collar. I'll get shocked too, and if I do, all my muscles will contract. You would get my entire cock shoved into your pussy in one stroke."

Sama and Merrie trembled at the thought. Merrie thought Sama was terrified, but the sick part of Merrie wondered what it would feel like. To have thirty centimeters of cock suddenly punched into her body. She almost came at the thought, and her cheeks burned at the shame of fantasizing about something that would no doubt hurt very much.

When Sama relaxed, Bass released his hand and returned to rocking back and forth. "Now, Tits, last night we got to the knot, but we need to open you up. I want to feel you all the way to the base."

His soothing, rough voice was almost hypnotic. Merrie found herself matching his movements with her tongue, lapping in time. Licker's hips rose up to meet her licks, even as the girl kept the look of revulsion on her face.

Bass grunted and the cock slipped in a bit deeper. His hands tightened on Sama's hips and he increased the length of his strokes. Wet slurping noises filled the air as he sank in further with every

stroke. His knot, only an centimeter larger than his shaft, bobbed back and forth as he worked his way deeper.

To Merrie, seeing his thick cock sliding in and out, brought a fresh hunger for Bass' shaft. She wanted it, craved it, needed it. She wanted to be on her knees being fucked. It didn't matter if it was the slow, steady, and irresistible force Bass used now, or the brutal violation he had unleashed on Licker. All Merrie could think was how much she wanted to feel him inside her.

She lapped deeply and stared as Bass' knot reached Sama's pussy. It was larger now, a few centimeters thicker than his shaft. When it bumped against the labia, Merrie shuddered with a tiny orgasm of delight. She watched with rapt attention, Licker all but forgotten as the knot rocked back and forth before it slipped inside, like a swollen egg disappearing into Sama's pussy.

"Good girl. Good girl, just a little more."

Sama moaned as he thrust in and out. His knot slid in and out of her pussy, stretching it open wider with every thrust. Her legs trembled and she planted her face into the ground, the earth muffling her cries his thrusts grew longer and stronger.

"That's it. Just a bit further. I can feel the back." He gave a sharp thrust and Sama jerked forward. "Right there. And now..."

He tightened his grip and began slow, deliberate strokes that pulled almost completely out before sliding fully back. At the peak of his stroke, Sama jerked forward. Juices dripped from her pussy as his thick member disappeared into her body. Sama's belly swelled with every stroke, and she let out soft gasps of pleasure and pain.

Bass grunted and accelerated. His cock drove deep into Sama, not quite burying completely, yet three-quarters of his length pounded into Sama's pussy with firm, smooth strokes. She jerked with every movement. She threw her head back, mouth open, but no words came out as tears rolled down her cheeks.

Merrie didn't know if they were tears of pleasure or pain or both, but Merrie desperately wished it was her beneath Bass. She remembered Licker's pussy and lapped quickly for a few strokes, but her jaw and tongue was tired. She clamped her mouth on Licker's clitoris and sucked on it, rubbing her lips back and forth as she stared at the immense cock disappearing into Sama.

Bass let out a long, guttural groan. “By the light, damn it. Tits, cum!”

Sama screamed out as an orgasm crashed into her. Her entire body tensed as Bass drove hard into her, forcing his cock deep and holding as his balls jerked. The shaft swelled up as he came, pumping her with hot, searing liquid.

Merrie came herself, not from a magical collar but from the hunger built up inside her. She balanced her face on Licker’s pussy and tried to rub her own sex, but the gloves couldn’t get her the relief she needed. After a few desperate attempts, she gave up. She slumped to the ground with a shuddering gasp. She could feel Licker’s juices coating her face, and licked her lips.

With a low groan, Bass pulled his cock from Sama’s pussy. A flood of cum poured out of the gaping hole and dribbled down the inside of Sama’s thighs. He stroked his cock a few times, then held it out for Merrie. “Clean.”

Merrie smiled despite the desperate itch between her legs, pushed herself up, and crawled over Licker’s leg. With a moan on her lips, Merrie opened her mouth and took his head to suck it clean.

t'Sade

Reprieve

9

A few hours of walking later, Merrie was exhausted but considerably more comfortable with crawling on her hands and knees. She was thankful for the padded knees on the boots and palms on the gloves. Despite binding her fingers into an uncomfortable position, she barely felt the pressure of her weight as she crawled along the trail heading back to the main house of the mill.

In the fenced-in yard, marked with white pickets, she saw a trainer she didn't recognize. He was very thin, almost skeletal, and tall. From her vantage point she thought he looked taller than Bass. The trainer wore a leather vest which doubled the girth of his thin chest. Below that, he wore a dark, flowing skirt reminiscent of warriors to the north. She could see at least four daggers hanging from the waist of his skirt, the naked blades sparkling in the light.

The trainer had a thick rope in his hand, which he swung over his head in a long, lazy circle. At the end she could see a knot, about the size of her fist, that looked stained and cruel. Bass made a grumbling noise as the rope came down in a high overhead swing and landed with a dull thud.

A scream ripped through the air, and Merrie jumped at the shrillness of the agonizing sound. She lifted her body as far as she could and froze when she saw a naked woman cowering on the ground, a number of large welts on her back. She was a brunette with large, relaxed curls, but the stark terror on her face was like nothing Merrie had seen on any of the other dog girls at the mill.

Yanking back on his rope, the trainer yelled with a surprisingly loud voice. "I said, present yourself bitch!" His voice echoed across the yard and against the walls of the house.

The brunette cried out as she pushed herself to her hands and knees. Her legs spread apart, scraping through the dirt, and she started to lift her ass just as another blow from the knotted rope came swinging down. It struck her right at the base of her spine, right above the stretched asshole with a dog tail stuck in it. The meaty thunk sent a shiver of fear and sympathy through Merrie.

Merrie was shocked by the scene before her. Despite their kidnapping and rape, Bass, Rendi, and Borias were all nice to her. But in this trainer, there was a cruelty that terrified her.

“Present!” bellowed the man. His hair, a brilliant platinum blond, shook as he swung the rope above his head, preparing for another strike.

Merrie started forward, not really sure what to do. It was an instinctive need to defend the poor brunette from being hit again.

Bass pulled on Merrie’s leash, stopping her as the collar dug into her throat. Merrie looked at him pleadingly, then winced as another meaty strike fell. She felt a tear rolling down her cheek, and she tried to back away from Bass and toward the tortured girl.

“Cunt, no.”

Merrie whimpered and peeked over her shoulder. The rope was already swinging again. She turned back to Bass, and she saw a flicker of compassion.

Bass kept tension on her collar as he strode forward. “Grange.”

The trainer glanced over at Bass, but didn’t stop his swinging. “What do you want?” He spoke with a harsh northern accent, which fit with his outfit. He was a warrior of some type, and Merrie felt only fear towards him.

“Where are your other girls?”

“Useless Cunt and Fuckhole are in stocks in my room. I had to punish Snuff Bait because she bit me.”

Merrie glanced over at Bait, who shook as she kept her ass high in the air. Bruises lined her inner legs and pussy. Merrie could see the poor woman struggling to remain in position, and everything inside Merrie screamed at her to rush over to comfort her.

Bass stepped in front of Grange, looking up at the taller man. “Did she bite you hard?”

“Just a scratch,” Grange’s face darkened, “but the useless fucking bitch should know better.”

“It’s only been a day.”

“So she’s stupid. How can I fucking teach this useless cunt anything, if she can’t get something simple like keeping her damned teeth off me? I’m teaching her a fucking lesson. Next time, I’ll bust out her teeth and fuck the-”

“Grange.”

“-bloody hole until she-”

“Grange!”

Merrie flinched at the sharp growl that emitted from Bass.

Grange closed his mouth with a clamp. Then he growled back. “What the fuck do you want, oh mighty paladin?”

Bass’ yellowed eyes narrowed. “I have told you repeatedly, not to call me that. I am not a paladin.” There was the briefest of pauses where another word should be, but then Bass continued, “You’ve punished Snuff Bait enough.”

“I didn’t break her fucking skin and you know it. Useless fucking twit, not even worth the price. And you-” Grange stepped forward until their chests were almost touching. He loomed over Bass, who didn’t seem perturbed enough to wipe the scowl from his face.

Bass’ voice growled deeply, the air shaking as he glared at Grange. “I said, you are done punishing her.”

“Fuck off, Bass. You said I could train these fucking holes any way I want.” Grange’s head snapped around. “Snuff Bait! Get your useless cunt over here!” As he yelled, he looped the rope around his hand.

Bait was as close to the ground as she could get as she crawled over to Grange. At his feet, she tightened up and bowed her head. Her lips pressed against his boots and she held herself there. A moment later, she looked up at Grange with her fear-filled gaze.

Grange ignored her look and reached down. He wrapped his fingers around her collar, his knuckles squeezing the space between the metal and Bait’s throat. His long arms let him almost stand without pulling her off the ground, but he yanked up until she was balancing on her knees. Without even a glance back at Bass, he dragged his charge into the house. “Come on. Fuck.”

Merrie stared at the door, feeling torn, terrified and sympathetic for the poor Snuff Bait.

Bass grunted, but said nothing. When he picked up his leads, Merrie noticed he didn't hold them as tight as before. "Come on girls, let's get you fed and do a bit more training before the dog show."

Instead of leading them directly into the house, he took them to the fenced in area with the dog houses. Merrie had seen them the night before, and crawled faster to get a closer look. There were eighteen little houses, each one barely large enough for a dog girl to crawl into. Most of the houses were empty, hollow places that looked uninviting. Four of them, the ones that she saw a bitch inside earlier, had pillows on the ground and a short curtain draped over the door.

Merrie wondered what it would be liked to sleep outside. She knew that it was only a matter of time before it happened, and she felt a thrill of anticipation.

At the far end of the dog houses was a large, cleared out area filled with mulched wood. The smell of cedar and pine filled the air, masking out the hint of urine that teased her senses.

Bass stopped at the edge. "Go ahead and pee."

None of the three ventured forward. His words reminded Merrie she had to pee, but she didn't want to be the first. She squirmed underneath his attention, nature pressing at her bladder.

Bass gestured with his hand. "Come on Cunt, I'll help." As he wrapped Sama's and Licker's leads to a large hook, he wrapped Merrie's leash around his hand. With an encouraging tug, he stepped out onto the wood chips.

Merrie felt the pressure around her neck, and took a step forward. It reminded her of Grange's brutal tugging. She felt the soft, spongy ground underneath her boots, and a fresh smell of cedar rose to her nostrils. Shaking, she crawled out, careful to avoid the glistening areas. He led her to the middle and she came to a stop when the pressure on the lease ceased.

Bass squatted down next to her. "Now, Cunt, let me get this." His fingers reached behind and she felt him caress her labia. The fear she felt from Grange faded in an instant as he teased her pussy, trailing his fingertips up and down until she felt moisture beginning to gather on his tips. His thick fingers pushed into her pussy. He slid them back and forth, and she rocked her hips to match him.

“Good girl.”

Merrie let out a gasp of pleasure as the collar activated. She spread her legs a bit more, holding back as he continued to stroke her pussy with deeper strokes, plumbing her sex before he withdrew his dripping fingers.

“Here you go.” His hand reached up and pulled the dog tail out of the way. She could feel it angling inside her body, forcing her to lift her ass higher. The warm summer air teased her nether region, a light touch compared to Bass’ tender fingers. “Go on, Cunt, be a good girl.”

It was easier the second time. She took a deep breath and relaxed. A moment later, she felt the urine coming and the hiss of it hitting the ground.

“Good girl.”

She never had an orgasm just going the bathroom, but between the collar and Bass’ words, she almost collapsed to the ground when it hit her. A strong hand held her up on her hands and knees, pressing into her belly and holding her in place until she could recover her balance.

“Very good girl.”

As Merrie moaned from the compliment, Bass ran a hand along her pussy and flicked the last few drops of pee free. He gave her head a pat before he stood up. In his hand, he held the lead lightly between his fingers and walked back to the others.

She followed him, and sat down just as he had taught her, as he tied her leash to the hook. Bass gave her a quick smile, removed Licker’s leash, and led the teenage girl into the bathroom area. Merrie watched as he squatted next to Licker, whispering sweet words into her ear. Licker’s body jerked and shuddered as he called her a good girl, but she still fought his command for minutes. It was almost palatable when her will broke and she peed for him.

Merrie crawled over to Sama. Sitting down next to the slender woman, Merrie rested her head on Sama’s shoulder.

Sama jumped at the touch, then looked at her. A frown furrowed her brow as she mouthed the words “what do I do?” to Merrie.

Merrie remembered when Sable glared at her for trying to speak. Instead, if answering with silent words, she reached up and kissed Sama on the lips.

Sama's eyes grew wide, then she closed them. She tilted her head to give Merrie better access and opened her mouth slightly.

Breathing heavily, Merrie slipped her tongue inside and kissed Sama passionately, trying to give what comfort she could. Sama let out a shuddering breath in their embrace, and turned to press her body against Merrie's. Merrie continued to kiss her, feeling a tingling excitement surging through her body.

Bass cleared his throat.

Blushing like a caught teenager, Merrie pulled away. She peeked up at Bass and felt her cheeks burning.

He only smiled and swapped Licker's leash with Sama's. "Feel free to do the same with Licker. Come on Tits, time to go the bathroom."

As he tugged on the leash, Sama gave Merrie one last, longing look.

Merrie gave Sama an encouraging smile and a nod with her head.

Giving a hesitant smile back, Sama turned and followed Bass.

Merrie turned to Licker, wondering if the teenage girl would accept her, but Licker turned her back to Merrie and curled up on the ground. She used her bound hands to pull her hair over her face, obviously trying to make the world go away.

"Good girl," said Bass and Merrie glanced over to see Sama shuddering with an orgasm. Bass' thick fingers plunged into Sama's pussy, sliding in and out until his fingers glistened with her juices. He jammed two fingers into her pussy before he twisted around. As he pulled out, he chuckled. "Very good girl, Tits."

Standing up, he lead Sama out from the area, then gathered up all three leashes. "I don't know about you, but I'm hungry. How about you three?"

When Sama barked, Merrie looked at her with surprise. A smile stretched across Merrie's face and she barked herself. Turning to Bass, she sat on her rear and barked louder. She peered over at Licker, who just stared down at the ground.

"Come on." He walked toward the main house, holding the three leads. Merrie hurried after him, almost bounding, and crawled up the stairs. She could barely feel the rough wood that tortured her the night before. She enjoyed a smile as she reached the top of the stairs and crawled over the threshold.

Inside the house, he took a right and lead them through a double-set of doors and into a huge room. It was brightly lit with dozens of glowing globes hanging from the rafters. In the far end of the room was a large table, about four meters long and covered with food. Chairs lined both sides of the table, but otherwise the room was empty of furniture.

Merrie looked around the room curiously. Between the towering windows every few paces, were hundreds of hooks on the wall. Some of the hooks had collars and leashes hanging from them. Others had pictures above and below them.

Two hooks caught Merrie's attention. Both hooks were dominated by a large "Grand Champion" ribbon, and dozens of other ribbons of blue, red, and green. Above each picture was a drawing. The closest was a young-looking Sable, a sloppy smile on her face. The dark brown hair hadn't been changed since the picture was made, but she wore a metal collar like Merrie's. It had two golden charms and a pair of copper ones. Merrie lowered her ass as she stared up at it, surprised at the timelessness of the picture. She couldn't imagine how long Sable was at the mill.

The picture next to it had as many ribbons, but the picture was of an intensely staring girl with burning eyes such a light blue they appeared to be on fire. The girl had angled cheekbones and tapered ears, a silfae. While Bass was a prime example of a thriban male, silfae were the complete opposite, mostly androgynous and slender. Humans general fell between the two, more delicate than thriban yet more primal than silfae.

Merrie's eyes trailed down to the name under the picture: Dixie. On the corner of the picture was a seal that said "Alpha". She felt a longing to meet Dixie, if only to see what was this "alpha" business that Borias and Bass talked about. She wondered if it just meant grand champion, but looking around, she saw another pair of grand champion ribbons without the alpha designation. Peeking back to Sable's picture, she saw a second alpha seal.

"Sable was our second grand champion and first alpha." Bass' voice sent a shiver of anticipation through Merrie. He reached out and ran his thick finger along Sable's picture. "This was twelve years ago. We make a picture when you win your first grand prize at the county fair." He looked down and smiled, "That's at the end of

summer, so about three months from now. I have no doubt you'll be up here soon."

Merrie smiled at the compliment, but it froze on her face as reality hit her. She was kidnapped only a day before and she was just contemplating seeing her name on the wall next to Sable. She ducked her head, ashamed at herself and promising that she would fight against her abductors. But even as she thought it, she knew that she wouldn't. She never felt the same level of excitement as she did with Bass, her willingness to submit and be humiliated burned like a drug in her veins.

She thought back to her old boyfriends, wondering if that was somehow a flaw of her from the beginning. Her longest relationship, which lasted three years, ended when a robbery turned fatal. He had been a domineering man who commanded every part of her life. He was strict in her personal life, telling her where she could go and measuring out even money for groceries. In bed he had been brutal and callous, slapping her during sex, and even called her a whore in front of his friends. She suffered had with him and thought about leaving, but she didn't have the courage to leave. It was only when he was dead that she was free. The other men in her life were much the same, none of them as fierce or powerful, until she was kidnapped by Bass.

Lifting her head, she looked up at her new master's face, and saw compassion in his yellowed eyes. It was like a boyfriend, but she knew she would not be able to leave him until he tossed her away. Her eyes drifted back to the pictures. She wouldn't be abandoned+, she would be sold like a bitch on some stage. The thought of it, to her humiliation, sent a fresh tingle of excitement in her pussy.

"Are you okay, Cunt?" The leash in his hand trembled slightly as he got a tighter grip on it.

Feeling her humanity crumbling, Merrie pushed herself back on her knees and brought her hands into a begging position. She let a smile stretch across her face and slipped her tongue out to pant for him. She was his bitch, and the surrender burning brightly in her body.

Relief flooded across his face. He reached out and trailed his fingers down her cheek, like he just did with Sable's picture. His thick fingers traced the line of her throat, around the collar, and

down to her left nipple, which he tweaked. The flash of pain and pleasure sent a shudder through her body. He returned his hand to her collar and unhooked the lead. "Stay in the room, your collars will shock you if you go through the door."

He reached out and removed the leashes from Licker and Sama. Hanging them on a large hook near the door, he strode toward the table without a look back.

Licker glanced at him, then at the door. She made a hesitant step toward the opening, then a second one. As she drew closer, her collar began to buzz loudly and Licker stepped back quickly. She looked guiltily at Bass' back, but the thriban didn't turn around.

Merrie caught Sama's eyes and she gestured with her chin toward the table. Sama let out a sigh of despair but she crawled after Bass. Merrie peered over to Licker, who had a frown on her face as she stared at the door.

Licker peeked through the curtain of her dark hair from the side that wasn't bound anymore. She looked desperately for a exit, but despaired, turned her slender body away from the door, and crawled with Merrie across the room.

At the table, Bass fished out three curved stoneware bowls, and brought them over to a steaming pot. Using a ladle, he scooped out food and smacked it into the bottom of the bowl.

Curious, Merrie lifted herself up on her knees and into a begging position to get a better view. She could see the table was covered in roasted meats, steamed vegetables, and even deserts. But, there was also bones, biscuits, and plainer food obviously intended for the curved bowls that Bass was setting on the floor.

Merrie looked down at the bowl in front of her. It was filled with thick oatmeal, chunks of vegetables, and strips of meat. It looked unappetizing, but she hadn't eaten since the day before and her stomach rumbled at the smell. She licked her lips as she stared at it.

Bass set down a bowl of water next to her food. "This is how we feed you," he said as he placed the water bowls by Sama and Licker, "you don't eat at the table, you eat on the floor."

She looked down at the food, then over to Sama and Licker who watched her. With a start, she realized they were waiting for her. Taking a deep breath, Merrie lowered herself to her elbows and stuck her face in the bowl for her first bite. It was bland tasting and

the steam stung her face, but it was food. Ravenously, she let her dignity go and ate as quickly as she could. A moment later, she heard Sama and Licker doing the same.

A hand stroked along her back, but when she started to look up, Bass guided her back down to her lunch. "Good girl, you are a very good girl."

The waves of pleasure coursed through her, and she felt the sharp edge of it as Bass held her head down. As she felt his fingers working their way around the tail in her ass, she spread her legs. His thick fingers rubbed against her slicked labia before he pushed one fat finger inside her sex.

Moaning into her food, Merrie found it hard to eat and enjoy the pleasure as he chanting "good girl" over and over. Her collar hummed with magic, and her legs grew weak from the pleasure that dominated her thoughts. She was a good girl and she desperately wanted to feel him inside her, fucking her, pounding her, dominating her.

She came on his fingers, her pussy clenching tightly on his digits. The sparks of ecstasy swam across her vision as she buried her face into her bowl, ignoring the flecks of food that clung to her face. Her moan echoed against the stone dish, but she didn't care.

Too soon, it ended, and the pleasure left her hungry for more. She lifted her face from her bowl and finished licking it clean. She felt Bass' fingers slip out of her wet pussy, and heard him move to Licker to whisper encouragement. Knowing that it was her turn to be ignored, Merrie delved her face into her water bowl and shook it around to clean off, then lapped at the water.

"Good girl, Cunt."

The pleasure from the collar flashed through her and she smiled at the command. She was a good girl. She finished drinking, her body strumming with anticipation of another compliment, and sat up on her knees.

While she was eating, another trainer had come in. He was a slightly overweight man with frizzy hair and wide, expressionless eyes. He wore a startlingly white shirt, and black trousers. On the floor next to him were his three bitches. Merrie realized that one of them was the male, naked as the others and decked out the same. He even had a butt plug in his ass, the tail matched with the sandy

red of his short-cropped hair. Another bitch had short hair also, and neither were long enough to be pulled into dog ears like the rest of the girls. Other than that, they looked just as miserable and subjugated as the others.

“Very good girl, Licker,” muttered Bass as he pulled out one dripping finger from her pussy.

Licker, cheeks burning bright, slowly ate from her bowl with a look of humiliation and shame on her face.

Bass shifted over to Sama before he glanced up at the new trainer. “Good morning, Piffin.”

“It is afternoon, Bass,” said Piffin in clearly enunciated words.

Bass smiled, his teeth peeking between his lips. “So it is. How is your training going?”

Piffin snapped his fingers and pointed to the ground. All three of his bitches fell in a rough line as he walked toward the table. Half way, he stopped and turned. “Twenty-Seven, move up.” The middle girl, with the short hair, shifted forward until he said “acceptable.”

The new trainer started to serve up three bowls of food before he answered Bass. “Predictable, given the time I’ve had to train them. None of them are capable of following orders with any degree of precision. Apparently, the poor education in this country has failed to teach them the difference of ten centimeters and twelve.”

Bass curled his fingers into Sama’s pussy and held her head down near her bowl.

Piffin set down his bowls—Merrie noticed that he took care to space them equally apart—before he pointed to them. “Eat, you have three minutes.”

All three of Piffin’s bitches crawled forward. They crouched down to eat, but Piffin stopped them. “Twenty-Eight, further apart. More. Damn it, you know this.”

The third girl spread her legs and tightened them, moving until she seemed to get to the right place. Piffin grunted, and she lowered her head to eat.

“Bass, you weren’t at breakfast.”

“I got distracted breaking in one of the girls.”

“I heard the screams.”

“She isn’t screaming now,” came the defensive reply from Merrie’s trainer.

“Thanks to Rendi. Well, it is in the guidelines of training. Just seemed to be a bit early for you to tear open a girl.”

Bass shrugged, his hand sliding his fingers in and out of Sama’s pussy as she struggled to eat. He reached out and began to stroke Licker again; the dark-haired teenager lowered herself into a present position and gave Bass access to her pussy, which he took. Merrie felt a tiny surge of jealousy that they were being fingered.

“She used the toilet without permission, walked on her feet, and tried to leave the room.”

“Ah,” said Piffin, “that would be appropriate punishment then. My apologizes.”

“How about you?”

Piffin’s lips tightened into a thin line. “I fucked them before they slept.”

Bass chuckled. “With your dick?”

Piffin turned away from Bass. “One of them, the requisite three strokes. Male Seven and Female Twenty-Eight cleaned her out.”

Bass grinned at Merrie who looked back and forth between the two trainers. “Piffin doesn’t really find-”

“I can explain my own quirks, Bass.”

Bass gestured with his chin for Piffin to continue. He pumped his fingers deep into Sama and Licker. Wet noises rose from their pussies.

Piffin glanced once down at his bitches, then headed toward Merrie. Merrie held her breath as he came to a halt near her. “I find imprecision to be a turn-off. Very few bitches are actually capable of understanding that, so I find Bass’ rule of not letting any bitch sleep without cum inside them to be tiresome.”

“They are,” chuckled Bass, “being turned into sex slaves.”

Piffin shot a glare toward Bass, “And this country’s owners of slaves have no respect for the beauty of perfection.” He rested his hands on his belly as he turned back to Merrie. “Let me demonstrate. Beg.”

Merrie lifted her hands up to her throat and spread her legs, just as Bass taught her. But, as she came to a halt, she saw disappointment in Piffin’s face. Without him saying anything, she stared at his face as she adjusted her position. Her hands came up, then down until his eyes widened with surprise. She spread them

apart, then shifted her knees until they felt right. As she tweaked her position, she felt her muscles burning with the effort to keep everything in the right place.

Piffin's lips parted with a shocked look on his face.

Merrie adjusted a few more times, then settled into place. It was the same position, but it felt right to her. And, with a quick glance down at Piffin's crotch, she saw a hardness tenting out his pants. With a gulp, she looked up at him and licked her lips.

"That is... tilt your ass down more."

Bass chuckled, "No girl will ever meet your standards."

Merrie rotated her hips until she felt the end of her tail tickling the ground. She saw in Piffin's eyes how close she was to something before he looked quickly away.

"Yes," Piffin swallowed with a flash of discomfort on his face, "no bitch ever could..."

As he returned to his own bitches, Merrie could sense that she was almost there. A little bit more and she might have gotten the position right for him. She smiled and felt a flush of excitement; she needed to turn Piffin on as much as she needed Borias' and Bass' approval.

Sama crawled up to Merrie, and Merrie turned her attention on the girl. There was a strange expression on Sama's face as she stopped only centimeters from Merrie. Then, to Merrie's surprise, Sama reached out with her mouth and began to lick Merrie's face. Merrie opened her mouth to kiss Sama, but Sama continued to lap at her. When the brunette pulled back, there were a few flecks of oatmeal on her tongue.

Smiling, Merrie reached out and kissed Sama, who returned the kiss. They pressed their bodies together, shoulder to shoulder as Merrie's tongue slipped into Sama's mouth.

"Bass, that behavior is a week ahead of schedule." Merrie knew they were looking at her and Sama.

"I know," said Bass in a distracted voice.

"Do you think you pulled another-"

"No," interrupted Bass sharply. He stood up and straightened his shorts. "Cunt, Tits, and Licker. We're going up to the room."

Merrie broke the embrace and looked up at Bass. She knew he was frowning, but seeing his face like a dark and stormy cloud made

her worry. She pulled away from Sama and crawled across the room to her leash. Behind her, Licker and Sama followed.

Bass held open the door and gestured them through.

Merrie hesitated as she remembered the threat about the door. She took a careful step past the threshold but her collar didn't shock her. A quick look up and Bass explained it.

"I'm holding the door open. Go on, up to the room."

Relieved she wasn't going to be shocked, Merrie crawled up the stairs toward the third floor and Bass' room. She sat down by the door, knowing it was what Bass wanted, and waited for him to open the door.

It was like coming into a familiar room, but it felt like eternity since she woke up in the morning. The idea of an afternoon of sex appealed to her, even though she was tired.

Bass shut the door after Sama entered the room. "You know what? I'm actually a bit fucked out. Normally I only get one or two at the most, but three is more than I've ever done. So," he gestured to the room, "I'll make you three girls a promise. We have a dog show tonight, where you are going to show how well you can obey commands. Winner gets... well, you'll get one of Rendi's collar charms and I get a few extra shares for the year. If you train for the rest of the afternoon, I'll let you have a good nap and won't fuck any of you until after the show. What do you say?"

Disappointed that she wouldn't be fucked—she still wanted to know what it would feel like to have Bass' cock buried in her ass—Merrie nodded, then barked once.

Bass smiled. "I knew you would Cunt. Licker? Tits? Want to avoid being ripped open for a few more hours?"

Licker barked the loudest, almost frantically. Her body shook with the effort as she barked again. Sama joined in.

Bass' smile stretched across his face. "Good. Now, there are four commands you have to know tonight, but we have thirty-one total. The first is present—"

Merrie spun around and threw herself into a present position. It was almost reflexive, but it was what Sable would have done. She held herself still, anticipation rising inside her pussy, as she waited for the words she knew would come.

"Very good girl Cunt."

Merrie came.

t'Sade

Before the Show

10

Merrie sprawled out across the pillow on the floor, trying not to think about her aching thighs, shins, and shoulders. True to his word, Bass didn't fuck any of them, but he did push them to learn the three basic commands. Merrie didn't think she bounced between kneeling in beg, bending over to present, and rolling on her back as fast as he pushed all three of them. Just when she thought she found a pattern, he mixed it up so she had to pay attention to every word to avoid making a mistake.

Bass didn't use the collar to correct their mistakes, but he did use the pleasure when they got a series of commands right. And, Merrie realized that "very good girl" came when she timed her response just right. There was a rhythm to it and the skill it took to get Bass' highest compliment gave her a rush when she accomplished it.

But, by mid-afternoon, she was exhausted. Sama and Licker also gasped for breath, sweat dripping off their naked bodies. Bass ordered Merrie and Sama to sleep on the pillows, but he brought a frightened Licker to bed with him. Merrie peeked up at the bed; Bass rested on his side with one arm and leg draped over Licker.

The dark-haired teenager was sleeping. She looked tiny underneath Bass' gray arms. She curled up tightly, but one booted hand rested against his forearm, as if she wanted to push him away.

Merrie knew Bass wasn't sleeping. She could see his thumb rubbing a slow circle around Licker's nipple. His eyes were closed and his breath regular but she somehow knew he was listening. She thought back to the morning, when he knew that Licker tried to escape and Merrie used the bathroom. An interesting trick, pretending to be sleep, and one that Merrie wouldn't fall for again.

Not that she planned on escaping when she was so far lost in her own deprivation and submission.

She closed her eyes, trying to will herself to sleep, but she felt anxious. She didn't know what the dog show would be like, but with Bass' insistence on obeying commands quickly, she knew that they would be throwing orders at her. She looked forward to it and felt a tingle gather in her pussy at the idea of making Bass proud.

Giving up on sleep, Merrie stretched out on the pillows. Pushing herself up, she made a point of not looking at the bed and crawled out of the gathered pillows. A bowl of water was near the door and she headed over to it. It felt like a second nature as she lowered her head and lapped from the cool water. Knowing that Bass watched her, she slid her hip over so her legs spread out, exposing her pussy and ass to him as she took a few more gulps.

She used laces of her gloves to wipe the water that dripped from her face, then looked around. The room was quiet with everyone sleeping, or pretending to sleep, and she took the opportunity to look at the more esoteric items. In one shadowed corner, she saw a large suit of polished armor. It looked more massive than anything she ever saw before, not even the knights in heavy armor that paraded through Franome City. She couldn't imagine anyone putting it on, but it was large enough to dwarf even Bass. Hanging on each side of the armor were two swords. The left was the smaller blade she saw Bass wearing when he abducted her. The other was a two-handed blade easily three meters long. Both the swords and armor had a large scorch mark on them. The armor's chest was tarnished and pitted while the two blades had scorched marks right on the pommel. It looked there was something there, but Merrie couldn't imagine what would go there except for the shield of Bass' master or his religion.

Grange called Bass a paladin, a holy knight for a god. She peered up at the blades and could imagine some holy symbol on the pommel, but paladins were warriors of good. They weren't people who kidnap strangers, force them to become sex slaves, and eventually sell them off like common cattle.

An uncomfortable feeling coursed through her and Merrie crawled away from the armor. She walked past dressers with clothes and a series of hooks with leashes, straps, and gags on them. She

stopped to look at a large ring gag, remembering how Bass fucked her face and the excitement of her humiliation. A blush burning on her cheeks, she crawled to the other side of the room. As she moved, she peeked through her hair and spotted Bass' eyes closing quickly.

With a smile, she lifted herself into a begging position and looked at the device that bound Licker in place. It was a simple device with only one purpose, to force someone into a helpless present position to be raped. There were other like the first, but she could see devices to keep a woman in the various positions: a cage and rope for the begging, a cross for being on her back, and even a barrel with straps on the side of it. As she inspected the torture devices, she felt the heat in her pussy growing. She wanted to be in them, she needed to be helplessly fucked, and it only fueled that heat in her body.

Finally, she reached the far side of the room. She gave the bathroom a curious look, but didn't enter. Turning around, she regarded the bed. Bass was still pretending to sleep but she couldn't tell how she knew that. It was just a feeling, instinct. But, she could see his cock standing at full mast in his shorts. It hung over Licker like a ledge and the tip of his shaft soaked the fabric.

A playful mood filled Merrie. She crawled over to the bed and pulled herself into a begging position. Her hands hovered right at her neck for a moment, then she placed them on the edge. Up close, she could smell Bass' excitement even through his shorts. Taking a deep breath, she stretched her legs and pushed herself on the bed. It hurt at first, her stretched out foot resisted the pressure, but she managed to get on the bed with only her shattered dignity ruined.

She swayed to get her balance, then crawled up between Licker and Bass. Her naked back slid along Licker's as she positioned her head at his cock. The large girth that strained his shorts brought a smile to her lips and she reached out to give the soaked fabric a little lick. Peeking up, she made sure that his eyes were closed, then licked at the fabric again. She could taste his musky, salty flavor. She brought the large, rounded tip to her mouth and sucked on it. When she pulled back, she felt a strand of sticky pre-cum connecting her lips to the fabric.

“What,” Bass’ whisper startled Merrie, but she kept her mouth centimeters from his cock, “are you doing? We don’t start this type of training until week three.”

She peered up at him with a question.

Bass reached down and stroked his hand on her cheek. Merrie let out a sigh and tilted her head to give him ass. His warm palm felt good against her skin. When he curled his thumb to her chin, she opened her mouth and let her caress her lips. There was a softness in his eyes, a smile, as he pushed his thumb into her mouth.

Merrie obediently sucked on it. When he pulled his thumb out, she used her chin to brush against his trapped manhood. It was sticky against her skin, but she rubbed it with her face before looking up at him.

“You aren’t suppose to be liking this, yet.”

She froze, unsure if she was doing something wrong. When Bass went back to stroking her face, she relaxed and kissed his cock again.

“Here,” he reached down with both hands to unbutton his shorts. Sliding his fingers around his shaft and pulled it free. The thick member smacked her on the face, leaving a wet smear across her forehead.

Peering up, she felt dwarfed by the swollen cock, but she craved to feel it inside her. She opened her mouth and chased after it. When she felt the spongy head against her lips, she sucked it into her mouth and tongued the tiny opening. The thick fluid coated her mouth and she swallowed the flood of juices that filled her mouth.

She forced her jaw further apart, struggling to keep her teeth off his cock as she pulled him deeper into her mouth. Her jaw ached with the effort to keep her jaws apart but she still forced her head down. The thick cock gagged her as she struggled to keep it in her mouth.

When Bass grabbed the back of her head, she almost came. She relaxed her efforts to push down and focused on just keeping her mouth open. It was almost a relief to only focus on one thing, but the relief turned to ecstasy as he pulled her down. His thick fingers held her tightly to slid her up and down his cock.

Merrie rested her bound hands on his hips, not to push him back but for balance. She leaned into his hands, spreading her legs apart

to grind her pussy against his thigh as he pushed and pulled her down. His cock bumped against the back of her throat, but he wasn't pushing his shaft into her throat, just fucking her face with short strokes.

She ground harder against his leg, matching the rock of her hips in time with his thrust her down on his cock. But, as much as she wanted to orgasm, he came first and flooded her mouth with a torrent of cum. She coughed on the sudden flood and it poured out of her mouth, down her face, and soaked her hair before turning into a puddle beneath her.

Bass released her head as the last hard surges of cum came out. His shaft popped from her mouth and his final spurt branded her face with a searing hot jet of cum.

Merrie coughed violently to clear her throat, then used her gloved hand to wipe her face clean. She looked up at Bass, waiting for his next desire.

Bass yawned and rolled on his back. He peered out the window, then sighed. "We better start getting ready for the show. You need a bath." He focused on her, "I guess Bori was right about the ring gag though." He sighed with a smile. "I'll never live it down."

Merrie barked once. She wouldn't bite Bass, on purpose at least.

Next to her, Licker jerked awake. She turned around, her eyes wide. She took in Merrie and Bass, then a blush crossed her cheeks. She crawled to the edge of the bed, then slid off with a thump.

Bass chuckled. "Tomorrow, show both of them the right way to wake me up. Just like you are doing now."

Merrie beamed, feeling a rush even though he didn't use the collar.

He sat up and ran his hand along Merrie's cheek. "Come on, bath time." He led her into the bathroom. He stripped off his shorts and folded them neatly on the counter next to the ring gag. He bent over the edge of the tub and started the water; a magical rune glowed as it heated the water. He poured a measure of bathing oil into the water. Turning back, he looked down at Merrie who held herself in a begging position.

"Good girl," he said and she moaned at the pleasure.

Reaching down, he surprised her by unlacing her right glove. He removed it, then the other glove. When he got to her boots, he had

her roll on her back so he could pull off the tightly confining boots from her feet. She felt exposed on her back, legs spread, and it excited her. Bass rewarded her with a thick fingers buried in her pussy as he pulled the butt plug from her ass.

“Now, Cunt, hold still.” He slipped his arms underneath her and picked her off the ground. Merrie let out a gasp and clutched at him as he stepped into the tub and sank down. The heated water felt good against her skin, but almost painful on the flesh that was previously covered by the leather gloves.

“Part of this dog show is to make you bitches look pretty. And Rendi doesn’t have time to do this for everyone, so the trainers have to do the dolling. Rendi and Tabitha are both picky about smells, so I need to get you very clean.”

Merrie sank into the water. She could feel his hard cock poking her in the back as she settled between his muscular thighs. She settled back, though it felt wrong to her sitting on her rear in the water. After a few moments, she struggled to find a new position. He held her down, his hands cupping her breasts, but she brought her knees underneath her and knelt as if she was begging, then sat down on her ankles. It felt better and she was rewarded with Bass’ cock growing hotter as it rested in the crack of her ass.

Bass grabbed a rag and soaked it with a flowery soap. He started with her back, soaking it down and rubbing her skin clean. Merrie let out soft moans as he caressed every part of her body, scrubbing it clean. His fingers lingered between her legs, taking care to pump his soapy fingers in and out of her ass and pussy until his skin squeaked against her own. Large hands reached around to cup her breasts, exploring the soft mounds and hard nipples and leaving them covered with bubbles.

When he reached her throat, Merrie tilted back her head and felt the delicious thrill of his powerful fingers cleaning around her collar, delving between the flesh of her throat and the metal. He finished and lifted his dripping fingers to her hair to pull the dog ears apart.

Merrie felt helpless, but it was different than being bound in her gloves. Her fingers were freed, but she didn’t want to reach out for anything. After a few seconds, she curled her fingers back up and rested them on Bass’ knees. She arched her back as he worked

shampoo into her hair and rinsed it out. She didn't want to move and there was a tender pleasure burning through her body as Bass finished cleaning her from head to toe.

He finished by pulling out a straight edge razor. Merrie held her breath as she watched it sparkle in the light, but she felt no danger. Bass wrapped one arm around her chest, her nipples hard against his arm, and lowered the blade between her legs. "Spread your legs, Cunt."

Merrie let out a shuddering breath and spread her legs. He ran the razor against her pubic area, trimming her hairs down to a thin, neat line that rose up from the top of her seam. She shivered at the touch, the thin thrill of excitement adding to the boiling heat deep in her pussy.

When he finished, he set the razor down on the side of the tub and wiped away the last of the hairs with the rag.

"Okay," he said into her ear as his fingers jammed into her pussy. "Time to get out." He lifted her out of the water, his fingers still buried in her and his other arm holding her tight to his chest. Her legs dangled helplessly and she reached out for the ground. As soon as she felt the cool floor on her soles, she dropped into the now comfortable kneeling position.

Bass continued to step out of the tub, water pouring off his naked body. He grabbed a towel and dried her off, not letting Merrie do anything besides lean into his hands as he dried her from head to pussy. His fingers gave her labia a final stroke before he smacked her ass playfully. "Go on out there. We'll all get dressed at the same time."

Merrie crawled out of the bathroom, free of bondage but unwilling to stand up. Her breasts swung back and forth as she headed straight for the center of the room. Her loose hair draped down and clung to her skin. She started to push it back, then lowered her head. Bitches didn't push back her hair. She planted her hands back on the ground and looked up at Bass through her hair.

She heard a whisper of movement and turned and watched as Sama peeked her head into the room. There was a curious look on the woman's face, but also a light flush on her cheeks.

"Silly Tits, your turn."

Sama gave Merrie a hesitant look. Merrie smiled back and arched her back, pushing her breasts out for a moment. She lowered her body, wiggled her ass, and gave Sama an encouraging smile. Sama seemed encouraged and she crawled into the bathroom. A moment later, Merrie heard Bass stripping her down.

It took almost a half hour before Bass finished cleaning the other two girls. When he finished, he set Licker on the bed and brought out a large array of brushes and combs. Wrapping his legs around her hips, he began to brush her hair.

Merrie noticed that Bass shaved Licker's privates, leaving her pussy without even a stubble. It made Licker look much younger, young enough to be protected by the Goddess Consent's murderous revenge. The child goddess didn't show up to kill Bass, but the thrill of the young-looking girl strummed across Merrie's senses. She wanted to be Licker at that moment, helpless and young and so tiny in Bass' arms.

Bass took his time to brush out Licker's hair, then pull it into two neat dog ears. He finished with a red ribbon to tie them down. He smiled and gestured for her to crawl off the bed. Licker fled and Sama took her place, settling gingerly down as Bass brushed her out. Merrie felt the anticipation growing as she knelt by the side of the bed, waiting her turn. As soon as Sama was guided off, she leaped on and settled into place. His cock rubbed against her back as he held her tight to his chest. His hands were sure and commanding as he brushed her hair, working out the knots and tangles until it shone. He put deep blue ribbons in her hair.

When he finished, he put fresh gloves and boots back on; the leather on Merrie's gloves matched the color of her hair, an indigo blue. He was kind and gentle with every step, moving with practiced grace. Even as he pushed a fresh plug into Merrie's ass, he rested a comforting hand on Merrie's shoulder.

Merrie wiggled her ass unless she grew accustomed the plug, then waited for the next step. She was looking forward to the dog show and she felt beautiful enough to win it.

Bass surprised her when he set down a tray of perfumes. "Okay, Cunt, what perfumes do you like?"

Curious, Merrie looked over at the tray. Then, as she read the expensive labels, her mouth dropped open with surprise. There was

almost a thousand marks worth of perfume and scents on the tray. Labels she wished she could afford when she was living alone. She looked up at Bass with confusion and surprise.

Bass grinned. "Okay, I like it when you smell nice too. I think you are a... a... Desperation girl?"

Merrie gave it a smell but didn't like the spicy sweetness. She shook her head and pulled a face. She lowered herself as she realized she acted human again, but he just chuckled.

"No, that's Licker's scent." He set it aside and ran his fingers on the delicate bottles. He stopped on a bottle shaped like a dryad. "Here. Crystalline Rose. You know, this stuff is almost a thousand a bottle these days, if you can convince Lady Anasome to sell it."

Merrie stared at the bottle with surprise.

"About twenty years ago... god, it's been twenty-five now hasn't it? She and her mother were in a lot of trouble. Some slavers from Dorza kidnapped them with plans of holding them hostage. Rendi, Borias' father, and I were in the area for..." He clamped his mouth shut for a moment. With a sigh, he picked up the bottle and ran it in her hands. His thick fingers traced the crystal breasts before he spoke in a softer voice. "She won't talk to me now, not after what I've become. But, she still sends me a bottle of her newest perfume every year."

He gave a short, bitter laugh. "They were so quick to run when... it happened. Lady Anasome was among them, but she is the only one who at least honors her old debts."

Merrie reached out and stroked Bass' sad face. He blinked, then shook his head.

"No, no, Cunt, you are suppose to be the sad one. But, you aren't, are you?" He smiled, then lifted up the bottle. "So, are you a Crystalline Rose?"

She leaned back on her knees and barked once. When he aimed the spritzer at her, she lifted her chin and smiled at the cool spray that teased her throat. The fruity, ethereal smells rose up and she felt a heat flush across her skin. He sprayed her again, once between the breasts and once on her belly button.

"Good girl, Cunt. Now, go sit by the door, we're almost ready for the show."

With the thrill of the collar filling her, Merrie crawled over to the door. She felt beautiful and safe. For her position, she could have gotten a far worse trainer than Bass. She knelt by the door and sat on her ankles. After a moment, she stretched her back and pushed out her breasts.

Bass' eyes widened when he saw her, then he smiled broadly. Still smiling, he returned to whispering to Licker as he handled the perfume bottle. Licker's red gloves and boots shone with the same deep red as her ribbons. It set off her black hair.

Sama sat next to Bass. Bass put her in a natural leather, but it was polished and warm-looking. Her ribbons were black and delicate, almost thin cords instead of the thicker strips in Merrie's and Licker's hair.

Merrie realized that all of them were pretty. They were beautiful, gorgeous bitches. She smiled to herself, enjoying the rush of obeying commands, and waited for Bass to finish.

When he finished, he commanded Licker to sit next to Merrie. Merrie gave Licker as smile as the slender teenage girl sat down next to her, shifting around. Then, Licker glanced at Merrie for a moment before she imitated Merrie's posture.

Bass just finished spritzing Sama with a citrus-smelling perfume when the door opened sharply. It smacked Merrie on the shoulder and Merrie reached out for balance. Her bound fingers skittered against the wall and she collapsed to the ground in an undignified heap.

"Bass," said a hard-sounding woman.

"There was a bitch at the door."

Merrie looked up at the woman. She was slender, with almost non-existent breasts hidden underneath a white linen top. Her hair was a tawny color and cut with ragged shortness. When she focused her eyes on Merrie, they were an intense green, so light it looked like the first sprout of spring. Merrie focused her gaze on the woman's ears. They were tapered delicately and came to a sharp point. A silfae. From her height and the silvery highlights in her hair, the woman was a Sivlir silfae. They were the only Silfae in Franome City, but still only made up a fifth of the population. Gray Thriban, like Bass, made up another fifth with the rest being human.

The woman scowled. "If she doesn't have the common sense not to sit by the door, she deserves to be hit."

"I ordered her there, Tabitha."

Tabitha turned to look at Bass. "And you were very bright for commanding her there." She spoke with a singsong accent, but there was a hint of disapproval in her voice.

Merrie had the sudden urge to run away, to flee, even though the feral look Tabitha gave her promised that Merrie wouldn't get far. She pushed herself back to her knees and resumed her position by the open door.

Tabitha strode over to Bass. She wore a short skirt that fluttered as she moved. Underneath, Merrie could see a thick patch of pubic hair covering her sex. Tabitha stopped at the table next to Bass and stood on it before she squatted down next to him.

"I want to talk."

Bass glanced up at her, then returned to straightening the laces on Sama. "Then, speak."

"We have fifteen bitches this time, plus the five from last year. Coupled with Sable and Dixie, that makes twenty-two bitches. For five trainers, that's a lot of bitches. I know that—"

As she spoke, a child crawled in the room. Merrie gasped as she saw the tiny figure on her hands and knees, just like a bitch. The girl had no breasts and a tiny ass, but she moved as if she was born to the role of being a bitch. Merrie felt a sick feeling in her stomach, wondering for all of Bass' compassion, he could ever allow a prepubescent girl to become a slave. At least she still had her hands and feet and only wore a simple rope collar.

The girl looked at Merrie. Brilliant blue eyes bore into Merrie and she saw a double image of some beast-like wolf superimposed on the tiny girl. The image faded instantly, but the afterimages flickered across Merrie's vision. There was a beast inside the girl, a creature of age and power hidden in the tiny, fragile form.

With a start, Merrie saw the girl's intense, staring eyes before. Her eyes rose to the pointed ears and copper hair that made up her dog ears. It was Dixie, the other alpha at the mill.

Merrie realized she was panting for breath. Dixie's eyes continued to bore into her and it felt like the gaze stripped away Merrie's skin, flaying her as the alpha inspected Merrie.

Intense emotions filled her, foreign and powerful, and it took her a moment to realize it was a sense of approval. Then, Dixie turned away and hopped on the table next to Tabitha. As the tiny bitch settled into place, Merrie saw that Dixie wasn't a girl but a boy. He had a pair of tiny testicles right below the small opening of his ass. Dixie's penis was barely the size of Merrie's finger, but the male alpha held himself as if he owned the mill.

Next to Tabitha, the similarities were remarkable. Dixie was also a silfae, but instead of being the more common Sivlir, he was a Copir or forest silfae. They were creatures of the woods and nature, primal and violence. No Copir stood over a meter tall but she never saw a Copir before.

Most Copir shunned the cities since civilization didn't appeal to them. Merrie couldn't imagine how any Copir would ever consent to becoming a bitch or slave, but Dixie stood there, as comfortable as Sable in his bondage.

Tabitha reached out and rested her hand on the back of Dixie's neck. Her fingernails, each one filed to a point, rested lightly on the skin of his throat.

"—and I think you should reconsider the prizes for the show. Give out more than just a single gold, silver, and copper."

Bass shrugged as he pointed for Sama to join Merrie and Licker. "You know that Grange won't go for it."

"Fuck Grange. I'm still waiting for the day he does something so stupid that you give me permission to hunt his skinny ass down. I dream about tearing his arms and legs off and turning him into one of those fuck-pillows they sell at the county fair. I bet I could get at least... three marks for him." Merrie knew that three marks couldn't even get a meal in Franome City.

"What about the others?" Bass stood up and pulled out clothes. He watched Tabitha as he dressed.

Tabitha's fingers dug into Dixie's neck, dimpling the flesh. "If you give out more shares, I'm sure none of them will argue."

Bass grunted. "Might work. Normally we give ten shares for gold, five for silver, and one for copper. Keep the amounts?"

"Yes," she said and cocked her head. Her fingers dug in deeper into Dixie's neck and a droplet of blood welled up under her index

finger. Dixie didn't flinch as he stared at Bass' cock with rapt attention. "But, maybe two silver and three copper charms?"

"Let me think," muttered Bass. He finished dressing. When he finished, he was wearing a plain white top, buttoned up neatly. He wore black trousers that clung to every curve of his muscular legs and buttocks. "I say one gold, three silver, and six copper."

"That's awful generous," muttered Tabitha in a disapproving tone.

"It's just shares. We look to make at least a hundred thousand marks at the fair this year."

"You got too many bitches, Bass, and not enough trainers. Have you ripped all your holes yet?"

Bass glanced over to Merrie and the others. There was a guilty look on his face. "No, I have a few more."

"Normally, you've busted them all open by now. I would be knee deep in cropping all of them. Instead, Rendi is overwhelmed keeping up with the collars and Hilfe has been cooking for hours now. Piffin is keeping up without a problem, but that celibate has enough trouble sticking his stick in any hole. Borias is doing good, but I think you should move one of Thorn's girls over to him."

Bass stopped to look at Tabitha. "How is Thorn doing?"

"Couldn't decide on a name, for starters. He stuck with Pillow Chest and Snapping Pussy, but he kept waffling," her voice grew annoyed, "on the third."

Silence filled the room for a moment. "You made him decide, didn't you?"

Tabitha smiled, pulling back her lips to show perfectly sharp teeth. "He decided, after a consultation session, that Anal Cookie was a good name for the blond with the blue streak in her hair. I'm going to crop her down to her elbows and knees when I get her."

Bass groaned. "Did you hurt him?"

"Yes, but nothing crippling. Why do you bother tolerating him? He has no skill, no grace at this. He tried to fuck all his bitches last night and Rendi had to blow a healing spell on his dick."

"We were all new at this at one point."

She smiled again, a feral growl rising in her chest. "Speak for yourself. I know how to make anyone my bitch by the time I grew my pubes and you know it."

Bass smiled. "I know," he reached out for Tabitha, but at her growl, he stayed his hand. Dropping his hand, he gestured to the door.

"Come on, we have a dog show to run."

Revelations

11

Merrie followed Bass down the stairs, her boots and gloves whispering against the wooden steps. She was nervous and excited at the same time; the butterflies in her stomach made her nervous as she came down the flight of stairs leading to the second floor. Her body trembled with the effort to keep her balance as she put her full weight on her hands. Every little movement was a struggle for her, but she felt a sense of joy in acting like a dog. She wondered if she wasn't wearing the boots and gloves, would she still crawl down the stairs like Sable would?

She thought about the dark-haired dog girl. She acted like Bass demanded, but she didn't have the heavy metal collar around her neck to enforce it. Merrie didn't know if Sable's collar would send the pulses of pain or pleasure, or prevent her from talking, but Sable seemed so natural as she crawled on her severed knees and elbows.

Merrie paused on the stairs, thinking about Sable's amputated limbs. The word that Tabitha used only a few minutes ago: cropped. Cropping was the process of removing part of a dog's tail, trimming it down. Merrie didn't think much about the casual use, mostly because she didn't have a tail. She looked down at her booted hand. It took her a moment to realize what Tabitha meant. She was going to amputate Merrie and all the new bitches.

Tabitha would cut off Merrie's arms and legs.

The butterflies in her stomach turned to bile as her happy, almost carefree enjoyment of being a new slave crashed down around her. It was one thing to crawl around on her hands and knees and being fucked by Bass' huge cock, but the idea of having

her arms and legs cut off sent a sharp burst of fear through her. It rose, filling her thoughts, until she thought her heart would burst.

Merrie was barely aware that she was gasping for breath. She couldn't get enough air into her lungs and she felt her world spinning. She looked down the stairs and saw Bass turning around.

Memories rose up, of the brutal slaughter in the warehouse. The smell of blood and death. The looks of horror and terror on the abducted people's faces. The women being taken to the dairy farm. She wondered why she wasn't horrified about her predicament, but all the fear and terror she wasn't feeling hit her with a rush. A tidal wave of emotions that stopped the air in her lungs and ripped the joy out of her life. Her chest burned as she tried to pant, but she couldn't breathe in despite her open mouth and gasping. Hot tears rolled down her face, splashing down on her gloves.

A wail ripped out of her throat. It didn't sound like her voice, but she could feel her throat vibrating. She felt the words coming out, the ease that she remained silence had shattered with her terror.

"No! No! I don't-"

Her collar exploded into lightning and she felt the electricity tear through her body. Her muscles clenched and she felt something tearing in her body. She lost her balance and came tumbling down the stairs. The sharp edges of the steps caught her shoulders as she bounced, but she couldn't do anything but scream out.

Strong hands caught her as she fell. Her body smacked into Boss' muscular arms and against his chest. She flailed out at him, screaming out shrilly. Her collar sparked again and she jerked violently. Bass' body tightened around her, squeezing her tighter as he was affected by the collar's shock.

She screamed out again, her mind replying every moment since she was abducted. A hand was plastered against her mouth and she heard Bass whispering, but it only added to her fear.

"Speak. Cunt, it's okay. Come on, Cunt, it's okay. It's okay. You're a good girl."

The normal ecstasy that came from the collar didn't bring her pleasure. It was a hallow sensation that couldn't even dent the fear she felt. She knew that Bass was cradling her as he turned around. She felt him sit down but she was too lost to do anything but cry out.

“No, no, no.” She didn’t know why the collar didn’t punish her anymore, but she didn’t care. “No, please don’t, I don’t want to be cut. I don’t want to be here anymore.” She lifted her face to look into Bass’ eyes. Tears ran down her cheek as she pleading. “Please, I don’t want to be a bitch anymore. Please, Bass, please. Just let me go.”

Her sobs wracked her body and it hurt to breath. When Bass wrapped his arms around her chest, holding her tightly, she cried into his muscular shoulder. “Please, let me go. I don’t want to be here. Let me go. Just... let me go.”

“It’s okay, Cunt,” he spoke as he stroked her hair, “it will be okay.”

“No, no, it won’t be. It will never be.”

He kept petting her. “Yes, yes, it will.”

“No, no.”

“Cunt-”

“Boss,” interrupted Borias, “let me look at ya girl.”

Merrie peeked from Bass’ shoulder and saw Borias standing a few steps below him. He wore a black shirt with matching trousers and boots. He held out his hands, arms open. She turned her gaze to Bass, then pushed away from the thriban. Her legs shook as she struggled to get to her feet, but she lost her balance.

Borias caught her and held her tight as he sank down to the step. His arms, not nearly as large as Bass, wrapped around her as she clutched to his body. “There, there, something be scary, right?”

Bass stood up and walked down the stairs. A few moments later, Sama and Licker crawled past, looking at her with curiosity. The fear was in both of their eyes, but it wasn’t the sharp terror that Merrie felt. They should have been terrified as she was right then, but something prevented them from doing anything besides crawl past. The feeling of wrongness intensified.

Borias turned her head away. He spoke in a soft voice. “Hug me. Go on, like a woman, not a bitch.”

Merrie stared into his face for a moment, the fear rising. But, Borias wrapped his arms around her body and pulled her close. He shifted so her legs straddled his hips. Desperate, Merrie wrapped her arms around Borias’ neck and clung to him like a life raft.

“There you go. Does the pretty girl have a name?”

“M-Merrie.”

Borias smiled broadly. “Merrie?” At her nod, he said, “That’s a pretty name. And for a very pretty girl. You be a good girl, aren’t you? A good girl?”

There was the wave of pleasure, but it didn’t get past her horror. She clutched tighter. “No, no, I’m not. I don’t want to be a bitch anymore. I want to go home,” she wailed.

“You can’t go home.”

Tears ran down her cheek. “Please, just let me go.”

He stroked her back as he held her. “Sorry, Merrie, you can’t go home. This is your life now, and you were accepting it so well. What happened?”

“I,” she sobbed, “I don’t want my arms cut off.”

“Oh,” he breathed, “that is what happened. You be thinking Sable?”

She nodded. She could feel the fear receding. She mentally clutched at it; it was the terror she was suppose to be feeling and it was fading too quickly. It was wrong to be accepting of her fate. “I-I don’t want to be cropped.”

“It isn’t so bad,” he murmured and he kissed her on the cheek. “Tabitha don’t hurt you girls... maybe a little sting, but you won’t be feeling pain. Does that sound bad?”

Clutching him tighter, she buried her face in his shoulder. “No. Yes.”

He stroked her back and kissed her shoulder. “You like the gloves? When you can’t pick up anything? You like to be helpless, right? I saw that look in your eyes when you were on the beach.”

Merrie stared at her hand, at the glove that kept her fingers bent over. She could feel the thrill of being helpless in them, unable to pick up anything. It was part of the rush when Rendi first put them on. She shivered.

“That’s a good girl.” She felt the pleasure growing inside her, eroding at the fear that burned inside her. “You be a good girl.”

“I don’t want to be here anymore.” Her voice cracked.

“You be a good girl.”

Another wave of pleasure cracked her fear. She tensed as she felt it crumbling, fighting the power of her collar. Her body tensed as she closed her eyes tightly, but then there was a sucking sensation

as all the fear and terror just faded away. It left an empty place in her heart, a place that she knew should have been filled with abject terror.

The tension in her body faded and she let out a sob.

“Oh, there it goes. You be a good girl. That not be so bad.” He stroked her back and she leaned her head against his neck.

“Bori,” Rendi spoke as she walked up the stairs. She had a large mug of beer in her hand, which she set down next to Borias. “What happened?”

Borias spoke in a low voice. “She had an emotional surge that broke through the conditioning spell.”

Rendi sat down next to them. “Is she okay?”

They were talking about her as if she wasn't there. Merrie felt a strange feeling in her stomach with the realization that she was becoming a bitch again. She clutched to Borias tightly, knowing that it would be only moments before she had to stop holding him like a woman. And that he would call her Happy Cunt instead of her real name.

“Good girl, good Merrie,” he whispered before addressing Rendi, “Yes. She's under the filter again, but you might want to check it out.”

Rendi slipped two fingers in Merrie's collar. Merrie tensed but Rendi only toyed with the collar. It grew hot for a moment, then cooled. A moment later, Rendi released it. “She cracked the high-pass but I reinforced it. I also added a soft bounce on the T4 and 7 resonances.”

“How about the five?”

“She hasn't touched it since we put the collar on. I think we're okay there.”

Merrie didn't know what they were saying. She lifted her head from his shoulder and looked at Rendi and Borias as they discussed about technical details. She knew it was about her and her collar, but she couldn't make any sense of their words.

After a minute, Borias stopped talking to Rendi and turned back to Merrie. “Doing better? The fear gone?”

Merrie sniffed and nodded. “Y-Yes.”

“Good girl.”

This time, when the pleasure came, it filled the empty spot in her heart. It felt like a glass being filled, but instead of terror, it was a feeling of completeness that poured into her. It rose until it caught in her throat, then spread out across her skin.

“There we go. You be a good girl.”

The magic of the collar sent a fire in her body, prickling along her skin until the heat gathered at her nipples, lips, pussy. Her skin was flushed and slick and she let out a soft, shuddering sigh.

Rendi patted Borias on the head. “Good boy.”

He grinned. “Thanks, mother. But I ain’t be no bitch.”

She patted him on the head again. “Why don’t you spent a few minutes here and make sure the filters hold? I need to go back and start judging.”

“k, mother.”

As Rendi headed down toward the great hall, Borias picked up the beer. “Want a sip, girl?”

Merrie nodded. She felt sweat trickling down her back. She turned so she could reach out with both gloved hands for the glass. She caught it, but he pulled it away.

“No, no,” he whispered, “Keep your hands down. Pretend you don’t have them.”

Her body tensed. She could feel her legs squeezing his hips and her stomach clenching as she stared at the glass.

“You’re a good girl, Merrie. It won’t be bad. Just pretend for once. Pretend you lost those pretty hands and I have to give it to you. You like to be helpless, right? Then, be helpless for me. Be helpless, little Merrie.”

A tear rolled down her cheek, but the fear that consumed her was gone. It hurt to breath, but she dropped her hands to his chest. Her body was hot and fevered as she regarded the glass of dark beer in front of her. She could smell it, a rich smell of a farm brew.

Gulping, she tried to imagine she couldn’t reach it. She closed her eyes and leaned forward, opening her mouth.

“Good girl.” The pleasure grew inside her and she cracked open her eyes. She watched as he brought the beer to her lips. She wanted to reach up and hold it, to prevent it from splashing her, but she couldn’t. Instead, she let out a long, shuddering breath and rested her bottom lip to the glass.

The beer was stronger than she ever had, but it was cold. It felt good as it slid down her throat and pooled in her stomach. The sense of helplessness ignited the flames in her sex, contrasting with the coolness that filled her belly.

“That’s it. You be a pretty little bitch.”

Merrie gasped and took another gulp. It filled her up and she enjoyed the burn of the alcohol as it began to spread out through her veins.

“You’re going to be so pretty when we crop you. Pretty like Sable. I be jealousy that Bass got you. I’d spend me money to have a girl like you. Could have avoided Abbinkey if I had a girl like you.”

She finished the beer and leaned back, gasping softly for breath.

“There it is. Now, I’m going to give you a command and when I do, that nasty collar is going to shock you if you are going to speak. Ready?”

“N-No. I-I have...”

He smiled, his lip curling up. “Questions?”

“C-Can’t you let me go? Why are you doing this? How... why aren’t I scared? What happened?”

“Oh,” he rested a finger on her lip. “I answer one of them, but the others... well, not today. So, take a deep breath, Merrie, and get ready to be a pretty little girl for me, k?”

Merrie gulped.

“Now, Happy Cunt, quiet.” It was a command, she knew beyond a doubt that her collar would start to shock her again, if she dared speak.

Borias kissed her on the cheek. Then, he slipped his hands between her legs and lifted her up. Balancing on the stair, he turned around and helped her back on her hands and knees. “There we go. Can you make it to the landing? My ass be sore from sitting on the steps.”

Merrie nodded, then remembered her direction. She gave a little bark.

Borias brought her down to the landing between the third and second floor. He pointed to the ground. “Sit, Cunt.”

Merrie obeyed and he complimented her. The “good girl” sent a pulse of pleasure coursing through her and she gasped.

“Now, let me fix your hair and make you all pretty again.” He knelt down. “And I promised an answer.”

As he pulled one of her dog ears loose, he used his fingers to brush her hair. “Me mom and I are wizards. We also both specialize in alteration magic, mostly on bodies. And while we can't be charming ya or be doing enchantment, the body controls a lot what you feel. So, me mother made collars that... mute the fear and give you pleasure when you submit.”

He retied the ribbon as he continued. “Takes the edge off you girls. Less screaming and more fucking. We has to be careful, though, because too much and it breaks your mind... forever. So, we use the minimum possible. But, if we be using too little, then it hurts you when you get frightened all of a sudden. And you, pretty, good girl-”

Merrie shivered at the pleasure. Somehow knowing it was being used to force her to submit just added to the exhilarating sense of helplessness. The heat grew in her stomach, mixing in with the edge of beer in her system.

“-were doing so well, mother kept the spell light on you. None of us thought you'd break out. You are a natural submissive, you want to be a good girl. And you want Bass to fuck that cute little cunt of yours too.”

Merrie let out a moan as she remembered the hunger she had for Bass' cock, the desire to feel it pounding in her. Her sex grew moist and hot at the thought.

“Aye, the collar does that too. You'll find there is a lot of that here. The wagon you came in on, the collars, the leashes, your food and water bowls, even the pillows you sleep on. All of them have a bit of magic to make it easier for you to submit, to be a good girl, a good and pretty bitch. Before mother came here, a lot of girls got hurt. It isn't their fault,” he sighed, “they panic and get hurt. Without the collars, they be lashing out, running away and dying in the woods, or killing themselves.”

He finished her second dog ear and gave it a tug. His hands trailed along her cheek and he used his thumb to brush away the drying tears.

“Sable and Dixie are all part of this. Before them, it took Bass a lot longer to get you girls to accept your role. When he got Sable, and

she was all bouncy and happy, the girls fought less. They got hurt less. And, they got fucked more. We haven't lost a girl or had an injury since," he sighed, "since Sable came back. The more girls who accept their role, who are pretty little girls, the safer it is for everyone. Less resistance, more acceptance. That's why we keep a few girls back every year. The more examples of submission, the faster good girls like you be good bitches for us."

Merrie felt the compliment as sparks of pleasure. Helpless against her collar, she felt her juices dripping off her pussy. It felt good, a thrill of submission, of being dominated by magic and man.

Borias reached down and cupped her breast. His fingers found her erect nipple and twisted it gently, one way, then the other. She felt the bumps of her aureole against his fingertips. With a smile, he whispered softly. "Beg, girl."

Obediently, Merrie sat back on her ankles and brought her hands to her throat.

His hand never left her breast, hefting the weight and rolling it in his fingers. His other hand reached out and slid between her splayed legs. It found her slit, wet and slick. She moaned when he stroked her, rubbing against her clitoris and curling his fingers to slid into her pussy.

"Good girl. That's a good girl. Remember the pond, when Throat licked you?"

Merrie rocked her hips against his hand and let out a soft, gasping bark.

"That was you, not me. You showed her submission can be pleasurable and she be thanking you. I bet your Tits and Licker will do the same. Me girls have been emulating you since the pond. Well, you and Sable."

He added a second, then a third finger to her pussy. His hand and shoulder rocked as he pumped inside her. She felt his thumb outside her labia, holding her still as he stroked through the slicked folds of her body. She knew an orgasm was coming, she was on the edge with his use of "good girl" and Merrie desperately wanted to feel a bit of real pleasure.

"So, Bass, won't be asking you, but do it for me? Show all those girls down there that you be a good girl."

She almost came when the collar's magic hit her. A wet squelching noise fill the space between her and Borias. She let out a moan and rocked harder against his hand, trying to speed him up.

Borias kept the same, steady pace. It was maddening. "You do that? Don't be scared? Don't be afraid?"

Merrie was torn between the pleasure and the fear that wasn't there. She could only hold on the idea of being afraid, but it wasn't enough. She let out pleading bark.

"Aye, I let you be coming soon. But not with magic, k?"

At her bark, he grinned. "Good girl. Now, present."

Merrie stumbled as she rolled over. Planting her hands on the stairs, she lifted her ass to him. She waited to hear his trousers opening. When she felt his mouth against her pussy, she gasped and surged forward. Her chest slammed into the stairs, crushing her breasts against the wood. She let out a squeak noise and pawed at the stairs.

His tongue snaked out, lapping at her pussy. It was already sensitive from the collar's magic, but the feeling of a trainer's tongue on her sex sent fresh waves of pristine pleasure coursing through her veins.

She spread her legs more and bit down on the stair, trying not to move as he lapped at her sex. His fingers caressed the back of her thighs and buttocks, teasing and touching with nails not inside gloves. He was strong and sure, no doubt used to giving head to many girls, and Merrie desperately wished she was his.

Merrie stared at her gloved hands. She tried to picture them gone. The heat inside her increased as she imagined being unable to stop Borias, unable to push him away. He could take her whenever she wanted and she would have to submit.

It sent the fire to her body. Tiny orgasms coursed through her body. Each one was bigger than the last, but she knew more were coming. She whimpered through her clenched teeth. Her body shook as the orgasms kept coming; or never stopped, she couldn't tell.

He lapped and sucked. His fingers stroked her pussy, four fingers sliding in and out with sharp deep strokes. He spread them out inside her, teasing her insides as his tongue worked against her

clitoris. He brought another orgasm to sear through her senses before he pulled back.

Merrie slumped on the stairs, panting hard. Her teeth hurt from biting the stairs and her ears rang from the pleasure, but the last of her fear was gone completely. She only felt pleasure and excitement as he stood up. Turning around, she saw his cock tenting his trousers. Sitting on the stair, she reached for it with her mouth but he stopped her.

“Na, I can live with a bit of blue balls. Mother gets pissy when I fuck girls on the stairs. Or in the house. Hell, anywhere but my room and outside. Plus, Bass be saying that tonight is for the show.” He winked, “And good fucking is a reward for being a good bitch. And are you a good girl?”

She barked. Then had a tiny orgasm when he complimented her.

“And,” he squatted in front of her, “you think you can be giving a good show for the others?”

She barked again, feeling a bit more confident.

“Now, I be asking something serious.” He brushed his finger through her dog ear. “I can promise you something. None of these girls are gonna be free. Bass have been doing this for twenty years and no girl ever made it to freedom. But, a lot of girls got hurt if they fight too much. The more they fight, the more they got hurt, k? The more they submit, the happier they’ll be.”

Merrie breathed deeply and her breasts heaved as she realized when he was asking her.

“So, little Merrie, I need you to be like Sable and Dixie. You need to help get these girls to accept what is gonna happen. You need to lead them by example. If you follow, if you be submitting, so will they. If you be getting orgasms on Bass’ cock, they will to.”

She gave a hesitant smile.

Bass stroked her face again. “You are so pretty, Merrie. Oops, better be calling you Happy Cunt again. I never be having an alpha like you, but I’d be honored if I can help you be what you’ll become. Can you do that? Teach these girls to be good bitches?”

Merrie struggled with her thoughts. Borias was asking her to side with her abductors, to make it easier for them to do what they did. As she thought, she thought about how she comforted Sama, Licker, Throat, and Diver. She was already acting like Sable, because she

wanted to be Sable. She wanted to be the cheerful bitch on the stairs, watching others surrendering. The memory of Sable kneeling between Bass' legs and watching Sama getting fucked sent a thrill of excitement through Merrie. She already knew the answer, and the gods will hate her for it.

She let out a long breath as she thought about being amputated, being utterly helpless for the rest of her life. It added to her pleasure, as much as knowing that it was the collar that prevented the fear. She was a slave to the collar, a slave to Borias and Bass, a slave to her own nature.

She nodded sharply twice before she barked.

Borias smiled and leaned into her, lowering his mouth until his breath tickled her ear. "Then, I want you to come for me... Merrie. Like the very good girl you are."

She shuddered at the pleasure that filled her, but she couldn't reach an orgasm from magic alone. She spread her legs further part and brought her wrists back to her throat. She barked with pleading eyes.

"Aye, that's a good girl. I be taking care of you."

He reached down to finger her again.

The Dog Show

12

Borias held her collar as she crawled through the door to the great hall. On the other side, the brightly lit room was filled with people, both crawling and standing.

In her position, it was easier to look at the people on the ground. Sable drew her attention first. The naked, bounding dog girl was hopping and barking. She looked happy, genuinely happy, as she rubbed up against Bass' legs and then rocketed across the room to land on a bitch that Merrie didn't recognize.

The new girl struggled to get out from underneath Sable, but couldn't as Sable carefully positioned her ass right on her face. With a sloppy smile on her lips, Sable ground her pussy and ass into the trapped girl's face. From around the table, another bitch crawled out, sneaking toward Sable. Merrie remembered the girl from the night before, Pillow Tits. Tits took a running leap and slammed into Sable. There was a tangle of naked limbs and bare breasts as they rolled.

Sable flipped Tits over. She licked Tits on the face, then flopped down on Tits' chest. Sable's own breasts ground into Tits' as Sable panted happily. She looked at the new girls that were cowering against the wall and gestured for the nearest ones with her chin.

None of the new girls left the wall. Merrie could see Licker and Sama near the table, watching the room with wide eyes. Sama's gaze was curious while Licker's was fearful. Their naked bodies pressed against each other for comfort.

The only new bitch moving was Male Seven. The male crawled on the other side of the table, weaving through the legs of the trainers, as Dixie stalked after him. From Merrie's vantage point, she could

see that the tiny silfae's cock was hard as he strolled after Seven with a broad smile on his face.

Merrie turned her attention back to Sable. She was playing with five other bitches, but Merrie could tell there was a difference in their games. Sable was carefree and happy, bounding and yipping as she grabbed another girl and sat on her face. The others were happy and playing, but there wasn't the same enthusiasm as they wrestled with Sable and each other.

The trainers stood near the table. Bass spoke with Grange at one corner and everyone else was on the opposite side of the room. Tabitha had a sandy-haired man pinned in the corner, her hands on each side of him as she spoke in terms. He looked happy and nervous at the same time. Rendi spoke with two other men, one fat and the other thin. The fat man wore a stained apron and had an oven mitt hanging from his belt. The other was dressed neater, much like Borias, and held a large mug of beer in his hand.

She saw Piffin in the corner, sitting in a chair and reading a book. He was in his own little world, completely oblivious to everyone else and ignored by everyone.

Sable landed in front of her with a bark. Merrie jumped back, but Sable was content to lowering herself into a present position, but with her ass aimed away from Merrie. The brown eyes twinkled as Sable wiggled her ass and smacked her limbs against the ground. To Merrie, she was nothing but a bitch begging to play.

Merrie glanced up at Borias, but the trainer was headed straight for a keg of beer at the end of the table. She focused her gaze back at Sable who bounced and wiggled her ass again. She glanced at the new bitches and noticed at least half of them were watching her now. It was obvious they were waiting for Merrie to do something. Borias' words drifted through her mind: if she submitted, so would they.

She turned back to Sable and lowered her chest to the ground. Her ass rose as she dropped into the present position, but wiggled her ass and smiled broadly.

Sable's tail snapped back and forth as her nipples trailed along the ground. Then Sable surged forward. Merrie lifted her body as they hit, breasts smacking against each other. Sable's amputated limbs pushed back on Merrie. Merrie wrapped her arms around

Sable's waist, trying to pull her playful opponent to the ground. They rolled over but despite her efforts, Merrie was only half over Sable's wiggling body.

Panting, Sable wiggled free, her moist pussy rubbing against Merrie's thigh. She bounced free, spun around, and jumped on top of Merrie.

They wrestled for a few moments. When Sable barked to announce her attack, Merrie found herself doing the same. Their games brought them across the room. When they came close to the table, Sable reversed direction and guided them back to the center.

Merrie could feel eyes watching her, both bitch and trainer. The excitement of wrestling, of their slick bodies rubbing against each other, and being the center of attention increased a slick heat in her body. She was panting, both from the strain of playing with Sable, but also the growing realization her naked body was on display for everyone.

After a spirited spin, Merrie planted her head against Sable's breast and jerked up. The hard nipple brushed her lips as Sable flipped over and landed on her back. Exhilarated at getting Sable on the ground, Merrie flopped over Sable's wiggling form and crawled on top of her. Underneath, Sable panted deeply, her sweat-slicked body heaving up against Merrie's flesh. Hard nipples ground against Merrie's breast as Sable stared into Merrie's eyes.

Sable licked the air. Merrie froze, unsure why she did it, but Sable did it again. A broad smile crossed her lips as the brown-eyed bitch flicked her gaze toward the new girls, then down to Merrie's heaving breasts.

A frown crossed Merrie's face as she tried to understand what Sable wanted. Underneath her, Sable wiggled and pulled Merrie up. She mimed the action again, taking a long deliberate lick of the air, as if she was licking a pussy.

Merrie gaped with realization. When Sable nodded and licked the air again, Merrie felt a tingle in her pussy. Feeling moisture already gathering, she crawled on Sable's body. The trapped bitch's breast slid underneath her thigh as she straddled Sable's face.

Sable lifted her head as Merrie sank down. The tongue slid along the entire length of her pussy and flicked at her clitoris.

With a gasp, Merrie dropped down further, plastering her wet hole against Sable's mouth and grinding into the lapping tongue. She was worried she would smother Sable with her sex, but the girl lapped harder. Merrie moaned and clutched Sable's head, rocking back and forth as the tongue attacked her body. Her gloved hands added to the excitement; Merrie couldn't hold Sable to her pussy, but she could use her weight to keep the tongue right where she wanted it. The excitement continued to rise, not only from the trapped Sable between her legs, but at the licking she was getting. Merrie leaned back, eyes half closed, and rocked harder against Sable's mouth.

From the corner of her eye, she saw Sama making a hesitant step out from the wall. Licker had a desperate look on her face as Sama abandoned her, but Sama continued out from the wall.

An orgasm coursed up through Merrie's body. As soon as it passed, Sable's struggles resumed. Merrie let Sable push her off.

Sable bounded back to her elbows and knees, her face glistening with Merrie's juices. She hopped up and down and let out a bark. Her eyes twinkled as she peered over Merrie's shoulder. Merrie knew that Sable saw Sama sneaking out to the main floor. When Sable looked at Merrie with a silent question, Merrie gestured for Sable toward Sama.

With a bark and a bounce, Sable charged Sama. Sama's eyes grew wide with shock. She tried to back toward the wall, but Sable caught her. There was a flash of naked limbs, breasts, and pussy as they tumbled across the room. Merrie watched as they wrestled. Moments later, Sable was on her back, staring up at Sama who gasped for breath.

Then, just like before, Sable mimed a licking action. Merrie smiled as she saw Sama trying to understand, then the slow realization as Sama figured out that she had the upper hand. Merrie felt a sympathetic tingle in her body as Sama crawled up to Sable's face, pressing her pussy against the no-doubt expert tongue.

Merrie turned her attention to the other new girls. She saw that Throat and Diver were both watching with fascination, their breasts heaving with excitement as they ground into each other. Merrie stalked toward them, moving low to the ground. Both girls turned toward her as she came to a halt in front of them.

With a bark, Merrie duplicated Sable's actions. She dropped herself into a play position and wiggled her ass. She gave a cheerful bark to draw them from the wall. Both girls looked at each other, then at Merrie. Slowly, Merrie gave the air a lick, just as if she was eating out of their pussies.

Diver's and Throat's cheeks grew rosy as they considered her actions. Then, as one, they stepped away from the wall. Merrie bounced on her knees and drew them toward the center of the room before she attacked. Her sweat-slicked body rushed for Diver and she wrapped her arms around her. She could feel her nipples aching to be touched as they scraped along the cool skin. Diver tensed, but Throat grabbed at Merrie, wrapping her leather-wrapped arms around Merrie and pulling her off. Merrie squirmed and wiggled, twisting out. As she managed to escape, Diver caught her and pinned her to the ground.

Their eyes met and she saw a smile forming. Throat's hips hovered above her and Merrie gave a little shake of her head before surging forward. She managed to flip Diver away and squirmed out from underneath Throat. Spinning on her knees, and feeling the rush of playing, she wrapped her arms around Throat's back and ground her breasts into the flesh.

Throat wiggled violently, her body bucking against Merrie's. Diver caught Merrie from behind, her hips bumping against Merrie's tail. As Throat leaned forward, it pushed Merrie's ass harder against Diver who used her hips to drive the tail dildo deeper into Merrie's ass.

A moan escaped Merrie's body and she clutched Throat tighter. She could feel the gloves rubbing against the heaving chest. Merrie tried to squirm out from underneath the thrusting hips, but Diver easily rocked her hips harder against the dildo, driving it deep with short, frantic strokes.

Merrie felt the sensations tearing through her. Her hands relaxed around Throat as she pushed back into the thrusting hips. She could feel Diver's wet flesh smacking against her buttocks and the thick dildo probing her insides.

Throat took advantage of her slack arms and twisted out from underneath Merrie. Merrie tumbled to the side. She and Diver let out tiny shrieks as they hit the ground and rolled in a tangle of limbs.

Merrie tried to extricate herself, but Throat was upon her, straddling Merrie's face.

Merrie breathed in the sweet and tangy scenes of Throat's pussy before it was jammed against her face. She couldn't breath, except for tiny slips of air as Throat rocked back and forth. The slick folds soaked her face. Merrie decided to take advantage of it and began to lick frantically at the pussy grinding into her.

The air grew moist and sticky until she found Throat's opening. Her tongue ached as she lapped and sucked at it, drinking her juices as much as licking. She held her breath as she struggled.

Then, she felt a tongue at her pussy. It was hot and slick. Merrie willingly spread her legs and limbs pinned her down. The tongue found her clitoris and lapped at it. Moaning, she reciprocated into the pussy at her mouth, licking with all her might as she gave a token effort to escape the assaulting tongue against her own sex.

Throat came on her face, flooding Merrie's mouth with hot, sticky liquid. Merrie trembled at the sensation of drowning in pussy juices and she gulped it down as fast as it was spread across her face. She felt her own body threatening to orgasm again, but after so many in a short period of time, it was taking its sweet time. She moaned and lapped.

After an eternity, Throat lifted her body and Merrie gasped at the cool air flooding into her lungs. She blinked through sticky eyelashes as the wet pussy pulled away. She lifted herself up, but then another cunt was pressed down at her. She had time to realize it was Diver's before she was pinned to the floor again.

Submission never felt so good. Merrie licked at the fresh pussy, lapping and sucking as she did before. It wasn't long before Diver was rocking back and forth, adding her juices to the ones already plastered against her face.

The tongue at Merrie's pussy pulled away and her legs were spread even further. Merrie arched her back, then jumped as a mouth attached itself to her left tit. She gasped into Diver's cunt and lapped harder.

Two heads worked their way between her legs and Merrie let out a scream as she felt two tongue attach her pussy and clitoris. Her hips ached from being spread apart so far, but having two mouths against her sex sent incredible bolts of ecstasy crashing into her.

She pawed at the ground, unable to touch or reach anything with her useless fingers.

Then, the idea of being amputated came back. She didn't need her hands, not with so much happening to her. She let her limbs relaxed and lapped at the one thing she could control, the pussy smothering her. She attacked it as an orgasm consumed her thoughts, driven by the mouths at her nipple and clitoris and lips. She screamed into Diver's cunt, barely aware that Diver was coming on her face.

Diver slipped off but no fresh pussy was pressed to her mouth. Blinking past the juices that covered her face, Merrie looked down to see Twenty-Seven suckling her breast. Below, a pair of twin girls she didn't know were pushing themselves to their hands and knees between her legs. They were blonde, with opposing red streaks in their hair. The twins smiled at her, a hesitant and hopeful smile.

"Okay," Bass announced, "finish fucking and it's time to get the show started."

Merrie's jaw ached but she felt sad that she couldn't please the twins. She trembled as she crawled to her hands and knees. The two twin bitches crawled toward the sandy-haired man; Merrie recalled that there was another trainer named Thorn.

Bass gestured for Merrie and his bitches. There was a smile on his lips and a tent in his pants.

Merrie crawled over and sat down, pulling herself into a begging position.

He stroked her face. "Oh, you need to get cleaned up, Cunt. You ruined your hair... again."

Merrie blushed and beamed happily. She waited until Bass brought over a washrag and used it to clean up her face, throat, and breasts. She moaned at his touch, surrendering to his command. It only took a few minutes for him to finish, then redo her dog ears that managed to get undone with her wrestling.

To Merrie's surprise, Licker also needed her dog ears redone and Sama was missing a tail. Sable brought it back in her mouth and dropped it on the ground. Both she and Merrie watched with fascination as Bass worked it back into Sama's ass, pushing and twisting until it slid in with a wet popping noise. All three of them

jerked when it finally seated into place and Merrie felt a tingle down her spine.

“Okay,” Bass called out after he finished. “Let’s get these bitches lined up. Sable, here. Dixie-”

He gave positions for everyone, forming a line of eight in front and two lines of seven behind it. Merrie was the only one in the front line. After a few moments of looking at them, he shook his head and re-arranged them into four lines of five bitches with Sable and Dixie forming a fifth in front. Their formation almost filled the entire room.

“Boss, that be a lot of bitches,” laughed Borias.

“Yeah,” grumbled Bass, “but I think that will work. All right, be quiet!”

As the room quieted down, Bass stood in front of the line. Merrie was in the third row center, with one of the twins on her right and Snuff Bait on the left.

Bait looked in worse shape of all of them, with scuffed boots and gloves and one dog ear coming out of the loop. She had bruises on her face and back and scratches along her breasts, flanks, and legs. Merrie felt a pang of sorrow as she inspected Bait and she wanted to reach out and comfort her. After a second, she decided it was the right thing and stepped out of place to kiss Bait on the shoulder, then face.

“Cunt!”

Merrie’s head snapped up and she looked guiltily at the front of the formation. Bass had a strange look on his face, amused and annoyed at the same time. Whimpering, she returned back to her place, but she saw Bait looking at her gratefully.

Feeling proud of herself, Merrie sat on her ankles and regarded Bass. The other trainers were standing behind him, watching all the gathered bitches with interest. Borias gave Merrie a wink.

Bass cleared his throat as he held his arms behind his back. He looked over the bitches before he spoke. “Welcome to the Paladin Puppy Mill. My name is Bass Sarmo and I own the mill and the lands in all directions. You probably don’t care about the particulars, but you are here for one reason: to become sex slaves.”

A ripple ran through the sitting bitches. Merrie felt her stomach clench, but the collar’s magic wore away at the rising fear before it

could intrude her thoughts. She shivered at the feeling, the knowledge that her mind was being controlled added to the intensity she felt as it faded away.

“If you are looking for a way out, there isn’t. We are a hundred kilometers from the nearest town and a twenty minute ride from the nearest farm. And Tabitha,” he gestured to the short-haired woman who gave the bitches a cruel smile, “takes great pride in ensuring that no one escaping will ever make it. In twenty years since I started, no one has but many have tried.”

He stepped forward and patted Sable on the head. She rubbed her head against his hand and thigh, her tail wagging as she lifted her body slightly.

“In the next six weeks-”

“Fifty-six days,” added Piffin from the back.

Bass rolled his eyes, “Okay, four days shy of six weeks, will be Blood County Fair. There, you will be sold to the highest bidder along with the other ponies, cows, and all the other slaves that this county produces.”

There was another ripple of noise. Merrie felt tears starting to form in her eyes, but she just shifted in place and tried not to think about it.

“There is,” Bass’ voice turned like steel, “no way of avoiding this. We only keep back a few girls every year and you will,” he emphasized the word, “be sold as slaves. I take great pride that you will be the best trained bitches when that day comes. We have a lot of grand champions,” he patted Sable again, then pointed to the blue ribbons along the wall, “that came from the mill and I’m hoping at least a few of you,” his eyes focused on Merrie, “will have their pictures hanging up to keep us company.”

She ducked her head, blushing. When she looked up, he was looking at the others. She felt relief and sadness as he looked at the other girls.

“If you are going to hate someone, hate me. Despise me. Curse me to the deepest levels of hell. But, realize this,” he paused, “you can’t avoid your fate. No one is going to save you, no knight is going to crash down the front door and rescue you. You are slaves and you will be for the rest of your life.”

He grabbed a beer from a chair and drank half of it. When he set it down, he said, "It isn't so bad. Actually, all of you will come to love it. You won't ever have to worry about working anymore. You will always have a roof over your head, a warm bed to sleep in, and all the food you'll need. Some of you will be bred to have puppies while others will just be pleasure slaves in the richest areas of the country. You will never have to worry about dating, divorces, or being sick. For the rest of your lives, someone will treat you like their most precious possession and you will be queens," he smiled to Male Seven, "and kings."

"Now," Bass chuckled, "you've already had a taste of your new lives. In the last day, most of you have had your holes fucked, bodies bound, and tossed into a world of submission. Someone," he grinned at Rendy, "shoved a dildo up your ass and put a collar around your neck. This will be your lives here because we are getting you ready for your new masters. In the coming six... fifty-six days, you'll experience almost every sexual perversion we can think of. You'll be taught how to obey commands and act like a dog. By the time the fair comes, you'll be all beautiful, lovely, and obedient bitches."

Merrie thought about being sold, wondering what it would be like, and what a new master would be like. She hoped he would be like Bass, tender and compassionate. She squirmed on her ankles and took a deep breath.

Bass finished his beer before he spoke again. "I know most of you are very scared right now. I bet your stomachs feel sour and there is a cold trickle down your spines. This is normal and it will past quickly." He smiled and dragged his chair over to sit down on it, "You are all good bitches-"

As one, all the bitches in the room trembled as their collars sent a pulse of pleasure. Even Sable and Dixie, who didn't have collars, shook. The scent of excitement, pussy and cock, rose up and drifted through the room. Merrie breathed it in and let out a long, wistful sigh.

"Every Thireday, we have a dog show. Just a chance for you to strut your stuff and have a night where you don't have to worry about being fucked for a few hours. Except for some of the trainers," he pointedly looked at Thorn and Borias who both grinned, "you

won't be sucking cock or being fucked. Instead, you get to show off your ability to obey commands and look pretty for us."

Rendi stepped forward and pulled off her bracelet. "There are prizes for the winners. The best of the night wins a gold charm." She plucked off a golden charm from her bracelet and dangled it from her fingertips. "This lovely one transforms you overnight, giving you proper ears and a tail. It is painless and you spend the entire night lost in orgasm."

Merrie shivered at the thought.

"For second place, we have silver charms for your collars." She replaced the gold charm and pulled off a silver one. "These aren't quite as powerful as the golds, but each one still has potent magic. This lovely charm," she dangled it, "stops your need to breathe. That means you can take long, hard cocks into your throat for days at a time and never worry about losing consciousness."

"This one is for Bori's bitches." She pulled off a copper charm and scanned the sitting girls until she focused on Throat, Diver, and Holes, "since it lets you decide what you can taste and smell. If you win the copper, you'll get it regardless of what Bori says."

Borias chuckled and dug his hands into his pockets. "I be what I be, mother." He turned to look at his girl, "Actually, girls, you win any charm and I be giving you that one. Mother lets me trade a silver for two copper and three for a gold. Wouldn't want to piss off me mother."

"Boys," she muttered as she rolled her eyes. "There are three judges. Me, Hilfe," she pointed to the fat man with the apron, "and Garcon, our handyman. We don't train anyone, so we are unbiased judges."

Grange snorted angrily from the side of the room. Next to her, Snuff Bait flinched and Merrie felt an anger rising toward the brutal trainer.

Rendi glared at him, then turned to Bass. "Your show, Bass."

Bass chuckled and stood up. "We're a pretty kind group here. We don't make money on broken bitches, so it is in our best interest to take care of you."

No one looked at Grange, but Merrie could feel his presence like an angry flame.

“I will switch you around, find you different masters after the end of the show. Normally, we don’t move anyone around the first week, but Bori has agreed to take on one of Thorn’s bitches to let Thorn focus on the twins.”

Thorn looked sad, but Bori patted him on the shoulder. “Don’t be worrying, bro, having twins is everyone’s wet dream. Enjoy them cunts while you can.”

“Time for the show,” announced Bass. “There are two parts. One is the beauty part. This is where you all look pretty and our judges decide who gets the most points. After that, we’ll run you through some commands and see who can obey commands the best. Since this is the first week with the new girls, the alphas and the older girls will participate but not get any points. That way, you are competing against bitches who have only been here a day.”

As he talked, Rendi and the two other men started down the line. Merrie watched them, feeling a thrill of anticipation as they started toward her. They started with Female Twenty-Seven. Rendi stroked the girl’s hair as Garcon reached between her legs to feel her pussy. Hilfe was behind her and used his hand to test Twenty-Seven’s dildo. The girl squirmed under their attention as they poked, prodded, and fingered her.

They moved to Snuff Bait. Rendi looked sad as she ran her fingers over Bait’s scuffed gloves. Merrie heard her speak under her breath, “Damn Grange, this is part of the show. Bastard has no beauty in his heart.”

Hilfe answered her, also under his breath, “And he bitches about never getting more shares.”

They finished with Bait and moved to Merrie. She felt her heart pounding strongly as the three judges circled around her. She pulled herself into a begging position, holding her wrists by her throat and spreading her legs far apart. Hilfe’s fingers slid up from behind, tracing along the line of her slit before he grabbed the base of her tail. He tugged at it and she arched her back, just as Garcon grabbed her breast and kneaded it.

“Good texture,” he said.

Rendi toyed with Merrie’s dog ear and took a deep breath. “Crystalline Rose? I didn’t think Bass would use that for anyone. It smells nice. Very nice.”

“It’s a thousand marks a spray. So, that is what rich smells like,” chuckled Garcon.

“Good texture with her hair, and the ribbons are a nice touch. I say ninety points.”

Merrie was being treated like an animal and she couldn’t help feel pleasure growing inside her. They were touching and poking her, teasing every part of her body. Garcon used his fingers against her clitoris while Hilfe fingered her asshole. Merrie knew she had to hold still, but it was difficult with the hands touching every part, teasing to the point she almost begged for relief.

“Likewise,” said Hilfe from behind. He trailed his fingers up her spine. “ninety points.”

Garcon reached up to hold Merrie’s head with both hands. He looked at her face, probing with his gaze, before he admired Merrie from head to toe. “A hundred points, she is on par with Sable.”

Rendi leaned forward and whispered into Merrie’s ear. “Good girl.”

As Merrie gasped from the pleasure of the collar and Garcon’s compliments, the three judges moved on.

Since she was at the beginning of the beauty section, Merrie had to wait for Rendi and the others to finish judging. Time ticked away and she had to sit there. She didn’t want to move until Sable and Dixie did, but neither of the alphas twitched from their place, so Merrie did the same.

Bass suddenly called out. “Horny Holes, back in place.”

Merrie jumped at the harsh voice, then focused on not moving. She was right about not shifting from her spoke. She let out a soft breath, feeling the strain to keep her back arched and her breasts thrust forward. She loved the feeling of eyes staring at her, the trainers looking at her and the rest of the bitches with lust. It gave her a thrill that gathered in her sex, a heat that kept her flush as the time continued its sluggish pace.

Finally, Rendi came around. “We’re done.”

Bass drained his latest beer and set it down. He gestured for all the trainers to come up. Even Piffin stirred from his chair, carefully setting down his book before he walked over. They arranged themselves in a line in front of all the bitches. The only one missing was Tabitha, who wasn’t even in the room.

“Okay, this is the commands and final part. One of us,” he gestured to the trainers, “will give a command. All you have to do is obey it just like we’ve taught you. Rendi, Hilfe, and Garcon will score you based on how well you do. I will start with... beg.”

Merrie was already begging, but she realized she wasn’t quite perfect. Somehow, she knew that Piffin would be more critical and she adjusted until she saw Piffin’s eyes focus on her with a look of surprise. She smiled and held it, shaking from the effort, until the other bitches got into a begging position.

“Good girls.”

All twenty-two bitches shivered with pleasure.

Borias spoke up. “Present.”

Sable and Dixie were already presenting themselves, their asses aimed directly to Borias. Merrie didn’t even see them move, but the older bitches were moving. Moving as fast as she could, Merrie spun around and dropped to present herself. She knew that her pussy was aimed directly toward Borias and the thought of him staring at twenty pussies sent a thrill through her.

Borias’ voice called out. “Good girls.”

As she shivered from the pleasure that rolled through the girls, Thorn barked out a command. “Roll over.”

It was another command she was familiar with. By the time she turned around, Sable and Dixie were already in position. Merrie tried to move faster. The compliment came followed by another command. Then another. Each of the trainers had a chance, but then they random called out.

The pace increased, but no matter how fast Merrie moved, Sable and Dixie were in position before the trainers finished speaking. She felt despair, wondering if she could ever keep up, but she struggled to obey as fast as she could. Each time, the wave of pleasure came harder and faster. She felt herself anticipating the ecstasy that rolled from her collar, knowing it was a drug that pushed her to move faster.

Her world was reduced down to the trainers and herself. She flipped and sat and begged as fast as she could. The commands blurred into the next one. After each one, the “good girls” rocked through her body. She didn’t know when the orgasm started, but she knew it was tearing through her as she struggled to stay begging

in the long, frustrating seconds as Piffin inspected the results of his command. Finally, he muttered, “good girls,” and Borias snapped out his command.

She couldn’t breathe as she presented herself. The ground was hot, the air hotter. Her body felt slick and her pussy slicker. Heat boiled insides her and she felt it gathering at her ass, pussy, and nipples. She gulped to breathe in the air, whimpering as she prayed that there wouldn’t be any more command.

Bass’ voice called out. “Beg.”

Still whimpering, Merrie sat in a begging position. Sable and Dixie, as always, were already in position. Sable looked as fresh as she started, her tail wagging back and forth. Dixie was the same but the tiny silfae wasn’t even panting hard. Everyone in front of her, the older girls, were struggling for breath just like Merrie. She watched as a river of sweat trickled down Pillow Tits’ back. It ran along the curve of her ass, around the tail until it dripped off her pussy to the slick puddle on the ground.

“Good girls.”

Moaning, Merrie held the position as she waited for the next command, but silence filled the hall. She listened to the gasps for breath surrounding her, relieved that she wasn’t the only one struggling, but desperate to know how well she fared. But, no matter how good she was, she knew she didn’t compare to Sable or Dixie.

She promised, between one heaving gasp and another, that she would be Sable’s equal. She didn’t know how, but Sable was her role-model, just like Borias said she would be.

Bass smiled comfortingly. Merrie saw that he was hard in his pants. Her eyes trailed to the other trainers who were backing away. All of them looked excited, with cocks tenting their pants. Even Rendi, the only female she saw, looked flushed as she sat down on a chair.

“One last command,” Bass’ words drew her attention to him, “and we are done. This is a simple one.” He gestured with his hand and Sable, Dixie, and the older bitches crawled away, leaving all the new bitches in place. Merrie was suddenly in the front row. She felt exposed and vulnerable, but more excited that she could imagine. She gasped and held herself still.

Bass' eyes focused on her for a moment, then he spoke to all fifteen of the new bitches. "Stay."

He held his hand, palm toward them, and repeated himself. "Stay. It is just what you think it means, but there is more to that. I need you to trust me. No matter what happened, don't move no matter-"

Something rose up behind the trainers and Merrie stopped listening to Bass' words. Her chin rose as she realized it was a gigantic creature standing up behind them. Eyes, each one larger than her head, blinked and glistened in the light. A furry muzzle, larger than Bass, reached out past Borias who didn't notice the shadow crossing over his body. Merrie felt her stomach clench into a painful knot as she saw the creature stand up fully. It was a dog or a wolf, but larger than anything Merrie had ever seen. It towered over the trainers as a low, deep growl shook the air.

Sweat and fear prickled her skin as the creature took a step over Thorn, but the trainer didn't even look up. Merrie realized that she saw the creature before. It was just like the terrible beast she imagined when she first saw Dixie. She knew it wasn't Dixie, the silfae was sitting on the sideline with an evil grin on his face, but it was the same creature.

"... no matter what happens, we will take care of you. You may be beaten or have to eat..."

A primal fear inside her and she felt it scraping against the magic of the collar. But, it didn't push her back and the fear clutched her heart as the wolf creature took another step. Her eyes widened painfully as she watched as the creature stepped over Bass as he spoke. Its furry belly scraped over his head, but he simply leaned to the side as it passed. Merrie knew that it was a test to see if she could obey, but she found it harder to remain sitting with every passing heartbeat.

A moment later, the creature's cock sheath rubbed against the thriban's ear. It was huge, larger than Merrie, and she felt every part of her body screaming out to run, to flee. Her asshole clenched so tight, she thought the dildo would snap. To her shame, Merrie felt her bladder release and the hot spray of urine coated the floor.

The giant wolf took another step and lowered its head down to Merrie. The hot, fetid breath blew past her and Merrie let out a whine as she fought the primal desperation to run away. When the

wolf opened its mouth, it let out a deep growl that crushed the air around Merrie. Drool dripped from its fangs and splashed down on her face. It burned like cum as it oozed down her front and between her breasts.

“... but I promise this, we will never hurt you...”

Merrie’s face hurt as she let out a whimper. She desperately needed to run away, to jump to her feet and flee screaming. The small part of her mind, the one that desperately wanted to feel the collar once more, told her to stay. Even when a mouth large enough to bite her in half reached over her head and poised to clamp down and crush her body into a bloody smear. She whined shrilly, sobbing with the effort to obey.

With a start, the wolf disappeared in a blur of magic. It melted into the slender form of Tabitha. The Sivlir silfae was naked, with small breasts and her thick patch of pubic hair with matching hair under her arms. In a small part of her mind, she knew that most silfae didn’t have much body hair at all but she never saw one naked before.

Tabitha threw herself at Merrie. Merrie flinched, but Tabitha just wrapped her arms around Merrie and picked her off the ground. With a squeal, she jumped up and down. “You’re so cute!”

Confused, Merrie couldn’t figure out how to move as the silfae swung her around with surprising strength. With another squeal, Tabitha gave Merrie a passionate kiss on the lips before swinging her around again. Merrie could smell the musk of a dog around Tabitha as she was spun in circles.

“I just want to eat you up!” She looked down at her dripping foot. “And you peed too! You are,” she kissed Merrie, “so,” another kiss, “cute!”

Tabitha held her out to Bass, holding her off the ground at arms length despite her slender frame. “Can I crop her first? Please?”

Merrie looked around in shock. The trainers were applauding her. She peered back past Tabitha to the rest of the bitches, but none of them were in place. Instead, every single one was under the table or behind it, cowering with fright. Wide eyes stared at Tabitha and Merrie.

Bass stepped forward. “No, Tabitha, you can’t. Borias?”

“Got it, boss.” Borias came up to mop the ground underneath Merrie. He took a rag and cleaned off her legs, feet, and thighs. He ran his fingers along her slit, then gave Merrie a good few strokes before he chuckled. He tossed the rag into the corner.

Tabitha set her down roughly. She leaned into Merrie. “You’re a good bitch, and don’t you forget it. When you come to me for cropping, I bet you are going to make me proud.” She gave her another kiss before skipping away.

The whispered words held a hint of violence and terror, but the magic of Merrie’s collar held and she could only whimper with anticipation.

Bass gestured to the ground. “Bitches, back in line.”

As soon as all the bitches, including the alphas and older ones, settled into place, Bass stood in front of them. “That last bit was a lesson, and one that I don’t enjoy giving. That scared you, did it you?”

Merrie and the alphas let out a bark. A moment later, the rest joined in with a chorus of barks and yips.

“Did Tabitha scare you?”

All of them barked almost in chorus.

“That is her job. Tabitha isn’t a trainer. She is a guard and one of my best friends. She is also a forest witch, one who can shape-change to hunt down anyone who tries to run away.”

Merrie shivered at the thought of being hunted down by the giant dog. Her mind focused on the large sheath she saw. Inside, no doubt, was a cock that would kill her, but the tiny, perverted part of her wanted to see it. Wanted to know if was like watching Bass’ cock penetrate Licker’s ass. Huge, unstoppable, and brutal.

Bass grunted. “She is also here to protect us. She has another job, as all of you will find out, but for tonight, there is only one lesson. We, the trainers and I, will take care of you. There is nothing for you to fear, nothing to be scared of. And, you need to trust us. We may rough you up, feed you some of the most horrid things in the land,” he gestured to a grinning Borias who waved, “or insist on absolute perfection,” his hand pointed to Piffin, “but everything we do is for you. Any of us will die before we let you come to harm,” his eyes flickered to the right where Grange leaned against the wall, “serious harm, that is.”

“So,” he clapped his hands, “you were all very good girls and deserve a few rewards.”

Merrie tensed as the pleasure coursed through her, rekindling the heat that died down with Tabitha’s demonstration. She wiggled in place and settled back down on her ankles.

He turned to Rendi who stepped forward. The older woman smiled brightly as she regarded them. “Now, all of you obeyed commands so well, but we can’t quite give out charms to everyone. But, after some discussions, I’ve decided to increase the number of charms tonight to one gold, three silver, and six copper.”

Merrie knew that it was Bass decided to increase it and wondered why Rendi was the one making the announcement. She glanced over to Grange, who was scowling at Useless Cunt, then to Thorn who lustfully rubbed his crotch as his eyes fixed on his twin bitches.

Hilfe came around with a pad of paper and a flat tray filled with copper charms.

Rendi picked up the pad and said, “We’ll start with the coppers. They go to Female Twenty-Eight, Fuckhole, Silly Tits, Horny Holes, Pillow Chest, and Anal Cookie.”

There was an applause from all the trainers. Sable and Dixie and the older bitches all barked with them.

Rendi waited for the noise to die down before she continued. “Your trainers will come and pick out the medals. Except for Holes who gets this one,” she handed a charm directly to Borias.

Borias leaned over and kissed Rendi. “Thanks, mother.”

The trainers came up and picked out their charms. Merrie watched Bass go last, running his fingers down the tray before he delicately picked up one from a lower tray. “Thank you, Rendi.”

She gestured to Garcon who brought a small, carved tray of rosewood. She handed the coppers and removed the lid for the silver charms.

“And these lovelies go to Throat Fucked, Cock Diver, and... Snuff Bait.”

“Well,” growled Grange, “he’s a fucking, cheating cunt. Of course she’s going to vote for her son.” Grange shoved his way past Borias and snatched the tray from Rendi’s hand. He pawed through it before he grabbed a silver charm. With a grunt, he tossed it to Borias and stalked away.

Borias tried to catch the tray, but it bounced off his fingers. The tray flipped over and the silver charms rained down on the ground.

Merrie flinched as they came scattering across the wood. Anger filled her, directed to Grange, as she watched the charms come to a halt. One of them stopped at her booted hand, spinning a few times before it came to a halt. It was a delicate flower and she wondered what magic rested inside the charm.

Borias leveled a glare at Grange's back, then started to pick up the charms. A moment later, Tabitha, Thorn, and the other trainers joined in.

Merrie lowered her gaze down to the charm. She picked up her hand, then remembered she couldn't pick it up. Looking around, she saw Sable using her mouth to pick up one. Following suite, Merrie bent over and picked up the charm. The silver tingled against her tongue and she felt a flush coursing through her body. It sparkled across her senses and she felt her breath coming faster as something seemed to fill her bladder.

Bass strode past her and Merrie whimpered to get his attention. He spun around, looking down. When he saw the charm in her lips, a broad smile crossed his lips. Crouching down, he opened his palm under her chin and she let it slip from her mouth. "You'd like this one, Cunt. It gets rid of your need to pee, so you don't need me to go to the bathroom."

When he curled his fingers around the charm, the tingling stopped. Merrie looked at the tiny silver charm and thought about when she had to pee outside, with him helping. There was something tender and intimate about him taking care of her, the way he held her tail and stroked her body.

Bass' eyebrow lifted with surprise. "No?"

Merrie blushed hotly. She felt her sex tingling with the thrill of being degraded by Bass. With a sheepish smile, she shook her head.

"Then," he patted her head, "we won't pick this one for you."

Standing up, Bass returned the charm to the tray. "Missing any of them, Rendi?"

Rendi ran her finger through the box. "No, that's it."

Merrie looked for Grange, but the trainer had already left the room with his three bitches. Merrie felt sadness filling her as she thought about Useless Cunt, Fuckhole, and Bait.

Borias waved his hand when Rendi offered him the tray. “No, mother, give me the taste charms. They deserved them and I be keeping my word.”

Bass took the silver tray from Rendi to deliver it back to the table. Borias followed to look through the copper box. He pulled out four copper charms. “I be also taking the T3 suppressor and the T6 booster.”

Rendi smiled, then looked out over the room. The few bitches who broke the ranks when the charms scattered returned to their places. Grange’s were noticeably absent and Merrie wish they stayed behind, at least until they announced the gold. She knew she won, after obeying the stay command, but she wanted to share it with everyone.

“I think,” announced Rendi, “that we all know who got the gold tonight. And with quite a few points, since very few bitches can stay with Tabitha’s introduction. So,” her eyes focused directly on Merrie, “why don’t you come up here, Happy Cunt, and show everyone what a good girl you are?”

A rush of excitement filled her and Merrie crawled out in front of the room. Turning around, she looked at the bitches in front of her. Sable was ecstatic, bouncing on her ass and barking loudly. There were other smiles in the room, mostly from the girls who had warmed up to her. Merrie felt a flush filling her, of pride at being a submissive dog for the trainers, but also because she felt something she never felt before, like she belonged there.

As Rendi crouched down next to her, Merrie looked up. She realized she needed to beg and got into the proper position. She thrust her breasts out and arched her back. From the trainers, she heard Borias make a cooing noise and she grinned. Merrie tilted her chin further up and parted her lips.

Rendi whispered to her, “You are so damn sexy.” Then, she spoke louder, “And for Happy Cunt, she gets this little charm.” The older woman held up a golden charm in her fingertips.

From the other side of the room, Bass chuckled. “Don’t I get to pick Cunt’s charm?”

Rendi smiled sweetly at him. “No.”

Turning back to Merrie, the older woman reached up and clipped the charm to Merrie’s collar. “This is the regeneration charm. It

won't transform you or change your body, but it will heal any damage that that big dick," she gestured with her chin toward Bass, "does to you." She lowered her voice to a whisper, "Even though he's not suppose to, he'll be switching the charms around with his other bitches, which means this is going to help all of you. For a big man, he is all heart."

Rendi let go of the charm and the golden medal bumped against Merrie's throat. It was delicate feeling, but Merrie could feel power radiating from the tiny artifact. It filled her with a power that she could only describe as "yellow-green" but she couldn't understand how a charm could feel like a color. She gave her hips a wiggle to distract herself from the strange, rippling power that filled her.

With a smile, Rendi stood up and patted Merrie on the head. "Good girl."

Merrie moaned at the pleasure that coursed through her. The familiar addiction rose as it sparkled against her sink. She let out a second moan as she felt it pooling in all the sensitive parts of her body. Juices dripped from her pussy and she could feel it running down her inner thighs. She took a deep breath, knowing that it wasn't only the collar that she was addicted to.

Bass gestured for Merrie to return to her place in formation. Merrie crawled through the front ranks and smiled bashfully at Sable before she found her spot. She turned around and sat down, but the smile refused to leave her face.

"And that, my lovely bitches, is what we done on Thiredays." He smiled broadly. "Just a chance to have a bit of fun, enjoy the company of other bitches, and just... show off. Over the next week, you'll see what those charms can do and, hopefully, you'll want to get some of your own. Or," he chuckled and he focused on Merrie, "get a few more."

Merrie shivered at his look and she saw lust burning in his gaze. She hoped, desperately hoped, that he would take her as soon as they got back to the room. She wanted to feel him inside her, ramming his cock into her until she could do nothing but scream out. She moaned softly, her lips parting, as she imagined Bass' cock filling her to her limits.

"All right," said her master, "Ass Licker, Happy Cunt, and Silly Tits, meet me over by the bowls if you want another beer."

Otherwise, everyone have a wonderful night. No doubt, all of you bitches have turned on your trainers and I can promise you,” he chuckled as he headed toward the bowls, “all of you are going to enjoy a long night of fucking.”

Merrie followed him. She knew that she turned Bass on, as did Licker and Sama. She almost moaned at the thought. At least one of the bitches was going to get his cock that night and all she could do was pray that it was her.

t'Sade

Time for Bed

13

As Bass opened the door to his room, he yawned. “I forgot how tiring these shows can be.” He leaned against the door and gestured for his bitches to get inside.

Merrie crawled through the door first. She was still high from getting the gold charm and it blended with the buzz of her third beer. Bass just finished taking them outside to pee and she remembered the tender way he held her tail and fingered her after she finished. She smiled and pranced as she entered the room. Finding a pillow, she turned around and sat down on it. Her newly acquired charm bumped against her throat and she felt a little thrill surge through her body. With a second thought, she thrust her breasts out and smiled broadly.

Bass chuckled as he closed the door behind Sama. “Yes, you were a good girl, Cunt.”

Merrie didn’t need the collar to feel the sexual rush. She wiggled around and felt the moisture gathering at her pussy.

Bass rested his hand on Sama’s back and she stopped. He squatted down and took her head with both hands. “Now, Tits, you were also very good. And, I didn’t get a chance to put this on you.” He reached into his pocket and pulled out the copper charm. It sparkled in the light and it looked like a dog’s tail curled on itself.

“This is actually one of Rendi’s more powerful charms, but the mill prides itself on this change, so they are made as copper charms. This will grow you a pretty little tail.”

Sama inhaled sharply, her eyes wide. Her fake tail bobbed as her buttocks clenched tightly. She stared at it as a soft whimper escaping her lips.

Despite having a gold charm, Merrie felt a surge of jealousy. She wanted to have a tail like Sable and knowing that Sama would be the first exasperated the irrational emotion. She wiggled in place, trying to imagine having a tail of her own. Her own ass clenched around her dildo as she tried to figure out how she could move the tail as smoothly as Sable did.

Rendi said that Bass shared the charms; maybe she would be wearing it as soon as the charm transformed Sama's body.

Bass clipped it on Sama's collar. "It will take a few days to finish and things will feel a bit... strange until then."

A quizzical look crossed Sama's face. She squirmed her buttocks as she gave her dildo a hesitant wiggle. Expressions of pain, pleasure, and surprise crossed her face, then she sat back further than normal, balancing on the curve of her ass.

Bass kissed her forehead. "Will you be okay, Tits?"

Sama nodded, then gave a little bark.

"Good girl."

As Sama shuddered, Bass stood up. He stepped back and smiled at all three of them. "I do have three lovely bitches, don't I?"

Merrie and Sama barked. Licker sighed, then barked a heartbeat later.

"Well, no matter how tired I am, I have to obey my own rules. None of you will sleep without cum in your bodies. But, I'm exhausted, so I'm just going to fuck..." He looked over them as he considered his options.

Merrie moaned softly at the idea of Bass' cock inside her. She squirmed at the tickle from a droplet oozing out of her pussy. She clenched down on the dildo and held her breath, praying that he would fuck her.

His yellowed eyes focused on Licker. "Licker. You didn't get any charms, so tonight, you'll get a different type of reward."

Licker let out a whimper and inched back. Her ass lifted from the pillows as she started to get up, but then froze. With fresh tears sparkling in her eyes, she saw down.

Bass was already working his pants down. His fingers unbuttoned the fly and pushed the fabric off his muscular hips. His cock, already thick and dark, bobbed in the air as he stepped out of his trousers.

“No, I’m not going to hurt you. You were good so I’m going to go nice and slow.”

Merrie’s shoulders dropped when she realized it wouldn’t be her wrapped around Bass’ cock. She wanted to feel him inside her, needed it with a primal hunger that pooled in her gut. She knew why Bass picked Licker, she still had a pussy and throat to open up and Merrie already had the thriban’s cock in two of her holes. She understood, but it didn’t temper the jealousy already churning in her gut.

Bass’ shirt hit the ground and he kicked it aside. “Licker, up on the bed. Tits and Cunt, you can go to sleep if you want.” He smiled to Merrie, “I suspect you want to watch.”

Pushing back her envy, Merrie waited until Licker crawled up on the bed. Then, she joined the shivering teenager. The soft mattress held both of their weights without even shifting. Sama remained kneeling by the side, peeking up from the floor with a flush on her cheeks.

Licker looked terrified as she trembled. She crawled up to the pillows and presented herself. Her pussy was already swollen, the lips spread apart with juices glistening along her labia. it was one of the first times Merrie ever saw Licker act like a slave without hesitation. Licker’s knees dimpled the blankets and she jammed her head into the crevice between two firm pillows. Her slender body shook as she settled into place. Merrie could see how she kept her legs apart enough to splay the folds of her labia apart. Her nipples brushed the covers but there was a tension in the girl’s back as she held still.

Merrie glanced over to Bass, who stood next to the bed. Her master didn’t try to crawl on the bed. His eyes were focused on Licker and Merrie could sense a hesitation, a sadness actually, filling the thriban. It wasn’t only in his face, but she could also feel it in his heart. She turned back to Licker with the need to do something. Crawling forward, she brought her head to Licker’s sex. She used her nose to push the fake tail aside and ran her tongue along the length of Licker’s slick lips.

Licker jumped at the first touch, but a muted moan drifted from the pillows. A shiver coursed along her body and Merrie felt a minute relaxing of the tightness in the teenager’s body.

Encouraged, Merrie licked again. She found Licker's clitoris and used the tip of her tongue to circle around it. Even after a day of forced slavery by a man, Merrie realized she was getting a lot of training on pleasing a woman. It didn't take long before Licker's moisture and soft moans rewarded Merrie's tongue.

The teenage girl came with a tiny orgasm before Merrie stopped. She withdrew her mouth for Licker's pussy and ran her tongue to enjoy the fading flavor of girl juices in her mouth. She felt excited and heated herself, a desperate longing for cock or pussy clenching her thoughts.

"Good girl, Cunt," murmured Bass. The bed shifted with his weight as he finally knelt on it. His cock dripped precum across the covers as he crawled up to Licker.

Merrie tried to get out of the way, but he rested his heavy hand against her backside, pinning her to the blanket. Merrie lowered herself to the blankets, lifting her ass to present herself. As Bass ran his thick fingers along her heated slit, she let out a long, gasping moan.

"Sable always loved watching me fuck girls up close."

It was a statement, but Merrie shivered at the thought. The memory of Bass' cock driving into Licker's ass had dominated her mind throughout the day. It was the reason she hungered to feel him inside her and now he was giving her a chance to see it once again, up front and close. She didn't want to lose the chance, even knowing it was Licker who would get his thick cock buried inside her. She looked over her shoulder and wiggled her ass, blindly forcing his fingers back into her sex.

"Go on," he said in a low, breathy voice, "roll over and stick your head between her legs."

Merrie let out a gasp, and then barked happily. Rolling on her back, she looked up at the heavily muscled man towering over her. His cock was poised above her belly and she desperately wanted to pull him inside her. She fought her urges and shifted her position so she was admiring Licker's swollen sex. It was only centimeters away and the smell of it sent fires flickering along Merrie's skin. With a grin, she lifted her chin and gave Licker a lick along her clitoris.

Bass straddled Merrie's chest. His balls bounced against her breasts as he held his cock with one fist. The huge, swollen head

dripped profusely as he lined it up to the tiny, rosy opening. It dwarfed Licker's entrance, like a giant trying to force his way into a doll house.

Merrie moaned and reached up to rest her gloved palms on his thighs.

"No, right here," Bass picked up her hands and worked them between Licker's thighs to keep them separated.

From the pillows, Licker whimpered with anticipation.

"Licker, you aren't going to take my entire length tonight. But, I need to open you up. So, I'm not going to let you stop me, but I'm going to go nice and slow so it doesn't hurt."

Without waiting for a response, he leaned into Licker.

From her vantage point, Merrie shivered as she saw the head nestle into Licker's sex. His precum splashed down on Merrie's face as he rocked up and down, swirling it around as he circled her sex.

Licker tried to close her legs, but Merrie's hands prevented her from moving closer. Her trembling shook Merrie and Merrie felt sympathy for Licker but an intense excitement as she watched the dark purple head sliding along Licker's shaved pussy.

The cock head seemed to find the opening and sank down a centimeter. Licker shuddered but Bass pulled back. A surge of precum oozed out from the hole at the end and splashed down on Merrie's mouth. She tasted it, salty and sticky.

Bass pushed his cock into the opening, then relaxed. He got into a rhythm, push and pull. Every time he pushed, the bare lips were dragged along with the flared cock head. When he pulled, tiny strands connected them for a moment before they broke.

He increased the pressure, working with a slow, steady rhythm. His cock pushed into the opening, but her tightness pretended him from penetrating. He was insistent as he continued. More liquid flooded out of his cock, splashing down on Merrie. She felt it coating her face as his thrusts continued to grow in strength.

Merrie felt Sama crawling on the bed and between her legs. Merrie spread her thighs as the brunette's charm bumped above Merrie's pussy. Sama backed down before she gave Merrie's slit a lick. Merrie almost cried out as she looked down to see Sama lying down between Merrie's thighs. Sama's eyes were also fixated on the

sight of Bass' cock working its way into the tight, teenage pussy above Merrie.

Sama opened her mouth and planted her lips on Merrie's pussy. Without looking at Merrie, she started to lap at Merrie's clitoris.

Pleasure tore at Merrie's thoughts as she returned her attention to Licker's pussy. Bass' cock continued to work with his steady strength, the push and pull as relentless as the ocean waves. His balls dragged up and down Merrie's chest, rolling along her breasts as he moved.

Licker's pussy was responding to the thick intruder. When he pulled back, it didn't seal shut as quickly. Instead, it remained wide open, gaping, as if waiting for his cock. Juices, both Licker's and Bass's glistened off the opening.

Bass breathed hard as he pushed it back in. His cock head compressed from the pressure. Licker surged forward, gasping, but Merrie braced her with her arms. Bass held it there, his cock pulsating with his excitement. Licker's labia started to slid around it, envelop it, and Merrie felt a surge of excitement as she watched his head start to disappear inside.

With a groan, he relaxed and went back to the tiny pushes and pulls. They didn't satisfy Merrie as much and she felt excitement growing when Bass finally pushed his cock and held it there, increasing the pressure as Licker's pussy accepted more of him. Her labia swallowed his head faster this time.

Licker let out a moan, her entire body shaking with her gasps. Her thighs tried to close again, but relaxed after a second.

Bass went back to tiny strokes, but it was only a few before he ground his cock back into the opening, holding it there until a millimeter more slipped into the tight opening. When he pulled back, a fresh coating of precum glistened on the edges of Licker's gaping hole. He did it again, a slow steady beat of holding it against the slick opening and relaxing. Each time he held it there, a few more millimeters slipped into the slick channel.

Sama pulled her mouth away from Merrie's sex. Merrie felt a whimper rising in her throat, but when Sama pressed her gloved paw against her pussy, Merrie let the whimper die with a moan.

As Bass continued to grind his cock against Licker, trying to force it open, Sama did the same with her hand. Every time her moaster

held it there, Sama's gloved hand worked its way into Merrie's sex. Merrie struggled to take the size of the hand, just as Licker struggled with Bass' cock.

Bass withdrew and so did Sama. Merrie and Licker both let out a whimper of longing. It wasn't long before Bass brought his cock back and Merrie felt Sama's fist entering her own channel. But, where Bass couldn't force his cock head into Licker's opening, Merrie's body could take Sama's fist.

Merrie never thought about a fist in her pussy before, but the feeling of the gloved hand forcing its way into her body send hot surges of excitement coursing through her body. She shuddered with the intensity of it as she felt Sama's knuckles rubbing against her insides.

Their master withdrew and so did the hand. Merrie felt strangely empty. She slid her hands from Licker's thighs and ran them up the teenager's flanks. Her own bound palms traced Licker's curves until she felt the hard nipples against her knuckles. As Bass pushed in and the hand slid into Merrie's cunt, Merrie suckled on Licker's clitoris and rubbed her nipples.

Licker jumped at the first touch, but then the pressure increased as Licker pushed back on the cock and Merrie's mouth. She also pushed ground down on Merrie's hands, rocking back and forth as her body grew tight with effort.

When Bass pulled back, so did Sama. Both Merrie and Licker moaned softly, gaping for breath.

It became a new rhythm. Bass pushed against Licker's opening and Sama fisted Merrie. Merrie sucked on Licker's clitoris as the girl pushed back on the cock and her palms, rocking as tiny sobs of effort flooded the room.

"Almost," grunted Bass after a number of times, "there."

Merrie was sticky, with precum and pussy juices coating her chin, throat, and chest. His balls dragged along her slick breasts and she could feel the tiny hairs dragging through the liquid coating her body.

As Sama's hand slid in, pushing completely into her body, Bass' cock head slid into Licker's pussy. It was a silent but epic movement as she saw the huge, swollen head compress down into a black spear as it disappeared into Licker's body. He pushed forward until Licker

jerked, then held it there. The teenage girl couldn't even take half of his cock, the swollen knot was centimeters from reaching the girl's cunt.

Merrie shook with the intensity of seeing Licker's penetration. Above her, Licker's stomach clenched tightly and she froze. Between Merrie's legs, Sama had her fist completely buried in Merrie's sex, holding it there. Merrie could feel the ridges and laces of the gloves against her raw nerves. She came just as the sensations and images that assaulted her body.

"I'm going to hold it there," gasped Bass.

None of them moved, except for their panting and the powerful pulse that ran along Bass' cock. Merrie's world spun around with her orgasm crashing into her. Even without movement, it just kept coming as she clenched around the fist buried inside her.

Then, Bass began to move. Tiny, centimeter strokes, that just dragged his cock in and out. It was a minute stroke but Licker moved as if he was burying his entire length. She matched his movements, rocking back and forth at the same rate. Bass increased his strokes and Merrie saw the cock sliding in and out, glistening as he fucked her with minutes strokes.

"It's okay, you're a good girl. A good girl."

The collar slammed into Licker and Merrie could feel the pleasure filling the girl. The steady chant, which Merrie craved just as much, worked its magic on Licker and the teenage girl finally slumped on the pillow with a sob. A fresh surge of her excitement oozed out of the junction of their bodies and Merrie lapped it up.

"Just a few more," grunted Bass with a distracted voice. "Just a few more."

He continued to fuck her with tinystrokes. Without any warning, he gave her a hard stroke that drove a few centimeters inside her. Licker screamed out but Merrie was fixated on his cock as she saw it swell thicker and darker. His knot blossomed into a fist-size bulge as she watched his cum pouring down his lengths.

Merrie yanked her hands from Licker's nipples and pressed them against the teenager's belly, desperately wanting to feel it. Underneath the tightly clenching stomach, she felt Bass coming inside Licker, each jet came out with a surge that shook Licker.

Licker's stomach tightened even tighter, no doubt trying to expel Bass.

Knowing what it would be like to resist the relentless force of Bass' cock, Merrie came again with a long shuddering moan. Her pussy clenched around Sama's buried fist and she wrapped her legs around Sama's head as she arched her back. It tore her apart just as much as Bass tore Licker open.

It took long minutes before Bass stopped coming. With a groan, he planted both hands on Licker's ass. His arms swelled as he pushed her off.

Merrie watched as centimeter of thick cock slid out. Then, as the cock head bulged out, it came loose with a wet, slurping pop. A flood of come burst out of Licker's pussy and poured down on Merrie's face. She opened her lips with surprise and felt it filling her mouth before running out of both corners of her mouth. She closed her mouth and more splattered caught her nose, eyes, and face. She felt the heated liquid splashing down her throat and breasts. It burned her eyes and she kept them tightly closed. The perverted part of her encouraged her to open her mouth.

She never swallowed cum like that before, never thought she could, but Merrie swallowed to clear her mouth. It was hot and slick and slimy as it left a salty burn down her gullet. She opened her mouth to gather up another mouthful of cum. It tickled the back of her throat and she had to gulp it down to avoid drowning.

The flood of cum ended quickly. Licker slumped forward, pinning Merrie's arms down. Her hips bumped against Merrie's head, then slid down until Merrie could feel the heated pussy resting in Merrie's hair.

Merrie gulped for air and wished she could see, but she couldn't open her eyes with cum pooling against her lids. She squirmed and felt Sama easing her gloved fist out of her cunt, the feeling of every lace intensely sharp as it slipped from her pussy. She arched her back, gasping for cool air.

Bass moved away. "Dog girls shouldn't be using their hands like that," he said with an amused voice. "But," he moved down, "good girl, Tits."

The last bit of Sama's glove came out with a rush as the pleasure took Sama. Merrie shuddered at the last of the leather scraped at

her insides, then slumped back as a feeling of emptiness filled her. She wanted Bass even more, but she knew it wouldn't happen that night.

"Licker, Tits, why don't you help Cunt?"

Merrie didn't know what they had in mind until she felt Sama's mouth against her nipple. The tongue against the hard, aching nub sent another bolt of pleasure filling her body. Then, she felt Sama licking at the cum that coated Merrie's body.

Licker got up from Merrie and a second later, she felt another mouth at her face, lapping at the cum that coated her face.

"Good girls."

By the time Licker finished cleaning Merrie's face, Merrie was at the edge of a new orgasm. The feeling of the tongues against her skin fanned the flames and she writhed underneath their touch.

"As much as this is fun to watch," said Bass in a low voice, "I think you all need a bath. I'll start the water."

When Bass went into the bathroom and started the water, Licker stopped licking, but Sama didn't. Merrie moaned and reached out for Sama. Sama sidled up, their sticky bodies grinding against each other. Face to face, Merrie smiled and mouthed "thank you".

"You're welcome" came the silent reply.

They kissed, not because Bass was watching but simply for the closeness of their bodies. Merrie moaned softly and twisted her body until they were hugging each other. She could feel Sama's perk nipples against her breasts and the heated slickness from between the brunette's legs.

The kiss ended and Merrie looked up at Licker. The teenager was sitting on the pillow, not as a dog but as a human. She watched Sama and Merrie, but when Merrie's gaze caught hers, the teenager looked away with a blush.

Merrie returned her gaze to Sama and gestured toward Licker. She wanted to do the same with the teenage girl.

Sama shook her head and made a face. Obviously Sama didn't want to force Licker.

Merrie wanted to press but then Bass called from the bathroom. "Bitches, come!"

Scrambling to obey, Merrie dropped to the ground and crawled into the bathroom. She expected to see Bass in the water, but he was

kneeling by the tub. As she came in, he pulled her close and began to untie her gloves.

“You were a good girl, Cunt.”

Merrie moaned at the pleasure, holding still as Bass commanded her body. His thick fingers worked the laces with practiced ease and he pulled them off. She stared at her hands, unwilling to unwrap her fingers. They ached when she moved them and she thought about being cropped. Would she miss them? Would the thrill of not being able to pick up anything fade? Would it hurt?

Bass picked her up, one hand on her pussy and the other on her shoulder, and set her in the hot bubbly water. Merrie spread her legs for balance, then peered over the edge of the tub as Bass pulled Licker close and started to do the same.

“And you, Licker, were a very good girl. So brave and strong. A very good girl.” Merrie’s pussy clenched at the impact his words had on the teenager. The resistance cracked in Licker’s eyes and she leaned into Bass as the thriban finished pulling off her last boot. “A very good girl,” he whispered before setting her in the tub next to Merrie.

While Bass freed Sama, Merrie turned to Licker. Licker looked warily, then backed away on her hands and knees as Merrie crawled forward. The water sloshed but there was nowhere for Licker to escape.

Breathing heavily, Licker tensed as Merrie pressed her slick, naked body against Licker’s and kissed the teenager. Licker looked surprised, but Merrie just kissed her again and again. Licker tilted her head away, but Merrie kept planting tiny, slow kisses along the girl’s slender throat and chin. There was a trembling in the girl as the bubbles slid off her tiny breasts. Then, Licker turned back and kissed Merrie back.

It was soft, tender, and wonderful. The water sloshed around them as Bass set Sama in the water, but Merrie didn’t pull her attention away from the poor teenage girl.

Merrie kept Licker occupied until she felt Bass’ strong hands pull her away. She let out a whimper, then turned to Bass. She lifted her arms as he ran a sponge down her front, caressing her breasts. The water was slick and soft and it felt good against her heated skin. His eyes remained fixed on her and she couldn’t tear her gaze away.

When he used his fingers to clean her sex, she moaned. He chuckled and looked away to grab the sponge. "I saw you playing with Sable this evening."

Merrie breathed hard as he soaped her back. The water dribbled off her flanks, leaving tiny tickles before splashing into the bubbles. She wiggled a bit.

"And I think I have Borias to thank for that. You were a good girl and I think Tits and Licker and the others all had more fun because of you. I," he paused and flicked the collar, "I wish there was more than just a charm that I could thank you for."

She wanted to scream for him to fuck her, but didn't. She had to wait until he wanted her, she was his bitch. The realization sent a heated wave and she drank in the intoxicating addiction of submission.

He moved to watch her face and she closed her eyes. Everything he did, from the way his strong thumbs traced her lips to the way he blotted her face clean, left her aching for him even more. In the water, she clenched her fingers to her palms to enjoy the inability to do anything. She wanted to be his, and only his.

She felt a tickle, but it wasn't in her body. It was in the back of her mind. It was a realization of something was there, in her thoughts, but she never felt it before. It swirled around her, tingling through her skin and bones. A desire to be with Bass rose up, white-hot in its intensity. Even with him touching her as he rinsed off her face, it wasn't close enough. She had to be with him, in him, around him. She let out a long shuddering gasp as she tried to figure out what was happening.

Just as quickly as it came, the tickle and desire faded. It left behind an ache, a sense of loss. She didn't know what she lost any more than what just happened, but the distinct empty feel left her shivering.

"What's wrong?" said Bass.

Merrie didn't know how to understand. Something had happened, but she couldn't explain it or even understand. She gave him a pleading look.

"You're a good girl." But, it was obvious that he wasn't saying it for anything other than to comfort her. He finished with a splash of water and moved to Licker.

Merrie turned and watched, feeling the ache of missing him even sharper in her gut. She wanted him, needed to be him, but now there was something else she could feel. There was something else... a wispy hunger that was on the tip of her tongue. She could almost reach out, but her mind refused to explain what she just felt.

Bass finished with whispered encouragements to Licker. He pulled each of the bitches out of the tub, dried them, and replaced their gloves and boots with fresh ones.

Merrie didn't know how he would put them to sleep, since she passed out the night before. She waited in a sitting position until he finished with Sama. Standing up, he brought them back into the main bedroom and to where he kept his perfumes and brushes.

"I know we don't have a show, but I want to make you pretty... prettier again."

He sat on the ground, his legs crossed and gestured for Merrie. Merrie crawled forward and sat in his lap, her back to his chest. Her legs felt tiny in his muscular legs.

Bass picked up a brush and undid her dog ears. With quiet breaths and the soft chant of "good girl", he brushed out her ears and retied them. By the time he finished the last dog ear, she was hot and slick once again. He ran his fingers through her smoothed hair and pulled her close. His cock was hard between her legs, but he made no effort to push it in.

"Want to smell pretty?"

Merrie smiled and let out a bark. She watched with anticipation as he picked up the expensive perfume and spritzed it along her cleavage and once between her legs. The cool mist tempered her excitement, but it came back quickly.

"Go on, Cunt. Licker, you're next."

As Merrie crawled out of his embrace, she left behind a wet smear on his shaft. She sat next to Sama and watched as Bass tenderly brushed out Licker's black hair and redid her dog ears. The teenage girl's breasts were moving up and down with deep breaths as he repeated the activation words to the collar. Merrie's body clenched at the sympathetic pleasure and lowered her gaze down to the pink-dusted cleft between Licker's thighs. Bass' cock pressed against the length of the teenager's pussy and Licker rocked back and forth on it.

When Licker got up, his cock glistened even more.

Licker crawled toward Merrie and sat down next to her. She turned away from watching Bass and Sama. After a second, she crawled into the pile of pillows and dove into them.

Merrie watched as Sama was brushed out and perfumed. The brunette bitch responded in the same way to his soft words, tender hands, and kind ways. The smell of her excitement mixed with the perfume that clung around her. Merrie enjoyed the look of submission in Sama's eyes.

He finished and let her go. Sama crawled over to Merrie and kissed her.

Bass groaned. "All right, time for me to get pretty." He chuckled as he stood up. "Well, as pretty as I can get."

He stopped at the door frame of the bathroom. "This might be a bit. Go ahead and sleep. Tomorrow should be a bit less exciting than today. You are all good girls."

Bass said a command word and the room darkened. Without another word, he entered the bathroom and closed the door.

Sama kissed Merrie one more time and gestured for the pillows. Merrie nodded and followed her. They found a thick pile of pillows and sank down into them. Sama wrapped her arms around Merrie and nestled her body close to Merrie's.

Merrie rested her head on Sama's neck and closed her eyes.

In less than a few minutes, Sama fell asleep. The slow, steady breaths rubbed their bodies together, not sexual but comforting.

Merrie, on the other hand, couldn't find sleep. She kept her eyes on the bathroom door and watched the shadows of Bass moving in the light. He worked unhurriedly, obviously thinking that they were all sleeping. As he continued, he hummed a popular song from ten years before. Merrie smiled and wanted him more.

Sama's soft breath tickled Merrie's hair. Merrie turned and kissed her on the cheek, but the woman didn't move. Merrie kissed her again, this time more aggressively. Sama didn't move.

Slowly, Merrie pried her body out from the woman's embrace. She crawled quietly over to the bathroom door. Her breath came faster with anticipation. She knew he would be coming out soon and she wanted to be waiting. A flash of insight came to her and she got

into the begging position, hands near her collar and her thumbs teasing the golden charm at her throat.

Bass came out and stopped in the door. He was limp, but his cock twitched to life as he stared down at Merrie kneeling in the light of the bathroom. A smile crossed his face, his tooth peeking out from his lower lip.

“Happy Cunt,” he said simply.

Merrie stopped panting and gave out a whispering bark.

“Want to join me in bed?”

She nodded and wiggled her ass, rocking back and forth as she barked again. She felt her breath quickening in her chest and a smile crossing her face.

“Come on,” he gestured for the bed, “sleep with me.”

t'Sade

Willful Violations

14

Merrie didn't know when she woke up, but one moment she was swimming in a seductive dream of obeying Bass and the next she stared out into the quiet bedroom. The first thing she felt was Bass behind her. His thick, muscular arm was draped over her side, his hand cupping both of her breasts. His thumb rested on her nipple. He had one of his legs hooked on her hips, the steady weight of the far larger man comforting as he held her pinned in place. Between her legs, his soft cock rested along her labia. Even soft, it was far larger and firmer than anything she experienced before.

A smile crossed her lips and she looked around the room without moving. From her vantage point, the only thing she could see was the bondage equipment and windows. The wooden shutters were closed against the night, but one of them was tilted to the side and she stared out across the canopies of trees that surrounded the mill. On the distance, the sun just started its kiss of the horizon and it looked like a razor blade sparkling in the darkness.

She blinked and let her attention return to Bass. She enjoyed the feel of his body. As he inhaled, his hairy chest brushed against her back. His cock also shifted minutely between her legs and she couldn't help as moisture began to gather. He exhaled and she leaned back into him. She could feel her weight against him, and when he inhaled again, she rocked forward.

"You're awake?"

Merrie jumped at the rumbling whisper in her ear. Twisting her neck, she turned to see Bass staring at her. His yellowed eyes were dark and shadowed as they focused on her. She shivered at the look, somehow knowing that his thoughts were in a dark place. She could

almost reach out and touch them, a feeling that she could do something but Merrie was scared by the desperate urge to reach out and make Bass truly and utterly her master. She didn't know how or why, but the feeling was there, just out of her mental reach.

He shifted and lifted his arm and leg. "I have to pee."

It was such a mundane need that Merrie had to smile. As soon as he mentioned his need, her bladder decided to join in and she squirmed at the pressure. He slipped his other arm and leg out from underneath her and dumped her on the warmed blankets. Standing up, Bass smiled at her and padded into the bathroom.

The warmth of the room was nothing compared to the heat from the thriban's body. Merrie shivered at the relatively coolness and dug into the blankets. She heard a whimper as she struggled to get the blanket over her head. Stopping, she pulled back and crawled to the edge of the bed.

On the floor, Sama was writhing in the center of the pillows. Her body glistened in the dim light leaking through the windows and her breasts heaved as she panted for breath. Soft whines drifted from her throat as she rolled out from the pillows. At her throat, the copper charm glowed with faint pulses of red power. As the light brightened, tiny waves of power spread out from the collar along the woman's skin. It sparkled as the magic danced in the darkness.

Gasping, Sama rolled over and stuck her ass in the air. Her gloved hands pawed uselessly at her buttocks, as if she was trying to get some maddening itch. Merrie saw where the light gathered, tracing the line down Sama's spine. Underneath the skin, the vertebra pulsed with the same light, filtered through the surprisingly thin cover of flesh. The waves ran down Sama's spine to gather at the base where the final joint glowed almost as bright as daylight. As Sama whined and rolled underneath a pile of pillows, Merrie was struck by the sudden darkness. The brunette pawed at her back and rolled in the opposite direction and the magic transforming her body lit up the room. Her eyes were tightly closed as she came to a halt on her back, her body pulsating with light which highlighted the gasps that shook her body.

"Cunt," whispered Bass.

Merrie looked up to see Bass standing in the bathroom door.

He was naked and half-hard. He gestured to the door. “Do you have to go?”

Merrie didn't want to wake up Sama. She slipped off the bed and shivered at the touch of the cooler wood against her leather bound knees. Crawling to the door, she sat up and begged while staring at it.

“Good girl,” he whispered and she felt the pleasure pooling in her gut.

Moving just as silently, he wrapped a long cloth around his waist and opened the door. Outside, a lantern lit up the hallway and she closed her eyes against the brightness.

Bass led the way down. She knew where to go, but it felt good to crawl down the stairs after him. He opened the door and rested his hand between her shoulders as they left the house.

Outside, the summer air prickled her skin. It was humid and hot. It tickled her throat and she let out a soft cough. She needed to pee badly so she hurried up as they approached the bathroom area. She shivered when they crossed to the spongy ground and she found a spot that wasn't slick with dew. Spreading her legs, she held herself still as she felt the false tail drape over her sex. The tiny hairs tickled her pussy and she didn't want to soak them.

“Good girl,” he said as he squatted down next to her. His thick fingers ran up both lines of her moist slit before he pulled the tail aside.

When she let go, she felt humiliated and turned on like never before. She moaned softly at the pleasure of releasing her bladder, but also the excitement fading from the magic of the collar. No matter what Borias said, she knew that she wanted to be dominated just as much as the collar made her desire submission.

He wiped her clean when she finished. “Ready to go inside?”

She barked quietly.

Back in the room, she checked out Sama. The bitch was no longer whimpering, but her buried body continued to pulsate with red power. She looked up at Bass, but he picked her up and set her on the bed. A moment later, he crawled on the mattress and rested his naked body on his side. Merrie nestled into his chest, her back against him. He reached around and cupped her breast. Bass caught her nipple between two fingers and twisted them. His hand covered

both of her tits, cradling them and using them to hold her tight to his chest.

She let out a moan. Her pussy responded with a flash of heat that redoubled as Bass positioned his half-hard cock along her leg.

With a chuckle, he closed her thighs around his shaft and used his leg to pin her down. He gave a test thrust of his hips but his soft shaft didn't budge. "Comfortable?"

Merrie felt the desire to have Bass inside her rise up. It was the soft, seductive hunger to feel him tear into her, to fuck her hard, and to bury his entire cock deep into her body. She let out a shuddering breath but then gave a soft, whispering bark. Her charm clinked lightly as she settled down in his embrace.

"Just a few hours of sleep, Cunt, then another day of sex and training. Today," he yawned before returning to whisper in her ear, "you're going to learn how to roll over and fetch."

She let out a moan, already enjoying the idea of humiliating herself by bringing him a stick. She wiggled her ass against his hips and felt his balls rolling against her thighs. She was rewarded with a surge of his cock, a pulse that coursed the entire length of the trapped meat resting against her pussy.

Merrie closed her eyes and tried to go back to sleep. Her mind wanted to return to the dream of submitting to Bass, but her awoken thoughts reminded her that she didn't have to dream. He was right there and holding her tight. She wanted him inside her and the growing hunger kept sleep at bay.

Slowly, she opened her eyes and stared back out the window. The razor blade of light had brightened and the stars were beginning to fade from the night sky. She tried to concentrate on watching them, but her thoughts drew to the softening cock between her thighs. She wanted him, all day and all night. And, now that she was so close, he wasn't going to fuck her.

She imagined what it would be like, pinned in the device that kept her ass and pussy exposed. She saw the huge cock and pictured it against her asshole, threatening to tear it open. Her body responded to her thoughts, an intoxicating mix of excitement and heat that radiated from her thighs. Sweat prickled her skin as she tried to imagine how much it would hurt, and how much it would

turn her on. And all he had to do was just ram into her with one, brutal stroke.

When she felt his cock growing hard, she tried to remain still. Her mind locked on the fantasy of being violated. Even as she struggled to freeze, her hips rocked back and forth with slow, minute movements. The cock continued to grow, pushing its way out from between her thighs.

Behind her, Bass' breathing grew deeper. She knew he was still awake and focusing on her. His attention felt like a heat brushing her skin. Unwilling to stop, she increased her movements and slid his cock between the tightness of her thighs.

It didn't take long before his precum came dribbling out. She noticed that he always produced a lot of slick fluid and it wasn't long before it dampened her thigh and he was thrusting between her thighs. Quiet slurping noises rose up from her legs as she continued to ride back and forth.

Bass tightened his grip on her breasts, crushing them against her chest and driving her tighter against his. He lifted his head and dropped it down so he could whisper in her ear. "Horny, Cunt?"

She took a deep breath and nodded as she barked out a whisper.

"You want my cock?"

Another stifled bark.

"In your pussy?"

She didn't have a response for no. After a moment, he asked the question she wanted all day.

"In your ass?"

Merrie moaned as she barked. She thrust back on his cock and ground his balls between their thighs. She felt his cock surging between her legs, growing hot and hard. The desire for his shaft pried her legs apart as the swollen length stretched out further in front of her. She knew the cock intimately now, but looking down at the half-shadowed shaft, she ached to have it tearing her open.

Bass pulled away and she whimpered. His fingers ran down her spine until he reached the dildo embedded in her ass. He grabbed the tail and pushed her flat on her stomach as he pulled. The thick rubber resisted being pulled out.

Merrie lifted her hips as he twisted the dildo. She felt the firm length deep in her bowels twist and pull her higher. Her asshole

clenched around the base of the plug. With a struggle, Merrie pushed out as if she was shitting. But, her attempts to relax didn't help.

Bass shifted to his knees and straddled her legs. She shivered as he grabbed the tail with both hands and pulled. The tight, anal ring finally relented and she felt it stretch open to release the dildo. It hurt, a good hurt, as the butt plug slipped out. It left behind a desperate ache that needed to be filled. She squirmed with the anticipation that she would soon have his cock buried deep inside her.

Bass tossed the dildo off the edge of bed. It hit the ground with a wooden thump.

She was already moving when he gave the whispered command to present. She stretched out across the pillows at the head of the bed and spread her legs. Her breasts ground into the blankets and she stretched her arms out until they bumped on the headboard. She felt her labia refusing to peel apart until she forced her legs as far apart as possible. Her hip ached for the moment it took for her to spread open, then she inched them closer until she was comfortable. She rocked her hips and her excitement dribbled down her inner thighs.

He positioned himself behind her with his knees outside of her legs. He rested his long, hard cock on her spine and she clenched her asshole with anticipation. His length could kill her as the head tickled above the small of her back. His two balls bumped against her thighs before they dragged up. She felt him fisting his length and pulling back.

Slowly, the slick head left a trail down her back. She trembled as the precum pouring out of his shaft pooled in the niche in her back. It overflowed after a heartbeat and dribbled down her flanks. The droplets clinging to her skin tickled her senses. She wanted to touch them, but she couldn't use her hands. She didn't want to use them even if she could. She had to be helpless, helpless and violated.

His thick head rounded the base of her spine and nestled in the "V" of her buttocks. She clenched her opening as she felt the dribbling head nestle in the opening. The dildo kept her loose, but it was tiny compared to the massive cock head poised to fill her. A

inferno burned in her pussy, hot and choking, and she wanted to feel something inside her to quell it.

Bass' deep breath rumbled the air. Then, she felt it. The first pressure as he rocked forward. Lodged in her tiny opening, the cock head swelled as he pushed it against the ring.

Merrie whimpered as she felt her body fighting the intruder. It was too thick, too large. No matter how much she craved it, her anal ring fought the intruder. She knew he would dominate her body and force himself until her body ripped open on his shaft.

But, Bass relaxed. The pressure faded and she slid back into place. A hurt look crossed Merrie's face. She wanted to be violated, ripped open. She needed to be taken. She wiggled her hips to invite him to tear her open.

Bass leaned into her again. A heady mixture of pleasure and pain stormed inside her as her asshole struggled to keep it out. Precum bubbled out of his shaft and soaked her insides through her straining asshole. After a few agonizing seconds, he pulled back.

Merrie slumped forward and despair filled her. She knew what he was doing, he was easing her open like he did to Licker's pussy the night before. Merrie whimpered and pushed back, trying to keep the cock against her anal opening.

He returned to her, but it was another frustrating grind against her body before pulling away. The thick rivulets of precum added to her juices, but Merrie couldn't think past the frustration that burned in her gut.

She needed to make him understand that she wanted him to fuck her as hard as he could. She ached to make it hurt. The heat boiled in her pussy and she dug her fingers into her palms with frustration. In her mind, she screamed at him to drive into her, to bury his entire length. She could feel his hard length poised to fill her, but he continued to ease her open.

Her mind spun furiously. She knew Bass wanted to bury himself in her. She could feel his desire mixing with her own, but something held him back. It was fear and she could feel it as a dark cloud over them. Bass struggled with more than just fucking the bitch in front of him.

After a few minutes of tender ministrations, Merrie had to do something. Her mind spun as she tried to find some way to convince

Bass to violate her. She tried to keep the pressure but he withdrew too fast. She tried to reach back, but her helpless hands refused to reach that far back. She slumped forward, resigning herself to the slow, steady fucking when she just wanted to be torn open.

Her breath warmed the pillow and she leaned forward as he increased the pressure. It felt good, almost deliriously good, but Merrie hungered for more. But, as a helpless, speechless bitch, she could do nothing.

Then it came to her: the collar. She remembered how he jerked when she spoke on the stairs. He also warned Sama that a shock would shove his cock into her pussy. As Bass continued to rock back and forth, the gentle master she could only dream for, Merrie plotted her own brutal violation.

Moving carefully, she planted her hands against the headboard and pushed back. She took a deep breath and tried to speak. But, as she tried, her throat froze with the remembered pain of the collar.

Bass ground his head into her ass, swirling it as the ring continued to resist him. Merrie fought against him, not wanting to give even a millimeter of pressure before she could gain the courage to set off her collar.

Sweat beaded on her forehead as she waited until the next time he brought his cock to bear. As the pressure increased, forcing the tiny ring further apart, she inhaled to speak, but once again, the word refused to come out.

Merrie gasped, her breasts heaving as she tried again. When she couldn't fight her own body, she slumped forward.

"No, I'll be gentle, Cunt," whispered Bass. His hand released her hip and he slid his hand to curl his fingers on her shoulder. With his tender nature, he pulled her back into a presentation position.

Merrie trembled at the touch. He was holding her shoulders and pulling her back. His cock, the huge length poised to tear into her rectum was a straight line. It would only take a single word and she would impaled. She hyperventilated as she screwed up the courage.

Bass' fingers tightened on her shoulder, no doubt to keep her presenting herself as he worked his cock into her.

She felt the pressure peaking. She knew it was only a second before he would start to relax and ease out of her. She closed her

eyes tightly, ground her palms against the headboard, and then screamed out.

“Harder!”

The collar exploded into brilliance. An electrical surge burned through her mix and ignited the flames boiling in her pussy. She came hard as she felt every muscle in her frame tighten up in a magically-driven spasm. She could barely feel her own body, but in the heartbeat it took for her to be shocked, she felt Bass spasm around her.

His hands ground down on her shoulders as he yanked her back. His cock punched into her ass and thrust deep into her body. His knot came instantly after and she let out another scream as she felt it tear her open as it speared into her. The cock, in its glorious length, drove deep into her and she felt her insides tearing wetly as his balls slammed against the back of her thighs.

Pain blossomed into a white-hot fury. It was sharp and brilliant, but as it crashed against the orgasm that already exploding inside her. Combined, they both turned into a blinding burst of sensation. It wasn't pleasure and it wasn't pain, just a pure sensory overload that set her entire body aflame. Her vision grew dark as she almost blacked out, but then her senses came back with a rush. Stars swam across her vision as the last of the electrical discharge left her body with a rush.

Merrie was plastered up against the headboard, her head tilted at an uncomfortable angle and her breasts crushed against the carved wooden surface. Trembling, she pushed back against the wood and gasped at the feeling of his cock, so hot and hard, filling her from asshole to her lungs. She slumped back against the headboard and let out a strangled moan of pleasure.

She could feel Bass' heartbeat through his cock. His shaft pulsed with a powerful drumbeat, shaking her guts with a rapid-fire pounding. His balls drew up against her thighs as he let out a long, gasping breath.

She let out her own caught breath. It came out in a ragged rush of air as she felt the pain continuing to blossom inside her guts. She felt wet and swollen. A liquid heat filled her, adding to the pressure of the shaft that pierced her ass. Beyond the pain, her orgasm still raged inside her. It was an intoxicating rush of pleasure and

submission. She could feel her pussy drooling with excitement, the thick rivulets coursing down her thighs and soaking the blankets beneath her.

Bass snatched his hands away. His voice was filled with horror and fear, "No, not again." His hands, now trembling, planted against her ass, and he started to pull his cock out of her. A wet surge of liquid came out and the scent of coppery cum flooded the air. She breathed it in, struggling with the mixture of familiar and unfamiliar scents.

She didn't want to him to pull out. Even through the agony, she wanted to feel him buried inside her. It was a hunger and lust and every centimeter he withdrew left her feeling aching for his hardness. She stared at the headboard and realized it was reflecting a yellow-green light. It took all of her effort to force her head down to stare at the glow that shone off her sweat-slicked breasts. It came from her golden charm, her prize for being a good bitch.

With a start, she realized that it was the regeneration charm. The color she saw was the same when Rendi first put it on. But, if it was glowing, that meant that she needed healing. Her body clenched tightly Bass' cock with the realization that he really tore something when he impaled her. Actually, when she made him pierce her with his hard length.

She could feel the magic already pooling in her gut. The tingle of power traced out her insides as her guts twisted and molded around his length. She could feel her intestines becoming a tightly-fitting glove that caressed every bump, vein, and ridge of his cock.

Bass continued to ease his cock out. His knot scraped through her bowels, dragging the throbbing knot toward her opening. He was harder and hotter than she ever felt. She knew that he wanted to drive into her just as much as she wanted him, but he was pulling out instead of driving it back inside her. It was fear that kept him from staying inside her.

As the cock pulled out, more fluid poured out with it. It ran down her thighs and puddled beneath her knees. She could feel it lapping against her body, mixing pleasure with the pain of his withdrawal. He stopped as his knot ground against the insides her anal ring, the last gateway before he pulled out completely. She released a strangled whimper, not wanting him to ever leave.

“I-I have to pull this out.” He sounded scared, not the commanding master she expected. “Just one little yank and you’ll be free. Just hold your breath and... get ready...”

Merrie smiled through the tears that ran down her cheeks. She didn’t want him to leave, she wanted him back inside her. She wanted to feel the pain of being impaled. Another orgasm rushed up inside her, searing at her pussy, as she pressed her hands against the headboard once again. She knew how to bring him back.

Even as Bass’ cock surged with heat and hardness, he held her hips to push out. She wanted until she felt the knot bulging out of her asshole.

“Again!”

Her voice grew shrill as the collar ignited. His cock punched back into her body as she spasmed around it. Pain and pleasure mixed up into a storm of sensations, assaulting her body and mind. She felt the orgasm tearing through her. Her hands pawed at the headboard as he stopped deep inside her. His cock surged hotly inside her, moments away from coming.

The second time, it didn’t hurt as much. She moaned at the feeling of being filled. He was inside her, stuffing her, dominating her. Her entire body was becoming nothing but a sheath to his cock as she felt the healing magic continue to wrap her insides around his length. And she came at the realization he could use her as nothing but a hole to fuck as deep and hard as he wanted.

She opened her mouth to force him deeper, but Bass stopped her. “Cunt, stop.”

Merrie froze, her body trembling as she kept coming on his cock. She couldn’t stop the pain and pleasure from mixing. It was everything she thought it would be. Wet liquid poured from the junction of her body and she kept clenching and unclenching as the world spun around her.

“Do...” he spoke in a strained voice, “Did... Was this on purpose?”

Merrie sobbed as her stomach clenched. Stars continued to swim across her vision as she drowned in the feeling of being filled. His cock filled her to the limits and she never wanted him to pull out. It took all her strength and courage to let out a strained, almost guttural, bark.

“Are you sure?”

She barked again and pushed back. His cock ground deeper inside her and the charm flashed as it continued to heal her. She didn't want him to ask question, she wanted to be fucked, to become his bitch.

Somehow, Bass knew what she wanted. He grabbed her by the collar with one hand and smacked his other against his ass. She thought she heard him whisper, "Please don't die" but then he was fucking her.

It wasn't gentle. It wasn't tender. It wasn't even the strokes he punished Licker with. Merrie was fucked by a lust-filled thriban. He started with deep strokes that tore his knot out of her ass before punching it back it. Wet sucking noises filled the room as he yanked her back with one hand, then shoved her forward with the other. His cock slammed against her lungs, driving a gasp out of her throat, before he yanked the entire length out of her gaping ass.

Before she could even focus on the gaping feel, he drove deep into her. Her ass took his entire length until his balls crashed against her thighs and his cock head drove another gasp out of her body. She couldn't stop it, she couldn't even breathe as he accelerated with hard, pounding strokes that drove her into the headboard.

Merrie was helpless against the assault. Bass was fucking her the way she only dreamed possible. His cock punched in and out with ferocity, ripping her open until her body no longer resisted his length, girth, or even his knot. She came every time she felt the fist-size bump drive into her, then again when it came out with a slurping pop.

He drove into her with a force that popped her joints. She shook like a rag doll with every thrust. And he just kept on pounding her with hard, powerful strokes. Her head rapped against the headboard in a rapid-fire staccato until he hauled back on her collar.

She felt the breath in her throat cut off as the metal ring dug into the flesh. She arched her back, which only drove the cock into a different part of her raw insides. She felt his length against her belly and when she pressed her shaking gloved hands against her abdomen, she could feel his hard cock driving into her palms with every thrust.

Merrie couldn't breathe. The desperation for cool air in her lungs only increased the pleasure inside her. She tried to clench around him, but he ruined her body faster than the regeneration could repair her. She clawed at the collar with one hand and held her belly with the other. She never wanted him to stop.

Bass grunted as he released her ass. His hand thrust underneath her arm and he grabbed her shoulder from the front. His hips surged up and impaled her fully on his cock. His thrust continue as he stood up sharply on the bed.

Without the bed underneath her, she felt unattached to the world. She was suspended in the air, with only the pounding cock in her ass and the hands holding her up. She tried to scream, but no sound came out. She wasn't sure if she had one or many orgasm as her body continued to clench repeatedly around the cock that refused to stop spearing her.

Bass grunted, a primal noise, as he accelerated even more. It felt like a blur as he thrust deep into her body. Her chest ached from the punching that fought against the collar choking her.

He stopped sharply with his cock buried completely inside her. Deep inside her, his hardness swelled and stretched her out even more. She flailed around, still struggling to breathe, when he started to come. It wasn't some delicate little spurt like her previous lovers, but a hard-jetting flood that poured into her. It filled her belly and she could feel the skin stretching as she tried to accommodate the flood. The pressure added to the ecstasy and discomfort, swirling around and sending the orgasm into a brilliant, blinding fury.

She screamed out from her orgasm, not caring if the collar would activate. With the collar digging into her throat, it came out as a gasping wheeze that couldn't even being to describe the explosion that tore through her body. Her body was no longer hers to control, she just flopped as quakes slammed through her senses. Each pulse of her heart, a rapid-fire beat, pounded through her body and sent off another flares of pleasure. She kept on coming until she thought her insides would leak out of her body.

Bass continued to slam into her, short strokes to pump more cum into her guts. Each thrust was accompanied by a guttural grunt and an impact that rocketed through her body. He kept on coming, his body taut with tension, until it poured out of her ruined asshole.

The thick, wet noises filled the ground as it splashed on the blankets. He dropped to his knees and he released his collar. Curling over her, he pressed her into the cum-soaked blankets and let out a sob. He buried his face in her neck as another sob tore out of his chest. "Please don't die."

At the sound of his cracked whisper, Merrie stopped panting long enough to give a small, gasping bark.

He jumped at the noise, then clutched her tighter. "Thank you."

She barked, tears in her eyes and a feeling of satisfaction that she never felt with any other lover.

"Thank you so much." His hot tears ran down her chest, mixing with the sweat and cum.

Merrie barked and started to cry herself. She didn't care why, but she finally got she wanted. And it was worth the pain to feel such a high of being owned, truly dominated, by her master.

He held her tightly for a long time, his cock still pulsating deep inside her body. As his breath grew less ragged, he relaxed. Merrie just held herself still, breathing hard against the hands that trapped her. She felt the magic finishing its work on her insides and the tingling fade as it repaired the last of her injuries.

She heard a gasp. Looking to the side, she saw Sama and Licker at the side of the bed. Both of them had looks of horror on their faces. She gave them a smile and a little bark. Licker shuddered but neither looked away.

Bass chuckled and Merrie felt it vibrate her deep inside. "Rendi is going to kill me. Okay, I have to pull out now. Don't you dare say anything."

They both groaned as Bass eased his cock out of Merrie's body. It came with another rush of hot liquid. It poured out of her body, searing the skin, before splashing down on the bed. He let her slump into the puddle that formed on the blankets. He reached over and yanked four times on a rope hidden by the post of the bed. Somewhere, a bell rang out.

He struggled out of bed and backed away from her.

Still lost in the intense afterglow of orgasms, ecstasy, and agony, she writhed on the bed and moaned softly. She reached down to morbidly inspect her asshole, but she couldn't feel anything through the leather. She returned her hand up and stopped.

It was coated in white and crimson. Eyes widening, she scrambled to a sitting position just as Borias burst into the room. Around her was a thick puddle of cum and blood, flecks of pink froth floated in the starkly mixing colors.

“By fucking Azus, boss!” Borias’ pissed voice shot through the room. He was at the door, wearing nothing but a pair of black underwear. “What did you do? Disembowel her!?”

Merrie looked up, a pleading look on her face. She held out her dripping glove for Bass. She didn’t know how to tell either of the men she was not hurt.

Bass continued to back away, a guilty look on his face.

Borias ignored the mess and crawled on the bed with her. He planted one hand on Merrie’s belly. She jumped at the touch, but he ground hard against her skin and barked out a spell. His hand flashed as a circle of power formed around his hands. The sudden runes stretched out from hip to breasts to pussy and glowed with yellow-green magic. A tingle of healing coursed through her and soaked her insides. She felt her body twisting and settling back into place, but there was the distinct feeling of an empty place that only Bass could fill.

Almost instantly, Borias relaxed. “You are damn lucky, girl. Without that healing charm, you be dead now.”

At the door, Tabitha snapped out. “Licker and Tits, go with Dixie. Now!” The woman’s voice cut through the room and Merrie jumped at the noise. A moment later, Tabitha was at the bed with an angry look on her face. “Bass, I know you were behind in ripping them open, but this? Seems a little rough for you.” She turned to Borias, “How is she?”

Merrie shied away from the glares and focused on the trepidation on her master’s face.

“She be okay. Actually, very okay. Mother’s healing charm is working just fine.” He lifted his hand and the runes faded. He reached up and grabbed the collar for a second before releasing it. “And her collar is fine.” He cocked his head, then turned to Bass. “Why be the collar fine? You didn’t even trip any of the emotion filters.”

As Tabitha turned to face Bass, Bass slumped against the wall. His entire body from the waist down was crimson and white. He chuckled as if he didn't believe it. "She will live?"

"Aye, boss, she's going to be just fine. What did you do? You can't fall from grace twice, even for doing the same fucking thing."

Bass took a deep breath. "It wasn't me. It was her."

Tabitha said nothing, but Borias snapped out. He crawled off the bed and took a step toward Bass. His right hand started to flicker with a magical spell. "Right, you be telling me she wanted you to rip her like that? She isn't suicidal and you fucking know you can kill a girl on that dick--"

A flash of anger crossed Bass' face. He opened his mouth to snap back, but a sudden anger in Merrie pushed her to respond faster.

She barked.

Borias froze, then slowly turned around. A strange look crossed his face as he returned to Merrie. Bass and Tabitha were also staring at her. Bass had a look of joy on his face, but Tabitha had a dark scowl on her face.

Merrie felt fear filling her as she crawled into a kneeling position. Her knees slid through the puddle and filled the room with a wet, slurping noise. More cum poured of her ass and she felt pleasure from the sensation of it draining out of her.

"Mer... Cunt?" He held out his hand. "Why you be barking?"

"I think," said Bass with relief, "she was answering you."

Borias reached out and rested his hand on Merrie's shoulder. "You be saying you wanted this? You wanted him to tear you like this?"

She nodded as she barked again.

"It could have killed you."

Merrie didn't think she could die from his cock inside her. But, as she looked down at the blood and cum pooled around her, she realized how close she could have been to death. Her golden charm saved her, but she knew that she forced him into her with all her heart. Even without the magic, she had no doubt she would have done the same thing. She peeked up through her hair and gave a sheepish bark.

“Well...” He let out a long, shuddering breath as the anger fled his face. “Well, then. Fuck me ass with a broadsword, you be just suicidal as the boss.”

She gave another bark and blushed.

Borias shook his head and she saw a smile as he turned away. The mage pointed a finger at Bass. “Look, boss, you might be like shoving your dick into holes like that, but don’t be doing that to Licker and Tits, k? I know that be the reason you fell, and it be feeling damn good to rip into a girl like that, but Cunt be special. She isn’t like the others and they can’t be taking your pounding.”

“Are you,” growled Bass, “telling me what to do?”

“Yes,” said Borias in a sharp tone, “I be. And if you disagree, I be getting mother in here and we can have a talking. Tabby?”

Borias turned to look for Tabitha, but she was already gone. He sighed and spoke in a calmer voice. “Sorry, boss, I just be liking your girl and when I saw all that blood...”

Bass pushed himself away from the wall. He padded over to Borias and patted his shoulder. “I panicked too, Bori, that’s why I called for you. I swear on any god but one that I was going to be nice and slow with her. I didn’t expect her to use the collar like that.”

“Aye, I saw she triggered it twice, but she be trying a few times to get through the silence filter. She wanted to speak. She wasn’t scared or angry or anything. But, hard to believe that she would want that thing,” he gestured to Bass’ stained cock, “tearing into her like that. You be damn lucky she be an alpha.”

“She isn’t and never will be an alpha,” snapped Bass.

“How many girls have ever done that before? Ripped themselves open on your dick? Actually, boss, how be figuring out the collar to make you rip her open. I bet she be lusting after your dick for days now.”

Bass opened his mouth to say something, then closed his mouth with a snap.

Borias patted Bass’ arm and headed to the door. He stopped at the frame and turned around. “And no matter what you say, that be an alpha.”

Merrie stared at the door, shivering as the puddle cooled underneath her. She turned and watched her master. The storm of expressions on her face frightened her, but she felt content that she

gave Bass something he wanted, needed. She was sated, not just physically, but also the hunger that burned in her mind was gone. She tightened her ass and smiled at the squelching noise that drifted up.

Bass sighed and came to her. He whispered softly, but without conviction. “She isn’t a damned alpha, Bori.”

Taste of Freedom

15

It was only six days since she first came to the mill, and three since Bass tore her open, but Merrie was happier than she could ever imagine. She opened her eyes and looked out in the morning light streaming into Bass' bedroom. It was a late morning, no doubt because Bass fucked all three of them before drifting to sleep.

If she was still a free woman, she would be rushing around trying to find clean clothes and fresh food. No doubt, the couple next door would have been screaming at each other. He would slam the door as he stormed out for work and she would scream out the window for another ten minutes before banging around the house. Merrie always left before her neighbor started drinking, usually in a sprint to make it to work to avoid being late once again.

At the mill, there was no struggle when waking up. There were screams, but they came from the bitches being fucked in other rooms of the house. In the last few days, the terror-filled noises had faded into moans and barks of pleasure. There was no rush to run out of the house or a need to go out and earn her living. All she had to do was fuck the most compassionate kidnapper she had ever imagined.

Merrie moaned softly and stretched out along the pillows. Her right nipple slipped off the fabric and bumped on the cooler wooden floor beneath. It was a shock, but one that brought a new wave of pleasure coursing through her senses.

She loved being a sex slave.

Merrie lifted her head and looked up at the bed. Sable's ass stuck out over the edge, wagging back and forth. Her head bobbed up and down on Bass' cock. The soft wet noises filled the room and Merrie

felt a welcoming tingling gathering in her pussy. Her first longing was to crawl up on the bed and join Sable. She loved the feel of Bass' cock in her mouth, actually anywhere in her body, and the hunger only increased since he tore into her ass.

She started to get up to crawl over, then stopped when the longing was sharply replaced with a firm desire to crawl away. It wasn't fear that pushed her back, just a sense that she wasn't wanted on the bed. Merrie blinked and realized that it was similar to the feeling she got when she first encountered Dixie, like foreign thoughts drifting through her mind.

Merrie didn't resist the new desire. She stopped and sat on the pillow. The fabric rode up between her legs and brushed against her naked sex. She could feel moisture gathering at her cleft, even after being pushed away from Sable and Bass. Her gaze caught the sight of Licker and Sama.

Licker was stuck between a large, overstuffed pillow and the wall. Her back was arched over another pillow, thrusting the two tiny breasts in the air as she breathed deeply. One knee rested against the wall and her position spread her pussy wide open. Licker's labia glistened in the morning light and Merrie thought it was one of the most beautiful things she had seen.

Sama's head was rested on the pillow between Licker's legs, in the same position where they fell asleep the night before. She was on her belly, with the curve of her back leading to a pile of pillows heaped over her legs. Right at the junction of pillow and air was Sama's tail.

The charm finished its transformation only the night before. Rendi had come up after dinner to ease Sama's dildo out of her rear. It looked strange to see one of the new girls without a false tail, but Merrie thought the new tail's wavy brunette hairs fit Sama perfectly. Sama's new tail reached down to her knees. Whenever it wagged, her back muscles twitched with the unfamiliar sensations.

Merrie couldn't wait for her own.

The desire to look at Sama's tail and ass rose up. She let out a soft moan of pleasure and decided that Sama needed to be woken up with a blow-job. A week before, she would have thrown up at the idea of looking at a woman's nether region so closely, but now it

seemed like the perfect way to wake Sama up. She grinned and crept over the last mound of pillows.

She didn't need the gloves to remind her that she couldn't use her hands. Borias' words still sent a thrill through her. She reached out with her head and pushed the pillow aside and bared the leather boots underneath. Breathing softly and distinctly aware of the pleasure growing in her sex, Merrie nuzzled her face up between Sama's legs. She pushed aside pillows until she reached the curve of Sama's ass.

The last pillow fell aside and Merrie stopped to admire the tail. It rested limply while Sama slept. The furry part ran along the line of Sama's tight ass before dropping between her legs and covering her sex.

Merrie used her mouth to pick up the tail and push it aside. She felt it twitch in her mouth before she set it aside. Looking down at the ass, it felt strange not to see the dildo peeking out of the girl's rear. Merrie used her nose to part Sama's ass cheeks, pulling them apart until her lips caressed Sama's sphincter.

Sama trembled underneath her and lifted her hips slightly in response.

Merrie stared up at the tail that began to wag and enjoyed the play of Sama's back muscles as it waved back and forth. She decided to encourage it by darting out her tongue and circling around the wrinkled opening.

The tail wagged faster as Sama stretched out her legs. Merrie peeked up to see Sama peering at her over her shoulder, a happy smile on her face. Biting her lower lip, Sama put her head back on the pillow and lifted her hips even more.

Merrie worked her mouth lower and drank in the heady smell of excitement rising up. She nestled her body tighter against Sama and applied her tongue against the girl's ass, working the tip into the clenching opening and using her tongue like a tiny cock.

A moan rewarded her as Sama arched her back and pushed back against Merrie's mouth. Merrie continued her assault against Sama's sphincter, licking and probing until the hips rocked back and forth with growing insistence. She tasted Sama's excitement and lapped the bitch from clitoris to tail.

On the far side of the room, she knew that Bass was coming close to an orgasm. She couldn't tell from the wet slurping noises from the bed, they were lazy, deep, and loud. Instead, the realization came from inside her head. She knew because something told her. And the same unknown source gave her something else: Sable was being playful. It was strange but somehow she knew that the loud noises weren't for only pleasing Bass, but also a challenge. A race to see who could make their lover come faster. Sable wasn't just sucking on Bass' cock, she was trying to make him come before Merrie could lick an orgasm out of Sama.

Merrie froze as she struggled with the new information. She couldn't even imagine how she knew that Sable was racing, but the loud deliberate noises were distinctive. As Merrie struggled with her thoughts, Sable stopped abruptly.

Looking up, Merrie saw Sable looking at her, mouth full of cock. The bitch gave her a wink, then grabbed Bass' cock with the severed ends of her elbows and took his entire cock into her mouth. Her meaning was clear.

It was a race.

Merrie grinned and turned back to Sama's ass. She burrowed her face into the soft pillows of flesh and sought out the wrinkled opening. She breathed in the smell of pussy and sweat before she dove her tongue into the opening.

Sama jerked at the touch, then moaned as Merrie lapped at her pussy. Sama's tail smacked Merrie in the head as it thrashed in all directions. It wasn't quite under Sama's control, but the rocking hips against her face and the hot juices that coated Merrie's throat gave Merrie hope she could still win.

As Merrie licked and slurped, she moved her gloved hand up to Sama's pussy. Even through the leather, she could feel the heat of their bodies. She rested the ridge right along her knuckles against Sama's slick pussy lips. At the same time, Merrie moved her mouth to focus only on Sama's asshole. As she probed the one opening with her tongue, her knuckled fist pressed at the entrance of the other.

Sama let out a gasp and spread her legs, pulling her lips apart as Merrie's fist circled the opening. Her pussy was soaked as she held her hips completely off the ground to give Merrie access to her openings.

Merrie drove her fist into the velvet friction of Sama's pussy. After four days of fucking, the cunt accepted the girth of her hand easily. She reached the back of Sama's pussy, to where the hard nub marked the entrance to her womb. Merrie pumped in and out as she used her tongue as a tiny cock to work its way into Sama's ass. It didn't take long before Sama started to come, but even as she felt Sama's pussy clenching around her fist, Merrie knew that Sable beat her by a heartbeat.

Bass let out a hard, guttural grunt. Merrie peeked over to see him holding Sable's head down, thrusting up as cum poured out from the corners of her mouth. It ran down her chin and throat before splashing loudly on the blankets.

Merrie had to focus on Sama's orgasm, feeling the woman clenching around her buried fist and squeezing her buttocks against Merrie's face. Her tail snapped back and forth randomly, smacking the pillows and Merrie. Sama shuddered twice, then slumped forward with a moan that ripped through the room.

Pulling back, Merrie eased her glistening fist from Sama's cunt. Slightly hazy juices dripped off the leather as she set it down on the pillow. It left a smear on the fabric.

A thump caught Merrie's attention. Sable hit the ground and bounded over to Merrie. Her cheeks were puffed out as she sidled right up against Merrie, then kissed her.

Merrie opened her mouth to accept the kiss, then almost choked as Sable pushed a mouthful of cum into hers. It was the taste of their master, salty and musky. The smell of a man who dominated her. She let it roll over her tongue before playfully pushing it back into Sable's mouth.

Sable pinned Merrie against the pillow, her curvy body belying her playful domination. Her tongue worked the thick, hot cum back into Merrie's mouth.

They teased each other as they rolled his cum in their mouths, swirling it around as little bits dripped down their throats. A few minutes later, it was gone except for the salty taste that clung to her senses.

Merrie broke the kiss with a gasp. She saw a thick strand clinging to Sable's face and licked it clean.

“Now that,” chuckled Bass, “is how I like to wake up in the morning.”

Sable spun around and planted her ass right next to Merrie. As she brought her arms up to her throat, Merrie mimicked her position. A moment later, Sama crawled to her knees on the other side of Merrie and did the same.

Bass stood up and padded over to him. His yellowed gaze drifted to the side to Licker. The teenage girl was still against the wall, but her eyes were open as she watched the others. Merrie was sad to see a sullen look on the girl's face. She desperately wanted Licker to enjoy her position, or at least find some pleasure in her position. As far as Merrie knew, Licker was the only one who still fought with tooth and bound nails against their predicament.

“Come on, Licker. Right next to Sable.”

Hesitantly, Licker pulled herself from the pillows. She moved with slow movements, half crouching, as she crawled around the three posing girls to sit down on the far side of Sable.

“Arms up,” came the command, “you know how to beg.”

When Licker finally obeyed, Bass gave an approving grin. “Good girls. Now, what should we do today? Fuck you?”

Sable and Merrie barked at the same time. Sama joined in a moment later.

“Good girl, Sable, Cunt, and Tits.”

Merrie shivered at the collar. It was still addictive and intoxicating as the first time it hit her. Her charm clinked against the metal as she realized she never came. It filled her from the inside, a hunger desire to reach an orgasm curling through her thoughts.

“Good, because I'm in a good mood.” His face brightened. “I know, how about a picnic? Just a little fuck in the woods?”

Merrie barked but Sable suddenly surged out of place. She bounded over to the armor in the corner and planted both elbows against it. It rang out as it hit the wall. She barked twice, then spun around to beg again.

Bass watched her, then chuckled. “It is Rabiday, isn't it?”

An excited bark.

“All right, a picnic and a bit of exercise.” He turned back to Merrie and the new bitches. “Sounds like a plan. Licker’s fuck will have to wait after we go on a little walk... say, five kilometers or so?”

Merrie moaned with anticipation. The daily walks always ended with at least one of the bitches being fucked. And with Sable there, no doubt Merrie would have either one of her holes filled with her master’s cock or be pinned to the ground with Sable humping her face. The knowledge that she couldn’t say no to either of them added to the growing desire pooling in her pussy.

She barked cheerfully.

—

Two hours later, Merrie crawled after their tiny pack. Sable bounded along the dirt path ahead of them, her tail wagging as she bounced from bush to tree. She stopped to squat and pee, before she ran up ahead to crawl on a fallen log and wait for the others to catch up.

Bass followed after her, walking strongly and just at the limit of Merrie’s speed. He had two leads in his hand, one to Sama and the other to Licker. Like Sable, Merrie was unattached but Merrie knew she couldn’t run away even if she wanted to. She was his bitch, at least her body was. As much as she surrendered her ass that unforgettable morning, she didn’t quite feel that she surrendered her mind to him. There was an uneasy feeling that she wasn’t ready to do so; Merrie wondered if the random sensation of reaching out for him with her mind was somehow related to her feeling that she wasn’t entirely his.

He stopped at a ridge of ragged stones. Setting down his short sword and a basket with lunch, he reached down and picked up Licker. His fingers slid into her pussy as he held her breasts with his other hand. Tenderly, he lifted her over the ridge and set her down. Before he released her, he pumped a few times into her pussy and whispered “good girl.”

As he did the same for Sama, Merrie rushed over and begged to be third. She didn’t have a lead, but she still moaned as he reached down and grabbed her pussy with his large hand. His middle finger circled around her butt plug before sliding deep into her slick pussy.

Merrie trembled with the feeling, almost coming on the thick digit. He grabbed her by her breasts, his hand stretching across her

chest. She leaned into him as he picked her up, cradling her against his chest and setting her down on the far side.

She whimpered as he withdrew his fingers, but he added a second and third before jamming it back into her cunt. She let out a gasp, not quite coming, and then slumped as he withdrew his glistening fingers.

“Good girl.” She let out a soft, happy whine at the thrum of the collar. The magical pleasure added to the growing desire to orgasm that still pooled in her belly. She had been awake for hours and it was quickly becoming the longest she’s gone without an orgasm in days.

He picked up the basket and his sword. As he walked by, she could smell of roasted meat and fresh bread drifting from the picnic. Her stomach rumbled and she bounded after him, ready to eat and get fucked.

They caught up to Sable at a fork in the path. One route curled back toward the mill. It was well used and showed signs of years of travel. The other was rougher and overgrown. It also headed away from the mill, toward the wilds that surrounded them.

Right at the fork were two white stakes in the ground. On their walks, Merrie saw hundreds of them scattered randomly around, but Bass never got close enough for Merrie to discern their purpose. As they drew close, she saw there was writing on each stake. The first said, “Gaping Pussy, 3/771-782.” She recognized the date, year 771 of the third age; the stake was dated twelve years before. The second part was the day of year. The day Merrie was kidnapped was 762, the end of summer, which meant today was 767. She peered at the second stake which was much newer than the first: “Titty Fuck, 3/781-795”. Merrie felt a tingle as she realized that the stake was just over a year old. Something had happened there and Merrie didn’t know if she wanted to find out what.

Bass stopped at the fork. “I guess we went a little further than I planned. Well, the pond is another two kilometer away. Good thing I brought enough for all of us.” He chuckled and started down Titty Fuck’s stake. A flash of sadness crossed his face, but it was gone in an instant. He spoke in a terse voice, “Those are Tabitha’s. Don’t worry about them. Come on, I’m hungry.”

Without another word, he started down the well-used path.

Merrie went to follow, but Sable stood in front of her. Merrie frowned and sat down with the need to wait.

Sable spun around and assumed the begging position. She barked once.

Bass stopped. "Sable?"

Sable gestured with her head toward Merrie, then the other path.

"That way is another couple hours, Sab. I don't think Licker and Sama can't..."

Sable repeated her gesture. She nodded to Merrie, then herself, then the path.

His mouth opened as realization dawned across his face. "Yeah, go ahead and take her. We'll be at the pond for a few hours. Be back before," he grunted, "say midday sun?"

Sable panted with her sloppy smile. She wiggled her ass—the tail smacked Merrie's shoulder—and then barked three times. Spinning on her rear, she returned to crawling and butted Merrie with her head.

Confused, Merrie got on her hands and knees. She didn't know where to go until Sable reached up, grabbed Merrie's dog ear with her teeth, and tugged her down the less-used path. Merrie thought about resisting, then decided that Sable was doing something significant. She relented and let Sable direct her along the harder path.

As soon as Merrie stopped resisting, Sable released Merrie's hair and bounded forward. Even with her cut-off elbows and knees, she was very agile as they crawled over the rough, torn ground. Merrie, with her gloves and boots forcing her on her hands and knees, wondered what it would be like if she was cropped. The thought of being amputated sent a shiver down her spine and she paused to fight the flush that filled her.

Sable barked impatiently and continued along.

Merrie hurried to catch up, but Sable just accelerated. A few minutes later, Merrie was struggling to keep up with Sable who remained just out of reach. Compared to the leisurely walks with Bass, Sable was heading directly for something and Merrie didn't know where.

A half hour later, Merrie considered turning around once again. She struggled to crawl over a log that fell across the path. Her

sweat-slicked skin reminded her of the first walk they were on. But, there was no compassionate master driving her. Just an urge to keep following Sable, to the end of the earth if needed.

As she hurried along the path, the dildo swirling around in her ass refused to let the passion boiling in her guts subside. Instead, the hurried rush only added to the desperate need to orgasm. She wondered if Sable would mind her stopping to masturbate, or if she would have to wrestle and win against Sable to find relief. She smiled at the idea of beating Sable, though she didn't think she would ever win if Sable didn't surrender. Her ass clenched around the butt plug and she tried not to think about Bass' cock driving deep into her willing asshole.

The path faded away but Sable didn't stop. Instead, she kept on walking through the underbrush. Her naked body disappeared quickly in the shadows and Merrie had trouble keeping track of even Sable's dark tail. She followed after. As branches scraped her, she winced. Then, as she tried to get through a dense prickly bush, she felt her tail catch on branches. She came to a stop as it threatened to rip out of her and let out a whine.

Sable stopped and sat down to look at her. There was an expectant look on her face as she gestured for Merrie to follow.

Merrie didn't think she could move. She was helpless and caught, pinned by the dildo in her ass. Carefully, she squeezed down on her ass and pulled. The butt plug started to slide out and she relaxed.

Sable barked and gestured again.

Merrie took a deep breath, squeezed her ass as tight as possible, and surged forward. Despite her best effort, she felt the dildo slide out and she let out a sob as she broke free of the bush. Turning around, she saw her fake tail swinging back and forth on the branch. Her first thought was that Bass would punish her, then second was the hope that she would get her own tail so she wouldn't have worry about that.

Fighting back sudden tears, she reached out and grabbed the dildo with her mouth. It was still warm from her ass. It was also as clean as the day Rendi shoved it inside. She yanked it free from the bush and crawled to Sable. As she crawled closer, she realized that Bass wasn't there, she could have just grabbed it with her gloved hands but used her mouth instead.

Sable grinned broadly. She wiggled her tail.
(Good girl.)

Merrie froze as a strange, but clear, voice drifted through her mind. It was a woman's voice, smooth and husky as a glass of single-malt scotch, but definitely female. But, Sable's mouth didn't move and there was no way that either bitch had spoken. Merrie's mouth opened and the dildo tumbled out as she stared in shock.

Sable panted and reached down to pick up the butt plug by its base. Trotting around, she positioned it back against Merrie's sphincter and pushed.

Merrie, her mind still focused on the foreign thought, let out a gasp and lowered her body into a present position to brace herself. The dildo was pushed into her body, the well-fucked rectum taking it smoothly until it settled into place.

Sable gave her a long lick, which did nothing to help the ache inside her, before headed back along the invisible path.

Feeling unbalanced, Merrie wiggled her ass to get used to the familiar intruder, then hurried after the alpha bitch.

A few minutes later, they came up to a fence cutting through the woods. It was old and weather-beaten. Where she could see the gray wood underneath the peeling paint, it was splintered and rotted. It wouldn't stop anyone, but it distinctly identified something Merrie never thought she would see.

It was the edge of the Puppy Mill.

A simple rotted fence marked the gateway to freedom. Beyond it, Merrie would no longer be Bass' bitch. She would be a free woman. Running for her life, but free. Merrie froze in mid-step as she stared at the fence. The part of her that wanted to run was only a small one, the rest of it had surrendered to Bass. She didn't want to leave her master, ever. She wanted to be his bitch for the rest of her life if she could manage it.

Sable continued to the fence and crawled through her. Her large breasts scraped along the wood as she struggled with her efforts, then she hit the ground with a thud on the far side. Turning around, she gestured for Merrie to follow.

Merrie felt the tears burning her eyes. She shook her head and took a step back.

Sable rested her elbows on the bottom of the fence, her eyes filled with compassion. She gestured with her head to her right. When Merrie didn't move, she repeated the gesture and Merrie felt the urge to look.

Merrie crawled over, stopping centimeters away from the fence and peered through the slats. Beyond the fence, in a small clearing, was a single white stake. Painted bright white, it looked completely out of place in the middle of a natural area. With a start, Merrie thought back to the last stake she saw, at the fork in the path. They were at least a half kilometer away and she had forgotten it.

Sable repeated her pointing gesture again, then pushed herself off the fence to crawl toward the stake.

After a moment's hesitation, Merrie crawled through the fence. As soon as she passed the fence, she felt an unfamiliar tingle course up her spine. It came with a sense of loss and she wondered if she had done something terribly wrong. Fighting back tears, she rushed to catch up with Sable. As they got closer, Merrie strained to read the words on the stake.

"Fuck Balls" was the name and a date from eight years before.

Merrie sat down and gestured to Sable, trying to ask if Sable was the one on the name.

Sable shook her head and circled around the stick. She sat down and stared at the far side.

Merrie followed suit to peer around on the other side where someone added a new name to the marker: Dixie. She knew that Dixie and Sable were both kidnapped like herself, but to see the name brought it into stark reality. Something happened to Dixie right there, the same thing that happened to all the other bitches. Merrie struggle with the purpose of the stake, it was right on the tip of her tongue but her mind refuse to focus on it.

Sable padded over and kissed Merrie. It was a soft but forceful kiss. Then, Sable headed back the way she came.

Merrie stared at the post for a moment, then followed Sable. As she passed through the fence, she felt the same tingle coursing up her spine. Curious, she backed through the fence and felt the tingle as a line of force right through the middle of the fence. She held herself there, rocking back and forth as she tried to explore the

strange sensation. She couldn't see it, but she could picture an invisible ward surrounding the mill.

Sable barked with a wry grin on her face.

Blushing, Merrie finished crawling through the fence and bounded after Sable. Together, they headed back toward the mill. Merrie paid attention to their route so she could find Dixie's stake again.

t'Sade

The Escape

16

Sable brought them along a different route through the woods, but Merrie trusted her with her life. It felt good crawling along the ground next to Sable; she could almost picture herself as a dog in a pack, a bitch just like Sable. She smiled at the thought and just enjoyed the feel of the soft, moist earth underneath her hands and knees. It didn't take long, maybe thirty minutes, before she came over a hill and she saw Bass by the pond.

Her master was lying on the grass, sprawled out and looking relaxed. He had one arm around each of the bitches, hold them loosely to his dark gray chest. As Sable and Merrie drew closer, Merrie caught sight of Sama's gaping asshole still leaking globs of fresh cum. It pooled in the ground underneath her, streaking the green grass with white streaks. On the other side, Licker was facing away from Bass and had both hands pinned between her legs. Her gloved fists were pressed up against her pussy, but more cum oozed out from between her bound fingers and soaked the ground underneath her.

Merrie wanted to be them at that moment and clenched her own openings with hopeful anticipation.

Sable rushed forward with a bark and Bass glanced up at her. She threw herself into him.

Sama and Licker rolled free as he grabbed Sable and flipped the bitch on her back. Sable held herself still, her throat bared as she looked at Bass with smoldering eyes. With deliberate movements, Sable thrust her breasts up toward him.

Bass chuckled. "And where did you two go? She didn't try to run, did she?"

Sable shook her head and licked Bass' nose.

He looked at Merrie and smiled. "Good girls."

Sable moaned and wiggled her body. The short stumps of her arms and legs quivered as she arched her back. He lowered his head and caught her nipple in his mouth, nibbling on it before tugging it between his lips. The large breast was pulled up by the nipple before it slipped from his lips with a snap. She let out a soft moan and spread her legs. Her hips rocked up toward Bass in a unmistakable request.

Bass grinned and nipped her nose. He whispered softly, but Merrie could hear him. "Not now, love. I need to work out. You never know if someone is going to attack the mill again. Then," he chuckled, "I'll fuck you in the water to cool down." Bass stood up. "All right, I need to do this. Keep an eye on the bitches, okay?"

Sable barked again. She crawled to her knees before she bounded over to Merrie. She was obviously excited as she circled around Merrie twice, then sat down heavily with a sloppy grin on her face.

They watched as Bass headed to his sword. His cock swung as he plucked his sword from the ground and strapped the sheath around his naked waist. It looks strange to see him wearing nothing but the white sheath and the hilt sticking out in front of him. His gray skin was dark in the sunlight as he walked a dozen meters into a section with low grasses.

Bass sank down to kneel in the center. He closed his eyes and straightened his back. He brought his hands into a praying position. Soft words rumbled in his throat, but Merrie couldn't hear them from her distance. As he prayed, Merrie focus on him with all her attention. The world seemed to collapsed around her, growing dark with her attention. She stopped noticing the grass underneath her, the trees blowing in the wind, and even the sun above her. The fields grew dark and then faded away until the only thing she saw was her master.

Her heart thumped as she admired him. Bass was her kidnapper and his rapist, but Merrie loved him with all her heart. She hungered for his compassion and his tenderness. She loved him with all her heart when he was gentle just as much as when he fucked her with all his might. She didn't want to think about being sold or taken away from her precious thriban master.

She already surrendered her mind and body to him. He woke up the submissive inside her but she still couldn't shake the feeling that she could give even more to Bass. More than just wet holes to fuck and a willing body to submit to his will. There was something far more intense than being trained and humiliating herself as a bitch for him. There was some part of her that just needed to be given, surrendered. It just needed her to reach out with her mind and-

Pain exploded across her senses. The world exploded into a bright light as she grabbed her shoulder and smacked Sable instead. Gasping, she looked down to see Sable's teeth clamped down in the flesh, deep enough that blood welled up from the bright teeth visible beneath her pulled back lips.

Merrie stared in shock. Sable had just bitten her.

Sable released her grip on Merrie's shoulder but continues to snarl as she pulled back. A growl, deep and threatening, rumbled in the curvy woman's chest. She stepped back before she purposefully moved between Merrie and Bass. There was a determined look on Sable's face as she glared at Merrie.

Merrie couldn't understand what happened. One moment, Sable was bouncing happily next to her and the next she was snarling at Merrie. Fear rose inside Merrie but her collar prevented it from consuming her thoughts. At the same time, she felt an intense feeling of being rejected. She was being pushed away from Bass and there was only one person between her and her master. Sable was pushing her back, with a snarl and somehow projecting her thoughts.

It wasn't a physical rejection, but the force of it made it hard for Merrie to breathe. The emotions were intense and brutal, untouched by the magic of her collar. Tears burned at her eyes as she tried to call out to Bass, to beg him to explain what was going on. She reached out with her gloved paw, her helpless fingers bound tightly to her palm. She couldn't talk but she desperately wanted him to look at her, to see what Sable was doing.

Merrie's mute actions infuriated Sable even more. The curvy bitch surged forward, mouth open as she growled. Her teeth looked suddenly sharp, like a dog's.

Merrie let out a shriek and flung herself away.

Sable's teeth clamped down on Merrie's right breast and a burst of pain exploded from the soft, delicate flesh. Teeth dug in deep, and then Sable flipped Merrie on her back.

As soon as Merrie hit the ground, Sable released her and crawled on top. Sable's weight crushed her as Sable lowered her head until they were centimeters apart. The growl continued, vibrating Sable's body and shaking through Merrie's skin. Their eyes matched and Merrie found herself staring into the crystalline brown of Sable's hard gaze.

Sable was threatening her, but Merrie didn't realize the full impact until she felt it sliding into her thoughts, driving away everything but the sharp realization that if she kept reaching for Bass, Sable would kill her. The images in her mind were intense, as if she was actually performing it. She could feel Sable's teethmarks still on her breasts but the images forming in her head showed a far more terrifying fate, of Sable somehow turning into a beast and savaging Merrie. She could imagine the pain of being torn to pieces of the formerly adorable bitch.

Merrie tried to look away, but her eyes were locked into Sable's gaze. She was forced to live through the projected threat. Her body jerked with the imagined attacks and she could feel imaginary blood pouring out of her phantom injuries. As the mental Sable attacked, Merrie felt the fear burst through the protection of the collar and flash through her mind. She tried to scream as the pressure built up, then she lost control.

She felt her bladder releasing and hot urine poured out from between her legs. It coated the insides of her thighs and soaked into the ground below her thighs. It was humiliating, losing control from an imagined threat.

Sable, on the other hand, seemed to relax as the scent of Merrie's fear rose up. She crawled off Merrie but didn't relax. Her body was tense, vibrating, as she regarded Merrie with hard eyes.

Merrie inched away from the puddle of warm liquid and crawled to her feet. She was disgusted by the pee that clung to her skin and tried to shake it off but failed. She kept her body low and tried not to breathe in the scent of her surrender. Shame burned her cheeks as she stared at Sable, trying to understand what had just happened.

Behind Sable, Merrie could see Bass still working out. He didn't act as if he saw Sable and Merrie facing off. Merrie wanted to go to him, to hide behind him.

As if reading her thoughts, Sable shook her head sharply and growled again.

Whimpering, Merrie took a step back.

Sable nodded and gestured for Merrie to keep crawling away.

Merrie stared in shock, still struggling with what happen, but one thing was clear. Sable wanted her away from Bass. Merrie felt the sharp pain of rejection in her gut. It was completely different than anything she encountered at the mill and it stunned her. Something had changed, something in the hour since Sable trusted her enough to go to the very edge of the mill and back.

She turned away from Bass and Sable. Her mind spinning, she decided to snuggle up to Licker and Sama. Looking around, she saw Sama still sleeping on the ground, but the black-haired teenager was gone. Curious, she crawled toward Sama.

Sama was sleeping with a content smile on her lips. Her hair was still bound in the dog ears, but a few strands stuck out and clung to her face. Along her pussy lips, still swollen and a rosy pink, Bass' cum dried in the summer sun. The ridge of Sama's fist rested against her pussy as she slept half-curved up in the longer grasses.

Merrie gave Sama a kiss on the cheek. She straightened up and looked around for Licker. But, when a metallic bang shot through the air, she spun around to look at Bass and Sable.

Bass stood at the end of a kata maneuver, holding his sword straight out. His formerly naked body had a piece of shiny armor wrapped around his upper arm. As she watched, he spun around and brought the point a decimeter from the ground, the air grew hazy and two plates of armor appeared around his forearm. In a split second, they slammed into place with a metallic crash and the armor sealed around his arm.

He swung his sword around and let out a commanding bellow. As he came to a halt, more pieces of armor appeared around his other arm and slammed into place. The squeal of metal ripped through the air as it settled into place.

With a start, Merrie recognized the armor as the set from the bedroom. She didn't know Bass could summon it, but then she heard

of paladins and other warriors who could equip their items with summoning magic. In her life before the mill, she never encountered any of the mystical warriors. Actually, when she thought about it, the adventures and fighters she read about in the weekly sheets were just like actors and royalty, people she heard about but never thought she would ever meet.

Bass took a step and threw open his arms. The breast and back plate appeared and crashed into his hairy chest. His entire body shook from the impact as they sealed into place. The burned out, blackened symbol was almost painful against the brilliantly polished armor. He stepped forward and more pieces of his armor slammed into place.

Merrie felt a flash of something as the leg plates began to appear. It was just on the corner of her eye and when she looked, she couldn't see it. Then, Bass finished another maneuver and more armor slammed into place. Just as the armor sealed around him, there was a flash of light that coursed between Bass and Sable. The next time Bass moved, Merrie was watching as she saw a flash of a connection form briefly between the two. The more armor Bass summoned, the more solid the connection formed until it became obvious what it was.

A leash.

There was a mystical leash between Bass and Sable. It was haze around Bass, but it seemed to go from his heart to Sable's; the translucent line of energy disappeared right between her two large breasts. Merrie took a step forward, then stopped to avoid antagonizing Sable. She held herself still as she stared in surprise.

Bass grunted loudly and jumped straight up. His powerful legs carried him a few meters off the ground before he swung his sword in an overhead slash. He hit the ground and the dust exploded around him.

As the leash flashed, Sable shuddered just like when she came. The line was steadier, almost physical except where it flowed through Bass' body with his movements. He continued to work, not reacting to the leash as it sailed through his skin. He swung his sword at neck high and a wave of force blasted out of the blade to cut through the grasses a dozen meters away. At the same time, the

connection flared once again and Sable squirmed as she inhaled sharply.

Merrie felt a longing as she regarded the connection. It was something beyond Sable surrendering her body, or even obeying without question. It seemed like a mystical representation of the closeness between Sable and Bass; the bitch seemed to know exactly what her master wanted, did whatever he needed, and was just as natural to him as his wonderful cock. Sable was a lover, a friend, and a whore all in one package. Merrie didn't know if the connection was why they were so close or just a result. All she knew is that she desperately wanted the same thing with Bass.

Her realization came into focus. Merrie was struggling with the need to surrender herself to Bass, to give more than her body, more than her mind. She ached to be more than holes for him to fuck and a bitch to order around. She wanted to give him that connection, to truly and utterly give up her heart and soul to the man.

Now that she knew what she craved, she had to find a way. Her gaze focused on Sable. The bitch was squirming back and forth, rocking her pussy against the ground as Bass continued to work out. She seemed to be in rapt fascination with every movement of his sweat-slicked body. Merrie could almost picture the lust in Sable's eyes.

Merrie didn't want to interrupt their time together. She felt sad that she couldn't lust after Bass in the same way, but she didn't understand why Sable reacted so poorly. With a sigh, she turned away again. Sooner or later, she and Sable would figure it out.

Even though it hurt to leave, she decided to find Licker. She looked across the fields and crawled toward the nearest grass, expecting to find Licker cowering in the sun. But, there was no teenager hiding in the grass, or behind the rocks. Merrie felt a prickle of worry and wondered if some terrible beast would attack with Bass so close.

She caught a flash of movement on the opposite side of the pond. Crawling up on the rock, she perched herself on the top and peered across the waters. She saw Licker on the far side, moving violently against another pile of rocks that jugged out of the ground. Curious, Merrie crawled down and headed toward the teenager.

Licker was kneeling against a rock, rubbing a rough edge against the laces of her glove. Almost all of the strands were frayed as she whimpered with her own desperation. The collar bounced around her neck as her entire body shook from her frantic movements. With a snap, the laces gave and Licker clawed at the glove to peel it off. She spun around as she started on the second glove, then froze as she caught sight of Merrie.

Merrie paused in mid-crawl, staring up at Licker in stunned shock. She was expecting to find Licker cowering and wanted to tease her into an orgasm, she wasn't expecting to find the teenager trying to run away. As she stood there, she didn't blame Licker for trying. Being kidnapped, raped, and forced into sexual slavery wasn't for everyone. It was the right thing for Merrie, but Merrie was different, much like Sable and Dixie were different than all the bitches.

When Merrie didn't move, Licker started on her other glove. Her fingers pulled out the laces and tore open the leather glove. She let out a gasp of breath as she peeled off the leather and tossed it into the pond.

To Merrie, Licker looked more naked than she had ever seen the girl. Bass took off their gloves and boots every night for their bath, but it didn't have the stark contrast of seeing Licker free of bondage in the middle of the field. It felt wrong to Merrie, but she didn't know if it was because she had already given herself up to her new life.

Licker frowned and crawled over to Merrie; she still had her boots which prevented her from walking. As she drew close to Merrie, Merrie held her breath, but Licker surprised her by reaching out and grabbing Merrie's right hand. She started untying the laces before Merrie could respond.

Merrie froze in shock, staring down at the delicate fingers that removed her own bondage from her slack arm. It was a tender, compassionate maneuver and something Merrie didn't expect. She didn't want to be free, but she couldn't find the words or the energy to stop Licker from peeling off one glove and the other. As her fingers came free, Merrie stared at them as she tried to stretch out her hand. She worked one finger at a time, peeling it off her palm

and watching as she trembled with the now unfamiliar sensations of her digits.

Licker finished Merrie's second glove, then made a grunting noise. When Merrie looked up, she gestured to Merrie's boots before working at her own. It only took seconds before Licker was yanking off the second boot and tossing it into the pond. She looked happy as she regarded her bare feet and Merrie realized that Licker had a beautiful smile.

Merrie thought about running away with Licker. She knew where the fence was and how to get there. It would be a fast run. She glanced over her shoulder across the pond where Bass and Sable were still lose in their own tiny world. It would be so easy.

But, Merrie didn't want to leave. She loved being a slave, being fucked, being owned. It was right for her and something she never wanted to leave. If she escaped, she may never find anyone as compassionate as Bass, kind as Borias, and even as playfully violent as Tabitha. She was happy at the mill. Even with Sable's recent attack, Merrie loved Sable just as much as a sister. They were a pack together, or as close as Merrie could be in their pack without being an alpha.

An epiphany blossomed in her mind at the thought. After five days at the mill, Merrie was familiar with the random sensations of being able to reach out from her body, a desperate urge to somehow grab Bass and hold him tight. It scared her at first, but the intensity reminded her of Sable's connection to the thriban. She could almost picture herself throwing out a rope in attempts to surrender more than her mind and body to Bass. The tingling wasn't just love and passion and surrender, it was an instinctive desire to bind herself to Bass.

She could only imagine two bitches who were so close to their masters that they would do anything: Sable and Dixie. Both were alphas at the mill. Both were utterly close to their masters, Bass and Tabitha.

Only alphas to bind to their masters.
And she could bind herself to one.
There was only one explanation.
She was an alpha.

Merrie felt sudden tears burning her eyes. She wiped them from her face just as Licker pulled off her other boot. Looking down at her suddenly bare feet, Merrie knew she couldn't leave. Now not, not ever. She rested her hand on Licker.

When the teenage girl looked up in confusion, Merrie shook her head. She mouthed the words, "I have to stay."

Licker whimpered. She was frustrated and desperate. She grabbed Merrie's bare hand and tugged Merrie to her feet.

Merrie swayed from the unfamiliar sensation of standing up. She wanted to drop back to her knees, to surrender.

Tugging on her hand, Licker tried to pull her along, to encourage her to run just like herself. The girl was desperate for freedom and it hurt Merrie to look into her brown eyes and see the desperation.

"Please?" mouthed Licker, unable to talk with the collar still around her neck, "I have to go."

In that moment, Merrie made a decision. She grabbed Licker's hand, then pointed in the direction of Dixie's stake. It was the closest spot to freedom and Licker's only chance. Merrie needed to stay, but if the teenager could escape, then both of them could be happy.

Licker gasped, then kissed Merrie on the cheek. She spun on her heels and stumbled toward freedom.

Merrie watched as Licker sprinted across the fields, then disappeared into the trees. Even as she hoped Licker would make it, she somehow knew that Licker would be caught if she didn't do anything. Her heart quickening, Merrie dropped to the ground and grabbed her boots. Fumbling with the leather, she pulled them on as she tried to figure out how to help.

A memory swelled up in her mind. It was the feeling of rejection that morning when Sable wanted to be alone with Bass. There were other times when new emotions would drift through her thoughts but they weren't her own. They always came around Sable and Dixie. Merrie wondered if she could do the same thing, if the ability to project was part of being an alpha. If she could, then maybe she could distract Sable long enough for Licker to escape.

As she struggled to pull on her boot, she watched across the pond for signs of Sable looking away from Bass.

Sable watched Bass with rapt fascination as he ran through his weapon maneuvers. There were flashes of power as he started to dismiss his armor, piece by piece. It was beautiful, even from a distance, to watch as his powerful form was revealed.

Then, the moment Merrie was waiting for. Sable cocked her head and looked around. Merrie could almost feel a growing concern radiating from the bitch, even across the pond. Desperate to help Licker, she tried to project her thoughts. At first, it was just her mind echoing inside her skull for a moment, but then she felt a sensation of pushing out from her body. It was like trying to pull Bass closer, but instead she was radiating the storm of emotions inside her. She stopped instantly, feeling elated and knowing she needed to distract Sable. She wondered if she should pretend to be afraid or some other emotion, but settled back on confusion. It was an honest emotion at least. And being honest to Sable was important, even if she was distracting her.

Hands resting on the laces of her boot, she closed her eyes and pushed out with her thoughts. She could feel it blossom out of her body, like ripples in a pond. It spread out in all directions but she couldn't feel it after it left her mind. It was like screaming into the night and being unable to hear her own breathing.

Then, she felt a response. An intense wave of concern that splashed against her as she got the image of Sable spinning on her rear, then rushing toward her. Peeking up, she was surprised to see Sable bounding around the pond toward her.

Merrie realized she was not wearing her gloves and boots. Berating herself for not dressing first, she grabbed the second boot and jammed it on her foot. Her big toe cracked from the impact but she twisted the boot until her foot slid into place. She heard and felt Sable growing closer and redoubled her efforts to get her boots laced into place.

(Pack sister,) came a thought. It was the woman's voice from before, filled with smoke and whiskey.

Looking up, Merrie saw Sable come to a halt next to her. The bitch was not smiling, but neither was she angry. Instead, there was a cloud of sadness that surrounded her as she looked down at Merrie's bare hands and the open laces on her boots.

Merrie whimpered as she struggled with the boots. Her fingers refused to move and she felt clumsy with an audience. Her fingertips scraped against the boots. She stopped as she stared at the boots. There was no way she could put on the boots without help. She lifted her gaze to Sable who watched with sadness.

Then, a frown ghosted across Sable's face. She lifted her head and peered around her. Merrie knew she was looking for Licker. When Sable's gaze returned to Merrie, it was Merrie's turn to look sad.

To Merrie's surprise, Sable gave an understanding nod. She blinked as a wave of power radiated away from her, following the translucent connection between her and Bass. With the distance, Merrie could almost see the pulse sailing across the water before it struck Bass.

Bass looked up sharply and even from across the pond, Merrie could see a look of concern on his face. "Licker?" His voice carried out over the water. Moving sharply, he ran to the same rock Merrie perched herself on and crawled to the top. He shaded his eyes as he looked around. "Ass Licker!?"

Merrie shuddered at the sound of his voice. Tears burned in her eyes as she prayed Licker would make it. Looking down at her bare hands, she wondered how Bass would punish her.

Sable rested the end of her elbow on Merrie's palm. Merrie looked up as Sable inched closer. Then, Sable stepped into Merrie, crawling up her and pinning her to the ground. It wasn't the violent attack from before, or the playful tackle, but an irresistible force as Sable planted her breasts along Merrie's and drew herself close to rub their cheeks together. Merrie could feel Sable's breath on her ear as Sable wiggled closer. Then, Sable's lips brushed against Merrie's earlobe.

"I love you, sister," it was Sable speaking in the same voice Merrie heard in her head, but Sable's voice was rough with disuse, "but I can't let you bind to my master."

Merrie froze, her mouth open with surprise. Sable's voice echoed in her thoughts.

"You must remain a beta until you are sold. Please, sister, don't make my mistakes. Don't bind yourself, please?"

There was an intense sorrow that came with her words. It was a shadow that hung over Sable, something terrible that happened that

Sable couldn't describe. Along with it came understanding of a new word, beta. It took her a moment to figure out what Sable meant: an alpha without a master.

What Sable asked Merrie struck deep. Sable didn't want Merrie to bind with Bass, Borias, or anyone else at the mill. She wanted Merrie to be alone, terribly alone, until she was sold to the highest bidder. And that bidder would end up being her master, one way or the other. The idea of a complete stranger being her one and only sent a pang of fear and jealousy coursing through her mind. She could never have Bass. She would never truly enjoy submitting to him, not the way Sable gave herself. No matter how much she loved Bass, he would never be her master.

Hot tears ran down her cheeks. She mouthed the words, not caring if Sable corrected her. "Why? Why not?" She was devastated as despair filled her.

Sable kissed her and her own eyes sparkled with tears.

Merrie repeated herself, lips moving against Sable's.

"Because it would kill him."

The words ran true, said with Sable's mind and body. Merrie didn't understand, but she could feel Sable's conviction in the words. She wanted to ask more questions, but Bass came crashing through the grasses and Sable scrambled off Merrie. She sat down next to Merrie who struggled to get into a begging position. Merrie didn't know if it would help, but begging for forgiveness seemed like the right thing to do.

Bass stopped as he came into view. He was still naked except for the sword in his hand. He looked worried until he focused on Merrie, then relief flooded his face. He let out a long, shuddering breath. "You didn't run, Cunt. I was afraid-" He stopped himself with a stricken look. Then, he sat down heavily on the ground. "Licker is gone, isn't she?"

There was no denying it. Merrie gave a hesitant bark.

He let out a groan and pulled out a whistle from the side of his sheath. "I haven't had to do this in years." He blew on the whistle, but no noise came out. After a moment, he blew three more times, then once more. Replacing it, he stared at Sable and Merrie and let out a long, depressed sigh.

"Come on, Cunt, let me fix those boots."

Surprised, Merrie obeyed. She crawled into his lap and nestled her rear into the space between his thighs. She was terrified and comforted at the same time.

He reached around her and began to untie her laces, just like he did every night for their bath. "You know, I have to punish you for this."

Merrie shivered and let out a whimpering bark.

"One for every glove and boot you took off-

Merrie closed her eyes. She knew that it would be a real punishment instead of an excuse to fuck her.

"-and one for letting Licker run away."

She didn't regret helping Licker. It was the right thing to do for the girl and the worst thing she could do for herself. But, it felt right taking the brunt of Bass' punishment. She only hoped Licker would make it to the edge of the mill.

"Tonight, you get the cage. No fucking, no orgasms, no fun. And you get your cum from the bowl."

She shivered at the angry and disappointed words. It was a punishment for her now, to go without an orgasm for the night. But, she deserved it and would accept it. She could have stopped Licker if she wanted to.

"And you, Sable-"

Sable lifted her head and there was a sad look on her face.

"-will spend the next six days with Grange. He needs help with keeping his bitches in line and maybe you can temper his beatings a bit."

Sable whimpered and began to beg.

Bass shook his head and his arms tightened around Merrie. "I know, but you didn't do your job. And you know what is going to happen to her now, don't you?"

Sable lowered her head and barked softly.

Bass reached out and stroked her head, his large hand covering both of her dog ears. At the same time, he reached one hand around Merrie to hold her breasts and pull her tight to his chest. His cock twitched with the movement and he planted a single kiss right at junction of Merrie's neck and shoulders. "I love both of you, but there are rules."

“You,” announced Tabitha as she squatted down next to Bass, “are pathetic.”

Tabitha was smiling broadly, like a cat who just ate a mouse. She was just as naked as Bass. She had a familiar white stake in her hand, unlettered, but otherwise was completely unarmed.

Bass didn't look at her. Instead, he focused on reworking the laces on Merrie's boots. “Just get her, Tabitha.”

“Which one?”

“Ass Licker. The teenager.”

Tabitha used her finger to start writing the name on the stake using a fingernail. The paint peeled from her touch as she carved Licker's name and the date on the side of the stick.

Merrie felt a presence next to her and looked over to see Dixie on Bass' other side. The tiny silfae's cock was a full mast, but it looked like a little boy's shaft. Merrie wondered why he was so excited.

“There we go,” giggled Tabitha. “The first marker of the season. I love the smell of fresh meat in the morning... afternoon.” She leaned over to Bass, “Don't you?”

“Drop it,” grumbled Bass as he struggled with Merrie's laces.

“I can't believe that the mighty and compassionate master had somehow not charmed a bitch into raising her tail every time he rubbed his cock.”

“Tabitha...”

“No, no,” chuckled Tabitha, “I want to enjoy this a little bit more. I mean, I didn't think this was possible for you to lose a girl. You are so sickly sweet that they cream just seeing you come in the room. And you, the mighty Bassimar Sarmo, actually lost a bitch with Sable next to him!”

“Tabitha!” The lace in Bass' hands snapped and Merrie whimpered at the feeling of being trapped between his powerful arms.

Tabitha stopped, a brief glare storming across her face. As the seconds filled the silence, the storm turned into a wide grin. She whispered loudly, not even trying to be quiet, “You lost one.”

“Yes, I know!” His yell rumbled across the valley.

“That also means you just forfeit twenty shares to me.”

Bass' lips compressed into a thin line. “I know.”

“Well,” she stood up and patted his shoulder. “At least you still got your balls and a couple more holes to fuck.” She stretched and twirled around. She spoke in a sing-song voice as she pranced around them. “I’m gonna go hunting.”

Between one step and another, Tabitha lurched forward as hair sprouted along every centimeter of her skin. It coursed along her body as she expanded and swelled. Her features melted and reformed she melted into a wolf-like creature. It was the same one that threatened her in the great hall, but it was only as large as Bass instead of towering over him. Like before, it had a large cock sheath and a tip of a cock sticking out of it. The creature sniffed the air and circled Bass again before it came to a stop. She looked at Bass with almost a laugh on her face. Then, she belted out an ear-piercing howl before sprinting away in the same direction as Licker.

Dixie carefully stood up. He glanced up at Bass, but then focused on Merrie.

Merrie felt a tingling coursing over her skin. She felt the connection of power stretching out from Dixie, a shimmering line that connected him to the dwindling form of Tabitha. It was the bond between Dixie and Tabitha, the bond of an alpha. The connection flashed and she could feel Dixie pulling power from Tabitha. He kept his brilliant blue eyes locked on Merrie as he transformed into a second wolf.

Merrie glanced down to see his cock still hard, but instead of a tiny little thing, it was a full-blown dog cock, with a wedge-like head and a knot at the base. It sunk back into Dixie’s sheath before he let out a howl of his own. She jumped as he shot out after Tabitha.

Something hot splattered on Merrie’s back. She twisted her body to see tears rolling down Bass’ cheeks. He was trying to pull the lace out of her boot, but his fingers kept slipping. His lips worked but she had to strain to hear the words.

“... I’m evil now. I don’t have to save her. Please, don’t let her scream...” His eyes flickered up to catch her looking at him. He clamped his mouth shut and pointed forward. “Cunt, look that way.”

Feeling disturbed, Merrie settled back into place and held still. She watched as Bass regained control of his fingers and pulled out the laces. He unwrapped a replacement from around his sword and

threaded it into place. By the time he tied off the first boot, he was calmer and the tears stopped rolling down her back.

“Tonight-” His voice cracked and he cleared his throat. “Tonight, I’m moving Tits’ transformation charm over to you. She can have your regeneration charm because I’m going to fuck her hard since she’s the only bitch I’ll have tonight.” It was a statement, not a question.

He moved to the second boot and started undoing the laces.

A high-pitched scream ripped through the air. It was filled with agony and terror. A moment later, two wolves howled loudly and the sound rippled across the valley.

Bass swore and held up the snapped remains of the second set of laces. “Good thing I have more than one spare,” he grumbled as he picked up his sword.

He finished redoing her gloves and boot before Tabitha came back. Merrie was sitting on the far side of the pond again, a leash clipped to her collar and feeling miserable. She watched as Tabitha came walking up.

Tabitha was covered in blood, it coated her front from the bottom of her jaw clear down to her legs. Sheets of it clung to her skin and more of it matted her thick patch of pubic hair. It took Merrie a moment to realize that she had a body slung over her shoulder.

As Tabitha drew close, Merrie sat up with a feeling of dread growing. The silfae flipped Licker off her shoulder and dropped her on the ground in front of Bass.

The teenager was alive and moaning, but her eyes were tightly closed. Whimpers of pain rose from her throat as she gasped for breath. She tried to curl into a ball, but her movements were sluggish. Merrie looked at the nearest arm and fear ripped through her. Licker didn’t have an arm below the elbow, Tabitha had torn off it off. The end was a ragged, bloody stump that flickered with healing magic. Below was Licker’s other arm, Tabitha gave it the same cruel treatment. Shaking from the rising terror, Merrie dragged her gaze to Licker’s legs where they had been bitten off right at the knees. More healing magic flickered along the end; it wasn’t the deep healing used by Rendi and Borias but a shallow spell to only stop the bleeding.

Licker had been cropped.

The poor girl would never walk again. She would never pick up anything with her hands. She would spend the rest of her life a bitch and there was nothing she could do about it.

Merrie felt a surge of lust rise up and mix with the fear. This was her fate at the mill. It was only a matter of days before she was in Licker's place, fighting the pain and grieving for her lost limbs. She would be helpless forever. One flash of pain, one high-pitched scream of agony and it would be over.

Next to her, Sama let out a shuddering gasp. Merrie glanced over and saw the same lust in her eyes. It was the collars changing their thoughts, making the violence in front of them something to desire. To hunger for. When it was their turn, Merrie knew she would be begging to have her arms torn off.

Fear swallowed her lust and burned it away. She forgot how to breathe as she felt it rising up, only to hold still against some force. It was the collar holding back her fear and she knew she was about to break out of the filters Borias spoke about.

Merrie didn't want to lose control. She wanted to be a good slave, a good beta. She forced herself to look away, trying to prevent herself from breaking free of the collar's magic. The tears burned her eyes as the bile burned her throat. She gulped and buried her face against the ground. A single sob tore out of her as she struggled with her emotions.

Then, with a rush, she felt the collar clamp down. It was a sharp, bitter relief as the fear and disgust faded away instantly. When she returned her gaze to Licker's trembling form, she could still feel her terror but it no longer threatened her self-control.

"And this," said Tabitha in a sardonic tone, "is what happens when you fuck up, Bass."

Bass glared at Tabitha. His hands were balled into tight fists.

Merrie felt the pain of seeing Bass suffering. She knew that he blamed himself for what happened, just as much as he hated Licker's pain. It was a contrast of emotions and she wondered why Bass cropped any of the bitches on the mill. He seemed to hate it so much and he was so tender. It was a missing piece in understanding the master she could never have.

Licker surged from the ground. For a moment, Merrie thought she was going to throw herself at Bass' sword. But, then Licker's wild eyes focused on Merrie. With a sob, the teenage girl crawled across the ground on severed ends of her elbows and knees to grab hold of Merrie. It was a tight, desperate grip of a girl who lost everything. But, Licker didn't have fingers and the grip slipped in the blood and sweat.

Not caring that Tabitha and Bass were watching, Merrie slid her bound arms underneath Licker's armpits and pulled the girl up. She held the trembling teenager tight against her.

Licker buried her face into Merrie's neck, trying to hold on with all her might. She sobbed loudly and her anguish shook Merrie to the core.

t'Sade

Caged Heat

17

Merrie was in agony. It wasn't pain, that much she knew, but she didn't have the ability to comprehend the sensation of her back and ass constantly twitching beneath the flesh. No matter which position she stayed in, it was only matter of seconds before a muscle spasm forced her to move. She closed her eyes and tried to roll on her back. Her gloves bumped against the bars of the cage and the slight jerk sent a wave of spasms along her back and ass. Her tail flipped against the cage and she shuddered at the new sensations coursing up her spine.

Her tail.

Merrie moaned and reached down. Her bound hands could barely feel the tail through the leather, but it still fascinated her. She had finally been given a tail, though it took almost two days of torture for it to stretch out from her spine. The agony of the collar helped with her other suffering—it had been almost three days since Bass fucked her and Merrie was desperate for his cock.

She grabbed her tail between her palms and shivered at the touch. Curled up in the cage, she could see the end. It was blonde, just like the hair on her head. The hair was short but curly, clinging to the tail in a thick mat of hair. When she touched the tip, it felt like someone was tickling her tailbone. She ran her gloves down both sides of the tail. Her mind struggled with the new sensation, it felt like she was stroking the small of her back by the time she reached her base.

With her bound fingers and palms, she couldn't fit her hands between her legs. She wanted to explore the base of her new tail and see how it fit between her body. On Sama, it seemed like the spot

between her asshole and the tail was sensitive, but Merrie didn't have the dexterity to worm between the dildo still buried in her ass and the tail. She squirmed at the sensations as a fresh wave of spasms coursed along her back.

Between her gloves, her tail twitched. She didn't quite have control over it, but she could feel it moving. She wiggled her ass, frowning as she tried to get it to move as naturally as Sable. It shifted to the right and there was an ache along her back from muscles protesting. She shifted her hips in the other direction and the tail followed. With a smile, Merrie realized why Sable's entire body was thrown in into her wagging, it was easier to make the tail follow. She spread her hands apart and twisted her hips to cause the tail to smack one glove than the other.

Excitement filled her as she played with her tail. It was close to masturbating as she could get. When Bass stuck her in the cage, it wasn't bad at first. But days of fucking his cock had ignited a flame that refuse to go out. The first time she tried to finger herself, or more accurately use her laces to jill herself, she almost reached an orgasm but it refused to come. In the following painful hours, she realized she couldn't come with the charm on her. She could bring herself up to the sharp edge of orgasm, feel her body desperately trying to push herself off the cliff, but no matter what she did, she couldn't fall off that edge. It was infuriated and frustrating.

She needed to come. In the long hours that followed, she grew so desperate to come she would have begged for forgiveness if she had the words. Instead, she did her best to whimper and reach out for Bass when he walked past her cage. When he refused to acknowledge her, it added to her desperation. She tried to get into the begging position when he came closer, but the cage with too short for her to kneel. It was also too short to stretch out. Instead, she had to remain curled up whenever she slept.

Bass couldn't be blamed for torturing her, however, unless not letting her orgasm was torture. There was a thick down pillow on the bottom of the cage. She had a bowl of water and food hooked to the side. The water was half full and she had all the food she needed. She always got two servings for dinner, one of food. When she polished that off, he would either masturbate into the bowl or have her lick it directly from Sama's holes.

Even though it wasn't directly from his body, Merrie almost came every time she licked the bowl clean of his cum. She could taste Sama's pussy in the salty and sweet liquid. When she finished, the bowl was sparkling clean clear down to the tiny rune at the bottom.

Her tail twitched and she moaned from the discomfort that ran along her back. She twisted around until she was staring up at the top, her legs curled tight to her chest and her hands between her legs. Her gloves rested along her puffy folds and she could feel the heat radiating from her pussy.

Merrie needed to come.

She closed her eyes and let out a soft whimper. Even knowing that it wouldn't work, she slid her gloves along her pussy. It felt good against her sensitive opening and her juices soaked the leather and her inner thighs. A dribble ran down the crack of her ass, tickling her hole and base of her tail before adding to the wet spot on the pillow beneath. She prayed for an orgasm as she used both hands to grind her labia into her clitoris. She felt the pleasure rising up and it took very little to reach the crest of her pleasure. She cried out as it held there. No matter how much she stroked, touched, and imagined Bass' cock, she couldn't push herself over the edge.

After a few minutes of desperate jilling, she gave up. With a sigh, she twisted over to find a new comfortable position. She found one on all fours, back arched and arms pulled underneath her. She pushed back until her tail threaded through the bars of the cage and she could press the warm metal against the line of her pussy and ass. She knew she couldn't come on the bars or the pillow either, she tried both more than once in the long hours of sexual frustration.

Merrie tried to find some sleep. She was just beginning to doze when she heard movement from the bed. She already knew what was happening, but she opened her eyes and stared across the darkened room. Bass and Sama were silhouetted against the light streaming in through the windows. It was late morning, after breakfast, but time didn't matter much on the mill.

Bass was kneeling behind Sama, his large cock dripping with precum and poised to enter her. He had one hand wrapped around her hair and pulled her back. Her body was presented to him with her back arched and her tail curled up until it touched her shoulder

blades. In the shadows, Merrie could see Sama's breasts heaving as she held herself still.

It was a heartbreaking moment in time. Merrie wished for all her might to be right there in Sama's place. She needed to feel his cock drive into her. She needed to be filled and fucked and pounded. She held her breath, waiting for the thrust.

Bass drove into Sama. His cock only went halfway into her pussy on the first stroke, but buried completely on the second. He grunted and threw himself into the hard, brutal stroking that Merrie loved. Seeing his cock spearing into the silhouetted form of Sama send a sympathetic throb inside Merrie's own cunt.

Sama's gasp filled the air and the charm at her collar sparkled with light. One hand reached out into the air as her entire form was jerked back and forth on Bass' cock.

He was a man driven by lust. With only Sama to vent his passions, Bass was fucking at least once an hour if not more. Every time, he was hard and throbbing. As the days had passed, he lost some of his tenderness and just pounding into Sama with hard, powerful strokes. He grunted as he drove into her, the droplets of their juices looked like a dark mist as he rammed into Sama's abused pussy.

Merrie tried to match his strokes, ramming her cunt against the bars behind her. She tried to imagine what it would feel like, being the victim of his lusts. The cage rattled with each bump back; the bar crushed her pussy lips but she didn't care, she wanted it to hurt.

Sama let out a scream of pleasure which only encouraged Bass to thrust harder. The charm glowed from the impact of his cock; Merrie remembered what it felt like to have Bass fucking as hard as he could, the impact of his body and the feel of his cock driving deep. Sama was crying out in pleasure as he drove into her even though Merrie knew how much it would hurt. From Merrie's vantage spot, she could see Sama's tight belly swelling with the huge cock that filled her.

Bass grunted as he started to come. Hot, thick liquid poured out before he drove in deep and grabbed Sama's ass to hold himself in. His chest heaved with his panting and his balls jerked with every surge of cum he forced into Sama.

Sama shuddered and froze, her mouth open and one hand resting on the headboard. Her stomach clenched around his cock, but the

cum pumping into her pussy pushed her belly out just noticeably enough for Merrie to wish she was being filled.

With a sigh, he pulled out and the flood of cum poured out of Sama's pussy and splashed down on the blankets. The thick, wet noises filled the room and Merrie had to close her eyes to stop the agony of watching. The bar behind her was soaked with her juices and her movements shook the cage with every thrust, but no matter how much she ground against the cage, she couldn't come.

Bass crawled off the bed and headed into the bathroom.

As soon as the door closed, Sama crawled off the bed. Wet splatters of cum splashed on the wooden floor as she padded over to the cage. She drew close, then pressed her face against the bars and reached inside.

Merrie let out a moan and brought her mouth up to Sama's. Their lips found each other and they kissed. It was soft and passionate, and the only pleasure Merrie could get. She knew that Bass let them kiss, if only because he spent more time than ever in the bathroom.

They broke after a moment. Merrie reached out through the cage to stroke Sama's hard nipple, then she mouthed, "Turn around."

Sama giggled and turned around. Her slimy pussy was pressed up against the cage. The cum squelched as she ground against the bar. Merrie reached as far as she could and lapped at her master's cum. It was salty and sweet, a combination of cum and pussy. Sama let out a moan as Merrie cleaned her through the cage bars, removing every bit of cum that she could reach with her tongue.

They both knew not to try it the other way. It was a punishment and Merrie knew that she did something wrong. In the back of her mind, she knew that he was counting the seconds until she was done just as much as her. After the events at the pond, Merrie started to notice that she woke up when Bass did, even separated by the bars of the cage, not because she was ready to wake but simply because she knew he was waking up. She could sense when he was sad or upset or about to come. It was a shallow empathetic connection with her master, nothing like the bond that Sable shared, but it made her both happy and sad to know that Bass wasn't truly upset at her. There were rules and she as much as she suffered, she would have let Licker run free every time.

The door to the bathroom opened and Sama spun around to sit on the ground. Merrie tried to sit up, but she couldn't in the cage. Her tail bumped against the cage and she swayed her hips back and forth to tap it against the metal.

Bass stepped out and stretched. "That felt good. You bitches need to pee?"

They both barked.

Merrie held her breath as Bass unbolted the cage. If she had her gloves, she could have easily reached around and freed herself, but she knew she wouldn't. Even the punishment was a form of submission, though a torturous one that wouldn't let her come. She waited until he opened the door completely.

"Come on, Cunt."

He reached in and curled a finger around her collar. She didn't need it, but he was still tender as he tugged her out. Merrie crawled over the threshold. When he released her, she continued to the door and sat there begging next to Sama.

Bass lead them down the stairs and out of the house. As they traveled through the door, he rested his hands on their shoulders.

Merrie stopped on the porch as she spotted Piffin and his two females. Male Seven was nowhere to be seen. Female Twenty-Seven and Female Twenty-Eight were both in begging positions, struggling to remain still as Piffin was counting the seconds.

Twenty-Seven had blonde hair with dark roots. Her body was slender, but she had large breasts and hips. It gave her an exaggerated hourglass figure. Between her legs, she was shaved bare and her labia was a short curtain of flesh in a ragged line.

On the other hand, Twenty-Eight was a much darker brown woman with small breasts, narrow hips, and a slender form that was stick-like. Her nipples were huge though, like acorns tipping the two shallow mounds of flesh. Her face was long with wide, expressive eyes. She used to have a pierced lip, Merrie remembered, but the piercings were gone and only a small dark spot identified the hole. She also had a tail, a jet-black one with long hairs that matched the longer hair on the top of her head. The copper transformation charm sparkled on her collar.

Bass chuckled and walked past Merrie and Sama. "Good morning, Piffin."

“Salutations, Bass.”

“How is training going?”

“As expected with these two,” Piffin sounded disinterested as he watched the girls. Then, he made a grunting noise in the back of his throat, “Twenty-Eight, bring your left hand up one centimeter. One demerit.”

Twenty-Eight looked devastated, but she obeyed and brought her hand up. It looked even at first, but with the movement, Merrie could see how the bitch was now perfectly balanced from the position of her knees, hips, breasts, even hands. It looked difficult to do, but at the same time, Merrie sensed that she could do the same. The urge to join them and beg rose up.

“What happened to Seven?”

“Tabitha took him to be cropped.” His voice was even as he spoke.

“Your choice?”

“Yes. Dixie was being distracting with his attempts to show dominance. I can tolerate some of it, but Seven would not submit sufficiently for Dixie’s needs. I felt it was best to hand over Seven to get cropped. Maybe spending a week at Tabitha’s will break Seven and let Dixie properly dominate him. Plus, I need to work on these two girls and correct some of their worst flaws.”

Bass looked over them. “What’s wrong them?”

Piffin sighed. “Twenty-Eight keeps dropping her hip. Twenty-Seven has no concept of where her feet are, nor her wrists. Neither can understand the difference between a decimeter and a centimeter. I want their index knuckle two centimeters in front of their collar, how hard could that be?”

A smile quirked Bass’ lips, but he said nothing.

Piffin glanced over. “Twenty-Seven, one demerit for your left knee. Bring it in. Twenty-Eight, two demerits for your right pinkie finger, bring it closer. And one more for parting your lips. Keep your mouth closed.”

Both girls adjusted their position. There was discomfort in their eyes and Merrie felt a swell of sympathy for them. Piffin was an exacting master.

Piffin returned to Bass. "I know that you don't require precision, but the girls I train sell for four times what Grange can do and my bitches consistently win at the command tests."

Merrie had a flash of insight. She knew what Sable would do while watching the two women struggling to obey commands. With a sly smile on her lips, she crawled away from Bass and circled around the girls. There was just enough space between the two girls that she could crawl into place. Looking up to Piffin who didn't seem to notice, she assumed the begging position.

Settling into position and focusing on Piffin, she could feel his desires in her mind. It felt like a crystalline puppet. He wanted bitches to put their hands just right, move their legs to the correct angle and spread an exact distance. She couldn't tell the exact numbers, but she could feel when she got it right. She adjusted her position as she stared at him, hoping to be perfect for him before he looked back.

In the corner of her eye, she saw Sama join them. She crawled to the right of Twenty-Eight's body and got into the begging position. She smiled as she struggled to match Twenty-Eight's perfection.

Merrie felt Bass looking at her. She glanced over to see his yellow-tinted gaze flash over her before he returned to look back at Piffin. A smile crossed his lips and Merrie felt a flush of excitement as if he just told her "good girl."

She found the correct position and held herself there. She could feel her body trembling with the effort after a few seconds, but there was a burn of excitement that filled her knowing that she was perfect at least in form. It added to the heat in her pussy. She never would imagine holding herself still be exciting, but she knew that Piffin would approve as soon as he looked.

Next to her, both Twenty-Seven and Twenty-Eight seemed to relax. Merrie could feel them in her mind, just like Piffin. As she concentrated on them, their minds seemed to connect and she felt the confusion, fear, and discomfort swirling around them. She tried to project comfort and both of them relaxed instantly.

She felt a rush being able to feel the others. She wondered if she could include Sama, but as she concentrated on the brunette, she felt both of the Twenties pulling away. She clutched to Twenty-Seven and Twenty-Eight, but then Sama's emotions faded away. She

seemed to be limited to two bitches. Raising her gaze, she realized she couldn't feel Piffin or Bass anymore. Opening her mind, she let herself listen to Piffin's emotions, but as she concentrated, Twenty-Seven slipped away. She realized she was limited to listening to two people at a time. As she wondered how many Sable or Dixie could feel, she felt Piffin about to look at her. She held herself tight and stared at him, waiting for when his gaze.

It was slow at first, just a subtle inspection of his two girls. He seemed happy and he looked back at Bass. A heartbeat later, surprise rocked through their empathetic link and he made a double-take as he stared at the four bitches lined up.

Merrie held herself perfect, right at the crux of what Piffin would find most sexual. A moment later, she was rewarded when his cock began to tent his pants. She wished she could read his thoughts but seeing him respond was an intoxicating rush. She clenched her pussy with the heat that boiled inside her, threatening to send her over the edge of an orgasm.

"I..." Piffin's words died in his throat. He rested a hand on his cock and his eyes grew wider as if he wasn't expecting to find it hard. When he spoke, there was a huskier need that resonated in his words. "I need to take the bitches inside. Twenty-Seven, Twenty-Eight, free."

With a rush, he hurried inside and they followed. Twenty-Eight stopped on the stairs to give Merrie a thankful smile before she crawled into the house.

Bass chuckled. "I wonder what just got into Piffin? I don't think I've ever seen him run anywhere." He turned to look at the house for a long moment before he gestured to the peeing area. "Come on, bitches. Time to go."

Sama was first and ran into the spongy area. She circled once, then squatted over the water. Her tail curled up over her back and she peed on the ground. It soaked through into the wood chips and she wiggled her ass to clear the last few flecks.

Merrie crawled out after her and tried to duplicate the maneuver. As she arched her ass up, her tail curled on itself and cleared her nether regions, but the fake tail in her ass covered her pussy and she didn't want to stain on it. She looked up at Bass with a whimper.

He looked sad as he walked over and squatted down. His thick fingers ran up her pussy and she felt a shiver of pleasure threatening to ignite the bottled up lust inside her. For a moment, she forgot her need to pee as she leaned into his fingers, begging for him to thrust inside her.

"I'm going to miss this," whispered Bass.

Merrie looked up with a whine. She felt a pang of fear as she looked into his sad eyes.

"I won't have to do this," he ran his fingers along her pussy, working his digits into her aching lips to tease her opening. "With your tail, you won't need me to hold this up again." He grabbed her tail and pulled the fake end away from her pussy.

Merrie reached out and rested a hand on his knee. She didn't want to lose anything with Bass. And intimate moment they shared whenever she had to go the bathroom just bound them closer together.

Bass seemed surprise. "You want me to keep doing this?"

Merrie blushed and nodded.

He took a deep breath. "I won't hold your tail, but do you want me to wipe it off?"

She felt a surge of excitement, both desperate and loving at the same time. Her body grew tight, the first sign of her trying to bond, and she fought it. It faded after a second. She cleared her throat and barked.

He smiled. It was a happy relieved smile. "Then, I will."

Merrie nodded, then adjusted her position. Her tail ached to hold it but she kept it still as she released her bladder and peed on the ground. It was a long rush of pleasure for her, of release, but knowing that Bass' fingers would be teasing her added to the anticipation and she almost came just peeing.

As soon as she finished, Bass ran his fingers along her labia to chase away the last droplets. Shaking his fingers clear, he reached up and grabbed the butt plug buried in her ass. "You know, we don't need this anymore."

She barked and leaned forward, breathing in the smells of freshly cut wood and urine. It was a strange mixture of scents, but it was just part of her life now. She relaxed as her master eased the dildo out of her ass; it came free with a wet pop. She squirmed at the

empty feeling in her rectum, it had been almost a ten-day week since they shoved it inside her and she was used to the comforting pressure against her guts.

Merrie expected them to leave, but Bass didn't move. Instead, he drew his fingers up to her pussy and shoved one finger in. "I've been thinking," he said.

She didn't care as her entire world focused on the thick digit worming its way into her slick cunt. It was the most perfect sensation ever and she could feel her body tensing for an orgasm. She could come on him, he could always make her come. He was the master of her body.

He slide one finger in and out, it was slow but after three days of denial, she felt her body grow hot and slick with anticipation. "I don't normally go for it, but Rendi has a silver charm that would change your ears to be like a dog's. It means I won't have to brush your hair into dog ears anymore," Merrie whimpered at the thought but Bass quickly continued, "but, I would never stop brushing your hair. I love that part. But, would you like that? To have dog ears? Real ones?"

Merrie rocked back against his finger as she thought about it. She already had a tail and, while it wasn't entirely under her control, she was excited to have it. And sooner or later, she would be cropped. Adding ears just seemed to add to the package, the part of her true submission to Bass. With a smile, she barked loudly and thrust back on his finger.

"Good girl." The pleasure rushed up around her, filling her and setting her right on the edge of pleasure. She let out a soft, whimpering noise and jammed herself back on his finger, trying to fuck it like a cock.

"No," he said and pulled his fingers away.

Merrie turned to look at him pitifully, but the expression faded as she saw him unbuttoning his shorts and pulling out his cock. "I think your punishment is over, Cunt. Do you want to be fucked?"

She couldn't put enough enthusiasm into her bark. She was desperate to have him and she could feel his own need. Even though they were still in the bathroom area, she presented herself and held her breath as he lined his thick member to her sex.

He drove into her with a single hard thrust. After three days of denial, his thick member rammed into her with a flash of pain. She let out a squeal of pain and pleasure, then felt her body welcoming him like a long-lost lover. The pain faded quickly and she was swamped with the sensations of having his thick member completely inside her body. She squeezed around it as the desperate orgasm finally ignited.

Her entire world turned white-hot as she screamed out in pleasure, her body clenching tightly as the intense pleasure that painfully tore into her. She was his bitch, mind and body but not soul. And her orgasm tore at her sanity as the world faded away until everything was centered on the one thing that mattered to her.

Her master.

Beta

18

Merrie pretended to try crawling out from underneath Snuff Bait, Sama, and Female Twenty-Seven. Three sets of tits ground down on her and she was pretty sure that one of the twins was sucking on her clitoris. She closed her eyes and bucked against the weight, but that only ground her sweat-slicked body harder against the soft flesh of the bitches on top of her.

She wasn't trying too hard, though. She knew how to crawl out from underneath, but the occasional flash of Borias laughing inspired her to struggle without succeeding. The world darkened as she looked up to see Cock Diver's pussy coming down. With a moan, she stretched her head up and clamped her mouth against the wet folds, parting the labia and licking at the tangy sweet.

Diver moaned and ground her face down, pinning Merrie to the soft, grassy ground behind the great hall and rocking back and forth. Her pussy was shave bare, much like Licker's was, and every time Diver moved, it left a wet smear of sex and excitement coating Merrie's face.

An unknown bitch was burrowing her way through the mass of naked slaves to find Merrie's nipple. Merrie reached out with her mind and just caught a sense of purpose, a desire to imitate Merrie and Sable, then she lost her concentration as lips caught her nipple. Moaning into Diver's pussy, Merrie jerked as she felt the playful teeth teasing her hard nipples.

A tongue found her pussy and lapped hard, finding the bit of cum that Bass left in there before the show. Merrie moaned at the feeling of being pinned and helpless, pleased and pleasuring all at the

same time. She felt the orgasm rising, a sweet intensity of pleasure, and surrendered into it.

Muffled through the bodies on top of her, she heard Borias laughing. "Can she even breathe in there?"

Sable barked. Merrie reached out with her mind, but she couldn't read Sable's emotions. The rest of the bitches she could pick up what they were feeling, a sense of purpose, or even just general sexiness, but Dixie and Sable were almost unreadable for her. She could only feel Sable's emotions when the alpha bitch projected. She also couldn't easily read most of the masters either, only Piffin and Thorn were open to her empathy.

Diver came on her, grinding down as she flooded Merrie's mouth with her juices. Merrie reached up with her gloved paws and held her down, lapping hard and forcing her tongue as deep as she could to slurp up all the moisture. Another orgasm was filling Merrie already. The heat boiling in her pussy was fueled by the mouths on her breasts and pussy, the tongue teasing her belly, and the breasts and naked limbs holding her down.

Another mouth sucked on her other breast, kneading the soft flesh with leather-bound hands. Merrie was trapped and helplessly. The teasing that assaulted her senses and sent her over the edge. She bucked violently as she came, kicking off the bitches as she gasped for colder air.

Borias laughed. "Come on, pay up, Bass. She be under there for ten minutes."

Merrie blushed happily as she pawed at her wet face. It dripped down and followed the line of her throat, adding to the sweat that ruined her makeup and bath. She could feel her right dog ear had already come undone and the hair sticking to her back and the side of her face. Droplets ran down between her heaving breasts. She smiled and watched as Bass reluctantly dropped a few coins into Borias' outstretched hand.

"She ruined her makeup," muttered Bass.

"They always be ruining their pretties, boss. Sable be the worse, since she's always picking fights."

"My Sable isn't fighting."

"Then why is she humping me Throat Fucked against that log?"

Merrie peered across the clearing to where Sable had pinned both Throat Fucked and Female Twenty-Eight against a recently fallen tree. She was nuzzling against Twenty-Eight's neck as her hips rubbed her pussy into Throat's chest. A large bruise the size of Bass' hand covered her right shoulder but she didn't seem to mind it as she humped the bitch underneath her.

When Sable pulled back, Throat's breasts glistened from Sable's excitement.

Bass chuckled. "That isn't fighting, that's playing."

"Yeah, and she be ruining my girl's pretties."

Bass patted Borias on the shoulder and chuckled. "Live with it."

"Aye, boss, that I do."

Merrie grinned as she watched the two men chatting. As she was considering crawling over to tackle Sable, she felt a new presence coming in through the woods behind the house. Turning around, she stared at the shadows as three figures, two of them crawling, walked out from the trees.

Tabitha was in the led. She wore a piece of white fabric around her breasts and a second around her hips, but otherwise wore nothing. Her hair was done up in an intricate braid. The hair reached down to her ass and waved back and forth like a large tail.

Behind her, Dixie bounded along the grass. His tiny form ducked underneath a large root and he scrambled on top of it to bark at the third figure.

Merrie sat down as she saw Licker trailing behind the others. Her heart thumped as she watched the thin girl crawl through the thick bed of leaves and out into the sunlight.

Licker's black hair was pulled into two dog ears. Instead of ribbons, Tabitha used strands of leather. Another leather strip tied off the end of Licker's tail. The girl moved surprisingly easily as she walked further into the sun-lit clearing. The ends of her elbows and knees were sheared off, but there was no sign of the blood, ragged ends that Merrie saw before. Instead, they ended in smooth ends, just like Sable.

Wanting a closer look, Merrie got back on her hands and knees. She crawled across the clearing. Around her, she could feel the other bitches slowing down and watching, morbidly curious of Licker's amputations.

Licker stopped near the middle and crouched down. Merrie could feel that she was frightened, not of the masters but of the other bitches. There was a hesitation in the girl's mind, a fear that they wouldn't accept her now that she was cropped.

Merrie came to a skidding halt in front of Licker. She smiled brightly at Licker, but the teenage girl blushed and stared down at the ground. Up close, the fear was almost palatable around the slender girl. Merrie slowly inched forward, then brought her lips to Licker's. It was a soft kiss, tender and encouraging. Merrie could feel Licker's fear spiking and a tension in the teenager's slender frame.

She didn't stop. She broke the kiss and planted another one on Licker's jaw. Even as Licker tightened up, Merrie force the raven-haired girl to lift her chin as she kissed a line along her neck, shoulder, then down toward her left elbow.

Fear radiated from Licker, a fear of being rejected, of being ugly, of being less than human.

Merrie was fascinated as she kissed along the slender arm. Her lips caressed along the shoulder and the soft flesh. She reached the end of the elbow.

Licker inhaled sharply, lifting it as if she wanted to run away.

Merrie took advantage of Licker's position to kiss along the nub, working her lips against the soft flesh and hard bone underneath. It felt different than she expected. The bone was thickened around the elbow, no doubt to take Licker's weight. She also remembered the arm not being quite as long and wondered if Tabitha had somehow lengthened it.

At the same time she was caressing Licker's amputated arm, Merrie sent out a soft wave of love and affection. She could feel the cloud of fear beginning to dissipate as she circled around Licker, kissing up the girl's flanks toward her back leg.

Licker trembled and let her breath out in a rush.

As Merrie continued to kiss down to Licker's hips, she felt a second wave of emotions surrounding them. It was love, excitement, and more than a little sexual excitement. She peeked up past the black wagging tail to see Sable bounding over.

Sable crashed into Licker and threw the teenager against Merrie. Merrie let out a squeak as she braced herself to prevent them from

falling over. On the other side, Sable started licking and kissing with enthusiasm.

Giving up on being tender, Merrie imitated the same and soon Licker was giggling as she writhed between the two bitches. The scent of her excitement filled the air, mixing with Merrie's and Sable's.

Merrie crawled around and rammed her head up between Licker's thighs. She found the slick opening and lapped at it. Licker moaned at the touch and ground back. Her tail curled around Merrie's head, almost holding it, but trembling with the spasms as Licker sputtered from Sable's licking her face.

Licker's fear blew away, leaving only relief and growing excitement. She licked and kissed Sable as she ground her pussy to Merrie's mouth.

"All right," announced Bass, "we should probably get started."

Reluctantly, Merrie stopped licking Licker and followed the two bitches back up to the house where Bass and the rest of the trainers waited. She stopped in front of her master and assumed the begging position.

Licker sat next to her, but Bass shook his head.

"No, Licker, you're Tabitha's now."

Licker whimpered and crawled over to Tabitha who was fussing with Dixie's leather straps.

Merrie watched her sadly, wondering if she and Licker would ever be together again, then leaned over to kiss Sama's shoulder. Sama kissed her back, then wagged her tail as Merrie licked her nose.

Bass chuckled as he squatted down. "Let me fix your ears, Cunt."

She turned to him, her breath quickening as he stroked her breasts and throat before moving to her hair. With practiced skill, he undid the ribbon dangling against her ear and tied it back into a tail.

"Remember, if you get the silver or a gold, I'll get you the ear transformation charm." Merrie barked with excitement as she felt the heat boiling in her body. She wiggled her ass to wave her tail back and forth.

Bass reached out with his other hand, "And you lovely Tits, if you get the silver, I'll give you that peeing charm you wanted."

Sama blushed and looked at sheepishly at Merrie. Merrie felt embarrassed but she understood. Reaching over, she kissed Sama until Sama turned into her. Their lips caressed each other and Sama darted her tongue into Merrie's mouth.

"You are both good girls. Very good."

Merrie shivered at the magical pleasure that filled her. She squirmed as Bass finished redoing her hair and wipe the juices from her face. As he switched over to work on Sama, she looked over to Tabitha and Licker.

Tabitha was holding Licker's throat with one hand as she brushed the teenager's hair with the other. There was a harshness in her actions, but it didn't look cruel. She was speaking quietly to Licker with just a hint of a smile on her lips.

Licker gave a nod. When Tabitha squeezed her throat with a smile, Licker smiled back and gave two sharp barks. Tabitha said something and Licker opened her mouth and let her tongue slid out. She smiled herself and wagged her ass back and forth.

Merrie realized she was relieved to see Licker not fighting Tabitha. Something happened in the five days Licker was with the strange silfae, but whatever occurred, it seemed to have brought a smile to the sullen girl's lips.

As if feeling Merrie's attention, Licker peeked over at her. Her dog ear flopped over one ear. As their eyes match, there a strong emotion rose up from the thin girl. It was almost respect, but also a desire to be like Merrie. To stop fighting and just enjoy her slavery.

Merrie stared in shock, not trusting the emotions she was picking up.

Then, Licker glanced up at Tabitha who was talking to Dixie, then back to Merrie. She mouthed the words "love you."

Merrie started to cry. She was smiling and almost laughing, but the tears were rolling down her cheeks.

"Cunt, what's wrong?"

Merrie returned her attention to her master. Bass was stared at her, a frown on his face. She shook her head and smiled. When he didn't relax, she got into a begging position and wiggled her ass.

Bass turned toward Licker, who looked away sharply, then chuckled. "Oh, I see. You're leading them. That happens naturally when you're," he hesitated for the briefest of moments but she

heard his thoughts as clearly as he kept on speaking, (an alpha). But, he finished the sentence far differently than his thoughts, “as beautiful as you are, Cunt.”

Merrie stared up at him in shock. She knew she heard his thoughts clearly, they echoed in her mind just like Sable’s voice of scotch and smoke. The two words repeated over and over. He knew. Bass knew that she would be an alpha, but he wouldn’t say the words. He was hiding it, but she didn’t know from who.

She felt a tingling along her skin, the sense of wanting to bond with him. It mixed with the love she felt for the compassionate master. She knew it would be as simple as reaching out and grabbing him. She could almost see the hazy leash stretching out for him.

Sable’s words came back to her. Bonding to Bass could kill him. She concentrated on holding back the leash and forced herself to look away from Bass. It hurt more than she thought, she longed to bind her soul to him and to be with him forever. The sparkles along her skin grew painful for a moment, then faded in a dull ache of denial. She felt a tear rolling down her cheek and an intense feeling of loss.

She looked up. Across the field, Sable and Dixie were both watching her. Sable had an expression of sorrow on her face. Her tail was down and she held herself low. Dixie, on the other hand, was watching with a hard look. As Merrie watched him, he turned around, stuck his tail in the air, and prance back to Tabitha.

“All right,” announced Bass, “time for the show. Bitches! Line up!”

Merrie tore her thoughts away from bonding and alphas and found a spot between Twenty-Seven and Fuckhole. She wagged her tail as she waited for Rendi and the others to check her. She just loved the feel of it shaking back and forth, moving with her spine and sending a quiver along her back muscles. Her collar almost hummed as it send pleasure coursing through her veins, adding to the pleasure of anticipation.

By the time Rendi, Garcon, and Hilfe reached her, she couldn’t wait. She brought herself into a begging position and held herself there. She reached out with her mind to Piffin and felt for the perfect angle. Even though he was sitting on the ground reading a

book, she could feel what he found the sexiest, the most perfect position. She adjusted her wrists and body until it would turn him on, if he ever looked.

Garcon crouched behind her. He drew both hands up her inner thighs and she lifted her body to give him access. Thick fingers caressed her pussy and swirled around the liquid heat gathering along it. Merrie clenched at the sensation, wishing it was more than just probing fingers that explored her body.

Hilfe was grabbing her from in front, using his large hands to maul her breasts and tease her nipples into aching hardness. He caught her right nipple between two fingers and twisted.

Merrie moaned as sparks of pain and pleasure shot through her body. She clamped down on the fingers buried in her pussy and shivered with the pleasure heating up inside her.

"The tail came out nicely. You did good work, Rendi," murmured Garcon as he drew his slick fingers back and slid one into Merrie's tight asshole. Merrie squirmed at the touch, her tail smacking against Garcon's thigh. "I'm going to say ninety five today."

"Lovely breasts, wet cunt," said Hilfe, "but Bass messed up on the ear and her face is still wet. Eight-five."

Rendi reached down and cupped Merrie's face with her hand. Merrie looked up at the older woman and leaned into it, giving her the sweetest smile she could give. Rendi smiled back. "Ninety."

Hilfe's harsher rating subdued Merrie's excitement. She barked once, then watched as the three moved on to Fuckhole. With a grin, Merrie leaned in the opposite direction and planted a kiss on Twenty-Seven's shoulder before moving back into position. A wave of surprise rose up from the bitch, then a playful joy that washed Merrie in warmth. A moment later, Twenty-Seven reached over and planted a kiss along Merrie's shoulder.

Merrie turned to the bitch and kissed her on the lips. A soft moan rose up between them and Merrie didn't care if it was her or Twenty-Seven who made it. She smiled and kissed again, seeking Twenty-Seven's lips.

"Cunt, Twenty-Seven," said Bass in a warning tone.

Merrie grinned and gave Twenty-Seven one last kiss before settling back into place. She felt the emotions of the bitches around

her, warm and sexy and playful. They were all getting used to their lives as sex slaves and Merrie knew that she helped at least in part.

Bass stood in front. "You are all good girls." As the wave of pleasure coursed through the bitches, he continued. "Today, we are going to play a game."

He held up a bright red ball. "You all know the 'fetch' command, right?"

Merrie barked with the others.

"So, all you have to do is fetch." He hefted the ball, drew back, and then threw it across their heads into the field behind them.

Merrie spun around to watch as the ball arced high into the air before dropping into the trees behind the house. She felt excitement rising but wasn't sure if she was suppose to go yet. Turning around, she looked at Bass just as Sable blew past her.

Surprised, Merrie spun around and watched as Sable and Dixie raced toward the ball. Sable bounded as she ran, bouncing on the ends of her amputated elbows and knees, while Dixie seemed less graceful with his calves dragging him down.

A moment later, the five older bitches came running after. Gasping, Merrie nudged Twenty-Seven and Fuckhole, then ran after them. It was strange running on her hands and knees, breasts bouncing as she crawled after the others. She felt clumsy compared to Sable who had already disappeared into the treeline.

While she knew where the ball was, once she got into the trees, she found it hard to look around. She was too low to the ground, crawling through the bushes and quickly the bitches got separated. Merrie's confidence broke.

For a moment, she considered using her empathy to find Sable and Dixie, but then she knew it wasn't in the spirit of the game. Instead, she peered into the shadows of the bushes and crawled over the rough ground. A few minutes later, she saw Dixie sniffing at one of the white stakes.

Curious, she inched forward and peered from behind a tree. A few meters past them was Sable, scratching her back against a bush. The dark-haired woman had a look of pure bliss as she rubbed back and forth. Her tongue was out of her mouth and her eyes were crossed.

Merrie bit back a giggle. Then gasped when she saw the ball right on the ground between the two alphas. She crept forward, watching

both of them, then stared at the ball. For a moment, she wondered how she was suppose to pick it up, but then she remembered she was nothing but a bitch. Using her mouth, she grabbed the ball. It was slight to big and her jaw ached slightly from the size; not unlike taking Bass' cock down her throat.

She got up to head back and felt tingle coursing down her back. Looking around, Sable and Dixie were both watching her. Dixie looked annoyed but Sable just shook her head, then used her chin to gesture to the ground.

Unsure of what she meant, Merrie lifted an arm to take another step but Dixie growled at her and she froze. Backing away, Merrie set the ball back on the ground, right where she left it but with a bit of drool sticking to the side. As soon as she dropped it, both alphas brightened and Sable made a come hither motion with her shoulders.

Merrie looked down at the ball, then up at the alphas. There was no question that both Sable and Dixie knew the ball was there. But, neither had picked it up. There was only one reason for that, they were letting the other bitches win. If she grabbed the ball, she had a chance at her silver charm. If she didn't, then she wouldn't get her ears. Merrie was right at the cusp: bitch or beta.

She knew what she wanted to be. She sheepishly crawled over to Sable.

Sable took a step forward and forced Merrie's head up to kiss her along the neck. She continued to push Merrie back as she kissed more intently, working her mouth up to Merrie's ear as she grabbed Merrie's breast with the blunt ends of her arms. The feeling of her body being stroked, the insistent pressure, and the rapid-fire kissing was intoxicating.

Merrie let out a moan and leaned into Sable, wrapping her own gloved arms around the curvy woman. She let out a soft cooing noise as she ran her head against Sable's neck, kissing her like the alpha had kissed before. Their bodies rubbed together, breast to breast, hip to hip.

But, then Sable shoved her on her back and crawled up on top. Merrie gave on her ears and threw herself into kissing and stroking. She burrowed her face into Sable's breasts and suckled on the hard nipple she found.

A soft whisper of noise caught her attention. Merrie peeked around Sable's breasts and saw Licker crawling through the grass. She came up to the ball and looked at it with surprise. A slow smile stretched across her face, then she glanced up at Sable and Merrie.

Sable drove her soft breasts against Merrie's face, smothering her. Merrie flailed around, blinded by Sable's body. She let out a muffled giggle and playfully struggled.

After a few moments, Sable rolled off with a happy sigh and sprawled out on the ground. Merrie flopped on top of her and gave Sable a kiss on the nose, chin, then lips. She peeked up to see Licker sprinting back to the house with Dixie bounding after her.

Dixie was barking, but it wasn't against Licker, but more to tell everyone that Licker found the ball. Naked puppy slaves peeked out of the woods. They watched curious as Licker pranced up to Bass and dropped the ball at Bass' feet.

Dejected, the others returned to the house. Sable flipped over on her feet, spun around, and gave Merrie a wink. She trotted back to the house and Merrie followed. They came up behind the pack of bitches and got into the begging position.

As Sable settled into place, a wave emanated from Sable. It was a desire to get into a begging position. In front of Sable, the other slaves shifted until they were all begging. It was as if they got the idea on their own as one.

Bass nodded with approval, then squatted down to stroke Licker's shoulder. "Very good girl."

Licker let out a gasp as her body tensed in a small orgasm. Her shaved pussy grew a dark pink before her thighs clenched together. She ground her legs together, the tip of her left knee scraping through the ground as she moved.

Bass took the ball and handed it to Tabitha. The sandy-haired woman hefted it for a moment. Then, she spun around and threw it with all her might. "All, right, bitches, go get it!"

Merrie spun around and dropped to her hand and knees. Sable was already bounding into the woods, her short arms and legs flashing as she disappeared into the treeline. A few meters behind was Dixie, barking shrilly as he dove into the bushes. She giggle and decided to just have fun. As fast as she could, Merrie crawled after them into the woods.

She lost sight of the alphas by the time she got to the trees. She picked her way through the underbrush. As she was just crawling up on a large rock to look around when she saw a flash of movement. Spinning around to watch, she lost her balance. Her bound gloves skittered helplessly against the rock before she hit the ground with an embarrassing thud. Then, she tipped over and hit the ground on her back. One foot was up in the air and the other was curled underneath her. It hurt, but not seriously.

Blushing furiously, she looked up to see Dixie come to a stop at the foot of a tree. His tail wagged back and forth for a moment, then he spit the bright red ball on the ground. He leaned back on his heels and peered up; even though he wore no gloves or boots, he still acted as bound as the rest of the bitches. He turned around but stopped when he saw Merrie sprawled out on her back. An evil-looking grin crossed his face. He let out a high-pitched bark and bounded toward her.

Merrie didn't know what to do. Dixie didn't play with her like Sable and she didn't know what the tiny little silfae would do. She was a little disturbed by his size and appearance; except for the pointed ears and his shape-shifting magic, he still looked young enough that the Goddess Consent would take her personal revenge.

He jumped the last meter and landed hard on the ground just above Merrie's head. Up close, his cock was hard but a small, hairless thing. Two balls clutched tightly to his body. She trailed her gaze up his chest and saw things she never noticed before.

Dixie wasn't as young as she first thought. He had the duller skin of an adult, along with wrinkles along the joints. There were stretch marks around his hips. As she looked up, she saw hundreds of barely visible scars crossing his body. She knew they were knife wounds, but Dixie had as many that covered Bass' skin. Curious, she looked down at his hand. He lifted it as if knowing her thoughts, and she spotted the callouses along the fingers and palm. Bass said they were the marks of a sword or knife fighter.

She moved her attention to his eyes, wondering what Dixie was before he became a bitch; she couldn't say slave because he wasn't enslaved any more than Sable was.

Dixie shrugged, then planted his hand on her breast. His fingers dug into the soft flesh. She could feel his fingernails digging into the

skin and hissed out as the tiny flicker of pain coursed along her senses. He grabbed her chin with his other hand and pushed her head up while bringing his cock down to her lips.

Merrie shivered and opened her mouth obediently. Despite his smaller stature, she found it hard to resist as he shoved his hard dick and balls into her mouth. He began to hump her face and she struggled to keep her lips wrapped around the base of his cock. She could feel it rolling in her mouth and felt a thrill at the idea of sucking off a man who looked too young to be a sex slave.

Dixie panted softly and released her chin. He grabbed her other breast and ground down, digging his fingernails in deep. She whimpered around his shaft at the pain, but she felt a flare of excitement rising inside. He twisted and mauled her body, scratching her nipples.

She whimpered and writhed underneath his touch, sucking because it was the only thing she could. She could feel him reaching an orgasm as his cock swelled. She opened her mouth as far as she could and reached back to tongue his little asshole.

He let out a gasp of pleasure. His entire body stiffened and the first blast of cum, sweeter than sugar, flooded her mouth.

Sable slammed into Dixie, throwing him off Merrie. His cum shot out in the air and his fingernails left ten burning scratches along Merrie's skin as he was tossed to the side. Sable barked cheerfully, smacked Merrie in the head with her tail, and bounded after him.

Merrie winced and looked at her breasts. The healing magic of her charm was already sealing over the wounds, leaving only a hint of pain that blurred with her pleasure. She licked the cum from her face. It tasted like sugar and honey, a cloying taste unlike anything she had ever known.

She slumped back happily, then she spotted Snapping Pussy picking up the ball. The olive-skinned bitch was looking around curiously her jaws stretched widely open by the ball. She had a shaved pussy and somewhat sturdy limbs. Her hair was a brown with hints of green in it. She looked sheepish as she crawled away.

Merrie turned back to look at where Sable and Dixie were wrestling. Neither alpha was moving. Dixie was underneath Sable, stopped in mid-attempt to buck her off. Sable was on top of him,

pinning him down. Her teeth were buried in his shoulder. Both of them were watching Snapping with calculating looks on their face.

As soon as Snapping Pussy disappeared into the trees, Sable pulled her mouth off Dixie. For a moment, Merrie thought she spotted sharp canines, but then her mouth looked normal.

A trickle of blood oozed out of the wound on Dixie's shoulder. Merrie wondered why he didn't respond to the pain. Dixie shivered and a wave of transformation ran long his skin, briefly turning him into a wolf creature and back again. When he solidified once more, the wound and blood was gone. Dixie barked loudly and bounded after Snapping Pussy with Sable right behind him.

Merrie flipped over and rushed after them, crawling as fast as she could. She caught up as they came up to the gathering pack. Snapping Pussy was sitting in front of Tabitha, begging with the ball still lodged in her mouth.

Tabitha waited until all the bitches got into a begging or sitting position, and then pried the ball out of her mouth. "Very good girl."

Snapping Pussy shivered as her eyes grew unfocused. Her body shuddered twice and the scent of orgasm drifted through the pack.

Tabitha tossed the ball to Borias. "Toss it, bitch."

"Chew on your pubes, wood witch," snapped Borias with a smile. He spun around and threw the ball back into the woods.

Once again, they were off. Merrie joined the pack as they barked and smiled and ran. Merrie didn't find the ball that time, but she heard Dixie barking to come back. On the next throw by Thorn, she found it at the same time as Sable who made a ruckus by shoving Merrie against a tree and eating her out. Merrie moaned loudly until the twins found it. Pillow Chest got the reward.

It was a dozen throws later that Merrie found the ball first. She was crawling up on a log when she spotted the bright red flash in a crack between her hands. She stared down with it, surprised she found it. For a moment, she remembered the promise of the silver charm. It would be so simple to work it out and run back. Knowing that she would score high on the beauty show part, it would ensure she would get at least the silver charm.

Merrie reached down and used the tip of her glove to work it out. Carefully, she picked it up in her mouth. She leaned over the edge of the log and dropped it on the ground. One of the other bitches

would find it and get that magically induced orgasm. She smiled to herself, she was becoming the beta more than just a bitch.

Dixie came running up the log, barking shrilly. He jumped at her.

Merrie ducked underneath his jump and the silfae let out a yip as he flew past. Giggling, Merrie crawled off the log where Dixie was making a big show of trying to get to his feet. She knew he was faking it, but didn't care as she jumped on top of him and buried his face into her breasts. She giggled and laughed silently to avoid setting off her collar.

Then let out a shriek as she felt him biting the soft breast. She tore herself away and stared down at the dimpled flesh. Healing magic coursed along her body and the bruise faded as fast as it came. She stared at Dixie in shock but he stuck out his tongue.

Realizing that he was playing, though a bit painfully, she narrowed her eyes and gave him a mock glare. Digging her feet into the soft ground, she surged forward.

Dixie's eyes widened as Merrie landed on top of him.

She scrambled up his body and straddled his head. She got a look of a satisfied smile on his face before she ground her soaked pussy against his head. She squirmed down until she was sitting on his face.

He, like every other bitch on the mill, responded with his mouth. His tongue darted out and lapped along her labia. Then gave her pussy lips a sharp bite.

Merrie shuddered as the sudden pleasure into pain blurred together. It was an electric shock across her senses. It gathered in her body like before, an orgasm starting to smolder in her depths. She responded by grinding her pussy harder against his face, burying his nose and mouth in her wet slit. Her gloved hand reached out for balance as she humped the male alpha.

Dixie licked hard and shoved his tongue up into her hole. Then bit her again. The pleasure and pain flashed through her senses and she almost bucked off.

She lifted her body until she heard his tiny gasp, then drove back down to smother him against her sex. Her body was growing tense and her breasts heaved as he licked and bit with abandon. The agony and ecstasy continued to swirl together until she didn't know if she was coming or screaming.

He tore his face away enough to clamp down on her clitoris. She could feel teeth and lips, but her entire world exploded into white as she came. With a high-pitched scream of pleasure, she clumsily grabbed Dixie's head and pulled him tight as the spasm wracked her body.

(Just as bad as Sable.)

Shocked, Merrie lost her balance and tumbled off the tiny silfae. She heard his voice in her head. It was surprisingly deep voice that echoed in her mind. She scrambled to her face, staring at him with shock.

Dixie gave her a curious look, then gestured toward the log.

Merrie peered over to see Sama walking away with the ball in her mouth. She smiled and felt a tiny orgasm at helping Sama. Then, she let out her best bark and charged after Sama. Her feet trailed behind and she couldn't wait to be cropped so she could bounce like Licker and Sable.

Sama ran faster with Dixie and Merrie barking after her. She ran right up to Thorn, who threw the ball last. Panting, she dropped it at his feet. Merrie came up next to her and got into a begging position, wiggling her ass and tail as she looked up and smiled.

It took a few minutes for all the bitches to gather. Most of them were panting from the effort, but just as many were smiling. Two of the bitches, Snuff Bait and Twenty-Eight, were flushed and covered in juices. Sable begged between them with a self-satisfied smirk on her face. When Sable caught Merrie looking at her, she gave Merrie a wink and wiggled her own ass.

Merrie didn't know how happier she could be.

Thorn held out the ball Grange. "Hey, Grange, you haven't thrown anything tonight."

"Fuck off," snapped the warrior. Merrie felt a twist of disgust for the abusive man. All of his bitches had bruises at the show as did Sable. But, unlike Dixie's apparent ability to heal, Sable had no magical healing.

Bass cleared his throat. "He doesn't have to throw it, Thorn."

"No," Thorn held it out again for Grange, "come on. It's fun."

Borias reached out for the ball, but Grange snatched it away from Thorn. "Fine. I'll throw it."

Moving quickly, he unbuckled his belt and placed the ball in it. He grabbed the ends and swung it over his head. A moment later, he released one of the ends of his belt and the ball shot out above the trees.

Merrie careened her neck to see it red ball flying high then coming down far beyond any other throw.

Borias sighed angrily. “Do you get dizzy because you are a colossal dick all the time?”

Merrie looked at Bass. The thriban was annoyed, his lips pressed tightly together and his two teeth sticking out predominately. Next to him, Tabitha was glaring daggers at Grange.

Grange shrugged. “This is a fucking waste of time. Just give out the Silk-damned prizes and let me get my new fuck holes to play with.”

Merrie whimpered softly and looked around. The other bitches were devastated by the sudden end to their game. She was sad because she was having fun. Then, she noticed Sable and Dixie looking at each other. There was something going on between them. Then, both looked at her with a silent question. They were going after the ball.

She smiled and barked. The bitches around her looked at her with surprise, but Merrie crawled through the back. As soon as she was clear, she was running as fast as she could crawl toward the ball. Sable and Dixie joined her and all three of them dove into the woods.

It took them over twenty minutes before they found it. Grange’s throw managed to lodge the ball into a crack of a tree about two meters off the ground.

Merrie stared at with despair. She sat down next to Dixie, wondering if he would break out of his role as a puppy slave to crawl up the tree.

Sable, on the other hand, seemed untroubled by the tree. She looked over both of them, then smiled broadly. Reaching over, she bit down on Dixie’s ear and dragged him to the tree. Dixie gave up a token struggle, then crouched down at the foot of the tree. His body glowed for a moment as a pulse of power coursed down the spectral leash.

Merrie stared at it, watching as he sent four pulses of power down the connection to Tabitha.

Sable barked once, then gestured for Merrie to crawl over to Dixie.

Obedying without hesitation, Merrie straddled Dixie's back. She braced herself as her hard nipples were teased by the contact against his skin. She leaned against the tree. Then planted herself firmer as she felt Sable crawling up her back.

Sable scrambled to perch herself on Merrie's shoulder. Merrie could feel the heat of her body against her back.

The first wave of power came rushing back down Dixie's connection. His body grew icy cold, then swelled up. Merrie let out a tiny shriek and struggled to remain balance as she felt the silfae transforming underneath her. Fur sprouted on the body between her legs and under her breasts, crushing Merrie's body as she was suddenly sandwiched between Sable and a good-sized wolf.

The second wave crashed into them and Dixie grew again, shoving them up the tree. A growl rumbled in his body and she felt the vibrations coursing long her inner thighs. It was a primal noise and one that started her body tingling with anticipation. She wondered if she would ever be the target of Dixie's lusts when he was in wolf form.

The final two waves crashed in one right after the other. Dixie grew with each one as his body broadened and his height increased.

Merrie felt her breath going quicker with the feeling of hard muscles between her legs. It was like fucking Bass, but something different. She walked her gloved, useless hands along the tree as Sable used her to reach up for the ball.

Suddenly, Sable was gone. Merrie looked up to see if she crawled on the tree, but the bitch and ball were both gone. She looked over her shoulder to see Sable prancing back to the mill with a ball in her hand.

Dixie let out a growl, then he shoved himself off the tree.

Merrie let out a shriek as she bounced off the tree and hit the ground hard. She spun over, knowing the charm would heal her, and shot out after Sable and Dixie. It only took a moment to catch up with them.

Sable and Dixie were wrestling on the ground. Dixie was rough as he shoved her around in his wolf form, but Sable was almost brutal as she bit and snapped at him. Her teeth dug into his legs as she growled. This time, Merrie was absolutely sure that Sable had wolf-like canines but only right before she dug into the Dixie's limb. When she pulled out, they were normal.

Merrie spotted the ball on the ground a few meters past the wrestling. She sneaked around and grabbed the ball. It was large, but not larger than Bass' cock that she frequently deep-throated. She gulped and started crawling toward the house. She only got a few steps before she heard Dixie and Sable stopping. She paused and looked over her shoulder.

They were both staring at her with a smile on their lips.

Knowing she was about to be tackled, Merrie tried to run.

She didn't make it.

Dixie slammed into her legs from behind and she tumbled to the side. The ball popped out of her mouth and rolled along the ground. It bounced twice before Sable caught it in mid-air and raced forward. He abandoned Merrie and chased after Sable.

Merrie felt a swell of excitement. They were having fun. She crawled as fast as she could after them. At the last minute, Dixie slowed and it was Merrie that jumped on Sable. She grabbed at breasts and legs, trying to pin Sable.

Dixie let out a bark as he grabbed the ball himself and bounded forward. He was strutting as he ran forward, just slow enough for Merrie to catch up.

Abandoning her efforts to hold Sable, Merrie joined the game and ran forward to tackle Dixie.

They wrestled as they took the ball back. Merrie was laughing so hard that she was crying and she couldn't breathe without pain, but she was having fun. She had a pack, friends. She didn't care about the charm or even the ball, just the enjoyment of the alphas and their beta.

They broke out of the trees as Dixie and Sable tackled her. She could barely see the house from the bodies pressed against her. The others, bitch and master alike, stared alike as Merrie wrestled against Dixie and Sable. As she struggled to keep the ball in her

mouth with Sable half-kissing the ball to pull it out, she wished the others would join her.

Dixie bit down on Merrie's inner thigh, then swiped across her clitoris with his tongue. She let out a gasp at the intense sensation and Sable plucked the ball from her mouth.

Sable bounded forward only a few meters before Dixie jumped on her back and drove her into the ground.

Merrie laughed silently at the sight of Dixie humping the back of Sable's head as he tried to wrestle the ball out. She lifted her gaze to see the other bitches watching, curious but unmoving. Licker was in the back, dancing on one foot than the other as if she wanted to join in.

Remembering the wave of desire that Sable used to get them all to beg, Merrie wondered if she could convince the others to join in. She closed her eyes and tried to form the desire to join it. It was easy because she was having fun, but hard to solidify the idea into a clear-cut hunger to join in the wrestling. For the briefest of moments, she somehow got the idea. Grabbing it with her thoughts, she threw it out with all her might.

Instantly, the noises in front of her stopped. Merrie cracked open her eyes to see Sable and Dixie staring at her with complete shock. Sable's mouth opened and the ball rolled out of her mouth. Behind them, there was a flash of light as a wave of flickering power rolled across the clearing behind the house and crashed into the pack of puppy slaves.

Merrie wondered if she did something wrong. She backed up and crouched down, wanting to beg for forgiveness. She also wondered if that energy she was something she did, that she was capable of. She felt exhausted but excited, but it could have been from the wrestling and running.

Sable let out a bark of joy and her tail started to wag. She radiated surprise and affection and Merrie blinked back the sudden tears.

Next to Sable, Dixie made a soft grunting noise.

Merrie looked where he was gesturing to see the rest of the bitches running toward them. She crept forward and grabbed the ball from the ground. Prancing like Sable, she crawled up toward the charging pack knowing she was about to get buried.

Licker tackled Merrie and flipped her over. The ball flew in the air as Merrie landed on her back. Licker kissed Merrie on the throat and face. Another girl bumped up against Merrie before she dove between Merrie's outstretched legs to find her pussy.

The ball bounced twice before Useless Cunt caught it. Sable and Horny Holes tackled her and promptly abandoned the ball to start licking and teasing the pinned girl. Cock Diver didn't fare much better when she got the ball; it was seconds before Dixie was humping her face.

Merrie moaned as she gave up trying to get out from underneath Licker. The mouth on her pussy, and the fresh lips against her nipples were hard to fight. Licker slid forward and planted her pussy on her face. Obediently, Merrie dove her face into the wet slit and licked with all her might.

It took almost another hour before they could herd the bitches back into place. Merrie sat in the front, her breasts heaving and the taste of Licker, Fuckhole, and Twenty-Seven on her lips. Their pussy juices dried along her skin and she felt the intense afterglow still pulsing through her veins.

Borias was still laughing on the ground. Tears streamed down his face as he pounded the ground. Grange was a few meters away, with a dark look on his face. Bass and the others were laughing from their efforts to break the sudden orgy that took place on the ground.

"A-All right," Bass struggled with his own booming laughter, "does anyone where the ball went?"

There was laughter, then Sable barked.

Bass went over to her. "Sable?"

Sable gestured to Licker. Licker looked around, then a quizzical look crossed her face. She rocked her hips a few times, then her eyes grew wide.

With a curious look, he walked over to Licker and crouched down. His hands stroked along her body before he slid his fingers between her legs. A frown ghosted across his face as Licker squirmed on his two fingers. Bass' expression turned to surprise, then playful admonishment.

"Sable."

Sable shrugged and pretended to look sorry.

Bass wrapped his arm around Licker's waist and picked her off the ground. Turning around, Merrie could see him shove three fingers into Licker's shaved pussy, twisting and wiggling around.

Licker whimpered and clutched to him, her eyes crossing as a blush burned her cheeks. Liquid excitement sparkled as it dribbled down her thighs and his arm.

It took a moment for Bass to ease the ball out of Licker's pussy. He set her down and shook the droplets off his other hand. Licker giggled and slumped forward, a happy look on her face.

"Let's give Ass Licker the points for that one."

"O-Okay," gasped Borias as he struggled to stop his laughter, "That be the best thing I've ever seen."

"Bori," warned Rendi as she stood up.

"Sorry, me mother, I'm trying."

Rendi held out a piece of paper. "Today, the copper goes to Snapping Pussy, Cock Diver, Useless Cunt, Females Twenty-Seven and Twenty-Eight, and also to Silly Tits."

After the trainers got the copper charms, Merrie held her breath, hoping she would win the silver but knowing she didn't.

"The silvers will go to Fuckhole, Horny Holes, Anal Cookie. Come on, pick up your charms."

Rendi didn't let go of the box of charms, though, until after Grange picked out his charm. She gave the box to Garcon and picked up the tray of golden charms.

"And, I think Ass Licker deserves the gold for being a beautiful little bitch."

Ass Licker gasped and looked around. She seemed surprised that she won.

Tabitha, on the other hand, let out a high-pitched squeal and ran into the gathered bitches. She swept up Licker and swung her around. "You're so cute!" She continued to swing around until she set Licker at Rendi's feet. With the same movement, Tabitha reached up and grabbed the golden charm without looking. She flipped it over and squealed again. "And you going to have the prettiest sets of tits ever!"

Merrie wondered if the word "sets" was right, but she realized she didn't win anything.

Borias groaned. “How does she pick the Lazarus charm every damn time?”

“Talent,” chuckled Bass.

Bass stepped forward. “All right-”

Tabitha let out another breathy squeal as she clipped on the charm.

Bass looked down at her. “Tabitha?”

“Yes?”

“Can I make announcements?”

“Sure,” Tabitha turned back to Licker, grabbed her around the throat with both hands, and pulled the teenage girl into a long, passionate kiss. Licker shivered at the touch, then leaned into the kiss herself. Her body clenched and unclenched slowly as Tabitha held her close.

Bass adjusted his hardness in his trousers. “Okay, we need to shift the bitches around. I’m moving Useless Cunt, Fuckhole, and Twenty-Eight to Bori. Piffin will get Snuff Bait, Ass Licker, and Anal Cookie. Thorn?”

“Yes?”

“I’m sticking you with two, Horny Holes and Twenty-Seven. Try not to hurt your dick again, please?”

“Sorry.”

“I’ll take Seven when he heals and Throat Fucked. Silly Tits will go to Tabitha to be cropped-”

Tabitha let out a cooing noise and looked lustfully at Sama who blanched.

“That means that Cock Diver and Pillow Chest will go to Grange.”

Grange growled, “Fuck you all.” He strode in front of Bass to grab Diver and Pillow by their collars and dragged them out for the other.

Bass watched with discomfort. His hand tightened into a fist until the door slammed in the house. He looked away sadly. “All right, that’s it. Come on, Cunt and Throat, let’s get a beer before heading up.”

“Um,” Tabitha spoke from kneeling on the ground in front of Licker. The humor and joy in her voice was gone and her voice seemed to cut through the noise. “Is Cunt staying with you?”

Bass nodded. "I have that choice." He turned away and gestured for Merrie, "Come on--"

Tabitha stood up sharply. "Five shares."

Silence slammed down. Borias and the others stared at shock. The bitches looked confused but then Merrie found the alphas. Sable was sad and tears glittered on her cheeks. Dixie sat next to her with a determined look on his face. Merrie peered back at Bass and for once felt emotion radiating from him.

Sadness.

Tabitha took a step toward him. "Ten shares."

Bass held up his hand. When he turned around, there was only a blank look on his face. Merrie could feel the emotions radiating from his body: sadness, anger, frustration, and fear. "You haven't vetoed me in eight years, Tabby."

"Not since Dixie." Tabitha spoke in a hard voice as she held her ground, "but it was important to me. Fif--"

Bass interrupted her. "Say your will."

"Cunt is an alpha and you are in danger of bonding."

Bass jerked as if he was just struck. He gulped as the tension in the air grew uncomfortable. He balled his hands into fists and focused on Merrie.

Merrie squirmed, knowing she was now the center of attention.

"You've," Bass spoke in almost in a whisper, "been speaking to Bori, have you?"

"I don't need a limp dick mage to tell me what I saw. She's an alpha and I can prove it."

The sadness gathered around Bass and Sable. Bass' yellowed eyes grew liquid from sudden tears gathering in them.

He sighed. "Prove it."

Tabitha nodded once. "Piffin, here." She pointed. Turning around, she pointed to Merrie. "Stay. Sable, there." She pointed next to Merrie. "Dixie." No words were needed. Both alphas crawled up next to Merrie and sat down.

The other bitches pulled back, watching with curiosity and confusion. Merrie whimpered and wanted to crawl into the ground. She knew she was about to lose Bass, but there was nothing she could do. She didn't know what to do.

Piffin sighed dramatically and stood in front of the two alphas and the beta. Tabitha whispered in his ears for a few moments.

Curious, Merrie reached out with her mind. She couldn't read Tabitha, but she could feel Piffin's emotions as clear as a book. He was excited, though he didn't show it, and controlled at the same. She knew his obsessions, the need for perfection in obeying commands. She could feel him about to give orders.

Tabitha spun on her heels and walked next to Bass. She turned back to the Piffin and the three bitches. "Begin."

Piffin's mind grew quiet. "Sit."

By the time Merrie got into the perfect sitting position, Dixie and Sable were already there.

"Beg."

Again, the two alphas were in the perfect position before Merrie could move. She frowned as she wondered how they moved so fast.

When the next command came, she realized that they were moving before he opened his mouth. They knew what he would say. She rolled on her back for the "lay" command. In the split second before the next command, she reached out with her mind and tried to listen that way.

(Sit.) "Sit."

It was just a heartbeat before the words came out of her mouth. Merrie felt a rush of excitement and threw herself into sitting position.

(Crouch.)

She threw herself into crouching before she heard his command.

"Crouch." A pause. (Sit.)

Merrie jumped into a sitting position and got into place before she heard the word. The next command came faster and she was overwhelmed by the lust radiating off Piffin, but she knew his commands.

She snapped into position, just like Sable and Dixie. The next command came and they were working in unison, snapping in the correct and most perfect position before she could hear the words.

The rush continued to fill her as she basked in Piffin's growing lust. He wanted her and his cock tented his pants with desire. She wanted him just as much, but he needed her to obey commands.

In the quiet back yard of the mill, the two alphas and beta obeyed commands in perfect synchronization. There was no hesitation, no pausing. Just commands that were obeyed as soon as they left his mouth.

(Sit.) “Calheil.”

Merrie hesitated as the strange word, but then got into a sitting position. Sable and Dixie were already there.

Piffin gave another command in the same foreign language, but his mind was clear what he wanted. She rolled over, then obeyed the next. After a few more commands in the unknown language, she was back in sync with the two alphas.

He continued to give commands, moving with a steady beat. Command, shift, command. It was a rush to obey such a rapid series and Merrie felt her pussy tingling with the submission. She could be Piffin’s bitch if he would just keep giving orders. She reached out hungrily, wanting to be the perfect slave.

Her body grew hot as he stopped speaking but his mind continued to give commands.

(Beg.) She begged.

(Sit.) She sat.

(Roll over.) She rolled over and hungered for more.

(Crouch.) She obeyed.

(Sit.) Her body ignited into flames as she came from just obeying commands. She needed him, hungered for him. Everything spun around her as she saw a spectral leash reaching out for Piffin. She knew it was buried in her heart and it would just be a matter of-

Dixie and Sable both bit her at the same time. Two sets of sharp teeth punctured skin and dug into the muscles of her shoulders. There was a surge of power and then Dixie transformed into a wolf. With a growl, he ripped her body off Sable’s teeth and threw Merrie back away from Piffin.

Merrie let out a scream as she flew through the air. She hit the ground hard in a dull crunch, then bounced once. She flailed for the ground as it came rushing up and smashed into her body. She winced and let out a sob as the overwhelming feeling loneliness crashed into her. Her injuries healed as the charm around her collar glowed.

She had tried to bond with Piffin. Not because of love, but because of the incredible desire to be his perfectly obedient slave.

With a sob, she curled into a tight ball and cursed the day she was kidnapped. It wasn't fair. She wanted Bass more than anything else. But, at the same time, she realized she wanted all of the masters except Grange and Thorn. She wanted to be theirs forever.

Bass sighed but didn't come close. "Okay, you proved your point. Bori, go get Grange."

Merrie didn't have to look up to feel the overwhelming cloud of sadness that hung around Bass and Sable. Bass wanted her, he always did. He knew she would become an alpha, but resisted say the words. It felt like Tabitha had torn out Merrie's heart and taken away the man she loved.

Sable crawled over to Merrie and sat down next to her. She slumped forward and rested her chin on Merrie's shaking shoulder. (It will be okay, pack sister.)

The Sable's words in her head only made it worse. Merrie cried louder. She wanted to Bass to come to her, comfort her. She didn't want to lose her compassionate master.

"What," grumbled Grange as he slammed through the door, "the fuck do you want?"

"A meeting, Grange."

"Azus," snapped Borias, "you be beating up you girls already?"

"Shut the fuck up, murderer."

"Quiet!" barked Bass and Merrie jerked at the loud noise.

Silence filled the back yard. Merrie peeked up to see Bass standing with his back to Merrie, addressing the trainers. "Bori was right, Happy Cunt is an alpha. Which means-

"Beta," interrupted Piffin.

Bass stared at him. "What?"

"An unbonded alpha is called a beta."

"Whatever. Cunt is a," Bass gestured to Piffin, "beta if you want. The last alpha we saw was Kessler's bitch and she sold for nineteen million marks."

"Azus' blessed crap," gasped Borias.

"Sable originally sold for twelve million. So, I can't stress how important it is that she remains without a master. None of us want another Sable incident, do we?"

Next to her, Sable tensed.

Bass continued, "We also lost out with Dixie because he bonded."

"Wouldn't have sold him," muttered Tabitha.

"Yes, and you blew two year's worth of shares to prove that. But, even if we get half of that nineteen, that will ensure this mill is open for the rest of our lives. So, this is what we are going to do. First, Bori gets fifty shares."

Borias looked surprised but Grange snapped out.

"What the fuck!?"

Bass glared at Grange. "Fifty shares for being the first to identify an alpha."

Tabitha joined in. "It's in the fucking contract, Grange. Oh wait, it's right under picking out a champion. You wouldn't have gotten that far."

"Fuck you, bitch."

Tabitha growled, a deep sound. There was a tingle of power and both Tabitha and Dixie began to slow.

"Stop it!" yelled Bass.

When Tabitha backed away, Bass continued.

"Alphas bond when they have strong emotions toward their masters. That means fear, anger, desire," he swallowed as the sadness grew stronger, "and love. Which means we have to rotate Cunt around to prevent her from ever attaching from any of us. I think we should move her to Grange to--"

Tabitha spoke up sharply. "Ten more shares."

Bass stopped. "Vetoing me again, Tabitha?"

"Yes, because you were going to give her to Grange to get it over with. I'm taking charge of Cunt's training from now on."

Bass opened his mouth to argue, but Tabitha spoke sharply. "Twenty shares."

A glower stormed across the thriban's face. "No."

"Thirty."

"Tabitha, don't do this."

"Fifty shares, Bass. You are no longer in charge of Cunt." There was anger and determination in her voice. She stepped toward Bass as the air grew tight. Power radiated along the connections to the alphas as Merrie felt a fight about to break out.

Sable let out a sudden sad sigh as Bass' shoulders slumped. Next to Tabitha, Dixie nodded with the unvoiced decision.

Merrie knew what was coming. She could feel it before the words came out of his mouth. She let out a long wail of loss as Bass spoke.

“Cunt is yours.”

t'Sade

The Cave

19

A whine tore from Merrie's throat as she stared at Bass. She couldn't believe that he would just give up on her so easily. She didn't know what Tabitha meant by announcing shares, but whatever she said made him toss Merrie aside without a fight. She thought he loved her, but now he was turning her back. She took a step forward, her gloved hands hitting the ground. Whimpering, she reached out for him with her other hand, begging with wordless cries.

Tabitha let out an annoyed sigh, stepped back, and slammed her hand down. Merrie felt her collar jerking against her throat. And Tabitha pulled up before slamming Merrie face-first into the ground.

The ground punched Merrie's face and stars exploded across her vision. A flash of pain seared along her senses, radiating from where her chin and nose were smashed into the ground. She opened her mouth to sob and tasted dirt against her lips and tongue.

"Down," commanded Tabitha as she shoved Merrie's collar into the ground again.

The pressure on her neck increased. Merrie dropped to the ground to try relieving the pressure. Her knees scraped against the ground and rocks tore at her breasts, leaving tiny scrapes along the soft skin.

Tabitha relaxed her grip slightly but the pressure refused to let Merrie pick her head off the ground.

Merrie found that she could look up, but seeing Bass walking into the house tore another sob from her throat. Licker and Sable were following after him, walking slowly as they watched her with tear-

filled eyes. Bass, on the other hand, didn't look back as he disappeared into the house.

Her heart torn in half with despair, she rested her head against the ground and let the tears roll down her face.

"Pathetic," muttered Tabitha. She knelt down next to Merrie and transferred the collar to her other hand.

The humor of the dog show now gone, the other trainers took their bitches into the house. Borias was the last. He leaned against the door frame to let Cunt, Fuckhole, and Twenty-Eight pass. His eyes were bright as he stared at Merrie.

Tabitha's grip on the collar tightened. "You have a problem, Bori?"

Borias focused on the silfae. "You know I like her, right?"

"And when she gets cropped, you'll get your chance at fucking her."

Merrie shuddered at the hard words. She could feel the collar's magic rising up, turning the anticipation of being amputated into a steady throb of pleasure centered between her legs. She whimpered at the feeling, trying to fight the collar's control. She didn't want to find pleasure in being cropped, she wanted to go back to her master, any master besides the woman holding her down.

Borias looked over to Merrie. "Sorry, girl."

"Yeah, yeah. You'll get most of her back, Bori. Now shut the fucking door and train your bitches."

Borias snapped at Tabitha. "You're a bitch, you know that?"

Tabitha lifted Merrie's collar and jammed it back into the ground. "Eat me."

He didn't answer her. He gave Merrie one last, longing look, then closed the door between them. She could barely hear the latch clicking, but it felt like a shot through her heart.

"They're all fucking pussies," said Tabitha. She released the collar as she stood up. She wiped her hand on her thighs and turned her back to the house. "You can't fall for these bitches."

She headed for the tree line.

Merrie trembled as she pushed herself on her hands and knees. Her body ached from Tabitha's harsh actions. She stared up at the mill, hoping that Bass would somehow rescue her. She knew he

wouldn't. As much as she wanted him to, he had given her away and there was nothing she could do about it.

“Cunt!”

Merrie jerked at the sound. She looked over her shoulder, then turned around as Tabitha pointed to the ground. Slowly, she crawled toward Tabitha, not wanting to go with her new mistress.

“If you aren't here by the count of two, I will crop you right here and now.”

The collar's magic rose up and she felt the tickle of pleasure coursing along her body. She suddenly wanted to roll over, spread her legs, and beg to be torn apart. Just as she knew that Bass wouldn't rescue her, she also knew that Tabitha wouldn't do it. But it didn't stop the hungry, irrational desire to be cropped right on the grass.

“One.”

Merrie hurried forward on her knees and palms. She trembled as she felt Tabitha's glare on her body. When Tabitha pointed angrily at the ground next to her, Merrie rushed forward and stopped next to her.

“I hate cropping Bass' bitches. He drowns you fucking bitches in kindness and compassion, which means I have you tear your damned heart out just to do my job.” She growled deep in her chest. “Come on, Dixie. I'm sure the wimp is whining again.”

Dixie was sitting on the other side of Tabitha. He let out a sharp bark, then trotted ahead. His bare hands curled up so he could walk along his knees. He accelerated into a trot, heading straight for the trees.

Tabitha looked down. “Heel.”

At her sharp voice, Merrie shuddered and crawled after Tabitha. The silfae walked forward at a brisk rate and Merrie had to hurry to keep up. Her breasts swayed back and forth as she followed Tabitha to a path that lead deeper into the woods.

Merrie hadn't paid much attention to the woods while they were playing fetch, but now that she was walking toward a terrible fate, the dark woods were sinister and terrifying. The last of the sunlight peeked through the canopy and left little stars of purple color on the ground.

Tabitha didn't slow nor stop. She continued to walk just outside of Merrie's reach along the well-worn path. They came up to a stream and she hopped across, peering over her shoulder as Merrie tried to navigate.

"Just go through the fucking water."

Merrie winced and plodded through the water. The cold liquid leaked through the laces of her gloves and boots. She tried to shake her hand free, but the water just sloshed around her bent knuckles.

Ahead of her, Tabitha tugged at the fabric covering her breasts. She found the knot and untied it. With a sigh of contentment, she pulled it off her body and balled it one hand. A few seconds later, the cloth over her hips joined the other one and she walked along the trail naked.

Two weeks ago, Merrie would have stopped in shock, but now she just inspected Tabitha's body from the view of a sex slave. Tabitha was thin, but well defined. Muscles shifted smoothly as she walked and from Merrie's vantage point, she had a boyish ass that flexed with every long step. Despite her misgivings of her new mistress, Merrie wondered what it would be like to nuzzle her mouth between the two hard lines of Tabitha's ass, or be ground against the thick patch of pubic hair that was visible even from behind.

The trail came to a sudden end at the entrance of a cave. It looked natural at first, but then Merrie saw hewn rocks shoring up one side of the entrance and thick timbers bracing the dark tunnel that lead into the ground. Somewhere deep inside the bowels of the earth, a yellow-orange light flickered ominously. A pitiful moaning came rising up from the depths and Merrie shivered at the helplessness of the sound.

Tabitha stopped part of the way down and turned around. "Are you coming, Cunt?"

The wail rose up again and Merrie whimpered. She didn't want to know what horrors Tabitha had down there. She couldn't step back either, terrified of what the silfae would do to her.

Annoyance flashed across Tabitha's face. She stormed back up.

Merrie looked around, but couldn't move. Her stomach clenched violently as she tensed up for a strike. But, Tabitha didn't hit her. Instead, the naked silfae crouched down in front of her and grabbed Merrie's collar with both hands.

“I can’t stand doe-eyed little submissives who get off when someone throws you to the ground and fuck whatever hole you happen to provide.”

Pleasure coursed through Merrie at the memory of Bass raping her in the middle of the mill yard, in front of everyone.

Tabitha snarled and yanked Merrie to her face. Her hands squeezed tightly as her knuckles dug into Merrie’s throat. “Look, you may cream at the thought of being abused by Bass’ little dick, but I can’t stand it. As far as I am concerned, you are only good for being cropped,” she jerked the collar, “broken,” another jerk, “and sold.”

Merrie’s pussy was burning hot. She could feel the moisture gathering along her labia. She didn’t want to be excited with Tabitha’s threats, but the sense of helplessness sent the passion burning her body. It radiated along her insides, spreading out to fill her breasts, arms, and throat.

Tabitha stared at her for a moment, then threw her down. “Fucking submissives.”

Spinning on her heels, the silfae stormed down. “Cunt! Get your fucking ass down here!”

Her fear of the cave was gone, replaced with a heated lust to be dominated once again by Tabitha. She could still feel the woman’s knuckles against her throat, pulling her around like she was nothing but a toy. She let out a soft smile to herself and crawled down into the cave.

It was larger than she expected. Maybe ten meters across and roughly circular. At the far end was a huge hearth with a fire inside it. The flames were bright, almost white, and the heat rolled out of the stone fireplace. There were four niches carved into the side of the room, two on each side. They were plain looking except for the blankets and pillows heaped on each ledge.

The center of the room caught her attention. It was a depression about two meters across and filled with grass, leaves, and branches. She thought it was for a fire, but with the hearth radiating heat, there was no way Tabitha would need even warmth in the cave. Even in the few seconds she since she crawled down, she could feel the sweat prickling her skin.

Tabitha headed straight for the flames. "Go check on the wimp. I'll check on dinner."

Dixie barked and headed for one of the niches. Tabitha headed to the fire where a pot was hung over the corner of the flames. Steam rose out of it and there were splatters of a dark liquid along the outer edge.

Merrie was ignored. She felt uncomfortable standing there, but she didn't know what to do. She glanced at Tabitha's back; the silfae was standing almost in the fire naked and looked at ease. Morbidly curious, she peered back up the slope leading out of the cave.

"I wouldn't."

Merrie jumped and looked back, but Tabitha was leaning over the pot. She spoke without looking at Merrie.

"Right now, your precious Bass is fucking his bitches as loudly as he could. Not just because he loves fucking bitches, but because he's terrified of hearing you scream. If you run," Tabitha finally glared at her, "I promise you he will hear you."

Merrie shivered at the realization that she was trapped with a door wide open.

"No matter how fast you run, Cunt, I'll catch you. I can see in the dark, smell you for a kilometer, and I regenerate considerably faster than that little charm of yours. Frankly, you couldn't stop me even if you cut off my head." Setting down her spoon, she strode over to Merrie. "Might as well get you comfortable."

Merrie cringed as Tabitha loomed over her. She felt her body growing tight with anticipation. She was scared but also right on the edge of hope that Tabitha would do something that send a thrill through her body.

Tabitha's hand snapped out and grabbed Merrie's collar. Merrie felt a flash of pleasure as Tabitha dragged her forward to the one of the beds. Even as she was scrambling to get enough purchase to ease the pain on her neck, she felt pleasure coursing through her body. She was being used, dominated, and it was the same intoxicating thrill that Bass gave her. At the bed on the same side as the niche Dixie was in, Tabitha stopped. She held Merrie up by the collar.

Merrie was forced into a begging position, but her ass was pulled off the ground. The hard metal of her collar dug into her jaw

painfully. She didn't know what to do with her hands, so she brought them up, not to hold it but to beg.

"Pathetic," muttered Tabitha. She reached down with her other hand. Her fingers bumped against Merrie's belly, then she drove her fingers down. Merrie's pussy clenched with anticipation as Tabitha drove four fingers into the wet opening and picked her off the ground.

It was painful being held up by her neck and pussy, but Merrie let out a gasping moan as Tabitha deposited her on the niche. Despite being made of stone, there was almost a quarter meter of blankets and pillows. Merrie sank down into it, surprised at the softness.

Tabitha yanked her legs over the edge until she was sitting. "Let's get those stupid gloves and boots off."

Merrie inhaled sharply as a strange fear crossed over her. She didn't want them off, that would mean she was about to be cropped. She tilted her legs away from Tabitha.

The silfae grabbed her knees and slammed them together. "Look, Cunt, you aren't getting cropped tonight." She flicked out her index finger and a claw formed from her fingernail. She grabbed Merrie's left boot and sliced down through the laces. "However, we have rules here. Anyone who does magic has rules. Just as that limp-dicked thriban must honor every fucking promise he makes, I must do this."

She yanked the boot off Merrie. The hot air felt strange against Merrie's bared toes. She kept her foot straight, it was the most comfortable position after a week of bondage. She felt the heat rising in her body, the collar's magic turning her anticipation of being cropped into an intense pleasure.

Tabitha grabbed the other. "Tomorrow, you'll be like all the other pussies. You'll run and I'll catch you. I'll bite off your arms and legs. You'll scream and Bass will cry. I might even shed a tear, but it will be because you weren't even remotely a challenge."

Merrie stared down as her mind struggled. There was fear, she could feel it, but it was distant. She knew it was the collar keeping it back, turning it into a hot lust to be horribly mutilated. She wanted to scream, to cry, but all she could do was moan softly as her nipples grew hard and her pussy wetter.

Tabitha tossed the ruined boot to the side. She looked up at Merrie, then down. "You should be screaming. You should be begging for freedom now. You should be peeing in fear. Instead, because of that cursed collar, I bet you are almost creaming, aren't you?"

Blushing, Merrie nodded guiltily. With Tabitha in front of her, it seemed horribly wrong that she was getting off on the idea of being cropped. She wanted Tabitha to grab her, to finger her, to do anything to let her come. She spread her legs to give her exposure to her aching pussy.

Tabitha rolled her eyes. "I don't give bitches pleasure. If I want to fuck you, I will fuck you." She stood up and grabbed Merrie's glove. With her finger, she sliced through the laces.

Whimpering, Merrie shivered. She was terrified of going days without sex again, it haunted her. She felt her body growing hotter and she whimpered pitifully.

"Oh, don't give me that fucking whine. Bass has rules. You'll go to be with cum in your mouth. If you're lucky, I'll even let Dixie or the wimp get you off. Otherwise, I'm just going to fuck your face until I come."

She yanked off the other glove and tossed it aside. Merrie felt naked as she stared up at her rough mistress.

Tabitha grabbed her collar and unhooked the charm. Unlike the gloves, she reached up above the niche and carefully set it on a shelf.

Merrie looked up.

"Don't you fucking whine."

She returned her attention to the silfae in front of her.

"I'm not punishing you. Rendi's magic interferes with my own. That charm tries to heal you back to your natural physical state. When I crop you, I have to change that so you can never heal from your cropping. If I just tore off your arms," Merrie shuddered as the induced pleasure licked at her senses, "then in a few days, they would be right back. Without the charm, my magic will transform you so your natural state will be the stubby little bitch you are to become. In four days, you'll get your precious charm again and you will," she leaned forward, "never be walking again in your life."

Tabitha grabbed Merrie's hands and pulled her to her feet.

Unused to standing, Merrie started to fall. Tabitha caught her with strong arms. Merrie slumped against her shoulder, feeling humiliated as she tried to stand up.

“Come on, Cunt, stand like you aren’t a bitch.”

Merrie shook as she tried to balance again.

“Grab me.”

With a focus, Merrie grabbed Tabitha by the shoulder. Her legs ached as she tried to flattened her foot. Pain shot up her legs and crashed into the pleasure. She let out a gasp as she forced one foot down.

“There we go. Just work at one foot at a time,” Tabitha almost sounded compassionate. She reached out and held Merrie by the hips, directing her to stand like a human once again. When Merrie took the first step forward, Tabitha moved with her, standing back.

“Good. Again. Another step. Good. Now, can you stand your own?”

Merrie pulled her hands away from Tabitha. The world swam and she fought the overwhelming urge to drop to her knees.

“Don’t you dare,” threatened Tabitha.

Merrie fought with her inclinations and managed to stand on her own. It felt strange, foreign, to stand on two feet. She missed the comforting pressure of the gloves and boots. Her surroundings had become alien, standing up instead of crawling.

Tabitha seemed happy with Merrie’s progress, or as happy as the silfae could get. “Well, it doesn’t entirely suck. Okay, I need to feed the wimp now. You need to walk around and get used to your feet. I’m sure you are capable of serving yourself or have you become such a slut that you don’t know how to swallowing anything that doesn’t come out of a dick?”

Merrie didn’t know how to answer the question. She gave a hesitant nod, then pointed to the bowl near the flames.

“Walk first. You can go up the slope to the cave but no more than... say ten paces from the entrance. And if I hear you calling out to Bass, you’ll regret it.” The last came out as a growl.

Merrie shook her head and took another step. It hurt from muscles beginning to atrophy and she winced. She took another step, then a third. As she managed the fourth, she felt a prickling of Tabitha’s emotions rising up. Underneath the waves of

disappointment and annoyance, there was just a hint of approval. She didn't dare peek back at the silfae; instead she started toward the niches on the other side of the room.

She walked around for almost a half hour. As she got used to walking again, and feeling less a bitch and more of a naked, sweaty human, Merrie struggled with her fingers. They resisted just like her feet, but soon she could stretch them out. As she stared down at her outstretched fingers, she realized that it was only a day before she would never see them again.

The realization sent a sharp, acidic bolt of pleasure through her body. It teased her senses and she thought about her breakdown on the stairs. Borias' words came back to her, telling her to pretend she couldn't pick up anything, touch anything, grab anything. It just fueled the pleasure in her veins and she staggered against the wall with the desire to shove her fingers between her legs.

Panting for breath, she looked down at her hard nipples and sweat-covered breasts. The cave was hot and it was hard to breath, but she was afraid to walk out even with Tabitha's permission.

She glanced up to where Tabitha sat on the edge of the niche with Seven. Dixie was on the bed, his head sticking out from the blankets and a happy smile on his lips. Seven also had his head sticking out, but tears ran down his cheeks as he swallowed from the spoon Tabitha' offered.

"Come on, wimp, put a little back into it or I'm going to have Dixie rape your ass again."

Seven gasped and took another spoonful. She swirled it around in the bowl and brought up another.

"Again."

He resisted and she leaned forward. "Another bite or Dixie...." She left the sentence hanging but it inspired Seven to eat.

"You are pathetic. Another," she said.

Her words were hard, cruel, but they were obviously working.

Merrie padded to the hearth, where the heat rolled off in waves, and grabbed a bowl herself. It almost slipped from her fingers, but she served herself and started toward her niche.

"Keep walking."

Guiltily, Merrie held the hot bowl in one hand and ate with the other. To her surprise, it was good and hearty. She finished one

bowl, then another before her stomach gurgled contently. She set the bowl down near the hearth, but when she stood up, Tabitha was standing right in front of her. They were less than a decimeter apart.

Merrie let out a gasp and started back. The fire seared her foot before Tabitha grabbed her collar and yanked her forward.

“You are pathetic.”

Merrie blushed in humiliation.

“But, this next step will be easier with you. On the bed with Seven and Dixie.”

Obedying, Merrie walked over to the bed and crawled on the soft covers. It was deep, but it also smelled of blood and sweat. Seven peeked up from the covers, terror burning his eyes. He cringed but his movement bumped up against Dixie who let out a deep growl in his tiny chest.

Tabitha crawled next to her. She jammed her hand into the blankets. Seven let out a wail of pain as she fished his arm out. Merrie took one look at it and blanched.

Seven was cropped. His arm ended at the elbow, just like Licker. The wound was ragged but not bleeding, like a hunk of beef hanging on a hook. At the end was the bright white of the bone.

Tabitha planted her hands over the end and Seven let out a shriek. She glared at him. “Shut up, wimp.” She focused on Merrie. “Distract him.”

Merrie didn’t know what to do. She looked helplessly at Dixie.

Dixie rolled his eyes, then used his mouth to pull away the blankets.

When Seven’s body was exposed, she looked him over; he was a slender, frail-looking man before but with his legs cut off at the knees gave him a dwarf-like appearance. His cock was good-sized but soft. It looked like a wrinkled nut and there were scratches covering his chest and shoulders.

Merrie reached out for Seven to pull him into a hug. At the same time, she let out a pulse of emotion, compassion and comfort.

He looked at her with surprise, then desperation. With a sob, he leaned into her and buried his face into her neck. Sobs tore through his body as he tried to wrap his one amputated arm around her shoulders.

Dixie continued to pull away the blankets until Seven was bared to the hot air. As the bitch shivered, Dixie crouched behind him. The little silfae smiled up at Merrie, then reached down to stroke his cock. Energy rose up, a light that didn't reflect off the environment. Merrie watched as Dixie's tiny cock grew and blossomed. It spread out into a wide, wedge-like shape, then stretched out until it was a huge dog cock sprouting from his tiny form.

Seven let out a sob and tensed up. His mouth worked silently against Merrie's skin, but she couldn't read his lips. Instead, she stared down at the purple and red cock that bounced in the air.

Dixie let out a soft growling noise followed by a bark.

Seven shuddered and lifted his hips, exposing his asshole to Dixie's dog cock.

Merrie felt a surge of excitement, of anticipation, as she watched with rapt fascination as Dixie aimed the tip of the huge cock against Seven's ass. She squirmed as the excitement filled her, firing the inferno inside her. She wanted to be closer, to be underneath, when Dixie pushed inside.

Dixie grabbed Seven's hips and drove forward. The cock speared the wrinkled opening and stretched it open. Centimeters of thick, swollen cock disappeared into Seven's body and Merrie felt a hunger flaring up inside her. She wanted Dixie inside her ass just as she did Bass. She bit her lower lip as she watched Dixie forcing his cock into Seven's rectum.

Seven, on the other hand, tightened up and clutched Merrie tightly. The pressure from Dixie's penetration drove him against her. Seven's body crushed Merrie against the stone wall of his niche; she could feel her nipples grinding against his chest.

Tabitha let out a soft crooning noise. It became a song, rough and guttural. As she sang, power rose up along her body and reflected off Dixie. It sank into Seven's body and the slave let out a scream of pain.

Merrie stared in shock, but Tabitha's eyes had become hazy, almost pure white, as she clutched to the ragged end of Seven's arm.

Seven tried to jerk his hand away from her grip.

Dixie thrust hard and drove Seven into Merrie. Seven stopped trying to free himself for a moment but as soon as Dixie's swollen cock buried itself into his ass, he started up again.

Merrie realized what she was to distract Seven from. She thought about Licker and how she stopped her from activating the collar. Inspired, Merrie pushed Seven back into Dixie's cock. The male slave let out a higher wail of pain, but Merrie silenced him by kissing him.

Seven's breath was hot against her lips. He was screaming into her mouth, but it died down as he realized what she was doing.

Merrie grabbed his chest and held him tightly, feeling his body jerking as Dixie began to fuck his ass. She forced Seven's mouth open and darted her tongue inside. He opened it submissively and she took advantage to tease his insides. She trail her hands down his chest, careful to avoid his injuries, until she could wrap her fingers around his cock.

In her hand, Seven's shaft grew harder. With every thrust of Dixie's cock, it jerked in her hand. She cupped his balls and stroked twice for every one of Dixie's thrusts.

The screams died down until he was whimpering against her mouth. His body continued to jerk forward and Merrie felt a flash of hunger, wanting to feel the slick cock in her hands buried inside her own pussy.

Not caring if Tabitha would punish her, Merrie forced her leg underneath Seven until she could free it on the other side of his hips. She felt vulnerable, exposed. She was straddling him, or he was caught between her legs. Panting, she inched her hips forward and lowered herself to the bed.

Seven froze and held his breath. His eyes snapped open as Merrie dropped herself to the blankets and spread her legs wide. He broke the kiss to stare at her incredulously.

Merrie smiled and nodded. She gathered up her own lust and pushed it out. She could feel it pouring into Seven and his cock surged in her hand. Giving an encouraging gesture, she reached around his hips and pulled him into her.

The feeling of a hard cock, even one relatively small as Seven's, almost pushed Merrie into an orgasm. She clutched tightly to him, holding his frail body to her own as his length buried deep into her soaked pussy.

Dixie continued to drive into his ass, but as he nestled into the V of Merrie's legs, it gave the tiny silfae a better angle. He smiled fiercely as he drove into Seven which force the slave's cock deep

into Merrie's pussy. When Dixie pulled out, so did Seven. They found a rhythm, with Dixie fucking Merrie using Seven as a proxy.

Seven and Merrie moaned. Neither was moving, but both of them were being fucked. She grabbed his face and stared into his eyes, encouraging him more as his cock continued to slid deep into her body. She could feel his cock spasm, trying to come, but the pressure of Dixie's shaft in his ass prevented anything from coming out.

Merrie peered over Seven's shoulder to where the swollen purple cock was sliding in and out. She wondered if it would be different to see two guys fucking, but all she could see was a puppy slave being fucked in the ass. It didn't matter that there was a hard cock driving into her, just that Seven was a bitch just like herself.

She didn't know when Tabitha moved, but she vaguely remembered the Sivilir silfae holding one arm, then another. Instead, her entire world was focused on staring into Seven's eyes and enjoying the feel of his cock thrusting deep inside her.

Then, Tabitha was whispering in her ear. "Come."

It wasn't a magical command. The collar didn't send a bolt pleasure or force it out of her, but Merrie couldn't think of anything but obeying the whispered command. She let out and her world turned into a maelstrom of pleasure and ecstasy. Her orgasm, long-building, crashed into her and she yanked Seven into her.

From behind, Dixie let out a howl and thrust hard, forcing his entire dog cock into Seven's. Seven's shaft exploded inside her, coating her insides with cum as Dixie pumped his seed into Seven.

To Merrie, it felt like two guys were filling her at the same time, which only sent her further into a spiral of pleasure and hunger. She clutched tightly as her body shuddered around him. Too soon, the pleasure faded and left behind an afterglow that made the cave seem cold. She looked around with half-lidded eyes and realized that both Dixie and Tabitha were sitting on the floor and eating. There was a timelessness to the cave and she felt like she was slipping through it faster than she could perceive it.

Merrie pulled herself off of Seven's cock. The bitch slid to the side and curled up. When he pulled his arms up to his chest, Merrie saw that they were no longer a ragged wound with bone sticking out,

but smoothed over skin. It looked as if he was born that way instead of being amputated only a day before.

With cum dripping from her pussy, she crawled off the niche. For a moment, she was tempted to remain on her hands and knees, but she knew Tabitha wanted her to walk. Pulling herself into a standing position, she moaned as the cum ran down her inner thighs. Unsure where to go, she walked over to where Tabitha and Dixie ate and sat down next to them.

Tabitha swallowed before she spoke. "You actually weren't too pathetic there. Violated most of Bass' rules, but it actually helped."

Merrie looked down at the ground, unsure of how to respond.

The silfae pointed to Seven's bed. "He actually had some resistance, which surprised me. He just gave up when I finally caught up with him. And then, he set off his fucking collar and just laid there limply for me to crop him." She let out a disgusted snort. "I hate submissives. You," she pointed at Merrie, "are just going to roll over and let me crop you. I'd be surprised if you actually run like you're suppose to."

Tabitha turned to Dixie and smiled. "Not like my little bitch here. Dixie," she reached out and stroked his head, "fought until the last minute. He actually bit me when we were fighting and I threw him over the fence in surprise. It was," she sighed, "the sexiest thing I had ever seen."

Dixie smiled broadly and wagged his tail. He gave his bowl a final slurp and sat back.

"Of course," Tabitha continued, "I pretty much raped him for three days after that, but still... he made cropping worth it."

She grabbed his leather collar and dragged him closer. Dixie let out a soft growling noise before Tabitha bit him on the nose. Dixie stopped immediately, but Tabitha just released her teeth and rubbed noses to him.

Merrie felt like an intruder as a familiar emotion filled the cave: love. It was far different than Sable and Bass, but what Dixie and Tabitha had was a shared emotion, a connection. As she concentrated, she could see the hazy leash that bound them but there was no question about it. For all her harsh words, Tabitha loved Dixie just as Bass loved Sable.

Dixie looked sharply at Merrie and the mood was broken.

Tabitha licked the bottom of her own bowl. "Okay, you need to walk some more. Tomorrow, you're going to run for the last time in your life and I need you as limber as you can be." She sighed, "As disappointing as you'll be."

Merrie crawled to her feet and, at Tabitha's gesture, started to walk around the room. She walked for almost an hour until it felt natural again. Then, Tabitha ordered her to bed. Exhausted and tired, Merrie crawled into the thick blankets and sprawled out on top of them. The heat of the cave was too much for the heavy blankets that Seven slept underneath. Closing her eyes, she let her mind relax.

She heard Tabitha tell Dixie, "Ready, bitch?"

Dixie let out a soft, muted bark.

Merrie cracked open one eye and watched as Tabitha crawled into the depression in the center of the room. Her naked body twisted around three times before she curled up in the middle. Dixie did the same, nestling his tiny body in the crook of her form.

"Darkness," commanded Tabitha and the flames darkened but the heat didn't diminish.

Merrie laid in the darkness, staring at nothing as she thought about the day. She was happy that the morning but now she wasn't as content. Instead, she felt the fear and anticipation burning inside her veins, keeping her awake as she thought about the next day.

She was going to be cropped, amputated. When the next night came, she wouldn't be ever able to serve herself again. Be able to walk like a human. She was going to be a bitch forever.

It excited and terrified her. She rolled over and stared at the muted flames in the hearth. It was going to hurt. She was probably going to scream. Nothing she had could prepare herself for what was going to happen.

She wondered if the collar would make her come.

Slowly, she let her gaze center on the two silfae in the center of the room. They weren't sleeping on the soft, comfortable beds. They could have, but they chose a life of discomfort. They were in a different world than Bass, Borias, and even the rest of the bitches. Like two feral beasts barely wearing the shroud of humanity.

Merrie rolled back over and tried to sleep. After trying for a few minutes, she gave up. Rolling back on her stomach, she regarded the

silfae again. There was something about them that drew her to them.

Holding her breath, she slipped off the bed. Swaying for a moment, she padded to the center of the room. She stood over the two.

Tabitha shifted and opened one eye.

Next to her, Dixie looked up. His tail wagged once.

Merrie wrung her hands together and looked down.

Tabitha lifted her head and sighed. "You are pathetic." But, even as the words rose up, she was making a spot for Merrie between Dixie and herself.

Merrie blushed as she crawled between them, lowering her body so she was pressed between mistress and bitch. She felt a flash of subdued pleasure as she settled into place.

Dixie nuzzled up behind her, his small dick against the small of her back and one arm slid underneath Merrie's arm to cup her breast. His little hand caught her nipple and he twisted hard before resting his head on her shoulder.

Tabitha came up from the other side and grabbed Merrie's collar. She pulled Merrie's head close to hers.

"Fucking alphas," she muttered. She rested her face against Merrie's and closed her eyes. "Now sleep. We both need to rest before I crop you."

t'Sade

Cropped

20

Merrie opened her eyes as the early morning sent a tingle through her veins. Her first thought was the realization that she would be cropped and it sent a surge of pleasure coursing through her body. She trembled at the magic controlling her and stared up at the dark ceiling.

She never noticed it before, but there was writing on the ceiling. It was all written in the same handwriting at the stakes: Tabitha's. It was dense, barely a centimeter high, and spiraled out from the center of the cave and down the walls. In the dark, the letters glowed faintly.

"My family," whispered Tabitha, "two hundred and twelve generations since we earned for our freedom from the dragons. All of them are dead now, but I can never forget them. I can't forget them."

Merrie turned to look over at Tabitha. They were still close, just centimeters away. The silfae's breath warmed Merrie's face, reminding her that the woman would cruelly amputate her was just as mortal as herself.

The silfae watched Merrie with her bright green eyes. Merrie felt more naked than normal as the elfin woman reached out and ran a thumb along Merrie's ears. Her fingertips squeezed the curl and a flicker of pain coursed through it. "Are you frightened, Cunt?"

Underneath the pleasure coursing through Merrie's body, she could feel the terror fighting with the magic of the collar. It was a shackle, a bondage that she didn't know how to break on her own. The very idea of being controlled gave her a sense of helplessness,

which only added to her pleasure. She squirmed as her body grew hot and wet, but she nodded sheepishly.

"I hate that collar. But, without it, so many of you empty-headed bitches got hurt. I have to accept it, but it makes my job so much harder."

Tabitha sat up and stretched her neck. She glanced up at the opening of the cave where it was still dark outside. Her breasts ground into Merrie's shoulder. "We better get started. Dixie?"

Dixie crawled on top of Merrie and sat down, his ass resting on her shoulder and Tabitha's breast. He barked cheerful and dug his fingers into Merrie's body.

"Cut the chatter, bitch," Tabitha snapped and pulled back, "and check on the wimp. Cunt?"

Merrie tried to shake him off as she pushed herself into a sitting position.

Dixie crawled over Merrie's body, keeping his body on top of Merrie. His small penis bumped against her ear as he scrambled to her head. As he perched himself, he gave a sharp bark.

She looked up and glared at him.

He leaned over to smile sweetly back, then ground his balls into the top of her head.

Returning her attention back to Tabitha, she barked once and tried not to think about the tiny silfae bearing down on her head.

Tabitha shrugged. "Go outside. Shit and pee. When you come in, eat breakfast. The sun will be up in about half an hour and I want to start with the first light."

She barked, then squirmed slightly at the surge of pleasure of being commanded. It mixed with the familiar pleasure that always came as she woke up. She inhaled sharply to cause her breasts to push up. She spread her legs, struggling with Dixie's weight bearing down on her.

Tabitha's eyes flickered down, then back up. "You're wet, aren't you?"

Another bark.

"That soft-headed idiot probably fucks you every morning."

She grew warmer at the memory of Bass' cock driving deep into her pussy and ass. She always loved the sensation of how he

pounded into her, shaking her entire body with every thrust of his massive cock. She smiled and barked again.

“Well, sucks to be you,” said Tabitha sharply as she stood up. “Now, get your fucking ass outside and shit. I hate it when bitches lose control when I crop them.”

Merrie tried to get up, but Dixie squirmed on her head. She shook herself to get him off, but he refused to move. Sighing with frustration, she reached up to pull him off. She managed to catch his squirming form, but then pain exploded as Dixie bit her fingers.

Whimpering, she tried to shake him off. She caught his arm, her fingers easily wrapping around his muscular arm. But Dixie yanked her hand up and bit down hard.

Merrie yelped. She looked at Tabitha who just shrugged.

“Win your own fights, Cunt. You’re a fucking alpha, learn how to earn your own dominance.”

Frustrated, Merrie tried again but Dixie bit her. She jerked around, but the agile silfae kept himself easily balanced on her head. She yanked at him, then pulled her hands back with little bite marks along her palm.

On top of her head, Dixie let out a sharp bark and humped the back her head. He was laughing at her and she could feel the smug feeling radiating through their contact.

She remembered how she used her collar to drive Bass into her. She braced herself and took a deep breath. Blindly, she reached up and grabbed Dixie. One hand caught his balls and she held on tight. She also grabbed his shoulder, but his teeth clamped down on her knuckles. She whimpered as he ground down.

Tabitha shook her head. “Pathetic little bitch.”

Merrie frowned as she found herself fighting the collar. It resisted her urge to speak out, reminding her how much it would hurt, but she bore through it. With a shudder, she screamed out. “Stop!”

The world exploded into pain as the collar shocked her. It coursed through her body as the spasms tore out of her and into Dixie.

The tiny silfae let out a pissed off scream as he fell off her. His hair was standing on its end and he pawed at it as he tried to get back to his feet. He swayed groggily and collapsed again.

Merrie collapsed to the ground next to Dixie, jerking as the collar's magic finished ravaging her body. When she could, she let out a long, gasping sigh. Trembling, she pushed herself back into a sitting position.

"Okay," Tabitha said with an impressed look on her face, "you aren't quite that pathetic. You are just... weak. Dixie, stop being a dick. I need her healthy and you damn know that."

Dixie whimpered as he struggled to his hands and knees. His body shook from the collar's magic and he limped toward Seven's niche. As he crawled up on the ledge, he shot a glare at her.

Merrie snarled back, baring her teeth like a dog.

Dixie surprised her by smiling before he dove into the pillows after Seven.

Merrie pushed herself up to her knees. Her legs spread apart reflexively, but she held them still as she realized that there wasn't going to be a thick cock driving into her. She missed Bass and ached for him.

She knew that Tabitha was waiting. Groaning under her breath, she pushed herself up on the balls of her feet and stood up. She swayed but regained her balance almost instantly. It was like she was a human woman again and she realized she didn't like it anymore. She wanted to be on her knees and soon she would again. But until then, she could obey Tabitha.

It was dark beyond the cave, a claustrophobic feeling with the moisture clinging to the air. She couldn't see beyond a few meters of the opening and wasn't sure where to go. Taking a deep breath, she looked around until she found a thin trail leading off to the side. She followed it to an area that smells of shit and urine. She held her tail with both hands and did her business. It wasn't as enjoyable as when she was on her hands and knees. As soon as she was finished, she used a leaf to wipe off and then a stream to wash her hands.

By the time she came back, the smells of cooking eggs and meat rose up from the cave. Her stomach rumbled and she hurried down.

Tabitha was sitting on the edge of Seven's niche, feeding him food. "Come on, wimp, just eat another bite. There you go. Here, some cooked pig. No, it isn't long pig. Damn it, wimp, you are utterly pathetic. Cunt," Merrie jumped at her given name, "get some food and hurry up."

Merrie got a bowl near the roaring fire and served herself breakfast. She wasn't sure where to eat, so she walked over to Seven's niche and sat down next to Tabitha. As she watched Tabitha trying to force food into Seven, she quickly polished off her own breakfast.

Seven didn't want to eat. He looked at Merrie with a pained expression and whimpered softly. His body trembled and sweat clung to his skin. He was soft without the hard muscles that both Dixie and Tabitha sported. Instead, he looked like the rest of the pleasure slaves, from the haunted look in his eyes and the way he didn't resist Dixie rubbing up against his backside.

Merrie reached out with her hands and stared at her fingers. She wanted to use her fingers for as long as she could use them. The overwhelming realization it would be only minutes, hours at most, added a strange intoxicating fear mixing in with the collar. She almost wished she didn't have the collar's control, just to know what she was really feeling.

She stroked Seven and he leaned his cheek into her palm. Tabitha let out an annoyed sigh and held the spoon centimeters away from him. Merrie smiled and sent out a pulse of comfort. Dixie perked up and stared at her, but Seven relaxed instantly.

Merrie ran her thumb along his bottom lip, feeling the trembling of his body. Gently, she tugged down on his mouth and he opened his mouth obediently. She pulled her finger away and guided him to the spoon.

Seven whimpered but swallowed a bite. He looked back at Merrie who teased his mouth, knowing what it was like when Bass caressed her own lips.

She could feel Seven growing excited even before she glanced down to see his cock hard. She smiled at him, radiating excitement and encouragement. She stroked his throat until she felt him swallow. Then, she trailed back up to ease his mouth open.

He inhaled slowly, but took another bite.

"You know, you catch more flies with vinegar," muttered Tabitha as she fed him again, "but, for a weak, soft-headed cow, you might have helped."

It was a compliment, as much as one could come from Tabitha. Merrie smiled and reached down with her own fingers, stealing a

touch against her pussy. It was hot and slick. She drove one finger into herself and bit back a moan of pleasure.

She felt Tabitha glaring at her. She looked up and gave a sheepish smile back.

“Weak,” muttered Tabitha. The silfae set down the bowl and stood up. “Come on, Cunt, let’s go for a walk.”

There was a hardness in Tabitha’s voice. Merrie pulled her dripping finger from her snatch. Her heart skipped a beat as she stared up at the slender woman. She didn’t say anything else, but Merrie could feel the gravity of the moment.

Merrie glanced over to Dixie, but the smaller silfae had frozen. He was still ground against Seven, no doubt his cock pressing at the slave’s rear entrance. He had one hand on Seven’s shoulder, but he held himself stiller than a statue.

She returned her attention to Tabitha.

“Come on.”

It wasn’t a request.

It was time.

Lust burning in her pussy, Merrie pushed herself to her bare feet. Her toes dug into the hard ground of the cave and she stepped forward.

Tabitha headed out of the cave. Merrie followed, but at the entrance, she peeked back at the other two.

Dixie looked sad and his emotions radiated from him like a bright light in the darkness. He wasn’t sad because of what was going to happen to her, but he wanted to be there when it happened. Her cropping would be private, just her and Tabitha.

Seven, on the other hand, was terrified for her. The memories of his own cropping burned inside him. He was terrified and the quickly fading recollection of pain flashed around him. It scared Merrie to feel how much the delicate-looking slave had experienced.

Her stomach twisted with fear. And she felt her pussy growing wet with anticipation. She was going to get what she dreamed. Just like her hunger for Bass’ cock to tear into her, she hungered to be cropped by Tabitha.

She didn’t need Tabitha to call her. Turning on her heels, she ran up the cave and caught up to the silfae. Tabitha glanced at her, then continued along the path toward the house.

It was a dark morning, with just a light teasing the edges of the horizon. She could almost picture the rising sun as a razor, poised to slice into her. The air was still and heavy with moisture. Their footsteps left wet prints along the mud. There was almost a reverent pressure bearing down on her.

Merrie's heart was pounding and she thought it would burst out of her chest. She wanted to run, scream, and fuck all at the same time. She wanted to be helpless forever and it just boiled in her guts with an inferno of pleasure that refused to orgasm.

"I can smell you, Cunt, even from here. You are too lost in your own submission to do anything about this. Your pussy is drooling and your nipples are hard. The only thing you can think of is getting fucked."

Tabitha came to a stop, her body tense. She looked over her shoulder and the bright green eyes almost glowed in the growing light. "Do you know what it is like to be a hunter? To stalk down your prey? To be the aggressor?"

Merrie shook her head.

"Of course not. You probably slept through your life without ever realizing that you would be an alpha. If it wasn't for a mere chance, you would have died without ever knowing the voice of the pack, or the warmth of a master." She stepped toward Merrie and reached out. Merrie flinched, but Tabitha grabbed Merrie's collar and pulled her close. Her knuckles dug into Merrie's throat but she kept twisting it until Merrie found it hard to breath.

"You were lucky, Cunt. You are a one in a million opportunity. You'll cream at the idea of being abused, dominated, or fucked. You'll probably orgasm when we sell your weak ass to someone. And, somewhere in that, you'll find out what you truly are."

Merrie couldn't argue. She felt the heat filling her body, all from the way Tabitha held her by the collar and the pressure at her throat. The silfae could drive her to the ground or pick her up; Merrie didn't care anymore. She hungered for Tabitha to do whatever she wanted.

Tabitha released the collar. She sighed. "There are rules about being an alpha. The more you submit, the more powerful you'll be. Sable has given her entire life into being Bass' bitch and I think she has powers that I don't know about. Dixie also, but at least he went

into this willingly.” She turned and continued her walk toward the house. “After the little bastard bit me, how could I sell that ass of his?”

Merrie followed as Tabitha took her around the front and up to the porch. The steps were harsh underneath her bare feet, even though hundreds of slaves had crawled up them. Tabitha stopped at the top of the stairs and pointed to a lighter color board. “We’ll be starting there, but first.”

Walking quieter, her bare feet whispering on the wood, Tabitha took Merrie around the porch to the windows of the great hall. She slowed down at one of the windows and Merrie saw a bright white stake she never noticed before.

“Look at it.”

Somehow, Merrie knew what it would be when she knelt down. It was nailed to the wall but two names were visible “Sloppy Holes” and “Sable.” The date was from sixteen years before and Merrie wondered how old Sable could be.

“That was our first alpha. She was bonded at that point, but when I set her loose, all she could do was paw at the door. The pathetic excuse for a thriban was on the other side of the window, bawling his eyes out. For one hour, she begged to go back inside. I cropped her right here,” Tabitha tapped on the ground where the wood had a darker blotch on it.

“He almost killed me when I did it, but I had no choice. Anyone who uses magic has rules. For him, he wraps his life in the stifling bondage of promises and compassion. Every little swear is a way of tightening his life so magic flows through the gaps. He loves because love is a gag stronger than any steel.”

Tabitha crouched down next to Merrie. “For me, it is the hunt. I am and will always be a predator. I can’t just use magic... none of us can just use magic. For me, I get power from the chase, from taking something down, from blood in my teeth, and flesh in my claws.”

Merrie listened to the low growl coming from Tabitha. It scraped against her senses, sending little flares of terror coursing along her spine. She was scared beyond her life. She was expecting a struggle and pain, but Tabitha’s calm words were more terrifying than anything else. It wasn’t passion that would be cropping her but something far harder and crueler.

“If there is no chase, there is no energy. Cropping Sable almost killed me too.” Tabitha lifted her head as a breeze blew through her sandy hair. She pointed out away from the house. “Dixie, on the other hand, was a fight. A real hunt. He refused to submit up to the very end. He gave me power,” she shivered and there was a sharp smell in the air, “and I fell for him. The fucking bastard. He also got the furthest. Out there,” she gestured, “is a stake with his name on it but you’ll never get that far.”

Merrie knew where his stake was, but Tabitha’s words indicated that she shouldn’t know. She kept her mouth close and remained crouched by Sable’s stake, listening as she shook with fear. She was also turned on more than she ever thought possible. She wanted to roll over and beg for it, to lie right on the porch and let Tabitha crop her right then and there.

“Stand up.”

She obeyed.

Tabitha pointed to the point she indicated earlier.

Merrie walked over, feeling naked and exposed. She was aware of her body, the way her breasts hardened with anticipation, the liquid oozing out from her pussy, and the way her skin tingled with the storm of emotions. She turned to Tabitha, still not sure what would happen.

The silfae turned her around so Merrie was facing the door. Tabitha stood in front of her and reached up with both hands to grab the collar. She twisted until her knuckles almost cut off Merrie’s breath. The discomfort sent another wave of pleasure coursing along her veins.

“You have to understand, Cunt, I don’t like you. I can’t like you simply because you are... weak. It isn’t you personally, it is just...” she sighed, “you. But, on the opposite side of the coin, I don’t hate you either. What I’m about to do, I do because it is the natural progress of what you are to become. You are to be cropped-”

Merrie’s pussy clenched at the thought. She inhaled sharply, aware that her breasts were rising and falling with her panting.

“-because that is why you are here. It is,” she breathed, “what you are. And, since I am what I am, I have to hunt you down. So, as soon as I let go of this collar,” she pulled Merrie closer, “you have one hour.”

Merrie heart pounded in her chest.

“One hour to run for your life.” Merrie was holding her close enough that their bare breasts ground against each other. Merrie could feel Tabitha’s pubic hair tickling her hips as the silfae whispered in quiet, intense words. “One hour to celebrating your hands, your legs, your humanity.”

Merrie moaned softly.

“And when that brief moment of freedom is gone, I’m going to hunt you down.”

Tabitha yanked on the collar.

“I’m going to bite off your arms.”

Merrie shuddered at the words, her body hot with anticipation and fear.

“And your legs.”

Licking her lips, Merrie found it hard to breath through the tightness in her throat.

“You are going to scream and you are going to cry. You will probably pee in terror.”

Merrie felt the moisture gathering in her pussy and felt the hungry ache to be fucked burning inside her. She rocked back and forth as she stared into Tabitha’s bright green eyes.

“And then you’ll be truly a bitch... forever.”

Merrie couldn’t help it as she let out a gasp of need. It burned inside her, an orgasm trying to crest. She leaned into Tabitha, panting with need. Her breast ground against her, crushed with the weight of their bodies.

“Cunt?”

Merrie looked up, her body trembling.

“Good-bye.” Tabitha released the collar.

Merrie stared down at Tabitha’s bare hands. Her body shook as she struggled with the intensity of desire and hunger that burned in her. She wanted to kiss Tabitha, knowing that the silfae would probably break her legs and throw her to the ground. She sobbed as she took a trembling step back.

“Cunt,” Tabitha looked up as her eyes began to glow, “you need to run now.”

Power crackled in the air. Tabitha suddenly shoved back on Merrie, throwing her off the porch. Merrie let out a scream as she hit the ground. She looked up with tears in her eyes.

“Run, you stupid bitch!” Tabitha’s yell echoed across the yard. In the distance, flocks of birds rose into the sky as the sound continued to rumble across the fields.

Merrie scrambled to her feet. She gave Tabitha one last, confused look. She wanted to run and stay at the same time. She didn’t know what to do. Part of her was desperate to just drop to her knees and beg to be cropped right then and there. It was a seductive part, the part that was attached to the pleasure filling her body. She wanted to be fucked, raped, hurt. She wanted to be abused and dominated. Everything inside her screamed that she would lose it if she ran away.

On the other hand, she had to run. It was an overwhelming force that drove her away. It was the same with Bass, but where Bass wanted to shove his cock deep into Merrie’s body, Tabitha needed Merrie to run.

She spun on her heels and ran. She didn’t know where to go but she couldn’t stay there. She focused on a copse of trees and ran as if Tabitha was snapping at her heels. In her panic, she lost where she was and just ran as blindly as Licker did when she tried to get away.

When she couldn’t run anymore, Merrie slowed down. She was gasping for breath and her chest hurt. The dead sprint caused her breasts to bounce and they ached from her movements. Wincing, she pressed one hand against them to hold them in place and tried to orient herself.

Nothing looked familiar. Even after a week of walking with Bass, she didn’t know where she was. A sob caught in her throat. She wanted to run and stop at the same time. She could feel the collar driving her to drop to the ground and wait.

Panting for breath, Merrie leaned against a tree. She knew there was a clock ticking down her humanity, but it hurt to breathe. Leaning over, she gasped and tried not to think about being cropped. Sweat dripped from her face and ran down her breasts. She could feel the little droplets falling from her nipples as more rivulets coursed along her naked skin.

Using her one hand, she wiped the sweat from her brow and looked around. With a start, she recognized one of the bushes. Standing up, she didn't remember it but bent over, near the ground like a bitch, she did. Slowly, Merrie sank to her knees and looked around. Suddenly, she knew where she was.

Only a few minutes crawl away was a stream where Sable once pinned her in the mud and ground her pussy into Merrie's face. It was near the spot she did the same thing to Sama, who licked and sucked with all her might as she playfully struggled. Merrie smiled at the memory, barely feeling her knees impacting with the ground.

Bass fucked her in a little clearing right behind her. He had all three of them presenting and he just sank right into her, burying his hard cock right to the hilt. Merrie moaned at the memory, sliding both hands between her legs as she sought out her sex. It was wet with sweat and sex. She let out a gasp as she slid two fingers, one from each hand, into her hot hole and stroked back and forth.

She could wait right there for Tabitha. It was already a hunt. Tabitha would have to chase her this far. She leaned into the tree and spread her legs more. Her pussy was soaked and the soft, slurping noises rose up as she pumped three fingers into her body, trying to reach an orgasm before Tabitha found her.

Merrie whimpered as she found herself growing close to a crest. She had four fingers ramming inside her, the wet slurping noises drowning out her hearing. She reached deeper, spreading her fingers inside her to enjoy the wet, silken pressure of her body. She was about to be amputated and all she could do was masturbate. She was humiliated, but couldn't take her fingers out of her pussy.

A deep growl ripped through the woods. Two glowing green eyes pierced through the shadows from the trees as Tabitha came padding out from the trees. She was huge, with broad shoulders and a chest like a barrel. Her shaggy fur was the color of sand and rippled in the breeze that surrounded her. Her paws were larger than Merrie's head as she crushed the grass and flowers underneath her.

Merrie froze with her fingers buried to the knuckles. Her pussy clenched tightly as she saw Tabitha approaching. It was a specter of pain, terror, and bondage incarnate. She thrust her fingers deeper

into her body, unable to look away from the approaching shapeshifter.

She stared into Tabitha's eyes. As the silfae said, there was no anger or hatred. Instead, all she saw was a sadness behind the growling wolf. A hunger for something that Merrie couldn't give her. It was like a creature caged beneath a shell of fur and teeth.

Tabitha glowed from the inside with emotions: frustration, longing, and power. But, her emotions didn't have the richness of Sable's or Dixie's or any one else. It felt like she was just going through the motions, an empty action with no passion left in them.

What Merrie thought was a chase was nothing. Tabitha was just finding an empty-headed, pathetic little slut who could do nothing than masturbate when she should be terrified. Merrie was humiliated by her actions. She tried to be afraid, to think about the pain and suffering, but she felt the collar muting her emotions.

But she couldn't stop fingering herself. She couldn't reach an orgasm, though her pounding heart and thrusting fingers were bringing her close. She knew she would come as soon as Tabitha bit down, but she would betray everything Tabitha needed.

Merrie felt a hunger inside her, a desire to be what Tabitha needed her to be. But, to do that, she had to be something that she couldn't.

She had to be afraid.

She forced herself to yank her dripping fingers from her snatch. She could smell them in the air as she pushed herself up the tree. The bark scraped at her back.

There was a flicker of surprise as Tabitha paced closer. The growl shook the air, pressing down on Merrie.

Merrie slipped around the tree, never letting her gaze leave Tabitha's eyes. She began to walk backwards along the path leading to the stream. As she moved, she dug at the fear that should be inside her. She could feel the muted emotions simmering in her mind. They were just noticeable enough to tell her she was feeling them, but the intensity was transformed into pure sexual lust. All she wanted to do was drop to her knees and beg for Tabitha to crop her.

She panted as she tried to force the emotions to rise up. She concentrated on the idea of being torn apart, of the pain that she

would feel, of the terror that should be choking her. Her terror bubbled up but then the collar clamped down on it. She tried again, focusing on the sight of Tabitha when she first transformed into a huge wold. She felt fear then, a primal quivering in her gut as she stared up at the drooling fangs. She remembered she peed from the surprise and terror.

The iron collar around her neck grew hot. She stumbled on some roots and continued to back away from Tabitha.

Tabitha continued to stalk toward her. There was something new in her eyes, a curiosity and a quickening of excitement. Merrie could feel the air around them going tense, but she couldn't hear over the pounding of her heart against her ribs.

The rocks dug into her bare feet. She felt the water of the stream as she walked into it. She couldn't tear her eyes away from Tabitha. She continued to desperately break through the collar's magic. It was harder than she thought possible. Every time she managed to picture or imagine some horrible fate, be it Bass raping her the first time or when she saw them slaughtering people in the warehouse, she could feel the pressure squeezing the fear down, forcing it into a sick, seductive pleasure.

For the first time since she came to the mill, Merrie hated the collar. She hated that she couldn't be afraid, couldn't be angry, couldn't cower. Everything she wanted to do was turned into an insatiable need for sex. It gave her peace and joy, but it also prevented her from doing what had to be done.

It was a sick desire, to be afraid, but Merrie knew had to do it. It was the only way to give Tabitha the pleasure she needed. She had to serve her just as she gave her body to Bass and forced him to drive deep into her.

Breasts heaving, Merrie concentrated on Tabitha's fangs. They were sharp and they would hurt when she bit down. She focused on adding everything she could into imagining the agony she would experience. She tried to imagine the crunch of bone, the flash of blood, anything she could to force herself to be afraid.

The collar made a popping noise and she felt a burning sensation along her collar. It added to her discomfort and she felt her mind crashing against the filters of the collar.

Her hands were on fire. Looking down, she saw blood trickling down from where her fingernails dug into her palm. She didn't remember clenching them, but looking down at the bright red droplets splashing down in the water, she realized that she would never see her hands again.

Even though she said nothing, the collar ignited into pain. Her entire world exploded into white agony as electricity slammed into her. Every muscle spasmed and she collapsed into the icy water of the scream. Her scream froze in her throat as the pain tore through her and all that came out was a gurgle.

Tabitha let out a sigh. Her words came back to Merrie when Tabitha was talking about Seven's cropping. She was so disappointed that Seven's collar had activated and he was lost in the spasms of magic when she cropped him. In front of her, Tabitha stepped forward and opened her jaws, ready to end Merrie's misery and crop her there.

And then she felt it. Pure, unfiltered fear. No softening of the hard edge of emotion, no filters to turn it into pleasure. It coursed through her vein like an orgasm, bitter hot and ice at the same time.

She found the strength to move and snapped her head up to stare directly at the drooling fangs about to tear her in half. She could imagine the pain now. It shook something deep inside Merrie, a primal response that only allowed two responses: fight or flight.

Without looking back, she clutched in the cold water until her fingers wrapped around a large rock. Whimpering, she flinched as Tabitha's hot breath washed over her.

Tabitha used her nose to push Merrie's left hand to the side. Her teeth scraped along the palm as Tabitha positioned herself to tear it off.

The intense fear drove her into action. Merrie yanked the rock out of the water and smashed it into the side of Tabitha's head. It was a frantic, wild blow and Merrie almost lost grip of the rock.

Despite Tabitha's immense size, she jerked to the side. Her eyes flashed bright green as the wolf stared back with an expression of surprise. She opened her mouth and a growl rumbled in her chest.

Merrie panicked again. She slammed the rock back into the side of Tabitha's head, smashing it as she scrambled back to her feet. The air grew tight around them as a wind blew up. She screamed in

blind fear and rage. She grabbed the rock with both hands and slammed it down again and again. She didn't know what she was doing, just trying to save herself from being hurt. It was hard to breath. Blood from her cut palms ran down her arms. With one hard impact, she lost her grip on the rock, but she just raised it above her head with one hand and brought it down with all her might.

Tabitha snarled, then snapped out. The air cracked as the powerful jaws snapped down.

Merrie stumbled forward from the impact of the blow and she fell against Tabitha. Terrified that the wolf would bite her, she tried to pushed herself away. Her hands kept slipping and there was a flash of crimson that stained the wolf's fur. Merrie frowned and tried to push herself up, but her right hand refuse to work.

Everything was hot and she felt pain radiating up her arm. She tried to grab Tabitha's fur again to crawl away. She could feel the hot fur in her left hand, but something was wrong with the right. The tiny shred of logic left in her already knew the answer, but she still lifted up her arm and stared at the bloody stump that used to be her hand.

She wondered for days what she would be like. She thought she would orgasm or cum. She could feel the pleasure like a memory, but it was layered deep beneath the blind fear and pain she felt. It was intense, stronger than any orgasm, as she watched the blood pouring out.

A sob ripped out of her and she lost control. Urine poured down her leg and mixed with the crimson waters forming underneath her. She couldn't think past the pounding in her ears and the frantic hammering of her heart.

Tabitha stepped back, hacking. The giant wolf was crackling with power and the air beat down on them. Little eddies of power swirled off in all directions as Tabitha tried to clear something from her throat.

Terrified, Merrie did the only thing she could. She turned on her heels and splashed out of the river. In a blind panic, she ran for her life. Her bare feet slammed into the ground as she followed the trail. She remembered it now and soon they came up to the fork in the road where Sable took her to Dixie's stake.

Her feet slipped and she slid into the stakes. One was knocked off, but she scrambled to her feet and sprinted toward the fence. Somehow, she knew that there was something special about the fence. If she only could make it.

Only a few panicked minutes later, she saw it. A sob of relief tore out of her as she scrambled through the underbrush toward it. Her body ached, everything ached, but it was nothing compared to her injury. She tried to hold it to stop the blood, but that slowed her down even more. She ran through the bushes and felt the thorns leaving deep scratches behind.

She slipped at the fence and she slammed into the top bar, crushing her breasts. She tried to claw at it to climb over, but her severed hand refused to work. With an ungraceful thump, she dropped to her knees.

Merrie had to get over. She grabbed the splintered wood and hauled her top half over the lower railing. Her feet dug into the ground as she tried to lever herself across.

The ground shook. Even knowing that she shouldn't, Merrie peeked over her sweaty shoulder and saw Tabitha charging with a snarl. At the sight of the bloody muzzle coming closer, Merrie scrambled over fence. Her feet were just crossing over the piece of wood when Tabitha struck.

There was a crunch of bone and wood as the shape-changer's mouth snapped through the fence itself. Merrie was yanked back across the magical ward, the sensation of an invisible fence lost underneath the explosion of pain. She grabbed the ragged ends of the fence with her one good hand to stop her from being pulled into Tabitha's jaw.

A wet, burning noise tore through her and she dropped to the ground. Merrie crawled forward. She couldn't feel her feet, either of them. Instead, the only sensation below the ankles was liquid pain and searing hot blood. She didn't dare look back to see the severed ends; she was afraid she would set off the collar by screaming. Instead, she crawled forward with her eyes locked on Dixie's stake.

Behind her, Tabitha hacked twice and a wet sound filled the air. Then, the thump of the wolf stalking after Merrie. The air crackled with power and Merrie could feel the energy gathering inside

Tabitha. It was more intense than anything she could imagine, but she didn't dare look back.

It was a agony-filled infinity before she reached Dixie's stake. With a trembling hand, she reached out with her good hand and grabbed it. It left a bloody smear on the wood as she hauled herself forward.

Tabitha stood over her, her hot breath searing Merrie's skin. There was something else, a fur-covered hardness that brushed against Merrie's backside. She knew what it was, Tabitha's cock. The growl shook the air and Merrie closed her eyes in preparation for more pain.

Teeth ran along her shoulder blades, working up to the hand. It left behind a line of hot drool that mixed with her sweat and blood, running down along her spine until it pooled into the small of her back.

Merrie closed her eyes and whimpered. She couldn't give up. She stared at the bloody wood in her hand and realized she had one last chance. With a grunt, she yanked the stake from the ground and rolled over. The sight of the immense wolf looming over her sent fear coursing through her and it flared into an ice storm in her gut. She pulled back and slammed the stake with all her might into Tabitha's eye.

It sunk deep. Tabitha jerked back her head and let out a howl of pain and rage. Using her paw, she batted Merrie away. The impact cracked a rib as Merrie was thrown across the ground and into the fence. The impact drove the air from Merrie's lungs.

Merrie choked as she tried to breathe. She tried to grab her throat, but the only one hand touched her skin. The other left a smear of blood against her skin. She stared at the wolf thrashing on the ground, pawing at the stake still sticking out of her eye.

She didn't want to kill Tabitha, she just wanted a fight. She was terrified that she went too far in the hut. She looked away from the writhing wolf, but her eyes caught sight of her legs. They both ended in stumps, bloody with a shock of white bone. It hurt, but not as much as her hand. She reached out with her good hand in morbid curiosity, wanting to feel it.

Tabitha let out another howl as she shook her head. The stake was gone and there was a bloody wound where her eye used to be.

The energy was visible now and Tabitha glowed from the inside as she quickly covered the distance between them.

Merrie's breath came back with a rush but she continued to hyperventilated. Every movement scraped her broken ribs together, but the rush of air in her lungs was almost a pleasure. She wanted to keep running, but she couldn't. She pressed herself against the wooden fence. As Tabitha stood over her again, hot tears ran down her cheeks.

She couldn't run.

She couldn't fight.

She couldn't breathe.

It was the end of her chase and Tabitha's hunt. The only thing she could do was surrender, but she didn't have the words to say it. As she considered her options, she felt pleasure gathering inside her as she held up her one good hand.

Tabitha tensed, a growl vibrating through her body. Her bright green eyes narrowed as she watched Merrie holding her hand.

Merrie's heart pounded painfully as she reached up. She could barely control her body as she reached into Tabitha's mouth and rested her wrist along the ridge of the wolf's teeth. The sharp points dug into her flesh. For a moment, Merrie considered scraping her flesh along the teeth, but she forced herself to hold still.

Tabitha froze with her mouth open. The growl halted as the shape-chapter's eyes grew wide.

Merrie's world spun around her. Her ears were pounding from her heartbeats and she felt sweat mixing with the blood and drool covering her body. She was terrified, but excited beyond comprehension. The pain from her injuries faded away as her world focused on a single point in the universe, where the teeth dug into her flesh.

The pleasure grew. She was surrendering. A surrender of more than just sexual submission. She was giving up her humanity and becoming a bitch. The realization of what she was doing sent bolts of pleasure shocking through her senses, like the collar firing ecstasy instead of electricity. The heat was growing inside her as she stared into the maw of teeth and violence.

"Please?" she mouthed as she ground her wrist into the teeth.

Energy rose around them. Tabitha burned brightly from the inside, her bones visible with a light that didn't reflect off anything. She was painful to look at and Merrie's eyes watered as she tried to watch her wrist in the final moment.

The teeth came down and there was a crunch that she felt more than heard. Pain exploded along her senses, but it became pleasure as she finally let out a scream. Not one of pain, but of an orgasm of perfect surrender. She had given everything she could to Tabitha, surrendered in the perfect way for the shape-changer.

As Tabitha drew back and left a bloody stump, something happened inside Merrie. Something else drew out of her. It felt like there was a coil of rope inside her and as the shape-changer stepped back, it slid out of some opening. It was the sensation of a cock being withdrawn, the first exhale after an orgasm, or even letting go to pee.

She looked down to see a line coming out of her chest. It wasn't hazy or translucent like Sable's or Dixie's connection to their masters, but as real and bright as the sun. She could feel it sliding out of her as Tabitha continued to pull back.

Shaking, Merrie followed the line with her eyes. It grew hazy as it approached Tabitha, but it was growing more solid with every passing moment. The tip aim at Tabitha's heart.

And then she felt it. An intense pressure of a creature far older than herself, one brimming with a fierce joy and a release of her own. Tabitha's emotions came rushing down the connection. The silfae was happy and sated, like the first drink of wine after a century without. Merrie had given her something that no one else could in a very long time: a true hunt.

Then, a new emotion came rattling down the connection. Fear. Tabitha let out a mixture of a growl and a whine. She spun on her heels and sprinted away. The connection between them grew thinner but no less bright. More emotions came rushing down: longing, desire, and shame.

Their bond grew more intense as the line almost completed itself. Tabitha continued to race away, accelerating far faster than any horse, but Merrie could still feeling her hearts.

(Bass is going to kill me.) It was Tabitha's thoughts, but there was also a small part of her that wanted to let Merrie bond, to accidentally let it happen.

Tabitha raced straight for a tree. Merrie reached out for Tabitha, not wanting the silfae to break the suddenly intimate connection.

(No! I can't let you bond!) With the words came a rejection from the silfae, a mental pushing away even as the power rose up around her. The wolf's form blurred as magic coursed through Tabitha's veins; Merrie could feel what the silfae felt in one perfect moment before she bonded.

And Tabitha ran straight into the thick trunk of the tree. But, instead of crashing into it, her body was sucked straight into the wood and she was gone. The fledgling connection between them snapped.

Merrie felt like Tabitha had tore out her heart. An intense longing that blurred her vision. She let out a wail of loss and she didn't care when the collar suddenly activated, plunging her world into an electric hell.

When she could see again, Merrie was alone. The morning sun stretched out across the clearing and the fence. She blinded her and she ducked her head down, staring at her limbs with mute devastation. She didn't know if Tabitha would come back. She didn't know what would happen.

She started to cry. She hated being a beta, being a submissive without a master. She wanted to bond, if anything to get it over with, but also because she wanted badly to be with any of the master at the mill. Any but Grange, that was. She could picture herself being happy with Sable and Dixie, but she knew that it wasn't going to be. And that knowledge made it more painful.

Merrie focused on her missing hands. The first was a ragged, bloody end. It hurt as she stared at it, the memory of it being torn off in a crunch of flesh and bone. The other was the one that Tabitha just bit off, but it wasn't a bloody wound. Instead, it was as smooth as when Tabitha healed Seven. If she didn't know better, she would have sworn that she was born that way.

The only difference was the hunt. The first was when Merrie was about to give up, to surrender like a submissive slut. The other was

after Merrie fought back. She saw how Tabitha crackled with energy, as if the very act of fighting gave her power.

She stared at her severed hands. The pain was still gone but there was no magic forcing her to feel pleasure. But, deep beneath the fading fear, there was a growing pleasure. She had surrendered, just like she wanted. She couldn't reach out for anything ever again and the helplessness sent a delicious thrill coursing through her. She couldn't wait to beg for a beer from Borias or to find out what Bass thought of her cropping.

She tried to flex her fingers. She saw the muscles in her arms twitching, but nothing happened. She could feel her digits even though they were there. Her world spun as her mind tried to correlated the two sensations. It only added to the pleasure searing her sex.

Merrie was smiling. The pleasure that teased her was natural and entirely hers. It was a heat that boiled inside her, quickening her breath and forcing a moan from her lips. She leaned back and took a deep breath.

It was a good hunt.

Tabitha's whine cut through the morning light. Merrie looked up to see the wolf creeping forward, a question in her posture.

Merrie closed her eyes for a moment, seeing inside herself. Her skin wasn't tingling and there was no connection reaching out. There was no danger of bonding, but it hurt to know that she was denied. She opened her eyes and shook her head.

Tabitha relaxed. She crept forward. Her body still glowed with magic as she padded over the grass and rocks. Her large paws crushed the flowers underneath her as she came up. From their brief connection, she also glowed with emotions. Excitement, being stated, and determination. Mixed together was also lust and affection.

Merrie lowered her eyes and leaned back further. Her breasts rose and fall with her breath as she looked at the wolf who hunted her down. She wanted Tabitha, with a fierce intensity. Slowly, she spread her legs and felt her swollen pussy lips peeling apart to the warm, morning air. It was hot and wet with her need.

The shape-changer continued until she was towering over Merrie. Her breath was hot against Merrie's skin.

Merrie held her breath, unsure what Tabitha would do. She watched as the huge wolf head lowered and the tongue came out. The feel of Tabitha's tongue was a hot brand against her skin.

Tabitha licked along her leg. She left a line of drool behind her, but no blood. The tip of her tongue wrapped around the end of Merrie's leg and power rose up.

Merrie's skin crawled as the magic wrapped around her and there was a sense of tightening. Merrie lifted her head to stared down at it, watching as the ragged end healed over. She shuddered as she felt her body changing: the bone thickening, the skin growing as smooth as Licker's pussy, and a tingling that coursed up her spine. It felt as if her severed ends were connected directly to her pussy. As the wet tongue slurped around the end, Merrie let out a moan.

Tabitha moved to the other leg and licked it. The power rolled around them and the skin crawled as she was healed. Tabitha stepped forward as she lapped, her tongue working its way up between Merrie's legs. The tip of it caught her pussy, splaying apart the lips to find her clitoris.

Merrie could feel the magic deep in her bones and she threw back her head as the pleasure spread out through her insides. She moaned softly and reached out for Tabitha, holding her between her two helpless arms. Seeing them against the blood-stained muzzle gave her a strange sense of bondage, of helplessness.

Tabitha worked her way up Merrie's body, her large tongue lapping at the blood and scratches and injuries. With each swipe of the hot, slick tongue, Merrie's skin was left clean and untouched, as if she was never running for her humanity. It also ran along every sensitive part of her skin and fueled her pleasure.

When Tabitha lapped at Merrie's breasts, she moaned and pressed it higher. As the tongue passed to clean her face, spit glistened on her mounds before gathering in rivulets to roll down her skin. Merrie held her breath as Tabitha cleaned her face, then down to her still injured arm.

Merrie panted as she watched Tabitha lick the end, drawing power and energy and leaving it smooth. The skin crawled for a moment and then it was gone. No pain like Seven, no screaming or whimpering. She didn't need a distraction, beyond the growing lust.

Tabitha lifted her head and reached out with one massive paw. She rested it on Merrie's chest. The weight crushed her breasts as the claw dug into the side of her right tit. Tabitha curled her paw around Merrie's flank and tugged her to the side.

Obediently, Merrie rolled over. She used her forearms to brace herself on the fence. She remembered she was a bitch and spread her legs, presenting herself to Tabitha. The hot air against her pussy rekindled the heat as she exposed herself.

The shape-changer's breath was hot against her back, then her tongue was cleaning Merrie. It lapped through her hair and then her shoulders. It was strong and powerful, massaging as well as healing.

Merrie moaned as she was healed down her back, then along one leg, then the other. Her pussy clenched with anticipation before Tabitha brought her tongue up between her legs, licking from clitoris to tail in deep, powerful strokes. Each one pushed Merrie into the fence. Her breasts were ground into the splintered wood, but the tiny pricks of discomfort faded compared to the inferno burning in her sex.

The fence creaked as Tabitha lurched forward and planted her own fore-paws on the upper railing. The furry hips brushed on outer edges of Merrie's hips as something heavy and incredibly hot dropped down on the slave girl's back. It was Tabitha's wolf cock and it reached clear up to her shoulder blades.

Merrie moaned at the sensation. It was thick and swollen, with a flared head and a knot at its base. It bore down on her, a heavy weight of sex and submission.

Slowly, Tabitha drew it back. It left a line of precum against the freshly healed skin. Merrie lifted her hips and felt her pussy drip with anticipation. With a moan, she spread her legs and waited.

Tabitha wasn't in the mood for foreplay. She drew it back until the tip slid down around Merrie's tail and ass crack. As soon as it was poised at the entrance to Merrie's sex, Tabitha drove forward with supernatural force.

It was like Bass entering her, hard and forceful. It tore her open, stretching her wide as Tabitha buried her entire length into Merrie's cunt. The knot crushed Merrie's labia and ground against her clitoris as she felt the heat and pressure from deep inside.

As soon as Tabitha had buried herself, she yanked it out and drove back in. It punched deep into Merrie's body, reaching clear to the end of her entrance and slamming against her cervix. It hurt but Merrie wanted it any other way. Sex with Tabitha would always hurt, it was just who Tabitha was. She let out a gasp of pleasure and shoved back, but it was Tabitha who controlled the fucking, not her.

Tabitha panted as she drove again and again, punching her cock deep with hard strokes. The knot slammed against the entrance, forcing it open with every powerful thrust. Merrie could only brace herself, swimming in a world of pleasure, pain, and submission. The wet thrusts shook her to the core, scraping against her body and stretching her inner walls.

With a panting grunt, Tabitha slammed into her harder. Merrie could feel her bones creaking from the impact as she was driven into the fence. Her arms, her helpless limbs, tried to keep purchase on the wood, but she slipped and her chest was driven into the wood. Her breasts took the brunt of Tabitha's impact, but she couldn't get grip to push herself up. The sense of helplessness, of being unable to even push herself back, pushed Merrie into a screaming orgasm.

Tabitha never stopped. She continued to drive into Merrie, shaking the entire fence with her impacts. The knot slammed into Merrie's entrance, tearing it open. It was like taking two fists as a time as Tabitha relentlessly hammered it into her. Merrie could only spread her legs more as it drove deep, pinning her open.

Then, with a sickening slurp, Merrie's pussy swallowed the knot. Her entrance clamped down around it and there was a flash of pleasure and pain. The heated length lodged itself in her depths, the knot preventing it from sliding out and the tip pressed tightly against the entrance of her woman.

Tabitha took a powerful thrust, but as the hips drove forward, Merrie's body was crushed against the railing. There was no room inside her for the powerful cock to move. She was just a tightly stretched-sleeve wrapped around the shape-changer's shaft. With every thrust, it was Merrie who moved, not the cock buried inside her.

As Tabitha continued to slam Merrie against the railing, Merrie reached down with her arms and ran the ends along her belly. The

knowledge that she couldn't spread her fingers out was intense, the bondage of forever burning bright inside her tightly stretched pussy. She could feel the swollen cock through her belly as it pushed out of the flesh. She closed her eyes and reached further down, swimming in a world of pleasure and pain. Her questing brushed against the wolf knot buried in her pussy, right above her pubic bone. It made her feel like she was a months pregnant.

She moaned and leaned into Tabitha's thrust that drove her against the wood. The wolf panted hotly as she drove her cock into Merrie; with every stroke, Merrie winced as the head was ground against her cervix and the knot swelled at her entrance.

She was caught on the edge of pleasure and pain. The hard cock was filling her from the inside and rubbed against all her insides even as she was pounded into the splintered wood of the fence railing. She didn't know what would give but she couldn't do anything. She was helpless to push away from the board just as she couldn't force the cock out of her body.

Tabitha let out a gasping pant, then drove deep into Merrie. There was a sensation of being ripped open, though Merrie didn't know what would tear inside her, then everything turned into a liquid wall of pleasure as Tabitha came inside her.

Merrie didn't know what to expect, but with her hands against her belly, she could feel the skin swelling. Hot jets of cum poured into her, but with the tight knot at one end of her pussy and the tip crammed at her other, her pussy swelled with liters of come that filled her. She let out a scream as she orgasmed from the pressure as it continued to build. Her belly swelled with each thrust and she could feel some high-pressure jet pouring deeper into her. It couldn't relieve the pressure. Her scream turned into one of both agony and ecstasy as her body was lost in the throes of an orgasm.

The pleasure turned to pain which turned back to pleasure. The cum kept pumping into her, stretching her obscenely full. She kept coming, but she couldn't stop her body as she felt the cock continue to fill her. Tabitha kept pumping her back and forth, fucking her against the board as the cum poured into her.

It felt like forever before the cock quieted inside her. Her belly was stuffed, filled to the brim. Some of it poured of the tight seal of knot against her pussy, but the rest of it was working deeper inside

her, forcing itself into her womb. It was ecstasy to feel it squirting into her innermost depths, a wet, muted squelching sensation deep in her belly.

Tabitha panted and slumped against Merrie. The heavy weight of her body drove Merrie against the board. Underneath Merrie's breasts, the fence railing finally gave up and snapped. Merrie out a shriek as she was pounded into the ground face first. She tried to push herself up, but couldn't find the purchase. Her hands were gone, she was helpless against the heavy weight of the shape-changer.

Tabitha's body twisted above her. She could feel the fur fading way as naked skin ground into her. Fingers grabbed her hair and pulled her up. She felt her neck bared to the air the hot breath of Tabitha against her shoulder. "You," panted Tabitha as she twisted her hips, "are a good girl."

No magic came from the collar, no forced pleasure being driven through her. But, Merrie felt a spark of an orgasm tear through her. She threw back her head, baring her throat to Tabitha who rested her mouth against Merrie's neck, and screamed at the top of her lungs.

"Good girl," moaned Tabitha as the silfae's cock dwindled in size. Pressure built up for a moment, cum came pouring out of Merrie's pussy. Liters of the thick fluid rushed out and Merrie was lost in the pleasure of being drained. The thick ocean of cum continued to squirt out of her, soaking her thighs and her legs. Waves of it rolled across the grass and Merrie stared it with shock.

Underneath her hands, she felt her belly returning to its normal shape, but the cum kept coming out. She moaned and let out a long, shuddering breath.

"And now," Tabitha said as her cock shrunk away to nothingness, "you are truly a bitch."

Merrie's orgasm found a second life and the flare of passion coursed through her veins. She let out a long wail of pleasure and slumped into Tabitha's body, knowing that the silfae would command her.

t'Sade

Side Deal

21

Merrie could still feel her hands. For a moment, there was a flash of terror that she had somehow dreamed of being cropped and that she still had a day of pain ahead of her.

She opened her eyes, but all she could see was blankets covering her head. The weight of the layers bore down on her and she was reminded of Male Seven when she first entered the cave. He was sweating and moaning underneath the same pile of blankets. He was in agony then, but Merrie wasn't. In fact, she felt as if she was never injured by Tabitha.

But, she was sure she was cropped, so she didn't know why she could still feel her hands.

She was afraid to find out why. If she wasn't, then she still had a day of pain and screaming ahead of her. If she was, then it would be a cold reality striking her if she dared to find out. The fear pounded in her veins, unfiltered by the magic of the iron collar still around her neck. She wanted to reach down with one hand to feel her other, but she was too scared at the answer.

Curious, she stretched out under the blankets. The heat of her body left her feeling slick and hot. She squirmed until she was on her back and her nipples dug into the rough fabric above her. She could feel a tingling in her sex, a hope of anticipation. It wasn't the overpowering pleasure she thought she would feel, but something subtle, delicate. For a moment, she wondered if it was real. She spread her legs and felt the air brushing against her sex. The scent of her excitement, tangy and sweet, drifted up to her.

She was wet with anticipation, but it wasn't from her collar. The soft, seductive pleasures was hers, and nothing but her. No magic to

make her lust for being cropped, no power that drove her into submission. Just the realization that she may have given her body up to submission.

Even if Merrie wasn't cropped, she still wanted it. A smile ghosted across her lips. She found the courage to try opening her hands. She could feel the muscles in her shoulder and arm tensing, but no sensation of fingers dragging through fabric. She tried with her other hand, concentrating with all her might as she went through the familiar maneuver she was able to do since she was a little baby.

There was no hand to move. Nothing responded beyond her wrist. She let out a gasp into the heated pocket underneath the blankets. She was cropped. There was a finality to it as she tried to open and close her hands, basking in the sensation of utter helplessness that burned through her body.

Trembling, she dragged her arm closer, peering at it through the dim light filtering through the blankets. Her sweat-soaked hand caught every rough ridge and fiber, but the phantom hand felt nothing. After an eternity, she managed to pull her right arm up to her face.

There was nothing.

At the end of her wrist was smooth skin and nothing else. Seeing it, her mind started to panic. She could feel it coursing through her veins, a wild and irrational desire to scream, to flee, to fight. All the emotions came back to her, but they quickly faded underneath an intense high of helplessness. She would never open a door with her fingers. She could never flick her clitoris or grab a lover. She would never write again. And she could never hold a glass again.

Memories of Borias came back, of them sitting on the stairs of the main house. He encouraged her to drink as if she didn't have her hands. She remembered that first intoxicating feeling of helplessness as she let him guide her, to bring the cup to her lips. And now, she felt a hunger to do it again. Not to just pretend to be helpless, but to actually be forced to accept his glass.

Her body tingled with anticipation. Dragging her other hand through the blankets, she reached down and pressed her arm against her pussy. It was already hot and wet. She couldn't finger herself but somehow the realization that she couldn't ignited flames

inside her. She rolled her hips forward and rubbed the end of her arm against her clitoris. She couldn't quite stroke it like she used to, and she felt clumsy with her efforts to masturbate. It was humiliating, even though no one was watching.

Rolling in the blankets, she tried to find some way of relieving the growing ache between her legs. Her trimmed pussy hairs dragged against her flesh, leaving a wet smear. But no matter what position she found, she couldn't push herself over the edge. Instead, she just grew hotter and more desperate to reach an orgasm. Finally, she slumped back and breathed in the hot air filled with the smell of her body. She was horny and desperate and hot and sweaty.

Whimpering, she dug her way out from the blankets. She struggled more than she thought she would. Every time she wanted to grab a blanket to push it aside, she had to stop as she stared at the severed end of her arm. She shivered at the sight, then pushed it aside, somehow being more aware of every centimeter of her skin as she sought freedom.

She finally broke out into the fresh air. It was icy compared to the sweltering heat of the blankets. It prickled her skin as she pushed out a nest from the blanket. Droplets of sweat covered her and she panted for breath to cool down.

It was dark and silent in Tabitha's cave. The flames were dim in the fire but the heat still rolled off the hearth. It felt good, though, to be free of the blankets.

Moaning softly under her breath, she reached out for the ground to crawl out. The end of her arm stopped her as she wondered if she could brace herself without a hand. Sweat or sexual excitement, she didn't know, coated her inner thighs as she stared at her hand. The helplessness rose up, mixing with the fear and pushing her to the edge of a high that she had never experienced before. It was raw and visceral instead of the overwhelming pleasure of the heavy collar still around her neck.

She bit her lip and leaned forward. The hard packed earth ground into the end of her arm, but there was no pain. Panting from the emotions burning inside her, she leaned forward until half her weight was on her arm. Slowly, she inched her knee out of the blankets and stretched out to the ground.

Seeing the smooth end of her leg sent another flash of pleasure and fear coursing through her. She swayed at the intensity of it. It took her almost a minute to ease her leg down to the ground and shift her weight to it. By the time she crawled off the sleeping niche, she was drenched with sweat and sex. She could smell it and it sent another thrill coursing through her body.

Merrie was desperate for release by the time she finally got all four limbs on the ground. She would have begged for a splintered hunk of wood, if someone would just fuck her aching pussy. Panting, she leaned up against the wall of the cave and tried to masturbate again, but the orgasm refused to come.

Whining from frustration, she focused on Male Seven's sleeping niche. She crawled over to the piled blankets. She was so horny, she didn't know if she could survive. She stopped at the edge to rub against a ridge of stone, but she still couldn't find the right angle for pleasure. But, Seven had a cock and she knew that would ease the ache.

She pushed herself to her knees and peered up over the edge. When she saw that Seven wasn't there, she let out a soft whimper. Turning around, she slumped against the rough side of the cave and sighed. She needed to come, she desperately needed to come. She rested one arm between her legs, uselessly sawing back and forth as she stared at the other end of her arm.

Merrie could feel the fear inside her, but she focused on the pleasure that it mixed with. The feeling of helplessness. Even her inability to come just added to the growing send of being unable to do anything. She had to have a master now. She had to have someone else to do anything: come, eat, drink, even go through a door. She moaned and rested both arms between her legs; she couldn't come, but her future turned her on.

She heard footsteps outside the cave and perked up.

"Tabby," Borias spoke as he started down the slope into the cave, "you be sure you be wanting both girls? That's a lot of energy to shape both of them."

Tabitha came down after him. "I feel good, Bori... probably the first time in many years."

"You be glowing, you know. Leaking from you shields."

Tabitha came down with Dixie crawling next to her. She looked around, then stopped as she saw Merrie against the wall. Behind her, Borias came down with Useless Cunt and Fuckhole on leashes.

A smile stretched across Tabitha's face. "The pet is up."

Merrie whimpered and struggled to get on her arms and legs. It was hard as she rocked back and forth, then stumbled forward.

"Pet?" asked Borias. "I be never hearing you call a girl a pet. When did that be happening?"

Tabitha purred for a moment, then strode across the room. "When she gave me a real chase." She knew down in front of Merrie and grabbed Merrie's face. Tilting Merrie up, she smiled warmly. "You okay, pet?"

"You actually care about her?" smirked Borias.

Tabitha looked over her shoulder. "You really want to piss me off, Bori?" Her voice was tight and threatening again.

He shook his head. "No, me ass still be hurting from last winter." He guided his two girls to the opposite niches. Gently, he pushed each one on the blankets, then removed the leashes. "Now, girls, I know you not be with me for long, but I be getting you back when you are done with Tabby. So, just remember, being cropped doesn't mean you be getting out of toilet duties."

Useless Cunt looked sick, but Fuckhole just gave a resigned sigh and lowered herself to the blankets to peer past Borias at Merrie. Curiosity hung around the second bitch like a cloud, almost visible to Merrie's senses.

Tabitha release Merrie's face. "Everything is settled down nicely. Tomorrow, you'll be going to be getting your charm back. But, until then, just get used to the changes."

Merrie whimpered to beg Tabitha to let her orgasm, but the silfae stood up and headed for the food cooking on the edge of the hearth.

"You want dinner, Bori?"

"You're being nice," announced Borias with a suspicious glare, "what do you want?"

"What makes you think I want something?"

"The last time you be nice, I be your bitch for a week."

Tabitha smiled at him. "Bass told you not to make that bet."

Borias pulled a face but then smiled. "Yeah, yeah, but I was bored. So, what you be wanting?"

“The collar.”

Borias grew tense as he straightened up and stepped away from Tabitha. “What about it?”

“I know,” she sighed, “I asked you five years ago if you could bypass those damn filters of Rendi.”

“And I be telling you no.”

“I know, but,” Tabitha looked wistful for a moment, “today, I had the most beautiful chase. There was fear and blood. And I... I got power. Energy. I could feel it filling me. It was like a drink after starving for a year.”

Borias looked sick. He reached down and ran his hands through Fuckhole’s hair. His eyes were wet and Merrie felt sorrow radiating from him.

Tabitha dropped the ladle against the edge of the pot. “Look, Bori, would you reconsider? I... I’m dying out here. Those collars are strangling me and it’s getting harder to keep moving. I used to crop two bitches a day and now... I’m down to once every other. I’m starving. You know what I mean?”

“I know,” he said in a whisper.

“Bori? Please?”

“I-I can’t, Tabby. Mother would kill me.”

Tabitha sighed. She turned and padded back over to Merrie. Kneeling down, she sat on the ground next to Merrie. Her shoulder rested against Merrie’s and Merrie jumped at the contrast of Tabitha’s cooler skin. She reached out and ran her fingers along Merrie’s flanks.

Merrie let out a moan, leaning against Tabitha. She wanted to come, wanted release. She spread her legs to encourage Tabitha between her legs.

Tabitha, on the other hand, didn’t shove her hands between Merrie’s aching thighs. Instead, she reached over and caught Merrie’s left nipple. She twisted hard as her nails dug into the sensitive flesh.

Merrie inhaled sharply at the pain. She started to pull away, but then caught sight of Dixie smirking from near the fire. She remembered the first time she met Tabitha and Dixie, how Tabitha dug her fingernails into Dixie’s neck until blood welled up from her fingers. Dixie stood there, still and calm.

She tried to hold still, to emulate Dixie, but the pain grew intense as Tabitha's nails pierced the flesh. Merrie squirmed and tried to pull away.

Tabitha grabbed Merrie's breast and bore down. Her fingers dug into the soft flesh as she hauled Merrie back next to her.

Tears in her eyes, Merrie momentarily forgot her lust as she whimpered in discomfort. She tried to pull away again and winced at the pain of Tabitha mauling her breast.

The sharp scent of Tabitha's excitement drifted past Merrie. It was sharp and strong, more so than the rest of the bitches. She hummed as she twisted Merrie's breast.

Merrie glanced over to see Tabitha watching Borias with a hard look on her eyes. Slowly, Merrie peered over to Borias who was watching with a sad look on his face.

"How you be doing that?"

"She's scared."

"I know that. How she be scared? The collar..." his voice trailed off. He walked over to Merrie and knelt down.

As he settled into place, Tabitha dug her thumb into Merrie's tit, finding some sensitive spot that sent pain and fear coursing through her veins.

Merrie whimpered, pleading with her eyes at Borias.

Borias reached up and held her collar. His fingers brushed against Merrie's throat.

Merrie shivered at the thought of being yanked around by the iron ring and the pleasure rose up against the pain. She squirmed, fighting between the pain in her breast and the pleasure that struggled inside her. Her pussy drooled down into the crack of her ass and she breathed in her own excitement mixing with Tabitha's sharp scent.

"She be horny, Tabby."

"So?"

"She be a sex slave. Fucking is what she do."

"She's an alpha. She can learn to survive without coming every hour. Not everyone has to cream to function."

"That not be what boss..." Borias' eyes unfocused for a moment, then widened with surprise. He turned sharply to stare at Tabitha. "What you do!?"

Tabitha froze, her fingers still digging painfully into Merrie's breast.

Borias rotated Merrie's collar, then frowned. "You broke it."

"Broke what?"

"The filters. All but a few are burned out."

"Is that why she is scared?"

"Aye, and in pain. The filters are burned out. Let me check the history..." his eyes unfocused again and Merrie felt a sense of power coursing over to him.

Merrie wanted to reach out for him, but Tabitha's hand made it hard to think about anything besides the cruel silfae.

Unwittingly, Merrie reached out for Tabitha with her mind. It wasn't bonding, but just reading her thoughts. She could feel it from their intimate contact. Tabitha needed her to struggle, to feel pain. She needed to hurt Merrie.

Merrie felt the tears in her eyes, but she could do nothing but obey. She squirmed harder. Tabitha responded by digging into her breast until blood trickled down her hand. From her tenuous connection to Tabitha, she could feel pleasure and power coursing through the silfae from Merrie's discomfort.

"That not be right," muttered Borias as he released the collar.

"What happened?"

"The history said there was an emotional spike, but the numbers are too high. So much fear and terror that it shorted out everything. She burned out the entire spell." He turned to Merrie. "I be sorry, Merrie-"

Merrie shivered at her name. She almost came at the reminder of her humanity.

"-but Tabitha removed all you emotional protections. You will feel every bit of fear and pain that your mind and body create. And the 'good girl'" he paused but Merrie didn't respond to it, "and rest of the positive feedback be also completely gone."

Tabitha yanked Merrie's tit, dragging Merrie closer. "I didn't do anything. It was the damned beta."

"Her heart should be exploded if she felt that much fear. That why mother made the limit so high. She didn't be wanting you to kill a girl with you chase."

"It wasn't me," growled the silfae.

“I don’t know how she be doing it then. She still be breathing and that emotional spike was on the order of a sixth-rank spell. That would kill a mundane in a heartbeat. It isn’t possible.”

“It wasn’t me,” repeated Tabitha.

Borias sat back, a strange look on her face. “No, you be right. There is no way you could have done that. And the older spells are still there. The enforcement spells are still there, she be shocked if she talked. The defensives and offensives be also working, but those be part of the original enchantment. She just burned out all the improvements mother made ten years ago.”

“I hate those changes, Bori. Rendi added them because they were getting hurt, but it has been crippling me every since.”

“I know, Tabby, I know. But, at least you have her.”

Tabitha released Merrie. She brought her bright red fingertips to her mouth and licked the blood off them. Then, she lowered her hand. “I can’t. As long as that damn collar kept her from being terrified, I was in no danger of falling for the little pet. But, now that she can be scared, I’m just as in danger of bonding with her as everyone else. I can’t resist,” she looked over to Dixie, “breaking in bitches and I won’t make Dixie share by picking up another alpha. And she knows my triggers now.”

She stood up and walked over to Dixie. “Listen to me. She’s already a ‘pet’ instead of being just a pathetic little bitch. Damn the ancestors, I’m falling for her.”

Dixie rolled on his back, spreading his legs. Tabitha reached down and wrapped her hand around his throat. His cock grew hard as she squeezed lightly.

Borias said nothing. He reached over and stroked Merrie’s cheek.

Tabitha turned around but didn’t release her grip on Dixie. “Tomorrow, I can finish the seal. And then she’s going to Grange.”

Merrie stared at shock, then whimpered. She was afraid of the cruel man. The image of all the bitches with bruises flashed across her mind. She wanted to curl back under the blankets. For a moment, she wished she wasn’t cropped simply so she wouldn’t be handed over to him.

Borias stroked her cheek again. “Poor girl, you really be scared now, aren’t you?”

Merrie whimpered and inched closer. She rested her body against him. He wrapped his arm around her and she leaned into him.

He reached down to lift her chin. With a smile, he brought her lips to his and kissed her softly.

“You are pathetic, Bori.”

Borias broke the kiss, then slipped out from Merrie. He stood up. “I be what I be.”

Merrie looked up at the dark-haired man. The hunger and lust returned. She struggled to get into a begging position. It was harder to balance without her feet and it felt natural to spread her legs further to remain steady. She lifted her arms up to her collar, shivering with growing pleasure as she felt the warm metal touching the tips.

Borias looked down with a smile.

Merrie used her nose to nuzzle his crotch. She could smell his growing excitement through his trousers.

“You be fucking her?”

Tabitha hissed and headed toward the two cowering bitches. “I got to get these damn laces off.”

Borias shook his head. He gestured to Seven’s sleeping niche. “Come on, girl, let’s get you relaxed again.”

Merrie gasped and barked. She turned around and crawled up into the niche. It was hard at first, but she managed to hook her knee up and force herself up. Panting, she crawled into the center and presented herself.

“No, Merrie,” whispered Borias, “on you back. Like a woman.”

Brimming with anticipation, Merrie rolled over. She spread her legs and arms, then froze as she stared at the ends of her feet. She was mutilated, less than human.

Borias was already naked as he crawled on the bed. He knelt between her outstretched legs, but then surprised her when he grabbed her knee. Merrie tried to pull away, blushing with shame, but Borias just ran his hand up her legs and pulled the end to his mouth. He kissed it and smiled.

“You be beautiful.”

On the far side of the cave, Tabitha snorted.

Borias rolled his eyes and grinned. “You be ignoring her. She just not get fucked by a human in years.” He leaned forward. “She too much into dog cocks.”

“Blow me, Bori.”

Borias ignored her. Instead, he ran his hands along Merrie’s belly. His fingers got close to her pussy, but then he was bringing her other leg to his mouth so he could kiss the amputated end.

She felt a quivering in her pussy as she stared down at his hard cock bobbing in front of her. She rocked her hips and felt her body growing tight with anticipation. She needed him and his cock.

“We’ll have more time for foreplay later,” chuckled Borias. He grabbed one knee with each hand and shifted closer. His cock left a wet smear along Merrie’s glistening thighs, then he drove into her.

At the feeling of being filled, Merrie came. She wanted to hold out, but it was too late. She let out a wail of pleasure and wrapped her arms around his neck. The ends of her arms brushed against each other and the reminder of her cropping fueled the flames of the orgasm coursing through her veins. She cried out and thrust back into him.

Borias smiled and started to pump, his cock driving into her soaked pussy. It came out with a slurp, but he jammed it back in with deep strokes that reached the back of her pussy before almost exiting her completely. Every centimeter of hard shaft moving in and out added to her pleasure as she cried out for more.

She tried to wrap her legs around his hips. She could get it there, but she couldn’t hook her ankles. Instead, she just held them crossed and bore down on his cock as Borias continued to drive into her. She moaned and found a rhythm, thrusting up to meet his pounding as his cock filled her to the brim.

He grabbed her hips as he accelerated. His entire body drove her into the blankets until she could only look up at him. He finally let out a long groan and drove deep into her. His cock filled her as his balls slapped her ass. It surged hotly and she felt his cum pour into her, filling her with liquid pleasure.

She came again, clutching to Borias as she lost herself in an ocean of pleasure. It was a short flash of pleasure, but she still whimpered as he withdrew his cock.

“You are beautiful, girl.”

Merrie glanced down at his cock. Then, she looked up with a smile. Slowly, she licked the air, just like Sable did so many days before.

Borias didn't need a second invitation. He crawled up and straddled her chest, aiming his cock for her mouth. Merrie opened her mouth willingly and swallowed him, tasting both of their cum on his shaft. She gulped at the length and enjoyed how it filled her mouth as well as her cunt. She rested her amputated arms against his hips as she gave the hardening length a few strokes.

Once it tickled the back of her throat, she pulled him out slowly. She took her time, thought his length gagged her, and worked her way up. She lapped at his length and kept her lips tight around his hardness as she moved up. She left behind a slick but clean shaft. When she felt his cock head tickling her lips, she clamped down and sucked on it to get the last few drops still inside. With a dart of her tongue, she finished up and released him with a little gasp of breath.

Borias smiled brightly as he crawled out of the niche. Standing up, he retrieved his trousers. "Good girl. I'm looking forward to my turn."

Merrie got into a begging position, her body sinking into the blankets as cum oozed out of her pussy. She rested her arms against her collar and barked. She rocked her hips back and forth so her tail dragged across the blankets.

With a smile, Borias dressed and headed out. He stopped at the cave entrance. "Tabby?"

"Yeah?" She didn't look up from helping Fuckhole get used to standing again.

"It might take me a while, but I'll see if I can get you a spell to suppress the collar."

That stopped Tabitha. The silfae looked up with surprise. "Bori?"

"Just because I will suffer for the rest of my life doesn't mean you should too. And if Merrie brought you that much pleasure and power, I would be evil not to give you a chance to... enjoy it again."

"I don't know what to say."

"Thank you would be a good start."

Tabitha smiled, then shook her head. "How about I agree not to fuck you in the ass during the winter months."

Borias chuckled and shrugged his shoulders. “Who says I don’t enjoy it?” He headed up the slope. “Good hunting, Tabby.”

Tabitha watched him until long after his footsteps faded. She turned back to Merrie. “Your name is Merrie?”

Merrie blushed, but barked.

“You are both fucking pathetic,” for a moment, Merrie wondered if Tabitha had demoted her again, but then the silfae finished. “but I can understand why he likes you, pet. I won’t be calling you by your name, Cunt, you know that, right? You are a bitch, a cropped little bitch and bitches don’t get to keep their human names.”

Merrie barked again, squirming with the humiliation that brought a wave of pleasure.

“Good, now come over here and help me get these two pathetic bitches up and walking around. We don’t have long to reverse their training,” she grinned, “at least until I can make them proper bitches.”

t'Sade

Dominance Games

22

Merrie woke up when Tabitha bit her on the shoulder. She jumped and gasp from the sharp pain that tore her from her dreams of submission. She clawed at the air as she struggled to remember where she was and why a silfae had her teeth clamped down on her shoulder.

Tabitha opened her mouth and released her. She chuckled dryly as Merrie rolled over, staring in shock and confusion at the bright-eyed woman. Tabitha scooted closer and planted her hand on Dixie's head to pull herself only centimeters away from Merrie's face. "Good morning, pet."

Dixie squirmed to get out from underneath Tabitha, but the woman just bore down on his head, pinning him to the ground.

Tabitha pushed herself up on her knees, her small breasts shaking as she scooted closer. Her body was icy against Merrie's skin. She stroked her face against Merrie, who still stared in shock as reality finally began to sink in. She nipped Merrie's ear, then neck, and nibbled on Merrie's sore shoulder.

Merrie let out a soft gasp as her eyes came into focus. She stared at Tabitha's sandy hair as the silfae continued to work her way back to Merrie's neck.

Then Tabitha bit down again.

Merrie let out a cry as Tabitha grabbed her, pulling her close as she bit down again. Merrie shuddered as she felt Tabitha's teeth piercing the skin, but she couldn't escape Tabitha's steel-like grip. She squirmed as the pain radiated across her senses.

Tabitha let go of Merrie and stood up. "Ah, nothing like a bit of foreplay in the morning."

Merrie whimpered and went to rub the bleeding bite mark. She froze as she stared at the severed end of her arm, a flash of lust rising up as she stared at the helpless limb. She shivered as she felt heat gathering in her pussy, a tickling of senses. She squirmed to press her thighs together and force her mind from her injury.

Tabitha stepped over her, her bush smacking Merrie in the face as she headed over to Merrie's niche. She reached up and grabbed the golden regeneration charm from the shelf.

Next to Merrie, Dixie scrambled to his hands and knees. He pushed Merrie to the side as he trotted up the slope and left the cave.

Humming to herself, Tabitha returned back to Merrie and sat down heavily. She grabbed Merrie's collar and yanked her closer.

Merrie felt a flash of excitement at Tabitha's casual domination. She let out a shuddering breath as Tabitha dug her knuckles in her throat and pulled the collar even closer. The iron curve dug into the back of Merrie's neck and she had to plant a hand on Tabitha's hard leg for balance.

"Energy is a funny thing," started Tabitha. "It is like when you drink the best wine in the world, the old stuff that they created from the Elder Trees. There is that rush," she smiled as she rotated the collar into place, "of your first orgasm. And yesterday, what you did was like being back home, at my father's knees, and sipping at his wine."

She found the hook for the charm. "I need a lot of power to do what I do. Do you know why?"

Merrie gulped and shook her head.

"All mages have a store of power. Everyone uses the cup as a metaphor and it kind of works. I have a cup, just like almost everyone here. It is a shallow one with a very wide opening. When I use magic, it comes out in a rush. A few seconds and poof, it's gone."

She paused for a moment to toy with the regeneration charm. Merrie held her breath, not wanting to interrupt her.

"Rendi, on the other hand, has a well of power. She knows hundreds of spells, can create artifacts of immense power, and bring people close enough to Death they are getting on their knees. One time, I had my throat cut and I knew I would die as I felt it spurting

out from the wound. But, she just rushed forward and brought me back.”

The golden charm clinked as it was reattached to Merrie’s collar. Merrie felt the power coursing through her and the strange feeling of yellow-green power danced across her skin.

“The difference is, Rendi’s magic is just a spell. There are ways of dispelling magic and it glows. I can see when she uses healing magic because it glows for days, weeks for the powerful stuff. My magic, on the other hand, doesn’t glow. It can’t be dispelled. When I bite off your pretty, yummy wrist-”

Merrie shivered at the thought, her sex growing liquid as she thought back to the sudden flash.

“-I bit off more than just your physical body. I destroyed the very idea of your wrist. You lost part of your soul yesterday and no mortal magic will ever bring it back.”

Gulping, Merrie squirmed as her sex grew hot and slick.

Tabitha leaned forward, her breath hot against Merrie’s face. “Though, I’m sure a god could bring it back. Though, I don’t recommend Lemitri, that goddess is a royal bitch, may she rot in whatever hell would contain her.”

Merrie widened her eyes, her mouth parting with surprise. She never thought anyone would be able to talk about a divine power like that.

Tabitha winked. “Yeah, I met the bitch. She had to come down to reward B-” Suddenly, Tabitha closed her mouth as she looked guilty. She sighed, then cleared her throat. “Well, she’s a self-centered, mercurial bitch and no longer welcomed in our lives.”

She stood up. “Okay, I’m going to take Useless Cunt out for a little,” she smiled, “run. I bet you have to pee yourself, so why don’t you take the two pathetic bitches with you?”

Merrie blinked at the sudden change of topic, but got into a begging position and barked.

“Good pet.”

Merrie crawled over to the first niche, where she could see Fuckhole sprawled out on the blankets. Sweat sparkled on Fuckhole’s body and the girl’s mouth was open as she panted. She looked hot, but Merrie remembered it would all change after Tabitha copped her. The heat in her pussy grew as she imagined

Fuckhole amputated down to her knees and elbows, the look of helplessness on her. Merrie almost wished she was cut down further, but even the small bit she lost pushed her into a state of a submission high.

She got on her knees and reached up into the niche to nibble on Fuckhole's nipple. It was soft at first but quickly grew hard under her lips.

Fuckhole moaned and her eyes fluttered. Slowly, she opened her brownish-green eyes and stared at confusion at Merrie. Then, she smiled and reached out to kiss Merrie.

Merrie shook her head. She reached out with her head and bumped her head against Fuckhole's hand. When Fuckhole didn't response, Merrie mimed Fuckhole petting her like a human.

Fuckhole gasped and her eyes grew wide. She looked around and fear began to radiating from her. She reached up, though, and stroked Merrie's hair.

Merrie smiled and sent out an emotional pulse of comfort and love.

The other bitch relaxed and petting Merrie more confidently. She sat up and stretched, pushing her breasts out for a moment. When Merrie gestured to the floor, Fuckhole crawled out of bed but stood up. There was a prickling of unease and fear that surrounded her as she glanced over to Tabitha.

Still radiating comfort, Merrie crawled over to Useless Cunt and crawled up into the niche since Useless was against the far wall. Merrie sank into the blankets and struggled with her missing hands and feet. At Useless' body, she saw that the bitch had her legs spread open and exposing her pussy to the cooler air. Merrie grinned and reached down, lapping Useless Cunt from asshole to clitoris in one stroke.

Useless jerked awake. Her legs closed around Merrie, but then flung open as she stared down as if she wasn't expecting Merrie to be there.

Merrie gave a wiggle and pushed Useless with her head toward the edge.

Useless got on her hands and knees and crawled over to the edge. She got down, but unlike Fuckhole, she remained on the ground as Merrie tried to get off.

When Merrie fell the last few centimeters, she blushed hotly. Dixie, who just came down, gave her a smirk before he bounded over to where Tabitha was spooning food out into five bowls.

Merrie got back on her feet. She shivered at the feeling of her missing hands and feet, it still excited her, and crawled over to Useless Cunt. Gesturing with her head, she pushed Useless back into a standing position next to Fuckhole. Useless looked fearfully at Tabitha and then tried to drop down, but Merrie let a growl-like grunt which stopped her.

When Useless straightened back up, Merrie beamed happily and barked. She headed up the slope of the cave, her tail wagging. At the top, she turned for the others. They were walking slowly, hesitantly. Merrie dug down and realized she could help with their discomfort. She took a desire to keep together, to be near someone, and pushed it out.

Both bitches responded almost instantly. They hurried up to catch up with Merrie, then followed her down the side path to the bathroom area. Merrie pointed out where the leaves for wiping were and then did her business in the edge. She had to curl her tail up and spread her legs, but it felt good to pee after a long night.

When she finished, she shook her hips but it still felt wet. She wished Bass was there, with his delicate fingers to brush away the last few droplets. Even Borias or anyone. It was a reminder that she couldn't do it herself. She let out a sigh and bounced one more time.

Useless Cunt padded up to her. Merrie stared in surprise at the determined look on her face. The bitch circled around Merrie and reached down to caress Merrie's length with her fingers.

Merrie let out a moan of pleasure as she felt Useless wiping her clean. Two fingers delved deeper, parting Merrie's damp folds and sliding into her pussy. Her pussy was already wet from her dreams and thoughts and there was little friction as Useless buried her fingers to the knuckle.

As Useless pumped her fingers in and out, Merrie crouched on the ground and moaned. She clenched around the fingers and was startled how quickly she came. When she fingered herself, it was a frustrating experience of being held on the edge, but two fingers from Useless was enough to push her into an early morning orgasm.

Merrie cried out as she came, her body trembling as she struggled to remain on her hands and knees.

Useless pulled her fingers out and stood up. Fuckhole walked up on her bare feet. They shared a look that spoke volumes. Useless held up her glistening fingers and Fuckhole slid them into her mouth, cleaning them as they continued to look at each other. Merrie could feel a bond between them, a sense of affection and kinship. Both of the bitches joined the mill with Grange as their master. There was something deep inside, a remembered pain, that bound the two women together in a way that made Merrie slightly jealous.

They turned to face Merrie. Merrie pushed back her envy and took a step back to the cave, barking. They followed and together all three of them returned to the sweltering heat of the cave. Inside, Tabitha was sitting on the floor with her back to Seven's niche. Dixie lapped from the bowl in front of him.

"Come on, you pathetic bitches. Get some food and walk around. Useless Cunt, put down a bowl for Happy."

Both gave Merrie a questioning look and Merrie nodded encouraging. They headed across the cave, circling around the depression Tabitha slept in, and to the food. Useless grabbed the first bowl and set it down. A heartbeat later, she pushed it away from the heat rolling from the hearth and away from Tabitha.

Merrie crawled over, the feeling of helplessness adding to her pleasure. She crouched by her breakfast, a thick stew filled with hunks of meat and vegetables, and began to eat. Both Useless and Fuckhole grabbed their own bowls and started to pace around Merrie as they ate.

"I find that interesting," said Tabitha, "Both of those bitches look to Happy Cunt for confirmation, even when I give them an order."

Useless and Fuckhole froze in mid-step.

"Keep walking! And don't you dare look at her!" snapped Tabitha.

Fuckhole peaked toward Merrie, but both resumed their walking.

"And I noticed that Seven did the same thing." Tabitha smiled as she looked down at Dixie. "Why don't they ever look at you for orders?"

Dixie looked up at her with a disinterested look, but then he glanced over to Merrie. For a moment, there was a sudden tension

in the room as Merrie got the flash of a growling wolf superimposed over Dixie's tiny little frame. She inhaled sharply, but it was gone in a flash. Dixie returned his attention back to Tabitha and shrugged.

"Could it be you are just a colossal dick and no one likes you?"

Dixie's face darkened.

"Or that," Tabitha said with a smile, "you have the compassion and kindness of a troll in heat?"

Dixie's fingers dug into the earth, his body shimmering as the connection between them grew visible. Energy flowed from Tabitha to Dixie and gathered in the tiny silfae's chest.

Tabitha cruelly smiled as she reached down and grabbed Dixie's collar. It was leather instead of the iron rings around the other bitches' throats, but it still gave Tabitha a grip as she pulled Dixie from the floor and held him up. "Listen, you little dick, you are mean. You are surely. You are too obsessed with not having some huge cock. You are a fuck-horrible submissive and you still think you are still a warrior instead of my little bitch. But," she breathed, "I still love you with all my heart."

She bit him on the nose, hard.

At the muted crunch, Merrie shuddered. She could feel the pain radiating from Dixie, but the alpha didn't even make a peep. He held himself still until she released him and stood up. Merrie watched as blood dripped from his nose.

Dixie glared at her, his bright eyes sparkling in the dark, then shook himself like a dog. As he did, his form shivered and briefly turned into the wolf-like creature and back. When he did, his nose was once again healed.

Tabitha said, "Now, pathetic little bitches, I bet you're wondering why I'm having you walk?"

Both of them froze, but only Useless Cunt nodded sheepishly.

"Keep walking. It all comes down to your cropping. I don't just arbitrarily decide how much I'm going to cut off. In fact, you have that choice."

Fuckhole looked relieved. Useless Cunt, on the other hand, had a flush to her cheeks as she dropped one hand discretely to her pussy.

"You'll get an hour's head start and then I'll chase you. The further you run, the less I take off. It seems simple, but three weeks of you on your hands and knees and being a 'good' bitch for all

those pathetic dicks out there,” she gestured toward the house, “means that you’ve been trained not to get on your legs. And a crawling pathetic bitch can’t run very far.”

Useless Cunt continued to masturbate with one hand while she stared out into nothing. She set her bowl down on a ledge to grab her tit, squeezing it as Tabitha continued.

On the other side of the cave, Fuckhole looked terrified. She backed away from Tabitha as her eyes grew wide. The bowl clattered to her feet as she stared at the entrance of the cave and back to Tabitha.

Tabitha rolled her head to stared directly at Fuckhole. “Do you really want to start running now?”

Fuckhole shook her head, tears rolling down her cheeks. Her emotions were flaring inside her, bouncing off the collar’s magic. Merrie could feel them as a storm, one that raged against the filters and turned her thoughts into a blind panic.

Merrie reached out with her mind and send a wave of comfort toward Fuckhole. The woman look a long, shuddering breath and turned to look at Merrie. There was a pleading desperation in the look.

Then the magic of the collar took over. Fuckhole’s eyes glazed over. Her body trembled as lust crossed over her face and all the fear melted away. In her mind’s eye, it looked like a blanket had been wrapped around the raw emotions and muted them, they faded into a dull flicker of fear. The glow of acidic lust rose up, coursing though Fuckhole’s thoughts as she started to masturbate at the thought of being cropped.

At the same time, Tabitha’s emotions rose up. The growing hope and joy at Fuckhole’s terror turned to a disappointed sadness. Tabitha looked away with a glare.

Merrie realized that she had just ruined Tabitha hope for another chase. It would have been a short one; she somehow knew that Fuckhole didn’t have the ability to break through the collar like Merrie did, but even that little flicker of terror had given Tabitha something.

She let out a whimper as she lowered to the ground. She felt shamed for the unconscious act to comfort Fuckhole. In helping the

bitch, she hurt the mistress. She was torn between which one she was suppose to serve.

Tabitha stretched. "Okay, I think it is time. Useless Cunt?"

Useless Cunt let out a long, shuddering breath. The smell of her excitement teased the air; she was getting horny at the thought of being torn apart.

"Come on, let's go for a walk."

Useless Cunt set down her dish and hurried over to Tabitha to join her. She was eager, almost excited, where Merrie knew that Tabitha needed fear and terror.

Merrie felt the burning desire to make amends for what she did, even if Tabitha didn't know what happened. Holding her breath, Merrie closed her eyes. She plucked through her own emotions as she found the memory of the terror she felt. She tried to gather all the events from the day before: running through the woods while clutching her bleeding stump, the moment when she broke her collar, and even that heart-stopping pounding right before Merrie stabbed Tabitha in the eye.

In her mind, it felt like thick mud as she tried to gather them together. If she threw them all at once, she risked breaking Useless' collar. But, if she could somehow push those emotions over time, it would help counter the effects of the collar's magic and give Tabitha what she desperately craved.

Merrie knew she was somehow doing magic, but she didn't have spells or the knowledge to do it. She felt despair as she watched the two heading out of the cave. Then, a flash of insight came to her. She pictured a clock counting down the minutes. She took the thick emotions of fear and pressed them into the tick marks. A little at first and then larger globs as the hour passed by. She didn't know if it would work but she had to try; part of her knew that it was just a silly imagination, a trick of her mind.

She imagined the clock hanging over Useless' head. She could almost see it, a large ornate clock like the one she used to look at when she was growing up. The second hand circled around and the minute clicked into place over the first glob of emotion.

Useless jerked as the minute hand stopped. There was a brief tension in her body. Sweat prickled her brow as she looked back at Merrie with growing fear in her eyes.

In front of her, Tabitha froze and spun around. There was a glare on her face, but it quickly faded into a curious expression. Her gaze rose up above Useless' head. For a moment, nothing happened. Then a slow smile crossed the silfae's face.

She leaned to the side and looked directly at Merrie. Merrie felt an uncomfortable sensation at the intensity of emotions burning in Tabitha's eyes, but then the silfae nodded and she spoke as if it happened every day.

"Good pet."

Merrie's response to her words were as if the collar still worked. A shiver of pleasure coursed through Merrie's body and she felt it gathering in her pussy. She had done something, something that Tabitha could see. It wasn't her imagination. It wasn't an idle fantasy. She had done magic.

Tabitha turned on her heels. "Come on, pathetic bitch, let's see how fast you can run."

Merrie couldn't help smiling as she watched the shadows of Tabitha and Useless Cunt as they headed to the house. Satisfied, she headed back to her bowl to finish her breakfast.

Dixie blocked her way. The tiny little man was staring at her as he reached out and pushed the bowl over. It splattered across the floor. Tendrils of stew flowed back toward the hearth and sizzled as it touched the heated stone.

Merrie whimpered and gave him a hurt look. She tried to crawl around him, but Dixie took a step to the side to block her again. She whimpered again.

Dixie lowered himself to the ground as a glare crossed his face. It was an angry look and his eyes grew an intense azure blue. His lips pulled back and exposed his bright white teeth. A deep, rumbling growl shook in his chest.

Merrie froze, her arm held in the air. She didn't know what Dixie was doing, but she could feel the anger gathering around him. It was a choking cloud of dislike; it wasn't hatred but something softer, almost as if he had something to prove. It reminded her of the same thing Sable did, when she snapped at Merrie, but Dixie wasn't protecting Tabitha or Bass. It was just him, her, and Fuckhole in the cave.

She took a step back, balancing on her knees. She was afraid because she didn't know what Dixie wanted.

He took a step forward, the growl growing deeper. His toes dug into the ground and then he surged forward.

Merrie let out a shriek as she tried to back away, but Dixie slammed into her.

His hands grabbed her shoulders and he shoved forward.

Merrie was thrown on her back and the impact drove the air from her lungs. She gasped at the suddenness and stared up at the burning eyes of the tiny little man. He crawled up on her body, his fingers digging painfully into her breasts as he positioned himself on her head and sat down right on her face. His cock and balls ground into her nose and eyes as he settled into place.

With a start, Merrie realized what he was doing. He was exerting his dominance. She could feel his satisfied emotions filling him as he wiggled his ass into her face, grinding his crack against her nose. She could smell his body up close and almost choked on it.

Merrie slumped back and tried not to fight it. There was something in Dixie that wanted to prove her was better. She wondered if it was because she managed to use magic, or that Tabitha called her pet.

A few seconds later, Dixie crawled off her. Merrie scrambled to her hands and knees, then froze as he growled again. He wasn't done.

Reaching with her mind, she could feel that he wasn't satisfied with just sitting on her face. He wanted more from her, to prove himself beyond a doubt.

Merrie shivered with the hunger she felt inside him. It mixed with the jealousy and the anger, turning into an ugly choking cloud that gathered around his body. She stared at his face and felt fear coursing through her veins.

He wasn't playing like Sable. It wasn't the playful dominance or even the firm guiding hand. This was revenge and it shook her to the core.

Merrie backed away and he stalked after her. His growl shook the room as he chased her slowly, relishing the fear that continued to rise inside her. From her vantage point, she could see he was

growing hard, his tiny dick at full mast and leaving droplets behind as they circled around Tabitha's sleeping depression.

Dixie surged forward again. Merrie let out a shriek. Their bodies hit as he bit down on her shoulder, his teeth piercing skin. The impact threw them back toward the fires and Merrie wrenched around to avoid burning herself. Her collar dug into her skin as Dixie scrambled on top of her and bit down again, his teeth bright red from her blood.

Desperate, Merrie screamed out. "No!"

The collar sparked and electricity slammed into her. Every muscle in her body tightened as is arced over to Dixie. His teeth scraped against bone as he clamped down harder. His hands tore into her breasts, squeezing as the spasms of magic crashed into him.

She couldn't breathe as she flopped on the ground. She recovered quickly and scrambled to her knees. Still backing up, she could see her hair slowly sinking back down after standing on its end.

Dixie shook himself. Then suddenly she was staring at his burning azure eyes. Instead of discouraging him, somehow her cry had added to his anger. He pulled back his lips to snarl. The connection between him and Tabitha suddenly grew visible as a pulse of power coursed down it.

Merrie felt dread as she felt the power gathering around him. It crackled the air. A moment later, the energy came back and poured into him. His body shifted and grew, swelling into the massive wolf-like creature form. The constant growl grew louder.

Next to her, Fuckhole let out a cry and flung herself into the niche. Her fear was palatable as Dixie's hatred.

Merrie couldn't tear her eyes away from him. She had to defend herself against so much hatred, but she had no weapons. She pictured herself hitting him, or using the collar again. Her breath quickened as the seconds stretched past.

Dixie charged. The wolf jumped over the center sleeping area. His teeth clamped down on the end of her right arm as he hit her, throwing her back.

Panicked, Merrie screamed out again to set off her collar. "Stop!"

As the electricity slammed into her, she felt every muscle spasm again. Dixie's teeth bore down and she felt a crunch of bone

breaking. But as she writhed on the ground from the effects of the collar, Dixie seemed untouched by it.

He flipped his head over, using her broken arm as a lever and threw her face-down into the ground. Merrie couldn't move in the seconds after her collar went off, but she felt his teeth clamp down on the back of her neck, pulling her up and throwing her against the sleeping niche that Fuckhole cowered into.

Just as she was regaining control of her body, Dixie slammed into her from behind. His cock, huge and swollen, jammed at her ass as he clamped down with his fore-paws around her hips. He thrust forward, trying to find some hole to fuck. His jaws released her neck as he shoved down; the tip of his cock scraped against her pussy and got caught on the fold of her sex right above her clitoris. He drove forward and she cried out as it popped out and he tore his swollen dog cock down the entire length of her pussy.

Merrie pushed at the wall digging into her breasts. Her severed arms skittered uselessly against the stone and she sobbed as she tried to escape. As Dixie continued to try fucking her, she lashed out with her mind.

It had no effect in the storm of emotions that burned inside him. He tried to thrust again, the claws on his paws digging into her skin. His cock thrust forward again but missed. It left a wet smear against her spine as she felt his length measured against her body. He was almost as long as Bass, but where she hungered for Bass' cock, she feared Dixie's.

Suddenly, a bowl crashed down on Dixie's head. Stew splattered down his body and the hot liquid splashed down on Merrie's back. She looked up to see Fuckhole shaking as she knelt in front Merrie with empty hands. Her fear was already fading from the collar's magic, but there was a kinship, a desire to protect Merrie.

Dixie growled as he lifted one paw on the edge of the niche. Merrie momentarily forgotten, he crawled over Merrie's prone form as he got into the niche.

Merrie couldn't move as she felt her regeneration charm finish healing the broken arm. There was a sickening crunch as the bone set itself back into place and sealed the fracture. She was helpless to do anything besides watch.

Fuckhole sobbed and backed away. Her eyes were wild with fright as the massive wolf came after her.

Dixie's cock smacked into the side of Merrie's head as he got fully into the niche. His form blocked the entrance as he snarled at her.

Fuckhole's emotions spiked and for a moment, the collar looked like it was going to crack. Her entire body shook with her sobs as she flailed back, trying to push her back through the stone wall to escape. A hot stream of urine poured down her legs as she sobbed in fright.

Merrie stared up and felt a flash of anger. Dixie had no right to terrify the bitch. She didn't know what to do, so she did the first thing that came to her. She pulled back and punched Dixie in the balls. It hit him with a dull thud and he let out a gasp. She punched him again and again, trying to force him to stop.

Dixie snapped at her arm and she pulled back. Scrambling on her knees, Merrie backed away as Dixie spun around in the niche. His snarl filled the room and Merrie felt her heart pounding in her chest.

There was no question about it, he was going to hurt her.

Merrie prepared herself to defend herself. But, when he jumped off the niche, she was surprised and barely got her hands up to defend her before he slammed into her. He shoved one arm aside and snapped at her throat. She managed to smack him, but her arm hit the hard bone of his skull.

Before she could move, Dixie threw her other arm aside and bit down on her breast. Agony slammed into her as she felt the teeth punching into the delicate flesh. She let out a high-pitched scream as she tried to pry him off, but she couldn't get a grip with the blunt ends of her arms. She couldn't stop him.

Tears pouring down her cheeks, she tried kneeling him in the neck, but her knee just impacted with the hard bone of his ribs.

Dixie didn't even budge.

He let go of her breast and tossed her aside.

Merrie hit the ground and rolled over. As he rushed forward, she tried to hit him again, but he just shoved her arm away and bit down on her thigh. Blood spurted out even as the healing magic spread over Merrie's body, healing it as fast as he was biting her.

She tried to hit him again, but he just shoved her arm or leg away and bit down. It became a rhythm. Her useless attack was followed by a bright pain of a bite. Her body glowed yellow-green as the healing magic filled her from the inside. Even though it left her skin unblemished, the magic didn't stop the pain or the sheen of blood that covered her body.

The attack went on forever as Dixie's anger raged around her. She kept trying to defend herself, to stop his attack. One swing caught him in the side of the head, near his eye. He snapped out and caught her arm with his teeth. As it dug in, she screamed out reflexively. "Stop!"

The collar burst into light and her world turned into a flash of agony. Muscles tore as she felt it slamming into her. She couldn't move, she couldn't breathe.

Dixie was untouched by the power. He yanked her arm to the other side and Merrie was flipped over on her stomach. Her weight crushed her breasts into the ground.

She was still struggling to breathe when she felt his furry paws grab her hips and haul her to her knees. His cock thrust forward, smacking wetly against her buttocks. It caught in her hole.

The world slowed down as Dixie's fierce joy crashed into her.

Merrie gaped as she tried to regain her body, but there was nothing as he shoved forward. His cock tore into her ass with no foreplay or tenderness. It was just a brutal rape as she felt the slick member tearing into her dry ass. It punched deep in the first thrust. It had a blunt tip but swelled up in the middle.

As it ripped her open, Merrie let out a scream of pain.

He didn't pull back, but she felt his muscle bunch up. With another thrust, he shoved his wolf cock deep into her rectum, right up to the swollen knot at his base. It was huge as it smacked into her straining anal ring.

Dixie's paws dug into her side and he jammed it forward. Powerful muscles shoved his knot against her tortured ring. It couldn't stretch wide enough but the flash of pain coursed through her.

Merrie cried out again, but it only encouraged Dixie. He pounded into her, his cock buried deep in her ass and his knot punching against her sphincter.

He growled as he continued to rape her. His furry hips driving into her ass as she felt the knot pounding for entrance. Magic gathered around him and she was dimly aware of a pulse of energy going through his connection to Tabitha. She dreaded what would happen next.

It came back and his body rippled. She felt him growing larger, his cock swelling inside her depths and stretching her insides. Pain filled her as the knot continued to grow larger, but when he thrust forward, her entire body jerked with his increased stretched.

Merrie pawed at the ground, her legs and arms useless.

He slammed into her, each thrust a punch into her ass. She felt the ring tearing from the impact. And then, with a flash of agony that blinded her, it tore through the ring and she felt the cock bury deep inside her.

She let out a scream of agony as she felt it lodged inside her guts. The magic of her collar flashed yellow green. With terrifying clarity, she felt the healing magic repairing her damaged sphincter, tightening it up with Dixie's knot caught inside.

Dixie began to thrust. His entire body shoved her forward as he tore into her. His cock was a swollen brand inside her guts, searing her as he jerked forward.

And then, through all the pain and agony, she heard it.

(I'm the fucking alpha!)

He thrust forward hard and she was dragged along.

(You are my bitch!) Dixie's voice echoed in her head as he slammed his cock deep into her again.

(I am better than you!)

He continued to rage at her, thrusting with every thought that echoed through her mind.

Merrie sobbed as he fucked her, raped her. She could feel him venting his anger and jealousy into her. There was so much bitterness and hatred in him and he seemed to be trying to punch it into her body.

The magic healing was her curse as it sealed over her wounds. When it worked to heal the damage to her ass, it felt as if it was molding her rectum and intestines around his cock, forming a tight glove for him to tear into.

Dixie continued to pound her for an eternity before he finally reached an orgasm. Merrie froze as she felt his huge cock swelling and then the hard jet of his cum flooding her guts. He came again and again, swelling her belly from the volume of cum he poured into her insides.

She sobbed as the pressure built inside her but there was nothing, utterly nothing she could do. She slumped to the ground and felt satisfaction radiate from Dixie. Burying her face into the hard-packed ground, she waited from him to withdraw, desperately wanting him out of her body.

He tried once, but the knot sealed them together. It prevented his cum from escaping either and the pressure added to the shame, humiliation, and pain she felt.

Dixie loomed over her, panting with his efforts. The minutes passed as he held it there, relishing in her discomfort. She could feel his emotions with their close connection, the need to prove himself and the jealousy he felt toward her.

And she was helpless to stop it. Every thing she could do to defend herself ended with abject failure. He toyed with her when he could have taken her at any time. No matter how much she had punched and flailed at him, he took it. Even using the collar, which worked the first time, was useless.

Merrie started to cry. The pleasure that came with being helpless came with a price.

She stopped in mid-sob as she felt him growing harder. Dixie was suddenly interested in her again. He shifted back into place as he hooked his paws around her hips and pulled her back up.

He gave a test thrust. It sent a flash through her stuffed guts and a slosh of his cum that filled her. A flash of joy rose up and he began to pound back into her.

(You're my bitch and don't you forget it.)

t'Sade

Pack Order

23

Two hours later, Merrie could barely see straight. For the entire time, she was pinned on the floor by Dixie. Every time she felt his cock starting to soften, he would start driving into her until he came again and added to the cum building up inside her. His knot kept it all inside, escape for the occasional spurt of it that came pouring out of her abused ass when he shifted position. She knew every millimeter of his cock, she could have sworn that her insides was now molded around every bump and ridge on the tiny silfae's huge cock.

When he wasn't fucking her, he was pushing her into the rough ground of the cave. She could feel rocks and ridges digging into her thighs and breasts. She tried to shift her body to a more comfortable position, but Dixie growled as soon as she twitched. She froze, feeling the vibrations of his wolf form being translated down his cock and into the liquid pressure buried between her buttocks. He only stopped when she slumped back to the ground.

Time passed painfully slowly as she was driven into the ground. She couldn't do anything but submit to him. She knew what he wanted now, for her to just roll over and pee like a bitch, to let him take her. But, all that was too late. The only thing she could do was bury her face into the ground and let the tears flow.

Dixie stirred from where he rested on her back. Merrie tensed up as she mentally prepared herself for another round of being fucked. She could feel his cock swelling inside her, adding to the pressure that was working its way up into her belly. The rough pads of his paws dug into her hips as he hunched over. His cock drove deeper into her ass, tearing it further open.

She let out a cry, her body trembling as she tried to find some way of easing her discomfort. Or, at least, begging for Dixie to stop. In her mind, she could see feel the jealousy burning inside him, it was less now. Every round of him fucking her ass, tearing into her, seemed to drain off a bit of the anger toward her.

A crunch of stone and rock startled Merrie. She looked up to see a shadow coming down the entrance to the cave. It came with a brilliant glow of joy, happiness, and raw crackling power. The energy filled the cave and it seemed to press down on Merrie. It wasn't the cruel grinding that Dixie inflicted on her but more like the feeling of a thunder storm about to sweep through the air.

When Tabitha came into view, Merrie gasped with shock. The silfae was naked and covered entirely in blood. Neither was shocking, Merrie had seen her in that state before, but the drying blood covering every centimeter of her body sent off some primal fear rolling through Merrie.

Tabitha was carrying Useless Cunt in her arms. The bitch was sleeping against Tabitha's breast. Her dried tears left a startling clear path in the blood that covered her. Merrie lowered her gaze, looking automatically to where Tabitha cropped the sleeping girl.

Useless had no arms beyond her wrists. The ends were smooth as if she was born that way, just like Merrie's own cropping. It was a stark contrast to the bloody wounds that Tabitha inflicted on Seven before healing him later. Below, Tabitha had cropped Useless at the knees, giving her much shorter legs than her arms.

Somehow, the horror of seeing a woman cropped didn't frighten Merrie as much as it used to. Instead, it almost felt natural to watch as Tabitha carried Useless to her niche and tenderly laid her down on the blankets.

Useless let out a whimper and curled up in a ball. Tabitha scooped up the blankets and heaped them over the trembling form. Merrie shivered as she wondered how any could breathe with so many blankets bearing down on her, but she remembered waking up in the sweat-soaked cocoon after her own cropping.

Merrie looked at the end of her own arm, staring at the smoothed over end. It still brought a flash of excitement as she was reminded of her own helplessness. She let out a sigh, which quickly turned into a groan as Dixie started to pump his cock into her ass with

hard, hammer-like strikes. She cried out and reached out for Tabitha as the silfae walked past.

Tabitha slowed down, then looked down with disdain. “What, pet?”

Merrie’s body shook as Dixie continued to ram his cock into her ass, pumping as far as he could. She whimpered and gave Tabitha a pleading, desperate look.

Tabitha squatted down in front of Merrie. Her scent was strong, the bitter choking smell of her pussy combined with the stench of fresh blood. “What do you think I’m going to do, pet? Stop Dixie from fucking your ass?”

Dixie panted and slammed his cock into her again. There was a flash of amusement as she cringed at the pressure in her guts and the scraping of the huge cock in her tightly-stretched rectum.

Merrie sobbed and felt her heart being torn. A small part of her hoped that Tabitha would have stopped it, but seeing the hard eyes regarding her, she knew that no one would save her.

“Listen, pet, you’re an alpha now. This isn’t something you can turn away from. From now on, for rest of your life, you are just a human-shaped little bitch. That means the pack dominance is how you prove yourself. I can’t just stop him, because that would just prove that I’m still better than him.” She smiled and reached over to Dixie. Merrie careered her head to see Tabitha wrapping her fingers around his throat.

Dixie drove into her again, crushing her buttocks and forcing his cock deep into her body. She cried out at the impact.

“But, if you don’t want to be Dixie’s bitch, you need to grow a pair of fucking balls and prove that you aren’t just a soft, little slut that can’t stand up for herself.”

She stood up. “Finish up, Dixie, we need to send pet over to Grange and I’d do that when she isn’t stinking of your cum.”

Tabitha turned on her heels and headed out of the cave.

Merrie shivered as she felt Dixie getting a fresh grip on her hips. His furry hips ground into her buttocks and then he was fucking her. She tried to push up but as she managed to lever her breasts off the rough ground, Dixie reached over and clamped his jaws over her neck. He bore down and she felt his teeth piercing her flesh.

Hot blood ran her neck as he pounded his cock into her. His cock slammed at her sphincter, trying to tear free of it as his long cock reached deep into her body and tore her open again. She could feel the healing charm repairing the damage, but that seemed to only encourage him to rip into her harder.

Merrie cried out and pawed at the ground. Her useless arms couldn't get traction as she was pounded face-first into the earth. She could taste the dirt and blood on her lips as she tried to break free of the shape-changed wolf raping her.

He was still fucking her when Tabitha came back down. Tabitha was dripping wet but cleaned of her blood. She hummed cheerfully as she skipped back down the cave entrance, the air still crackling from her presence. She stopped at the bottom and looked down at Merrie and Dixie.

"Really? You've been fucking her for twenty minutes and you still can't get off? You are just as pathetic as her, Dix." She sighed and rolled her eyes. She stepped forward and slammed her foot down on Merrie's outstretched arm.

Merrie screamed out but power crashed down on her. Tabitha bore her weight down as magic crackled the air. Merrie could see it swelling up inside Tabitha, blurring her body for a moment.

Tabitha reached back with her hand and five claws burst out from her fingertips. She swung her hand around and smacked Dixie right in the head. There was a flash of light and the impact ripped Dixie out of Merrie and threw him across the cave and into the stone wall.

Merrie gasped as the pain of having her ass torn open from the inside crashed into her. As hours of cum poured out of her, she slumped to the ground and sobbed. The regeneration charm worked its magic, but it was long, painful minutes of agony before her body repaired itself. When she could finally stand up again, the cum still poured down her ass and coated her thighs. It was thick and hot. It was also a cruel reminder of her inability to fight off Dixie. Merrie didn't know how Sable did it.

Dixie came back in silfae form, a tiny man, and rubbed his cock as he glared up at Tabitha. He sat down next to Merrie and gave Tabitha a bitter look.

Merrie peeked at him, then up at Tabitha. Trembling from the effort, she pulled herself into a begging position. She tried to clench her ass to prevent the cum from pouring out, but she couldn't get her body to listen. With tears in her eyes, she held herself still and waited.

Tabitha looked at her sternly for a moment, then smiled. "All right, pet. Take Fuckhole and clean out your holes. Dixie, stop being a fucking dick."

Dixie shrugged and gave out a self-satisfied bark.

Tabitha leveled a glare on him. "Tonight, you and I won't have her sleeping with this. And," she smiled and her teeth looked bright and sharp, "I'm really fucking horny and I'm going to ride you until you break." The last word ended with a growl that wasn't quite playful.

To Merrie's surprise, there was a flash of dread from Dixie. She turned to look at him and felt a sexual anticipation rose up and mixed in with his dread and fear. He smiled even as he feared what would happen. There was a lot of complex emotions between Dixie and Tabitha, more than Merrie could understand with her growing empathetic abilities. She wondered if she would have the same complicated give and take when she finally bonded with a master.

Merrie took a deep breath and barked. She pushed herself on her knees and the ends of her arms. She shivered at the sight of her cropped ends, the now familiar sexual wave filled her with a slick, hot sensation that pooled in her pussy.

She crawled over to Fuckhole's niche. Balancing on her ends, she reached up and grabbed the top blanket with her mouth. Clamping down, she pulled it off Fuckhole as she sent a wave of comfort with her mind.

Underneath the blankets, Fuckhole stirred and pulled away. Merrie could sense her fear but it was directed at Dixie instead of herself. Instead, Fuckhole felt guilt toward Merrie. In a flash of insight, Merrie realized that Fuckhole wished she fought more to help Merrie.

Merrie had sudden tears in her eyes. She didn't deserve Fuckhole's guilt or respect. She dug into the blankets and pulled them aside. She saw a flash of naked thigh which Fuckhole yanked

back under the blankets. Feeling playful, Merrie crawled up into the niche as she tore off the blankets as she chased after Fuckhole.

As Fuckhole's blonde hair was exposed, the bitch looked up with a flash of fear. For a moment, there was blind panic for a moment as Fuckhole stared up at Merrie, then relief flooded across her expression. With a gasp, she wrapped her arms around Merrie and cried into her shoulder. Her lips mouthed "I'm sorry" repeatedly and it only added to Merrie's own discomfort.

Merrie wrapped her arms around Fuckhole and kissed her cheeks, forehead, and nose. She pushed out a wave of love, wrapping it around the two of them. She felt Fuckhole relaxing in her grip and soon the bitch was kissing her back. Merrie slid one leg between Fuckhole's and drew it up until her knee was rubbing against the heated slickness of Fuckhole's sex.

"Stop making out and get fucking clean up, pet!"

She blushed and shared a guilty look with Fuckhole before crawling off the niche.

Fuckhole joined her. As she got on the ground, she started to drop to her knees, but Merrie shook her head. She stopped in mid-movement and then lifted herself back up to her feet.

Merrie gave her an approving nod and crawled toward the entrance. She could feel Fuckhole joining her, the bitch's mind burning brightly in the back of Merrie's head. She could also feel Useless in her niche, sleeping fitfully through dreams of blood and cropping. There was magic in her sleep, something that kept her slumbering as her mind grew adjusted to her new form.

Outside, Merrie led Fuckhole to the bathroom area and then to a deep-running stream nearby. Merrie sank into the water with a sigh. The cold water felt good against her tortured body, but when it lapped against her asshole, she stopped with a hiss of pain. She held herself in place, the water splashing against her pussy as she inched herself lower.

Fuckhole came up to her. Her slick body rubbed against Merrie as she wrapped her hand around Merrie's waist. Her other came up between Merrie's legs and pressed her palm against Merrie's ass and pussy.

Merrie stared in shock, but then Fuckhole guided her down on the water. Instead of the icy water rushing against her torn open

ass, it was the heat of Fuckhole's palm that shielded her from the shock. Merrie let out a moan and stared into Fuckhole's green-brow eyes. She radiated thanks and love and every other good emotion she could grasp her mental fingers on.

Fuckhole wrapped her body around Merrie and gave her a brilliant smile. She curled her fingers into Merrie's cunt and a tiny rush of cool water swirled around to tease Merrie's ass.

Merrie whimpered and Fuckhole clamped her hand back down over the opening.

After a few seconds, Fuckhole once again slid one finger along Merrie's slit and cooler water rushed in into her ass. Merrie shivered at the sensation but Fuckhole was already pressing her hand down over the opening, shielding her from too much coming too fast.

With fingers stroking her pussy, Merrie could do nothing but clutch to Fuckhole's breasts and hips. She was helpless to do anything. If it wasn't for Fuckhole, she would have slipped away. Instead, she was held tight to a beautiful woman who was taking care of her with a tender finger.

She moaned at the touch, her body growing hot despite the stream flowing around them. As Fuckhole fingered her, the cooler water rushed into Merrie's ass and mixed with the cum still there. She tensed as it warmed up and her body cooled down. Soon, the stream was a balm against her openings.

Fuckhole kissed her, her lips pressing against Merrie's.

Merrie parted her mouth and let Fuckhole's tongue come up. She shivered in the touch as Fuckhole moved her fingers back and circled around Merrie's ass. It was tender but the gentle fingers brought flashes of pleasure. Merrie moaned into the kiss as Fuckhole cleaned out her ass until she felt the clean friction of water against her hole. The ring finally tightened around Fuckhole's fingers, clinging to the two plunging digits.

Cleaned out, Fuckhole moved her fingers back to Merrie's pussy. This time, it wasn't the tender stroking but the deep thrusts of a woman trying to bring an orgasm to Merrie. Fuckhole grinned into the kiss as she pumped deep and fast, splashing the water around.

Merrie squirmed in the touch, basking in the love that surrounded them. It didn't take long for her to reach her orgasm.

She clutched her smooth-ended arms around Fuckhole and leaned into each stroke, splashing as she thrust her hips down into the plunging fingers. The cool water mixed with her hot insides, adding to the contract of pleasures until she cried out from her crest of ecstasy.

Drained, Merrie slumped against Fuckhole as their kisses broke. She smiled up to the blonde bitch.

Fuckhole wasn't done. She ran her hands along Merrie, stroking and scrubbing her clean. It was a slow process but Merrie every time Merrie tried to help, Fuckhole just kissed her into just enjoying it.

As Fuckhole finished, Merrie wondered how to do the same for her. She didn't have hands to clean the woman cleaning her. She couldn't do anything. Her helplessness added a sharp edge of lust to being cleaned by Fuckhole. By the time the bitch was done with Merrie's hair, Merrie was writhing in passion and moaning softly.

Fuckhole pushed Merrie to the edge of the stream. Merrie found a place where she could balance and started to crawl out, but then Fuckhole surprised her by grabbing her ass and delving her head between Merrie's buttocks.

Merrie gasped as she felt the hot tongue against her asshole, licking at it. It was intense, a searing hot flesh instead of the icy water. She ran her arms through the gravel for balance, then pushed back against the tongue as Fuckhole licked her from clitoris to ass and back again.

After being cared for and fingered, it took very little for Merrie to reach a second and a third orgasm. As Fuckhole inflicted a fourth, Merrie slumped to the rocky bed of the stream panting for breath. There was a smile on her lips and she wanted to melt into a pool of orgasmic goo.

She heard Fuckhole cleaning herself. She wanted to help, but she knew that Fuckhole wasn't going to let her. It was one last chance at humanity and Merrie couldn't take that from her. Instead, she just rested on the ground and enjoyed the warmth of sunlight filtering through the trees.

Dixie's bark woke her up. She looked up to see the silfae crawling down the far edge of the stream. She could feel his jealousy and anger even across the water.

Looking up, Merrie saw that Fuckhole was brushing her long hair with her fingers further up the shore. She froze in mid stroke as she watched.

Dixie splashed into the water and his thoughts cleared through Merrie's mind, (I'm going to make you my bitch.)

For a moment, Merrie wanted to roll over and submit, but she couldn't to Dixie. Not to another alpha, not to an asshole like him. She felt no desire to please Dixie and she could still remember his rape. She could never fight against him in wolf form, but he was a silfae right now. And swimming through the water.

The water. She remembered something from her lessons about water and electricity.

With a snarl that mimicked his own from earlier, Merrie dove into the water. She dropped her collar deep into the water and glared at Dixie. The silfae was swimming toward her, his tiny form unable to grip the bottom of the stream.

"Fuck off!"

Her collar ignited into a burst of light. Electricity coursed along her body and she felt her muscles tearing from the impact. It hurt, but she was getting used to the pain and managed to keep watching as the magic spread out across the water's surface. The entire stream light up from the inside. Lighting bolts cracked from the water, arcing along trees and bushes.

In the center, Dixie let out a high-pitched scream as his entire body spasmed and his hair stood on its ends. He dipped below the water and came back up gasping as he struggled to remain swimming.

The pain was intense, magnified by the water, but Merrie recovered quickly. Shaking and trembling, she pulled herself out of the water. The current, however, dragged her back in. Merrie tried to stop it, but her arms skittered against the rocks and she slipped back into the cold water.

Fuckhole grabbed her and hauled her out of the water.

Merrie gasped for breath. She squirmed to get back on her feet and spun around, looking for Dixie.

Further down the stream, Dixie crawled out of the water. He was panting for breath as he shook himself free of most of the water. And then his head snapped around to glare at Merrie, his eyes

bright blue. His connection to Tabitha ignited as he sent a pulse toward the cave. He was going to transform again.

Panicked, Merrie shoved Fuckhole up the stream's bank and scrambled to join her. With the fierce joy of getting a strike on Dixie, they raced back to the cave.

Inside, Tabitha looked up curiously as the two bitches came tumbling down the entrance. She was next to the hearth, spooning out bowls for them to eat.

Behind Merrie, Dixie's enraged howl echoed across the woods.

Tabitha smirked and pointed to the ground next to her. "Sit."

Merrie rushed over and planted herself on the ground. She couldn't help but smile as she brought her arms up to beg and held herself there.

It took all of her effort not to look around when she heard Dixie coming down. The smell of wet dog flooded the room as he growled deeply. Her back tensed with anticipation as the growl grew louder.

Tabitha looked up. "Good boy, Dixie, for getting them. Now, come eat."

Dixie growled again.

Tabitha jammed the bowl into Fuckhole's hands. Standing up, she bristled. "Did you just growl at me?" Her voice was tense and angry.

A flash of power filled the room and Dixie, once again humanoid, whimpered softly.

Tabitha sniffed. "You smell like lightning. Oh, she got you good? With the collar again?"

A bitter bark.

"Well, sucks to be you."

Merrie almost came at the words directed at Dixie. It was a seductive high of beating Dixie, though she knew the silfae would get revenge sooner or later. Probably sooner. For the moment, she was just going to enjoy it.

"Now, all of you eat."

Dread

24

“That took long enough,” muttered Tabitha as she came out of the cave. She was dressed once again with a white length of cloth around her breasts and a skirt of pale green that did very little to cover her shaggy bush. Her nipples stuck out of the fabric, two darker points on her tiny breasts.

Merrie with hit the realization that she never had sex with Tabitha in her humanoid form. Given her almost constant fucking by Bass, she expected the same out of the silfae, but instead she was about to be handed over to Grange without being forced to lick or finger the sometimes cruel woman. She was sad, in a way, with the realization that she would never be forced to shove her head between Tabitha’s legs, lap at the strong-smelling sex she occasionally caught whiff of.

She knew what Tabitha wanted, what turned her on. Her awakening powers brought the images in the back of her mind: the chase, the fighting back, and the blood. The only way Tabitha would fuck Merrie is if Merrie was hunted down like a squealing prey.

Merrie moaned softly under her breath. Her pussy grew hot and slick as she thought about running away and feeling the pounding of her heart as she tried to escape. It would hurt, that was for sure, but it would be a good pain. She lifted her leg to step off the trail, then stopped as Tabitha gaze focused on her.

“You know, that confirmation thing you’re getting is getting annoying.”

Confused, Merrie put her leg down and looked up quizzically.

“All the new bitches. They look at you to see if they should obey. I’m the fucking mistress here, they shouldn’t look to you for confirmation.”

Merrie shrugged. She didn’t know why they were doing it, she never asked them to. She knew it was somehow because she was giving them comfort and they looked to her for that, but she couldn’t stop them without ceasing to be... her.

“They do that with Sable too,” grumbled Tabitha. She started down the path leading to the house. Merrie turned and followed her, crawling as fast as she could. Tabitha managed to walk just a few steps ahead of her without looking back.

“I’d say it must be a female alpha thing, but Kessler’s bitch doesn’t get it either.” She smiled. “I bet it has something to do with both Dixie and Kessler’s are complete and utter dicks, despite Kessler’s having a cunt instead of a dick. Man, that bitch was nasty too.”

Tabitha walked in silence for a few seconds, then she chuckled. “I like you-”

Merrie held her breath, afraid of Tabitha’s next words.

“-and what you do with your collar. In all the years since we started, I have never seen any bitch use the negative feedback while fighting. It is going,” she grinned and her teeth flashed, “to annoy Rendi to no end. She fought Bass for a year when he insisted putting the offensive spells in your collar. According to her, you would hurt us or ourselves if you knew how to use the collar as a weapon. But, pet,” she reached down and stroked two fingernails along Merrie’s shoulder, “will use it against the little dick, right? Because, if you use it against any of the trainers-” her fingernails dug into Merrie’s shoulder and squeezed down on the joint.

Merrie whimpered at the pain, squirming but unable to escape the claws piercing her flesh.

“-except Grange, I will kill you.” Tabitha relaxed her hand. “These are my friends, well, most of them. Bass, Rendi, and I adventured for a lot of years and my life was in their hands more than once. And they have had their own in mine. You and Sable are all strangers to our little family. Even if we lov... like you, I won’t let anyone hurt the family I have left.”

Merrie shivered at Tabitha's words. The silfae's voice grew softer as she spoke, as if some of the roughness was wearing off.

Tabitha stepped over a fallen log and down the other side. She turned and waited as Merrie struggled to crawl over. Merrie felt a flush as her breasts and belly scraped against the wood, but she managed to flop over without humiliating herself.

"But, use that collar against Dixie all you want. Use it against Sable too. She doesn't fight seriously often so you probably won't need to before you are sold. I haven't figured out how that chubby bitch manages to be the alpha... head bitch on this place. Not with Dixie being a champion martial artist before he..." Her voice trailed off, then she cleared her throat, "Every time they fight for dominance, it is out of sight and out of telepathic range for both of us." She smirked, "Though Dixie's telepathy is probably only a few dozen meters at most so that isn't impressive."

A shiver ran down Merrie's spine. Tabitha was talking about the voices in her head. She heard of telepathy, the ability to speak with mind, but she didn't know that Sable and Dixie could also do it. With hindsight, it almost made sense since she heard their voices in her head.

"Bass says Sable's forty meters that which would make her the strongest telepath among the known alphas. I can't verify that, of course, since bonded alphas can only communicate with their mistresses and each other. And Dixie," she smiled and strode through the cold stream, "is too weak to find out."

"He can pull power from much further though. Last time they fought, Dixie kept transforming during their fight as he tried..." She shook her head, "When I got there, he had two broken legs, a shattered wrist, cracked ribs, and he was buried half a meter into a tree. And covered in his pee like a submissive little bitch." She chuckled as she shook her head. "Sable was sitting there, licking her feet as if nothing had happened."

Merrie couldn't picture it.

"Sable has secrets, that's for sure."

Merrie thought about Sable, the cheerful and bounding bitch that seemed to be everywhere. She pictured Sable after she spent a week with Grange. She was covered in bruises and scratches but acted as

if she was untouched. She radiated happiness and joy as she wrestled.

She knew where they were heading, to the same place. Merrie didn't think she had Sable's endurance or constitution to handle the pain. At the thought of being stuck with Grange, her stomach clenched violent and she felt sick to her stomach. It was the harsh emotions unfiltered by the collar. Merrie wished the magic controlling her would mute the growing dread pooling in her guts.

"Cunt."

Merrie glanced up at Tabitha's back.

"I know you're afraid."

Tabitha slowed down and then came to a halt. She looked around before turning around and crouching down. "I can smell your fear. I can... feel it in my mind. But, we have to talk about my secrets before we get to the house."

Merrie whimpered as she inched closer. She knew that Tabitha wouldn't give her comfort but there was something protective about the silfae that she needed to touch.

Tabitha grabbed her collar and pulled her close. As her knuckles dug into Merrie's throat, Merrie felt a flash of pleasure racing along her veins. It was as addictive as the desire for Bass' cock.

"Grange is going to hurt you."

The pleasure faded and was replaced by a cold knot of fear. Her tail responded to her emotions and she could feel it curling around her ass and pussy protectively. The soft hairs tickled, but she only thought about protecting herself.

"Since he's a small-dicked little fucker, he's going to beat you and choke you. And, I'm going to remind him of your little charm, so he's probably also going to do far more things to you than any other bitch he's got. He has knives and skewers. Things that tear into flesh and blades to make you bleed."

Merrie felt the terror rising. She knew that Tabitha was feeding off it, getting power from it, but the thought of being tortured made her sick.

"He's going to hurt you and you'll scream. You won't be able to help it because that's what gets the little fucker off."

Tears ran down Merrie's cheeks. She shook her head.

Tabitha pulled her closer. "He isn't nice like me, Cunt."

Her breath was hot against Merrie's face. Then, Tabitha smiled but it was a cruel, hard smile.

"But then he's going to open his mouth. If I'm lucky, he'll go on about how he tortured your soft, helpless little body. Raped your ass with a knife or a hot poker. It won't be today, it might not even be while you're at the mill, but sooner or later, he's going to say the wrong thing. Then Bass will find out exactly how much of a disgusting little maggot Grange is."

Tabitha's grip tightened as she smiled. There was something terrifying about the look, a hint of the person Tabitha used to be at the height of her power.

Merrie's heart beat faster as a cold sweat prickled her skin.

"Bass loves you. It is a misplaced love and he knows better, but he can't help it any more than Rendi has to fight me with the collars. Even now, that fucking thriban is probably fucking another bitch and thinking about you. But, if Grange hurts you badly enough, it might finally push Bass over the edge and we can get rid of that fucking bastard off my lands."

She pushed Merrie into a sitting position and stood up. "Grange's a fucking weed, a parasite." Tabitha turned on her heels and started back toward the house. "I just wish that Bass would let me hunt the bastard down and rip off his arms and legs. It would take days," Tabitha shivered with pleasure, "and I would enjoy every fucking moment of it."

As Tabitha continued toward the house, Merrie followed. She was sick to her stomach and the joy of her morning faded away completely. Even knowing that Tabitha was hoping to get Grange kicked out, the idea of being tortured just made the sick rolling of her stomach worse. The fear filled her and she had to struggle to crawl forward toward her destination.

"Move faster, pet."

Tears rolling down her cheeks, Merrie tried. She wanted to run back to Bass or even to Tabitha's cave. She didn't want to go forward. She tried to force herself but she couldn't find the strength to pick up her knee and crawl forward.

Tabitha stopped and glared back at her.

"How is it that you were creaming at the idea of getting your arms and legs ripped off, but you're afraid of this? I know the collar

is broken, but you're a fucking alpha. This is what you do. When you get there, you'll be getting off on it because that is what he wants. You'll know his desires and every part of your body will crave to give him exactly what he needs. You'll be begging for him to choke you."

Merrie took a step back, shaking her head. More tears rolled down her cheeks and she could feel it dripping off her chin. There was no way that she would ever want to be tortured. The very idea that she would crave it brought bile up into her throat.

Tabitha returned to her. "This isn't a request, Cunt."

When Tabitha reached for Merrie's collar, Merrie couldn't help but flinch.

The silfae growled, a deep rumbling in her chest, and snatched the collar. Her knuckles dug into Merrie's throat, making it hard to breathe.

Merrie struggled to break free. She wanted to go back. She would take a thousand days of being raped by Dixie, by being cropped again, anything to avoid the man she's been dreading the moment she meet him.

Tabitha growled again. She tightened her grip on the collar as power filled her. It was the same spell she used to rip Dixie from Merrie's ass.

Merrie cringed as she waited for the blow, but it never came.

Instead, Tabitha yanked her along as the silfae stormed down the path toward the mill house.

They made it a dozen meters before Merrie realized what was happening. She struggled to keep up, to keep breathing. Part of her was thrilled by the domination, but more and more of her was growing ill at the thought of being with Grange. Panic tore at her senses and she fought back, trying to stop the inevitable.

Tabitha hauled her through the back door. Inside, the wooden floor was slick and Merrie couldn't get purchase. Her useless arms and legs flailed at the floor and the walls as Tabitha dragged her up the stairs to the second floor.

Merrie managed to catch one of the step but Tabitha picked her up by her collar, choking her, and set her down on the landing. She gasped for breath and looked for something to grab on to.

Tabitha got a tighter grip and dragged Merrie down the hall.

As they got closer, it felt like the walls were glowing with emotions. She could feel years of fear and pain in the hallway and the door shone with the suffering that happened behind it. It took her a moment to realize the light was only in her mind, her empathic abilities showing the resonance of Grange's room, the pain of so many bitches before her.

She let out a scream as she felt the panic consuming her. It was irrational and terror that drove her to grab at the walls, trying to stop Tabitha from hauling her down the hallway to Grange's room.

Tabitha kicked open the door and threw Merrie inside.

Merrie let out another shriek as she hit the ground and slid into the bars of an iron cage. The icy metal dug into her back. She looked up with wild eyes and saw a terrifying array of whips, floggers, and chains hanging from the ceiling. They were dark with sharp points and curved hooks on them. A group in the corner dripped something dark into a stained drain on the floor below them. Whimpering, she crawled to her feet and looked around for the exit.

One entire wall, from floor to ceiling, was filled with cages of various sizes, none of them large. The cages on the top were so small that even Dixie couldn't be crammed into them. The ones near the bottom were smaller than any cage in Bass' room but at least Merrie suspected she could fit in them without breaking a bone. As her eyes focused through the iron bars, she saw hooks and rings welded to the metal.

One of the cages was occupied. She could only see the Cock Diver's ass and pussy through the bars. There was a large iron hook jammed into the girl's asshole, holding her off the floor of the cage. Her ankles stuck out of the cage bars where Grange had tied them to the sides with rough rope. In the shadows, there were clamps on the bitch's nipples, pulling down to where they were clipped to the bottom of the cage. Merrie wondered why Diver didn't crouch down to relieve the obvious pressure, but then she saw a collar attached to the top of the cage. Even through Diver's hair, Merrie could see that there were short spikes in the collar, digging into her throat and neck.

Merrie almost threw up as she felt the pain and fear radiating from Diver. Sickened, she turned away to look at anything besides

Cock Diver. In the center of the room, on a sturdy wooden frame, she saw Pillow Chest.

Grange had put her in the same device Bass fucked Licker in. It forced her into a present position with her bare ass and pussy sticking high in the air. It was a position of submission, and one that Merrie found that she loved, but the distress and agony radiating from the Pillow crashed into Merrie like a hammer.

He had gagged Pillow with a ball gag. The size of the ball puffed out her cheeks and forced her jaw open. There was a bruise on her right face. It would have been shocking except there were other dark marks along the woman's side. Bruises covered her from head to toe: a fist mark here, a rope burn there. A thick hatch of whip marks were bright red slashes across her formerly untouched body.

Grange stood behind Pillow Chest, naked and poised to ram his cock into her screwed-tight asshole. Like him, his cock was long and thin. It was also an angry red color, almost like blood. He had small balls, about the size of bird eggs, and they were covered with a light layer of dark hair.

Merrie sobbed as she tried to look around, to find some place of solace in the room. There was none. If it wasn't for the whips and chains, it was torture devices. The only part that was almost welcoming was his bed, but it was surrounded by a fence of barbed wire. She shivered in fear, feeling it grab her heart and squeeze it. She wanted to run, to flee. The door was welcoming, except Tabitha stood in it with a hard look on her face.

"Why the fuck—" snapped Grange as he stared at Tabitha. He didn't seem to notice Merrie cowering behind him. "-are you in my gods-damned room!?"

Tabitha's eyes grew hard. "I'm delivering your bitch, maggot."

"Who are you talking about?" He turned around with a frown on his face.

Merrie backed up against the cages, her tail down between her legs. Her ass hit the cold metal door and it rattled loudly. She let out a gasp and tried to keep on backing away as Grange's eyes focused on her.

"Oh really?" he said with a smile, turning toward her. "It's my turn? I get the bitch?"

"For a week, Grange. I hope you fuck yourself to death."

Grange didn't take his eyes off Merrie. "Go back to your dog cock, silfae, since a real man can't obvious satisfy you." He wrapped his hands around his shaft and gave it a few pumps. "I got this bitch to break in."

Tabitha's eyes glittered darkly. A scowl briefly crossed her face, but then she put on a fake smile. "Oh, Grange?"

"What now, you fucking witch!?"

Merrie shook her head, silently begging for Tabitha not to say anything else. But, deep inside, she knew that the silfae would do exactly what she said she would. It was like knowing an accident was about to happen and not being able to get out of the way.

"I was going to remind you about the regeneration charm." Merrie whimpered, "Don't you dare lose it. That is Rendi's last one and Bass can't afford to have her make another."

Grange's eyes grew wide and then a slow, cruel smile crossed his face. "Oh, don't worry. I'm not even going to take it off."

"Good," whispered Tabitha. She had a satisfied look on her face as she shut the door.

Merrie whimpered as she stared at the closed door. She trembled with fear as she watched Grange walk to the door and throw the dead bolt. His cock bobbed with his movements as he turned around to regard Merrie.

"So you're a fucking alpha."

He walked toward her, flexing and relaxing his hands.

"What's the big deal? All I see is a fucking bitch on her hands and knees, just like every other cunt in this damn place. Oh wait," he smiled, "you don't have hands. You're less than a fucking human now." He stopped in front of her, his cock bobbing over her. "Just a cropped bitch now. Not good for anything besides a couple holes to fuck. You must have a magical cunt, Cunt, given how much Bass was fawning over you."

Merrie couldn't back away any further. The dread built in her stomach, pushing away all thoughts except for the desperation to escape. Even as she was trying to find some way of fleeing, she felt his desire filtering into her thoughts. It came in a rush of images, memories welling up that weren't her own.

He wanted to tie her up, bind her so tight that she couldn't move. He wanted to beat her, whip her, cut her. She could feel his desire to

wrap his hands around her throat, choking her as he fucked her body with his cock tearing into her.

Her body grew hot as the images continued to blast through her. Her pussy grew moist as images of being beaten and whipped tore through her thoughts. She sobbed at her helplessness, feeling her mind and body changing to suit his desires. She didn't want it, but as she felt his needs filling her, she couldn't help but long to be in Pillow's place, whipped and fucked.

Terrified, Merrie pushed back. She cowered against the cage as she fought against the horrors in her mind. She didn't want to be Grange's bitch, she didn't want to be tortured, maimed, and hurt. She screamed out and pushed away his desire, forcing them out of her mind.

Her collar sparked and she felt the electricity coursing through her body. It tore at muscles and she found relief from his terrible thoughts in her mind. But, as she regained her senses, so did his lusts resumed filling her thoughts. She panted with the desire to be beaten, thrown to the ground and raped in whatever hole he wanted. She wanted to feel his hands around her throat and feel her breath stopping. She wanted to be beaten, tortured.

Just like Tabitha said she would.

Merrie screamed out, "No!" It set off her collar, but she was prepared for it. As the magical pain and agony slammed into her, she shoved back with her thoughts. The pain was a relief as Grange's desires were burned away. Merrie forced her mind to keep pushing away as the collar's magic faded. She managed to keep his desires out of her head, but it was an effort to keep herself apart. It was hard work with the fear that if she let her thoughts relax for one moment, she would be craving him again. She didn't know if she could eject him again.

Gasping, she stared at the ground as she listened to the hammering of her heart. She couldn't feel Grange inside her anymore. Tentatively, she glanced up to Pillow's position and when she didn't feel an unnatural desire to be bound in that position, to be whipped until she screamed. Letting out her breath, she sobbed with relief.

"See, they all scream when I get them," Grange said as he drew closer. There was nothing in his eyes to show that he knew what just

happened. “There has to be something about you that makes you so fucking special. You don’t look like ten million marks.”

He reached out for her. Merrie cried out with the natural fear of the man. She tried to push him away, but her severed arms just slid off his hands. She slipped and smacked his cock with one hand, it was hot and wet against her skin before she slumped forward.

His face darkened. “You hit me!”

It wasn’t even a hard blow, but anger and rage rose up inside him. It became a choking wind against Merrie, a wind only she could feel with her empathic abilities. He snapped out and grabbed her collar. Hauling her forward, he dragged her to Pillow mounted in the center of the room.

Merrie pawed at his arm, trying to break free of his grip. Her breath came hard and fast. Knowing that he wanted to hurt her only made her more desperate to break free. She didn’t know where she would go, only that she wanted to find some way to escape.

Grange used one hand to free Pillow. His fingers worked at the latches holding her down. As soon as he flipped over the last bar, he shoved her off.

Pillow let out a cry as she felt off device and hit the ground with a wet thump. She rolled over and crawled away from the cages toward the door and the stained drain. She grabbed her bruised body and cowered in the corner as dull red droplets rained down from the whips above her.

Showing years of experience, Grange picked Merrie up and threw her down on top of the stand in the room. The metal rods used to hold down Pillow dug into Merrie’s flesh and left bruises. He grabbed her arms and jammed them into the spots for her elbows. Before she could pull them free, he threw the bar down over and pinned her arms to the table. She screamed out and thrashed but Grange shoved her head into the hard wooden surface before latching her neck into place. Her collar rang out against the metal bars holding her down.

She tried to prevent him from latching her legs into place, but Grange dug his thumbs into the joint of her knee before he shoved them into place. The flash of pain from hitting her knee against the wood interrupted her screaming. By the time she regained her senses, she was bound in place.

The air of the room was shocking against her pussy and ass. The feeling of being exposed and helpless tore into her. She longed for the submission, the familiar rush of being helpless in front of a master rising and battering against her desperate attempts to keep Grange's lusts from invading her thoughts.

She heard the crack against her pussy but it was a heartbeat before the pain exploded across her senses. He had taken his hand and smacked right against her labia. She screamed out, jerking against her bondage.

"Ungrateful, useless bitch!"

Grange brought his hand down right against her ass and pussy, smashing them and sending another bolt of pain through her body.

"Fucking bitch. You don't ever hit me!"

He rained down blows with his hands. He focused on her pussy and ass and soon she was writhing in agony as she tried to avoid the blows she couldn't escape.

"You are nothing but a cunt!" He raged against her, battering her body with his hands. She cried out as her labia was abused, beaten, crushed. He seemed to go without slowing, pounding and smacking her until she wondered if the healing charm would be able to keep up.

In the back of her mind, she knew that Sable would somehow do the right thing. But, Merrie didn't dare let his lusts into her mind, otherwise she would want it. She didn't want it.

Grange drew back and punched her pussy. Crushing her labia, his knuckles tore her open and lodged a few centimeters into her opening. She jerked violently at the impact, her mouth opening but the pain locked her throat from making any noise.

He pulled back and punched her again, pounding against her sex. She felt the fist driving into her, tearing into her body. She tried to push him away, but she couldn't focus on her mental shield and her abused body.

One fist drove completely into her pussy, slowed down by her inner walls. As the piercing pain consumed her world, she felt her mind cracking. His lust poured into her mind, increasing the pain as she felt herself drowning his desire to hurt her. She shuddered with humiliation and pain. A tiny, shameful orgasm rippled through her

body. The realization she couldn't resist him tore through her thoughts and she slumped against the table, sobbing.

“Finally, your cunt is getting wet.”

He yanked his fist out from her pussy. Cooler air rushed in to the tortured opening. She didn't have time to enjoy it as he jammed his hand back in, plunging it clear to her cervix and smashing against her innermost gate. Her world turned into bright white agony as she jerked forward, gasping for breath.

And she came again.

Sobs ripped from her throat as she felt her body growing wet at her abused. She wanted to pull away from him, to do something. She wanted to say something to set off the collar, but that would just drive him to torture her more. She couldn't do anything.

And she realized she didn't want to.

She wanted to be broken.

She wanted to be beaten.

She wanted to be abused.

She wanted him.

Her thoughts pushed her into a third, brutal orgasm.

t'Sade

Choked

25

Merrie woke up as Grange grabbed her head. She was dazed as she opened her eyes, not seeing anything besides his dangling balls before he jammed his cock into her mouth. It slid deep and caught against the back of her dry throat. It left a taste of his precum against her tongue.

“Fucking Bass,” he growled as he pulled back and slammed it home. His balls smacked into Merrie’s nose.

She choked on his cock as she struggled to figure out where she was. She was on her back and tied to a stool. The wooden top dug into her shoulders and her lower back. Her arms and legs were bent back down into the legs of the stool where he had tied them together. She tried to shift, but the ropes bound her tightly to the bench.

Grange jammed his cock into her throat and cut off her breath before he pulled it out. His fingers dug into the side of her cheeks, forcing her jaw open as he gave her another hard stroke. His balls smacked her nose and she closed her eyes to avoid getting the hairs in her eyes.

Her body responded to him fucking her face. She felt the horrid curls of pleasure rising up, urging her to fight against him. She knew he wanted her to resist, to do something that would encourage him to beat her. Tears sparkled in her cheeks as the memory of his brutal fisting came rising up in her thoughts.

Grange had no windows in his room. Instead, Merrie had to measure time with the brutal beatings she got. It didn’t matter if she obeyed or not, he would attack her for simply breathing. He didn’t need an excuse to hurt her and she knew it clear down to her core.

The only bright point in her dim life was that Grange had completely focused on her and left both Cock Diver and Pillow Chest alone. She didn't think he felt them either, but at least he wasn't beating or whipping them every waking moment. That was reserved for her.

She shuddered as she came, shamed that she found any pleasure in her abuse.

Grange sighed and released her head. The sudden relief from the pressure keeping her jaw opened caused her to relax and she scraped the length of his cock with her teeth.

She froze as he yanked it out with a hiss of pain.

It came seductively, a hunger of an orgasm about to come. She was about to be punished. She screwed her eyes tightly shut as she dreaded the pleasure rising up, filling her body with the white-hot intensity of anticipation.

"You bit me! You fucking, useless cunt!"

She tensed, knowing what would come next. His hand smacked across her face and stars exploded across her vision. It rocked down her neck and the entire stool shook from the impact. His backhand smashed the knuckles against the other side of her face and the stool rocked dangerously.

Merrie hated that she got wet from the pain.

He smacked her again before stomping to his box of tools.

The sound of metal rolling around sent a pang of fear and pleasure coursing through her body. It was going to hurt, and the hunger for it was as devastating as the pain that would be coming. She sobbed softly as she twisted around trying to find freedom.

"I'm going to teach you some manners."

He came back, growing under his breath. He grabbed her jaw and pried it open. Metal clinked against her tongue as he shoved a ring gag into her mouth. It hurt from the pressure as he forced it deeper. It slipped behind her teeth and he let go.

Her mouth clamped down on the gag, but it kept her mouth forced open. It felt wrong being unable to close her mouth. She explored it with her tongue and tried not to think about the juices dribbling out of her pussy.

He strapped it around the back of her head, pulling it tight until the straps dug into her cheeks. With a grunt, he tied it off and grabbed her head to position her mouth.

Merrie opened her eyes to see him standing in front of her, legs spread and poised to fuck her throat. In her mind, she knew that he was going to be rough, brutal. She could feel the desire to be choked filling her thoughts and she reached out for his cock.

“I hate these fucking collars, they aren’t tight enough,” Grange muttered. He grabbed a piece of ever-present rope and wrapped it around her throat. The harsh strands dug into her flesh as he drew it snug. The regeneration collar healed her bruises, but she could imagine that the rope slid to the sore area of her neck.

She pressed her tongue against the bottom of her mouth as she took deep breaths. She only got one breath before he slammed his cock home. With the ring gag, it punched into her mouth and into her throat like a molten sword. She gagged on it as her body rocked from the impact.

Grange pulled on the rope, tightening it until her throat clamped around his cock like a vise. Any chance of breath ceased as he held his cock there and tied the rope tight against her throat.

Panic grew in her thoughts. Fear that maybe he would accidentally forget to pull out in time. That it would be the last thing she would ever see. Just as she felt the burn in her lungs, he pulled his cock out.

It hurt to breathe and she couldn’t get enough air through her throat. Without a cock buried in her throat, she could inhale tiny wisps of air. Her neck was tight, confined, and it added a knife edge to the pleasure and fear filling her.

He gripped her head again, this time to hold it still between his long fingers. She could feel the urge to hurt her rising up.

Grange punched his cock forward. He slid into the wet depths of her mouth and buried to the base against her lips. She felt the pulsating length cutting off her breath. Thankfully, he pulled out and slammed his cock back in. It took him only a moment to get up to full speed, driving his cock into her tight throat with short, brutal strokes.

"He hired me to do this," he gasped as he drove deep and held it there. Grange was prone to speaking out but Merrie learned not to even acknowledge he was talking.

"I'm paid-" He tightened the rope on her throat and slammed it home. As he forced his way into the tight heat of her body, his cock drew harder. Merrie didn't know a time he came without choking her, but it always scared her as she felt the rope tightening around her throat. "-to beat these bitches!"

He drove it into her again.

"To rape them!"

Another pound slammed his balls against her nose. The smell of his sweat and excitement flooded her nostrils, teasing them but she couldn't exhale to rid herself of his scent.

"To teach them cruelty!"

Another slam rocked the stool. He grabbed her breast with one hand and twisted the nipple hard to bring her back. The pain flashed along her senses, spreading across every centimeter of her skin before sinking into the molten depths of her pussy. A fresh dribble of humiliating excitement ran down her thighs and soaked the crack of her ass.

She choked on his cock. As he pulled it out of her mouth, the saliva and pre-cum poured out over her face, tickling her nose and running down her face. She had to close her eyes to avoid the tinging burn. Blinded, she could only wait for him to spear her again.

"None of you are worth it," he yelled. He slammed into her and grabbed her breasts with both hands. Fingers dug into the soft flesh as he held her with his hands. His hips drove his cock with long, strokes that smacked her face with every thrust. With her position, she was disoriented as the stool rocked back and forth. The only anchors in her world were the hands mauling her breasts and the cock that thrust into the rope-bound tightness of her throat.

"You're all fucking cunts!" His monologue continued as he slammed into her. He twisted her nipples and pulled them. She squirmed as he crushed the nipples between her fingers, squeezing until she thought they were going to burst. The cock driving into her mouth swelled as he came close to an orgasm.

She dreaded and hungered for his orgasm. The last time, he held it there until she struggled for air. In her mind, she knew he was going to do the same thing. There was nothing she could do about it. She was bound and helpless, pinned down by the cock spearing her with brutal strokes.

His coming orgasm burned brightly in her mind. She knew it was about to crest. She could feel his swollen cock tearing into her throat. She tasted it in the flood of pre-cum that poured into her mouth and down her face. He strained to hold back as his balls clenched up against his body.

With a bellow, Grange grabbed her breasts, dug his fingers into the soft mounds, and yanked back. His cock speared her throat and his balls smacked her on the face. She felt him forcing his shaft deep into her before it exploded.

She couldn't taste it, she wanted to, but she felt the hot liquid pouring down her throat. It left a burning trail toward her gut. She tried to inhale, but his swollen cock blocked her air. She felt a panic growing inside her, not because she couldn't breathe but because she knew it would grow more painful as he held it there.

Grange hung over her, panting for breath as he glared out into the room. He saw nothing, she knew that, but he also wouldn't withdraw until the anger inside him faded.

She gulped at his cock, feeling the tightness increasing. Her lungs started to ache with the need to breathe. Under her hands, her breasts pressed up against his palms, to encourage him to thrust or just to abuse her.

Merrie hated herself for wanting more. She hated that she was trembling underneath his both, counting the seconds as her body started to crave the air. She gulped again and lapped at his balls, the tears leaking out from her tightly closed eyes.

The instinctive need to breathe came as a tremor down her body. She jerked against her bounds as she tried to free herself. She felt the craving growing, an intense desire and the panic burning brightly.

She needed to inhale.

She needed to breathe.

Merrie squirmed underneath Grange, trying to evict the cock buried in her throat. The rope burned along her throat as she

gulped again. It tore into the skin and added to the pressure. She jerked at her bounds, twisting the rope until she felt it cutting into her flesh.

Grange knew she was suffocating. She could feel it like a bright star of joy inside his mind. It burned her skin with his knowledge that he was choking her. Every struggle she did to break free turned him on more, adding heat to the swelling cock blocking her breath.

At the first black star swam across her vision, she lost all control. With a scream that never reached her vocal cords, she jerked violently on the stool. She wrenched to one side and the other, trying to free the cock as her body burned for the coolness of air, anything besides the slick cock that impaled her throat.

Grange moaned and shoved his hips tight against her face to ensure she couldn't break it free.

"Fucking Bass, he told me to hurt these girls. Hired me! And now," he grunted as his shaft swelled with his growing pleasure, "he wants me to back down. To be 'nicer.' I say fuck him!"

He drew back, not enough for Merrie to get air, and drove deep. The force of his blow hurt Merrie's jaw as he fucked her clenching throat with short brutal strokes.

"He made a promise and he can't fucking breaking it!" Smack.

"I don't have to be nice!" The impact of his hips into her face brought stars to her face.

"I don't have to like these fucking cunts! Ever!" He slammed into Merrie and she felt her neck straining to take the force of his blow. The pain added to her suffocation, throwing her over the edge of ecstasy and terror.

"The druid cunt and murderer can scheme all they want. They are never getting rid of me!" The entire stool shook from the impact.

Merrie almost got a breath of air, but his cock drove back into it. Black stars swam across her vision as she continued to jerk. The rope binding her to the stool dug into her skin and she felt blood coating the ends of her arms as she frantically tore at them.

"They are all fucking cunts!"

He slammed into her hard enough to crack bone. She felt her joints popping. One of the ropes slipped further down and she jerked at it, ignoring the flesh being torn. Around her, the charm at

her throat began to glow brightly until it lit up the room, but that just encouraged him to pound her face harder.

“I’ll break every fucking one!”

Pain blossomed inside Merrie. It wasn’t the agony of being beaten, but the one of her lungs giving one last panic-fueled surge as her heart pounded in her chest. She was going to suffocate on his cock. She was going to die.

And, to her hatred, she was coming. It was an orgasm fueled by asphyxiation and his own desires. It ran through her veins like black fire, ignited by the stars that swam across her vision. She couldn’t hear Grange ranting through the pounding in her heart, but she didn’t care. She could feel it in her mind as she came again and again, uselessly struggling to breathe as the world grew dark around her.

“Fuck!”

Grange came inside her throat, his cum pouring down her throat. He slammed her forward with all his might. Her stool tilted as he stepped forward to pound her face hard, flooding her mouth with cum.

Merrie tried to take in a breath between his thrusts, but inhaled cum instead. She coughed violently as his cock as he slammed her face again and again. Each blow was harder and faster.

Everything spun and tilted to the side. And then, with one powerful blow, Grange slammed forward with his cock. His hips crushed her face, but then everything swung around. Her stool tilted and she was thrown forward.

She opened her cum-soaked eyes to see the ground rushing toward her. With her arms and legs bound underneath the top of the stool, there was nothing she could do as she hit the ground with a loud thud. The pain was excruciating as the regeneration charm flared to life.

Merrie sobbed into the ground, gasping for breath. She hated herself for coming again; she was useless against her own nature as much as she was helpless tied to the stool.

Grange grabbed the stool legs and shoved it aside. Merrie was tossed on her side as she stared up at him. He was angry, face red with hatred.

“Fuck Bass!”

Reaching out, he started to grab a whip hanging from the ceiling, but he stopped. "No, you won't scream enough for him to hear you."

He lowered his hand as power grew inside him. It was a dark, boiling cloud of magic that poured down into his hand. A mote of energy appeared his finger and he wrapped his fingers as a handle to a whip appeared. More energy poured down his arm as a blood-red whip poured out from his fingers. It was a thick bullwhip and the sight of it sickened Merrie.

The whip coiled on the ground like some python. The growing tip flared like a flame on a fuse, growing brighter until it burst. Between the light halos temporarily burned in her vision, she saw the whip ended in a long knife blade.

The presence of the magic sickened Merrie. She could feel it in both Grange's mind and in her own heart. It was fueled from torture and pain, from being raped and choked. She was going to be whipped by a spell powered by her own suffocation.

Grange flung his arm back. The whip snapped back and sheared through the bars of upper cages, leaving drops of molten iron to splash down. On the bottom cage, Cock Diver screamed out as she covered her head over the smoke splattering against her hair.

Merrie saw it coming, knew what would happen next. She wanted to be brave. She wanted to be like Sable. She wanted to be brave and stoic. To take it like a proper bitch.

But, she couldn't. As the whip came down toward her, she screamed out with all her might.

"No!"

The electricity of the collar was a brief respite of pain before her entire world blew up in red-hot agony of Grange's whip.

Suffocation

26

Merrie didn't want to wake up. But, even as she struggled to cling to the sleep, she became more aware of her body. Her knees were drawn up to her chest and crushed her breasts. She had a spiked collar underneath her iron one and the sharp points on the bottom dug into the side of her bruised neck. Somewhere in the night, she had turned over in her side and now she was trapped on her side. She couldn't move her arms because they were bound tightly behind her. Her shoulder dug into the bars behind her, but no matter how she twisted, she couldn't get comfortable.

Her body was already slick with sweat and the heat from her helplessness added to the growing moisture between her legs. She twisted her hips to rub her legs together, enjoying the friction of her pussy lips. She couldn't come from masturbating since she came to the mill, but keeping herself on the edge of an orgasm was a stolen pleasure from Grange's cruelty.

She knew he was up. Just like Bass, she woke with her trainer. But where she had the aching desire to crawl over to her first trainer and wake him fully with a blow job, Merrie wanted to just crawl into a tighter ball and wish the day would pass quickly.

Grange groaned as he crawled out of bed, his cruel thoughts already drifting through Merrie's head. He was thinking about fucking her. Her throat tightened up with the anticipation of being filled with his cock.

Merrie closed her eyes even tighter, wishing that she couldn't feel his thoughts. Even the idea of being abused by him turned her on and she hated every minute. She didn't want Grange, but as soon as he threw her on the stool and tied her down, she was already

hitting an orgasm. It was a cruel trick the gods played on her, turning her into a beta.

Then, a different thought crossed his mind and the brutal fantasies stopped. She couldn't read his thoughts directly, but his fantasies stopped instantly with a sour thought. They came back up, but then faded.

He muttered to himself as he pushed the barbed wire fence away from his bed and padded out. She careened her neck to look at him. He was naked, his tall form towering as he pushed the fencing back into place. His body was covered in scars and burns. She lowered her gaze down to the one thing that she hated with all her heart but desired it nonetheless: his cock. It was limp against his leg, but she felt a surge of heat burning in her pussy with a hunger to have it driving deep inside her.

Desperate to tear her thoughts away, Merrie looked above her. Cock Diver was in the cage above her, crammed into a space too small for her. From her vantage point, she could only see the bar that ran down her slit and the pussy lips that wrapped around it. Merrie knew it was agonizing to have her entire weight on a single bar, both from experiencing it herself and also from the discomfort radiating from the bitch. Merrie pushed out with her mind, caressing against the pain and discomfort. She brushed them away and replaced it with a sense of comfort.

Diver's face immediately relaxed. She was bound tightly in rope, her arms and legs wrapped so her knees were by her chest. But, as Merrie's emotions rolled through her, she let out a shuddering sigh and the ropes creaked as she settled into them. Diver leaned to the side so their eyes can meet. Diver mouthed "thank you" at her.

Merrie froze with shock. She lifted her head as she stared at Diver, wondering if she just imagined the silent words.

Diver smiled and she jerked a little as she laughed silently. Her hip ground against the metal and a brief flash of pain crossed her face, but it never reached the amused twinkle in her eye. She repeated herself, her lips moving silently. "Yes, thank you."

It never occurred to Merrie that any of the bitches knew what she was doing. She was just trying to help, but she didn't think they knew. Merrie worked her lips for a moment, then mouthed back. "You knew?"

A nod.

Her heart pounded in her chest. Her throat was dry and she clenched her body against the feeling. She stroked Diver's thoughts and felt an intense love burning inside her mind. The bitch couldn't project like Merrie, but the emotions were as raw and real as if they were inside Merrie's head.

Diver licked her lips and glance to the side—she couldn't look at Grange—and then down to Merrie. “It hurts, but nothing compared to what he's done to you.”

Merrie felt her body tensing up as she remembered Grange's cruelty.

“You've protected us this last week and you... you are so brave like Sable and I...” She sniffed and tears glittered on her cheeks, “and I just wish I could have saved you from that gods-damned bastard.”

Being compared to Sable was almost too much for Merrie. She shook her head as she fought back a sob. She wanted to deny it, to tell that she couldn't help it, that she was just as helpless. She didn't deserve to be like Sable; Sable did it to serve where Merrie couldn't prevent it if she tried.

“Hey!” Grange's voice cut through her attempts to mouth words. “No making kissing faces at each other! You're fucking cunts, not lesbos!”

Merrie tore her eyes away from Diver. She looked across the bars to the cage next to hers where Pillow Chest was bound to the cage walls. She had a hook in her ass, a dildo buried in her throat, and her arms and legs were tied to the bottom. She had a rope around her neck and a red mark where it rubbed raw over the night.

As Merrie looked at her guiltily, Pillow gulped and gave a little nod of assessment. She also knew. They both knew.

Grange slammed open Pillow's cage. He reached in and yanked her free of her bondage. With a grunt, he threw her to the ground before she could recover the feeling in her limbs. Merrie heard her hit the ground with a muted thump and a cry of pain. He yanked open Merrie's cage. His fingers dug into her skin as he hauled her out of her cage and tossed her into Pillow's body. “Come on, you fucking cunts, I only have a few more hours with two of you.”

He pulled Diver out and tossed her on the ground. She hit with a wet smack and cried out in pain.

“Fucking dog show. What a colossal waste of time.”

He kicked Diver as he headed back to the sink. He poured water into a large bowl and dropped it on the floor. “Fucking Bass rides my ass if you don’t get at least some water.”

Merrie shook as she got on her wrists and knees. Looking down at her amputated wrists and ankles sent a flash of excitement through her and she had to struggle to push it down before she was begging for Grange to rape her again. She stared at the water for a moment, then crawled over to Diver and used her head to help the bitch to her knees.

Diver tilted her head to get her hair out of her face; Grange didn’t bother with brushing their hair or even putting them into dog ears. She reached over and kissed Merrie on the shoulder.

Merrie grinned and reached down to grab one of Diver’s nipples with her lips. She sucked on it before letting it slip from her mouth.

Lust burned inside Diver, but then a guilty fear as Grange walked past them. Diver gestured to the water bowl and then to Merrie. “Drink.”

Behind Merrie, Pillow pushed Merrie toward the dish.

Merrie didn’t know what to do. She looked back to Pillow who also pointed her chin to the water. She didn’t deserve what they were doing. Ashamed, Merrie crawled over to the water and lowered herself to rest her throat against the side of the bowl. Grange once pinned her against it, but the cool edge of the bowl felt good against her tortured throat. She lapped the water, drinking as fast as she could so the other two could also get some.

The icy liquid feel good running down her throat. She couldn’t count the number of times Grange choked her, but she still grew hot and slick at the thought of him wrapping the rope around her neck. And hated every pleasure she got from it.

She drank her fill and crawled back. Diver took her place, sharing it with Pillow. Both of the bitches’ emotions were bright in Merrie’s head, brighter than she had ever seen. There was a clarity to them, a depth more than just love and respect for Merrie. Something had changed and there was not a determination in both of their thoughts.

Merrie tried to listen, to figure out what changed in those few seconds, but she couldn't quite hear their thoughts. It was like hearing whisper on the other side of the door, she knew they were thinking but the words danced on the edge of understanding.

Grange grabbed a plate from the near the door and slammed it down on the stool he used to fuck Merrie. Someone delivered it before Grange woke up and the smell of hot food brought a rumble in Merrie's gut. With a sigh, he dug into it. "A few more hours with you worthless cunts before I get some new bitches." His eyes focused on Merrie. "And you aren't worth fucking ten million marks. You are more than useless, fucking cunt, you are..." He tried to find a word but then gave up. He jammed more food into his mouth before he talked with a full mouth. "I can't believe I wasted the entire week on your sloppy holes. I should have been breaking in those other bitches."

Both Diver and Pillow became guilty and ashamed. Merrie closed her eyes as she sent them a wave of comfort and love. She didn't mean to save them and she didn't deserve them to think so, but she couldn't tell them that.

But, instead of her efforts comforting them, both Pillow and Diver grew more determined. There was a sudden courage inside them, a hardness as they finished drinking.

Grange's thoughts broke Merrie's connection with the two. He was thinking about raping them and whipping them one last time. Memories of torture welled up and Merrie grew hot and slick at the recollection. She hated being turned on by her abuse, but she knew that it was far better than the pain that the others would experience. She could at least pretend she was enjoying it.

Her stomach clenched violently as tears ran down her cheeks. She hated the pain, she hated the agony. She hated it, but she couldn't let him hurt the others. She took a trembling step toward Grange.

Grange looked down at her as he stuffed a strip of fried pig into his mouth. "Fucking hell. You want more, Cunt?"

She sobbed, tears running down her cheeks, but she nodded her head.

"Well then," he smiled as he tore a hunk of bread off with his teeth. "If you want it so badly—"

Merrie didn't hear the next words as Diver crawled past her. The naked woman had a whip in her mouth and the leather end trailed behind her like a snake. She stopped a meter in front of Merrie and got into a begging position.

Grange froze in mid-chew. "at the fuf?"

Merrie shook her head, silently denying what she saw.

Pillow Chest crawled past with a coil of rope in her mouth. Merrie sobbed as she watched the bitch sit down next to Diver and get into a begging position. The rope bounced against her breasts as she settled into position.

From behind, Merrie stared at their backs. They were trembling and frightened, but the determination was driving them forward. They were doing it for Merrie. Merrie shook her head. "No," she mouthed even though they couldn't see her, "no, no."

He swallowed. "What the fuck are you two doing?"

Merrie stared at the backs of the two bitches. They were both holding themselves perfectly in position, but it was their emotions that blinded her mind's eye. Even though they were terrified, they were saving her. They wanted to take Grange's abuse just to save her.

"You fucking want to be whipped?"

Two barks.

"You are stark raving mad, you useless cunts."

Two more barks.

"Well, then," he jammed the last of his breakfast into his mouth. Swallowing loudly, he stood up. His cock was hard and dripping. "We better get to the beating, huh?"

Fear rose up, but it was pushed back down. Two bitches barked and wiggled their asses in a mockery of an excited dog. And then Merrie heard a voice in her head from one of the bitches.

(We can do this. It's just for a few hours. Blessed Divan, this is going to hurt. Just back up, Rina, and let her do it. No! I have to. I have to!) Memories welled up and they weren't Merrie's. Instead, it was one of them watching Merrie being raped and tortured. Some of the images came through bars of the cage and others from being tied to the side walls. Days slammed into her and Merrie watched herself being fucked. If she just paid attention to when Grange was fucking her, it looked like Merrie was pretending to be terrified.

There was a flush on her cheeks and her pussy dripped with excitement. But, as soon as Grange finished, everything changed. The lustful bark faded into a look of anguish, self-hatred, and pain.

Merrie sobbed as she saw herself. She was a lie, a fake. The brave face they saw wasn't her. She didn't want it, she hated Grange. She shook as she took a step back.

(Only a few hours, then I'm done. But, she's coming back. He's going to hurt her. He's going to... I have to! I can do it. I can... I...) The thoughts faded away, leaving Merrie alone in her own mind.

She knew Sable would just shove her way past, to stand in front of them and insist on being beaten. But, Merrie couldn't do it. She couldn't take the pain anymore. Humiliated, she crawled back. A trail of hot tears splattered against the stained wooden floor as she fled the pain and agony, abandoned the two bitches who thought Merrie was someone better.

Shamed, she continued until her ass hit the cage. She sat down, then pressed her body tight against the wooden floor. Tears ran in her cheeks as she stared at the two trembling bitches willing to stand in her place.

Grange yanked the whip from Diver's mouth. He slapped her hard with his other hand and the crack of flesh tore a wail from Merrie's thought. Grange glared at Merrie, his eyes filled with disgust. "Shut the fuck up, you useless, fucking cunt!" He looked down as fresh fantasies rose up in his mind. "I get to have some fun."

Merrie closed her eyes so she didn't have to watch.

The next few hours were agony, but Merrie couldn't open her eyes. The screams of pain, the cracks of the whip, each one reminded her that she didn't stand up. The guilt tore at her heart but she didn't dare to watch. But, no matter how tightly she closed her eyes, she could feel the two bitches in her mind. They were in agony but just as determined. They alternated encouraging Grange, doing the very thing Merrie did, and he threw all of his anger and hatred into their bodies.

She didn't deserve it. She wasn't Sable. She wasn't Dixie. She was just an impostor, pretending to be something more than a kidnapped woman who lost her hands and feet. She sobbed and hated herself.

She felt their determinations cracking under the pressure of being choke-fucked and beaten. But, when one started to cry out in real terror, the other took the slack and gave encouragement.

And, somewhere in the dark world of agony and screams, something changed. Merrie reflexively reached out with her mind. She felt them in her heart, two bright points of agony and fear. She could help them with that. She opened herself up and gave everything she could: love. She wanted to tell them she didn't deserve it, but her mind refused to push out those thoughts or they were refusing to acknowledge it.

Hot tears ran down her face as she thanked them. It washed over them and she heard the screams change. Instead of the high-pitched agony, it became cries of pain that were partially faked. Her thoughts were holding back the worst of the pain and instead of shrinking back, the two bitches encouraged Grange even more.

He drove himself into them, whipping and beating. Even when he took out the sharper whips and spikes, they took it. When he threw Diver into the barbed wire fence and fucked her into the spikes, she cried out for more.

Merrie didn't have a word for what she was doing. She was in their minds, shielding them from their own pain and fear. And they loved her. They loved her despite being an impostor, a fake. And, she realized, she loved them just as much.

"Fuck!" bellowed Grange. Merrie opened her eyes as he pulled his limp cock from Pillow's throat. She gasped for breath as he staggered back and slumped against a pillory. "That was the best fucking time I've ever had."

And he was telling the truth. Grange was sated, for the first time that Merrie encountered the man, the anger was banked and quiet. His thoughts were almost clear as he looked down at the gasping bitch. He reached over and smacked her hard, but he got no joy out of it. It was just a rote gesture for now.

"With a hole like that, maybe I should keep you another week."

Pillow's mind flashed with fear, then somewhere outside of the room, Sable barked loudly.

Grange looked up with surprise, then stared at the clock. "Crap! Where did the time go!?"

He rushed over to the sink and grabbed a washcloth. Working quickly, he scrubbed down his body.

Merrie picked herself up and crawled over to Pillow who was panting on the ground. She searched the bitch's face for an emotion and found relief. Fighting back the tears, Merrie knew she had to help physically and not just mentally. She kissed Pillow's cracked and bleeding lips, hoping that she could ease the physical pain.

Pillow trembled as she reached up for Merrie, wrapping her gloved arms around Merrie's neck and pulling her into a hot, frantic embrace. Her body, slick with sweat and oozing cuts, ground against Merrie. She had large breasts and they rolled over Merrie's smaller ones. The smell of Pillow's excitement rose up, mixing in with the scents of urine and blood.

Diver slipped in next to them, her mind filled with the same relief. Merrie tried to break Pillow's kiss to embrace Diver, but Pillow didn't let go. Instead, Diver ran her lips down Merrie's flank, teasing the sensitive flesh as she worked her way down to Merrie's hip.

Then, as if they planned it, both bitches pushed Merrie to the side and on her back. Merrie blinked in surprise as she found her world spinning, then stared up at two women who had a thankful lust burning in their gazes. She reached up for them, her amputated arms stroking their breasts.

Diver's thoughts rose up. (Thank you.) It was the thoughts she heard earlier, of a woman named Rina. Diver lowered herself to kiss Merrie.

Merrie caught a glimpse of the whips and chains above her before she closed her eyes to avoid looking at the horror above her. She opened her mouth and accepted Diver's tongue as it flicked inside.

Pillow worked her way down, kissing along Merrie breast to catch one nipple. Pillow's arm brushed against Merrie and Merrie felt the lines of the whipping that covered her skin.

Merrie closed her eyes tightly, shamed, but then Diver kissed her harder, driving her against the floor as she forced Merrie's open. At the same time, Pillow nipped at Merrie's nipple, sending a flash of pleasure and delicate pain across her senses.

As the humiliation rose, so did Diver's and Pillow's kissing and nipping. Merrie tore her thoughts away as she realized they were

responding to her emotions. She felt shame and Pillow nipped again. Merrie forced her despair and shame down, hiding it deep inside so it wasn't dominating her thoughts.

Both bitches relaxed and resumed the playful caressed. Pillow released Merrie's nipple with a slurp and crawled over Merrie's body. She sank between the space of Merrie's legs. Her own breasts, covered in bruises and whip lines, smashed against Merrie's belly as she kissed further down. She used her bound arms to continue her trail down.

Merrie felt a growing pleasure in her body as Pillow's mouth found her slit. It was slick and wet, not from Grange's own sick desires, but her own hunger for loving sex. It was light and natural compared to the unnatural feeling of Grange. It was night and day, much like the acidic pleasure of the collar.

Diver broke the kiss but kept her lips against Merrie's lips. She smiled and kissed Merrie's nose before working her own way down. Merrie could do something, but she was pinned by the two bitches as Diver worked her mouth down to Merrie's throat, kissing along remembered bruises.

Trembling, Merrie moaned. The sensation of a tongue lapping at her sex was a forgotten pleasure. It curled through her senses and eased the memory of her own torture. It pooled in her pussy as she writhed in the growing pleasure. She reached down, but her non-existent hands couldn't reach Pillow's hair.

She slumped against the hard ground and spread her legs more. The smell of her excitement was a drug, but knowing that it didn't come from Grange's lusts pushed her closer to an orgasm. She rocked her hips to Pillow's mouth, silently begging for more.

And Pillow gave it to her. The bitch spread Merrie's legs and lapped hard and fast, delving her tongue in Merrie's slick sex until Merrie shuddered with a growing orgasm.

"What the fuck is wrong with you!?"

Grange's words sent a flash of fear through all three of them, but then Diver and Pillow surprised Merrie as they bore down, lapping and kissing faster. Both of them worked to push Merrie to an orgasm before Grange ripped them away.

"Fucking lesbos," muttered Grange as he kicked Diver as he past them.

Merrie clutched at Diver as she threw herself into her growing orgasm, straining to push herself over the edge. It was an intense one, building until it hurt her chest.

Ice water slammed into her and the shock of it sent Merrie over the edge. She arched her back and screamed out as every nerve ignited into white hot flames of ecstasy. She sobbed and mewled, reaching out for anything as she lost control of her body.

She heard Grange ranting, but couldn't understand the words. All she cared was the orgasm that shoved away all the pain, all the sorrow, all the agony. It tore at her body and she didn't think her body could take the intensity of it. She had to share it and she opened herself up to give pleasure to Pillow and Diver.

Her mind burst out of the confines of her body, blossoming into a wave of orgasm. Next to her, Diver and Pillow suddenly were thrown into orgasms of their own. Each orgasm was a bright star of pleasure in Merrie's mind. Diver slumped against Merrie as she gasped for breath. Diver tensed up, whimpering as she cried out. As their pleasure grew, so did the bright stars in the field of Merrie's thoughts.

But, Merrie couldn't stop it. Her pleasure continued to ripple out from her. It went further than her projection had ever gone. A third star burst into orgasm. It was Snuff Bait on the stairs outside the room. She came right against the wall, crying out as the sudden orgasm consumed her thoughts. And then another one bitch into an orgasm, adding to the stars forming in Merrie's mind. And then another. And another. In the space between her rapid-fire heartbeats, the bitches of the mill exploded into orgasm.

Merrie cried out, not seeing through her eyes anymore. She was lost in a field of stars, writhing in an orgasm that was spreading out with a rush.

The only one not to cum at the first touch of her mind was Sable. The bitch was in the great hall, but her mind was surrounded by a shield of white metal and scorch marks. Then, with a playful but surprised pop, the shield dropped down and Merrie's orgasm crashed into Sable.

Compared to the other bitches, Sable was a supernova. The intensity of the alpha's orgasm dimmed the other suns as Sable exploded. A long wail of pleasure cut through the physical world as

the light kept getting brighter and brighter, exploding with a brilliance that tore through the house after Merrie's own orgasm. It crashed back into Merrie and sent her into a higher orgasm.

Merrie clutched the air as she screamed out in ecstasy. She was blinded from the pleasure as she felt the pressure wave spreading out even further. Just as it was beginning to fade, two more orgasms lit up in a distance: Sama and Snapping Pussy. They were in Tabitha's cave but Merrie couldn't focus enough to wonder how far away that was.

And then a second supernova exploded across her mental world: Dixie. The second alpha was almost as intense as Sable and it blossomed into a white-hot orgasm that rolled back toward Merrie.

Merrie felt it coming but she was utterly helpless to do anything. It crashed her and threw her into a higher level of intensity. It grew so powerful that it hurt. Her body couldn't take anymore and she felt the pleasure burning out her senses. And in the sudden darkness of her mind's eyes and her unseeing eyes, the crest of her orgasms rushed past.

Merrie slumped back to the ground as all the pleasure rushed out of her, leaving an intense and sticky afterglow of honey and lust. She slumped against the suddenly solid floor and panted for air. She was choking as if the wind was driven from her but nothing touched her. She opened her mouth, trying to draw in air.

"You were just fucking licking each other. It can't fucking hurt that much." Grange spoke as if he didn't know what just happened. Merrie realized she didn't feel any of the trainer in the intense moment of pleasure, just the bitches across the mill.

She opened her eyes and looked at Grange. It took a long moment for her eyes to come into focus.

He scowled at her but then froze. A strange look crossed over his face. Merrie realized she couldn't feel his thoughts anymore. They were not even in her thoughts. All she could see was a pathetic man filled with hatred and insecurity, someone who had to hurt to feel power. She got glimpses of his childhood, of a brutal father beating him, and then a flash of seeing his own father dangling from a rope tied to the ceiling. The connection faded.

Pity rose up from her and Grange blanched. He stepped back with a look of fear.

But, then the moment was gone. Her mind returned to normal and his desires began to creep into her thoughts.

Grange shook his head to clear it. "What the fuck happened?"

He turned his attention back to her. "I don't know what you did, but don't ever do that again." His anger started to build again. "Don't ever do that again!"

Merrie's breath came back with a rush. She trembled as she remembered how to move her arms. Next to her, Diver and Pillow staggered as they got to their feet. Their eyes were wide as they stared at Merrie.

Rolling over, Merrie crawled to her arms and knees. She gasped for breath before she dared to peek over to the two bitches. They were still staring with shock but smiles stretched across their faces. Their own afterglows still smoldered inside their thoughts.

Pillow crawled over and kissed Merrie on the lips. (Thank you.) Pillow's voice was soft and bubbly with just a hint of a cultured accent.

Diver followed after, but her thoughts didn't quite drift through Merrie's mind. But, the thanks and love filled Merrie anyways. They were an intense comfort for the dread of being alone with him later. A gift that she couldn't thank enough.

Grange finished pulling on his shirt. "Are you fucking cunts done screaming?"

Merrie sat up into a begging position. The others followed suit. As soon as all three of them were in position, they barked.

Grange looked worried for a moment. Then the glare came back. "We better hurry up, the show is about to start."

He strode over to the door and yanked it open. His confusion and fear faded underneath anger as he gestured for them to follow. Diver and Pillow went first, then Merrie followed.

"Fucking bitch," snapped Grange and he kicked her in the ribs.

The impact slammed Merrie against the wall. A flash of pain cut through the afterglow and it started to crack. The charm on her neck pulsed. She took a deep breath, wincing from the pain of her healing rib, and crawled down the hall.

Behind her, Grange shut and locked the door. He strode past her with another kick and lead the way to the stairs. Downstairs, there

was laughter and cheers and it warmed Merrie's heart to know that she would be joining them soon.

At the stairs, she looked down and her heart skipped a beat. At the bottom was Bass. He stood in the doorway of the great hall, his powerful arms crossed over his chest and a scowl on his face. He wore a simple light brown shirt which contrasted with his gray skin. His trousers were dark brown and he wore boots.

Merrie's heart welled up at his sight. He was a comfort with just his presence, an anchor that made all the pain go away. She let out a soft sigh of pleasure and headed down the stairs.

She only had a flash of warning before Grange's annoyance flared up. His kick caught her right between the legs, the tips of his shoes slamming into her clitoris. The impact slammed into Merrie and she lost her balance. With an desperate shriek, she tumbled down the stairs. The impact of the boards slammed into her back, arms, and legs before she came crashing down on the ground at Bass' feet.

"Grange," said Bass in a low voice.

"She's clumsy."

"Don't do it again," warned Bass.

Grange came down to the same floor. He smiled cruelly at Bass. "You aren't in charge of her, paladin. I can do whatever the fuck I want to." He walked past Bass and into the great hall. "And there is nothing you can fucking do about it."

Bass' knuckles creaked as he balled his hands into fists. His emotions were hidden from Merrie, but looking up, she knew there was rage behind his yellow eyes. He looked down at Merrie and there was pain and frustration on his face.

Sighing, he knelt down and helped Merrie to her hands and knees. "Good girl."

When Merrie didn't shiver with an orgasm, he frowned. "You really did break the collar, didn't you?"

Merrie blushed and smiled. She gave a little bark.

Bass smiled broadly. He patted her head. "You are a very good girl. Now, do you know anything about that?"

He pointed into the room.

Inside were the gathered bitches. They were playing like usual, but there was a strange tension in the room. She took a deep breath and was overwhelmed by the smell of sex and orgasms that clung in

the air. Curious, she crawled into the room and took another breath. It was the smell of pleasure in the air, hot and humid, and it was the sweetest perfume she had ever known.

Snuff Bait saw her first as she crawled on top of Horny Holes. She froze as a smile crossed her face. Horny Holes kicked her off, but as she got to her feet, she also caught sight of Merrie. One by one, the playing and wrestling stopped to regard Merrie. The room was bright with their emotions and their love blinded Merrie's mental senses.

Merrie blushed hotly as she inched into the room. She stopped inside the door when she caught sight of something glistening on the floor. Lifting her arm, she peered down until she realized it was cum. She peeked up to Eight who mouthed, "Thank you."

And then they were on her. Naked bitches swarming over her as they all jumped her. There was kissing and touching. Merrie was lost in a storm of hands and tongues and tails. They caressed her entire body and their minds filled her with their thanks and love. It filled her with joy as they pushed and stroked her and touched her. She could do nothing except roll in the pleasure as she was brought to the ground and a dozen lips and tongues assaulted her.

Merrie didn't know who was licking or touching her. After a few seconds of trying, she realized she didn't care and lost herself in the pleasure of everyone. Mouths clamped against her nipples, tongues lapped at her sex, breasts, belly, everywhere. And everything turned into a blur of pleasure as she writhed and tried to enjoy every bit of it.

"Okay," Bass called out, "could the bitch orgy stop? You've been going at it for almost an hour."

Merrie gasped as she sat up. She had lost track of time. Her body felt liquid and hot, like molten silver poured into her veins. She gasped for breath and struggled to get the overwhelming sensations and afterglow back under control. She shook as she struggled to get to her feet, giving up twice before she managed to get her limbs back under control. Gasping for breath, she looked around.

Sable smiled broadly as she sat in front of Merrie. There was something in her eyes, a knowing that Merrie was so close to understanding herself.

Dixie came up next to Sable and sat down by the alpha. His bright eyes fixed on Merrie. It was the same look, as if both of them knew that Merrie's orgasm had taken over the entire mill in one moment. It was a look of expectation. Then, he nodded in approval.

His action stunned Merrie. She gaped with surprise.

Next to Dixie, Sable also looked surprised even though she wasn't looking at Dixie. She turned and butted Dixie in the side of the head before trotting to Bass.

Dixie rolled his eyes and turned around to crawl over to Tabitha who was leaning against the wall.

Seeing all the bitches heading toward their masters, Merrie reluctantly crawled toward Grange. The man was crouched between two windows. He was speaking sharply to Cock Diver and Pillow Chest. As Merrie drew closer, she heard the tail end of his words.

“-fucking bitches. I don't care what you do, if you don't get a copper, I'm going to beat your fucking asses until you bleed.”

His words were lessened by the knowledge that Bass had always moved the bitches away from Grange at the dog show. For Diver and Pillow, their agony was over. And Merrie could feel the relief filling them.

Diver peeked over to Merrie and she was filled with sympathy and sadness. Merrie crawled over and gave her a kiss.

Grange grabbed Merrie's collar and dug his fingers around the metal. “And you, little fuck hole, I don't know what you did, but I'm going to teach you to keep out of my fucking head!”

Touching him, the emotions came hard and fast. Fresh anger and hatred was now directed at her. She could feel it burning at her mind as the hungry desires to break her filled her thoughts. Grange had been pushed over the edge and he was no longer content with just whips and chains. He was picturing the knives on his table. She could feel with sick clarity the desire to break her bones, just to watch the healing charm putting her back together. The images were clear, as if she was experiencing them, and Merrie knew that it would be nothing like what happened before.

She felt sick to her stomach as she was assaulted by his desires. She let out a whimper as her world grew dark until it was nothing but herself and Grange. He pulled her close and then pulled out a rope.

Fear flashed through her, burning away the faded pleasure of her orgasms as he wrapped it around her neck. “I’m going to fucking break you.”

The rope tightened, cutting off Merrie’s breath. “I’m going to break your ass. I’m going to fuck you with every sharp blade I have, just to hear you scream. And then I’m going to rape the bloody hole just to feel you healing around it.”

His voice was a tight whisper, brimming with anger. He tightened the rope and she felt her throat constrict off her breathing. Panic and fear pounded in her ears as she pawed at his hands, her useless limbs sliding off his grip. She was barely aware that he was standing up, pulling her completely off the ground as he snarled at her.

“I’m going to break you. I’m going to make sure you never become like that dumb bitch Sable.”

Merrie’s skin grew tight with her fear. A tingling coursed along with, growing with intensity as she pawed at him, trying to force him away. She grew more terrified with every passing second, assaulted by his plans for her body.

“By the time I’m...” His words trailed off but his mouth was still moving.

Merrie thought it was the pounding in her ears but then she realized she couldn’t hear anything except two heartbeats. The tingling grew more intense and then burst out from inside her.

It was the bond. The ghostly leash waved once and then snapped forward. It buried itself into Grange’s chest and an intense hatred poured into her. She opened her mouth to scream but no noise came out. She could feel his heart speaking to her.

(I’m going to break her.)

And she wanted it.

(She’s going to scream.)

And she needed it.

(I’m going to rape her!)

With every passing heartbeat, the connection grew stronger and more solid. She sobbed and tried to shove him away, to escape the horrid fate of bonding with Grange. She couldn’t move, she couldn’t breathe. She was helpless as the solidifying bond allowed more emotions to crash into her.

Grange's memories poured into her, of his entire childhood flooding through her. She was assaulted by his own beatings, of his military service, of years of fighting in wars as he crawled to the top of the ranks.

She sobbed and lashed out. She was desperate to escape. She couldn't take it anymore, she wanted to kill herself than to let the bond continue. It kept growing more solid and solidifying. It took on a shape of braided leather as wisps gathered together. It was a whip, just like the one he formed with magic, and it was tying them together.

His life continued to pour into her, filling her with the desire to be hurt, beaten. It came with memories of his court martial, of being convicted of killing an entire village. He lost everything and was thrown out of the army. He quickly became a beggar on the street, but it wasn't long before he was fighting in the underground arenas.

In the corner of her eye, she saw Sable barking violently with a frightened look on her face but no noise reached Merrie's ears. She wanted to reach out for Sable, to beg her to save her, but she couldn't tear her body away from Grange. He was becoming her entire world, her meaning for life, her existence.

She shuddered as she looked down. The connection was almost complete. Only one strand left until she was irrevocably bound to the man she hated and feared for her life.

A gray fist came swinging right over her head. The world slowed down as she saw Bass's arm come in a powerful backhand. Plates of white armor appeared and slammed into place right before his fist slammed into the wall of the great hall. Wood, glass, and Dixie's picture shattered as he tore a deep gouge through the wall. The swing continued into Grange's face and the sickening crunch blasted through the forming bond.

Grange flew straight back, breaking through chairs and a trophy case before he crashed into the back wall of the hall.

Bass continued the swing and stepped in front of Merrie. He threw back his arms and there was a single burst of power as his armor slammed around him. Bright white and silver, it crashed into place around his body. A shock wave burst out from the impact of his armoring and threw Merrie back to the floor.

To Merrie's horror, she saw the connection between her and Grange still forming. The seconds slowed down as she watched the last of the braids slowly coming into existence.

Tabitha as a giant wolf slammed into Grange, punching him through the back wall as she took out the entire corner of the hall. The ceiling started to cave in. Through the crumbling timbers, she saw Tabitha's magic ignite and the wolf accelerated. A blink later, she was gone and there was a hundred meter long explosion of shattered trees and leaves in the wake of her passing.

The connection stretched tighter but didn't break. It slowed down but was still forming. More memories coursed into her, of Grange taking Bass' offer to be a trainer. It was six years ago, but Bass didn't look different than he did now. But, then she couldn't think of it as she experienced six years of torture and beating, of being turned on by hurting people. She could feel her mind twisting to match with his thoughts even as she struggled against it.

And then Sable and Dixie were there. Dixie was in wolf form, but Sable had wolf-like fangs as they both bit down on Merrie's shoulder. The force of their blow drove Merrie into the door of the great hall. It cracked from the impact and they fell through it in a shower of shattered wood.

The pain was intense, more than just physical damage but something that cut into her very being. With a sickening sensation, the connection snapped. Merrie felt an intense despair punch into her. It was a loss that scraped against her very soul, a wound that dug deep into her soul. She tried to let out a wail of pain and sorrow, but no noise came out.

Struggling on her back, she reached up for the rope still around her throat. It was strangling her but her amputated arms refused to grab on the rough texture. She opened her mouth to call out, panicked as she flailed on the floor. She lost control of her bladder but the hot liquid pouring down her leg faded under her fading senses.

She was helpless as the world grew dark.
And then there was nothing.

t'Sade

Foul Tastes

27

Grange was pissed and alive. He was three floors above Merrie and pacing back and forth. She couldn't hear him, but she knew that he was swearing up a storm as he lashed out and punched whatever was in his way. Magic flickered along his arms as he imagined someone else being tortured and suffocated. The focus of Grange's attention was in the room with him, but Merrie couldn't sense them except through the vile man's thoughts.

She was sickened by Grange and tried to reach out for someone else. Her mind drifted, but she could sense no other thoughts. She couldn't even tell if the house was occupied at all. Not a single other thinking being rose up in her questing. It was as if her abilities could only sense a single person, a single mater.

Her eyes snapped open as the sickening thought slammed in her. What if she bonded? Tabitha said that a bonded alpha had telepathy with only a single being. Tears burned at her eyes as she curled into a tighter ball, praying that it wasn't true. She thrust out with her mind again, trying to find some thought, some person beside the man now screaming above her.

There was none.

She shivered as she clutched herself, pressing her tail up between her legs and trying to make herself as small as possible. It couldn't be true. She remembered the connection snapping, the intense despair that tore through her. The memory was still raw, gripping her heart as she relived the experience once again. The horror of living through Grange's memories burned at her throat and she felt her skin grow hot from the desperation that welled up from the darkest parts of her mind.

Sweat clinging to her body, she realized that she wasn't in the familiar confines of one of Grange's cage. If she was in his room on the second floor, there was nothing beyond the third floor of the mill. The only way he could be three floors above was if she was in the basement of house.

Dreading the answer, she focused on the world around her, not with her mind but her physical senses. A thin sheet covered her body and she could taste the musty air leaking through the gaps. She was on a soft mattress and she knew that it wasn't as bad as she thought. Grange would never let her sleep on anything comfortable. Confused, she shifted and stretched out with one amputated arm to push up the sheet.

The first thing she saw was a brick wall. It was only half a meter from the edge of the bed. Next to the head was a small end table with a pad of paper, a pair of pens, and a single straight-edge knife.

(Fuck Bass!) raged Grange, (I can't stand being here any longer!)

Merrie stared at the knife. If she bonded with Grange, something that seemed growing more possible when she heard his thoughts clearly through her mind, she couldn't live with herself. Her mind locked on the blade, wondering how to cut something critical without hands.

"Of all the girls," Borias spoke from out of her sight, "you be the last to be thinking suicide."

Fear plunged into Merrie's heart. She didn't know if it was Borias' voice or Grange's anger, but she was convinced she was about to be punished. She cowered against the mattress and crawled away from Borias, sliding off the bed into the gap between the mattress and the brick wall. The cold surface teased her buttocks as she knelt on the hard-packed ground and peered over the crest of blankets.

She was in a basement room, judging from the exposed brick and the joists above her, but it was not like any basement she had ever seen. To her left, the entire wall was covered in wooden barrels like the kind they made wine and beer. A dozen taps in the casks were dangling with clothes and towels.

The far wall was a kitchen but it was far more than just the simple magical stove that she had in her apartment. Instead, there was at least three sinks, dozens of cooking surfaces, and hundreds of tiny drawers all neatly labeled. Pinned to the cabinet doors were

detailed diagrams of women of all shapes and sizes. Every diagram was covered in notes and writing, notations and arcane symbols that crawled as she looked at them.

To her right, there was the head of the bed and the table with the knife. On the far side was another table and a door leading out of the room. It was closed with a simple latch. She felt a trickle of pleasurable helplessness as she realized she couldn't even open such a simple lock.

Heart pounding, she turned her head to look at Borias. His back was to her as he was chopping something on a cutting board. He was bare down to his waist and she could see the faded scars of whip marks that marred his back. After her time with Grange, she felt a sympathetic cringe at the pain that the deep lashes must have left him.

"Mother's collars," Borias leaned over and picked up a pair of carrots before bringing them back to the board, "chime when a girl be considering killing herself. You not be able to hear it, because of the collar, but it tells us to be watching you."

He finally turned to her, his brown eyes catching her gaze. "You not be thinking about that knife, be you?"

Merrie glanced over at the knife and shivered. Hearing Borias speaking calmly helped her own fear and despair. She shook her head but reflexively lowered herself.

"I be considered it when I was in Abbinkey. More than a few times. Nothing to be ashamed above, it is part of being alive. It be scary to think you are stuck for you life in some hell. Though, I be thinking your time here isn't so bad, is it, Merrie?"

She shivered at her own name. It was sent a tremor along her senses, but it wasn't sexual. Just a powerful rush of her humanity and a reminder that she was falling quickly away from her old life.

"Come out from behind the bed when you want. Take all day, all night. You don't have to do anything you don't want in this room." He gave her another broad smile, then returned to his cutting. Something flared and she felt a prickle of energy rolling along her senses, the first sensation of something besides Grange's anger.

Merrie cringed at the thought. Grange was screaming at the top of his lungs now, but she couldn't hear it. Instead, his thoughts battered against her, tearing at wounds in her mind.

(Fucking thriban! Lemitri,) an image of statue of a woman rose up from Grange's thoughts, (should have killed him when she cast him out. Why won't the bastard just die? Oh god, he's apologizing to me again. Good! Fucking thriban deserves to suffer. I have his balls in my hands-)

She pushed herself back against the wall and clapped her arms to her head. She didn't want to hear Grange's thoughts any more. She hated him. She glanced back up at the knife, then guilty looked at the mattress to where Borias was standing.

"His thoughts still be in you pretty head?"

Merrie whimpered and let out a soft, breathy bark.

Borias sighed and set down his knife. "Damn it, I thought my shield be strong enough. Hold on."

Nothing happened for a long moment, and then she felt power rolling around her. It was an itch that ran up her spine and spread out across her body. The air rippled around her and she straightened her back to look down at her chest. There were tiny golden flames spreading out across her skin, leaving a strange senses of being confined in the tightest glove. She squirmed as it spread out and rose up her body, cresting over her nipples, and then rushed toward her head.

A wail ripped out of her throat as it ran across her face and up over her head. The flames faded away as fast as they appeared, but Grange's thoughts faded into a dull ache in the back of her head.

Merrie inhaled, half-expecting to be muffled, but the noises came clearly through her own ears. She tried to reach out with her mind, but she encountered a resistance of golden flames. Gingerly, she brought her thoughts back into her own head.

"How about that?" Borias sounded exhausted.

Merrie peeked up over the mattress. Borias was slumped against the counter, sweat beading on his brow. He caught her looking at him and gave a smile. "You don't be worrying, pretty girl. I'd hate be having that bastard's thoughts in my head too. He be gone now?"

She nodded and barked with more confidence.

"Good."

He turned back to scoop everything up into a small pot. It wasn't much larger than a single serving. He dropped it on one of the heating runes next to another pot. His fingers gracefully traced a

rune on the side and it appeared in a red glow before fading. Borias lifted the top off the first one and breathed in the smell.

“Just like Mother never made.”

A new smell drifted past her. At first she thought it was from the pot, but it smelled like feces. Wrinkling her nose, she pulled a face. Curious, Merrie crawled along the bed and peeked out from the foot. The room had a slate floor and looked cold, but there was warmth from the stone underneath her knees. There was no one else in the room and she felt a little braver.

With a deep breath, she crawled out from the bed. Her bare breasts swayed with her movements and felt the cool air of the basement teasing her pussy. She lifted her tail to enjoy the tease of coolness. She headed for his feet and looked up at the counter. It towered over her when she was on her arms and knees. A flash of excitement came with the reminder of her helplessness.

Borias looked down, then reached out to stroke her head. His fingers ran along the side to tease her loose hair and the curl of her ear before he returned to his preparations.

Merrie felt warmth at the touch. She pushed herself up on her knees, trying to look on the counter. The ends of her arms barely reached up to the edge of the counter and she felt tiny against the wooden counter.

“Here, let me get this.”

He turned and picked up a padded crate from the corner. Setting it down next to the counter, he patted the top before he looked away to open a cabinet.

She knew he was giving her a chance to move without being watched. She felt a flush of respect for Borias. She crawled on the crate in a flush of helplessness. It brought back the familiar excitement, a tingle pooling between her legs and a quickening of her breath. She twisted around on the crate, careful of her balance, until she could kneel and peer over the counter.

Borias was just setting down a piece of parchment on the counter. The translucent paper had a intricate diagram in golden ink. It shimmered in the light as he squared it on the cutting board. Like the paper, the board had more arcane symbols carved into it and the parchment fit perfectly into a carved depression.

He set down a pair of large carrots. He picked up his knife and began to chop with short, precise movements. As the blade came up, a shower of almost invisible magic burst out from the paper. With the blade's downward movement, it splattered the magic against the carrot. With his rapid-fire cutting, it looked like a flower blossoming over the carrot. He chopped down the length of the carrot, then pushed it aside to slice into the second one.

"This be your dinner. I be making each meal individually for the girls I get. Today, Useless Cunt be getting a bit of venison," he chuckled, "because she be very good with her toilet training. I think you will be a good girl too."

He opened up a cabinet and cold mist poured out of it as he picked up a hunk of meat. Setting it down, he sliced through it. Like the carrot, magic flowed up from the parchment, along the knife, and sank into the meat. It was elegant and beautiful but Merrie had no idea what it was for.

"You know, Merrie," she looked up at her name but he didn't look away from his cutting, "when you be crying on the steps, I be telling you that I would answer more questions." He finished the meat and glanced at her. "You be wanting answers?"

Merrie nodded.

"You want be speaking?"

Another nod.

Borias set down his knife. He reached over, but then pulled back his hand. A smile. "Beg for it."

Merrie felt a flush of excitement. She pulled herself into a begging position and spread her knees. The feeling of the padded crate teasing her inner thighs sent a tiny hint of pleasure coursing up her body. She inhaled and barked.

"Good girl." He slid his hand along her chin to cup her jaw with his palm. "Speak, girl."

There was no tingling, no sensation that anything changed. She was afraid to speak, in fear of the pain, but then she realized she was already familiar with that pain.

"Did-" she paused for the shock. When none came, she let out a long breath.

He said, "You not be bonded."

She froze, the exact question clinging to her lips.

He grinned. “We all be asking that. When Sable and Dixie went berserk, we all be panicked. Bass smacked Grange through a wall. Mother found a rope around your neck and you be dying. She blew a lot of power to bring you back. Regeneration charms don’t be healing starvation and strangling,” he flicked her charm and then one nipple.

As Merrie arched her back at the tiny gesture, he continued. “Tabby took Grange away and bitched him out. Would have killed the bastard, but Bass stopped him. Mother blew a lot of magic to heal Grange. Tabby got hurt too, but mother don’t be having enough power for her. Right now, Bass be apologizing to Grange.”

Merrie whimpered. She didn’t want Bass to apologize, Grange deserved what he got.

“Tabby be pissed now that Bass be crawling on his belly for Grange. But,” Borias sighed, “Bass be Bass. Promises were made and the boss can’t afford to break them. Tabby don’t be understanding that but I... I,” Borias’ voice broke for a second, “I be knowing what it is like when you don’t have a choice.”

Tabitha said something about Bass and promises, that it was how he got his magic. And she knew that Bass was bound not to hurt Grange, if Grange’s ranting while he fucked her was any indication. In some ways, Bass had a collar around his own neck, one that he willingly put on. She whimpered again softly in pity and frustration, because there was nothing she could do.

“Well,” he continued, “we be worried because you still had an empathic link with him. But, Sable and Dixie both say you not be bonded. It be close. Maybe a few seconds at most. But, apparently it didn’t really break until Tabby got Grange past the second marker stone.”

He shook his finger at her, but Merrie didn’t have a reference to understand the significance.

“So, you be just having a strong empathic connection with the bastard. It will fade over time, but for a while, you be knowing what’s in his nasty little head. I be shielding you for now, but I can’t hold it for more than a day at most. Of course, it will all go away when you bond, but we are a few weeks from allowing that.”

Merrie pushed out with her mind, wanting to feel Borias' thoughts and get the taste of Grange's thoughts out of her head. But, when she felt the resistance of his shield, she pulled back again.

"Feel better?"

Merrie nodded slowly.

He chuckled. He turned back to the counter and added some other vegetables to the mix. As he cut, the magic flashed and she saw the diagrams fading from the parchment.

Merrie gulped and whispered, "What is that?"

She reached over the edge of the counter with her severed arm and waved over the parchment, afraid to touch it.

"This is a spell. Erstil's Intestinal Fortitude. I can't be easily using raw magic anymore, so I be buying these spells to do my job."

Merrie shivered as she watched him pick through jars of spices.

"What... is your job?"

Borias chuckled. "I be hired for the same reason as Grange, pretty girl."

Merrie cringed but Borias continued. "When Bass sell a girl, he doesn't be forgetting them. He goes and checks on them. A couple dozen in early spring before he picked up another litter to train. Most of the time, he just chatting, pets the girls, and heads home. But, there be two girls in Belkim that were... they didn't have a good owner. He treated them like dogs. Fed them filth, made them sleep in their shit, and kept them caged up. Whored them out to other masters to fuck their dogs. But they both get real sick and broken. He be beating them. It wasn't the life Bass be planning with his love and compassion."

Borias sliced some apples over the pile of food. He tapped the board twice and there was a flash of magic. He scooped it all up into a pot. He opened another cabinet and pulled out another parchment spell and lined it up. Some roots and dried peppers came from other drawers and soon he was slicing them up.

"Now, Bass be pretending he be evil but he be still be a paladin at heart. So, he be offering to buy them back. Nope, got asked for ten times what he sold them for. Bass can't be buying that. So, he made a deal. Bass pay to get the girls healed of diseases and injuries and the guy sell the girls to a better owner. Everyone happier but Bass

be out a year's profit. Of course, Bass be Bass and he would die to keep his promises."

Reaching out, Borias stuck a finger in the first pot. It was a dark brown substance. He grinned and held it out for Merrie to taste.

Merrie sniffed at it and almost choked. It smelled like shit. She felt the bile rise up and turned away.

Borias licked his finger clean and grinned broadly. "Tastes like shit too. But, be the healthiest thing you ever be eating. That's my job actually. I teach you to eat just about everything. By the time I'm done with you, there won't be anything you won't put in your mouth and swallow."

He chuckled. "You know, besides cocks and cunts."

Merrie blushed and smiled, squirming as she felt a flush growing in her loins.

"But, I can make you a promise. No matter how bad this," he dipped two fingers into the noxious food and held it out to her, "it be never be the real thing. Nothing out of my butt or anyone else at the mill. This be nothing but vegetables, spices, and a whole lot of alteration magic."

She paled at the smell of it. She felt the bile rising and forced herself to swallow.

Borias shrugged and licked his fingers clean. She was repulsed by the idea of the taste, but she felt guilty as she watched him cleaning his own fingers. She wanted to have him dominate her, to force her to do it, but not with what he was offering her.

"Mother's magic focuses more on making you stay here, pleasure with the 'good girls' and the punishment when you speak. My magic is less flashy but also permanent. The spells I cast," he gestured to the now blank parchment, "change your body so you won't ever get sick if you eat poisoned or diseased food, drink bad water. If I have you for a full week, then eating month-old green meat, covered in maggots, and in a pile of vomit won't get you any sicker than eating that oatmeal slop they feed you upstairs."

She whimpered.

He reached out with his other hand and stroked her hair. "It's okay, girl."

She sniffed and leaned into his palm. It was strong and comforting. She let out a whimper and inched closer.

“Damn, you’re sexy. Even without the puppy eyes. But, you know why I’m be doing this. Right? Bass has me feed this to you,” he dipped the tip of his other hand’s finger in the food and held it out, “so he never be seeing a girl crawling on the ground in pain, stomach all twisted and bleeding, and be helpless to do anything. You can imagine how much that tore him up.”

Merrie stared at the finger, her heart pounding in her chest. She knew what it smelled like, and she had no doubt what it tasted like. It was disgusting and vile, but Borias ate it like candy.

“He be loving you girls.”

Bass was kind and compassionate, the master that Merrie wished she could have. She warmed up even more at the thought of his tender ways, the kindness and compassion he gave all of them. He was crying when he held her the day Ass Licker ran away, trying to convince himself that he was evil.

She nodded, her eyes still not leaving the dark-tipped finger held in front of her. She didn’t need magic to know what Borias wanted her to do. Her stomach clenched tightly as she stared at it, trying not to breath in the earthy scent.

“It’s only vegetables,” whispered Borias.

Merrie whimpered and glanced up at him.

He smiled sweetly to her. And then, she felt the pressure on her head as he guided her to it.

Her heart thumped loudly, the sense of being dominated slamming into her. She could easily slip to the side to avoid it, but she was caught his hand as if she was chained. She fought down the bile and closed her eyes. Slowly, she parted her lips. Between her legs, the heat of submission boiled hotly across her senses, reminding her that she was his willing slave.

It tasted terrible, but she managed to find the strength to lap at his finger. She wrapped her lips around his knuckles and slid it back, cleaning it like a cock. Her stomach surged and she fought it down.

“Good girl,” whispered Borias, “you are a pretty, good girl.”

She gasped as the finger slipped from her mouth. She let out a sob as she inhaled sharply.

The pressure on her neck relaxed. “That was such a good girl.”

She felt ashamed and humiliated. The taste clung to her mouth and she gulped to try clearing it. Her stomach tingled and she felt magic spreading out from her stomach and leaving a strange flutter inside her.

“But, this be for Fuckhole, not you. Different spells for different meals.”

He pulled her close and kissed her forehead.

“Don’t be worrying, pretty girl, the first one is usually the easiest to swallow.”

The blade flashed with magic as he chopped and sliced. As he worked, she could see a hint of a professional cook in his movements. He was skilled and fast, preparing her dinner in a matter of moments. When he finished, he poured it into a pot and set it on the nearest heating rune.

Borias pulled the other pots off the cooking runes and set out three dishes. Each dish matched the lid of the pot: blue, green, and yellow. He poured Fuckhole’s yellow pot into the bowl and it slopped to the bottom. Useless Cunt’s was thicker, but just as disgusting. Twenty-Eights came in lumps and he shaped a few of them with his fingers before licking his fingers clean.

“In Abbinkey, they don’t let wizards be in general population. So, I be in solitary and be getting the nasty jobs. The last eight years there, I be cleaning out the bathrooms and jacks. After a while, I had to adjust or be killing myself.” There was a haunted quality in his voice, a memory of something terrible.

Merrie whimpered softly and rested the end of her hand on his arm. Her tail pressed against her thigh in a protective gesture.

Borias patted it. “That be my old life. Now, I be happy. Let me feed the other girls and I be coming back.”

She barked and turned back to her pot, watching the chopped vegetables and meats rolling in the thick soup. She was curious how it went from recognizable food into something disgusting. She waited until the door to the room closed and then pushed out with her senses.

In her mind’s eye, she could see the magic swirling around inside the pot. As she focused on it, she picked out two different types of energy. One had the same feel as the shower of magic while he cut. It felt like a flower slowly dissolving in the food, sinking into every

bite and nibble. There was a sense of waiting, like a liquor-filled candy ready to burst open when bit into.

The second spell was far more complicated. She couldn't comprehend its structure any more than how it was made, but she could almost sense its purpose. It worked around the first spell, changing the food while leaving the transformation spell untouched. It was what made it taste and look horrible, but she could also see how it was just an illusion.

As she watched, the soup thickened and transformed into a bowl of what appeared to be crap. She pulled a face wondering if she could actually do what Borias want and eat it. She bit her lip and reached out with her arm for it, just to smell it.

The door opened and she yanked it back. Her movement was more violent than she wanted and she tipped the crate back. The world shifted and she let out a shriek as she tumbled back.

The stone smacked into her back and she laid on the floor, staring up at Borias with a blush of humiliation.

"You be okay?"

Reluctantly, she nodded.

"You be hungry?"

She shot a fearful look at the stove. She shook her head. Even as she denied it, her stomach rumbled and twisted to the side.

"You be lying. I feed you."

He affectionately patted her head and turned to the stove. She wanted to watch but he made no effort to restore the crate. Instead, she remained on the ground and unable to look. It added to her sense of helplessness. He could be doing anything he wanted and she had no way of knowing. It wasn't any different than a restaurant, but having her meal prepared just a meter away somehow added a sharp knife edge to her helplessness.

She squirmed as the heat boiled inside her. It warred with the revulsion she felt for her meal. The two left her disoriented as she struggled with what Borias wanted and what she craved.

When he set down the bowl in front of her, she stared in shock. He shaped her dinner so it looked like it was at the bottom of the toilet. But, in a stark contrast, he made a little flower of summer fruit and stuck it on top. She didn't know if she wanted to throw up or laugh.

She snorted and turned to hide her smile.

“Aye, ruins the effect, I be knowing. But, this is important, girl. You need to be eating.”

Merrie whimpered and looked at it again. She shook her head. “I-I can’t.”

“Yes, you can.”

“I-”

Borias knelt on the floor next to her. “How about we make a deal?”

Merrie looked up. “A deal?”

“Yeah, a deal. You do something for me, I be doing something for you.”

“Like fucking?”

Borias reached over and caught her head with both hands. He tilted her up and kissed her on the lips. Heat rippled along her skin as he broke the kiss. “I be fucking you no matter what tonight.”

Merrie tightened her legs, enjoying the feel of her pussy growing wet with anticipation.

“No, I want you to clean your bowl and... finish your drink. And if you be a good girl, I give you a proper glass of brew to wash out the taste.” He gestured to the casks in the back of his room.

She looked at the barrels. The only time she had alcohol since she got to the mill was during the puppy shows. It was for special occasions. She glanced back down at her dinner, fighting the revulsion.

It was only vegetables and meat. It only looked disgusting and probably tasted just as worse. Her stomach clenched tightly as she looked up pleadingly. “I... I...”

“You can do it, Merrie.”

Hearing her name, her resistance began to crumble. She felt tears in her eyes as she dropped her gaze back down. She struggled with herself for a long moment until she came to one thought. It was for Bass. And... it was for Borias.

Gasping for breath, she positioned herself over the bowl. Her body trembled as she closed her eyes and took a deep breath.

And she ate.

As she choked down her transformed dinner, Borias stroked her back and head. “That’s a good girl. A pretty girl. So brave. So-” It

was comforting as she struggled against throwing up. It was just as bad as she thought it was but she had to do it, for Bass and Borias.

She finished faster than she thought. Knowing that it would please Borias, she gave the rune at the bottom of her bowl a lick to lean it before lifting her head. She gasped for breath, sobbing.

Borias wiped the tears from her eyes. "You be a good girl."

She opened her mouth and gagged.

"Better get you something to drink, then your brew."

Merrie froze as he stood up. She knew what was coming, but still watching him unbutton his pants and step out of them left a dread growing in her gut. She stared at his half-hard cock with trepidation. Her tongue morbidly explored her own mouth, trying to get the taste out of her mouth.

Borias stood in front of her and gestured for her. "Beg."

She was helpless to resist. Pulling herself up into a begging position, she spread her legs and held herself still. The ends of her arms brushed against the iron collar around her neck.

"You are pretty. This won't be long, just a few gulps, okay?"

Merrie swallowed at the dryness, fighting with the heat of submission and the taste that gagged her. She trembled.

Borias slid his hands around her head, cupping her chin with his palms. "Open your pretty mouth, girl."

She obeyed. Fresh tears ran down her cheeks as she felt the heat growing inside her, adding to the pleasure and revulsion. She shifted closer and lifted her gaze to look into his eyes.

"That's a good girl," she shivered with the pleasure. "Now, take a deep breath and be opening your throat like you are going to drink."

She struggled to obey. She knew it was coming, but when the first hot stream of urine splashed in her mouth, she gasped and choked. She tried to pull away, but his hands tightened around her head but at least he stopped.

"That's okay, just breathe. Breathe."

"B-Borias, I-"

"You can do this, Merrie."

She moaned at her name, it was her own personal drug. She gulped and opened her mouth again, tilting her head back.

"Oh, you be good girl."

He started up again. This time, she was ready for the hot stream and let it pour down her throat. The hot humiliation filled her as he emptied his bladder into her. She sobbed but kept her mouth open, taking everything until the stream came to a stop and a few droplets splashed on her tongue.

Merrie closed her mouth to gulp, then opened it again.

“Oh,” Borias said with a smile, “you be a very good girl. You be brave and pretty. But, I be empty.”

Relieved that her ordeal was over, at least for a short period, Merrie closed her mouth. She glanced down at the cock she just drank from and saw a droplet forming at the tip. Without thinking, she opened her mouth and took his cock into her mouth. Her tongue teased the tip as she sucked on it. A few droplets of urine teased her senses, but it was nothing compared to what she just went through.

Borias let out a soft moan as his shaft grew harder in her mouth. His hands slid up to the side of her head, cradling her but also preparing to guide her.

She kept herself begging and bobbed down on his cock. Compared to everything that just happened, cum was a taste she had acquired and she knew how to get it. With a smile, she teased it as it grew harder in her mouth, filling her with the comforting joy of a cock against the back of her throat.

Merrie held it there, sucking and lapping with her tongue until Borias took over. He held her tight as he slid his shaft from her lips. She felt a flush of being dominated and of being used. When he drove forward, she moaned around his cock. It was something she craved now, of her lips wrapped around hard flesh. His cock head against the back of her throat flared her lust with every bump. She squirmed with excitement as he fucked her face. She sucked harder, chasing away the taste of shit and urine with the fresh flavor of pre-cum.

It didn't take long before he reached his crest. Holding her firmly, he pulled his shaft completely free of her mouth.

“Open up,” he gasped.

Merrie opened her mouth and listened to her heart pounding in her chest. She lifted her gaze up to his eyes and held herself still. A moment later, his cum splattered into her mouth. She opened her throat like she was drinking, relishing the feel of cum sliding into

her gut with a hot, searing taste. There was a similarity between the two actions, one already a natural action and she had no doubt that the other would soon become one. It was far better than eating the transformed food.

She moaned and squirmed, rocking her hips back and forth as the last of his cum filled her stomach. She licked her lips to get a small glob that caught the corner of her lip. With a smile, she barked once.

“Good girl. Now, that wasn’t so bad, was it?”

Merrie gave him a pained look and Borias laughed. After a moment, she snorted and then was giggling with him.

“Okay, but I knew,” he lowered himself to kiss her on the lips, “you would swallow the first time. You be such a good girl.”

Merrie squirmed and breathed in the tiny space between their lips. His own breath was hot on her face and she flushed hotly.

Borias kissed her lips again. “And I be owing you a brew.”

She almost answered like a person, but then decided to bark instead. She leaned forward and barked, her lips caressing his own. Then, with a sly grin, she licked his face.

He looked surprised for a moment, then chuckled. “You be really adorable, you know.”

Standing up, Borias took her bowl and tossed it into a sink. He opened one of the cabinets and fog poured out of it. He grabbed a large glass mug and closed it. Heading to the back wall, he picked out one of the casks and pulled the handle. A dark amber liquid poured out, filling the glass until the thick foamy head crested over the rim.

Turning around, he padded back to her. His cock bobbed with his movements and she felt the moisture clinging to her pussy.

Merrie wagged her tail as she stared at it, gulping reflexively and enjoying the boiling heat gathered in her pussy. She wanted to be fucked, to come, and she knew that it would only be a matter of moments. She panted with need and watched impatiently as Borias settled on the ground with his legs crossed in front of him. His shaft stuck up from his groin as he patted to his shins.

“Come on, Merrie, have a seat.”

Merrie crawled over, her body slick with excitement. She poised her rear in his lap, settling down. His cock bumped against her asshole and then slid into the groove of her pussy. When it bumped

her clitoris, she let out a moan and settled into place. She squirmed for a moment to shift her tail so it was trapped against her back and his belly.

“Good girl,” he whispered into her ear.

She panted as she rocked her hips along his cock. With a grin, she leaned forward and let his cock slid into her cunt with a wet slurp. She rested her weight down until he was completely sheathed inside her pussy.

“You remember the stairs,” asked Borias as he picked up the icy glass.

Merrie moaned at the memory. She spread her legs and sank down further on his cock. With her legs splayed out, she pressed her arms against her thighs and tilted up her head.

His cock pulsed in her pussy. “Good girl.”

She moaned as she pressed her low lip to the glass. When he didn't pour it immediately, she wiggled her hips. His cock swirled around her insides, teasing her pussy. She had to wait for him. He would give her what she needed, what he wanted to give her.

With a whimper, she opened her mouth even further.

He tilted the glass and the strong stout poured into her mouth. She opened her throat and let it slid down her throat. She clamped down tightly on his cock as the utter submission slammed into her. It didn't matter if it was beer, piss, or cum, she would swallow anything Borias commanded her to.

t'Sade

Bloody Thoughts

28

“I love it when you do that,” Borias murmured as Merrie woke up.

Merrie opened her eyes in confusion. She pushed her head out from the sheets and ran her chin along his naked thigh until she could look at him. “What?” She tensed at the word as she remembered the feedback from the heavy iron collar around her neck, but no shock came.

“The way you wake up when I do,” chuckled Borias. He reached down and stroked her cheek. “I be having the strongest shields in the mill, but somehow you be slipping right into them when I wasn’t paying attention.”

She frowned as she tried to understand.

Borias chuckled and slipped his hand around to the back of her neck. She could feel the pressure of his fingers as he guided her toward his cock.

The heat of submission rose up and she lifted her body from the mattress. She could feel the moisture gathering as she lifted one leg and speared it through the blankets to reach between his legs. Her breasts bumped against his thigh as she crawled over his shin and settled into place in the gap between his knees.

Merrie breathed in the scent of Borias’ growing excitement. With a grin, she kept her eyes locked on his and lowered her mouth to kiss the base of his cock.

“I bet,” he said, “you also be waking up when Grange and the boss woke up too? Right?”

Merrie caressed his hairy testicles and slid one into her mouth. The warm, egg-shaped ball twitched in her lips and she sucked on it playfully before nodding.

“That be the empathic link alphas and betas have. I used to have one with Cici,” he sighed, “I missed that tingle when she be waking up. Her wings always fluttered against my face before she opened her eyes. And then she be wrapping her body around me cock and jerking me off first thing in the morning.” He wiggled his hips and pulled her head closer.

She frowned again and kissed his shaft, working his mouth up to the tip. “Ci-” she kissed his cock again. “Cici?”

Borias ran his fingers through her hair. “I better do up your ears again before the show,” he muttered before changing topics, “Cici was a little drafimp,” Merrie heard of the dark-winged faeries that were rumored to be familiars of evil mages, “with the cutest breasts and these little sharp claws-”

As he spoke, Merrie felt a sad longing filling her. It wasn't a strong emotion, more like it was filtered through a screen or muted by a wall. She reached out with her mind, trying to pick up his emotions, but she encountered a resistance. She pushed against it and tried to worm her senses through what she guessed was his shields.

Borias guided her to the tip of his cock. “That's a good girl. Right now, you be having a... empathic link with me. You be picking up my emotions. Right now, you probably be getting broad stuff like love, joy, or anger. Later, as you be more an alpha, you'll be able to start picking up more complicated ones and more details. Like specific types of lusts. Say... what exactly turns on Bass.”

Merrie started to tell him she could pick up more, but he continued with a smirk.

“I bet you be picking up more. I know Bass want be shoving his log in a tight ass like yours for years. And you, Merrie, knew exactly what he be wanting for years.”

She moaned at the memory of him tearing into her body, and the days that followed of Bass' hard, pounding fucking.

“The boss needed that,” he smiled sadly, “more than you can imagine. The last time it happened, a girl... and then he...” he trailed off for a moment. “But, you knew he wanted to rip into you, ya?”

She blushed and nodded.

“Can you be hearing thoughts yet?”

Merrie nodded and managed to whisper around his cock. “A little, but it comes and goes.”

“You be getting better. I be betting,” he ran his fingers along her ear and drew her back to his cock. “that after what happened with Grange, you be picking up a lot more from the other girls.”

She got a flash of his desire, the pleasure of her lips against his shaft. She planted her wrists against the mattress and lifted herself up so she could take his entire length into her mouth. The hard cock slid along the roof of her mouth and along the smooth palette. A welcoming surge of heat grew between her legs and lifted her tail tight against her back. It felt good to be exposed. The sheet slipped between her legs and rested against her entrance, teasing her with a tiny little tickle.

“When you bond, it be a telepathic link with your master.”

She remembered hearing Grange’s thoughts in her head, sharing her memories. She shuddered in revulsion.

“Aye, being in his head would be bad. But, don’t worry, pretty Merrie-”

Merrie moaned around the cock in her mouth.

“-I be a much better trainer. I be nice. I fuck you sweet.”

She smiled.

“And I feed you crap.”

Merrie gave him a mock glare, then shoved his cock all the way into her mouth. She worked her lips at the base and forced it past the gag reflex in her throat. She was rewarded when his eyes briefly rolled into his head and he gripped her tightly. Barely able to grin around the hard shaft, she pulled up and bobbed a few times.

“Aye, but it don’t be taking magic to know I like that. That be like saying I pee standing up. Or I like be shoving me dick in your pussy.”

Curious, Merrie wondered what really turned on Borias. She focused on blowing him with long, deep strokes and reached out with her mind. She hit the resistance. It was hard and she couldn’t get to the raw emotions that she knew were inside.

Her eyes unfocused as she concentrated on his shields while still sliding her lips up and down his veined shaft. At first, she couldn’t figure out how to get into his mind, but then she remembered he said she was already there with an empathic link. She thought about her affection for the mage and concentrated on the emotions. A

small link, a hazy little line, appeared in her mind's eye and she worked her thoughts along it and into the shield that surrounded Borias' thoughts.

There was a flash of sadness and she froze. Looking up, she saw a stricken look on his face. She withdrew and felt his shield sealing up.

He let out a long sigh and reached down with his other hand. Pressing his palms right below her ears, he stroked her neck. "No. Actually, I think, Merrie-"

She shivered again at the touch, wishing she could orgasm from the word just like "good girl" used to work.

"-that we need to have a little talk before you be getting in me."

Merrie opened her mouth and let his cock slide out from her lips. His precum clung to the roof her mouth and she licked her lips. "Talk?"

"I need you to understand why you can't be bonding to me. And that be including sticking your pretty head past my shields."

Merrie pulled back and Borias let her body slip from his fingers. She pulled back and sat on her knees, spreading her amputated ankles apart until her pussy caressed the mattress. Her tail thumped against the sheet as she watched him warily.

Borias sat up, the muscles along his stomach showing off his fit frame. He reached out and took her severed wrist in his palm. "Now, I be taking down me shields. And you be reading what turns me on." He looked sad and his eyes sparkled with unshed tears.

"I-I don't want to, do I?"

"Yes, but I be needing you to."

"Why?"

"You know that Tabby likes to chase and hunt?"

Merrie nodded, a feeling of dread rising in her.

"And that she be getting power from that?"

She nodded again. "And that is why she could crop the others? Because I was a real chase and fought back?" She grew slick at the memory.

Borias nodded. "I be the same type of mage. My entire life be wrapped around me power. It be turning me on and I got magic from it. I wanted it, lusted after it, it be everything for me. But..."

but...” he let out a long shuddering breath. “Now, you be reading me.”

“I-”

“Now,” came the command.

Merrie took a deep breath. She closed her eyes and reached out with her mind. This time there was no resistance. She felt the intensity of his emotions against her, like standing in front of a bonfire. She shivered at the raw power inside Borias, both the intense emotions and the well of power that felt like an emotion. She whimpered as she forced herself deeper, sinking into the tightly-wound core that was her current master.

And then she was somewhere else. She was someone else. She was on her uncropped knees and bent over a butcher block. She was screaming as her long, straight blonde hair flew everywhere. She was naked as Borias drove his cock into her, slamming his hips into her ass and driving her into the cutting surface. She caught sight of a knife on the block and every part of her body screamed for him to pick it up. As he thrust into her, he wrapped his arm around her throat and bent her back until his chest ground into her sweat-slicked back. His cock was buried deep inside her, ramming with hard, frantic strokes.

He reached for the knife and she came. She couldn't stop watching as he yanked it out of the wood and pressed it against her shaking breasts. Her soft flesh bounced on the sharp edge, bringing a line of red but she didn't care. She orgasmed again and again, feeling the blade as he brought it up to her throat. And then, with terrifying clarity, he cut her throat and she just kept on coming and coming.

Merrie realized she was screaming, not as the woman from his fantasies, but with her own throat. She blinked and plastered her arms against the rough brick wall. She was on the floor between the wall and the bed again and she couldn't stop screaming. Her arms pressed against her face as she shook her head. “No, no, no!”

She caught sight of him between her arms. Borias was sitting on the edge of the bed, tears on his cheeks. He held out his hand for her, but made no effort to touch her.

He was devastated and she could feel it burning against her mind. He took a deep breath and started to talk. “Her name be Bithis. It be

sixteen years ago. I be a rising chef at the time and just earned me sixth rank. In a few years, I be a ninth and I got me all the pussy I be wanting. But, I be liking a certain type of girl.”

“S-She,” Merrie choked on her words, “she wanted it, didn’t she?” She could feel the girl’s emotions in her mind. She hungered for the blade, desperate to feel it slicing into flesh. It was the same hunger for submission that Merrie felt, intense and intoxicating, addictive and terrifying at the same time.

He nodded. “They all did. We call them spit muffins and I be a cannibal. Me magic,” he held out his hand, “and me lusts are the same. I need their desire, I need them to want it. But,” he looked away toward his cooking area, “I also be needing them to die. And I be needing to cook and be eating them.”

She shuddered at the thought. She could almost feel the same desire, a hunger to feel the knife against her throat. It was different than Grange. Borias would love her, touch her, make her cum, and then end it in one single-

The thought ended with a crash as his shield slammed back into place. She was thrown back into her own mind. The impact of it startled her and she whimpered.

“No,” he said fiercely. “You can’t be wanting that.”

Merrie gasped for breath. She couldn’t focus on anything but the man in front of her. He wasn’t what she thought. He was worse than Grange in so many ways, but he was kind, caring. She remembered how he held her when she was sobbing on the stairs. Or the playful way he teased her on the first day at the pond.

Everything inside her screamed to run away, but Merrie knew she couldn’t escape. She was a slave, one to her own desires. She lowered her arms and forced herself into a kneeling position again. Her severed legs slid against the slate floor as she arched her back and brought her wrists up to her iron collar. Her tail tapped against the brick wall behind her.

Borias sniffed and wiped the tears from his eyes. “You be beautiful, Merrie.” He reached out and stroked the back of her neck. “Courage be kneeling there.”

She whimpered but kept kneeling. “W-What happened?”

Borias stroked his thumb against her collar. “In Franome City, there be laws for spit muffins. Therapy, forms, and the whole

bureaucratic ritual. It be taking a year and Bithis did them all. But, Bithis' father be not liking it and he be rich. He brought charges on me, but I covered me bases. He did it again. And again.”

He sniffed and clenched his hand. “The fourth time, something be happened. They found a form I be missing, but not one I knew about. But, it be letting in a gap and I be convicted. Life imprisonment at Abbinkey and a geas.”

He grabbed the edge of the mattress. “They killed Cici in front of me. Tore her wings off and drowned her in holy water. I-I-I,” tears ran down his cheeks, “they didn’t have to do that, but it be just one more way to hurt me. I... I tried to kill myself that day, but they stopped me. It be the beginning of the end for me.”

Merrie sniffed and tears of sympathy burned in her eyes.

Borias wiped his nose with his arm, then his eyes with his palms. “Well, I be killing the sexy mood, but just a bit more. Like with most mages, they be putting a geas on me. In my case, against killing or allowing someone to be killed.”

“What’s a geas?”

“You know that Bass be getting power from promises?”

Merrie sniffed and rubbed her face to get her own tears. Borias reached out and cupped her chin to do it for her. A surge of heat filled her as he wiped under one eye, then the other.

“Well, that be the other type of mage. He takes on restrictions and gets more power outside the restriction. It be started with his vows to Lemitri, that be his old goddess, but he make more. When he be breaking one, it disrupts all his power.”

Borias rested his thumb on Merrie’s lip and she sucked on it.

“Now, if the boss be breaking a promise, it feels like someone ripped out his heart. And he get sick. And weak. But he get up. And he make more promises and in a year or three, he be back to full power. If I break my geas,” she could feel him tensing up, “all me insides liquefy and ignite into flames. And then come pouring out of me holes while necromantic energy keeps me alive and screaming for at least an hour.”

Merrie gasped in shock. “Why?”

Borias shrugged. “I be a murderer in the eyes of the law. With mages, they can escape prisons and run away, so they make it I can’t

be cheating. I can't even be over at Maddy's farm on slaughter day, because if I witness a killing, my insides get mobile."

"That's horrible!"

"Aye, but it be what it be. Now, if you be bonding, we have a problem. Alphas want to pleasure their masters. That be why Dixie gets beat on by Tabby and Sable is enthusiastic for the boss's cock. They break the bed more than a few times because he can really pound her ass. You be not able to stop it because it be what you are. You be wanting to please your master."

Merrie shuddered at her longing when Grange was bonding to her, the desire to be beaten and hurt.

"Aye, pretty girl, with Grange you want to be hurt. But, with me, because of me lusts, you want be either getting yourself killed on me cock or you want to be finding girls to be killed on my cock. And, in either case, I be dying painfully. And," he sighed, "familiar and alphas don't live past their master's death. So, you be finding me a pretty to die. I die and then you die. And it be sucking because it be hard to be dignified when your stomach and heart come spewing out your ass. Well, I be having mobile innards, you be just pining for death and give up."

Merrie didn't know what to say. She was horrified for what he did and sad for his predicament. From her brief touch with his mind, she knew that there were hundreds of other women who all died in the same way. Every single one of them was lusting for it, hungry to die for him. She wanted to be one, to feel that last intense orgasm, but then realized she was pulling on his desires again.

"You are good at getting through me shields. So," he grabbed her head with both hands, "we be doing something else. You be slick and horny?"

Merrie blushed but shook her head.

Borias grinned. "Can't be imagine why. So, just like that day I first woke up in Abbinkey, we move on. And what do we do after the morning fuck?"

She glanced down at his half-hard cock. Her heart thumped as she knew what was next. She let out a soft whimper and got back into her begging position. She tilted back her head and opened her mouth.

“Good girl,” he whispered as he stood up. He brought his cock to her mouth, not to fuck it but to use her as a toilet.

She hated it but she also found a joy in serving him. She took a deep breath and opened her throat as he started to pee into her mouth. She gulped at the right place and held herself still, feeling the hot liquid pouring down her throat. It reminded her of being filled with cum and she squirmed at the growing pleasure.

When he finished, she engulfed his cock and sucked on it to clean it off. It twitched in her mouth and she smiled around it, bobbing up and down as it grew harder between her lips.

“Oh, thought you not be horny?” He moaned with a chuckle. “Not want to be lingering on the taste?”

Merrie rolled her eyes and sucked harder, bobbing up and down. She swallowed because it was her duty, her reason for being trained by him. But, she also wanted his cum, both to clear her palate but also because it brought him pleasure. Her tail thumped against the wall as she sucked deeper, driving herself to his base. His cock rested at the back of her throat, tickling it. She worked her way back to the lip and lapped at the sweet precum that coated her mouth.

Lifting her gaze to him, she held the base of his shaft between her two amputated wrists, and drove down, sucking on him with deep, long strokes that took his cock head from lips to throat and back again.

He let out a moan of pleasure and his cock surged.

She pulled out until just his head was caught in her lips and sucked. He shuddered once and then cum came pouring into her mouth. She pressed her tongue against the back of her mouth so gather it in her cheeks. Her tongue swirled through the thick heat filling her mouth. When he finished, she pulled off his cock and left it slick but clean.

“You not be swallowing?”

Pleasure filled her as she opened her full mouth and rolled it in her tongue. It was a familiar taste and one that she loved now. With a grin, she pushed her tongue out of the way and tilted back so he could watch it pour down her throat.

“Good girl,” he whispered. “You be horny now?”

Merrie nodded sheepishly.

“Well, then the bed and present your cute ass.”

Merrie levered herself off the floor and crawled on the bed. She perched her knees on the edge of the bed and spread them wide. The feeling of her pussy lips spreading apart and the cool air touching her heated slit gave her another surge of pleasure. She wagged her tail back and forth, enjoying the play of her muscles and the feeling of being exposed.

He grabbed her tail and she shivered at the sensation. She held her breath, waiting for him to drive his cock into her.

But it wasn't a cock that came into her but a tongue against her asshole. She gasped and jerked, but he hauled her back by her tail. His tongue ran around the rim of her ass, exploring the tiny wrinkles. She moaned and stretched out her arms, lowering herself until her back arched at the edge of discomfort and her breasts were crushed against the mattress. It was intense as he wiggled his tongue deeper into her opening, getting it slick as he found the tiny little places that brought her pleasure.

“I be loving your ass.” His voice was muffled by her buttocks and tail.

He moved down, lapping at the area between her two holes and then down to her pussy. She squirmed as he lapped at her sex and circled around it before moving back up to her asshole. Back and forth, up and down.

She tried to lower herself more, but he held her ass up by her tail. It was like as rope that controlled her body. She couldn't do anything but writhe and moan as he assaulted her two holes, lapping, probing, and sucking.

Merrie's breath came faster. She wanted to grab the sheets in pleasure but she couldn't. She didn't have hands anymore. She was helpless to do anything and the thought brought an intense wave of pleasure coursing through her body. She cried out and bit the sheets.

Borias didn't stop. His other hand reached between her legs and found her clitoris. He clamped his thumb against it and the pleasure and pain added to the molten feeling inside her body.

With her tail caught in one hand and her clitoris in the other, she couldn't resist the tongue that assaulted her opening. Crying out into the mattress, she came hard. She shoved back against his

tongue, trying to get it deeper into her ass as she jerked against him. The bright waves of pleasure burned away the horror and fear she felt and left her with only one emotion for Borias: love.

He chuckled into her pussy before he released her.

She slumped forward and felt like a pool of warm goo.

Walking around the bed, he grabbed his clothes and dressed. "I be checking on the other girls now. When you are ready, maybe you be leaving the room?"

Merrie tensed.

"Take your time, Merrie," she shivered at her name, "because I be patient. But, if you can, we be having the dog show tonight on the account the last one be canceled because Tabby blew out the corner of the building. But, I need to be going in the other room. Useless Cunt and Fuckhole be needing to pee and your breakfast be in the cold box. Today is special. It be slimy too."

She shuddered at the revulsion but then she gave him a pained smile.

He reached down at kissed her on the forehead. "If I could, I be bonding with you in a heartbeat. Fuck the money. I'd be paying the others for the right of me life, and I would be the happiest man in the world."

She whimpered softly.

He kissed her again, "But, we be what we are."

Merrie had sudden tears in her eyes. She watched as he left the room but left the door open. It was two days since she woke up in his bedroom and she hadn't left once. She didn't want to, she didn't want to meet Grange ever again.

But, Borias managed to keep on going after everything that happened.

She pushed herself back on her wrists and knees. In the fading afterglow of her orgasm, she slipped to the floor and crawled after him.

Merrie had her own duty. And it was to serve Borias and be a beta for the others. It was a small job, but she couldn't imagine her life without it.

t'Sade

Broken Promise

29

Merrie rubbed her arm against her face to wipe the sweat burning her eyes. She was sitting in the middle of the great hall, surrounded by the pack, and staring forward as the trainers gave orders. It was like the first puppy show, but the differences were immeasurable. The commands were faster as was the bitches response. It was almost like a march as the commands snapped out and two dozen naked bodies obeyed without hesitation.

(And send them down like the pathetic bitches they are,) Tabitha's thoughts were playful and hazy with a slight beer buzz. She had three deep wounds on her chest and shoulders, one of them that left a dark line from her right nipple down to her hip. It looked painful, but the only sign that she was uncomfortable was the sixth beer she downed in rapid succession and the occasional scratch. She didn't bother with a shirt and her small breasts stood as if her injuries were a badge.

Obeying commands wasn't hard, since Merrie knew they were coming, but she didn't want to obey them immediately. If it was just her and the alphas, she would be trying to respond as fast as she could. But, in the larger group, Merrie realized that she didn't need to win a gold. Everyone knew she was almost as good as the two alphas, that she was already special. And if Sable and Dixie purposely didn't win, then neither would she. Some other bitch deserved the gold for the show.

"Lie down!" snapped Tabitha.

Merrie watched as two dozen girls hit the floor. She admired the tight asses and tails wagging in the three rows in front of her. Three-quarters of them all had tails now and all but four were

cropped. Sama was one of the uncropped bitches and she sat in front of Merrie. The weeks of fucking, exercise, and submission eroded at the softness of Sama's body, just like the others. As far as Merrie could see, they all had been transformed by their enslavement. All of them had firm asses and taut bellies. And there was a raw sexuality in their movements, a hunger for orgasm and pleasure that gnawed at their cores.

She casually lowered herself to the ground and rested her chin on the wooden surface. The smell of her perfume, Crystalline Rose, tickled her senses and she felt the heat growing. Borias surprised her by asking Bass for the bottle. When the mage spritzed it on her, she almost came from the memories.

Bass stepped forward. Merrie couldn't hear his thoughts, but she knew he was going to ask them to roll over and she fought the urge to obey immediately. Sable, on the other hand, flipped over and spread her legs before he even opened his mouth.

There was a brief flash of a smile and a pulse of love as he admired Sable, but then the smile dropped as he barked out his command. "Roll over!"

As a wave, the bitches rolled over and spread their legs. As Merrie rolled over, she smiled at the sight of shaved and trimmed pussies, all of them flushed with excitement. It clung to the air, the smell of hunger and longing. She plastered her back against the ground and spread her legs. In her mind, she could feel all of them except the alphas. Like their bodies, each mind was bright with lust and desperate for those two special words.

"Good girls."

The pleasure sparkled across the mental stars and Merrie shivered at her own pleasure. The collar didn't work for her, but seeing the pleasure filling the minds of the bitches brought her a sympathetic swell of pleasure. It pooled in her pussy, an inferno of sex and desire.

(The alphas and the beta,) it was Piffin's thoughts coming through clearly, (will be respond slower by a heartbeat. They will lose points because they are losing on purpose. And Bass doesn't care. All right, and now the order to beg.)

In a surge of playfulness, Merrie surged to her knees and spun around. Lifting her arms, she brought herself into the perfect alignment to sent a hard flash of lust coursing through Piffin.

He stood there, mouth open and a stunned silence across his thoughts.

Merrie's pussy dripped with the intensity of his desire for her.

"Piffin?" Bass asked.

Piffin stared at Bass and then back at to Merrie.

She let out a bark to encourage him, arching her back in the precise way that brought his cock to full attention. She could see it straining against his trousers.

Piffin blushed hotly and shook his head. "B-Beg."

Borias laughed. "Never be seeing you falter before, Pif."

Piffin snapped out, "Good girls," without looking at the results and hurried to the back of the room.

"And you," Borias said as he stepped forward and pointed to Merrie, "behave."

Merrie wiggled her hips. She was dripping again, the hot juices of her excitement rolling down her thigh. She wanted him, she wanted Bass. She wanted all of the masters except for Grange.

Grange remained in the corner with a glower on his face. His left arm was wrapped up clear to the shoulder and his face and bared chest were covered with fresh scars and scratches. When he entered the room, he had a limp. From what Merrie heard, Rendi couldn't heal it as quickly because the shattered bone took time to set.

Fortunately for Merrie and everyone else, Grange shoved his two bitches into the center of the room and promptly retreated to the corner.

She could still feel his thoughts in her mind, but they were muted by Borias' shield. (This is all a fucking joke. Damn that Bass and his stupid rules. Just get me my fresh bitches and let me go. I need to break in a fucking cunt.)

Merrie whimpered at the vile that burned in his thoughts. It tasted bitter on her tongue and she blinked back the tears.

"Cunt," said Borias, "you be joining us?"

She looked up and noticed everyone else was on their knees, asses in the air. It was like a present position, but facing the trainer.

With a hot blush on her cheeks, she got into position, careful not to look toward Grange.

“Good girls,” Borias said and a ripple of pleasure filled the room. He looked directly at Merrie and mouthed her name.

Merrie whimpered at the pleasure ignited inside her. It slammed into her and she swayed as the orgasm tore through her senses, driving up along her skin and spin until stars exploded across her vision. She gasped for breath and tried to calm her trembling body.

“All right,” Bass announced, “I think we have enough for a winner for tonight. Rendi, want to finish scoring?”

Merrie settled back into place, kneeling on the back of her shins and rocking her hips in the afterglow of her orgasm. In front of her, Sama was panting softly and her brunette tail wagged slowly. Her buttocks flexed as she shifted into place. Her pussy was glistening with her juices and Merrie could tell that she was playing through a particularly sexy memory with Thorn.

Grinning, Merrie broke ranks and crawled forward. She could feel Borias’ eyes on her as she crept up to Sama, then wrapped her arms around her.

Sama jumped at the touch, then let out a whimpering moan as Merrie kissed her shoulder, then her neck. She bared her throat and Merrie lifted her body to run her lips against her neck. Pleasure rippled through her body and Merrie felt it filling her. (Oh, right there, just a little nip. Please? Right there. I wish she could her me. Damn this collar.) It was the voice that Merrie hadn’t heard since the first day they were kidnapped.

Merrie parted her lips and gave Sama a nip right where the bitch needed it. The intense flash burned at her senses and she bit again, enjoying the trembling body underneath her skin.

Sama’s tail wormed her way between Merrie’s legs. The short hairs of her tail tickled Merrie’s sex. Merrie spread her legs further and the Sama’s tail tip dragged back and forth along Merrie’s slit, teasing the opening. (Can you hear me, Merrie? That was her name, right? Merrie? She can read my mind, I hope.)

Breathing deeply, Merrie shoved one arm down between Sama’s sex and rubbed against the slick lips. She nipped at Sama’s ear and mouthed, “Yes.” Then, as an idea, she tried to push out her thoughts. (Yes.)

Sama shuddered and then let out a moan. (Thank you. I need help. Can you help? Can you talk?)

A faint frown tickled Merrie's eyes. She squeezed closer and kissed Sama on the shoulder. (What's wrong?)

(I'm scared, Merrie.) Images of Grange rose up in Sama's thoughts. There was only two trainers Sama had not been assigned to and Grange was one of them. She turned to Merrie, tears in her eyes. (Grange scares me. I don't want to be his.)

Merrie squeezed her tight, holding her and resting her lips against Sama's neck. (I know.)

(He hurt you, didn't he?) Memories welled up, of Merrie flailing on the ground, clawing at her neck as she choked on Grange's rope. It was the day she passed out. The memory continued of Bass jumping across the room, armor slamming into place before he swung his fist through the wall and into Grange's face.

(Yes,) Merrie said and buried her face against Sama.

(What do I do?)

(I don't know. I can't stop him. He's a trainer.)

(What did you do?) Sama asked, trying to find some hope. (How did you do it?)

Merrie struggled with words. She didn't know how to tell Sama about the pain, the agony, but also the longing. She couldn't explain how she survived Grange without the pleasure that was inherent in her own abilities as a beta. Unable to formulate it, she did the second best thing: she projected her memories.

Sama let out a whimper and tensed up.

Merrie pulled back, but Sama shook her head sharply.

(No, no, please let me see it. Please, show me how. Merrie, I need to know to know. It will help, it will!) A memory rose up from Sama's childhood, of her older brother kneeling next to her as Sama clutched her broken arm. He had the same color hair but there were scratches on his face. It was his words, not clearly remembered but the intent came through. He was telling Sama what happened when he broke his arm, the pain but also how the bone-setter put it back. He went into detail about his healing and promising she would be healed in the same way. It gave her hope that the pain would end.

(Please, Merrie, you can hear me, right? Give me hope? Promise me that the pain will end. Please?)

Merrie knew what to do. She let her own memories come back and started with the first words they shared.

("I'm Merrie.")

Sama leaned into Merrie as Merrie relived the memories of the mill, from the first time Bass raped her to when she realized she was something more than just a bitch. As her world became a series of submission and orgasms, so did Sama's. Sama's mind grew bright with pleasure, almost as bright as the supernovas of the two alphas.

They reached Merrie's time with Grange, but there wasn't even a whimper as Merrie relived every whipping, every beating, every choking. She was raped by Grange once again and Sama shared in the memory, sobbing and whimpering as she clutched to Merrie.

Merrie reached when Cock Diver and Pillow Chest stood up for, protecting Merrie for the last few hours. Merrie sobbed into Sama's shoulder as the last few images slipped from her mind.

In the silence that followed, they both panted for breath.

(I love you,) came Sama's thoughts, (I loved you every time you eased the pain, every time you projected—that's what you did, right?. When it got too hard, your thoughts were there, encouraging me, helping me. You were just like Sable, but I knew that you were also like me.)

Merrie opened her eyes, but she couldn't seem to see anything. (How do you know it was me?)

Sama reached around and kissed Merrie on the lips. She twisted around and ran her gloved arms around Merrie's waist. (I pictured you. No matter how far away, no matter what it was, one moment I was thinking of you and everything got better.)

(I-) Merrie let out a shuddering sob, (I just wanted to help.)

(You did.) Another kiss, then Sama broke it to work her lips down to Merrie's neck to nip at the sensitive spot between her neck and shoulder. (And I love you with all my heart.)

Merrie was floored by the intensity of Sama's love. It was almost palatable as it wrapped around her.

"Um, you two be okay?"

Merrie jumped and looked up at Borias. He was leaning over the two of them, a concerned look on his face. Sheepishly, she nodded but didn't let go of Sama.

“It be time, pretty girls.” He sighed and reached down to stroke Sama’s cheeks. He whispered softly, so low that Merrie could barely hear him. “I be sorry, Tits, but Grange has you now.”

Sama whimpered, but then she took a deep breath. With tears in her eyes, she got into a begging position and gave out a bark. The same determination that drove Merrie now drove Sama.

Borias looked surprised, then his eyes focused on Merrie. There was a curious look on his face, then a nod. “Good girl, Merrie.”

Merrie blushed and looked away.

She felt Grange as he came up, the anger wrapped around his heart like a cloak. He grabbed Sama by her collar and hauled her away

Merrie forced herself to watch as Grange hauled Sama and Seven out of the room.

(Merrie!) Sama’s thoughts were fading with the distance.

Reaching out for her, Merrie clamped on to Sama’s thoughts and held her close even as Sama was being dragged up the stairs.

Sama’s thought swam through Merrie’s mind. (Be there for me, please? Help me when it hurts too much? I know you can’t always be there, but...)

Merrie reached out for Sama, knowing that Sama couldn’t see her. She sniffed and projected her answer. (If you need, just call me.) It was the same thing Sama’s brother said when he took her to the bone-setter.

The rush of love washed over Merrie as Sama was finally drawn out of range and her thoughts faded.

“Don’t worry, Merrie,” Borias said, “Grange be brutal and an ass, but she’ll be okay.” He didn’t sound convinced himself. “And Tabby and I be asking Bass not to keep him next year, but the boss has promises to be making and promises to be keeping.”

Merrie nodded with trepidation, then peered around to see what girls Borias got. A few steps behind him, Anal Cookie and Twenty-Seven were nervously sitting. With a smile, she sent out a pulse of comfort and both of them relaxed. Getting on her wrists and knees, she crawled over and kissed both of them.

“So, you two be nervous about me?” Borias asked as he walked up behind Merrie.

Cookie looked at Merrie and Merrie nodded for her to answer. She looked up, gulping nervously, then gave a bark.

“About all those rumors about me peeing on you?”

Twenty-Seven barked and looked a bit green.

“Well, they be true. And my cooking tastes like shit.”

Both of them looked frightened and to Merrie.

Merrie gave a sheepish shrug, then sent out an strong wave of pleasure and comfort. She glanced up at Borias, who was looking at Tabitha who laughing as Dixie and Sable wrestled in the center of the room. She lowered her gaze to the other two, then projected. (It isn't real, but it really tastes like shit.)

Both of their jaws dropped, no doubt hearing Merrie's thoughts, but they were unconvinced. Merrie regarded them for a moment. Then she thought about Sable and what the alpha would do. With a grin, she hopped forward and tackled Twenty-Seven.

Before the naked girl could response, Merrie wrapped her arms around her neck and licked at her face. At the same time, she let a playful sense of innocence rise up and surround them. It wore at their own dread and she was rewarded when Twenty-Seven began to wrestle back.

“Ah, you be playful. You all be wanting a lager before we be going down?”

Merrie nodded and threw herself into a begging position, Twenty-Seven thumped against her side as she tried to get her head out from under Merrie's arm. With a grin, Merrie released her so she could beg and bark.

“Come on, pretties, let's get something to drink. A bit of buzz will be making the dinner go down.”

Merrie pushed the two bitches forward as they went to enjoy one last beer of the night. As soon as he poured a large mug into her bowl, she spun around to watch the room and settled down to enjoy the brew.

With Grange gone, the mood in the room lightened up and conversation started. Piffin, Thorn, and Garcon got into a discussion about Franome politics. Bass and Hilfe started a card game. Rendi spoke with Tabitha but then drifted to join Piffin and the others.

On the floor, the bitches also relaxed. More than a few were fucking with tongues and amputated limbs. To Merrie's surprise,

Licker was one of the more popular girls, but there was little doubt. The strange charm that Tabitha gave her transformed her more into a dog. She had fur now, covering her from head to toe except around her holes, nipples, and face. It was only a millimeter or so thick, just enough for a hint of bestiality. It looked unnatural and strange at first. But, it was still Licker and her mind hadn't changed.

The charm had also given her two more sets of nipples on the smallest hints of breasts Merrie had ever seen. They were also sensitive and, during the pre-show play, Merrie had joined into clamp her mouth down on one of them at the same time. Licker came from six mouths against six nipples, plus Sable lapping her sex and ass with enthusiasm.

As if knowing she was looking, Licker peered up from the dog pile on her and gave Merrie a large smile before Fuckhole straddled her face and Licker was lost from sight.

"All right," announced Tabitha as she strode toward Merrie and the others, "get over here bitch."

Merrie wasn't sure which bitch she was talking about, it wasn't her. She looked around at the others, but it wasn't a girl that Tabitha wanted. She grabbed Borias and yanked him into the middle of the floor.

"Tabby?"

"Dance with me," she grinned, "bitch."

"I not be-" he stopped as she spun him across the room. There was a pained look on his face, but it was faked.

Merrie couldn't help but smile as Borias was jerked and pulled across the floor. There was some skill in both of their dancing, not surprising given Borias' history, but neither was trying to do anything besides have a bit of drunken fun.

After nearly a half hour of dancing, their movements grew more erratic thanks to two more lagers that Tabitha downed. Borias chuckled and whispered to Tabitha as they came together and spun apart.

"Hey, Bori," called Bass, "going to get a good night kiss? Or is she just going to hump your face?"

Laughter filled the room.

Tabitha glared at them, but then let out a giggle. She punched Borias playfully in the arm and he staggered a few steps to the side.

“I don’t kiss anyone good night.” She turned to smile at Borias. “And if I’m going to hump him, it isn’t his face I’m going to fuck.”

Borias laughed freely and the others joined in.

Merrie wagged her tail in her own silent laughter.

(Merrie!)

She jumped at Sama’s thoughts. It was distant and muted, but there was fear and pain burning her thoughts. Merrie closed her eyes and threw herself out, stretching further than she had ever gone as she sought out Sama’s thoughts.

(It hurts! Please, Merrie, can she hear me? Please, don’t let me... I can’t breathe!)

Concern pushed Merrie and she lashed out, catching Sama’s mind. As she connected, the bitch’s mental voice came with a rush of sensations.

Grange had Sama bent backwards over the stool, her arms tied between the legs. Sparks of pain radiating along Sama’s shoulder blades and her buttocks from the painful position. There was fear that she couldn’t move, but her terror came from the cock buried deep in her throat. He was fucking her with short strokes, pounding her face but never letting the cock escape from the pressure of the rope around her neck.

Merrie let out a shuddering breath as she remembered herself in the same position.

(This was the same, right? Merrie, can you hear me?)

(Sama?)

(Oh, thank Madock,) it was the name of a merchant god, (Please be here. I can’t breathe! It hurts. Please?)

Terror resonated along their mental connection. Merrie felt her breath catching in her throat. She reached out and projected comfort, trying to ease the growing agony and fear. (He will stop soon. Just hold on. Please?)

(I-I can’t,) the choking sensation blasted through her telepathy and Merrie felt it around her own throat. Merrie shuddered at the sensation, forcing her mind to send back love and compassion.

(Just get ready to inhale. As soon as he pulls out, try to grab as much as you can.)

(Okay, but it hurts. I can do this. Just get ready. Please hurry up, I can’t breathe.)

It kept going. The feeling of Grange's cock slamming in her throat made it hard to see anything but Sama's terror. There was a flash of image, of seeing the world past Grange's swinging balls where Seven was crying from one of the cages, his face already bruised and bloody.

(Just a bit more, Sama, please hold on.)

Black motes swam across Merrie's vision. It seemed to on forever with Grange still slamming into Sama's face brutally.

(M-Merrie? I can't see. I can't... breathe...) Sama's thoughts were darker and growing distant.

Something was wrong. Even in the infinity slowness of being throat-fucked, Grange didn't seem to be stopping. As much as she hated it, she needed to hear his thoughts. She reached out but she encountered the smooth sensation of Borias' shield. It was protecting her from Grange but Merrie knew something was wrong. She lashed out with her mind against the shield, trying to force her way past it.

"Cunt?" Borias called out from across the room. There was concern in his voice and he stepped toward her.

Merrie gestured for him as she slammed against his shield again. Desperation fueled her as she clawed for Grange's thoughts. She pulled back, gathered up all her concern and fear and slammed out with all her might. It crashed into Borias' shields. There was a crack of something and she felt Grange's hatred pouring in.

There was a thump on the ground and Rendi called out, "Bori! Bori!"

Merrie couldn't stop to look. She punched at the shield again, using her emotions as a fist. The shield buckled under the impact.

(I... can't breathe... Merrie...)

Focusing her fear for Sama and remembered terror, Merrie slammed against the shield. She felt it shattered under her assault and she was free. Snapping out, she grabbed Grange's mind with all her might and threw herself into the vile thoughts of the man she hated.

(Kill that fucking bastard! Kill them all! Fuck them all until their corpses rot in the sun!) He was slamming his hips into Sama's face. He knew she wasn't struggling anymore and it drove him to pound faster, trying to find release for the intense anger that seethed

inside him. He had his fingers clamped around her breasts, blood welling out of the gouges from his fingernails.

And, to her horror, she heard a different voice inside him, the last bit of sanity left in his rage-fueled mind. It was quiet underneath the screaming and she had to force her way deeper into his mind to find it. She could feel herself being drawn in with a hunger to be beaten and choked. She sobbed past the longing to catch the whisper of Grange's sanity. (They won't find her body until Bass breaks every promise he made. We'll go out the back door with her corpse. Even that bitch Tabitha won't find it until too late.)

Ice ran through Merrie's veins. Grange wasn't stopping, he wasn't going to stop. He was killing Sama just to hurt Bass.

She screamed out as she stumbled for the door. She felt the collar ignite, but she threw herself through the pain, fumbling for traction against the floor.

(Merrie!)

Merrie clamped on Sama's fading thoughts. She couldn't breathe as she struggled to focus on the door. Sparks flew across her vision, fading in and out as the darkness drew across her vision. Her limbs refused to work and she slammed into the ground.

Terrifying helpless, she felt Sama's mind grow black.

(I love you, Merrie.)

Merrie screamed out with her mind, (Sama!)

(It... isn't your fault...)

And then... nothing.

Merrie screamed out, "Sama!" Her world ignited into lighting as every muscle spasmed around her. She hit the ground again, her face smacking against the wooden floor. She regained her senses, but couldn't get her body moving as she struggled to her face.

She reached out for Sama, trying to find the thoughts of the bitch. There was nothing. Just a dark hole where the Sama used to be.

Merrie expanded her thoughts, probing the area with her mind. She could feel Grange's anger still burning bright and Seven's fear. She brushed against his mind and got an intense image of Grange still pounding into Sama's face, driving with hard, brutal strokes. Every smack of flesh jet a bolt of fear through Seven, but he couldn't look away from the rape going on before him.

But Sama's wasn't struggling against her ropes.

Her eyes no longer saw.

She was dead.

Merrie let out a cry and slumped to the ground, gasping for breath.

Bass rushed over to her, but he stopped in mid-step as if someone punched him in the gut. His gray skin turned white and his knees hit the ground. His powerful presence suddenly drained away as he let out a pained groan. Behind him, Sable let out a terrified wail and slumped to the ground.

"Bass!"

"Boss!"

"What the fuck," snapped Tabitha, "is going on!?"

Merrie couldn't reach the door, but she could do something. She yelled out even as the collar burned her skin. "Grange!"

Tabitha spun in confusion, but then her bright eyes grew wide. Slamming her foot on the ground, the magic burst around her as she transformed into a huge wolf. She shot forward and through the recently repaired door to the great hall. It shattered from the impact. She slid against the wooden floor at the base of the stairs and slammed into the wall. Another transformation shrunk her body into a smaller wolf and she accelerated up the stairs in a burst of magic.

A heartbeat later, Dixie's wolf form followed after her.

"Boss?" Borias staggered over to Bass.

Upstairs, a crack rocked the floor as Tabitha burst through Grange's door.

Rendi was at Bass' side and healing magic poured from her hands. Runes flashed across Bass' skin as she gasped in fear, "I can't find the attack spell, but his heart is tearing. I can't heal him, Bori! There's nothing to heal!" There was a desperate tone in Rendi's voice. Her neck clicked as she turned on her son. "Who's attacking you?"

"No, my shields be busted by Merrie... Cunt. She not be attacking Bass."

"Cunt?" Rendi looked over at Merrie who was struggling to get to her feet, "how did Cunt-"

The entire house shook violently from an explosion. The windows in the great hall cracked and two of them fell out of their frames. A shower of wood and glass rained down into the mill yard, followed by a bloody body hitting the ground.

Grange was back on his feet and his glowing whip snaked out of his hand as he jumped back through the falling glass. He was covered in blood from fresh bites. He had a huge bite out of his side and he favored his left leg as he stared up.

Tabitha in human form landed on the ground. She was naked and covered in blood, most of it Grange's. Power rolled across her body and violent spells gathered around her body as she stormed toward him.

"You killed her! You fucking bastard!"

Bass shoved Rendi away as he surged to his feet. "Rendi," he gasped for breath, "get Tits!"

Rendi nodded and scrambled to her feet. She raced out the door and up the stairs.

"Boss?" Borias reached out for Bass.

"I'll kill him!" bellowed Bass. He spun around, but didn't head for the door. Instead, he stormed toward the wall between the hall and the front yard. Magic gathered around him and there was a brief haze around his body before his armor slammed into place. The shock wave from his spell slammed into the wall and cracked it.

Bass snapped his hand out to his side. His great sword burst into existence, cutting through the air with a crack of air. The magic was blinding as runes appeared along the blade, starting at the top and flashing down the blade only to stop at the scorched mark at the hilt.

More magic rolled around him as he braced his foot behind him and poised his sword to slash through the wall. A rune appeared over his head. More runes burned into existence as they formed a large circle in front of him. Each one was a brilliant white. As they completed the circle, there was a flash and the entire wall of the great hall exploded out into the yard. Bass was already charging before the wood hit the ground. He jumped up with another spell and shot out of sight.

Grange swore as he looked up to watch Bass' leap, and then threw himself to the right as Bass came down.

The sword slammed into the ground and everything within ten meters exploded out. Magic crackled the air as Bass swung out in a low sweep of the two-handed sword, but Grange jumped over it.

The blood-red whip snapped out and wrapped around Bass' neck. Smoke rose up as the armor blackened, but Bass lashed out with a fist. He caught the whip in his gauntleted fist and yanked back.

Grange let go of his whip and it burst into flames before it faded. "Feeling a bit weak, paladin?"

Bass gasped for breath as he shook the flames off his gauntlet. "Why?"

"Because you are weak." Grange's eyes flashed. He snapped his wrist and three flaming daggers appeared. "Hey, Tabitha! Want to break a few more promises for Bass?"

Both Tabitha and Dixie froze from where they were circling around to attack from behind.

Grange flicked his wrist and the three daggers shot out toward the great house. Merrie could see that they were aimed for the naked women on their hands and knees in the great house.

Borias swore and clapped his hands together. The air hardened in front of one of the daggers and it hit it like a wall.

Air rushed into the great hall as Tabitha raced inside, knocking one dagger aside. Dixie jumped off her back and caught the third one, rolling as he hit the ground. Flames licked his muzzle before he spit out the dagger.

"This is our fight, bitch," snapped Grange, "keep out."

Tabitha spun and growled, the air shaking from her anger.

Grange threw three more daggers at the bitches and then reformed his blood whip.

Bass surged from the ground with a two handed blow. Grange stretched the whip between his hands. Bass' blade stopped before it could cleave Grange in half. The force of the blow threw Grange back through the shattered glass and wood.

"Face it, Bass, we're equal in power now that you broke your precious promises. You couldn't even save one useless, fucking-"

Grange's voice died in his throat as Bass growled. It was a deep, primal noise that shook the air. Power beat in the air, squeezing down on Merrie's body as she saw it rise up inside the thriban. Bass held out his hand, palm facing Grange.

“You really think so, Grange?”

Grange brought three more flaming daggers into existence. “She can’t save all of them.” The daggers doubled as he threw them past Bass and into the gathered bitches. One of them was aimed directly toward Merrie and she couldn’t move in time as she saw the point rushing toward her eye.

There was a flash of movement and magic, but Merrie was locked into place. She saw the point growing larger and she felt a terrible twisting in her stomach. She couldn’t move with her limbs frozen in fear. She wanted to, but there was nothing she could do.

And then Merrie couldn’t see as Sable stood in front of her. There was a meaty thunk as the blade slammed into Sable’s side and a splatter of blood whipped across Merrie’s face.

Merrie whimpered and stared in shock as Sable. The dark-haired bitch gave her a sheepish grin, completely out of the place from the horror of what was happening, then turned to brace herself for another attack.

Bass’ body shone from the inside with a brilliant light as he stretched out his armored fingers. Swords appeared in the air around him. One, then three, then dozens. The dozens became hundreds with each of the bright white blades aimed directly for Grange.

A look of surprise crossed Grange’s face. Then there was a palatable fear filling the murderer.

Bass clenched his hands and a thousand swords shot forward.

Grange snapped his whip in front of him to block the swords for his face and chest, but other blades sliced into his sides and arms. Blood splattered everywhere as he staggered back from the blows from hundreds of cuts. More swords slashed into him and he twisted to the side. For every one he knocked out of the air, three more sliced across his arms, legs, and chest. One blade punched into his leg and he collapsed to his knee with a thud.

Bass charged forward, the great sword glowing from the inside.

Grange choked out a word that Merrie couldn’t hear.

Bass stumbled to a stop, his blade millimeters from severing Grange’s neck. He gasped for breath as he stepped back. The armor creaked as he lowered his blade.

Grange yanked the blade from his leg and struggled to his feet. Blood poured down his leg as he sway for a moment. Then, a faint healing magic rose up and stopped the bleeding. It wasn't as powerful as Rendi's power, but it was enough to keep Grange alive.

Merrie didn't know why Bass didn't kill him.

Still growling, Bass pointed to the forest behind Grange. "You have one hour."

"As you promised."

Tabitha's thoughts burst throw Merrie's mind, (Fuck that!) She charged forward with a snarl on her lips. Dixie charged from the far side of the room.

Grange smirked and limped back, "Behind you, paladin. You have a promise to keep."

Bass spun around and his mind was filled with humiliation and regret. And then, to Merrie's surprise, he grabbed Tabitha by the back of her neck as she shot past him. Magic flashed as he yanked her back. Her speed picked her off the ground and he swung the huge wolf high over his head and slammed her down into the ground behind him.

(Mistress!) Dixie turned in a flash of anger and charged for Bass with bared teeth.

Bass threw his sword into the air and it exploded into a white light. Haze appeared around his hand as a tower shield formed into place. Bass slammed it into the ground just as Dixie crashed into it. The impact threw a cloud of dust in all directions.

Dixie jumped to his feet, magic pulsing between him and Tabitha.

Bass stepped forward and backhanded the wolf.

The impact cracked bone. Dixie's body flew back into the great hall and into the wall next to Merrie. The force of the blow cracked wood and Dixie slid down the wall to land in a sprawl of fur and legs.

Tabitha tried to charge after Grange, but Bass stepped in front of her. The impact rang out and she bit down, slicing through the metal armor. She clawed at his chest, her body growing as magic poured into her.

Dixie groaned as he got to his feet. He braced his feet against the wall, but then Sable was in front of him, growling.

For the first time, there was no joy or playfulness in Sable's eyes. The knife wounds in her side was still bleeding and it left a sheen of

red against her naked breasts and sides. She wasn't frightened or in pain. There was no hint of the sheepish smile she gave Merrie. Instead, there was an intense presence of something dangerous. It beat against Merrie's heart and she was more frightened than she thought possible.

Dixie snapped out, biting the air centimeter's from Sable's face.

Sable began to glow from the inside. Magic poured into her as the connection between her and Bass grew solid. It wasn't a flash or a pulse like Dixie's power, but a steady stream of power that kept pouring into her. It filled her until her bones glowed from the gathered energy. She pulled back her lip as her canines grew into fangs and the air grew hazy around her. (Do you really want to hurt my master, bitch?)

Merrie whimpered at the presence behind Sable's mental words. It was overpowering and echoed endlessly inside Merrie's head. It sounded masculine and feminine, a mixture of Sable's thoughts and Bass' voice. The very force of it shook her to the core.

Dixie's eyes widened and he began to shake. His attitude changed instantly as he dropped to the ground in humanoid form. He cowered against the ground as a puddle of pee formed underneath his hips.

Outside, Bass pulled Tabitha from his chest and grabbed her by the throat. He slammed her into the ground. When she snarled and snapped, he picked her huge form off the ground and slammed her down again. The blow left an impact crater in the hard-packed earth.

"Stop!" he roared.

Tabitha rolled away and changed back into a human. She remained on her feet and hands, her lips pulled back in a snarl. "What the fuck is wrong with you! That fucker," she gestured to the rapidly retreating man, "killed one of my bitches!"

Bass' helm disappeared. "He has an hour, and then you can hunt."

"An hour!? You should have let me kill him there! I had him!" Tears flashed in her eyes, "I could have killed him and you know it."

"And," Bass' voice was quiet, "what about Borias!?"

Tabitha shook a fist at him. "What about him!?"

"His geas."

Tabitha froze. Her fist began to shake as the anger boiled inside her. She glanced over her shoulder at Borias, then back to Bass. Snapping to her feet, she screamed out at top of her lungs. “Fuck the ancestors!”

Stepping back, she pointed to where Grange had disappeared. “Fifty-seven fucking minutes and I kill that bastard!”

Bass shook his head. “No.”

She tensed up. “Don’t you dare stop-”

“Fifty minutes. From the point Tits drew her last breath.”

Tabitha spun on her heels. “Dixie! Get the hunting gear!” She burned with anger as she transformed into a wolf and raced toward her cave.

Dixie crawled away from Sable, never looking away from her. He transformed but held still. His bright eyes bore into Sable as if waiting for permission.

Sable broke their gaze and looked to her master.

Relief flooded through him and Dixie raced after his mistress.

Shaking herself, the power inside Sable dissipated as she rushed over to Bass.

Bass slumped to the ground, his armor already gone. Panting heavily, he clutched at the cracked earth beneath him for a moment, and then lifted an arm for Sable to worm her way underneath it. He looked old and frail as he stared at her without seeing anything. Tears ran down his face and splashed on Sable’s cheeks before they dripped to the ground.

“I promised,” he sobbed. “I promised no one would hurt them.”

t'Sade

A Brave Face

30

“What now?” whimpered Thorn.

Merrie tore her gaze away from Bass and peered across the remains of the great hall. Rubble and shattered wood covered the polished wood floor. Spilled beer mixed in with the blood and broken glass. A few of the ceiling panels had fallen down in the middle and the main table listed to the side.

On the far side, Piffin and Thorn stood against the wall, surrounded by the pack of bitches. The bitches’ naked bodies shook violently as they stared back at Merrie and Bass with wide eyes and tears running down their cheeks. Licker was wrapped around Thorn’s leg, crammed into the space between his knees and the wall behind him. Her dark fur shook with her shaking.

Merrie reached out and scanned across their thoughts. When she found no pain or agony in their minds, she let out a shuddering breath. They were frightened, each and every one of them, but she could help with that. She gathered up a sense of comfort and compassion and set it out. It was a false emotion, but she it was the first thing she could think of. The emotion rippled across the hall and washed up against the whimpering women.

As one, the noises stopped and she felt two dozen sets of eyes focus on her. Sama’s thoughts came back up through her, they knew it was her when she projected. She squirmed under the desperate looks and felt their need for her to join them, to touch them. They wanted her and they needed her. She was the anchor in their life right now.

She didn’t deserved it. She couldn’t save Sama. She was in a position to stop it: she knew what was happening and she panicked

instead of rushing to her side. She could have done something. A thousand different actions flashed through her mind, a thousand ways of saving Sama. Fresh tears ran down her cheeks as she wilted under the bitches' desperation.

(Got to keep Merrie from the others.) Borias' thoughts halted Merrie's tears. He pushed himself away from a pillar. He held one end of a strip of fabric in his teeth as he pulled it tight around his arm. Blood seeped through the fabric in seconds but he made no effort to use healing magic on it.

Merrie gasped and stared at him. He was looking around the room and inspecting the damage. Even from a few meters away, she could feel his emotions—guilt and anger—boiling with a clarity that it frightened her. There was nothing between them, no shields and no defenses. She wanted to comfort him, to help the aching pain in his heart. She felt her body tingling as she reached out for him mutely, tears burning in her eyes as she fought an intense urge to just reach out with more than her physical form.

(I must keep Merrie safe,) though Borias. His thoughts were clear, but there was something different about his mental words, (I bet guilt is tearing her in half and we are all feeling the same thing.) Overlaying the words came other knowledge. Borias had read about the alpha bonding process and the abstract concepts filtered through his thoughts.

Strong emotions triggered the bonding process. She had already encountered a few of them: love for Bass and fear of Grange. Weeks ago, Merrie wouldn't think guilt as an emotion but as she knelt there, she could understand the hunger to apologize and the desperate need to be held. It was an emotion in itself and one that tore at her heart.

(And my shields are down. She likes me and I've fallen for her. Damn it, the one person who needs me is the one I can't save. It's like Cici all over again!) An intense swelling of sadness rippled through their empathic connection. Borias was torn by an intense desire to comfort her and pulled back by the realization that if he touched her, there was nothing to stop them from bonding.

Merrie gasped as she realized her body was tingling. There was a thin trail of light forming between them. It connected their hearts together and she felt the first of his cannibalistic desires beginning

to filter through the connection. Unwittingly, her eyes drifted to a large shard of glass on the ground between them, wondering what it would feel like to have it dragged across her throat.

With a shudder, she knew she was bonding, but she didn't know how to stop it. When it happened before, it was Sable or Dixie that stopped her. She shuddered at the remembered pain of them biting her on the shoulder, the teeth slashing into flesh. She drew her eyes back to the glass, a terrible hunger to have it slicing through her flesh.

Tears ran down her cheeks as Merrie backed away from Borias.

Their eyes met and she almost lost it when she saw the sadness in his eyes. He knew what was happening.

(Please don't,) he thought simply.

Merrie backed against the wall and shattered glass crunched underneath her knees. She could feel the sharp edges against the severed ends of her wrists, but it was flat to the ground and the sharp edges only enhanced the longing to be cut. Her tail thumped against the wall as she tried to back away in an attempt to get further away.

(Please don't die for me, Merrie.)

She looked down at the glass at her feet. Sable stopped the bonding with pain. She remembered the sharp teeth and being thrown through a door. Trembling, she reached down with one severed arm and poked the glass. The glittering point lifted up and she stared at the sharp edge.

His thoughts were clearer. (What do I do? I can't bond with her, it would kill both of us. Can I get Sable's attention? No, I can't take her away from Bass. Or Dixie's? Damn the gods. Maybe I should let her? I deserve that since I didn't agree when Mother suggested we give remote access to the collars. I could have known he was killing her then. Maybe death is what I deserve...)

Merrie closed her eyes tightly as she fought against the despair filling her. He felt just as guilty as her. Both of them blamed themselves for Sama's death and she felt a double-measure of the anger, hopelessness, and grief. She lifted her right arm and slammed it down to distract her.

Pain broke the connection. She looked down to see that she had sliced her arm along the shard of glass. Bright blood flowed down

the glass, leaving a sheet of crimson. The charm around her neck flickered to life, healing the injury, but that brief moment of cleansing agony had broken the tenuous connection between her and Borias.

She peeked up at him through the hair across her face.

Borias was watching her carefully, wary and sad and frustrated himself. She knew that she could reach out and read his thoughts, but it would also bind them closer. Instead, with tears in her eyes, she shook her head and backed away from him. She used her tail to feel along the wall until she got to one of the gaping holes in the wall. With a quiet sob, she backed out of the great hall and around the corner to get out of sight from him.

“Thank you,” whispered Borias.

She almost reached out for him, damn the consequences. She let out a sob and pressed her back against the wall, still close to Borias but unable to do anything besides hide.

“Damn it,” he whispered before he raised his voice. “You all be listening to me now, k?”

Merrie realized the difference. Borias’ speech was different in his thoughts. He thought without difficulty unlike the pidgin he spoke. She missed the “be” and “me” in his mind. It didn’t sound like Borias to her though it was the same voice.

“The boss is feeling off right now. You all be leaving him alone until he speak to you. Tabby be killing the fucker who did this, so we be leaving her alone. Piffin, Thorn.”

Thorn whimpered.

Merrie focused on Bass and Sable. They were drawn tightly to each other. Sable looked up at her master and stroked his leg. Bass held her tightly, his skin still pale as he shook.

Inside, Borias continued. “You be taking the bitches to your rooms. No need to be fucking them, unless they want it. If they beg, then fuck them good, k? No training, but you be giving them comfort or time alone. No be talking about what happened, k?”

“Hilfe? Please be grabbing a cask of beer and be serving it. I think everyone be needing a drink. Get the special stuff in the dark barrel. Garcon?”

Garcon grunted. “I have to fix these walls before they collapse.”

“Good man.”

In the yard, Bass stood up and swayed back and forth. He lifted his yellow eyes up to the mill house. He wasn't looking at the great hall, but the rooms above it. Merrie didn't need telepathy to know what he was thinking.

"Boss? You be ok... alive?"

"I must do something." His voice was a low growl. "I have to do this."

"And I be never stopping you."

Merrie peeked around the corner as Bass walked into the great hall. The thriban clapped Borias on the shoulder as he passed. He said nothing else as he walked to the ruined door of the great hall and then up the stairs. As one, the bitches and trainers of the room lifted their head as he headed up the stairs and followed his slow, heavy footsteps as he walked toward Grange's room.

"Piffin?" asked Borias with his eyes still fixed on the ceiling.

"Yes?"

"When the boss be done, get Seven. Grange be hurt him and he be seeing what happened. You be kind, k? And you be liking boys as much as girls where Thorn don't like the boy bitches."

"What about Happy Cunt? She just ran off." Piffin gestured toward Merrie and she ducked back around the corner.

Merrie shivered at her assigned name. She looked out in the yard, at the rubble and the blood and the impact craters. Sable sat in the middle, her shoulders slumped as she followed Bass' movements with her eyes.

"Cunt be a good girl and she won't run. But, she be in danger of bonding, so she be taking herself out. No one touches her, k? She be needing comfort, and be needing a hug, but you not be having shields. She will bond with you. That be including the bitches. No touching Merrie."

Thorn spoke up, his voice torn with sadness and guilt. "What about you?"

Borias chuckled. "You think I be lazy? No, I need be getting my shields back. Need about two hours of meditation, and then I be getting Cunt back and taking the load off. We split the duties and bitches until Bass... quiet."

The steady thump of Bass' boots filled the air. He was coming down the stairs. It was a slow, measured beat and she could almost feel his grief.

In the yard, Sable got on her cropped limbs but stood there waiting. Her tail was down, pressed against her thigh as she shifted in place.

Merrie peeked back around the wall again.

A moment later, Bass walked out the front door. He had a blood-stained sheet wrapped around Sama's body. Her breasts were pressed against the fabric and one hand stuck out the side. She was tiny and frail against Bass' bulk. And there was no question that she was dead.

At the sight of her, Merrie sobbed. She failed her friend, her bitch. She couldn't rush to save her like Tabitha, or have magic to stop it. She couldn't do anything but watch and now, as she watched Bass cross the yard, she realized that Sama's death was part of her fault.

Sable turned as Bass passed her and followed silently behind him. Her tail was down against her thigh and she moved with the same pace as Bass.

Inside, footsteps came into the room and Rendi spoke up in a voice barely containing her own emotions. "Bori, I had to heal and sedate Seven. Could you?"

"Piffin be getting him, mother, thank you."

"You're hurt."

"Bleeding don't be bothering me."

"Don't be your father and come over here."

"Moth-"

"Now!"

Borias said nothing for a moment. "All right, you guys be doing what I ask?"

Merrie watched as Bass took Sama to the side yard and into the woods. Sable followed, but paused at the tree line to look back at the house. Her eyes scanned the damage but stopped as she met with Merrie's gaze.

(Come.)

Merrie crawled across the ground, the grass tickling her thighs and breasts. She had never been to that side of the mill. She found

the path after a few moments, but it was overgrown and thick with weeds. If it wasn't for the broken branches, she would have never gone there. Her throat and chest felt tight as she gave the house one last look and crawled into the underbrush.

She crawled blindly for almost five minutes before the path opened up into a fenced-in clearing. The rusted gate was open and the ground beneath it torn from where Bass ripped the vine-wrapped metal out of place. Inside, the grass was tall and thick.

Holding her breath, Merrie stepped inside and felt a sense of sorrow radiating from the place. She inched forward as she looked around. She knew Sable and Bass were there, she could feel them, but there was something else inside the fence.

She found it quickly. A carved timber planted in the ground. It was about a meter in height. Down the front side was a name and a date from five years before. "Titty Fuck." It was like the white stakes in the ground, but this one was far larger and worn smooth by weather. Carved next to the puppy name was another: Tamara Kings, Beloved Daughter.

It took her a moment to realize that it was a burial marker. She looked around and saw more. She forced her way through the thick grass to the second. It read "Stuffed and Fucked" and had the same date. The second inscription, carved years after the first, was "Wendi Garasonmor, Beloved Daughter and Wife."

The third was "Over-Stuffed Cunt" and it also had the same date. There was no other name on it. Morbidly, she looked at the fourth and the fifth. They both shared the same day but they both a puppy name and a human name.

Merrie sat back on her legs and pushed herself up to look over the grass. She saw Bass and Sable at the far corner of the cemetery. There were nine burial markers in total and somehow she knew that all of them had the same date. Something had happened fifteen years before, something that killed nine bitches in a single day.

She inched closer to get a look at the last one, then stopped when Sable half-turned to her.

The alpha pulled back her lip in a silent snarl and Merrie froze. Sable gestured for her to back off with one severed arm. When Merrie didn't move, she repeated the gesture curtly.

Behind Sable, Bass had taken off his shirt and found a shovel. Methodically, he was framing out a grave by slamming the blade of the shovel in the ground and slicing through the sod and leaves. The line looked like it was bleeding black dirt as he worked his way around to shape a rectangle.

Merrie inched back, her gaze moving from alpha to trainer and back again.

She backed over four meters away before Sable relaxed and put down her leg. Merrie slumped to the ground and watched Bass digging out Sama's grave through a thick screen of grass.

Bass worked without words. He never looked around him or acknowledge Merrie's presence. He didn't even glance at Sable. Instead, he finished cutting out the shape and started to dig the hole. Powerful muscles drove the shovel blade into the earth and he pulled it out. Leaning to the side, he dropped it about a meter from the edge, away from Sama's body. His pale face spoke of his inner thoughts, of the devastation and guilt; Merrie could only imagine what was going on in his head but she couldn't risk finding out.

Merrie wanted to comfort him and it tore her heart that she couldn't. She kept her thoughts in her own head and focused on watching the shovel, not him. Her own guilt rattled around in her head, endlessly repeating Sama's last thoughts and her own inability to save her.

A howl cut through the air. Merrie jerked at the sound. A moment later, there was a dull boom that rumbled through the trees.

Bass stopped and looked up at the sky. "Kill the fucker, Tabby," he whispered. His face was dry of tears now, but the guilt and anger remained. He got a fresh grip on the shovel and slammed it back into the ground. The pile of dirt on the side continued to grow, shovel by shovel.

Time stretched slowly and Merrie continued into a spiral of despair. She felt her thoughts growing dark with depression and she realized she was berating herself. To her mind away, she pushed herself to her knees and wrists. Careful to circle around Bass, she pushed her way through the grasses and past the burial markers. She didn't know where she was going but she had to be somewhere.

And then she came on Sama's body. The sheet had sunk against the corpse and Merrie could see Sama's tail and her limbs outlined by the stained fabric. A lock of hair stuck out one end and her toes from another.

Seeing Sama, sorrow welled up inside her. Merrie bit back a sob and backed away. She let the grasses bounce back between her and the body, a shield against the death she was responsible for.

Merrie stopped. She couldn't back away, not after failing Sama. With tears in her eyes, she inched forward. The grass cut along her nipples and side as she crawled through it. Reaching Sama's body, she looked over the prone form and realized she would never lick Sama's cunt or ride her face again. They were strangers only a few weeks before, but she was part of her life now, her pack, her bitch.

A morbid desire to see Sama one last time filled her. Trembling, she reached out to push back the sheet. It took a moment to get the severed end of her wrist underneath the fabric.

Just as she was lifting it, Sable's arm pushed Merrie's arm down. Merrie stared at the amputated arm ending at the elbow for a long moment before she let her gaze rise up to Sable's face.

Sable shook her head, but there was a sad smile on her face.

Merrie whimpered softly.

Sable crawled around Sama and came up to Merrie. Lifting one short arm, she draped it over Merrie and guided her to the ground. For a moment, Merrie froze with Borias' warning in her head, but she couldn't feel Sable's emotions. Like Borias, Sable had a shield, but Sable's was a tightly bound rope ball instead of the smooth resistance of Borias' shield.

Relaxing, Merrie let Sable guide her to the ground and she laid on her stomach, staring through the grass as Bass. She leaned into Sable, feeling comforted by the alpha. She wondered if Sable was projecting, but she couldn't feel anything. It was just two bitches holding each other as their master dug a grave.

The floodgates opened and Merrie began to sob.

Sable held her tighter. "It's okay," she whispered in her smooth, smokey voice. "It's okay."

Merrie shook her head and opened her mouth, used to speaking freely with Borias. She closed it and leaned tighter against Sable.

Their breasts ground together as Merrie found a comfortable position.

“Good girl,” came the almost inaudible whisper against her ear. Sable’s hot breath tickled Merrie’s earlobe.

Merrie let out a long sigh. It would never be okay, but for the moment, she couldn’t do anything but cry. She was helpless to do anything but watch. Her tail curled up against Sable’s leg.

Together, they watched Bass dig the grave. Merrie found comfort in being held and let her mind doze off, not thinking of anything except for the steady chunk of the shovel and the thud of dirt.

(Sable,) Dixie’s thoughts came drifting through Merrie’s mind. He was furious and the anger boiled in him.

(Did you get him?) Sable responded in a hard, tight thought. Neither thought was directed toward Merrie, but she could hear them with startling clarity.

A memory came up of Tabitha and Grange racing along as wolves. They were following the sweet trail of fresh blood as they jumped over the fence of the lands. Grange was on his knees in a puddle of bloody mud as he frantically dug through the earth. Tabitha accelerated with a growl, magic fueling her speed as she punched forward. She caught Grange in the shoulder and there was a wet snapping noise as his left arm was torn from his body.

Grange let out a scream of pain as he tumbled back. A high arch of blood flashed into the air.

Dixie lunged after him, aiming to break his knee and give his mistress the kill.

Grange fumbled for the ground and grabbed something. It was a small glass tube covered in dirt and blood. He brandished it like a weapon.

Dixie didn’t care, he had to kill him.

With a smile, Grange snapped the tube and there was a flash of magic. The impact threw Dixie back and stars exploded across his vision.

(Fuck!) screamed the memory of Tabitha, echoing through his memory and sent a bolt of fear through Merrie.

Frantic, Dixie scrambled back to his paws but Grange was gone. Only a smoking crater remained.

There was a long moment after the memory ended. Dixie’s thoughts were seething with anger and hatred.

Bass froze for a moment, his shoulders tightening. Merrie watched as he clamped down on his jaw and then slammed the shovel into the ground. He hauled a large hunk of earth and dug faster.

(That was a teleport spell,) came Sable's frustrated thoughts.

(Yes. It smelled like the same magic as the mage who helped us get this pack.) There was contempt for the other bitches at the mill, but Merrie realized that she wasn't included in Dixie's contempt.

(A side deal?)

(His death,) came the bitter thought from Dixie. (No matter what your master says, Tabitha will not let that mage live if he steps on the mill territory again.)

Merrie felt despair fill her. Grange got away. It wasn't fair.

Sable's breath remained steady, but her emotions were boiling inside her head. She shifted slightly and hugged Merrie tighter. (My master cannot allow that. You know his promise of hospitality if he reaches the threshold.)

(He will never make it to the front door alive.)

Sable's breath was hot against Merrie's ear. (Then no promises will be broken.) There was a hard conviction in Sable's declaration.

Dixie's thoughts were filled with cruel anticipation. Imagines of the mage, a thin man with a gray beard, rose up as the tiny silfae pictured him being torn apart by teeth and magic.

(Grange will be back,) thought Sable.

(You think?) Dixie's thoughts were wary. (My mistress tore his arm off.)

Sable shifted slightly. If Merrie couldn't hear their thoughts, she would have never known the two alphas could communicate so effortlessly. And they were skilled at it; when Merrie communicated with others, the thoughts were inconsistent and overlapping, but the two alphas projected with focus and a clarity.

(There is too much anger in that man. Too much hatred for my master—)

(And my mistress.)

(Yes. But, he is also greedy. He will come for the little one.) An image of Merrie lying next to Sable drifted up.

(When?)

Sable lifted her head to look at Bass. (Days, maybe a week or so. Before the dog show at least. She is worth too much unbonded and the county fair will be too well protected. If he does it, it will be in the next few weeks.)

(He will die,) came Dixie's mental growl.

(Don't be cocky, Warlord of Blood River.)

Merrie twitched slightly at the name. It sounded familiar.

Sable's thoughts continued, (He knows our weaknesses. He used my master's promises against him. He used both Borias' geas and your mistress' love for the pack in a fight.)

(My mistress doesn't love these pathetic bitches,) snapped Dixie but it wasn't as confident as the rest of his thoughts.

Sable said nothing but Merrie heard a whispered chuckle. After a moment of watching Bass dig, she thought, (Grange must have planned this for too long. A teleport spell isn't cheap. He planned this. Therefore, he is a threat to our pack.)

(He must be killed.)

(My master and I agree.)

Behind Merrie, grasses brushed against fur as Dixie came up. Merrie tensed as she could feel Dixie's attention wash over her for a moment.

(Do you need the little one?)

Dixie's panting tickled the ends of Merrie's legs. She felt vulnerable even though she couldn't see him. (My mistress needs a real hunt, a kill. She needs to tear into someone's guts and feel the flesh ripping in her teeth.)

Merrie shivered at the intensity of the images that came from the silfae. They were visceral and bloody, violence incarnate. She felt her body growing warm with anticipation.

(Merrie has the charm.)

Dixie inched closer. (Rendi's regeneration charm is too limited. This body of hers is weak, pathetic.) An image of Merrie from his view came up. Merrie didn't recognize herself as the amputated woman on the grass in his image. She was trimmed and healthy, with a firm body and a tail against her legs. Her pussy was visible and swollen with an almost constant need for pleasure. (As much as the bitch tried to steal my mistress, this is something she can't do.)

(You?)

(We have a connection that even the beta can't match. My mistress can bring me to a knife's edge of death and stop before it is too late. I can survive being disemboweled... again.) Another memory rose up, of Dixie on his knees and armored in a strange wooden armor. His guts were pouring out of his stomach as he stared up at the towering human with defiance. Even as the pain cut through his body, he was pulling out a poisoned dagger from his side...

Merrie tensed up at the intense images. Her body grew hot as it fought against the remnants of Borias' desires and the remembered scent of blood and bile.

(She is listening.) Dixie's thoughts slammed into Merrie.

Merrie inhaled sharply and felt a shiver of shame.

(Are you sure?)

(I can smell her cunt.) The breath grew hotter as Dixie inched forward. Merrie fought the urge to spread her legs. (I can hear her quickening breath.) He continued forward and his furry paw planted between her severed shins. (I can see the tension in her muscles as she responds.)

Sable lifted her head and looked back at Dixie. (Then stop being a dick.)

(She tried to steal my mistress.) Jealousy burned in his thoughts. (I can't share her. I won't.)

Sable shook her head. (She won't bond with your mistress just as I won't let her bond with my master.) Sable lowered her head and Merrie felt the brown eyes focusing on her.

Merrie peeked over and blushed.

Sable smiled broadly and focused her attention on Merrie. It felt like Merrie was in a spotlight. (Hello, little one.)

Merrie blushed hotter. She opened her mouth, then closed it. (Hello.)

(You have a pretty voice.) Sable opened her mouth and panted.

(Eh, humans have terrible voices. They sound like they are talking out of their asses,) grumbled Dixie as the wolf stepped over Merrie and slumped to the ground on the other side of Merrie. His furry body shook from his panting. With a shift, he pressed his side against Merrie and pinned her body against Sable.

Amusement colored Sable's thoughts. (You're just jealous that they have bigger dicks.)

(And huge, flesh bags on their chests. Give me a pair of firm, small tits any day. My mistress is the only perfection here.)

(What about Licker's new form?)

(Okay, the young bitch is almost sexy.)

Merrie shivered at the touch. The two alphas were comforting and their thoughts distracting from her own despair. She felt herself growing warmer at the closeness.

(What's your name, little one?)

(Merrie. Merrie Golddother.)

Sable reached over and kissed her on the lips. She let the touch linger as she projected, (I was born Clarissa de Kilvin, from the lands of Count Gidiffa. But, for the last fifteen years or so, I'm just Sable.)

Merrie heard of Count Gidiffa but the count died when Merrie was a young girl.

Leaning into her, Sable kissed her again. (And my companion is-)

(I can introduce myself, bitch,) shot Dixie.

Sable chuckled and broke the kiss. (You better look at him, Merrie, he likes eye contact. It adds to the impact.)

Merrie shivered and turned her head. She found Dixie's intense gaze terrifying even though she knew there was no anger in them.

(I am the Warlord of Blood River. Conqueror of the southern lands of Franome and Dorza. I razed the city of Polouse to the ground and killed every living being inside it.) As he thought, images came along with it, memories of battle and blood. (I took on the Mordak, the God of Battle, and won. I felt his beating heart in my hands as I ripped it from his chest.)

Merrie felt sick as she realized he was being literal. His memories were intense as he projected them into her head.

(I am the thief of the god blade, Kin Cutter. I killed a hundred men in a day and executed thousands for breakfast.) He lifted his head as he leaned over her.

Merrie cringed away from him, her body growing hot with fear.

(I took on the pathetic armies of this kingdom and slaughtered them. The rivers ran with the blood from my army and I was going to kill all of you pathetic... soft... humans.)

His lips curled back in a snarl.

Merrie whimpered at the anger directed at her. She felt helpless against him and the familiar curl of pleasure mixed in with the fear.

There was a faint pause.

(But, you can call Dixie.)

Amusement radiated from Sable as Dixie relaxed and slumped his head back on the ground. A moment later, Merrie felt Dixie's smug amusement filling her.

Merrie blinked at the sudden change in attitude. She shook her head for a moment. (What happened?)

Dixie lifted an eyebrow to look at her, then focused back on Bass digging the grave. (I met an opponent I couldn't beat: cancer.)

(What—?)

In the distance, a howl cut through the air. It was filled with anger and rage. Merrie could just catch the intensity of Tabitha's emotions on the edge of her senses, a storm about to break.

Dixie stood up with a sigh. (That is not a story for today.) He braced himself and the connection between him and Tabitha flared up as he sent a pulse of energy down it. He turned to Sable. (I promise you and your master, we will kill Grange if he comes back.)

(All of us,) Sable's thoughts were hard once again, (will kill him.)

Merrie felt Dixie's pulse of energy stop, gather power inside Tabitha, and shoot back toward him. It was colored with anger and rage but also a desire that couldn't be worded. She looked at Dixie, wondering what it would do.

Dixie looked at her. His high-pitched but somehow gruff thoughts filled her head. (Don't bond with anyone here... pet.)

Tabitha's reflected power slammed into his form. The world slowed down as it started at his head. The dark brown and gray fur turned into a warm brown. His body grew taller as his legs stretched out. Hooves formed at his feet as he stretched high above Merrie. His barrel chest shrunk with his transformation and his muzzle dwindled down and forming into a delicate rounded tip. The magic continued to course along his body. Antlers sprouted from his head as his wolf form was transformed into a ten-point buck. It reached his tail and ended with a pop and shower of magic.

Dixie shook his head as he pawed the ground next to Merrie. (Time to die.) He stepped away from Sable and Merrie and

accelerated into a run. A heartbeat later, he leaped over the fence and was gone with a flash of his tail.

Sable stared after him for a long moment. (Is he really going to die?)

(No,) thought Sable, (but Tabitha will probably tear out his throat, rip off his legs, and slash open his belly.)

Merrie whimpered at the thought. She knew that she would do anything Tabitha needed for pleasure, but she didn't think she could ever do that. (Why?)

Sable pulled her into a hug and Merrie turned her head to look at her.

(When you bond, all that matters is your master or mistress. Their pleasure, their needs. Your powers come from that submission. The telepathy and the shape-shifting are all to serve your master. The more you submit, the more you get.)

Merrie's mouth opened in surprise. (I-I'll be able to shape-shift?)

Sable leaned forward. Their lips met and Sable forced Merrie's mouth apart and flicked her tongue inside as they kissed. (We all have powers in different measures. Dixie can transform better than me and Lanisai.)

(Lanisai?)

(My master and Borias call her Kessler's bitch. Lanisai can barely shift her shape but she got elemental powers. She is invulnerable to fire and doesn't need to breathe.)

Merrie couldn't picture it. (What can you do?)

Sable smiled and kissed her again, more forcefully. (I like to ride pretty bitches' faces and I'm a damn good fuck.)

Amusement rippled through Merrie's thoughts. She knew Sable didn't answer the question. (That isn't a power, Sable.)

(Really?) Another kiss. (I guess I haven't figured out my powers yet.)

It was a lie, but Merrie didn't want to push. She let her thoughts grow inward, toward the familiar despair but it was gone. The pain of Sama's death was muted by Sable's presence. She found someone who understood what she was going through. She pulled back and kissed Sable passionately. (Thank you.)

(For what, little one?)

(You were comforting me, weren't you?)

Amusement and love. Sable nipped Merrie's nose. (Both of us were, but in our own way.)

(Why?)

(Because you're pack. Because you're almost an alpha. Or simply because you are just like us. You are family for as long as you are here.)

(But, it was my own fault that-)

(No!) Sable froze and shook her head. (Never finish that thought. What happened to Silly Tits-)

(Sama.) Merrie ran through her brief time sharing memories with Sama. (Her name was Sama Millsdotter.) She sent the first words they share together.

(Sama? Thank you.) There was a faint pause in Sable's mental thoughts as the alpha focused on her master.

Bass stood up and turned around. There was a surprised look on his face. "Her name was Sama?"

Merrie nodded.

Relief flooded across his face. "Thank you... damn it, Borias isn't suppose to use your real name. But," he crawled out of the grave and took a step.

Sable tensed and growled at Bass.

Bass froze and held up his hands. He nodded to Sable, then focused on Merrie. "Thank you... Merrie."

Merrie's body trembled at her name, the sweet seduction of her name sent a tiny orgasm to ripple along her skin. She never thought Bass would say it. Despite the horror of the events that lead up to it, she hungered for that single name again.

Brushing his hands off, Bass headed out of the garden.

(My master is making the burial marker. We don't know the bitches names because we kidnap them. We call them demeaning names like Cunt, Tits, and Sloppy Balls,) an image of Dixie came up. (But, when they die, my master gives them closure by giving back their real names.)

Merrie thought about the other grave markers. (What about...) The thought died in her head as she felt Sable tensing. Sorrow burned in the alpha's thoughts. Merrie gulped. (I'm sorry.)

(No, little one,) Sable's tension faded, (this is just not a story for today.) Sable leaned over and kissed Merrie on the nose. (Guilt is a

terrible thing. All of us blame ourselves for what happened to Sama, but what happened here before-)

The memory came up of the freshly tilled garden inside the fence. Bass was there, covered in bandages and injuries. He could barely walk but he moved with the same determination that he used to dig Sama's grave. Deep slashes covered his body along with bruises and burns. He slammed the ninth log at the head of the grave as the memory faded.

Sable let out a soft, shuddering breath. (That was entirely our fault. Me and my master's. One death is terrible, but we lost nine bitches that day because I was too weak.)

Merrie wrapped her arms around Sable's curvy form. (I'm sorry.)

(Even after fifteen years, those wounds still hurt. Ask Borias, he knows the story and... it won't kill him for his telling. Ask him about the Sable Incident, that is what he calls it.)

Merrie felt Sable discomfort and guilt. She reached up and licked Sable's nose.

Sable chuckled and licked her back, her arm tightening around Merrie as they held each other together.

Voices drifted through the woods. "... know better than to say her real name in front of the bitches."

"I be knowing," said Borias with a dry chuckle, "but once known, I not be unknowning it. It be an accident, boss. And it be a fight that I thought I be dying in."

"I won't let you die. Just be careful, Bori. There is more than just Merrie here."

"Aye, aye, boss. I be remembering that with the next alpha we be getting."

Merrie sent a thought to Sable. (Is Borias in trouble?)

(Calling you Happy Cunt is to remind you that your life has changed. You are a bitch now, a sex slave, and someone who will be sold in a few weeks. Using your given name, even in passing, breaks that training and makes it harder for you to accept your new life.)

(Like when he lets me talk?)

Sable smiled and kissed her back. (Bitches don't talk.)

Merrie withdrew. She thought about Sable's words. She knew the alpha could talk any time she wanted to, she just choose not to. Dixie had his hands and feet and could stand up, but like Sable, he continued to crawl on his hands and knees even when he was in a

hurry. They were acting like dogs because it was their nature and choice, not because they couldn't. (I'm doing it wrong. I didn't mean to—)

(No,) Sable thought with another kiss, (it gets easier with time.)

“Okay, Bori, I'm done lecturing you,” Bass said as he brought a log into the cemetery. Sama's two names were already carved into it along with the date. He dropped it by the pit. “Help me, please?”

Borias followed after with a shovel. He stripped off his shirt and set the shovel next to Bass. Together, they headed for Sama's body.

(Please back up,) asked Sable.

Merrie got up and crawled back. She felt the sadness welling up but the comfort the two alphas gave her helped with the knife edge of guilt. She sat on her shins as she watched Bass and Borias pick up Sama's body and reverently set it down inside the grave.

A tear ran down Merrie's cheek as both men said a whispered prayer, one after the other. When they were finished, no one said anything for a few moments.

Then Borias picked up the shovel. Bass picked up his. In silence, they began to fill in the grave.

It took almost an hour.

When the last of the grave was filled, Borias let out a sigh. “I better be relieving Piffin and Thorn.”

“Thank you, Bori.”

“We be what we be.” Borias held out his hand.

Bass grabbed Borias and pulled him into a tight hug, picking the mage completely off the ground. As the muscles tightened, Borias made a wheezing noise. After a long moment, Bass set him down. With a sigh, he patted Borias on the shoulder. “You're a good kid.”

Borias smiled. “I be having a good model.”

“Your father—”

“Not me father, you. Now, you be getting a girl and go have a nice threesome for a funeral. I be thinking... you be taking Ass Licker tonight. She be,” Borias leaned over to read the name, “Sama's other pack sister and be torn up in her heart. She be needing some comfort and cock.”

Bass scowled and shook his head. “Is she still furry?”

“No, the Lazarus switched again. She still be having all those pretty titties, but the hair be gone. Even her pussy be bare.”

“I hate fucking furrries. Bitches should be hairless and sexy.”

“Even furry, Licker be very fuckable. But, it be Tabby’s favorite charm for a reason. Tonight, old man,” Borias said with a smile, “you need some tight teenage cunt to help say goodbye.”

Bass glanced to the grave.

“And you,” Borias looked over at Sable, “pretty lady...”

Sable got into a begging position and barked.

“If the boss be getting all depressed, you remind him that he has bitches to fuck, mages to order around, and—”

“A man to kill,” finished Bass.

Sable barked and wagged her tail. Her entire body shook with her movement.

Borias smiled but there was no humor. “Aye. But, tonight, we need to be comforting and crying. Tomorrow, we plan.”

Bass stepped back and looked at Borias quizzically.

Borias caught the look and glanced around. “What?”

“When did you grow up?”

Borias shrugged. He gestured for Merrie as he stepped away from Bass. “I always be what I be. Sometimes, I just be more mature about it.”

Privacy

31

Merrie woke up with a languished realization she was conscious. It wasn't because her master was awake, deep inside she knew Borias still slept. Without him needing her, she just relaxed and took a deep breath. The smell of pussy, women, and bodies surrounded her. It was the most natural of smells in her world now and she wondered if she would ever miss it.

She was surrounded on all sides, pressed down by soft breasts and firm bodies. Two smooth arms, both ending in stumps, rested against her pussy. Their presence brought the first hints of pleasure curling through her senses and she rocked her hips against them.

The others began to shift. Worried, Merrie reached out with her minds, but none of them were waking up. It was just their bodies and slumbering minds responding with the one thing that burned in their minds. The tiny moans sent another thrill across Merrie's senses. A breast was pressed to Merrie's mouth and she opened her lips automatically to suck on it. The nipple was soft at first, but grew quickly harder as she rolled it against her tongue.

The arm between her legs finally worked up enough moisture and it started to press against Merrie's entrance. She spread her knees, shivering at the sensation of her own amputated ends rubbing against female bodies and Seven's cock. The arm ground deeper and slid in like a cock, stretching her entrance with slow, torturous pleasure.

Merrie bucked against the arm as it worked deeper. It was like a cock as it filled her, stretching out her insides. She moaned and sucked harder on the nipple. She wanted to be filled and loved.

The arm worked in and out, first with small strokes but soon with deeper strokes. Her pussy grew hot around it as she felt the intoxicating mix of soft flesh and hard bone as it drove deep. She moaned and trembled with the effort not to thrash as the bitch got her full stride. The end of her lover's arm reached clear to her cervix and out again; tiny slurps and the smell of her own cut drifted through the press of bodies and Merrie smiled. It felt as good as the first time Sama fisted her.

Her eyes flew open as she felt a sob rise up. Sama was dead. The anguish was still raw and cut against her knife. Her lips parted as she found it suddenly hard to breath and the nipple slipped out. Its owner whimpered and tried to put it back, but Merrie didn't have the taste for pleasure anymore.

Panting, she squirmed away from the arm driving inside her. When she couldn't escape, she struggled faster and pulled herself off. With a gasp, she crawled out of the pile of naked bodies and tumbled to the floor. The stone was warm from the bitches' heat and she slumped against it, breathing hard as she tried not to cry.

Twenty-Eight crawled out of the pile after her. The bitch's arm was wet almost to her elbow and Merrie's pussy clenched at the memory.

Merrie looked at her and felt the tears beginning to burn. She shook her head and whimpered silently.

Twenty-Eight gave her a sad look, then crawled over. Her dark skin was almost black in the basement room. She slipped up against Merrie who tensed. But, Twenty-Eight didn't have sex on her mind, only comfort. Twenty-Eight wrapped her shortened arms and legs, both cropped to the elbow and knees, and held Merrie as tightly as she could.

Twenty-Eight's emotions were clear in Merrie's mind, she was sorry for Merrie. She grieved for Sama, but there wasn't as much of an emotional connection.

Merrie buried her head on Twenty-Eight's shoulder. She wrapped her own arms and legs around the soft body. She didn't project anything else, but just held Twenty-Eight and tried not to think of Sama.

Slowly, sleep came back.

(I have to pee so badly.) Twenty-Eight's thoughts woke Merrie up again. She shifted in Merrie's grip as her tail shivered with the sensations. In her thoughts, the sensation of a full bladder ignited Merrie's own body and soon Merrie had to pee herself.

Merrie opened her eyes to see Twenty-Eight looking around the room, obviously trying to figure out how to beg for the bathroom. With a smile, Merrie disentangled herself and got on her arms and knees.

Twenty-Eight watched with curiosity.

Gesturing for her to follow, Merrie crawled across the room and into Borias' room. She peeked over the bed where Borias was sprawled out on the large mattress. Cock Diver was between his legs, her arms cradling his half-hard cock and her legs curled up underneath her. She had a contented smile on her face.

Merrie smiled to herself and crawled on the bed. The soft mattress dented from her weight as she worked her way over to Cock Diver and Borias' cock. With a smile, she reached over and flicked the tip with her tongue.

Behind her, Twenty-Eight struggled to get on the bed. She blushed hotly as she crawled on with her shortened limbs and managed to perch herself on the edge of the bed before she crawled forward. The mattress shifted and dipped as she crawled around to the other side of Borias.

With a playful smile, Merrie slid her lips around the head of Borias' shaft, teasing it harder. She pulled off with a pop.

Twenty-Eight took his cock into her mouth. She slid down a little further before pulling it out.

Merrie took another stroke, then Twenty-Eight.

They managed to get halfway down the shaft before Borias stirred.

"No be fucking, it be too early," he whispered a groan.

Twenty-Eight took his entire cock into his mouth, sliding it clear to the base. Her throat spasmed as the cock invaded her throat. She held it there for a moment before sliding it back up.

Borias groaned again. His hips lifted as she pulled out, a primal need for the wet heat.

"Two more hours," he grumbled, his eyes still closed.

Twenty-Eight gave Merrie a questioning look.

Merrie sat back in a begging position, her wrists up against her collar and her legs spread wide apart. She waited until Twenty-Eight got into the same position, then let out a breathy, quiet bark.

Borias' eyes snapped open. Magic began to gather around him as he looked around in confusion. As his eyes met up with Merrie's, he relaxed.

"M-Merrie? What be wrong?"

Merrie almost answered, but then remembered Sable's words. She had to be a bitch and bitches don't talk. She squirmed her hips and panted softly. A whimper escaped her lips as she looked pointedly at the door.

Borias frowned, then over to Twenty-Eight who was doing the same thing. Realization dawned across his face. "You girls be needing to pee?"

Twenty-Eight barked almost desperately.

Between them, Cock Diver moaned and curled up tighter. Her tail curled over her pussy and nestled between the lips of her labia.

"Okay, okay, be quiet you two. I be taking you out." Borias pulled his feet out from their bodies. Yawning, he shifted to the edge of the bed and stood up. He didn't bother with clothes and just headed for the door. "Come on, girls."

Merrie admired his ass for a moment, then crawled off the bed. She wagged her tail and bounded after him as he walked past the sleeping bitches and opened the door to his private rooms. The stairs from the basement were quiet with just a hint of moisture. Hilfe's and Garcon's rooms were on the opposite side but no noise came out from the darkened door.

"No be waking others. It be late."

Once they passed through, he closed the door behind them and walked up the stairs. At the front door, Borias reached down and grabbed both of their collars and held them lightly. He muttered something under his breath as they kept on crawling through.

Merrie felt a tickle of energy as they cross the threshold. She frowned and looked over her shoulder at the door, wondering what she felt.

"There be a ward on the threshold of all the doors. If a pretty girl like you two be going through it without a trainer, you be getting a shock. Well, the alphas can be taking you through in a pinch."

She nodded and followed Twenty-Eight who was rushing for the bathroom area.

Twenty-Eight stopped only a meter into the soft, spongy area and spread her legs. With a sigh of pleasure, she let herself go and a splatter of urine poured out into the ground. It puddled for a moment before soaking into the earth and mulch.

Merrie crawled a bit further into the area, smelling the delicate smells of wood and urine. She found her spot and did the same, enjoying the soft pleasure of peeing. As it flowed, she took a deep breath of the cool summer air. It was moist and teasing against her senses. Faint breezes teased against her naked skin, rolling against her breasts and bringing her nipples to an aching hardness.

She curled her tail tighter along her back, running the tip up the small of her back and almost to her shoulders. The movement forced her back to arch as she squeezed out the last of her urine with a sigh of pleasure.

Next to her, Twenty-Eight finished and held herself there, tail curled up, shortened legs braced on the ground. She looked up at Bass as the muscles in her legs tightened.

Borias smiled warmly. "You be expecting me to clean you like the boss does?"

Twenty-Eight's tail shook and she gave a whimper.

"Boss not be here. You got me and you got Merrie. Who you think going to be cleaning you up?"

Twenty-Eight peeked over to Merrie who felt a flush of excitement. There was a pleading in her look as she trembled.

Merrie gave a whispered bark. With droplets of her own urine still clinging to her pussy lips, Merrie crawled over and around. The smell of fresh urine teased her as she lowered her mouth to Twenty-Eight's pussy and breathed in a different scent, excitement.

After weeks of fucking, Merrie noticed that it took very little to turn on the bitches, including herself. Just the idea of what she was about to do brought a tint to Twenty-Eight's dark pussy and droplets of excitement mixed in with the urine.

Merrie projected love as she pressed her lips to Twenty-Eight's pussy and licked.

Twenty-Eight gasped as her arms went down, presenting herself.

Merrie took advantage of the access to lap from clitoris to asshole and back down. She worked her mouth tight against the hot sex, lapping deep to her core as she worked her tongue deep into Twenty-Eight's pussy.

As Twenty-Eight moaned louder, Borias let out a quizzical sound. "Merrie, you be doing that again?"

Merrie looked up around Twenty-Eight's tail at Borias. She frowned and licked again, invoking a long moan of pleasure from Twenty-Eight.

"No, the thing with the collar."

Merrie didn't know what he was talking about. She continued to lick until she felt Twenty-Eight coming, a bright star of pleasure against her senses. She slowed down as the tiny tremors took over the bitch's body, enjoying how the hot pussy clamped against her tongue or the way Twenty-Eight shoved back with the rush of pleasure.

When it was finally over, Merrie pulled back her glistening face and smiled.

"You be next, Merrie."

Twenty-Eight's head snapped up, a look of trepidation on her face. She peeked over to Merrie.

Merrie smiled and sent out a pulse of encouragement, her emotions blurring with her own desire to feel Twenty-Eight's tongue against her sex.

"That. Merrie, you be doing that again."

Merrie frowned and looked up at Borias. Confused, she gathered up her emotions until they were a strong point of energy, then pushed it out toward Twenty-Eight.

Twenty-Eight let out a shudder as the scent of her excitement doubled. She circled around Merrie in a rush and drove her face into Merrie's sex.

Moaning, Merrie presented herself and shuddered at the pleasure of being licked. Twenty-Eight was skilled, they all were now, and it didn't take long for Merrie's juices to soak her face.

A shadow crossed over Merrie as Borias knelt in front of her, one knee on each side. Merrie looked up at his cock, already hard, and reached out for it.

“No, no,” whispered Borias as he grabbed Merrie’s iron collar. His grip was strong and he held her in place as Twenty-Eight lapped frantically, sucking and licking. “Okay, be doing the collar thing again.”

Gathering up her emotions once again, Merrie projected lust into Twenty-Eight. It felt like a sticky cloud of sunshine.

As it sank into Twenty-Eight’s thoughts, the bitch grew more frantic as she licked harder, trying to cram her face into Merrie’s pussy. Soft, slurping noises filled the air as she moaned into the wet hole.

Merrie inhaled sharply, looking up at Borias. Then, she felt the smooth tip of Twenty-Eight’s arm drove into her pussy, plunging deep and filling her. Merrie let out a gasp and whimpered at the pleasure.

Twenty-Eight pumped into her, fisting her without a hand, and thrusting deep into Merrie’s body. Every pound slammed against Merrie’s cervix, sending a bolt of discomfort to mix in with the pleasure searing at her senses.

Over Borias’ shoulder, Tabitha stepped out of the darkness.

Merrie jumped at the suddenness, her body trapped between Borias’ hands on her collar and the arm driving into her pussy. The sensation of helplessness burst inside her and she came. A moment later, Twenty-Eight slammed into her as she let out a squeal of pleasure, her entire body locked up into an orgasm of her own.

“That,” Borias jumped at Tabitha’s voice, “was magic. Did Merrie bond?”

“Tabby!” he gasped and dropped Merrie’s collar. “No, no, I just be checking something.”

Without him holding her, Merrie lost her balance and slumped face-first into the ground. The smell of urine and mulch filled her nostrils, but she couldn’t move as the orgasm tore through her. Her pussy clamped down on Twenty-Eight’s arm, holding it in place as waves of ecstasy pounded into her.

Tabitha stepped back. She was wearing her simple top and the wrap-around skirt that did little to hide the bushy pubic hair between her legs. “Rendi will kill you if she finds you naked outside.”

Borias shrugged. "It be three in the morning. She be either sleeping or praying."

Tabitha chuckled weakly and looked around.

Merrie, even through the haze of her afterglow, could tell there was something on the silfae's mind. There wasn't the usual crassness or anger in her face as she inspected the woods.

"Borias?"

"Aye?"

"Are you staying up?"

"Well, I be thinking these girls need fucking."

"Let them fuck themselves. Can you..." Tabitha wrapped one arm around her other wrist and twisted. "Do you think..."

The smile on Borias' face froze in place. "Tabby?"

Tabitha turned on him, her eyes bright. "Can we just talk? Tonight? Alone?"

"Sure," Borias said warily. "Let me put the girls in the room."

"I need to check on Dixie. Meet me by the carved stump?"

"How be he?"

"He'll live." An image flashed through Merrie's mind of a deer on the ground, torn apart and gasping for breath. One leg was broken and two were torn off. The taste of fur and blood coated her mouth. Blood and guts were everywhere.

It was terrifying, but buried deep in Tabitha's thoughts was the absolute confidence that Dixie would live.

Merrie shivered at the intensity of the image, the stench of blood and the sudden longing to be Tabitha's prey.

"Of course, Tabby. In a few minutes."

Tabitha stepped backwards and turned away, heading back to the cave.

Borias watched her for a minute, a look of concern on his face. He said nothing as he glanced down at Merrie and Twenty-Eight. After a moment, he gestured to the house.

Merrie lead the way, followed by Twenty-Eight. As Merrie got close to the front door, she could feel the ward in her mind. It was a sheet of power right inside the threshold. Part of her wanted to crawl through it, just to see what it felt like, but she sat down at the entrance and waited.

Twenty-Eight stopped next to her, frowning with confusion but following Merrie's actions.

"Good girl," said Borias as he came up the stairs.

Twenty-Eight moaned.

"And very good girl, Merrie."

Merrie's body shuddered with a tiny orgasm. She loved hearing her name, and the knowledge that she earned it just added to the growing pleasure. She squirmed her ass and wagged her tail back and forth.

Borias held their collars to cross through the door, then lead them back to his room. He gestured for them to enter. "Go on, you be sleeping now."

Twenty-Eight kissed Merrie and crawled into the pile of bitches. Seven lifted his arm to take her in and curled his body around her. Twenty-Eight kissed him and snuggled closer; she rested the ends of her arms on both sides of his cock as she stopped moving.

Merrie smiled as she crawled over to the pile. It was warm and inviting.

Cock Diver lifted her head from the edge of the pile, her eyes not opening, and tilted it toward Merrie. From behind, Fuckhole moaned and reached out for Diver, pulling her back in and licking her neck. None of them woke up fully, just the automatic hunger for sex and comfort.

Borias came out of the room with a rustle of cloth. He was pulling on a black, silk robe. He had pulled on a pair of shorts but Merrie could see one of his balls hanging outside from his hasty dressing.

"Why she want be seeing me?" he muttered as he ran his hands through his hair.

Merrie crawled over and reached up for him.

"Not now, Merrie."

Merrie smirked and pushed his testicle back into his shorts.

"Oh, thank you." He let out a nervous laugh. "I be feeling like a boy about to go to the principle's office to get spanked. The last time Tabby be taking me to the stump, she raped my ass for close to an hour." He stopped and let out his breath. Slowly, he looked down at Merrie as he adjusted his shorts again. "You be picking up what she wants?"

Merrie shook her head. There was no way the violence in Tabitha's head was directed toward Borias.

He sighed and checked his hair again. "Don't be mattering. She be asking and I be coming. I always be coming." Borias chuckled and patted Merrie on the head. "I be her bitch sometimes. Now, you be good and take care of the puppies, k?"

Merrie nodded slightly but pouted.

"No, no, not this time."

Merrie got into the begging position, spread her legs wide, pulled her wrists up to her collar, and barked once.

"Good girl."

She smiled, but didn't move out of the way. She wanted to come with him. Leaning back on her ankles, she watched as he checked his hair one last time, then hurried out the door.

Merrie watched the door swinging shut. In the split moment before it latched shut, she rushed forward and braced it open with her arm. The edge of the wood dug into her skin as she stared at the opening. Like most doors in the mill house, the latches were almost impossible for someone to open without hands or wearing gloves. Once closed, they were effectively locked into the room until someone opened it.

Borias' footsteps tapped on the stairs. He didn't noticed that she held the door open.

Merrie's heart pounded in her chest. She was about to break a rule, but the desire to see what Tabitha wanted called to her. She glanced into the room with the sleeping bitches, then pushed the door open. She had to brace it with her side, feeling the door frame scrape against her flanks before she slipped through.

The door clicked shut and she swooned. There was no doubt, she would be in trouble. She couldn't open the door and Borias would know that she followed him. Her body grew hot with excitement and the thrill of breaking rules. But, she was committed and curious.

Moving slowly, she crawled up the stairs. She did it a dozen times, but alone in the dark mill house, every creak sent a bolt of fear through her. Her pulse beat strongly in her ears as she came up to the main floor and peeked out. The hall was empty and dark.

Trembling, she crawled across the wooden floor and to the front door. When she looked at the sheet of magic covering it, she let out

a sigh of frustration. She forgot about the ward. She stared at it, wondering if Borias would punish her if he came back with her sleeping outside his door. She sighed as she regarded it.

A breeze caught the door and it creaked open. After the fight, it hung on one hinge and didn't latch. Merrie caught movement on the other side and peeked through the crack.

Tabitha was walking toward the woods, not to the cemetery but to a different part of the woods. She moved with sullen steps and Merrie didn't need to know that the silfae was filled with despair and something that Merrie had never seen in Tabitha, an emotion that Merrie couldn't quite put a finger on.

A desire to comfort Tabitha rose up. Merrie regarded the ward again. Borias said it would shock her like the collars. Her heart beat fast as she reached out with one arm and touched the energy wall. An electric charge coursed up her arm and set off her collar, the world exploded into white heat as she spasmed from the impact.

She cowered on the ground, panting for breath. As soon as she could, she pushed herself back to her arms and knees. Her tail pressed against her thigh as she considered going back to the room.

Her curiosity took the better of her. Merrie crawled back as she prepared to rush the door. Her body trembled as she fought the urge to not doing it. With a smile, she thought about Bass' cock, the huge length tearing into her. And the orgasm that followed. She wanted it, despite the pain. She wanted to be with Borias and Tabitha just as badly.

She bit her lip and charged forward, crawling as fast as she could.

Her collar sparked as she rushed through the door. Every muscle in her body tensed and she stumbled into the wood floor. Her lip split as she landed face-first into the porch. She bore down to avoid crying out, then curled up in a ball until the last of the spasms faded.

Panting, she looked up and was relieved to find herself on the far side. She staggered to her feet and regarded the house she just escaped. Then froze as she saw the gaping hole in the side of the great hall. There was no wards, no charms. She could have just crawled out.

Disgusted with herself and ashamed for not noticing, Merrie crawled down the porch stairs and across the yard. The grass tickled

her body as she followed after Borias and Tabitha. The world was quiet and only the moonlight lit her trail. Merrie almost got lost, but she reached out with her mind until she felt the present of the two. Slowly, she made her way into the woods.

When she heard them talking, she lowered herself and inched forward.

"... Dixie tried to jump away and I caught him in mid-leap air. Tore Dixie's legs clean off," Tabitha was describing the scene Merrie saw in her mind. Merrie shuddered at the memory of it, it was brutal but she still wished it could have been her underneath Tabitha's attack. "But, I had to stop, he couldn't take more."

Tabitha sat with her back to Merrie, perched on a stump. She had a large mug in her hand and the scents of Borias' lager drifted through the wet leaves and soil.

Borias sat across from her, leaning against a tree. He had a beer of his own but it was untouched as he looked up at Tabitha. "Still be frustrated?"

Tabitha took a long draw of her beer. "Yes. That bastard got away. No one gets away from me and... he did."

"I be surprised he not find the other stuff there."

Tabitha tensed up. She said, "I have no idea what you are talking about."

"Bass' holy symbol be buried there, right under Dixie's stake. Right?"

"How," Tabitha spoke carefully, "did you know that?"

Borias grinned and drank from his mug. He stretched out his feet and shrugged. "It be one of those places where things just be happening. There be three ley lines coming into a point there, that be why Grange hide the teleportation charm there so you not be finding it. And, I know that Dixie got a lot further away before you be catching him. No way it be taking three days to hunt him down for cropping and be that close to the mill. The only reason you put the stake there is to mark something important."

"Careful, Bori," Tabitha said, "curiosity is a dangerous thing."

Merrie ground herself into the ground. She was underneath a low bush and in a small indention of earth. But, Tabitha and Borias wouldn't miss her if they looked, not with their magic and histories.

"But, I be right?"

Tabitha sighed. "Yes."

"Good to be knowing."

"What are you going to do about it?" She drank deeply.

Borias shrugged. "Nothing. It be the boss' secret. I just won't be burying any bodies there. Some things should be left buried."

"Good, I won't have to kill you. Though it might not matter. An oracle told Bass that if 'innocent blood was spilled over that which was buried but not forgotten' then that bitch of a goddess would stop hunting him. And I did crop Merrie right there. Maybe he is finally safe from being hunted?"

"I not be knowing that." Borias toyed with his mug. "Prophecies and geases are nasty things. What be a simple answer rarely be."

"What about yours?"

Borias shrugged and rested his mug in his hands. He looked up at the sky and let out a long, shuddering breath. "The first be standard. I be needing a formal pardon from the current royalty of Franome. In writing. That be the one all criminal mages be getting."

"And the second?" she whispered.

He barked out a bitter laugh. "That one not be standard. I still be remembering it: when the softest down touches the breath of an innocent child of my own blood."

"A child?"

"I be sterile, all criminals be."

"But, that's impossible then."

"Geas magic won't take effect unless there be some way. Somewhere, there be the possibility of that phrase becoming true. And then, I be free."

"Did you ever... try to find out?"

"No." Borias shook his head before he said, "not being able to go within a five hundred kilometers of Franome City not be that bad. I not be welcome in that city and... there be bad memories and enemies there. And men I not want to be meeting still think I be in Abbinkey." He smiled and held up his untouched mug to Tabitha. "No, I be liking my life here and never want to be going back."

"Good." Tabitha lifted her mug to her lips, but froze. Slowly, she turned it on its side but nothing poured out. "Damn it."

She looked around and tears glittered in her eyes. "Damn the ancestors." Her voice cracked as she whispered to herself.

"Tabby?" Borias sounded concerned.

"He killed one of my bitches, Bori." Her voice cracked again and the mug shook in her hand. "That fucking bastard killed one of my puppies and I couldn't defend her. It isn't Bass' promises, but they are pack. I have to defend my pack and I couldn't!"

Borias handed over his mug. Tabitha took it and drank deep.

"I be so sorry. If it wasn't for me."

"No," Tabitha muttered, "he played us all. If it wasn't for your geas, it would be something else. He used us and... and then he just got away." She set down the glass and buried her head in her hands. "Damn it, when we were adventuring, no one ever got away from me. And he did. And I can't do anything about it!"

Borias stood up and came over to her. He opened his arms to hug her, but hesitated as if he was afraid she would bite. Then, he wrapped his arms around her and held her tight.

Tabitha pulled away, turning into profile for Merrie's view. She tensed up as she spoke curtly. "What are you doing?"

"Humans call it comforting," he said in a voice of humor and tension.

"I'm not human."

"No, but I be. And you be crying."

"I don't cry," she insisted as she wiped her eyes.

Borias lowered himself to his knees in front of her, still holding her tight. "Then you be comforting me while I be crying. She be one of my girls too. I love them all. Not only I can't be hunting Grange, but I can't be near him when he dies. I be never getting closure, even if he comes back. You, my lovely wolf bitch, will be ripping his throat out and I only be hearing it during the winter dinners."

Tabitha said nothing as she stared into his face. She set down the glass but her eyes never left his gaze.

Borias shifted to get comfortable on his knees. "What?"

"Bori?"

"Yes, Tabby?"

"If I ask you something, will you promise never to tell anyone?"

"You know I be never tell anyone. Besides, if I be breaking a promise, you be tearing me a new asshole."

Tabitha smiled and it reached her bright eyes. "This is important."

“Then I swear by Azus, the god of mages and thieves, I won’t be telling anyone.”

She didn’t respond.

Borias kept his hands on her waist, holding her as he stared into her face.

Tabitha whispered something.

He leaned forward. “Sorry?”

“Just once?” asked Tabitha in a louder voice. “Will you... just once?”

Borias cocked his head, not understanding.

Tabitha reached up and pulled off her top. Her small breasts, perky and tipped with dark nipples stood up. She inhaled sharply as she looked down at Borias.

He knelt there, mouth open in shock. “You want be fucking me? Me ass?”

“No,” came the cracked reply, “not as my bitch. As my... my...” She wrapped her arms around her breasts.

“Your lover?” whispered Borias.

Tabitha nodded curtly, her back tight with tension.

He reached up and stroked her bare shoulders. “You not be having to do this, Tabby. I be loving you no matter what.” His voice was soft, barely audible to Merrie who couldn’t move as she stared with fascination.

“No,” she whispered, “I need something. Something that violence can’t answer. No blood, no tearing. I need... need...” She sniffed. “You are a good man, Bori. Probably the best human worth keeping.”

He smiled.

“I don’t know how to be compassionate. I don’t know how to be nice. But, I need it. Just tonight. Just the two of us. Please?”

Borias nodded. “All you be doing is to ask.”

“Bori?” she whispered, her voice cracking even more.

“Yes, Tabby?”

“I’m asking.”

Borias nodded once. He lowered his hands to her hips and worked at her skirt. She lifted her ass as he pulled it away from her and let it drop to the ground. “You be beautiful.”

“Shut up,” she said with a sob.

He eased her legs apart. Merrie felt her breath growing hotter as he lowered his head to her crotch.

Tabitha shivered at the touch, then arched her back. A tiny gasp escaped her lips as she spread her legs more.

Borias' hands reached around her ass, cupping the tight curves he pulled her onto his mouth. His head bobbed up and down as he licked her.

She whimpered as she clutched his head, holding him there as she bucked into his face. She gasped as her body grew tighter, the tension in her legs picking her off the stump, but he held her tight as he licked her.

The scent of Tabitha's sex drifted past Merrie. It was strong and bitter, but also with just a hint of flavor that reminded Merrie of Burgundy wine. Merrie drank in the smell, jealousy she couldn't join but she knew she wasn't invited to this. She should even be watching, but she couldn't take her eyes off the two.

Borias took her time, lapping and licking for almost a half hour. He squirmed out of his robe and shorts so they were both naked. His head never stopped moving and he clutched to her ass as if she was a life raft.

Tabitha moaned loudly, her fingernails digging into the side of his head.

He pulled her down into his lap and Tabitha sank down into it. Merrie watched as Borias' cock slid into the thick bush of Tabitha's sex, but it stopped.

"Be tight."

Tabitha wrapped her arms around his neck and spread her legs. "I haven't had a cock in me for fifty-seven years."

"Well, then-" He wrapped one arm around her waist to grab her buttock. His other slid to her neck, his fingers digging into the sides. His muscles bunched up as he forced her down.

Tabitha let out a low, growl. It was a primal sound, hungry and desperate. Centimeter by centimeter, she sank down on his cock. Her body tensed as she clutched to him, wrapping her legs around his waist and her arms around his neck.

Borias' knuckles grew white as he pulled her down, impaling her with agonizing slowness.

Merrie held her breath as she watched the cock disappear into the silfae's tight body. She trembled with anticipation and the fear of being caught. It wasn't until Borias was seated fully into Tabitha that her heart resumed beating.

The two lovers held each other tight, not moving. Borias' fingers dug into Tabitha's body, clutching to her as if she was going to run away. For a long moment, they didn't move as they stared into each other's eyes.

Tabitha started by only moving her hips, rocking forward and then back. His body tensed at the movement as she swirled his cock inside her body, working it in circles instead of pumping like Merrie always did. "Is this right?" she whispered.

"There be nothing you can ever do wrong," he whispered back.

Tabitha leaned over, her breast ground against his chest and kissed Borias on the lips. It was a hesitant kiss, as if she wasn't sure of herself, but Borias pulled her close and kissed her back.

"I be loving you, Tabby."

"Bori, I can't-"

He silenced her with another kiss.

Tabitha continued to move her hips in circles, her thick public meshing with Borias' with every shift of their bodies. She was panting and Merrie could see her fingers digging into Borias' back in time with her movements.

Merrie knew it was time to leave. She gave one last look to the two mages. Borias held Tabitha tight against his chest, one hand on the back of her neck and one against her ass. She held him as she rocked her hips, fucking with slow, unsteady movements of a virgin goddess. They were lost in each other and nothing else mattered.

Slowly, Merrie pushed herself to her arms and knees and backed away.

Some things needed to be private.

t'Sade

Caught

32

Merrie was once again in a familiar place: naked in a cage and desperate for an orgasm. She shifted her body to ease the pressure on her wrists and put her weight on her knees. Her back scraped against the top of the cage and she arched it to press her shoulder blades to the top and relieve the strain on her lower spine. Her tail snapped back and forth, bouncing from one bar to the other to distract her from the maddening itch inside her pussy.

She let out a long shuddering breath and for the umpteenth time in the two days, she backed her pussy against a well-worn bar and ground her clitoris against the warm metal. The pressure was on the edge of pleasure and pain but she pushed past it to slap her body against it, drumming her pussy against the bars.

The lock rattled with her movement. On the other side, Anal Cookie glanced up at Merrie, gave her an apologetic look, and dove back down to her bowl. Twenty-Seven was choking on hers next to her, the look of disgust on her face almost painful as they struggled with Borias' special foods.

Merrie could see the magic in their meals. The same flowered energy glowed inside them, spreading out as they ate. Tiny motes of energy rose up from their bodies, drifting up and past the two bowls of beer that was their reward if they finished before the clock rang out.

She wanted to help them. Merrie reached out with her mind, but her thoughts bounced back against the smooth resistance of Borias' shield. She wanted to crack through it to reach out for the two bitches, but she didn't dare. The raw connection she felt with Borias

frightened her, the hungry desire to cut herself still haunted her dreams.

Whimpering to herself, Merrie returned to banging her clitoris against the metal bar, a steady thumping as she tried to find some way of reaching an orgasm. When that didn't work, she rocked her hips back and forth and ground her sex against the bar. Her toes dug at the slate floor outside of the cage for balance. She wanted to cum, she needed it so badly she could scream.

"Can't be doing it, right?" Borias sat down next to her. He wore a pair of black shorts and nothing else.

She stared at his cock, half hard against the fabric, and panted. She lowered her body to the floor of the cave while keeping her pussy tight against the bar. The pleasure of having it slid the length of her slit ran through her senses, but never brought her closer to an orgasm.

"That be the collar." He watched the two other bitches as he spoke, "That be the first spell me mother put on it. If you could cum yourself, you wouldn't be looking to the other bitches for comfort. Or to your trainer for commands."

Merrie threaded her tail between the bars so she could slam her body against the bar. With every impact, a flash of pain coursed up her body but there was just the hint of pleasure in it. She ground her nipples against the towel on the bottom of the cage and pounded harder.

"You never be coming, Merrie."

Merrie whimpered and looked up at him. She was desperate. She licked her lips and let out a long, gasping bark. She could feel her juices dribbling down the bars and used it to slide back up and down; she knew every fold of her pussy as it ran against the metal.

Borias glanced over to her and smiled. "Frustrating, isn't it?"

She nodded.

He reached into the cage. When she saw his fingers reaching for her nipples, she lifted her body. His touch was electric and she let out a long, throaty moan. She shivered as he caught her nipple.

Borias twisted hard. Sparks of pleasure and pain slammed into her, running along her heated skin and through her veins. It puddled in her pussy, a throbbing heat that threatened to push her over the edge.

Merrie stretched out her arms, the stubs of her wrists pushing out of the cage as she ground her breast into his hands.

Borias shook his head and pulled back his fingers. As soon as he was no longer touching her, the magic of the collar clamped down on her pleasure, forcing her back from the crest of pleasure.

She let out a wail of frustration and desperation. The cage rattled around her as she slammed her body against the bar, crushing her clitoris. The pleasure was there as was the pain, but neither would push her back to the edge.

He stroked her through the cage, sending little sparks of pleasure coursing through her skin. She leaned into him and rubbed her pussy. His touch made the pleasure more intense and she jerked violently against the metal as she masturbated.

She just reached the crest, that heartbreaking moment when she would finally explode into an orgasm and he pulled his fingers back. The collar's magic slammed down on her, yanking her from ecstasy and she sobbed.

“You be desperate to cum?”

She nodded frantically, still rubbing her body against everything she could. He returned his fingers to her nipple and twisted hard. She let out a cry of pleasure and pounded her body against the bars.

At the dish, Twenty-Seven sat back with a gasp. She had a sick look on her stomach. Anal Cookie stopped eating a few seconds later, but her face was smeared from the speed she ate. Twenty-Seven sighed and crawled over to start licking Cookie's face.

“See, they be comforting each other. I be worried since you might be helping them, but I got this cage shielded. It's the most I can do to stop you.”

Merrie whimpered as she looked at him in confusion.

Borias chuckled and grabbed her other nipple, twisting it hard. “You be making everyone's job easier, but I also be making sure they be good slaves after you be gone. I didn't realize what you be doing to the bitches until last night.”

She tensed. She thought she knew why she was in the cage—Borias woke her up when she was sleeping outside the door to his room—but his words gave her a doubt.

Borias released her nipple and trailed his fingernails down her sides, teasing her flanks.

Merrie whined with frustration, the pleasure teased her senses and she desperately needed to come. She slammed back on the bar.

“No, no. You be not doing that.”

Merrie froze, trembling with the effort.

“Now, if you not be moving until I be finishing, you be coming.”

She inhaled sharply, shaking. She gulped and nodded. The heat in her pussy was already growing into a liquid inferno. She felt it like a drug coursing through her veins.

“Me mother’s collar be having a lot of magic in it. It be making you horny all the time. It also be punishing you for speaking. She be putting in some defensive and offensive magic. It also be monitoring bitches like you. So, we keep track of how afraid you be, how angry, how depressed.”

Merrie struggled to understand his words. She tensed up her arms and back and fought the urge to slam her clitoris against the bars.

“When you be detecting something with magic, you be measuring it. So, there be this guy named Tarabin who identified emotions. T5 be fear and T3 be anger, for example. And there be this other guy, Crow, who came up with strengths of emotions. You be following me?”

She shook her head, then let out a gasp as he slid his fingers along her buttocks. His fingertips teased the base of her tail and she let out a sob of frustration as she fought to remain still.

“Well, let be taking the T5, fear. Being scared of the dark is maybe... 4 crow. 5 crow if they be really scared. Charging horse? 6-ish. About to be executed be getting you up to 10 to 12 crow. Each ‘crow’ be almost twice as much as the one before it. So, scared about death, call it 10 to 15. k?”

His pinky finger slid down her crack to tease her asshole. She started to push back on it, but forced herself still. She could feel him circling around her tail and around the opening of her ass, brutally teasing her slick opening. The smell of her pussy was strong around her, a teasing reminder of how desperate she was.

“Now, Crow be not a good guy. To understand it, he be wanting to know how much fear you be taking before you die. Scared to death, you know. So, he be scaring pretty girls and boys until they die.”

Merrie shivered at the brief image that welled up, of Borias cutting a girl in half with a butcher knife.

“He be executed for ‘crimes against humanity’ but he be figuring out that you heart be stopping around 30 to 40 crow. You not be handling that much fear. Now, bet you know where I be going?”

She shook her head with a sob. His fingers were sliding up and down her slit, easily dragging through the juice slick folds. She could feel her body tensing up for an orgasm, but he pulled back his fingers just as she reached it and the collar dragged her back down.

Merrie closed her eyes and the tears ran down her cheeks.

“Pleasure be T6,” he said with a smile.

She bit her lip and wondered if she could keep holding still. Every part of her body screamed to lash out, to try futility masturbating.

“Soon, Merrie-”

She gasped at her name and it added to the growing frustration and desperation.

“Mother’s collar be measuring all of the Tarabin axes. It be keeping the last six months so me and she can be checking on it. There also be suppressors to bring you down from too much fear or anger. And boosters when we say ‘good girl’ or the other commands.”

Merrie’s mind latched on to his words. She was starting to understand him. She remembered the acidic taste of the artificial pleasure. She missed the sense of helplessness, but at the moment the pleasure of desperation was making every moment hell.

“So, when I be checking your collar after you be cropped, it be broke. It broke because the collar not be designed to handle more than 50 crow on the T5. Why should it? You heart be stopping if you got that much.”

She looked over to him and he was watching her.

“You know the peak on your T5? What be breaking it?”

Merrie shook her head.

“130 crow. There only be three spells that can be doing that. What you felt... well, your heart should be exploded. So I be thinking that Tabby really scared you. But, you... lovely Merrie,” he slid two fingers into her sex-starved sex. It filled her to the knuckles and she clenched around it.

She moaned loudly and fought every urge to shift.

“Last night, you be projecting emotions. I didn’t know you can be doing that, but I saw the filters on Twenty-Eight go up. And then I saw it. You be breaking the collar by overloading it. Now, since you can’t be feeling that, it be meaning that you can project more than your heart can feel. And that be how you broke my shields when Grange be-”

She tensed and looked away.

“He be killing himself, he just not be knowing it yet,” he finished darkly. “Be Tabby or the boss, one of them be helping him commit suicide.”

Borias pulled his fingers from her sex and brought them up to her mouth.

She looked down at the juices dripping from his digits, the milky film looked like cum, but she knew it came from her own lusts. She opened her mouth and let him slid his fingers into her mouth. She moaned at the taste of her pussy and lapped at his digits to clean them.

“So, you be ready to come now?”

Merrie nodded, her lips clamped around his fingers.

“Then,” he said with a smile, “there be one last thing. Did you see me and Tabby?”

Merrie’s heart pounded in her chest. She looked up at him with fear burning inside her. She glanced over to Twenty-Seven and Anal Cookie who were suddenly paying attention to her. Merrie turned her gaze back to Borias. A shuddering ran through her body.

He was smiling, but there was something behind his eyes, something that wasn’t joy or happiness. It was a hardness of a master, a man who could easily put away his compassion to punish her.

She wanted to lie and say she didn’t. She wanted to crawl away or beg for mercy.

Merrie grew aware that Borias was still touching her, but his other hand was reaching up. Trembling, she followed it but it was under her neck, wrapped around her collar. The fear rose higher, mixing in with a desperate hunger.

“Fear be T5,” he said simply.

Caught, Merrie blinked at the tears in her eyes. She took a deep breath and gave a hesitant nod.

He raised an eyebrow. "What be that?"

Merrie nodded more confidently now. The thrill rose inside her, she would be punished again. Not just for being outside the room, but for violating Borias and Tabitha's privacy, for being an intruder.

"I not be happy with that, you be knowing."

Another nod.

"Tabby needed that to be private. And you be violating that privacy."

She sniffed and gave another nod, dreading what was coming.

"And you be punished for that."

Merrie looked around the cage and whimpered. She couldn't take more days without an orgasm. She hungered for sex just as much as the cum, and a bowl of cold cum and slimy crap did nothing to satisfy her.

"No, no, we not be doing the cage for this." He reached out and opened the cage. "Come out, Merrie."

Her name was a leash. She slithered out of the cage, her body shaking as she tried to imagine what punishment Borias would give her. As soon as she crossed the threshold, her empathy came back to life and she felt the curiosity and concern in the other bitches. She gave them an apologetic look.

"You no be projecting with the bitches."

Merrie snapped her head back to stare at Borias.

He got up and dragged a chair to the center of the room. Setting it down, he twisted it against the stone floor before letting go. "Trust be important, Merrie. And you might be an alpha and special but you know I must do this."

Tears burning her eyes, Merrie nodded.

"You be a bad girl."

It felt like Borias had jammed a knife into her gut. She let out a sob and dropped to the ground. Her limbs didn't work as she stared at the chair, dreading it.

"Come here."

Merrie shook her head even as she struggled to her knees and wrists. She didn't want to come, but she couldn't resist either. She had to obey, he was her master.

"Now," commanded Borias.

Still crawling, Merrie made her way to the chair. As his gesture, she crawled up on it and laid down across her. The one edge crushed her breasts and her ass stuck high in the air.

“Spread your legs.”

Body hot with anticipation and her mind terrified, Merrie spread her legs. The weight of her body bore down on her thighs and breasts.

“If you be moving, then we be starting over. K?”

Merrie nodded.

“Bitches bark, they not be nodding.”

Another shuddering breath. Merrie looked and saw the other two bitches watching with curiosity and trepidation. She swallowed and felt sick to her stomach. With a gasp, she barked once.

“And you no be talking, the collar shocking you, k? You must be earning the words again, k?”

She barked again.

“Now, you bark once for every stroke. You be giving two barks when you be getting one for every year Tabby be lonely. No two barks, we not be stopping. Too early and we be starting over. And do you know why? Because if she be catching you, she still be lonely and I not be liking that.”

Merrie frowned, then her eyes widened as she realized the number. Tabby had gone fifty-seven years without a cock. She let out a sob and her body trembled. She shook her head violently. She couldn't handle fifty-seven strokes.

Borias' hand smack down on her ass. It sent a shot of pain slamming across her senses. “Bitches not be shaking her head either.” His voice never rose, but there was a hardness in his words.

Merrie sobbed and clutched as well as she could to the legs of the chair. She gulped and let out a bark.

“Not be fast enough, we be starting over.” His hand came down, the palm cracking against her ass.

She jerked forward. Her weight crushed her nipples and she whimpered loudly.

After a two-beat pause. “No bark. We be starting over.”

Merrie cried out, her body tensing as the hand came down on her right cheek. The crack of flesh on flesh shot through the room and

both Twenty-Seven and Cookie jerked at the noise. It took all of her effort to let out a bark.

“That be one.”

When his hand came down, Merrie let out a frantic bark. Her nipples ground into the side of the chair and she desperately wanted to shift her body.

Borias grabbed her collar with his other hand. It dug into her throat and the pleasure of helplessness filled her. He held her down as he cracked his hand across her ass again.

Pain radiated from the impact and she could feel her buttock growing hot from the impact. She choked on her bark.

The hand came down again. She jerked into the collar, cutting off her breath as she let out another bark. The pain was mixing in with the inferno inside her pussy, the pleasure and agony swirling together. She found it hard to breath and squirmed against the chair.

“If you be coming, we be starting over.”

Merrie whimpered and looked at him pleadingly. He was holding her collar, she couldn't feel the magic dampening her pleasure.

Borias shook his head, then smacked her ass hard.

She almost forgot to bark. With a flush, she squirmed and let out a high-pitched bark.

He spanked her hard, his palm striking every part of her ass. She could feel heat radiating out from it. The agony of the strikes continued to mix in with her pleasure, pushing her higher and higher until she could barely see straight.

She almost missed the change when he pushed himself up to his knees. The next blow came between her legs, his palm striking her pussy lips with a crack. Agony slammed into her and she let out a scream from the surprise. Her collar ignited into an electrical storm, but Borias didn't even budge. She could feel his shield shedding off the lightning, protecting him from the magic.

Muscles shaking, she strained to force out what she hoped was a bark.

Borias thankfully waited until she regained her senses before he smacked her ass again. His fingers curled along the curve of her buttocks and she shivered at the smack of his fingertips against her

abused pussy. She could feel her juices soaking his fingers when he pulled back.

He continued to punish her, hands striking her ass hard and fast. She didn't know when he came up between her legs until she felt his palm cracking against her bare sex, but the scream that tore out of her echoed in the room.

She was hot and slick, desperate to come and nothing was stopping her. She tried to think about Grange or Tabitha, but her desires to be their victim and prey only added to eh pleasure. Desperate, she pictured herself in the wagon on the first day, terrified, but then she remembered Bass sitting across from her. The memory of his cock pushed her dangerously close to an orgasm.

Borias' hand came down against her ass, sending bright sparks of pain across her senses.

Her stomach tightened as the inferno threatened to explode inside her. She clutched at the chair, desperate to find anything to prevent herself from going over the edge. She bore down on the collar, choking herself, but the pressure against her throat only added to her torturous pleasure.

“No barking?”

Merrie let out a frantic bark.

“Good, we be done?”

Merrie sobbed.

“You be right.” And the hand came down. Blow after blow until her ass was red-hot with the impact. Everything felt raw, from her two cheeks to her abused pussy. She wanted to come but didn't dare. Her rising crest of pleasure had become knife-hot and torturous.

It hurt to breathe. She couldn't take his blows anymore. She tried to find something she could think to stave off her orgasm. She couldn't. Everything about her world was pleasure now. Every person, every item was centered around her sexuality. She was a sex slave and it had been ingrained into her very core. She couldn't escape. She didn't want to escape.

His hand came down on her pussy with a hard blow. It threw her forward into the collar and she almost came as the metal dug into her throat. She let out a gurgled scream as her pleasure finally

sparked. She could feel it, the rush of pleasure, the stars swimming across her vision. Merrie couldn't stop from orgasming.

Desperate, she gathered up all her pleasure and threw it away. She didn't know if it would work, but anything to stop from coming.

Across from her, both Twenty-Seven and Anal Cookie's eyes widened. Their bodies grew tight and then both slumped to the ground. In her mind, she felt their orgasm igniting as stars in a field of darkness. As the two lights grew brighter, the pleasure drained out of her.

Another smack on her ass.

She barked as she pushed out hard, forcing the pleasure from her body. More bitches exploded into an orgasm as it rippled out. She felt Twenty-Eight coming, then Cock Diver, then Seven and Throat Fucked. Each one exploded into pleasure as the muted sounds of their orgasms came through the walls.

Merrie let out a gasp as she slumped against the chair.

And then a supernova exploded. It was Sable and her orgasm came rushing back toward Merrie. It was a wall of pleasure and ecstasy, redoubled by the alpha's pleasure and there was nothing Merrie could to avoid it.

Merrie tensed up and let out a single sob before it tore into her. Liquid pleasure flowed through her veins, tore through her consciousness. She strained to pull back, to prevent an orgasm, but then everything cracked and she was consumed by it. She let out a long wail as the orgasm took over her body, turning every fiber of her being into a singularity of ecstasy.

She was barely aware as the rest of the bitches orgasmed around her, they were just motes of light against her own supernova of pleasure. It overwhelmed even Sable's light as she came.

And came.

And kept coming. It just wouldn't stop. She couldn't do anything besides being torn apart.

And Borias' hand kept coming down against her ass and pussy, spanking her with hard, unforgiving strokes. She felt his fingers against her ass, her tail, her pussy. Every one drove the pleasure until she felt herself being torn from her body and cast adrift.

It was only an eternity of pleasure when she heard Borias speaking.

“Coming back, Merrie?”

Her name was an anchor. With a slurping sensation, she felt herself slam back into her body. Cracking open one eye, she shuddered as orgasms continued to course through her body. She was still coming and sparks of pleasure danced across her vision.

She was on her back and in his bed. She blinked, then let out a gasp as another orgasm ran through her.

“You be barking twice now, k? Otherwise, we be starting over.”

It took all of her effort to bark. She was weak and helpless. She tried to move her limbs, but she couldn't push herself off the bed.

“One more,” he said with the compassion and humor back in his voice. “One more bark.”

She gulped and managed to gasp out a final bark.

“You be coming?”

She nodded with an exhausted smile.

“And you not be sneaking out of the room again?”

She shook her head as she panted for air.

“And you be a good bitch?”

Her body was slick with sweat and her pussy juices. Orgasms still ran down her spine, sending tendrils of pleasure through every part of her body. She stared up at him and a smile crossed her lips. She let out a single exhausted bark.

Pack Tactics

33

Merrie pressed the ends of her arms between Twenty-Seven's buttocks and spread them. She admired the wrinkled opening right above the swollen labia. Droplets of excitement clung to Twenty-Seven's lips. She drank in the sweet smell as she tucked her head underneath Twenty-Seven's tail. She licked her lips before she delved her face into the wet folds and lapped at the tangy core of the bitch's sex.

Underneath Merrie's mouth, Twenty-Seven dug her arms and legs into the soft grass lifted her hips up to questing lips. A long, throaty moan ripped out of her throat. She shuddered when Carrie found her clitoris.

Merrie gulped at the flood of juices. She lapped harder, working her tongue deep inside Twenty-Seven's cunt. She caught the taste of Borias' cum deep inside and let out a moan of pleasure. She drove her tongue deeper, sucking the folds into her mouth to get at his cum.

As she pleased Twenty-Seven, the waves from the pond lapped at the ends of her legs. Occasionally, one of the bitches would splash through the water and the water would rush up and tease against her own sex, a brief flash of pleasure. Merrie didn't want to go in herself, she found that with missing hands and feet, she kept slipping toward the deeper water and she couldn't swim anymore. It made her feel helpless and ignited the fires inside her.

(Well, that's a lovely sight,) Sable's thoughts drifted through Merrie's mind along with an image of Merrie sprawled out on the grass as she ate out Twenty-Seven's pussy.

Merrie sent a welcoming feeling back and resumed her lapping.

Grasses rustled to her side as Sable came up with Bass and Licker. (How are you doing, Merrie?) It was a question about Sama.

Merrie felt a pang of sadness strike her. It had only been five days since she died and Merrie was still devastated, but at the same time, she had to put on a cheerful face for the other bitches. Time and sex would erode at the pain but at the moment, it was a dull ache beneath the pleasure. She couldn't figure out the words, so she just sent the complicated emotions back.

Comfort came back, the emotional equivalent of a hug. (It is always like that. I wish there was something I can do.)

(You are,) Merrie smiled into Twenty-Seven's pussy, (I'm happy here.)

A different type of sadness came rippling through the mental connection. (You can't stay here.)

(I know, I've never been so happy than right now.)

"Morning, Bori," called out Bass as he came stomping closer.

Borias looked up. He was naked and sprawled out on the grass. He had both Anal Cookie and Seven between his legs. Both of them were licking his cock and balls and enjoying every minute of it. "Hey, boss."

A few meters away, Thorn was fucking Throat Fucked while Snapping Pussy ate out his ass. Pillow Chest was buried between Pussy's legs, licking and touching and slurping.

Piffin had taken Useless Cunt and Horny Holes aside and was giving them precise instructions on the more complicated commands. Merrie could feel them growing hornier with every passing order.

"Looks like a dog show," said the thriban in a low chuckle. "Don't remember scheduling one."

"Eh, just felt like relaxing a bit. And be finding out that Thorn thinking the same thing. So, we be swapping the girls and having a bit of sex and sun."

Merrie lifted her face up from Twenty-Seven's pussy. She could feel the breeze cooling the juices on her face and let out a bark.

Bass was leaning against a rock as he stripped off his pants. His cock, the huge and swollen member, bobbed in the air as he tossed his clothes aside.

Merrie stared at it hungrily. It felt like a year since she had last enjoyed it. She sent a question to Sable who was diving into the water after Twenty-Eight, Seven, and Snuff Bait. (Sable, I want Bass.)

Sable barked happily as she tackled Seven. The male bitch trying to regain his footing with his shortened arms and legs and ducked under water. He came up gasping. Sable dove under the water and came up a half second later, shoving him closer to the shore. (You are both calm right now. Just don't go wanting him.) She rolled Seven out of the water and hopped after him. (And no reading his thoughts.)

(Okay.)

A wave of amusement. (That's 'yes, alpha.')

Merrie picked herself up and crawled over Twenty-Seven's legs toward Bass. (Blow me.)

(Come over here, bitch, and we'll see who'll be licking who.)

Merrie grinned and crawled through the longer grasses. It tickled her nipples as breasts swayed. The rough edges of the grass ran along her nipples and sent tiny flares of pleasure along her senses. She felt sexy as she came up to the thriban.

(You are sexy.)

Merrie blushed under the compliment. She came up to Bass and put herself in the begging position.

Bass looked up at her as he sat down and smiled. "Been a while, hasn't it?"

She wagged her tail and barked again.

"Well, Sable doesn't mind, so why don't you come over here and show me what you learned."

Merrie moaned and crawled between his legs. His thick, dark cock stood up straight. It was the most beautiful thing she had seen and she found a primal hunger building inside her. Sliding up, she planted herself firmly against his thighs and lapped at his balls. They were already slick with his precum and she relished the taste of his manhood.

"Oi," snapped Borias, "all we be needing be beer."

Thorn, panting, said, "You want to get it?"

"No, I be having fun."

Thorn grunted as the smell of his cum drifted across the breeze.

Merrie smiled and let Bass' testicle slip from her mouth. She worked her mouth up his cock, exploring every thick ridge and bump. She focused all of her attention on his cock, worshipping it as she marveled at how large it was. She wanted it inside her, any way she could.

(Merrie, could you ask Dixie to bring some lager?)

Surprised that she could keep lapping as if she wasn't telepathically communicating, Merrie reached the top and lapped at the soaked tip. (Me?)

(Yes, you can project much further than I can. I was over a kilometer from the mill when you made me cum yesterday.)

Merrie blushed at the thought. She didn't find out until that night that she managed to set off every bitch in the mill again. On the nightly walk, she was mugged by three of the bitches who wanted to thank her. She grinned and ran her lips over Bass' crown before parting her lips around the heated member.

Bass reached down to stroke her hair, tugging on the carefully brushed dog ears. His breath was deep and she could feel his attention burning her skin.

(Don't know?)

(Sixty meters is my furthest, and I can't project past ten with anyone besides my master. Dixie is a quarter of that at best. You can project at least two kilometers.)

Merrie's jaw hurt as she took Bass' cock into her mouth. It swelled and pinned her tongue to the floor of her mouth. She drove down until it lodged in the back of her throat. (Is that a lot?)

(More than any bitch I know.)

(What does it mean?)

Sable sent a pulse of comfort tinged with pleasure. She was currently humping Snuff Bait's face and the bitch was licking her obediently. (Every alpha has their own strengths. You are an empath and a natural telepath. Now, order some beer.)

Merrie bobbed her head down, choking on his cock but loving the feeling of having her jaws pried open and the thick member invading her through. His precum coated her tongue, filling her with the taste of man. She moaned and wiggled her hips with the growing pleasure.

"Bring that pussy over here, Merrie."

Merrie whimpered at her name, a surge of pleasure coursing through her body. She turned around without ever pulling her mouth off his cock. Her soft body slid over his muscular thigh and she settled down with her breasts crushed against his leg.

Bass slid his fingers down her spine and pleasure danced along her skin before pooling in her pussy. He reached over her buttocks and shoved one finger into her soaked sex.

Merrie jerked at the pleasure and shoved her head down harder on his cock. It inched its way down as she felt the ridges teasing her lips. She pulled up as she started to struggle for air, took a deep breath, and shoved back down.

As she bobbed up and down, she cast out her mind. She could feel the other bitches in the darkness—they were flickering with glowing pleasure—and she reached out for Dixie. After a few seconds, she pulled back frustrated.

(I don't think I can.) She remembered Bass' cock and bobbed down, shoving it past her gag reflex and taking him clear to his growing knot. His girth swelled her throat, pinning it against her iron collar, and she fought against the wave of pleasure that rolled through her.

(You are unfocused. Pick a direction and project that way.)

Merrie frowned as she shoved herself further down. Her lungs and jaw ached, but she wanted Bass completely inside her. Whimpering, she forced centimeter after centimeter into her throat until it felt like his cock was in her stomach. Only a few centimeters from his base, she had to give up and pulled up. The feel of the warm air in her lungs was sweet and she gasped for breath.

“You don't have to deep throat me.”

Merrie smiled up to Bass and dove back down. She pushed herself on her wrists and feet to get a better angle. Bass added a second finger to her pussy and pulled up, helping her as she slid down his cock.

She imagined sending out a targeted pulse that rushed toward the house. To her surprise, it worked and she felt her mental awareness rolling across the lands and past the mill house. It brushed against an emotional warmth of Tabitha's cave, but they weren't there.

Merrie picked another direction and sent out a pulse as she slid back up. She was almost completely inside her.

Bass' fingers swirled around inside her, flicking back and forth. They were thick and hard, teasing her and she bucked against him as she panted for breath.

She didn't find Dixie and tried again in a different direction. Her jaw ached as she shoved herself down on the throbbing cock. Her lips slid along the bumps and ridges as she lifted herself up more.

Bass shoved his thumb into her asshole and she almost came. He lifted her up for the angle.

With the feeling of being lifted by Bass, Merrie felt the pleasure growing. She bore down as the thick cock invaded her throat. It pinned against her collar as she continued to force it deep inside her.

There was a flash of mental energy and a connection formed between Merrie and Dixie.

(What the fuck!?)

(Hello, Dixie!)

(Where are you?) Dixie was looking around. He was with Tabitha, Cock Diver, and Fuckhole.

(By the pond.)

There was a stunned silence.

Merrie wanted to whimper, but there was no way air could escape her lungs. She opened her mouth as much as she could and pushed herself past his knot. There was a moment of fear that she could get caught, but then the rush of pleasure slammed into her. She slid further down as her lips sought the base of his cock.

Jealousy rippled down the connection. (What do you want?)

Merrie sent an image of the gathered bitches and trainers. (We're having fun. Want to join us?)

She felt elated at the first touch of Bass' pubic hair against her face. She redoubled her efforts and jammed herself down. The last few centimeters slid past her lips and she buried her face in the thick, black hair of Bass' crotch.

He was completely inside her, blocking her throat. Every pulse of his heartbeat pounded in her throat, pulsating with a rapid-fire beat that drummed up her own hunger. His fingers drove inside her,

pumping in and out despite he was holding her almost completely off the ground.

(Okay,) a wry desire rippled from Dixie, (we'll be there.)

(Bring beer.)

Annoyance rose up. (Do I look like a fucking delivery-) The emotional connection stopped instantly. (My mistress says she will. We'll be there in twenty minutes.)

Merrie broke the connection and repeated Dixie's thoughts to Sable. As she did, she felt Bass come inside her. Her lungs hurt, but she held herself as still as possible as hot cum poured into her belly.

When she couldn't take it anymore, she drew up as slowly as she could manage. She wanted to breathe, she needed it, but the prolonged pleasure and the feeling of his pulsating cock in her throat gave her the willpower to take her time.

His cock splattered cum against the back of her throat, tickling her gag reflex. She coughed and pulled his head into her mouth. She used her tongue to block off her mouth as she took in the first sweet gasp of air.

Bass' orgasm filled her mouth and she swallowed the thick load of cum. She wanted to smile, but couldn't with her lips stretched around his thick shaft.

He finished and she sucked his cock clean before letting it pop out of her mouth. She ached, but she didn't care. Panting, she looked up at Bass and barked.

Bass kept pumping his fingers and thumb into her pussy and ass. "Good girl."

She leaned into his fingers and let out a gasping bark. She was elated and the pleasure was building up quickly. She shoved into his fingers and the wet, slurping noise pushed her closer to the edge.

"Merrie," Bass' low voice brought a spasm of pleasure through her body. "If you present, I'll fuck you."

Merrie practically threw herself off Bass' fingers. She dropped to the ground and shoved her face into the grass. Breathing in the smell, she spread her legs and wagged her tail invitingly.

Chuckling, Bass got into position. His huge cock thumped against her buttocks and then his hands grabbed her buttocks, his thumbs on her inner thigh and spread her obscenely open. "This is a lovely sight."

She moaned and pushed back.

He picked her up and propped her against his thighs. His thick cock bumped once against her tail and then it was up against her sex. It was slick with his precum and her saliva.

It entered her with one long, slick sensation. Merrie came at the feeling of being filled completely, of her inner walls being stretched to their limit. His cock, a tree of pleasure, slid deeper inside her until she was completely filled by him. His balls smacked against her clitoris and sent her into another wave of orgasm.

(Keep it in your head,) warned Sable.

Delirious with pleasure, Merrie lifted her head. Around her, the other bitches were shuddering with their own orgasms. She reached out with her mind's eye and saw the stars flaring.

(You're projecting again,) Sable sent with a wave of amusement.

Merrie was shoved forward as Bass slammed into her. She moaned with the need, rocking back and forth. He drove into her again, she watched as the other bitches shivered with a tiny orgasm racing along their senses. (How do I stop?)

(Learn to shield, little one.)

Bass slid out of her. Merrie whimpered at the feeling of being emptied. She braced herself for him and counted the painful heartbeats. When he slammed home, she let out a cry of pleasure.

The others cried out too. They were leaning into each other, eyes unfocused as they were assaulted by Merrie's pleasure.

(How?) She thought about Borias' shields. It was a smooth resistance, but she couldn't picture out it would work. She frowned and realized it was hard to concentrate with Bass' huge cock sliding in and out of her heated sex. (I can't do what Borias does.)

(Imagine something wrapping around her.) It was an echo of Bass' voice coming through Sable's connection. It was strange, feeling Bass inside her head and Merrie came again.

As the other bitches cried out with pleasure, Merrie shoved her face into the ground and racked her mind for some image of binding. It took her a moment before she got a clear image of her leather gloves and boots that Rendi first put on her.

Bass continued to drive into her, his thick cock filling her. She kept coming on his shaft, her body turning into a spinning world of

pleasure. Fighting the urge to project, she imagined the leather boots back on her, holding her back.

(That's it. Whatever you're thinking.)

It was hard to concentrate with the waves of orgasm. Merrie cried out as Bass continued to drive into her, long steady strokes that reached her innermost depths. She could feel her belly swelling with every thrust and the liquid pleasure searing through her senses.

She bore down on her thoughts, wrapping more of the leather and laces around her. It became more than just gloves and boots, but a corset around her and then more. It cut off her breath and she cried out.

(Almost there, little one, just a bit more.) Sable's thoughts were muted.

And then it just snapped into place. It was a strange mixture of leather. It felt like she was in a leather suit in the shape of a dog. She could almost feel a muzzle over her mouth and a cock buried in her throat. Even her tail was bound. Blow it, she felt filled as if there was a plug in both her ass and pussy, stretching her out and binding her tightly in place. It compressed her body and she felt caught.

(That's it!) Sable's pride came through like a whisper.

Gasping for breath, Merrie opened her eyes and looked out at the other bitches. They weren't coming anymore, despite the flares of pleasure searing through Merrie's body. Some of them were looking at her with lust and curiosity but the others were gasping for breath as they tried to return to their activities.

Merrie reached out for Sable. (That-) the image began to crack. She struggled to bring the imagine back. (This is hard.)

Sable had her head buried between Seven's buttocks, licking as his ass as she ground her breasts into Anal Cookie's face. (Everything worthwhile is hard. And, if you can keep it up, my master will reward you.)

Merrie's heart beat faster. (How?)

(He's going to fuck you hard. But, as soon as you leak emotions, he'll stop.)

Merrie whimpered. (No.)

But Bass was already moving. His fingers dug into Merrie's buttocks and he began to pound into her. His knot began to grow as

he drove into her, slamming her into the ground with every thrust. The pleasure and pain of being rammed swirled together and Merrie lost control of her senses.

She strained to keep the feeling of being bound in leather as pleasure crashed into her. She came and kept coming. Every thrust sent off an explosion of ecstasy inside her. She cried out and tried to push back, but it didn't matter. He was dominating her, he fucked her and she couldn't escape if she wanted.

Every thrust tore at her shields and she struggled to enjoy it while keeping the shield up.

"By Azus," proclaimed Borias.

Merrie looked up to see Borias and the others watching her. There were looks of shock on their faces, including the trainers. None of them were doing anything but staring at her. Merrie slammed forward with every thrust, her body exploding into heart-ripping orgasms. (W-What are they looking at?)

Sable sat up and smiled. (None of them have seen my master fucking properly.) With the thought came an image from Sable's point of view. Merrie was on his lap, a tiny woman with shortened arms and legs. Bass' cock, huge and swollen was slamming into her with a brutality that looked like it would kill her. His body was a blur as he drove into her. Every thrust bulged Merrie's belly and she was shoved into the ground.

Merrie focused on the sight of his cock disappearing inside her. It looked too big, too long. With every thrust, he pulled almost completely out before driving it deep.

And he wasn't stopping. Fast and hard and never slowing. He kept fucking her with strokes that shook their entire bodies. The rapid-fire smack of his hips against her buttocks almost matched her heartbeat.

Merrie couldn't handle it anymore. She came again, her thoughts turning white-hot.

Bass didn't stop. He kept driving into her, ramming into his bitch. His face was a mask of pleasure and concentration, of pure primal lust. He had two fingers buried in her asshole and his thumbs dug into her hip for balance. It should hurt, but Merrie's senses couldn't distinguish pleasure from pain. It was liquid ecstasy and she lost herself in the pleasure.

She lost sense of time, but suddenly he was coming inside her. His knot lodged inside her pussy, blocking her entrance with its swollen length. Hot jet after jet of cum splattered in her depths; it was a long surge of pleasure. The belly over her hips swelled as he kept coming inside her, filling her to the brim.

Merrie cried out in pleasure. Her searing orgasm tore through her senses. She pawed at the ground, unseeing as he finished filling her.

She was full. Her pussy was straining to keep his cum inside. The pressure added to her pleasure and she slumped to the ground.

(That will do, Merrie,) thought Sable, (that will do.)

(Can't believe they were fucking for a half hour,) came the sour thought of Dixie along with a hint of jealousy.

Merrie cracked open one eye. Everything had moved around when she wasn't looking. Cock Diver and Licker were watching her with curiosity, but everyone else had changed partners. Some drank beer from bowls while Sable was humping Pillow Chest's face as Seven prepared to tackle the alpha.

Rendi and Garcon were there, setting up a picnic. They chatting happily with Borias as they set out bowls of fresh fruits and vegetables.

Dixie was fucking Cock Diver's face with a happy, innocent smile on his face.

Merrie was sated. She wanted to melt into a pile of goo, but the pressure of her straining insides kept her grounded. She sent a welcoming thought, (Hi, Dixie.)

He cracked open one eye and gave her a mock glare before resuming his humping.

Letting out a happy smile, Merrie slumped to the ground and enjoyed the pressure of Bass' cock inside her.

Bass reached down and stroked her spine. "Good girl, Merrie."

She shivered and clenched her insides around him.

"You know I'm suppose to be calling you Happy Cunt, but Merrie fits you better. Damn that, Bori."

She moaned and smiled.

Tabitha padded up, her bare feet rustling the grass. She handed a mug of beer to Bass. "Since you can't bother getting your dick out of your bitch."

“Thank you, Tabby.”

Tabby spun around and sat down next to Merrie. She took a deep drink of her own beer. And then reached over and smacked Merrie in the back of the head. It was a hard smack and Merrie’s chin bounced on the ground.

Merrie whimpered and tried to cover her head.

“Tabby?” asked Bass, “What was that for?”

Tabby grabbed Merrie’s collar and pulled her up. The iron dug into Merrie’s throat and she felt a fresh wave of fear and pleasure rising up. The silfae’s lips caressed her ear. “If you ever watch again....” No more words were needed.

Merrie whimpered and her tail slumped against Bass’ chest.

Tabby released her and returned to her mug. “Just needed a quick talk.”

“Could you,” grumbled Bass, “not do that when I’m inside her. She almost broke my dick off.”

Tabby shot a glance at him. “Serves you right.” She smirked, “You could use with few centimeters less pride.”

He grunted and shoved his cock deep into Merrie. “No, I’m still an arrogant bastard.” He laughed.

Merrie moaned and lowered her head, spreading her legs in hopes he would resume fucking her. She took a deep breath and swirled her hips around. It was something that she would never do for Grange.

She froze at the strange thought. She didn’t know why she was thinking about Grange suddenly, but it felt as if he was impaling her instead of Bass. She shook her head and forced her mind back to the present.

(Something wrong?) Sable’s thought intruded into Merrie.

Merrie looked up to where Sable was watching her from across the pack of naked bodies. (No, why?)

(Your shields cracked and there was fear.)

(Sorry,) Merrie tensed for a moment. The heat of summer faded under the brief thought of Grange. (I was suddenly thinking of Grange. It’s okay, it’s-)

(Grange?) Dixie’s thoughts cut through. (Did it feel real?)

Merrie could still picture Grange behind her, his hands on her buttocks. She nodded. (Yes.)

Next to her, Tabitha tensed up.

Sable's thoughts were brimming with concern. (Ask your mistress to check the wards.)

(Already on it,) came Dixie's thoughts.

Tabitha and Bass didn't change, but suddenly there was something different about them. Tabitha stood up and set down her beer. As she rose to her feet, hundreds of lines like spiderwebs sparkled into existence. They were spread out in all directions. Energy coursed down them as she strolled across the party.

Bass grunted. He planted his large hands on Merrie's buttocks and eased his cock out. The knot was still large but quickly shrinking. Merrie whimpered at the sensation, it was right on the edge of pain, but then the knot popped loose and a flood of cum poured out.

Merrie let out a long moan and slumped to the ground. The hot liquid spewed out of her pussy and soaked the grass beneath her. (Sable, what's going on?)

Sable flipped Cock Diver over and clamped her mouth down on the uplifted breast. (Maybe nothing, but better safe than sorry.)

(Is it Grange?)

(You're a telepath and my master and Dixie's mistress are adventurers. Better to check on an idle thought because it may save your life.)

(Quiet!) snapped Dixie, (my mistress is getting a response.)

Merrie watched as the threads grew bright again as motes of energy came back. Many of them were different levels of intensity, as if they traveled a distance before coming back. Each mote popped as it impacted with Tabitha's body, an invisible burst of energy.

(Dixie?) asked Sable.

(None of the wards were tripped,) but Dixie didn't sound relieved.

(What's wrong?)

(We think something feels wrong.)

Merrie watched as the alphas continued to play with the other bitches. There was no sign of the concerned conversation running through their heads.

Tabitha moved on the far side of the party, chewing on vegetables as she watched the orgy.

Bass stepped over Merrie and he was wearing his pants again. He dug his hands into his pockets as he strolled toward Piffin and Thorn who were debating politics.

The web of energy flickered out from Tabitha again.

Merrie needed to do something. She closed her eyes and focused on the mental plane. The world grew dark as she cast out her senses, straining to feel anything. Her sense were different than Tabitha, a wave instead of a pulse along threads. She felt the senses echoing back against the bitches, but felt nothing else.

She worried her lip and tried again. She concentrated on Piffin, the easiest of the trainers to read. It took her a moment until she could feel him strongly; it was like focusing on a different part of a picture. With non-submissive humans in her thoughts, she cast out her senses again.

(Merrie?) came Sable's thoughts brimming with curiosity.

Merrie whimpered and blushed with humiliation. (Sorry, I didn't mean to.)

(No, do that again.)

Merrie gasped. (Really?)

(Yes!) snapped Dixie. (Just do it, bitch!)

Obedying, Merrie send out a wave and strained to listen. She could feel the trainers bouncing back, like echoes coming off a wall, but the rest of the wave caught nothing. She sighed. (Nothing.)

Merrie couldn't shake the idea Grange was behind her. She sighed and watched as Tabitha tested her wards again. The sparkling webs brightened as the energy coursed down them. A moment later, they came back and popped.

With a start, Merrie realized that one of the motes looked wrong. She sat up. (Dixie, have Tabitha do that again!)

(There's nothing.) He didn't sound convinced.

(Please?)

Tabitha glanced over her shoulder at Merrie, but the web shone again as the energy ran along it, following the lines like droplets of water.

Merrie let her eyes lose focus as she reached out for the energy. She watched as the various motes of energy came back. She was looking for one that was darker than the others. She caught sight of it as it came rushing through the woods. It was bright as the others

but it had a different feel. She couldn't quite describe it, but it felt different. It didn't feel like Tabitha.

Concern filled her. She sent the image to the alphas.

(You can see magic?) Dixie sounded surprise.

Merrie stopped with shock. (You can't? I thought alphas could.)

Sable thought, (Neither of us can, Merrie. What is wrong with that mote?)

Merrie looked in the direction. Borias and Thorn were in the way. She got up and fresh cum poured from her pussy. Crawling around, she headed for the rock.

Licker saw her moving and headed toward her with the intent to play.

(Dixie,) warned Sable.

(Got her.) Dixie bounded out of the mess and tackled Licker.

Merrie crawled on top of the rock and closed her eyes. She sent out a questing wave in the direction of the mote. It raced along the ground, sending back the tiny echoes of squirrels, ground rats, and other creatures. It stretched far to the edge of the mill grounds.

And then reflected off something.

She inhaled sharply at the energy that coursed over her. She couldn't quite identify it. (I found something,) she thought without confidence. She gathered up her energy and sent out a second wave in the same direction, focusing on the single point that reflected back to her.

(Dixie, my master says to take Borias out the area if it is a threat. We can't have his geas used against us.)

Dixie sent a wave of thought. His thoughts were growing more serious. (My mistress agrees.) Energy began to pulse between Dixie and Tabitha, bouncing back and forth as it gathered inside Dixie.

Tabitha strolled around the party. Energy gathered around her as the air blurred. She stopped when Borias was between her and the mill house.

Borias looked up, a sudden frown on his face. He looked back and forth between Tabitha and Bass.

Dixie sent a quick burst, (Borias has noticed.) The alpha's thoughts had changed. He had a second voice over his own, Tabitha's. As the energy continued to pour into him, Merrie could feel more of his master merging with him.

(Please be nothing,) came Sable's thoughts.

(Sable, my mistress says to prepare Rendi.)

Sable crawled over to Rendi and rested her amputated arm on the old woman's thighs.

Rendi looked down with confusion, then a slow realization dawned on her face.

The energy came back. Merrie felt a single image burn itself in her mind. It was a statue in front of a church. She saw it before, but she couldn't quite put a name to it. Racking her mind again, she dredged through her memories.

(Merrie?) asked Sable, (What was it.)

She remembered the name from the memories she shared with Grange. She inhaled sharply. (Lemitri.)

(Fuck!) A flash of anger and rage burst out of Sable.

"Tabby! Now!" Bass roared sharply. The air around him wavered as armor slammed into place. The impact of it crashing around his large body sent a shock wave that tore apart the picnic and sent bitches tumbling.

Tabitha took a step toward Borias and transformed. Her body twisted and expanded, forming into a giant wolf that towered over everyone. She charged directly for Borias.

His eyes wide, Borias stepped back with a resigned look on his face. "Oh, be fucking me."

Tabitha's jaw opened as she caught him right in the chest. Teeth dug into his sides as she clamped down. The impact carried them over the party. She hit the ground running as power flared around her. With a crack of air, she accelerated out of sight. The wind knocked the rest of the bitches off their knees as her passing left a straight line of torn up grasses and shattered trees.

Thorn looked around as he staggered to his feet. "What the-"

Bass bellowed over him. "Rendi, incoming paladins! We need defenses!"

Gasping, Rendi grabbed the silver amulet around her neck. She closed her eyes and began to chant. Energy boiled out from her as her body began to glow from the inside. A golden haze formed around her.

"Piffin and Thorn! Get the bitches back to the mill house."

"Bass," Thorn asked, "what is going-"

“Now!” Bass’ roar echoed across the trees. “Alphas, with them!”

Thorn held out his hands. “What is-” His voice trailed off as Bass snapped out his hand and the glowing two-handed sword appeared in it. The trainer blanched. “Oh.”

(Merrie, off the rock. Get these bitches moving.) Sable’s thoughts had picked up some of Bass’ voice. She was pushing the confused bitches toward the mill, barking sharply as the ones who didn’t respond.

(How?)

(Project!)

Merrie hopped off the rock. She gathered up her desire to crawl toward the mill—none of them could run if they wanted to—and sent it out. The other bitches calmed down and began to hurry toward the mill.

Dixie came up on Thorn and shoved him toward the mill. He snarled and snapped his teeth as he transformed into a wolf. Thorn stumbled back and ran after the bitches.

(Dixie, get Garcon, I’ll get Piffin.) Sable snapped out a command as she bounded over to Piffin.

In less than three minutes, the bitches and trainers were rushing back to the mill house. A minute later, Tabitha’s wolf form sped past them, heading back to bass. The wind following cracked the air and Merrie staggered to the side from the blow.

Thorn stared over his shoulder. “What’s going on?”

“Thorn, shut up,” snapped Piffin.

“But, why did-”

“Thorn, shut up.”

“Garcon,” Thorn turned to Garcon. “What is going on?”

Garcon grunted as he stepped over a patch of poison ivy. “When a paladin, a wizard priest, and a shapeshifter tell you to run for your life, I don’t ask questions.”

“Oh.” Thorn walked along for a moment, then turned to Piffin. “Um-”

Piffin snapped, his normal cool cracking. “Thorn. Shut the fuck up and lead the pack.”

Thorn closed his mouth sharply. Glowering, he hurried past Merrie and Sable who were crawling in the front. He hopped down the valley of a stream and rushed up to the top. As he got to the top,

there was a soft popping noise. Thorn reached the crest and continued along the path. "Listen, Pif. You don't have to snap at me. I just wanted to-"

He stopped in mid-word.

Merrie felt a strange twisting sensation in her mind and she stumbled to a halt. She felt sick to her stomach. Reflexively, she pushed back on the bitches and they froze.

Another pop came from the right.

Sable spun around. (What is that?)

Thorn stumbled back in the valley of the stream. He turned around and Merrie gasped as he clutched a short sword buried in his chest. Blood was already blossoming around the wound, staining the fabric. He lifted one bloody hand to his face and stared at it as if he couldn't focus. "I-I think something is wrong."

He hit the ground with a thud.

Merrie glanced down at him, shuddering at the tendrils of blood flowing in the water, then up at the tree that Thorn was just passing. She felt fear crawling across her skin and backed away.

Another pop came to the left as a figure stepped out of the shadows. Merrie knew who it was before he spoke.

"Kill the alphas," announced Grange in his gravelly voice as he pointed to Merrie, "but that bitch is mine."

The popping noises grew more frequently as men appeared in tiny clouds of energy. They dropped to the ground. All of them were armed. Most wielded plain steel, but some of them had heavy-looking black blades.

(Crap, obsidian.) growled Dixie, (How did he figure that out?)

Sable snapped through his thought. (Protect the bitches, but they'll be going after us.)

(You think?) growled Dixie. The wolf launched himself over Cock Diver. His jaws clamped down on the nearest kidnapper's throat. As Dixie tore it out, a splatter of blood splashed against the naked women.

Twenty-Seven stared at the blood on her breast and then let out a scream. Next to her, Pillow Tits panicked and cried out. Her collar ignited into lightning and she fell down in spasms.

Most of the men ran for after Dixie, but a small group split off for Sable. They walked around the cowering bitches and ignored them.

Merrie whimpered as she looked back and forth. The swords flashing around her made it hard to think. All she wanted to do was crawl away and hide. She sobbed, living one foot but couldn't figure out where to run.

(Merrie, shield yourself!) Dixie's thought broke her fear. (And watch out for Grange!)

Gasping, Merrie looked up to see Grange strolling through the crawled back as Grange strolled toward her. She focused on the feeling of being encased in leather and brought it around her. As she did, the other bitches calmed down slightly.

Dixie took out the knee of one man, then dodged a sword blow. (How many are there?)

More pops filled the air and men hit the ground. The second wave had nets and ropes and headed straight for the cowering bitches.

(Over thirty and increasing. Someone is teleporting them in.)

(Must be the teleporter mage from before. The one who gave Grange that charm.) Dixie caught another man's thigh and tore it off in a splatter of magic. (Sable, you better join this fight.)

Merrie whimpered and continued to back up. She glanced to the side where Sable was also backing up. The alpha had her tail between her legs and a look of terror on her face. But energy was pouring into her. The connection between her and Bass was growing stronger as she began to glow from the inside with gathered power.

The three men stalking toward Sable didn't notice the energy. They had swords brandished toward her as they grinned. One of them chuckled. "This bitch isn't so hard, is she? I'd rather fuck her than stab her."

Piffin cried out. Merrie snapped her head around to see him falling, clutching a wound in his leg.

(Damn the gods, Piffin dropped,) announced Dixie.

(Where is Garcon?)

(Pinned by three men. He's not a fighter. Are you going to join this damn fight, Sable?)

(I'm trying!) Sable was glowing brighter than Merrie had ever seen before. Her bones were incandescent, but the energy kept pouring into her. (I'm not as fast as you.) She was pretending to be frightened, moving back slowly.

Grange chuckled and drew Merrie's attention to himself. "Come on, bitch. I'm not going to let twelve million marks just run away."

The warrior cracked his hands together. Merrie gasped as she saw his left arm. It looked unnatural and glowed with magic. A thousand spells worked together to keep it moving and she could feel how it was pulling energy from Grange to function. Deep inside, there were vile spells waiting to discharge. She could feel death waiting inside them and shivered at the sick feeling in her stomach.

(What do you see, Merrie?) Despite looking like she was terrified, Sable's thoughts was calm as she regarded the battle. There was a confidence in her that bolstered Merrie's own terror.

Merrie sent the image through the connection.

A yell of triumph cut through the noise.

(Fuck, someone slashed me.)

(Did they get any shards in you?)

(No, just as slash. I'll heal in a second.)

(Hold on then, Dixie, I'm almost charged.)

(Took your fucking time, Sable.)

Merrie couldn't do anything. She was helpless. She saw a man bat Seven aside so he could pin Twenty-Seven down. Cock Diver already had a rope around her neck. She was screaming at the top of her lungs, the collar shocking her as she tried to escape.

Tears ran down Merrie's cheek. She was too frightened to move. She wanted to be brave and attack like Dixie. Even Sable, who pretended to be afraid to stall, was everything she wasn't. She was useless in the fight and it shamed her.

(Oh, for fuck sake, a pity party now?) Dixie's thought slashed through Merrie's as he tore out a man's throat.

(She isn't a warrior, Dixie. Give her a break.)

(Sable, there won't be a fight if you don't fucking join this fight!)

Energy crackled around Sable. The three men walking after her came to a stumbling halt as the fear disappeared from the alpha's face. She looked up at them and there was a cruel smile on her face. The air around Sable grew hazy and shimmered.

And then a plate of bright white armor popped into existence. It's mate appeared on the other side of Sable's naked leg. With a crack, they attached into place. Then the rest of the armor burst into existence and slammed down on Sable's form. The impact threw a

shock wave through the battle; the three men stalking her stumbled back.

When the air cleared, there was a huge metal dog standing where Sable was. Covered from head to toe in the same bright plate armor as her master, she looked like a mastiff the size of a small horse. On her chest, there was a matching scorch mark as Bass, a holy symbol burned away.

Sable dug her feet into the ground—they were no longer amputated in her canine form—and let out a deep growl. It shook the air with a rumble and the sounds of struggle came to a halt. The metal lips in the armor peeled back, the very shape moving like flesh.

Surprised, Grange stared and his jaw dropped. “What the fuck?”

Sable charged. The metal jaws opened. Inside there was not a human female but an actual war dog. Her mouth came down on the nearest warrior’s shoulder. Her paw braced on his chest and she tore his arm and part of his side from his body.

Merrie cringed in fear, urine running down her leg. She didn’t know what happened, but she was terrified beyond her comprehension.

Dixie sent a pulse of approval to Sable.

(Take the south side,) Sable’s thoughts were a perfect mix of Bass’ and her own voice. The duality gave Merrie a headache. The armored dog jumped over Cock Diver and caught the head of the man holding Diver. A ripping noise tore through the fight as she snapped his head off and flipped his body back. As soon as her armored form landed on the ground, Sable shot forward toward Grange.

Grange’s shock turned to anger. He snapped out his hand and the flaming whip appeared in his hand. With a crack, he brought it down on the side of Sable’s head. The impact exploded into flame and Sable was thrown aside.

Scraping the earth, Sable surged back to her feet.

Grange chuckled. “So the fat alpha can transform too.” He cracked his neck and pulled back his whip. “Let’s let what you can do.”

Sable took a step forward, then her side exploded into flames.

Merrie screamed out in surprise, her collar igniting into an electrical hell. As she struggled with her senses, she saw an older man a few hundred meters away. He was waving his hands as runes appeared in the air in front of him. A heartbeat later, a fireball launched itself from the center of the runes and shot into the battle. It slammed into Sable, shoving her aside.

(The mage is here!)

(Got him.) Dixie shot past Sable, his form blurring as he leaped over a bush with his mouth open for a killing blow.

The mage snapped his fingers and disappeared in a cloud of magic.

Dixie hit the tree and bounced off.

The teleporter appeared a dozen meters to the side and Dixie charged again. But, right as the wolf reached the mage, the old man snapped his fingers and teleported out of the way.

(Fuck! He's skipping around too fast.)

Sable growled as she stepped toward Grange. Another fireball slammed into her. (I can't get to Grange with him around.)

(Well, I can't help you. I ain't a fucking mage!)

Merrie whimpered, she spun around as the teleporter appeared next to her, one step ahead of Dixie. With a shock, she realized she could see the energy around him. There was a faint line connecting him to a point in space. When he disappeared, the energy along the line flashed and he appeared at the far end. As soon as he landed, more connections formed with other points around the battle.

Struggling against her overwhelming terror, Merrie focused on the energy. As she concentrated, she could sense more points around, each of them connected to the mage.

The mage dodged Dixie again, teleporting along the points.

Elated, Merrie sent a surprise. (I can see where he's teleporting too.)

(Welcome to the battle, bitch, tell me how to get him.)

(No,) interrupted Sable, (chase him around and keep him moving. Merrie, show me.)

Merrie pushed a map of the battle toward Sable. Sable took it and tore it apart, sending pieces of information to Dixie as she integrated it with her own view of the fight. The images that came back to Merrie were far more detailed. Sable was aware where

everyone was, the location of trees and rocks, and even had an idea which direction the kidnappers were moving. Years of fighting experience was behind the alpha's thoughts, but they were colored by Bass' experiences, not Sable's.

Grange grabbed at Merrie's collar. Reflexively, Merrie jerked to the side.

A flash of triumph rose up from Sable. (Dixie, charge him.)

Dixie's thoughts grew determined as he accelerated after the mage. He didn't even try to bite the teleporter, but just ran after him, leaping over trees as the man backed away.

(Merrie,) commanded Sable, (keep Grange occupied.)

Merrie gasped and glanced up at the warrior. He was looking between Merrie and Sable with a frown on her face. She wasn't sure how to do it, but then she let out a whimper and made a show of backing up. It worked for Sable.

Grange growled and focused on her. He took a step closer

Merrie crawled back, circling around the two men pinning Seven to the ground.

Energy gathered around Sable. Runes appeared along her armor as she stared at one point. There was neither the mage or anyone else there, but Merrie knew it was one of the teleportation points.

A warrior rushed forward and slash his sword down Sable's back. It rang out and she didn't move. He reared back and jammed the point into the joint of one of back leg.

Pain exploded from Sable, but she remained still.

(Sable!) cried Merrie. She forced herself to crawl over Fuckhole who was wrapped over a net. The bitch whimpered and reached for her and it killed Merrie to not look at her.

Dixie jumped over Sable and clamped down on the warrior's arm. Using his momentum, Dixie spun him around and tore it off. Blood splattered everywhere as Dixie bounced off Sable's back and charged the mage.

The point Sable was focusing on began to pulse with energy. Merrie gasped and sent it out a warning. (Now!)

A rune appeared in the air in front of Sable. More followed as they circled around her like a clock. Her eyes glowed with a bright white light. The last one appeared just as the mage popped into existence.

Grange was only a meter away from Merrie when he spun around to yell at the mage. "Look out!"

Sable disappeared. There was a crack and then an explosion. A tree shattered when a huge dog-shaped hole appeared in it. The mage didn't even have time to scream as his body exploded. Sable appeared a dozen meters behind him as she slowed down and turned. Her momentum threw her through a tree trunk before she to a halt. With a snarl, she spit out the mage's rib cage and turned back to the fight.

Swearing, Grange grabbed for Merrie.

Merrie cringed with the realization she lost track of the warrior.

"Nice try, bitch." He snapped his whip out and it wrapped around Merrie's neck.

The flames licked at her hair as it tightened around, cutting off her breath. The smell of burning flooded her senses as she pawed at the whip but she couldn't dislodge it.

(Sable! Dixie! Help me!)

(Coming,) snarled Dixie as he tore through one warrior and charge for Grange.

Grange's whip tore from Merrie's throat as Grange spun around. It slashed through the ground behind him as the flaming whip met Dixie in mid-jump. The impact threw Dixie back as a tiny explosion of flame burst out. Grange spun back around and the whip wrapped around Merrie's throat again.

"Will someone get the fucking shapeshifters!"

Men charged Dixie, their obsidian blades raised high.

Dixie hopped back and charged to the side. He tried to get to Grange, but more fighters were chasing after him and he backed away. (Fuck, fuck! I can't get her, Sable.)

(How much energy left?) Sable's thoughts were calm as she tore a man in half. The blood splattered her bright white armor and sizzles as it burned off.

(Thirty seconds of this at best, less if I have to do something stupid. How many are left?)

(Twenty. The mage brought a few more in.)

(Piffin?)

(Alive. Garcon is also down, but alive.)

(Thorn?)

(Dead.)

Dixie's determination rose up. (I'm doing something stupid.)

Concern welled up. (Be safe.)

(Fuck safe, I have a pack to defend.) Dixie's body blurred as he sprinted out of the fight, past some trees, and out of sight.

The warriors stared in shock as one of those spoke up. "Grange? The wolf just ran away."

Grange yanked on Merrie, pulling her closer. "Don't put down your swords. He's not giving up."

In the distance, an explosion shook the air. A mushroom-shaped cloud rose up in the air, crackling with power.

Grange looked up at it with a smile. "Looks like the paladins are keeping Bass busy at least."

The air grew tensed. The bushes rustled and then exploded as a pack of wolves came sprinting into the fight. It was Dixie, but there were eight of them moving in perfect unison. They jumped into the fight, their jaws open to clamp down on throats, arms, and legs.

The warriors felt down in gurgling screams as the mirrored Dixie slaughtered them. It was brutal and fast, but not enough.

A heartbeat later, a man stabbed Dixie. Merrie's heart lurched in her throat, but instead of blood, the figure popped in a shower of magic. Another wolf burst as two men managed to slash it as it was tearing out a third man's throat.

Grange snarled. "Fuck this." He yanked the whip from Merrie's neck. The force of it spun her around and she smacked into the ground. The whip cracked as it wrapped around a hilt of an obsidian sword. Spinning around, Grange slashed the whip around in a wide circle. The sword at the end sliced through the wolves and two of Grange's men. The various wolves burst as Dixie's spell dissolved. The two fighters dropped to the ground, screaming out in pain.

The sword ended in one of the wolves which didn't explode. Blood splattered across the fight.

"Got you," growled Grange. The whip snapped back and the black sword glittered like a scorpion tail. Stepping forward, Grange brought the whip down on Dixie. The sword slammed into Dixie, punching through his side and coming out the other hand.

Pain exploded from Dixie.

Grange yanked it back, but cracked his whip as the sword was being ripped through Dixie's side. There was a shattering noise and only a bloody, broken hilt came out.

(Fuck!)

(Did he get you?)

Dixie's form wavered, his tiny silfae form briefly appearing before the wolf returned. (Damn the gods, I hate obsidian. I can't hold this form. Sable, if you are going to save us, you better do it damn fast.)

(I thought you were the best fighter, Dixie.) Sable's voice was suddenly strained as energy filled her again. In the back of her throats, some spell was racing through her mind. As she gathered power, she bit through a man's sword to tear out his stomach. Blood poured down her metallic maw as she glared at Grange.

Grange stepped back, his whip circling over his head. "Come on, bitch."

(Merrie.) Sable's thought drifted through Merrie's mind.

Merrie looked at Sable, who was snarling at Grange. To her surprise, the metal had pulled back. (I-I'm sorry, I co-couldn't do anything, Sable.)

(It's okay. But, now you have to do something.)

(Sable, hurry up!)

Merrie whimpered. (What?)

(Protect the pack.) It was a command, but it had a sense of finality in it.

(W-What? Why? What about-)

Sable inhaled and screamed out a single word: "DOMINATE!"

The world stopped.

Merrie couldn't move. She couldn't breathe. An explosion slammed into her chest. She tried to look down to see if a sword hit her, but her eyes refused to move. A second explode wracked her body and she realized it was her pulse slamming in her veins. With infinite slowness, she forced her head down where she felt something burning in her chest.

Her eyes focused between her blood-splattered breasts. There was a ghostly line right where she would bond, but it was coming into her, not leaving her. Emotions coursed down the line, filling

her with a hard determination. The magic filled Merrie's mouth, an acidic taste of raw power.

And then she felt Sable. The alpha's thoughts were in with Merrie's own. She could feel the presence beating in her mind and invading her psyche. Sable's love for Bass blended with the determination of a warrior of many years. Bass' own memories came along with it, fighting battle after battle. There was a flash of Sable, on her feet, cowering behind Sable as the thriban attacked a brigand.

Drowning in the emotions, Merrie shook as she followed the line to its source. She knew Sable was at the other end, but she was surprised to see that more ghostly lines were connecting Sable to every other bitch in the melee. Even Dixie had a connection to Sable; his eyes were unfocused and his body tense.

The urge to move crushed her thoughts and she could do nothing but obey Sable's command. Around her, all of the other bitches moved simultaneously. Each one threw themselves at the nearest warrior. Cropped arms and legs wrapped around the men's legs and hips.

"Grab him," came the overpowering command. Merrie looked to see Grange next to her. Unable to resist, she wrapped her shortened arms and legs around his thigh and held tightly. Her pussy ground against his boot and she plastered her face on Grange's cock.

Sable's eyes glowed as she slammed her foot down. She screamed out at the top of her lungs, "Bitch Defense!"

Merrie's collar ignited into an electrical storm. Merrie winced, but there was no pain. She could feel magic protecting her from the lighting that tortured her for weeks, but Grange wasn't as lucky. His entire body lit up as every muscle spasmed. He bent over in pain as his hair smoldered. A scream ripped from his throat as he pawed at Merrie's body, trying to shove her away.

Around them, the other warriors screamed out in agony as they were electrocuted by the iron collars. Not another bitch was harmed as the air grew hot and stank of ozone. Moments later, most of the kidnapers fell to the ground, their bodies charred and smoking.

Grange shoved Merrie off his body. The last of the lighting arced along the ground, leaving a black mark. Merrie tumbled over but she was moving before she regained her senses. Somehow, she knew

there was a sword only a meter away and she crawled toward it desperately.

She found it in the grass, the hand of its previous owner still on it. Her body moved beyond her control. She reached out for it.

The dominance spell snapped.

Merrie froze as she regained control of her body. Gasping, she spun around.

Grange's whip was around Sable's neck, the flames charring the armor. He had a mask of rage as he yanked on the whip. "I don't know what the fuck you did, bitch, but killing you will ruin Bass more than anything else."

(Like hell,) snapped Dixie. He limped as he accelerated to Grange, his form blurring through the underbrush from the far side of the battle. His shape-change spell faded and his body twisted with every step. With a jump, the magic finally ended and Dixie transformed back into the tiny, Copir silfae. With a smile, he spread his legs and arms as he sailed through the air.

"Eat dick and die!" he screamed as he slammed into Grange's face. At the impact, Dixie wrapped his arms and legs around Grange's head and began to hump.

Grange's whip burned away as he clawed at Dixie. His fingers dug into the tiny form.

(Get the damn sword!) snapped Dixie.

Gasping, Merrie spun back around. Her amputated wrists slid against the blood-streaked blade, but she managed to pry the hand away. Whimpering, she levered up the weapon and dragged it around.

Grange was staggering back toward her, his fingernails leaving long gouges in Dixie's back.

Merrie stared down at the blade, then up at Grange. She grabbed the blade between the ends of her hands and jammed the hilt down into the ground. The blade sliced her arms and she bit her lip to avoid screaming out. She couldn't afford to set off the collar.

Sable came up behind Grange. Her metal jaws opened as she came up between his legs. With a sickening crunch, she bit down on his crotch. The muted sound of shattering bone shot through the air as Grange lost his balance.

Merrie's heart caught in her throat as she saw Grange plummeting toward her outstretched blade. She looked away sharply, unable to watch.

The impact shook the ground, but the sword didn't budge.

Whimpering, she looked to see Grange bracing himself inches above the blade. His shoulders shook as he held himself up. The power of his magical arm popped and flared.

"Bitch-" growled Grange.

Shaking, Merrie lifted her gaze to Grange. He was glaring at her through the gap between Dixie's arm and legs.

"If," he gasped, "I won't get you, no one will."

He braced himself on one arm and reached out for Merrie with his artifact arm. The killing spell poured out of the storage and into his fingers. Glowing, green claws stretched out of his fingernails. He reached out for her and the energy scraped painfully along Merrie's senses.

Merrie's heart pounded in her chest. She couldn't move the sword or he would escape. She leaned away from him, but couldn't escape.

Grange growled as he lurched forward. The sound of cracking bones and wet ripping noise shook his body as Sable tore his legs off with a snarl.

Dixie pounded on his head, his fists doing no damage. (Why won't he die!?)

Merrie bit on her lip, terrified of setting off the collar. She gasped as an idea rose up. Snarling back, she stretched out and slammed her amputated leg against his elbow.

Grange shook from the impact, but kept himself up. Sweat prickled his brow as he grunted.

Dixie pounded on Grange's head.

Merrie kicked the elbow again.

Grunting, Grange slashed down. His claws tore through her leg. It was only a scratch, but the flesh boiled into a long scar. She screamed out in agony and her next kick missed. Her muscles tensed up as the energy of the spell rippled through her.

She got another idea. She slammed her amputated leg against his elbow, but instead of kicking, she held it there.

Confusion flashed through Grange's visible eye.

Taking a deep breath, Merrie tensed her body and stared into Grange's eyes. It took all her willpower to force out a single word. "Die."

Her collar ignited and every muscle in her body spasmed. She screamed out as she forced herself to remain still. The lighting coursed through her leg and into Grange's arm.

The surprise turned to fear as every muscle in Grange's body spasmed. With sickening speed, he slammed his own face into the sword, impaling the point into his eye. It shoved deep into his brain and burst out the back of his skull. The point slashed through Dixie's belly as Grange's brains exploded out of his ears and eyes from the electricity arcing along the blade.

Dixie jumped on Grange's head, driving the sword even more. (Die, you fucker! Die! Die! Die!)

Merrie panted for breath. She stared at the head of the man who tried to kill her. She didn't know what to say, what to feel. She had killed someone. She looked around the sudden tears and realized there wasn't a single attacker alive. Blood and gore pooled in the fight around them, the results of two alphas protecting their pack.

Sable staggered to her knees. She was human again, naked and covered in blood. Thick rivers of crimson poured out of her eyes, mouth, and ears as she reached out for Dixie. "Help."

Dixie saw her and swore in some language. He lurched over Grange's body to grab her as she slumped to the ground. His tiny form cradled her much larger form and he helped her to the ground.

Panting for breath and struggling with her actions, Merrie got to her knees. (What do I do?)

(Comfort the bitches, they need an alpha.)

Merrie stared for a long moment. Sable wasn't moving as she laid in Dixie's lap. Tears burned her eyes and she nodded. Gathering up her emotions, she crawled away from Grange and the alphas. She released a sense of comfort and love.

Around her, the other bitches looked up with hope and desperation. They rushed over to Merrie, slamming into her as they burst into tears. Merrie felt them burning in her own eyes, but she forced herself to look away from Dixie and Sable as she hugged them

back. It took all her concentration to comfort them with her mind and body.

“Sable!” Bass’ roar cut through the noise. He charged from the trees and threw himself down on the ground. One hand tossed Grange’s corpse and his other shoved Dixie aside as he scooped her off the ground and held her tight.

Merrie gasped as she stared at the thriban. His emotions were raw in her mind as he stroked her face.

“Don’t die on me, girl.”

Sable moaned and reached up for him. “Master?” Her voice was strained and fleeting.

Tears ran down Bass’ as he clutched Sable. He looked up and bellowed loudly, “Rendi!”

Around Merrie, the bitches shuddered at the sound and cringed closer. Merrie was jostled around, but she couldn’t take her eyes away from Bass. She could feel the sorrow in his mind as he clutched her.

“You did good girl, you did good,” he whispered. He was covered in bandages and scratches. The right side of his face was burned to the hairline and he had a slash across his chest and more along his arms and hips.

“I-I love you,” Sable choked as she stroked his face.

“And I love you so much.” He buried his face into her neck, ignoring the blood that covered her.

Tabitha transformed back into a human. She was also damaged, but the injuries looked a week old. If it wasn’t for seeing her before the fight, Merrie would have never known. The silfae stopped over Grange and kicked him on his back. She looked up at Dixie. “Who killed him?”

Dixie gestured to Merrie.

Tabitha’s gaze focused on Merrie. She gave a short nod. “Good job, love.”

Rendi rushed past Merrie and the bitches and sank to the ground next to Sable and Bass. She reached out and her hands glowed with magic. A moment later, she sighed. “Damn, she tore herself up badly. Shock, internal hemorrhaging, multiple lacerations, metal poisoning, and backlash.”

Bass tightened his grip around her.

Rendi pressed her hands against Sable's limp body. Healing runes appeared along her body; they were almost identical to the ones Borias used when Bass fucked Merrie's ass the first time.

"I'm losing her, Bass."

Merrie shivered and clutched to the bitches, watching Bass' as his heart was torn by Sable's body.

He was sobbing over her, clutching her as he stroked her face. "Don't die on me, girl, please. I can't live without you."

Tears ran down Merrie's face. She knew that he was telling the truth, the short emotions she shared with Sable when the alpha dominated her proved it. Merrie wanted to reach out for him, to comfort him. She could feel the raw emotions burning against her mind.

As a tingle coursed along her skin, Merrie gasped. She stared down through the mass of naked women to see a ghostly connection forming between her and Bass.

(Dixie!?)

Dixie's head snapped up. His eyes grew wide. (You're bonding!?)

Memories came rushing through her connection with Bass. It was filled with blood and violence. Battle after battle slammed into her and she sobbed at the intensity of it. It wasn't the cruelty of Grange, but an endless war. She saw creatures dying on Bass' bright sword and Tabitha's fangs. She remembered Rendi healing Bass. There was on brief moment of Tabitha wearing a dress and holding a frying pan, but it was blasted away with a single memory that haunted Bass for twenty years.

He was kneeling over a girl on a bed. Between her legs, a pool of blood was rapidly spreading as Bass looked down with horror. His cock, huge and swollen, dripped with the same crimson liquid. Shaking, Bass reached down and pressed his hands on her body, trying to summon the yellow-green healing power granted by his goddess. And nothing came.

Merrie sobbed at the sorrow tearing into her. She flailed at the bitches clawing at her, trying to escape. As she managed to pry one arm off her, two more came back. She was trapped. Merrie couldn't project with Bass' memories crashing into her. (Dixie! I can't get out!)

Dixie tried to dive into the mass, but he couldn't. Gasping, he pawed at Seven to shove him away. (I can't get to you. Damn it,) his thoughts grew fainter as he focused on Tabitha, (I need help, mistress!)

His connection to Tabitha grew bright as energy pulsed between them.

More memories slammed into Merrie as the connection grew brighter. It was years later, a thriban abandoned by his goddess. He was in the middle of another battle, fighting with his sword as he protected a dark-haired woman from bandits. It was Sable. And, to Merrie's surprise, there was a girl cowering next to Sable. The girl had the same dark hair and eyes as Sable, almost a mirror of her mother.

Merrie tore her thoughts from the memories. (Dixie, help!)

Sable moaned and pushed herself up. Fresh blood ran down her naked breasts as she braced herself against Bass' chest. She reached out with other hand, shaking violently.

Dixie and Tabitha both transformed into wolves and charged Merrie.

"Sable, no!" cried Bass. He wrapped his thick arms around Sable and tried to pull her back.

"Dominate," gasped Sable and waved the stump of her arm. Threads of power shot out from Sable and into all of the bitches. As one, the naked women threw themselves away from Merrie as Tabitha's jaws crunched down on Merrie's suddenly exposed body. Teeth punctured her ribs and hips. Merrie's neck cracked from the impact. The pain disrupted the forming bond, but her heart remained connected to Bass.

Merrie sobbed as she watched Sable's eyes roll into her head and blood pour from her nose and ears. She slumped back as Bass' emotions tore through her and she felt something being torn out of his heart.

Bass clutched his alpha tightly, yelling wordlessly as he clutched to her.

And then Tabitha's second spell to effect. In a heartbeat, the wolf accelerated. The wind turned into a howling scream as the world blurred around her. Branches and rocks tore at Merrie's back, lacerating her. Something cracked and Merrie's view of Bass was

obscured by a boulder shattering in a cloud of dust. Trees plummeted to the ground, shattered by the spell.

Even though she couldn't see him, she could feel him. Terror of losing Sable burned through the connection as Bass called out to Sable. (Sable! Sable! Come on. Please don't leave me. Please, please...) The thoughts grew fainter with distance but the despair continued to burn bright along their connection.

She felt the connection between her and Bass grow thin and tight. She clutched it, desperate not to lose the connection she had to the master she couldn't help loving. But, as the trees whipped past her and branches tore at her back, the bond reached its limit and snapped.

Despair clutched her heart, squeezing her painfully. She let out a wail of pain and sorrow. She slumped down into Tabitha's giant jaws, not caring about the teeth that pierced her skin or the blood that stained her lips.

Bitched Out

34

(Merrie, wake up!) Dixie's annoyed thoughts prickled with concern.

She groaned as she struggled to claw herself to consciousness. She didn't remember falling asleep or passing out, but the last she remembered wailing in despair as the bond broken. Merrie tried to open her eyes, but she couldn't. Her lids felt like lead and she groaned with the effort. (Dixie?)

(Wake up later, I need you to scan now.)

(What happened?)

Impatience blasted through her. (Your shields were leaking and we couldn't scan the wards with you sobbing all over. So my mistress knocked you out.) A heartbeat later, he continued wryly, (the regeneration charm finished healing you a bit ago. We managed to shove your guts back in your belly though.)

The image Dixie projected of her broken, limp body with a torn open abdomen bolted Merrie out of her struggles. She sat up with a scream. Pain radiated from her tail and she leaned to the side to get it out from underneath her as she pawed at her own stomach.

There was blood along her sides, where Tabitha's teeth pierced her sides. More blood splattered her from the battle, but there was no sign of the image Dixie projected.

She glared at him and Dixie smiled to himself.

(It got you up, didn't it?) He was in wolf form again, with blood matting his fur. He gestured to Tabitha who circled around them impatiently as she scanned the woods and growled. (Now, I need you to scan the area. And watch when my mistress tests her wards, we need to see if there are more attackers.)

Stunned by the sudden change in mood, she nodded.

A heartbeat later, the web of connections rippled out from Tabitha.

(Pay attention, Merrie.)

Merrie closed her eyes and cast out with her senses. She felt along the web of energy, watching as the tiny pulses came rushing back. Concentrating, she pick out each response, looking for the faked signature she felt before. They were all Tabitha and Merrie could find no sense of strangers in the magic.

(Again,) ordered Dixie with hints of Tabitha's voice mixing with his.

Tabitha sent out another pulse and Merrie inspected the energy as it came back. Nothing but Tabitha's power.

Before Dixie could order her, Merrie cast out her own senses. She was looking for non-bitches, just like before, and the energy rippled out from her. Tiny echoes, animals and Tabitha, bounced back, but otherwise it was silent. (I don't feel anything.)

Tabitha stopped and then jumped over Merrie. Merrie spun around as she watched the giant wolf vaulted over the wooden fence that marked the edge of the mill and charged for a large tree. Instead of crashing into it, the wolf disappeared with a slurp and was gone.

(She's getting Borias,) explained Dixie, (they need healers desperately.)

Merrie gasped as she spun back on Dixie. (Sable!?)

Dixie's body was just finished blurring and he was once again the small, naked male as before. His bright eyes focused on Merrie as he projected. (It's only been a few minutes since you last saw her. She isn't better.)

(Is she alive?)

Dixie shrugged. (Too early to tell. She did what she had to, even though she knew it could kill her.)

Tears burned in Merrie's eyes. She choked back a sob.

(Don't do that,) Dixie shot back while scratching his nose. He knelt in front of her, legs spread and tiny penis bobbing with his movements.

(But, this was all my fault!) The tears ran down her cheeks.

(Yes,) came the simple, deadpanned response.

(Thorn died because of me.)

(He was killed because he was in Grange's way. In battle, shock and fear is the best way to win a fight. Grange used Thorn simply to keep all the non-fighters out of the fight. Besides, Thorn was young and annoying.)

Merrie stared at Dixie for a long moment, struggling with the dispassionate thoughts he projected.

Dixie sniffed and looked around. (Listen. I just slaughtered twenty warriors with my teeth and claws. I have the blood of their throats still on my tongue.) His eyes glittered as he scanned the woods to the right. (In my life, I have killed thousands. I waged a war against a country, only to have it taken away from me because of someone I trusted. Those men knew they could die simply because Grange hired them to simply slow me down.)

(But, Thorn-)

(Do you remember what Bass said the first show?) A memory rose up, of Bass speaking as Tabitha loomed behind him. ("... but I promise this, we will never hurt you...")

Sniffing, Merrie nodded.

(When any of the trainers came to the mill, they had to make a promise to protect the pack with their lives.)

(But, Grange didn't.)

(And he died because of it. It just took a few days.)

(And Thorn?)

Dixie sighed and flicked his balls with one finger. (Thorn probably would have turned tail and run as soon as those warriors showed up. He was in it for the sex and nothing else. He was weak. And,) his lip pulled back, (after all this fighting is done, me and my mistress would have hunted him down and make sure he never broke a promise again.)

Merrie shivered at the intensity of Dixie's emotions. (Why?)

(No one hurts the pack.)

She had to look away to avoid Dixie's bright eyes. She stared into the forest, trying to orient herself. She found her eyes focusing on the fence and realized she knew where she was. It was the same section Tabitha had cropped her. She could even see the patch of red-stained grass where her hands and feet were ripped off. The memory of being fucked by the giant wolf came creeping up through her thoughts. A shiver of pleasure filled her. The half-

remembered pain and pleasure gathered in her depths, searing at her insides as she let out a long shuddering breath. She had become less than human only a few meters away.

She frowned as she looked for the stake with her name on it. (Where is it?)

(Behind you.)

Merrie turned around and peered through the grasses. There was a fresh stake in the center of a clearing. She could see words carved on them, but she knew what they would say. Shivering, she got on her knees and wrists and crawled over.

“Happy Cunt” and a date on one side and “Merrie” on the other.

(She named you even though we aren’t keeping you.)

(Why?) She wiped a sudden tear from her eye.

Jealousy tinged his thoughts. (Because she fell for you.)

She sniffed and gave him a slight smile. (What about you?)

(I can’t wait until you leave.) Dixie looked away but she could sense a lie.

She turned back to her stake. She stroked it with the severed end of her arm, a reminder that she had been torn apart only a few meters away. She shivered as a droplet of her excitement ran down her thigh.

Merrie looked for Dixie’s stake, but couldn’t find it. (Where is yours?)

(My mistress moved it to where I finally submitted.) Merrie got a sense of distance, at least a hundred kilometers away and on top of a cliff. There was a storm of emotions attached to his submission. He kept them to himself, but Merrie knew she felt a similar maelstrom when she looked at the blood-stained ground.

(Why was it here?)

(Some things must not be forgotten.)

She remembered what Borias said when she was spying on them. She looked at the ground and felt a hint of energy buried deep beneath the ground. It was bright and searing, but hidden far below her. (Bass’ holy symbol?)

(Yes.)

(Why didn’t he destroy it when-) She didn’t know what happened. (When he fell?)

(Bass was the strongest paladin Lemitri had ever had. Every promise he made to her was whispered over it. Every time he defended someone or killed in her name, it was around his wrist. He fought three gods in her name, and killed an avatar with that symbol. It has accumulated and gathered his faith until had become a relic in itself.)

Merrie felt ashamed and didn't know why.

Dixie sighed and crawled over to her. He looked at the stake, then reached out to straighten it. (It all comes down to promises. Destroying that symbol would have broken every promise he made to her. You saw what happened when he breaks a promise, now imagine breaking thousands at once. It would kill him. So, instead of dying in a single act of defiance, he buried it and pretended it doesn't haunt him every time he wakes up.) He chuckled and his large ears twitched. (Pathetic, really. He couldn't take the heroic death.)

Merrie glanced over to him. (Then why didn't you die heroically, Warlord of Blood River? Why are you naked and someone's bitch?)

Dixie glanced at her, a glare on his face. Slowly, it faded into sadness. (I'm pathetic too, when you get down to it. But, unless you want your ass raped again-)

Merrie clenched at the memory. Her pussy grew wetter with the thought of being pinned helplessly to the ground. It was a seductive thought, to surrender and roll over, to pretend she was nothing but a simple bitch again. She took a long, deep breath. She couldn't ever go back. Regarding Dixie, she was surprised to see not even a shred of magic around his frame. (I thought you couldn't transform?)

(Before my mistress, I was a fighter. No magic, no powers. To transform, I need my mistress' powers much like Sable. But where Sable can tap into her own personal stores,) a bit of jealousy tinged his thoughts, (I have to gather a reservoir of power. Obsidian disrupts that and I burn through power too fast.) He shrugged, (When my mistress is here, I pull directly from her.)

Merrie smiled and inched forward. She ran her lips along his tiny shoulder and kissed him. (And you like being a wolf.)

Dixie pulled back and guarded his thoughts.

She sat on her rear with her tail free to wag, and stared at the tiny man in front of her. He was older than her, probably a lot older,

but he still looked like a little boy. Dixie's gaze went from one side of the woods to the other, scanning warily even though it was safe.

(What's-) Merrie stopped when she felt Dixie wasn't listening. He was shielding against her and the soft, spongy feel of his mental defenses were disturbingly like a wall of bloody flesh.

Turning away, she lowered herself to the ground. The grasses tickled her naked breasts and teased her pussy as she settled down. She tried to ask Dixie a question again, but he still refused to listen. Annoyed, she pushed harder against his shield and felt it give.

She pulled back, not wanting to probe. But, without someone to talk about, she kept reliving the sight of seeing Sable using her domination ability and blood pouring from her ears and eyes. It could have killed her and Merrie was helpless to do anything to stop or prevent it. If she didn't freeze, maybe Sable would still be safe.

Merrie tore her thoughts away from the dark spiral she was heading into. Desperate not to think about Sable, she concentrated on exploring Dixie's shields. It was a puzzle but something she could do. She could feel how he used his own anger and violence around himself, protecting his mind with the indifference of years and the jaded mind of a warrior. She found places where the shield was weaker, like the spot where two blankets overlapped to let in the cool air. She closed her eyes and began to worm her way into his thoughts.

(... isn't good at all. She's about ready to bond with anything with a heartbeat. Why can't that damn fair be sooner? At this rate, she'll start bonding with the other bitches and we can't have it. It would ruin her... ruin all of them. Damn it, why did he have to find another alpha? Why does she have to have magic too? I can't let her stay, I can't have her get my mistress. I like her, though. Damn it, Irontail, you can't fall for her. She's a human, she's nothing...)

Dixie's inner thoughts were raw and visceral. He played back the battle from his point of view, relishing the blood but also picking apart every jump and every attack. He was trying to figure out how to kill the men faster. He blamed himself for Sable also. And underneath everything, there was a current of sexuality, a desire to fuck or be fucked.

Surprisingly, his inner turmoil helped Merrie relax. He was scared like her, but he was confident in his own skills and his

mistress. Dixie would protect her—did protect her—when someone tried to hurt her and she didn't have the worlds to thank him. She nestled up to his thoughts, not really listening to them, but just basking in his presence. It was a balm against her own ragged fears.

She smiled and shifted in place. Her leg brushed against the stake and she took to exploring it with the end of her ankle, enjoying the feel of the rough wood. She couldn't remember being copped anymore, the pain had already faded, but the idea of being pinned to the ground and having her hands and feet torn off brought back the warm slickness between her legs.

Dixie's thoughts cut through her musing sharply. (You're in here, aren't you? Reading my thoughts?)

Merrie tensed but didn't open her eyes. Her tail pressed hard against the ground and she felt a shiver of fear coursing along her veins. She squirmed slightly and tried to calm her suddenly rapid breath.

(Why?)

Merrie cracked open her eye to see Dixie glaring at her. (It was comforting.)

(You broke into my shields for comfort?)

She cringed. (I'm scared. I didn't know what to do.)

(Grow a pair of fucking balls, then.) His anger tore at her. (You're an alpha. This is what your life now. Get used to it. There is always going to be blood and violence. Unless you get a weak-willed master like Piffin, your master's fights are your fights. He will be attacked and you will defend. You'll do it because it is what you'll have to do, because you want to save him. But if you go wandering around and acting like some spoiled princess, I'm going to rip out your throat right here and prevent you from wasting some master's time!) Merrie whimpered at the assault of his thoughts. She pressed herself to the ground tightly, unable to escape his mental diatribe.

(You were given these powers for a reason, but all you do is crawl around on your belly and be pathetic. You have telepathy, you can project. You have magic that I wished I had almost every day of my life and you are just using it for a bit of sex and turning on some fucking submissives! And at the first sign of violence, you pee yourself and crawl on your belly! You aren't any better than Thorn, but at least you didn't run away so I could have hunted you down!)

Tears ran down her cheeks. (I-I-)

(Exactly! You aren't a fucking alpha. You're nothing but a submissive little bitch. You don't deserve anything you have and if it wasn't for my mistress, I would have broken my collar and slit your throat in your sleep!)

She sobbed. Her arms pawed at the ground as she gathered up her own anger. Trembling, she pushed herself to her knees. (You weren't always a warrior, Irontail!)

He froze as memories came drifting through her thoughts. He was a young man when he earned the name. It was also the first day one of his tribe's wolves let him ride.

Panting, she shoved forward. (I bet you weren't always the great fighter you are today, were you?) As she projected, she slammed into his thoughts, forcing her way in to prove the point she knew was there.

A raw memory came up, of a tiny Dixie screaming. He was crouching on a tree limb, looking down at a battle. Tiny Copir fought with humans and blood stained the snow crimson. It was an evenly matched battle, with the Copir and their wolves attacking humans while trying to push them away from the giant tree house they called home.

But, Dixie's eyes were locked on one fight. At the foot of the tree, a female Copir was struggling with a woman warrior. It was Dixie's mother and she was losing. Blood soaked her face as she parried desperately with a curved blade. Sparks rang off as the female warrior slammed down again and again, pounding her into the ground.

Then, the warrior got in a lucky blow and her blade slammed into Dixie's mother, severing her arm. Blood splattered out as the tiny Copir let out a high-pitched scream.

And it was answered by a scream from across the battle. Dixie snapped his head around to see a dark haired Copir abandon one battle to race toward Dixie's mother. It was his father, Steel Eyes. He slashed through humans as he clawed to save Dixie's mother.

Tears ran down Dixie's face as he watched the woman warrior smile with triumph. She brought up her blade and the blood ran down the edge of steel.

Dixie could have done something, he could have tried, but he remained clutching the tree. Helpless as he watched a human stab his mother in the throat and twist the blade to finish the kill.

Steel Eyes was too late, but he took out his revenge. His blade came up between the woman's legs and buried deep. With a word that refused to be remembered, he set off a spell and the woman exploded from the inside in a dull thump of power.

(Stop!) Dixie's thoughts slammed into Merrie. He staggered forward, then slapped her hard across the face. "Don't ever do that!"

Agony spreading from the impact, Merrie crawled back. She stopped when the stake pressed against her sex. (I'm sorry!)

With a start, she realized her skin was tingling. (W-What happened?)

(You were in my... shit, you were bonding.)

She felt a wrenching sensation as Dixie cut her off with a twist of his mind. It was like all the pain and distance used to break the bond before hit her at the same time. The empty feeling slammed into her and she gasped for breath as a moan ripped from her throat.

When she could breathe again, she projected, (How!? You're an alpha.)

(You're a fucking supernatural submissive! How do you think it happens!?) Dixie let out a snarl as his anger burned her mental senses. "Fuck," grumbled Dixie as he slumped down, the telepathic connection breaking with his vocalized word.

(I-)

"No telepathy," he snapped.

Merrie whimpered. She couldn't speak to him, couldn't ask questions. She wanted to apologize, even as the tingling faded along her skin. She felt empty, a hole that would never be filled. Curling up, she clutched herself and sobbed.

"Damn the ancestors." A tiny hand rested on her shoulder. "Speak" His voice was calmer, but the anger still raged inside, "There, now you can ask your annoying questions. But, no more projecting, no more thoughts, okay? No more bonding."

Head buried against her knees, Merrie nodded.

Dixie took a deep breath. He withdrew his hand and Merrie listened to him shifting in place. Then, the rustle of grasses stopped.

She peeked through her hair to see him lying on the ground, on his back and staring at the sky.

"It's fucked up, isn't it? I was one of the greatest warriors and now I'm someone's bitch. All because I'll die if I lost my mistress."

"Die?"

He chuckled and stretched out. "Cancer can't be healed by magic. It takes a miracle of the gods to cure it and I haven't made any friends up there," he gestured to the sky. "The only reason I'm alive is because of the bond between me and my mistress. My life has been tied in with hers. When she dies, I'll die. Much like Sable and," he looked at her with sad eyes, "you'll die when your master passes on. Alphas live as long as their master and no longer. The same with familiars, actually."

Merrie shivered at the memories of Borias' Cici dying. "Why?"

He shrugged. "You give everything to them. Your heart, your soul, your love. They become your entire world and then," he paused for a moment, "you stop feeling the collar one day. You just love them with all your heart and there is no more conditions, no hesitation. You," he sniffed, "just find yourself in this place where you don't think, you just are. When I bonded," his voice grew soft, "I couldn't fight her anymore. I didn't growl when I had to go on my knees and I gave up my ass to anyone she wanted, because she..." He gulped. "I would die for her."

Dixie stopped speaking but Merrie couldn't find the energy to say anything. She slumped down on the grass and watched the Copir as he stared at the sky. The buzz of insects teased her senses and she felt a butterfly land on her back.

"Sable," Merrie jumped at his words, "told me that she warned you off. That you would kill Bass if you bonded."

"Is-" she hesitated to see if the collar would punish her, but it didn't. "Is it true?"

Dixie shook his head. "Yes and no. Bonding with Bass would be the greatest thing in your life. And for five, maybe ten years, you would be happier than you had ever been."

"What happens in ten years?"

"He's an old man, Merrie. Thriban usually live past forty and he's almost sixty."

Merrie frowned. Bass didn't look like an old man.

“Having magical healing most of your life slows down the aging, but the threads of your span are measured the day you are born. No magic can prevent that final death, only necromancy. And even that,” he scratched his nose again, “would break the bond between them. Sable knows that. You are too young to bond to Bass.”

“She isn’t that...” Merrie was going to say “old” but she remembered that Sable had a daughter. “How old is she?”

“Forty-nine, I think.”

“But she looks like she’s in her twenties.”

Dixie chuckled. “Part of the bond with alphas is our appearance. We look as old as our masters want us to be. It isn’t fast or sudden, not like shape-changing, but as the years past, we become their ideal form. Sable remained cropped because Bass wants her to be. I’m not cropped even though my mistress ripped off my arms and legs on that cliff,” his voice grew softer, “eight years ago.”

“What’s it like,” whispered Merrie, “to bond?”

Dixie rolled on his side to look at her. “I can’t explain it other than to say, it feels like letting go. Before you bond, that won’t make sense, and after it will, but then it’s too late. Don’t worry about it, it will happen soon enough.”

She worried her lip and lifted her head. “What is going to happen to me?”

“I don’t know. You almost bonded with me. I think you are about to reach your potential, which means the fair can’t come soon enough. I suspect, there is going to be some very hard questions asked in the next day and someone,” he pointed to her, “is going to be very miserable until they decide.”

Merrie shivered. “What’s going to happen to me?”

“No idea, but I’m guessing you’re going back in the cage. Borias can shield that, at least.”

She whimpered. “I hate that thing. I get so horny and I can’t come.”

“And it will be worse. The more you mature as an unbonded alpha, the more anyone with even a hint of dominance over you will trigger the bonding. If Seven mounts you or Cock Diver pins you in play, you’ll reach out for them. If we let it go long enough, you’ll bond to anything with a coherent thought in their head. A cage has no thoughts, no emotions. You can’t bond to it.”

"I'm scared."

"I know, but just another week or so. Just a few more days and you'll be sold."

"I can't take a week of the cage."

He smiled. "Yes, you can."

The memory of the cage, the torturous pleasure that refused to crest, rose up. She bumped up against her stake, stroking it like a bar of the cage. Her pussy lips clung to the rough wood and the edge of the stake ground against her clitoris.

Dixie watched her hump the stake for a moment, then rolled onto his back again. He closed his eyes.

"Dixie?"

"Yes, Merrie?"

"I'm sorry for reading your thoughts." She continued to rub as she watched him.

"I'm sorry you had to see that. And if you tell anyone, I'll kill you."

Nothing was said for long minutes. Merrie continued to slide herself up and down the stake. It grew wet with her juices. She knew she couldn't come, but the pleasure was the only comfort that she knew.

"I know," she looked up as Dixie smiled, "if you weren't in danger of bonding and I could transform, I'd be raping your ass right now instead of you polishing your stick."

She chuckled but didn't stop moving. "You like my ass?"

"I've always been an ass man.... I'm at the right height. And a pretty set of lips. Pussy is okay, but if I'm not getting any, might as well ignore it."

"You never fucked Tabitha?"

"Before Borias," he sighed, "she wouldn't let a cock in her body."

"Not even a blow job?"

"Nope."

"Why?"

"Not my story."

Merrie had grown slick with her thoughts. She smiled to him. "Want to fuck my ass?"

"I can't transform."

"So?"

“I’m not very large.”

She grinned. “Then I won’t feel like you’re dominating me, will I?”

Dixie turned to glare at her.

“I won’t bond, right?” Merrie tried to look innocent but she grew hot with the idea of being fucked. She stroked the stake between her legs, grinding down until the wood scraped against her throbbing clitoris.

“No.”

“Come on,” she beckoned for him, “You need to fuck.”

“No.”

Merrie slumped, disappointed. She stared at the grasses in front of her face and her thoughts grew darker. “I wonder if Sable is okay. She was bleeding-”

“I’ll fuck your ass,” growled Dixie, “if you shut up.”

Merrie lifted her body to look at him. As much as there was a glare on his face, she could feel that he needed to relieve the edge of anxiousness that he felt. She smiled. “You’re worried to?”

“Seriously, let me fuck your ass so you’ll shut up.” He crawled to his hands and knees.

Merrie’s tail began to wag. The low simmer in her pussy grew hotter as she watched the tiny silfae crawl over to her. His body was tiny and hairless, like a boy’s, but she knew he was older than her.

As he crawled past her head, she was inspired and grabbed him. Her arms wrapped around his hips and she crossed her wrists at his tail.

(What the-?)

Merrie giggled as she pulled him close. She delved her head underneath his hips and lifted her mouth to his cock. (I want to taste it.)

Dixie let out a long, suffering sigh, but his cock grew with his own excitement.

She licked her lips, then lowered her mouth to his cock. Her tongue caressed the tiny little balls before sucking on each one. She giggled and pulled both of them into her mouth. (Yummy.)

(No telepathy,) grumbled Dixie as his cock grew hard against her chin. Precum leaked out of the tip and a droplet ran down her throat.

Merrie answered by pulling back, opening her mouth, and sucking his cock and balls into her mouth. His length, tiny but hard, pressed against her tongue. She swirled around it to lap at the sweet flavor leaking out of his tip.

His breathing grew deeper. He tried to reach around to grab her but his short limbs couldn't reach. He dropped his fingers to her nipples, grabbing them like reins.

She moaned and drew his legs on each side of her head so she could suck harder. She used her tongue to explore his entire length, from tip to balls. His tiny form felt delicate against her body and she pulled him closer, crushing him against her breasts.

(I'm not a fuck toy.)

Merrie bobbed on his hard cock. (Shut up and lick.)

Dixie twisted her nipples, sending a flair of pleasurable pain through he senses. "I can't reach, bitch."

She curled her spine and wrapped her body around him. She lifted one leg as she drew his head down to her sex. Her position grew quickly uncomfortable, but at the first touch of his breath against her swollen sex, she let out a moan of pleasure.

(Fucking submissive,) grumbled Dixie with a hint of amusement. His tiny mouth clamped against her sex and he lapped. His tiny tongue lapped at her sex, tracing through every fold of her body.

She was already soaked but his ministrations sent a fresh surge of pleasure dripping out of her. She released his balls from her mouth and worked her lips around the base of his shaft. The hard length teased her mouth. She worked up saliva in her mouth and slid his cock in and out of her mouth.

He reached up with his arms. Fingers spread her lips apart, then tiny digits slipped into her sex.

Merrie moaned and let the cock pop out of her mouth.

(I didn't tell you-) his thoughts froze as he pulled away, (Damn it, I can't order you. I'm the alpha, damn it!)

An amused thought drifted through her mind. She knew what he was going to say. With a giggle, she used his own words, (I didn't tell you to stop licking,) she giggled, (bitch.)

There was brief moment where Dixie's urge to lash out rose up. Then, he sighed and lowered his mouth back to her sex.

(Fist me,) ordered Merrie with a rush of pleasure.

(Fuck off.) But, even as he ordered, Dixie's hand worked it way into her pussy. He swirled it around like a tiny cock before driving it deep. The wet slurp brought pleasure to Merrie. (Disgusting, your pussy is soaked.)

(Then fuck it harder.) She almost came at the idea of ordering Dixie around.

(That won't make it drier.)

(It will if I come.)

(Don't get ideas.)

(Then make me cum, bitch.)

Dixie delved his face into her sex, lapping as he rolled his face around her soaked sex. His arm pumped in and out with wet slurps.

The heat in her pussy grew as she curled tighter around him, pinning him in place with her legs. His cock was hard in her mouth and leaking profusely. She clamped her lips on the tip and sucked on it, trying to draw the sweat cream from his balls.

She sent out a command. (Fuck my ass.)

Dixie pulled his soaked arm from her pussy. A moment later, his slick fingers press against her asshole. She moaned as he shoved into her, the slickness driving deep into her tightly clenching hole.

(Oh gods, that feels good.)

He brought his other arm up and shoved it back into her pussy. His lips left her clitoris as he worked on pumping both arms.

She leaned into him, moaning as he alternated one thrust from the other. Her legs held him tight against her as he pumped her faster. Her body tensed around him, but the muscles in his arms easily forced his fists deep into her pussy and ass.

Merrie whimpered as the hard edge of orgasm rushed up. She clamped her thighs tightly around his head as she let out a long wail of pleasure.

In her mouth, Dixie's cock surged and splattered the back of her throat with the incredibly sweet taste of silfae cum. She gulped at it hungrily as she held him tight against her body, shuddering with the waves of pleasure that tore through her.

She drank from him until no more would come out. With a smile, she snuggled closer and closed her eyes. His rapid pulse beat against her own and could feel his arms still trapped in her body. She felt comforted with him tight against her naked skin.

Slowly, Merrie let herself drift off to sleep.

Dixie shifted against her breast as he tried to move his hips from her arms or his head from between her thighs. (Are you going to let me go?)

Merrie clutched him tighter, pulling him hard against her body. (No,) she thought with a smile, (... bitch.)

Fucked

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Merrie hated the cage with every fiber of her being. She was trapped and claustrophobic. The bars brushed against her shoulders every time she moved and no matter what she did, she couldn't straighten her legs. When she tried, her spine pressed up against the top.

More importantly, she couldn't come. No matter how much she rubbed her dripping sex, pawed at her nipples, or stroked the bars, the pleasure refused to rip through the thin veil leading to an orgasm. The acidic taste of magic flooded her mouth every time, it was like the "good girl" response but worse. She thought she knew what torture was, but the minutes that painfully oozed into the hours were beyond anything she could comprehend.

The hunger for orgasm swirled in with the growing pleasure. She could feel the magic of the collar stoking her inferno boiling inside her pussy. She could smell her excitement dripping down her thighs and splashing into a puddle forming around her knees. It was a slight, clear scent tinged with lust and need.

Desperate for an orgasm, she rammed her sex hard against the bar between her legs. It struck the two dildos buried in her pussy and ass. The impact rocketed into her body in a wave of pain and torturous pleasure. The toy in her pussy was almost as large as Bass, and the tip pounded against her cervix with every slam. The butt plug was wide and almost as deep, filling her to the brim. She could feel it punching her guts with every thrust but she couldn't stop. Pain or pleasure, something would finally give her the orgasm she craved.

She licked her dry lips and screwed her eyes close. Bracing herself against the front of the cage, she slammed back with all her

might. Something ripped inside her and the healing charm flashed as the golden-green energy filled her. The agony tore at her senses, blurring with the pleasure until she couldn't discern pain and ecstasy.

"Boss, that not be healthy for her."

Merrie lifted her gaze up to the two men who stood outside of her cage. Borias stood to her right, looking down with concern. He tugged on his shirt as he shook his head.

"I know, Bori." The thriban was exhausted and pale, from the dark shadows underneath his eyes and the way his shoulders slumped as he leaned against the fence surrounding the dog area. The hours without Sable continued to draw the life out of him and his powerful presence had faded. "But, what can we do?"

Merrie rammed her hips back again as she pleading with her eyes. She welcomed the pain and hit herself again. The bar punched the dildos deep into her guts and tore at her insides. She shuddered at the slick sensation of the charm healing her and slammed back again. More liquid dribbled down her thighs and it splashed as she pounded herself repeatedly against the bars.

The warm summer air teased her senses. It was freedom and only a few centimeters away, but she was helpless to escape her bondage. The last time she was let out to pee, she almost bonded because of a single command from Piffin. Ever since, she was kept locked up and wrapped in bars and magic. Almost three days of no touch by a living being, except for the second it took for Borias to jam the two dildos into her ass and pussy twenty minutes ago.

"Damn it, I be hoping that the enchantment on those toys be enough to get through mother's spell. But," he sighed with frustration, "she be having decades of experience in making artifacts. She managed to even defend against the Borstim Vulnerability and she be making these twenty years ago."

"And...?"

"Borstim not be writing that paper until I be meeting him in Abbinkey. Mother be better than me, a lot better."

"Yeah," Bass sighed, "she was one of the best artificers I knew. Thank you for trying, Bori."

"Anything for Merrie. Just wish I could help."

For a long moment, none of them said anything.

Merrie whimpered and looked up to see neither of them looking down at her. She whined and pawed at the cage. When they didn't respond, she slammed back against the bars. The metal slipped around the flared base of the dildos and crushed her labia. She cried out from the pain and felt the rush of sensations crashing against the magic suppressing her orgasm. She sobbed and her shoulders slumped.

Bass growled, "Damn it, Bori, we can't lose her too."

He talked about her as if she was nothing but a dog. The humiliation burned against her senses and she wanted to cower at his feet to beg for more. The pain radiated from her pussy and she rocked her hips to smack her tail along the bars of the cage.

"We can be fucking her? She not be taking long to pop."

A sigh. "Can we risk it?"

"Risk what?" snapped Tabitha as she strode up wearing nothing but a flowing miniskirt around her waist. Her small breasts bounced with her movements, the nipples bobbing.

Merrie wanted to nip at Tabitha's hips and reaching up for her nipples knowing that Tabitha would throw her to the ground and rape her. It would hurt, it would be painful, and it would give her the strongest orgasm of her life. She sobbed with the need, her mouth working silently as she stared at Tabitha's naked breasts.

Tabitha inspected her for a long moment. A scowl crossed her face before she gave both Borias and Bass a scathing look. "If she can't come, do you really think stuffing her to the gills would help?"

Borias sighed and held out his hands. "Sorry, Tabby, I be hoping I could sneak in an orgasm with the toys."

"So, take off the Ancestors-damned collar and let her cum. Or at least get horny on her own. I hate the damn thing anyways."

"We can't," growled Bass.

"Why not?"

"The last spell in the collar, the imprint. Whoever takes off the collar will become her obsession. With her power, she be bonding instantly."

They couldn't even refer to her by name. As the torturous rush of orgasm rushed up, she moaned. A heartbeat later, the magic suppressed it and she let out a whine. She sobbed at the pleasure.

She shifted her knees through the puddle made by her own juices and felt shame that she was so desperate.

“And, with her being a telepath and damn good as punching through shields, even I not be betting between me shields and her.”

Merrie’s thoughts riveted on the pain she was causing herself. It was turning into tiny flashes of pleasure. With soft grunts, she rammed herself back against the bar, splattering the ground around the cage as she tried to force an orgasm through the collar.

Tabitha watched her impassively. “How long as she been like that?”

“About half a day,” grumbled Bass, “but it got worse in the last hour.”

“Her T6 and T7 are syncing. She be turning pain into pleasure and we be letting that go too long-”

“Then,” finished Bass, “the collar may cause her to swap pleasure for pain. And then any pleasure will become pain, which will ruin her.”

Merrie whimpered, not seeing the trainers above her. She focused on the drumming and pain against her clitoris and sex. Deep in her senses, she felt one of the powers of the collar coming back, the taste of ozone in the back of her throat told her that it would once again electrocute her if she spoke.

She didn’t hesitate. “Come!”

Her entire world ignited into electrical agony. It slammed through her body, tensing every muscle and pushing her almost up to the edge of letting go. The lighting arced along the bars of the cage and sparkled through the puddle of her juices. It turned into white-hot pain, but even the intense pain wasn’t enough to shove her over the edge.

“Ancestors,” swore Tabitha, “did she just do that on pur-”

“Come! Come! Come!” Merrie slammed her pussy against the bars, ramming them hard as bolt after bolt tore through her. Each one brought her tantalizingly close to an orgasm. She was desperate as she yelled through the pain, trying to get it to electrocute her faster. If she could just hurt more, she would finally come.

Too soon, the power of the collar faded. She let out a whimpering sob and collapsed to the ground. “Damn it,” she whispered in a hoarse whisper. The collar clicked but only a faint tingle coursed

along her skin. Panting, she stared at the ripples in the puddle underneath her, then let out a guttural sob.

“Fuck the Ancestors,” breathed Tabitha in surprise, “how long as she been doing that?”

“As I said, about an hour. The collar be normally having a dozen charges, but it be recharging slowly, a charge every few minutes. It be reactivating after ten minutes with three. And she be using the shock magic to try cumming.”

“I don’t like that,” said Tabitha, “What’s going to give first, the charm or her collar?”

“Her mind.” Bass growled, “We’re losing her.”

Merrie spread her legs to get the cooler air to her heated pussy. She focused on wagging her tail slowly, to one side and then the other. She knew something was wrong, but her mind refuse to focus on anything besides the overriding desperation to fuck.

“Bass,” warned Tabitha, “the only way we can let her out is if we set both alphas and Bori on her. And there is no way you, I, and Dixie can handle two dozen bitches on our own.”

“I know.”

“But, I can see in your eyes you want to do something for her. I know you think highly of your cock, but fucking a dozen bitches a day?”

“I know, Tabitha, but-”

“But what? Are you willing to lose an entire pack because of the bitch?”

“I said, I know!” roared Bass, his voice sending up a flock of birds.

There was silence. Merrie shifted her hips and dragged her breasts through the slick fluid coating the bottom of her cage. She enjoyed listening to the trainers, but she couldn’t focus entirely on their words. It was like struggling through an alcohol buzz, where the individual words made sense but strung together became a meaningless blur. She reached out for them, her amputated arm waving.

Borias glanced down, then gently pushed Tabitha further away.

The silfae stepped away without looking back.

Merrie whimpered and slumped down, dragging her arm through the sodden and scorched mud surrounding the cage. She felt the pleasure rising up again, a wave that coursed along her insides. With

a whine, she inched back until the bar was once again tapping against the dildo and plug buried inside her.

Bass sighed. "I know, Tabby, you don't have to remind me. I won't ruin her life by bonding."

"Well, what are you going to do?"

Bass didn't respond.

"Bass? What the-? What are you looking at?"

Borias let out a relieved sigh, "Sable."

Merrie lifted her head to see Sable crawling down the stairs of the mill house.

The alpha paused at the bottom of the stairs and rubbed her face using the bandages on her right arm. The white cloth snaked up her arm, across her shoulder, and down her sides. There was no blood on them and the stark white contrasted with her tanned skin. The bandages over her breast strained against the large mounds. Where skin was visible, she was covered in black and yellow bruises, scratches, and healing wounds.

Sable lifted her gaze straight for Bass. Her tail wagged back and forth and she limped toward him. He knelt down and she bounded the last few steps to throw herself into his arms.

"Oh, Sable," cried Bass as he held her tightly.

She barked and licked his face.

As Rendi walked up, the old woman said, "She's stable now. I managed to ground the backlash. She'll have nightmares for a few days but otherwise she's right as rain."

Bass looked up, one hand cupping Sable's buttocks and the other holding her shoulders. "Will she need any more magical healing?"

Rendi shook her head. "Can't. There is enough magic running through her right now that time is the only cure. But, she's up to training bitches now." She glared down at Sable who peeked over her shoulder and through the curtain of her hair at the older woman. "Though, I doubt I could stop her."

Bass made a grunting down and buried his face into Sable's neck. "I missed you, girl."

Merrie watched the master and bitch holding each other. A surge of jealousy rose up and she bit back the bitter taste of it. Sable was bonded and free of the cage. She wasn't being tortured by the thick plugs in her body or a pleasure she could never release. She also

didn't have an iron collar like her, just the leather one gracefully snug around her neck.

A moment later, she turned away ashamed. It wasn't Sable's fault that Merrie was who she was. And Merrie could never defend the pack like Sable did. She blinked back the tears and shoved herself back against the bar. The pain pushed away her humiliation and she worked herself into a hard, rhythm that rattled the cage with each impact of her soaked pussy against the bar.

"Rendi," asked Tabitha, "can you do anything about this?" She pointed sharply at Merrie.

Rendi didn't even look at Merrie. "No. The constant boost to pleasure and the prevention of masturbation was all part of the original design. There is no cut-off or fail-safe on those, otherwise someone," she glanced at Borias, "would use them all the time. The only way to stop it is to destroy the collar or take it off."

"Why don't we just destroy it?" Tabitha rolled her eyes.

None of the trainers said anything and Merrie filled in the silence with the smacks of her body against the cage. She couldn't help it, she had to pull her mind away from the hunger to orgasm.

"Because," Rendi finally said in a sharp, bitter voice, "part of me is in that collar."

"You mean...?"

"I needed to put my soul into every one of the twenty-seven collars. I won't destroy one just to keep a bitch in line."

"And why did-" Tabitha started to snarl.

"Tabitha," growled Bass, "drop it. I have no problem with Rendi's decision. It was decided years ago and it is not," he spoke louder to emphasis the word, "going to be revisited."

Tabitha waved her hands. "Just like that!? What are you doing, trying to make this harder than it has to be? You won't break the collar. You won't remove it. You can't risk taking her out of the collar, but you are considering dedicating both alphas and Borias to keeping her around. She's the only fucking bitch who's actually properly trained! And near-death experience and all she can do is fuck the fucking cage!"

"Tabitha-" started Bass.

She turned on him. "No! Bass, you listen to me." She stepped toward him as she pointed menacingly. "Kessler drowned his entire

pack because of his alpha. He kill,” she screamed, “them so he could focus on making millions on one alpha. I will not let you do that! You have two dozen other bitches who need to be fucked, broken, and trained. I want the money just as badly as you, but I will not let you ruined my pack because of one fucking alpha!”

Tabitha’s voice had become a growl as hair sprouted along her body.

Magic sparkled along her skin but Merrie couldn’t feel it. The only thing she could feel, besides the desperate need to come, was a primal fear of something dangerous. She dropped to the ground, her pussy forgotten for a few seconds, and let out a long whine.

Borias looked at Merrie for a moment and there was a sad look in his eyes as if he was considering something. He peeked over to his mother and then back to Merrie.

“Tabitha-” started Bass as he straightened. Next to him, Sable dropped to the ground and leaned against his leg. He patted her head as he said, “I’m not going to kill the other bitches. I made a promise.” He held out his hands. “I promise, I will not give up on the others.”

Panting, Tabitha looked around at the others. “Then, what do we do?”

Borias cleared his throat.

All of them stared at him.

“Um,” he cleared his throat, “the problem be that Merrie needs to come. If she be fucking, then she be okay, right? Even if it is mindless fucking that won’t stop?”

No one said anything.

Merrie’s breath quickened at the thought of being fucked. She needed it, craved it. She would take days of constant cock if she could just come.

Borias continued. “The problem be the bonding. Merrie be in that stage where she be bonding with anything dominating her. And, being she’s be a natural submissive, it be happening sooner or later. Right?”

“Do you have an idea?” asked Bass.

“Um,” Borias looked at the mill house. “I might? I be knowing of a creature who can fuck Merrie and she not be able to bond.”

Tabitha snarled, “And why haven’t you mentioned this earlier? Where is he?”

Rendi spoke up, her voice tense. “But, that abomination was destroyed, right?” She stepped toward her son. One hand clutched her amulet as she glared at him. “Maddy had him destroyed, right? Borias?”

Merrie froze at the anger in the formerly sweet woman’s voice.

“I,” Borias gulped, “recommended that she be destroying him. But, I can not be watching because of the geas.”

“Borias?” Bass asked, but neither Borias or Rendi responded.

Rendi took another step, magic sparkling off her amulet. Energy rolled along her body as she glared at her son. “Did she?”

Borias looked across the fields, not meeting his mother’s gaze.

“Borias? Answer me!”

Tabitha tried to interrupt. “What are you-”

“No,” came the strangled reply from Borias.

“WHAT!?” Rendi’s face grew livid. “You should have destroyed him!” She jammed her finger into Borias’ chest. “It was your mistake! Your abomination! You shouldn’t have asked, you should have wiped that foul creature off the lands when you had a chance! I don’t care if you took on her entire farm, you should have killed him four years ago when I told you to!”

“It wasn’t-”

“It was your choice! You know better! You told me you would destroy him!” As Rendi screamed at her son, Borias backed away helplessly. “You said you would atone, Borias! You said-”

“Rendi?” said Bass.

Rendi slapped Borias. She pulled back and slapped him hard again.

He made no effort to step away or raise his hand to defend himself. “Azus never-”

“I am the priestess of Azus,” screamed Rendi, “and if I say that creature is an abomination, then it is an-!”

“QUIET!” bellowed Bass, his voice slammed into the fight. A wave of presence slammed into Merrie, cracking through Borias’ shield.

Merrie reached out through the cracks, drinking in the thoughts and emotions burning around her. It was as if she could see again

and the flood of information brought a small measure of relief to her torture.

Realizing she was vulnerable, Merrie wrapped her own shields around her and crouched on the floor of the cage, bumping against the bar as she listened to the trainers talking above her.

Rendi opened her mouth to scream at Borias again.

Bass' presence crashed into Merrie again, a raw force as strong as Sable's domination. "Quiet, please," he said in a soft voice but it held the force of a man who could take on an army.

Rendi and Borias looked away from each other.

When neither said anything, Bass sighed. "What are you talking about? Borias?"

"Um, four years ago, Maddy fell in love with one of her bulls. Not unlike Merrie, but he not be magic. He like to be fucking and she like to be giving him girls to fuck. But, one day, there be an accident and he be getting hurt."

"I," muttered Rendi, "was visiting home that month otherwise I could have-"

Bass shook his head sharply and Rendi clamped her mouth shut. He turned back to Bass. "Continue," he ordered.

"She be crying and be coming to me. That be the month I be helping her rebuild the wards. She be asking me to be healing him, but his skull be caved in and he be dying. And," Borias sighed, "I had to use non-healing magic to be saving him."

"You used the Second Terrifin Formula!"

"Black magic?" growled Bass.

"Yeah," sighed Borias and refused to look at the others, "a bit of necromancy to keep him alive while I rebuilt his brains and body."

"Bori, where did you learn necromancy?"

Borias peeked back at Bass. "Abbinkey."

"Why didn't you tell me? Us?"

"Because of mother."

"Don't you dare call me mother, Borias. No son of mine uses necromancy-"

"I had to save him!"

"No, you didn't. She loses cows all the time. What is one-"

"She loved-"

“QUIET!” roared Bass. When the mother and son stopped yelling, he continued. “Borias, what happened?”

Borias rubbed his arm. “I be having trouble putting his head back together. He is alive-”

“Barely.”

“-and be getting all the pussy he wants, but there not be much going on in his head.”

“He’s a mindless monster, you mean.”

“Maddy be happy. Fucker be happy. What else-”

“His name,” asked Tabitha in a surprised voice, “is Fucker?”

Borias nodded sheepishly. “He be having a big cock and only one thing on his mind.”

Merrie’s pussy spasmed at the idea of being fucked by a mindless creature. She couldn’t imagine it was anything different than being fucked by Bass. She let out a soft whimper of need.

Sable glanced at her, a sad look in her eyes.

Bass said, “And since he doesn’t have a mind, he can’t bond?”

“None that I be finding. And he can be fucking her a long time.”

“No,” Rendi said as she backed away. “No, I won’t be a part of this. If you bring that creature to the mill, I’m gone.”

“Mother-”

“No!” She rushed to him and slammed her finger into his chest. “You aren’t my son anymore. You aren’t any better than your damn uncle!” Spinning on her heels, she stormed back to the mill house.

“Mother, I-” Borias stopped as Bass rested one large, gray hand on his shoulder.

“Bori, be quiet. I’ll talk to Rendi.”

“I be sorry, boss, I would not be bringing it up if I be thinking it would not be helping Merrie.”

Bass turned on the mage. “I know, but do you really think he will help?”

Borias nodded. “All he be doing be fucking her. More than she ever be fucked, but she be safe,” there was a pause, “probably. She be having the charm and maybe a few others. It,” he sniffed, “I just be wanting to help, boss, I promise.”

Bass took a deep breath and looked down at Sable. His alpha looked at Merrie for a moment, then back up to Bass. Bass took a long, deep breath. “Borias, I’m going to trust you because I have

promises to keep and I don't see other options. But, if any of the bitches get hurt," Bass pulled Borias closer as a growl rumbled in his chest, "I have to break another promise. And if I live through it, Grange will not be the only one who will be buried in an unmarked grave."

Paling, Borias said, "I be promising, bass."

(Don't make me regret this, Borias,) thought Bass as the thriban's thoughts drifted through Merrie's mind.

She realized she was reaching out for the thriban again, her skin tingling and memories drifting through. She tore her mind away and whispered under her breath to set off her collar. The shocking pain tearing through her senses broke the connection and she sobbed at the despair that clawed at her heart.

Bass and Borias looked at her with concern.

The thriban shook his head. "Damn it. Tabby?"

Tabitha grunted.

"Please run over to Maddy and check out this thing."

Tabitha stepped out of her skirt, leaving it to pool on the ground. "And if it will help?"

"Bring him."

"And if he's a monster?"

"Bring me and we'll talk to Maddy. It's her property and I can't do anything without her permission."

"A promise?"

"No," Bass said in a low voice, "she's an ally and a friend. Even friends," he glance at Borias who looked down in shame, "make mistakes."

Tabitha nodded once and transformed. A moment later, her wolf form sprinted across the fields. She reached a crest, then accelerating out of sight in a crack of air and an explosion of grass and dust.

Bass gave Borias one last look and hurried back to the mill house.

Sable gave Merrie a sad smile and bounded after her master.

Borias groaned. "I be fucking things up, k?"

Merrie whimpered and stared up at him.

He sat down next to the cage, ignoring the squelch of the soaked mud. "Go ahead and speak girl."

She gasped. "I need to come."

“I know, Merrie, I know. I hope Fucker helps, he isn’t much bigger than Bass and you can take him. But he’s... he’s... he’s going to fuck you.”

Merrie whimpered at the heat boiling in her pussy.

“But, I need you to do something.”

“A-Anything!” she gasped as she ground her pussy against the bar.

Borias reached into the cage. As his hand pierced the line of the bars, she felt his mind bare to her thoughts. It was an intense heat, filled with pain and sorrow. She couldn’t help as she reached out for him, but Borias moved quickly. He grabbed the dildo and ripped it out of her pussy. A heartbeat later and he tore the butt plug from her ass. Just as quickly as he entered the cage, he snatched his hand back.

Merrie slumped against the cage. “Why is this happening?”

Borias looked at the glistening plug in his hand. “Because people be greedy. But, if Fucker comes, I be needing you to do something, k?”

She gasped and shoved back, nestling the heated bar between her aching lips and stroking up and down.

“Try to push him away with your projection. If he responds, then you can bond to him. If you can’t, then you be safe.”

She pawed at the cage floor, her severed arms rippling through the puddle. “You... aren’t sure?” She felt a prickle of fear coursing through her veins.

Borias shook his head. “And I be risking everything I love on a hunch. If I be wrong, then you be bonding to the worse creature you could ever be bonding to. And then I be dead. If it be go wrong, Tabby or Bass will be killing me. Or, worse, Bass be giving me an hour before Tabby hunts me down.” She shivered at the memory of her own chase, “The best I can be hoping is that I’d get kicked out, but no, if I be wrong, you be ruined and I be dead. But, I be hoping it helps.”

She struggled with her own thoughts for a moment. “I trust you, madar.” She didn’t know why she used the word, but it felt right.

His head jerked up. “Madar?” Then tears ran down his cheeks. “Thank you, Merrie, but please be never calling me that.”

Merrie whimpered.

“No, no, girl, not be scared. That just be what Cici called me, my personal name from her. I can't be letting you get close to me, k? Just, be safe, and I be getting you fucked.”

The next hour was agony for Merrie, not knowing if she would going to remain the cage or not. When she saw the flash of Tabitha racing toward them, she let out a sob of relief. She pawed at the cage as she watched the silfae transform in the front yard.

“Bass!” yelled the silfae.

A minute later, Bass came out of the house, followed by Borias and Sable. “Tabitha?”

“He'll be here in an hour.”

Merrie let out a sob of relief. She careened her head to watch as the others gathered in front of Tabitha.

“Is he really a monster?”

Tabitha shrugged. “He's... enthusiastic and large.”

“Will he hurt her?”

“Maddy and I talked. Well, she threatened to cut off my tits with a cleaver and I offered to rip out her throat. But, once we finished pissing each other off, she agreed to help. I think we can keep her safe, but we have to break one of your rules.”

“My rules?” Bass tensed up.

“Merrie needs a lot more charms but they are assigned to other bitches.”

“Oh,” he let out a sigh, “which ones?”

“The breathing one, relaxation, the food charm, probably the peeing one. I'd also recommend the pain suppressor.”

Bass shook his head in surprise. “And you thinks she's going to be safe?”

“Yes,” she grinned, “but he fucks hard. Really hard. If I actually liked cock, he'd be a glorious challenge. But, no, I think if your bitch,” she glanced toward Merrie who felt a flash of excitement, “can handle your cock, she can handle him.”

The thriban nodded. “Make it happen. Borias, help her pick up the charms. Where do we put him?”

“I can,” Borias said as he stepped forward, “be putting a ring down on the corner of the yard,” he pointed to the far point. “Fucker be having an adamantine collar around his balls, it be

keeping him in place. The chain won't be breaking either. If I be remembering, it be about three meters long."

Bass glanced back at the house. "Damn it, I don't like this. We've been doing this for decades. I hate feeling out of control."

Tabitha shrugged. "Shit happens."

"It better not. Go on, Bori, get started."

Tabitha stared at Borias, who bowed and headed to the far end. When he started casting a spell in the corner, she turned back to Bass. "Rendi?"

"She's leaving."

"Because of this?"

Bass shook his head. "She isn't evil and she never fell like me. She's been talking about leaving for years. The training, the kidnapping, the Sable Incident, and the slaughter in the warehouse when we got the bitches were one more thing that hasn't sat well with her. And these last few years, she's gotten more unhappy with every passing month. This is just... the last nail pulled out of the house."

Tabitha nodded. "I'm sorry, she's been with us since the beginning."

"I know. She'll be leaving for her sister's home tomorrow, so let's have a small party for her tonight."

With a few more short words, they went along their separate tasks.

An another hour later and Merrie sat next to a huge metal ring embedded in the ground. She shivered at the feeling of being exposed and vulnerable. The thoughts of the other trainers were bright in her mind and she wanted desperately to reach out for any of them, but the ceaseless hunger to orgasm overwhelmed her telepathy.

Around her neck, a chain of charms bounced against her collar bone. Stolen from the bitches at the mill, she could feel the magic swirling around inside her and her insides felt liquid at power transforming her.

Tabitha and Bass stood by the stairs to the house, talking quietly to themselves. Sable slept on the ground at Bass' feet, a smile on her lips and her tail wagging back and forth. Borias stood alone in the shadows on the far side of the yard, ignored by everyone.

Merrie wanted to crawl over to him, but she couldn't. Bass' command to stay burned brightly in her mind and she ground her naked rear against the hard-packed earth as if it could hold her down.

A roar carried out over the woods. Merrie shivered at the sound of it, filled with rage and lust. Her eyes scanned the woods until she saw a heavy wooden wagon come rolling down the road. It was pulled by four naked men, their muscles straining as they plodded along the path.

"What is it," muttered Tabitha, "that the people in this county have a thing against horses?"

Bass shrugged and strode out into the yard.

As the wagon drew closer, the roars continued. Occasionally, the entire wagon would jerk to the side. It skipped completely off the road and the driver, a familiar-looking woman, whipped the naked men to pull it back on.

It was the woman from the first day, the one picking out the kidnapped people next to Bass. She was older, with gray streaking her hair, but lines around her face that showed she smiled a lot. She had a serious look on her face as she brought the wagon into the yard and clicked her tongue. "Stop!"

The men stopped pulling and slumped forward.

From behind the wagon and on top, four other men dressed in leathers, dropped to the ground and came around.

Maddy, the woman, jumped off the wagon and headed straight for Bass. "Bass." She opened her arms in a hug.

"Hello, Maddy." Bass lowered himself to his knee and swept her up to hug her tightly.

Sable reached up next to him and Maddy stroked her head, her arm sticking out from Bass' thick arms. Then, the alpha got a surprised look on her face, spun around, and bounded into the house.

Bass set Maddy down and chuckled.

Maddy bowed her head briefly. "I'm sorry for Thorn. He was a good kid."

"I know. We need to talk later."

Maddy stepped back. She was wearing well-worn jeans and a leather top. Dark stains colored the hem of her outfits and a brown

spot stained her right thigh. "About?" She nodded toward the wagon.

"Yes and-"

Bass' words were interrupted as the wagon shook violently and a voice bellowed out from inside. "Fuck!"

The thriban's eyes grew wide. "Is that Fucker?"

"Yeah," Maddy beamed happily, "that's my boy."

"Fuck!" bellowed Fucker.

Borias circled around the yard, along the far side. He was heading to Merrie. He was nervous as he glanced furtively at the wagon.

Tabitha came around the other side toward Merrie.

Feeling their attention on her, Merrie whimpered and wrapped herself tighter in her shields. She felt better with the idea of having two mages between her and whatever was in the wagon.

"Fuck!" The wagon shook violently, lifting up on two wheels before crashing down.

Merrie shook at the sight.

Maddy sighed. "We don't have much longer before he gets aggressive."

"That's not aggressive?" Bass didn't sound convinced.

"No, this is nothing. He's mellowed over the years, but an hour without fucking makes him anxious."

"Fuck! Fuck!" The wagon rocked back and forth. And then there was a splintering noise as the side of the wagon cracked.

Merrie blinked, staring in shock. Then, she felt a heat rising as she realized there was now a cock sticking out of the side of the wagon. It was huge, a throbbing pole with precum pouring out the end. It was just as large as Bass, but fleshy instead of dark gray. The head was smaller, like a wedge instead of the fat crown Bass had. Veins pulsed as Fucker fucked the hole of the wagon, ignoring the splinters that scraped along the side of the thick, swollen member.

"Merrie," breathed Borias, "meet Fucker's cock."

Merrie clenched down on her pussy as a flood of juices poured out of her. She wanted it. She was terrified of Fucker, but the sight of the cock shoving through the ragged hole in the wood sent a pang of helplessness and hunger burning through her veins. She whimpered with need, squirming on her buttocks as her pussy drooled with anticipation.

“He just punched a hole through wood with his cock.” Tabitha sounded almost frightened.

“Yeah, armoring that was probably not the smartest thing, but I was worried about friction burns.”

Merrie shivered, unable to take her eyes off the glistening cock.

“Damn,” muttered Maddy, “we better get ready. Bass, your bitch ready?”

Eyes focused on Merrie and she squirmed. She didn't know what to say, if anything. The idea of speaking in front of strangers frightened her, so she did the only thing she could think off. Trembling, she got on her knees and brought her arms up to her collar, begging.

“Good girl,” said Borias and Tabitha at the same time.

Merrie beamed and then stared back at the cock.

The four dressed men from Maddy's farm got into position, two on each side of the opening to the wagon. Two of them held out their hands and large runes appeared in front of them, forming a cage around the opening with a translucent wall of power.

“Fuck!” roared Fucker and the wagon jerked to the side.

The other two hands braced the first two, digging their feet into the ground.

“Okay, ready?”

All four called out “Aye, madam.”

“Wait!” yelled Bass.

Merrie's heart skipped a beat. She peered at Bass who was holding out his hands.

Fucker continued to fuck the side of the wagon, streamers of precum splattering down. It ran down the wood and splashed down with wet splats to the ground.

Maddy gave him an incredulous look. “We don't have much time.”

“Hold on, Maddy.” He walked toward Merrie as Sable came rushing out of the front door. Even with her amputated arms and legs, the alpha bounded across the yard with a patter of her limbs and caught up with her master. Together, they walked to Borias and Tabitha.

Behind them, Fucker howled and came. His cock swelled as it pumped out rope after rope of cum. It splashed down on the ground

and against the wagon. Merrie shivered as she watched him not stop fucking even as liters of cum shot out of him.

Bass stopped in front of Borias.

“Boss?”

“Here,” said the thriban in a guarded voice. He reached down and Sable spit something into his large palm. Wiping it, he held it up to her. “For Merrie.”

Borias lifted up a wedge-shaped charm to the air. “The ear charm?”

Merrie whimpered. She was curious, but she could feel the four minds bright against her mind. It took all her effort not to reach out for them, to caress their thoughts and draw them into her. She wanted to be owned, needed, bonded.

“Merrie said she wanted dog ears. And, she never got a chance. If she’s going to do this, I think she deserves them.”

Merrie gasped as she remembered the question. She moaned and felt the heat boiling inside her. She realized her body was tingling and the sensation for reaching out was growing. Whimpering, she wrapped herself tightly in her shields and looked at the ground to avoid bonding. She needed him, she wanted him. Tears ran down her eyes as she basked in the heat of Bass’ and Sable’s love.

Maddy called out from her position. “Please hurry.”

Borias knelt in front of her, his mind wrapped tightly in place. “Okay, girl, let me sticking this in here.” His fingers delicately pulled out the chain of charms and he pulled them apart, moving quickly as he rearranged them back into a thin chain of gold, silver, and bronze. “Each charm be playing with each other. With one or three, be not a problem, but with these,” he held up the nine charms together, “we be careful.”

His eyes unfocused for a moment, then he smiled. When he pulled on her iron collar to attach them, Merrie’s heat flared up and a tiny orgasm rushed through her body. It hurt as it crackled along her senses, an intense pleasure along raw nerves.

“No, no, not be bonding, girl.”

Merrie whimpered and focused on her orgasm, trying to keep her mind inside itself.

“Good girl,” whispered Borias as he stood up.

Merrie whimpered and pawed at the ground. The tiny orgasm was torture and she prayed that it wouldn't be the last.

"Are we ready now?" Maddy was standing with her hands apart, ready to clap.

Bass and Sable stood next to Tabitha. Bass nodded.

Maddy clapped her hands twice. There was a spark of magic and the door creaked open. Merrie couldn't see anything inside for a long moment.

"Fuck!" The wooden door slammed open and Fucker shoved his way out.

The first look Merrie had of Fucker sent a pang of fear coursing through her veins. He was tall, taller than Bass. Covered in muscles, he looked like a half-bull, half man. Two horns stuck out from his head and he had a large reddish-black ring in his nose. His chest was hairless but bulging with muscles; they were tight as steel as he took in a deep breath.

"Fuck!" His roar was deafening. His cock bobbed with his movement, the large pole looking more like a straight cut timber than something a mortal would have. His legs were corded in steel, held tight as he stared around through the shimmering wards.

A chain rattled behind him as he took a step forward. "Fuck!" The dark red metal poured out of the wagon into a puddle on the ground. The last of it jerked out and the heavy chain pulled Fucker's balls into sight. Each testicle was easily the size of Bass' fist and they rose and fell with the flex of his muscles in his gut.

Merrie clenched her body, terrified and hungry for the powerful creature in front of her.

"Bori," said Tabitha in a quiet voice.

"Yes, Tabby?"

"You know we spent years hunting down evil mages."

"I know, Tabby, I know." Borias sounded resigned.

"You'd be at the top of our list."

"I know."

"Fuck! Fuck!" roared Fucker. He surged forward and slammed against the wards. The magic flared but the power of his blow shoved both men back. Grunting, they strained against the creature pounding on the translucent wall of magic.

Merrie took a deep breath, her stomach tensing as she fought the flutters in her stomach. She caught the strong smell of Tabitha's sex. Surprised, she glanced down to the silfae where her pubic hair was beginning to glisten with excitement.

"Bori?" asked the silfae.

"Yes, Tabby?"

"Is it bad that I want to see Merrie get fucked?"

"No," he said in a whisper, "it isn't."

"You're hard, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"After the county fair, I'm going to rape your ass for a month."

"I know, Tabby, I know."

Borias turned around. "O-Okay, Merrie, get ready to project with all your might. If he is pushed back, then we'll stop him."

"How?" asked Tabitha.

"I'll hit him with a sleep spell, you hit him in the gut. Bass and Sable will be hitting him hard. He regenerates, so you can tear into him."

"Good," came the growl of pleasure. Tabitha flexed her hands as she crouched down. Power rippled along her skin.

"We can't hold him much longer, madam!" The men were straining to keep Fucker in place.

Maddy looked to Bass who pointed to Borias. "Ready?"

Merrie gathered up the visceral fear growing inside her. She felt it concentrating inside her, growing into a hot, sticky mass of emotions. She condensed it as far as she could, shaking as she turned it into a white-hot diamond of terror.

"Fuck!" Fucker bellowed and slammed his fists against the wards. The energy flared brightly and cracks formed along the translucent walls of power. "Fuck! Fuck!" He pounded harder, shoving them back with every strike. He slammed his cock forward and it punched through the ward, shattering it.

The two suddenly exposed men scrambled back as Fucker lunged for them. "Fuck!" he bellowed as his cock left a whip of precum splattering along the ground.

Fucker took a step toward Maddy.

Merrie took her gathered fear and threw it out with all her might. It radiated from her, a wave of power. It slammed into the

trainers in front of her. She felt it crack their shields, stripping them away in a heartbeat as fear slammed into them. It struck directly at the primal part of their minds and she felt it trigger a reflexive need to flee.

Borias and Tabitha bolted, each one running in a separate direction. Tabitha transformed in mid-run into a wolf and sprinted for the far side of the house with her tail between her legs.

Bass and Sable didn't move. The fear slammed into them but crashed against the indomitable will that was a fallen paladin. The only sign that either felt the fear was a clenching of his fist and Sable's tail between her legs.

The wave of emotions crashed into the four hands next and they dropped to the ground screaming. The translucent walls burst as they crawled away.

The fear slammed into Fucker who didn't even twitch. Unlike Bass, who resisted the power of her emotions with his presence, there wasn't even a reflection of power from the monster. It was as if he didn't feel anything. The creature looked down at the fallen men. His cock bobbed with need, the precum pouring out of his shaft. He reached down for the nearest handler.

Merrie barked, her voice quiet compared to Fucker's roaring.

"Are you safe," asked Bass.

She nodded and barked again.

Without a word, Bass and Sable stepped to the side. The air grew hazy around them as they both gathered power inside them, not to defend Merrie but to stop Fucker if he got closer.

Fucker stopped. Panting, he slowly looked up at Merrie. There was no emotions in his eyes, just the blind lust burning inside him. Muscles flexed as his eyes bored into Merrie.

Merrie gasped, fighting with the fear warring with the lust. She was going to be fucked and she didn't want Fucker to touch anyone but herself. She inhaled and barked as loudly as she could.

The creature stepped forward, the chain scraping against the ground as he moved.

She felt fear pooling in her body, mixing with the inferno of her sex. She wanted Fucker's cock. She wanted to be pounded into the ground. But, she couldn't move. She couldn't twitch. She was helpless as Fucker took another step.

“Fuck.”

Merrie couldn't feel his mind. There was nothing in his mind, no thoughts or emotions. It was an empty void where a mind should be. Her heart pounded faster as she shook at the darkness in front of her. Her body was hot and tense. She wanted it more than she had ever wanted anything and she was terrified at the intensity of her need.

With a supreme effort, she barked again.

“Fuck!” Fucker bellowed and charged forward. The ground shook as his heavy weight slammed into the earth. It took him a single pulse of her rapid heartbeat before he was on her.

Terrified, Merrie tried to jerk out of the way, but Fucker grabbed her head with both hands. His cock shoved forward and slammed against her face. Precum splattered against her face and some of it oozed up her nose. She let out a cry of fear and his cock drove him into her mouth.

With brutal power, his shaft forced her jaw open and he slammed it home. The thick cock tore into her throat and down until his balls smacked against her chin. The chain smacked against her chest.

Shocked, Merrie froze. The regeneration charm burned brightly, the magic pouring into her as he yanked his cock out. His dirty fingernails dug into the side of her head as he drove it home hard enough for sparks to fly across her vision.

Fucker didn't stop or even slow. He pounded her face with long strokes that set off her regeneration charm with every punch. His balls felt like fists against her chin as he fucked her throat, forcing his cock deep into her throat until her neck scraped against her iron collar.

Merrie struggled to free herself, but there was no escaping the powerful grip that held her tightly in place. She could do nothing but submit to the cock that dominated her throat, pounding it without a care for her own pleasure.

And in her helplessness, she came.

She felt the other exploding into their own orgasms, but it felt like too many people were coming around her. She tried to reach out, but the cock raping her throat forced her back into her own body. She could projected with the thick pole choking her or the powerful hands grabbing her head. Precum poured down her throat,

soaking her with hot liquid that pooled in her stomach. It added to the flames of ecstasy that burned through her body. It was a pleasure, days of denial turning into a white-hot nova of pure pleasure.

She pawed at the hard muscle but her arms were helpless to stop Fucker from fucking her face. He continued to ram into her, jerking her entire body. His cock tore into her throat, forcing it open as more hot liquid poured into her gut.

The intensity of the blows grew faster, snapping her head back and forth. She shook like a rag doll, her knees losing contact with the ground as Fucker picked her up by her head and slammed into her faster.

Her helplessness kept her orgasm running. Her lungs hurt because she couldn't pull in a breath around the rapidly pounding cock, but one of the charms kept right on the edge of suffocation but not dying. She choked on his precum as it seared her body, but she couldn't do anything.

Fucker let out a roar and his cock swelled. Her jaw strained around the hard muscle of his shaft. Hot cum poured into her belly, pumped directly into the hard strokes that drove it into her body. Her stomach swelled as he kept on cumming, filling her until she felt it rising up her throat.

With a grunt, Fucker shoved her off. "Fuck!" he roared. Cum splattered into a high arc before it splattered against her head.

Merrie blinked at the sudden freedom, but then Fucker was on her again. His cock still spewed cum everywhere. He grabbed her legs and pulled her up. She hit her head on the ground as he lined up his thick, swollen cock to her pussy.

Hot cum splattered against her belly.

Fucker drive his cock home, burying the entire length into her cunt in a single stroke. It drove deep and she let out a cry as it punched the far end of her womb. Her collar sparked and her muscles spasmed. She felt her body reflexively tighten around Fucker's cock, but the creature just yanked it out and slammed it home again.

He didn't even respond to the electricity arcing along his body. His powerful hands wrapped around her hips and he picked her completely off the ground.

Merrie thrashed back and forth, impaled on a cock that wouldn't stop fucking her and the throes of her collar shocking her.

Fucker jammed her down, using her as a cock sleeve as he fucked her body. Her helplessness sent her into another orgasm. It ripped through her as the cock continued to pound into her, slamming her body hard and fast.

The creature came again, but he didn't stop fucking. His huge cock dominated her body, filling her completely. Cum poured out of her pussy with every thrust, landing on the ground in wet splats as rivers of it poured her legs.

And there was nothing she could do but cum.

t'Sade

Retroactive Rape

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Merrie didn't have a care in the world anymore. Her body tingled with the endless waves of orgasms that rippled through her veins. It wasn't the sensation of bonding, but the overwhelming pleasure of submitting to a creature that wanted only one thing: to fuck her. Fucker's cock had become her world, long minutes of slamming into her body and stuffing her completely punctuated only by a brief pauses when he switched to a different hole.

Even when his immense shaft wasn't pounding into her, the pleasure still came out by the rivers of cum that poured out of her pussy and ass. Each spurt of cum or drip of her juices tickled against her pleasure. Her belly was hot and full from her swallowing as much as she could, but Merrie didn't bother trying to keep all of it in her mouth. Cum coated her chin, throat, and breasts.

More of it glazed her face and she didn't remember the last time she opened her eyes. It stung when she did, so she remained blinded to anything but the cock that dominated her. Not being able to see Fucker somehow added to her pleasure and sated the hungers inside her. She didn't know if he was going to grab her ass, spread her cheeks, and ram inside. Or flip her on the hot mud and pound her cunt until she let out a gurgling scream.

It didn't matter anymore. Nothing mattered. She was safe on Fucker's cock. There was no danger of bonding, of ruining any of the master's lives on the mill. She loved them, she wanted to be with them, but she also knew that the mill wasn't her life. She was a bitch. She was broken and trained and soon to be sold.

Merrie wished she could be fucked into oblivion by the huge cock that stretched her body. If time could pass and she would wake up

with a new master. She wanted to bond, she could feel the empty place in her heart where her master should be, but the idea of letting that connection finally form terrified her. It was easier to lose herself in the throes of an orgasm and let Fucker dominate her body and let her mind free.

For a mindless creature, Fucker was never boring. The positions were random, sometimes painful, sometimes incredible. He grabbed whatever body part he could find and found a hole to fuck it. She realized he was holding with one huge hand clamped over her breasts, fingers digging into the meat, and the other wrapped around her knee. She was half-falling out of his hands but his cock held her up.

Stroke after stroke, he drove into her. Even after all the time she was impaled by it, his cock still was huge inside her. It kept sliding into her, her nerves scraping against the cum-soaked ridges and bumps. It reached the apex deep inside her and ecstasy exploded inside her. As he withdrew, she whimpered at the emptiness his cock left behind, even knowing that it would be filled a heartbeat later.

Her body jerked with his thrust. The large balls smacked against her clitoris, adding another bolt of pleasure. She opened her mouth to moan; the cum that coated her face splashed on her tongue and she gulped at it, enjoying the taste and heat as it rolled down her throat.

She was slumped against him, her legs splayed obscenely as he drove deep into her pussy. She didn't bother keeping her head up and just let it smack against the ground with every thrust. She could feel her hair sliding through the cum and it dripping from her ears, but she didn't care. Half-heartily, she braced her short arms against the ground and enjoyed the feeling of mud sliding around the tips of her wrists; it didn't matter if she tried to do anything, Fucker used her body any way he wanted.

His cock swelled inside her. It grew longer and thicker, hotter and harder, until it stretched out her insides. The tip punched against her cervix with every thrust, pain and pleasure mixing as he slammed his cock against the entrance to her womb. If it wasn't for the magical charms plastered to her chest, she would have been impregnated a thousand times over.

Cum poured out of him, a hard jet that blasted against her insides. She felt it filling in every crevice, every niche of pleasure inside of her, before it jetting out of her tightly stretched entrance. Hot liquid splashed down, coating her thighs before adding to the mud and muck beneath her.

Merrie gasped as she kept coming. A wave of pleasure that left sparks of pleasure across her vision. She tried to squeeze down on her pussy, to add to the friction, but her inner muscles refuse to tighten. He had broken her and she loved the feeling of being filled.

Fucker released her and she fell off his cock. The hardness slipping out of her pussy sent her over the edge again and she came as the ridges and swollen veins rubbed against her nerves. She hit the ground with a wet smack, felt more than heard, and she slumped for a moment.

She tasted the ground, the earth frothed with cum and juices. She didn't remember when it ceased to be hard-packed earth but Fucker kept coming and only so much could cling to her skin. She moaned and tried to get to her knees.

It was only in the briefest of pauses that she had a chance to make any influence on the cock about to impale her. Fucker would take any hole he wanted, but if she presented an orifice, he usually took it. He never slept, he never paused. Hour after hour. She knew she dozed during sex, but it didn't matter. She fell asleep from an orgasm and woke up coming.

Slipping on the ground, she pulled herself into the begging position. Her knees slid through the mud as she sat up. She could barely tell what was up and down with her eyes covered, but it felt natural as she spread her legs wide and opened her mouth expectantly.

Any moment, he would grab her head and his cock would punch into her throat. She gulped and held out her tongue, anxious to taste fresh cum pouring down her throat and into her swollen belly. Her pussy throbbed from the feeling of emptiness, but the globs of cum still dripping out of her sent tiny little thrills across her senses. She squirmed and lifted her cum-soaked tail from the ground to wag it slowly.

She didn't know if where he was. More than a few times, she had gotten into that position, only to be thrown face-first into the mud

and have her ass impaled. She smiled and wagged faster, arched her back to present a tempting target of ass and mouth.

It didn't matter.

It took her a moment to realize that no cock impaled her. Merrie struggled with the concept of time and she opened her mouth wider to accept the monster cock.

Nothing hard was shoved into her.

She frowned and arched her back more, pushing her dripping breasts up higher as she waited.

Nothing.

Something moved in front of her, but it wasn't the heavy charge of Fucker. Merrie tensed up as she waited for cock, but it didn't come.

She didn't realize someone was touching her until small fingers scooped the cum off her throat before pressing palms against her slick skin. It wasn't the massive grip of Fucker; he only clamped the side of her head to position his cock. Instead, the fingertips ran along her jaw as the new person cupped her chin in the curve between their finger and thumb.

(Close your mouth.) A new, commanding voice rocketed through her mind. It was filled with warmth but also hard as steel. It also plucked a memory from Merrie's past, of sitting on her grandfather's lap and holding his newspaper. He used to hold her tightly to his chest, commanding her to change pages when he finished reading.

She felt a tear welling up underneath all the cum. She missed her grandfather and now she felt him. (Grampy?)

(No,) came the curt response, (I'm just borrowing your memory of him. Now, stop projecting and be quiet.)

A tickle spread across her mind. The stranger was looking across her thoughts and exploring her mind. There was a deftness as he forced himself deeper, but no emotion came down through the connection except for a disinterested boredom. She felt the flicker of her emotions and memories, like vague dreams, as he probed into her innermost privacy. Flashes of her life bubbled up and popped: her first blow job, the day she was fired, the morning before Bass stole her away and turned her into the bitch she had become. She

felt exposed as he peeled apart her life and inspected each bit with a blasé curiosity.

A frustration blossomed inside her mind. After watching him pick through her teenage years without a comment, the emotions turned to anger. She wrapped herself in her shields, the dog outfit, and pulled it tight. The sensation of being wrapped gave her comfort and his probing grew fainter. Merrie focused on the sensations, bound from head to toe. A gag in her mouth. Dildos shoved into her ass and pussy. The pressure inside and out protected her and she let out a long shuddering breath at the relief.

(That,) there was reluctant amusement in the stranger's thoughts, (is one of the most interesting shields I had ever seen. Did you actually think it would stop me?) To make a point, he jammed his thoughts back into her mind and pulled up Merrie's cherished memory of her grandfather.

She was six again and sitting on her grandfather's lap just like they did every Thireday morning. He owned a country farmer and the view off his back porch stretched out across fields and windbreaks. The early mornings were a private time for them, hours before her parents woke up.

Merrie wore a summer dress. It was blue, but she had forgotten the color until the memories came back to her. The light fabric draped across her young body and slipped between her legs. She could feel it tickling her bare ass and one fold caressed the hairless skin right above her sex.

She struggled with the memory. She wore underwear when she was younger, her family wasn't poor like the others. But, the clarity of the memory insisted that she wore nothing but a thin, almost translucent dress as she straddled her grandfather's thighs.

The ritual was the same every morning. She would sit on his lap and hold open his newspaper, delivered right as he was making his tea. He would read over her shoulders, his breath tickling her ear as he read the words. She couldn't read, so he distracted her by cupped her hip with one hand. With his other hand, he was inching underneath her dress. She could feel the wrinkled fingers caressing and parting her legs.

Merrie fought back a moan. The pleasure she felt was not the pleasure of a young, innocent girl. It was the boiling heat of her pussy, the same familiar sensation she experienced every day. She never had an orgasm before she was eighteen, but the memory of her grandfather slipping his fingers into her hairless pussy were

bringing the intoxicating heat back to the fore. She gasped, both her physical body and the mental image of herself at six.

Her young body shifted in discomfort. She could feel moisture dripping down the crack of her ass. She tried to pull away, but he pinned her down by sliding his other hand across her belly and crushing him against his chest.

"No, flower, keep holding it open." His whisper was kind and caring, but the hand spreading open her pussy was anything but grandfatherly. He found her clitoris and circled it slowly. "Turn the page, flower."

As she struggled to turn the page while squirming on his lap, he curled a finger around the curve of her sex and wormed it into her pussy. It was tight and virginal. She had all of the sexuality of a sex slave but the body of a six year-old girl. She sobbed with her attempts to escape, but the hand pinning her down was hard as steel. As was the growing bulge underneath his trousers; it ran along the ridge of her tiny ass.

As fast as it started, the false memory ended and she was once again kneeling in the mud, legs spread obscenely and breasts heaving under a glaze of cum.

The stranger chuckled. (You can't stop me, Merrie Golddother. I know everything about you. I know what turns you on and exactly what I need to make you do whatever I want.) The image of her grandfather appeared and faded instantly.

She was on the edge of breaking into tears. (Who are you?) She could feel her body shuddering as she tried to force the false memories out of her head.

(Haviston, no last name.) He didn't offer any more.

(Why are you doing this?)

(Because, two weeks ago, I was happily manipulating any number of students into a consensual connection to their minds, all for a higher score. It is amazing how desperate a teenager can be when they think an insignificant grade is the sum of their existence. Some of them had the potential of eventually becoming someone important. But, just as this adorable Melkuth girl was offering her psyche to retake a test, I was dragged across this dull-minded country to rescue some sodden bitch in the middle of a farm yard.) Distaste slammed into her and she cringed under the heat of it.

(I'm sorry.)

(Of course you are. You managed to ruin lives across the entire country and stir up more than a few hornet nests by simply doing nothing but crawling on your hands and knees and being rumored to be a True Submissive.)

She shivered as the tears ran down her cheeks.

(I didn't ask for you.)

(No, Merrie Golddother, you didn't. You were just another mundane wandering around without real focus or drive. If you had the common sense not to get kidnapped by a thriban with an overblown sense of honor, you wouldn't have ruined my life and countless others. But,) he reluctantly thought, (that honor is the reason I am kneeling in the middle of cum and mud.)

A startling clear image welled up from his thoughts. He was on his back with a broken arm and a shattered knee. Blood poured out of his side where wolf fangs ripped out some of his ribs and a section of his internal organs.

Standing above Haviston was Bass. The thriban was encased in his brilliant white armor. The once familiar scorch mark was gone. In its place was Lemitri's symbol, the sword wrapped in flames over a shield. Haviston was staring up the length of Bass' great sword. The tip was pressed against his throat and a trickle of blood ran down his throat.

Rendi was standing next to Bass, not ready to defend but begging Bass to save Haviston's life. There was passion in her eyes as she argued.

Haviston's life was on the edge of death. And the only thing that would save him was the word of his Aunt Rendi-

The memory stopped sharply. (You weren't suppose to see that,) came the annoyed thought. (I underestimated you. It won't happen again.) A sense of finality came along with the projection and a crystalline shield slammed down between them.

Merrie pushed out her own thoughts. (What happened? What did you do?)

(Nothing important.) A blasé emotion. (I dominated an entire village and turned them into my personal slaves. I even twisted that wolf-walker,) an memory of Tabitha-wearing an apron and cooking with an empty smile on her face-washed past Merrie's mind. There was something scary about her eyes, as if the real Tabitha was still inside her, raging helplessly.

He sent an agreement. (She was. I didn't think it was worth dominating her mind, which was the mistake I made. In the middle

of the fight, I lost focus and she took out my hamstring.) A remembered pain of his side being torn out came along with his thoughts.

Merrie remembered when Sable dominated her. She shivered at the memory, remembering how she completely lost control of her body but her mind was free but helpless.

(Yes, that. Tabitha of the Marlis Holt will never forgive me for what I did. But, the sight of seeing a foul-mouthed shape-changer cooking me breakfast and cleaning was probably one of the best pleasures I ever had. But,) his thoughts concentrated back on her, (I might as well help you, since I can't go back.)

She whimpered at his annoyance and anger.

(Borias Kivas,) there was some relationship between Haviston and Borias but he kept it to himself, (said that you can project fear. Let's see if we can get you frightened.)

And as quickly as that, Merrie felt fear gathering inside her. It was unformed at first, a dread of something terrible going wrong, but then her mind began to fill in the gaps. She was afraid he was going to rape her. The small, sane part of her knew that she couldn't be rape since she would submit willingly, but her irrational mind refused to admit that he wasn't going to rape her.

The fear rose up and she couldn't breathe. Her chest heaved with the effort to breath as it boiled inside her, spreading out to her veins. She wanted to run away, but her body refused to move. Desperate, she wrapped her mind around the fear and squeezed down on it. She could feel it in her mental fingers as it tried to escape, but as she crammed it down into a flame, it stopped dominating her thoughts.

(Adequate technique, but sloppy control. Don't imagine your hands, you'll limit yourself. Just use your will.) He reached out with his will and wrapped around her emotions. With an incredible focus, he compressed her fear down even more, forcing it into a single, infinitely small point of pure terror. (And now, you have something that can kill. How do you project it? Project it.)

Merrie cringed under the impersonal, business-like command. She reached out with her mind, to push it out, but then stopped. Ashamed, she pulled back her imagined fingers. (Where?)

(Anywhere.) He was unconcerned. (Throw it at me.)

(But, you said it can kill.)

Amusement filled her. (As if you could hurt me. Go on, throw it at me. Let me see what you can do.)

She hesitated, afraid to hurt him.

Haviston reached out with a sharp command. (Now!)

She couldn't resist, she had to obey. Her body grew hot with need as she threw out with her mind, shoving it toward him with all her might. She cringed at the thought of it hurting him as the intense fear slammed against his crystalline shields. There was a shuddering from him and she felt the shield crack and shatter. With a rush, it plunged past his mental defense.

But instead of slamming into him, it hit another shield of a slightly different feel. It broke too, but there was another shield, then another. Layer after layer broke in a cloud of mental shards, but then she hit a wall of diamond and her fear splattered against it with only a char against the pristine surface.

(Better than most of my former students. In a different life, you are well on your way to becoming a competent psion.)

(Psion?)

(A psion is the general term for a psychic like you. Telepathy, telekinesis, and a whole other slew of mental abilities. Your power doesn't come from the world around you or a divine force, but simply from your mind, your sense of self. That is why you'll still be Merrie when the other bitches,) he thought of Sable and Dixie, (lost their names when they bonded. Speaking of which, I need to make sure you can't bond today. Let's get started-)

(Today?)

(There is a fair or something. I don't care. I just want to-)

(Today!?)

Exasperation rose up. She felt his will clamp down on her, silencing even her thoughts. (Yes, I said that. Stop asking questions until I finish.)

When he finished, he released her thoughts.

Merrie was still with surprise. (But, the fair is weeks away. Isn't it?)

(No, it is today. It is just after three in the morning. I would have enjoyed a nice, long morning of manipulating that bar wench into leaving her husband, but you were leaking so badly I could feel your

orgasms from thirty kilometers away. But, first, we need to prevent you from bonding. Start the bond with me.)

She shook her head. (I can't!)

(Bond with me.)

(No! I can't.)

She withdrew into her shields, but he followed her.

With a lurch, she was once again a little girl on her grandfather's lap. He had one finger between her legs, stroking along her pussy and his other was wrapped around her neck. Her tiny form was heaving as she tried to escape, but he held her tight against his chest. The newspaper, the once familiar bond between them was forgotten on the ground.

"No!" Her screams were higher-pitch, half a woman and half a girl. She tried to move her hips away from the probing fingers but she couldn't. She was soaked.

His finger was deep in her pussy, pumping in and out like a little cock. They were long and narrow, but to her inexperienced body, he was huge. Her adult mind remembered another feeling of being violated with something so large, the night that Bass first raped her in the middle of the field.

She fought with the memories of two bodies. Her adult mind was already a slave to her pleasures. The familiar feel of submission burned in her veins and her pussy responded with a boiling heat. But, it was her immature body that was feeling it. Juices welled up from her hairless lips and ran down her tiny, smooth thighs onto her grandfather's lap.

Sobbing, she pawed at his hand at her throat. Her tiny fingers grabbed at the steel-like fingers. Using both hands, she could only pry one finger away. As soon as she released it, it smacked back against her throat.

Her grandfather added a second finger. Her inner walls, unused to any intruder, protested as he drove it deep inside her. She could feel her insides stretching around his digits, sending tiny waves of pleasure coursing through her tiny frame. Juices dribbled down his knuckles as he pumped in and out. A flame of pleasure grew inside her as she was dominated by the memory of her own grandfather.

Merrie tried to squirm away, but he pinned her to his own chest. The hand around her neck was like a collar. The pressure and the confinement added to heat inside her and she felt a orgasm rising up. She knew that this

never happened, but she couldn't help but respond as a sex slave to something Haviston was forcing on her.

With a moan, she shoved down on his fingers, wanting to get them deeper. Tears of frustration and helplessness ran down her cheeks and splashed down on her sun dress. She wanted to run and wanted to have more. She didn't know if she was a girl or a woman. It terrified her that she couldn't escape.

Growing more desperate, Merrie reached down and grabbed his wrist. She could feel his muscles working as he pumped his fingers inside her. Her knuckles bumped against her own hairless and tiny sex as she strained with all her might to pull him out.

As punishment and to prove his power over her, her faux grandfather added a third finger to her pussy. It hurt as he forced it deep, but the pain and helplessness mixed together and set off a maelstrom of orgasms ripping through her body.

In the moment of pleasure, her skin began to tingle. The sensation of reaching out grew quickly. The ghostly connection reached out, but instead of connecting to the grandfather raping her from behind, it stretched out across the fields. Power rippled across her senses and she felt Haviston's will grabbed the end and yanking it further along the bright green fields.

The power kept stretching out of her, crossing the fields until she couldn't see the end anymore. But, she felt the memories tickling at the end of the connection. Haviston's mind was just beyond the end of her connection but as she reflexively reached out for him, he withdrew further.

A long wail ripped from her throat. She opened her eyes—she couldn't tell if she was young or old—but she couldn't see. Her body spasmed with an orgasm, her tiny thighs clamping on her grandfather's lap as she came again and again.

And then it stopped. She was stretched out further than she thought possible. She was drained, empty. A hollow shell of a bitch waiting for her connection to finally bind to someone. But, there was no one there, nothing to bind to.

(This,) came an admiring thought as her fake grandfather jammed his three fingers into her pussy, tearing her open as he ground his knuckles against her soaked sex, (is a beautiful thing. A True Submissive, an Ama, in my hands.)

She was on the edge of an orgasm, held not by the fingers raping her, but her soul stretched to its limit. She held her breath, waiting

for that last little hook and the rush of memories and thoughts that would come.

(If I was forty years younger, I'd let you bind. What I could do to you-)

Her false grandfather shoved his hand against her pussy, forcing his fist into her tight, immature sex. Pain exploded from her sex as he stretched her open. She could feel blood dripping down the side, but everything was held in that horrible crest of pleasure and pain.

(-but, I cannot. You aren't worth the effort and Bass would kill me. So, instead, I'm going to teach you how to use this.)

(H-How?) she sobbed, writhing on the fist that inched into her pussy, ripping her and dominating her.

(Lessons, but for later.)

Haviston's will wrapped around her body. It pressed down on her and the image of her grandfather faded with his concentration.

She let out a gasp of relief, Haviston had ruined her memories of her grandfather but she could still feel the pain of his fist inside her body. It hurt, not only now, but the part of her that was still an adult began to doubt herself. Maybe her grandfather did rape her. Maybe he was the reason she took to being a sex slave so easily.

Haviston was amused as he wrapped her connection together. It felt like he was folding it in half, but it was bending in ways that defied simple directions of half, up, or down. He was stuffing her connection, her translucent leash, into a maze of some sort.

(You will naturally break out of this, but I'm placing lessons along the way. As you work yourself free-it should take a day or four depending on how bright you are-it will teach you the basics of shielding, grounding, and centering. I'm adding some other lessons, once that might help you in the future.)

He kept forcing her into the maze, placing her very being and the connection to her soul in a complicated pattern that held her in place. Her thoughts grew claustrophobic as the image of her grandfather faded completely away and was replaced with just an overwhelming pressure of Haviston's will.

Haviston finished with a wave of amusement.

The pressure around her faded and she felt muted and empty.

(You'll bond,) he thought with pride, (some day, but not any time soon.)

She was forced back into the world of being a child once again and once again on her grandfather's lap. Something had changed and she felt his hard cock pressing against her naked ass. It was hot and slick with precum.

"P-Please don't do this."

Haviston's voice came from her grandfather's lips as he held her tight. "When you are ready to learn, come back here. You'll get your lessons right here, on your grandfather's lap."

Merrie sobbed, not ever wanting to come back to the horrid memory.

There was a cruel amusement as he ground his fist into her pussy and picked her up. The pressure build on her neck and sex as the hot, slick end of his cock slid down her tiny ass, along the crack, then rested right against the miniature, wrinkled opening of her ass.

He forced her up on her knees. Her short legs barely able to prevent the cock from impaling her. The head pressed against her asshole, the slick head lodged at the entrance of her second virginity.

Merrie sobbed at the knowledge he was going to rape her again. "W-Why are you doing this, La... grandpa?"

He stretched his fingers in her pussy, stretching it open for a moment before yanked it out. The pain was intense but so was the hunger to be filled once again. She was both a woman and a child. She hungered to be filled as much as she begged not to be. She was losing against Haviston's thoughts even as she was poised for his cock to rip into her.

"Because," whispered her grandfather, "I'm psychic. I've been in a thousand minds and see all the fantasies and lusts there is to be. I've experienced all the anger, love, and hatred in the world. But, I'm also touched by Abbinkey just like your lover Borias is, so the most important part of my life has been sealed away. The only thing I have left, the only amusement left in my existence, is this."

He squeezed his hand over her throat and she couldn't breathe. She squirmed helplessly, unable to stop him from doing anything. She felt herself beginning to bond again, but it didn't reach out. She was trapped, helplessly, and it left an empty hollow in her soul.

Her grandfather clamped down harder, crushing her. "Because of Rendi and my thirty-one year debt to her, I had to burn my old life to get here. I'm stuck for at least a year and a day. All because of you, the only thing vaguely interesting in my life. And in a few short hours, you're going to be sold like some common bitch to someone who will never know what you're capable of."

Tears ran down Merrie's cheek. Her lungs ached with the need to breathe and she sobbed for him to finally impale her, to tear her open just as Bass did so many weeks before. She was a woman and a child, helpless in both forms and both minds.

"I blame you, Merrie Golddother, for all of this. And I will fulfill my obligations to my aunt and help my cousin, but that doesn't mean you have to enjoy it."

With the power of his mind, Haviston slammed her down on her grandfather's cock. The huge, swollen member tore into her ass, ripping it open just as Bass tore her open. It plunged deep into her body as it punched into her orgasms.

Her world exploded into pain. Deep beneath her agony, she felt the intoxicating pleasure of helplessness and domination burst inside her body. Her own sense of body blurred, mixing both her adult and child forms, as she screamed out in an orgasm.

And for the first time in many days, Merrie opened her eyes.

Cleaned Up

37

The mill yard had changed since the last time she looked around. It was the same and yet different. The side of the great hall had been repaired and the new wood almost glowed in the faint light of dawn. The shattered remains of the wall were stacked up by the gate, ready to be carried off for some other purpose.

Maddy's wagon no longer sat at the entrance. Instead, the two wagons that were used to deliver her and the other bitches to the mill were lined up with the back doors open. The painted signs on the side were a stark reminder of her first day. She remembered being fucked on the ground in front of everyone and a bubbling heat ignited inside her.

It took a moment to realize what the wagons meant. She was leaving. More had happened in six weeks of her life than twenty-three years of what she called living. The insignificant life she had before, the dazed existence, was gone. She had become something more, a woman ruled by pleasure but happier than she had ever been. Even in the stillness of morning, the emptiness left by Fucker leaving her, and the hollow dread from Haviston's metal abuse, she felt more alive than ever before.

A shiver ran down her spine and her tail wagged in response. Wet globs of cum rolled off her body and dripped off her ears and tail. She froze as she realize that her ears were different. They were longer and the buzz of waking insects was louder. She reached up to the dog-like wedges that stood out from her head. They were sensitive but dropping from the weight of Fucker's orgasms. She gasped in surprise. She smiled as she rubbed them, feeling the new nerves transmitting unknown pleasures straight down into her gut.

She reached up with her other hand, but stopped when she caught sight of people standing just outside a circle of mud and cum: her trainers, the masters.

Bass stood in the center, his large form a blot of darkness in the dim light. His crossed arms were tense but she could sense that his wariness and discomfort wasn't directed toward her.

At his feet, Sable sat with the same thoughts in her mind, but there was also hope in the alpha's mind. Merrie felt comforted by the presence of her and Dixie sitting next to her. She sent a tentative wave of warm feelings to them and both of them began to wag their own tails. Sable smiled and sat up to beg, pushing her large breasts up as she panted.

Tabitha was naked as she paced back and forth behind Bass and the alphas. She gave Merrie a glance and the briefest of smiles crossed her face before she resumed her muttering and pacing. Her feet stretched over the gouges in the ground. Part of the fence was shattered and burned with an unnatural magenta flame. Something had twisted a wheelbarrow around a tree and the fence around the dog houses and peeing area was twisted off and hanging from the top of the porch.

(It is remarkable,) Haviston projected in a dead-panned thought, (how much they all want to keep you and yet are anxious to see you gone. The problem with having feelings is the lack of clarity in life. And all of them suffer from an abundance of emotions.)

Merrie started to look at the man in front of her, but she stopped when she saw Fucker snoring on the ground in a puddle of his own cum. His cock, his gloriously hard shaft, stood straight up like a flag pole. Precum dribbled down the shaft and pooled on his hard-muscled stomach. She knew his length from feel, not sight, and she squeezed her muscles with the desire to have it once again inside her. Part of her wanted to crawl over and impale herself until he woke.

(He won't wake up until I make him. Pay attention what's important.)

Merrie tore her gaze away from Fucker as Haviston stood up. She peered up at him expecting to see her grandfather, but Haviston was nothing like the memory that just raped her. He was short, barely a meter and a half in height. He had a beard that ended in a point so

sharp she wondered if it could pierce wood. His hair was close-cropped, a buzz cut, but his eyes caught her attention. One was bright and clear, but she couldn't identify the color. The other was milky and formed the center point of a scar that ran from his right ear to the top of his head.

Haviston looked away from her as he shook his robe to clear the muck from his knees. His robe was thin and wrapped around his entire body with a red rope tying it shut. She caught sight of some symbol on his right shoulder. (The scar is from my fight with Bassimar Sormo and a present from his goddess to remind me that using people for my own personal toys is not considered acceptable behavior,) he smirked, (in polite company. Lemitri is a hypocrite, of course, but she's a goddess. It is also rude to stare.)

She blushed and looked away.

He stepped forward. "She will not be bonded for the next day at least." Even though she knew it wasn't her grandfather, she expected to hear the voice from her memories. Instead, Haviston had a smooth, cultured voice that hinted of upper society. He spoke in a monotone, almost a tedious voice that reminded her instantly of the bored instructors in school.

Bass unfolded his arms. "Excuse me if I don't just trust you."

"Why should you? By your own declaration, I'm evil." The hint of emotion rose up in his voice. "How would you like me to prove that Rendu Kivas sent a competent person to resolve your problem."

"Only for a year and a day," snapped Tabitha as she kicked a flaming bucket.

He lifted his attention to her. "I relish every minute, my dear, that I'm in your presence."

Tabitha and Dixie growled and Merrie felt Haviston's amusement.

Bass stepped back and gestured to a dry spot in the yard. "Bitches."

Sable was already moving, bounding to the location. She spun around and plopped her rear on the ground. Her tail wagged back and forth as she made a come-hither gesture to Merrie.

Feeling a sense of relief, Merrie crawled through the muck and on the hard ground. More cum poured off her body, splattering on the ground with wet smacks. She shook her body to clear off as much as she could.

Haviston stepped back to avoid getting hit.

Dixie was already in position by the time Merrie took her place between them. She settled down in place and looked up at Bass. Her heart beat faster as she looked at him, seeing his emotions bare in her mind. He was scared and sad and angry at the same time. The anger was directed not at her and only partially at Haviston, but to Merrie's surprise, much of it was aimed toward Rendi.

"Commands," Bass said in a deep voice. "I give them, you obey."

Haviston snorted. At Bass' glare, he held up his hands. "She's well trained at this point, Bassimar Sormo. Just give the orders."

"You'll know what happens—"

"Yes, if she bonds," he sounded bored in his monotone voice, "My precious life is forfeit. I'm capable of remembering more than a few minutes. I also know that Borias Kivas is not out here, so you don't have to worry about any Abbinkey geas. Now, if you would please cause her to trigger the bonding process so I can stop listening to you and Tabitha of the Marlis Holt threatening my life every few minutes."

Tabitha stopped. "Don't call me that."

"Okay... dear."

For a moment, Tabitha snarled silently. She spun on her heels and resumed pacing.

Merrie watched with interest. She pictured Tabitha in an apron again, cooking for Haviston. The absurdity of the scene brought a smile to her lips. But then she felt Bass relaxing his mental defenses. The emotions grew stronger and more intense, like standing next to a bonfire. She could sense the images stirring in his head, the interplay of his and Sable's thoughts, the regret and promises that bound his life and gave him power.

(Present.) It was the first command.

Merrie spun around and plastered her face against the cool ground. The other two alphas did the same, but they weren't reaching out for her with their minds. They were wary themselves, afraid. It saddened Merrie but she knew they were afraid of bonding just as she was.

Bass never spoke but the next command came across. (Roll over.)

She obeyed the command, then the next one. They came after and she obeyed, moving with the other alphas with a snap of their

bodies. Except for the faint buzz of insects, there was just sound of three naked bodies hitting the ground and rolling over. The summer breeze against her cum-slicked skin and her naked pussy brought a heat to her loins. She welcomed it, hungry for the pleasure that came with every command she obeyed.

And then something changed. It was a command, beg, but it came on a wall of presence, a power that radiated from Bass. He drew her attention in with every shred of her consciousness. She could feel his very being dominating her thoughts. She couldn't disobey even if she wanted to. A slick heat grew in her pussy as she threw herself into a begging position. She tried to beat Sable, but the alpha was already there, lips parted with lust as she looked at her master.

The next command came and so did the raw force of his charisma. She had to obey, she couldn't stop. Her body ached with the need to move faster, to snap into position. She wanted him, needed him with every fiber of her being.

And her skin began to tingle.

On both sides, the alphas inhaled sharply and a tension filled the yard. They were preparing to bite down on her. To the side, Tabitha began to glow with magic as the energy gathered around in a cloud of power.

(Borias Kivas did not mention you were capable of sensing magic.)

Another command from Bass slammed into her. She spread her legs and brought her wrists up to her collar. A heat poured through her pussy, connecting her clitoris to her nipples as she gave a strong bark in response. It was mirrored by Sable but Dixie was no longer obeying the commands. She glanced over to see him watching her warily, powering gathering as he prepared to transform.

The tingling grew harder and the sensation of reaching out coursed through her veins. It tugged at her soul and pulled at her emotions. She was reaching out for Bass. But there was no ghostly leash reaching out for her. She was trying to bond, but the connection wouldn't form. She could feel it stretching out, emptying out, but instead of reaching into Bass' soul, she could feel it stretching out across fields of green. It was the memory of her grandfather's lands. Somehow, her bond was still in those dreams even if she wasn't.

To the other side, Haviston let out his held breath.

Bass' presence slammed into her again, commanding her but finally, he said a word. "Present."

Merrie was the only one who obeyed. She spun around and spread her legs. Exposed herself to the trainers at the mill. Her lips peeled apart from the cum that clung to her skin and she felt the summer dawn against her pussy, the first hints of heat spearing across the horizon.

They were all looking at her. For the briefest moment, she was the center of the world. Her body grew hot and slick with the force of their attention.

And then the moment was gone.

Bass grunted and his presence faded. He shifted away, but Merrie remained in her position, breast crushed to the ground. Cum dripped down her face and splattered against the earth along her nose. She took in a deep breath, wishing he was kneeling between her legs.

Sable kissed her shoulder with a mental hug. A moment later, she wrap her shortened arms around Merrie and pulled Merrie into a kiss. (I was worried about you. And I missed you.)

Merrie looked into Sable's brown eyes. (Me?)

(Yes, you,) Sable kissed her nose, then lowered her mouth to catch Merrie's lips against her own. (You've been fucked solid for almost two weeks now. We tried to watch you but you were-)

An image came flashing by. It was Merrie being held by Fucker. He had one hand wrapped around her head as he fucked her face. The other was aimed to the side, her pussy unimportant to the huge, cow-like beast. She was a rag-doll in his arms, nothing but a hole to fuck.

Merrie shivered at the image, her body growing hot with excitement. She wanted him again, to be dominated and used. Her gaze drifted to the still snoring Fucker.

(We'll get you cleaned up,) Sable thought with a kiss. (My master just has to say a few more things. Go ahead and turn around.)

Merrie hesitated but then turned around. She sat down to look at the trainers.

"Haviston." Bass looked unhappy.

"Yes?" said the psion with a bored wave of his hand.

“You can stay but you need to kept out the heads of anyone who isn’t a bitch.”

“Of course. I’m not allowed to dominate anyone and you know that. I’m quite fond of my internal organs in their current position.”

“And,” snarled Tabitha, “if I find myself holding a frying pan one time, I’m going to kill you.”

Haviston smirked. “And an apron? You were quite-”

“I will kill you, rape your corpse, raise it, and kill you again.”

“I am terrified beyond all comprehension,” Haviston said in a monotone. He turned back to Bass. “I’ll take Grange Possin’s room.”

Bass opened his mouth to say something, but Haviston continued.

“I have no desire to take his place, but he has slightly larger space than Thorn Kloy’s room. Borias Kivas will not move from the basement because of the smell and his obsession with liquid drugs. I will not touch Rendi Kivas’ room with a three meter pole. And, I have no desire to bed with Tabitha since I don’t find gnawing on my testicles to be at least pleasurable. Therefore, I will take Grange Possin’s room.”

Bass closed his mouth with a snap. Then he grunted. “Haviston, I’m in charge here. Don’t forget-”

“Yes, but you were going to give me his room anyways. It is early. I didn’t get to screw with anyone. Therefore, I want to take my excessive possessions,” he pointed to a small bag sitting in a magenta fire, “and then help you get through this tedious county fair that has become the center of your world. I’m not interested in money, power, or anything else. I do not need shares or payment. I am here only because Rendi Kivas owns a year and a day of my life. I want it to be over as pleasantly as possible.”

In the silence that followed, Haviston strolled over to his bag and picked it up. The flames snuffed out instantly. He headed up into the house as if he owned the place.

As soon as the door shut, Tabitha stormed over. “Why did she,” she growl, “bring him here!? I hate that man.”

Bass sighed and shook his head. “Because despite having to leave, Rendi still is looking out for us. Just like she has for most of my life. She just has to do it through a proxy and I bet he was the only one she had influence over to force him here in time. He was a teacher halfway across the country which means she hurried to get to him.”

“Ancestors, she is frustrating.”

“Yes,” Bass chuckled as he shook his head, “but we knew that already, didn’t we?”

Tabitha growled but said nothing.

Bass turned around to look at Merrie, then back to Tabitha. “I’m going to clean up Merrie. We have an hour or so before we need to pack them up. Why don’t you sleep or take a run?”

Tabitha rolled her eyes. “You’re going to fuck her now?”

Bass chuckled. “She’s covered in enough cum to float the fair. We won’t be able to sell her that way and you know it. And, yes, if she is safe, I’m going to enjoy her one last time. Besides,” he glanced at Sable, “I have some things I have to say.”

Merrie squirmed at his casual words. She was going to be sold like a common dog, but she knew she wasn’t one. She was special, one in a million, and there was no doubt that everyone would know it. She felt like a princess—a slutty one—going to her doom. She peeked over at Sable who smiled at her. (Is it bad? Being sold?)

Sable smiled and kissed her on the nose, then tilted her head so their lips pressed together. (It was scary but I was so excited. There is a rush when you get up on that block. We didn’t know what would happen, but seeing the bidding started, it was a rush. When I was bought by Count Rakin-) her thoughts stopped instantly. A moment later, she gave Merrie a false smile and kissed her again.

Tabitha waved her hand. “You’re pathetic. Dixie.”

Dixie perked up even as the power grew around him.

“Start running.”

He made a dramatic sigh. Power coursed between him and his mistress. As it rushed back, it hit him and he transformed into a deer once again. He pawed the ground once and charged out into the fields.

A wolf bounded after him, glowing with the fading remains of her transformation magic.

Merrie watched as they disappeared into the woods. Her heart felt heavy as she watched the treeline for a long moment. Slowly, she turned back to Sable. (I’m going to miss them.)

Sable brushed her lips along Merrie’s shoulder, ignoring the drying cum. (I know. We’re all going to miss you. You’ve brought a lot of joy and life to this mill.)

“Come on, girl, let’s get you cleaned up.” The thriban’s voice was almost a comfort. He was standing in front of her. As her eyes met with his yellowed gaze, he gestured to the house.

Merrie barked and crawled after him, trying to memorize each step up the porch. She wouldn’t be passing across it many more times and she didn’t want to forget anything. Tears burned her eyes as she reached the top. Bass’ fingers grasped her iron collar, tugging it against her throat and sending a bolt of pleasure through her body. She crawled across the threshold and felt the wards tingle along her skin.

Bass started up the stairs, his boots thumping on every step. The sound echoed in the almost silent mill house. He didn’t look back to see if she was following. He didn’t have to.

Merrie crawled up the stairs. The hard, carpeted steps were harsh against the ends of her wrists and her knees. She had gone up and down them more than a few times while being trained, but the time with Fucker had erased the little details. She was experiencing them for the first time and she found her heartbeat speeding up.

She was going to be fucked. Her pussy grew wet with anticipation. It was a hunger inside, not only for the sex, but also because she had fallen for Bass. She knew she couldn’t bond with him, but the idea of just a few more stolen minutes on his cock hovered in her mind.

Merrie paused at the spot where she first accidentally broke her collar and was sobbing. With a smile, she rubbed her wrist against the step Borias comforted her.

(That was the first time, wasn’t it?) Sable’s thoughts were warm.

Merrie looked up, surprised that there were tears forming in her eyes. She nodded to the alpha. (Yes.)

Sable crawled closer. Her breath was hot against Merrie’s soaked skin. She kissed Merrie on the shoulder, then neck, then up to her lips. (You were always special, you know.)

Merrie couldn’t come up with the words. She just let Sable feel the storm of emotions inside her: fear, anticipation, sorrow. She didn’t want to leave. She wanted to be a bitch at the mill forever. At the same time, she was ready for something new, to finally have that aching spot in her soul filled by someone, anyone.

Sable sniffed as tears formed in her own eyes. She kissed Merrie again, soft lips against her own. (I'm going to miss you so much.)

A tear ran down Merrie's cheek.

Sable broke the kiss and gestured up to where Bass waited for them at the top of the stairs. (Come on, you need a bath.)

Merrie giggled and finished climbing the stairs. Together with Sable, they crawled down the hall to the door to Bass' room. There, she begged until he opened the door and she entered his room for the last time.

It was dim. A pile of bitches were on the pillows in a tangle of amputated legs and arms. Cock Diver's ass was in the air as she lapped at Seven's cock with the slow movement of a half-sleeping bitch. Pillow Tits was sprawled out across three other bitches and there were arms holding her breasts tightly and her legs parted.

Ass Licker was on the bed, her head sticking over the edge. She had fur over her entire body and two triangular ears. Her mouth was open. As the door creaked open, Licker's eyes opened slowly and came into focus. A shiver of power ran along her body, a yellow shot with red. It lit up a line that highlighted her tiny breasts, narrow hips, before fading at her toes. Behind the transformation energy, the fur had disappeared to leave her as hairless as the day she was born.

With a yawn, Ass Licker opened her mouth widely and closed her eyes.

Bass tapped Merrie's head and pointed to the bathroom.

The bathroom was pitch black as she crawled into it. Memories of the first night came back, welling up against her will. She relived the first time she was in there, stealing a chance to go the bathroom before Bass reminded her of her true place in the world, at his knees with his cock in her throat. She shivered at the memory, the heat filling her until sweat prickled her skin. She stopped near the tub and begged.

(Everything changes on that last day, doesn't it?) Sable joined her in the dark. The dim light of the bedroom speared into the room. She brushed against Merrie as she also got into the begging position.

(Is this,) the tears were hard to fight back, (like it was for you?)

Sadness filled Sable. (Yes and no. I remember the dread I felt. The very idea of being apart from my master was tearing me apart. He

didn't want to let me go, but he had to. And every passing second was worse than the other. I almost didn't make it out the front door.)

Sable was clutching to the bottom railing of the stairs with her short arm. It would have been nothing for her master to pluck her off, but he was fighting back his own tears. His thoughts were bright in her mind, the regret warring with the need for Sable to move on. He couldn't fall in love, Lemitri would never allow it.

Tabitha let out a disgusted noise as she grabbed Sable by her hair and yanked her from the stairs. "Move, you stupid bitch!" With another brutal thrust, she threw Sable through the door to join with the other bitches already lining up to get on the wagons. The iron collar reacted with the ward and pain coursed along Sable's body as she hit the ground with a thump.

Merrie gasped at the memory. (You were bonded then. How could he let you go?)

Wry amusement. (We didn't know. My master, none of the people here, knew what it was like to have someone like us. He is so used to falling in love with every girl who gets on his bed, that my master didn't think it was anything more than puppy love. When Kessler told my master I was an alpha, it just seemed like something to make more money. It never occurred to either of us that what I felt, what I had become, was irrevocable.)

Bass entered the room and shut the door. He chuckled briefly, then whispered the command to cause the lights to brighten. "No reason to wake them up. It is going to be a busy day as it is."

Merrie wagged her tail, her skin prickling from the drying cum and the sweat from the heat inside her. She couldn't wait for either her bath or the inevitable cock she would be impaled on. The thought of the hard shaft sliding into her aching pussy sent a wave of pleasure and she whimpered softly. (How did you come back to the mill?)

The sorrow rose up. Merrie tasted it like a bitter acid in her mouth. She fought back an empathetic response. (No, I'm sorry. You don't have to answer.)

(We all made mistakes. The consequences never go away.)

Bass reached pass Merrie and turned on the water. "Okay, girls, stop chatting where I can't hear you."

Sable barked and wagged her own tail, her entire moving swinging into the movement.

With a smile, Merrie joined it, matching the swish back and forth. Her tail tapped against the side of the tub in quiet thumps.

"You are both," he sighed happily, "so sexy. But, you," he pointed to Merrie and she clamped down on the surge of heat in her pussy, "are disgusting right now."

Merrie lowered her head and felt her new ears responding. It felt strange, like a tickle of sensation. Curious, she smiled and her ears perked up. With the cum dripping on them, she could feel them tugging on the side of her head as she alternated between smiling and pouting to flap them.

Bass laughed, a booming noise in the small room. He reached out and caught her left ear.

Merrie shivered at the intense sparkles of nerves she never felt before. When he rubbed his thumb along the ridge, a long stroke, it felt like he was stroking her slit from end to end. Moaning, she wiggled her hips as moisture gathered along her sex.

"I really don't like furies, you know, but these ears-" His thumb circled around to the bottom edge. She could hear his pulse through his hand but it was difficult through her own pounding heartbeat. "-these look good on you."

Blushing, Merrie barked.

Bass dropped his large, gray hand to her breast. It made a squelching noise as he ran through the thick layer of cum to grab her nipple. With a twist, he sent a pulse of pleasure coursing through her body. "But, I like my bitches squeaky clean and," his hand released to trail down her slimy stomach to her sex. She felt his fingertips along the stubble of her pubic area, "shaved."

Stepping forward, he curled his fingers between her legs. Two thing fingers jammed deep in her pussy and she let out a moan of pleasure. He grabbed her collar with his other hand. As he picked her up, her weight shoved his fingers deep inside her and she was sure he would burn himself on the heat inside her. It hurt to be picked up by her pussy and collar, but the feeling of being nothing but a toy, a bitch, sent off an orgasm that ripped through her body.

She hit the water with a plop. It wasn't soapy, but the hot liquid felt good against her skin. She spread her legs until her knees braced against the side of the tub.

Bass released her and she slumped down, already missing the thick digits holding her in place. "Round one, get this crap off you." He grabbed a pitcher from the sink and filled it up from the running water.

Merrie held herself as she vibrated with anticipation. She lifted her head as he held the pitcher over her breast, then poured it. The hot liquid sluiced off her body and he used his other hand to scrap off Fucker's cum. He got another pitcher full and did it again, and again.

She didn't need to be told to hold still, but the slick pleasure of water against her body, along with Bass' thick fingers, pushed her to the edge of an orgasm. She squirmed in the water, splashing it with her tail as she stared into his yellowed eyes.

He smiled as he wiped her off. The little touches against her flanks, thighs, shoulders. Every little thing became more intense with the heat of the water and the dread of losing it.

When he got to her face, he covered her eyes and splashed the water down. She breathed in the scent of his body, musky and powerful. It was mixed with the heady smell of Fucker's cum and hot water. She never wanted to forget it.

Bass finished and drained the tub. With the pitcher, he chased the last of the cum-streaked water down the drain before plugging it back up. With another chuckle, he turned the water back on.

Merrie watched it filling the tub around her. It was strange to be clean but she wanted more.

(You know you're going to get fucked in a moment,) sent Sable with a wry smile. She whimpered and bounced as she begged outside the tub.

Merrie caught hint of something else. Even though Sable's thoughts were cheerful and she was bouncing, there was something going back and forth between her and Bass. A conversation or something more that she couldn't sense. It was like the discussion before Grange showed up, but this time, she wasn't privy to the thoughts.

Bass reached down just like did with Merrie. One hand between Sable's legs, no doubt stuffed into her pussy, but the other grabbed one large breast. Thick fingers dug into the soft mound as he picked her up and deposited her in the tub next to Merrie.

Sable let out a happy bark and sidled up to Merrie, rubbing their breasts together as she wrapped her short, amputated arms around Merrie's neck. Her breath was hot against Merrie's face. (Both of us are going to get you this morning. I'm going to make you cum.)

(Good,) Merrie smiled and wrapped her arms around Sable's hips. She lifted one leg over Sable—it was easy when she was missing her foot—and slid forward until their bodies locked into place. The prickle of her pubic area ground against the smooth surface of Sable's sex. Even through the heat of the water, Sable felt like an inferno against Merrie's body.

(Lift yourself,) commanded Sable.

Merrie obeyed without question. She braced herself and pushed herself up as Bass slipped into the tub behind her. His thick legs slid underneath her. She lowered as soon as his feet moved past and let his legs slid down the length of her sex. She shivered at the sensations and let out a little whimper as she pushed over his knees, but then his thighs spread her legs widely apart.

Bass reached for her and wrapped his hands around her waist. Merrie looked down to see his large fingers wrapping almost completely around her body, his gray fingertips touching each other as he picked her out of the water.

Merrie whimpered as he pulled her back to his cock. The swollen head left a smear of precum down the line of her spine. Her tail smacked against his balls and she moaned again.

He picked her up, slowly drawing her body up. His cock head worked its way down her body. she felt it work into the crack of her ass. It caught on her tail for a moment before it thumped against her asshole.

Merrie let out a gasp as her body tightened. She needed him, wanted him. She pressed her shortened arms against his as she held herself still, waiting, ready.

Bass rested his arms and the pressure against her hole built up. The thick, swollen member ground against the tight opening and it

parted obediently. After days of Fucker, it felt good as his slick shaft pushed into her body.

Whimpering, she squirmed in his arms. She couldn't control the speed and Bass was lowering her with agonizing slowness. She wanted him to drive into her, tear her open, but he was going too slow. She smiled as she remembered the last way she forced him inside.

"Don't you dare set off your collar," warned Bass.

Merrie giggled, then clamped her mouth shut.

Sable sidled up closer. She clamped her mouth on Merrie's right nipple and sucked on it. She reached down with both arms, the shortened lengths ending at her elbows, and pressed them against Merrie's pussy. She rubbed along the aching slit as she nipped on Merrie's nipple.

Bass continued to ease Merrie down. The ridges along his length teased her stretched asshole and she mapped out each one against the ripples of pleasure. He kept on pushing her down, stuffing himself into her tight hole until his balls pressed up against her sex.

Merrie moaned at the pressure, hungering to be filled but also enjoying every moment it wasn't being ripped out of her. Fucker had dominated her with sheer brutality and speed, but Bass could do it with nothing more than filling her completely.

She clamped her inner muscles around him. She wanted him to never leave her body. Her insides couldn't keep him in any more than they could force the cock out of her, but the hardness buried in her rectum gave her all the pleasure she craved. She rocked back and forth, swirling it around inside her and sending more bolts of pleasure searing through her veins.

He released her but she was already seated fully on his cock. Bass' chest brushed against her back as he reached past her to pick up soap. With his breath tickling her neck, he soaped up his hands and then dropped them to her shoulder to start rubbing.

"Good girl," he said, his voice was a rumble that vibrated up his cock.

She clenched in response, then pushed her body against Sable. The other alpha nipped at Merrie's breast. She left a trail of tiny bites along the side of Merrie's mound and up to her shoulder. As

she leaned into Merrie, she continued to rub Merrie's clitoris with her arms, adding to the sense of being overwhelmed by pleasure.

And then without reason, Sable pulled back. Merrie saw a sad look on her face as she slipped down into the tub with a ripple of water.

Merrie reached out for her, but Bass's words stopped her.

"I knew that you were an alpha the day I kidnapped you."

Merrie froze, his quiet words throwing her into a shock. The world spun around her as her breathing grew faster. Her eyes blurred for a moment as she gasped for air that refused to fill her lungs.

"It was a look, a hunger for something you never knew you needed. I could see it in your eyes, like a bitch in a cage desperate to escape. You were a shell of a woman, an empty vase I had to fill."

She whimpered, reliving the moment she first caught sight of Bass. Inside her, his cock pulsed but she couldn't even regain enough control to grind down. She closed her eyes as lost herself in the pleasure of being held and spoken to.

"You are beautiful, Merrie. In the last six weeks, you have come out of that shell. You blossomed into... such a sexy bitch before our eyes. You lost your innocence, but I don't think you've ever been happier."

His hands reached out to cup her breasts, squeezing them until the prickle of pain added to the pleasure. His fingertips ground into the soft mounds as he mauled her compassionately.

She stared down at his hands, his soapy, gray skin against the sun-tanned canvas of her body. She remembered the years of dieting and exercises. She struggled to conform to some ideal of beauty. She drank and partied, but it wasn't until she was forced on her knees that she knew she was looking for something. All the drugs and drink were a pale shadow to where she was now. Even the idea of working seemed to be just an empty placeholder in her life, something she was inflicted with instead of the insatiable hunger she felt know to be fucked and dominated.

Merrie looked up. Sable had pulled away completely. The look was still there: sorrow, regret. Her shoulders were slumped and she wouldn't look into Merrie's eyes. Reaching out, Merrie let her thoughts brush against Sable, but the older woman had pulled up

her shields to protect her thoughts. Merrie knew she could break through, but decided not to. There were secrets she didn't need to know.

She closed her eyes and concentrated on Bass. With a smile, she got her legs in position and pulled her body up. The swollen cock slipped out of her ass, the ridges and veins sending tiny little pleasures coursing through her body. She eased it out until the swollen head bulged at the ring of her body. With a soft moan, she jammed herself down. His cock shoved deep in her body and she ground down until she felt the hard length driving up against her diaphragm. She loved the feeling of being stuffed from the inside, the way she couldn't bend over with something so hard and long inside her.

"Good girl," whispered Bass, "you were always a good girl. Even in the wagon I knew you would obey. That is why I fucked you first, because whatever I did to you would just push you further down the path of being an alpha."

She remembered that first lesson he gave her, forcing her to present in the middle of the dark yard. It was exhilarating even through the pain and humiliation.

"I knew that," he said in a soft voice as he let his hands drop to her hips. "Sable knew that. We fought over you. She wanted me to keep you at arms length, just in case you bonded. I... I..." his hands curled over her hip and she leaned back into his cock.

Her hair brushed against his chest and his breath tickled her neck. "I wanted to let it happen."

Merrie froze, her body tense. She felt a shiver coursing along her skin, a tingle of bonding rising up, but it wasn't trapped and helpless. She inhaled sharply and tilted her head back and look at him.

Bass had a sad smile on his face. "I wanted it to be an accident. If no one knew that you were an alpha, it wouldn't be my fault. Accidents happen. They did with Sable. It happens all the time as you gain powers. If I," a large fat tear ran down his cheek, "kept pushing you, maybe it would happen and it would be too late."

He sniffed and wiped his face, leaving a smear of soap on his cheek. "I almost lost Sable over you. Not in the fight with Grange..."

okay, with that fight. But, no, I almost lost her trust and love when I pushed you so hard.”

His eyes lifted up to look at Sable. Merrie followed his gaze.

Sable was on the far end of the tub and not looking at either of them. Instead, her eyes were locked on the edge of the tub with one arm on the edge. Soap and water glistened on her naked body as she panted for breath.

“I was so angry at her for telling Tabitha.”

Sable jerked as if Bass hit her.

Merrie reached out, but Sable shook her head. She didn't look at Merrie, but the alpha pushed back at Merrie's mental touch.

“She was right, though. If I let you bond, I could have ruined everything. No one has ever had two alphas, mares, or anything else Haviston calls a True Submissive. It took that moment of betrayal to point out that I might lose everything if you stayed here.”

Merrie sniffed, but she couldn't look away from Sable. There were tears on the alpha's face as she shuddered. She was scared and sad, broken-hearted. She reached out for Sable, but Bass caught her arms and pulled her back.

He tilted Merrie's chin back up so she was looking at him again. “Merrie. I'm not a great man. I made more mistakes than you can imagine. I've killed thousands in the name of a goddess who turned her back on me. I'm not smart, I'm not great, and I'm not good anymore. But, there is one thing I have. One absolute truth that I can't ever forget.” Bass leaned in to kiss her forehead. “I love Sable. I love her with my heart, my soul, and my body. And while I might fuck you and fall for you, in the end, my heart belongs to her.”

He kissed her again. “I love you, Merrie, but I love Sable more. And if I have to choose, I will pick my Sable over you every day for the rest of my life.”

It was the most painful rejection she had ever gotten. She knew it was coming. It was the same thing she heard a hundred times in the last week. Everything was to keep her out, but there was a small hope that Bass would keep her. But, to hear him whisper those words in a broken voice had a finality that stabbed her right in the heart.

(I-I'll leave you two alone.) Sable was almost in tears as she pulled herself out of the tub.

(Sable, no.)

(It's your last day,) Sable didn't look at her but a sparkle tears fell from her face, (enjoy getting fucked.)

(Don't go.)

Sable continued to crawl out. Merrie whimpered.

She was on her grandfather's lap once again, her bare legs spread with his legs between hers. His cock was buried in her ass as he held her down with one hand. With his other, he was drawing in the air. Strange symbols appeared at the tip of his finger, swimming in her vision.

"This is called a Second Chance. It's a weak pattern, but a good foundation for psionic learning. This is when you use it."

Merrie gasped as the image faded quickly. The signs didn't and she knew they were important to her right then and there. She brought them back to her mind and then came with an intense detail that paled everything else in compassion. As she drew them in a flash, she felt energy rolling through it. When the last symbol burned in her mind, there was a rush of power which ended with a pop.

Sable stopped half out of the tub, water dripping across her skin. She slid back into the water with a splash. It took less than a second. She shook her head and then reached back out.

(I'll leave you two alone.)

It was the same thought as before. Merrie frowned. (Sable, no.)

(It's your last-)

Merrie didn't let Sable repeat herself. With a wrench, she lunged to Sable. Bass' cock tore out of her ass. It was a flash of pleasure and pain. She pushed past it to wrap her body around Sable. (No, don't leave.)

Sable froze, her body trembling in Merrie's grip. Slowly, she turned to look at Merrie. (I-I'm sorry, Merrie. I had to do it.)

Merrie took a deep breath. "I love you both."

Her collar ignited. Electricity shot through the water of the tub and arced up the walls. The world grew bright and painful, but Merrie clutched to Sable as they both spasmed through the pain that tore through their bodies. When it faded, she slumped against Sable. (Don't leave, Sable, please?)

Bass groaned. "I forgot how much lightning spells hurt." And then a chuckle. "Though, I haven't been naked for one of them before."

Merrie gave Sable a sheepish smile. (Oops.)

Sable stared for a moment in shock, then smirked. A few strands of hair stuck out at strange angles but the rest of it was plastered against her body. (I'm sorry-)

Merrie kissed her. (Because he's right, you're right. It hurts and I wish I could stay. But things will be... okay. I know they will but even if they aren't,) she thought about the hunger she felt for Grange's beating, (no matter what happens, I'm going to be okay.)

Sniffing, Sable nodded.

Merrie tilted her head and kissed her. (And I'm going to be gone soon, so I think you should just use your powers on me.)

Sable sent a wave of confusion.

Bringing up the memory, Merrie pushed it out.

Sable smiled and kissed her again, more forcefully. (I like to ride pretty bitches' faces and I'm a damn good fuck.)

Amusement rippled through Merrie's thoughts. She knew Sable didn't answer the question. (That isn't a power, Sable.)

(Really?) Another kiss. (I guess I haven't figured out my powers yet.)

Sable smiled. (That is my power, isn't it?)

(And,) Merrie stroked Sable's side as she felt her breath quickening with her thoughts, (I should be punished for setting off the collar. I did just electrocute your master.)

A slow smile crossed the alpha's face. She gave a nod, the only warning before Bass grabbed Merrie by the tail and yanked her back. Pain coursed up her spine, but it was silenced instantly when he grabbed her ass and slammed her down on his cock.

The thick member drove deep, filling her completely. He wasn't gentle this time as he slammed it home. With a grunt, he shoved her off his cock and yanked her back down. The ridges and bumps rippled against her nerves and she let out a gasp of pleasure.

Water splashed as Bass pulled Merrie to his chest and leaned back. His thigh pushed between her legs and spread them obscenely apart. He rammed hard into her, picking her completely out of the water as his cock punched into her guts.

She peeked down to see her belly swelling with every thrust of his cock in her guts. It outlined his entire length before he pulled out to slam it home again. She gasped at the intensity of his thrusts.

It hurt and it was ecstasy. She couldn't stop him, slow him, or do anything besides be dominated by his body. Bass released her hair to wrap his thick hand around her neck, squeezing to hold her in place as he pounded his cock into her body.

Sable's tongue caught Merrie's slit as she licked from her master's cock to Merrie's clitoris. A flash of orgasm slammed into Merrie, but Sable continued to lick up her body, nipping at the heaving breasts. Her short legs planted against Bass' thighs as she crawled on Merrie.

The large breasts teased Merrie's face for a moment, but Sable didn't stop until she was straddling Merrie's head. Merrie knew she had one arm planted against the wall behind the tub for balance and Bass held her up, but she couldn't see anything as the swollen pussy ground into her face.

Merrie breathed in the tangy sweet smell of the alpha. It was mixed with the soap and water. She opened her mouth to lap, but Bass was pounding her too hard for her to aim. Her face smacked against Sable's thighs and sex. The slap of flesh on flesh was deafening except when her new ears were pinned to her head by the impact.

Sable helped by slamming her down on Merrie's face. She pinned Merrie's head to Bass' chest and cut off her breath.

For a moment, Merrie was terrified of suffocating. Then she remembered the charms still around her neck. With a smile, she ignored the burning tickle in her lungs and focused on her real purpose in life. To bring Sable to an orgasm.

Bass' knot swelled inside her, like a fist stretching out her insides. As he pounded inside her, the ball-like hardness tore its way along her sphincter and insides. Each thrust jammed Merrie hard against Sable's pussy and she licked and sucked as hard as she could. She caught Sable's labia with her teeth and nipped down, enjoying the jerk, but Sable shoved down even harder as she flooded Merrie's mouth with liquid pleasure.

Blind and suffocating, Merrie came. She kept on coming, but the white-hot orgasms tearing through her body were unimportant. She

clamped down on the cock tear through her ass and lapped harder until her tongue ached. She didn't exist for her own pleasure, but her master's.

Sable came first a scream that rippled through the mental field. Merrie grabbed it and magnified it. She threw it back at Sable and smiled as the new wave set the alpha off. With a sparkle, it crossed into Bass.

Deep inside Merrie's insides, his cock surged hotly and then jet after jet of cum poured into her. Bass groaned and clutched both of them, crushing them against his chest, as he emptied himself out into Merrie's willing, abused body.

The County Fair

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Merrie squirmed on the bench of the wagon, still buzzing from the orgasmic high that teased her senses. Her pussy was once again shaved bare but Bass' cum trickled out in a small puddle underneath her. She could feel it dripping off her pussy lips, an erratic burst of pleasure. She wasn't sitting like a human, none of the bitches were. Instead, she was on her knees with her legs spread.

Her right leg pressed against Twenty-Eight's. The pale of Merrie's skin contrasted with Twenty-Eight's darker flesh. Twenty-Eight was snoring lightly, interrupted only when the wagon hit a rut and she bounced against Seven.

On Merrie's other side, Snappy Pussy had braced against her thigh as she kissed Pillow Chest with wet, slurping noises. Pussy's legs ended at the knees and her short legs were spread widely for balance giving Merrie a clear view of her glistening slit. The bitch's tail smacked against Merrie's ass as her moans filled the wagon.

Not a single one was human anymore. At least not in their physical form or their behavior. They were good bitches, from the way they panted softly from the growing heat inside the wagon, or the way their tails wagged back and forth in chaotic rhythm. They had been broken and trained. Merrie couldn't sense a single contrary thought in any of their heads. Instead, it was just a single-minded hunger for sex and pleasure. And an overwhelming desire to obey.

The only thing that felt wrong was her missing charms. Bass had stripped all the bitches of their prizes. Merrie knew that she didn't earn most of the ones she wore around her neck, but the comforting presence of her regeneration bothered her. She missed the feel of it,

both against her throat and the strange yellow-green tickle of power inside her body.

On the far side of the wagon, Cock Diver slipped off the bench to nuzzle up between Snuff Bait's legs. Bait arched her back to give Diver access, then let out a soft whimper as Diver licked down the length of her slit. Bait shivered and clutched at Diver's head, the smooth ends of her wrists catching Diver's bound hair.

Merrie took a deep breath, drinking in the scents of the wagon. The strongest smells were of excited pussy. The sweet and tangy smells were ones she was familiar with. She could match the scents with the bitch who dripped it: Fuckhole's sweeter taste, Anal Cookie's stronger bite, and Seven's salty taste. Underneath, the smells of wood, earth, and morning dew swirled around them. It was just as natural as the smell of cunt that permeated the wagon. There was another smell she wanted to enjoy and she took another deep breath to find it.

Hidden in the smells of bitch and sex, wood and earth, was the ethereal hint of Crystalline Rose. The fruity, expensive perfume had been her scent at the mill and Bass surprised her by spritzing it across her skin after he finished cleaning her up. She smiled, her body growing warm at the memory. He had his cock in her pussy when he sprayed her and she came simply because he wanted her to. The scent had faded, but it was still there, a constant reminder of her new life. A life she had grown to love.

"Pull up right here, Bass." It was a man's voice Merrie didn't know. The wagon came to a stop with a squeal and a shudder. Merrie lifted her head to look out, but she couldn't see outside. Instead, she had to listen curiously.

The wagon creaked as Bass jumped off. "Good morning, Fransor."

"I'm sorry about Thorn, he was a good kid."

"He was. We miss him."

A long pause stretched out. Merrie looked around to see some of the other bitches in the wagon looking around. A few were staring at the door or the cracks of light between the slats. Seven and Throat Fucked both peered around in confusion, as if they didn't know who or where they were anymore. Cock Diver, on the other hand, remained at Snuff Bait's pussy, liking with wet slurping noises as she rubbed her own pussy with her arm.

When no more words were said, they returned back to their kissing, touching, and licking. There was an innocence in their moves, as if they had surrendered everything and didn't care about being sold in only a few hours. They had been broken and their minds reflected that.

Merrie felt alone and different. She was the only one who had gone through the training and still thought as a human. She craved pleasure, it dominated her life, but she still had thoughts as a woman.

Bass spoke up again. "Here you go, forms and taxes. How is setup going?"

"A few thefts but no arrests. Someone is snatching stuff while everyone is setting up. About sixty of the families are already here, most of them last night. Kessler came rolling in about an hour ago with his bitches. Three wagons worth. He took the good spot at the end of the fifth lane on the white side."

"Five? How many of us are going to be here? Last year we only had three lanes on the white."

"Six on your side, eight on the red. My Lord Thane thinks about two, maybe three, hundred farms are going to be here."

"That's almost the entire county."

"Well," Fransor chuckled, "everyone seems to know about your little stunt with the teleporter in Franome City. Plus, rumor has it that you found yourself an alpha and Zeb got herself a lead mare. So, we have big crops, bigger herds, and a whole ton of women for sale. Swetin's even showed up. They haven't been here in ten years and you know how much everyone loves them."

"I'll have to stop by them. I love their chocolates."

"You really got an alpha?"

"Yes," Bass sounded proud, "Zeb got a lead? Really?"

Merrie squirmed, feeling embarrassed and flushed at the same time. She smiled broadly even though no one else in the wagon acknowledge her. A prickle of heat grew inside her, adding to the moisture clinging to her shaved labia.

"I guess. Kessler is over there to confirm it. But, you know Zeb."

A grunt. "He'll be around to check on my alpha soon enough. If he asks, I'll be at the end of the sixth. I need to keep Borias away from the red side."

“Go on in and hurry up. I want to see your alpha. To see if she’s worth it. Can’t get her, of course. I couldn’t afford an alpha and the wife would gut me.”

“She’s beautiful, Fransor. The second most beautiful woman in the world.”

Merrie fought back a nervous, flushed giggle.

“From anyone else, saying that means you’ll be sleeping in the barn. But, you don’t mind, do you Sabie?”

Sable barked twice.

“Good girl.”

Another bark.

The wagon started up again. It bounced on the ruts of a well-worn path. Merrie leaned into the movement to avoid falling off the bench. Her heart pounded faster with anticipation. She tried to picture what would happen, what the fair looked like, or even what she would see when the door finally opened.

The seconds passed with agonizing slowness. She waited for every bump to be the last one, but the wagon kept on going along a path. Sounds pressed against the walls: the din of conversations, hammers, and construction. And, underneath everything, the moans of women and the sound of flesh on flesh.

She felt a flash of heat at the familiar sound. Even with the din of the fair, she knew the sound of fucking. A high-pitched cry of an orgasm drifted through the wagon; this time, the bitches looked up and around with hope. Cock Diver’s tail wagged as she crawled back on the bench. Her juices dribbled down her thighs as she settled into place.

The wagon came to a halt. Merrie inhaled sharply and stared at the door, holding her breath with anticipation. The wagon jerked and then the steady thump of Bass’ boots striking the ground. Merrie’s new ears twitched and she lifted one to listen to him circling the wagon before coming to the wagon door. Her heart beat faster and her tail thumped against the wall.

Around her, the other bitches began to wag their own tails and pant faster. They were picking up on Merrie’s excitement.

The door creaked open and light blinded her. She blinked at the sudden tears and her heart pounded in her chest.

Borias stuck his head in. "Hello, girls. Really to be sold and fucked?"

Merrie barked and got into a begging position. Her breath was coming fast and she couldn't wait. The heat was intense. She rocked her hips to enjoy the feel of her body.

The others barked and squirmed as their tails thumped against the side of the wagon.

"Okay. You be crawling out and line up."

Merrie held her breath as she waited her turn. Her heart thumped as she crawled to the opening and looked out across the fair.

She couldn't see much from her vantage point, but it was more than she would ever be able to see on her wrists and knees. The two wagons were pulled up next to a large wooden, fenced-in area about fifteen meters across. It was at the end of a line of stalls and pavilions. The fence was more for show, she could easily crawl through it but there was a magic ward shimmering in the gaps. Inside the area, the grass looked comfortable and cool. The smell of the fresh cut leaves teased her senses, briefly drowning out the taste of pussy in the air.

Hilfe, Garcon, and Piffin were tugging on ropes as they pulled a tarp over the area. All three of them had bandages from the fight, but they moved with a familiarity that was almost graceful as they pulled it tight and staked down the ropes.

Except for a pile of crates and supplies in one corner, the area was plain and empty. Merrie was almost disappointed. She was expecting something more ornate or complicated.

"Merrie."

Merrie looked up as Borias gestured to the ground.

"You be blocking the others and making us look bad. Get on the ground." His voice was hard but there was still affection in his words.

Blushing hotly, Merrie crawled down. The grass was warm around her knees and it tickled her breasts. Closer to the ground, she couldn't see as much as before but she wanted to see. She crawled to the side and peered around, away from pavilion.

Unfortunately, their spot was at the furthest corner of the fair. The only thing behind them was the corner of a field and a wide

expanse of plains. The tall grasses towered over her but she could see people walking through them as they headed toward the fair.

Her tail wagged back and forth as she continued to look around. Then, she noticed the bitches were filing into the shaded area. Knowing that she needed to obey, she joined in the line and crawled into the cooler air underneath the canopy. Once inside, they spread out.

Bass was near the front. She reached out with her senses and caught his thoughts. He wanted them to line up, just like in the puppy show; he was just waiting for them all to get inside. Sable was already in place, bouncing happily right in front of her master. Merrie could feel the love Sable had for her master.

And Merrie didn't feel jealous anymore. Ever since Bass declaration in the bath, she knew that the mill wasn't home anymore. She was moving on and going somewhere else. She watched the two for a long moment, wishing that she would look at her new master the same way Sable loved Bass.

Merrie grinned and crawled next to Sable. She got into a begging position, legs spread and her tail wagging. She wanted the others to join her, to all be good, well-trained bitches. Remembering the time she drew them all into playing, she gathered up her thoughts.

Her grandfather had his hand around her throat, holding her tight to his chest. His other was between her legs, fingers hooked into her young pussy as he lifted and dropped her down on the cock that drove deep inside her sex. Her body needed to cum, but he wouldn't let her until she felt his hot seed flooding her tightly clenched bowels.

"They are weak-willed," he was whispering, "and easily controlled. Breaking slaves down opens up their mind to control. You could do it before, but this is what you were looking for."

Symbols floated across her vision, the complicated designs burning themselves into her brain. The five runes were arranged in a hooked line. She caught a hint of pattern, a commonality between this new pattern and the one she last saw on her grandfather's lap.

Merrie gasped as the dream-like image faded. She felt dirty at the feel of her grandfather's cock buried inside her, but she was driven to use what he showed her.

She pictured the runes in her head and they came up clearly. She channeled the energy through the runes and felt them growing

bright in her mind. Anticipation burned at her skin as she forced more power through it. The world darkened around her as she concentrated but this new pattern took more power to activate. Exhaustion trembled along her limbs and sweat prickled her brow. Just as she was about to give up, the pattern flared into brilliance before popping with a rush of pleasure. The command spread out from her, with sharp edges of the pattern she just used. It cut into the gathered bitches' mind without even a ripple.

As one, the bitches stopped moving for a heartbeat. Their eyes grew glassy as they turned and crawled over to her, forming neat lines with a crystalline perfection. Then, moving to some hidden beat, they all sat their asses on the ground and begged.

Merrie stared at them. She had dominated them just as Sable did. The realization of what she did burned in her body, a drug as powerful as the need for the pleasure of the collar. The aftertaste of the magic was acidic against her tongue, but when she looked over the still bitches, she knew that she did it. She could do anything she wanted to them and there was nothing they could do. Merrie couldn't help as a tiny orgasm rippled across her senses, pooling in her pussy as a liquid core of heat and pleasure.

She smiled broadly and turned around. She got into begging position and lifted her gaze up to Bass. But, the glare he directed to her crushed her euphoria in a heartbeat. She had done something wrong, but Merrie didn't know what.

Cringing, she peeked over to Sable who had frozen. The alpha didn't look at Merrie, but Merrie could tell there was a storm of thoughts bouncing between her and her master.

Merrie pushed out a thought. (Sable?)

(What did you do?) Sable's thoughts were terse and guarded, but there was also frustration and disapproval swirling in the mental voice.

Merrie sniffed at the tears and looked down. (I was trying to help.)

(We don't work that way.)

(I-I was just...)

(Never,) Sable's voice had deepened with the rumble of Bass and their two voices overlapped as they thundered in Merrie's mind, (take control of their minds like that.)

Merrie whimpered and ducked her head. She trembled as she stared down at the ground. (I'm sorry.)

For a long moment, no thoughts or voices were spoken. Merrie dug into her memories, trying to figure out what she had done wrong.

Bass sighed and regarded Merrie. "You're a good girl."

Merrie peeked up at him with a blush hot on her cheeks. (But, what did I do wrong? I've done this before.)

Remembering the wave of desire that Sable used to get them all to beg, Merrie wondered if she could convince the others to join in. She closed her eyes and tried to form the desire to join it. It was easy because she was having fun, but hard to solidify the idea into a clear-cut hunger to join in the wrestling. For the briefest of moments, she somehow got the idea. Grabbing it with her thoughts, she threw it out with all her might.

Instantly, the noises in front of her stopped. Merrie cracked open her eyes to see Sable and Dixie staring at her with complete shock. Sable's mouth opened and the ball rolled out of her mouth. Behind them, there was a flash of light as a wave of flickering power rolled across the clearing behind the house and crashed into the pack of puppy slaves.

Merrie looked to see the rest of the bitches running toward them. She crept forward and grabbed the ball from the ground. Prancing like Sable, she crawled up toward the charging pack knowing she was about to get buried.

She pushed the memories over to Sable. She didn't understand why she had done anything wrong.

Sable glanced over to her, then brought up her shields. The connection between Merrie and Sable snapped. Sable returned her attention back to her master and the air grew tense between the bitch and master.

Merrie was ashamed. She had done something terribly wrong, but she didn't know what.

(Merrie,) Sable's thoughts were firm and determined.

Merrie wanted to crawl behind the boxes or underneath the wagon. (Yes?)

(What you used was a spell. It was strong enough that they didn't have a chance to resist. Before, you just pushed out your desire for them to join you, they could have fought. But just now,) the thoughts grew harder, (you tore away that choice.)

(But, how is that different than kidnapping them? You broke these girls,) she pictured the bitches in the wagon. They were glassy-eyed and desperate for sex. Merrie saw into their heads and there was nothing but the thoughts of a puppy slave.

Sable was looking at her. Merrie couldn't resist as she lifted her head up to the brown eyes of the alpha. Tears ran down her cheeks as she stared into Sable's bright eyes, unable to tear them away from the grip the alpha had on her.

(No,) projected Sable's dual-tone thoughts, (that was different. They had a choice here. They didn't—)

A memory welled up from the depths of her mind.

Ass Licker was alive and moaning, but her eyes were tightly closed. Whimpers of pain rose from her throat as she gasped for breath. She tried to curl into a ball, but her movements were sluggish. Merrie looked at the nearest arm and fear ripped through her. Licker didn't have an arm below the elbow, Tabitha had torn off it off. The end was a ragged, bloody stump that flickered with healing magic. Below was Licker's other arm, Tabitha gave it the same cruel treatment. Shaking from the rising terror, Merrie dragged her gaze to Licker's legs where they had been bitten off right at the knees. More healing magic flickered along the end; it wasn't the deep healing used by Rendi and Borias but a shallow spell to only stop the bleeding.

Sable's jaw tightened. (That isn't the same—)

(Tabitha ripped her arms and legs off!) Merrie couldn't see how her mind control was somehow wrong. (How? How could what I did be any worse than that? Or the collars that make us hunger for sex and obeying? How is anything I did...)

Merrie's thoughts trailed off as Sable changed. Merrie couldn't describe it, since the alpha didn't transform, but she somehow became more real. Every thought in Merrie's head curled into itself as she stared at the alpha who caught her eyes.

(Merrie, that was different.) Sable's thoughts still had hers and Bass' voice in it. There was a sense of finality in her words, something that would not allow her to counter.

She couldn't respond. Her heart pounded in her chest as she stared at Sable. Every fiber of her being screamed out to drop to the ground and roll over, to beg for forgiveness. She was wrong, she knew it. She was only trying to justify it.

Tears ran down Merrie's cheek. She knew what she had to say. (I-I'm sorry.)

Sable's raw, overpowering presence lessened.

(I was only trying to help.)

(I know,) Sable's didn't have her master's voice in her thoughts. (Just don't do it again.)

Merrie ducked her head and watched the tears splash down. (I'm sorry. I won't.)

Sable crawled over and bumped her head against Merrie's. Merrie lifted her chin. Sable shoved her head underneath Merrie and ran a line of kisses along Merrie's breast up to her neck.

Merrie's pussy clamped down on the sense of helplessness as Sable forced her mouth against her ear and gave it a nip. She jumped at the tiny pain and the heat inside her boiled hotly.

"Merrie," Sable's whisper was soft, "you are about to go out on your own. You will be a full alpha in a few days and none of us will be there to help you. And these spells that Haviston gave you, they will be hard to resist. But, please be good. Be a good bitch. Be a good alpha. But, most importantly, be a good human."

Merrie sobbed, ashamed.

(We forgive you.) Satisfaction radiating from her, Sable gave Merrie's ear one last nip before she returned to her place.

Bass nodded. "Good girls."

A ripple of pleasure radiated through the gathered bitches. Merrie dug her thoughts from the shame and got back into place. With tears in her eyes, she lifted her gaze to Bass and waited for the first command.

(Crap!) snapped Dixie as he crawled through the fence and threw himself into the empty spot on the far side of Sable. He spun around and planted his ass on the ground. (Give me more warning, Sable!)

Outside the pavilion, people slowed down and looked inside. They were curious and excited at the same time. She could feel their thoughts, all of them were potential masters. Some of them were just enjoying the sight of naked girls on the grounds. Others found their eyes focusing on the amputated arms and legs. And a few just wanted to be in there with them, on their rears and submitting to the huge thriban who stood in front of them.

Bass' thoughts were the brightest. He was going to tell them to present. She moved before he opened his mouth. Next to her, Sable and Dixie were doing the same. She flipped over and spread her legs as her breasts crushed against the ground.

“Present.”

A heartbeat later, the rest of the bitches joined in. Merrie stared across the spread open legs and pussies she enjoyed so much over the last few weeks. She smiled to herself. (Good girls.)

The mental thought spread out and the collars responded. Pleasure coursed through the pack and tiny orgasms rippled across Merrie's mental senses. Surprised, she stared at them as the pleasure faded.

(How,) Dixie was floored, (did you do that? You can't activate the collars! You aren't one of us!) His thoughts were tinged in anger, frustration, and jealousy.

A second command was coming, roll over. Merrie wanted to push out something, but she bit it back. She focused on rolling on her back. She spread her legs obediently, her pussy growing hot at being exposed to the dozens of people watching curiously. There was a pleasure in obedience but it was nothing compared to making the pack look good.

(Of course she can use the collars. She's an alpha,) mused Sable as she squirmed happily on her back.

“Roll over,” finished Bass but they were already in place.

(Merrie,) Sable sent with amusement and a calculating wariness, (go ahead and sent out a warning for them. Just to let them know which command is about to come. Just don't use that spell Haviston taught you.)

Dixie added his own bitter thought. (Won't they think we rehearsed it then?)

(My master is working on that. Go on, Merrie, just let them know.)

Merrie sent a wave of agreement, then read Bass' next command. She spread out her mind across the pack and let them know it was about to come. Around her, there were inhaled breathes and a rush of anticipation.

He gave the command and all of them obeyed. It wasn't the mindless synchronization she could do with the spell, but she felt a

rush in the knowledge they were all moving like alphas, even if it was faked.

There was a large crowd watching and the heat of their attention was a fire against her skin. The smell of her excitement teased her senses as she jumped from command to command. At the end of each one, she sent out a pulse. (Good girls.)

Watching the bitches shiver with pleasure gave her joy. She couldn't enjoy the collar's magic, but feeling each of them rising up toward an orgasm had the same intoxicating pleasure. She squirmed at the wet feeling between her legs.

(My master is going to pick out someone from the crowd. Who can you read the easiest?)

Stunned, Merrie had to concentrate on obeying the commands as she scanned across the crowds. There were two of them that had no shields, nothing to prevent her from sliding into their thoughts. One was a young man, his mind caught on the lust of watching their naked bodies flashing from position to position. The other was a girl, nineteen years old, who focused only on Ass Licker. She was imagining herself in Licker's position at the same time she was wishing she could command Licker to lick between her legs.

Merrie sent their images to Sable.

Bass stopped and turned around. His presence grew stronger, drawing everyone's attention to him. It was magic, she could tell that, but it was more subtle than anything Merrie had ever done. She watched him with her mental eye, seeing how he caught the gather crowd's focus. She knew she could do it, but it would take practice to create the same powerful presence.

"Paladin Puppy Mill is simply the best source for highly trained, well-behaved bitches. All of them are wonderful submissive and willing to do every single thing you want. They obey commands without hesitation." He continued on about how well trained they were, but he was waiting for something.

It came a minute into the spiel from an older man with a scowl on his face. "You say a good line and you have pretty looking bitches, but how do we know they actually obey? You could have practiced those commands."

Bass smiled as triumph rippled from Sable. "Then why don't we pick out a few people from the crowds and give them a chance?"

Excitement rippled along the clouds.

Bass made a show of looking over the clouds, but Merrie knew who he was going to pick. He pointed to the boy. "How about you, young master? Would you like to give a few orders?"

The young man almost came in his pants. He rushed over to Bass. He stopped, looked up at the massive bulk of Bass, and took a careful step to the side. Laughter rippled through the crowd.

"Okay, ready?"

Red-faced, he nodded.

"Look at them and speak in a commanding voice. Remember, these are bitches. They obey. They submit." Bass leaned closer, "They also fuck better than anything you will ever imagine."

The heat on the man's face grew hotter as another ripple of laughter. He was already thinking of a command and Merrie prepared the bitches.

"B-Beg."

They moved as one, snapping into place. Merrie ached as she thrust her breasts out and held her wrists to her collar. She hovered in a haze of pleasure, not close enough to orgasm but enough to keep the heat in her pussy boiling.

Another command and she was ready. "Present."

More commands came, some in a rush, some after pause. The young man's cock was growing harder with every passing second. A wet spot appeared over his tented trousers and Merrie licked her lips with anticipation. He was about to come.

A few commands later it happened. The young man grabbed Bass' arm for balance as he suddenly gasped. The heat of his orgasm rippled out from his thoughts and Merrie's pussy clamped down with a sympathetic pleasure. A stain spread out from his crotch.

Bass rested a hand on the man's shoulder. "I think that proves my point. Sable?"

Sable perked up.

"Why don't you take him out back and clean him up?"

The man's face grew redder as he watched the curvy bitch make a come-hither gesture. She spun around and crawled down the line of bitches, her tail swatting back and forth. After a few heartbeats, he stumbled after her.

Bass turned back around. "I think another one. How about... young lady?"

The girl rushed over and stood next to Bass. She was wearing cut-off jean shorts and a tank top over her small breasts. Merrie could see why she liked Licker, they had a similar body with a tight frame and long, slender legs. She also got more than a few appreciative stares from the crowd.

Bass gave her instructions, but she interrupted him with her first command.

Merrie knew it was coming and they snapped into position. The commands came in a rush, but Merrie could easily sense it coming and the pack obeyed without question.

With every command, the girl never moved her eyes away from Licker. Fantasies played out in her head, both of submission and dominance. The girl was growing slicker with every command and Merrie focused on the cuff of her shorts where she knew a trickle of excitement was soaking into the fabric.

Sable sent a thought from behind the wagon. (Do you want to clean her up, Merrie?) An image of Sable lapping the young man's cock came along the image. The feel of a hard shaft against her lips was hard to fight.

Merrie clenched her pussy at the image, longing to have a cock between her lips. It wasn't going to be long. (No, she wants Ass Licker.)

Sable bobbed all the way down on his cock, taking him to his hairy balls. He gasped in pleasure and reached down to grab Sable's head, but stopped inches away. Sable whimpered and slid up to let his cock pop out of her mouth. With a smile, she reached up with one short arm to bring his hands to her hair. Giving him an encouraging nod, she resumed sucking on his cock to clean every drop of cum from his length. When he grabbed her hair to force her down, she came with the simple pleasure of being dominated.

Merrie squirmed at the pleasure.

"Good girl," chuckled Bass as he rested his hand on the young woman's shoulder.

Flushed, she looked up at him and smiled. "T-That was fun."

"Need a bit of relief?"

"I-I-" she glanced at Licker, then back. "Can I?"

Bass gestured to the bitches. "Take any one you want and head over to that wagon." He pointed to the wagon that Sable wasn't behind. "She'll do whatever you want. Go on, pick one for a quickie."

The girl ran over to Licker. She looked down, then back at Bass.

"Just grab her collar. She's a bitch."

Lips parted with excitement, the girl grabbed Licker's collar. "Come."

A ripple of laughter followed as she almost ran behind the wagon.

Merrie smiled and returned her attention to Bass.

Bass addressed the crowds. "I think that proves we didn't rehearse all that. Feel free to come by and check us out, maybe give a few orders. I produce some of the best trained bitches in the county." He launched into his selling spiel.

Without given orders, the pack stirred from their position. As they spread out to explore, Merrie took a chance to look around again.

They were on the far end, which meant that Merrie couldn't see more than a few stalls. The one next to theirs was selling leather bondage equipment. They had a man tied to a bench with his ass sticking in the air and his balls hanging down between his legs. Someone had written "free fuck" and "try out our leathers" over his back, ass, and thighs. A small puddle of cum had already formed on the ground below him. A few feet away, a woman was hanging in a swing. Her arms were bound behind her in a dark leather binder. She had a ball gag in her mouth. Her ankles were tied above her head and her pussy and ass were right at the height for most men to come up and fuck her. Like the other man, she had encouragements written all over body.

Across the lane, a young man in his early twenties with thick-rimmed glasses sat alone in a stall. He had thousands of bottles surrounding him, each one wrapped in a hand-written label. The sign above the entrance said "Potter's Potions." He didn't do anything to attract attention, but there was a steady stream of customers going in and out as they made purchases.

The stall next to Potter's looked like a smithy. There was a large oven already shimmering with heat. A pile of wood stood on one side of the stall, no doubt to feed the oven. There were three padded benches in the center of the stall. Merrie could make out a large

selection of metal poles about a meter long with strange tips on the end of them. There was no sign and she didn't know what they were for.

(Branding,) supplied Dixie. (That is Old Man Cranston's. He does all the branding for the county.)

(Does it hurt?)

(Yes. And the smell,) he shivered with pleasure, (reminds me of the charred remains after a well-placed fireball.)

Merrie stared at the branding irons. There was something about them that terrified her and she wondered if her new master would be into marking her forever.

Heat gathered at her pussy as she thought about being owned. She wanted it, needed it. She wanted to feel the connection finally snap into place though it scared her more than she could imagine.

Movement caught her attention as two men stepped into the pavilion. The first was an old man with silver-white hair and a cane. He wore an ornate outfit trimmed in silver. He looked around curiously, then waved to Bass. The second was a much younger man with a superior look of boredom on his face. He was dressed plainly with a simple vest and trousers.

Bass caught sight of the newcomers and headed over. A broad smile crossed his face. "Kessler! Good to see you, old man."

Kessler snorted to Bass' offered hand to shake it. "Stop calling me that. You're older than me, Bassimar."

"Only by a few years."

There was a stark contrast in their bodies. Bass looked like he was at the peak of his prime, with huge muscles and a steady gaze. Kessler, on the other hand, was frail and tiny next to the thriban.

Kessler shook the hand twice. "I'm sorry about Thorn and Grange. I liked Thorn."

"Thank you."

"I heard that you killed Grange."

Bass shook his head. "I didn't." He gestured to Merrie with his chin, "She did."

When Kessler looked at her, Merrie felt a shiver of his attention. Kessler wasn't what she expected. There was something hard about his eyes. She saw no compassion or emotion, just a hard, impersonal

stare. He was appraising her and she didn't know if she was worth the price Bass said she would go for.

"I wouldn't go telling people that. Most people don't want their fuck toys to have a habit of stabbing people in the eye sockets."

Bass shrugged. "I wasn't planning on highlighting that talent of hers."

"Good. Good. Oh, will you meet my new hire? This is Darius."

Bass reached out and took Darius' hands, shaking it firmly.

Darius said, "Pleasure—"

Kessler interrupted him. "And you're fired, Darius."

Darius' head snapped around to stare at Kessler. "What!?"

"You heard me. You have ten minutes to gather your stuff and get out of here." There was no compassion in Kessler's voice but there was also no room for question. It was a command said in brutal terseness.

Darius stepped back, looking between Bass and Kessler. A frown crossed his face. "This is a mistake, Kessler. I'll—"

"You lied to me. Now, you have less than ten minutes before I send the guards after you."

Darius gasped and spun on his heels. He sprinted away.

"Kes," Bass' voice was a warning rumble, "what was that about?"

Kessler shrugged before answering. "I will not tolerate lying in my crew. When I hired him, he said that he ate at Madock the Gold Merchant's table. I was willing to buy it but you know me, I had to confirm it." He shrugged. "You and Tabitha are the only other ones I knew who had actually eaten at a god's table. So, I needed you to touch him so I could compare his resonance to your own."

"What if you're wrong? What if he was blessed by a god?"

"I'm not," claimed Kessler with confidence. "I never am. I'm just relieved that he wasn't an immortal. I imagine they could be nasty if he decided he wanted my farm."

Merrie perked up at the word "immortal." She glanced back at the wagon where Sable was, then at Dixie.

Dixie rolled his eyes and shook his head but said nothing.

"Eating at a god's table doesn't grant immortality."

"No." Kessler smiled. "But it does give you an additional year of life for every bite. How many did you say you had?" He leaned forward as his eyes twinkled. "Over two hundred, wasn't it?"

Bass grunted. His yellowed eyes glanced at Merrie, then he looked away. "That was a long time ago. I should have never told you."

Dixie sighed. (The problem with lies is that eventually some idiot,) he pictured Kessler, (goes and ruins it at the most inopportune time.) With another sign, the silfae crawled out the fenced in area and headed down the lane.

Looking around, Kessler leaned forward. "Actually, I have a business proposition for you after the fair."

"What kind?" Bass said, instantly wary.

"Not that kind proposition. I just want to make sure someone is there to take care of my farm after I die. And I trust you and your long life will give me peace to know that it can be done."

Bass nodded after a second. "A week from today, I'll come over for dinner. How does that sound?"

"Thank you, Bass." Kessler turned to look at Merrie. "That's her, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, let's check out your alpha. Hopefully you won't be deluded like Zeb." Kessler walked over to Merrie.

"She didn't have a lead?"

Merrie got into a begging position and held herself still.

"No," grumbled Kessler, "close though. She had some powers from submission but none of the lead mare resonance. She'd be a good cleric, though, if anyone took the bit out of her mouth. Tits are too small though. This one," he smiled as he squatted in front of Merrie, "has nice breasts."

Without asking for permission, he grabbed her breast. His wiry fingers caught Merrie's nipple and he twisted hard.

The pain vibrated along her senses, sending a pulse of heat directly to her clitoris. She shuddered with pleasure and clenched her muscles. A dribble of juices ran down her thigh and splashed into the grass.

"Responsive too. You always trained them well. You were always good at that. Though, I suspect that it wasn't hard to get her to submit."

Merrie focused on the older man as she resisted the urge to squirm.

He twisted her nipple again, then reached up with his other hand to grab her collar.

Her pussy clenched when he drew it tight against her skin, his knuckles digging into her throat. Her tail snapped back and forth. She panted through her mouth as she stared into his hard, blue eyes.

Kessler was staring back at her, his eyes just on the edge of being unfocused. She didn't feel a tickle in her mind, but somehow she knew he was looking inside her. He released her nipple and the prickle of blood flowing sent another rush of pleasure to heat her sex.

He reached down between her legs. His fingers probed her sex and ass, touching and prodding. He even curled his fingers up to explore the base of her tail. When he pulled back, his wrist glistened with her juices.

The faintest of smiles crossed his lips. He ran two fingers along the length of her slit, from clitoris to ass. His dripping fingers circled around her sex. She could feel him considering jamming them in and she flexed her body with anticipation. But, at the last moment, he pulled back and shoved both fingers into her pussy. His folded knuckles smacked against her labia and her clitoris.

She jerked from the pain and pleasure. Reflexively, she clenched her inner muscles around his finger.

Kessler's face didn't change as he pumped his fingers into her body, banging hard against her pubic bone and clitoris with every stroke. The wet smacked drowned out the din of the fair as she struggled to keep her legs apart and give him complete access to her body.

He adjusted his grip on her collar. His fist dug into her throat and it grew harder to breathe.

She leaned into him, cutting off her own breath. She knew it was something he wanted and the light-headed feeling added to the pleasure. She closed her eyes and panted. She rocked on his hips as she focused all of her attention on the hand around her collar and the two fingers pounding her sex.

The sense of being dominated was incredible. She gasped as she ground down into his hand, silently begging for him to go faster and

deeper. She wanted him to shove his entire hand into her pussy, to rip her open just like Bass' knot.

Her skin began to tingle. She felt a momentary fear that she would bond, but then the sensation of reaching out across a field ran across her senses. She gasped with relief, she wouldn't bond to the hard man.

The heat crested inside her. With a surge of pleasure, it rushed up and consumed her sense. Her eyes glazed over as her heart pounded in her chest and every muscle in her body tensed up. She whimpered as the orgasm grew harder and turned into a momentary discomfort before she slumped forward.

Kessler released her and stood up. His cock wasn't even hard as he turned away from her. "Good find, Bass, she's an alpha."

"Thank you. But you knew that just by looking at her." Bass smiled broadly and with a twinkle in his eye.

"True," Kessler chuckled. He reached back and wiped his hand against Merrie's breast, leaving a smear of juices to dry on her skin. "But, all alphas are sluts and I wanted to see myself. Very few creatures have an orgasm that has resonance and I wanted to feel it again. How did you prevent her from bonding?"

Bass gestured to Haviston who was standing next to Borias as they looked over Potter's potions. Even though there was no way Haviston could have heard, the old man looked at Bass curiously for a second before returning to his inspections.

Borias looked around curiously for a second, but Haviston called his attention to a small bottle.

Kessler grunted and lowered his voice. "What is it about you and strays from Abbinkey? And cousins at that. Looks like," Kessler tilted his head, "maybe twelfth cousins, once removed."

"How can you tell?"

"Their geas were crafted by the same person. Though," Kessler glanced at Bass, "the cousin only has one where Bori has two."

"Haviston paid his debt to society. He wasn't secreted out the back door in the middle of the night like Bori."

"Amazing how much the Kivas Family is tied to that place. Do you think this new guy would be willing to hang around?"

"For a year and a day."

“I meant to serve the county. If we get another alpha or mare, it would make life a lot easier if we didn’t have to worry about bonding. Then we wouldn’t have to worry about borrowing abominations to fuck the hell out of them. That was a brilliant idea though to use Fucker. Bori’s?”

A nod as a low rumble shook in Bass’ chest. “It would also mean that someone wouldn’t drown thirty women just to cash in one alpha.”

Kessler turned away. “It was a good decision, Bass.” He turned back. “I thought you made your peace with it.”

“I will never accept what you did, Kessler. And I cannot forgive you for it. It just means we will never be friends again.”

“You never fell, Bass.” Kessler held out his hand. “You’ll always be a good man and no goddess will ever change that honor of yours. Please come next week, not as a friend but as someone I trust.”

Bass’ jaw was tight as he took Kessler’s hand, shaking it twice.

Kessler pulled back his hand. “Good luck at the auction, Bass. And congratulations on the alpha bitch. You truly have a talent for finding them.”

t'Sade

Advantage Taken

39

It was coming up on noon and the sun baked down on the county fair. Around the pavilion, the heat shimmered off the crops, ground, and even the half-naked bodies of the fair goers as they strolled up and down the aisles. The smells of fried meats and sweet treats permeated everything, mixing in with the scents of pussy and cock.

Merrie was face-down in the center of the pavilion, moaning into the grass as a complete stranger rammed his cock into her cum-slicked ass. He was short but thick. Nothing compared to Bass' immense shaft. Even with his smaller size, she enjoyed every thump of his hips against her buttocks and the death-grip he had on her tail. With every stroke, he would yank up and send bolts of pleasure and pain coursing along her spine.

She could read his mind as easily as a book. He had no shields and their physical contact laid his mind bare to her senses. She knew that he couldn't afford her and he knew it. But, he wasn't different than the dozens of other men and women who fucked her. They just wanted the once-in-a-lifetime chance to fuck an alpha.

Merrie reached out with her mind and slid through his thoughts. He wanted her to whine and shove back on his cock. She relaxed in his desires, letting her body respond to his needs. She jammed her arms into the ground and pushed back, matching his rhythm perfectly so there was never a chance his cock would ever escape her ass.

He gasped with surprise and his cock grew harder. The wet slurping of his penetration filled her ears and she came around the shaft pounding into her ass.

At least this one didn't insist on pulling her ears while he fucked her. She found very quickly that it hurt as much as having them stroked felt good, not unlike having her hair pulled. But, everyone had hair and only bitches had ears. That drew everyone's attention and her head ached from the constant tugging.

(I see,) came Haviston's thoughts through her pleasure, (that you have triggered three lessons already.)

Merrie didn't need to concentrate on the man fucking her. She let her mind drift through her memories before answering. (Three? I only remember two,) she sent a pulse of discomfort, (scenes.)

Amusement. (Some triggers result in a subconscious improvements, mostly to fill in the gaps that your instructor would show by example. Only the lessons that require you to be conscious of a skill will involve your grandfather's "private" lessons.)

She clamped down on the man's cock as she struggled with her growing discomfort. She didn't like what Haviston did to her memories and she dread the next time she found herself on her grandfather's lap.

(Don't worry, Merrie Golddother, I'm not able to concentrate enough to give you the discomfort you deserve.) An image of Bass lecturing Haviston behind one of the wagons rose up through her thoughts. The thriban was furious as he towered over Haviston's short frame. (I'm just bored of listening to his hypocrisy.)

Behind her, the guy groaned and yanked up on her tail. The pressure sent a bolt of pain, but the bright glow of his orgasm pushed away the discomfort. He slapped his hips tight against her ass and gave her a few short, ragged jabs before he came inside her.

Merrie moaned in the right places, pushing back as she enjoyed the feel of his throbbing cock and the hot liquid filling her bowels. (Hypocrisy?)

(The lecture they gave you about using mind control on the bitches. I've seen what spells they have on every item in that mill. There is no way anyone on their hands and knees could retain their personality and will without being remarkable in some manner. It is the same thing as mind control, just using Rendi Kivas' alteration magic to change their bodies instead of affecting the mind directly. Wait a second, he needs me to give a short response and I have to pretend to pay attention.)

The stranger pulled out. "Oh, the Three Gods, that was amazing. I can't wait to bid on you."

He was lying, but Merrie still spun around into a begging position. She parted her lips mouth and barked once.

The man stared down at her and his cock twitched. With a soft moan, he stepped forward and she took his slimy length into her mouth. The taste of cum and her own pussy smeared across her tongue. She hollowed her cheeks and sucked on it, enjoying as the length grew hard against the roof of her mouth.

(Now he is starting round four,) resumed Haviston, (only two more to go. The problem with reading minds is that you know what is coming. But, there is nothing I can do but listen to him prattle on about ethics and morals. And this is coming from a man who gets off fucking amputated girls and tearing them open on his cock.)

(But what I did was wrong.)

(No, what you did was make them worried that you were being corrupted by my influence on you.)

Merrie gulped at the cock, bobbing up and down before mashing her face into the stranger's pubic hair. She felt his cock jerk against the back of her throat, splattering her insides with a few weak jets of cum.

(And they panicked when they saw you use that spell.) Amusement and pride resonated between them. (But, instead of treating you like an adult and an alpha, they continued their lies and forced you to believe you had did something wrong. Pathetic, really. Both them for using his Presence and you for not being shielded enough against it.)

The stranger pulled his cock from her mouth and she dragged her lips along the bumps and ridges so it came out clean. Stepping back, he pulled his pants back on and fled into the crowds.

Around her, the rest of the bitches were being touched, stroked, and fucked just like her. Cock Diver had her head between the slats of the fence, licking the ass of an older woman while the woman's husband fucked her pussy with short, frantic strokes.

Haviston used Presence as something specific, not just to describe Bass' charisma and personality. (What do you mean by Presence?)

Haviston was bored as he projected his thoughts. (Paladins are holy warriors who aggressively spread the word of their gods.

They're sent into hostile environments against overwhelming odds. Their purpose is not really to defeat evil or save the masses, but to lead by example and convert said masses into worship of the paladin's god. However, not everyone really is opposed to be lead by dictators or handing over their cutest daughter for a few weeks of hard fucking before marrying her off. Some of those daughter look forward to being properly gang-banged before settling for someone who paid their dowry. You also have the inevitable traitor, people who play both sides, and the handful of assholes that every community has. Presence suppresses all of that so the morons cooperate with the paladin so evil can be defeated.)

Merrie remembered how Bass would stop arguments by somehow magnifying his presence. It was a suffocating feeling but she couldn't tear her attention away from him when he did it. Her mind drifted back to how Sable forced her to look at her as she was being scolding for the mind control spell.

(In powerful warriors, their Presence can also force cooperation not just reduce betrayal and conflict. I always imagined it came with some sort of dramatic background music and maybe a montage in those painfully drivel magazines you used to read as a teenage girl.)

Ass Licker crawled over, a smile on her lips. She wanted to clean Merrie.

Merrie turned around and got back on her knees, spreading her legs apart. Cum dribbled down her lips but Licker caught it before it splashed from her labia.

The tongue against her pussy felt good and Merrie gave an honest moan of pleasure as she pushed back against Licker's lips. The teenage girl knew exactly how to please Merrie and she forced her tongue deep into Merrie's wrinkled opening to lap at the cum inside.

Merrie closed her eyes to enjoy it. (She forced me to agree?)

(To be ashamed of your natural ability, actually. A form of agreement like smacking a petulant teenager.)

To her surprise, Merrie didn't feel angry or upset. Instead, she felt dead inside, as if she was in shock. (Why?)

(Because you questioned both Bassimar Sarmo's love for her and threatened her pack. She's been lying to you ever since she first opened her mouth.)

What Sable asked Merrie struck deep. Sable didn't want Merrie to bind with Bass, Borias, or anyone else at the mill. She wanted Merrie to be alone, terribly alone, until she was sold to the highest bidder. And that bidder would end up being her master, one way or the other. The idea of a complete stranger being her one and only sent a pang of fear and jealousy coursing through her mind. She could never have Bass. She would never truly enjoy submitting to him, not the way Sable gave herself. No matter how much she loved Bass, he would never be her master.

Hot tears ran down her cheeks. She mouthed the words, not caring if Sable corrected her. "Why? Why not?" She was devastated as despair filled her.

Sable kissed her and her own eyes sparkled with tears.

Merrie repeated herself, lips moving against Sable's.

"Because it would kill him."

The words ran true, said with Sable's mind and body. Merrie didn't understand, but she could feel Sable's conviction in the words. She wanted to ask more questions, but Bass came crashing through the grasses and Sable scrambled off Merrie. She sat down next to Merrie who struggled to get into a begging position. Merrie didn't know if it would help, but begging for forgiveness seemed like the right thing to do.

Merrie gulped at her suddenly tight throat. (She lied to me?)

(Of course. She is a hypocrite just like her master.)

(But, Dixie said—)

(He told you that Bassimar Sarmo would die in a few short years, didn't he?)

(Yes...) Merrie gasped as she recalled what Kessler said just a few short hours before. (Kessler said Bass would live for centuries.) Things became to click together. (That is why Dixie said something about Kessler ruining something. He lied to me also, didn't he?)

Haviston projected a paternal pride. (Took you long enough. They manipulated you and trained you, broke you and cropped you. They just had to do it differently than the others because of what you are.)

(Why?)

(You're a bitch. You may be a special one, but your home is not at the mill. You are money and fame and nothing more.) Haviston's monotone thoughts echoed in her head.

Merrie leaned back into Licker's mouth but she didn't feel the teenager's tongue or even the soft breath of Licker's breath against her sex. Instead, she struggled with the dull feeling in her chest. It felt like Haviston's hand was wrapped around her emotions, holding them back. (Shouldn't I be upset or something?)

More amusement. (Very perceptive. You should, but I'm not going to let you. Not yet.)

Merrie gasped, her body growing cold. (Why?)

(Because I paid my debt to society. I spent ten years in Abbinkey for my crimes and then another twelve years three months trying to claw my way back into respectable society. I finally found a home that would accept me. But, I still owed Rendi Kivas a year and a day of my life. I just hoped she would never call me on it, but the Kivas family was never lucky. When she came, she didn't give me a chance to deny her. In less than an hour, I was forced to abandoned everything I fought for just to help you.)

He paused for a moment to answer a question to Bass. When he returned, his thoughts were dark. (I don't like you, Merrie Golddother. I don't love you or respect you. I don't think you are beautiful, sexy, ugly, or nauseating. You are just another human mind in a weak body. Your skills and powers are powerful, but you are simply not worth the last thirty-one years I just lost.)

Emotions behind to filter through his thoughts, the first time she experience what went on beyond the deadpanned voice that echoed in her mind. They were sharp, knife-edged feelings that had a clarity that the other alphas didn't have. (I'm going to use you just like Bassimar Sarmo and the others did. But, I'm going to let you know what I'm going to make you do because there is nothing you can do to stop me. You are not going to be upset, frightened, or sad until I decide you are. You will not feel anger or rage until I think it will have the most impact to ensure you never, ever return.)

Merrie wanted to be scared and angry, but Haviston had wrapped her emotions in a thick spell. She couldn't feel anything except for the muted sensations of Ass Licker's tongue in her ass.

(You are going to be a good bitch today. You are going to have fun, get laid, and bring a lot of people joy. And then later this afternoon, you are going to be sold and you are never going to come back here again. I don't care who your new master will be and it

doesn't matter. Merrie Golddother will not be the reminder of everything I lost. It is the only way I will be able to tolerate this year and a day that I am obligated to serve.)

(They were going to sell me.) She tried to cry, but couldn't.

(True, but Bassimar Sarmo still has feelings for you and I need to ensure that he will not decide to "accidentally" keep you. Hold on, he is about to storm off.)

Bass strode through the pavilion, his face calm but his emotions seething. "Sable, let's go for a walk and see if we can bring in more customers."

Sable bounded from the crowds, her face slick with pussy juices. Even with her shortened arms and legs, she somehow drew the attention of everyone as she passed by. After Haviston mentioned it, she couldn't help but wonder if she was using Bass' powers even now.

Behind her, a woman struggled to push her skirt back down in place as she glowed with a recent orgasm. Her mind was bright with the pleasure and Merrie felt her regarding the rest of the bitches as she decided to buy one.

Haviston strolled in Bass' wake, his hands behind his back and a smug look on his face. He didn't look at Merrie, but she could feel his attention against her thoughts. (Presence is subtle and difficult to detect. It also penetrates shields like your natural talent which is why it is affecting you and not me. Try to look away from them and pay attention to how much you want to follow them with your eyes.)

Merrie crawled away from Ass Licker enough to turn around and stepped back to kiss her. As they caressed, she tasted the stranger's cum on the teenager's lips.

(You're looking at them again.)

Merrie realized that she was watching from the corner of her eye. She knew where they were as Bass and Sable as they worked their way into the crowds. As they passed, people turned and watched with curiosity, lust, and unconscious desire.

Moments after they left, she found that she could focus her full attention on Licker. She smiled and broke the kiss.

Licker smiled back and licked her lips. She was feeling self-conscious, not as a female on the ground, but as a bitch who needed an orgasm.

Merrie could do that. With a grin, she bumped into Licker and sent the desire to wrestle across the pavilion. She picked out the bitches who weren't fucking or being inspected.

Licker's eyes brightened as she lunged forward. Her small breasts crushed against Merrie's face as she wrenched Merrie to the side.

Merrie didn't resist. She flipped over and spread her legs as Seven dove between her legs. Merrie's arms flailed around with mock-helplessness as Licker struggled to mount her face.

More bitches joined into the pile and their naked bodies slid against each other as Licker finally got her crotch poised over Merrie's head.

With a sigh of pleasure, Merrie reached up and lapped at Licker's hairless slit from asshole to clitoris and back.

Licker slid down and plastered her body against Merrie's mouth.

Merrie closed her eyes and lapped harder, enjoying the mouths that had clamped on her pussy and breasts. One arm was being guided into the wet hole of Pillow Chest's pussy. She also felt Anal Cookie working the smooth end of her arm between Merrie's buttocks. She was going to slide it into Merrie's cum-slicked ass. Merrie arched her back to give her access, then moaned as the hard end slipped inside her well-trained hole.

Haviston's words burned in the back of her head for a long moment, but she let it slide away as she lost herself in the pleasure of being fucked.

A half hour later, Merrie was leaning against the fence as a teenage boy and his father shoved their fingers into her pussy. The father cupped her breasts with his other hand, rolling her nipple between his fingertips. She moaned in the touch, enjoying the feeling of being used.

Around her, the others were enjoying themselves, their minds bright with anticipation and lust. Piffin was guiding them through commands and Merrie was relaying his thoughts to them so they obeyed with the speed of an alpha. It was cheating, but Sable wasn't around to lecture her.

Just as she was reaching an orgasm on the probing fingers, she felt a new bitch start to walk down the lane toward the pavilion. Merrie focused on the bitch as she came, her mind's eye focused on the bright thoughts as they drew closer. She wanted to look but she

couldn't as she was being fingered. With a gentle push, she sent a hard pulse of pleasure into the boy and his father. Both of their minds grew bright with orgasm and they slipped away, blushing as they moved to cover their pants.

A little girl, maybe eight years old, burst out of the crowds and ran into the pavilion. She had black hair and bright eyes. It wasn't the first child Merrie saw at the county fair, but the first that had ever ventured into the pavilion. The little girl spun around and her red dress fluttered around her hips before settling down. "Nana! Nana!?"

Two more children, two girls and a few years older than the first, joined her as they looked around. They were beautiful children, but they were out of place in the fenced-in area of sex slaves.

And then their mother came into view. Merrie got a brief glimpse of thick, black hair and large brown eyes before she realized the woman was glowing with powerful magic. Gasping, Merrie sat down and stared at the energy. It started at her knees and completed her long, slender legs. The bare skin looked like flesh, but Merrie could tell that it was nothing but hundreds of complicated spells woven together to give the impression of flesh. Her arms were the same way, giving her form when the bones ended at her elbows.

She had been cropped.

Merrie's heart pounded in her chest. She never considered that a bitch could walk again. She blinked and focused on the woman's throat, where she wore a leather collar with a tag poised right above the "V" of her cleavage. She knew what it would say, even though she couldn't read it: *Ebony*.

Ebony was curvy with an accented hourglass figure. Her breasts strained the black leather vest she wore and her white cotton dress caught on her wide hips. The embroidered red trim fluttered with her movements. She was alluring in the same way all the bitches were; there was an undercurrent of desire in her mind, a constant hunger to be fucked that would never go away.

She smiled and turned away from the pavilion. She held out her hand and older man took it. She pulled him closer and gave him a kiss, her mind burning with love. She broke the kiss and peered over his shoulder. "Come on, Cassis and Rayne."

Two boys, twelve and ten, followed behind her. The younger one was staring wide-eyed at the bondage slaves next door as he held his hands over his erection. The older one looked nervously at the pavilion, his face pale and dripping with sweat.

Merrie watched as the mother guided the two boys in the pavilion before she looked around.

Borias caught sight of the newcomers and a broad smile crossed his face. "Ebony!" He vaulted over Seven and rushed over to sweep Ebony into a tight hug.

Ebony's mind flared with fear for a moment, then she relaxed. She hugged Borias back and kissed him on the cheek. "Bori, it's good to see you. Is mom around?"

Merrie gasped as she identified the woman: Sable's daughter. Sixteen years ago, Ebony was on her knees and hands, crawling around as a bitch with the same dull thoughts as the ones around her. Memories Merrie picked up from Bass and Sable overlaid with the elegant woman in front of her. She remembered how she looked when Bass first impaled her pussy on his cock, or the feel of her body against Sable's as the mother comforted her daughter. There were more, ones that she didn't remember seeing before, and they flashed across Merrie's mind in a storm of sex, submission, and love.

Borias stepped back. "No, she not be here. She and Bass be walking around to show off the pretties."

"I-Is," she gulped, "is she okay? I heard that she got hurt."

"Yeah," he nodded, "she be safe now. It be nasty for a while, but you be knowing your mother and Bass. They be coming out on top."

Ebony let out a sigh of relief. "Thank the gods. I was so worried. I can't believe you found another alpha. And that," tears glittered in her eyes, "that Grange tried to kill mom."

"Is that why you be here?"

Ebony nodded and pulled her husband closer, clutching his arm tightly. "It had been a few years since mother came around to visit and I thought it was time for Quin," she gestured to the little girl who was squatted in front of Seven as he was being licked out by Snapping Pussy, "to see her grandmother again." She raised her voice. "Quin, don't touch."

Quin stood up and sprinted over to her mother. "Mama! She's licking his asshole!"

Ebony's older boy squirmed and looked away with a blush on his cheeks.

Ebony smiled broadly, but her eyes flickered with a much different emotion: longing. "Yes, honey, I know."

"Why?"

"Because that is what they do. They are bitches." There was no hiding the sad, haunted quality in her voice.

"Like Nana?"

An uncomfortable feeling spread across Ebony, but she kept it off her face. "Yes, just like Nana." She lifted her gaze up to Borias. She made a little gesture toward the wagons. "Could you? Please?"

Borias nodded. "I be asking Tabby to get her now."

At Tabitha's name, fear burned brightly in Ebony's mind. She turned away and nodded. "Thank you, Bori."

Borias headed straight for Tabitha who was glowering at people from the side of the wagon. Dixie was at her feet, leaning against his mistress as he glared back at Quim who was pointedly staring at him.

The little girl whispered loudly. "Mama, that boy has pointy ears!"

Dixie's lip pulled back. (I hate human children.)

Merrie couldn't help but smile at the innocent, young girl. (Those are Sable's daughter's?)

(Ebony was bought by Claus.) He pictured the older man next to Ebony. (Like some pathetic wimp, he fell in love with her and decided that she was too good to be just a puppy slave. But, when my mistress crops a bitch,) pride filled his thoughts, (they stay cropped. He petitioned to his gods to bring back her limbs, but they wouldn't. So, he blew most of his fortune to get those spells crafted so she could walk again.)

Dixie got up and crawled under the wagon. (Waste of a good bitch, I say.)

Quim inched closer and peered under the wagon. "Where are you going, bitch boy? We call him a bitch, right? He does everything you say? Right? Right?"

(Can I eat her?) snapped Dixie.

Borias finished talking to Tabitha. "Thank you, Tabby."

“Anything,” Tabitha glared down at Quim who was leaning on her leg as she peered under the wagon, “to get away from the... the...”

Borias grinned. “Womb farts?”

Tabitha glared at him. “I only called Cassis that once.”

“And Bass be bitching you out.” The smile grew wider, “But, if Bass and Sable be playing with the little ones, then you can be sneaking out to join in the blood games. They start in about twenty minutes.”

Tabitha smiled as a growl rumbled in her chest. “Deal.”

She yanked her leg free of Quim and transformed into a wolf. Underneath the wagon, Dixie did the same.

Quim squealed with joy, clapping her hands even as she tumbled back on her rear. “They turned into doggies!”

The two wolves shot out in different directions. Merrie suspect it was to ensure one would escape the little girl’s attention.

Quim looked around for a moment, got up, and headed back to her mother.

Borias followed and took them to the pile of supplies. He dug into the boxes, looking for something.

Ebony fretted as she looked back at the bitches, a longing filling her before she tore her eyes away and focused on her husband. She smiled and hugged him tightly.

“Here you be going, no touch markers.” Borias held up a handful of brightly colored woven bands. He turned around and sat on the ground. Quim jumped into his lap and he started to tie it over her upper shoulder.

“Not around the neck, Bori,” whispered Ebony.

“I be knowing. Your little ones will never be bitches.” He glanced up at her. “Not as long as me or Bass be breathing.”

“Thank you. Cassis, Rayne, come here.” When her two older sons approach, she tied bands around their arms. “Remember, this is Blood County. If anyone asks you to try out something, say no. You are still under Consent’s protection, but that doesn’t mean they won’t try other things. No fucking or licking.”

“What about touching?” asked the younger of the two.

“No touching. In fact, keep away from anyone naked. And don’t ever, ever take your clothes off. Okay?”

“Mama,” whined the older boy, “I’m not stupid.”

“Yes, Rayne, I know. But I don’t want to repeat what happened last time, okay?”

Cassis shuddered and blushed hotly. “I’m sorry, Mama. I didn’t—”

“It’s okay, Grapa Bass stopped them.” She trembled for a moment before she continued. “And they will never do that again.”

They were a kilometer away from the fair and in the middle of a field. The tall stalks waved back and forth in the wind. Ebony was clutching to a sobbing Cassis, protecting him with her body.

In front of her, Bass stood between her and the corpses of the men who tried to kidnap her son. His armor and sword glowed brightly, but even the glare of magic couldn’t hide the sight of blood dripping down the length of his blade. The thriban who kidnapped and raped her repeatedly had saved her. Even though her mother fell in love with him, Ebony didn’t think she could ever forgive him until that moment.

Three men had stolen her son. Two died on his blade. Tabitha, the creature that had torn off her arms and legs, was tearing into the guts of the third. He would live but would never walk again.

“But, be careful,” warned Ebony, “There are other children here and you can play all the games you want. And stay on the white side, okay?”

“Yes, mama,” came the chorused response.

Sable barked as she came out of the crowds. She stopped to wag her tail and then ducked between someone’s legs as she sprinted toward the pavilion. Her short arms and legs gave her a bounding gait as she ducked underneath the fence.

Quim squealed and surged out of Borias’ lap. She rushed over to Sable and wrapped her arms around her naked grandmother. “Nana! Nana! Nana!”

Sable wagged her tail happily and licked Quim on the face.

Bass stepped out of the crowds with a smile on his face. “Hello, Ebony.”

Ebony grew hot with excitement, a lust as she stared at her former trainer. Merrie could tell that she fantasized about Bass even as she struggled to remain human. There was an urge to drop to her knees in front of him; her hands balled into fists as she fought her training. The former bitch ground her legs together and Merrie knew that she was dripping wet. “Hello,” she gulped, “Bass.”

“You look good.” Bass made no effort to touch her.

“Thank you.” Ebony had a blush on her cheeks.

The two stood across from each other. There was an uncomfortable silence even over the din of the fair. Ebony’s husband reached out for her, then lowered his hands. A few meters away, Sable wrestled with the three younger children, barking and panting happily.

The children didn’t care that she was naked. They didn’t see anything wrong with their grandmother without feet or hands. Instead, they squealed and rolled over her, wrestling and tugging on her hair and tail.

There was a strange contrast of the children playing with the naked bitch. Anywhere else, it would have been obscene, but there was nothing more than just a maternal love blended with the cheerful exuberance of a bitch.

Merrie looked back and forth between everyone, her mind still struggling with the emotions that Haviston bound down. She wanted to be happy for them, but she couldn’t feel anything.

She caught Bass looking at her. Sheepishly, she ducked her head.

“Merrie,” as Bass’ rumbling voice, Merrie shivered with need, “let’s go for a walk. Ebony... Sable need time with her grandchildren. Borias watch over Ebony’s.”

“Yes, boss.”

Bass lowered his gaze to Merrie. “Come on. I need to walk around some more.”

(Go on,) prompted Sable, happy with her grandchildren playing, (my master needs to be somewhere else. Enjoy the time you have together.)

Ebony never took her eyes off Bass. Lust burned inside her as her gaze lowered down to Bass’ crotch. A hunger boiled inside her, a lust of something she hadn’t felt in years. Merrie watched as her lips parted and her breasts rose and fell as she remembered submitting to the gray-skinned thriban. Images of submission flashed through Ebony’s mind and Merrie could feel the heat growing inside both of them. Subtly, Ebony clamped her legs together as the smell of her excitement—a sweet perfume with a hint of tang—drifted around her.

Merrie felt her own body growing moist with sympathetic pleasure. She wagged her tail to fan her heated sex and crawled over to Bass. Her movement caught the attention of Ebony and the former bitch pictured herself in the same position, then tore her thoughts away with a barely audible sob.

“Good girl,” he patted Merrie on the head. The heavy weight of his palm felt comforting. He was kind and dominating at the same time and she wished she could stay at the mill forever.

She wagged her tail at the remembered pleasure that came from the now dead collar around her neck. It was a different world when she came at the trigger words, but she still clenched down with anticipation. As she swam in the remembered pleasure, a niggling part of her mind remembered Haviston’s warning. Was Bass manipulating her? Was he using his powers to keep her happy and desperate to please? She hated Haviston for ruining everything and more so that she didn’t know where she was in Bass’ world.

When he walked into the lane, she followed. The hard-packed lane between the booths and pavilions was crowded, but there was always a small clearing around thriban. She knew it had to be his presence or just fear, but she kept close to him as he strolled down the lane.

Bass said nothing and Merrie wouldn’t speak first. She took the chance to look around. To her surprise, the fair wasn’t filled with perversions. There were the same type of stalls she saw at any other county fair she visited: farmers selling vegetables and fruits, weavers with their brightly colored blankets and rugs, and even a family selling fried sweets covered in powdered sugar. But, there was no question that Blood County’s fair was different. Between a couple hawking freshly grown corn and an artist who carved faces in wood, there was a merchant selling hand-made dildos and butt plugs. A woman was giggling as she pulled down her panties and bent over to expose her hairy pussy for anyone to see.

In the center of the lane, a naked woman in her early twenties, was on her knees. She had her mouth open to catch the urine streaming out of a man still holding his beer. On the woman’s back was advertising for “Gabby’s Toilet Girls, they swallow everything!” The man finished and the slave sucked his cock clean before

thanking him. He turned around as if he peed in a woman's mouth every day.

Merrie watched, picturing herself in the same position. The submission of opening her mouth knowing what was coming brought the same pleasure as spreading her legs to obey a command. She gulped at her dry throat and rubbed her thighs together. She was already wet and slick.

A woman came up to the toilet girl, hiking up her skirt. The girl opened her mouth and lowered her body to position herself. The woman, lips parted with her own excitement, sidled up and clamped her thighs around the woman's face.

Merrie stopped to watch as the woman began to pee. The sight of the toilet girl's throat gulping down the hot liquid brought a heat to Merrie's pussy. She wanted to be in that place.

Bass cleared his throat and Merrie blushed. "Come on, bitch."

Further down the lane, they paused as a line of pony girls came trotting down the lane. They were naked except for the harnesses that set off their small breasts, tight muscles, and trimmed legs. The front four had straps between their legs to hold dildos in their ass and pussies, but the four in the back had their shaved pussies on display for everyone to see. The man leading them beamed happily as he lead them down the center of the lane.

"That's one of Zeb's men." Bass followed the pony girls with his eyes. "Zeb is a good owner but a bit enthusiastic for her own good. She was a lot like me when I first started." He chuckled as a man slapped one of the pony girl's asses as she passed. "While she isn't into fucking every hole they have, she has a mean whip."

Merrie watched the ponies pass. As the last one passed, she turned to look at their asses as they walked. All eight of them were narrow-waisted with slender hips. As they walked, they lifted their feet high from the ground and brought them down. Their boots, shaped like hooves, tapped loudly in the ground in almost perfect synchronization.

"Good rhythm, though. Waste of a pussy though but the stallions are almost as hung as me." He chuckled before heading back down the lane. They circled around the end.

Merrie felt Kessler's bitches before she saw them. Their minds were dull and listless. Merrie thought Bass had broken in his

bitches, but see the bare flickers of personality remaining scared her. She crawled forward, ignoring Bass, so she could peer into Kessler's stall.

There were forty of them. Half of them were in wire cages, large but still confining. The other half were on small tables, their muscles straining to retain their balance as potential buyers poked and prodded them. None of them were cropped, though, and their hands were bound in leather gloves.

They were naked except for their collar. Kessler's bitches remained still as they waited for their future master, unlike the playful teasing that Bass' bitches. There was no wrestling or giggles, no moans or licking. Just quiet despair in their glassy eyes.

Merrie felt pity for them. Kessler had broken them more than Bass ever did. There was no love or hope in their eyes. Any joy had been ripped out of their hearts and they looked around with mute, begging silence.

"Well met, Bass," Kessler was cheerful as he joined Bass and Merrie. "What do you think about my bitches?"

"Decent, but are they well trained?"

"They better be. You know what I'm going to do if they don't sell. They all know that."

There was something about the way Kessler spoke that set Merrie on edge. Even though Bass' shields, his sudden emotions leaked through the cracks. She could feel his anger raging inside him, a bitter hatred for the merchant who spoke casually. She wished she could feel the same anger but Haviston's spell prevented it.

Instead, she focused on the bitches in the cages. They were beautiful, or would be, once someone would take care of them, fuck them, and maybe give them love. She wanted to comfort each and every one of them.

"I know you don't agree, Bass, but I'll prove it. Staple, pull the bitches out of the cages and line them out here."

It only took a few minutes to get twenty girls lined up on the lane. Crowds gathered around as they waited for a show. Kessler stood in front of them. "All right, bitches, sit!"

As a ragged group, they got into position. There was none of the grace and speed of their movements. Some of them hesitated for a long moment before they sluggishly sat down.

The last one was still sitting up on her haunches when Kessler belted out another command. "Down."

Merrie had tears in her eyes as she watched them struggling to keep up. There was no fire, no excitement in their movements. They were broken and it tore Merrie's heart to see them struggling.

A murmur rippled through the crowds. Some people shook their heads as they backed away, obviously disappointed.

"Come on, bitches," snapped Kessler, "put some fire in it or I'll drown the lot of you."

Next to Merrie, Bass' hands cracked as he balled them into fists. A low growl rumbled in his chest, barely audible over the din of the crowd. She looked up to see his lips pressed into a tight line. The anger burned inside him, the hatred and frustration palatable with their proximity. He knew what would happen.

Bass found the bodies where they washed up on the shore of Maddy's lands. Almost fifty bodies sprawled out on the gravel, their blue faces forever fixed in masks of horror and pain. He looked down to the woman at his feet. Her hands were caught in her collar where she tried to pull it off. The body next to her had the chain wrapped around her neck, the brick at the far end lodged in her armpit.

They weren't being punished. They did nothing wrong. They were simply in the way of Kessler's profit when he sold the alpha.

He hated Kessler more than anyone else in his entire life. He wished he still had his powers, or at least Lemitri's mandate to destroy evil. For a moment, he considered hunting down Kessler and kill him. It would break too many promises and he would die from the backlash. But, in that one instant, it would be worth it.

But then, Sable would die from the shock and wither away. And Bass could never do that. He stared down at the naked corpses and fought back the tears of frustration.

"That fucking bastard," snapped Maddy as she stepped over the bodies. Her boots squelched in the mud. "What's wrong with him? At least when I snuff girls, it is the middle of an orgasm, not tossed into the river."

"Greed."

"I wish he would make one fatal mistake and you would kill him."

Bass sighed. "I know, Maddy, I know. But Kessler is smart, he's a baron, and in Blood County, this isn't illegal. It is his right to do this, even if... if..."

"It's wrong."

"I know."

Maddy toed a woman's breast with her boot. "I can't use their meat either. Maybe if I caught them fresh, but now they are spoiled. Nothing to salvage out of this mess."

"Then we give them a proper burial." Bass turned around. "I'll get a shovel."

"Use my cemetery, Bass." Maddy wiped her face, "It's the least I can do."

Merrie sobbed at the memory. Bass remembered the scene as if it was yesterday and the stark brutality of the scene continued to tear his heart. Through her blurry vision, she watched the naked women struggling to obey even the simplest of commands, not because they didn't know how but simply because there was no more reason to obey, to live. Their broken minds and shattered wills just couldn't bring the same joy she saw whenever Bass' bitches lined up.

More bystanders backed away, muttering.

Kessler's thoughts drifted through her own. His disappointment was growing with every passing second. He didn't think with his voice, but everything he saw had a price: the cost for his pavilion, the price of his clothes, even the rapidly diminishing value of his bitches. He was watching the crowds as he snapped out commands, watching as they drifted away and his potential profits plummeted even more.

New thoughts rose up in Kessler's mind. The value of some of the slaves dropped to negatives in a flash while others tripled, but new expenses popped up. Fees for disposing of bodies in the fields, bribes for the count's guards to look to the other side, and money to silence the protests from the surrounding farmers. His mind ran with a cost analysis and to Merrie's horror, it became clear to Kessler that it was cheaper to snuff half the bitches to jack up the prices on the other.

She couldn't take it anymore and there was only one thing she could. Merrie focused inside herself and brought up the second spell Haviston taught her. It didn't matter if Bass would punish her, she had to use it. She could recall the runes as if they were burned into her mind. She explored the complicated patterns for a moment then set it up in her thoughts. She pulled her senses deep inside her until she found a well of energy that she felt the first time she used the

hook spell. Pulling on it, she pushed her energy through the spell and it lit up brightly in her mind.

Merrie smiled grimly and continued to pour energy into the pattern until she thought it would explode. With a twisting pop, the spell powered up and burst out from inside her with a pulse of pleasure. It spread out from her body, ignoring Kessler and Bass but sinking into the lined up bitches. It continued to spread out, catching the slaves on the tables before it faded.

Her surprise faded as she felt forty minds connected to her own. She knew that she could command them and the realization left her trembling with excitement. It was intoxicating and alluring, even though she knew that Bass would punish her for even trying. She peeked up at him but the thriban was watching Kessler with a frown.

Merrie returned her attention to the bitches in the lane. Their minds were flickers of light in her mind's eye. But, they would obey if she demanded.

She stared at Kessler's back. There was one more part if she was going to help them. She already had a taste of Kessler's thoughts and the idea of delving deeper into his mind sickened her. But, if she didn't, they would die. Clenching with distaste, she focused on Kessler. He had shields but she penetrated them easily. As she delved past the numbers and accounting, she found the part of his mind that was about to give a command. It was already there, an idea of a word.

Merrie reached out to the bitches and prepared them, holding their bodies still until Kessler spoke.

"Sit."

She exerted her will.

As one, the bitches slapped their rears to the ground. Quizzical looks crossed their faces as they looked around in confusion. They didn't know how they moved or why. The slaves shifted in place as their thoughts stirred from the dark place they had retreated into during Kessler's training.

Next to her, Bass inhaled sharply.

She cringed knowing he would punish her, but then Kessler's next command came.

"Beg."

Merrie pushed the command out to their receptive minds and felt a draining of her energy. The slaves spread their legs and brought their hands up to their wrists. It was strange to see hands and feet on the bitches. She could almost picture them cropped like herself and it brought a smile to her lips. She wanted them to feel the same pleasure of submission and she pulsed out a wave of pleasure. (Good girls.)

Shock rippled across the bitches as they squirmed even from a wave of pleasure that coursed through their bodies. Tiny sparks rose up from the slaves' mind and Merrie felt a sympathetic pleasure growing in her pussy.

Another command came and she drove the slaves to obey. When they did—not they could resist her—she sent out another pulse of pleasure. As their bodies responded, so did their minds. Merrie wanted to force them to her will, to hammer their thoughts with wave after wave of pleasure until they all exploded into orgasms.

With the next, she felt another drain of her energy. As much as she wanted to, she could never drive all forty of them into orgasm. She could barely keep up with the commands that Kessler barked out in rapid succession.

The crowds grew thicker as people gathered around them. Their eyes were fixed on the naked women rolling and sitting in the middle of the lane. Merrie could feel the sexual excitement rising. She bore with her mind control and drove the slaves to obey with the sharp movements of a properly trained bitch.

Someone began to yell and the noise almost broke her concentration. Merrie looked to see the bitches on the tables crawling off and heading to join the others already in the lane. She tried to push the second group away, but she almost lost control of all of them. She tried again, but she didn't have the skill to control two separate groups at the same time. After a few attempts, she gave up and let the entire pack line up in the lane.

The crowds backed away to give them space. A ripple of excitement filled the air. It was a thick tension. Men and women rubbed themselves as they imagined the naked women serving them with blind obedience.

More commands came, faster now. If it was Bass, Merrie would have no trouble keeping up, but the effort of keeping all of the

bitches together strained on her senses. She slumped against Bass' leg as she struggled to keep them moving, to keep Kessler's price high enough he would not consider killing them for profit. She sobbed with the effort, even as she watched all of them moving graceful from one command to the next.

Suddenly, Kessler stopped. He held up his hands and spoke in a loud voice, "Kessler Farms is your best source of cheap, high-quality sex slaves. We specialize in dog girls and our training is second to none."

Merrie almost lost control and a ripple of emotions flickered among the bitches. She stared at Kessler in shock as applause burst along the crowd.

Kessler turned around and smiled at her before returning to the crowds. "We teach them to obey any command without hesitation. Sit!"

Merrie was already repeating the command before she realized it. As she watched Kessler's bitches crawl into the sitting position, she realized she had been tricked into increasing his prices. But, Kessler's threat was still there, if she failed, the bitches would die.

Bass' heavy hand rested on Merrie's shoulder. The fingers reached from shoulder to shoulder. His thumb curled against her armpit.

Merrie cringed. Shaking from the exertion of her magic and fear of being punished, she looked up at him.

Bass was torn. She knew that he didn't want her to use mind control magic. His position was clear, but he also knew what Kessler would do. His ethics and morals tore into each other and the stricken look on his face would haunt Merrie for the rest of her life.

"Bitches, roll over!"

Merrie wanted to stop obeying, but she couldn't. She couldn't risk their lives, even if Kessler had tricked her. She forced the command through the slaves' bodies. The power drained out of her and she slid down Bass' thigh, barely able to remain on her knees and wrists.

Her eyes blurring with from the effort, she looked up at her trainer. She whimpered and struggled to keep breathing. Forty minds were draining her and she couldn't take much more. Even

with Kessler's threat, she couldn't save them all. Merrie looked down to the ground with a sob. She would fail.

Bass' hand grew icy. A searing pain crossed along her skin but it quickly faded as the sensation of icy water poured into her. It flooded down her limbs and pooled in her legs, arms, breasts. With rapid speed, the liquid sensation rushed up and she shivered at the coldness.

She whimpered, not sure what she was experiencing. She shook and her mind spun furiously. She wanted to run, sprint, or jump. She felt like she could race around the world and fight off an army by herself.

"Merrie..." Bass said in a low voice.

She glanced up.

He continued to speak in a low, almost imperceptible voice. "There is always a time when you have to choose between two evils." His jaw tightened as he struggled to keep speaking.

Kessler barked out another command.

Merrie obeyed and hated every second as the bitches moved into position. The energy continued to suck out of her. Her leg collapsed from underneath her and she slid down Bass' leg as she sat down heavily. She inhaled sharply, trying to get enough air into her lungs but she felt light-headed and dizzy.

"Save the bitches," came the command from the thriban. As the words came out, so did the icy sensation. It poured into her, drowning her with freezing energy.

Merrie inhaled sharply. He was giving her energy. She didn't know how he could do that, but as soon as she realized it, she found she could tap it just like her own personal store. With a rush, she forced the power into her spell.

Her control over the bitches solidified. Merrie let out a grim smile as she waited for Kessler's command. It came and she was already guiding the bitches into position.

Kessler continued his spiel, selling the bitches that obeyed without question. Every word dug into Merrie's heart, knowing that Kessler had used her, but she had to save them. She would even without Bass' permission, but the former paladin's energy gave her the ability to keep up with Kessler's rapid-fire commands.

The demonstration went on for ten more minutes before Kessler was satisfied that every one of his bitches would be sold. He finished up with a rousing conclusion and then ordered his slaves back into his stall. Most of the crowds reluctantly parted but a few entered the Kessler pavilion to take a closer look.

Kessler turned around and walked to Bass. "I won't pay for that, you know."

"That was a cruel thing to do, Kessler."

Bass' energy had stopped and Merrie slumped to the ground. She was exhausted, not only in body but also in mind. She wanted to curl up and go to sleep. She remained leaning against the thick thigh of her trainer, the only anchor she had to her spinning world.

Kessler shrugged. "It's business, Bass, nothing more. Either way, I will make a profit."

Bass watched as Kessler turned and entered his stall. His hands balled into fists and his knuckles brushed against Merrie's shoulder. There was seething hatred in Bass' mind as he glared daggers at the man's back.

As soon as Kessler was out of hearing, Bass grumbled. "I need to get drunk, now."

Red

40

Merrie knelt on the ground in front of the wooden plank that made up a makeshift bar. The ground underneath her had been spongy but it had been packed down by the heavy traffic that frequented the stall. The heat was intense even close to the ground. Sweat trickled down her back and neck. She could feel it running down her cleavage and following the firm lines of her abdomen and into the curve between her thighs. She panted softly and shifted her body.

Her shoulder brushed against Bass' thigh as he was propped on the stool. The wood creaked with his weight as he slammed down his third mug of stout with a gasp. "Another."

The rumble of his voice shook his body and it transmitted through their contact. Dark thoughts, anger at himself and at Kessler, boiled deep in his mind. She could feel him replaying the scene with the bitches, trying to find some way to avoid Kessler's manipulation. He was angry at himself for not seeing what he was doing, but also how easy people took advantage of him. They were stark, bitter thoughts that burned with self-doubt.

"Are you sure, Bass?" It was Fran, an older woman on the other side of the plank. She was a thin woman with large breasts and a dress that showed off her cleavage to great effect. Underneath, she wore comfortable-looking flats as she glided to the back of the stall and poured out another icy mug. Magic glowed from underneath the casks and she could see cool air misting to the ground but it didn't reach Merrie. She whimpered as she stared at the cooling magic, wishing she could inch close enough to feel it.

"I'm drinking until I forget," he said sullenly.

Merrie lifted her arm up to his thigh. The severed end rested against his heavily muscled and she sent out a pulse of comfort. It sank into Bass' thoughts and eased some of the hardness and pain.

Bass stiffened, then reached down to rest his palm on her head. "Good girl."

Merrie beamed and her back muscles twitched as she wagged her tail. She bobbed up and down on her buttocks, enjoying the play of her body. She knew someone was watching her, she could feel their attention in her mind, and it added to the excitement of being naked and on her knees in the middle of the crowds.

Someone sat on the stool next to Merrie. She glanced up at the unremarkable man and then moved her attention back to Bass. Fran's customers ignored her as nothing but a pet. She loved the casual way they stepped over her or sat down as if she didn't exist. She didn't think it was humiliation, but it added to the simmering of her pussy and quickened her breath.

"Here you go, Bass, enjoy." The mug tapped on the plank as Fran swapped it for the empty one. "Oh, my lord count!" She bowed sharply to the newcomer.

Bass looked over at the stranger, then did a double take. "My lord!? I'm sorry." He slammed the beer down and started to get up.

The stranger held up his hand, halting Bass. "Don't get up, Bass."

Merrie looked up with surprise. The count didn't look like what she expected. He was in his mid-thirties with black hair sticking up in a thick mane. He had a slight paunch that strained his button-down shirt. His denim jeans were faded and stained. He smelled of sweat and horses. He looked more like a farmer than royalty.

"I heard about Kessler's little stunt." The count had a cheerful voice. She always heard that counts and dukes were aloof and distant, but Count Blood seemed personable.

Bass' hands balled into fists. He inhaled sharply and held his breath.

"And we both know that Kessler can't get bitches to line up and obey commands. That's your trick and when I heard you were watching, I figured it was your alpha leading them by example. But, this," his voice grew louder and Merrie looked up to seeing him glancing down at her, "isn't Sable." He lifted his gaze to Bass. "Your new alpha?"

“Yes, my lord. This is Merrie.”

“She’s cute and fuckable.”

Merrie blushed hotly and her tail wagged faster.

“Going to bid on her, my lord?”

Count Blood laughed, a deep booming noise. “No. Can’t afford her. And Diddy would kill her before I got a chance to play.”

Merrie picked up images of a young girl covered in blood. She was holding a large butcher knife in one hand and a manic grin on her face. She looked only eight years old but her eyes were ancient, as if she had seen a thousand deaths in a thousand years. She whimpered at the count’s memories, the brutality of the girls’ violence but, to her surprise, an intense protectiveness of a father for his daughter.

“How is your daughter? I haven’t seen her yet.”

The count sighed. “Adorable and sweet as usual. She’ll be the only one wearing a black gothic dress so you can’t miss her. She’s participating in the blood games this year. She’s the favored to win, if you end up pulling Tabitha out again.”

Bass tensed.

Count Blood turned and tapped the plank. Fran set down a beer in front of him. “I take it you didn’t know Tabitha signed up again?”

“No,” Bass sighed, “but I’m not surprised. She is suppose to be drumming up attention for the auction.”

“Well, your little silfae’s reputation has faded since you last let her play. We had a new fight manager and he didn’t know her. Despite everyone telling him not to, he put her through the preliminary qualifications again.”

Bass groaned and rested his face in his palm. “I take it she qualified?”

“Yes,” the count laughed. “She shoved his head into the chest cavity of the cowgirl before he finished insulting her. I heard she wouldn’t let him out until he peed his pants and begged for mercy.”

Bass shook his head slowly.

“He won’t make that mistake again.” The count smirked and drank from his mug. “That is a good cask, Fran. Sell me ten barrels?”

“Thank you, my lord. Day after the fair okay?”

“Make it on Thireday, please. But,” the count’s voice grew serious, “I’ve been meaning to have a talk with Bass.”

Fran bowed and stepped away.

“Do you have a minute, Bass?”

There was a tension in the air. Bass turned on the stool and braced his legs on each side of Merrie. “I have as long as you need, my lord count.”

The smile dropped from the count’s face. “I’ve heard rumors that a number of landowners from my county was responsible for kidnapping an entire street in Franome City. You wouldn’t know anything about that, would you?”

Merrie turned slightly to watch both men speaking. She leaned into Bass’ leg and felt the fear rising inside him. She felt him considering lies, a flash of words rising up but also a growing dread. And then it stopped as he gathered his confidence around him. She knew what he was going to say, even as she wanted him to lie.

“Yes, my lord. There were six of us.”

“Well, if you did it, Maddy was also there. You two come as a pair. Kessler has about twice as many bitches as before and Zeb is about a third larger than last year. Who else?”

Bass sighed. “Thame and Padok.”

The count gave a short nod. “Thank you for being honest. Not that I ever had a doubt.”

Neither said anything for a few seconds. Then, Bass said, “How did you find out?”

“Thame and Padok was caught trying to ship corpses home. A hundred and fifty bodies in the back of wagons. Padok was killed resisting arrest and Thame was captured. I just got back from Franome City to try speaking on Thame’s behalf, but I failed. He got five years in Abbinkey and the crown took his lands.”

Bass’ shoulders slumped. “Damn the gods.”

“You made me look bad, Bass. You insulted me in front of the Crown and put my county in a place I’m trying to avoid. Blood County exists because the Crown is willing to look aside because we hide in the corner like a rat. We are a cancer on this country and I like it that way. Dragging us out in the open is a good way to get our throats cut by everyone willing to turn us into a crusade.”

Bass bowed again. “I’m sorry, my lord count.”

The count took a deep breath. “I’m increasing all of your taxes by twenty percent for the next five years. I also expect that every one

your people will donate one week in ten for the same period of time. And that," the count pointed at Merrie, "includes your alphas, do you understand?"

"Yes, my lord count." Bass spoke in a monotone but inside, he was sick to his stomach. He wasn't afraid, but the guilt and regret burned brightly in his thoughts.

"I'll tell the others land owners and you tell your people." Standing up, the count patted Bass on the shoulder and the smile was back. It was personal and looked genuine, but Merrie knew that the count was furious. "I'm done, Bass. Have a good fair and best of luck selling your bitches."

Bass looked up with sadness in his eyes. He nodded.

Waver clapped Bass on the shoulder again, he had to reach up even though Bass was sitting, then turned around. Without another word, he walked into the crowds and disappeared among the people.

"I should have said no," muttered Bass. "Everything in my heart said I shouldn't have done that. But, if I didn't..." He sighed. Dropping his hand, he traced one thick finger down the line of Merrie's spine.

She arched her back into his strong hand, shivering and lifting her ass to give him more access.

He curled his finger into her sopping sex and smiled at her. "I wouldn't have found you."

Merrie leaned into his leg and looked up at him. She felt warmth in his smile, but Haviston's words continued to echo in her head. Was he faking? She couldn't tell if he was lying to her and the frustration continued to grow.

Bass finger-fucked her as he thought for a moment. He pulled out his fingers and brought them up to her mouth. "I should go over to the red side and drum up more interest. If Tabitha is playing, then she won't be selling."

As she regarded his dripping fingers, she drank in the smell of her own excitement. Obediently, she opened her mouth and drew the thick digits into her mouth so she could clean up.

In her mind, she could feel his emotions flickering through the intimate connection of their bodies. He didn't want to go to the other side of the fair. It sickened him and turned him on at the same

time. Something over there called to Bass, but he hated that part of himself.

Bass curled his fingers in his mouth and drew her gaze up to him. "Merrie, do you want to go over?"

Merrie froze. Bass didn't ask her opinion, she was a bitch. But, he was trying to find some excuse not to go. But, even as she wanted to obey what he wanted, she was curious to see the other side of the fair. She couldn't imagine what would be there that would have drawn so much attention.

She let his fingers slip from his mouth. As she drew herself up into a begging position, it tore her to disobey her master's needs for her own curiosity. She fought down the flutters in her stomach as she barked.

Bass chuckled. "You're curious, aren't you?"

Sheepishly, she barked again. When he didn't say anything, she nudged the side of his thigh right below his cock.

"Tell you what, bitch," he said with a wry smile, "you help me forget about Kessler and the count and I'll take you over."

She knew exactly what he needed. She lowered her gaze down to his cock, which was only centimeters from her mouth.

His cock twitched and she drank in the familiar scents of his sex. A heat suffused across her body as she brushed the curve of his pants with her lips. As much as she was frightened of the unknown violence on the red side of the fair, she was in front of a cock and she was trained to do one thing.

She parted her lips.

Bass looked down and there was lust burning in his eyes. She could feel him stalling and having Merrie begging made it easy for him to He smirked and his thick tooth peaked from his lip. He turned his head to speak with Fran. "Do you mind?"

Fran looked over Merrie and shook her head with a smile. "Just move to the end, Bass, and give everyone a show. If you pull in customers, I won't charge you for your stouts."

"Deal." Bass backed off the stool and Merrie crawled after him, her body slick with heat. When he settled down on the far stool, she was positioned between his legs, hungry and waiting.

She watched with rapt hunger as he unbuttoned his fly and fished out his massive cock. The dark gray shaft towered above her

and precum already dribbled down its length. Another tug and his hairy balls spilled out of the opening and hit her chin with the weight of two large oranges.

His musk surrounded her and she buried her face at his base to breathe in the smells.

Her body was already burning with need. She opened her mouth and lapped at the side of one testicle. She laved it until it glistened with her saliva. As she lapped, she spread her legs and curled her tail up to give everyone a sight of her bare sex and splayed open pussy lips. Carefully, she planted her arms against his inner thighs and worked her way up to the silken steel of his length.

Bass' shaft throbbed on her lips. Hot splatters of precum oozed down to coat her face and she drank it up.

She was on fire with need and hunger. She wanted his hardness inside her mouth and lifted her body as she worked her way along the thick veins, the spongy ridge underneath, and the dark bump of his knot. She stopped at the thick bulge in the middle, tracing it with the tip of her tongue.

Inside the shaft, his knot throbbed and grew underneath her lips.

Merrie caught his eyes and smiled. She continued to work her way up his shaft, lapping the precum until it stuck to her lips and tongue. She loved his taste and she wanted to get to the source. But, she couldn't reach. Even pulling her legs together, the height of the stool and his length kept the dripping end of his cock out of her reach. She whimpered.

"Beg for it," growled Bass. He was staring at her with his own lips parted.

Merrie pulled back, strands of precum stretching until they popped. She held her arms to her iron collar and barked.

"Louder, bitch."

The crowds had grown quiet and she could feel eyes staring at her. A flush of excitement rose inside her. She inhaled and barked louder. Her voice carried through the fading din and the lane grew even more quiet.

To her side, coins clinked on the plank but she didn't dare look away.

"Again," came the rumbling command.

Merrie shaped desire inside her, to pay attention to her, and sent it out as she barked. It rippled through the crowds and peaked their interest. Silence pooled around them as the last of her bark faded.

“Good girl.” He reached around the back of her head. Thick fingers rested against her neck as he angled his cock down to her mouth. The large head drooled. Precum splattered along the ground and then on her breasts. It left little hot brands against her skin as she let out a moan of need.

More coins clinked on the plank as she mouthed the end of his cock. It was huge but it would fit. She was trained to take it. She took her time and stretched her lips around it, lapping and sucking on the hole before she forced her mouth over the flared end of his glans.

A ripple of noises coursed through the crowds.

Not needing the encouragement but enjoying it, Merrie forced his cock into her mouth. It crushed her tongue against the floor of her mouth and the thick, hot head slid along the top. She kept her mouth as parted as possible.

Bass’ fingers dug into her neck as he pulled her down. The thick member slid deeper, filling her mouth with the comforting heat of his hardness. He relaxed and she slid off.

As soon as his glans bulged her lips, he pulled her back down. The thick ridges ran along her senses as he continued to pull until his head bumped against the back of her throat. The precum tickled her gag reflex but he relaxed to let her pull back.

He yanked her back down, pumping the head into her throat and relaxed.

Merrie was burning hot. She could feel the eyes on her and she was being fucked. She needed it and begged silently with her eyes. She needed more. She needed him to fuck her properly, to pound her face in front of a hundred people watching.

His cock grew harder in her mouth. There was a question in his eyes for a moment, then he nodded. Bass moved both of his hands to the side her head. He stroked the ridge of her dog ears with his thumbs.

Merrie whimpered as the pleasure coursed along the new appendages. It pooled in her pussy and the hot juices ran down her inner thighs. She wanted to masturbate but she knew it wouldn’t get

her off. Instead, she rested her forearms lightly on his thighs and let Bass do what he did best: fuck her.

Fingers wrapped around her head. Muscles bulged and he drew her down. His cock pried her mouth open even further as the head ground against the back of her throat.

Her eyes watered but he wasn't done. With a grunt, he slowly forced the head into her throat. Her neck bulged with his girth.

After only a few centimeters in, he relaxed and pulled her off. Merrie couldn't stop him even if she wanted to. She lapped at his cock head, waiting the long painful seconds before he thrust again.

He grunted as he yanked her down, forcing his cock into her throat. Half of his length disappeared in her mouth. He grunted and jammed it even further. Another few centimeters forced their way down her throat and the pressure built against the iron collar around her throat.

Bass didn't stop. He yanked out of her and slammed it home. His balls smacked against her shin as he tore into her throat.

She couldn't breathe. She couldn't do anything and in her helplessness, she came. A whimper of hunger never came out from the thick cock buried in her throat, but the crowd rippled anyways.

"You're leaking," whispered Bass before he pulled back for another thrust.

She brought her shields back up, wrapping herself in the tight confines of the puppy outfit.

As she did, Bass began to pound her face. He shoved all the way in until her nose was crushed in the thatch of his pubic hair.

She gagged on his thickness and heat, but he didn't stop. With fingers digging into her hair, Bass slipped off the stool so he could fuck her face powerfully. His hips slammed home, driving his entire length into her mouth and bruising her lips. He held it there for a heartbeat before yanking it out. She managed to get a gasp of air before he slammed it home again.

The smack of flesh on her face added to her pleasure. She trembled as a second orgasm rose up. she fought it as long as possible, but being fucked in public by the cock she adored was too hard to resist.

As he slammed his hips into her face and tore deep into her throat, she came again and again. Her body grew hot as white stars

swam across her vision. Her moan was punctuated by silence when his hardness cut off her breath.

Bass' knot grew. It was a lump that scraped against her teeth as it barreled past and jammed deep into the back of her throat.

Merrie knew that if he grew to full size, she would suffocate on his cock. She didn't have charms to save her this time. The realization brought her to another orgasm and she squirmed with pleasure as he rammed her face over and over again. She was being abused and she loved every second of it.

His cock surged thickly with his own orgasm. The wet precum flooded her mouth and dribbled down her throat. She swallowed eagerly at it, preparing herself for the torrent of cum that would come.

With a gasp, Bass ripped his cock out of her mouth.

She jerked at the movement and whimpered. She couldn't close her mouth, she didn't want to.

"Don't swallow," ordered Bass as he aimed his cock for her mouth.

Merrie's tail wagged violently back and forth as she held her mouth as wide open. The first jet of cum splattered against her tongue. The thick, searing liquid swirled around as he let go. He came again, long jets of creamy seed splattering in her mouth. He kept on cumming and soon it was filling her mouth.

Bass grinned and came again, splattering against her face. It dribbled down her nose to add to the liquid already in her mouth. Overflowing, it continued down like a fountain. Every droplet that ran down her throat and breasts was a brand. She shook with need as he kept coming in her mouth and his cum sluiced down her front before pooling on the grass as her feet.

When the last jet finally dribbled out of his length, he nodded. "Swallow, bitch."

Merrie tilted her head back, knowing that everyone was watching her. She gave them a view of her full mouth. She used her tongue to swirl it around, then opened up her throat. The thick, slimy cum poured down her throat and she came again.

"Good girl."

Merrie moaned and licked her lips. She felt his seed in her belly, a heated blob of pleasure that matched with the throbbing between her legs.

“Clean that up.” He pointed to the ground. Wet globs of cum clung to the blades of grass.

Without hesitation, Merrie shifted back, stuck her tail high in the air, and began to clean the grass. She felt the burn of humiliation and the gazes staring at her swollen pussy and loved every second of it. She was a bitch and one of the watchers would be her master.

Fran spoke up loudly. “That was Paladin’s Puppy Mill, ladies and gentlemen. Bass trains the best bitches in the county and I’ll bet my best cask of stout against anyone who says otherwise.”

Merrie came again at the ripple of applause.

“No, Bass,” Fran said in a quieter voice, “I got enough sales. You don’t owe me anything.”

Coins clinked on the plank. “I always pay my debts. And thank you for the bump.”

“What are neighbors for?”

Merrie finished lapping the grass and ground. The taste of plant and earth tickled her senses so she used the end of her arm to scoop up the cum from her chest and licked her limb clean. The taste of Bass’ thick cum brought a smile to her lips.

Bass let out a gasp of relief. “I needed that.” He straightened up. “I’m ready to take on the world again.”

Merrie finished cleaning herself and smiled up at him.

He reached down to cup her chin. With his thumb, he scooped the last of the cum from her face and pushed it into her mouth.

She obediently sucked on his digit as her tail snapped back and forth.

“Good girl. Come on, let’s get this over with.”

She crawled along him as he made his way down the lane, purposely circling around Kessler’s pavilion. She looked around curiously, her mind keeping up with his direction as she matched his pace. The stalls were much the same: sweets and crafts, sex and domination. She had no clue what the red side would be like but her stomach fluttered with anticipation.

It took them almost ten minutes before they came up to the center of the county fair. It had been split by a long wall made of

bleached canvas. The center of each sheet had Blood County's flag on it. She caught sight of another wall a few meters beyond the white one, but the canvas had been dyed a deep red.

The crowds were thicker at the center point. Merrie had to lean into Bass as they walked to avoid people stepping on her. After the third person kicked her, she lashed out with her mind. The pulse of annoyance pushed people back. She looked up guiltily up at Bass, but his yellow eyes were fixed on the arched opening leading to the other side.

Merrie gathered up her emotions and pushed them out, careful to avoid Bass' mind. It was a simple thought, to avoid Bass and herself. It took a moment to get the right balance but soon they were walking in a small clearing about a meter in all directions. People would unconsciously step out of the way.

Flush with excitement, Merrie almost missed as they passed through the arch in the white wall. The heat between the two walls increased. There was little breeze. Four guards with the count's colors stood in the gap, sweat dripping down their faces as they held on to their swords.

Between two guards, a man sat behind a table with a large mug of lager. He was older, maybe in his late forties. When he saw Bass, he stood up and held out his hand. "Bass."

The thriban took it and shook it strongly. "Jermin."

"My sympathies for Thorn, he was a good kid."

"Thank you."

"Never thought Grange would take you on. I hope he's not stupid enough to come back."

Bass said nothing for a moment. "He's won't."

"Good, though he was quite popular over on the red side." Jermin gestured to the red canvas wall.

As they talked, Merrie noticed a list of rules posted on the side of the entrance to red side of the fair. They were short and to the point: 1. If you are naked, fair game. If you don't want to be snuffed, don't take your clothes off; 2. No unaccompanied children allowed, period; 3. Consent is required at all times; 4. If you kill it, you bought it. Merrie stared at the rules and felt dread growing in her stomach. She peered through the entrance, but didn't anything that was

different from the white side. She glanced up at Bass, who was still speaking, and then back.

A woman walked past her from the white side. She was almost naked except for a rope belt around her waist. The sight of her didn't surprise her, but the determination did. The woman was going to the red side to die. Mixed in with her suicidal thoughts was a hunger of sex and excitement that mirrored many of the bitches' minds.

"That is the third time she's gone over there," Jermin said as soon as the woman passed. "The boys have a pool to when she actually get the courage to do the deed."

Bass tensed but said nothing. He reached down and stroked Merrie's hair.

"Bass, is your bitch going to be okay?"

Merrie looked up at Bass and Jermin. Her stomach continued to twist, but she was slick and hot inside.

"She's good."

"Just keep her close."

Bass nodded and headed toward the red side.

"Oh, Bass?"

The thriiban stopped and turned around. "Yes?"

"Are you pulling Tabby out of the games?"

"No, why?"

"I have a thousand marks on her to win. I'd rather not lose it."

Muscles clenched along Bass. "No, I won't."

"Good to see Diffy having some competition again. I heard the finals are coming up in about an hour. The two are even odds to win."

Bass nodded and continued into the red side.

Obediently, Merrie followed. She looked around curiously as they crossed into the red side. Like the white, the crowds were thicker around the entrance. She kept them at bay and caught glimpses of the stalls on either side of the lanes. There were a few grills and breweries offering wares. She spotted a place selling whips next to one with a large selection of knives and swords.

They continued slowly. Merrie felt people paying attention to her and Bass. At first, she wondered why. A naked woman on her knees was nothing compared to the nearly naked crowds wandering from

stall to stall. Then she noticed a subtle way everyone paid attention to her. Even in mid conversation, eyes would drift toward them.

It was Bass' presence. He didn't have to say anything, he just had to walk down the lane. Everyone was looking at her because he wanted them too. Curiosity grew and she tried to focus on the effect, to see how he did it. Her mind's eye refused to focus on whatever power he was using. Frustrated, she relaxed and continued to scan Bass. She didn't realize she finally found it, her mind kept wanting to look away. But it was there, a subtle mist of power that reached out for others, teasing them, drawing them. It slipped into everyone's thoughts and tugged on their attention.

Stunned, Merrie watched as Bass' magic drew attention to themselves. They would remember him and his bitch, not because they wanted to but because he made them.

She felt a brief flash of anger but then Haviston's magic clamped down on her emotions. But, the psion was right: Bass was a hypocrite. As much as he ranted about her controlling others, she saw how he was doing the exact same thing. He only did it with more skill and without the overwhelming force of domination. But, it was still controlling them.

A scream tore through her thoughts. Merrie gasped and looked around as it continued to echo across the crowds. She couldn't tell if it was pleasure or pain, but it faded after a seconds only to come back in a shrill tone.

Ignoring Bass, she pushed her way through the crowd to a small stall. It was the woman who passed her with the determination to die. She was impaled on a man's cock, riding in reverse cowgirl. The man's cock was pounding in her pussy, but it was the rivers of blood coursing down her stomach that drew Merrie's gaze up.

A second man was holding her hair. He had his hand wrapped around her shoulders as he drew a sharp knife through her breasts. Blood poured down from the cut as she writhed and cried out, sobbing. The man fucking her was holding her wrists as she twisted.

Frightened for her, Merrie reached out with her mind. The woman was brilliantly bright, coming hard as she was carved into. Her thoughts were incoherent but burning with lust. She wanted this.

Merrie felt herself growing hot as she remembered Borias' memories. The wild abandon of one last fuck. It was nothing like what Borias experienced. Instead, Merrie found herself wanting to be there, impaled on a cock as a knife sliced through her body.

The man cut off one breast and it hit the ground with a wet thud. The woman screamed out in an orgasm and sobbed for him to continue. Her wrists twisted but she couldn't break the grip. In her mind, she didn't want to but her body fought the suicidal thoughts that seared her mind. She was going to die and she wanted it with every fiber of her being.

Merrie couldn't look away as the man cut into her other breasts, slicing it off and letting it land between the lower man's legs. He held released her hair to wrap his arm around her throat.

The woman came and Merrie clenched her body with sympathetic need. The orgasms were coming hard and fast, blurring into one bright light that light up her mind's eyes.

It was wrong and terrible. Despite the pain that mixed in with the orgasms, Merrie couldn't help but want to be in her place. She felt an orgasm rising inside her and hated that she was responding to a woman's death with pleasure.

The man lowered the knife and began to cut into her belly even as the lower man fucked her harder and faster, lifting her body with every thrust. The man cutting moved with practiced skill, matching the thrusts to keep the blade steady as he sliced into the woman's abdomen. Coils of guts poured out.

It was too much. Merrie turned away with a tear in her eye. She shivered as she heard the wet smacks of the woman's orgasms hitting the ground. She trembled as she looked up at Bass who was watching guiltily himself. He was hard again, but he hated it just as much as she was ashamed of her own excitement.

Their eyes matched, a kinship in discomfort. Bass closed his eyes and turned away. Merrie followed, thankful to get away but still focusing with her mind's eye as the woman's thoughts turned into an orgasm more intense than anything Merrie had seen before and then faded away into nothing.

Bass entered a large shaded pavilion. It was cold in the shade and Merrie could feel ice magic in the canvas. She shivered as her

nipples grew hard and she became aware of her juices cooling on her thighs.

An older man met them inside the entrance. He was holding a silver platter with something on it that Merrie couldn't see from her vantage point. "Welcome to Swetin's Confectionery. Would you like some chocolate?"

Bass smiled and Merrie felt a familiarity with the chocolate being offered. "May I have two?"

"Of course. I would recommend either her," the man pointed to one side of his platter, "or her." He pointed again. "I have another platter with men," he glanced down at Merrie, "if you are into that."

"Women are fine," said Bass with a sigh. His cock was growing harder with anticipation and Merrie found herself growing hotter with need. She didn't know why Bass was excited about chocolate.

It came into place as Bass lifted up two pieces of chocolate. At first it looked like two misshapen pieces, but then Merrie realized they were shaped like women in the throes of an orgasm. The tiny breasts were finely detailed, clear down to the wrinkles around the nipples. The labia was carved with more precision than Merrie thought possible in chocolate.

To her surprise, Bass gave her one. She stared at it in shock, then took it in her mouth. She didn't bite down, but tasted it. It was sweet and tangy, chocolate with just the hint of pussy. Surprised, she bit down.

And came.

Merrie dropped to the ground as an orgasm tore through her. It wasn't her orgasm but it was like experiencing a thousand pleasures in a single blast that connected her entire body to her taste buds. She moaned on the ground as she sucked on the chocolate. It was filled with cream that tasted like pure, liquid sex. She sucked at it eagerly, thrusting her tongue between the chocolate woman's thighs. More cream danced on her tongue and she came again. She let out a high-pitched whine as she writhed on the ground. Her pussy was soaked and dripping, adding to the broken chocolate in the grass beneath her.

Before she knew, it was over. She looked up from the ground where she was lapping the last fragment from the ground. Ashamed, she looked up as she struggled to breathe. The afterglow of the

orgasm rippled through her body, putting her on edge and desperate for more.

The man smiled broadly. "Always fun to watch the first bite."

Panting, Merrie pulled herself into a begging position. She barked and stared at the platter. Even ashamed, she wanted more.

Bass laughed. "No."

Merrie whimpered and looked at him, pleading with her eyes.

On the other side of the pavilion, an older woman was talking to a younger couple. "And Swetin only makes chocolate from the finest volunteers we can find."

Merrie's excitement froze as she strained to listen.

"They are selected both for their beauty and also the sweetness of their orgasms. Our secret process infuses the chocolate with their final orgasm, making each bite pure pleasure. We recommend you only buy a small amount, though, and spread it out over the weeks. If kept cold, each piece will keep their sexual wonder for months. A perfect pick-me-up after a day of hard work."

Bass' eyes twinkled. "Still want one?"

Merrie stared at him in shock. She had just eaten someone and came from it. Sweat prickled her brow as she fought with the disgust and the pleasure she got out of it. Gulping, she gave up and wagged her tail. She barked.

"Okay, one more?"

Panting, Merrie stared with rapt attention as the man handed a different piece to Bass. It was a curvier woman but still caught in the middle of an orgasm. Merrie opened her mouth and whimpered, begging.

Bass broke it in half. The white cream dribbled down his finger before he set the top half of the woman in Merrie's mouth.

Merrie savored the orgasm that rose up inside her, tickling her insides as the pure pleasure coursed through her veins. She shook as she tried not to cry out and her iron collar tapped against her skin with her efforts.

Bass swallowed his piece and nodded. "Thank you. I'm glad to see you back at the fair. Hopefully you'll come next year too."

Even though he spoke calmly, his cock strained against his pants. Merrie wanted to rip off his jeans and fuck him right then and there,

but she could barely crawl after him as he left. Her knees were weak and her thighs soaked with her juices.

Outside, the heat was overwhelming compared to the magical coolness. She panted to breathe.

"I love that place," sighed Bass.

Merrie knew that if she ever had the chance, she was going to buy as much as she could. Still trembling, she followed after Bass as he headed over.

They had to stop when the crowds parted. Merrie ducked between the legs of a woman and peered into the gap. She wondered if it was the count but it wasn't. Instead, it was a woman walking backwards. Her skirt flared around her ankles as she gestured for a large pack of naked women to follow her.

The women were all large breasted and blonde. They giggled as they bounced against each other with a casual playfulness. One was stroking pussy as she walked and others were kissing, but otherwise they were following with rapt attention.

Remembering the sign, Merrie wondered if they knew they were going to die. She reached out with her mind to feel their excitement.

She felt nothing.

Surprised, she focused her attention on the masturbating one. It was like reading Fuckler. There was no mind behind the bright blue eyes that looked around with all the innocence in the world. Not even her orgasm, which was loud and wet, showed up in Merrie's mind. Frowning, she pushed her way to the edge and stared at the group of two dozen women as they passed.

They had no minds but they were human, they had to be.

"Those are meat girls," said Bass as he walked up. "Bred to be slaughtered."

Merrie frowned and glanced at him, then back to the women. Their taut buttocks flashed as they continued down the lane. Moments later, the crowd swallowed up the gap they left.

"Rendi hates them. They are like Fuckler, I guess. No mind in their heads. They aren't evil or good, just... cows. Most of those are probably two year old-"

Merrie gasped and stared at the direction they passed. All of them looked like they were in their twenties. She struggled with her preconceptions and Bass' words.

“I don’t mind them. They are soft, but I like a head when I fuck someone. But, there is a steady market for cannibals here and these fit the bill. They are nothing but animals that look like women.”

“And,” said Maddy as she walked up, “they are very good business.”

“Hello, Maddy.”

“Well met, Bass. What do you think of my lovelies?”

“Those were yours?”

Maddy nodded. The woman was wearing clean jeans and a button down shirt. She had her hair up. But, she looked completely different than every time Merrie saw her. She expected to see blood on Maddy, but the older woman had a rugged beauty. “Last year’s herd. Next year will be twice as big. I’ll probably have about a hundred head in total.”

“Breeding going well?”

“Aye. Aye.” Maddy looked down at Merrie. “Good to see you are sane still. How as Fucker?”

Merrie’s memories rose up. She was dominated by the mindless beast and even now she wanted to be back in front of him, with him fucking her face with brutal, selfish thrusts.

Maddy chuckled. “Aye, that is the response I usually get. Is he okay?” she asked Bass with sudden interest. “You didn’t hurt him, did you?”

“Yes. There is a new guy, Haviston, and Fucker is taking a nap.”

“A nap? He hasn’t slept in years.”

“He is now.”

“Oh,” Maddy let out a soft sigh, “I’m glad to hear that. Do you mind if I pick him up on the way home? I think some of my breeders are missing him.”

“Of course. Did you talk to the count?”

Maddy sighed and stepped around Merrie to leaned into Bass’ shoulder. Her head rested on his muscular arm. “Do you mean did I get spanked by the count for that stupid deal we made?”

“Yes.”

“Twenty percent.” Maddy groaned, “That’s going to kill any profits I made.”

“I’ll give you some of Merrie’s proceeds.”

Merrie shivered at the reminder that she was going to be sold. She rubbed her thighs together, the moisture reminding her of her shameful orgasm from the chocolate and the excitement of watching the woman die.

“You don’t have to do that, Bass.”

Bass thought for a moment. “I was renting Fucker. I owe you for weeks for his services. Let’s say ten percent of my take, after taxes.”

Maddy chuckled and kissed Bass’ arm. “You’re a good man, Bass.”

She looked around before she spoke again. “I better hurry up. There is a speed gutting contest and Lord Dolcetin’s man is in fine form.”

Bass shuddered.

“Don’t worry, you don’t have to watch.”

“Good.”

“But, you should probably check out Tabby. She made it to the final round.”

“Diffy too?”

“Of course. That little girl scares the shit out of me.”

Letting out a long sigh, Bass said, “I suppose. I take it you bet on Tabby?”

“Of course. Six hundred marks.”

“What if she loses?”

“She’s Tabitha.” And without another word, Maddy stepped into the crowd.

Bass watched her for a long moment before he spoke. “I hate that they bet on violence, even with meat girls.” He looked down. “Do you want to watch?”

Merrie thought for a moment, and then nodded.

“Come on. It’s this way.”

It didn’t take long for them to reach the far end of the red side. It was blocked off into a large arena, surrounded by hundreds of cheering people. Nearly naked men and women wandered through the crowds, selling food and drinks. Toilet girls crawled after them, offering their mouths to anyone who needed them.

The air was brimming with excitement and lust. There were slaves fucking and being fucked on the ground and along the almost ignored benches. Almost everyone else was standing up and cheering.

Merrie watched with curiosity, but she couldn't see the arena once they were in the crowds. She pushed back at the press of people to give them space, but even with her magic, she couldn't force more than a quarter meter space around them.

Bass led them to the front where a wooden wall had been erected. He looked around, then gestured toward the end of a bench. There was a man sitting there with a bag on each side of him.

Stopping in front of him, Bass bowed. "Excuse me, could I put my bitch on the end?"

The man glared at Bass. "I'm holding these seats for friends. They'll be right back."

He was lying. Merrie could feel it in the stranger's thoughts. He was simply using the bags to carve out a space in the crowds.

Bass tried again, his presence reaching out for the stranger. "Please, just for the next match."

"I'm. Holding. These. Seats," declared the man.

A familiar voice spoke up. "You can't hold seats here."

Merrie turned to the count as the man walked up.

The stranger rolled his eyes, but didn't look away from Bass. He clutched his bags. "I can do whatever I want."

"Really? I thought it was against those rules," asked the baron as he came around. He pointed to a sign with rules. The first one was "Don't be a dick," but the middle one was "No reserved seats."

"Well, who are you to stop me?" The man obviously didn't know who he was talking to.

"Oh," the count started, "someone of minor note. Could you please move?"

"No."

"Daddy!" screamed a little girl as she burst out of the crowd. She was wearing a black frilly dress with red embroidery. She had red ribbons in her curly, black hair. Her dress shoes tapped on the ground as she flung herself and wrapped her arms around the count's leg. It was Diffy from the count's memory.

The stranger paled.

Merrie stared at the girl. For all her innocent appearance, there was something vile about her. It clung to her like a cloud, a dark cloud of some violent storm. When the girl glanced at Merrie, her eyes were red with black pupils that seemed to suck in the light.

Merrie tried to look away, but couldn't. The girl, maybe eight years old, had eyes of some ancient evil and she could hear whispers rising in the back of her mind.

A whine escaped Merrie's throat. She clenched and tried to move, but couldn't. She was trapped and the voices grew louder in her head.

Relief came when Bass dropped his hand on her head. A cool wave washed over her and broke the rapture.

The little girl looked around. "Are you going to sit up front, daddy?" She had an innocent voice that gave no hint to the malevolence in her eyes.

"Not this time, sugar. I want to sit with Bass and watch you."

Diffy beamed at Bass, but it was a smile as false as her appearance.

Protective energies rose up around Bass, a golden color flickering on the edge of Merrie's vision. It wrapped around the both of them.

The little girl closed her eyes as she smiled. Then she looked pointedly at the stranger clutching his bags. "Move," she commanded with a girl-like enthusiasm.

The man gulped and peed his pants.

An adorable frown crossed Diffy's face. She pointed at him and a huge butcher knife appeared in her tiny palm. The black blade shimmered in the light as she pointed it straight for his throat. "Move," she repeated.

There was a brief scramble and the bench emptied. So did every bench around them.

Diffy sat her father down. "Now, daddy, be sure to cheer for me when I beat the nasty old silfae." Spinning around, she bounded around the edge of the arena. The crowds melted around her, people scrambling to get away from the sweet, innocent girl with a demonic mind.

"Isn't she beautiful?" whispered the count.

"A darling," Bass said in a flat voice. His body still flickered with protective energies and Merrie was glad for his contact.

She held herself against him until Bass sat down. Then she crawled up on the bench and peered into the arena. It was large, about thirty meters across. The ground was a thick soup of mud and

blood. Pieces of bodies were half covered in the reddish gore at the bottom. She felt sick with anticipation but burning with curiosity.

“She’s going to win,” said Diffy’s father, his eyes glazed over with his love for his daughter. It felt wrong to Merrie, like a love forced on much like the collar was inflicted on the bitches.

Bass’ hands tightened on Merrie. Merrie looked up and Bass shook his head. When she looked at him curiously, Bass leaned over. “Sometimes, you must choose between two....” He didn’t finish the sentence, but Merrie knew what he meant. He knew that Diffy was evil.

In the arena, handlers opened gates and began to herd two dozen meat girls into the center. The naked women giggled and bounced around, spreading out as they looked around with dull, thoughtless eyes. Merrie stared at them with fascination, trying to feel some flickering of thoughts but finding none.

Her attention was pulled away when someone approach. The benches around them were still cleared from Diffy’s command but the newcomer didn’t seem to notice. He was also wrapped in magic, gold and black wrapped around his mind and body in a thick cloak. Merrie turned to watch him approach.

He was older, maybe in his fifties, but in good shape. He had a hard body and no softness that came with age. His black hair had a streak of white in it and the streak continued into the short-cropped beard that darkened his chin. She noticed he had a gauntlet on his left hand, but his right had was bare except for a single golden band.

The man walked right up to Merrie. Her heart pounded faster as he reached up and cupped her chin. There was no resisting his silent command as he tilted her head back and inspected her.

With their physical contact, she reached out for him but encountered a hard, unyielding shield. Her eyes widened as she tried to probe it but found it resistant to even her talents.

The man nodded with approval but didn’t release her. He looked at Bass who was looking into the arena. “Do you mind if I sit here?”

Bass stiffened. His hands clenched into fists. He turned around with a scowl etched on his face. There was fear and anger in his yellow eyes as he slowly stood up.

Count Blood gasped and spun around. “Count Rakin?” He stood up and held out his hand. “When did you show up, Mard?”

Mard Rakin smiled and shook Waver's hand firmly. "Well met, Waver. Just a few hours ago, actually. It was quite a distance to travel." He spoke in a rough voice, almost a growl.

Bass was furious. He stepped back and reached out with his hand, fingers splayed out as he was about to grab something. Energy wavered around him as he focused on Rakin.

Bass was chained to a pole in the middle of the mill yard. His entire body ached from the cuts and bruises that covered his body. Someone had stabbed him in the gut, but he had hours before he died. If he could just get to Rendi in time. His chest burned from the whip slashes that Rakin had personally laid across his skin. A thousand lashes for punching Rakin when the count demanded Sable back.

Rakin's army had won, but they managed to kill hundreds before they were overwhelmed. The triumph was a tiny flicker of hope against the despair that wracked his body. It hurt more than the sword cuts, cuts, and all his injuries.

In front of him, where Bass couldn't look away, Rakin had pinned one of Bass' bitches, Over-Stuffed Cunt, to the ground as he rammed his sword into her pussy with hard, brutal strokes. Blood and gore poured out from the gaping opening. She was screaming and reaching out for Bass, but he couldn't save her. He could only watch as the blade came out of her stomach in a burst of blood and a flash of enchanted steel.

But the count didn't stop. He continued to ram the hard harder into her, until his fist was covered and blood puddled on the ground.

Bass had broken a promise and he could feel his world crumbling around him. It hurt to breathe but he couldn't look away, he couldn't tear his eyes away from the bitch who begged him to end it all.

"Good to see you again, Bass," said Rakin in a silky, cruel voice. "It's been fifteen years, hasn't it?"

"Why are you here?" snapped the thriban.

"Why do you think?" Rakin's finger lifted Merrie's chin. She felt exposed and vulnerable, her throat bared to whatever horrors that burned in Rakin's mind. Fear ran along her veins and her skin prickled. She could feel Bass' memories against her mind, pounding at her with images of torture and rape.

"You can't have her."

"Really?" Rakin smiled. "I thought it was an auction. Whoever has the money gets your precious alpha, is it? Of course, one would

hope,” he paused and forced Merrie’s chin higher, “that this one won’t run away from her true master.”

Bass stood in front of four bitches, the results of his last trip to Franome City. They were almost trained and he loved the sight of their cropped, beautiful bodies. With a bark, he ordered them to spin around. All of them did, but Titty Fuck was a little sluggish. He would have to give her some additional training. His cock grew harder as he imagined her on the bed, fucking her until she cried out. He couldn’t pound her like he wanted to, but his imagination let out enjoy the release he could never enjoy again.

(Master?) It was Sable, her voice exhausted and tired.

Bass froze in mid-word. He thought he would never hear that voice again. He spun around as he felt the connection between them growing again. She was outside the door, struggling to get up the stairs.

Abandoning his command, he spun on his heels and sprinted for the door.

Tabitha looked up with curiosity. “What’s going-” but her word ended when Bass slammed open the great hall door and then the front door.

Bass stopped as if he was axed when he saw Sable crawling up the stairs. She was cut and bruised, covered in dirt and scratched. Her black hair was tangled with knots and mud. He threw himself down the stairs to swoop her up, holding her tight and tears in his eyes.

(I couldn’t stay. I had to come back. I had to. I love you, master. I love you more than life itself.)

“Of course,” Rakin continued as Merrie fought her own tears, “I’m sure that if this alpha runs away, you’ll properly compensate for the loss.” Rakin focused his eyes on Merrie who looked back.

Tears ran down her cheeks as she stared at him, fighting the intense memories that tore through her.

Outside of her vision, a cheer rose up from what was happening in the arena. The fresh stench of blood washed over her.

“Though, bitch,” Rakin’s voice grew deeper, “I’ll make sure you won’t be running to Bass. I’m not as gentle as his pet wolf, but I think you’ll find I can be quite inventive to prevent you from ever running away.” His mind opened up, just a crack, as he gave her a peek at her intentions.

Merrie was on the ground, curled up in pain. Her legs had been torn out their sockets and the bloody holes still burned against her senses. She had a collar around her neck. It rested heavily on her neck, but it didn’t move

when she did. Instead, it was fused to the spine behind her neck. There was no way she could ever escape, even if she wanted to.

He had planned this for years, even though he didn't know Merrie would ever exist. The raw hatred he felt for Bass was palatable. It wrapped around her heart and she sobbed as it battered her mind. She lost control of her bladder and hot urine poured out along the bench.

"Don't touch her!" snapped Bass. His hand smacked away Rakin's as he interposed his bulk between Merrie and the count. The air shimmered around him as he prepared to summon his armor and sword.

"Hitting a count," Rakin said with a grin, "doesn't that carry the death penalty?"

Bass growled.

A second wave of cheer rose up. No one was paying attention to Bass or the counts. Merrie sobbed as she tried to force the image of her head but Rakin's hatred had burned it into her mind. She kept running through it, imagining herself on the ground and utterly helpless. She wasn't turned on, she was terrified.

"But," Rakin said with a start. "If I kill you, then you won't be selling me your alpha."

"Not if I can help it."

Count Blood spoke up. "Bass, Mard, please. Not here."

"Of course not. I said my peace fifteen years ago," Rakin chuckled. It sounded like he was talking over his shoulder as he walked away. "I think I'll enjoy what Blood County has to offer. I heard it has a killer auction."

A man yelled out over the arena. "And the winner is... Tabitha by one kill!" A cheer drowned out anything else.

Merrie stared at Bass's back. Her master's anger and hatred was overwhelming as he continued to stare at Count Rakin. But, no matter how bright his emotions seared her senses, Merrie couldn't tear her thoughts away from the torture that Rakin had in mind for her. She lowered her head and stared down at her own pee dribbling off the bench.

Terrified, she began to cry.

The Auction

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Rakin's hatred came over more than just a single, terrifying clear image. It had a depth and detail that not even Haviston could match. Despite being a fantasy, Rakin knew what every piece of stone felt like. He knew the weight of the chain and thought about how it would sound as it thudded against her body. He imagined and re-imagined the scene until it was clear as reality, without any of the wavering as the mind struggled to fill in the details. There was no unknown details, not even the taste of the dank air or the scrape of the stone he was going to chain her too.

It also wasn't a single picture, painted with the brush of his imagination. It was just a moment in time, a fantasy that had continued forward and stretched back for fifteen years. Even as Merrie struggled to get it out of her head, she was watching it unroll before it, bringing her backwards through the torture and pain.

When she was posing for Bass, she was feeling Rakin breaking her ribs, one by one.

While teasing a pair of owned bitches into obeying commands like her, the three of them sweating in the middle of lane among applause, Rakin was impaling her on a spike.

No matter what she did, he was stuck in her head.

Merrie dreaded the auction. Before Rakin, she was looking forward to finding a new master. It would be new and exciting. She would get a chance to explore her new master's mind but, more importantly, she craved the total submission that she knew was coming. There would be no holding back, no despair as the connection broke. She would finally bond.

But Rakin changed everything. He was going to buy her, she was sure of it. And when she bonded to him, she would want every torture and pain he would give her. It would be like bonding with Grange, but instead of the general hatred for everything, Rakin's hatred would be transferred to her.

And she was going to beg for it.

And come from that agony.

The sick feeling grew in her stomach. As they continued to circle around the fair, she could barely focus on Bass' commands. She already had a new master, it was just a matter of time.

Bass knew it. She could see it in his eyes as she mechanically obeyed his commands. The frustration burned in his gaze and he was struggling with his own emotions. He wanted to save Merrie from Rakin at any cost, but he was committed as much as her. Every whisper she heard about "Bass' alpha" cemented the reality.

She was going to be Rakin's bitch.

When the sun finally kissed the horizon, it became too much. They were back at the Paladin Puppy Mill pavilion but Merrie was a few meters into the crops, out of sight as she threw up. The sour taste burned her mouth as she sobbed against the sharp leaves of the plants towering above her. A puddle of vomit had soaked into the ground, but she didn't want to move as her stomach churned violently.

(Merrie?) Dixie pushed through the crops. His tiny form easily crossed between the space between the stalks. He didn't look down at the mess she made.

Merrie cringed and turned away.

But, then froze as Dixie crawled up and hugged her. "I know." The sound of his voice, not in her head, was startling. It was softer and higher-pitch than she expected, but his warm body was comforting as she sobbed.

Turning around, Merrie wrapped her arms around him and sobbed into his shoulder. Her face was huge against his and she was grinding the remains of her stomach against his chest. She was humiliated but couldn't pull away.

(This is nothing compared to what's splattered on me as a warrior,) Dixie's thoughts were wry. He was trying to comfort her but he knew her fate.

(I-I....) She couldn't finish the thought.

A memory welled up from Rakin's head, of her being cemented into a wall with only her ass and pussy sticking out. She was blind and immobile. She could feel the dread as the first man lined up, his hands on her ass were the only warning that she was about to be raped.

(No, no, don't think about that.)

(I can't stop!) She clutched him tighter.

(I know, but just think of the good things.)

Merrie clenched her eyes tightly closed. (What good things? What good is going to happen to me?)

Dixie didn't have an answer.

She clutched him tightly, trying to find some measure of comfort when the threat of Rakin loomed above her.

A rustle of leaves drew her attention. She lifted her head up to see Sable and Ebony joining them. Sable came up immediately and wrapped her own short arms and legs around both Dixie and herself.

Behind her, Ebony was carrying a few towels and a bucket of rags. It sloshes as she set the bucket down. Ebony carefully set one of the towels over the mess, then sat down on the ground on the far side. The magic of her legs flared with her movements, a reminder that she was still a bitch, even if she wore clothes and walked. Without a word, Ebony gestured for Merrie.

Both Dixie and Sable pulled away. Merrie shivered as she crawled closer.

"There you go," Ebony spoke in a voice that reminded Merrie of her mother, comforting. She grabbed a washrag and began to wipe down Merrie's body, scraping away Merrie's humiliation as if she cleaned vomit off naked women every day. "It's scary, isn't it?"

Merrie nodded and sniffed.

"I remember when I was sold. I was right behind mom. As terrified as I was, I was more worried that my new master would have a small cock." She chuckled as she brought her rag along Merrie's right nipple, cleaning it before circling around the breast. She smiled. "Six weeks before that, I was traveling across country to visit my new husband, a man that I fell in love with. But, if it wasn't for Bass," her mind grew hotter with lust, "I would have died that day. Or was raped and murdered later. I despaired so much when he

was breaking me in, but watching mom threw herself into him made it worse.”

Sable sighed sadly. She was sitting on the ground, her body slick with Merrie’s vomit. She made no effort to clean herself and Merrie knew she wouldn’t. Ebony was the master at the moment and she would clean all three of them.

“I never saw my mother like that before. She was...” Ebony tossed the washrag to the side and got a clean one. She continued down Merrie’s hard belly to the junction between her legs. The soaked fibers ran along Merrie’s sex as Ebony cleaned a bit deeper than she had to. “She was just a mom then, but when Bass was with her, she was happy. I never realized how much, but she had finally found her life.”

Sable wagged her tail and smiled.

“It was stupid for Bass to sell her. Everyone knew that, but everyone thought it was just puppy love, including Bass. Though, he was blind to it because I think he didn’t understand it.”

Ebony’s fingers slipped past the washrag. Two fingers slid into Merrie’s sex as Ebony pulled the washrag aside and used her left hand to finish cleaning Merrie.

Merrie pressed into the fingers with a sob. It felt good, a tiny comfort before the hell—

(Stop thinking about him,) ordered Dixie.

Merrie tore her thoughts away. She closed her eyes and thrust against the fingers.

“I forgot, you’ve fucked Bass. It will be a couple of months before you tighten up.” Ebony smiled. She added the rest of her hand to Merrie’s sex, pressing her fist against the opening.

Merrie shifted as high as she could to give Ebony access to her body, enjoying the soft, feminine had that twisted against her opening. She shuddered as the knuckles slipped.

Ebony dropped the second rag. She reached out and guided Merrie back to the ground, laying her against the dry dirt and stalks as she got a better angle to thrust into Merrie’s cunt. For long minutes, there was nothing but the sound of wet slurping and Merrie’s soft moans.

“It will be okay,” Ebony whispered.

Merrie tensed, but Ebony thrust deeper, her fist reaching Merrie's cervix and the impact was a burst of discomfort of pleasure. She twisted and pulled out before sliding it back home. Slow and steady. Merrie could feel every finger as she relaxed and clasped them, it stretched at her inner walls and sent soft waves of pleasure throbbing along her senses.

"After the mill," whispered Ebony, "this is the only way I could relax. Drugs, wine, and even horse riding didn't help anymore. I needed cock and fingers. I had to come."

Merrie moaned and spread her legs. She leaned into Ebony's fist. She could feel the magic rolling off her fingers, flaring against her senses like an orgasm about to burst. It hurt and tingled, but the sensations only added to the feeling of being filled. She pawed at the ground, digging her hands along the dust and the towel covering her sick. It was a startling contrast to the expert pleasures Ebony was inflicting on her body.

An orgasm popped and rushed across Merrie's senses in a wave of pleasure. She jerked back as her entire body grew tight. The hand in her pussy slowed but continued to pump in and out with slow, wet strokes.

"Oh, I think you can come again," said Ebony, "Bass trained you better than that." As soon as she could, she drove her hand faster. She spread her fingers out, stretching Merrie from the inside. The sensation of five digits burrowing through her clenching walls pushed Merrie over the edge and she came again. This time, her shields loosened and her pleasure rolled out of her.

It brushed against Sable and Dixie but Ebony took the full brunt of Merrie's project. She froze, fist deep in Merrie, as her mind grew bright with an orgasm of her own. Her thighs ground together.

"Oh... gods," she gasped, "what was that? Did she just make me come?"

Dixie chuckled as he sat down next to Merrie's head. He was clean again and the lingering shimmers of his transformation magic told Merrie how.

Ebony leaned into Merrie and resumed her pumping. The wet slurping filled the air as both Merrie and Ebony panted. The fist slid up and down, in and out. Wet pleasures that eroded at the dread that sickened Merrie. "Can you take more?"

Merrie nodded and Ebony accelerated. She was thrust deep into Merrie but it was the same teasing pleasure. Merrie whimpered and reached out with her mind. Ebony was a bitch and Merrie could reach her through that submissiveness.

(Harder.)

Ebony froze for a heartbeat, but then bore down. Her fist moved harder, slamming up into Merrie with short jabs.

(Harder,) Merrie begged.

Shifting her position, Ebony pounded into Merrie's cunt with her fist. She thrust until her knuckles punched against the entrance to Merrie's womb, and then drew out until her fist came out with a wet slurp. She thrust back in, barreled deep into Merrie.

The pleasure and pain mixed together. It reminded Merrie of Bass' hard, ceaseless fucking. She wanted it to hurt, she needed to feel her body pummeled. It gave her hope because it was a comfort. She could submit to pleasure and pain.

Ebony slammed hard, shaking Merrie's body with every thrust. She gasped with her effort and her face was screwed up with concentration.

Merrie felt the orgasm rising up. She begged Ebony for more, thrusting the need to fist Merrie harder into Ebony's mind. And, like a bitch, Ebony responded with blind need.

Every impact reminded Merrie of that night Bass fucked her ass. When the knuckles slammed deep inside her, tiny flares of pleasure added to the building heat.

When the orgasm finally crested, Merrie threw everything she could into it. She clung to the pleasure as it tore through her body, running down her arms and legs. She let out a long wail as it burst out of her mind. In a wave, it tore through Ebony who fell back as her entire body locked up in an orgasm. She came violently, her entire body spasming and her eyes rolled up in her head.

It continued to spread out, taking over the entire pavilion. Cries of pleasure rose up but it kept spreading. More orgasms exploded into life around her, the other bitches of the Blood County Fair all experiencing an intense and unexpected orgasm. It kept on spreading until the entire fair burned with stars of pleasure.

With each orgasm, ripples came back with the bitches' ecstasy. The staggered responses bounced against her, adding their orgasms

to Merrie's. She felt every burst of pleasure her own, ecstasy layered on top of pleasure. More minds added to her until she was being torn apart by hundreds of orgasms bursting inside her.

And then Sable and Dixie came. Their close proximity and the intensity cut into Merrie. It reached critical inside Merrie. She lost the ability to see, hear, and taste. All she could feel was a singularity of pleasure, a white-hot hole that collapsed every part of her life into one orgasm that went on forever. Her body didn't matter, her mind couldn't form a thought. She just burned in the pleasure and wished it would never end.

Merrie didn't realized she passed out until she opened her eyes. She was on a blanket behind one of the wagons. Her body was sore and still shaking. She moaned and lifted one arm, trying to force her eyes to focus on the smooth end of her wrist.

Sounds of pleasure caught her attention. Moaning, she lifted her head to see Ass Licker and the teenage girl behind the other wagon. The girl was leaning against the side of the wagon, her skirt caught in her teeth as she guided Licker's head to her pussy.

Licker was lapping deep with her nose buried in the girl's pubic hair. The thick patch obscured the tip but there was no question both were enjoying themselves. As Licker's head moved, so did the girl's hips. Licker's tail wagged back and forth with every stroke. It looked like two teenage girls making out, except that Licker's arms ended at her elbows.

"That be the girl's fourth time with Licker," Borias said with a smile. He knelt down next to Merrie. He rested a hand on Merrie's breast and a rune appeared along her chest. "You be okay, Merrie?"

Not tearing her eyes away from the scene before her, Merrie nodded.

"You be making all the bitches come. Bass be getting visits from the other mill owners asking questions and then gossiping as normal. Everyone be talking about the alpha now. No matter what happens, you be leaving behind a legend."

Merrie smiled and tried to quell the trembling that shook her body. She struggled to sit up but Borias pushed her down.

"Not yet, girl. You be relaxing. The auction just started, but we be having time. You and Licker be the last of our girls to line up. Eolis, that be the auctioneer, be putting you in at seventy. Licker be forty-

two. So, we be having enough time to get you back on your knees and cleaned up. Though, I think Licker's breath be smelling like pussy no matter what I do." He chuckled.

The girl cried out in pleasure and sank to the ground. Licker followed, giving a last few laps as the girl shook violently in her pleasure.

"You think she be bidding on Licker?"

Merrie looked up at Borias and then back to the two girls. Reaching out, she let her mind slip into the girl's mind. She was called Fir and she had just turned twenty-one at the fair. But, instead of drinking heavily, she was utterly in lust with Licker. Mixed in the pleasure of an orgasm still strumming along her thoughts was her plans to bid on Licker. She had the money in her pocket, but she didn't think it was enough to buy the teenage bitch.

Raising her gaze back to Borias, she nodded.

"Good. She be one of the local families, about an hour walk south of Maddy. They be good people. No slaving or butchering girls. They have real cows and grow wheat."

It seemed strange that there was a farm that didn't center around sex and blood. She knew it was possible, but it seemed wrong compared to everything she experienced.

Borias chuckled. "We all be needing to eat. And Fir's mother be an animal healer. Need those no matter what we be doing." He lifted his hand and the magic faded. "There, you be sitting up now?"

Merrie struggled to sit up. When she did, she continued until she was properly begging, with her knees folded underneath her.

"Good girl."

She smiled.

"But, we should be heading there. Bitches to sell and all."

Merrie felt a flicker of dread. She was going to be sold to Rakin. She tensed as she wanted for the inevitable violent fantasy to rise up, but it didn't. Surprised, Merrie smiled. Her orgasm, the third one, had somehow burned his hatred from her thoughts. It wouldn't be long before she experienced them against her physical form, but for now, she was free of Rakin's fantasies.

Borias stood up. "Okay, girls, we be going now. Licker?"

Licker looked up from Fir's pussy and smiled. Her face was glistening with Fir's juices. She wagged her tail and crawled back.

Fir stood up and worked her skirt down, giving Borias a sheepish look. "I can bid on her, right?"

"Of course. She be forty-two. Late enough that most people spent their money and everyone be waiting for Merrie here." He rested his head on Merrie's ear. The shiver of pleasure brought a smile to Merrie's lips.

"About how much do you think she'll cost?"

Licker's tail wagged faster.

Borias shrugged. "Small tits but she be eighteen. A lot of years of pleasure. I be saying about fifteen thousand."

"I-I have that! It was for school, but I can't go anymore. Not with my brother joining the army. And my ma and pa said I could," she glanced down at Licker, "buy whatever I wanted."

"Well, just in case someone bids higher, use this." Borias dug into his pocket and pulled out an envelope. It had the seal of a bank on it. It was also thick and didn't flop as he handed it to Fir.

Fir stared at Borias in shock. "What is this?"

"You be opening it and find out."

With trembling fingers, Fir broke the seal. She opened it and pulled out a thick stack of hundred mark bills. "My gods. There is ten thousand marks in here!"

"Only be having eight, but if you take good care of Licker, then the money be yours."

"R-Really?" Fir's eyes were wide with surprise.

Next to her, Licker wagged her tail as she looked back and forth.

"Well, you better be running and getting the rest of your money. Don't be late."

"Thank you!" cried Fir. She crouched down and gave Licker a tight hug before sprinting back to her camp.

"Remember, she be forty-two!"

Borias watched her run and then looked down at Licker who was starting at him with surprise and bright hope in her eyes. "What? Bass be doing the same thing. If we can be giving you a good home, a safe place to be spending your lives, then money is nothing. And, if I can't be saving Merrie from Rakin—"

Merrie ducked her head, thankful she wasn't sick anymore.

"—then I be saving whatever girl I can, k?"

Licker's smile almost lit up the wagon. She got into begging position and barked twice. She opened her mouth and tilted her head back.

"Oh, I be loving to do that, but we need to be selling your cute asses. Come on, I be grabbing the brushes and we can be cleaning you up in line."

There were multiple auctions going on during the fair. There were enough bitches that they had a dedicated one, thankfully located on the white side of the fair. It only took them a few minutes before they reached it.

Merrie was not expecting the crowds. Some were standing, others were laid out on blankets and in chairs. Beer and treat sellers wandered between the tiny little camps as did the toilet girls.

They came up along the side, but as they passed, Merrie could feel attention bearing on her. They knew who she was. They wanted her, almost every single one. Hands reached out to stroke her, to touch her. She felt hot and slick as digits poked into her pussy and ass. People petted her ears and tail. It was all a desperate attempt to get one touch of the alpha everyone talked about.

One of Kessler's bitches was on the stage as they came up to it. She was naked with a seven hanging from around her neck. She sat on a short platform, the center attention of thousands of people. The girl was terrified as she obeyed the short commands from a huge thriban standing next to her.

The thriban was about the same size as Bass, with pale gray skin and larger eyes. He was dressed in a suit, but the black outfit strained over his muscular chest. His black hair was long and pulled into a four braids that reached clear down to his ass. He spoke loudly, his voice carrying over the din, but he spoke quickly as he pointed to various people holding up numbers. "Three thousand from the lady in red. Four from the man on plaid. Do I hear five? Five?. Five from the lady in red." He pointed as he bellowed over the crowds, never stopping as he spoke. "Look at the tits on this bitch. She had good hips for breeding. Six from the gentleman over here. Do I hear fourteen. Fourteen from the man on plaid." There was no question who Eolis was.

He was still speaking as Borias lead them behind the stage. Merrie felt the presence of the bitches. There was almost a hundred

minds and they were all filled with fear, anxiety, and anticipation. Some were making out with each other while others were curled up on the ground as they tried not to think about their new lives.

Merrie's knees tapped on the wooden steps of the stage. Eolis' voice died down to be replaced with the sounds and smells of a hundred horny bitches. She smiled and came up to the top.

As one, every bitch stopped and looked at her. Merrie could feel their attention on her, their gazes burning her skin. They were remembering their orgasms and the smell of pussy and sex grew thick in the air.

Blushing, Merrie crawled over to a spot with a seventy hanging above it. She nestled in place, between Cock Diver and a new bitch. She turned around and knelt down. She had her place and it was in line like the others.

The new bitch suddenly leaned over and kissed her. Merrie turned into the kiss and their lips met. It was soft and hungry, thankful. Merrie was used to it from Bass' bitches but it was the same longing that drove the new girl to embrace her.

With a smile, Merrie kissed back. Cock Diver slipped in next to her and soon the three of them were touching, licking, and kissing.

“Sold for nine thousand to the woman in red! Coming up is number eight, the first of the Paladin Puppy Mill's pack.”

Merrie felt a presence and broke away from the two. It was Fuckhole in front of her. With tears in her eyes, Fuckhole rushed forward and gave Merrie a long kiss, tongue searching hers. It was hard and desperate, but also thankful for everything Merrie had given her.

“Um, Bass?” called out Eolis.

“Give me a second!” answered Bass as he stopped next to them.

Fuckhole clung to Merrie before Bass tugged her away.

“Paladin Puppy Mill is known far and wide for value added training.” Eolis filled in the gap with a sales spiel. “Each bitch wears an iron collar enchanted to imprint on the first person to remove it. I recommend you be ready to get fucked when you do because you can't keep the collar.”

Laughter.

Bass guided Fuckhole to the stage. Fuckhole gave Merrie one last look, then stepped out.

“And here is our dark-haired beauty. Look at the cunt on her, nice and even. Her tail is real, boys and girls, and why don't you wag for us. Good girl!”

Merrie felt Fuckhole's pleasure even through the door. She sniffed and wiped a sudden tear from her eyes. When she lowered her arm, there was another bitch—one of Kessler's—in front of her. The nine hanging around her neck told Merrie everything. She smiled and nodded.

The woman inched closer and kissed Merrie. Her breath was hot against Merrie's face as she attached Merrie with the same desperation and thankfulness that Fuckhole had given her.

“Are you serious?” grumbled Kessler. “Are they all going to do that?”

“Probably,” chuckled Borias.

“My alpha didn't.”

Bass spoke up. “Your alpha was more than a bitch, Kessler. I'm surprised they didn't pee on her.”

Kessler made a grunting noise. “She sold well.”

“Sold for twelve thousand! Next up one of Kessler's. This blonde-haired beauty is perfect for a warm day and hotter nights. I've personally seen her cunt and it is one of the prettiest things I have ever admired.”

Reluctantly, the bitch parted from Merrie and crawled to the stage. Kessler grabbed her collar, but she didn't resist as she passed out of view.

The next one was already waiting for Merrie. A girlish-looking man with bright green eyes as a sheepish smile. He had a small cock that was dripping hard. He wasn't cropped and he wrapped his arms around Merrie as he kissed her.

Blushing, Merrie pressed her body against him and enjoyed the pleasure of their bodies and his mind.

“Sold for seven!”

Kessler came back. “Oh, fuck the gods. All right, move the damn alpha by the entrance. If she is going to making out everything that passes, might as well put her by the opening.”

Borias laughed.

Bass held out his hand, but Merrie obediently followed after the bitch about to be sold and took a spot right at the gap of the stage.

She could see the crowds gathered around and a ripple of noise spread out as people caught sight of her.

As the ninth bitch got on the stage, the tenth was waiting for Merrie. It was Snapping Pussy. With tears in her eye, she slid into Merrie's embrace with a comfort of two bitches trained together. They kissed and touched wordlessly and passionately until the previous sale finished and Pussy was lead out to the stage.

Merrie caught sight of Rakin to the side. He was surrounded by half a dozen guards and had a woman between his legs. Merrie could see bruises and lashes darkening the woman's back and she had her ass high in the air where something was embedded in both holes.

Rakin and Merrie's eyes met and Rakin smiled cruelly. He reached down and gripped the woman with both hands and hauled her against his cock, holding her tight to his body.

Merrie shuddered with dread and looked away. The next bitch was waiting for and Merrie threw herself into the pleasure instead of thinking about Rakin.

The steady pace of bitches continued to stop in front of Merrie. Different tastes and unknown bodies, but they were all united in the desire to thank Merrie. Some would be sold for higher because they made a good show in front of Kessler's. Others were thankful for the orgasm that erased their own fears. And a few were doing it simply because the bitches before them did the same. Each mind was different and the pleasure increased with every kiss, every touch, every stroke.

Before she knew it, Licker was in front of her. With a sheepish grin, Licker nestled closer and nibbled on Merrie's shoulder. Merrie moaned at the touch and lowered her own mouth to the same place, nipping and licking. There was only seconds before Licker would be gone and Merrie couldn't help but think about the first night they were together.

And so was Sama. Sadness filled Merrie as she remembered her lost friend. The first whispered name, the first touch. When Merrie kissed Licker back, it wasn't only kissing the teenage girl but also the bitch who Merrie lost. Tears ran down her cheeks as their lips met.

"Bass, a word," Kessler said sharply.

"What?" Bass answered warily.

Eolis called out. "Sold for seven thousand to the nice lesbian couple! Next up is forty-two, a tiny little girl with cute tits and long black hair. She is small but she can take everything you give her."

Kessler positioned himself between Licker and the stage. "You can't sell her."

"Why not?"

"She's too young. You can tell from the resonance."

"She's eighteen, I confirmed it."

"Yes, but that's illegal now. Twenty is the minimum."

"Since when?" Bass was growing frustrated. He balled his hands into fists.

"A month ago, they passed a law right at the end of the senate session."

Eolis called out. "Bass? Do we have a bitch to sell?"

Kessler answered for Bass. "Hold on, there are problems."

Eolis held up his hand. "Hang in there folks, let me see what's going on." The stage shook as the heavy man walked up behind Kessler. There was a scowl on his face. With his back to the crowds, his voice became a low growl. "What the fuck's the problem."

Kessler pointed to Licker. "Bitch is too young."

Eolis glared down at Licker for a long moment. He lifted his gaze. "Are you really going to be a limp dick, Kessler?"

"Yes! It is the law."

"You only care about the law when it suits you. You damn well know that."

"She's too young," Kessler insisted.

Between Eolis' legs, Merrie saw Fir rushing up to the stage, holding her wallet tightly with her hands. There was a flush on her cheeks and a smile on her lips. Behind her, her parents strolled after with amused smiles.

Eolis sighed. "Just let it go, Kessler. You're just doing it because teens sell high."

"I am not." But he was lying. Everything was about money to Kessler.

"What," asked Count Blood as he came up between the bitches from the side stage, "is the problem?"

"Bass' bitch is too young," said Kessler with an accusing point at Bass.

“And why is this a problem, Kessler?” snapped the count.

“It’s against the law.”

The count took a long, deep sigh. He glanced out at the crowds, then back to Bass.

Bass shook his head. “Please, don’t. I can’t keep her for two years, you know what will happen. I’ll keep her and I can’t do that. Not to Sable and Dixie.”

The count gave an apologetic look. “I’m sorry. I am sworn to uphold the law even if I’d rather some people,” he pointedly looked at Kessler, “weren’t petty about it.” He turned to Eolis. “Pull her off.”

“My lord count-” started Bass.

“No, Bass,” the count turned back. “You need to just accept this one.”

“Why?”

The count glanced over at Kessler who folded his arms over his shoulder. “Have you talked to him?”

Kessler shook his head.

“Fine. Bass,” he address Bass, “please just accept it.”

“My lord-”

“No,” came the final word. Count Blood pointed to Bass and Kessler. “You two, in my tent at midnight tonight. No questions, no arguing.”

Bass sighed, his mind burning with annoyance. “Yes, my lord.” He bowed deeply.

The count nodded to Eolis. “Go on.”

“Yes, my lord,” rumbled the other thriban. Turning around, Eolis stepped back on the stage and held up his hand. “Ladies and gentlemen, we have to pull forty-two from the bidding process.”

In front, Fir let out a cry. She clutched her purse and looked around helplessly.

Kessler grunted and walked away to hide his smirk.

“Damn him,” muttered Bass.

Forty-three, a woman in her late twenties, crawled up and kissed Merrie passionately before moving on the stage. Her trainer, one of the other mill owners, patted Bass on the shoulder.

“Sorry, Bass. Kessler always been a fucking dick.”

“Thanks, Rell.”

"I hope you get him in the end."

Eolis moved smoothly into the next auction. "And forty-three is a slightly older bitch but highly experienced. I heard that her mouth could suck a ball from a bucket and her large tits are just right for a little smacking around. She'll swallow any load you want and is also trained as a toilet slave."

Borias stepped up. "Boss?"

"Damn that man," grumbled the thriban, "why does he do this? He knows I'll keep her if she stays."

"Aye." Borias chuckled. "Want to be sticking it to him?"

"Yes, but how?"

Merrie was occupied with the next bitch, but she listened curiously as she kissed and touched.

"You be trusting me?"

"With my life."

"Be seeing that girl?" Borias pointed to Fir who was dejectedly walking away.

Bass grunted.

"Give Licker away, in front of Kessler."

Another grunt, but this was filled with amusement. Next to him, Sable barked and shot out of the back stage. She ran around, bounding over blankets and legs as she chased after Fir.

Merrie smiled up at Borias who patted her on the head. "I be what I be."

A few minutes later, Fir was being led up to the back stage. Her parents followed closely behind, wary but hopeful. Fir stopped in front of Bass. "Um, excuse me, sir?" She had to careen her head up to look at him.

"Yes," Bass smiled warmly.

"Why was... um, she pulled out of the auction? I wanted to buy her."

"Well, Kessler here," he pointed to Kessler who was leaning against the back wall with a scowl on his face, "pointed out that she's too young to be sold like a common slave."

"Oh," Fir sighed and her eyes grew wet. She gave Licker a forlorn look. "I'm sorry." She glanced over to Borias as she opened her wallet.

Borias shook his head. "You be keeping it as payment."

Fir closed her wallet, then stopped. “Payment? For what?”

Borias smirked at Kessler. “Well, you be seeing. Bass here be a bit softy. He be like fucking and training, but he gets all weepy if he be keeping them. And he not pretty when he be crying. All snot and tears. Pathetic, actually. In fact, when he gets really sad, all these tears be pouring down-”

“Thank you, Bori.” Bass glared at Borias but there was no anger in his eyes.

“So, we can’t be selling Licker for two years. So, I be thinking that she could be using a, ” he smiled broadly before he continued, “personal trainer to teach her about licking pussy properly.”

Fir’s eyes widened brightly. She looked down at Licker as a flush grew on her cheeks. Her mind grew bright as fantasies of Licker burned in her thoughts.

Next to Merrie, Licker gasped. Merrie nudged her and the teenager got into a begging position. She inched closer to Fir.

“That be a good deal? You train Licker to be a good bitch.”

Fir gasped and smiled. A moment later, the smile faded. “What happens after two years?”

“Well,” Bass finally spoke up. “If she’s well trained, then I will pay you a bonus... say giving you one of my bitches in trade? Any one you want.”

Fir looked back and forth between Borias and Bass. She gasped and clutched the wall. “Really?”

Bass nodded and dug into his pocket. He pulled out a small key. “Go on, remove her collar.”

Kessler pushed himself from the wall. “Now, hold on a moment. That’s—”

Bass fixed his gaze on Kessler. “I haven’t sold her to anyone and you damn well know it. She is providing a service for Paladin Puppy Mill.”

“If she removes that collar...”

“Then she will be able to train Licker to her full potential.”

“You’re just giving her away! That’s nineteen thousand marks!”

“Just money, Kessler, just money.”

Kessler stared at Bass for a long moment. His jaw tightened as he struggled with his emotions. Then spun on his heels and stormed off.

Bass waited until Kessler walked out of sight before he laughed. "Good job, Bori."

Fir was standing there, holding out her hands. "P-Please?"

Bass set the key down in her palm.

The young woman trembled as she knelt down in front of Licker. The back of the stage grew hushed as she reached for the iron collar and turned it around. "Where is the hole?"

"Just tap it against the metal."

Biting her lower lip, Fir tapped the key against the iron collar.

It rang out, a high-pitched bell that resonated with Merrie's collar. The ringing faded, but Merrie could feel magic rising up. It was powerful, like the "good girl" command but something far more complicated. Energy surrounded Licker and sank into her skin. Pleasure rolled through the teenage girl and it flared into an orgasm.

Energy pulled Licker's attention straight to Fir. In her mind, which Merrie could read like a book, Licker was staring at every feature on the young woman's face and body. She was fixing it in her mind, searing it into the primal place of childhood memories, secret thoughts, and the home where true love resided. It would never be erased from Licker's life any more than the orgasm that slammed into her would be forgotten.

The key crumbled in Fir's hand, but the girl didn't care. She threw her arms around Licker and held her tight. "Thank you, thank you, thank you!"

Moments later, Fir was leading her new bitch down the stairs.

"Bori," asked Bass, "how much did you give her to buy Licker?"

"I not be knowing—"

"Bori."

Borias sighed and gave him a sheepish grin. "Eight thousand. But, it only be money."

Bass chuckled and clapped Borias on the shoulder. "You have grown up, boy. I'm proud of you. Damn proud of you."

Borias beamed happily.

"Sold for nine thousand. Next up is fifty-seven!"

It was Male Seven. As he embraced Merrie, Merrie sent out a pulse of comfort and love to the bitch just sold. She was too enraptured with Fir and Licker to properly pay attention but didn't

want to miss one. The love that came back brought her a smile and she threw herself into saying goodbye to Seven.

Before she knew it, she was kissing the sixty-ninth bitch goodbye. Her face was wet with kisses and tears. Her body hot and slick. She blinked as the naked woman crawled on the stage and sat down. She was next. Her eyes drifted to Rakin, who was sitting up and watching with rapt attention.

His eyes were bright with excitement and his fantasies were clear even from the distance. They were dark and violent. Unlike the nameless bitches that he fantasized for the years, he finally had a face for his victim.

She knew it was her face, her body. He was going to do anything he could to buy her and there was nothing she could do about it. Before, she could lose herself in kissing goodbye to the bitches. But, now she was naked in his fantasies. No bodies or sales between her and him. She looked around at the remaining bitches.

There were only twenty-three after her. All of them were flush with excitement and buzzing with the orgasms that rippled off Merrie. She couldn't say goodbye personally to them, but every single one knew that she loved them with all her heart. She couldn't help it, she was an alpha and they were her pack for a few hours at least.

(Merrie,) Dixie's thoughts drifted up from where he was lying under the stage with Tabitha. (this is something neither my mistress or I say well, but... we will both miss you. More than you can ever imagine. I know—)

Merrie smiled and focused her comfort on him, hugging him with her thoughts.

Dixie bristled at first but then relaxed.

And then Sable tackled Merrie. (I love you!) The raw emotion drowned Merrie as she fell back, hitting the wooden stage with a thump. The harsh surface stung, but then Merrie was drowning in breasts and licking.

Giggling, Merrie grabbed Sable's head between her own shortened arms and kissed her on the lips.

(I was,) grumbled Dixie, (trying to say goodbye, Sable.)

(Don't care, keep on saying it,) came the whiskey voice as Sable lowered herself to clamp her mouth over Merrie's pussy. Her tongue

lapped at the wet slickness and Merrie arched her back at the pleasure.

Amusement radiated between the two alphas as Tabitha's thoughts drifted away. There were no words needed for a long moment, just orgasms and a world of love that connected the three.

"Sold, for eleven thousand!"

(I love you, Merrie.) Sable kissed Merrie again and again. (I'll miss you and I love you. And love you. And love you. And love you!)

"And the moment you were waiting for..." Eolis paused dramatically. "For the sixth time ever in Blood County, we have an alpha. Though, only four of them had ever been sold, this fair has the honor of auctioning three of those. And now, we have a fourth."

Bass reached past Sable to pick up Merrie. He set Merrie down on her knees and quickly straightened her hair. "Oh, girl. I..." His voice cracked. "You go out..."

Merrie looked up at him. It tore her heart to know she would never see him again, or no. She brought her wrists to her collar and barked once.

Bass swept her into a tight hug. "Be a good girl. No matter what happens, even if he gets you, I won't ever stop thinking about you. I promise." Tears splashed down on her shoulder.

"Bass?" chided Eolis gently. "I'm trying to sell your alpha."

"Sorry," sniffed Bass as he released Merrie. "Go on, be safe."

Bolstered by her former trainer's and alpha's love, Merrie crawled out on the stage.

The din of the crowds silence almost immediately. Her knees tapped on the wooden stage and they were thundering as she took her place on the small platform in the middle. She didn't have a collar, she lost it somewhere, but she didn't need one. Everyone knew who she was.

She rested on her knees and stared out at the silent crowds. There were thousands staring at her. Even with the burning gaze of Rakin against her skin, she could feel the lust and desire in more minds than she could imagine.

Her heart thumped as she felt naked and vulnerable. She was finally there, sitting on the auction block with her future somewhere out in the darkness. She knew where it would lead, but she could pretend someone else would afford her.

“True Submissives are rare. Rarer than almost any other form of magical human. We all know of mages and priests but an alpha gets her power from submission and being dominated. But, it is more than getting off by being beaten, humiliated, or even used as a toilet.”

Merrie flushed at the memory of kneeling in front of Borias, her mouth open as he aimed his cock at her. She opened her eyes and looked over the gathered people. She could feel their minds bright against her thoughts.

And then, her gaze suddenly shifted to the side. She recognized the effect, it was like Bass’ Presence but different. Instead of drawing her eyes toward the source, it was pushing her attention away from a spot. She concentrated on it, forcing herself to look. The pressure increased and then it peeled back.

It was the stranger who was hogging the bench. He didn’t look like much then, but suddenly she saw him as something else. He had short dark blond hair and bright eyes. He was also the only one not looking at her. Instead, he was picking up way over blankets and chairs, completely ignored by everyone around him. And then he casually plucked a necklace from a woman’s neck and stuck it in his pocket. She didn’t even respond as he grabbed her breast and moved on.

“True Submissives’ power is magnified by everything you do. No one knows how her powers will manifest, but we have seen transformation, shape-changing, elemental, transmutation, and flight. Even with all that, there are common powers among all alphas and those powers come down to the bond.”

Merrie pulled herself into a begging position. Every movement was being watched and she remembered the perfection and precision that Piffin demanded. She adjusted her body just right, the perfect poise to turn everyone on.

“Alphas bond with their masters. And it is a bond not unlike familiars. It is initially empathic, but as it matures it becomes telepathic. They know what you want and will do it without question. There is nothing your alpha won’t do. If you want to pierce her,” Eolis gestured to Merrie, “then she will beg for it. Want a pain slut? Beat her, she will take for it when you want and cower when you want her to suffer. You don’t have to order her to be

submissive, she simply will be. No matter how much you push this bitch, she will take it. Pain, toilet, or simply a hole to fuck.”

Eolis stepped forward. “And, since I’m sure you have a doubt, let’s have say... ten volunteers come up here.”

Merrie watched as Eolis as the thriban picked out volunteers. They were strangers but as they came up, Merrie saw that she could read all of their minds. They were excited and horny. A few of them were hoping to get a blow job in the middle of the stage while others were just curious.

Eolis handed each one half a dozen cards. “Now, these are commands the basic bitch knows. Things like roll over and beg. I want each of you to shuffle the cards in any order you want. Then, I want you to turn your backs to the crowd. As I point to you, hold up the card behind you but don’t say anything. The rest will be obvious.”

Merrie faced the ten strangers. She watched them shuffling their cards and laughing. She couldn’t see any of them, but it didn’t matter. She could see the words and commands sliding through their minds. They wanted her and she wanted to obey.

Once arrange, Eolis started. He pointed to one man who raised his card. It was roll over. She was already obeying before it crossed over him. A spattering of applause rippled along the crowds.

Eolis pointed to another. It was beg. Merrie snapped into position. Another command came and she obeyed, then again. Each time, the applause grew louder and Eolis gave a running commentary, both humorous and inspirational. With every passing moment, she could feel the crowds growing more focused and interesting her purchase.

And then it was over. Sixty commands in less than two minutes. Her body prickled with sweat from the last around, Eolis had pointed to each one in rapid succession and she had to struggle to move fast enough. She smiled to herself, flushed with excitement.

“Now, this would be the proper time to have her fuck all of them, but I am trying to sell her. Plus, her new owner might not want sloppy seconds.”

Disappointment rippled through the volunteers and the crowds.

“But, Bass and Paladin Puppy Mill has graciously volunteered their two alphas to do that instead.”

Merrie grinned even wider as Sable and Dixie crawled up. Both of them kissed Merrie on the shoulders, then separated for the opposite ends of the stage.

Merrie expected most of them to go to Sable, but the ten people split in half, threading past each other as they went for the alpha that appealed to them the most.

Eolis walked next to Merrie. He looked down at her and smiled. "Ready?" He asked.

Merrie panted softly, then begged. She barked once.

"Good girl." Eolis spun around and held up his hands. "We start the bid at a hundred thousand marks. Do I hear a hundred, million?"

Merrie's heart thumped loudly as she listened to Eolis spin out the words, a rapid fire. As he spoke, little flags flashed up.

"Two, three. We now have five hundred thousand for the man in _"

"One million!" yelled Rakin and a gasp rippled through the crowds.

Merrie fought back a whimper. She caught Rakin's gaze and shivered at the hatred burning in his eyes. She maintained her position, though, like a proper bitch.

"One million, do I hear two? Two?"

"Two million!"

"Three!"

"Five mil!" snapped Rakin.

"Six!"

"Seven!"

The numbers increased quickly. Merrie stared in shock at the crowds, trying to struggle with the idea that people were paying millions of marks for her. She never saw that much money in her life. Six weeks ago, she was just another person. And now, the numbers kept shooting up.

"Ten!" called Rakin.

Merrie listened to Rakin out-bid everyone. She forced herself to look away from him, to avoid looking at the man who would probably buy her. She gulped and scanned the crowds. She caught her eye drifting to the side again, avoiding a spot to her left.

She forced herself to force through the effect, curious to watch the man steal again. But it wasn't the stranger stealing but an old

man. He was sitting on a blanket by himself, a glass of wine in his hand. He watched the events with curiosity but there was nothing otherwise unusual about him except that no one sat near him.

"I have fifteen million from Count Rakin. Do I have a sixteen? Sixteen? Sixteen to the man with the red glasses. And then seventeen from Rakin. Oh, eighteen from glasses."

"Twenty!"

"Twenty-one!" countered Rakin with a scowl. He gestured sharply as he spoke and one of his guards started toward the other man bidding on Merrie. Rakin's guard dropped his hand to hilt as he stepped over blankets.

Three guards from Count Blood's group stepped between the man and the other bidder. There was a forced casualness in how they held themselves, but there was no question they were armed. Their hands rested on the hilts of the sword as they pointedly stared at the stage, but the threat was clear.

Rakin's man stepped back and Rakin's face grew red with anger. "Twenty-two!"

"And another twenty-two from Count Rakin who isn't paying attention."

Laughter rippled through the crowd.

Rakin's anger increased. He glared around and the people nearest to him shrank back.

"I have twenty-two. Twenty-two? Going once."

Merrie whimpered as the dread came back.

"Going twice."

"Twenty-five million." It was the man in red glasses. He was short but sturdy. He had no shields and she could feel the lust rolling off him. There was nothing remarkable about him, no powers or magic. He was unremarkable but rich. And infinitely better than Rakin.

Rakin sputtered for a moment, his face growing purple. He glared at the man in red glasses. His men shifted from foot to foot, ready to do something.

More of Count Blood's guards gathered around, standing at ready.

Rakin turned his back to the stage as he spoke to the guards gathering around him. The anger burned around him and Merrie picked up images through the shield cracking under the force of his

own emotions. He was sending his guards to kill to the man in glass' family.

Gasping, Merrie reached out for the alphas. Dixie was being fucked in the ass by a man. He was acting like he was enjoying every minute but his mind was bored and unimpressed. On the other side, Sable was sucking on another and moaning enthusiastically with every bob.

Merrie projected the thoughts she caught from Rakin to them.

(My mistress is on it.) Dixie didn't stop moaning, but his connection to Tabitha flared to life.

The entire stage shuddered as Tabitha shot from underneath the stage. She disappeared into the fields with a rush of air.

(She'll be waiting for them. Don't worry, they'll be safe.)

Merrie let out a sigh of relief. (Thank you.)

"Twenty-six million, going once. Going twice."

"Thirty million marks!" It was Rakin.

Merrie's stomach lurched as Rakin's voice echoed across the suddenly silent crowds. She shook as she stared at the count striding toward the stage.

Eolis rumbled in his chest. "Fucker," he whispered in a dark voice. Then, he spoke louder. "Thirty million!"

"Do I hear thirty-one?"

Silence.

"Going once?"

Merrie looked across the crowds, but they were stunned and silent. No one could bid that much, not even the man with red glasses. There was nothing anyone could do.

"Going twice?"

(I'm sorry,) came Sable's thoughts, laden with sorrow and regret.

"Sold to Count Rakin for thirty million marks!"

t'Sade

Her New Owner

42

As Merrie sat on the auction block in stunned despair, the crowds shifted. People got up and began to pack their belongings. It didn't matter that there were bitches after Merrie; now that the alpha was sold, they were no longer interested in the rest of the sales. Those hoping to get a deal began to head closer to the stage, struggling through the press of people in hopes of hearing over the din.

She watched without seeing. It was just a sea of movement and waves of noise. She still hoped that someone would call out a larger price or somehow save her from the fate she dreaded. But, she knew it was just a hopeless fantasy. She had a new owner. He was a man who was going to torture her not only for his sick fantasies, but to vent years of hatred toward Bass. He was going to break her, cut her, and inflict more pain.

Merrie looked out at the crowds. None of them knew what was going to happen. She could see in their minds that they didn't even care. She was nothing but a bitch, something to be sold. Part of her grew slick at the loss of her inhumanity but it blurred with the nausea that tore at her gut.

The worse part was the knowledge that in a matter of days, she would be begging for it. Even with her bond sealed, she remembered the sick feeling of wanting Grange to beat her and strangle her. It would be like that horrid week, but there wasn't be a Borias at the other end to rescue her. There would be no Bass or Tabitha either. Her life was about become hell and there was nothing she could do.

Her eyes drifted across the sea of people, drawn to the one person in the world she didn't want to see: Rakin.

He stood in the center of his men, the guards holding back the press of humanity. He was staring at her, his eyes bright with excitement. She could feel his emotions even from the stage: triumph, relief, and pleasure. He had a cruel smile on his face as he shoved his cock back into his pants.

Dread rose up as she brought her gaze down. The woman who was on her knees was now on the ground, her body limp. The bugged-out eyes and dusky face added to the pounding of Merrie's heart. Terrified, she reached out to see if she could feel the woman's mind, but there was nothing. Just an empty void like Sama.

She looked away sharply, sick to her stomach. This was the man who was going to own her. She could pray for a quick death, but she knew it wouldn't come. Rakin needed her to live and scream.

Sniffing, Merrie looked back over the crowd. They were drifting away, chatting as if this happened every day. No one cared about her and no one would save her.

Anger rose up. She wanted them to care. She stared out at the crowds as the energy gathered around her. It tickled her skin as the emotions boiled inside her. She could make them care, even for a few minutes.

She made up the spell as she came. It started with the domination spell that Haviston taught her, but it wouldn't work against non-bitches. She remembered how she detected the attackers during Grange's assault and dug into her mind until she found a pattern that fit them: a symbol that represented the mass of humanity. She assembled the new spell as she felt the anger and fear burning inside her, she was going to use it to power it. She could do that, she knew how.

It was fragile and her mind struggled to keep the haphazard pattern together. A single flicker of power caused part of her spell to crumble away. She grabbed what she needed and let the rest burn off until she had something that she could use. Her head ached from the effort to create the spell, but she only needed it once.

Taking all her helpless rage and dread, she slammed it into the spell. It exploded instantly and a shock-wave of magical energy radiated from her. Magic slammed into the crowds. Instead of passing through as if they didn't exist, it sank into each one as it

spread out across the people and into the stalls and pavilions that surrounding the auction block.

The world grew silent except for the pounding in her ears. She was dizzy and it hurt to breathe. She blinked past the blurring of her vision at the people who froze in mid-action. As she concentrated, she realized that there were hundreds now underneath her command. She could make them love her, worship her, or even kill Rakin.

She froze at the unexpected thought. It was seductive. It would only take a few seconds and Rakin would never haunt her again. And they would never know it was her, it would be so simple. She looked at Rakin's guards with their drawn swords and frozen helplessly. She couldn't control everyone and she was already losing minds from her domination. Some of the people would die, but she would be free of Rakin forever.

A few people in the crowds began to shuffle toward Rakin.

(It never works.) Haviston's thoughts were tinged with sadness. (You might kill him and, if you are lucky, you'll get away with it. But, then you'll promise yourself that you won't do it again. An hour, a day, or a month later, you'll do it again. And promise yourself. And again. The next thing you know, you have a paladin towering over you and you are looking down the length of an enchanted blade. You'll wonder how you got there, because you don't want to admit it is entirely your fault.)

Merrie latched on his mental presence, a crystalline pillar. (I can't go with him, I can't!)

(Yes, you can and you will. Because if you kill Rakin, you know who will stop you.) An image came up, of Bass standing behind Merrie. He was right inside the back stage, his body obscured by the wooden wall except for a single yellow eye half-hidden in shadows. There was dread and anticipation in his gaze, a fear that everything was about to explode into violence. Around him, the air was hazy from gathering magic.

At his side, Sable sat on the ground watching. She had a sloppy smile on her face but it didn't reach her eyes. She was wary and waiting, no doubt to see what Merrie would do with her spell.

Merrie focused back on Haviston. (Why? They both hate Rakin. Why would they stop me?)

(For everything Bass pretends to be, he will always be a paladin. He is bound by rules, promises, and the greater good. You know how he said you have to choose between two evils? If you do this, he will have to choose.)

(I'm not evil!)

(You just dominated the minds of five hundred, thirty-one people in anger. How is that not evil?)

Her cheeks burned with shame.

Haviston stepped through the crowds. His white robe fluttered as he strolled between them. Like the thief from earlier, none of them acknowledge or even saw him. He was a ghost as he focused his attention on her. (You considered killing Rakin with those thralls, knowing that some of them would die in the process. And all you cared about was freeing yourself. These are not thoughts of a good person. In fact, they were the same things I felt not long before Bass defeated me. No, Merrie Golddotter, if you kill Rakin, Bass will have to make a choice between two evils.)

(But Sable dominated the bitches.)

(To save all of them. You are only saving yourself.)

(But, Rakin is going to torture me. You saw what was in his mind!) She projected the image of her on the ground, a ring fused into her spine.

(Yes, I'm quite sure of that. He is going to rape you until you scream. Probably rip your arms and legs off. Even that ring in the spine looks painful. I've seen those fantasies of his—they are quite hard to miss—and I have no doubt that he is willing to spend the time and money to ensure that you experience every single one of those horrors.)

Bile burned her throat. (How could I ever be more evil than him!?)

(The royal family does not look kindly into the murder of titled personas. And, since we are in Duke Natis and Count Blood's lands, the royal family will look to them for answers. And I have no doubt that Natis would pass the blame to Blood. And, if Waver Blood can't be trusted to keep the foul, disgusting underbelly of Franome contained, there is little reason to give him the freedoms that this county enjoys.)

Merrie shivered at the hard thoughts Haviston gave her.

(So, Merrie Golddotter, when it comes down to two evils, what do you pick: a disgusting man who will torture a single submissive who will gain power from it, or the lives of every single person in this fair?) Haviston stepped up on the stage and crossed over to her. His slippers scuffed along the wooden planks as he came up in front of her.

Merrie looked up at him, her stomach heaving and the nausea burning her throat. She wanted to curl up and sob, to wish for death.

(That isn't an option either. You'll find that True Submissives don't commit suicide. No matter how much the universe beats on you, you get something out of it.)

(He's going to kill me!)

(Probably not. He just spent thirty million marks on you. But, it doesn't really matter what he'll do. You're a beta, about to become an alpha. This is who you are and the only thing you can do is not fight it.)

(Can't you help me?) Her eyes were drawn up to Haviston. He stood in front of her and looked down. There was no love in his eyes, but neither was there hatred or even pity. He just measured her and she realized that she was less than human.

(Yes, but I won't.)

(Why not?)

(If I do, Bass will keep you. I have no interest in allowing you to remain near me for the year and day that I am bound to serve him. I am being petty, yes, but the mill is no longer your home. For my own pettiness, your own good, and my promise to Rendi, I need to ensure you leave the mill.)

Merrie slumped as tears ran down her cheeks. (Is there no one who can stop this?)

He reached down and wrapped his hand around her iron collar.

A shiver of unconscious pleasure through her body. Her grasp on the spell was crumbling quickly and more people began to stir. (Haviston? Please? I can't do this alone.)

He looked down at her, his milky eye not moving as he stared at her. (You won't be entirely alone. There are one hundred and thirty-six lessons in your head that you have not triggered. They were chosen to help you through the next few years of life as a slave.)

Merrie inhaled sharply. (Why? Why do that if you won't help me now?)

(For the rest of your life, you are going to be alone with only one person. You will share their heart, their loves and fears, and their hatred. You will lose your identity to your master and become part of them. But, you still have skills and they are untrained. If I leave you like that, you will become a danger to you, your master, and everyone else. The lessons I gave you are to help you become something more and to save you from becoming what I became.)

Merrie slumped against Haviston's leg and let the collar dig into her throat. He turned her around and she watched as Bass stepped back into the shadows. The air was still hazy around him and she could picture him holding out his hand, ready to summon his blade.

Merrie focused on the bitches behind the thriban. The twenty-three women who would be sold just like her. But, with the crowds gone, it would only be the cheap people who would purchase them. People like Kessler who didn't love their bitches and only saw them as holes to fuck, bodies to breed, and money to be made.

Slowly, she looked over her shoulder at the crowds. They were watching with mute silence. To the side, Rakin had his guards tight around him, swords drawn as they watched the press of people warily. Everyone was frozen in place, except for the edges where people were beginning to look around curiously.

If she tried to stop Rakin, people would die.

Merrie turned back to Bass. He was free of her spell not he didn't move from his position. If she tried to kill Rakin, he would kill her.

Closing her eyes, she gathered up her torn emotions and shifted through them. She struggled with the anger and fear that dominated her thoughts, but she managed to push it aside. She dug deep inside her and found the joy she felt as a bitch: the love of being in a pack, the ecstasy of submission, and the pleasure of obedience. Gathering it up, she turned it from the desire of being a bitch to the hunger to have one.

The world spun around her and she almost threw up again.

Struggling with everything, she sent the desire through the spell that dominated the crowds. She drove everything she could into them, giving the crowds an intense desire to own the remaining bitches and to love them, to treat them with joy and love and

passion. She wouldn't ruin any lives by attacking Rakin, but she could ensure that the remaining bitches would have good homes.

Her vision blurred and she slumped to the ground. Haviston released her collar as she fell and she hit the ground with a thud. Her breasts were crushed against the unyielding wooden planks. The pain shot through her body, but she couldn't move. A sob tore from her throat as the spell crumbled and a few shred of energy burst out; the backlash burned through her veins and she closed her eyes to fight the bile surging up her throat.

And then Bass was there. His thick arms scooped her off the ground before he pulled her into a tight hug. "Good girl," he rumbled.

Haviston only grunted. "Not what I would have done."

Bass brought Merrie tight to his chest in a hug. He whispered, "I was worried there for a moment, Merrie."

Merrie leaned into him and let the tears flows. She wanted to apologize but it hurt to breathe, much less think.

Behind her, the crowds began to move again with only a flicker of confusion. She knew many of them were setting down their things again, to watch the rest of the bidding and maybe consider a bitch when they would have.

(Still a bit evil, though,) Haviston projected wryly with a hint of pride, (but a better long-term decision for you.)

Sable's thoughts came into hers, a wash of love and relief.

Merrie ignored Haviston and focused on the alpha. (I'm sorry, Sable. I don't want to be evil.)

(Oh, Merrie,) came the smokey whiskey voice, (you'll never be evil.) It was a comfort to hear Sable. Sable inched lower and wrapped her own arms around Merrie, the short limbs barely reaching but the soft, curvy body helped. And then she gave Merrie a kiss and a soft smile. "But, I was worried too," she whispered.

One of the bitches was led past them. Moments later, Eolis' spiel started but Merrie didn't listen. She didn't have to, she did what she could.

Boots slammed against the stairs of the back stage as Rakin came up, trailed by half a dozen guards. In the mostly empty space, it was booming as he headed straight for Merrie.

Merrie cringed against Bass and Sable.

“Step away, Bass. That bitch is mine now.”

Bass growled. But, he obediently stood up and stepped away from Merrie.

Merrie slipped to the ground. She whimpered and turned to watch him, then let out a soft sob as Sable reluctantly backed away. She was in the middle of the back stage, alone and helpless. Trembling, she peeked up at Rakin as the count drew closer.

Her new master reached down and grabbed her collar. His knuckles bruised her throat as he wrapped his fingers tightly around it. His arm muscle tightened and he pulled her up, lifting her up until she was barely touching the ground with the shortened ends of her legs. The collar dug into the back of her neck and she flailed helplessly as she tried to escape.

The creak of his gauntlet was the only warning before his fist slammed into her stomach. The impact exploded with magic and pain tore her senses. She let out a high-pitched scream as her entire body tensed up from an electrical discharge. It was almost the same as her collar, but far more painful. It ripped through her arms and legs. Her world turned bright white and she drank in the stench of ozone.

Rakin was unfazed by the electricity. He breathed deeply as he pulled her shaking body close until their noses were centimeters away from each other. “I know what you just did, bitch,” he spoke in anger, “and if you ever try that again, I won’t kill you, but I will make sure that you—” He drew back his fist again.

Merrie cringed and tensed up, knowing the pain would come up.

His fist caught her right below her rib change. The impact crushed her guts and she curled up around his fist as she screamed out. The surge of electricity tore through her, but she had abused her own collar too many times. Prepared for it, it was just an almost familiar pain.

Bass cleared his throat. “Count Rakin?”

“Key.”

“We need to—”

“I said, give me the damn key to her collar.”

Her body shaking violently, Merrie watched as Bass fished a small key from his pocket. He wrapped his thick fingers around it tightly.

“Bassimar, you sold her. Now, give me the key or I will have you arrested.”

Jaw grinding together, Bass slowly released his fingers. The tiny iron key glinted in his palm. Slowly, he reached out and held it out for the count.

The iron dug into Merrie’s neck and Rakin’s knuckles were crushing her throat. She could barely breathe, but it was nothing compared to the fear and helplessness she felt. And, then to her horror, her entire body began to tingle.

Behind her, Sable inhaled sharply.

Merrie’s connection snapped out but it was still caught in Haviston’s spell. She felt itself stretching out across the memory of her grandfather’s lands. She let out a sob and pawed at his chest, her useless wrists pounding against his muscular body.

Rakin smiled and drew her closer. “You almost bonded, didn’t you. I could feel it.”

She sobbed and shook her head.

Rakin’s expression turned into one of shock. She looked up. “Why didn’t she? Where is the bond? Is she already bonded?”

Haviston stepped up. “I put a ward on it to get her safely through the fair. It will release in the next few days.”

“So,” Rakin gave a low laugh, “I have to make sure I’m the only one near her for a few days?” He her closer. “I can do that. And not having you bond means you’ll scream for real.”

Haviston shrugged, his face never showing a hint of emotion. “It could take up to a week, so I recommend you keep her to yourself until then.”

Gasping for breath, Merrie shot a flash of anger at Haviston. (How could you?)

Her emotions slammed against his crystalline shield and he made no response.

Rakin lowered his gauntleted hand. She felt the metal fingers sliding against her inner thighs. With a sob, she knew what he was going to do.

She didn’t have time to tense before he slammed three fingers into her pussy, tearing into the opening. Electricity and pain slammed into her as he lifted her by her pussy to pull her closer. “Just you and me, bitch, for a week?” His deep breathe washed

against her face, "I think I can find something to do. I have a lot of plans for you, cunt."

Rakin turned to a soft-looking aide standing among the guards. "Tass, prepare the wagon and get the tools out."

"Yes, my lord count." Tass had a soft, submissive voice. He bowed deeply and backed away from the count.

Images flashed through Merrie's mind. Rakin had tools in his wagon. They looked like dildos and butt plugs, but there were metal studs and sharp blades. She clenched her body knowing they were going to be rammed into her. She was going to bleed for Rakin. She sobbed with dread.

Rakin ripped his fingers from Merrie's pussy and dropped her to the ground. She hit the wooden surface hard and the impact sent pain coursing through her body. She slumped forward, still sobbing, and was thankful that she caught herself before her breasts were crushed against the floor.

"Sit up, cunt."

Merrie shook her head and curled up.

Rakin grabbed her ears, crushing them in his fist. She let out a scream as he pulled her up, forcing her down into a sitting position. As she was slammed down, her body grew hotter with his domination. Her body tingled as a heat pooled in her pussy. As much as she hated it, his cruelty was turning her own.

"Now, fucking beg."

Fighting herself, she pulled herself into a begging position. She didn't want to. She hated herself for doing it, but the heat inside her was hard to fight. She was trained to obey and her pussy was slick with need. She wanted to be fucked and hurt. She shook her head to fight it, but the instinctive need was already there. The sickening feel of her moisture caressing her inner thighs sent a fresh wave of nausea through her.

"Good enough, cunt."

Rakin snatched the key from Bass' palm. He toyed with it between his two fingers. "I remember doing this before." He focused his attention on Sable.

Bass stepped between Rakin and Sable. "She isn't yours anymore, Count Rakin."

“No, she isn’t. But, I got compensation for you stealing her back. And,” he dropped his gauntleted hand to Merrie’s shoulder. “I have her now. I got your precious little alpha, Bass. And this time, she won’t be running away. I’m going to make sure of that.”

Merrie almost threw up when the images came through. He was going to crop her again, cutting her arms and legs until they were nothing but short stumps. It was going to be bloody and it was going to hurt more than anything she could imagine. She grew aware of his excitement and lowered her gaze down to his crotch, where his cock was already straining at his pants.

“Soon enough, cunt. Let me just tap this....”

He tapped the iron key against her collar.

Energy flared up and around her. It was a blast of pleasure, stronger than any of the “good girl” responses. It was hot and slick. She let out a gasp as it sank into her skin, filling her with liquid heat. It burned the inside of her pussy and ass but quickly spread out to the rest of her body.

Ecstasy flowed through her veins as her attention was pulled up to his face. She tried to fight it, but there was no resisting as her eyes widened and she stared at him.

He was her master. He was the source of her pleasure.

She let out a whimper of despair as her mind locked in his expression. She took in his strong face: the short beard, his almost black eyes, the line of his chin, and the curl of his smile. Every source of every pleasure she would ever need in his cruel gaze.

He was pleasure.

A whimper escaped her throat. She dragged her gaze down his body, seeing beyond the clothes to the body inside. He was muscular and hard. He would fuck her for hours and she wanted.

He was ecstasy.

His cock drew her attention. Even in his pants, she could see the thick member straining against the fabric. He wasn’t as large as Bass but he was the perfect size for her. She would be molded to his pleasure, as tight as she wanted and slick whenever he jammed that cock into her willing body.

Another sob tore out of her. She opened her mouth to breathe, but she kept parting her lips until she was begging for his cock. Her

open mouth needed to be filled with his hardness. She couldn't live without his cum. She needed it, she hungered for it.

He was her only need.

Her whimper grew louder and she let out a soft, sobbing bark.

Rakin chuckled. He straightened up and unbuttoned his pants.

"Right here?" asked Haviston in a bored voice.

"Might as well seal the deal," rasped Rakin. He fished out his cock. It was an angry purple in color with a huge, flared head. The tip glistened with his excitement. It was exactly what Merrie pictured in the desperate part of her mind.

Merrie whimpered with need. Every fiber of her body wanted it. She reached out for it greedily, desperate to slid it past her lips.

Rakin grabbed her head with both hands. The gauntlet crushed her ear against the side of her head, but she didn't care. She opened her mouth as he slammed his cock home. It scraped against her teeth and she cringed, but then he was choking her with his cock.

He didn't pause or slow down. As soon as he was seated into her mouth, his cock tickling the back of her throat, he pulled out. With a grunt, he yanked her down on his cock as he thrust forward with his hips. His balls smacked against her chin as his cock lodged itself deep in her throat. The wet thud was loud as the pounding in her ears.

Rakin dug his fingers into her head and pounded her face, forcing himself deep as he crushed her nose against his belly. Precum coated the insides of her mouth and she drank in the taste. It was liquid pleasure, a drug that she would never stop needing.

Tears ran down her cheeks as she realized she could never forget him. He was burned into her mind, searing itself into the most secret memories she had. Rakin was becoming more important than anyone else in her life. More important than Bass, Borias, Sable, even her grandfather. Rakin was now her entire world.

His hips slammed into her. Each impact sent sparks of white across her vision. His fingers crushed the side of her head with every thrust and she gulped greedily at his cock.

With their physical contact, images flashed across her mind. Of her pinned to the floor as he fucked her with his cock. She had a spiked dildo in her ass and it was only a matter of moment before he would rip it out of her. She was choking underwater, straining to

free herself from the hands that pinned her to the bottom of the river. She was choking in a burlap sack as he beat her with a stick. Every flash of memory brought a fresh surge of heat from his cock as he fantasized abusing her.

When his orgasm came up, she sucked harder. It was the only thing she could do, she was his bitch. He slammed home and held it there, each twitch of his cock swelling inside her throat. The length of his shaft cut off her breath except for a thin trickle of air.

Rakin shook with pleasure and his grip grew slack, but she didn't pull away. She couldn't. She was trained for pleasure and as much as she dreaded the pain and suffering, she hungered for his domination.

"Fuck!" he bellowed as he came. The hot jet of cum splattered against the back of her throat and she gulped it down greedily, wishing he would fill her mouth so she could taste the source of pleasure.

A few hard jets and he pulled back, his slimy cock slid along the length of her tongue. She lapped at it, sealing her lips around the shaft so he pulled out a glistening clean cock from her mouth. As soon as his thick, rounded head pulled out with a pop, she closed her mouth and ran the thick liquid over her tongue, enjoying every taste as it swirled around.

Rakin chuckled and looked down. "I forgot how good you train your bitches, Bass."

Bass growled, a glare etched across his face and anger burning in his thoughts.

"Don't worry, I already have a new collar ordered for her."

Merrie didn't realize her collar was gone. For six weeks, it was a constant companion, a weight against her shoulders. But, it was gone. She was naked, utterly naked, as she knelt in front of her new master. But, as much as she missed it, his cock had become her new drug and she wanted to feel it inside her.

She cursed the collar's magic. It was making her want the one man she hated. It was her own body betraying her, not her mind or soul.

Rakin smiled and shook his fingers to the side. "After Grange told me how much the cunt took advantage of that healing charm—"

Merrie, Bass, and Sable gasped.

“—I ordered a matching collar. It doesn't heal as fast as Rendi's, but it will keep her alive no matter what I do to her.” He lowered his gaze to Merrie. “So, you'll enjoy all of the pain I can give you. And then I can cage you for a week or so and you'll be ready for the next around. I promise you, cunt, you are going to beg for death by the time I'm done.”

“You,” rumbled Bass, “worked with Grange?”

Triumph rose inside Rakin. “Who do you think paid for that army you destroyed? The teleporter? The ward breakers?”

“Was he always... your man?”

“No, Grange found me after you kicked him out for snuffing that other bitch. I promised him any of the bitches he wanted, but he said that he wanted only one. Your Sable.”

Bass and Sable growled. The air grew tight as magic gathered around the paladin and his alpha.

“I knew he was going to die, though,” Rakin said with a smile. “But, I was hoping you were going to lose a few more bitches. It would have been an irony to kill you with your own promises, but in the end, I got what I wanted.”

He rested a hand on Merrie's head, his gauntlet digging into the sensitive part of her dog ear. “And I know how much you like keeping track of your old bitches, Bass, so I'll make sure to send you monthly reports and...” a smile stretched across Rakin's face, “pictures so you know every thing I do to her. And don't worry, you can visit whenever you want.”

“Damn you,” snarled Bass.

“No, Bass, fuck you for stealing my first alpha.”

Bass stepped forward and the air grew hazy.

Rakin shook his head with a sly smile. “Striking a count is treason, Bass. Really want to risk your life for revenge?”

Bass' response was interrupted as Tass came rushing back in. “My lord count!”

Rakin turned with a sigh of annoyance, his cock smacking Merrie on the side of her face.

She turned for his hardness, desperate to have it inside her mouth again.

“What is it, Tass? Why are you—”

“Your guards were attacked by... by... that creature!”

He pointed accusingly as Tabitha stepped into the backstage. She was naked but covered from head to toe in blood. It was everywhere and thick globs of gore stuck to her thick bush and hair. She had a satisfied smile on her face even with her arms were bound behind her back. Her breasts rose and fell with slow movements; she was not concerned in the slightest bit. As everyone stared at her, she used her shoulder to wipe the blood from her face.

Four guards surrounded her, blades drawn as they kept their distance. Behind her, two more guards were carrying a man in their arms. The man was in Rakin's uniform, but his right arm and both legs were ragged, bloody ends.

Tabitha had cropped him. Merrie shivered at the memory of her own cropping, but there was no doubt that the man didn't experience even a hint of pleasure in his amputation.

Rakin made a guttural noise in his throat. "What happened?"

"It appears," said Count Blood as he joined after them, "that a number of your guards decided to stage an attack on Mister Tobb's family during the bidding process. Now this one," the count pointed to the cropped guard, "claims that you ordered it. Did—"

"I did no such thing," lied Rakin.

The injured man was devastated. He opened his mouth, but the two guards holding him dropped him. Despair and fear filled the cropped man and a flickering hatred at Rakin's betrayal.

"I would never approve of such senseless violence." He looked down at the injured guard, then back to the wagon. "He is no longer employed by me. Please ensure he is punished properly for his crimes. Were there others?"

"Yes, but they didn't make it."

"M-My lord count!" cried the injured guard. "I was—"

"Quiet!" snapped Count Rakin.

Silence filled the back stage.

And then Eolis' voice carried out from the front stage. "And the final sale of the night. This lovely bitch has been sold for twenty-five thousand to the Dappler Family!"

Applause burst out.

"Remember all bids include taxes for both the duke and Blood County, so what you bid is what you will pay. Please come to the

back stage to finish your transactions. And have a good night everyone!”

Rakin grabbed Merrie by her ear. The pain slashed through her senses as he crushed the sensitive ridge between her fingers. “Come on, I’m going back to my camp. Count Blood, that man is yours.”

Without waiting for a response, Rakin dragged Merrie across the wooden backstage and between the gathered guards. Her bare ankles skittered uselessly against the ground. As she struggled to remain on her knees, her mouth was reaching for his exposed cock. She needed the taste, it was her drug. She was slick for him and the primal part of her hoped that if he wouldn’t fuck her mouth again, he would slam it home in her pussy.

Rakin marched down the stairs. He came to a stop at the bottom.

In front of him, Kessler blocked his path.

“Out of my way!”

“No,” Kessler said simply.

“I am a count. Move immediately or I will—”

Kessler shook his head. “I’m sorry, my lord count, but please understand my position. While I have no love for Bass and he has none for me, but I will insist that you pay for your purchase before you take it home. The sanctity of a financial transaction must be maintained.”

A long, uncomfortable silence stretched out. Someone in the crowd coughed.

Kessler focused over Rakin’s shoulder. “You were planning on getting paid, Bass, right? Or were you going to give her away too? Even if you do, I’m sure Eolis will demand the duke’s taxes and I feel Count Blood would like his share. Someone will have to come up with—”

“No, no,” snapped Rakin, “I’ll pay for the bitch.” He dug into his pocket. “I wouldn’t want Bass to claim I stole something from him.” He shot a glare up at Bass.

Bass and Sable growled as one.

Rakin frowned and checked his other pocket. Then a third. “Hold on.”

He retried his first pocket, then turned to Tass. “Where is it?”

Tass paled. “My lord count?”

“The money? Give it to me!” Rakin held out his palm.

“I’m sorry, my lord count, you insisted on keeping the money. It was in your right—”

“Don’t you dare take—”

Kessler cleared his throat. “I can save you some time looking, my lord count,” he said, “Neither you nor any of your men have thirty million on you. Bass only has three thousand, two hundred marks. Furthermore, Eolis has not collected taxes on your transaction. So, that implies that you haven’t paid for her and I,” he bowed with only a hint of mocking, “request that you complete your purchase to avoid damaging Bass’ property.”

t'Sade

Locked Away

43

After Kessler's declaration, the entire area around the stage plunged into stunned silence. Even the anonymous people staring at Merrie and the counts froze. It was a deafening quiet, interrupted only by the pounding of Merrie's heart.

Count Blood stepped down the stairs, his thigh brushing against Merrie. "I think we should move this conversation to a more," he gestured to the crowds that were gathering, "private place. Mard, my tent?"

Rakin's mouth snapped close with a click of his teeth. He spun toward Blood and pointed accusingly at Kessler. "How does he know!? He stole my money, didn't he?"

Kessler took on an insulted look. "I," he declared, "don't steal and I don't lie."

He had manipulated Merrie into selling his bitches. She hated him, not only for how he used her, but also from the memories she picked up from Bass. No matter what Kessler said or did, Merrie could never forget Bass' memory of the drowned bitches in the river bed. The merchant had no compassion and no compulsions towards the bottom line. Nothing else mattered to him except money.

But, her hatred for Kessler was thrown into confusion as she stared at the merchant. Kessler looked impassively back at Rakin, unfazed by the count's guards surrounding him or the crowds watching with rapt fascination. She didn't know why Kessler stopped Rakin, but it conflicted with all the evil she saw in the man.

Rakin glanced at Kessler, then back to Blood. "He's lying."

Count Blood shook his head. "No, he isn't. If Kessler says he doesn't have your money, then he doesn't."

Rakin shook his head. “No, I don’t believe you. He’s your man, of course you’d protect him.” The scowling count looked around at the crowds, then down at Merrie. With a start, he lifted his head up to Bass.

Bass, his lips pressed into a tight line and a glare on his face, nodded reluctantly. “He doesn’t have your money.” Bass’ voice was a growl.

Rakin made a double-take. “You believe him!? You hate him. Grange said so!”

Anger and hatred draped over Bass in a cloud. His arms tightened over his chest. “Yes, I hate Kessler. I hate him more than you can ever know. There is nothing more than I would like to see him cursed to die slowly and painfully.”

A sudden burst of emotions radiated from Kessler. It was fear and dread. Merrie snapped her head to look up, but the emotions clamped off instantly. She couldn’t even see a hint of the fear on Kessler’s face. It didn’t even reach his eyes, but she was sure she felt something from the merchant.

Bass continued. “He is self-centered, egotistical, manipulative, cruel, money-grubbing—”

“Bass....” Kessler hissed through clamped teeth.

“—asshole. But, he is painfully fair and honest. If he says he doesn’t have the money, then he doesn’t have it. I can promise you that.”

A shiver ran down Merrie’s spine. There was anger in Bass’ voice, but he didn’t make promises lightly.

Rakin stared for a long moment at Bass, then sighed. He turned back on Kessler. “Then where is my money?”

Kessler held out his hands. “I don’t know. You had thirty-four million, six hundred twenty-three thousand marks when you were bidding. But between then and the point I saw you coming down the stairs, you did not.”

Rakin turned to his guards. “You and you,” he pointed to two guards, “start looking on the grounds around the whore. The rest of you start searching people for my money.”

Bystanders backed away at Rakin’s sharp words.

Count Blood stepped in. "Excuse me, Mard, we have laws here. You can't just strip people on just because you don't have your money."

"When it is my marks, I can," came the growl, "I'm a gods damned count!"

"No, you can't." Blood held up his hands. "You are in my county and we will obey the laws of this country."

Rakin let out a long breath and dropped a possessive hand on Merrie's shoulder.

She shivered at the anger burning inside him, the connection of their bodies making the images painful as it seared across her mind. She fought back a surge of lust for Rakin; his cock was still hanging out of his pants and she inched her mouth closer.

The count ignored her. "And how do you propose to find my money? Ask people nicely for thirty million in cash? I'm sure they'll hand it right over."

Merrie noticed a few people slipping back from the crowds, no doubt to look for the money themselves. Others were considering it and she felt the greed ripple through the crowds in a blue-green wave that sickened her.

"Someone stole my money, Waver, and I'm going to get it one way or the other. So, either you help me or get out of my way. If you try to stop me, there will be a lot more blood tonight."

"Are you threatening me, Mard?"

"Yes." Rakin's fingers wrapped around Merrie's hair and he pulled her closer. Her mouth caught against his cock and she let out a moan as she tried to suck on it. He glanced down, then turned away to shove himself back into his pants with his spare hand.

As Rakin put himself away, Count Blood thought for a moment, his eyes following some of the people sneaking away. He sighed and raised his hand over his head and snapped his fingers.

A number of men in Blood County uniforms hurried closer.

"Captain Dormit. Take half your men and seal off the fair. Stop anyone trying to leave or go to the camps." He paused for a moment, obviously disliking the next thing he was going to say. "Pair off with Count Rakin's men and keep tempers calm. There is going to be a lot of upset people and I was to avoid bloodshed. Kessler?"

“Yes, my lord count?”

“I want you to go through the people heading out. Once everyone is gone, we’re going to go through the pavilions and stalls. Bass?” Count Blood spoke curtly as he continued to turn until he stared up at Merrie’s former trainer.

Bass bowed. “Yes, my lord count?”

“Ask if Eolis know if the duke is here at the fair.”

Bass nodded and disappeared back behind the stage.

Rakin frowned. “Why would Duke Natis be here?”

Blood glanced over at the crowds, then leaned toward Rakin. “Last year, I found out that the duke sneaked into the fair disguised as one of the common folk.”

“Really?” Rakin’s voice had dropped to a whisper. “Are you sure?”

“Ever wonder how he know about Count Tassin’s uprising before Tassin did?”

“Damn, that is pretty sneaky. How did you find out?”

Count Blood beamed happily. “My little Diffy saw through his disguise. I didn’t say anything, but if he is here, we can get a decree that would help with looking for your money.”

“Waver?” Rakin jammed his fingers against Merrie’s scalp and ground her into his thigh. She felt a flash of heat at his presence, a hunger to be with him and the feeling of being dominated by the cruel man. Even the hope that he wouldn’t find the money was nothing compared to the lust she felt from him removing the iron collar. “Why are you helping me?”

“Because, Mard,” Count Blood focused a sharp gaze at Rakin and his voice lowered, “you threatened my people. And, unlike you, I care about them. And I will help you look, but when this is over, you and I are going to have a lot of words about your attitude at my fair.”

Rakin’s lips pressed into a thin line. “I’m a count. It is in my right —”

“You threatened my people. I don’t want to ever see you at my fair again.”

“You can’t stop me, Waver.”

“I can if the duke gets involved.”

“You wouldn’t dare,” hissed Rakin.

“Yes, I would.” Count Blood turned as Eolis stepped up to the back stairs. “Eolis?”

The other thriban stepped down the stairs, his eyes scanning the people arrayed at the bottom. “Is it serious?”

“Yes,” snapped Rakin, “someone stole my money.”

“Did you actually have it?”

Rakin’s mouth gaped open and his fingers dug into Merrie’s head, fingernails pressing into the flesh. She whimpered and moaned at the same time.

“Yes,” said Kessler quietly, “he did when he was bidding. He does not now.”

Eolis looked at the curious people surrounding them and shook his head. He walked down the stairs and the wood creaked from his weight. “That is both good and bad. But, we have rules about auctions. If you can’t produce the money during the transaction, it is in Count Blood’s right to have you arrested.”

Rakin’s face darkened. “He can’t arrest me, I’m a damn count!”

“Yes, that would be a problem, wouldn’t it?” Eolis wasn’t smiling and a low rumble vibrated in his chest. “Which means you better come up with the money in a hurry.”

“Is,” Count Blood cleared his throat, “is the duke here?”

“He is not.”

Merrie’s ears perked up as she heard the lie. Eolis’ thoughts were guarded, but for a brief moment, she pictured an old man getting out of Eolis’ wagon a few miles away from the fair. Merrie had never seen him before, but the duke had bright green eyes and almost no hair. His left hand was withered but he clutched a carved staff tightly between his blackened fingers. Despair rose up inside her, she hadn’t seen the duke at all while she was walking around the fair.

“Damn,” muttered Count Blood. “I was hoping. All right, let’s go. Why don’t we let our people look for your money and relocate to my tent?”

“No,” Rakin said as he ground Merrie’s head against his thigh. “I’m going to my tent.”

Bass cleared his throat. “You haven’t bought her.”

“Like hell I’m going to leave her with you, Bass. If you get her back, I know you’ll take her back to the mill.”

"Well, you know where it is," came the bitter reply, "I'm sure you'll bring a second army if I leave."

"She isn't going with you."

"She isn't yours!" Bass' roar cut through the air.

"She is, Bass, and you better accept it. I get to do whatever I want to your alpha and there is nothing I can do about it."

Merrie whimpered at the images flashing through his mind. He was fantasizing about bolting her to the wall in a bathroom, forcing her to become a toilet slave for months if not years. She shivered against his body, fighting the urge to wrap her arm around his leg to bring his cock closer to her mouth and hating every second of it.

"If you two are done pissing on each other," Eolis said, "you are going to put the alpha in my wagon as escrow."

"What?" Rakin asked. "We're doing what?"

"My wagon, now." Eolis stepped forward and raised his hands to address the crowds. "All bitch auction transitions will complete at my wagon in thirty minutes. If you are not there, you don't have your money, or you are missing a bitch, plan on being arrested."

He turned back and barked out a sharp command. "Bring the alpha now. Your men have four hours to find Count Rakin's money."

Rakin grumbled and then shot out commands. Count Blood gave orders of his own and both groups of men spread out.

Merrie whimpered as she looked up at Rakin. She wanted him, she craved for his cock and his orders, but she was terrified at the look on his face. He wanted to kill someone but there was no one to vent his rage or frustration. If he managed to find his money, she would bear the brunt of his anger. Tears burned in her eyes as she pictured the things he would do to her. But, even as she was terrified of the count, she also lusted after him. She wanted him, needed him. She would do anything to wrap her lips or pussy around his cock one last time.

Bass stopped next to Rakin. "Come on," he growled.

"After you," responded Rakin as he clutched Merrie tighter to his leg. He turned away from Bass, forcing Merrie to crawl along the ground away from her former master.

Bass rumbled in his chest, but strode forward. Tabitha bounded after him, her naked body still soaked in blood and her wrists bound

behind her back. There was a casual way the shapeshifter moved that told Merrie that the bounds wouldn't stop her.

It gave Merrie hope, knowing that Tabitha would fight if Merrie could somehow escape Rakin.

It only took a few minutes to reach Eolis' wagon. It was a massive wooden vehicle that dominated a clearing in the fields. Ten large horses, all of them larger than Bass, were tethered at one end as they eat greedily from a large trough of food and drank from another trough larger than Bass' tub. The wagon was larger than the horses and Merrie wondered if they could actually pull anything that large even along the road.

Merrie was almost blinded by energy that rolled off both the wagons and the horses. There were dozens of spells and wards covering every inch. Each of the wooden planks on the wagon was inscribed with runes she could only see with her mind's eye. Strands of power anchored the wagon to the ground.

More spells were burned into the ground around the wagon in concentric circles. She saw three lines of wards and the power of each one was killing the grass in neat circles. She hesitated at the first ward, afraid of being shocked. Rakin dragged her across using her hair as a leash. She cringed, waiting for a lashing of power, but she felt only a tingle of power as she crossed the threshold.

Eolis walked them around the back end of the wagon. On the far side, sheltered from the noise and lights, was a small camp site. It has a small banked fire, a pot sitting on a rock near it. A young man, wearing a simple shirt and shorts, stood up as Eolis came around. "Oh, I'm sorry..." his voice trailed off as the others followed. He put a book behind his back to hide it.

"Don't worry," Eolis said with a grim smile, "they aren't here for long. Just stay out of the way."

"Y-Yes, sir." The man bowed and ducked out of the way.

Merrie followed him with her eyes. She could feel a submissive streak in the young man. He had a familiar hunger to be dominated but it was focused purely on Eolis. She glanced over at Eolis who didn't seem to notice her, but her body grew warmer at the idea of Eolis' massive frame hulking over the young man.

On the other side of the wagon, there were four doors, each one shackled with iron bands and a large black square where a lock

would be. Three of them were narrow and situated near the front of the wagon. The rooms behind them couldn't be more than a few meters across. The fourth one was right in the center and Merrie could imagine it having a five meter wide room behind it.

Eolis stopped at the center of the narrow doors. He slapped his hand against the black square. Magic flared around it, acidic and powerful. It crackled along his body, but then a loud crack noise filled the air.

Merrie jerked at the sound and the flash of power that radiated from the door.

The door swung open and Eolis jammed his thick fingers in the crack to pull it all the wide open.

Merrie lifted her body to look inside, but she couldn't see into the shadows. She caught sight of a few boxes, but then Rakin pushed her down. She caught her breath, listening to her pounding in her ears as his hand ground her down. The domination brought a whimper to her throat which only encouraged him to push her harder.

"If you would be so kind, Count Rakin," Eolis said as he turned around. "I want the alpha in here." The thriban gestured to the room.

Rakin wrapped his hand around Merrie's hair and pulled hard. Merrie let out a cry as she clutched at her hair, but her severed wrists slid helplessly against Rakin's arm. She was consumed by helplessness, which added to the pain of being dragged and ignited a heated fury inside her pussy. She couldn't stop him, she never would be able to stop him.

When Rakin threw her at Eolis' feet, Merrie curled into a ball and ground her wrists between her legs. Her pussy was soaking wet, heated by her helplessness and the lust she felt for Rakin's body. She hated and lusted after him but her body could only response with a hungry need for his cock.

Eolis crouched over her. "It's okay, girl. I'm just going to lock you in here until we can figure this out. You'll be safe from everyone."

Merrie forced herself to look up in Eolis' eyes. They were larger than Bass' and she could see little red flecks in his yellow gaze. He was huge as he loomed over her, a primal man barely contained in his black suit. She was a vulnerable animal to anything he wanted

her to do. With a soft whimper, she ground her arms against her pussy as fresh juices soaked her arms.

“I’m going to pick you up now,” Eolis whispered and reached down. His large hands scooped Merrie up.

Heart pounding in her chest, she plastered her body against his chest and leaned into him. She could hear his heart in his chest, a steady thump that shook her body.

His fingers were thick and his thumbs curled over her hips as his fingertips slid along her soaked arms. He gripped her rightly as he lifted her off the ground. He spun her around and set her down on the threshold of the room.

When his thick arms pulled away, she blinked at the sense of being abandoned. She stared into the room. It was only two meters across and four meters long. Along both sides were long, narrow boxes with locks on them. Each lock had the Blood County seal on it, a sword with a single droplet of blood on it.

“Those are the county taxes. Needless to say,” Eolis said with a chuckle, “don’t open them. But, with your hands, I don’t think that will be a problem.”

He reached in and pulled a canvas tarp from the top of one of the boxes. It slid off with a scrape of coarse fabric and slumped to the ground. “This isn’t comfortable, but its going to be a few hours. Will you be okay?”

Merrie looked at the tiny, cramped room. It was like being in a cage. She shivered at the thought of the helplessness and the confinement. Slowly, she nodded to Eolis.

“Good girl, that’s what Bass says, right?”

She gave him a sheepish smile and nodded.

“Good girl.”

Merrie’s pussy clenched at the rumbling words. She watched with wide eyes as the door closed and her world was plunged into darkness and silence. Magic rippled along the walls of the room, but it didn’t shine inside. Instead, it was a flickering presence that she couldn’t miss even if she closed her eyes.

She gave a hesitant whimper, but the sound only echoed in the cramped quarters. Inching forward, Merrie reached out for the door. The wood was warm, but she felt a tingle of the wards against

her wrist. It was a sick feeling, like a snake about to strike. She yanked her hand back and stumbled back.

Trembling, she glanced around at the room. The wards crackled against her senses, a burning sensation that muted her quickly fading lust. She lowered her head to the ground and fumbled with the canvas tarp. It was hard to shift it in the dark, but soon she managed to make a makeshift bed out of the rough fabric. With a sigh, she sank down on the musty fabric.

Time passed, but she couldn't tell how long. There was nothing but the pulse of her heart and the long darkness that surrounded her. Alone with her thoughts, she played over when Rakin removed her collar. She couldn't think about anything else but that initial rush of excitement and the hunger kept drawing her mind.

The need grew too much. She rolled on her back and spread her legs. In the darkness, she imagined Rakin kneeling between her legs. His hands reached out for her, not to caress her breasts or to tease her pussy, but to wrap his fingers around her throat and squeeze.

Merrie arched her back at the imaginary lover. She couldn't help but hunger for the imaginary cock about to impale her. She brought one severed arm against the "V" of her legs and stroked back and forth. She could never masturbate in the cage or with the collar, but she knew an orgasm would cum if she stroked herself.

She didn't have fingers anymore. She couldn't roll her fingers along her clitoris or plunge into her pussy. The only thing she could do was rub the length for her arm along her soaked pussy. For a moment, she wondered if she would ever be able to masturbate again, but then the familiar heat came rushing up. She was a bitch and her orgasms would always come easily.

Relieved, she planted the ends of her legs into the canvas, using the folds of fabric pinned by her weight so she could force her hips up off the ground. Her weight settled on the ends and her shoulders, a spark of pain mixing in with the pleasure. She used both arms to rub against her pussy, sliding back and forth with wet, slurping noises.

In her mind, she thought of Rakin. She wanted to fantasize about Bass, Borias, even Tabitha, but there was only the count burned in her mind. She knew how he would fuck her in that position,

jamming his hips between her legs and shoving his cock into her pussy.

Her body clenched at the imagined penetrate. But, it was too delicate for Rakin. He would hurt her. She imagined him reached out with his hands, not to grab her breasts or hips, but to wrap fingers around her throat.

She gasped, then forced herself not to breathe. Rakin wouldn't give her that freedom. He would choke her. Her mouth opened, she stroked harder as the juices sopped up her arms. It dribbled down to her elbows as she pumped harder and faster. She could feel an orgasm coming, ginger and delicate as if she wasn't sure she could make herself come again.

The imaginary Rakin's thumbs bore down on her windpipe and a flash of heat coursed through her body. She arched her back up more, wishing it was the real cock pounding into her pussy. She wished that he was choking her, not her pretending to be choked as she pumped as frantically as possible. More juices dribbled down her arms, soaking her hard belly and pooling against her breasts.

Her sobs echoed in the tiny room. The sound of it reminded her that she wasn't really being choked. Her orgasm faltered, but she focused hard on the sensation of not breathing and having a cock pounding into her pussy.

With a frantic jerk, she finally came. It was her first orgasm from her own efforts in weeks. She jerked violently on the canvas. The smooth end of her right leg slipped out of the fold and she came crashing down. She didn't care as she rolled over the musty fabric, sobbing and shaking as the pleasure tore through her.

She slumped against the canvas, her arms ground against her soaked pussy, and drifted into the cum-soaked afterglow of an orgasm. She couldn't tell if her eyes were open or closed, the magic shone through her eyes no matter what she dead. Her breath was loud in the cramped quarters and she focused on her breasts as her chest rose and fell with her deep breaths. She was intimate familiar with her body, more so than she had ever been before. She knew every centimeter, every millimeter. It was a comfort, knowing how she would respond. No matter how much she feared Rakin, she was absolutely sure that he would make her come.

It terrified her. The afterglow cracked underneath the realization that it was only minutes before they found Rakin's money. The brief reprieve was just a tease, a pause before the real horror began.

Merrie needed comfort. She reached out with her mind, not looking for anyone besides bitches. She felt them but none of them could give her the comfort she wanted. She pushed out further, looking for Sable. She found her, but Sable's thoughts were on the edge of Merrie's senses, fading in and out as the alpha concentrated on something.

Withdrawing, Merrie reached out for Dixie. The other alpha was moving away from Merrie but still within range. (Dixie?)

(Done jilling?)

A flush of humiliation rose inside her. (H-How did you know?)

Wry amusement. (That's what all bitches do when they get the collar off.) His voice faded for a moment and then came back.

(Even you?)

(Every time I don't have a bitch to dominate. Sable does the same. We all do.)

Merrie couldn't help but smile in the darkness. (I'm done. I just needed to hear someone, a familiar voice one last time.)

(Well, I'll give you my thoughts as long as I can, but no promises. We are making good time to Count Blood's fortress.)

(We?)

The wagon rushed along a pitch-black trail in a pool of light. The horses were lathered and frantic as Ebony's husband whipped them into movement. A globe of mage light hung between the two horses, creating a pool of light barely large enough for a few seconds advance warning. The cracks and weeds along the trail rushed past with dizzying speed.

It would be dangerous if Dixie wasn't leading the way, his supernatural senses picking out dangers in the darkness. He raced a few meters ahead, barking out warnings.

Behind the wagon, one of Count Blood's guards followed on wagon. She rode in the light of another globe hanging from the back of the wagon. She didn't want to be there, but Dixie picked her out. She was a knife fighter and a former thief, capable of sneaking in the darkness and with just a hint of silfae blood running through her veins.

Dixie had fucked her once, not as a bitch but as a gift for services well done for the count. He liked her taste, even though there would be no

fucking that night. He had a job to do and he would protect Ebony and her children with both of their lives.

Merrie gasped with the feeling of ice water in her veins. (What happened?)

(Rakin has hurt the pack too many times and he is vengeful. Right now, his men are stripping people and tearing apart stalls. Blood's men are doing everything they can to avoid it turning into a full out slaughter, but it is getting violent out there. With his money being stolen, Rakin will do anything to get you. If he can't, he might take it out on people precious to Bass. So, I'm making sure Ebony is safe. I'd rather she go back to the mill, but neither Bass nor Ebony will allow that. So, we are taking her to Blood's. Not even Rakin would try to get revenge on the count's private lands.)

(Why would the mill be better? Grange got in before.)

Anger snapped through the connection. (You try to maintain wards for twenty years. It had been ten years since the last attack and my mistress...) his thoughts trailed off, and then came back calmer. (Sorry, my mistress has been beating herself up ever since Grange. Wards, like fences, need to be maintained. Over the years, little holes and rips had eroded them and even the patch fixing she did in the days after Grange left wasn't enough. In the last six weeks, Borias and my mistress had been rebuilding them and they are strong enough to stop an army.)

His thoughts grew faded for a long moment, and then came back. Merrie strained to keep the connection apart, pushing energy down until it came back hazily. (Dixie?)

(Yes?)

(Thank you. Thank you for everything. I... I could have never been me without you.)

A wave of love, sharp and bitter as Tabitha's cruel affections. (We both love you, Merrie. As much as you have to go, you have brought us great—) And then he ran out of range.

Merrie sniffed at the sudden tears. She wiped her face, breathing the scent of her pussy. She considered stroking herself again, but didn't. She listened to her breathing for a long moment as she considered her options.

Rakin terrified her, even as she lusted after him. The curse of Rendi's collar still burned on her mind and she felt her body growing hot at the thought of him pinning her to the ground.

It was hard to think about anything other than Rakin, but Merrie forced herself to concentrate. She needed a different master. She needed to find some way to freeing herself from the despair and dread that waited for her.

She thought about the image she picked from Eolis, of the old man getting off the wagon. It was the duke. He could stop Rakin and his men. She couldn't do anything else, but she could find him.

Merrie reached out with her mind, scanning around but she found it hard to focus on anything but other bitches. With a sigh, she stopped and tried again but her mind refused to concentrate on anything but the lust burning inside her.

With a disgusted sigh, she picked herself up. Shifting to her knees, she spread her legs until the canvas tickled her sex. She brought her hands up to her neck, wishing she could feel the heavy iron collar again. As soon as she settled into place, she let out a sigh. It was a comforting position and she found it slightly easier to concentrate.

Closing her eyes, she concentrated on the image she saw of the old man. She could find him, she knew she could. She reached out with her mind, struggling to ignore bitches and submissives.

The world spun around her and she felt her body growing smaller, shrinking into the six year-old self sitting on her grandfather's lap. He was fingering her, the long digits sliding deep into her pussy and igniting the the adult lust in the girl body. His other arm was around her neck, pinning her against his chest as he pulled back.

She clawed at his arm, trying to free herself as tears ran down her cheeks. The hot summer air rushed along her pussy, adding to moist heat that gathered around her.

He pulled her back and his large cock slid down her slit, leaving a slimy trail against her young skin.

"No!" screamed Merrie. She flailed violently back and forth. She couldn't let her grandfather rape her. She hated what Haviston had done to her, to her memory. She didn't want to remember her grandfather that way. She wanted to be a woman, a full-grown woman and not a little girl.

Her body twisted underneath him. For a brief moment, she could almost feel herself growing on him but then she felt pressure grinding her back down, forcing her into the young form once again.

"Stop resisting, little one. Just accept your lesson."

"No! No! No!" Merrie struggled with weak arms and legs. She tried to regain the feeling of being a woman once again. It was hard, she could feel the pressure of Haviston bearing down on her. He was making her young, forcing her to suffer at her grandfather's hands.

He positioned his cock at her entrance, the slick head sliding back and forth along her pussy lips. With a grunt, he slammed her down and she let out a scream as his cock impaled her to the hilt.

She pushed out, not with her frail physical form, but with her mind. She wanted to be a woman, not a girl. She could handle her grandfather with the body and mind that Bass had trained.

The pressure increased until it sent agony splitting across. Her legs grew over her grandfather's thighs. The pressure of the cock faded as her adult pussy wrapped around it. Haviston's spell grew painful around her thoughts, the pressure to force her down ripping through her senses. Merrie took everything she could against it, remembering every centimeter of her body. She was a bitch. She knew her body and how it responded. A cock was a cock to her now, and nothing the horrid thing raping her.

With a lurch, Haviston's spell cracked. With a rush, she was back in her adult form, amputated at the wrists and ankles. She was a helpless bitch once again and she was never relieved.

*Her grandfather wrapped around to grab her breasts, squeezing them tightly as he pounding his cock into her. "Damn you," he whispered into her ear. "Damn you to the hells."

Merrie let out a gasp and bore down, clamping her inner muscles around the hardness as he pumped into her. She bore down, lifting and dropping herself on the shaft until she felt it surging inside her. Wet splatter of sum filled her, soaking her insides and she let out a tiny orgasm.

Her grandfather slumped back, panting. "You ruined the lesson."

Merrie looked over her shoulder at the old man. It tore her heart to know it was her grandfather buried inside her, the last few surges of cum soaking her insides. "I don't want to be a girl anymore."

Her grandfather sighed. "Then the lessons will get harder."

He paused, as if giving her a chance to go back to the way it was. She felt the pressure from Haviston's spell. It would force her back into her six year old frame. One sickening rape for every lesson.

She couldn't face another lesson that way again. "No."

For a moment, there was a brief smile of triumph. Then, he spoke on Haviston's voice. "So shall it be." He reached up for her.

Merrie flinched, but her grandfather grabbed her breast. His finger caught her nipple, crushing it against his finger. She squirmed at the touch, the pleasure and pain mixing. Her pussy clamped around his growing cock and she sank down against his chest.

Her grandfather reached out with his other hand and held his fist in front of her. He opened his fingers. In his palm, seven runes pulsed dully. They weren't a spell, but parts of ones. She recognized two of the runes from the other spells but the other five were new.

"Memorize them," ordered her grandfather in his familiar voice.

She stared at them, trying to burn them into her memory. "How do they... how do I use them?"

"You didn't want those lessons, remember?" His breath was hot against her ear. "If you do, just become my little girl again."

She shuddered with revulsion. "No."

"Then memorize them and figure out how they work together."

She held herself still and concentrated on the runes. They were complicated but as she stared at them, they burned into her mind. She could never forget them. They felt familiar, natural, and she could see how they linked to each other in a complicated pattern just like the other spells.

She inhaled and realized she was back in the darkness of Eolis' wagon. Her body trembled with the effort to break Haviston's control over her, but she felt elation at the remembered pressure of her grandfather's cock in her pussy, not as a little girl but as a full-grown bitch.

(You are ahead of schedule,) came Haviston's thoughts, (I wasn't planning on you breaking free of the little girl compulsion for at least a week.)

(Y-You knew I would do that?)

(Of course,) came the monotone response, (I'm teaching you.)

(How do I put the runes together?)

(Figure it out yourself, Merrie Golddother. It would negate the lesson if I just gave it to you.)

(I don't know how!) But even as she projected the thought, she knew parts of the spell already. The runes were there, begging to be arranged together.

(Really?) asked Haviston as he withdrew his thoughts.

Merrie sent a single pulse of hatred at him before she concentrated on the spell. She was looking to find the duke, which gave her a focus. She started with the runes, hoping that Haviston gave her everything. The pattern was difficult because she didn't know what she was doing, but she had to help herself.

It felt like hours later when the spell finally settled into place. It was a search spell, a detection spell. It formed in a circle. In the center would be the thing she was looking for. Her heart thumped loudly as she placed the stolen memory into the circle, the old man crawling out of the wagon. It settled into place with the sensation of a cock being rammed home. With a gasp, she pushed energy through the spell, terrified it would crumble.

It held.

Encouraged, she thrust more energy into it, charging up the pattern until it grew bright and then releasing it. It exploded out of her in a wave of power, spreading out like a ripple in a wave. Moments later, it faded without finding the old man.

She had to focus it in a single direction. Take a deep breath, she adjusted the spell to look in only a single direction and tried again. It rippled out but came back negative. She tried again and again. Slowly, she turned on her knees as she sought the old man. She could feel it stretch far across the fair, but nothing came back.

After two full turns, she was trembling from the exertion and gasping in despair. She couldn't find him. She didn't know if she was doing the spell wrong but she couldn't find it. She knew who to ask, but she didn't know if he would help.

(Haviston?)

(Yes?)

(Could you help me?)

(Why?)

(Because I can't find him. Is this spell right?) She projected the spell she created.

For a long moment, he didn't respond. Then, she felt his mind reaching into her spell, adjusting it slightly. (It is correct, but what you are looking for is not within range.)

(He has to be! I have to be doing something wrong.)

(You are not but you are doing it correctly.)

(But...) she wiped the tears from her face, (who is going to save me?)

(No one. No one is ever going to save you, Merrie Golddother.)

In the Night

44

Merrie felt a presence near her. She lifted her head and looked around. She was unsure if her eyes were opened or not, but it didn't matter. The light of the wards that protected wagon were a steady glare no matter which direction she looked at. Even beneath her, through the thick wooden floor of the wagon, power pulsed in a fine mesh of spells. It was a glare like coming out of a darkened house in the bright of summer. She could see the light and nothing else.

She tried to open her eyes but couldn't. She panicked for a moment until she brought her arm up to her face and realized they were already open. She blinked, focusing on the sensation of movement but she was still blind.

Unable to see anything, she lowered her head to the canvas. She stared out at the wards, not seeing anything but letting her mind drift. She didn't know how long it had been since they locked her in, but it felt like hours. Her stomach gurgled with hunger and it was hard not to think about anything else.

She sighed and ground her breasts into the canvas. The rough fabric against her erect nipples felt good. With a smile, she lifted her body and rubbed herself against the ridges. She rocked back and forth, sending little flares of pleasure along her senses.

The feeling of a presence returned. Merrie looked up and around, but saw nothing. Frustrated, she reached out with her mind. She couldn't sense anything, but the sense of someone in the room intensified. She frowned and turned around, trying to catch someone looking at her.

She was just about to lower her head to the canvas when she caught a flicker of something against the glare of the wards. It was a shred of darkness. Frowning, she focused her attention on it, trying to look past the glare at the emptiness she caught.

It was the silhouette of a human. She struggled to focus on the darkness through the glare, but she could see the figure easing open boxes around her and plucking out the contents.

Gulping, she opened her mouth. “W-What—”

The figure froze.

“—what are you doing?” Her voice was hoarse and she was shook by the similarity to Sable’s smokey tone. It was the sound of a woman who didn’t speak anymore.

The figure continued to remain still. Then, it flickered to the right.

She followed the movement with her head, pushing herself up to her knees as she caught a shift to the right, then a sharp turn to the left. Concentrating, she reached out with her mind but felt her attention being drawn to the side. It was a presence effect, just like the thief.

With that realization, she found it easier to fight. She smiled and reached out with her mind again. At the resistance, she slid her way through the repulsion until she found the barely shielded thoughts. Shock and worry brimmed inside the mind of the intruder, a fear of being caught and surprise that Merrie could see them.

It was the man from the blood games, the rude stranger and thief. She grasped on the train of his thoughts and used it as an anchor to pierce the veil that protected him.

With a rush, the repulsion faded but she still couldn’t see him with the glare of the wards. But, she could hear the soft breathing and the clink of coins in his pocket that she somehow missed before.

“I can see you,” she whispered hoarsely.

For a long moment, no one said anything.

She tried again. “You’re the thief stealing from everyone, aren’t you? The guy on the bench?”

“Damn,” his voice was loud despite being a whisper, “you were suppose to be sleeping.” He had a northern accent, thick with influence from Belkim, the country north of Franome.

His shadowed form grew more solid, a blot against the wards. He leaned against the boxes and they shifted quietly from his weight. He had a smell to him, like smoke but more ethereal, the fumes of alcohol without the burn. She couldn't picture it but it smelled of dark things.

Merrie shrugged. "You're afraid."

"Can't imagine why." He chuckled dryly. His accent was northern, with the clipped tones of Franome City. "How can you see me?"

"You're..." she struggled with the words, "dark against the wards."

Another chuckle, this one ending in a snort. "Ironic. I would never have expected you to see magic. Aren't you suppose to be some sex slave or something? I saw you on the auction block."

She nodded, her body growing tense.

"A sex slave that can see magic?" He sounded amused more than surprised.

She nodded again, her ears twitching.

"What's your name?"

"Merrie." It sounded strange to name herself.

The thief pushed himself to sit on top of one of the boxes. His silhouette wavered in the glare of magic and she lifted her eyes to where his own face would be. He said, "You really can see me, can't you?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"Well, that was unexpected. Do all the sex slaves sold here see magic?"

She giggled and shook her head. "No, just me."

"Damn, is that why that asshole count blew thirty million on you?"

Merrie shook her head again. Her throat was beginning to hurt a little from the talking. "He hates Bass, the thriban who trained me. So, he bought me so he could... he could..." grief rose up. Tears ran down her cheeks. "He's going to tort... hurt me."

The thief sighed and leaned back against the boxes. "I was there when he was bidding on you. Actually, he had this cute chick on her knees and I was enjoying it. Rimmy never goes down on me, so any time I see a chick sucking on a cock, I have to watch." He gave a sad

groan. "I was thinking she was really get into it, she wasn't being held down or anything... at first. But then he held her down and she started choking." The thief grew haunted, "She couldn't move as he held it there. Her shoulders were shaking but she couldn't stop. I saw... I saw her face growing dark and purple. I watched him choking her to death as he bid on you."

Merrie could feel the sorrow and guilt radiating from the thief. It choked her. She got on her knees and looked up at him, trying to figure out what to say.

The thief rubbed his face, his movements a dark shadow against the glare of magic. "He's a fucking asshole. I know they kill girls here. I saw a bunch of them. But usually the chicks are really into it when they kill them. They cream at the thought of being snuffed. But that girl... she wasn't into it," he sighed. "He deserves getting his money lifted. Fucking asshole."

Neither said anything for a long moment.

"Count Ass-Hurt must really hate your guy."

She nodded and choked out a whisper, "Yes."

"All night, his guys have been searching for that money." He snorted, "not like they'll ever find it. But, they've trashed almost all the stalls at the fair. Right now, most of them are in the camp sites, making asses of themselves and basically ruining the night for everyone."

Merrie whimpered.

"The local count, I think his name is Blood or Waver or something, has his men around but they seem to be spending most of their time cleaning up messes and apologizing. A few are chasing after Ass-Hurt's men but kind of hard to stop everything. And, since people are greedy, there are a few looters over here on the white side. There is a big-assed thriban running around with this... huge-titty naked girl." She could see him holding out his hands and giggled. "But I don't know if it is the sword he's got or her titties, but they show up and everyone calms down." The thief shifted in place. "Wonder if she gives head?" He sighed. "Over on the red side—why do they have a white and red side anyways—there is some sort of wolf creature taking out anyone who tries to trash the place. Doesn't matter if it is Ass-Hurt's or looters, there is a just a scream and a blood."

“That’s Tabitha.”

“You name your monsters? Shit.” He groaned. “This county scares me. I’m glad I’m heading out. I just had to,” he tapped the box next to him, “take a shot at this, you know what I mean? I mean, you got chicks begging to get snuffed and they actually sell chicks on the... um, damn. I mean, you were sold. Just like property.”

Merrie realized her breath was getting deeper. Sitting on the auction block, knowing she was nothing but property gave her a rush.

“Are you,” the man leaned forward, “okay with that? I mean, are you getting off on it or something?”

She blushed hotly as she nodded. Her hips rocked back and forth as a slick heat gathered against her pussy. “Yes,” she whispered and a tiny thrill coursed up her spine.

“What did you do? Go to this big guy of yours and say ‘sell my ass?’”

“No,” she shook her head, “I was kidnapped from Franome City.”

A brief pause and then the thief snapped his fingers. “Oh! You were on that street! The one where everyone disappeared until some bodies showed up a few weeks later, right? I thought they caught the guys. It was in all the papers.”

She nodded.

“Damn. But, if you were kidnapped, why do you want to be sold? Shouldn’t you be screaming for freedom. Or at least begging?”

“I-I...” Merrie struggled with the words. “I didn’t know what I was until then.”

“So, you got kidnapped and then you started creaming when they made you do humiliating things?”

Merrie fought back a soft moan. “Yes.”

“Damn. I thought I was fucked up. But, you were sure sexy on that stage. I’d consider bidding, you know if I wasn’t stealing everyone blind.” He let out a soft, gasping laugh. “So, what did your guy do? Rape Ass-Hurt’s daughter?”

“No.”

“Did he rape Ass-Hurt? I mean, your big guy has to be huge, right?” The thief held out his hands, the dark shadow of his form almost a meter apart.

Merrie's pussy clamped at the memory of Bass' cock pounding inside her. A soft moan escaped her lips as she rocked her hips.

"Damn, I bet your cunt is loose if he's up in there. So, no rape. Did he steal? Cheat?"

"The last bitch that Rakin bought... ran away back to Bass."

There was a long, stunned silence.

The thief shifted on his perch and more coins clinked together. "He's trashing an entire fair because he lost a fucking sex slave?" Disbelief radiated from the man. "Ass-Hurt is going to torture you because of a little lost pussy?"

Ears pressed against the side of her head, she nodded. "Yes."

"I'm sure you are a great fuck, but I can't see how you would ever be worth the damage being done out there. Hell for thirty million, I'd have enough for a pair of walkers every night for years. Fuck, decades. And he just wants you? Ass-Hurt has been pissing in everyone's pot. When I was, um, let's say checking out the damage, I heard that Ass-Hurt has some mercenaries coming in. And that is when I decided to check out." He was almost cheerful as he leaned over and opened another of the tax boxes; she didn't seem him unlock it but she could have sworn they were locked.

"Are you taking all of Blood's money?"

"Hell no. I like my testicles. My old master always told me to take one in a hundred. That way, it isn't that serious. Besides, I don't really need the money, I just wanted to see if I could get past the wards." He lifted something and shook it, coins clinked together. "Just a couple hundred, nothing more."

He jumped off the boxes. "Well, I better fade away."

"Wait!" Merrie held out her hand. She spread her knees for balance, to avoid pitching forward.

He shifted away from her like a wisp of air. "What?"

"Have you see an old man with a withered hand? And a carved staff with a bell on top?"

Fingers caught the end of her arms. She froze as the delicate touch caressed the smooth end of her wrist. "What happened to your arm?"

Heat flushed inside her. She squirmed slightly and tried to pull the severed limb out of his grip, but he held her firmly. "I was cropped."

“They cut off your wrist?”

“Both wrists and feet. Well,” she bit back a moan, “ripped them off. By Tabitha... the wolf creature.”

“And,” he sounded incredulous, “you are okay with that? With getting your hands torn off?”

Merrie jerked slightly. She never thought she would have to justify her body to anyone. It was simply something that happened. She couldn't come up with the words to describe how much she wanted it when she pressed her hand into Tabitha's mouth. After trying a few times, she let out a sigh. “I'm a bitch.”

“Like that explains everything?” He whispered with a low laugh. “Is that why you....?” he reached out for her.

She flinched as he reached out, but he easily caught her left ear in his fingers.

He was gentle as he stroked along the ridge and she moaned at the pleasure. “The ears are pretty and I assume you have a tail, but why were you... cropped?”

She knew it turned on Bass and it turn her on. The feeling of helplessness sent a rush of pleasure. She leaned into his firm fingers, enjoying the little pleasures that coursed down her spine and pooled in her pussy. “It makes me helpless.”

“Do you like being helpless?”

A flash of heat. “Yes.”

“So, you act like a puppy dog. Does that mean you like having a collar on you?”

The heat increased and she shifted into the begging position, but her arm was still caught in his grip. Her breath came faster as she stared at the inky blot of his body. “Yes,” she said in a low, husky whisper.

She caught the whiff of his growing excitement, a muskiness that blended with the ethereal smoky scent around him.

“Have you,” his voice grew huskier, “been put in a cage?”

With a moan, she nodded. His fingers continued to stroke her ear and she couldn't help but squirm in place.

“I bet you're sexy in a cage.”

She smiled, her lips parting. “I am.”

Her heart pounded in her chest as he stroked her ear. After a few moments of teasing pleasure, he released her arm and grabbed her

other ear, caressing it from end to end. The dual stroking ignited the flames inside her. She drew her wrists up to her throat until the smooth ends tickled her neck.

He didn't say anything as he continued to stroke. His thumbs were delicate and light, sliding along the sensitive ridge and teasing the little hairs along the outer folds. It felt like he was stroking the skin around her pussy, teasing and sexy. With every stroke of his thumb, her pussy spasmed with need.

Merrie's breath came faster, her breasts pressing up against her arm as she stared at the inky blot that was the thief. She wished she could see him, to touch him, but he was teasingly focusing only on her ears.

"Are," she jumped at his sudden voice, "really a fuck toy?"

"Yes," she whispered. The heat was intense and she wanted to stroke herself. Her pussy ached to be filled. Even the teasing domination, holding her by her ears, was enough to keep her lusting for more. For a moment, she thought about Rakin, wishing he was there, but she forced her mind away from Rendi's final curse to focus on the nearly invisible man inside her.

"You suck cock right?"

Merrie started to answer, but then just opened her mouth and tilted her head back.

"Rimmy doesn't suck. She doesn't swallow either. Do you swallow?"

Mouth still open, she nodded.

"If it dribble out," he said with a guttural moan, "would you lick it up?"

Merrie let out a soft, gasping bark. It was loud in the room and she felt a heat flashing inside her. Her inner muscles spasmed from the pleasure and heat tickled her inner thighs as she struggled to remain begging.

"You know what?" He released her ear. "I think I want to try you out. It would be like stealing from Ass-Hurt," he chuckled, "again."

She didn't need to see him to know what was coming next. The flash of musky excitement and the heat told her everything she needed. As he pulled his cock out, she opened her mouth wide and held herself still.

He stood there, a wet slurping noise filling the tiny cramped quarters as he stroked himself. "Do I just... put it in?"

She closed her mouth long enough to bark, then opened it wide.

"I guess that means yes. I'm," he was breathing heavily, "not going to choke you." And then his cock was against her lips. He was hot and swollen, a thick length of hardness. His precum was salty but had the same ethereal smell as the rest of him. She guessed it permeated his entire body. And then, she didn't care about anything besides the shaft sliding into her mouth.

He was pulsating as he slid inside. His hand gripped her other ear again, holding her still as he aimed for the back of her throat. A low moan escaped his lips.

She felt the bright flame of his lust. There was a newness to his action, a fear that it would end as soon as he let go of his breath.

Merrie opened her mouth and eased him inside, clamping her lips along the heated length. Even pressed against his skin, she couldn't see his body. It was just a darkness in front of her and a slickness in her mouth. She smiled around it and tightened her mouth, bobbing up and down as she explored the freedom he gave with his hands on her ears.

His breath was loud in the cramped quarters. He pushed forward, the ridges of his cock passing across her lips. She gulped at it, using her tongue to guide him deeper into his mouth. She knew exactly how much pressure to put on his length and avoid scraping his length with her teeth.

Lust boiled inside her, an inferno inside her body. She wanted to reach down, but she could feel what he wanted. Trembling with desire, she rested her amputated arms against his thighs.

"Oh, fuck," he gasped as his cock surged with lust. His senses were fixed on the ends of her arms against his legs and his cock in the wet heat of her mouth. It leaked out of his ragged shields, a wave of lust that wrapped her in a cloud of ether and pleasure. The intensity of it burned Merrie's senses and she was rewarded with a fresh dribble of precum that ran down her throat. He thrust forward, his hips driving the cock into the back of her throat and her nose into the thick patch of hair at his base. Tiny hairs on his balls tickled her chin and lips.

She breathed in his scent. It was lighter than Bass' thick scent but had the wispy flavor of alcohol against her tongue. She gulped and forced herself down further. His cock head, a long narrow point, tickled the back of her throat but went no further. She worked her lips around his base, drinking in the scent as she enjoyed every throb of his length inside her. Her lips splayed open against his balls, enjoying the tickle of hair and the roundness.

"Fuck," he whispered hoarsely. His fingers gripped her ears tighter, almost crushing them.

Tiny ripple of discomfort ran through her, but it came with a sparkling pleasure of being controlled. He was dominating her, not as expertly as Bass or anyone else, but the tiny yanks on her ears to drive her further down added to her pleasure.

She wanted to come, she needed to feel the crest, but his pleasure was addictive. She knew what would push him over the edge. Gulping deep on his cock and grinding her face into his bush, she slid the smooth ends of her arms up his thighs.

"Oh..." he let out a shuddering gasp. (Damn, I wish Rimmy would do this.) His thoughts were bare but almost incoherent, slipping from Merrie's grip like a shadow.

His shaft grew harder in her mouth, the tip of it sliding against the wet back of her throat. Precum soaked her throat, dribbling down in a salty warmth. (If I did this, she would be screaming "Kine, you asshole!") There was amusement mixing in with his lust.

She worked her hands underneath his balls, rolling them along the smooth ends and along her body.

He let out a long groan, a guttural noise of need. His fingers crushed her ears, pulling her down hard against his cock as it exploded against the back of her throat. The first splatter painted in the back of her throat, tickling her gag reflex.

The thief slammed forward twice, pumping hard, then he shoved her back. The next surge caught the top of her mouth, dripping thick liquid against her tongue.

His cock popped out of her mouth as he was still coming. Splatters of cum smacked against her face. The hot cum whipped along her eyes and her nose. A second caught her forehead and the third splashed on her throat.

She panted and enjoyed the sound of his heavy breathing. His body trembling with his orgasm. Wet splatters filled the room as his cum struck against the canvas tarp and wooden floor below her.

He released her ears. A prickle of pain ran along them as the blood returned to her ears. She let out a long shuddering breath and brought her hands back to her throat.

His cum dribbled down her body, tracing the curves of her breasts and down into the “V” of her legs. More splatters filled the air.

“Lick it,” he breathed in a whisper. “Lick it up.”

Merrie barked and lowered herself to the ground. Spreading her arms and legs widely, she ran her face along the canvas until she found the first glob of cooling cum. Looking up at the black shadow of the thief, she lapped the rough fabric. The musty smell mixed with the salty sweetness of his cum.

Kine’s moan gave her a surge of pleasure. “Damn, you’re sexy.” (I wish Rimmy would do that. It would be so hot.)

She took her time cleaning up the floor. Her pussy pulsed with need, but his moans added to the slow burn of pleasure inside her. She clamped her legs together, using her thighs to squeeze as she searched the ground blindly for his cum.

When she couldn’t find any more, she sat back up and begged.

“I bet you’d let me fuck your ass too, wouldn’t you?”

Merrie spun around and spread her legs.

Another moan. “But, as much as I want to, I really need to run off.” She could feel that he was already planning out his route through the fair, his mind focusing on where he needed to jump, where to run, and how to slip through the patrols.

Pouting, she turned back around and brought her arms up. She wagged her tail back and forth.

“You would be sexy in a cage,” he murmured as he buttoned his pants back up. “I won’t ever forget this, Merrie. I just wish I could see what happens to you, but I have to go before sun comes. I don’t deal well with light, you know.”

He reached out and stroked her ear.

She let out a soft moan of pleasure. Her heart thumped loudly as she leaned into his warm hand.

“Damn shame that Ass-Hurt is fighting over you. I bet,” he stroked her ear again, “you’d be a sexy as hell ass fuck.”

Merrie grinned and barked again.

Power rose around them. Kine’s shadow spread out across the wards, fading as the air grew tight around her.

“You know,” his voice was hazy and fading, “I never saw an old guy with a withered hand. But, I did see an old man watching your auction. He had a carved staff underneath his blanket. He was kind of short and sitting alone.”

Merrie gasped as an image flashed by her. It was from a different angle than hers, but she saw the man before. He was the other one with a repulsion effect around her. From Kine’s point of view, she could see the duke’s staff peeking out from the edge of the old man’s blanket, hidden but within sight.

She stared up at the brightening light. Kine was fading before her eyes and she could barely see his outline again. “Thank you... Kine.”

But he was already gone.

She let out a hesitant bark, but no answer came back.

The image of the duke’s staff welled up. She knew how to find him. Curling up, she sank to the ground and brought up the spell. It didn’t come as easily before, but she could remember the individual runes that made it up. Flipping them in her mind, she twisted and rotated them until they sank into place. She adjusted it just like Haviston and then set the image of the duke inside.

She paused for a moment, then gathered up her power. Carefully feeding it into the spell, she watched it brighten until brilliance, then ignite with a rush. She forced it into a wedge and felt it spreading out. As soon as she didn’t get a response, she sent out another wave.

Merrie was just powering up for a third spell when a ripple came back. It was the duke. He was on the far end of the camps, watching as two men in Rakin’s uniform tore apart his neighbor’s campsite. On the other side of him, Blood’s men were trying to help a family put theirs back up.

Elation burned inside her. She found the duke and knew exactly where he was. She opened her mouth, panting, then realized she couldn’t tell anyone. She was locked in the wagon, away from

others. But, she could reach out for Haviston or Sable. Taking a deep breath, she reached out with her mind.

A wave of dizziness slammed into her. Exhausted, she slumped to the ground with a thud. Her body stung from the impact but she couldn't find the energy to push herself back up. She remained on the ground, the rough canvas scraping her skin and panted.

For her growing skill, Merrie didn't have a handle on what exhausted her. The natural talents she had, reaching out and probing, seemed easy, but the spells that Haviston had been teaching her were exhausting. They were also far more powerful and precise, but she felt like she had run ten kilometers by doing nothing but thinking hard.

She took a deep breath and caught hint of the thief's cum on the canvas. Humiliated and shamed, she inched across the ground until she found the congealed blob. It was salty and thick. Without a second thought, she licked it up with fantasy that he was still watching.

But, no shadowed figure came and no hands touched her. Merrie remained sprawled on the floor of the wagon until she gathered up enough energy. Trying again, she reached out with her mind for Haviston.

A dead-panned response came. (Yes?)

(I found him. I found the duke.) She sent an image of the duke, both his staff and the memory she picked up from Eolis.

(Really?) He seemed surprised but also proud. (By yourself?)

(Y... Yes.)

Amusement rippled from his thoughts. (You are lying, but I have neither the time or energy to discern why.)

She flushed. (I—)

(I don't care. Are you expecting me to help? I can't.)

Merrie whimpered and curled up. Frustration and anger rose up and she felt it choking her. (Why not? Why won't you help me get away from Rakin!?) Gathering up her emotions, she got ready to lash out at him.

(Calm down,) came the monotone response, (I'm three meters to the south of your current physical location. At the moment, the two counts are screaming at each other and I'm trying to make sure neither decides weapons are needed to resolve their differences.)

The anger slipped away. (I...)

(I am not surprised by your anger, though I would appreciate if you didn't waste your energy trying to lash out at me. I'm well prepared to handle what you can project in your situation. As I have stated, I have no intent in helping you remain at the mill, but I don't see how retrieving the duke will impact that. It will, however, save a number of lives and cease this senseless violence.) A wave of pride and encouragement washed over her. (I am proud of your initiative and your resourcefulness, Merrie Golddotter. You will become a great alpha in the coming years.)

She beamed at the compliment. It felt like she had to climb a mountain to get it and she felt a tiny orgasm at Haviston's approval.

(Count Mard Rakin's tirade is reaching a peak and I need to ensure he does not try to use his weapon or do anything to wake up the infernal pretending to be a little girl,) he sent an image of Diffy sleeping on the ground by the fire. (Sable and Bass may be able to help you retrieve the duke. She is located here.) He sent a direction, not in the physical world but across the mental plains.

(Thank you, Haviston.)

Haviston didn't respond.

Using her flagging energy, Merrie reached out. The guide that Haviston made it easy to reach well past Sable's projection range and almost to the edge of Merrie's. With Merrie's familiarity with Sable's mind, she managed to cling on to the alpha's thoughts. (Sable?)

(Merrie!) The alpha's thoughts were brilliantly cheerful with an undercurrent of exhaustion, both physically and mentally.

Merrie smiled at the bright thoughts that flowed to her. She basked in Sable's love for a moment.

(It is hell out here,) Sable's exhaustion sapped her thoughts, (Rakin's men are destroying everything. We just stopped a fight between a dozen on each side, but there are all these little fires my master and I have to put out. We are doing as much as we can, but we can't be everywhere.)

(Is Borias and the others okay?)

(Borias is on the white side at the healer's tent. The count has three men guarding it to make sure his geas isn't triggered. Haviston is—)

(Just outside. I've already talked to him.)

(I think he's being helpful, but he's subtle. Like my master, fights stop around him and people walk away with very disturbed looks on their face. He said he could do more, but then he would risk them committing suicide. We are not sure what we think of him.)

Merrie smiled. (Worse than Kessler?)

(No one is worse than Kessler,) came the sharp response, then an exhausted amusement.

(I'm sorry, I wish I could help.)

(You are exactly where you need to be, Merrie.) Sable projected a tired comfort. (If you were out here, Rakin would only scream louder and push his men to more damage. Knowing you are locked up is keeping a lid on some of his revenge, I think.)

Merrie stretched out on the floor. She felt useless in the room, but she didn't have the talents to do anything. She ran her short arms through the canvas before she realized she could help. (Sable? Are you still looking for the duke?)

(No, we've been running ourselves ragged trying to keep it from blowing up. If it isn't Rakin's men tearing apart camps, it is county folk threatening to rise up, or looters sneaking back into the fair. It is like a puzzle. We can stop the fighting near us, but as soon as they get out of range,) Merrie got the impression that Bass' presence was the same range as Sable's telepathy, about sixty meters.

Merrie's frustration began to mirror Sable's. (Why won't the counts stop it? The duke?)

(Blood has been trying to calm Rakin down for hours now. At least they are just screaming at each other, but it is preventing Blood from taking charge and maybe stopping this. But, it also means Rakin isn't leading his men either. So, good and bad.)

(Can't we stop Rakin?)

(Trying, my dear one. Rakin was smart. He had his men spread out all over the fair. We put out one fire and two more start. Without breaking—)

(I know where the duke is.)

Surprise and shock rippled through the connection. (Really!? How!?) Sable's voice layered with Bass' for a moment in the excitement.

(Do you know where this camp is?) She sent the location she found with her spell.

Elation burned brightly from the alpha. (We were just there only a few minutes ago, but the campsite is empty.)

(It isn't. The duke is using something like your Presence, but to keep you from looking at him.)

(My master is heading there now.)

(Good. I can only hope it helps.)

(Thank you,) came the warm thoughts from Sable. (I need to go though, I have to do something.) The connection broke with a ripple of transformation. Merrie got a flash of Sable in her armored form as it faded.

"Be safe," whispered Merrie. Her voice was loud in the silence of the room. She looked around, but the glare blinded her. She was hoping to find the shadow against the wards, but the thief was long gone. She felt it as he was coming, he would never come back.

She was sure he stole the money though, which meant Rakin would not be able to pay for her. It was something, at least.

Merrie rolled on her back, stretching out across the canvas. Her nipples hardened in the air and she felt a few streaks of cum prickling her skin. She let her mind drift as she tried to find something else to do. She had to save herself, but she didn't think she could do anything more. Merrie had found the duke, but she didn't know if he would help.

(Rakin has finished his baseless ranting,) Haviston sent a quick thought, (and is storming back to his tent. Eolis is about to open the door and feed you, so it would look impressive if you were begging when he did.)

Merrie gasped and scrambled to her face. She managed to get on her knees when the door creaked open. She watched the light spear across the darkness and she blinked at the brightness.

With a start, she realized she was facing the wrong way and spun around. Blushing, she focused on the door as Eolis stood in it, a smile on his lips.

"Hungry?"

Merrie stared in confusion for a moment, trying to get her eyes to focus. And then his words sank in and her stomach rumbled. Blushing, she gave a hesitant nod.

Eolis tapped the edge of the wagon. "Come here, then."

From over the thriban's shoulder, Count Blood slumped into a chair. He was exhausted, with dark shadows underneath his eyes. The mug in his hand slumped to the side and beer dribbled out.

Next to him, his daughter was wrapped around a large teddy bear, looking adorably cute as she slept. However, for all of her innocence, there was a dark shadow hulking over her, like some terrible creature watching the world with pitch-black eyes.

Merrie shivered and crawled over. The air outside the wagon was moist and still. The summer heat had faded and the coolness was almost a relief as she stared out past the flames. With Eolis' wagon, she couldn't see the fair but she could hear the occasional din of breaking crates or the ring of weapons. She stopped in front of Eolis and peered down. The wagon was high off the ground and she didn't think she could crawl off.

Eolis reached around her and slid his large hands underneath her shins and buttocks. Like Bass, his fingers stretched clear across her body. One finger briefly caressed her pussy, but he didn't touch her aching slit again. He carried her over to a chair by the fire and set her down on the ground.

The young, submissive man set down a plate in front of her. It was heaped high with meat, cheeses, and breads. A thick stew pooled underneath everything and the smell of it brought a fresh gurgle from her belly.

Merrie smiled warmly at him and knelt down so she could eat. It tasted as good as it smelled and she quickly had her face in her meal, gulping down the hot food.

The young man served Eolis another plate before giving the thriban a large mug of lager. A few minutes later, he set down a bowl of a local brew next to Merrie.

She looked up and whispered, "Thank you."

Eolis grunted. "I was wondering how long it would take you to talk. Bass trained you well."

Merrie blushed and ducked her head.

"No, no. It's okay. It would be nice to hear someone not screaming for once."

From across the fire, Count Blood groaned. "I'm not screaming."

"No, but you should be sleeping, count."

"I can't sleep," the count's voice was exhausted, "Dormit will be reporting in soon. And I have someone watching Rakin's tent. Maybe if he goes to sleep, we can get a handle on this."

"Hatred keeps that man awake," Eolis grumbled. He grabbed his mug and drank deeply.

Merrie listened to the two men speaking, humbled that powerful men sounded just like her father when she was growing up. She shifted over to the bowl of lager and lapped at it; the droplets of beer ran down her throat but she ignored them.

The count groaned and buried his face in his hand. "This is such a cluster fuck, Eolis. Damn, that man. I can't arrest him because we're both counts and the bastard knows it. And as long as he's giving orders to his men, they are working under his authority and I can't arrest them either."

"Rakin is known far and wide as a brilliant strategist for a reason. Not to mention being a rather competent battle mage."

"My grandfather wouldn't have these problems."

Eolis chuckled. "Your grandfather would have destroyed the fair in an epic battle that would have left this a wasteland. And your father, the gods forgive his soul, would have sent assassins the second Rakin entered the county. Of course, he would now be raping this ass," Eolis reached down and tapped Merrie's ass cheek with a thick hand, "before handing her back to who actually bought her."

She tilted her ass and tail toward him, but Eolis took no more advantage of her.

"Well," Count Blood yawned again, "those aren't right answer either. Damn it, what am I suppose to do? I keep looking for the correct thing to do, but I can't figure it out."

"Sometimes," Merrie jumped at the rough voice coming from the darkness, "there are no right answers."

Both Eolis and the count jumped to their feet. Merrie spun around as the duke stepped out of the darkness. Behind him, Bass' figure in shining armor oozed out of the pitch of night.

"My lord duke!" Count Blood dropped to one knee as he bowed.

"Get up, Waver, it's far too early in the morning for niceties," the duke limped into the light of the fire and sank down in the nearest chair. His breath was ragged and wheezing. He slumped back and

reached out his dark, withered hand. The frail fingers cracked as he gestured. “Thriban, my staff.”

Bass set the duke’s staff in the shaking hand. “My lord duke.”

Duke Natis glanced at Eolis. Merrie looked over her shoulder at the thriban next to her. To her surprise, Eolis made a short gesture toward her. Blushing, Merrie peeked back over.

She realized the duke was looking at her. Unsure how to respond as a bitch, she lowered her head until her forehead touched the ground. Her tail also lowered until it pressed tightly against her pussy.

The duke spoke in a rough voice. “Eolis, get Mard here.”

“Right away.” The thriban stepped over Merrie and hurried into the darkness.

“Waver,” continued the duke.

“Yes, my lord?”

“You’re a pussy.”

A stunned silence followed, interrupted only by the cracking of the fire.

“M-My lord?”

Next to the Count Blood, Diffy cracked open her eyes and a sense of pressure settled over the camp.

“You should have stopped Rakin hours ago.”

“But, the law—”

“It’s your county and your fair. Your actions, more importantly inactions, today will be remembered for years. Rakin may drag it back up to the court, but then I would have a say in it properly instead of being dragged out to stop your problems for you... again.”

The count stood up. He clasped his wrists behind his back and stood up straight. “Yes, my lord duke. What should I have done?”

The duke leaned to the side, his tiny hand clutching his staff. He looked around the campfire for a moment, his eyes briefly stopping on Merrie before focusing his attention back on the count. “The problem is you’re too nice. You have never been in a war or a battle, but you are one of the eastern counties between Dorza and the rest of Franome. You are the first line of defense against invasion and you can’t even handle a hundred guys trashing your fair.”

He continued. “I don’t care that you get your rocks off snuffing people. I don’t care that your fair has people lining up to get killed.

What I do care is that you," he pointed a shaking finger at the count as he spoke in a hard, cracked voice, "are losing control of your lands and your people. Your guards are poorly trained, you allowed those damned paladins to wander on in to wage war with your pet fallen paladin—"

Bass tensed but said nothing.

"—and I don't like your daughter."

There was a ripple of power and Diffy was suddenly standing in front of the duke, her long knife aimed at his throat. She shoved forward, her face a mask of rage, but her blade rang out when it struck a brilliantly white great sword that interposed itself between the girl and the duke.

Power rippled down Bass' sword, the air wavering from the energy from the summoning spell. Bass took another step and forced her blade back.

Diffy's eyes were pitch black as she glared at Bass.

The duke, unfazed by the weapons, shook his head. "You have a devil for a daughter, a fallen paladin, and a psychopathic druid on your lands. Each one of them is capable of destroying an entire army on their own and it only takes one spark to set them off." He waved his hand at Diffy, ignoring the drawn weapons, "As your daughter has demonstrated. You, Waver, haven't showed anyone that you can control any of these weapons. Why should I," he pointed to himself, "believe you are worthy of your title."

Count Blood's jaw twitched. "Because I may not be as powerful as my grandfather or vicious as my father, but I am capable of leading these lands. Bass is loyal and will defend the county with his life."

"I promised," Bass added in a deep, tense rumble.

"And Tabitha protects these lands as her own."

"For what reason?"

"Because this is her home and there is no question where I, or this county or kingdom, stand in her eyes. She says that she will defend it and she will. More importantly, she is protecting this fair even though she asked for no payment or relief."

"She's a psychopath."

"Yes, but in a county that does a brisk trade in blood and violence, she is what I need."

"And her?" The duke pointed to Diffy.

The little girl's blade scraped against Bass' weapons, leaving a black streak that smoked. Her eyes were locked on the duke's, a stark contrast to her falsely innocent appearance.

"Even if you don't believe it, I have know exactly who and what my daughter is. I know there is an infernal in the body of my daughter, but without, Diffy would have died at birth."

Diffy froze, her eyes growing wide. She looked over her shoulder at her father.

Count Blood didn't move his attention from the duke. "You may not agree with my decision to keep her, but the truth it, I love her with all my heart. And, as long as I do, I have no doubt that it is in her best interest to keep her goals aligned with mine."

The young girl's blade relaxed and lowered. "Daddy?"

Bass stepped back, but he didn't pull back his sword.

Without even a flicker of movement, the blade was gone and Diffy was hugging her father's leg tightly. Merrie didn't see her move. The little girl was simply in a different place. "I love you, daddy!"

Merrie stopped pretending to eat her meal and sat up. She used her arm to wipe her face, then leaned back on her ankles. She wasn't begging, but at least she was in the comforting sitting position. The air felt hot as she watched everyone moving and no one paying attention to her.

Somehow, being ignored just added a flush to her skin. She was an object, a belonging. She was below their notice and loved it.

Suddenly Haviston was standing there, next to Merrie. "There are others bound to this count, some for a period and others for life."

The duke trembled as he took in the psychic. "I don't know you."

"Haviston Kivas, formerly of the Knight's Academy of Mental Excellence."

"Formerly?"

Haviston's deadpanned voice didn't change. "Currently employed at the Paladin Puppy Mill."

"And does that make you a defender of Blood County?"

"One protects one's home."

"Kivas. You are related to Rendi and Borias?"

"A distant cousin."

"Red door or white?"

For the first time, Haviston hesitated and a flicker of emotion crossed his face. "Red."

Merrie frowned in confusion. The duke and Haviston knew what they were talking about, but Merrie didn't understand the terse question and answer.

The duke shook his head. "Then why should I trust a criminal? Nothing good came from those who walk through the red door of Abbinkey."

"Because I paid my debt to society. I earned my freedom, I did my time, and I have the paperwork to prove it."

"Borias' paperwork was not authentic. One might say," Duke Natis glanced at Bass, "that someone forged it in their attempts to sneak the mage out of Abbinkey."

Bass tensed again, his jaw tightening with a storm of emotions.

"Mine is," Haviston replied, "and I will do anything you require to prove its authenticity."

The duke said nothing for a long time. Slowly, he turned back to Count Blood. "Waver."

The count stood straighter.

"Your defenses are heroes and villains. You happen to keep them in this county because of charisma and happenstance. They are capable but they have no leadership. That is why you failed tonight. You failed to lead them."

Count Blood tensed up but bowed his head. He rested a possessive hand on Diffy's head. "Yes, my lord duke."

"By the time Eolis comes around to collect next year's taxes, I expect you to have a standing army of no less than two hundred men. Two hundred normal," he empathized the word with a wave of his withered hand, "men. I want proof that your so-called protectors have committed to the defense and training of your army. And I want a proper military demonstration that you are capable of leading this county."

"I understand, my lord duke."

"And, most importantly. I don't want to hear even a peep, a rumor, or even a hint that your people are in Franome City. That means your pet paladin doesn't do his annual kidnapping run. Or that your cannibalistic cow herder isn't picking up new meat. For the next five years, no hero of Blood County shows up in the royal

city. No landowner even steps foot within a hundred kilometers of the city gates. Do you understand?"

Count Blood bowed deeply. "Yes, my lord."

The duke looked over his shoulder at Bass. "Do you understand, paladin?"

"Yes," Bass flipped the sword behind his back and bowed even deeper, "my lord duke."

"Good. Now that is resolved. I have another..." he paused and tilted his head, "hold on, Rakin is here."

Rakin's voice drifted through the darkness. "This better be worth it, Eolis. I don't have time to deal with Blood's crap right now."

Eolis only grunted.

A shiver of fear ran down Merrie's spine. She fought the urge to crawl away, but then the image of Rakin's cock swam across her mind. She wanted it and her breath came faster as she watched the count storm out of the darkness.

Rakin headed straight for Blood, but stopped a meter past the duke. His eyes widened as he stood still. Gulping, he turned around. "My lord duke?"

"Mard," the duke said, "what are you doing?"

"Someone stole my money. I'm getting—"

"You are violating the laws of this country with your stunt."

"She's my bitch!"

The duke pushed himself out of the chair and leaned against the staff. His breath was ragged as the wood creaked. "Your money is gone and you can't afford her."

"I won her!"

"You can't afford her," repeated the duke.

"Someone has—"

"Mard," Duke Natis held up his free hand, "shut up."

Rakin clamped his mouth shut with a snap.

"This is now over. You lost her."

Rakin's hands balled into fists and his lip pulled back in a snarl. "My lord—"

"No. This is over, Rakin. Today, you are going to pack up and go home. And you are not to return to Blood County until..." the duke glanced around. His eyes lighted on Bass. "Until that thriban dies."

Bass blinked. "M-Me?"

Rakin's face purpled. "He's immortal! He's never going to die."

"No, he's just long lived. And you're a necromancer. If you really want to continue this little pissing match with him, then you wait until he and his bitch die, raise the bodies, and get your revenge on their corpses. Do you understand?"

"My lord—"

The duke held up a finger. "If the next words out of your mouth are not 'yes, my lord duke,' you will be enjoying the rest of the week in Count Blood's dungeon."

Body tense, Rakin bowed deeply. "Yes, my lord duke."

"You have one hour to stop your men from trashing the fair and twenty-four hours to leave Blood County."

"Yes, my lord duke," Rakin forced out the words.

There was a long pause. "Now."

Rakin bowed again and then stormed out of sight.

Merrie stared back and forth, watching the tense men standing at attention around the duke. None of them were happy, including Eolis. The duke gestured for Eolis' submissive man. "Zeob, get me a drink."

"Yes, my lord duke," said the young man as he rushed to serve the duke.

"Bassimar."

Bass hurried around to stand in front of the duke. "Yes, my lord duke?"

"I've been watching you and your bitch."

"Yes?"

"I don't like you."

Bass' shoulders slumped. "Yes, my lord duke."

"I don't trust you anymore than any of the other villains of this county. However, your actions tonight have demonstrated that you will be an acceptable successor for Baron Kessler's title."

Shock slammed into Bass. "M-My lord?"

"Um," Count Blood stepped forward, "me and Kessler have not had a chance to talk to Bassimar about that."

His face pale, Bass' jaw opened and he looked at the count. "Kessler's?"

The count gave an apologetic look. "Sorry, I was hoping to get you two talking over a few beers. Kessler is considering you to take

his title when he dies. He needed permission from me and the duke, though.”

“And I’ll give it,” said the duke. “I don’t like the idea of a fallen paladin having title, but I realized that you continue to have aspirations of being good, even when you don’t think anyone is watching.”

“W-Why,” Bass struggled with his words, “why is Kessler considering me? He has a son and a daughter.”

The count shook his head. “And both of those sadists make Kessler look like a saint. I’m not comfortable accepting either one of those as the baron’s successor and Kessler suggested you.”

“I-I don’t understand.”

“Kessler has cancer,” Waver sighed and shook his head.

There was a long, stunned silence.

“When? When did he find out?”

Blood said, “A few months ago. He petitioned Madock but I don’t think it went well. The god is quite keen on rewarding Kessler for the good he’s done.”

“I-I don’t know what to say.”

“Tomorrow morning,” the count paused, “how about the day after tomorrow, come up to the fortress and talk. We need to talk about this.”

Bass nodded, his face still pale. He looked down at the ground before he spoke. “What about Merrie?”

Suddenly, everyone was looking at her. Merrie shivered at the intensity of their gazes. She gulped at the dryness in her throat. Trembling, she drew her wrists up to her neck and held herself still. A heat bubbled in her sex, reminding her that she never reached an orgasm with the thief.

The duke waved his hand and shrugged. “Keep her. We’ll have Rakin pay a fine for wasting your time.”

Merrie gasped as a surge of excitement rose inside her. She was going to stay at the mill. A slow smile stretched across her face as the heat boiled inside her. She was not only free of Rakin, but she could stay.

Hatred slammed into her. The smile froze on her face as she felt it rising up in her throat, a fury that burned inside her veins. Merrie didn’t have a chance to even respond as she felt it choking her

throat. Images came rushing back, plucked from her memories at the mill. She saw herself being broken and trained, manipulated into becoming an alpha as Bass pushed her talents to sell her to the highest bidder.

She couldn't stay with Bass. She couldn't remain with a man who took advantage of people so easily. He was a hypocrite and a user, worse than Kessler and Grange combined.

She wanted to sob, but the noise froze in her throat. The hatred and fury tore through her. Her entire body was shaking with the effort not to reach over to claw Bass.

And then, adding to the horror, she opened her mouth. "No."

It wasn't her words, it wasn't her idea. She had no control over her body. She wanted to cry, sob, and beg for forgiveness, but she couldn't. Her mind was ripped from her body and she could only experience in mute helplessness as she repeated herself again, her voice loud over the crackling fire.

"What?" asked Count Blood.

She tried to clamp her mouth shut, but she kept speaking with all the anger she felt. "I will never go back to the mill."

Merrie shook with the effort to free her body. She tried to look around, to ask Haviston for help, but her eyes slid away from where he was standing. It was the repulsion effect but it was far stronger than the thief's or the duke's power. She sobbed inside her head as she forced her eyes back to Haviston.

A piercing headache slammed into her. She fought every degree as she drove herself to look to the side. Her muscles screamed out in agony and she felt an ache spreading along her skin. Everything inside her screamed to look away, to stop fighting, but she couldn't. Something was forcing her to speak and she had to know who.

With a rush, she forced herself past the repulsion. Her eyes blurred from the effort but she managed to focus on Haviston.

He was standing, but his rigid posture was gone. Instead, he slumped against the side of the wagon with blood dribbling down from his nose and ears. It left a crimson streak spreading along his white robes and it hit the ground with wet splatters.

No one else seemed to notice him as he leaned into the wagon and slid down a few centimeters. His one good eye focused on her and she felt his thoughts sliding into her own.

A tremble shook through her body as she felt him turn her head back and bring a glare to her face. She strained against the domination, but it was too much for her. She opened her mouth, not to beg for forgiveness but to snarl at Bass. "I will never go back to you, ever."

(I won't let you stay,) Haviston projected as his thoughts broke in and out. Behind her, Merrie heard him drop to the ground and flinched at the sound. She could smell fresh blood in the air but his thoughts were still in her mind. He was conscious, but barely.

No one else even looked at Haviston. Instead, they were looking at her with surprise. On Bass' face, there was a look that he was gutted, a hurt expression that tore Merrie's heart in half.

Anger continued poured into her, erasing the sympathy she had for him. He used her, he trained her. He pretended to love her just to bring her powers into the fore. And she finally had a chance to be free.

(No, Haviston, don't do this. Please—)

(You... will not....) His thoughts faded as he slammed the spell into her.

Her mind cracked under Haviston's assault. She could feel him burning the hatred into her, searing it into the private places she could never forget. All the love she felt for him was shoved aside for her anger, her hatred. She could never forgive the man who kidnapped her.

"Merrie?" Bass reached out his hand.

"No!" Her voice was shrill.

He lowered his hand and stepped back. Tears shimmered in eyes and she felt a surge of triumph. She was finally going to escape the man who hurt her. She was finally going to be free.

"Well then," the duke said as he leaned on his staff, "her opinions are rather clear. Waver?"

"Yes, my lord duke?"

"Tomorrow morning, put her up on a new auction. Find her a new master... if there is anyone left to pay for her."

t'Sade

Negotiations

45

Morning couldn't come soon enough for Merrie. She spent the entire night in the locked room with the taxes, her mind dwelling over the hurt look on Bass' face and the joy she felt at devastating the man who raped her. She knew that her emotions was false, that it was Haviston's fault, but she couldn't seem to get a grip on her anger. She tried to think of the goods things Bass gave her: comfort, shelter, and passion. But, every time, her mind focused on the pain and submission. She remembered the first night, being raped on the ground in front of the others, but it wasn't the pleasure that brought a shuddering breath but the memory of pain.

Even the most precious of her memories, of her forcing Bass to rip into her ass, had lost the joy. She remembered the pain and agony, the crimson pool beneath her body, and the stench of blood in the air. The lust was gone, forever erased by Haviston's compulsion.

She screwed her eyes tightly tight and searched for the spell inside her mind. But, it was just out of her reach, an impermeable seal over whatever she felt for Bass and the rest of the mill.

But, she couldn't.

In the darkness, she could cry. The hot tears ran down her cheeks and splashed down on the canvas and the fresh blankets Eolis gave her when he set her back into the wagon. The smells of man, musky and thick, but then she thought about Bass' scent and it just brought up the harsh anger boiling in her veins.

There was a flash of magic as Eolis released the lock on the door. She looked away as the bright light of morning came streaming in.

The smells followed soon after: smoke, meat on the fire, and the morning dew.

“It’s about time, girl. Want some breakfast.”

She almost shook her head, but didn’t. Trembling with the effort, she pushed herself up on her knees and crawled over to the edge of the wagon. Sitting down, she looked up at the suited thriban.

Eolis looked down, his yellow eyes softening. “Bad night for you too?”

Merrie sniffed. She wanted to tell him what happened, but the words couldn’t come out. Haviston’s compulsion tightened around her, like the dog suit being clamped down around her body. She couldn’t think why she ever liked Bass. She hated him. She always hate him and would always hate him.

But, among the seething and uncompromising hatred, she felt like she just lost something. Something precious. She cocked her head as she tried to figure what she could have lost in that moment.

“The duke, count, and all the puppy mill folks are back in their camps and sleeping off the night. Rakin is staying confined to his tent. For once,” he crossed his fingers, “things are quiet.”

He reached out for her and Merrie crawled into his arms. His thick arms wrapped around her as he carried her to the fire and set her down on the ground. A moment later, the submissive servant set down a plate of eggs, bacon, and toasted bread.

“Go on, girl, eat. The auction is in an hour. I figured you wanted this over as soon as possible, right?”

Merrie’s heart ached at the hatred that gnawed at it. She wanted to escape Bass and the mill, to never think about them again. It tore at her guts that the auction couldn’t be immediately, but she just nodded mutely and bowed down to eat.

Eolis sat down next to her and then took a plate from the young man. “Thank you, Zeob.”

The man nodded, saying nothing.

Merrie stared at her breakfast as she wolfed it down. Her body was tense and her chest hurt. Her mind refused to shift away from the hatred, it dominated her thoughts. And she was going to make sure she never came back.

“Excuse me,” asked Captain Dormit, “is the count here?”

“No, Dormit, why?”

“My lord count asked me to go to the campsites of everyone who bid on the alpha there. To make sure they were aware that she would be back on the auction block.”

“And...?” Eolis’ voice was a rumble. His chair creaked as he leaned forward.

“I can’t find them.”

“Them? Which ones?”

“Any of them. I tried Mister Tobb first, he was the runner-up bid, but he packed up only an hour before. By the time I got there, the fire pit was hot but he was gone.”

“And the others?”

“All gone.”

Eolis shrugged. “Makes sense, I guess. Rakin ruined it for everyone.”

“No, that’s not it. I mean, they all left in the last hour or so. Every single one, even the trivial bids.”

Merrie felt a shiver down her spine. She looked up at the captain with a frown of confusion.

The thriban next to her stood up. “What do you mean every one?”

“Something is going wrong and I don’t know what it is. I checked the high bidders at the other auctions too, all gone. I think anyone who would have bid on the alpha is missing.”

“Do you think... they were kidnapped?” Eolis sounded concerned.

“No, but it is fishy.”

“What about Count Rakin?”

“Still in his tent. I asked my men but none of them have seen him leave.”

Merrie heard a strange tone in the captain’s voice. She reached out with her mind, pulling on the energies inside her. The captain was competent, but his shields were nothing compared to the others. She delved into his chaotic thoughts and felt the frustration and concern boiling in his mind. It dominated his expression, but she pushed past the thick of his emotions and watched the images flashing by.

The captain noticed something, but was didn’t want to mention it. One of his men seemed happier than normal, with a spring in his step. The captain saw the same behavior during pay day, but he

dismissed subconsciously. Merrie drew her mind through his memories, bringing up more images of the guard and his behavior. After a few seconds, she knew there was something wrong. The guard had just gotten a money, she was convinced of it.

She swallowed before speaking up. "What about Perry?" Her voice was still rough and her throat ached to speak.

The captain paled. "Perry? I'm sure he's... I don't know."

Eolis leaned over. "What about Perry? Who is Perry?"

"Sir, Perry is just excited, I'm sure." But there was something in his voice, a doubt.

"Girl?" Eolis asked, "What is it?"

Merrie shivered and looked up at the looming thriban. "I think Perry was bribed."

"Captain?"

"Shall I get Perry?"

Eolis shook his head. "No, get me Kessler."

"Kessler? Um, yes, sir." The captain gave a short bow and rushed off.

"You were in his thoughts, weren't you? You saw this Perry?"

Merrie blushed and nodded.

"Good. Anything you can do to help would be appreciated. I'm guessing it was you who found the duke?"

She smiled at the compliment. "Yes, sir."

"Thank you. I was about to do it myself, but I find it difficult to find him when he's hiding."

Merrie sat on her heels, her breasts heavy on her chest. "Um. Why didn't he show up earlier?"

Eolis looked stricken for a moment, then he sighed. With a groan, he sank back down in his chair and leaned back. He toyed with the arm for a moment before answering. "The duke believes that the counts should lead by example and stand on their own. Rakin is good at that part—too good actually—but the duke feels that Blood has the ability to stand on his own, just not the experience."

"Was there really nothing Blood could do? There was no right answer?"

"Maybe? Maybe not. What was important is how he tried to answer it."

"Did he pass?"

Eolis chuckled. “There are no right answers, just ones that get you overthrown, ones that strip you of title, and ones that get you arrested. But, it is pretty hard to get ones title stripped off. Don’t worry about that part, girl. Right now, we’re going to focus on getting you sold for as much money as possible and see if we can get this part of your life behind you.”

Merrie smiled shyly. “Thank you.”

“Go on, finish your breakfast. I bet you’re anxious to find a new master.”

“Yes, sir.” She settled on the ground and cleaned off her plate.

She was almost done when Kessler strolled up by himself. “Eolis, you summoned me?”

“Yeah. You see prices, don’t you?”

Kessler nodded.

“Do you know a guy named Perry? One of Count Blood’s men?”

Another nod, but Merrie caught a smirk on the corner of his lip. A bad feeling hit the bitch as she looked at Kessler’s almost unreadable face.

“How much would it take to bribe him? Does Count Rakin have enough?”

The smirk grew. “It would takes sixty-five marks for him to look away for someone to have a discussion with the count. At the time, the count had sufficient money for that bribe.”

Kessler’s words were too precise for Merrie. She reached out, but Kessler’s thoughts were guarded and well-shielded.

Eolis’ face darkened. “Do you know why everyone who bid on the alpha left the fair?”

Kessler shrugged and stuck his hands in his pocket. “I have an idea.”

“What?”

“My services aren’t free.”

Eolis growled, a deep sound in his chest. “Are you really that much of an asshole?”

Another shrug. “Everything is profit.”

“How much?”

“You’re going to pay one thousand five hundred by the time we’re done.”

“Fine. Why did everyone leave?”

Kessler held out his hand.

Still glaring, Eolis stomped to the furthest door of the wagon and opened it. It was living quarters with a large bed in the middle. Merrie saw a tapestry hanging from the wall before the thriban closed the door and brought over his wallet. Counting out the money, he handed over a thick stack of small bills. "Going to count it?"

Kessler handed back a twenty. "You gave me too much."

"At least your honorable."

"Just strict, sir." Kessler looked down at Merrie. "The count may have come into a small amount of money recently, about two hours ago."

Merrie's veins turned to ice. She knew where Kessler was going and it frightened her.

Eolis rumbled as he regarded the merchant. "You lent him money, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Hundred day loan at four percent for ten million dollars."

Merrie whimpered, her tail and ears pressing against her body. Every time she thought she was free of Rakin, he managed to find some way of getting her.

"Kessler," said Eolis in a pissed tone, "you know you are a complete and utter asshole, right?"

"A profit is a profit."

"Well, there is a huge difference between making some marks and what you're doing. I take it that Rakin is ensuring that no one can out bid him?"

Kessler nodded. "That would seem reasonable."

"Is there anyone at the fair who can beat him?"

The merchant shook his head.

Merrie dropped to the ground. She felt sick to her stomach. She wished she could have just gone home with Bass, but even as she considered it, the bitterness and hatred soured her stomach. She realized that she hated Haviston just as much as Bass, but it wasn't a magical compulsion that brought up the searing loathing, but the realization that his attempts to keep her away from the mill that had doomed her to a life of torture and misery.

“Kessler, get out of here.”

“Anything—”

Eolis rose out of his seat. “Leave!” His roar echoed across the campground. Merrie spasmed at the sound of it, her pussy grew hot at the echoing rumble.

Kessler stepped back out of the camp. “Good day, sir.”

With a groan, Eolis sank back in his chair. “Damn it. You should have gone home with Bass, girl.”

Merrie wanted to cry and cower, but she shook her head sharply. “I need to leave. Please?”

“I hope you know what you’re doing.”

She wanted to scream with frustration and anger, but she just gave him a nod. Even Rakin would be better than returning with Bass. She was finally going to be free of him. She didn’t even know why she ever wanted to stay.

Eolis looked concerned. He shook his head. “I need a beer, how about you?”

Merrie nodded. “Yes, please.”

“Zeob?”

The servant nodded and went to the back of the wagon. When he came back, Borias was following.

Merrie wondered if Haviston’s compulsion who cause her to hate him too, but she felt no anger as the mage sank down to his knees in front of her.

“You be okay, Merrie?”

She didn’t know how to answer.

Borias peered into her eyes for a moment, then reached up to stroke his fingers along her collarbone. “You can talk, you know.”

With a blush, she smiled sheepishly. “Feels wrong,” she whispered, “talking to you.”

“I know, you be a good girl, aren’t you?”

Merrie panted and nodded, the edge of sexuality caressing her nerves. “Yes.”

Borias grabbed her head with both hands. She flinched at first, then felt the smoldering heat as she wondered what he was going to do to her. She didn’t know if he was going to fuck her face or pee in it, but she realized she would happily accept either.

“You sure you not be wanting to go to the mill?”

Choking hatred rose up. She tried to jerk out of his grip, but Borias' fingers clamped down. "No!" She flailed at him, trying to force his hands.

"No, no. You be calming down."

"No! No, I can't go back. Never!"

Borias' eyes hardened and his hands gripped her tighter. "No, girl, you be calming down. Calm down. No, you not be going back to the mill."

Merrie whimpered and relaxed. She trembled with the effort, inwardly screaming. "I can't go back, Bori, I can't."

"Haviston be doing this, didn't he?" His voice grew softer. "He be keeping you from the mill, right?"

"N-No," she said as she tried to scream otherwise.

"You be lying, girl. I can see it in your eyes." Borias released her and she slumped to the ground. "That be why he collapsed and bleeding out of his ears. Bastard almost killed himself to keep you from us."

She wanted to ask if he could do anything, but her throat froze.

"No, I not be able to break this. I'm sorry, Merrie," his eyes were growing wet with unshed tears, "Haviston be the only one who can break it and he is barely conscious." He stood up to address the thriban. "Eolis? Can we stop this? I be needing to get this compulsion off her."

"I'm sorry, Bori."

"Eolis? Please, she not be hating Bass. I be knowing it. I just need to—"

The thriban held up his hand. "I can't, Bori. I already have one botched auction and everyone knows that Rakin failed to pay. By all legal rights, he should have been arrested, but rules are different for royalty."

From Borias' thoughts, an image came up of Borias standing in a courthouse, shackled to a table in magical cuffs. In front of him, Cici was buzzing loudly in an iron cage. Beyond the heavy stone table, the judge read off his sentence.

"For the crime of willful destruction of intelligent life, I sentence you to thirty-five years in Abbinkey."

To his left, the man who refuse to give up gave a harsh, barking laugh. "Finally!"

Borias looked over at him. *The father was a count now, but he wasn't when his little girl had begged Borias to kill her. It was suppose to be a closed case after the third time the man dragged Borias into court, but now they were back. Reopened for extenuating circumstances; in other words, he was a count now.*

Borias wanted to wipe the tears from his face, but the shackles caught him for movement.

(Don't worry, sweetie,) Cici's thoughts were the purest rush of blood against naked skin. (I'll be there to take care of you.) She peered up through the cage, her black wings fluttering, and blew him a kiss. (We can do this.)

His thoughts ended with a sour feeling. "I know. Everything is different for royalty." He clamped his hands together. "How long?"

"We're about to leave now, main stage."

"Damn it!" Borias spun and stormed out, but he didn't get more than a few meters before he stopped. Turning around, he rushed back to Merrie and dropped to his knees.

Merrie stared at him in shock. When he swept her up in a tight hug, she squeaked. She wrapped her arms and legs around him.

"I be loving you, Merrie. Don't ever forget it. And Bass—"

She tensed.

"—just remember, I'm going to miss you girl."

Merrie leaned into him and sobbed. She clutched to him, never wanting to let him go, but she knew it was too late for that. It was too late for anything but to face her fate.

Borias kissed her on the lips and she kissed back.

"Bori, we have to go." Eolis was standing next to them.

With a sigh, Borias broke the kiss and stood up. His cock was hard and she reached out for it, but Eolis set a heavy hand on her shoulder. "Sorry, girl. Be safe. I be seeing what I can do."

He got up and hurried away.

Eolis shook his head. "He may be a criminal, but there is a good heart in that boy."

Merrie nodded.

"Well, I wish I could stop this, but...."

She shook her head. "No, I need to go. Please? I can't stay at the mill. I'll... I just can't."

"Come on." There was a sad look on Eolis' face. The thriban straightened his shirt and held out his hand. Zeob handed him his

suit jacket and he shrugged it on. With a sad look on his face, he gestured for Merrie to talk.

It was one of the most agonizing crawls of her life. Eolis walked behind her, but she could read his thoughts of where he was going. They took the long way, to gather the most attention for the final sale of her life.

The fair was ruined. Stalls were destroyed and some were smoldering. Swetin's, the chocolate place, was being disassembled around the wreckage that remained. One of the women stopped with a smear of chocolate on her face and watched with sad eyes.

The man next to her glared at her, blaming her for all of the destruction. More people stopped as they walked in silence. She could feel the anger and blame on her shoulders, pushing her down with the weight of their accusations.

More thoughts came trickling through her mind. People swearing they would never return and others nursing injuries. They blamed Rakin, but many of them no longer saw Merrie as anything but his bitch. They hated them, therefore they despised her.

There was none of the sexual excitement and joy from the previous day. There was just exhaustion and pain and hatred.

She bowed her head as they came up to the stage. Without being told, she crawled to the center and up on the small platform. There was only a murmur as she settled into place.

Eolis' heavy tread shook the platform. He came up next to her and held up his hands. "Attention!"

The crowds didn't quiet, but there was little noise to start with. They were watching her with accusing eyes. Merrie was despaired to see that only a few hundred people bothered to see her auction, not the thousands watching the night before.

"Last night's auction has been forfeited."

"By who!?" yelled someone in the back.

Eolis hesitated. "The duke was summoned and he put a stop to it. The winning bid was invalid and it will be dealt with."

"Was that before or after he trashed our stalls and hurt our people?"

The thriban started to answer, but then footsteps came up behind Merrie. She turned to watch as Count Blood strode past her, stopping on the edge.

“Folks of Blood Count,” Blood sounded exhausted, “I failed to protect you.” He bowed to them. “I apologize. I should have done something sooner, but I was trying to save you and I choose poorly.”

Maddy pushed her way to the front. “Count. I speak only for my farm, but I know what Rakin can do and it was your men who stopped him. It could have been far worse.”

A ripple of noise coursed along the crowds, bitter and angry.

“Thank you, Maddy.” The count raised his voice. “There is little I can do to make amends, but there is something. For the rest of the fair, there will be no taxes on services or goods. Sell what you have and buy what you can.”

Those words echoed across a suddenly quiet crowd.

Maddy frowned. “What about the duke’s takes?”

“I have money. I will pay it. But, if it comes down to taking care of my people or worrying about a bit of money, I know what way I have to go. I’m not going to abandoned you because of some obsession. I’m not going to kick you when you are bleeding on the ground. This fair is the critical time for this county. We don’t have seasonal ones like other counties, we have one. And if this fails, then the farms,” he pointed to Maddy, “the mills,” his hand swept to include Merrie, “and everything else crumbles. I can’t do this without you, so please,” he bowed again, “forgive me and don’t give up.”

One person began to clap. The count jerked at the sound and slowly lifted his head. Merrie followed his gaze, then gasped when she saw who it was.

Duke Natis stood in the middle of the crowd but separate from the others. His withered hand smacked against his palm and he had his staff hooked in the crook of his elbow.

A ripple of surprise ran along the other people as they realized who was applauding and that the duke had just given his wordless approval. A moment later, Maddy joined in. A second later, others joined it.

A woman held up a beer. She was in the middle of a cluster of people who were all carrying mugs. “The Brewers of Blood Count have decided to open up bar. Free drinks on the house until we run out!”

This time, the cheer was louder.

It died quickly, but the brief show of support brought a smile to Count Blood's face. He held up his hands. "Thank you. Now, let's get this bitch sold."

Eolis started up the bid. "Why don't we start low? Do I hear a million?"

No one answered.

Merrie's shoulders slumped. That wasn't a good sign.

"How about three hundred thousand."

"I'll take that," called Maddy.

"I hear three hundred, do I hear four?"

A hand went up.

"Four, four, is there five? Come on, five? And we have five from Malcom, that will be one drunk bitch. And six from the man in black glasses. Glad you can see the quality of this bitch. Seven? Seven? I hear seven!"

"One million." Rakin was standing at the corner of the stage, a glower on his face. He had dark shadows underneath his eyes and his guards were surrounding him with drawn weapons.

Merrie's sphincter tightened as the exhausted anger in his voice. She shook at the images that spun through his mind, thousands of fantasies hone sharp with a night of fighting and blood.

Eolis turned on him as an angry noise filled the crowd. "You aren't welcomed here, count."

"I was given one day by the duke and that day isn't over. You put the bid for this morning and I have money." He held up a leather envelope and handed it to Eolis who took it reluctantly.

Merrie drew her attention back to the duke, half expecting him to disappear from sight. But, the duke didn't. He shook his head sadly and started his way toward the stage.

Eolis paged through the money but he wasn't counting it. He already knew how much was in there. "There is ten million marks here."

An angry growl ran along the crowds. A few of them were backing away from the Rakin, but others were scowling at the man at the corner of the stage.

Duke Natis stopped near Rakin. "What are you doing, count?"

Rakin's face was stone-faced and tense. He bowed to the duke. "You gave me a day."

“Yes, but you also know that you failed to pay for your bid yesterday.”

“I have the money.”

“Don’t do this, Mard. It won’t work out for any of us.”

“All I care about is getting that bitch.” He pointed at Merrie.

Merrie gulped at the tightness in her throat. She felt sick and wished she could stop it. But, she couldn’t. She could never go back to Bass and she hated every second she knew that.

The duke shook his head. “You should be concerned about your men, your people, and your lands.”

“I will get my bitch.”

The duke leaned against his staff. “Turn around, Mard. Go home.”

Rakin turned to the stage. “Get it over with. Ten million.”

His voice was loud in angry silence of the crowds. The air was tense and seething, but there was nothing Merrie could do. She was aware of her nakedness on the stage, but there was no comfort in the eyes that watched her.

From the side, Kessler stepped into the crowd. She had hope that he would bid on her, but she knew he wouldn’t. Kessler only cared about money. A moment later, Tabitha and Bass joined him. Bass pulled Kessler aside and spoke sharply.

“Mard, walk away.” The duke’s voice cracked but his eyes were narrowed.

Rakin shook his head and pointed to Eolis. “Finish it.”

With a sigh, Eolis handed the money back, but Rakin refused with a shake of his head. “Keep it in sight. I’m not going to lose her again.”

The duke’s thriban straightened. “I have ten million. Do I have eleven?”

Silence.

“Ten million one?”

Still nothing.

Merrie felt the bile rising up. It was happening again. She was seconds away from being doomed to be Rakin’s bitch.

“Ten million one? Going once?”

A tear ran down her cheek.

“Ten million. Going twice to the fucking asshole?”

No one disagreed with Eolis comment, even though it was inappropriate. There was a sharp-edged hatred for the count.

“Damn,” whispered Eolis. “Last chance. No? Then the alpha has been—”

“Eleven million,” yelled a familiar voice. It was Kine, the thief.

Merrie gasped and looked around. Her eyes scanned the crowds but she didn’t see him.

Eolis frowned. “Who said that?”

Rakin spun around, his face darkening.

And then Kine was there, standing as if he was there from the beginning. He was only a meter from the stage. In the light, she could see him clearly. His short blond hair was plastered to his head, almost a buzz cut except that it glistened with moisture. He wore a tight black shirt and jeans that molded to his body, setting off his pale skin.

Eolis shook his head. “Eleven million to the dark gentleman at the last second.” A smile grew across his lips as he turned to Rakin. “Count?”

Rakin’s hands balled into fists. “Twelve.”

Merrie frowned as she heard the lie. She whimpered and looked up at Eolis, who tensed up. “Twelve million from the count... if he can provide the money this time.”

“I’m good for it,” snapped the count.

Merrie whimpered.

“Thirteen mil,” said Kine with a smirk.

She started to turn back to Rakin, but then caught Bass yelling at Kessler. His hands were waving as he snapped at her.

Kessler held out his hand.

With a snarl on his face, Bass gave a sharp nod and shook Kessler’s hand.

With a smile, Kessler spun on his heels and strode through the sparse crowds. “Excuse me,” he said loudly.

Rakin turned on Kessler. “What are you doing? Keep out of this.”

The duke joined in. “What is it, son?”

Kessler pointed at Rakin. “That man doesn’t have twelve million marks on him.”

Outrage rose up.

Rakin growled. “What are you doing!? We had a deal!”

The merchant shrugged with a smile. "I made a more profitable one."

"You'll never get your money."

"Actually, Count Rakin, I will. Paladin Puppy Mill and Blood County has made a generous offer," he smirked, "to pay for my services to confirm your ability to pay. In fact, they agreed to match the winning bid if you made an offer you can't afford. Which is," the smile grew wider, "eleven million marks in cash."

"I will kill you," announced Rakin.

"No, I believe by the laws of Franome provides a disinterested third-party, such as myself, to require you to confirm your ability to pay. So, you have five minutes to add one million marks to the money Eolis is holding."

Rakin stepped back and looked around, but there was no one looking at him.

Merrie glanced at Kine, but the thief's presence was pushing her away again. She reached out for his mind and worked her way through his repulsion. He was amusement. She clamped down on his emotions and used that to pull focus on him.

Kine smiled at her and the presence dropped away, allowing everyone to see on him again.

Rakin stepped forward. "Lend it to me, Kessler. Any rate you want."

Kessler gave a mocking smile. "I'm sorry, my lord count, I no longer trust your credit. I believe you have thirty seconds remaining."

Flushed with anger, Rakin looked up at Merrie and she could feel the frustrated anger boiling inside him. He would never forgive her any more than he would forgive Bass for Sable.

The seconds ticked past.

And then, the duke cleared his throat. "Count Rakin."

Shaking with emotions, Rakin turned to his duke.

"You have embarrassed the crown with your actions." The duke's cracked voice was sad and angry, a bitterness that Rakin had forced his hand. "Please place yourself under arrest."

"No."

"Are you refusing, Mard?"

"That's my bitch! I bought her! Twice!"

The duke scanned the guards surrounding Rakin. "If you defend the count against arrest, then you will join him in Abbinkey for treason."

The men did not need a second guess. Like smoke, they sheathed their swords and stepped away.

"Give up, Mard." As the duke spoke, a massive burst of magic rose out of him.

Behind him, three summoning circles spread out along the ground. The grass ignited from the power crackling along the brilliant white runes as they seared themselves into the earth. Smoke curled around three columns of light, each one centered in the circle, expanded from the center until each circle was a column of blinding brilliance.

Merrie felt the energy snapping at her skin and the hairs on her body rising up from the energy that threatened to choke her. Her eyes blurred from tears as she stared at the light. It was a spell far too complicated for her to understand, her mind refused to focus on the components of the spell. She was humbled by the sheer power that came from the withered duke.

From the light, three figures stepped out. They were skeletally thin but wearing silvered armor. They looked both feminine and masculine as they stopped outside the circles. As one, the three figures stretched out four arms. Each one was tipped with three large, metallic claws.

There was no question that they were the duke's guards. They had the Franome signal burned on their chest with the duke's symbol below it.

"Mard," the duke said tiredly, "don't make this any worse."

For a long moment, energy crackled around Rakin. And then, the count swore and lowered his arm. "I submit."

A cheer rolled across the fields.

And then Rakin, the duke, and the three armored figures were gone. Disappeared between one blink and another. A crack noise rolled away from the impact and then the ground exploded up into a column of dust and rock.

Merrie shielded her face from a shock wave that slammed into her. Rocks and pebbles smacked her skin, leaving tiny cuts and

bruises. more of them lashed at her exposed nipples and breasts, thudding against her skin.

Ears ringing, Merrie stared at the dust in disbelief. She kept waiting for Rakin to appear again.

Seconds passed.

Then minutes.

Eolis spoke up. "Sold for the dark man for eleven million."

The crowds exploded into cheers and Merrie slumped forward with a gasp of relief.

It was over.

She was bought.

"Let's just hope he has the money," muttered Eolis as he gestured for Kine, "otherwise I'm buying you myself just to get you sold."

Kine jumped up on the stage and followed Eolis into the back. It much quieted behind the wall. Eolis took a few steps to the side and turned around.

Merrie noticed that Kine's feet made no noise as he entered the darkness. There was a sense of relief in the shadows of the back stage.

"Do you have the money, boy? It's going to get ugly if you don't."

Kine nodded and pulled out an envelope. Merrie caught sight of Rakin's seal on it but Kine kept it tilted away from Eolis as he pulled out a thick sheaf of money. "Here," he said as he shoved the envelope back into the shadows of his pocket.

"He's off by ten thousand marks," Kessler said as he walked in with Bass, Borias, and Tabitha.

She gulped at the idea that she was going home with Kine. She had a master. A man she would bond to.

Kine handed a ten thousand mark note to Eolis. "There," he said, his voice somehow blurring, "is that enough?"

Kessler nodded, but his eyes never left Kine.

Eolis pretended to count it. After a few seconds, he sighed. "Why bother? Kessler's never wrong." He counted out a stack of notes and handed the rest to Bass.

Bass looked at it, shook his head, and handed it immediately over to Kessler.

Kessler gestured to the money that Eolis took out. "I'll get the rest when we talk tonight."

A growl rumbled in the air, but it came from three sources: Eolis, Bass, and Tabitha.

Kine stepped back, his hand dropping to his side. "Should I be afraid?"

Kessler chuckled. "No, they just think that the duke's takes should somehow be exempt from a legal agreement."

Looking over the silent people, Kine grunted. "So, how many taxes does the old man take?"

"Four percent."

"I can do something about that." He pulled out a matching stack of money from Rakin's stolen envelope. He started to handed it to Bass, then added a few more bills and gave it to Eolis. "Everyone has to get their taxes, right?"

Eolis frowned with confusion but took the duke's share and handed it to Bass who handed it to Kessler.

Kessler watched Kine warily as he stuffed the money in his pocket. "Awful free with your money, aren't you?"

"I don't need it," came a casual response.

"As if it wasn't your own."

"Yeah," Kine said with a smirk that never reached eyes that Merrie couldn't focus on, "imagine that. And I'm feeling awfully generous with the rest of it. Do you know an enchanter around here?"

"Enchanter?" Kessler frowned. "You want an artifact?"

"No, someone who does enchantments, charms. You know, geas. Yeah, that's the word. I need a geas."

Borias flinched.

"What," Bass said carefully, "do you need a geas for?"

The smile dropped from Kine's face. "Bitches don't talk."

Merrie shivered at the hard voice. There was something terrifying about the man who just bought her and she didn't know what it was. She could feel his body against her own and it was growing cooler by the second.

"She won't talk, I trained her better than that."

"Bitches don't talk. I don't want to hear another word every come out of her throat. And I see a lot of people out there that need money. I'm sure on of them could give me a geas, what do you think?"

“No one can,” growled Bass.

“I can,” Borias said.

“Borias!?” Bass spun around to face the mage.

Tabitha just punched him hard, throwing him into the back of the stage.

Borias folded over Tabitha’s arm, gasping for breath as he slammed to the ground on his knees. The impact shook the stage.

Bass grabbed Borias by his arms and lifted him off the ground. The side of the stage shook as the former paladin slammed the mage against the divider between the front and back stage. “What are you doing!?” His voice deafened Merrie.

Merrie’s world spun around violently. She saw what happened to Haviston when he was breaking his own geas. And she heard Borias’ description. The spell scared her, scared her more than anything but Rakin. She took a step back, but froze when Kine rested his hand on her head.

Soft fingers ran along her hair until he caught her ear. He caressed the ridge with his thumb, stroking from end to end. The pleasure of the touch mixed in with the horror she felt in her stomach.

“I be doing this, boss.”

“It’s a geas! Why would you do that to her!?”

“Because, I must do it.” Borias said. “Please, trust me.”

“It’s a geas!”

“Trust me, please.”

Kine spoke up. “Now I’m wondering if you’ll actually do it. You sound like you are cheating me.”

Kessler raised his hand. “I can confirm the geas... for a fee.”

“How much?”

Kessler pointed to the envelope. “Ten percent of what’s left in that.”

Kine stroked the paper through his pocket. “Sure, why not. I’ll give the rest to that guy if he can spin it, or whatever you do to put spells on.”

Borias struggled to pry off Bass’ fingers. “It be called casting.”

“Oh, cool. So, you cast a geas and I give you the money. There’s a couple million in here.”

“Why,” Bass growled at Borias, “why would you do that?”

"If someone be doing this, boss, make it me. That guy be getting a geas even if I not be casting it. I'd rather it be someone who loves her put it on. You don't know be scary it was in Abbinkey when they be putting it on me."

Borias slipped from Bass' fingers. Tears ran down the thriban's cheeks. Without a word, he walked away. Merrie watched him go down the stairs and out of sight.

She was glad he was gone but sad at the same time. She wanted to call out for him but couldn't.

Borias gasped for breath and rubbed his neck. "T-Tabby?"

"Yes?" snarled the shapeshifter.

"Be getting Haviston?"

"He's sleeping."

"He be having a debt to pay to me. I not be caring if he still be bleeding out the ears, he be coming."

Tabitha scanned Borias face for a long moment. Then she transformed into a wolf and was gone.

"Damn," Kine said in a whisper, "that was the chick who ripped your arms and legs off?" He knelt next to her, still stroking her ear as he spoke just to her.

Merrie nodded.

"I think I need to unscrew my asshole after that. I saw that wolf ripping men apart last night. I thought it was someone's monster."

Merrie worried her lower lip. "Why?" She whispered. "Why are you doing this?"

Kine leaned into her, his lips tickling her ear. "I have a lot of secrets, Merrie. And my name is one of them."

She felt ice wash through her veins.

"Yes," he continued, "I heard you say my name. You did it in shadows. I hear a lot in shadows. So, I turned around and bought you to keep my secrets. The geas is to make sure you will never say it again. To anyone."

"I—"

"My master always told me to keep my name close to my chest. I can do that. My first thought was to cut your throat as soon as we left the fair—"

Merrie whimpered softly.

“—but then I remembered that mouth of yours. And I’m looking forward to fucking that ass of yours all night long. Trust me, even if you can’t talk, I’ll do a good job of taking care of you.”

She started to pant as the heat curled up inside her.

“Actually,” he grinned, “it occurs to me. I’m going to be fucking your ass for the rest of your life. I like that. You’ll do everything Rimmy won’t do. And when I’m done with you, I’m going to stick you in the prettiest cage I can find.”

A soft moan filled her throat. She could feel his desires against her mind, hot and slick. He was energetic and fantasies were already painting themselves against his consciousness. Her body tingled as the bond struggled to form, but it was still sealed away by Haviston’s spell.

Borias rubbed his throat. “I be needing a quiet room to be doing the spell. Something with a door.”

“Use my wagon,” Eolis offered. “It is well warded against spells. If that is okay with you?”

Kine shrugged.

Together, they all headed straight back for Eolis’ wagon. Haviston and Tabitha joined them just as they were entering the campsite again. Tabitha was seething, but Merrie’s attention was on Haviston.

The psion was wearing fresh robes, but there was dried blood on his throat and neck. He looked haggard and drawn, as if the life has been drained from him. His one good eye twitched as he leaned against a makeshift staff. His limp was also more pronounced as he struggled to keep up.

Merrie felt a joy at his misery, but it faded quickly when she realized that he was going to do something far worse to her.

At the wagon, Eolis opened the back door and picked up Merrie to set her inside. She crawled away from the entrance as Borias and Haviston joined her.

Eolis lead his head into the room. “Don’t go looking through my stuff. How much time do you need?”

Haviston and Borias looked at each other. Borias answered. “Ten, maybe twenty minutes.”

“You got it.” And then Eolis shut the door.

Eolis’ private room was comfortable, with a large bed on one wall. It had a large flowered bedspread over it and almost as many pillows

as Bass had on his floor. The smell was a strange mixture of thriban, flowers, and perfume.

Borias looked around surprise. "This not be what I think Eolis' room be looking like."

Haviston shrugged. "Everyone has secrets."

"Yes," Borias snapped, "and your secret almost be killing Merrie."

Another shrug. "I said I was going to do it."

"Yes, and now you be helping me with this spell."

"Are you sure about this, cousin? Geas are nasty spells."

"Yes, because that guy not be saying the knot condition."

"Ah," a smile crossed over Haviston's face. "Now I see. Very well. Which variant? Cross? Bannerstan?"

"I be thinking Dremiol-Thorn. There is less backlash and it has a magic with a psionic component."

"But she won't remember the knot."

"At least she won't be having her organs spewing out of her pussy and ass."

Merrie clenched her body at the image.

"Very well.

She spoke up, feeling ashamed for asking. "What is a knot?"

Borias chuckled and held up his hand before Haviston started to lecture. "Geas spells be a knotted spell. That means they be very powerful, but they be having a simple way to break it. For one of my geas and Haviston's, the knot be a pardon from the royal family. For my other," he sighed as he patted the bed for her, "I don't know. He not be telling me, so I not be knowing what I have to do to go back to Franome City."

"And," she breathed, "you'll tell me the knot?" She crawled on the bed and into the center.

"Yes, but this version won't let you remember. But, since we be casting the knot, we be remembering it. And, if things ever change," he smiled and kissed her head, "then we can be releasing you and giving your voice back."

Her tail wagged back and forth. "Thank you," she shot a glare at Haviston, "Borias."

"So," asked Haviston, "what is going to be the knot?"

"There is a stake outside the fence. It is to the--"

“Her stake?”

Borias' eyes widened.

Haviston shook his head. “I’m a psion. I just read your mind.”

“Oh, and you be wandering around my thoughts?”

Haviston opened his mouth and then shook his head. “You scare me, cousin. Your thoughts, though bound by a geas, will give me nightmares for... days at least.”

There was a brief silence, then Borias chuckled. “Probably the best I can be hoping for.” He turned to Merrie. “So, the knot will be the stake. You be touching it and you be free.”

It seemed so simple. Relief flooded through her. “Thank you.”

“Anything I can be doing. Like... we take care of bitches after they are sold.”

“Is it going to hurt?”

Haviston hiked up his robes and crawled on the bed. “It will be uncomfortable but not painful. It will take about ten minutes. Put her on the bed, it will be more comfortable than the floor.”

Merrie crawled over to the bed, but it towered over her. Borias stepped up behind her and wrapped one arm around her breasts and the other up between her legs. She let out a whimper of need as he lifted her up, the pressure crushing her breasts and labia against him. She scrambled on the bed as soon as she could, her smooth wrists giving her no traction on the quilted bedspread.

She watched as Haviston sat down with his legs spread. Her pulse was pounding in her ears as she felt the magic gathering around the two men.

The bed shifted as Borias crawled on. He positioned himself opposite of Haviston. Carefully, he spread his legs until their ankles were crossed and there was a small gap between their legs.

Merrie took a deep breath. “What do I do?”

Haviston tapped the space in the middle. “Kneel here, back to me.”

A flush burning along her skin, Merrie obeyed. She crawled over their legs and turned around. Her tail smacked Haviston in the chest as she spread her legs as if she was begging. Her knees and ankles formed a square against the diamond of the two men’s legs.

If she was being trained, it would be a precursor to being double-penetrated. She smiled even though she knew it was a false smile.

Borias grinned back, his eyes just as dead. "Don't be worrying. We love you, Merrie, no matter what happens."

Haviston adjusted her legs. She could tell that he was making them perfectly square and helped him; she knew she got it when there was a surge of approval from Haviston.

Magic crackled off Borias and Haviston. There were spells already taking effect and she could feel the psychic patterns forming behind her.

Borias reached out and pressed one hand against her throat. "Any last words?"

Merrie took a deep breath. She almost shook her head, but she realized she had a question. "Why don't I hate you?"

Borias cocked his head. "What?"

"Bass, Tabitha, Piffin, I hate all of them. They raped me and tortured me."

There was sadness in Borias' as she spoke. "But I don't hate you, Bori. Why?"

Borias leaned to the side to look at Haviston. Merrie turned her head to follow his gaze.

Haviston looked up and shrugged. "Borias Kivas is family. One does not cause magical beings with the potential to raise armies to hate family. It simply isn't wise."

Borias chuckled. "You are pathetic, Havi."

"My name is Haviston."

"Whatever you say," a smirk, "Havi."

"Could we finish the spell?" muttered Haviston.

Borias looked at Merrie and she took a deep breath. She nodded. "T-Thank you."

"I'm be quite fond of you, Merrie. You be bringing me more joy than I have had since Cici died. You be giving me hope and I will never," he cupped her chin, "never be forgetting you, k?"

Tears burned in her eyes. "I love you."

"Good, now be making that your last word."

She nodded.

Borias returned his hand to throat. He pressed his other hand to her stomach, right above her pubic bone.

Behind her, Haviston rested two fingers on the nape of her neck and his other hand right at the junction of her tail and spine.

Her tail shivered and gave a way.

“Keep that as still as possible.”

She dropped her tail, then reached down to thread it between her legs. The furry limb rested against her right inner thigh and she felt it jerking from her emotions.

“Acceptable. Prepared, cousin?”

“I be ready.”

And then power poured into her. It tasted like metallic shit, a ugly trembling that focused on her throat and ran down her spine. More of the sickening spell pooled at her spine and reached up for the foul energies filling her.

“Be adjusting the delta on six.”

Haviston replied in a monotone, “Check the chain patterns on the lateral. And the other one. There, you have a fluctuation on fifteen.”

“Okay, good?”

“Yes, more power along the cross-break.”

Merrie fought the bile as she felt the energy filling her. It was rushing up in her head, filling her body with the foul taste. She wanted to cry out but she couldn’t move. As the sensation of cold, metallic feces rushed past her nose, she felt the spell erasing how to release the spell, the knot. She tried to cling to it, but it was already gone. With a sob, she let out her breath.

“No, not yet. Don’t talk,” said Haviston.

She felt the spell complete. It was a sudden surge of being filled, like Bass ramming his hated cock into her ass. But it remained, a pressure against her mind and body, filling her from head to toe.

The hands released her and she slumped forward, her face smacking the blankets on the bed. She morbidly felt a urge to speak, but tore her thoughts away in fear of her insides spewing out.

“Damn, that be a nasty spell.”

Merrie whimpered and then froze in fear that it would hurt. She could still taste the spell on her tongue.

“The conditions allow for normal bitch noises. Whimpering, whining, and barking will all be allowed.” Haviston stood up and jumped off the bed.

She turned to follow his movement, then crawled over to the edge when he pointed.

Borias crawled off and stood next to Haviston. He peered at her, his eyes slightly unfocused.

Haviston cupped her chin. "Now, try to say your name."

Merrie's eyes widened and she shook her head.

"No, don't worry. The spell has a mild punishment."

"Meaning," Borias said as he wiped the sweat from his brow, "that your insides won't be coming out. Go on, be saying your name. Or my name."

She took a deep breath and tried. She opened her mouth, but her throat froze. A panic coursed through her.

"Again," ordered Haviston.

She tried again, but her throat refused to form the words. She tried to just breath hard and curl her tongue, but her muscles refuse to allow it to move. All that came out was just a shuddering gasp.

"Now, bark."

She inhaled and barked. It came out clear and bright.

"Good girl. Now, be saying your name again."

Merrie tried again.

"Harder."

She tried.

Borias and Haviston shared a look. Borias gave a sharp nod, but he looked torn.

Haviston pressed his hand right below her sternum. "I want you to say your name. And if you don't say it in five seconds, I'm going to inflict you with a very sharp pain that has the potential of ripping your stomach open."

Merrie gasped and shook her head.

"Five."

She whimpered and tried to push him away. Borias caught her arms and pushed them back, his fingers digging into her elbow.

"Four."

Merrie cried out, her voice making the whines of a bitch. She tried to ask him to stop, but she couldn't.

"Three."

Tears ran down her cheeks. She sobbed and flailed harder.

"Two."

Her sobs shook her body. Merrie was terrified. Her bladder release, jetting hot liquid against Eolis' blankets.

“One.”

She screamed out her name, or tried to. The metallic energy rose up and she felt her entire insides twist violently as every organs tried to rip itself out. She clenched over in pain, clutching her stomach though every part of her ached.

Her movement tipped her over the edge, but Borias caught her and wrapped his arms around her. “No, no. It be okay, Merrie. It be okay. I be holding you.”

“The geas is in place,” announced Haviston.

Merrie sobbed on the blankets, her body wet from her own urine.

“Then you be telling Eolis that she be peeing on the bed.”

Haviston only grunted.

Borias pulled her close, ignoring the moisture clinging to her body. “You be okay?”

Merrie sobbed and buried her face into his shoulder.

“I know, I know. Don’t worry. Some day, you’ll be coming back and we be releasing that spell. But until then, you be a good little bitch and make me proud, k?”

She nodded into his arm.

“Now you be going to your new master,” he pushed her back and kissed her lips, “be remembering that he not be Rakin. And at least you be safe from that man.”

Merrie sniffed, the tears on her cheeks. Borias helped her off the bed and lead the way to the door of the room. When it opened, she stared out at the gathered people.

Eolis stepped up and picked her up. He sniffed once, then looked up at Borias and Haviston.

Haviston said, “There was an accident on your bed.”

Eolis glared at Haviston as he set Merrie on the ground.

Haviston shrugged and hopped down.

Kine was sitting in a chair, a beer in his hand and watching curiously. He seemed uncomfortable being the center of attention.

She crawled over to her new master. Like a good bitch, she knelt down, spread her legs, and then brought her wrists up to her throat.

Kine drained his mug and looked over at Kessler.

Kessler inspected Merrie for a long moment, then looked up at Haviston and Borias. After a few painful minutes, he nodded. “Yes, she has a geas.”

“Can she talk?”

Merrie tried to say “no,” but the words didn’t come out. She tried again, not hard enough to trigger the twisting but just to show that it wouldn’t come out. She stopped with a bark and a whine, lowering her ears to the side of her head.

“Good enough for me.” Kine announced and stood up. “But, I need to be going.”

Bass held up his hand. “Excuse me. If you don’t mind, I’d like to check on her in a few years. At the mill, we—”

“No,” Kine said.

“But, I’ll pay for—”

“Don’t worry, big guy.” Kine rested a hand on Merrie’s ear. He caught the ridge with his fingers and stroked it. “I’ll take care of her and you don’t need to worry.” He tugged lightly on her ear. “Come on, Merrie, let’s go.”

Merrie didn’t look back as she let Kine lead her away.

(Just remember,) Haviston’s thoughts chased after her, (the inability to speak does not affect your ability to project.)

A slow smile crossed her lips. Maybe it wasn’t going to be as bad as she thought.

Owned

46

Merrie was dizzy with relief. For the last few days, she was terrified of being owned by Rakin. The images she got from the cruel man's fantasies were still in her head, she didn't think she would ever forget them, but they would fade over time. She wouldn't be tortured or raped. She was free, free from the horror that she almost suffered.

She lifted her gaze to her new master, watching him stride ahead of her. His thoughts were chaotic and difficult to read. The repulsion that he used also wrapped his thoughts, his shields were constantly shifting and when she thought she found his mind, it slipped away as soon as she stopped concentrating.

But, it didn't matter if she couldn't read his thoughts. Kine was already showing himself to be a far better master than she could dream about. She still remembered his whispered "I'm not going to choke you" before he slid his cock into her mouth. It was tender and hesitant, a far cry from Bass' brutal rape or Borias' compassionate sternness.

She hesitated. There was something about Bass, a strange sense that she had somehow lost something. She shook her head, trying to clear it. She hated Bass. The thriban had not given her even a shred of compassion as he broke her. He used her, trained her, and fucked her. There was no good in the powerful man, she knew that from the bottom of her heart.

Even as she thought it, the feeling of loss bubbled up.

"Merrie?"

She jumped at Kine's words. An embarrassed blush colored her cheeks and she hurried after him.

He nodded with approval and headed back toward the division from the white and red side.

She licked her lips, then made a face at the taste of the foul magic that stole her voice. The only hint that Kine was less than completely compassionate was the geas. She didn't know why he would do it, but it burned at her throat. It was just like being cropped, a single point of pain and terror, and then she was less than a human.

At first, she wallowed in the fear that Kine would become like Rakin. But, as they crawled past the shattered stalls and pavilions, she realized losing her voice was just like being cropped. When Tabitha had tore her arm off, her helplessness had ignited a flame inside her that would never extinguish. Every time she looked down at the smooth end of her wrist or felt her ankles against the ground, she was reminded of that helplessness.

She worked her tongue against her mouth. She wouldn't be able to talk ever again. Borias told her there was a way out of it, but she couldn't remember if he ever told her how. She was helpless again, vulnerable and unable to be a human. But, where she knew the cropping would come, her stolen voice was a sudden surprise. It didn't build up into the painful orgasm that tore her limbs from her but just a bang that left her less than human.

Merrie tried to say her name and concentrated on the thick feeling in her throat. The word didn't come out but there was no tingle of warning. She just couldn't speak.

A flush rose on her cheeks and she felt a tingling warmth suffuse her body. She opened her mouth to speak and concentrated on her helplessness, her stolen voice. No hands, no feet, no voice. She was losing her humanity with every step on her path to becoming an alpha and with each one, the aching pleasure grew.

She smiled and wagged her tail. She was a bitch and she could feel the power rippling through her. If it required her to be less than human, that she would lose every shred of humanity, if her master required.

A cheer rose up, breaking her from her thoughts. An impromptu party had formed near the center of the fair. The folk were milling about, some of the dancing and many of them drinking. There was hands touching and naked bodies everywhere.

The toilet girls were out, holding a cup with hand-scrawled lettering. “Save our fair!” “Down with Rakin!” “Blood forever!” People were using the girls and dropping a few coins into their cups. The clinks mixed in with the gulping noises.

“Hey!” Kine said sharply as he pointed to a girl on her knees as three men were peeing into her mouth. “You do that?”

Merrie’s pussy clenched. She nodded and let out a bark.

“Seriously?”

She barked again.

“Damn. Do you do the eating shit thing too?”

Merrie reluctantly barked, her stomach rolling.

“Well,” he pulled a face, “That’s disgusting. I won’t be doing that. But, I always heard about guys getting their asses licked out. You’d do that, right? I bet that would feel fucking good.”

Merrie barked happily and wagged her tail harder. Her furry end whipped back and forth, fanning her buttocks and teasing her aching labia with every twitch.

“I’m looking forward to you. Come on, let’s go around, the wagon is to the south of the red side.”

Kine skirted the party. Merrie followed, careful to avoid getting stepped on. As she was slipping her way between two men making a deal about trading their wives for the night, she caught sight of Kine casually slipping his hand into a woman’s underwear and pulling out a small roll of marks from the crack of her pussy. He sniffed it and continued walking, not even slowing down.

The woman didn’t notice as she continued to lean into a man trying to sell her a dildo larger than Bass. There was no way she could have missed Kine’s fingers in her pussy, but somehow she did.

There was a lot to her new master and Merrie felt herself growing excited at the prospect of learning everything. She smiled and continued to crawl after him. Kine’s repulsion seemed to drape over her. No one touched her, no one looked at her. When she was out with Bass, she was the center of attention. Now, she was an object but it was something more. She was below their notice and their ignorance added to the flickering heat inside her. She was less than human, not worthy of attention.

She could feel her pussy growing moist with excitement. She hoped that Kine would fuck her once they got to the wagon.

Hesitantly, she reached out with her mind and delved her thoughts into his. She wanted to know what was in store.

As she concentrated, she could sense a pattern to Kine's mind. His eyes were moving from point to point, seeing where someone kept their money or a jewel necklace was hidden underneath a collar. He was like Kessler in how he saw worth, but instead of hard numbers floating over people's heads, Kine saw it as a golden glow and a lure to steel. The more money, the brighter the light. But, it didn't stop there. As Kine looked over the riches of Blood County, his mind played out the actions he needed to steal every tiny shred of wealth.

And beneath his thoughts, there was something else. A focus on his environment; he was seeing something more than just money or theft. But, those thoughts were guarded even from Merrie. She tried to reach into them but a shadowy veil protected his innermost secrets.

As they passed the arena for the games, Merrie saw Tabitha sitting on one of the benches in wolf form. The shapeshifter was looking into the area, her chest rising and falling from her short pants. Sounds of blood and gore rose out of sight and, somehow, Merrie knew that Diffy was killing someone inside.

At the sight of Tabitha, the anger rose up. Tabitha had cropped her, ruined her. She wasn't any better than Rakin or Bass.

Tabitha turned to look at her and Merrie cringed at the eyes that focused on her. Tabitha cocked her head to watch her, then turned back to the arena. It was a dismissal if Merrie had ever seen one and the crawling woman was thankful that Tabitha didn't try to do anything else.

She crawled closer to Kine, interposing him between her and the cruel woman who cropped her. Her flanks brushed against his shin and she managed to keep up as he walked through the fair and straight into a narrow trail through the tall crops on the east side.

A few meters into the fields, the stalks towered over both her and her new master. Kine let out a long, shuddering breath and a smile crossed his lips. It was pleasure that radiated out from him as he relished the darkness.

Minutes later, they came out the other side. A few meters from the fence was a small wagon tied to a post. It was already packed

with a heavy canvas tarp over its contents and a horse contently eating grass and flowers next to it. A heavy rope kept the horse nearby. Merrie didn't see where Kine had slept or even a hint of a campsite.

"We should be getting on our way. It's an eleven day ride back to Franome City. Why don't you get up on the wagon and I'll catch the horse."

Merrie crawled around the back of the wagon. The back was about the size of a large bed. She could smell oils and leather inside. Between the slats, she saw a golden necklace sticking out the edge. She stopped to stare at the jewelry, trying to figure out if he had somehow lost it or he had stolen so much that the diamonds were unimportant.

She heard the clink of the horse's buckles and stirred from her musing. She crawled to the bench and stopped. It was almost a meter off the ground. Getting on her knees, she reached up to the step. The rough-cut wood scraped her limbs but she couldn't find anything to pull herself up. A whine rose in her throat as she lifted herself up, balancing on the points of her legs but she couldn't get up on the chair.

"You really are helpless, aren't you?" He was leaning against the attached horse, hands on his pants. His cock was bulging the front of his pants, swollen with excitement.

Her cheeks burning, she nodded. The heat in her body increased as he pushed himself off the horse and strolled over. Trembling, she lifted her head to look at him as he loomed over her.

"You wet?"

Her pussy spasmed and she barked.

Reaching down, he ran his hand along her buttocks. His fingers stroked along her inner thighs and then up to her sex. Two fingers slid into her slick folds.

She let out a soft moan and pushed back. His fingers plunged deeper and she clamped her inner walls around him. Her tail curled up to give him more access.

Kine's breath grew deeper as he stroked her short strokes. "You really are a sex slave, aren't you?"

She nodded and barked.

He pulled out his fingers and trailed them up to her asshole. She shivered as he traced the ridges of her opening, coating them with the juices from her sex. He gave her an exploratory push but his fingers only sank a few millimeters into her tight hole. "I'd think you'd be a lot looser," he whispered as he kept the pressure against her asshole, "with that big guy fucking it. You sure he pounded you here?"

Merrie remembered how Bass had torn into her ass that night. Her entire body was clenching from the effects of the electrical collar. The pain of him ripping into her rectum. She shuddered at the memory of her debasement.

"Damn, you just got really wet."

Merrie froze. Why did she get wet? Her violation wasn't pleasurable. Bass had raped her. She didn't want it, she never wanted it. She rocked her hips and felt horrified that she was turned on by the idea of Bass. A thick dribble of juices ran down her thighs.

"That's sexy." Kine scooped up her juices and coated his fingers again. Bringing it back up to her ass, he wormed one finger into her tightly clenching opening.

Merrie leaned into the wagon, panting for breath. The pressure in her ass sent tendrils of pleasure through her body. It filled in the strange gap of her hatred for Bass and her body's shameful response.

Kine stroked in and out, working his finger deeper. "It's hot," he whispered, "and tight." With a sigh, he pulled out. "Tonight, I want to shove my dick in there."

She moaned and wagged her tail back and forth.

He grabbed her tail and stroked it twice.

She leaned back into it, moaning louder as her body responded to every touch with a flash of heat.

"Damn," he muttered as he released her and stood up. "We better get going. I'm going to bust a nut if I keep doing that."

Merrie didn't mind the thought of Kine fucking her, except that it would increase the chance that Bass or Tabitha would find them.

Kine reached around her chest and grabbed her breasts. His fingers dug into her skin and he pulled her tight to his hard cock. With a grunt, he picked her up and set her down on the bench.

She clutched to the back until she got her balance. Settling down, she tried to find a comfortable position with her tail against the back of the wagon bench.

He jumped on the other side and sat down strongly. Grabbing the reins, he snapped them. "Hai!"

The wagon lurched forward and Merrie almost fell back. She tried to let out as shriek, but the metallic spell rose up and silence her. Only a whine came out as she braced herself against the back of the bench. As the horse pulled it forward, she found a better position by leaning against Kine and pressing her legs against the side rail.

Kine's thoughts quieted as they followed the road. There was little to steal and that part of his consciousness drifted off. His body slumped against the wagon bench and he smiled.

When he didn't move her away, she leaned into him. The alcohol ethereal scent clung around him and she found it almost comforting. Closing her eyes, she meant only to relax but the days of exhaustion slammed into her and she felt asleep almost instantly.

A hand on the back of her head woke her up. She opened her eyes. For a moment, she was confused where she was, but then she saw the horse tail flicking in front of her. Glancing around, she realized she was on Kine's lap, her head only centimeters from a bulge that pressed against her forehead. One of her arms was resting against his thigh, the smooth tip resting on his knee. The other was jammed against the back of the bench. She tried to wiggle it and little pins and needles ran along her senses.

Kine stroked the back of her head and reached out for her right ear. At the touch of his fingertip along the ridge, she let out a soft moan. "You awake?"

Merrie looked up and gave a soft, breathy bark. She could feel lust burning inside him. He was also hesitating, unsure if he could order or even ask her to please him.

She was a well-trained and trained for exactly what needed to be done. Lowering her head, she nosed the bulge with her nose. The scent of his excitement increased. Leaning over to him, she lifted her body so her breasts pressed against his thigh and she could use her lips and teeth to work the button off the thickness underneath.

Burying her face into the opening, she found his heated hardness. At the first touch of her lips against his shaft, Kine pressed his hand harder against her head. Merrie couldn't tell him she didn't need it, but having him guide her gave her a little thrill. She burrowed deeper, working up until she found the precum-slicked head.

Curling her tongue, she eased it out of his pants and let it spring forth. It smacked against her face and she tried to giggle. The gas stopped her action and only a whine came out.

Kine gasped, his fingers curling over her ear. He tugged on them, guiding her down to his cock. "Suck on it. Just suck on it." He was almost begging.

She drank in the taste of his precum, sucking on the tip before opening her lips further to let him guide her down his length. His hand flexed against her, pushing her down. The thickness invaded her mouth, slid along her tongue before bumping against the roof of her mouth. The narrow tip caressed the back of her throat and she buried her face into the dark patch of hair at his base.

"Oh, sorry!" He relaxed his grip but didn't release her. She took her time pulling up his length, exploring every ridge and bump. His hardness swelled inside her until his glans were caught on the ridge of her lips.

"D-Do I just push down? Can I?"

Merrie smiled around his length. There was an innocence to him. She reached up with one arm and rested it against his wrist. She added pressure to his hand and slid back down.

"I can do that?" His cock jumped with excitement.

She buried her face deep into his pubic hair, gulping at his length. His cock filled her mouth and tickled her throat.

He held her down for a long moment. With every pulse of her breath, the sensation of suffocation increased and her pussy throbbed with need. He pulled up, but kept the pressure on her, guiding her up. He was learning how to dominate her and she squirmed her hips together as moisture gathered at her sex.

At the top, he didn't need encourage to shove her back down. He slammed her down hard but she took his hardness greedily. He froze. "Oh, that wasn't too hard, was it?"

She responded by grinding herself further down, mouthing his base and balls. Her saliva coated his body and he let out a long, shuddering gasp of pleasure.

“Oh, that’s good.”

Proud of herself, she eased her lips back up his length. She could feel the thick veins throb with every pulse of his heart. Precum soaked her mouth and she gulped at it hungrily. It left a burning trail down her throat, the aftertaste of man and the strange ethereal flavor that permeated his being.

He shoved her back down, jamming her face into his crotch. She clamped her thighs together, rubbing the hot slickness together. Her pleasure curled around her, adding to the flickering heat inside her. She wished he would fuck her but he just held her down, his cock surging in her mouth.

“I-I’m....” the words hung in his throat.

He grabbed her ears with both hands. She cringed at the bright pain, but then he was slamming her face down on his cock, driving his length deep into her mouth. She gulped at it and squeezed her lips around his base. The flash of heat increased and she felt him throbbing hotly inside her.

His hips rose up to meet her strokes. His cock slammed into the back of her throat and his hips into her face. With every thrust, his cock swelled thicker and hotter.

Kine’s orgasm was a bright spark of ecstasy. He drove deep into her mouth and came against the back of her throat. The hot jets seared against insides and came bubbling out.

Remembering his fantasies, she let some thick dribbles slip from her lips to pool in the dark hair as his base. The rest she gulped down, the familiar taste of cum adding to the warmth in her stomach and the heat in her pussy.

She couldn’t wait for him to fuck her.

He released her ears and slumped back. “Fuck, that was good.”

Merrie lapped slowly at his shaft, cleaning it as it softened in her mouth. When it finally slipped out, it glistened with her saliva. She looked up at him, then smiled. Lowering her head, she worked her mouth through his bush, cleaning the thick white globs from his belly and balls. When she finally finished, his cock was half-hard again.

Kine gave a chuckle. "And you'll do that whenever I want, right?" She nodded, licking her lips.

"I could get to liking this." He reached down and shoved his manhood back into his pants. With trembling fingers, he buttoned it back up and grabbed the reins.

Merrie smiled, fighting the urge to whine. The need to cum was reaching a knife's edge.

As Kine focused on the road, she shifted her position so her back was resting on his arm and her leg was braced against the edge. Looking up at him, she saw that he was staring forward with his mind already drifting. Feeling a thrill of pleasure, she reached down with her arm and pressed her wrist against her sex.

She was already soaked and dripping. A tiny thrill drove through her as she gave a hesitant stroke, then another. Her heart thumped loudly in her chest as she stoke another stroke.

"Are you—"

Merrie jumped as Kine breathed into her ear.

"—trying to get off?"

Blushing hotly, she peered up at him. She let out a whine.

She was expecting Kine to be angry, but he shook his head. "Rimmy always said that I never got her off. Come on," he patted his thigh, "scoot closer. You probably can't do much with your missing hand, can you?"

Relieved, Merrie pulled her dripping arm back and scooted closer. When Kine slipped his arm around her waist, she let out a soft whimper and leaned into him.

Kine slipped his fingers between her legs, trailing two fingers down the length of her slit. "You shave?" He seemed surprised.

Merrie let out a breathy bark.

"Heh, never did it this way." His fingers caught her clitoris and let arched her back at the pleasure that rocketed across her body. His fingers were deft as he explored the fold of pleasure, trailing fingernails and the pads of his fingers up and down with a drumming movement.

She spread her legs wide as she thrust her hips into his fingers.

Kine added a third fingers, sliding each one up and down. His fingertips tapped against her clitoris in a complicated rhythm and her body jerked with every touch. Just as the burst of pleasure

started to fade, the next finger tapped against her pleasure. Every ripple of ecstasy added to the first and soon she was gasping for breath.

“I’m good with my hands at least,” chuckled Kine. He caressed her folds, working each one between his fingertips.

A whine rose in her throat. Her pussy spasmed at the touch, hours of domination adding the constant background hunger of orgasms. She curled her spine to give him access.

She planted her hand back between his legs for balance. His hardness ground against her elbow.

“No, no. This time, you cum.”

Merrie almost sobbed with relief.

Kine rewarded her by driving two fingers into her pussy, pumping in and out. She could feel her inner lips clinging to his fingertips, sliding back and forth as he drummed little bursts of pleasure into her.

A whimpering moan rose in her throat. She trembled as she felt as her orgasm rose.

Kine stopped.

Her moan turned into a whimper. She arched her back, thrusting into his fingertips but Kine kept them just millimeters above her heated flesh, not giving her the crest she craved.

She whimpered and lowered her hips.

He started drumming against her clitoris again, three fingers in the complicated beat. Each strike landed with a wet slurp. Her body trembled from the impact and she lifted her hips back up to his fingers.

Kine brought her almost to an orgasm, but then pulled his fingers away at the last minute. He chuckled at her whine and waited until she settled back on the bench before thrusting his fingers back into her heated slit.

Merrie cried out and shook. Her orgasm rushed up but she knew he was going to pull away. The teasing tortured her, adding to an inferno that seared her insides. Her entire body jerked with every touch and a whimper ripped from her. Knowing that he was going to bring her to the edge of orgasm and pull back drive the pleasure higher.

He stroked and released her.

She cried out and begged as a bitch for more.

He tapped against her pussy, driving a beat into her until juices soaked the bench. He stopped just as the orgasm was about to explode.

For an hour, he tortured her. Merrie was sobbing for release, begging with whimpers and whines. Her juices soaked her thighs and pooled underneath her. She could smell her excitement drowning her senses, mixing in with the heady musk of his own hardness.

And then, he drove three fingers into her soaked opening. Thrusting deep, he pulled her sweat-soaked body tight against his own as he banged her with wet slurps.

Merrie tensed up, wishing he would finally let her cum. She whimpered and bit down on the shirt over his shoulder, holding herself still as her eyes rolled up. She spasmed, tiny orgasms sparking against her senses, and begged silently to cum before he released.

And he didn't stop.

Each thrust drove the heat higher. Her sex drooled on his hands and coated everything. She clenched down and ground her teeth together, whining with the effort.

"Cum," he ordered.

And she did. She let out a high-pitched scream as her orgasm tore through her. She felt it rising out of her body and rocket out in all directions. A faint breeze rolled through the trees in an expanding circle as she came at his command.

She couldn't see anything except the white hot pleasures that dominated her senses. Her body wasn't her own and it just kept coming and coming. Each blast of pleasure tore her further out of her senses.

Waves of her pleasure rolled out along the grass, kicking up dust. She jerked violently and clutched to him. Merrie wrapped her short legs around his arm, trying to keep her inside him as she kept jerking from the ecstasy that tore through her veins.

Too soon, her body couldn't take anymore and she slumped down. Her breasts heaved as rivulets of sweat ran down her cleavage. She felt the shuddering gasps shaking her body and her heart pounded loudly in her ears.

“You come hard, don’t you?”

Panting, Merrie looked up at him and nodded. She realized her arm was resting against his hard cock. She rolled over and reached for it.

“No, no.”

Whimpering, she looked up and licked her lips.

Kine gestured to the road. “It’s only few hours or so until the inn. If we keep going, we’re going to be sleeping on the ground and I’m looking for a nice, warm bed.”

Reluctantly, Merrie sat back up.

“No, lean against me. That part’s nice.”

With a grin, she turned back around and leaned on his arm.

He slipped his arm around her waist and rested his palm against her heated sex. His long finger measured against her sex, but it was only a light, teasing touch.

With a happy moan, Merrie leaned back. Happiness bubbled inside her, mixing in with the afterglow.

t'Sade

Stolen Privacy

47

It was dark by the time Kine pulled the wagon into the inn yard. Insects buzzed through the air, their wings lit up by the torches that created flickering pools of orange and yellow. To the right of the yard was a large farm house with a dining hall built out from the side of it. Light poured out of the windows into the yard, luring a cloud of gnats to swarm around the windows.

Rich smells of dinner—a savory meat of some sort—filled the yard and Merrie’s stomach rumbled at the scent of it. She peeked out from the blanket covering her body; Kine got it for her to protect her naked flesh from biting insects.

She sat up and clutched the blanket to her.

From the other side of the yard, near the stables, a man sucked on a pipe and stepped out. “Fair evening to you two. Looking to spend the night?”

Kine hopped off but remained by the wagon. “Yes. I was here a few days ago and really liked the cabins in back.”

“You’re in luck, mister,” the speaker was an older man with a large gut with scar tissue forming a slash from his shoulder to his hip. “We have two cabins open.” His eyes flickered up to Merrie. “Number seven is the suite, if that be your interest.”

Kine glanced over to Merrie and she shivered at the lust and excitement that burned inside him. “Yes, I’m interested.”

A mosquito buzzed Merrie and she waved it away.

“Two hundred marks a night, breakfast and dinner included. I’ll knock fifty off if you spend a second night.”

Kine shook his head. “No, just the one night.” He dug in his pocket for his wallet.

An insect bit Merrie and she jerked. Her blanket slid off her body, exposing her breast and naked hip. She grabbed at it, but the fabric slid off her arm and she watched it flutter to the side. She reached down with both hands to catch it between the smooth ends of her wrists and tugged it up. She managed to catch it with her hips.

Looking up, she saw the innkeeper was staring at her just as he was reaching for Kine's money.

"You just coming from Blood County? The fair?"

Kine nodded.

The man pulled back his hand. "We don't do business with your kind."

"My," Kine's voice grew tense, "kind?"

"Slavers and butchers." A scowl darkened the man's face. "You hurt that poor girl, didn't you?"

"I did not."

"Then you bought her from someone who did. And I don't do business with slavers."

"I'll pay double," suggested Kine.

"I think you be sleeping on the ground tonight or I'll be calling the guards."

Merrie glanced at the inn where someone was standing in the window, watching the events. She shivered and tried to pull the blanket up, but she couldn't grip the fabric enough to cover her body. She felt exposed but dirty, a stark contrast to the nudity she had become accustomed to.

"No, no," Kine suddenly sounded placating, "we'll leave. No reason to call the guards." Merrie caught bitterness from her new master, not fear. She peered over at him, but he was bowing submissively as he crawled back on the wagon. "Thank you, sir. I won't bother you again."

"You better not. I hope the gods gut you for all eternity."

"Thank you, sir." Kine said as the bitterness grew. He grabbed the reins and pulled them tight. As he did, a tingling darkness seemed to drop down over the yard. Merrie felt it against her skin as the tiny hairs raised up. It was magic washing over them, but she couldn't tell why.

The innkeeper looked away, dismissing them.

Kine snapped the reins and the horse started forward. But, instead of turning around in the yard, Kine continued through a gate and down toward a clutch of small cabins resting against the tree line.

“Idiot,” muttered Kine. “There are four wagons from the fair sitting next to his stable. He knows damn well that fair folk are going home tonight. But, see one tit and he gets offended.”

Merrie turned to look back at the inn yard, but the innkeeper was staring the other direction, muttering. He didn’t seem to noticed they drove past. She glanced back at her new master. There was no question that Kine had used magic, but Merrie didn’t understand what he was doing. Or why the ethereal smell had grown stronger around them.

Kine stopped the wagon in front of the furthest cabin. It was twice as large as the others with a large “7” painted on the door. He slipped off and grabbed a pack. Tossing it by the door, he held up his finger. “I’ll get you in a moment, Merrie. Just want to get the horse situated first, okay?”

Merrie barked and clung to her blanket.

As he released the horse, Kine spoke softly to himself. “Going to have to shade her in public. Shouldn’t be a problem. Rimmy said I needed the practice.” He led the horse into a small fields and attached a long lead. Returning, he came up to the wagon and held out his hands.

“Come on, doggy.”

Merrie smiled and let the blanket slip off her body. The summer air was warm and moist against her skin, but it felt good where sweat prickled her skin underneath the blanket. She slipped to the floor of the wagon and crawled over. At the edge, she reached out with her helpless arms.

He slid his hands around her buttocks and picked her off the wagon. She clung to him until the ends of her ankles touched the ground, then guided herself back to the comfort of being on her wrists and knees.

“Adorable,” Kine said as he produced a set of keys. “Let’s check out the honeymoon suite.”

Merrie stared at surprise. She never saw Kine close enough to steal the keys from the innkeeper.

Kine chuckled. He started to say something, then closed his mouth. Without another word, he headed to the cabin and unlocked it.

She followed behind him, her naked body shivering with excitement. Kine shut the door behind her and tossed the keys on a side table.

The cabin wasn't impressive, as rooms went. Merrie had enjoyed more comforts as a human. But, there wasn't a large pile of pillows heaped on the floor. Instead, it was just a functional large bed, a small kitchen area, and a bathroom.

Seeing the bathroom, she was reminded that of her own bladder. She looked back at the door and let out a whine.

Kine turned around, confused. "What?"

Merrie squeezed her legs together and wagged her tail. She gestured toward the bathroom and then to the door.

"Oh, you have to pee?"

She nodded.

"Then just..." his voice trailed off as he looked at the toilet. "How do you get on that without hands or standing up?"

Merrie crawled over to the outside door and ran her arm against the frame.

"Oh!" He smiled. "You pee outside?"

With a bark, she got on her knees and begged. He opened the door for her and followed, his breathing deepening as she crawled into a patch of grass, crouched, and let her hot urine flow out. It felt good, a thrill and a pleasure. She could feel his attention on her, boring into her body as excitement bubbled up.

"You got one of those shit runes, don't you? You don't poop, right?"

Merrie nodded, her eyes almost crossed at the sensation of emptying herself.

Kine inched closer, watching as the puddle soaked into the ground. "How do you wipe yourself?"

She finished peeing and rocked her hips. She could feel tiny droplets clinging to her pussy lips. Peering over her shoulder, she looked at her master and jerked her tail.

"Oh, no," Kine stood up. "I'm not wiping." But, even as he denied it, she could feel the excitement rising.

Rocking her hips in a circle, she spread her legs further as the scent of urine rose around her.

“Um....”

She barked encouragingly.

Reluctantly, Kine stepped forward and reached down. His delicate fingers explored her sex as he flicked off the last of the droplets. Her pussy grew wet underneath his touch. She moaned softly as he wiped her down.

As soon as he finished, she turned around. Kine was holding his hand as if it was diseased, but Merrie wasn't done. She shifted to a drier spot on the grass, knelt down, and brought her arms up to her throat. She gave a bark.

Kine jumped and tore his gaze from his hands. “What do I...?” He stopped as he caught sight of her. “You're going to clean my hand?”

Merrie barked again, her body growing hot with need.

“Damn,” he whispered as he brought his dripping hand to her mouth. Merrie kept her eyes on his face as she took his fingers into her mouth. Her tongue lapped around the digits, tasting her own body on his fingertips. She sucked on them, cleaning each finger in turn with slow movements.

Kine's breath grew deeper. “Fuck, you're turning me on.”

Merrie smiled and sucked deeper, lapping until his hand glistened. She kept her eyes locked on his, watching as the lust burned inside his gaze. In the darkness, his eyes were lost in shadows but she could feel them boring into her skin.

“I-I was,” he whispered, “going to save myself for fucking you in the ass, but....” He fumbled with his pants.

She smiled and waited until his cock sprung out before catching it with her mouth. The heated shaft felt right in her lips and she buried it completely in her throat and ground her face into the hair in his belly. The mixture of musk and ethereal swam together. She moaned and began to bob up and down, sliding harder with every thrust.

Kine grabbed her ears and almost set her orgasm off. The intense sensations of his fingertips against the sensitive ridges added to her pleasure. He guided her at first, just keeping her smoothly sliding up and down on his cock. Slowly, his grip turned to a more forceful one and she leaned into it, letting him drive her body against his shaft.

His breath came faster as he gripped her head, crushing her ears, and pulled her down on his cock as he thrust forward. They impacted with a smack and he grunted with the effort. His fingernails dug into the back of her skull as he thrust faster, pounding into her face.

The wet, muted thud of their bodies impacting filled the darkness. It mixed in with the screeches of nocturnal animals and the hum of insects. Merrie drank in the scents of his sex and tongued the thrusting shaft as it slammed against the back of her throat.

Merrie rocked her hips with every movement, sending her tail to wave back and forth with short, violent movements. It stirred up the air and the fresh smells of summer grass coupled with the hint of her urine just added to the intensity of the moment.

Images were flashing through Kine's head. He was thinking about a woman. She had dark brown skin and black hair. Merrie thought it was Rimmy, the woman Kine talked about, but it was the other woman kneeling in front of him instead of Merrie.

She felt a surge of jealousy. He wasn't fucking her, he was fucking someone else. No matter how much she bobbed down on his cock, she hated that he was imaging the other woman instead.

Kine's cock surged as he began to fuck Merrie harder. Precum dripped down her chin as he pounded her. His fingers gripped her tightly, fingernails digging in, as he came up to his own crest.

Merrie wrapped her arms around his buttocks, cradling him with her shortened limbs. She could feel the flex of his ass, tight and powerful, as he drove into her. She was ashamed that she felt jealousy when she was being used as she was trained, a bitch to fuck.

He slammed into her mouth and held her there, grunted as his hips drove against her. She felt his orgasm surging down his length, then the hot explosion of cum that jetted against her throat. She relaxed and focused on the sensation of the hot globs of seed that poured down her throat. It filled her belly and smile wilted around the shaft.

As he came, more images flashed by. Things he wanted to try, things he was afraid to do, things Merrie was trained for. She caught on the images and let them wash over her. It was a preview of what was to come and each one turned her on.

Kine finished with a gasp. He started to pull out, but Merrie held him in her mouth. "What?"

Merrie stared into his eyes, barely able to see his face in the light from the distant torches and the sliver of the moon. She held him tight, breasts ground against his pants and her wrists against his buttocks.

The fantasies came up, each one ginger and unsure. And then finally the one that Merrie knew would turn him on.

"I-I can do it right here? Pee in your mouth? You said you'd do it, right?"

Her pussy spasmed with need at the words. He was hesitant and somehow it added to the growing exploration of their bodies and her submission to him. He wasn't the confident dominate that Bass was but he could be. Her thoughts soured at the thought of Bass, her hatred rose up. She tore her mind away and focused on the man who saved her.

Kine's cock quickly hardened but she resisted the urge to suck on it.

"Sorry, just need to relax for a moment."

They remained in place as his shaft softened in her mouth. The member rested on her tongue, slimy and pulsating.

"I-I'm going to do it now," he whispered in a broken, incredulous voice. "Ready?"

Merrie gave a nod and released his buttocks. Her own body was hot with need as she opened her throat and waited.

The first spurt was a hot surge. It mixed in with the cum coating her mouth before it dripped down her throat. He gave a second test surge, watching her as if she would pull back.

Merrie stroked the back of his legs to encourage him.

"Okay," he moaned and released himself. Hot urine poured into her mouth and down her throat. It filled her belly with a heat that matched the inferno in her sex. She thought about the toilet girls at the fair, on their knees and used like common whores.

She would do anything for her master. She was a good, trained bitch and she would show him that he was hers to command. Her submission pushed her into an orgasm, a small one, and she trembled with every gulp.

He finished quickly and she cleaned him off before letting him out of her mouth. Staggering back, he gasped for breath. "Fuck... I like that."

Merrie smiled and licked her lips. His taste mixed on her tongue and she ran the tip of it along the inside of her mouth to catch the last of her. Her belly was hot and full. It sated her with the taste of submission.

Someone carrying a torch started back toward the cabins.

"Shit," muttered Kine, "come on, inside the house. Quickly now. I need to shade this place."

Merrie crawled across the ground, aware that her pussy was moist on the air. Kine pushed her inside but remained outside when he closed the door.

She turned around, curious.

Magic rose up around them. It was the ethereal scent in the air. She could feel it dancing along her skin, tickling her senses. Around her, the room darkened perceptibly as shadows blanketed the windows. She could feel the spell surrounding the building, wrapping it darkness.

A few minutes later, the innkeeper with the torch walked past the window. The light was muted, shadowed. Merrie crawled up to the window as she watched him walk past the full wagon without a second look. He didn't even see it.

She peered around for Kine but couldn't find her master. Missing him already, she turned away from the window and crawled across the floor. It didn't take her long to explore the cabin, but there was nothing she could do.

Eventually, she stopped at the bathtub. It was almost as large as Bass, with a rune-driven heating system. She reached up and leaned against the edge, peering down. Thinking a bath would be nice for Kine, she fumbled with the controls until she managed to twist on the water with both arms. The heated water filled the tub and she watched careful to avoid overflowing.

"I brought," Merrie jumped at Kine's sudden voice, "food." He chuckled. "Sorry, you might as well get used to that. I'm rather sneaky."

Merrie turned to where Kine stood in the doorway. He had a large serving tray heaped with food and soups. The smell of meat brought a gurgle to her comfortably full belly.

“And wine. Because,” he pulled a face, “while it was really hot but I’m not kissing you with pee breath.”

She giggled but it came out as a chuckling woof noise.

“I got you a bowl. Come on, you probably want real food in your belly.” He reached over and turned off the water. Trailing a finger through the water, he pulled it out. “I like it a lot cooler. It should be perfect when we finish eating. Because, I don’t know about you, but I really want to fuck your ass tonight.

Merrie moaned with need and followed him back out. He set up the food on the floor, with large bowls for her and a plate for him. Her stomach gurgled louder as she waited.

Kine flopped on the ground and used his fingers to dig into his bowl. “Go on, eat.”

She dug into her food and they ate in silence. The food was simple but good. Knowing that he had stolen it just added to the taste. She smiled and enjoyed her food.

“You know,” Kine chuckled, “we used to do this when we were teenagers. Des, Rimmy, and me would break into inns, steal food, and have a party right on the floor. Sometimes,” he grinned and drank wine, “it would be a lot more than a party but,” the smile faded, “not at the end.”

She wanted to ask more questions, but she couldn’t. She sat back on her heels and watched up, hoping that her curious look would prompt him.

There was a haunted look in his face for a moment. Then he drained his glass. “Well, that was when we were young.” With a snort, he continued, “Well, according to Rimmy, I never grew up. She always said I have poor self-control.”

He grabbed the bottle and sloshed it into his glass. He filled his glass and then pulled out a bowl. Emptying out the wine bottle, he set both down next to Merrie. “Here you go. Actually, she’s right.” He grinned. “She told me not to steal anything and I ended up lifting thirty million. And then using it to buy a sex slave. She’s going to kill me when we get back home.”

He sipped at his wine for a moment and Merrie returned to eating.

“Damn, I’ve been talking about Rimmy and you don’t know her.”

Merrie peeked up.

“Want to?”

She gave a nod.

Kine pushed his empty plate away and leaned back against the bed. “Well, she’s kind of my girlfriend and not. We grew up, you see, at the orphanage. I lost my parents during that terrorist attacks on the City when I was seven.”

Merrie barely remembered the attacks, she was five at the time. A group of warriors in magical armor would teleport in, kill hundreds of people, and then disappear. It went on for months and the military used it as an excuse to draft an army. But then a group of heroes stopped the attacks and the country was left hanging with a built up army. It resulting in a few years of wars before things calmed down.

“Rimmy’s parents just left her. We never found them. And Des, well, Des decided he was tired of his mother and just moved in one day.” Kine rolled his eyes. “Des was always like that. Our old master, Raccoon, found him one day and took Des in. We were friends, so Des convinced our master to also adopt us and he did.”

Kine glanced around at the dark room. “They say to keep your secrets to yourself, specially in the dark like this.” He gestured to the shadows. “Des was good at that. Listening from the shadows. When the master died, we couldn’t find his place anymore so we moved out. Just the three of us.”

Sadness began to pool around Kine. Merrie wiped her face with her arm and sat back, watching him.

“It was fun times. We were teenagers and had all the powers in the world. We’d steal, play pranks, and make out. But then, Rimmy fell in love... with Des. The threesomes became infrequent and they started doing scores together. And then... one day...” A tear glittered on his cheek as he choked on the words. “One day, they were just gone.”

Merrie crawled over to her new master. She pressed her cheek against his thigh and he lifted his hand so she could slip up against him. His skin was hot against hers, but he wasn’t interested in sex;

she could tell that from his body language and the way his mind was spiraling in thoughts. She was also curious about the man who bought her and wanted to hear more.

He turned her around so she was leaning up against him, her head on his shoulder and his fingers cupping her pussy. When he got comfortable, he started to speak in a low voice, almost a whisper.

“I got a little crazy then. Stole a lot of money, bought a house. Got myself some servants and threw a lot of parties. Then, ran out of money, lost everything but the house, and then stole a lot more. Never bothered getting servants again, so the place is trashed, but I like knowing I have some place to live.”

His long finger ran up and down her slit, an idle movement. She spread her legs to give him access but listened quietly.

“They were married when Des betrayed her. Rimmy had a score he wanted, so he just listened from the shadows to her plans. When she went to steal some huge sapphire from a baron, the guards were waiting for her. Fucking bastard betrayed his own wife. But, Rimmy was in jail and she couldn’t escape. They knew how to stop her, to keep the room bright and not give her shadows to work with. The only way they could have known her weakness is if Des told them.”

Merrie’s chest rose and fell as she listened. She could feel the storm of emotions pooling inside Kine. He needed to say what he was saying and it told her a lot more about the woman she was jealous about.

“I found out when she was sentenced to Abbinkey. They send everyone with magical powers there. I broke her out but Des tried to stop us. She killed him,” an image bubbled up of the dark-skinned woman fighting on a roof with a small man with pale skin and a long, black knife. “But, she got really hurt in the fight. I took her home and she’s been there every since.”

He pushed three fingers into the folds of her sex. With slow, torturous movement, he began to explore her sex. She squirmed as he ran his fingernails along her folds, up against her inner opening, and even around her clitoris. Her body grew moist and she rose up to meet his fingers.

“We’re occasionally lovers, but she mainly stays on the south wing and I’m down on the north. On the weekends, we go dancing

but she doesn't always come home with me." He drummed his fingers against her clitoris, the complicated three-beat that brought a pulsating along her senses. "She shades the house, I can't do anything that large for that long. I pay the bills... well, I make the money and she pays the bills. It works out, for the most part."

Inside, Kine's thoughts danced around the fact he loved Rimmy with all his heart. He cared for her but she continued to reject anything but casual contact.

Merrie felt ashamed at her jealousy but couldn't say anything. She tried to pull back from his fingers, but Kine just pushed her hips down to the ground and drummed his fingers against her clitoris. She inhaled sharply, the pleasure sparking along her senses.

"Des hurt Rimmy badly. She won't... share scores or even sleep in my bed. She has to remain private, but she also tries to help. She got me off the drugs and wine," he gestured to the two empty bottles on the floor, "though I slip often on the drinking. She's the one who reminds me that I don't really think before doing things. I think the last time... was the dogs."

Merrie looked up at him, her hips rocking against his fingers.

Kine grinned. "Oh yeah, I have dogs. These pretty Bel Dark hounds. They were from the town I grew up in. I was going to breed them, but I made a few mistakes." He rolled his eyes, "apparently breeding requires you to have a bitch and I got tricked into buying eight males."

Her pussy clenched at a sudden thought.

"Oh, you fuck dogs?"

Blushing, Merrie looked away.

"You'd fuck anything I tell you to, wouldn't you?"

Her body grew hot and slick. His fingers thrust up into her sex, stretching her as he wiggled all three in her tight, clenching tunnel.

"Wouldn't you?"

Merrie nodded.

"Well, I'm not going to share you tonight." He dug his fingers into her pussy and pulled her closer so he could kiss her lips. "Tonight, I have a nice buzz and I'm done talking. So, why don't we take a bath," he kissed her again, "and fuck?"

She moaned and kissed him back, parting her lips as his tongue flicked inside her mouth. She twisted against him, rocking on the fingers buried inside her and her breasts pressed against his chest.

He kept his lips against hers and his fingers buried in her pussy as he got to his knees. Wrapping his other arms around her waist, he picked her off the ground.

Crying out from the pressure, Merrie wrapped her short arms and legs around his body. Her wrist crossed behind his neck and her ankles reached for each other, but her weight settled down on his cock.

His hardness ground into her pussy with only the fabric of his pants between her and being impaled on his cock. She rocked her hips against him, giving him a secret smile as she did.

Kine moaned. "Damn, you're sexy."

He kicked the plates and bowls to the side as he carried her into the bathroom. Merrie's wine bowl shattered on the wall and he chuckled. He kissed her before they made it into the steamy room. "At least you're already naked. Here you go."

Leaning over, he eased her into the hot water. It soaked into her skin instantly and she reached out to brace herself against the side.

She watched with growing lust as Kine stripped down. He was thin and slender, but there were hard lines of muscles along his trim body. Light-colored streaks covered his body, scars from past battles. A trail of dark hair ran down his chest into a trail that led to the thick patch of nearly black hair around his cock and balls.

Merrie felt a hunger rising inside her. She watched with rapture as he yanked his shirt off his chest and tossed it aside.

"So," he said with a grin, "do I measure up to your big guy?"

She made a point of looking him over, a slow smile crossing her lips. Even in the heated water, she felt a burning inside her pussy. It was a heat of hunger boiling inside her. She couldn't wait until he crawl into the tub with her, just like Bass used to.

The smile froze on her lips. Why was she remembering Bass fondly? She hated him. He raped her and she could never forgive him.

Kine interrupted her momentary confusion as he stepped into the tub. His feet worked his way around her and he sank down. His

cock, hard and pulsating, slapped against her shoulder as he slipped around her.

His hands were smooth against her skin. With a grin, he hooked his hand underneath her thigh and lifted it up as he threaded his legs between hers. When he released her, her pussy rested against his knee.

Her breath grew deep as she stared at her master. His cock was centimeters from her body, but he wanted her to wait. She held herself still as he reached out to cup her breasts. His fingers caressed her nipples, teasing them into hardness before rolling them between his fingertips.

Merrie whimpered at the touch, rocking her hips. She reached out and ran her arms along his before dropping them to his chest. The smooth, amputated ends caressed the hard lines of his chest. She teased his own nipples, tiny little tips, until his fingers dug into her breasts.

“You are pretty,” he said.

Flush with a compliment, Merrie spread his arms and leaned forward. His cock slid along her belly as she kissed him on the lips. With a grin, she kissed his chin, then his throat.

“No, no, little bitch. No, I like puppy better.”

Merrie froze at his words. She kissed his collarbone before pulling back.

There was a fire in his eyes. “Turn around, puppy,” he said in a low, throaty voice.

Her skin tingled at the look. She could feel her bond reaching out for him but it stretched out across the fields of her mind instead of connecting to the man who bought her. She panted softly as she stared into his eyes.

“Turn around, show me your tail.”

Trembling with lust, she lifted her body off his knees. Water sluiced off her naked breasts and dripped from her nipples. She braced herself on the side of the tub as she turned around. Sinking back down, she let out a long shuddering breath of lust.

His hands caught her buttocks. The water lubricating his movement as he clutched the tight cheeks. His fingers slipped up the line of her ass, trailing along the planes of her buttocks before caressing against the wrinkled opening of her ass.

Merrie whimpered softly as he traced out each fold of her rear entrance, circling around the tightly clenching opening. Her tail, dripping water, curled up against her back. Droplets of water ran down her spine before running down her curves to catch his fingers.

“I’ve never done this, Merrie.”

She whimpered at her name, her body trembling even more.

“You like when I say your name?”

She whimpered again, letting out a soft, desperate bark.

He worked one finger into her asshole, twisting with curious, hesitant movements. It was tight and the friction tugged on her senses, adding to the pounding anticipation in her heart. He pulled out after a few seconds.

Merrie fought back a whimper and turned to look over her shoulder. Water continue to run down her body, tickling her nipples and sides before splashing down.

Kine gave her a smile and grabbed a bottle of bath oil from the side of the tub. When he opened it, the flowery scent filled the air. “Little tight,” he explained as he poured a healthy measure on his hand and worked it along his finger. The thick slurping noises sent another wave of pleasure through her and her tail thumped against his arm.

He brought his finger back to her asshole. She clenched in anticipation, then relaxed it.

When he wormed his finger into the opening, it slid easily into her.

The pressure, even small, had the weight of anticipation. It ignited the heat inside her and a tiny orgasm rippled through her body. She let out a gasp and bowed her head, her body trembling from the shivers.

“You came already?”

Gasping for breath, Merrie looked back over her shoulder and smiled.

“Does that mean your done?” His finger twisted slowly.

Merrie shook her head.

“Really? Rimmy only comes once. And then she leaves.”

She wanted to say she wasn’t Rimmy, but the words wouldn’t come. Instead, she pushed her body down on his finger. It slid deeper, past the thick ring of her anus and into her depths.

He gasped and held himself still for a moment. Then, he pushed his hand up until his knuckles ground against her anal ring. She clamped her muscles around his finger, squeezing down and pushing out as she slid it out enough to thrust back in.

“I guess you’re going to come twice.”

She nodded and shoved her hips down on his finger, fucking it like a tiny cock. Little tremors of pleasure ran along her senses, adding to the heat flushing her skin and the sweat prickling her brow.

He grabbed her tail, his fingers wrapping around at the base. Her body stopped with the pressure at her new limb, then held herself still as he explored where it connected to her spine. The area was sensitive and she almost came again as he tightened his grip. “Damn, your tail is real. Really real.”

She couldn’t move. Her body trembled as he held her place, dominating her with her own tail. He lifted her up and she obeyed, clamping down as his finger slipped out of her asshole.

Merrie let out a whimper of need.

He pulled her tail down and she followed, her hips sinking as she prepared to be impaled. But, there was nothing. Kine chuckled as he lifted and lowered her by her tail, her entire body moving because she couldn’t resist his silent commands.

Being dominated, his movements, and the pressure on her tail, pushed her over the edge again. It was a sharp pleasure that slammed into her and she jerked helplessly at the ecstasy. One arm on the side of the tub slipped and she slumped forward as she lost her balance.

Her face smacked into the water. She flailed around as she tried to get balance to push herself up.

Then Kine hauled her up by her hair. Pain sparkled along her scalp as she was bent back, caught between his grip on her tail and the pressure on her hair.

She let out a gasping breath as the sensation of her hair being pulled and her tail being clamped down on, ignited another wave of pleasure. She shook violently as she cried out again. Her arms flailed for the side, trying to find purchase again but she couldn’t concentrate as the pleasure consumed her world into a white-hot ecstasy.

When she regained her senses, he was still holding her by her hair and tail. “Fuck, you came hard that time. And all I did was pull your hair.”

Merrie couldn't look at him, not with him holding her by her hair. Her breasts rose and fell with her pants. She felt on fire as she was held in place. She ached for his cock and could feel him working up the courage to impale her, but she swam in the intoxicating hunger of waiting for him. He would fuck her. He would guide her. He would command her.

And he would be her master.

Kine shifted his body for a moment, then pushed down on her tail.

Merrie obediently lowered her hips until the burning hot tip of his cock brushed against her skin. She didn't hesitate but she couldn't drop down on him. Instead, she was tortured by him pulled her down with agonizingly slowness.

The tip lodged itself in her opening. It was slick with oil, but she didn't remember him coating herself. But, then she didn't care as he pulled back her hair and forced her weight onto the spear-like cock.

The pressure was agony and pleasure mixed together. He continued to force her down into it, his hands guiding the hardness into the tight, clenching tunnel of her being.

Her skin ignited with tingling, the bonding that would never connect. She wished that Haviston would have released her when she was sold. But, it was too late. Sooner or later, it would happen and she couldn't wait for it.

Kine drove her down, millimeter by millimeter with his torturous speed. She grew accustomed to his girth and his length as she felt it sliding deep inside her.

And then she was at his base. His wet public hairs ground into her buttocks and the hot spear of his length was firmly buried into her depths.

“I didn't,” he gasped, “think you'd be this tight after your big guy. But, it feels like a glove.”

Merrie clamped down and rocked her hips. His hardness angled inside her, caressing her inner walls. She grew dizzy with pleasure and sank further on the heat and hardness that filled her. His balls

ground against her soaked pussy and she leaned into them, enjoying the pressure at both of her entrances.

Kine's breath was deep and shuddering, his mind burning with lust. He grabbed her tail and pulled her up, slowly and tortuously.

She whimpered as his cock slipped out, an empty feeling tearing at her heart. She wanted him, needed him, and he was leaving her. Even knowing that he was going to yank her back down couldn't stop the pain of emptiness.

Kine only lifted her a few centimeters before driving her back down. She gratefully sank down on his length, moaning as he filled her again.

Panting, she rocked her hips and enjoy the hardness stirring inside her. She was growing closer to another orgasm, her helplessness mixing with the intoxicating submission.

He found a rhythm with his hands. He jammed her down on his cock, giving her a blast of pleasure, then drew her up. Sometimes he would go almost to the top and other times he would only make it a few centimeters before slamming her down. With every impact, the water in the tub sloshed around her and she cried out with pleasure.

His cock grew harder with every thrust. His chaotic mind focused on her body, concentrating on every pleasure of his shaft sliding into her hot depths. She could read the sensations coming off her body and it added to the pleasure. She was not only being fucked, but she could feel him fucking her.

Knowing what he felt, she adjusted her movements slightly, exploring how he felt pleasure. When she shifted her angle for balance, she briefly was in a position that gave him an intense pleasure of driving deep into her ass.

He didn't say it, but he hungered for it. Merrie couldn't disobey his silent command. She braced herself and brought herself back, wincing at the discomfort at keeping the angle but growing dizzy from the intensity of his pleasure.

Kine slammed her down, pounding deep as he enjoyed every second of thrust deep into her ass. She was in the perfect position and his balls boiled with the desperate need to come.

She swam in both of their pleasures, her body humming with the constant waves of pleasure. She threw herself into his movements, adding to the impact of her ass against his hips.

His orgasm rushed up quickly. She felt it as a tightening along his body and a tighter grip on her tail. He slammed her down with hard thrusts, shuddering with the impact as if he wasn't sure which thrust would cause him to explode. He yanked her up and slammed down again. His fingers dug painfully into her tail but she didn't care. He fucked her with hard strokes that filled her with heat and hardness.

He pulled her hair and slammed her down again. Water sloshed outside of the tub and poured down the sides, but she could only barely hear it over the pounding in her ears. He ground her ass into his cock.

A brief pause and he yanked her up to slammer her down. His cock pulsated hotly inside her ass, the orgasm right at the edge of exploding.

Another slam, his fingers sent bursts of pain up her spine. She couldn't stop him, she didn't want to. She moved against her discomfort to give him the most pleasure she could give.

He lifted her up and yanked her down. One of the joints in her tail popped like a knuckle and the relief shot up her spine. She came at the sensation, her ass tightening around his cock.

She felt the pressure in his mind, reading it as clearly as her own body. It sent her over the edge again and her orgasms tore through her senses. She cried out.

"Fuck!" He bellowed as he yanked her hard down, thrusting as hard as he could to bury his entire length in her rectum.

And then he came.

The hot jets of his cum filled her up, splattering against her inner walls and pooling at the junction of their bodies. Merrie shuddered and came herself, assaulting by the liquid pleasure inside her body and the sensations that came from Kine. She felt every surge of his cock twice, every jet that coated her insides again, and she couldn't stop coming.

Her body vibrated with the bonding that would never happen and the pleasure tearing through her nerves. She sobbed at the intensity of it, unable to relax until her master finished thrusting every iota of his pleasure.

Kine gasped for breath and slumped back. He pulled her hair and she leaned back obediently. Only when her back was resting against

his chest, did he release her tail and hair. Hands slid around her sides and he cupped her breast with one hand and her pussy with the other.

His cock was still hard and buried inside her ass. She enjoyed the sensation of being held and rested her head on his shoulder.

“That was probably the best fuck I have ever had.” He said in her hear.

Merrie smiled and let out a bark, her chest rising into his palm and her nipple tickling his finger. She settled into place in the hot water and her master, basking in the intense afterglow of their orgasms.

“You know, Merrie,” his breath was hot against her ear, “I probably should have paid attention during your auction.”

A frown ghosted across her face and she turned to him.

Kine’s eyes were gray but twinkled with a smile. “It just occurred to me. I kept hearing everyone call you an alpha, but I have no clue what that means.”

Merrie stared in shock, her mouth falling open.

He shrugged. “I’m sure it isn’t anything, but I know one thing.” He leaned over to kiss her. “I’m going to fuck you a lot in the week it takes to get to Franome City. And then,” his cock began to swell again, “I’m going to keep on fucking you.”

Coming Home

48

Eleven days later and Merrie was in a storm of emotions as they headed into Franome City. Seeing the city from a distance, with the World Tree towering over the central valley, brought a pang of homesickness to her. The tree was a kilometer tall and home to the royal palace and the Parliament. It was coming up on night and already sparks of light lit up the endless branches in what would be a cloud of brilliance in a few short hours.

The inner districts were shaded by branches that spread out over the city. Merrie rarely went into the shaded areas of Franome City—it was too rich or political for her life—but she could pick out the various quarters as they came up from the south side of the valley: the legal buildings, the tiny jewelers quarters, the two academic districts, and the multitude of homes for the rich and famous.

Her new master was in his usual place, on the side of the wagon bench with one hand holding the reins of the horse and the other arm around her waist. She was leaning into him with her head on his shoulder and one leg spread out along the bench.

He loved seeing her short limbs and she kept them on display for him. Every time he caught a glance, she could feel a stirring of lust. Images would bubble up from his mind, shaded by his thoughts but bright with sexual hunger. He focused on the smooth ends of her ankles and wrists, a feeling of power filling him. Knowing that her amputation turned him on, she rested her arm so her wrist touched his forearm.

His right hand was in its usual spot, fingertips resting against the entrance of her pussy. Occasionally, he would plunge a finger inside or use three tips to drum against her clitoris. She was already

addicted to his fingering; he never stopped tapping and she came more than a few times with whimpering cries and her amputated limbs wrapped around him. In the moments of stillness, she could still feel the three finger beat against her sex.

It frequently lead to him fucking her and that brought a smile to her lips. He was a good lover, passionate with a hint of hesitation. He whispered he wouldn't choke her as every time he thrust in her mouth and that tenderness was a balm to the horror she felt with Rakin and Bass.

In the last ten-day week, he had taken advantage of every hole he could fit his cock into. He filled her pussy, ass, and mouth half a dozen times a day and she enjoyed hours sucking on his cock as he drove the wagon. She licked her lips and caught a hint of the last time he came in her mouth. It was an hour ago but she felt the familiar stirring of hunger rising from them both.

Her new master was horny and she knew how to deal with it.

Twisting around, she reached for his cock.

"No," he surprised her as he reluctantly guided her back into place. "I need to concentrate."

Confusion, Merrie settled back into place. She spread her leg, the warm air teasing her pussy lips, but Kine didn't replaced his hand.

Instead, he held on to reins with both of them. "I was hoping for a darker day when I got back." He pointed up to the blue skies and yellow-tinted clouds. "Hard to shade the wagon in bright light. But, if I don't," he bumped her with his shoulder, "you attract attention. Selling slaves is illegal in the City, but not owning them. But still, you don't see naked bitches in the street, do you?"

Merrie beamed and her tail thumped against his thigh.

He glanced down and smiled. "Don't worry. You won't noticed it, but I'm going to take the back roads, is that okay?"

She nodded, as if she had an opinion.

Kine settled against the bench and took a deep breath. A prickle of power rose up around them. The strange, alcoholic ethereal taste tickled the back of her throat. She felt it crawling against her skin, cool and comforting in the sun but also fragile in the sun's brilliance.

She squirmed slightly as the pressure of magic increased. Around her, the shadows looked like they were reaching out for her. The

shade from the leaves and branches grew deeper, turning from a faint blocking of sun into pitch-black voids that looked like holes in reality itself.

Merrie lifted her arm and looked down below her arm. The shadows of her limb was a hard-edge darkness. She couldn't see even a hint of the naked flesh underneath her. Curious, she drew her hand across her body, watching as her body disappeared from sight in the darkness.

A strange sense of fear and joy rose up inside her. It took her a moment to realize that the happiness came from Kine. He was home in the shadows. She glanced up at him and saw that his eyes had turned pale, as if all the color had been leeches out of his gaze. His skin following, growing gray and colorless with every passing moment.

Above her, the sun faded faintly and the heat didn't burn as much. She was in the shade, but there was nothing blocking the burning light except for the ethereal sense of power.

Kine let out a long, gasping breath. "Damn, that's hard." There was no color in his skin, just the blue-gray of a man in shade, though the sun continued to bear down on them.

Merrie reached up and used her arm to wipe the sweat beading his forehead aside. His skin was cold, almost icy. She wiped her dripping arm on the bench.

He gave her a comforting smile. After a moment, he turned back to the road as they came up to the first gate of the city. Without slowing down, he guided the wagon into the reserved lane. Normally, it was held for the rich and political. Merrie felt fear rising up, but he drove the wagon right through the open gate and not even a single guard looked at him. Instead, the guards paced the wagons in the other lands, their brown cloaks swirling behind them.

Inside the gate, Kine turned off the first secondary street. It was shaded and he let out a sigh of relief as the wagon plunged into darkness. The tension dripped from him but never left.

The horse continued to clop along the cobblestones. In front of them, people stepped aside without every looking at them. It was an unconscious movement, the same repulsion that he used at the fair.

Merrie shivered as she watched it, enjoying the flutter of power and the way it felt cool against her skin. She wondered if she would

be able to see it better when they bonded. She didn't know what to expect or even hope. She knew that she would share memories with them, but Sable had Bass' powers and Dixie could tap Tabitha. Would she be able to use the repulsion that Kine had? She wished she could ask Sable or Dixie what to expect.

Leaning back into him, she closed her eyes and enjoy the sway of the wagon and the beat of his heart. She loved every part of his body, more so when he was thrusting hard into her with short, powerful strokes. She smiled and nestled closer.

Kine slipped his arm back around her waist. His fingertips danced across along her taut stomach and down the "V" of her legs.

She grew moist at the anticipation. The soft smells of her pleasure rose up and she spread her leg invitingly.

He slipped his fingers down to her pussy, spreading her lips and tapping lightly against the sensitive nub of her clitoris. She gasped at the impact of his finger against her soaked button. He tapped again, then added two more fingers to drum against her pussy.

Soft whines rose in her throat. She jerked with every impact, crying out as the pleasure rose inside her. Kine knew how to please her and his talents with just three fingers would put all of her lovers to shame. Soon, she was writhing underneath his manipulations, her breasts smacking against his arm as she reached for an orgasm.

"Ah!" he pulled back just as she was reaching her orgasm. "I need to pick up something here."

She whimpered and tapped her pussy with his arm.

Kine chuckled. "Later, bitch."

She flushed and leaned forward as he crawled off the wagon. Breasts heaving with the aching needing between her legs, she watched as he circled around and disappeared into a store. Above the door was a plank with an anvil on it.

Merrie was alone. She glanced around the busy street and saw people milling around. She felt a surge of embarrassment rising up as she sat there, naked and with her breasts sticking out. The only relief was the shadow Kine had parked the wagon in, protecting her bare skin from the sun.

But, despite her nudity, no one looked at her. The same repulsion that surrounded Kine also protected her from attention. No one would look at her but she could watch them. She found a thrill in

staring at the people walking by, unconsciously walking around the wagon without even registering its presence. She could almost reach out and touch them as they passed, but she was afraid it would break the illusion.

Twenty minutes later, the door to the store opened and Kine strolled out backwards. "And you'll get me some new collars for the boys too?"

"Of course," came a booming chuckle as a large man dragged himself out from the darkness. The scrape of metal rang out loudly on the street and people slowed to watch curiously.

Merrie lifted herself to peer over the edge.

As the storekeeper came out, she saw what he was pulling: a cage.

Her pussy clenched as a heat flushed through her. It was a large cage, about twice as large as her, and made of welded steel. The joints were smooth as if the entire thing was drop forged in one piece, but she knew it was magic that sealed the entire thing together. She shivered at the heavy-looking metal. If she was inside, there was no escape unless her master freed her.

Hot juices dribbled down her thighs as she stared at the cage. The thin bars were shimmering in the sunlight. She could picture herself in it, thumping her pussy against the bars. A gasping whine rose in her throat.

Kine glanced at her and smiled.

"So, you actually have a wagon?" asked the storekeeper as he looked around in a circle. "Going to let me see it?"

Kine gasped, then chuckled. "Sorry, here you go." He reached over and patted the storekeeper on the shoulder. There was a dark flash of magic and Merrie almost caught a sense of pattern, a spell.

The storekeeper looked around, then focused on the wagon. "Ah, help me pick this up. I'll get you..." his eyes lifted to Merrie and widened.

Merrie squirmed at his look and crouched down slight to hide behind the wagon bench.

"Um, boy?"

"Yeah, Rice?"

"You have a naked woman on your wagon."

"Yeah," Kine chuckled, "isn't she beautiful?"

“And you are going to put her in a cage?” Rice sounded surprised. “You’re going to put a full grown woman in a cage?”

Merrie’s thighs clenched at the heat boiling inside her. She was growing wetter with every passing seconds. She remembered the torture of being in the cage. Then, she couldn’t cum and she hurt herself trying to find some edge of pleasure. Now, she would be confined and helpless but still able to find that crest of pleasure.

She couldn’t wait.

“Yeah,” Kine said, his lust naked in his eyes. “I bought her. And she’s an amazing fuck too.”

Rice let out a booming laugh and clapped Kine on the shoulder. “You’re going to die.”

Kine glared at him, but there was a smile. “It won’t be that bad.”

“Oh, when She Who Cannot Be Named,” Rice wasn’t talking about Merrie anymore, “finds out. She’s going to kill you. Not just kill you, she’s going to hang you by your balls and use you for knife practice.”

Kine smirked. “I don’t think it will be that bad. I’ve made sure the bitch can keep our secrets at least. She can’t talk.”

Even though he didn’t know it, Kine was talking as if Merrie was property, an object. She flushed as she listened to their conversation, her body growing even hotter. She reached down with one hand and stroked her pussy, a sheen of her juices coating her arm.

“You know,” Rice smirked, “I think I’m going to start a wager. Thirty marks that you won’t make the night.”

Kine shook his head and smiled. “Just help me load the cage, please?” He jumped up and threw back the canvas. It was filled with random things, stuff that Kine stole or picked up. There was no rhyme or reason to it other than it attracted his attention. Merrie glanced over it—she saw it a few times in the last few days—but it matched his mind, chaotic and fluid, like the shadows themselves.

“Who are you planning on taking all this garbage to?”

Kine shrugged. “Didn’t think about it. Maybe The Rat.”

“Rat got arrested a week ago. Selling drugs to a city guard. Idiot did it right outside the guardhouse too.”

“Damn, what about Gold Buyer?”

“He won’t take this crap and you know it.”

Her master let out a grunt and piled up the stuff to make room for the cage. He jumped off the end and grabbed one end of the cage.

Rice took the other. "I heard there is a new fence over on Glorious Golden Court, I think at 1904 from what I heard."

Kine paused for a moment. "Old Margret?"

"Her daughter. Got a pawn shop going. Pretty good front on her, tits are too small, plus I've heard only good things from those who fenced with her. Cute thing too but with a nasty knife. Don't piss her off and don't ask about her old husband."

"Got it," grunted Kine as they shoved the cage on the wagon. Underneath Merrie's body, the entire wagon shuddered from the weight of it. A few bags tumbled off the end of the wagon and hit the ground with the clink of delicate metal and a crack of glass.

Rice picked up the bag and peered in it. With a shrug, he tossed it back on the wagon. More glass shattered as it slumped against the steel bars of the cage. He turned on Merrie's new master. "Well, there you go. Anything else, boy?"

Kine shook his head and held out his hand. "Thank you, Rice."

In a few more words, Kine and Merrie were once again on the road. The ethereal smell surrounded them as he shaded the wagon, protecting it from the attention of others.

Merrie nestled back into her position, her head on his shoulder and her pussy bared to his hand.

Kine slipped his arm around and pressed his palm to her sex. "God, I love this. You have the wettest pussy I've ever touched." He chuckled, "well, I guess I haven't really played with too many. A few prostitutes and Rimmy." His finger curled over her pubic bone and he began to tap her clitoris.

Right on the edge of an orgasm from seeing the cage, Merrie mouthed his arm as she came out. The orgasm was brief, but it left sparks floating across her vision.

He added a second finger, tapping on her soaked pussy. His fingertips slurped as they struck her, the wet tapping sending sharp pulses of pleasure coursing through her body.

Merrie arched her back, whimpering as she clutched his arm. Her legs jerked violently from her orgasm. She tried to keep them open

for him, silently begging for him to add the third finger and the intoxicating drum, but her thighs clamped down on his hand.

“Did you noticed that Rice didn’t call me by my name?”

Still in the throes of her orgasm, Merrie could only nodded as tears streamed from her eyes. She bucked against his knuckles, desperate for him to plunge them into her aching hole.

“Secrets. The shadows are full of them. My master says a name is an anchor, a way of finding you. So, I’m known as ‘boy’ to Rice but ‘kid’ to others. Old Margaret called me ‘Ricky.’” He ground his fist between her pussy, sliding one finger into her drenched hole before bringing the three fingertips against her clitoris.

With moan of hunger, Merrie used her arm to force her legs apart and give him access. She closed her eyes as he began to drum, teasing her and adding to the tiny sparks of ecstasy coursing through her veins.

“We’re wrapped in secrets, Rimmy and I. Though,” his fingers stopped against her sex, “I would love to know how you figured out my name.”

Merrie tensed up, a whimper in her throat as she rocked her hips toward his fingers.

“How did you know?”

She looked up at him, unable to answer.

Kine rolled his eyes. “Idiot. I should have told them you could talk to me. Or course,” he rippled his fingers along her soaked pleasure, “better that you can’t talk at all. Even the shadows can be listening for secrets. I think I like you this way: wordless, moaning, and sexy.” He lifted his hand up from her pussy. Raising it to the air, he peered over her body as the clear, thick juices ran down his fingers.

Merrie reached out with her arms, catching his wrist between the smooth ends of her own. Her tail thumped against his hip as she drew his hand to her mouth, opening obediently.

When her lips wrapped around his fingers, she could taste herself on them. With a moan, she bobbed along his length, lapping every bit of flavor from his fingers.

Kine’s cock surged as his breathing deepened. “Damn, didn’t know you’d do that.”

Merrie arched her back so she could look at him as she popped his fingers from her mouth. A bit of saliva connected their bodies before it broke. She let out a soft gasp of content and pleasure.

“You’d really do anything I want, wouldn’t you?”

Merrie pushed his hand back down to her pussy as she nodded.

“Good girl.”

The familiar pleasure rippled through her. She jammed his hand against her sex as she moaned.

“Good... girl?”

With a moan, she jammed his hand against her sexy, grinding her hips up and down against his fingers. He curled his digits into her, plunging two fingers into the soaked tunnel of her being.

“I like that. Good girl.”

She came as he slammed his fingers into her pussy, his knuckles scraping against her lips. His arm shook from the impact and he forced her closer to his body. Leaning over, he whispered in your ear. “You are a very good girl—”

Her pussy clamped down around his fingers. She cried out from the pleasure, not from magic but from the intimacy of his whisper and the days of training to respond to that phrase.

“—and you come so sexy too. I like when you beg, you can do that all you want.”

She leaned into his body and drank in the smell of man and shadow. The curls of her own pleasure drifted through his scent, an intoxicating mixture of sex and master. It was becoming a comforting smell and one that brought a flush to her cheeks.

Kine palmed her pussy and rested against the bench. “Life is good, Merrie. Life is going to be very good for both of us.”

She smiled and watched the stores go by. The clapping of the horse on the cobblestones was hypnotic and she just let her eyes unfocus, enjoying the hand against her pussy and the comfort that wrapped around her.

It wasn’t until twenty minutes later that she found herself focusing on the buildings that passed. They were houses and apartments, tightly packed with white walls and painted beams. One of them had a little flower box that reminded Merrie of a place down the street where she used to live. And then the old corner

grocery store where she used to grab food when she didn't go shopping.

A tingle ran along Merrie's spine as she stared at the painfully familiar houses. Kine was driving down her own street, about to pass her own house. Seven weeks ago, she was rushing out the door because she was late to work. Instead of coming in only a few minutes late, she was kidnapped, raped, and copped. It was less than a ten-week month since she last ran out the door.

Anticipation and fear shot through her body. Slowly, she levered herself up into a sitting position. She wondered what her house would look like. Would it be sealed up like a crime scene, with glowing wards and whispered warnings? Would it be empty? Or would it be normal with a "for let" sign in the front. She didn't want to know how the world had moved on since she was kidnapped.

Time slowed down as the horse clopped its way down the path. Kine, unaware of her growing fear, continued to lead with the same detached look he had while driving. In his mind, he was seeing how to break into houses and steal from the pedestrians. It was just another street to him.

As they came up, Merrie closed her eyes. But, at the last minute, she cracked them up as they drove past her old life.

It was her house, with white painted walls and a dark blue door. The flower box still was filled with flowers, the strong-smelling blossoms her landlady planted before Merrie had moved in. Merrie had let them die but never replaced them, but now they were back in the box.

A woman was coming out the door, wearing a mini-skirt and a revealing top. She had a bottle of wine in her hand and a tiny purse tucked underneath her arm.

A tear ran down Merrie's cheek. The dark-haired woman was doing the same thing Merrie did on Liefday, going out for a night of partying and dancing. Maybe coming home with a cute guy for a few seconds of frantic fucking before passing out.

She not only had lost her life, but someone else had taken over it. The strange woman was living in her house. She was going to parties and getting drunk. It was as if no one cared that she was gone, kidnapped.

Choking back a sob, she turned her face into Kine's shoulder and let the tears run.

"Merrie," Kine whispered. Instead of teasing her, he wrapped his arm around her head and held her close to him. "Do you know that chick?"

Merrie sobbed pitifully and shook her head, unable to look back at her doppelganger.

"I can do something, you know. If you want me to?"

She shook her head again and then buried her face back into his shoulder. A soft whimper rose in her throat. There was always a hope that she could go back, but she knew there wasn't. Someone had already taken her life and her home. No doubt her job was also filled. She could never go back, no matter much she hoped. Even if Kine would fall in love with her, like Ebony's old master, the door they just passed would never be hers again.

"Don't worry, little bitch," Kine held her close and stroked her hair, "I'll take care of you."

She smiled into his arm, the tears cooling on her face.

They rode in silence. The jerks of the wagon quieted as they moved from the poorer middle-class districts of Franome City onto the bricked roads of higher society.

Merrie, the tears drying on her cheeks, settled back into her place. Her master automatically palmed her pussy, but didn't tease her. She was content to just hold his arm with the ends of her wrists and leaned into him.

They held each other through a number of district gates until they reached the Red Brick Quarters. It was an older district of Franome City, close enough to be in perpetual shadow from the World Tree above it but no longer in fashion. Most of the houses were behind stone walls and cast iron gates, but there were signs of a district abandoned. The stone walls were chipped and broken. Rusted gates squeaked as they rocked back and forth in the summer breeze. For every house that clung to the old styles of rich, there was another that had a foreclosure rune glowing on the gate. Broken windows mixed with wagons barely in repair. The Quarters weren't abandoned, but they no longer had the pride they did a hundred years before.

Merrie could feel Kine's excitement rising. They were about to reach her new home. She felt a bit of despair at the run-down appearance of the quarters but also joy that she was going to start her new life.

She smelled the house before they came up to it. It wasn't musty or garbage, but the scent of ethereal grew stronger with every passing second. It clung to everything, a tickle on the back of the throat or the first exhalation after drinking strong spirits.

As they came around the corner, she felt her gaze sliding to the side. It was what her master called a "shade" but it was far more powerful than anything she saw Kine doing. She could feel it slipping into her thoughts, pushing her attention to the side. It felt different, though. Instead of being a wave of power, it was thousands of tiny waves, layers of spell after spell built up into a massive effect that forced her mind away.

Merrie clamped down on her shield, wrapping herself in mental leather. She could feel the pressure building but she fought against it. Her body shook from the effort as she forced her gaze back. Her vision blurred for a moment and then there was a wet snapping sensation.

And then she could see her new home. It was a two-story mansion behind a eroded cast-iron fence. The mansion used to be painted white, but now the paint was peeling and a few of the columns at the main entrance had crumbled. The entire top floor had broken windows, some of them boarded up but others had tattered curtains fluttering in the breeze.

It used to have a brick drive, but weeds and even a few trees had grown through the cracks. It was now a foot path barely wide enough for the wagon. The former gardens were overrun in a thick snarl of weeds, vines, and trees.

Merrie felt some of her excitement faltering. It was a pit.

Kine glanced at her. "Can you see it?"

She nodded and gave him a pleading look.

He was curious but then a wide smile crossed his face. "I'm not surprise you can see through Rimmy's shade. I know she's stronger than me, but somehow I wonder if you are somehow more powerful than the both of us."

Merrie cocked her head, a strange fluttering in her stomach.

Kine turned the wagon into the estates. As they crossed the gate, Merrie felt them crossing the ward. It was like the line of force at the mill's entrance and at the fence, but instead of a hard edge of power it was a tingling across her skin and left an alcoholic taste in the back of her throat.

"I know, it looks like shit, doesn't it?"

Merrie tensed but didn't move.

"You don't have to tell me. When I bought it, it used to be beautiful. I had gardeners to trim everything, servants to clean the place, and parties every night." He sighed and pulled her close to him. "And then I had a really bad patch where I couldn't fence anything. After a while, I couldn't pay anyone and they left. And then, Rimmy needed me, so I ran to help her."

He left a chuckle. "She bitched for me to hire people again, but she wouldn't let the shade go on the house. As soon as anyone left the mansion, they couldn't find it again. After a week, she stopped trying and then... I guess... she stopped caring. Mostly, we use it for storage. I kind of suck at keeping the place up, but what do you do? With Rimmy's shade, we can't hire anyone but it also means I don't have to worry about anyone sneaking it."

He squeezed her. "Win some, lose some. Don't worry, it isn't so bad on the inside."

Kine wasn't sure himself, but Merrie nodded. It was her new home and, if she was her master, she had no doubt that whatever he wanted, she would give him.

The wagon swayed dangerously as he drove over plants and rocks. In the back, the cage slid to the side. The heavy steel slammed against the side, crushing glass against the edge. With the impact, the wagon pitched up on the side.

Merrie lost her balance. With a shriek, she fell out of Kine's grip. She tried to stop herself, her limbs flailing helplessly against the bench as she plummeted off the wagon.

A sharp pain exploded from her spine as her tail got caught in a gap and she flipped over before landing face first into a rat's nest of prickly plants. The sharp pains were nothing compared to agony of her tail. She rolled off, trying to get away from the prickles and managed to throw herself into a rose bush.

“Merrie!” Kine was next to her, scooping her up out of the plants and picking her up.

She let out a pathetic cry and clutched to him, her mind wheeling from the impact and the sudden series of pain.

“Are you okay, girl?”

Merrie sniffed and wiped the tears from her face.

“Well,” he gave her a kiss and a smile, “I guess I won’t be returning the horse.”

She peered over his shoulder at the wagon. The leather holding the horse had snapped and in the distance she could hear the hooves clapping loudly on the bricks. She whimpered as she looked at him.

“Don’t worry. I stole it.” He winked. “I wasn’t going to really return it. There is a guy here who buys horses.” And somehow, that made her feel better.

She smiled and clung to him as he carried her back to the foot path on the trail. The wagon had spilled out into the garden. He stopped at her cage and set her down.

She stared at it with a flickering heat boiling inside her. Her new home, her new cage. Trembling, she reached out and stroked the metal. It tingled underneath her touch and she brought her aching tail between her legs to sop up the sudden warmth she felt.

“I’ll get it later. Come on, want to see your new home?”

Merrie knelt down and barked.

“Good girl.”

Her tail wagged between her legs, tickling her pussy at the sensation.

“Come on.” He gestured and she obeyed, the submission adding the edge of anticipation inside her.

Inside, the mansion was different. She half expected to see garbage, but the musty smell of an old house wasn’t interrupted by rotted food or filth. Instead, the entire front room was filled with furniture and treasure. Gold jewelry was haphazardly thrown on the ends of dressers, beds, and mirrors. Silver charms and things that glowed with faint magic were tossed between half a dozen mattresses and huge piles of slowly rotting curtains.

Three trails cut through the clutter: one up the stairs around the gaping hole in the center, another to the right to what looked like a dining room, and a third toward a hallway.

Kine pointed toward the hall. "That's the north end. Rimmy lives on the south," his hand swung up to the stairs, "up on the second floor. And that," he pointed to the dining room, "is to the kitchen and where we spend most of our time."

A dog barked and another howled.

"Oh, that those are my dogs."

The barking turned into snarling and then into the sound of fighting. After a few seconds, there was a high-pitched yelp and it grew silent again.

Merrie shivered at the sound.

"Better check on them. Come on."

She didn't want to, but she followed her new master down the trail leading to the kitchen. As they got closer, she caught a whiff of rotting food. She made a face, but Kine didn't stop.

He led her through a huge formal dining room covered in dust and into the kitchen. The smell grew stronger. It was the familiar smell of dishes left in the sink too long, a smell she had inflicted on herself in more than one occasion.

The barking and growling grew louder. It echoed down a hallway from the back of the kitchen. Peering through the legs of a small table in the middle of the kitchen, she could see two doors on each side of the hallway and a fifth leading into a room plunged in shadows.

She could see movement in the darkness, of large bodies pacing back and forth. The barking grew louder and she saw a flash of teeth. It reached a frenzy and then the movements turned into a storm of snarls, teeth, and bodies slamming into each other. The cage door rattled loudly as the dogs attacked each other.

There was mindless rage in the dark and Merrie felt fear coursing down her spine.

Kine chuckled. "Sounds like Tamin is getting a bit bitchy." He continued down the hall into the darkness. His body seemed to disappear in the shadows.

Merrie hesitated as she stared into the dark.

"Oh, sorry. I forgot you can't see in the dark. Here, try this."

Light grew in the room from four globes hanging from the ceiling and Merrie got her first look at Kine's canines.

There was eight of them and even the smallest was larger than her. All of them had broad chested, powerful-looking hindquarters, and jaws larger than her head. Their tails were short, only little rounded ends. Her heart beat faster as she stared at them, her eyes focusing on the largest of the pack.

He had dark eyes, almost a black that didn't reflect the light. His mouth was a broad expanse of teeth and jaws. It was large enough to rip off her arm, if he wanted to, and the ripple of muscles gave Merrie a fear of being cropped. The alpha male could tear her to pieces in a second.

Kine walked over to him. "Ah, Tamin, having a good day?"

The dog growled and his lip peeled back. The shadows gathered around him, darkening his form. Merrie could see the curls of power rising off the dog, but it was unfocused and sputtered.

Tamin lunged forward and snapped at Kine's outstretched fingers.

There was a surge of power from Kine and Merrie's new master was suddenly a foot away from the cage.

Merrie whine and backed away. She could feel the anger and rage boiling off Tamin. The other seven were also the same: hungry, anxious, and filled with a raging energy. She was suffocating from the dog's needs. With a sob, she crawled back into the kitchen.

Kine followed after her, rubbing his hands. "Okay, he might be a bit hungry. But isn't he beautiful?"

She didn't think so, but she nodded. She glanced down the hall and saw Tamin's eyes staring at her from the darkness.

"Merrie, are you okay?"

She whined and backed up some more, stepping to the side to break the dog's gaze.

"He scared you?"

She nodded sharply, peeking at the door.

"Well, I'll feed him later. Come on, want to see where I'm going to fuck you?"

Thankful, she nodded again and her tail wagged. She didn't know if Kine would be upset, but she didn't want to ever go near the dogs again.

“Don’t worry, girl.” He patted her on her head. “Let’s go.”

He lead her toward his end of the house. The hallway was just as cluttered as the front hall. She crawled over a pile of rugs as she followed him. The narrow path was claustrophobic. They passed a number of doors, all of them blocked. Only one door was clear and he headed straight for it.

She wasn’t surprised to see that it was piled high with more furniture. The items were higher quality, including gold and jewels, but he gestured to a massive, four-poster bed. It was the only place of neatness in the entire room, with a wide path around it. A wall of dressers and wardrobes were facing the bed and she could see clothes sticking out the drawers.

It smelled of Kine and shadows. She breathed in the smell and crawled around the room. The bed was soft and the blankets felt rich against her skin. She got up on her knees and peered over it.

Kine knelt down next to her. “I’m going to fuck you on this bed.”

She whimpered, her body tingling with anticipation.

“And over there,” he pointed to the foot of the bed, “is where I’m going to put your cage. That way, in the middle of the night, I can just look down and see you... helpless at my feet.”

Her pussy clenched at the thought of it. Trembling, she got back on her wrists and knees and crawled over. There was a pile of clothes at the foot of the bed. She peeked up at him. Seeing his smile and feeling the spark of lust burning inside him, she used her short arms to push the clothes out of the way. The musty, ethereal scent rose up around her, mixing in with his scent. She managed to clear out a spot about as large as the cage.

Panting to herself, she circled around three times, then got on her knees. Raising herself up, she stared at him with a parted mouth. She leaned forward and gave a soft bark. She spread her legs, stopping only when she felt her labia spreading apart and the warm air teasing her clitoris. Her heart beat loudly in her chest as she brought her wrists up to neck and gave her best sultry look.

His pants grew tight around his crotch and she lowered her gaze to it. She knew what was straining the buttons and desperately wanted to feel it inside her. She barked again, thrusting her breasts out. She could feel his gaze against her and the small measure of control crumbling.

“Damn the gods,” he muttered with a smile. He came around her as he fumbled with his buttons.

Her tail waved back and forth slowly as she stared at it, desperate for him and helpless to free him. She reached up with her arms, the smooth ends caressing his thigh.

“No,” he whispered, “hands down. I want to do this.”

Juices surged down her thighs. Her tail snapped back and forth, hitting the legs of his bed. She opened her mouth wide, panting as she stared at the cock in front of her.

“Wider,” he commanded.

She moaned at the order and forced her mouth as open as she could. She trembled with need as he eased his cock past her lips. He didn't touch it against her mouth or tongue, but held it there. The heat rolled off his length, the hardness pulsating the air.

Precum ran down on her tongue. She felt it pooling in the valley.

“Hold it there. I want to fill your mouth. I want to see it pooling in there.”

Quiet whimpers rose out of her throat but she held herself still.

He began to pump his cock. With every stroke, droplets of cum splattered into her mouth. He stared into her eyes—the color had returned at some point and she realized they were a dark, murky brown color. She smiled and kept her lips parted for his cum.

“I can't wait to see you in a cage. And... and, I'm going to get you a collar.” Kine's pumping grew harder.

Merrie squirmed at the images she picked up from her master. They leaked out with every wet, slurping stroke. It burst in her mind, a different fantasy in each stroke: her crouched down in the cage, whimpering for freedom; her under the dining table, sucking on his cock; a morning blow job; her bent over the edge of the bed with her tail up and her buttocks spread apart for his cock. Each one was a plan and a hope and it slammed into her with the force of a punch.

Her body exploded with lust, an orgasm coursing up triggered by nothing more than the endless fantasies of what he was going to do to her. She bobbed in the intense emotions and pictures, losing her physical form in the endless rapid-fire scenes of lust and domination.

His pumping grew faster, the wet slurping of his precum filling her ears. It dribbled into her mouth and coated her tongue with the salty slickness. She swirled it around with her tongue, pushing the hot liquid from one side to the other. She loved the taste of it. She reached up to lap at it but he pulled back.

“No, no. No touching. I’m going to fill your mouth.”

He fistfisted himself with one hand. With his other, he grabbed her right ear and clamped down on it.

Her body spasmed at the touch, then she shivered as he drew her closer, guiding her with nothing but her sensitive ear. He was in charge and she wanted it with all her heart. She shook with the effort to hold still but the pleasure continued to rise up inside her. Tiny orgasms rippled through her body, exploding with every droplet of precum that dripped into her mouth.

“I love your whimpers. I love when you beg.” He groaned as he pounded his cock. The precum was flowing faster and she had to lick her lips to catch the splatters that threatened to fall.

Instantly, his mind was fixed on the idea of cumming in her mouth. He was at the crest of his orgasm and it was only strokes before he filled her mouth with hot cum and lust.

She wanted to grab his ass and suck on it, but she was a good bitch. She held herself still, one hand between her legs and against her heated slit.

“Fuck!” he roared. He released his cock and grabbed her other ear. With a powerful stroke, he buried his cock into her mouth and held it there. The pain and pleasure exploded inside her as the hot jets of his cum splattered against the back of her throat, right against her gag reflex.

She choked on his cum. She managed to force her tongue against the back of her throat to prevent it from dripping down. Merrie moaned as the cum poured into her mouth. She tilted her head back so it could pool in her cheeks. Her tongue swirled around the cum; it clung and flooded her tastes.

Merrie dropped her arms to her legs, rubbing against her pussy as he continued to cum. It filled her mouth and she realized that it was going to drip out if he didn’t stop coming. The little fear was minor and insignificant, but the idea that she would have to lick it off the floor sent an intense rush through her veins. She inhaled

through her nose, a long shuddering breath as the tiny sparks of orgasm ran tore through her body. She fought the urge to let it spill even as she struggled to keep it pooled in her mouth.

"Kine!" They both jumped at a woman's voice calling down the hall.

"Oh crap," whispered Kine and a final blast of cum poured into her mouth. A thick dribble tickled the corner of her mouth, threatening to pour out.

He stepped back and fumbled with his pants. His cock, glistening and dripping, shot out once into the air and landed on her face. He managed to get it into his pants and buttoned it up.

"Kine!?"

"I-I'll be right back." The shadows gathered around him, choking her with the alcoholic scent. The room grew darker by the second and he stepped back into it, his body disappearing in a heartbeat. She stared into his eyes, the brown hovering in the black.

And then he was gone.

Merrie froze, her mouth gaping open and pooled with cum. She couldn't feel him in the room anymore.

A moment later, she heard talking down the hallway. Kine was speaking with a woman, their voices in soft whispers but they grew quickly more tense. Even through the walls and their natural repulsion of shadows, Merrie could feel the emotions rising.

"You bought what!?" Rimmy's scream was a high-pitched shriek. "What is wrong with you!?" Her voice resonated with the crystals in Kine's room and they rang out in sympathy.

She jerked and the cum in her mouth dribbled out the side. She felt the hot liquid running down her chin, clinging to her throat, and running down her front. She shivered at the sensation, a moan vibrating her throat and around the cum held there.

"Damn it, Kine! What part of keeping a low profile is buying a fucking slave!? What if she talks?"

"She won't be talking, Rimmy, I swear!"

"And how is that? You going to gag her?"

"I got a geas put on her."

"You don't even know what a fucking geas is! I was there when you heard about it. How do you even know it is on right? Some country hick told you that it was on her? What if they were lying?"

“It isn’t a lie. I promise, she is geased not to talk.”

“What is the knot?”

“T-The what?”

“The fucking knot? Every geas has a trigger to release it. So, what is it?” Her voice was growing shriller by the second.

“I-I...” a faint pause. “I don’t know.”

“Damn the shadows, Kine! You were suppose to stick with petty thefts. And you came home with a wagon full of crap and a fucking sex slave!”

He didn’t respond.

“Where is she? It’s a she, right?”

“Yeah, Rimmy. Her name is Merrie.”

“I thought,” came her voice as they drew closer, “she couldn’t talk?”

“It was before the geas.”

“You talking to your fucking slave before you bought her. What did you do, buy her dinner before buying her ass?”

They were just outside the door.

Merrie looked around in panic. She still had a mouth full of cum and the fury in Rimmy’s voice told her that walking in to find it pooling on her tongue wouldn’t be right. Fear coursing through her vein, she closed her mouth and swallowed. The thick glob of cum ran down her throat, mixing in with the humiliation and fear of breaking a command.

The door slammed open and Rimmy stormed in.

She wore a dark gray outfit, a simple cloth wrapped around her body. It clung to her curves, but she was small breasted with nipples tenting the fabric. Her hips were narrow and she wore black slippers on her feet. The dark, shadow-colored fabric contrasted with her brown skin.

Even though she saw Rimmy in Kine’s memories, Merrie had never really seen a Melkuth woman before. It was the country to the south of Franome. It was known for their dark skin women and a domineering matriarch.

Behind her, Kine looked nervous as he followed after her.

Merrie gulped at the hatred in Rimmy’s eyes. She squirmed, unsure if she should be begging or cowering. She couldn’t read the

woman in front of her, not through the rage that burned inside her. She was also shielded, just like Kine.

Rimmy's eyes scanned over her, from head to toe. Her eyes narrowed. With a snap, she spun on Kine. "You were just fucking her, weren't you?"

"Rimmy? I-I wasn't...." His voice trailed off.

Merrie realized she had a line of cum down the side of her mouth. She tried wipe it off, but it was too late.

Rimmy slammed Kine against the door frame. It shuddered the wall and dust poured down around Merrie.

"Listen, you little fuck. We are suppose to be in the shadows, not standing out in the light. It's bad enough you can't stop stealing crap, but you aren't suppose to bring it home."

"I had to, Rimmy. I had—"

"No! Damn it, Kine. It's bad enough that you have no clue what you're doing! This," she gestured angrily at Merrie, "is just like the damn dogs. You didn't know the first damn thing about breeding dogs. You didn't even get a bitch because you were all hung up on some damned fantasy!"

"I said I was sorry."

"Have you fed them?"

"We," he blushed hotly, "just got home."

Rimmy leaned into him. "You've been home long enough to fuck her."

"I..."

"I'm going to bed." Rimmy's voice grew seething and angry. "And feed your fucking dogs."

The shadows gathered around Rimmy. The darkness clawed across the room, wrapping around Rimmy in a cloak of shadows. The air grew choking and the aftertaste of alcohol. Merrie could feel the taste of it burning the back of her throat and her eyes watered.

The shadows peeled back and Rimmy was gone.

Kine wiped his brow with his arm. He took a deep breath. "All right, she's going to kill me."

Merrie whimpered.

His eyes took her in. He stepped into the room. "Well, I'm not going to get any from her tonight. And you," his eyes twinkled as all

the fear evaporated in a heartbeat, “little bitch,” he stopped in front of her, “swallowed.”

She looked down, ashamed but incredibly turned on. She smiled as she stared at the ground. She was going to get punished.

t'Sade

Alpha Bitch

49

Merrie opened her eyes as she felt Kine wake up. Her heart began to beat faster as she even though he made no noise and there was no hint that he was conscious, but she knew. Just like she knew what Bass or Borias was up, she could hear the noises of his mind when he stirred from slumber.

A smile grew on her lips. She stretched out across the thick blanket underneath her. Her ankles reached the bars of the cage and she braced herself against them. Curling her arms underneath her, she pushed herself to her wrist and knees. Her tail thumped against the cage top and she felt a little thrill at the claustrophobic confinement.

She pressed her spine up against the top and the heat boiled inside her. Still smiling, she inched forward and used her cheek to hesitantly push the cage door open. It swung open silently and her smile grew broader. Sometimes, Kine would lock it in the middle of the day and make her beg to open the cage. She liked that as much as being given freedom to roam.

The door tapped lightly on the foot of the bed. Kine's half-awake thoughts spiked with lust as the sound vibrated through his bed. It was just under two weeks since he brought her home, but they had quickly found an evening ritual to start each night.

She crawled along the side of the bed to where a pile of dirty clothes formed a ramp up to her master. She planted her body and struggled up it, her body sinking down in the folds. With every step, the smell of his body wafted up over her and she felt a familiar lust building.

Up on the mattress, she crawled over to the center of the bed. He slept under four heavy comforters, even at the end of the summer. He and Rimmy both were cold all the time except in sunlight where both of them quickly grew uncomfortably hot. She guessed it was the shadows and the strange powers they had over it. Both were inclined to disappear into crawling darkness during the frequent screaming fights that rang out across the mansion.

She used her mouth to pull back the first two layers. Both blankets needed to be washed but she had gotten used to the musty, ethereal taste of them. With a grin, she nuzzled her body underneath the last two comforters and crept underneath. The pressure bore down on her, pushing her down to the mattress, and she held her breath with growing anticipation.

When she reached his leg, she planted a kiss on his knee. The sweltering heat brought sweat to her brow, but she burrowed further up toward his crotch. The smell of his manhood, the musky burn of his power, surrounded her. She drank in the smell of it, her body hot and slick from need.

She couldn't see in the shadows, but she felt his manhood as she came up. It radiated heat and tented the blankets. She moved blindly, reaching up until her cheek found his hairy balls. With a grin, she mouthed one and enjoyed as they tightened in her lips.

A moan vibrated through his body and she rewarded it by working her way up his shaft. As she mouthed his cock, she planted her arms against his thighs. She was never more aware that she didn't have hands when the smooth ends ran along his skin and he let out another moan.

She caught the tip of his cock and slid her mouth down it. The heat radiated from his length and she buried her face into the thick patch of pubic hair at the base.

His hardness surged with love. "Oh, damn," chuckled her master.

She grinned around his shaft and slid up slowly. She wasn't in a hurry and neither was he. The evening started with a blow job and she loved the feel of his cock bobbing up and down against her lips. She jammed herself down until his tip tickled the back of her throat and gulped down, sending little tremors of pleasure through both of them.

It didn't take long until he was about to cum. There was a bright burn of lust in his thoughts as he focused; it was one of the few times that Kine concentrated solely on a single thing. She loved being the center of his world, the source of his pleasure.

(Damn, this is the best way to ever wake up. Going to cum, going to cum!)

He grabbed her ears and took charge. With short thrusts, he jammed up into her mouth.

She writhed in his grip, wonderfully helpless as he guided her with wet, slurping strokes. She ground her arms against his thighs, encouraging him to come deep inside her.

He did, flooding her mouth with his seed and punctuating each thrust with a hard jam that stuffed his entire length into her mouth. When he was done, he slumped back, panting.

Merrie held his cum in her mouth as she reached out with her mind. She shifted through his chaotic thoughts, curious to see if he wanted her to hold it there or swallow.

(Damn, she is worth every fight with Rimmy. I don't think I've ever been happier in my life.) Kine's thoughts were growing more chaotic with every passing moment and she found it hard to read him.

She smiled warmly. His last thought lost the connection left a warm glow inside her. Merrie made him happy. She gulped down the cum filling her mouth and crawled up to him, pressing her naked body along his trim side. She didn't kiss him, but she rested her head on his shoulder and settled down on her back.

"Well, girl," he slipped his hand around her waist. She spread her legs as his fingertips trailed down her belly and he palmed her pussy. The warm tickled her sex and she rocked her hips into his fingers. He ran one finger along her seam, parting it with short strokes. "I actually have a job tonight. I need to be there at ten. It's a support job, but it looks like a pretty good pay."

She moaned as he worked his way up to her clitoris. She knew what he was going to do and couldn't wait until he started to drum his fingers against her pleasure.

Her master tapped against her, a single pulse of pleasure that coursed right up her spine. He caressed the fold of pleasure,

working the fold of flesh between his fingertips. Just as she was beginning to whimper, he released her clitoris.

Merrie whined with need.

“Don’t worry, girl. I know how to make you cum.” He tapped against her pleasure. And then again and again. He tattooed the same complicated beat against her pleasure and she cried out as the orgasm started to reach her.

A clock tower rang out.

Kine froze, his dripping fingers hovered right over her clitoris.

She whined and rocked her naked pussy up for his fingers. The tiny hairs on her pussy caressed his fingers, but he pulled back instead of delving back into her heated slit.

The clock tower continued to ring out.

When it ran out for the ninth time, a prickle of fear coursed along him. And then the tenth bell ran out across the city.

“Damn the gods!” Kine surged out of the blankets. “I’m late!”

Merrie fell back, staring up at his naked body. She wanted him, but she could feel the blind panic rising inside him.

He jumped off the bed and threw open one of the wardrobes. Tossing clothes to the side, he found a dark shirt and pants. Tugging them on, he shoved his balls into the fabric and buttoned them. “Crap, crap. Rimmy!?”

No answer.

“Damn it, Rimmy!? Rim!? Damn, she’s probably already there.”

He pulled down a black scarf and wrapped it around his face. “Okay, I’m late. Merrie, there should be food from this morning,” he jumped around as he shoved his shoes on, “and I’ll bring something nice back.”

The shadows gathered around him. The darkness oozed out from underneath the bed and in the cracks of the wardrobes. The ethereal smell filled the room.

Merrie shivered at the power swirling around her. The energy prickled her skin and her nipples wrinkled at the sensation.

“And,” Kine gasped, “I’ll be back in eight or nine hours.”

His body disappeared into the shadows until only his brown eyes were visible.

Merrie reached out with her arm, the severed end somehow painfully useless.

“I’ll be back.” And then he was gone.

Merrie lowered her arm with a sigh. The ache of desire burned inside her. With a sigh, she flopped back on the bed and stretched out. It had been two weeks since he brought her home and she was already comfortable. Kine woke up every evening and went to bed early in the morning. Every few days, he would disappear for the night, but otherwise he spent his hours fucking her and fighting with Rimmy.

She sighed and pressed her arms between her legs. Her wet pussy teased her skin and she let out a soft sigh of need. She didn’t have a collar now and she could bring herself to her own orgasm.

She planted her ankles on the mattress and hiked up her hips. It gave her access, but the smooth end slipped and she flopped down. Frustrated, she curled herself up around her arms and stroked herself to an orgasm.

The pleasure left her comfortably warm, but it was nothing compared to the fury or intensity of Kine’s pleasure. She sighed with disappointment. Keeping her arm pressed tightly against her pussy, she curled up and wondered how she would pass the hours until her master came back.

Merrie woke up a few hours later from dozing. She opened her eyes and picked herself off his pillow. With her movement, his comfortable smell swirled around her and she smiled. Rolling over so she was once again on her back, she looked down at her body.

In the center of the large bed, she was a tiny thing. Her spread legs ended too soon, but it felt right that there was nothing past the smooth ends of her ankles. Her tail was a curl of blonde hair on the white sheets. She smiled and trailed her gaze up to her hips where the curls of hair were returning to her pussy.

Kine seemed to like her bare pussy and she wished she could shave for him.

Folding her legs, she lifted her hips again. She stopped as she watched the folds of softness along her belly. She was losing her taut abdomen with her new master. Neither her master or Rimmy cooked, so they brought food home with them. Two weeks of rich eating was taking its toll on her. It was a blur of fucking and eating and waiting.

At the mill, she went on daily walks. It broke up the constant training and fucking. And, to her surprise, she missed the structure. It was a stark contrast to the chaos of her new master.

She ran the end of her arm along her belly and wondered what she could do. Nothing came to mind and she forced herself to roll on her wrists and knees. Her body sank into the mattress as she worked her way to the edge and flopped off. She hit a pile of dirty clothes and crawled out along the floor and into the hallway.

With both Kine and Rimmy out of the house, the mansion painfully empty but it wasn't silent. At the far side, the dogs were howling and fighting. She shivered at the noise; she was afraid of them ever since Kine introduced them. She could see feel the snap of Tamin's teeth on air, inches away from Kine's fingers. She could easily imagine the same with herself; the alpha could crop her and there would be nothing but blood and screams.

She headed into the kitchen, carefully crawling around the large glass statue that Kine had managed to bring home a few days before. None of them knew what to do with it so it sat at the foot of the stairs, blocking everyone. She reached the kitchen and wrinkled her nose at the smell. She was familiar with smell of dishes that desperately needed to be washed, but neither Kine or Rimmy were inclined to wash them.

Merrie pushed a chair up to the table and crawled into it. Her legs flailed for a moment before she caught the edge. Her breasts ground against the bottom of the chair until she managed to haul herself up. Panting and flush with embarrassment, she looked over the remains of the previous morning's dinner.

She sighed and used her arm to pull a plate closer. The half-eaten remains of the chicken looked edible. She dug through it, stripping the meat from the bones.

As she ate, she tried not to listen to the dogs barking.

She finished eating and pushed the plate to the side. The meat left her face greasy and she rubbed it against a towel, but it wasn't enough to get rid of the slimy feeling. She glanced over at the sink, but she couldn't reach it easily. Sighing, she crawled off the chair and pushed it over to the sink. She struggled back on it and used her short arms to rub her face with the soap and then activated the water rune. It took her almost ten minutes to clean her face and

body. When she crawled off the chair, she headed back to the bedroom.

As much as she loved spending time with Kine, she hated being alone. She couldn't open the doors by herself, she could barely push things around, and she spent long hours trying to do the easiest thing like washing herself. She was painfully aware that the sleep and eating was ruining the figure she grew to love. Hours of walking and training ruined by two weeks of being lazy.

An idea bubbled up in her thoughts. She stopped at the foot of the stairs and her ears perked up. She could still walk, though the trail was limited. She continued along the path to the bedroom, but instead of crawling into the familiar bed, she turned around and headed back.

Only ten minutes later, she was sweaty, panting for breath, and bored. Just going back and forth, in the same path she took every day, was dragging on her thoughts. Depressed, she turned in mid-lap and headed back to the bed. Crawling up the pile of dirty clothes, she nestled underneath the topmost and thinnest comforter and closed her eyes, wishing for sleep to pass the time.

She was at her grandfather's house, a young girl on her knees as she stared up at her grandfather's dripping cock. The familiar twisting of fear and loathing came up in her throat, a burn of bile.

Merrie bore down on her body, forcing it to return to her bitch form. It was easier the next time and it didn't take long until she was the adult woman on her knees, but still looking up at her grandfather. The pressure to return her back to a girl rose up, but she managed to keep it at bay.

"It's been weeks since you've been here, little one."

She shuddered at his voice. She opened her mouth, but didn't know if the geas would prevent her from speaking.

Her grandfather leaned forward, peering at her. Then, a frown crossed his face. "You have a geas on you. That isn't in the plan or in the contingencies."

She opened her mouth, tensing up. "M-M... my new master didn't want me to talk. So, he..." She fought the sudden tears. "I can't talk anymore."

"And yet you haven't been distressed enough to trigger a lesson. Has life been good for you?"

"Yes." She choked. "No?"

"Then we should talk."

There was a twisting sensation and they were suddenly in his kitchen. She sat at the table, at her customary place, with a bowl of steaming oatmeal in front of her. Like when she was a girl, her legs dangled over the edge, but it was an amputated arm that rested on the table, a stark contrast to the mustard yellow mat.

Her grandfather was at the counter, wearing a simple farmer's fare and cutting up vegetables for slow-cooking dinner. The steady tap of his knives brought back comforting memories.

Merrie steeled herself for what Haviston would do to ruin another memory of her grandfather.

"Tell me, little one. What's happening?"

Surprised, Merrie stared at him. "What?"

"Tell me. What is your new master like?"

"He's nice. He's about my age with dark hair..." and she began to describe her new life. There was a surprising amount of detail she remembered and just as much she had forgotten. When she faltered, her grandfather would ask questions and it would open up a floodgate of new information. She resisted telling her grandfather about Kine's and Rimmy's shadow powers, but relented. He asked simple question and kept her speaking.

It was almost a relief to speak to her grandfather. When silence finally pooled in the kitchen, she sat there and wiped the dried tears from her face.

Her grandfather placed a bowl of stew in front of her and sat down on the opposite end of the table. "I'm not Haviston, you know."

Merrie sniffed. "What?"

"Me, this," he gestured to the kitchen, "this is not Haviston. Not all of it. These are your memories," he pointed to the stew, "and he used the intensity of them to hang these lessons."

"B-But, why did you rape me? My grandfather would never do that."

There was a sad look on his face. "Every lesson has a price. If you don't suffer, you don't learn. If you are just given a spell like this." He took a handful of sugar from a bowl and spread it across the table. The grains fell down in a rune pattern.

She peered down at it, her eyes picking out the pattern. It was the seeking spell again, but there was a slight variation on it. She pointed to the difference. "What is that?"

"A measurement of movement. But, if I just gave this spell to you in the first place, you wouldn't understand how there was a time and place for it.

You would have a tool but no understanding of how important it was to use it properly.”

”H-How could I use that spell wrong?”

He smiled. “You have compulsion spells and the ability to find someone. What would stop you from picking out the perfect master and force everyone to give him money to buy you?”

Merrie gaped. “I could do that?” Even as the words came out, she realized he was right. “But, I didn’t. I didn’t think about it.”

He nodded. He used his hand to brush the sugar back into the bowl. When he set it down with a clink, he looked up. “Subconsciously, though, you did. If you had the spells, I have no doubt you would have used them and managed to push yourself closer to what people call ‘evil’. I like to call it ‘selfish’ but evil sound more terrifying.” He grinned at her.

Merrie stared down at the steaming bowl. She felt the tears welling up again. “But, what do I do now?”

Her grandfather dug his hands into both the sugar and the salt bowl. He held out both palms to her, the grains spilling out on the table. “Learn.”

She looked at him in confusion. Her tail curled around the back of the chair. “What?”

”These are two spells. This one,” he held up the sugar, “is a charm to keep you thin and fit. You invest a little energy into it and it will maintain your body.”

”You know,” she giggled, “I could have used that for most of my teenage years.”

”Yes, you could have,” he said but there was a sense he was waiting.

Merrie stared at it for a long moment. It would keep away the softness she was getting. She could remained as she was now, but able to eat the same rich foods as before. But, then she would still be underneath the covers, wishing sleep would steal away her days. She turned to the other one. “What is that?”

”A simple time keeper, also a low-powered spell. All it does is remind when it is time to do something. No magic answers or transformations.”

She stared at it for a long time, her skin prickling. “What could I use it for?”

”To wake your master up on time? To remind you it is time to pace the mansion for health? Maybe to bring you back here for a new lesson or just... to talk?”

A smile crossed her lips, it was sad and excited at the same time. "But, then I would have to keep working out to remain thin, right?"

"Yes. This one," he held up the salt, "is not an easy life. This one," a little sugar spilled out of his hand as he lifted it, "is the easy life. Pick one, my darling, you've already earned it."

Merrie lifted her head to him. "Earned it? You didn't fuck me."

He smiled and said, "You poured out your heart to me. Remarkably, that can be far harder than just being fucked. So, little one, which one do you want: sugar or salt? An easy life or hard work?"

She reached out for the salt, hesitated and went for the sugar. Her arm was millimeters from the brown and white grains when she stopped. In the real world, she was underneath covers trying to sleep away the day. She had nothing, no schedule, no structure. With a sigh, she reached out and stuck her arm into the salt.

It poured out of his hand on the table, spreading out into runes across the gingham tablecloth. It took her only a heartbeat to memorize them, but like before, the spell was incomplete and she would have to assemble it. The idea of working appealed to her, something to pass the time alone.

"Thank you, grandfather."

He reached out over the table and took her arms. His strong grip caressed the ends as he stared into her. "I think, my little one, that you should go back on your walk and play with your new spell."

Merrie opened her eyes with a frown. She didn't know if she chose the right one, but she had something to figure out. She crawled out of the blankets, shivering at the lack of heat and pressure. Sliding off the bed, she started to crawl.

It took her almost an hour before the spell finally clicked. It sent a surge through her body when the spell took effect, but it was a subtle sensation and she wasn't sure if it worked. The spell didn't come with instructions, but she could guess to its function. Concentrating on a point in time a few minutes in the future, she felt a ripple of power as the spell attached to it.

Merrie kept crawling, pacing between the kitchen and the bedroom. As she got closer to the dining room, she could hear the dogs barking in the back. She pushed past them and returned to Kine's bedroom. Turning back, she lapped around twice.

As the time grew closer, she felt her heart beating faster. What if it didn't work? What if it did? The spell wasn't controlling or finding

people, but somehow she was growing more excited about something as simple a time keeping spell.

And then it triggered. It came as a sharp awareness that time had passed. It coursed along her body and seemed to settle in the back of her head.

Merrie almost came with the joy of feeling the spell warn her. Her tail began to wag back and forth as she played with it, setting it for a few seconds in the future. She held her breath until it triggered. With a grin, she barked and wagged harder.

Her bark set off the dogs in the back room. Their howls filled the mansion, echoing against the walls. She shivered and clamped her mouth shut. She stared at the kitchen as the howls rose up again. She could hear the dogs rattling their cage and she wondered if they could ever escape.

Turning her back, she crawled back to the bedroom. But, just as she was about to get into bed, she was reminded that she needed to keep exercising. Setting her time keeper for a lap, she crawled across the mansion and back again. The spell reminded her that she wasn't fast enough. She did it again, pushing herself to lap the mansion faster.

Another hour and she felt better about herself. Her body was slick with sweat and her limbs trembled from the effort. She came to a stop near the kitchen with a smile on her lips and her tail wagging.

Her stomach gurgled with hunger. Turning on her knees, she crawled into the kitchen. At the smell, she pulled a face. Circling around, she pushed the chair over to the table and crawled on it. She dragged the food closer and began to eat.

From down the hall, she heard whines. She froze, her ears perking up as she listened to the pathetic sounds. It was the same sounds the bitches made at the mill and it was one of discomfort, not anger.

Guilt tore through her. They needed something and she didn't know what. But, there was no one to take care of them. Trembling and afraid, she reached out with her mind, searching for their thoughts. She had to adjust her senses for the canines, the non-human minds were difficult to read and just as chaotic as her master. They didn't have thoughts, just needs. She concentrated on Tamin, the alpha.

Hunger slammed into her, quickly followed by an intense desire to move, to fight, to howl. Anxious energy poured into her and she sobbed at the overwhelming sensations.

Jerking, she lost her balance and tumbled from the chair. The impact left her rear stinging and she laid on the floor, trying to get the pang of hunger out of her head.

The dogs howled loudly and whined.

Merrie had to do something. She got on her feet and braved the hall. The smell of dog grew stronger as she headed back. There was also the scents of urine and shit. Gulping, she nosed open the door to the porch.

The smell was overwhelming as was the noise. As soon as the door creaked open, the dogs growled and snapped at her. Their paws clawed at the cage, rattling the metal door.

Merrie wanted to throw up. She froze, one arm off the ground, choking on the emotions and smell.

Tamin snarled and snapped through the cage. The door rattled loudly, almost deafening.

Merrie felt a twisting in her gut as she inched into the room. She could feel their hunger radiating from them, a primal desperation that cut through her own shields. They were desperate for food and it had turned into a mindless rage as they snapped and growled.

Merrie whimpered as she crawled into the room. Her sphincter tightened as she glanced at the eight growling dogs. They saw her as an intruder, a soft and vulnerable thing to hunt and kill. She felt sick but she continued to the spilled bag of dried meats.

There was a large scoop in the bag. About a half liter in size. Gulping, she clamped her mouth on it and filled the bowl. Jaw trembling from the effort, she dragged it to the cage. She felt fear clutching her gut as she stared at the eight pairs of almost black eyes staring back at her.

She inched forward, shoving the scoop over the edge of the cage.

There was a deep growl. She looked up to see Tamin looming over her, his teeth pulled back in a snarl. A whine escaped her throat and her tail dropped down to cover her ass and pussy.

Tamin stepped forward, his massive paw thudding on the ground.

Merrie almost lost control of her bladder as she felt the anger in the alpha. Her helpless body trembled with fear and she gulped. The scoop tumbled from her mouth and the food spilled out.

Two of the other dogs lunged for the food.

Tamin snapped forward, his teeth lashing out for Merrie's body.

She screamed and jerked back, tumbling over as she felt her skin burn from a scrape of Tamin's teeth. She crawled back as fast as she could and watched as the eight dogs tore into each other, trying to get to the pathetically small amount of food scattered across the floor.

Unable to get the scoop again, Merrie fled in fear. She felt ashamed at her weakness, but Kine's pack terrified her as much as Grange and Bass.

She tried to go back to exercising, but couldn't find the energy. The hours of fast crawling had left her exhausted. Despaired, she headed back to the bedroom, set up a reminder to wake her up in a few hours, and squirmed under the blankets to take a well-deserved nap.

When she woke up, she got a lesson from her grandfather, gave him a blow job, and then spent the new few hours mulling over the new spell as she paced around the mansion.

It felt good to do something. She promised she would do it again, but to make sure, she set an alarm with her new spell. There was a little thrill as she enjoyed the simplicity of the charm. It represented control, not over others but simply herself. She only hoped that she had the will to keep herself beautiful for her master.

She finished by bathing herself in the kitchen sink. The smell of rotting food choked her, but she didn't know about any other place to clean up. With every door blocked off by clutter, she only had a limited number of places. In a way, she felt like the dogs on the porch, confined to a small cage except that her cage was a mansion.

Merrie got off the chair by the sink. She gave one fearful glance down the hall to the porch and headed back, looking for something to whittle away the hours.

As she was crawling across the stairs, she felt a gathering of power. It coursed along her skin and surrounded her with the ethereal taste of shadows. A smile crossed her face as she closed her eyes, basking in the feeling of her master wrapping around her.

She ran to the front door and got into a begging position. But, as she settled into place, she could feel the magic behind her, not in front. Turning around, she crawled back to the center of the house. She could feel the power still gathering, an intense darkness clinging to her skin.

Wondering if Kine would appear in her bedroom, she headed there but stopped after only a meter. It wasn't from there. She lifted her head and peered up the stairs. It felt like the energy was gathering on the second floor, toward Rimmy's room.

Mounting the stairs, she crawled up it. Her breasts swayed back and forth as she worked her way around the destroyed section and then up to landing. Closing her eyes, she focused on the power and then headed away from Rimmy's room toward an abandoned hallway above the northern wing. Unlike the doors on the bottom floor, these were not blocked by clutter or garbage.

The shadows were deep in the hall. She followed her senses, stopping in front of the door with the strong pulse of magic. Taking a deep breath, she got on her knees and brought her wrists up to her neck. She wasn't sure if it was Kine or Rimmy, but it was better than pacing for another hour.

The energy peaked and then there was a thump of someone landing on the ground. The floor creaked as the shadow magic faded.

Merrie's tail wagged back and forth. She inhaled to push out her breasts and hoped it was Kine who had appeared.

Footsteps tapped along the ground and then the door swung open.

It was Rimmy.

The slender woman had a scowl on her face and a bag slung over her shoulder. Her clothes were like Kine's, dark gray and black. They clung to her slender body, accenting her small breasts and narrow hips. She wore tight jeans that clung to her trim legs. Only a crescent of dark skin peeked out from between her shirt and jeans.

Rimmy stopped with a jerk, a black-coated blade sliding out of a sheath from her arm. With a grunt, she stopped. "It's you." She said it as if Merrie was a curse.

Merrie's ears flattened against her head and she gave a sheepish look.

“Fucking cunt.” Rimmy swung her bag off her shoulder. It clinked as it settled into place. She reached out with her other hand and Merrie felt her heart skip.

Rimmy grabbed her by the ear, crushing it in her grip. The pain slashed across Merrie’s senses before Rimmy shoved her to the side. Before Merrie could get back to her feet, she was striding back to her rooms. “Fucking waste of time, money. He already has enough bitches, now he’s gotten himself a useless cunt.”

Merrie picked herself off the ground, wincing at her crushed tail. She got back on her wrists and knees and crawled back down the hall.

“And,” snapped Rimmy at the entrance to her wing, “don’t follow me, you fat cunt!” The door slammed shut and Merrie cringed at the impact.

Merrie whined.

The door slammed open. “And stop making those noises! Your limp-dicked ‘master’ will be home in an hour!”

The door banged loudly as it was slammed closed.

Merrie fought back a whine and crawled down the hall. At the stairs, she made her way down the steps and headed straight for Kine’s bedroom. Her movements were a soft whisper on the ground.

She didn’t know why, but Rimmy’s hatred of her tore at her heart. She felt beaten and crawled with her tail between her legs.

At Kine’s bed, she slipped under the first layer and curled up. Bringing her knees up to her chest, she clutched herself and wished she could sleep until her master came home.

It was almost twenty minutes later when she heard a creak of someone entering the room. Hopeful, she raised her head and peered from the cover, but it was Rimmy.

The woman had changed into a mini-skirt and a tank top. The top hung from her small breasts, the tiny nipples like the ends of a needle sticking out. Her skin was chocolate in color, almost black but somehow exotic compare to the pale skin that normally populated Franome City.

Rimmy’s hair was pulled into a braid and wrapped with black leather. It reached the small of her back as she looked around the room in disgust. Her eyes glanced over Merrie, but dismissed her with a snort.

Reaching into her pocket, she pulled out a large padlock and dropped it on the cage. It rang out and Merrie jerked at the noise.

Rimmy focused on her, a glare darkening her face. "You stole him, cunt." Her voice was brimming with fury as she clutched the bars of the cage. "Before you, he paid attention to me. But ever since you... crawled into the house like a bitch, he's been screwing you and ignoring me."

The room grew darker with every passing moment as energy beat down on them.

Her eyes brightened as the room grew darker until Merrie was surrounded by darkness. Two green eyes focused on her. "But, not tonight. Tonight, I'm going to remind him that I'm better than any fucking bitch."

Magic rose around her and there was a ripping sensation and everything turned black. The room brightened almost immediately and Merrie blinked in surprise. Trembling, she crawled to the edge of the bed and looked around. She didn't notice anything different until she glanced down to her cage.

It was gone.

On the far side of the house, the sound of barking rose up. Merrie jumped off the bed and scrambled to the far side of the house. She heard the howls and growls before she reached the dining hall, but then the scrape of metal on the floor told her exactly where Rimmy was. Whimpering, she came to a sliding halt at the hallway, staring into the room.

Rimmy was next to the dog's cage, grunting as she shoved the heavy steel contraption into the corner near the other cage opening. She slammed it against the wall and stood up. Sweat prickled her brow. "That is way too heavy."

Merrie inched into the room.

Rimmy turned to her. "Welcome to your new home, cunt."

Merrie whined and shook her head.

"You aren't getting him tonight."

One of the dogs barked loudly, lashing out at another hound in the cage.

Rimmy turned around. "Damn it, he forgot to feed the dogs again!"

Storming over to dog food, she dug around. “Where’s the damned scoop?” Her voice trailed off as she saw it. “He left it in the cage? As useless as his fucking dogs.”

Merrie crouched down, unable to admit it was her mistake the scoop was in there. It was in the center of the cage, gnawed on with the handle snapped off.

Tamin stood over it, growling deep in his chest.

Rimmy glared at the dogs. “Down!” she bellowed.

Merrie sat down reflexively as did the other dogs. She felt her body growing tense as the sharp words echoed in the room.

Rimmy worked the latch on the cage. It was just a bar over a pair of metal hooks. The door screeched as it opened.

Tamin lunged for it, his teeth bared.

Rimmy swore and then the shadows exploded from around her. She disappeared and Tamin’s teeth snapped down on empty air. His momentum brought him through the door cage and he stopped outside of the opening, his body tense with anger.

Merrie’s sphincter tightened as she stared at the dog only a few meters away.

Tamin’s growl deepened and he took a step toward her. Behind him, the other dogs stepped out from the cage and spread out, forming a semi-circle in front of her.

Naked and helpless, Merrie lost control of herself. Urine ran down her leg as the alpha stepped forward.

He only had one need burning in his mind: hunger. But it wasn’t for the dried meats he ate but the helpless bitch in front of him. His snarl filled the room and his muscles bunched up. With a growl, he charged.

Merrie screamed out, a high-pitched noise that echoed down the hallway. She scrambled back.

Tamin’s teeth snapped down but he missed. He snarled as he lunged forward, his mouth opening as he aimed for her throat.

The world came to a halt as power rolled across her body. Runes burst into place, snapping into the domination spell and immediately exploding out from inside her.

It caught Tamin and threw him back. The huge dog crashed into the cage and slumped down. With a growl, he flipped off his back and charged.

Merrie braced herself and barked. The spell exploded out and grabbed the minds of the eight dogs. As one, they dropped their asses to the ground and sat. She could feel the fear and anger radiating from them, but there was also a submission as she gripped their minds.

Panting, she got back to her wrists and knees. Trembling, she took a step forward.

The dogs strained her control but she reinforced the spell and locked them into place.

She crawled straight up to Tamin, angry but just as scared as they were.

The massive male bowed his head, lowering himself. As she grew closer, he dropped to the ground and pressed his throat to the floor. His tail plastered against the ground.

Behind her, Rimmy came down the hall. "Useless cunt. You better not be dead, I'll never hear..." The footsteps came to a halt. "The... end of it? What the shit?"

Merrie turned around and was surprised by the shock on Rimmy's face.

Rimmy said, "What is going on?"

Shrugging, Merrie turned around and got on her knees, raising her wrists.

"And you fucking peed on the floor!? What is wrong with you?"

Merrie mimicked Tamin, dropping to the ground in shame and sorrow.

"Fuck this. Cage!"

As the dogs looked at Merrie, she released them. They sulked back into their cage, tails between their legs.

She peeked back up to Rimmy.

Rimmy pointed to Merrie's cage. "I said, get in your fucking cage, cunt!"

Gulping, Merrie crawled into her cage. Her body trembled as she turned around.

Rimmy slammed the door shut. Grabbing the lock, she latched it into place.

Merrie felt a surge of heat inside her. Her body grew hot as Rimmy stormed over to the food. She poured a few handfuls into the

dog's cage and then another one into Merrie's. The dried meat chunks spilled out over Merrie's arms.

"He's fucking mine, cunt."

Rimmy spun on her heels and stomped out of the room.

Merrie held out her arm through the bars of the cage, but it was too late. She tried to work the lock, but it was latched firmly. Unlike the dog's cage, which was a simple bar, hers required fingers to release.

After a few seconds, she slumped to the ground.

Time passed painfully slow for her. The minutes ticked by, stretching into hours as she waited for Kine to rescue her.

She felt his arrival with the gathering of shadows. It was on the opposite side of the mansion, but even from that distance, she could make out the cool power gathering around her. At her feet, the shadows grew sharper.

The dogs whined, some aspect of their nature responding to the rise of shadow energy.

"Merrie! Merrie!"

Merrie whimpered and barked.

"Where are you?" Kine's footsteps came down the hall. He skidded to a halt as he entered the room. A surge of lust rose up as he stared at her. "W-What happened?"

"She," said Rimmy as she slid up behind him, "was naughty."

"Was she?" he said with a chuckle, but his eyes never left Merrie's form.

Merrie reached out for him, whimpering, but she knew that he wouldn't rescue her. The lust was burning too brightly as he stared at her.

"Leave her," whispered Rimmy as she wrapped her arms around Kine's waist and chest, "just for tonight. I'm feeling," she kissed his ear, "frisky."

Kine smiled and turned, his eyes clinging to Merrie for a long moment. "You know, it's been a while."

"Yes," Rimmy said as she drew him away. The shadows gathered around them, the darkness swirling around before it enveloped them both. For a moment, the only thing Merrie could see was Rimmy's green eyes and the look of triumph. And then, even that was gone.

t'Sade

A Simple Door

50

Winter had come to Franome City and Merrie had been at the mansion for three months. Outside, the wind howled and leaked in through broken windows and rotted walls. It seeped through the cracks in the porch and blew in eddies of brisk cold that sent a shiver along Merrie's naked skin. The house was heated but the warmth came from various heating stones that Kine stole during his frequent late-night visits to practice his trade.

One of them was dangling on the side of her cage and the heat swirled around her in warm comfort. The heating stone was a caught elemental, a tiny spark of almost sentient flame bound between metal wire wrapped around a hoop. It looked like a dream-catcher, except for the glint of platinum strands and flickering blue inside it.

Merrie stretched out, basking in the warmth. Her breasts bumped along the blanket beneath her and she enjoyed just rocking back and forth. The friction against her nipples brought up little sparks of pleasure.

She reached out and tapped her cage door. It swung open, silent on the freshly oiled hinges. She watched as it slid into the bars of the other cage. The impact rang out in the confines of the cold porch.

Tamin looked up from his cage. He woofed as he looked for an intruder. Behind him, the others hounds did the same.

The door swung back, tapping against the entrance of her own cage. Merrie smiled and pushed it open again. At the same time, she reached out with her mind and comforted the hounds to keep the silent.

Her master rarely locked the door when he was out of the house, which was most days. Only when Merrie misbehaved, did he lock it before leaving for the night. It was a pleasurable torture that always brought a smile to her lips and a heat to her pussy. When he released her, he always fucked her hard against the cage; she loved how her breasts fit between the bars of the cold metal as he pounded her from behind.

A warmth tickled her pussy as she remembered the last time. It was a week earlier after she deliberately spilled her bowl across the kitchen floor. It interrupted the screaming fight between Kine and Rimmy.

In anger, Kine took her away to spank her, fuck her, and cage her. But after the fact, he was smiling as he padlocked the cage shut. And the screaming had stopped.

She wondered how she would misbehave again.

It wasn't that Kine didn't fuck her frequently. He did it almost every morning after he came home red-eyed and exhausted from a night of stealing or partying. But ever since Rimmy moved her cage to the porch, Kine would finish by leading her from the bedroom and into her cage, shutting her into porch with the other dogs.

He never mentioned bringing the cage back. And when Rimmy declared she wanted Kine, there was no question from him. She felt a pang of jealousy every time Rimmy shot her a triumphant smile and followed Kine to his bedroom.

But, when morning came and the cage wasn't locked, Merrie would wake up with her master. Yawning, she crawled back across the mansion and woke him up properly: with her mouth, pussy, ass, or tits. She smiled at the warmth from the morning's fuck. He rolled her on her belly and pounded her ass, crushing her tail under his hips and smashing her face into the pillows. She came hard, whimpering just the way he loved it.

When he left in the evening for a simple theft, there was a smile on his face and her juices coating his cock. She watched him leave, sprawled out in his bed with cum leaking from her ass.

Merrie rolled over on her back. Her legs braced against the bars of the cage as she looked down at her stomach. Her belly was taut with just a hint of muscle. Her legs and arms were just as healthy as the day she left the Puppy Mill. Two hours of exercise every day

kept her fit. All because of a simple time keeping spell and the need for structure in a chaotic household.

The only things she couldn't do was shave. Her pussy was a patch of dark hair. She knew that Kine didn't care for it, but he didn't do anything about it. Instead, she just watched it grow and wished that he would take her to the bath tub, hold her tight, and make her bare again. Someone did it before and it was one of the most intimate moments she had in her life, but no matter how much she tried, she couldn't remember who held her like that.

The alarm spell activated. It was a tickle in the back of her spine, reminding her of the second exercise session.

Her heart beat faster as she flipped on her wrists and knees. She nosed the door open.

In the other cage, Tamin and the other dogs watched her. Their tails wagged back and forth. They had lost some of their wildness in the previous months and Merrie knew it was partially because of her. Their minds were almost as chaotic, but they obeyed her silent commands. She wished they could talk to her, to give her some way of expressing herself as an intelligent being, but there was no one to project with.

She smiled to herself and crawled out. Circling around, she grabbed a scoop of food and dragged it over to nine bowls next to the dog's cage. She filled each one with a scoop of the food, her stomach rumbling with her own hunger.

As soon as she finished, she crawled over to the dog's cage and reached up for the latch.

Tamin reached through the bar and licked her from belly button to breast. His breath was hot against her skin and a dribble saliva ran down between her legs.

She giggled—it came out as a chuckling woof—and pushed the bar up. It swung out and the cage door swung open.

One by one, the dogs stepped out of their cage. Each one was huge and towered over her, but they walked calmly over to their bowls and sat down.

With a smile on her face, Merrie crawled over to the ninth bowl. It was next to Tamin. She glanced over at the calm creatures and gave a nod.

The room burst into movement. All eight dog doves into their food, slobbering as they shoved the bowls around.

Merrie dove into her own, eating as fast as the others. It was plain food, dried meats and cooked grains, but it was far healthier than the greasy food that her master and Rimmy ate. Kine and Rimmy burned through their food with their frequent trips through the shadow. Every time they spent the night on a job, they spent the entire day scarfing down food and never gaining a gram.

She finished eating only a few heartbeats after Tamin. She licked the bowl clean and sat back, enjoying the pressure in her belly and the feeling of being satisfied. She also felt a warmth flickering inside her; she was eating from a bowl like a dog and it gave her a thrill every time she bowed down eat. It didn't matter if Kine wasn't watching, she still felt it in her core.

One of the dogs whined and padded over to the back door. The winter wind leaked through the cracks underneath the door.

Merrie hesitated, staring at the door with trepidation. Even with the heating runes underneath the tiles, the wind nipped at her naked skin.

The dog pawed again. Tamin joined him, the heavy dog striding to the door and sitting down.

Merrie gave him a mock glare and padded after him. Reaching up with both arms, she strained to turn the knob. It was icy against her skin and it slipped repeatedly until she managed to force it around. It clicked and Tamin shoved past her to open it.

Icy wind howled around her. Her nipples crinkled at the bite of wind. It swirled around her and she shivered violently. She brought up a spell to defend against frostbite; it didn't keep her warm but prevented any damage from crawling naked through the ice and snow.

Taking a deep breath, she crawled after the pack. The ice tore at her senses but she forced herself through the snow. Her knees dug into the soft padding and she felt the tiny sparks of pain from the cold.

In the far back, the dogs were already doing their business: peeing and shitting in their various corners. She joined them and they parted away as she found a clear spot on the snow. Her master

has renewed the cleansing rune and she didn't have to shit, but he still found her peeing on the ground fascinating and erotic.

She crouched down, spread her legs through the thick snow, and relaxed. A hot stream of urine poured out of her, steaming as it hit the ground between her. She let out a pleasurable sigh and closed her eyes, enjoying every moment as she emptied herself.

When she finished, she shook her hips but a few droplets continued to cling to her nether lips. With the icy wind, the droplets began to freeze over and she squirmed trying to get them clear.

She felt a presence behind her, looming.

It was Tamin. The large dog had stepped behind her. There were no clear thoughts in his head, just an unreadable sense of primal chaos.

It wasn't an attack, but his tongue. The thick, hot member ran up her legs and he lapped at her pussy and ass. She gasped at the sensation, jerking forward from the force of his lick. Tamin's breath seared her backside as he forced her tail out of the way and lapped harder. The wet tongue ran up her pussy, a long slurp that ran from her clitoris to asshole. He seemed to linger on her ass, swirling his tongue around the wrinkled opening before licking her again.

Merrie slumped forward, her legs spread widely. The tongue sent pleasure coursing through her senses and contrasted with the sharp pain of ice against her face and breasts. She gasped into the icy crust. It clung to her face, eyelashes, and nipples.

The massive dog stepped forward, forcing her down to the ground. Her ass was lifted and exposed, like a bitch in heat. He lapped harder, swirling his tongue along her inner thigh and up to her pussy. She could feel him cleaning every droplet of pee from her body.

She could feel a new need rising up inside Tamin, a need to mate. Her heart thumped louder as she realized she was in the position for breeding and it would take only another step forward before his cock was in a position to impale her.

Gasping, she reached out with her mind and pushed back.

Tamin resisted, struggling to mount the bitch before him, but his animistic mind was no defense against Merrie's power. He stepped back with a shake of his head.

Merrie lifted her face from the snow and glance back at him. She wanted it, she wanted to feel the hard cock slamming into her. It would fill her like she craved, but it would also betray her master. She would fuck Tamin, but only if Kine wanted her to.

It hurt not to get satisfaction, but she needed to serve her master. Standing up, she sent out a pulse of warmth and comfort.

The rest of her pack, silent in her mind but capable of feeling her, wagged their tails. Two of the younger ones spun and tackled into each other, wrestling in the shadowed ice of the World Tree.

Merrie grinned and let them play. She crawled out of the snow and back on the porch.

Tamin followed her, sniffing at her ass as she moved. She felt a trembling of fear, but there was no anger or rage in the dog's actions. Instead, he turned around and sat down next to her.

She looked up at him, wondering what went on in his head. She could feel his needs, not emotions or thoughts, but just a creature living in the Now and doing what his instincts told him to. But, deep beneath the simple animal, there was also magic; Tamin and the others were dogs of the shadows. They felt with the master came home, but they didn't even have Kine's chaotic control over their own talents.

Warmth enveloped her. Merrie gasped and returned her attention to Tamin. The dog had leaned into her, his body's warmth pushing away the cold.

She relaxed and smiled. She sank against his muscular shoulder and enjoyed his heat. She didn't have to say anything to him, even if she could. He was doing what he needed to and she did what she could.

Together, the bitch and the alpha watched the pack wrestle and play. The six dogs were cheerful as they barked and whined. They tore up the snow and ice and turned the entire back yard into a muddy pit of slush.

Just as the dogs were running out of energy, the shadows grew suddenly sharper. The fuzzy edges turned knife-edge strong and the feeling of power ran down Merrie's spine.

She looked up sharply and then around. The world has grown black and white, with the shadows turning into inky black voices. Blinking, she looked up at the sun still in the sky. Something felt

different with the changes, her master or Rimmy never came home during bright sunlight.

Next to her, Tamin tensed up and a bark rumbled in his chest. Out in the back yard, the others also stopped and looked around. Some of them whined while others wagged their tails.

The master had come home.

Merrie crawled back. Something was wrong, she felt it as a clenching in her gut. She turned her back on the yard and crawled into the house. As she moved, she reached out with her mind, trying to find the center of power. It was on the first floor, in the northern wing.

Hopeful, she rushed through the kitchen and dining hall. Her bare knees and wrists tapped on the ground. Behind her, Tamin followed with his steady thumps. The others remained behind, milling in the yard and porch but they would go no further unless Merrie allowed it.

She came up to Kine's door and pushed it open, but there wasn't the familiar inky depths of her master's arrival. She frowned but looked around anyways. The shadows were black but they didn't the darkness that felt like a portal to another world. He wasn't in the room, but they were close.

Closing her eyes, she focused mentally. The mansion was draped in darkness, a haze of shadows that permeated every meter of stone and wood. She had gotten used to the smell of her home, but its magical presence stole her breath away. It was as difficult to focus on as it was on the physical world. The repulsion wards were thin and wispy, but thousands upon thousands of castings had wrapped the entire place darkness.

She frowned as she pushed her senses through the murky shadows, forcing her mind to spread out to find her master or his mistress.

The darkness bore down on her, tugging on her and she followed it. Her mind pushed through the warped, shifting world of the mansion's wards until she found where the world had turned into a pitch black void, a ragged tear between two worlds that wasn't sealing up. Something was on the other side and she felt a presence scrape against her mind, light and caressing but utterly alien.

Whimpering, she wrapped herself in her shields. The pressure and tightness cut off the foreign mind from her and she struggled to identify the physical location of the dark. It was further down the hall, past the clutter and mess.

Concern and fear filled her. Even during their fights, neither her master or Rimmy had ever appeared that far from the beaten path in the mansion. And when they did step through the shadows, there was no lingering darkness behind. But, it was there, a harsh rip into the world they both stepped through and it wasn't closing.

She whined and looked at Tamin.

The large hound cocked his head. His instincts were responding to her needs, but there was nothing for him to defend or protect. Drooping his ears, he waited.

Merrie crawled out of the room and down the hall. It was less than a meter before she had to crawl over a pile of carpets and then up on top of a dresser. The glossy polished wood was slick underneath her limbs and she slipped, but the fear drove her to keep crawling. With every passing inch, the feeling of darkness and danger continued to rise.

Behind her, Tamin followed. His panting was loud in the cramped quarters of the hallway. The dresser creaked underneath his weight. His presence gave her some comfort, a balance to the fear that pounded through her veins.

She stared up an armoire. It blocked the entire hallway and she couldn't find a way around it, except for a large gap above it. She whimpered and reached up for it. Her arms caught the edge, but when she strained to pull herself up, she slipped off.

Whimpering, she tried again, her ankles pawing at the front of the armoire as she tried to find purchase. She slumped back, slamming hard against the dresser behind her. She slid over the top and she let out a cry before she slumped against Tamin.

The shadows grew darker, a suffocating pressure that bore down on her. She could feel it tearing at her mind. It was the gap between worlds and it was sucking at her spirit.

Merrie threw herself at the armoire, clawing and pawing at it. Her severed arms and legs were useless. The carved front of the doors, elegant silfae murals, cut at her ankles and thighs but she pushed through the pain in efforts to force herself up.

She found brief purchase on the top of the armoire. Gasping, she dug her ankles into the front and scrambled up. She crushed her breasts against the front molding as she clawed further. Just as her mounds hit the top, she slid back. Crying out, she pawed helplessly as she slid back.

Her legs smacked into Tamin's head. The hound had crawled up behind her. She landed hard on his rock-hard skull, her tail was crushed against his face.

He let out a woof and pushed her up.

Merrie whimpered and sent out a frantic command, guiding him to give her the boost she needed to crawl up on the armoire. Up on top, her legs splayed out for balance, she sneezed at the dust that curled around her.

Tamin peered up over the armoire. There was no way he could follow her.

She gave him a pulse of thanks and peered down the other side of the armoire. She couldn't see in the pitch darkness but the armoire was over two meters tall. If she dropped down, she could be landing on the floor, furniture, or even glass.

Gulping, she peered back the other side, at Tamin watching her. She could lower herself down, but when she fell, it would hurt.

A groan drifted from the darkness. It was her master.

All fears evaporated. She turned around and stuck her thighs into the darkness. Reaching out with her mind, she drove Tamin to reach up as high as he could and open his mouth.

He obeyed, shoving himself into the gap. He blocked the light from the hallway, but even in the pitch darkness, she could see his glittering teeth. His mouth was huge and the powerful jaws could snap her in half.

Gulping, she shoved her arms into his mouth, resting against the bottom ridge of his teeth. Her body grew hot and slick, but she didn't know why. The only other time she ever had her arms in a wolf's jaw was the day she was cropped, of the most terrifying days of her life.

She cringed at the next step. With a mental push, she ordered Tamin to bite down on her.

The powerful hound only hesitated for a second, then snapped down. His teeth pierced her flesh and he clamped down hard on her bones, grinding them into each other.

Merrie cried out in pain. She held him still, ordering him to hold her as she lowered herself into the darkness. Her knees kicked the smooth back. She wasn't falling though the pain was excruciating.

Blood pooled on top of the armoire. Tamin's mind was torn, he wanted to defend her but she held his body in an iron grip, forcing him to dig deeper into her flesh and lower her.

Sobbing with pain, Merrie searched for something in the darkness to brace herself. One ankle brushed against a shelf of some sort. She reached back and braced herself against it.

Fresh blood dribbled down her arm and splashed against her breasts. She could feel the teeth grinding on her bones, tearing at her flesh, but her master was in danger.

Bracing herself, she released her command on Tamin. The hound snapped open his mouth and released her. She slipped down but caught herself on a wooden shelf.

The wood creaked once before it snapped. She let out a scream as she plummeted into darkness.

She hit the floor hard with her knee. There was a muted crack as her thigh snapped. She collapsed into the ground, slamming her head into the back of the armoire before hitting the ground hard.

The impact drove the air out of her. She clutched herself, crying out as tears soaked her cheeks and stars burned across her vision. Her mind was swamped with pain. She couldn't breathe. She couldn't do anything.

Painfully close, she heard her master's groan of pain. She couldn't see him, not in the pitch darkness, but she had to get to him. Desperate, she threw up her seeking spell and threw her fear into it. It spread out from her and she found Kine. He was only a few meters away.

Sobbing with pain, she crawled through the darkness for him.

Merrie slammed into a door and stars exploded across her vision. The impact rattled a door and a spear of light burst out from around her knees. The brightness was blinding and she had to blink away the tears.

Whining, she pawed at the door. She accidentally put her weight on her broken leg. It crumbled underneath her and she smacked hard against the door frame.

Inside, she heard Kine gasping for breath.

Fear poured ice down her spine and pushed away the pain. Her panting was loud in the darkness. She shoved her shoulder against the door. It shuddered but didn't open. The spear of light brightened and she saw movement underneath, a shadow wavering through the spear of light.

Desperate, she dropped to the ground and pressed her face so she could look underneath the door. Beyond was an empty room, filled with dust. Light came in through a half-covered window, spearing into the darkness. A thick cloud of rising dust danced in the beam of light. On the ground, in the pool of light, was her master.

A whine escaped her throat. Merrie pawed at the door, her wrists bouncing helplessly against the heavy wood. She moved frantically, trying to find the door handle but she only found a hole where the handle used to be.

Kine groaned again.

Merrie dropped to the ground, whimpering loudly. She peered through the light.

Her master was on the ground, clawing at his throat. His face was a blue, as if he was choking, but darker still was the magic around him. His own shadow was rising up from his body like smoke. It faded in the light as he continued to writhe on the ground. As she watched, his body blurred and a thick wave of shadows rose up from the air. But his body didn't regain focus. Instead, it continued to grow blurrier with every passing heartbeat.

Crying as loudly as she could, she reached out with her mind. She hit his shields and delved into them, forcing her way through the chaotic storms and fear that filled his veins.

Kine was standing with the rest of the team on the top of a building, ready to toast to their success. Quin, a pickpocket, had stolen a keg of beer from the pub below and was pouring it into five large mugs. The others were joking and laughing, the adrenaline still pumping through their veins from the heist.

After weeks of planning, they successfully stole a three million mark painting. The operation went as smooth as silk. Five different security systems including a squad of mages and their wards, had fallen.

Quin handed out the mugs. "To success!"

"Success," said Kine and drank deeply. It was a good batch of stout, still sealed by the brewer's guild. He enjoying it pouring down his throat. With a gasp, he finished it and smiled.

But the smile froze on his lips. Quin was toying with his mug and watching everyone warily.

Kine felt a prickle of fear. He glanced over at the cask, but it still had the seal next to it. It couldn't be poisoned. Kine's stomach twisted, but he couldn't tell if it was his fear or something else.

"You bastard," whispered Tulip, the safe cracker. She was glaring at Quin. "Damn you, you don't betray your crew."

Kine almost doubled over in pain. He could taste blood in his mouth.

Quin gave a grim smile and stepped back. "I'm going away from this damn city and this will give me a nice little nest egg. Sorry, nothing personal."

Tulip dropped to her knees, throwing up blood. She groaned, her eyes rolled up in her head, and she collapsed. The others followed, hitting the ground with thuds. The smell of shit and gore rose up.

Kine shook his head, sweat beading on his chest. He took a step forward and stumbled. He couldn't die. He had Merrie. He could never leave her alone in the mansion, she would die.

Merrie almost broke down at the thoughts burning through her master's head.

Quin gave a shooing gesture. "Go on, die."

Kine lunged for him but weakness grabbed him and he dropped to the ground. The impact shot pain through his knees.

With a laugh, Quin walked around him and head for the painting.

Kine closed his eyes and pulled. The shadows pooled around him, gathering in a cloak of darkness. Energy throbbed along his bones, a pulsating of coolness that burned away his life as everything slowed down. With a surge that felt like jumping into an icy river, he pulled himself out of reality and into the Shadow.

Darkness swirled around him, an inverse world of darkness and small patches of light. He staggered to the side, but he was only doing a short

jump. Releasing it, he came back into reality centimeters away from Quin's fingers reaching for the painting.

Quin stopped in shock.

Kine grabbed the traitor and pulled again. The darkness enveloped both of them and they plunged back into the Shadow. It was a howling world.

Quin's scream was deafening.

Kine struggled to remain conscious. He remembered the spell his master gave him, the spell he could only use once in his life and it would bind his soul forever. It darkened across his mind, a calligraphic poem written in darkness itself. As it he cast it, he felt his life burning away.

And then it was there, a ripple of darkness on darkness. Kine couldn't focus on it, but he knew there was nothing to see. It just was a presence that beat against his soul. It was a Lord of Darkness, the closest thing the Shadow had to a god.

The Lord plucked Quin from Kine's hand. (He will never stop screaming,) came the inky words, spreading out across over his thoughts as words across his vision. And then the Lord and Quin were gone.

Kine staggered home, throwing up twice. As he moved, the world around him moved faster, shifting from city scene to scene. When he reached the house, a pitch black version of the mansion that glowed with magic, he stepped back into realit.

Merrie gasped. Her master was dying. She pawed at the door as her mind spun a spell furiously. It was the locator spell and she was looking for Rimmy. Rimmy could get to her master, if she moved fast enough. She threw the spell, aiming it toward the south. As soon as it was off, she threw it again and again, sending spears out across the entire city in desperation. As she felt the spell radiating out, she staggered from the exhaustion.

She pounding on the door, braced on her one good leg. She couldn't get inside. Blood poured down her arms. She had to get to Kine. She had to get to her master. Her skin tingled, it was a bonding but it shot off across her grandfather's lands.

A few meters away, Tamin howled as he tried to get to her.

An idea flashed in her head. She gathered up power for a new spell: domination. It came easily to her mind and she adjusted it for the pack. When she released it, threads of power snapped out and punched into the heart of eight dogs. She could feel their fear, but there was an obedience and submission she could use.

The detection spells came back in rapid succession: nothing found, nothing found, Rimmy was to the east, nothing from the north.

Clamping down on her location, Merrie impressed the direction into the pack but she was already crying. It was three kilometers away, Rimmy would never get back in time. They turned and raced for her, even though it would be too late.

She was in her grandfather's kitchen.

"No!" she screamed, "I don't have time!"

He said nothing and just spread out a spell across the table. "On the dog, but there will be consequences."

Merrie didn't hesitate. It was an intensely complicated spell, but it was burned into her mind. She threw it down the connection she shared with the Tamin, spurred on when she heard blood pouring down on the ground beyond a door she couldn't open. She felt the dog's mind blossom underneath it, power filling them, burning new thoughts across their mind and crystallizing their very nature.

Tears burned in her eyes as she slumped forward. It was hard to breathe. She was using too many spells, but she couldn't stop. She needed to get through the door, she had to save him. She was nothing without a master.

(Alpha.)

She froze at the new voice. It was deep and rumbling and the mind behind it was capable of only a single thought. It was Tamin. She could feel him in her thoughts, the beginning of an intelligence in the alpha dog.

Sobbing, she pushed the memory of Kine's passing into Shadow and the location of Rimmy. (Find her!)

There was a ripple of power as the shadows gathered around Tamin. Calligraphy, stolen from Kine's memories, burned across the hound's new intelligence. He used his own natural talents and her master's skill and he stepped into the Shadows.

Merrie screamed and pounded at the door. Blood ran freely down her arms, splashing down on her breasts and on the ground. On the other side of the narrow door was her master, dying.

She needed him.

Her body was shaking.

He needed her.

She was trying to bond.

If she could only reach him.

With a gasp, she realized what she had to do.

She was back in her grandfather's kitchen. "Release the bond."

"I cannot. You haven't gone through enough lessons. I—"

She didn't wait. Surging across the table, she landed on him. "Teach me!"

Her mind plunged into her grandfather's. It hurt, but she knew no other way. She forced herself through his lessons, the images flashing up with dizzying spell. She knew her physical form was screaming and there was blood coming out of her nose and ears, but she needed her master. She felt herself growing more solid as spells, lessons, and patterns burned across her mind.

Her grandfather screamed and clawed at her, but she couldn't stop. She saw how Haviston had created her grandfather's image, triggering him to slowly teach her lessons. She plunged deeper, finding where he left little hints to release her bond. A bit here, a bit there.

In a heartbeat, she had it.

The spell flashed across her mind as she assembled it with rapid speed. It was exhausting and she felt the blood dripping down her face and a pounding headache. She threw the spell and felt the spells sealing her bond away shatter.

With a gasp, she felt the connection suck back into her. It was raw and tingling, but seated in her physical form. The leash, something she hadn't seen in months, appeared from her chest. Her entire body was on fire, from the blood dripping her arms, her broken leg, and the searing tingle that plucked at her skin.

Words rose up in her mind: an alpha doesn't live beyond her master. She may be bonding with a man who was about to die.

The connection stretched out, questing. She concentrated on it, guiding it through the door to the man who needed her. She felt it reaching for him and then there was a snap as it caught the edge of his senses.

She was a little boy in an orphanage, cowering in the shadows. He just tried to steal something from an old man, but he was caught. He managed to escape. The guards were looking for him but he knew how to hide from them. A failed theft and no one would ever know.

Merrie almost buckled from the memories rushing through to her. There was a chaotic storm of them, flashes of her master's life as he was dying.

Pain shot out from his shoulder as the old man, his mark, pinned him to the wall with his walking stick. He was skeleton-thin with large dark eyes. He leaned forward and chuckled. His breath stunk of alcohol fumes. "You like hiding, don't you, boy?"

Power rushed through her. She could feel it flowing from her master into her. The ghostly white leash darkened into a braided cord of darkness. She stared at in shock, feeling it grow solid in a heartbeat.

Kine was between Rimmy's legs, thrusting with all his might. He had just lost his virginity, but it didn't feel like anything but a wet heat wrapped around his dick.

Rimmy laid there, moaning but he knew she was faking. He wasn't her first lover, even if she was his first. It was just a last minute thing, something to do while Des was talking to the headmaster.

Merrie clutched her heart, smearing the blood across her face. She slumped against the door. She lived through her master's life, from the lessons from the old man, the lessons of Shadow. She felt every pain, every mistake, every love that he experienced.

Rimmy stood over the corpse of her best friend and husband. Blood dripped from her blade as the sun burned down on them. She looked at Kine and then a wail ripped from her throat. She dropped to her knees and sobbed.

His life slammed into her, drowning her out. She could feel her mind cracking from the force of his personality. She tried to shield herself, but couldn't. All of her defenses were bypassed by the black cord that bound their souls together.

Kine sat alone on the edge of his bed. There was no reason for him to do anything. In his hand, the final resignation letter felt like a brick. There was no reason to do anything but take a long walk in the Shadows and hoped he never came back.

Merrie clawed herself out of the ocean of her master's memories. She tried spells to defend herself but he was coming from the depths of her very being. There was no spell, no shield that could keep her mind from being torn apart.

She could feel him dying. She was dying with him. Her heart pounded in her chest as the life sucked out of her. She felt her veins burning and she pawed at her throat. She couldn't breathe.

She was losing herself to him. His life was becoming her own and she found it hard to find out where her thoughts ended and his overwhelmed hers. She was losing her very sense of identity in the onslaught of the connection.

(No!) She couldn't lose herself. He needed her. She was his bitch and his alpha. Merrie couldn't give up, not now. She struggled to grasp her identity, the part that called herself "I". There was too much, almost twenty four years, and it slipped through her mental fingers. She let parts of it go, some of it easier than others. Her old life before the mill was the easiest to let go and she clutched to what remained.

She was a bitch.

Tears ran down her cheeks. His life washed over her and she let it drown her. Her master's life became her own, from his first step to his first spell. She felt every pain and love, the sorrow and the joy.

The only part of herself she saved was the her life since the mill. She needed nothing else to serve him.

Magic crackled around her. It sank into her bones, a cold throbbing from her joints. It was changing her, making her Kine's bitch.

His thoughts darkened for a moment, a ripple of his death.

Merrie forced her will back into her mind. She had to save him. She knew how to do it. Recalling his memories, she saw the spell that he used to walk through Shadows. It was easy, she grew up learning his magic, lived through all of his lessons and practice. With a surge, she wrapped the darkness around her.

And stepped across.

She was in the Shadows, the inverted world of darkness and light. The mansion glowed with the power of Rimmy's shade, but she inched forward. Every step was a hundred, but she had just grew up in the Shadows and she knew exactly how far to move.

With a rush, she stepped back out into the reality. She was next to her master, her only reason for living. Her one good knee splashed in a pool of his vomit and blood. He was still burning away

in shadows, the fate of all walkers of the Shadows. When he died, he would simply burn away, but she could never allow that.

Merrie grabbed him and pulled him close. Her arms were trembling and she could barely see through the headache, but she could feel him in her mind. (Master!)

(M-Merrie?) His thoughts were weak. (Where are you? I can't see.)

There was another spell there, with the smell of her grandfather's kitchen. It was like the one Bass used, but instead of raw power, she could keep him alive by giving him her own energy.

She cast it without a question, knowing that any price was worth her master. Her world focused him and their heart beats matched each other. She crouched over him as the power flowed from her into him.

And then back again, a circle of energy that pulsed with the coolness of shadows and raw power. It flowed through her and magnified before she pushed it back into him.

She was in his thoughts and he was dominating hers.

Her body grew slick with heat as their hearts beat as one. The shadows poured into her, filling her from the inside out. It filled her with the taste of alcohol and ethereal. It became her core, her reason for living.

His shadow ceased to burn away and his body solidified. The spiral of death reversed itself and life beat once again through his veins. He took a deep breath, one that he never thought he would live through. It was the sweetest air he drew in.

She would give him everything.

Weak, her master wrapped his arms around her. He tugged at her and she sank down to his body. The magic continued to flow between them, each pulse of power bringing a stronger beat to his heart and anchoring him once again to life.

He reached out with power to close the gash in Shadows. She followed, giving him strength to seal the hole he left when he passed. It took the strength out of him but she replaced it with her own. His hand slumped down to hug her again, clinging to the woman he knew saved her.

Everything she was.

“I... I heard you...” he croaked, his voice hoarse, “but I couldn’t... say... nothing.”

Everything she would ever be.

Merrie sniffed and smiled at him, afraid to ever let him go. Tears ran down her cheeks. She spread her leg to straddle him, wincing as the bone in her leg scraped against itself. The pain shot through her body.

“You’re,” he gasped, “you’re hurt.”

Merrie sent a pulse of love. She could handle the pain knowing he was going to live.

He gasped as he stared at her, the shock of feeling her emotions blossoming in his thoughts. He never thought it was possible and hope filled him.

She shifted her body, ignoring the pain, and rested her weight right below his ribs. Leaning forward, she rested the crook of her arm against his shoulder and kissed his nose. Her action was from his memory, of the first time Rimmy shared a bed after Des died. It wasn’t to remind him of her, but because of the emotions associated with it: hope, comfort, and a promise to remain together.

Her master gasped and his heart swelled, tears glittering his eyes. He relaxed on the ground, a smile on his lips. “I... I’m going to be okay... aren’t I?”

(Yes, master.)

His eyes widened and the smile grew broader. “I can hear you!?”

She hugged him. (I love you master.)

He held her tight, his strength returning with every beat of their hearts. He kissed her forehead, her nose, and then her kiss. It was soft, sweet, and filled her with sweet joy.

But, it wasn’t Rimmy he was thinking of. She knew it from the very depths of her soul. She was his bitch, now and forever.

She had bonded.

t'Sade

Seconds Thoughts

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Merrie's body throbbed from the inside from the icy discomfort that had sunk into her bones. No matter how much she squirmed or rubbed herself, she couldn't warm up. It was cold, a cold that she could never escape. It pulsed from her joints and traced the insides of her ribs and hips. She felt the icy touch from the insides of her lungs and the taste of shadow refused to leave the back of her throat.

The only thing that made it worse was knowledge. She knew beyond a doubt that it would take months before she got used to the darkness inside her. Merrie had lived through the initial days once before. She knew about the long nights ahead of her: the constant twisting and turning, the inability to get comfortable, and the pain from bright sunlight. It was years ago, back when she was an orphan and her bed was made of boxes, old straw, and a stolen comforter.

She frowned. She didn't live through that. She did.

The frown deepened. She did. No, she did. She was trying to tell herself that the master lived through the shadows, but every time she thought of "I" or his name, she thought of herself and him at the same time. The boundaries between her master and herself had blurred and she wasn't sure which memory was his and which one was hers.

She pressed her face against the thick blankets in the center of the porch. The smell of shadows was deep in the padding, but she could barely feel the hard floor underneath her. She took a deep breath and tried to find herself.

Her mind refused to separate the two. She couldn't call her master by his name any more than she could think of herself

directly. They were now one and the same. She remembered how Sable and Dixie both called their bounded “my master” and “my mistress” and she wondered if it was for the same reason. She could use his title without difficulty.

(My master,) she thought, tasting the sensations and emotions that came with it. His thoughts were close to hers, so close that she could feel him dozing in a sea of pain killers. The poison had ravaged his system, but Merrie kept him alive long enough for Rimmy to find them and then find a healer.

Rimmy. Her master knew Rimmy’s real name—Simithin—but he was afraid of using it or think of her by it. Names had power to those who walked across the Shadows. She could feel it now, how the label was an anchor that pinned the shadows. The Shadow Walkers, people like Rimmy and her master, called it “naming their shadow.”

There was only one defense against it: to shift like the shadows. To find a label, use it, and cast it aside in the wind before it became part of them. Her master was known by a thousand names, as shifting as his thoughts. Only one did he keep close to his heart: Kine.

Merrie smiled. Her master’s thoughts were no longer a cloud of darkness to penetrate. She was inside him. She could feel every naked insecurity, fleeting perversion, and the thrill of excitement as it ran through his mind. Even in his drug-fueled haze, she could feel him trying to find some abstract thought to occupy his mind.

She felt his focus settling on her. There was wonderment and confusion, surprise and frustration. He didn’t know what happened a few hours ago and he was trying to figure out if the drugs were somehow crafting memories he never experience. Merrie smiled when they remembered that it wasn’t the first time he hallucinated from pain killers.

Her bones throbbed again. She rolled on her side, the gauze around her leg dragging on the rough fabric. Runes glowed from the bandage, sealing it in place and letting the golden-green healing energy seep into the broken bone.

The healer who came wasn’t nearly as powerful as Tabitha or even Borias. Merrie had watched in silence as she struggled with a spell that taxed her limits. If she was the mill, Merrie’s broken leg would be healed already... or she would have been cropped. A flash

of excitement ran through her and she squirmed uncomfortably. Somehow, she got excited at the idea of being cropped but she couldn't imagine why. She hated it, it was the worse day of her life. But, why did her sex start to drip and she felt her heart pounding faster every time she looked down at the smooth end of her legs?

She smiled when she remembered the healer trying to discretely heal her cropping. If she couldn't see magic, she would have never known he tried. But, Tabitha's curse was far more powerful. The cropping was part of Merrie know, she couldn't imagine a life with hands or feet again.

(I wonder if Merrie is okay.) It was her master. His thoughts were addled and hazy, but clear as if he was whispering right in her ear. There was fear for her, but also the dread of crawling out of bed and humiliating himself to check on her.

Merrie smiled and let her mind drift down the connection they shared. There was worry as it bobbed in his chaotic mind. Hesitating, she projected a questing thought. (Master?)

Shock blossomed inside her, ripping from their connection. It filled her with doubt as she was startled by her own mental voice.

(No, I couldn't have heard that. I must be hallucinating. No, she has a geas. She can't talk. She's on the other side of the mansion. Am I dying?) His thoughts came rapidly, spinning around as he tried to understand her voice in his head.

Merrie struggled for a moment, swamped by the fear that filled her. She brought up her shields, but the mental pressure couldn't protect her against the master who was already in her soul. She fought through the fear and doubts and panic to clutch her own emotions. The endless array spread out before her, from anger to love, but it was an easy choice. There was only one that would calm him down.

She smiled and pushed it back through the connection. It flowed to him like honey along a wire and sank into him.

Her master's fear dissolved into a confused laughter. (I'm going insane, that's it.) She could picture him on the bed, laughing into the pillow as he struggled with her unfamiliar presence.

She kept the pressure of humor through the connection. It buffeted his fear and doubts, eroding them until he began to laugh in earnest.

Joy came back down the connection, her own amusement magnified by her master. It slammed into her and she drowned in it. It was exquisite, the finest honey with a hint of smokey humor. It filled her mind and body. She sent a pulse of love back down, watching with her mental eye as it coursed through the leash—her leash—and into her master.

It came back stronger, a reflexive doubling of her own emotions. She briefly let it flow through her, breaking up her own fears, and then fed it back to him. Back and forth the emotions flowed between them until there was nothing but joy.

He was on his massive bed, staring at the ceiling. He smiled, though he didn't know why, and thought about her. He felt happier than he had in a very long time.

Merrie smiled and flipped on her own back. She felt every shift of his body through the connection. (Hello, my master.)

This time, the surprise was only a flicker. "Is it..." She knew he was talking and could hear the echo of his thoughts. (Is that really you? Merrie?)

Reflexive pleasure filled her. It pulsed through the connection and she felt when he stiffened in pleasure.

(Damn, you weren't) "kidding when you said" (you liked your name.) "Merrie."

The heat rose even higher and it suffused her body. It continued to spread out to include him, filling him with her own pleasure at her name. He grew hard as her named echoed in his thoughts.

They both moaned. She was slick with need.

(What...) "How is this" (happening?) He didn't understand why she was in his thoughts. He wondered if it was something to do with her being called an "alpha" but he wasn't sure.

Merrie was surprised. When they bonded, she lost part of her past to gain his. But, her life wasn't in his memories. She had submitted to him and he dominated her. She opened her mouth with a long moan, the taste of shadow tickling her throat.

When she was amputated, there was a sense of finality in her submission. She would never be human again, never walk on her feet or pick up a mug. But, the bond was something else. She could feel it connecting their souls together. If he asked, she would do. Not

only because she needed to obey him, but because she had no other choice.

A heat flared inside her, a volcano burning inside her.

(Touch yourself.) He was listening to her, his thoughts tinged with lust. (Go on.)

He didn't need to repeat the command. Unwilling to resist, she reached down with her arms and pressed her wrists to the slick seam of her sex. She was dripping already and the heat rolled off her pussy. Her master wanted her to stroke and she arched her back so she could rub against her slit, tiny movements that brought a quickening to his own breath from across the mansion.

She shifted her one good leg far apart until she felt her nether lips spread apart. She was presenting for him, not only physically but the memory of every other time she presented.

Her master's cock was aching, replacing the discomfort of his poisoning with something Merrie could take care. He wanted her but there was a hesitation.

(Too bad your leg is broken, I could use the company. But if I leave the room, Rimmy will kill me.)

Merrie chuckled and crawled on her good knee. Her body swayed with her efforts, the unfamiliarity of being on one knee and two legs.

He didn't know she could walk through the Shadow. She could imagine his surprise.

Tamin looked up. She felt his mind reached for her, like a bark. (Alpha?) It was a deep, rumbling voice. It was exactly as if he was trying to bark and growl and come up with words.

She looked at him and smiled. (My name is Merrie.)

His tail wagged. (Alpha!)

Merrie grinned. Tamin only said one thing in his thought, he only had one concept that crystallized in his coherent thoughts. She was his alpha, now and forever.

(...rie! Merrie!) Her master's thoughts drifted through her mind, but they were hazy as if he was a long distance. She focused on them and they grew clear in her mind. (Merrie! Where are you? I can't hear... think...)

(I'm here.)

There was far in his mind. (Where did you go?)

(Go?) Confusion blossomed inside her. (I haven't moved.)

(You went silent. I, I missed you.)

Merrie glanced at Tamin. As she concentrated on him, she felt a distance growing between her and her master. It felt like a gulf, the empty feeling after he pulled his cock out of her. She concentrated on him, but then Tamin's mind grew distant.

(What is happening?) Her master's curiosity filled her.

She glance at Tamin. (Tamin, could you hear that?)

Tamin opened his mouth and panted. (Alpha.)

(Master?) She changed her focus, (could you hear Tamin?)

Her master shook his head. Even across the mansion, she could feel it. (No, is he barking?)

(No, he isn't.) She alternated her concentration on her master and Tamin. As she focused on one, the other drifted away. When she moved back, she lost the other one. No matter how hard she tried, she couldn't get her master and Tamin in her thoughts at the same time.

(Merrie,) said her master, his mind filled with amusement and need. (Could you stop? I don't like when I can't hear you. I want to hear you.)

She let Tamin go. (Sorry, master.)

(No, it's okay. I like your voice.) He was remembering her whispering in Eolis' wagon, the intimacy and darkness. (I didn't realize I missed it.)

She smiled, wishing she could talk.

(Not one of my greatest ideas, I know. But it sometimes gets lonely, you know. In the darkness, in the shadows.)

He needed her. Not just to feel her in his mind but he was craving physical contact. The pain in his body, the aftereffects of the poison and his own brush with death needed more than just a familiar void.

She looked toward him, feeling him with all her heart. Around her, the shadows grew darker, turning into black voids that were gateways into the Shadow. The power throbbed in her bones, the icy chill of her master's magic.

Tamin and the other hounds lifted their head, feeling the power inside them. Tamin wanted to follow her, but she pushed him back. He resisted for a moment, then bowed his head. (Alpha.)

Merrie aimed for the nearest shadow and crawled into it. It was like walking through an icy wall and then she was in the Shadows. The inverse world of darkness and light. It swirled around her, the walls no longer as solid as they used to be. She felt a thrill, the same joy when her master first took him from his bed into the darkness and the first time she stepped through her own. The memories blurred together and she couldn't extricate herself from her master, but it didn't matter.

Feeling him darkly in her mind, a pit of darkness instead of the stars of submission, she let herself be drawn to him. She reached out with her wrists and crawled forward. The mansion blurred around her and she was next to the blackness of his domination, the gravity of the man who owned her soul.

She stepped through and landed on his bed. As the shadows peeled back, she gave him a bright smile.

Her master was propped up on the bed, his mouth open in surprise and shock. But underneath, there was a growing joy. "S-Shadows? You can cross over?"

(Yes,) she said and crawled forward. Her naked breast ran along his thigh and she settled down. He didn't want to fuck, despite his hard cock. He needed to feel her.

With a trembling hand, he reached down and stroked her neck. "Hi there."

Merrie wagged her tail, her entire body swaying with the movement. She inched forward, then rolled against him, pressing her back against his shoulder and her back against his ribs. She eased her broken leg and rested it against his thigh.

"Good," he groaned, "as sexy as you are, I'm not up to fucking. But, I think I..."

She knew what he wanted to do. Spreading her legs, she watched as she slid his arm around her waist and long her hip. His fingertips danced along her pubic mound before he delved into the slick line of her sex.

"... need to reward you for saving me."

(I'd do anything for you.)

"No, not anything. Right now, I want you to just," he tapped his finger against her clitoris, "enjoy being with me."

She smiled and closed her eyes. (Always, master.)

He added a second finger and then a third, tapping with the complicated rhythm she lusted after. She knew where it came from now. It was the beat her master's master used on his drum when he was teaching her master and Rimmy about the shadow. It was the pulse of chaos and shadows.

Merrie moaned. (I love you.)

"You do, don't you." His fingers were wet and dripping as he tapped against her, teasing her. Tiny courses of pleasure ran along her veins and she felt the smoldering heat growing inside her.

"I can feel your pleasure," he whispered in her ear.

She rocked her hips to meet with his fingers. Every impact of his tips against her clitoris sent a burst of pleasure across her senses. She cried out in lust, needing to come for the both of them.

"When I touch you, I know you'd do anything for me."

(I will.)

"You'd hurt for me."

She shuddered as the orgasm almost crested inside her. (Yes.)

"You'd come for me."

(Yes, please yes.)

He tapped harder and faster, stroking with every impact. Her sex slicked his fingers and the wet smack of his body pushed her closer to the edge.

She clutched his arm as she arched into him. (Please, master, make me come.)

The door to his room slammed open. They both jumped when it banged against the wall.

Rimmy stepped inside. The dark-skinned woman took one look at Merrie's spread legs and her master's fingers in her pussy. The scowl grew into a fury. "What is wrong with you, bastard? You know damn well you shouldn't be stepping in shadows!"

"Rimmy—"

"Don't Rimmy me! She has a broken leg and you were poisoned. This isn't time to make out like teenagers!"

(Well,) her master said with amusement, (I think Rimmy's a bit pissed.)

Merrie had to fight the smile from her lips. (Yes, master.)

(She's in one of those moods. Why don't you go back to your cage and let her bitch me out.)

(Are you sure? Will you be okay with her?)

Amusement. (Yes, I've been through her screaming fits before. But, sleep in the cage tonight because tomorrow, I'm taking it back to Rice to get it enchanted.)

Merrie tensed, feeling the playful and lustful thoughts filling her. Her master was going to have the blacksmith ward the cage to prevent her from escaping, even through the Shadow. He wanted her to be trapped and helpless inside it and her master wasn't going to let her new ability stop that hunger.

(I wouldn't leave, master.)

(No, but you would know. I would know.) He pulled his fingers from her sex. Tendrils of her juices clung to his fingertips. (When I lock you in there, I want to know you are the helpless.. bitch—)

She shuddered as an orgasm threatened to burst inside her.

(—that stole my heart.)

Merrie smiled. She reached back to kiss him, but stopped at Rimmy's glare. (I love you.)

(I love you too. But, go on. Let Rimmy scream.)

Merrie glanced at Rimmy and pulled on the shadows. The darkness in the room hardened into knife-edge gates to the other world. With a rush, the shadows stretched out and poured over her body. She fell back, stepping through the worlds and into the shifting plane of her master.

A rush coursed through her as she crawled the step to the porch and stepped back across. She landed in the entrance of her cage, her knee striking the metal plate. The tiny spark of pain was nothing compared to the boiling heat in her sex.

Rimmy froze at the foot of her master's bed, staring in shock. "W-What did she just do?"

Her master smiled and shrugged. "Stepped through the Shadows. You've seen it a thousand times."

Rimmy glanced back at the door and then to master. "No, I haven't." She shook her head in disbelief. "Could she always do that?"

"No. Since last night."

"How?" Rimmy's confusion dropped and the anger was back. "Damn that bitch!" She spun her heels and stormed out of the room. He listened to her footsteps go down the hall.

(Well, that was the shortest—)

Rimmy came back. "Fuck you!" She grabbed the door and slammed it hard into place. It bounced off the frame and swung back, but the hall was nothing but shadows as Rimmy stormed off.

Merrie settled into the cage, finding some place where her broken leg only hurt a little and the discomfort of her icy bones didn't distract her from her master's thoughts.

(Oh, and one last thing. Merrie?)

Merrie shivered and bit back a moan.

(Come.)

Behind the words came an unvoiced command, an order to orgasm. She felt it grab her mind and shove her over the edge. The hard edge of pleasure tore through her and she let herself surrender to his demand.

Her head slammed against the edge of the cage as she cried out, her body pulsing hotly. It was an orgasm that she had never felt before, one not driven by physical pleasure. Nothing but desire, her master's command.

She arched her back and jammed her arms between her legs. Stroking furiously, she strained to maximize her master's pleasure. The ecstasy filled their connection and he began to cum himself.

Merrie was a good bitch and she couldn't wait to serve her master.

Kissing Up

52

Times slips away during moments of happiness. One day, she was in a frigid room and kneeling in her master's blood. The next, it was the beginning of spring and she was sprawled out on the bed, watching her master pulling on his formal clothes for a dinner party.

Her tail wagged back and forth with her joy. The afterglow of their sex still smoldered inside her. She squeezed her thighs together just to feel the squelch of his cum against her pussy lips.

"Going to play with yourself while we're gone?" He was almost naked as he puzzled at the formal suit hanging from the wardrobe. It was tailored for him, but she knew that he never wore a suit in his life. He ran the straps through his fingers and sighed.

She grinned and roll on her back, spreading her legs and reaching down with her arms. Her tail bumped back and forth, tapping against her knees as she ran the ridge of her arm along her pussy. (Like this?)

"I'm not going to look," he chuckled, "I'm going to get hard again."

Merrie grinned and projected her senses, the way her freshly shaved pussy felt along her arms, or the intoxicating smells of her juices drifted around her.

Her master groaned and leaned into the wardrobe, his cock growing hard and aching. "You're a bad girl."

A thrill coursed along her senses. When he said "bad girl" it was just as pleasurable as "good girl." She loved being punished, because he loved to punish her. He didn't need an answer, but she had to resist a little more.

Projecting a false shame, she snatched her arms from her sex and rolled back over. (Sorry, master.)

He looked over his shoulder at her. "Don't do it again, otherwise you'll spend the night in the cage."

Her master and Rimmy were going to a formal party, the first once since he rescued Rimmy from Des. It had brought a sense of anticipation to his household, a feeling that it was more than just going out.

Even Rimmy got into the mood. She had a new dress made for her and refused to let anyone see.

He sneaked a look, naturally, jumping from shadow to shadow. In the back of his mind, he was already planning on getting her out of it after the party.

Merrie felt jealousy rising up and clamped down on it. It was going to be a long night and being the cage helped console her during their all-night affairs. It wasn't a matter that she was going to get punished, simply how she would be locked away from the night. Her tail wagged faster.

"Don't be angry, girl, you know I love you."

She opened her eyes and smiled. There was no doubt that he loved her. He loved her with all his heart and she was close enough to know it. But, he also knew that there was still friction between he and Rimmy. (I'm not angry, master. Just a little jealous.)

He turned around, his cock still hard, and padded over. She got on her knees as he reached her and stretched out her head. His hand stroked her ears, running along the ridge and sending little waves of pleasure down her spine. "I have two beautiful women in my life, girl. Both of you are to stay and I'm going to die old with the two of you."

Her tail snapped back and forth, cutting through the air as she stared at him. Her heart was swelling with love and passion for the man who had her soul. (I love you, master.)

He smiled. "I know, but stop letting me stall. I need to get dressed. Do you know how this goes on?"

Merrie glanced at the outfit. She knew that she saw someone wear it once, but she couldn't recall where or how. It was in the dark void of her life before the mill. She closed her eyes and dredged through her master's memories. He saw someone putting it on in

preparation for a theft. She took the memory, stripped off the emotions and haze of time, and projected it to him.

Her master smiled and grabbed the outfit. "Again," he ordered.

She obeyed and he used the memories to dress.

"Can't believe we are actually invited to a royal party."

(You did recover the prince's signet ring.)

"I'm damn glad—", he switched smoothly to telepathy to avoid anyone listening, (didn't fence that damn thing. Otherwise, I'd have my balls spread out across Eagle Court like Old Man Gother.) He shuddered at the image of the thief who was caught with the prince's crown.

Merrie beamed and wagged her tail. (I love you, master.) It was to distract him and it worked.

"I love you, sexy little bitch." His love radiated along their connection and she basked in the warmth.

"But, you did get me hard." He pointed to the bulge at his crotch.

(Sorry, master,) she lied with her ears down against her head and her tail between her legs. She felt a heat rising up inside her, responding to his lustful thoughts.

"You should be." He struggled with the metal zipper, a strange fashion currently popular with the rich crowds. He winced as he pulled it down, pulling his cock out. It was red and slick.

"Clean me off, bitch."

Merrie said nothing as she meekly crawled over to the edge. Inside, she was already boiling with excitement, her pussy tingling with anticipation.

"And don't spill a drop."

With a whine, she opened her mouth and slid his hardness into her lips. She could taste her own pussy seasoning his length. She gulped it down, pressing her face into the hard edges of the zipper teeth to bring him deep into her mouth.

He pulsed inside her, his cock coating the inside of her mouth with precum.

Moving at exactly the right pace to give him pleasure, she drew out and bobbed down. Her lips molded to every vein and ridge as if she was made for him. She knew exactly what would give him pleasure. It didn't matter if he would leave her aching for an orgasm, all that mattered was his own crest of pleasure.

As usual, he was running late so she hurried. She slid up and down, sucking at the right places.

Her master winced. "These zippers hurt. How can anyone get a blow job in them?"

She shoved her face down, using her lips to protect him from the zipper and focused on laving his length with her tongue. He pulsed hotter inside her.

And then his hands came down, grabbing her ears to drive her. She felt a tiny thrill of pleasure coursing along her body as he pulled her back and thrust into her mouth. He didn't need time to get in a rhythm, it was burned into her very soul and he was pounding her face without any warning other than thought of doing it.

She submitted to him, an orgasm burning brightly inside her. She didn't need to be touched or fucked anymore. She came when he did, no matter what she did. And he was coming in her mouth.

Merrie caught the cum in her mouth, adding to the wet friction around his cock as he pumped his seed into her. It was hot and salty, a taste that she craved more than life itself.

When he pulled out, she used her lips to clean his shaft. Her tail wagged happily as she clamped down on his tip, sucking on it to clean out any remaining cum from his length before letting it slide out with a pop.

Her master chuckled. "I never get tired of that." He stuffed his cock back into his pants. "Now, no projecting or turning me on. Bad enough that the royal princess is the sexiest..."

Inwardly smiling, Merrie decided to misbehave. Swirling his cum in her mouth, she pushed it out of the corner of her mouth. The thick dribble ran down her chin and followed the curve of her neck before it splattered on her breast. She leaned forward as more of the cum came dribbling out.

He didn't noticed as he continued speaking. "... piece of ass this side of the country, but it would be bad to... have a..."

Her master was staring at her.

Merrie fought the wagging of her tail as she looked up at him through her eyelashes. She knew it was going to turn him on just as she knew how he would response.

"Bad girl."

She came.

Merrie gasped and opened her mouth more, letting the cum dribble out from the corners of her mouth.

Her master's eyes narrowed. "Bad, bad girl," but his cock was growing hard again and his mind bright with lust. "You're going straight to the cage."

She came again, she couldn't help it.

"Swallow!" he ordered.

She gulped down his seed, enjoying the thick glob as it rolled down her throat.

"Clean yourself up." His breath was getting deeper as he stared at her.

Ever aware of the time, she cleaned herself up with her arm. She rolled the end along the dribbles and wiped herself clean. Each time, she brought the glistening tip of her wrist up to her mouth and licked it clean.

He was aching hard by the time she finished. He groaned and stroked himself. "The floor."

Her body hot with orgasms, she flatted her ears and whined.

"The floor!" he snapped almost coming himself.

Giving the show of reluctance, she slipped off the bed and on the floor. It was cleared off and dusted. His cum was a few splatters of white against the hardwood. Spreading her legs so he could enjoy the sight, she lapped at the floor and cleaned up the ground with slow licks.

"I'm going to be late," he said.

He wasn't. Her time keeping spell telling her exactly how many minutes he had left and he had plenty. But, giving him the impression of being late kept him focused on preparing for the party instead of wandering the house.

He sat down on the bed, his cock straining against his zipper. He opened it and fished it out. "Kneel," he commanded.

Meekly but on the edge of an orgasm, Merrie crawled between his legs. She was ready for him, she knew what he wanted.

He grabbed her head and forced her down on his cock. He gave her no chance to resist or whine, but slammed it home. His fingers dug into her hair, crushing her ears against her head. The pain blurred with the pleasure of submission.

And then he was pounding her face into his cock, using her as nothing but a hole to fuck. She wrapped her teeth with her lips and lost herself in the pleasure of her face being slammed into his crotch, his pubic hair a blur of darkness across her vision.

She came at his domination and her orgasm rippled back down through their connection. His efforts redoubled. He grunted with every stroke, slamming her down again and again to force his cock against the back of her throat. It drummed against her, filling her with heat and lust.

With a roar, he came again, surging hotly inside her. His cum painted the back of her throat and she gulped it eagerly down. He punctuated each spurt of his cock by jamming her head down on his cock. She opened her jaw as wide as it would go, mouthing his balls until he vented the last of his orgasm into her.

He held her there, choking off her breath. "If you let anymore leak out, I will punish you, bitch. Do you understand?"

She could answer telepathically, but he didn't want that. She whimpered and pressed her wrists down to the ground. Her tail flatted on the ground and she let out a soft whine that vibrated his length.

"Bad girl," he whispered and pulled his softening cock out. He grinned. (Now I feel better.)

(Thank you, master.)

He shoved his cock back into his pants and zipped it back up. This time, it remained soft and limp. "Where is she?"

He didn't need to say who. Merrie reached out for Rimmy and found her still in her room. (Her room, master.)

"Damn, she's going to make us late."

Merrie could barely keep her master on time, but most of the time Rimmy was more timely than him. She shrugged and then nodded.

"Go check on her and tell her to hurry."

It was a command and she felt a thrill. Gathering the shadows around her, she pulled them around her in a cloak and stepped into the Shadows. The inverted world gave her a thrill, if only because she was going somewhere she couldn't even dream of as a child. She took the half step to the upstairs and stepped back through.

“I told you,” Rimmy said as she turned around, “you don’t get to... see this...” Her green eyes took in Merrie. “It’s you.” There was annoyance in her voice.

Merrie barked.

Rimmy was wearing the fashion of the day. It was a large hoop skirt in a yellow cream with intricate embroidery along her narrow waist and hips. Her breasts stuck out, pushed into place by a bone corset that narrowed her waist almost to a wasp-like thinness. Her nipples were barely hidden by the scalloped edge of the her front and the yellow set off her brown skin elegantly.

Her hair, grown out with a bit of magic at the hair dresser, had been piled high on her head in a sixteen strand braid in a homage to the prince’s birthday. Little diamonds, culled from the jewelry stored in one of the side rooms, glittered from her hair and her throat, all of them canary diamonds and set in yellow gold.

She was beautiful and Merrie’s heart ached for her. She knew that much of her lust for Rimmy came from her master’s own desires, but that just made the pang harder to resist. Rimmy had never accepted her into the house.

“Well, you are as close as a woman in this house. How do I look?”

Merrie knelt down and gave a large nod and a bark.

“I suppose that means I look good?”

Another bark.

“I feel like I’m trapped in all these clothing. How do royalty do anything in this? Half the stories are about them having fights on building tops and in streets. You can’t fight worth crap in this thing,” she plucked at her skirt. The hem lifted up to reveal a matching pair of shoes with three centimeter heels.

Merrie giggled, her mind still not sure how to give the chuckling woof that came out.

Rimmy rolled her eyes. “Talking to a fucking bitch. Well, he sent you because I’m late, right?”

Merrie shrugged and nodded.

“Ever since you that...” she paused as a tension rose up. She had shown up after Merrie had bonded and burst into tears. After that, she never talked about the day or admitted that she had shed a tear over her master. “... you showed up,” she corrected herself, “he’s been a time freak. Kind of nice, except when he’s ready before me.”

Smiling, Merrie just cocked her head.

Rimmy glared at him. "You fucked him, didn't you?"

Sheepishly, Merrie nodded.

"Lucky bastard. I wish I thought of fingering one off before dressing. I'm so anxious I think my shoulder blades are going to sprout wings." She sighed, "Well, come on, bitch. Let's go find your master."

With a bark, Merrie pranced across Rimmy's room and pawed at the door. Rimmy opened it for her and together they headed down the empty hallway toward the stairs.

A discomfort rose up behind her, radiating from Rimmy. "Damn." Merrie stopped and looked around.

Rimmy rocked her hips and frowned. "I forgot to ask, how do they pee in this thing?"

Merrie cocked her head again.

With a blush, Rimmy looked down. "I was thinking about fighting and then I wondered how they went the bathroom without servants. And, naturally, I had to pee. Damn it, it took me an hour to get into this thing." Rimmy peered over the railing. "Damn it."

Merrie got an idea. She turned and nosed Rimmy back toward her room.

"What are you doing?"

She pushed Rimmy again, this time more insistently.

Reluctantly, Rimmy backed up into her room. She continued back until she reached the edge of the bed and sat down. "What are you doing, bitch?"

Merrie bowed down and nosed the hem of her skirt and stuck her head underneath.

Rimmy gasped. "No, I'm not doing that." She shoved the skirt back down and lashed out Merrie. "I know what Kine said, but I don't care. That's disgusting."

Merrie sat back on her knees. It was natural to have her legs for balance, but her side hurt from where Rimmy's foot caught her. She brought her wrists up her neck and barked.

"No," repeated the woman but then she groaned. "Damn it."

With a faint smile on her lips, Merrie barked. The image of the toilet girls at the fair rose up and she wagged her tail as her excitement rose.

“That’s disgusting.” Rimmy stood up and fumbled with her ties. She managed to get one undone before she stopped. Her dark cheeks colored as she looked at Merrie. “Don’t tell him, okay?”

(Merrie?) Her master sent a quick question. (Is she almost ready?)

Merrie shielded her thoughts before responding. (She’s having difficulty with her dress. Give us a moment?)

(Is it sexy?)

Merrie sent an image of Rimmy half-dressed, her breasts hanging out as she struggled to put on her corset.

The surge of lust rose from her master and then frustration. (No more teasing. I’m going to let the dogs out. Just get her ready.)

(Yes, master.)

Focusing on Rimmy, Merrie shook her head and circled her heart with her arm, a mute promise.

“Okay, what do you need me to do?”

A flush crossing her cheeks, Merrie thought for a moment. Then she mimed Rimmy hiking up her skirt.

Rimmy’s cheeks were just as dark as Merrie’s. She gathered up her large hoop skirt and pulled it up. Underneath, she wasn’t wearing anything besides white, thigh-high stockings and a thong. It wasn’t quite fashion and Merrie felt a brief pang of jealousy, the easy access was her master, not for her.

“I-I’m not going to enjoy this,” stammered Rimmy, “just hurry up.” She spread her legs, her body trembling with her own emotions, fear and anticipation.

Merrie crawled forward. She took a deep breath. She had never been this close to Rimmy before, but she knew the scent. She found it on her master’s body, on his cock, and on his skin. She was intimately aware of every scent she encountered, but there was a richness that was lost when it was transferred to her master’s body.

She crept forward. With her closeness, it was easier to delve through Rimmy’s emotions. She could feel the fear and embarrassment radiating from the dark skinned woman. There was also the fear that she would be a lesbian; her home country of Melkuth was known for militant woman with little time for males.

Reaching down, Merrie planted a kiss at the hem of the stocking. Rimmy’s thigh was slender and muscular. Walking the Shadows burned away the food as much as the acrobatics that she did during

the thefts and crimes she committed. Merrie leaned over and kissed the other side.

“I’m not looking for a date,” warned Rimmy. But, her heartbeat was speeding up at the light caress.

Merrie decided that she needed to relax. Working up, she kissed along Rimmy’s thighs, working one side and then the other. Her soft lips sent tiny tremors of pleasure along Rimmy and soon, she could smell the tangy sweet smell of reluctant excitement right above her head.

She continued to work her way up, moving from kissing to mouthing Rimmy’s inner thighs. The muscles bunched up underneath her mouth, both encouraging and resisting at the same time. There was a tension underneath her, a swirling of fear and excitement.

Merrie took her time before she reached Rimmy’s pussy. The opening was covered by cream lace fabric. The fabric bulged around the thick, swollen lips and the heavy patch of pubic hair that covered them. She buried her nose in the pronounced slit and took a deep breath.

Rimmy’s scent was strong and intoxicating. The Shadows permeated her body just like Merrie’s master, and the aftertaste of alcohol and shadow was a delicate finish to the smell.

Merrie smiled and ran the tip of her tongue along the fabric-covered slit. It had been months since she licked another woman, but some things were never forgotten. She shifted to the side and laved her tongue along the elastic of Rimmy’s thong, tracing the junction of fabric, hair, and womanhood in a long, teasing stroke.

“Damn it, bitch, I’m not...”

The voice trailed off when Merrie moved to the other side and repeated the lick.

Rimmy’s buttocks tightened up as she shifted on her feet.

Merrie kept her mouth against Rimmy’s sex with the movement. When the woman stopped, Merrie worked her nose underneath the elastic and pushed it aside.

“H-Hurry up,” gasped Rimmy, but her body was trembling. Merrie listened to her deep breathing and to the thoughts running through her mind. Rimmy was surprised by the pleasure and she felt guilty for enjoying it.

Merrie shoved the underwear aside and buried her face into the moist folds. Rimmy's sex was gorgeous: thick folds. Her damp hairs clung to Merrie's face. She used her tongue to explore them, working the tip along the tiny lines. She enjoyed the taste, the richness that tickled her throat.

Tilting her head back, Merrie pressed her entire mouth along Rimmy's slit. Her tongue darted out and she found the center of Rimmy's opening. She slurped around the opening until she felt Rimmy's thighs clamp around her.

She waited for Rimmy to deny her, but no words came up. Just soft, panting breaths.

Merrie was encouraged. She wrapped her arms around Rimmy's thighs for balance.

Rimmy inhaled sharply and her juices flooded Merrie's mouth.

Merrie worked her entire mouth up the hairy pussy and sought out Rimmy's clitoris. She had a large one, with a rounded tip that felt like a small cock. It was already throbbing with excitement. Merrie lapped at it, circling around with her tip before pressing the flat of her tongue over the top.

Above her, muffled by the skirts, Rimmy gasped loudly. There was a surge of desperate lust. "D-Don't stop," whimpered Rimmy.

Merrie had no intent on stopping. She gave a few wet slurps before she bore down to bring Rimmy to an orgasm. Using hours of experience, she swirled and teased, drawing patterns with her tongue, and used her entire face to work her lips against Rimmy's entire sex.

Rimmy's thighs clamped around Merrie's head as a gasp filled the room. "No, no, no," she called out into the room. Her hips ground down against Merrie's face. "No, don't stop, please whatever you do, don't stop."

The cries of desperation were loud enough that Merrie felt her master growing curious. As she continued to slurp and lap, Merrie reached out for Tamin.

(Alpha?)

(Tamin, start fighting.)

The massive dog, though calmed down significantly ever since she took over the pack, rose up with excitement. A moment later, barking and snarling echoed off the windows.

“No, no, don’t fight!” Her master’s voice drifted up from the first floor.

Rimmy tensed up, wondering if she had to intervene between Merrie’s master and the dog, but then Merrie clamped her mouth down on her clitoris. Rimmy’s attention was brought instantly on her body and the pleasure. Her orgasm was hovering just over the edge because Merrie was careful to keep her there. She wanted Rimmy to have a strong orgasm, to give her relief and let her relax enough to empty her bladder.

Merrie’s face was soaked with Rimmy’s juices and she loved it. She brought the woman up to the edge of orgasm once again, listening to the cries of desperation, the need to come.

She gave Rimmy’s clitoris a little nip, exactly enough to send a shock through her system. The held-back orgasm tore through Rimmy. She snapped her mouth shut and a long-winded wail ripped from her throat. She released her skirt as she clutched at Merrie’s head through the thin fabric. Her entire body lit up with the orgasm and her legs began to quake.

Merrie held her tightly, bracing Rimmy from falling as she sucked hard on the clitoris. Rimmy’s sex soaked Merrie’s face, chin, and throat. The stifling heat was intoxicating, as was the tight, frantic grip Rimmy had on her head.

Rimmy slumped on Merrie, her weight bearing down. Merrie kept her mouth on the soaked folds, slowly working her mouth down until she had the tiny pee hole centered on her tongue.

“Damn the gods, I can’t... I can’t like this.”

Merrie held herself still, her lips plastered to Rimmy’s sex.

“No...” Rimmy’s thighs tightened. “I’m going... I’m...” she sobbed, “I’m going to pee.”

Caught between her legs, Merrie could only wait as the heat rose.

And then it came. A hot jet of urine splattering against her tongue. Merrie opened her throat and positioned herself. Rimmy tasted of Shadows, even down the liquid pouring of her body. It was searing as it ran down Merrie’s throat and pooled in her belly.

She squirmed with pleasure. She was being used and dominated. Just like the toilet girls at the fair, she was nothing but a submissive to use, to fill.

Rimmy started to sob. “D-Damn it.” But her hands never released Merrie. She kept on peeing, filling Merrie’s belly until it finally trickled down.

“I’m... I’m done.”

Warmed from the inside, Merrie lapped at Rimmy’s urethra, cleaning it gently before hesitantly pulling her mouth back. The clear juices coated Rimmy’s lips and inner thighs. Reluctant to leave, Merrie carefully leaned every glistening centimeter before she crawled out from underneath the skirt.

Her stomach gurgled with the hot liquid and her pussy ached for release. She smiled and wiped the sheen from her face.

Rimmy fixed her outfit, her dark cheeks almost black with her blush. She didn’t look at Merrie as she quickly fixed her makeup. There was an uncomfortable tension in the air, mostly from Rimmy’s discomfort and stolen pleasure from Merrie’s tongue.

But, there was also a conflict. It felt good. Merrie could feel Rimmy playing over the orgasm and the feeling of power and domination.

Merrie smiled to herself.

(You just make her cum, didn’t you.)

Her eyes widened and then she blushed at her master’s wry words.

(Come on, tell me. I heard Rimmy screaming and I know that sound.)

(She asked me not to tell.)

(Well, I’m your master and I—)

Merrie interrupted him by sending an intense wave of pleasure down the connection. It was a liquid orgasm, gathered into a single pulse of ecstasy. It slammed into him and she felt the bright explosion of orgasm radiate back.

She came, her body exploding into a light of pleasure.

And then her master’s voice rose up from downstairs. “Bitch! Get your damn tail into the cage! Now!” It was filled with lust and rage.

Merrie came again as she grinned at the echoing voice. Pushing harder, she shoved the pleasure back into her master as she stepped into the Shadow to head toward her cage.

t'Sade

Muddy Gangbang

53

Merrie crouched low and wagged her tail. Thick droplets of mud splattered down, hitting her naked buttocks and shins.

The late summer sun was giving its last best efforts to heat the world before fall started. It was over a year since she came to her master's home and Merrie had never been happier. The tortures at the mill had faded into the vague memory that something had happened to her, but she could no longer remember the details. Before the mill... it didn't matter anymore. She had her master and he was everything she would ever need.

She was breast deep in the mire. The heated mud tickled her erect nipples, and it clung down on her wrists, ankles, and thighs. More of the thick mud clung to her hair and ears, plastering them down against her head. She felt the muck tugged her down to the ground, but she fought it as she focused on Tamin.

The male alpha was stalking after one of the younger dogs, ready to pounce. He was also covered head to paws in mud. He lifted one paw out of the ground and inched forward.

Merrie dug her ankles into the mud and surged forward. Mud splattered everywhere as she launched herself off the ground and jumped on Tamin. Her body was tiny and frail against his bulk. As she wrapped her arms around his head, she ran a spell across her thoughts and used the sudden burst of magical strength to flip the alpha over.

Tamin yelped as he flew across the back yard of the mansion, smacking into the fence and hitting the ground with a wet thud.

The rest of the pack stopped as Tamin scrambled to his feet, a growl rising in his throat.

Merrie grinned and wiped the mud from her face. She crouched down until her breasts sank into the warm mud and she wagged her tail. She could feel Tamin's hesitation, the desire to charge and prove himself verses the submission of obeying the true alpha in the pack.

The attack came from the side, not from Tamin but one of the other dogs. The furry body slammed into her and, unbalanced, she flipped her over. She let out a yelp of surprise before she landed on her back in the thick mud. Above her, the branch of the World Tree stretched like dark lighting across the blue.

But then there was a dog on her face.

She flailed around, trying to get a breath around the fur smothering her. She started the spell to give her strength against the massive canine, but it froze in her mind as she felt laughter through the connection with her master.

He wanted to see her helpless, pinning into the thick mud. The spell faltered across her mind. She could never cast a spell that didn't please her master. She couldn't do anything he didn't want.

Which is why Merrie was wrestling with eight large dogs in the backyard where a sudden rain storm—caused by an errant spell by a mage according to rumors—turned the entire yard into a water-logged pit. Less than hour ago, when she let the dogs out into the backyard, they started to play. Her master watched through their shared connection and soon he wanted to see her tiny, naked form in the mud with them.

The rain ruined her master's effort to grow a garden. It had been a year since he finished repairing the house and focused on the yard, but the Shadow magic and the shade from the World Tree killed every delicate flower that he or Rimmy planted. Weeds, on the other hand, grew rapidly in the shadow magic and it was a losing battle for the neat garden that her master used to have.

But now, Merrie was pinned in the muddy remains of his backyard with a dog ass smothering her. She flailed around dramatically, her short legs kicking up. She could hear her master and Rimmy laughing. She struggled harder, bucking up.

A tongue lapped her hip and she kicked up, hitting a massive wall of fur and muscle. She fell back into the mud, smacking against the

summer-warmed muck. Warm ooze slapped against her naked pussy and she felt a flicker of pleasure tickling up her spine.

There was a muted snapping noise and then the dog planted on her face was scrambling away.

She gasped for breath and tried to get up, but then there was another dog towering over her. It was Tamin standing over her, as if to claim his bitch. She felt the heat growing inside her as she stared up at Tamin's crotch only centimeters from her face. She could smell his musk and wet fur surrounding her.

"Aww," Rimmy called out, her voice slightly lisping from too much drinking, "I think your boy is sweet on your bitch." She was sprawled out in a chair positioned carefully between two pools of light. Her body was dark in the shadows, except where the reflected sunlight turned her warm skin a chocolate brown.

"Yeah," chuckled her master from between her legs. He had the back of his head on her crotch and her legs were wrapped around his chest. In his hand, he had a large glass of vodka and fruit. Condensation ran down the side and pooled in the space between the webbing of his hand and the glass.

"Think she'd blow him?" asked Rimmy.

Instantly, her master was imagined Merrie straddling Tamin on his back, her mouth sliding up and down the thick dog cock. It was an intense image, hazy with his alcoholic buzz.

She remembered when he asked her if she could let a dog fuck her; it felt like forever since she was first kneeling in front of him. She felt a heat igniting inside her. Licking her lips, she stared up at Tamin's sheath and remembering the few times she had seen him hard. It was huge, like a thick club and a huge knot in the end.

So was Bass' knot, but she barely remembered the thriban through the haze of her master's thoughts. Bass' cock tore her open as he raped her and she remembered screaming. But weeks later, she suffered with his insistent fucking with only a slight discomfort at the large bulge sliding in and out of her pussy.

Her pussy grew wet with the memories. Unlike Bass, Tamin would be gentle and compassionate. She was sure of it, simply because she could control him if she had to. She smiled and squirmed her thoughts.

(Liking that idea? You're getting horny.) Her master's sly question was curious and hopeful. He enjoyed the idea of her being fucked by Tamin, but there was a hesitation, the same pause that stopped him every time before. Tamin was larger than him and he was terrified that Merrie would somehow reject him after being pounded by the massive dog.

Merrie smiled and made a show of struggling into a sitting position. Her head, and more importantly her mouth, rose up until she was only centimeters from his crotch. She was rewarded by lust resonating along their connection. She could almost see the line of power that connected them, the shadowy braid that disappeared in the light.

Tamin stepped over Merrie as he stalked after the others to protect his alpha. His mind was a playful and seriousness. She could feel need to dominate but also the enjoyment of just running and wrestling until he panted for breath. He barked and tackled the nearest dog, setting off a flurry of snarls, mud, and more barking.

Grinning, Merrie shook her body like a dog and then crawled over to her master.

Rimmy made a face. "Your bitch needs a bath."

"Bah," her master said as he transferred his glass to the other hand and used his now free hand to rub Merrie's ear. "But, she's sexy." (Very sexy, actually. Tonight, I'm going to fuck you doggy-style.)

Merrie beamed happily, her tail and ass wiggling back and forth.

Rimmy scoffed and smirked.

Merrie turned back to the wrestling dogs, watching as the canines frolicked and splattered mud in all directions.

Leaning over, her master emptied out his bottle into her bowl. Merrie gave him a bright smile and bowed down to lap at it. It was sharp and intense, the fruit doing nothing but giving the initial taste a fruity flavor but leaving the same burn in her belly. She sent a pulse of thanks along their connection.

His fingers on her ear tightened for a moment, then he stroked her harder. Teasing as his mind grew bright with lust.

"Kine, wanna fuck?"

Merrie peered up at Rimmy. She felt her master's surprise resonating through the connection, but then it was smothered by laziness and the warm comfort of summer.

"Na, too damn hot. You?"

"No, I'm just horny," said Rimmy.

"Want the bitch to lick you out?"

Merrie perked up. Since the dress "incident" as Rimmy called it, occasionally her master lent her over to his girlfriend with the promise that Merrie would give him all the sordid details, which she did with the clarity only a telepath could give.

Rimmy sighed and shook her head. "Too lazy to get up you off me."

"I can move."

"But, you won't."

"No," smirked Kine, an idea rising up in her thoughts. Merrie got a flash of his recent fantasy, Tamin crouched over her and cock thrusting. Her body tensed with anticipation, it had just turned into an idle fantasy into a sure thing. It was just a matter of Kine convincing Rimmy to watch.

They said nothing for a long moment. Her master's thoughts were spinning around sexual fantasies of Merrie and Tamin. He wanted to see it and ached for it.

Merrie couldn't help but want him too. She watched Tamin with narrow eyes, her body growing hot and slick as she saw the massive dog as more than just the male alpha of the pack. She remembered how he leaned against her to stop the wind in winter or curled around her when she shivered on the porch.

Tamin's thoughts were growing. He still had a thin telepathic link with Merrie, because of the spell, but he was seeing things that dogs didn't see. He never managed to step back through the Shadows, not after that first day, but he could feel the Shadow magic of the house clearly. All of her master's dogs had the talent to sense shadow magic, either by their proximity to him or because of their breeding, but Tamin's abilities were awakened.

Merrie squirmed and her tail began to wag, thumping against her master's thigh.

(Thinking about fucking him, aren't you?)

She smiled and wagged harder. Her entire ass shifted back and forth. She could feel her slick lips rubbing against each other, adding to the anticipation of being impaled on Tamin's cock. (Of course, you want me to.)

He thought, (Think Rimmy will go for it? You'd be sexy underneath him.)

Merrie fought back a whimper. She could almost feel it.

Tamin looked up, his massive head turning until he was staring at her. His body was tense and vibrating, powerful with muscle, and primal in his stance. He was going to fuck her; he just didn't know it yet.

"Kine?"

"Yeah?" he said casually as his cock surged with his hopeful thoughts.

"She's got it bad for the big guy, right?"

"Yep. She wants to get drilled right now. She's thinking about being on her knees—"

"Okay, that's still creepy. No telepathic masturbation, okay?"

Her master lifted his head to look up at her. "You have something else in mind?" (Please, please, I want to see her get fucked.)

Merrie bit down on her arm, fighting back the moan. Her pussy was hot and she ached for him. She was pummeled by her master's desires. Even if Rimmy walked out right then and there, she was going to fuck Tamin. She writhed on the ground, her tail thumping hard against his thigh as the drying mud flaked off her skin.

"What about the others?"

Merrie froze, her buttocks tightening.

Her master was just as surprised. "W-Who?"

"The other dogs. Think she'd fuck them?"

(Merrie?) came the hesitant but desperate question across their telepathic connection. Even before the words could have faded from her mind, a wave of new fantasies crashed into her. Bodies pressed against her, cocks thrusting.

She gasped for breath, unable to form a thought.

"Yeah," came his response and Merrie's heart skipped a beat, "I bet she'd fuck them all." (You will, right?)

(You want it and I'll do it.) Merrie barely got the thought about as she was assaulted by the lust from her own body and his mind.

Rimmy squirmed a little. "I want to see it," she whispered.

Merrie felt her master's lust pushing her forward. She pushed herself off the ground and stepped out into the mud. Her heart thumped loudly as she headed straight for the panting dogs.

The entire pack was sprawled out in the mud, some of them half-buried on the muck. It clung to every centimeter of them. As one, the dogs lifted their heads and looked at her. They knew something was happening.

Merrie blushed hotly as she crawled in the center of them. She was already ready for it.

"Pound that bitch!" called out Rimmy.

Wrapped in her master's lust, Merrie felt her juices welling up at her entrance and her breath speeding up. She could picture the cocks already and hungered for them to be inside her.

Her master wanted it and she wanted to please her master.

She crafted a quick spell, improvising from different patterns. It changed the smell of her sex from the human liquid desire to the scent of a bitch in heat. With a twist, it activated.

The response was almost immediate. All of the dogs jerked their heads and sniffed the air. Their panting grew deeper and faster. Between their legs, their sheaths began to swell up.

But, with the desire came pack dominance. Tamin stepped forward, a warning growl to the rest of the dogs. He stood in front of Merrie, panting heavily and mud dripping from his body.

The others back away, moving through the thick mud with slurps. The scent of their hunger was thick in the air, musky and powerful.

Merrie lowered her gaze from Tamin's dark eyes like a submissive bitch. She trailed down across his thick chest. When she saw a flash of red, she stopped and focused on his cock.

It slid out of his sheath like a red snake. It was thick, as big as a thriban, and with a blunt end tipped with the smallest of wedges.

Her pussy clenched with anticipation. It was far larger than anything she had in her for a year. It would hurt, but as the heat grew, it would also fill her like nothing else before.

The connection with her master throbbed with his lust, images and fantasies pummeling her thoughts. She felt a thousand images piercing her, driving her to take Tamin's shaft.

Trembling with need, she inched forward and lowered herself. Her breasts dragged through the mud and her nipples tingled from the sensation of tugged on. She wagged her tail slowly, her hips rocking with each movement.

Tamin's cock finished swelling out of his sheath. It was long, thick, and heavy. The tip of it touched the mud below him.

She fought back a moan of need. She turned around, lifted her hips, and spread her legs. The ends of her ankles dug into the thick ground beneath for balance. As she brought her face down to the mud, she could see her master and Rimmy watching with rapt attention.

Buoyed by her master's lust, she held herself still. Her pussy was tight and hot, dripping with need.

Behind her, Tamin inched forward with wet slurping noises. She could feel his hot breath against her thighs and tail.

Trembling, she lifted her tail and curled it over her spine. The mud-logged limb splattered against her back; the warm impact felt like cum.

And then Tamin was at her pussy, his hot breath searing against her aching slit.

(Don't control him,) came the command from her master, (I want to see him fuck you like a bitch.)

She almost came at the command. She would never disobey him. Merrie sent back a pulse of acknowledgment, a wordless nod, and rocked her hips back and forth to invite the large canine to mount her.

(And don't disconnect from me. If you do, I'll punish you. Oh, it's going to be hot.)

His tongue slapped against her sex and she jerked forward, dipping her head in the mud before she caught herself. Her body trembled with the urge to crawl way, thrust back, to do everything but remain still for the male alpha.

Tamin lapped her from clitoris to asshole. He sniffed her sex twice. His nose was cold against her heated opening.

She gasped and pushed back.

He licked her again, the thick tongue forcing her pussy open and the tip slurping the entire length of her sexual being.

Merrie cried out, a soft whining noise of need.

Her master stroked his cock through his shorts, watching her even as he was feeling every iota of pleasure coursing down their connection. She could feel the wordless commands, the fantasy in his head driving her to obey.

Flushed with a blinding desire, she barked out once. It was soft and needy; it also brought a surge of lust to her master.

Tamin pulled back. A heartbeat later, she felt him crawling over her, his massive form dwarfing her own. Her tail was crushed between her back and his body, sliding down the barrel-like chest before she felt the base resting against the softer underbelly. A few splatters of mud and drool dripped on her shoulder and ran down her arms.

She shivered at the power above her. Tamin could tear her in half if he wanted to. Only her powers kept him from attacking in the first few months, but she knew that it could change in a heartbeat.

And then it was there. The swollen length of his cock pressed against her sex, hot and dripping. It felt like a poker against her pussy.

She lurched forward, planting her face in the thick mud and lifting her hips higher. She ground the smooth curve of her buttocks along his underbelly and spread her legs further.

Tamin lurched as he grabbed her shoulders with his legs. His weight ground her down hard against the mud and she gasped for breath.

Her body trembled as she felt him rear back.

There was no foreplay, to tender stroking. It was just a single brutal slam that shoved the cock into her tight pussy. Her entire world exploded into pain and agony as she felt herself stretching around the thickness.

Tamin didn't pause or wait. Digging his arms into her shoulders, he began to pound into her. His thrusts slammed into her, jerking her into his arms. He was so hot, filling her to the brim.

She cried out in pleasure, her eyes rolling in the back of her head. Her body shook from the impact of cock and pussy, jerking like a rag doll as he pounded into her.

Merrie imagined her insides were being pulled out as Tamin fucked her. The blunt end of his cock slammed against her cervix in bursts of discomfort, but when he ripped his cock out of her, the

liquid scrape of veins and ridges against every nerve sent her gasping in pleasure.

His claws dug into her shoulders, scraping her breasts and arms as he struggled for balance. She felt helpless underneath Tamin, her body jerking back and forth from nothing but the cock dominating her cunt.

(Damn the gods, that knot is huge!) From her master, she saw herself from his vantage point. she was tiny, helpless actually, underneath Tamin's hulking form. His cock was pounding into her pussy, spreading it obscenely apart as the thick tool disappeared and reappeared with startling speed. At his base, there was a knot forming. It was already as large as her master's fist and it was growing.

Merrie could feel it. It was a steel-hard ball crushing her labia with every stroke. It would never fit, but she knew that Tamin was going to pound it into her until she screamed out in agony. She wanted him to stop, to only fuck her to an orgasm, but her master's needs overrode her own emotions. Her master wanted her knotted.

With a twist of her mind, she drove Tamin to fuck her harder.

(Alpha.) The dog obeyed. He gripped her tighter and slammed into her, throwing his entire weight into pounding his knot into her pussy.

Merrie screamed out into the mud. He was driving her into the ground as his knot ripped her open, forcing her labia into a thin ring of white around. The knot crashed against her, pounding with furious beats that shook her to the core.

She was soaked and he was dripping. Their combined juices poured of the junction of their bodies in a fine mist. It added to the lubrication and the knot began to force itself deep inside her.

Merrie whined and writhed, pawing at the ground as she struggled to balance herself. The dog's arms locked over her shoulders kept her in place, helpless to avoid the immense shaft slamming into her in hard, furious strokes.

She could feel Tamin reaching the bursting point. With shuddering breath, she cast the strength spell once again, not on herself but on her vicious lover.

It surged through his body and he howled. With a powerful thrust, he slammed his cock home. His knot tore through her

opening, turning her world into white-hot agony before it sucked into her body with a wet slurping noise.

They froze, knotted together. The bulge was huge, stretching her painfully, but Merrie couldn't move it. His entire length was inside her, held by the knot blocking her entrance. His cock head was crammed against her cervix and stretched out her insides like a tightly spun dress.

Tamin's cock surged once and then his cum was inside her. It was the desperate jets of her master but just a high-pressure pouring into her. It filled the space around his cock but it kept coming. Pushing outside, she groaned at the pressure as Tamin filled her, swelling her sex around his cock until her belly pushed down into the mud. It hurt but it was pleasurable, the lust in her master pushing away the discomfort and pain.

She was Tamin's bitch right then, a helpless hole to fuck.

(Damn, that's the hottest thing I've seen.) Her master was hot with lust. He had his cock out in his hand, stroking the wet length with wet slurps. (And I'm going to punish you for driving him...) His cock grew harder. (Well, not that hard. A night in the cage and me fucking you through the bars.)

Merrie wished she could take her master's shaft in her mouth, but Tamin slumped over her, crushing her into the mud as he continued to pump searing hot cum inside her.

It was past the point of pleasure when he finally stopped coming. She was swollen and tight, her belly hard with the canine's knot and the cum packed inside her.

She moaned, shuddering at an orgasm she didn't remember having.

"That's," Rimmy said with a whisper brimming with her own lust, "one."

"I don't think she can take any more, Rimmy."

"She can take them all, she's your slut."

(Do it, girl. Make me proud.)

Merrie smiled and pushed Tamin with her mind.

He lifted himself off her body and turned around. His knot twisted inside her, bringing a spark of pain and pleasure as it scraped against her tightly stretched pussy. He landed in the mud,

his ass to hers. His cock pulled Merrie up, lifting her knees almost completely out of the mud.

She whimpered as her weight was concentrated on her pubic bone. It hurt, but she couldn't pull herself off. She was helpless and it shoved her into the throes of an orgasm.

Mind hazy with ecstasy, she pulled the next dog closer. She had to serve her master and he commanded her to fuck all eight of them.

The next of the canines came over, driven by her mental commands. The heavy dog sat down next to her, his mud-covered body sinking into the muck. His cock flopped against her face before smacking into the mud. It was red and angry with need.

Trembling, Merrie reached out and fished the hardness from the muck. The smooth arms slipped into the mud and she was reminded that she was a helpless bitch as she pulled the cock out. After giving it a few strokes to get the worst of the mud off, she brought it to her mouth.

Her position brought more of her weight on the knot stretching her pussy, but the pain only made the pleasure more intense. She took a deep breath and enjoyed the heady musk of an erect cock.

The dog thrust forward. It smacked her nose, leaving a smear of precum. Without a pause, the dog pulled back and thrust again, hitting her cheeks, then chin, before finally it sank into her mouth.

The musky flavor filled her mouth and overwhelmed her senses. She barely had a chance to taste it when the dog's primal instincts took over. He gripped her side, claws digging into her breasts, and pounded her face. His entire body curled up to thrust hard, slamming his furry crotch into her nose. His cock scraped against her teeth before it punched the back of her throat in a powerful tattoo.

Merrie gagged. She could barely get a breath around the rapid-fire slams that shoved the entire cock deep into her throat. Her entire body pulsed hotly with every stroke, an storm of orgasms rolling through her as she lost herself in her submission.

The dog continued to pound her. The only sign that it was about to cum was the force of its blow. With each thrust, he picked her completely out of the mud so her entire body was being held up by her pussy and her throat. She was overwhelmed with the pleasure.

The second knot began to ram into her face, hitting her with the force of a punch. She desperately pushed back with her mind, lessening the thrusts so it was just a wet smack as it crashed into her lips; she could never allow him to knot her throat but the idea of it sent her into another world of ecstasy and agony.

The dog came inside her, the hot cum pouring down her throat. Her belly gurgled as it was filled and then streamers came pouring out of the sides of her tightly stretched lips. He pull out and backed away.

Merrie smacked face-first into the mud. Her body was burning with excitement, the orgasms blurring together into a white-hot world of pleasure. She squeezed down on Tamin's knot, marveling that something so large and hard was wedged in her most private of place.

When she looked up, there was another dog waiting. His shaft dripped precum on the mud as he sidled up to place. Merrie smiled and opened her mouth, a submissive bitch to her master's pack.

By the time she finished the fifth member of the pack, her entire face and throat was covered in dog cum. It poured off her body and frothed into the mud, giving it white streaks that blended into the darkness. Her lungs hurt from panting and her pussy ached, but there was an inferno burning inside her, nerves seared with so many orgasms that it ached.

She gasped as the dog stepped back, cum pouring out of her mouth. It filled her belly and there was a comfortable ache from her swollen stomach. She could taste mud and cum on her tongue and she wondered if she would ever taste anything ever again.

Tamin shifted, his softening knot straining at her pussy. Every movement sent a pleasurable agony through her. She whined at the sensations, dizzy with the overwhelming pleasure. With trembling arms, she braced herself in the thick mud and tugged on him.

His knot swelled at her entrance and she felt it bulging her labia, spreading it open like a flower. Centimeter by centimeter, it slipped out. The pressure built up as the bulge reached her entrance. She whimpered and cried out, pawing the ground as she was overwhelmed.

(Gods, you are so sexy,) came from her master.

And then it didn't matter if she was in pain or agony. She was giving her master pleasure and it blasted away her suffering. She came as the bulge reached the apex. And then, with a pop, it was gone.

Cum poured out of her in a river. It splashed down in the mood and she felt the hot liquid coating her thighs and shins. Liter after liter poured out of her. Her stomach tightened up and she sobbed with relief. Her body shuddered from the orgasms that ravaged her and the pleasure from her master.

She glanced over at him, peering through the tears and mud. He was resting on Rimmy's thigh, pumping his cock hard as he watched intently. Rimmy was also watching, her fingers stroking her pussy and her lips parted in lust.

Merrie basked in their attention and their pleasure. She smiled through the tears. It was worth it, anything for her master.

(Three more,) projected her master, (I want to see you fucked hard.)

She smiled and reached into his mind. It was still chaotic, but there was a pattern to it. In the months since they bonded, they had been growing closer to each other: her master grew more structured and Merrie grew more comfortable with the rapidly-changing thoughts. Deep in his mind, he had a fantasy that he didn't dare bring up.

Merrie could give it to him. She felt a surge of excitement as she summoned the final three dogs. As they came up, cocks dripping with excitement, she ran through the runes of her strength spell. Picking on the weakest dog, she grabbed his throat with her teeth. The taste of fur and mud flooded her mouth. She used one arm and flipped the dog on its back.

It whimpered, tail curling up between its leg. She could feel its fear and submission vibrating inside him.

Merrie straddled him and brought her sex down to his cock. With a thrust, she brought him inside her. Her inner walls clamped down and he almost came as he sank deep into her hot body.

Using her mind to hold him still, Merrie summoned the next one. The dog reared up and planed his cock right at her mouth. She took a deep breath and brought it inside her, enjoying the pressure of heat and hardness on her lips. Her nose ground into his furry

underbelly, a comfortable feeling of fullness. He started to hammer her face, pounding his cock against the back of her throat and slamming his knot against her lips.

The last came up behind her, driven by her mind. He crawled up and aimed his cock at the tiny opening of her sex. The dog reared up and came down, clutching her breasts with his paws; the claws scratched her skin but it was a minor pain to what would come.

Through the connection, her master's attention grew sharp-edge with surprise. His excitement and anticipation burned brightly, searing down and shoving her into an orgasm.

She cried out, trying to keep her sense of being as she was assaulted by the two cocks and her master's passion. She shuddered and gripped the furry bodies, trying to guide the last canine to aim his shaft to the tight opening of her ass.

(Fuck, yes!)

Moaning around the cock impaling her throat, she thrust the command into the final dog to ram into her.

Furry paws slammed down on her shoulders, driving her into the cock below her. Muscles bunched up and she felt the thrust about to drive home.

She tensed up, unable to do anything but wait the painful milliseconds before she was ripped open.

The cock tore through her asshole but it was only a flash of pain as her body remembered how to accept the size. It drove home and she was reminded of being on her knees as Bass behind her. But the memory was wrong. It was her that initiated it and she felt the pain and agony rippled through a body that was ravaged by electric shocks. But, Merrie never wanted Bass inside her, ever.

The disturbing image blew away as two cocks slammed into her. Her ass and mouth were torn open by the shafts. She felt the impact of two knots against her body, crushing her and yanking out with every thrust. Below, the last shaft filled her to the brim and she wanted more.

The dog underneath her squirmed, trying to thrust into her wet sex. Merrie increased his strength and soon she was bouncing on him, writhing between three cocks as they vented their primal passions on her body.

The pleasure and pain blurred into a singularity of sensation. She couldn't breathe, she wasn't sure her heart was beating. All that she was sure was the orgasms that crashed into her and assaulted her. They came from the dog's cocks and her master's lusts. She was helpless against them and that added more pleasure to her overwhelmed senses.

She felt something welling up inside her. It wasn't an orgasm, she was already experiencing constant waves of pleasure, but something deeper. She gulped at the cock pounding her face, unable to see past the furry underbelly. It slammed into her with hard thrusts that choked her with every pound. She gulped at his precum, trying to keep her lungs clear to breath between the thrusts.

The cock in her pussy was slamming deep, sliding against the thin flesh between her ass and pussy before driving deep. His knot was already driving at her entrance. It would be inside her; even without the strength spell, Tamin had opened her up. But, it would be tight with the third canine slamming her behind.

It had been over a year since anything so large was inside her, but he was pounding into her ass as if she was lubricated with butter. It felt good to have something driving into her, using her body as a simple hole to vent his passions. His knot was also slamming her, pounding at the anal ring that would give up in a matter of seconds.

Her master's thoughts were incoherent. He had stopped masturbating as he stared in shock. There was just lust of so many fantasies being fulfilled. His cock spurted in his hand, pouring into his palm without him needing to stroke.

The energy boiling inside her continued to rise up, cutting through the intensity and filling every millimeter of her body. She tensed around the cocks, adding to their friction. It just encouraged her canine lovers to thrust harder, forcing their way into her willing, hungry body.

Merrie came.

It blew away the orgasms she was experiencing constantly as her mind exploded around her. She saw, through her master's eyes, a wave of power radiating from her as it slammed into him, setting him off into another orgasm. Rimmy also came from the pulse of pleasure.

The dogs took the brunt of it, their hearts swelling up as the entire pack came. Hot cum splattered across her body as their bodies tore into themselves. She felt their minds cracking from the force of her orgasm. Their hearts were beating so fast, they were about to rip themselves out of their chest.

The orgasm poured into them and she felt their pain as muscles tore and bodies trembled. Their animal forms couldn't take the force of her orgasm.

Desperately, Merrie channeled her pleasure into the first spell she could think of. It was the same one she used so many months ago on Tamin, in that desperate attempt to save her master.

The force of her orgasm crystallized through the power of the spell, ordering the primal thoughts and burning intelligence into them. Her orgasm redoubled as she felt them experiencing new things and finding names for them, seeing the world through new eyes. And below, the power of the pack awakened. Shadows danced on their minds and the latent talents that all the hounds shared suddenly became something they understood.

Shadows plunged into the backyard, turning day into night in a heartbeat. With a sickening lurch, all of them—her master, Rimmy, Merrie, and the pack—were thrown into the Shadows.

And her orgasm kept spreading out. Reflections of other pleasures came back through the barrier between the worlds, of submissive bitches and slaves that were secreted across Franome City. She felt the dog girls in the Blood Quarters, whores in the Gold District, and even a young man bent over a barrel. Each one was hit with her orgasm as it coursed through the city, turning it into a bright field of stars across her mental vision.

Merrie regained consciousness in the Shadows, gasping for breath as she stared up at the pitch black sky streaked with obsidian. There were no stars in the Shadow, only black points of light so dark they made the rest of the inky blackness bright.

But, for all of the darkness, she could feel the fading stars of orgasms across the city. She had briefly connected with every submissive in the city and she could feel their thousand pleasures still glowing in her bones, pushing back the cold throb of the shadow magic that burned at her body.

Above her, in the dark on dark of the sky, there was something watching her. An absolute darkness of some terrible intelligence. She had seen it before, the Lord of Shadows. She couldn't even sense the alien thoughts of the Lord, but she could feel its attention on her. It was a gravity pulling on her mind, tugging her to some dark place from where she would never return.

Her orgasm spread out and passed through the Lord as if it wasn't there, but she wasn't surprised by that. It wasn't a creature of bright pleasures. It was never human, never submissive, never mortal. She didn't even know if it existed.

From the inky darkness, it reached out with a claw. It rippled through the shadows, dark on dark. It passed through her master and the pack without them even shuddering. The Lord simply didn't want them to acknowledge its presence. He wanted—if anything that alien could want anything—her and nothing else.

Fear filled her. She tried to move away but she was caught on three cocks. Pinned like a butterfly to a board.

The Lord's claw plunged into her heart. The impact was an orgasm like she never felt before. It started with an intense pleasure that turned into pain and then into nothing. Darkness flowed through her body, sinking into every muscle and every sinew. It poured into her veins and sank into her bones. Her body clamped down on the cocks still inside her, crushing them as she cried out again and again. Black motes danced across her vision, blinding her.

And then the Lord was gone, like a shadow in sunlight.

Merrie sobbed, trying to pull her mind together. She felt darkness inside her, a sense that a portion of her soul was no longer anything but wisps of shadows.

Her master was there, his body clear as day. (Merrie! Merrie! Are you okay.) He tried to push the dogs away, but he wasn't strong enough.

Merrie sent a command to them, along with the knowledge she gave Tamin of how to step back across. But, something was different. She could feel the power rippling through her and she saw more of the Shadows than her master ever had. The intricate play of light and darkness. The way the Shadows touched everything. She changed the knowledge she gave the pack into something simple,

knowledge that used their innate powers instead of the complicated magic her master used.

The three dogs impaling her were suddenly gone as they stepped back into the world with little pops of darkness. She moaned at the sudden emptiness and hungered to be filled again.

She looked up at her master and held out her arms. (D-Did I please you?)

(Fuck yes!) He swept her up in a hug, holding her tight. His body was slick with sweat and his cum. Rimmy's excitement clung to his body, swirling around Merrie's own smells and scents. The overpowering smell of shadows dominated all of their bodies, it was part of their very souls and when they died, they would return to it.

Merrie smiled, tears running down her cheeks. She clutched to her master. She wanted to explain what just happened to her, the touch of the Lord, but the thoughts slipped away like shadows. She stopped after the second attempt, somehow knowing that it was for her and her alone. Instead, she projected the one true feeling that filled her world. (I love you, master.)

Her master held her tight, crushing her as he buried his face into her shoulder. (I love you too, Merrie. I would die for you. I would kill for you. I will always be there for you.)

Another sob tore out of her.

There was a ripple as the three hounds came back through the shadow, stepping across with their own power.

And then, next to the intimate connection with her master, she realized that there was something else in her heart. There were new bonds, new connections. Eight braids of shadows that reached out from her soul to the eight canines that stood in darkness around them.

(Alpha,) projected Tamin as the memories of his life came rushing through her, (we serve you.)

And with his voice, seven other growls came up, speaking words their minds were just beginning to understand. (We serve.)

Their memories slammed into her, crushing her with the intensity of their short lives. She knew ever beat of their heart from the day they were born to the day they sat next to her. She experienced their lives as puppies, the agony of her master's well-

meaning but useless training, and the joy that came when she took over the pack. They craved her more than life itself.

Eight minds burned like shadows in her thoughts. They wanted to please her and obey her, just as she did the same for her master.

For a moment, Merrie was terrified that she had bonded with them also. Her master never experienced her memories, but she felt no submission to the pack. She only felt control and dominance.

(Merrie? What just happened? What's happening?) Her master's voice was loud with the emotions and the thoughts of her pack.

Merrie gasped and began to shake. She could feel both dog and master at the same time, but they still could not hear each other. She couldn't shift from one to the other anymore, they were all bound into her heart and thoughts. She felt like she was on the edge of a knife, already being tugged from both sides. To be submissive. To be dominating. To obey. To command. To be a bitch. To be an alpha.

A thought rose up in her grandfather's voice. "There will be consequences."

Daylight Kill

54

Rain pounded on the roof of the mansion, a steady rhythm that brought a smile to Merrie's lips. It was a week after her twenty-fifth birthday. It had passed with a lot of fucking and a lot of wine. And it ended with the best gift her master could give her, a night outside of the cage and in his bed.

The next day, she was back in her cage on the porch, happy and content. She was a bitch and it felt right to be caged at night.

Time didn't have meaning for her anymore. She never left the mansion. And the passage of seasons and months were blurred by sex and love she felt for her master. She didn't need to know the date, it was only an accident that she remembered her own birthday.

Her body was fit and strong, with a taut belly and arms. She could race across the mansion in seconds—which she frequently did while exercising the pack during winter—and wrestle for hours before getting winded. In many ways, she was just as sexy as the day she was sold, two years ago.

(You are more than that, girl.) Her master's warmth and love filled her.

Her tail wagged back and forth as she squirmed happily. (Thank you, master.)

(Is dinner ready?)

Merrie opened her eyes and looked down at the hall. She could see one of the dogs pushing a chair into place. The others were out of sight, but she could feel them darkly in her mind. One of the pack was sitting next to the oven, watching as the meat roasted. Another

was outside at a small fire, adding branches as the fruit desert baked in the coals beneath.

Tamin was in the wine cellar, picking out a bottle of Yurik Gold 778. It was one of his most expensive bottles, stolen during the royal princes' birthday. The year was special to her master and would set the tone for the dinner he was planning.

The dog projected in a deep, rumbling thoughts, (Alpha? Any other bottles for your master?) The growl never left him even when he learned how to project.

She moaned at the warmth in his voice before she projected the question to her master. Even though she had bonded to all nine, the pack was still distinct from her master. Neither could talk to each other, but she was in both of their minds constantly.

(No, Merrie... wait. Yeah, grab a Decroix and put it on ice.) Memories came with the command, of Rimmy and her master on the floor of an attic, talking about the days when they would leave the orphanage. Her master had stolen a bottle of cheap Decroix and they were sipping at it and pretending they were rich.

She sent a wave of love and repeated the command to Tamin.

Her master had been thinking about Rimmy a lot lately. The day was special to him. It was the anniversary of the day her master saved Rimmy and the same day that Rimmy had killed his former best friend. The memories kept sliding down the connection, but she didn't need to see them. She had experienced them as he did and it was burned into her very being.

There were other reasons for the day to be special, but they were for the future, not the past. Even though he had been waffling for weeks, he was finally going to propose to Rimmy.

Merrie couldn't help feel jealous at that. As close as she was to her master's thoughts, intimate and dominated by them, she didn't want to share her love. It didn't matter that her master had lent her to Rimmy frequently. It also didn't change the fact that her master and Rimmy remained lovers for the last five years, using and commanding Merrie. She obeyed Rimmy without question because her master wanted it. But, the little shred of jealousy was still there.

She thought of Sable, Bass' alpha. She was jealous too, of Merrie. Sable hated Merrie and Merrie remembered the constant fighting

and snubbing. All because Sable didn't want Merrie to remain behind, to steal Bass' love.

Shadows darkened into knife-edge hardness. They gathered into the room, briefly turning it black. When the shadows receded, Tamin was there with two bottles of wine in his massive mouth. (Alpha? You were threatened?)

Merrie looked up from her cage and realized she was crying. She shook her head and got on her wrists and knees. Crawling out, she sat down. (No, just remembering.)

Tamin set down the bottles with a clink. He inched forward and then licked Merrie's face, wiping the tears away. (I love you, Alpha.)

Merrie smiled and kissed his nose. (And I you, Tamin.)

She felt like she had lost something at the Puppy Mill. Every time she remembered the hatred and rape, there was something else, a feeling that she had forgotten something. She couldn't remember what it was and asking her grandfather didn't help; she had long since finished the lessons he gave her and regained her true memories of her grandfather. She occasionally visited him again, in the middle of the day while the rest of the house slept. And, on sly days when she was horny and locked in her cage, she also let him fuck her as a little girl.

Tamin sniffed and sat up straighter. (You need mounting?)

Merrie gave a giggling woof and rubbed her face against his chest. (Maybe later. The master will be home soon.) She cast out her mind, finding the rest of the pack in the house. They were finishing up the chores and cleaning. Two were finishing up with fresh blankets on her master's bed while another was dusting Rimmy's room.

She smiled with approval. Inching forward, she pressed her soft, defenseless body up against Tamin and enjoyed his warmth.

(I will never leave you, Alpha.)

(I know, Tamin, I know.) She continued to lean into him as she guided the pack through the rest of the chores. She was unable to do much herself, but with eight dogs uplifted by her magic and influenced by her thoughts, she was able to maintain the household just as her master wanted.

She closed her eyes and checked the shade on the house. It was a cool throbbing in the back of her mind, a constant trickle of power

that sank into the foundations of the house. Rimmy taught her how to cast it, but it was now her responsibility to keep the endless layers of magic protecting the house from detection.

(Stop worrying about that,) chided her master, (your ward is stronger than Rimmy's ever was. Only the master could do better.)

Merrie blushed at the compliment and her tail thumped against Tamin.

(We just finished splitting up the loot. We'll be home in about two minutes. Front door, girl, and make it fancy... please?)

With a grin, Merrie was up and heading toward the kitchen.

Tamin picked up the bottles and followed after her. He didn't need any more orders to set both in a bucket with a cold rune engraved on the inside. Mist rose up around him and then followed in a curl of power as he thudded back to the ground.

The cooking food was a bit harder, but Merrie managed to guide the dogs into using two wooden rods to ease the food out and set it down on the dining room table. The fire outside was much easier since sending the flame to the Shadows instantly snuffed it. The dog watching it dug out the food, carried it to the back porch door, and then jumped in Shadows to clean himself off in the nearby river. Another took it from the stair and set it down the table.

The front room was cast in deep shadows when she arrive. She could feel the pack coming through the Shadow to appear in place. Four dogs on each side of the door, sitting perfectly still and waiting. She took her place in the center of the room, watching the door and waiting anxiously for her master to return.

She felt them arrive, a deepening of the shadows and the sensation of two lives stepping from the dark.

Nine tails began to wag.

Rimmy opened the door and the morning sunlight streamed in. She took a step through the door, and then stopped in shock. "Um, Kine?"

"Yes, Rimmy?" Her master was filled with happiness and excitement. He kept playing his proposal in his head, adjusting it with her imaginary responses.

"This isn't my birthday." The last time Merrie and the pack greeted them at the door this way, it ended up in a second gangbang for Merrie and a celebration that took three nights to recover from.

Merrie felt the heat in her pussy, a liquid flame. She loved being banged by the pack, the feeling of submission and helplessness. It was nothing compared to when her master fucked her, which was almost daily still, but the variety brought passion to all of them.

“No,” he murmured as he slipped his arms around her waist and held her tight. “Even better.”

“What is going on?”

“A fancy dinner and a surprise. Come on.”

“No, if we are going to be fancy, we both need a shower and then put on your fancy clothes.”

He beamed. “I’ll send Merrie—”

Rimmy stopped him with a kiss. “Keep your peeping bitch downstairs. I know that you just want a look.”

“Nothing I haven’t seen before.”

“Yes, but you’re hoping to get lucky tonight, aren’t you?” Merrie picked up a flash of thought from Rimmy. Her master’s lover was hoping that there would be a proposal that night, something she had been longing for the last few months herself.

Merrie inhaled sharply. In her mind, she couldn’t resist anymore. Her master loved Rimmy and Rimmy loved him back. They both wanted to be together forever.

(Merrie,) came the doubting thoughts of her master, (am I doing the right thing? What if she rejects me?)

Merrie felt the curl of hope in his thoughts, it leaked through his mind. If she just told him, it would ruin the enormity of the moment and steal him of what he wanted. She opened her mouth and panted. (I think she will be open to it.)

(Can you read her mind and tell me?)

Merrie was relieved it was a question, not an order. (Her mind is shielded,) she lied.

(Oh, I hope... I hope she says yes.)

Merrie wrapped him in her love. (It will work out, master.)

She watched as her master hugged Rimmy tightly and then separate. She headed for her rooms upstairs, dreaming about a black wedding, and he headed for his rooms with fear and anticipation burning inside him.

Merrie crawled after her master, ready to serve him.

An hour later, she was in the dining room. She sat on the floor at the foot of the table. She felt the tension in the room and felt it in their minds. Both her master and Rimmy were dancing around the topic.

He was trying to build up the courage to propose. What-if scenarios ran through his head, many of them turning dark with imagined rejections. Merrie gently ended the nightmares with a light touch, subtly encouraging him to get on his knees and finally go through with it.

On the other side of the table, peeking at him through her lashes, Rimmy was going through the same fantasies. Of being proposed and how she would respond.

He was wearing his formal suit, the dark colors melding in with the shadows. He hadn't pulled it on since the prince's birthday, but it still fit him neatly. And, like before, his anxiousness was relieved only when Merrie took him in her mouth and let him vent his anxiety into her.

Her tail snapped back and forth. She could still taste his cum on her mouth, her only meal until they cleaned the table. She smiled and enjoyed the warmth that filled her belly.

Rimmy wore her favorite dress, a mustard yellow sheath dress. Underneath, there was nothing. Her nipples tented the front and the sweet smells of her pussy drifted underneath the table.

They both were dreaming of the same thing, but neither knew how to start.

(Merrie? What if she says no.)

(She won't.)

(But, what if? Des betrayed her.)

(You won't.)

(I love her, but I'm afraid.)

She fought the urge to roll her eyes. She felt torn by his indecision, knowing it was the perfect time. She made up her mind. (Master, take a deep breath.)

Her master inhaled and then let it out with a long, shuddering breath. The candles danced even faster.

Across the table, Rimmy perked up. Her heart thumped painfully in her chest. She knew something was about to happen.

(I-I can't, Merrie. I can't.)

(Take another one,) she commanded, feeling dirty that she was ordering her master. But she was about to do far more than command her master.

He took another deep breath, steeling himself. She felt his courage faltering.

Merrie ran through the runes of the domination spell and felt the power throbbing inside her. It ached in her bones as she released the spell. It was only a simple nudge, subtle enough her master would never know what she did.

He pushed back the chair. Not realizing that he was driven to move, he started forward. It had broken the ice. He continued on his own, no longer driven by her magic.

Rimmy gasped and squeezed her legs together, tears welling up in her eyes.

Her master circled the table and looked down at her. And, without looking away from her, lowered himself to his knees. He pulled out a bag with a black shadow-stone ring in it. Magic burned inside the stone, potential but no structure.

“Gods,” whispered Rimmy, her heart pounding in her chest.

Merrie rested back on the floor, tears in her own eyes. She had just forced her master into the action that made her jealousy worse. How could she be the submissive when they were so much in love? She felt sick to her stomach but couldn't pull her mind from their thoughts. Their love was intense and powerful, forged from years together and blood shed for each other.

She was just a bitch.

As the tears ran down her cheek, she listened to her master's proposal.

“Rimmy, I been thinking about this for a long time. And, I know that... he hurt... no, I'm been in love with you for a long time.”

It didn't matter that he was fumbling. There was nothing he could say at that point that would stop the answer screaming in her mind. Merrie closed her eyes and sobbed quietly. She shielded her thoughts to avoid ruining the moment.

(Alpha?) Tamin's thoughts were worried. He was already inside her and she could never keep him out. (Do you need us?)

(I'm okay.)

(You are hurt. Your... heart hurts.)

(I know, but I'm okay.)

(I love you, Alpha.)

(And I love you, Tamin.)

"... and I've... I've been in love with you for a long time."

Rimmy choked back a sob of her own. "You already said that, silly."

Her master took a deep breath, his mind bright with fear and excitement. "Will you marry—"

"Yes!" Rimmy threw herself off her chair and into his arms, peppering him with kisses.

(—me?)

Merrie wiped the tears from her face as her master hit the ground. She put on a false smile as she watched them ripping each other's clothing off.

The dress tore loudly and buttons snapped. Their lips never left each other as they clawed at their outfits. Their lust was a bright flame against Merrie's neck. She felt like a third wheel.

Her master broke the kiss with a gasp. "What about Merrie?"

Merrie jerked and realized her shields had cracked. She blushed hotly and looked away, but she could feel Rimmy's gaze on her.

"What about her?"

"Well, you know, she's kind of my bitch."

Rimmy chuckled. "You mean she's in your head and there is no way I could ever have one without the other?"

Merrie froze, her skin prickling. She peered over at her shoulder and saw that both of them were looking at her. Her own heart thumped.

"Well, yeah," whispered her master, "I am her master."

"Do you think," Rimmy asked as her naked breasts rose and felt, "I could be her mistress?"

Fresh tears ran down Merrie's cheeks. She gasped and turned to them, her body trembling.

(What you think, Merrie, think you could have a mistress too?)

(I-I,) she could barely control her thoughts. (Yes.)

Her master smiled. "She says yes."

"Then if we're going to fuck right here, she better join us."

Merrie's wrists slipped on the floor as she hurried underneath the table and into them. Both of them opened their arms and pulled

her tight to their bodies. She felt her master's strong chest against one side and Rimmy's—her mistress'—soft breasts on the other.

“And you thought I'd get rid of you, didn't you?” whispered Rimmy in her ear before nipping it. “Don't forget, you're my bitch now.”

Merrie moaned and kissed her master and then her mistress. She reached out and held them both, her short arms unable to reach around them. Her tears mixed with their own as they embraced and touched and kissed each other.

“I get first fuck,” whispered Rimmy as she tore the remains of her dress off her hips. Her dark skin was shadowed by the table but it glowed with excitement. She was straddling Merrie's master, her bush resting right up against his. The whiteness of his cock was a startling sword in the darkness, even though it was a deep purplish-red in color.

Merrie shifted away and crawled up between his legs. She kissed Rimmy's buttocks and spine.

Rimmy lifted her hips high in the air. Her asshole brushed past Merrie's tongue but then it was her soaked pussy that was ground against Merrie's face.

Merrie lapped at her sex, almost drowning in the liquid pouring out. She fought the throbbing clitoris and gave it a few swirls.

“Oh, Kine, I love you,” whispered Rimmy. She lowered her hips and Merrie caught her master's cock between her arms to guide it into the dark folds of his lover. She almost came as she watched Rimmy seat herself on her master, his cock buried deep inside her pussy.

The sensations rippled down the connection. Merrie felt her mistress wrapped around her cock, the wet pressure grinding down. It was focused and driven, pure pleasure filling her with warmth.

After stilling for a second to kiss, Rimmy lifted and dropped her hips. The cock slid in and out with wet slurps. Her buttocks flexed with every movement and Merrie stared in rapture as she watched his cock disappear inside her body. Every vein and ridge stood out sharply, dragging on the pink insides of Rimmy's pussy before she ground her bush into his.

The smell of their excitement, musky and intense, man and woman, filled Merrie with a burning lust of her own. She gulped and

leaned forward, kissing Rimmy's ass as it rose and fell. She brushed against Rimmy's ass and felt a curious pleasure rising up.

With a grin, Merrie waited until the apex of Rimmy's thrust, then lapped at her asshole, teasing the wrinkled opening.

With a gasp, Rimmy slammed down. "Oh, she licked me!?"

"I know," her master whispered, "that's what she does."

"No, my ass! She licked my ass."

(That's hot,) came from her master, followed by a thousand fantasies. "Did you like it?"

Rimmy thought for a moment, struggling with the pleasure.

Merrie reached down and buried her face between the dark brown cheeks. Her tongue darted out and she laved along the clenching opening. She used the tip to trace along the sensitive wrinkles. It tasted earthy, but nothing compared to the foul stuff Borias had fed her. She smiled and probed deeper.

Rimmy lurched forward, then let out a cry as she shoved back ti impaled her body on his cock and Merrie's tongue. "Fuck," she gasped.

"Feels good, doesn't it?"

Rimmy moaned and then gave him a playful punch. "You aren't fucking my ass... tonight."

Her master burst with lust, his cock surging inside Rimmy's cunt. "But later?"

"Yes," Rimmy said with a giggle, "I'll do it once. Maybe more if you're good."

"I'm good. I've been practicing."

"I noticed. Now, keep your bitch licking because I want you to cum inside me."

He almost lost it again.

Merrie shoved her face in deep, lapping and sucking. She felt her own pleasure filling her, reflected by her master's lust.

"And," continued Rimmy through the moan. She shoved back on Merrie's tongue, clenching her ring around it as if trying to catch it. "When you cum, your little bitch is going to lick it out of me."

"Gods!" bellowed her master as he came inside her, all control lost in the single fantasy. His balls clenched as he pumped hot jet after jet into Rimmy's pussy, filling it until it dribbled out.

Merrie squeezed her muscles at the sensations that filled her. The pulse of a cock, the heated pressure of Rimmy's sex.

Rimmy gave a mock sigh, her mind dark with an orgasm of her own. "You are so," she spat out the word with a smile, "immature. You'd think you were twelve again we were messing behind the front office again."

"Sorry," he said with a blush.

"Well..." Rimmy sat up and stretched, her breasts sticking out in front of her. She lifted herself up off his cock. "We better try again."

"A-Again?" stammered Merrie's master.

"Yes, again," she said with a smile as she stood up. Cum dripped down her thighs. She turned to Merrie. "Bitch, on your back."

Merrie rolled over on her back, her tail wagging.

Rimmy stepped over her. A splatter of cum splashed against Merrie's face as she stared up at the shaggy black lips. With a moan, Rimmy straddled Merrie's face and sank down. The hot folds plastered against Merrie's mouth and nose. "Now, clean me out so your master can try again. And maybe this time, he won't blow off like a damn teenager."

Merrie reached out and wrapped her arms around the brown things above her. She nuzzled her face deep into Rimmy's sex. The tangy smell of her pussy mixed in with her master's cum. She shoved her tongue up into the sloppy hole, lapping at the cum and juices that pooled into her mouth.

Her master's hands grabbed her thighs and spread them. His body caressed her legs as she felt him aiming his cock for her slick pussy.

Surprised, Merrie ground her face into the wet hold, sucking as hard as she could. She found Rimmy's clitoris and latched her lips on it.

Rimmy ground down on her face, crushing Merrie's ears against her head as she humped her face. She was kissing her master, the sensations leaking through the connection and swamped Merrie's own sensations.

Struggling to remain still for her master's cock while lapping as hard as she could. Fresh air slipped in tiny slips into her lungs and she grew dizzy with her efforts to please her mistress.

Her master drove home, impaling her deep with his cock. It set off an explosion inside her and she bucked violent and screaming into Rimmy's hole.

Hands grabbed her breasts, shoving her down even as they were twisting her nipples. Pain sparkled across her vision and she clamped down on her pussy and her lips, nipping and crying out without ever stopping her lapping.

His shaft thrust hard into her, every millimeter of his bumps and length burned into her memory. She clung desperately her mistress as her master pounded into her. They were kissing without her, but it was her body they were using to calm their lust before a night of tender love-making.

Her master pounded into her, his cock reaching to the perfect apex of her body. He filled her completely and she came with every thrust, a tiny orgasms wracking her body.

She writhed and bucked.

Smothering her, Rimmy suddenly came. The flood of juices poured into her face, drowning her as the brown thighs crushed the side of her head.

Her master came moments later, pounding erratically a few times to ram his cock deep into her sex before flooding her inside.

Both of them rocked into her, spending the last of their hard-edge lust into her body before slumping into each other. They were kissing and touching each, lost in each other's eyes and passions.

Rimmy lifted her hips and Merrie inhaled the fresh air. She looked up at the swollen lips, glistening cleaned of every milliliter of her master's cum. She smiled, it was a sex ready for her master.

He slipped out of her as they both stood up, leaving her in a pool of sweat and cum.

"Kine?" Rimmy's voice was low and husky.

"Yes... love, um, Rimmy?"

They both beamed at each other.

"Lock your dogs up and come to your bed."

There was a moment of silence, shocked and nervous.

"The first time I spent the night with you, I want it to be just the two of us."

He let out a sigh, but Merrie felt worry rising up.

Rimmy glance at her. "And tomorrow, you can bring her cage in."

Merrie fell in love with her in that moment. Most than just lust, more than her master's love, but that simple act of understanding Merrie's relationship with her master. She sniffed and got on her knees. When her wrists touched against her throat, she barked.

Rimmy and her master looked down. As one, they said "good girl."

Merrie came from the sudden words. She sniffed and bowed. Pulling on the shadows, she stepped into the darkness. Around her, the rest of the pack joined her. Their shadowed forms flowed across the Shadow before coming back into their respective cages.

Her heart thumped with excitement and love. Her master and her mistress loved her. She circled twice in her cage and flopped down on the thick pillow.

In front of her, her master stepped out of the Shadow. He smiled. "Thank you, Merrie."

Merrie looked up, surprised at the sudden serious.

"I know you pushed me to do that."

She froze, wondering if she was going to be punished.

"And," he reached into the cage and brought her head to the bars. He kissed her on the lips and on the nose. "I love you for that. I don't know if I could ever do it without you." He kissed her again and stood up. He picked up the padlock that Rimmy bought and clipped it into place.

Merrie looked up at him, her tail slapping hard against her cage.

"One night, girl. One more night and then it will just be the three of us," he sighed. The love inside him rose up. "I-I got to go. Will you be okay?"

Merrie crouched in her cage, as straight as she could, and barked once. (I love you, master.)

(And I you,) he replied as the shadows swallowed him up.

Minutes later, love and passionate burned down their connection. Flashes of kissing and touching, exploring as if they didn't know each other bodies for years. Everything was new to them, the proposal somehow erasing years of familiarity and bringing a freshness to their touches.

Merrie smiled and shielded her thoughts. Her master deserved his privacy with his lover. Merrie would get her time soon enough.

She settled back to her pillow and squirmed, her tail snapping against the bars.

The pack settled down, except for Tamin who sent a query through their connection. (Are you leaving us, Alpha?)

(No, they are just moving my cage.)

There was a strange, warm shiver down her spine.

(They are mating without you,) thought the canine.

(Yes.)

There was a pause as Tamin struggled with the words. (You are the Alpha and he is yours, but what is she?)

(She is going to be my alpha female.)

(But you are Alpha. There cannot be two alphas.)

She smiled and wiggled her ass in his direction. (I am your Alpha, but she will be mine.)

(I don't understand. That is not how it works.)

Merrie stared out into the darkness, feeling the leaks of emotions rippling through her connection. She loved her master without question and she loved Rimmy but not as strongly. No matter how much they accepted her now, she didn't know if it would last.

(Alpha?)

(Tamin, I'm your Alpha. Let me figure out the rest.)

The canine sent a wave of confused love. He settled down with a flop. (I don't understand, but I love you,) he finished.

(And I love you too.)

Merrie closed her eyes and tried to doze off. She wanted to give her master some privacy, but it was difficult with their minds shared. She could feel the love for Rimmy burning down the connection along with flashes of physical sensations: kissing, sucking, touching. When he penetrated Rimmy, she could feel every centimeter of his cock sinking into the wet heat of Rimmy's body.

With a whimper, Merrie curled up and tried to shield herself, but the intense sensations continued to assault her. She pressed her arms between her legs and stroked along the wet folds.

(I love that sensation, girl.)

Merrie whimpered and rolled on her back, stroking faster.

(But, let me focus, okay? Just for tonight.)

Shivering with need, Merrie forced her dripping arms away. Flipping back on her stomach, she let out a long sigh and rested her head on the blankets. (Yes, master.)

He was thrusting harder, pounding his entire length into her wet hole. “I love you, I love you—”

Merrie curled up tighter, lost in the sensations of her master fucking Rimmy. She whimpered and pawed at the cage, rattling the door. She had to distract herself, to not focus on the heat curling in her pussy and the lust burning in her mind.

Desperate to distract herself, she checked on the wards. But as soon as she focused on the Shadows, she felt something wrong. Instead of the shifting darkness of shadows and the comfort of darkness, the other side was laid bare to brilliant light. The layers of protective magics were being stripped away even as reached out for them.

Merrie tensed as she cast the warding spell, but the magic flowing from the realm of Shadows sputtered and broke apart. She felt the spell crumbling in her mind, along with every other spell in the mansion.

Fear slammed into her and she pushed herself up to her knees. (Master!)

In the other cage, the pack lifted their head. Tamin made a curious woof noise. (Alpha?)

(... I’m going to cum, I’m going to...)

Merrie reached out for her master’s lust and clamped down it, killing his erection and his passion instantly. (Master!)

Her master stopped in mid-stroke. (Merrie? What’s wrong?)

The fear kept rising. She prayed she was wrong but she forced the thought through. (The ward is down. The Shadows are burning.) She remember Tabitha standing at the picnic, trying to find an intruder. (I think... something is wrong. I’m sorry, I’m—)

He was moving, pulling out of Rimmy and throwing open his wardrobe. (Better safe than sorry. Be safe, I’ll be right there.)

There was a trembling and Tamin’s thoughts broke through. (Alpha, I cannot go into the dark.)

Merrie’s heart skipped a beat. She tried to step into the Shadows, but the shadows wouldn’t darken enough. Even if she could, the enchantments on her cage prevented her from her escaping. But,

she could feel the brightness in the Shadow, the shadow realm peeling back from some magical light. Fear slammed into her, an icy river down her spine. (Master, I cannot step across. We cannot come to you.)

(What?) Shadows gathered around him but he also couldn't step across. (Shit! Rimmy is heading toward you.)

The door creaked open.

The pack began to growl, stirring as they felt someone intruding their home.

Merrie spun in her cage, staring at the door as a bright light streaked through. A voice, quiet as a whisper drifted through. "He has dogs. Big ones. Be ready to kill them if they make a noise."

Reflexively, Merrie slammed her control over the dogs and halted the growls in their throats. Tamin resisted, but she crushed his thoughts with a single blast of fear. (Be silent!) She sent a flash to her master. (They are coming through the porch.)

He acknowledged as he frantically dressed. (Merrie, hide the pack and yourself. And then tell me who's coming.)

She assembled and threw a spell, a mixture of shadow magic and her psionic powers. It was a repulsion, but a gut feeling told her that shadow magic wouldn't be enough against the intruders. The spell hummed in her mind and she set a portion of her mind to maintain it.

She was just casting the same spell, when three translucent figures slipped into the room. They were cloaked in magic, but it wasn't the chaotic shadows of her master's power but something structured and patterned. It was arcane magic, created from ritual and spells instead of the organic feel of psionic or the shadows that throbbed in her bones.

"Where are the dogs? I thought they were back here." It was a man speaking in a sharp whisper.

"Quiet, Sithe! Maybe he moved them?" It was a woman speaking in a street accent, a kid with magic.

"Scan the room," ordered the last voice, a gruff old voice. "He uses repulsion effects. Look for the shadows."

(Master, there are three coming in on the porch.) She sent the feel of magic along the connection. (Mages using stealth magic.)

“There’s a naked chick in that cage,” said Sithe, “Damn, I need to get one of those.”

One of the translucent figures smack Sithe. “Look for the hounds and shut up. They can’t know we’re coming. If those dogs warn them, they’ll make a break for it.”

Merrie whimpered under her breath. She felt magic rising around her, a detection spell. It was powerful and she felt self-doubt rising. The eyes of one of the translucent figures glowed brightly and the room lit up with the power of his spell. She could see where he was looking at, it lit up every surface in a sky-blue color.

Unsure if her spell could resist, Merrie gave up on her own repulsion and enforced the spell around the dogs. She could feel them wanting to growl, to attack and protect their alpha’s alpha. (Quiet, please.)

Tamin resist. (Must protect.) His growl shook her mind.

(You are!) She closed her eyes and layered the spell, dropping the shadow magic aspects to wrap them in the psionic version of repulsion. It was stolen from bits she learned from her grandfather, Bass’ manipulation, and the idea of the shade. Her world spun around as she fought her panting breath.

The spell scanned around the room, but slowed as it grew closer to the cage. And then, without warning, the mage looked the other way. “Nothing, boss. Except for the chick with tits in the cage, it’s empty.”

(They found me, master.)

(Do they think you’re a threat?)

(No. I’m helpless.)

Joy and anticipation filled her connection. (Keep visible, be pretty and distract them. Give me strength.)

Her mind raced through the strength spell and she threw it through the connection. The shadowy braid that connected them grew solid for a moment and she watched the translucent figures to see if they noticed it. None of them reacted. As soon as she enchanted her master, she added spells to increase his speed and resilience.

(Good girl.) Her master was arming himself. Flashes of Rimmy dressing and picking out weapons burned through the connection. His thoughts were merging with her own and she could hear his

voice overlaying with her own. Her sense of self grew hazy as his desire forced her mind and body into action. Spells bubbled up and she cast as fast as he wanted. They were preparation spells. Each one took energy to maintain, but she accepted the burden without hesitation.

The woman spoke up. "Is that her?"

The old man responded. "How many other women would be in a cage with her hands and feet cut off?"

"Fuck me with a spear," said the younger mage, "what happened to her?"

"Sithe," growled the older man, "if you don't shut up, I'm going to melt your bones. Keep looking for the hounds. Oli? Sneak through the house and see if you can find them. Be quiet and mask your scent. As soon as you neutralize the dogs, signal the attack."

A sparkle of magic rolled over Oli.

Her master brushed in her mind. (Merrie, how many are there?)

Merrie fought with her fear. She stared down at the ground, fighting the urge to look up. They didn't seem to treat her as a threat. (Three so far, but there are more outside.) A detection spell burst out from her, her body shuddering with the power coursing through her. (Sixty-one attackers.) Another spell and she could barely identify herself as Merrie anymore. His needs wrapped around hers and she was helpless obey. A flicker of heat boiled inside her pussy, her submission giving her strength. (Three mages, but there are others with holy magic outside.)

She threw detection and perception spells, overlaying her intimate knowledge of the mansion grounds with the results of the spell. A detailed image of the mansion appeared and she held it for her master, highlighting every attacker. She could see him and Rimmy preparing to coming out of the bedroom.

(Fuck.) Her master was angry but an undercurrent of fear ran through his mind. (I won't be able to see the invisible one coming for us. Give me a tracer on her, we need to take out the mages first.)

Merrie concentrated. The woman had well-formed shields and she was powerful. But, Merrie was a shield breaker and she was protecting her master. She slid into the cracks of the woman's shields, taking advantage of the blind spots, and punched deep into her psyche. Images flashed past her as she scanned for a place to

hang a tracer spell. She found it and cast the simple spell, thankful that her grandfather had taught it to her.

She withdrew, but one of the woman's memories stopped her.

She was sitting at the end of a table, looking over the floor plan for the shadow thieves' mansion. According to the man who delivered it, it was taken from the minds of previous guests of the mansion's owner, the Silk Gray Cat. She glanced over at the informant, a plain-looking man watching the proceeds in silence.

The Gray Cat was lazy and a notorious drinker and now a loner. He was also famous for the thefts he pulled off, including a three million mark picture that was never recovered. He was known to work with other thieves, but he lived alone in his mansion. It would be an easy attack and the world would be better with one less shadow thief in it.

*At the head of the table, a quiet-spoken man in a white robe. He was pointing to the map. "The Guild of Arcanes will provide three mages to break the wards. We'll put them here, here, and here." He pointed as he spoke. "That will prevent them from stepping into the Shadows, but they'll still have access to local shadows."

"I'll handle that," announced a broad shouldered man with a stylized "L" embroidered on his chest. "There will be no hiding from the light." He had a booming voice, deafening to the woman's senses.

"Can you bring additional fighters, sir paladin?" asked the man in white.

"Two dozen holy warriors, including two squires-in-training. All of them are aching to rid the world of this evil." His booming voice ran out, making the woman wince with discomfort.

Merrie shivered at his thoughts but kept following the memories.

The woman waited her turn. "The Artisan's Guild will bring three mage-scouts and two spell-blades." She was one of the scouts. "We'll scout the building, neutralize his dogs and alarms, and locate the thieves."

"How long do you need?" asked the man in white.

"Twenty minutes, max."

The paladin leaned forward. "Don't be cocky. Evil is never that predictable."

The woman felt a wave of dislike for the loud-voiced man. She waved her hand. "We'll do our part, you do yours."

"Excuse me," said a voice from the far end of the table. It was a quiet, unassuming looking man. Everyone at the table looked at him. He glanced

around. "I just wanted to remind you, that there is a price for this information."

Merrie gasped. She knew the quiet man. It was Rakin's second-hand man, Tass. If Tass was there, he was working for Rakin. Hatred rose up, shared by her and her master.

"Yes," muttered the paladin, "your daughter, right?"

Tass nodded. "Yes, though I'm afraid that... cruel man," he sniffed with fake tears, "has done horrible things to her. I just want my little girl back. Please? I have the money."

"Don't worry, you'll get your daughter back. And the man who kidnap her will be destroyed."

The memory shattered and Merrie bit back a gasp.

(Fuck,) snapped her master. (Rakin? When we finish this, we are going to hunt him down and kill him.)

(Master, escape if you can. They won't hurt me.)

(No.)

(Master, please! Save me later but don't risk yourself.)

Heavy footsteps shook the back stairs of the porch.

"Crap," muttered Sithe, "the paladin is ahead of schedule. Why does everyone who bows down to a church can't invest in a—"

"Sithe, quiet!"

A bright light poured through the door. As the spears shone across the room, it splashed on the two invisible men. Their spells crumbled and they burst into view.

Sithe was about Merrie's age, with clothes made for sneaking. His necklace sparkled as the dispelling magic shone on him. The old man carried a dagger and a sword, both of them glowing with stored magic.

The paladin entered the room. He was clad in brilliant white armor from helm to boots. A massive "L" was carved in the front, right above his sternum. In his left hand, he had a sword as long as his body but it was a narrow blade. In his right, he held a lantern by a thick chain; the light was blinding, but Merrie could see how was burning away the magical shadows that permeated the room. The smell was rank and choked Merrie, she had lived in shadows for too long to be comfortable in the light.

Pulling on her master's memories, she identified the lantern. It was called the Takor Brilliance, a weapon for hunting shadow

walkers. It also had other powers to strip away magic, including psionic, but it could only do one type at a time. Her master also knew how to destroy it, by bathing the flame inside in blood.

(Get ready to destroy the weapon,) projected her master, (but not yet.) His mind was focused as he planned how to free her.

Sithe held out his hands. "You're too early, sir paladin."

"Evil never waits," came the response as if it explained everything. "I need to set up a sanctuary."

"We haven't neutralize the dogs. Actually, we haven't found them yet."

The helm turned to the younger man. "Then hurry up, boy."

Merrie concentrated on Sithe and plunged past his shields. They were ragged with youth and she attached a tracer spell to him. Feeding it to her master, she prepared to do the same with the older man.

The paladin turned toward her.

Merrie cringed, trying to give the impression of helplessness. Reaching out, she pawed the air and let the tears run down her cheeks. She projected a sense of a tortured young girl, frightened and tortured.

The paladin's mental shields resisted her, but the others were drawn to look at her.

Sithe let out a soft "aww" noise. "We should free her." He stepped closer to the cage.

She pictured Tamin and told him to open his cage. Hidden from sight, the massive hound reached through the bars of his cage. He lifted the bar that sealed the cage shut. He moved with the intelligence of a human, not an animal. As the bar tilted out of place, two of the other dogs reached out and caught it before it hit the ground. Working it quietly, they pulled it into the cage and set it down.

The paladin spoke sharply. "She's using magic."

Sithe stared at her. "What? How? She got her hands lopped off."

"I can feel power in the room. It's her." The paladin strode forward until he was looming over her.

Merrie whined and crouched down, waiting for a strike.

In the cage, Tamin pushed the cage open. It opened in silence, but he held still. Behind him, the other seven dogs prepared to attack. They would die for her and they would kill for her.

But the paladin set down the lantern a meter from her cage. She could feel the power rolling off of it as it burned her skin. He flipped the top and pulled out a sheet of blue crystal.

Merrie watched with growing fear as the paladin fitted the crystal into a slot. Slamming it down, the bright white light grew into a painful blue that hurt her eyes.

“No, that’s not it,” muttered the paladin.

Her master swore in the connection. (Damn. They are coming through the doors and windows. And we can’t get to you. We have to deal with the outsiders first.)

(Master, please be safe.)

(Of course,) came the cocky though. (I will save you. I promise.)

Sithe spoke up. “Sir paladin, what are you doing?”

The paladin snapped his head up. “Find those dogs.” He returned to the lantern and pulled out the crystal sheet. Putting it back, he picked up a yellow crystal sheet and dropped it into the slot.

This time, Merrie’s body lit up with sparks of power and magic.

“Psionics,” growled the paladin.

Merrie whimpered in fear. (Master, they know I can use magic.)

There was a blank thought as movement filtered down the connection. Her master struck from the shadows into the invisible woman, his knife sliding into her throat and dropping her before she could make a noise. (Let loose the dogs,) he commanded.

Merrie sent the command. (Kill.)

Tamin burst out of the cage, teeth bared. His dark form slammed into the paladin. Another went for the armored man’s legs, knocking the lantern to the side. The crystal plate shattered and the lights strobed as the light spun around.

The other dogs streamed out of the cage. She sent four of them out the back door to attack outside. The remaining two went for Sithe and the other thief. There was a high-pitched scream from Sithe before the first dog tore out his throat. A splatter of blood painted the ceiling as the body hit the ground. A heartbeat later, the other man dropped to the ground from a shattered leg.

Merrie dropped herself into the pack, melding her senses with her own. She controlled the eight bodies as if they were her own. The energy flowed through her, reminding her that she was maintaining spells and the connection at the same time.

The paladin bellowed as he scrambled to his feet. He swung his sword but Merrie sent one of the dogs to grab his wrist, chomping down on the armor and spoiling the blow. The blade slammed into the ground but the canine couldn't get through the armor.

The remaining one in the porch finished tearing out the downed man's throat before he raced into the mansion, to assist her master who was slashing through the attacking fighters.

Tamin flipped over and dove into the shadows, it wasn't stepping across but simply using the darkness for a short-ranged teleport. He came out a meter away and launched himself at the Paladin's injured arm, accelerating with all his might.

Merrie powered a strength spell through Tamin as the canine slammed into the paladin's elbow. Rending metal and shattered bone filled the room and the sword dropped from the paladin's slack fingers.

The paladin lashed out with his fist, pounding into the dog still holding on his wrist. The pain exploded across Merrie's senses. She tried to force him to release, but the dog's primal anger rebuked her. He wouldn't let go, not when Tamin was attacking.

Tamin released the elbow and dropped to the ground. He spun and charged again. (Give me more strength, Alpha.)

Merrie threw another spell into him, giving him as much power as his massive form could take.

Tamin hit the paladin the back of the knee, shattering metal and bone.

The paladin dropped to the ground with a howl of pain. With a shaking hand, he grabbed the dog with his other hand. Raising the creature up above his head, a strength spell of his own coursed through his body.

Merrie cried out as he slammed his hands down, crushing the dog into the ground in a splatter.

She felt the dog's death intimately, like someone had ripped her heart out. Merrie lost her balance and slumped to the ground, hitting her head against the bars. A bruise throbbed in her head.

(Defend the Alpha!) barked Tamin and renewed his attack. He savaged the paladin's helm, tearing it off and reveal the man's face. Through the back door of the porch, two more hounds came rushing out of the darkness with blood on their muzzles. They launched themselves at the paladin, fangs flashing.

Merrie was no longer commanding the pack. They were responding to her needs instinctively as she was obeying her master. She gasped at the conflict of emotions and needs. She was a master but a submissive. She struggled with the dual roles even as she was being consumed by them.

As the paladin struggled with the hounds, Merrie checked on her master. (Master?) A rapid series of runes settled into place and she dropped a confusion spell into the center of her master's opponents; she didn't even remember starting the spell. As the shadows rose up, they slashed at the mirror images of her master and Rimmy.

(I'm sorry, Merrie, we can't stay and survive. Can you clear the path?) He pictured a path through the back of the yard. There were two dogs outside near there, staining the ground with blood from their surprise attack. A few meters away, there was a man holding out his hands as he chanted a spell. It was a ward against shadows, she could feel the revulsion of his magic against her own.

A smaller lantern between his feet, shining light on the mansion and stripping away the shadows.

Merrie sent two of the pack on the paladin outside and all four of the dogs began to clear out the path. Each one fought in perfect synchronization, killing and moving on in showers of blood. Their bodies glowed with her magic, moving faster and stronger than any natural creature could.

But, it was obvious that her master couldn't make it while the lantern was still there. Reluctantly, she pulled another dog off the paladin and sent it out to kill the mage.

Tamin and the remaining canine continued to assault the paladin, tearing at his feet and hands. Blood splattered everywhere as they gouged at the fallen man.

But, the paladin kept trying to get up, despite a broken knee and arm. He shielded his face the best he could.

Merrie cried out, feeling helpless. She couldn't join in the fight, not that she could do anything, but if she was outside, she could defend her master.

(Keep driving the pack, girl,) came her master's struggling thoughts.

There was a sharp pain as two more dogs died outside, one from a sword to the throat and the other exploding from the inside.

Merrie sobbed, feeling every sensation of being impaled and burned out from the inside. She was dizzy as the deaths filled her, sapping at her strength and concentration. She felt despair rising up, she wasn't able to defend her master.

In the center of the room, the paladin managed to stagger to his feet. He held out a broken hand. "Lemetri!"

Merrie froze at the hated name. A rune appeared in front of the paladin, followed by a second and a third as they swept around him like a clock. Merrie remembered the spell and commanded at the Tamin and the other to escape.

As Tamin spun around, scrambling through the blood, the paladin spun around and the spinning runes followed.

Merrie screamed out in terror. She couldn't bare to lose Tamin. But, the noise came out not as a dog but as a woman. "No!"

Her insides twisted violently. Blood spurted out of her nose and ears and she almost lost conscious. She felt heat pouring down between her legs, but she couldn't tell if it was blood or urine or something else.

The paladin caught the two dogs in his spell and let it go. There was an explosion of blood as the entire side of the porch blew out. It tore out the yard, the fence beyond it, and clear through the house on the far side of the street.

Merrie blacked out as she felt the death crash into her.

(Merrie! Merrie!)

(Master?) Her thoughts were dizzy.

(I got separated from Rimmy. Can you enhance her?) Even as he asked, he knew the answer. Merrie needed to touch anyone that she wasn't bonded to. (Damn it. I'm trying to get to her but she's coming for the paladin.)

Blood poured down the side of Merrie's head. Her ear was in agony and it felt like she somehow broken it. She could feel more

blood dribbling down her thighs and throat. She struggled to focus on the man who killed her pack.

The paladin was on his knees, helpless but there was no way for her to kill him. Outside, the remaining two dogs were fighting for their lives, desperately serving her with the last of their strength. One was bleeding from multiple wounds and the other was on fire, but they were hell-bent on taking out as many as possible before they died in her service.

She sobbed and flailed at the cage, rattling the padlock she could never open.

The paladin finished his spell with a gasp. Yellow green energy roared around him as a vortex of healing energy surrounded him. She heard the sickening sound of bones realigning and cracking as they repaired. Flesh sealed over, leaving deep scars and gouges.

Rimmy was surrounded by five men. She was fighting for her life. Her blade slashed through a man's arm, then a leg as she moved with the grace of the shadows. Her eyes met with her master's. "Run, damn it!"

(Fuck!) Reluctantly, her master broke through the front door and race down the path Merrie had cleared.

The paladin pushed himself to his feet. Panting for breath, he turned around. "You are not the daughter of that man." He said, murder in his eyes. "You are the cursed woman sold in Blood County, the so-called Alpha."

Merrie fell against the side of the cage. She was trying to regain her balance, but the exhaustion and death tore at her. She could barely keep up even with the adrenaline and fear pouring through her. Her chest hurt with her attempts to breathe.

"You are bonded to the thief." The paladin groaned as he held out his hand. The sword tore out of the ground and snapped into his palm. "And you are evil."

Merrie shook her head.

"Evil must never survive!" He raised his sword.

She stared up at the bloody blade, terrified for her life. Her heart pounded in her chest and urine ran down her legs. She couldn't escape, couldn't flee. There was nothing she could do.

Rimmy's scream filled the porch.

“Sir paladin! We can’t hold her long!” called out a man. Four men, bloody and injured, dragged Rimmy into the room by her hair and arms.

Merrie’s mistress lashed out, thrashing as she tore at her hair and clawed at them. She was wearing Merrie’s master’s shirt but her bare legs continued to flash as she kicked and surged in their grip. There were cuts across her body and blood soaked the gray fabric that wrapped her. Her eyes were wide with fear and she kept screaming incoherently.

The paladin looked torn for a moment, but then he turned to the men bringing in Merrie’s mistress. He gestured to the center of the room. “Bring her to the center.”

In her mind, she could feel her master’s frustration and anger. He was hesitating in the middle of combat, struggling between saving Rimmy and fleeing. Merrie didn’t know what to say, she didn’t know what to do.

Rimmy saw the paladin’s large sword and her eyes widened. “No!” she screamed and the shadows gathered around her. Her body blurred, but she couldn’t step through.

Merrie delved into her mind to find a spell that would help her escape. She stretched out of the cage looking for something, but her body couldn’t reach. All the spells she knew required touch and Rimmy was too far away.

Throat swelling up with fear, she reached out for the last remaining pack members, but they were defending her master. She closed her eyes and sobbed, then rapidly threw every spell she could into the two canines.

“Give it up, thief. Your days are over,” groaned the paladin as he limped over to her. “Lemetri will purge you from the light forever.”

The world wavered and Merrie lost her balance. She could taste blood in her mouth. She staggered to her knees, but then the final two dogs died and their deaths slammed into her. She hit the ground. She tasted blood in her mouth as an empty hole ripped itself in her heart and left a space in her soul that could never be filled again.

“Hold her,” commanded the paladin.

The four men stretched Rimmy out, each one holding a limb.

(I can't leave her, I'm sorry.) Regret burned in his mind, he had almost escaped the battle.

Rimmy screamed and thrashed, desperate to escape. The shirt rose up on her bare stomach, revealing the many wounds from her fight.

The paladin brought his sword up. "Begone, evil!"

With a flash, he buried his sword into her chest, severing her spine and cutting her almost in half. Blood and guts poured out on the ground. The splatter filled the room as her insides splashed on the ground.

Merrie screamed shrilly. She felt the geas tearing her insides, but she couldn't stop.

(Merrie!? What happened?) It was her master, but he already knew what happened. (I'm coming to kill him.) His thoughts became pitch black anger. There was no noise, but she could feel everything solidifying into a hatred that threatened to consume her.

The paladin took a deep breath. "Defeating evil always comes at a cost." His head turned around, blood still dripping out of the deep wounds the pack inflicted on him. "And it is everywhere."

Merrie sobbed, staring at the corpse of her mistress. The edges of Rimmy's body grew blurry as black flames erupted from her. Merrie had seen it before, when her master was dying. Tears pouring down her face, she could do nothing as Rimmy melted away into shadows, slipping through the burning light that prevented them from stepping forward. On the far side, Merrie felt a presence welcoming her into the darkness.

The paladin staggered back and picked up the lantern. He righted it and the revealing light once again filled the porch. "If this was set up properly, then her spirit would have never escaped the power of light." He sighed. "We will destroy her in the next life."

(I'm sorry, Merrie.) Her master's thoughts were painful as they came across. He had been stabbed in the side. Men were on top of him, pounding him into the ground. (I'm so sorry.)

(No, master, no. Please don't. Let me save you.) She started a strength spell for him, but the energy fled out of her and she slumped with weakness. (I-I can't.)

Through the sorrow, there was anger. His thoughts were focused and hard-edged like a knife. (No, get ready to fight. I need that lantern destroyed. Can you do it?)

Merrie looked around, trying to find something to use. There was nothing she could reach, so she cast her mind along the senses of the five men in the porch. The paladin had strong shields, almost impermeable with brilliance. She didn't have time to break through it, but the other four were weaker.

She gave a grim smile, struggling against the dizziness and the pain that filled her insides. (Yes, master.)

(Give me shadows, girl, and then we'll walk out of here. And when we recover, we are going to destroy Lemetri and Rakin.)

Crafting a domination spell quickly, she slipped it into the minds of the four men still in the room. They were tired and exhausted but there was pride in their defeat of evil. She was sickened by their joy as she delved deep into their minds, finding the secret places and anchored the spell. They would die for her, one way or the other.

Her master came in, with a proud head and surrounded by three men. Blood poured down his side and she could feel his pain, but there was nothing she could do but obey his last command.

The paladin stood up, lit up by the magical lantern. "The Silk Gray Cat. You're younger than I would guess."

"Who are you?" snapped her master.

"It doesn't matter, Kine."

Her master and Merrie both stiffened.

The paladin smiled with triumph. "You lose power against people who know your name, don't you?"

Kine's shoulders slumped, but he was faking his fear. There was a fierce joy and triumphant in his mind. (And false rumors save my ass one more time. He thinks I can't fight him. Are you ready, Merrie?)

Heart thumping and her mind dizzy with pain, she sent an agreement. The spell was ready with the last of her energy. She would do anything for her master and she could feel her life pulsing in her mental fingers.

"You killed my fiancé. I loved her."

"Evil cannot love," announced the paladin.

"I loved her more than anything you can understand."

“You are too far lost to know what true love is.”

Her master started a spell, the calligraphy of magic scraping across her mind. She let the tattered remains of all other spells fall back to enforce the spell, to give him as much power as she could. The energy pulsed around them as they cast it together.

Magic gathered outside of the room. Merrie could feel it, the shade of the World Tree coming alive. It was more than just shadows, it was part of the Shadow tearing into the world. The light in the other realm snuffed out, consumed as they brought the plane of darkness into the world.

It couldn't enter the light of the lantern, but she could feel the horrible energy gathering around. The sounds of the outside silence as the porch was cut off from reality itself.

Her master sighed, gathering his strength. He looked up with pitch black eyes. “It is time.”

The paladin stepped back in surprise. “H-How?”

Merrie slammed all her power into the four men. Their minds crumbled under her assault as she tore apart their consciousness. She felt their screams and locked them in their throat. She forced all the pain and sorrow she felt in their minds and felt their sanity shred. She didn't need their minds, just their bodies. With a surge of power, she snuffed out their consciousnesses and stole control of their bodies.

As one, they spun on their heels and launched themselves at the lantern.

The paladin gasped and turned after them. His sword flashed out and he cut one of them in half, slicing through the man's spine and hip in a single blow. The impact of his sword shook the porch.

The other three caught the lantern. They grabbed the lantern and tore at it, stripping off metal and heedless of the flesh slicing on the glass.

The first man got the plate off and burst into flames. He made no noise as he reached in and grabbed the flames. It melted bones as he brought the divine light and swallowed it. The bright light traveled down into his gut.

The other two grabbed their swords and pierced his belly. The room was plunged in darkness as the flame snuffed out.

“Lemetri!” The paladin’s chest grew with a brilliance, but it was too late.

The three men holding her master were already dead, their bodies shredded by tentacles that rose out of the master’s shadow. The tentacles charged forward and punched through the paladin’s armor. The darkness tentacles burst out of the other side in a shower of blood.

Merrie pawed at her throat, trying to breathe. Dominating the four men used everything she had and the world was growing hazy as she struggled to remain conscious.

Her master raised his hand. His arm shifted into a thick tentacle which shot out and punched through the paladin’s throat. “You killed my love.”

The paladin dropped to his knees, blood pouring out of his mouth. His body shuddered but there was a look of triumph on his face.

Behind him, in the reflected light of his armor, Merrie saw a glint of something. She frowned even as she was sending out a warning to her master.

The first sword flying out of the darkness grazed his leg. The second punched through her master’s arm. The third, fourth, and fifth each slammed with unerring accuracy into his chest.

Merrie felt every blow in her own body as more swords came out of the darkness, a storm of blades that pierced her master. They came faster, peppering into his body and throwing him back with every blow.

She tried to bring up a protective spell, but there was nothing left to use. She tried harder, delving deep into her very being until she found the pulse of life that kept her heart beating. She pulled on it, struggling with the instinctive need to survive, and forced it into a protection spell.

The magic surged through her master, healing and protecting him, but the blades kept coming. They were fueled not by the paladin’s magic but the force of the goddess Lemetri herself. They kept coming, faster than she could heal.

He used the shadows to deflect some of them, but there was more. Blade after blade slamming into his body. He dropped to his knees and they threw him back.

Merrie screamed and screamed, her body ripping itself bloody as she reached out for him. "No, no, no!" The geas tore through her and darkness crowded her vision. She was dying and every heartbeat was a clock counting down.

She felt him dying. (Master! No, please! Don't die.)

The paladin dropped to the ground, his eyes blank and lifeless. The porch plunged into darkness.

Merrie tried to find some spell to save her master. She would do anything to stop it, even if it meant giving up her own life. But there was no final lesson from her grandfather, no magic that would stop it. She tried to find the healing spell, but the runes refused to focus in her mind.

(Merrie,) came the fading thought.

(Master!) bloody tears dripped down her face. She plastered herself against the ground, trying to reach him.

Her master crawled across the ground, leaving a trail of crimson behind him. His body was burning up, black flames rising up from his edges. Merrie felt her soul trembling as his death tugged at her own soul.

The Lord of Shadows was reaching through the darkness for him and there was no escape the inky claws.

His hand reached out for her, shaking and dripping with blood.

Merrie reached as far as she could, trying to force herself through the bars so she could touch her master. If she could, she hoped something would save him. She jammed herself tight against the bars and pushed harder. Her bones ached.

He hit the ground, his fingertips millimeters from her the smooth end of her arm. (Be... safe.)

His body turned to shadow, roaring as it burned away. The ethereal smell turned into the burn of Shadows and she felt his soul being torn away, to be claimed by the Shadows he got his power.

With his death, shadowy claws plunged into her very being. With a sharp rip, the bond was ripped out of her soul, leaving nothing but a gaping hole. The world plunged into the black hell of agony.

She thrashed in the cage, clawing at her throat as her insides twisted and ripped. Her world turned into a singularity of suffering. She prayed it would end, but it wouldn't. It kept on tearing her

apart, shredding her very sense of being as her entire world, her life, her master, was taken from her.

With her final thought, she hit the ground in a wet thump. Her body refused to move. Dark shadows of oblivion surrounded her. Merrie prayed the Lord of Shadows would take her and she would never wake again.

t'Sade

Alone

55

Merrie was still alive but she didn't know how or why. She had been torn in two and there was an emptiness that would never be filled again. Her master was gone, ripped from her and lost forever in the Shadows. She hungered for his thoughts, the song of his heart against her own, and the dark lust that had burned in his mind.

She wanted to reach out, but she knew she wouldn't find him. There was no other reason to use her power. She couldn't suffer seeing the painfully familiar porch or the cage that had prevented her from saving him. She would have given her life to save him, done it without even a second thought. But, a padlock and a cage had ruined everything.

Her lips cracked as she opened her mouth. The air was foul with the corpses rotting in the porch with her. She could still taste the blood in the air and the fading alcoholic scent in the air. Her home was exposed to the sun but no one came back.

She didn't want to be saved. Merrie prayed that she would die herself, even if it meant starving in the cage she couldn't escape. There was no reason to live, no hope left in her. She had lost everything in a single night.

Time passed painfully slow, moving with the sluggishness only marked by the sun that peeked through the cracked windows of the porch or rain that buffeted the roof. She was sure it had been days, but she had no way of telling anymore.

She kept her mind wrapped inside itself. There was no magic left inside her, no joy in reaching out. No voices called out to her and she missed the intimacy that her master gave her. She wanted to feel his pulse inside her body as his cock filled her.

Tears ran down Merrie's face, mixing in with the blood that coated her skin. She wished he would come through the back door and it would all be a bad dream. He would stand there with mock rage before yanking her out and throwing her to the ground. She remembered when he yelled at her until she peed, then made her lick it up. He fucked her as she was licking, pounding her into the tiles as his cock slammed deep into her pussy.

Her body warmed slightly but she tore her thoughts away. He was gone. There was no pleasure left and she didn't want to cum ever again. It would be the only penance she could give his memory.

Her body ached. The geas had torn her insides and she could still taste the magic on her lips. When she shifted, the dried blood cracked and peeled off her naked thighs. Her ass and pussy burned from the effects and she kept tasting shit-stained magic on the tip of her tongue.

She inhaled and tried to say something, to force the spell to kill her, but she couldn't. The words refused to come out. No matter how hard she tried, she couldn't get her throat to work. She gulped to ease the dryness and tried again, but her mouth just opened and a long wail ripped out.

Merrie slumped back to the blanket and let out a sob. She kept playing the battle in her head. If she had just refused to get in the cage, if she could control the pack better, if she could have just enhanced him a bit more. A million what-if scenarios burned through her mind and she felt the guilt tearing down at her.

She was told that she wouldn't survive the death of her master. She felt it when they bonded. There was no way that she could have survived, not with the gaping hole left in her soul. It was a ragged wound that hurt every time she thought of him.

More tears ran down. Merrie missed her master so much. She wished with every fiber of her being that she could somehow end her life and join him. She knew the spells he used to slaughter the paladin, but she couldn't find the energy to cast them. Even if she could, she wasn't sure she could control the twisting shadows enough to plunged them into her own body. Casting shadow magic would turn her into the shadows and defend herself against her own power.

She let her mind turn back to the gas. If she could get a word out, maybe she could end the howling pain inside her. She opened her mouth and tried to force the word out, but it wouldn't come. No noise, nothing. Her subconscious refused to let her free.

Merrie slumped down and stared across the shadowed porch. She could get the word out. She let her mind drift back, but her life had been cut off by the bonding. She couldn't remember anything before the Puppy Mill and her rapist, Bass.

Her ears perked up.

Somewhere at the beginning of her memory, she was in his bedroom. Bass was raping her and she was trying to fight him off. She had spoke at the wrong moment and his cock tore into her ass, ripping her open. She would have bled to death if it wasn't for Borias.

Her tail twitched. Bass almost killed her with his hatred. If she could duplicate it, maybe she could break through the gas. She frowned as she tried to bring back the memory.

It came easily. She was on her hands and knees, bent over the pillow. Closing her eyes, she pulled the blanket out from underneath her and made a makeshift pillow. It pressed against her chest. Her knees ground on the steel floor of the cage.

She tried to remember the exact position. She spread her legs far apart, exposing herself to the cool air. She had one arm braced against the headboard; she pressed her forearm to the bar of the cage and balanced herself.

Her pussy grew hot and she squirmed uncomfortably. She didn't know why she got excited whenever she thought about Bass. It felt like she was preparing to be mounted by her master, but it was Bass in her thoughts, not the dark lover that she lost.

She sobbed and slumped against the cage door. She couldn't do it. She couldn't get to him.

Merrie dredged up the determination, trying to use the hatred for her rapist to remember everything he did to tear her open. She would kill herself, one way or the other.

She spread her legs, remembering how the blankets felt on her knees.

Bass tightened his grip on her breasts, crushing them against her chest and driving her tighter against his. He lifted his head and dropped it down so he could whisper in her ear. "Horny, Cunt?"

She took a deep breath and nodded as she barked out a whisper.

"You want my cock?"

Another stifled bark.

"In your pussy?"

She didn't have a response for no. After a moment, he asked the question she wanted all day.

"In your ass?"

Merrie moaned as she barked. She thrust back on his cock and ground his balls between their thighs. She felt his cock surging between her legs, growing hot and hard. The desire for his shaft pried her legs apart as the swollen length stretched out further in front of her. She knew the cock intimately now, but looking down at the half-shadowed shaft, she ached to have it tearing her open.

Merrie's eyes snapped open and confusion burned inside her. She never wanted Bass. He ruined her. She closed her eyes tightly and let out a sob, she was losing her mind. She never wanted that huge cock or the knot swelling inside her.

But, the memories were clear as day. She remembered when he was behind her, grinding the thick swollen member against her asshole. It was huge, too big for her.

Her breath quickening, Merrie pressed her arms against the cage and pushed back, mimicking the false memories in her head. She rocked her hips back and forth, swaying as she imagined the thick cock against her tiny asshole.

It was slick, she remembered that. It was huge and he had to push just to force the thick head into the tight hole. It hurt, it was too big. Fresh tears ran down her cheeks as she rocked harder, thumping her head against the door of the cage.

Her body was growing hot. She could feel it coursing through her veins, just like her master did when he came inside her. She opened her mouth as soft cries fell out of her mouth. She would be with her master soon, she just had to pretend that she wanted Bass' cock.

Merrie slumped forward and despair filled her. She knew what he was doing, he was easing her open like he did to Licker's pussy the night before.

Merrie whimpered and pushed back, trying to keep the cock against her anal opening.

He returned to her, but it was another frustrating grind against her body before pulling away. The thick rivulets of precum added to her juices, but Merrie couldn't think past the frustration that burned in her gut.

She needed to make him understand that she wanted him to fuck her as hard as he could. She ached to make it hurt. The heat boiled in her pussy and she dug her fingers into her palms with frustration. In her mind, she screamed at him to drive into her, to bury his entire length. She could feel his hard length poised to fill her, but he continued to ease her open.

Her mind spun furiously. She knew Bass wanted to bury himself in her. She could feel his desire mixing with her own, but something held him back. It was fear and she could feel it as a dark cloud over them. Bass struggled with more than just fucking the bitch in front of him.

A fierce joy filed her. She would scream out, not to have her rapist impale her but to join her master. She only had to find the words that pushed her over the edge. She delved back into the memories, letting herself be consumed by the false images of something that would never happen.

Her body was hot and slick. She was dripping wet but she didn't know why. It wasn't pleasurable. He was going to tear into her but her body was craving it. She felt her sphincter tighten along with the inner walls of her pussy. The smell of her excitement rose up around her, mixing in with the blood and rot.

She sobbed to herself, struggling to keep the lust bright in her mind. She could feel the thick hands against her shoulders, rocking her back and forth. She leaned into the memories, rapping her head against the cage as she imagined his cock poised at her asshole, ready to tear into her.

Merrie panted as she screwed up the courage. Her head hurt as she smacked it against the cage, rattling the accursed padlock that had kept her from her master. Her body was burning hot and she felt juices dribbling down her thighs. It was a clean smell, a happy smell, a scent she didn't deserve.

She wanted to roll over and stroke herself, to bring herself to an orgasm. She needed Bass' cock. She needed to feel the knot tear into her.

Still sobbing, she rocked hard against the cage with the memories. she remembered being desperate, the struggle to cry out but her throat refusing her. She opened her mouth to force the word out, but it wouldn't come.

Merrie trembled at the touch. He was holding her shoulders and pulling her back. His cock, the huge length poised to tear into her rectum was a straight line. It would only take a single word and she would impaled. She hyperventilated as she screwed up the courage.

Merrie panted as she rattled the cage. The flames of pleasure were burning her from the inside. She could feel her pussy clenching with the imagined thriban behind her. She ached to feel herself being torn open.

She felt the pressure peaking. She knew it was only a second before he would start to relax and ease out of her. She closed her eyes tightly, ground her palms against the headboard, and then screamed out.

“Harder!”

The world exploded into agony as her insides tore. The memories of Bass slamming home crashed into her and she screamed out as an orgasm tore through. Blood bubbled from her mouth and down her legs, but it was torturous pleasure that ripped her open. She could feel Bass' cock buried inside her, the intense heat and pressure filling her to the core. She remembered the blood pouring of her ass and the wet sounds of it splattering to the blankets.

But, she wasn't dying. She could feel the geas ripping at her insides, adding agony to the pleasure that coursed through her veins. She slammed her face against the cage and sobbed as the memory dominated her. Her body shook from the despair that raged through her.

”I-I have to pull this out.” He sounded scared, not the commanding master she expected. “Just one little yank and you'll be free. Just hold your breath and... get ready...”

Merrie smiled through the tears that ran down her cheeks. She didn't want him to leave, she wanted him back inside her. She wanted to feel the pain of being impaled. Another orgasm rushed up inside her, searing at her pussy, as she pressed her hands against the headboard once again. She knew how to bring him back.

Even as Bass' cock surged with heat and hardness, he held her hips to push out. She wanted until she felt the knot bulging out of her asshole.

Merrie screamed out, saying the same words as her memory. “Again!”

The geas ripped into her, but so did the pleasure. She remembered how he slammed into her, tearing her open and filling her. Her pussy clamped down on the agony and she came again. She didn’t know if it was pain or the ecstasy, but her insides rippled from the sensation and she cried out.

She wallowed in the pleasure, fighting against the memories she knew were false, but it felt real. Her body responded as if she had loved Bass, wanted him. Her mind craved the intense feeling of being stuffed to her limits.

Her orgasmic strength fled her.

Blood dripping from her ears, nose, and mouth, she slid down the cage and landed on the bottom. She felt her inside burning, just like the false memories.

Merrie wasn’t dead.

She didn’t know how.

She didn’t know why.

She didn’t want to live.

If the fake memory of loving Bass was the only way to end her life, the only way to get out a word, then she would keep reliving it until she was finally with her true love, her master, once again.

t'Sade

His Grave

56

Merrie could barely move. It had been days, if not weeks, since the battle. She had to turn off the time-keeping spell, not because she couldn't use it, but the depression grew when she could count the seconds of being trapped in a cage, left to slowly starve to death. She hadn't eaten since but the pain in her stomach had long since faded into a lethargy that weighted her down. She couldn't even twitch her ears or her tail. Everything was limp and she had no energy to move.

She stared out into the porch, seeing nothing and feeling even less. There was no hope left, no reason for living. Shadows danced in her vision, swirling around like mist in the morning. She couldn't focus on them, though, because it brought the painful memories of her master's death to her mind. She just let them swirl around her, tickling her skin with the lure of a world she used to love.

Her attempts to kill herself had failed. Merrie tried too many times and now she couldn't separate reality from fantasy. She knew that Bass had raped her repeatedly, tortured her, and broke her. But, she couldn't remember if she hated him or loved him. She was convinced that she hated him, but her body grew slick at the memory of being impaled. In the haze of starvation and despair, she struggled with a love that couldn't possibly be true.

A fly landed on her nose. She crossed her eyes to stare at it. It fluttered its wings. There were others hovering over the corpse of the paladin and the other attackers. She reached out with her mind to snuff it, just as she did a thousand times, but nothing happened.

She was dying.

Her breath came out in a long wheeze and she resumed staring at the wall, seeing nothing and waiting for the inevitable.

“I tell you, Gom, I haven’t seen this place before.”

“It looks old, though. Been here for a few years at least.”

“Do you really think I missed something like this every day for the last ten years?”

Merrie frowned, trying to determine if she was hallucinating the male voices drifting in from outside. She had never heard either of the men before, but that didn’t mean anything. She had been hallucinating for days.

“Well, want to go in?”

Shadows blotting out the sun coming through the cracked windows. Merrie shifted her eyes to watch the movement; she didn’t have the strength to lift her head from the ground. But, as she watched the shadows, she realized that she wasn’t hallucinating. Someone was coming for her.

Fear spiked inside her, quickening her sluggish heart. They were coming to finish the job.

She tried to whimper, but her parched throat wouldn’t make any noise. She ran the repulsion runes across her mind, but they refused to focus and faded away. She was exhausted and there was nothing to pull, not even when she was about to be attacked.

Gom hissed sharply as they turned around. “Damn, it’s the vigilant.”

Through the haze of her pain, she remembered that sergeants in the city guards were called vigilants. She held herself still, waiting to see if it was paladins or someone else about to invade her home.

A new person walked up. “Why aren’t you patrolling?” It was a woman with a rough voice. Her silhouette was slightly overweight with small breasts and short hair. Her cloak fluttered in the breeze.

“Well, Vigilant Tai,” said Gom politely, “we didn’t remember this place. So me and Fang decided to check it out.”

“What, you think this building just showed up? It has an overgrown garden and it’s rotting. This must have been here for years! Now, stop screwing around and get back on patrol!”

“I swear,” said Fang, “I haven’t seen this mansion before.”

The woman turned to look at the window and leaned into it.

Merrie forced herself to turn to look at her.

Tai had dark, reddish hair and a scar on her face. She rested her hand over her eyes as she peered inside. “Do you smell that?”

They sniffed. “No.”

“It’s rotting meat or a corpse.” She stepped back and Merrie heard the rasp of a sword being drawn. “We’re going inside.”

“Um, begging the vigilant’s orders, but—”

Tai turned on Gom. “Shut up, draw your sword, and follow me.”

“Shouldn’t we call it in?”

“No, we aren’t,” snapped the vigilant. She stalked around the porch, her shadow sliding along the broken glass.

Gom looked at Fang. “Why isn’t she calling it in? I thought she was fucking the dispatcher.”

“Gail? Snick said they broke up last weekend.”

“How can a chick as pretty as Gail ever sleep with—”

“Gom! Fang!” snapped Tai, her voice on the other side.

Merrie turned as the female guard stuck her head into the gaping hole in the side of the porch. The tip of her sword hovered in the sunlight before she stepped into the porch.

Tai was broad-shouldered and short. Her hair wasn’t as short as Merrie first thought, but it was close-cropped on the sides but longer on the top and back. It had been pulled back into a thick braid that hung over her shoulder and down to the compact breasts straining underneath her tight shirt. A few strands of gray hair ran along her red braid, but otherwise she looked in her mid-twenties.

She turned and looked around, her eyes sliding over Merrie without seeing her. She had a deep scar down her cheek and a matching one across her left eye. Both wounds were puckered and old, but it didn’t look like a knife slash but something else.

“What do you see, vigilant?”

Tai’s gaze stopped on the paladin’s corpse. “Someone got themselves killed.” Her boot crunched on the shattered wood. “Damn, it was a battle. I see four... five bodies.”

Gom, a dour-looking man, peeked in side. He pointed to the paladin. “Hey, I’ve seen that symbol. That’s the... the...” He turned away. “Fang, who was that church that’s been pissing off the herald last week? The loud bitch in white that was holier-than-thou all up and down the quarters? Remember?”

“Lemetri?”

Merrie flinched at the name.

“Yeah, Lemetri!” Gom snapped his fingers, “That’s the paladin they lost!”

“How did they lose a damned paladin?” muttered Fang. “And how did he end up killed?” He peered over at the paladin. “Fuck me, something ripped this guy’s chest out. I don’t see a heart.” He gulped. “I don’t see lungs or any other organs either. He got torn up from the inside.”

Tai groaned and rested her face in her gloved hand. “Fuck me with a sword, this shouldn’t happen in my territory. Fang, can you call it in?”

Fang stuck his head in. He was in his mid-thirties and balding. “Begging the vigilant’s pardon, but we trusts can’t talk to the dispatcher, only hear her.” He smirked. “So, unless you want me to go wandering back to the guard house, it would be—”

Tao groaned again. She sheathed her sword. “Fine, I’ll talk to her... the dispatcher. You two... look around and see if there are any more bodies.”

Fang and Gom looked at each other. Gom cleared his throat.

Tai stopped at the edge of the porch. She glared at both of them. “Fine, you can loot while I wait for the others. But,” she wagged a finger, “you both owe me a quarter of anything you fence, do you hear?”

“Mind if we use Young Margret?”

Tai waved her hand. “Don’t get caught. I’m going to call it in.” She jumped off the porch and headed outside. “Damn it, there’s two more bodies in the bushes! Looks like some animal tore them apart though.”

Gom and Fang looked at each other. Gom said, “I’ll take the second floor, you loot the first?”

Fang pulled out a bag and handed it over to Gom. “Good hunting.”

“It’s time to get a bonus.”

They both stepped over the rotted corpses and headed further into the house.

Merrie sighed and closed her eyes. She was nobody, not even worthy of their attention. She wished they would go away and let her die in peace. She wished she could shade the cage, but there was

nothing left to cast spells. She was exposed and vulnerable. Her only hope was to remain still until they left.

“Never fucking sleep with guards,” muttered Tai as she stormed back into the porch. Her boots crunched on the broken glass of the artifact lantern. “Yeah, right, she’ll ‘report it as soon as a glorious comes in.’ She could be licking the glorious out and would say that around the damn woman’s bush. Fucking telepaths.”

Merrie cracked open her eyes, remaining still but curious. She didn’t have the energy to move, to do anything.

Tai kicked at a knife and it spun off, bouncing off the empty cage for the pack.

Merrie shifted her head slightly to watch the blade spinning on the ground outside of the cage. There was a stain below it from where Tamin and the other dog was killed by the paladin’s spell. She fought back the sob, desperate not to make any noise.

Slowly, she closed her eyes. She tried to erase the memory but she felt their deaths in her heart. The pain was too much as she tensed up, fighting the urge to move while the guard was nearby.

Tai’s boots scuffed the ground. Faint vibrations shook the floor.

Merrie felt her close. The hair on the back of Merrie’s neck rose up with the feeling that she was being watched. She strained to keep herself still, running through a simple spell to freeze her body, but the spell faltered.

“What kind of fucker would do this to such a pretty girl?” Tai was close enough her breath washed over Merrie’s skin.

Merrie forced herself to remain still, but her heart pounded loudly in her chest. She silently prayed that Tai would go away. Her mind ran through the shade spell again but the runes crumbled in her mind.

“Fuck,” whispered Tai dangerously close, “she was beautiful.”

Merrie tensed at the closeness and intimacy of Tai’s voice. She could picture the woman crouching down in front of her, looking at her limp body. Merrie wished she could push her away so she could just die alone. But, any hint of movement would ruin that. She held her breath and waited.

“Fucking bastards. She is too young to die like that. Why would they put her in a cage?”

Merrie's heart stopped when she felt Tai's hand caress her cheek. The touch of the guard's rough hand felt like a brand against Merrie's skin. A tremor ran through her body as she fought the tears and to hold herself still.

"Fuck me with a sword," Tai gasped, "you're alive!?"

Merrie froze, berating herself. She had given up. She didn't want to be found. She desperately tried to force a spell to push Tai's thoughts away, but she couldn't focus on the runes.

The hand cupped her cheek as Tai rattled the door to the cage. "Hold on, baby, I'll get you out." The door shook harder and the cage shifted underneath Merrie.

Her ruse ruined, Merrie opened her eyes and watched as the guard tore through the porch, looking for something. She stopped at the gaping hole in the side and grabbed a pipe. Grunting, she tore it out of the wall with a crack of wood. Patting it in her palm, she returned to the cage.

Merrie lifted her head to watch as Tai forced the metal pipe into the padlock.

Tai looked down and smiled. "Just give me a few seconds." She bore down on the padlock, the simple device that prevented Merrie from saving her master. The metal lever she was using bent, but she twisted and bore down even harder.

With a ping, the padlock hit the ground with a thud.

Merrie stared at it and then began to cry. If she could have done that, her master would have been alive. If someone had just broken the lock, she could have saved her pack.

Yanking the door open, Tai knelt down to reach in for Merrie. Her hands were rough and calloused. Scars ran along both sides of her palms and down her arm.

Merrie saw Tai reaching for her and something snapped. She didn't want to be pulled from the cage, she didn't want to be saved. She cried out and pulled back. Her limbs were weak as she flinched from Tai.

"No, no, cutie, I'm not going to hurt you." Tai's voice was soothing, like talking to a beaten puppy.

Merrie flailed out, her severed arms thumping against Tai's outstretched hands.

"Come on, girl, it's okay. It's okay."

Cowering in the back of the cage, Merrie tried to pull away. She didn't want to be pulled into the light. She wanted to be in the dark and to die. She didn't deserve to live, not after losing the pack and her master.

Tai whispering soothingly, then lurched forward. Merrie cried out, a whine, when she felt the powerful hand grab her hair. Without giving her a moment to respond, Tai hauled her out of the cage, kicking and screaming.

"No, no, it's okay. I'm not going to hurt you."

Merrie's knee caught Tai in the face, but the guard just grunted and pulled her closer.

Tai wrapped her arms around Merrie and yanked her close, crushing the screaming bitch against her chest and holding her tight. "Come on, I won't hurt you. I would never hurt a pretty girl like you. Come on, relax."

Merrie sobbed and shook her head. Her mouth worked to say words, but the only noises came out were whimpers and whines. She struggled to escape, but as she flailed around, she grew aware that she couldn't escape the muscular arms holding her. They weren't Bass's, they weren't her master's, but she couldn't escape.

Her body grew flush with sensation of being trapped. She raged against herself, trying not to let the heat of being dominated override her suicidal despair. She wanted to break free, she couldn't give in. She couldn't surrender to anyone but her master.

"Calm down, damn it!" Tai whispered loudly against her ear.

Merrie screamed as she felt the heat ran long her body, a ripple of an orgasm, weak but as sweet as the first sugar treat of summer. It was a command and she fought against it with all her might. But, she was weak. She had been starving for a week. And the rush of being ordered was too hard to resist.

"Calm down!"

Merrie's will cracked. With a sob, she melted into Tai's grip and slumped against the warm body of the guard. The tears wracked her body, pushing her further into a spiral of despair.

Tai held her tighter, whispering in her ear. "There we go, girl. There you go. Just calm down."

Merrie opened her mouth to cry out again, but she couldn't. Sobbing, she rested her head on Tai's shoulder.

The guard stroked her hair, whispering wordlessly in a soothing rhythm. She rocked back and forth.

The pain was still there. Being wrapped in the arms of another just brought it back and she sobbed at the ache that burned inside her. She couldn't stay, not with Tai, not with anyone else.

But, for a few minutes, she could pretend.

The guard's heart was pounding hard and the warmth surrounded Merrie. It brought back the memories of Bass and how the thriban held her close. Merrie wanted to fight, but she couldn't. With another sob, she melted further into Tai's embrace, clutching to the guard as she shook violently.

"It's okay, it's okay. Old Tai is going to take care of you."

Merrie sobbed and clutched tighter. She breathed in the smell of sword oil, musty clothes, and smoke. Through the padded shirt, she listened to Tai's heart, the steady thump of another being.

The gaping wound of her missing master flared into agony. It tore through her senses, not hurting her physically, but yanking her into an abyss of despair and pain. She wailed out in agony, clutching Tai, but that only made it worse. The very presence of the woman holding her was somehow tearing her apart.

Tai said something, but Merrie couldn't hear over a fresh wave of pain.

Merrie tried to push away, but Tai held her closer. Every passing second tore at Merrie's mind, threatening to rip it in half.

(What did those fuckers do to her?) It was Tai's thoughts inside her. And with the woman's mind bursting across Merrie's senses, the agony became a lightning-hot whip across her mind. Every thought and pulse of emotion was a whip against the hole in Merrie's soul.

She cried out even louder, flailing to escape the intimacy of Tai's thoughts.

(Another panic attack?) Tai clutched at Merrie, pulling her tight to her chest. "I won't hurt, I won't."

But every thought in the guard's head was a slash of agony across Merrie's mind. The emotions pummeled her, bringing back to the fresh pain of losing her master again and again. She tried even harder to break free but the weak thumps of her arms again didn't even loosen the grip the woman had on Merrie.

“Come on, just calm down. No one will ever hurt you again. I promise, I’ll take care of you.”

Tai tried to grab Merrie’s arm, but then froze. In her mind, the shock rolled across Merrie’s thoughts like thunder as the woman focused on the severed end of Merrie’s wrist. “Fuck me with a sword, what did they do to you?”

With the onslaught of Tai’s shock, Merrie tensed until her muscles screamed in agony. Her body shook violently as she felt the woman’s pity slam into her. Shame and humiliation rose inside Merrie and she cringed away.

“No, no, it wasn’t your fault.” Tai pulled Merrie close, her arms like steel around Merrie’s weak body, but the disgust and pity was thick in her thoughts. She hated the men who had ruined Merrie.

Fresh tears ran down Merrie’s face. She cried under the force of Tai’s emotions, like someone grinding her into the ground. Merrie closed her eyes and tried to bring up her shields. She had forgotten the feeling of being wrapped in tight leather and bound into place, not with her master able to pierce it so easily, but as the dog outfit buckled into place, the agony lessened.

Gasping for breath, Merrie screwed her eyes even tighter and focused on the shields. Her pussy and ass clenched as she pictured dildos being shoved into it. Her mouth trembled as she remembered what it was like to have a cock inside her lips and strapped around her head. With every passing moment, Tai’s thoughts grew easier to tolerate and soon they were nothing but nails against her skin, painful but not agonizing.

With a whimper, she opened her eyes. While she was replacing her shields, Tai had brought her to one of the bathrooms on the other side of the house and put her in the tub. Hot water lapped at her thighs as it poured past the heating rune and splashed on the bottom. The stopper wasn’t in place and the blood-streaked water circled down the drain.

“There you go,” whispered Tai. She knelt on the side of the tub and was rinsing Merrie off with a washrag. “That isn’t so bad, is it?”

Merrie sniffed and looked up at her. She felt broken but at least with her mental shields in place, it wasn’t agony that tore that through her. Just a crippling despair and loss that would never be replaced.

Tai smiled and swirled the rag in the water before cupping Merrie's chin to wipe away the blood. "I was worried all that blood. I thought that they had stabbed you in that nasty old cage. But," she brought her hand to Merrie's shoulder, soaping up the gore with the rag, "but I haven't seen any wounds."

Even through the shields, Merrie could feel some of Tai's thoughts. They were hazy and drifting, but Merrie could feel not only the growing protective affection Tai felt for her, but also the first curls of lust.

Tai's eyes flickered down, watching the water as it dribble down Merrie's front and sluiced along her breasts. As the caked-on blood melted off her skin, the sight of Merrie's hardening nipple brought a fresh wave of guilty lust across the guard's thoughts.

Merrie felt a blush of her own, responding to Tai's even through the pain of her telepathy. She squirmed in place.

Tai looked up. Her lips were parted and a blush on her cheeks. She made a show of rinsing off the water before going back. Her hands were firm as she wiped away the vomit and blood, bringing Merrie's shivering, naked body back to the air. As she moved, Merrie could feel her pointedly not looking at Merrie's wrists and ankles.

Finally, Tai spoke, "Did any of Lemitri's men hurt you?"

For a sick moment, Merrie considered nodding. But, she shook her head.

"Did the guy who own this place do it? Did he hurt you?"

Merrie shook her head violently, sobbing at the same time.

Tai pulled back, frowning and not believing her. "He didn't? Are you sure?"

Merrie nodded hard. It brought up a wave of dizziness and she clutched to Tai for balance.

"Oh, I could have sworn with the cage and your..." Tai glance down at her arm. She gulped, "... were you born this way?"

Merrie shook her head.

Tai said nothing for a long time and focused on cleaning Merrie. The rag worked along Merrie's front, circling around her breasts, and down to her stomach. The hesitant lust was still growing inside her, filled with guilty and spiced with pity.

"You were a slave?"

Merrie didn't know how to answer. She gave a little shrug. She was a slave, but she couldn't imagine her life without her master. By the time she was sold, she wanted it as badly as anything else.

Tai's breath grew deeper as a storm of lust and hunger rose inside her. Tai wanted to comfort Merrie and pull her from perverted world she was imagining. It never occurred to her, would never occur to her, that Merrie was part of that world. "Don't worry, girl, Tai will take care of you. You won't ever have to do those things again. And I won't sell you."

Merrie closed her eyes and let out a soft breath. Even though Tai's fantasies of saving Merrie from an imaginary hell, Merrie couldn't stay with the well-meaning guard. She didn't deserve to live, much less find comfort. Even if she did, it would be an empty lie. Merrie's needs had been awakened at the mill. She needed to be dominated and beaten, fucked and punished. She reached out with her mind looking for any of that in Tai, but she could only find compassion and a need for love.

"Turn over and let me get to the rest of you."

A tiny order that left a little thrill coursing through Merrie's veins, but it was the most that Tai could give her. With a long sigh, Merrie rolled over, splashing in the tub, and braced herself.

"Fuck me with swords, they gave you a tail too?" Tai's disgust was a bitter glare in Merrie's thoughts.

Merrie's cheeks burned with humiliation. She was beautiful, her master said so, but she didn't feel it with Tai. She closed her eyes and stopped hoping. She had to escape the mansion, find some place, and end the pain.

The washcloth felt good against her skin, though, as Tai finished scrubbing the days of dried blood and vomit from her skin. Merrie spread her legs to give Tai access to her ass and pussy, where the gears had torn her open.

Guilty lust burned brightly as Tai scrubbed the washcloth between her legs, working the soaked, slick fabric along her ass and the length of her slit. She gulped as she scrubbed Merrie, the lust burning. She "accidentally" let one finger slip away from the cloth to test Merrie's reaction.

Merrie, reading her mind, couldn't help but let out a soft moan. The finger felt good against her clitoris. It was an empty pleasure and without love, but her body grew hotter with the sensations.

When Merrie didn't flinch, Tai stroked her finger back and forth. Guilt burned inside her as she did, but so did the lust. Her thoughts seeped through Merrie's shields, painful and raw. (Please, please, to the swords, let her be into girls. I would give anything. Please, please?)

Merrie left the hope and desire burning inside the guard. She wanted to fulfill it, to give her pleasure, even though she felt nothing for the woman. She rocked her hip forward to give more access to the fingers caressing her heated sex.

(Swords, she's letting me. I'm fingering her. Oh, please—)

A high-pitched bell ran out. Both Tai and Merrie jerked from the suddenness.

Merrie frowned, she didn't remember a bell like that in the house. It ran out again and she realized it wasn't from the mansion. It came from inside Tai's head as a telepathic connection was forged with her.

(Attention, Vigilant Guard Tai,) it was a woman's voice, filled with stern hardness, barely hidden jealousy, and disapproval. The thoughts were strong and powerful. It came with a name and an image of a slender blonde sitting at a table. Gail.

Tai's emotions turned to frustration and guilt. She yanked her fingers from Merrie's pussy as she sat up.

(The Church of Lemetri are sending a contingent of church soldiers to take custody of the domicile. They are led by Paladin Golid. Your group has three tasking orders. Order one: Pull back no less than one hundred meters and protect the house from all intruders. Order two: detain any persons of interest within the premise or surrounding and deliver into the paladin's custody. Order three: ensure the contents of the domicile are assigned to the paladin's custody, effective immediately. Any deviance will be punished. That is all.)

Merrie tensed as she heard the orders sinking in.

The guard tensed and gave Merrie a guilty look. "Hold on, I-I need to talk to the guys really quick. Can you," she looked around at the bathroom, "stay here?"

Merrie nodded, looking innocent as possible and pretending she didn't hear the order. There was no question that Tai knew that Merrie would be a "person of interest" but already there was a storm as Tai wondered if she could hide Merrie before the paladin got there.

As she watched the guard rushing out of the room, Merrie considered her options. She could let Tai sneak her away and hide her, protect her from the paladin, and then care for Merrie maybe for the rest of her life. But, it would be unrequited love. Tai could never be a master for Merrie and Merrie didn't deserve to live without her true master.

There was only one way to stop the pain, to end the agony. She had to kill herself. She stared at the edge of the tub as she rolled the idea through her mind. It would end the pain that gnawed at her insides, slashing every time she experienced an emotion or a thought. She missed her master so much that she couldn't wait to be with him, even in spirit.

She smiled through the tears. She could finally do it. She didn't have to use the gas, just find some way of ending her life. There was an entire city out there: she could jump off a bridge, crawl in front of a wagon, or even throw herself into the river.

A decision made, she crawled out of the tub. Water sluiced off her body as she landed on the rug. She caught sight of herself in the mirror. She looked like hell. Her breasts had shrunk with starvation and they hung limply from her chest. Fading bruises covered her body and she shook without realizing it. Her right ear was broken and hung limply against the side of her head. It ached, but so did the rest of her.

Merrie could see why Tai wanted to protect her. She sighed and crawled to the door, cocking her one good ear to listen. Tai's voice was at the stairways, talking sharply to Gom and Fang.

In the opposite direction was her master's room. Merrie bit back a sob at the realization. It tore at her heart as she was reminded of what she had lost. She couldn't live without him. There was no way she could survive with so much pain tearing her heart. She had made a good choice.

With morbid dread, she crawled out of the bathroom and down the hall. She had to see his room one last time, to take one last look.

She hoped to find something of his, something she could take with her when she ended her life.

The room was empty and peaceful, but the memories were ripping at her very being. She sobbed to herself, her body shaking and the tears rolling down her face. Crawling in, she took in the mussed up bed and the smell of her master and Rimmy that still clung to the air.

Barely able to breathe, she circled the bed, unsure of what she wanted. She found an open wardrobe and peered inside, the memories crushing her more than the still air. Through the tears, she caught sight of the dark cloak her master wore during his jobs, the cloak of shadows. With a gasp, she grabbed it with her mouth and tugged it down. It flopped down over her head, surrounding her in his scent.

Memories crashed into her, tearing into her soul. Her entire life had been centered around him. The pleasure that he gave her, the little commands he insisted she obey, and the punishments when she deliberately got in trouble. She buried her face in the cloak, choking on the cries that ripped out her ruined throat.

“Baby?” Tai’s voice drifted down the hall.

Merrie gasped and shoved the cloak into her mouth, to gag her. She curled up on the floor of the wardrobe and shook, wishing it was a cage like before and she could never escape.

The bathroom door creaked open. “Damn,” Tai said and the disappointment radiated from the guard. “Come on, girl, I won’t hurt you, I promise.”

Merrie forced herself to stop crying, using a spell to clamp down on her emotions. The little pleasure she got from Tai’s fingering was enough to power the energies. It activated with a popping sensation and the tears stopped instantly.

She could feel her pain eroding at the spell and the despair leaking through the cracks. Merrie only had a few moments before she was sobbing again. Feeling the tears cooling on her cheeks, she pulled the cloak to her chest. When she realized she couldn’t carry it, she slipped it around her neck and pulled the clasp tight with her teeth. It would look foolish while she was crawling, but she couldn’t leave without something of her master.

As she moved, she planned out her next move. Getting out of the mansion would be hard, but she had just enough energy that she could afford a few seconds of repulsion. Her destination was a bridge about a kilometer away. Her master had once paraded her outside in the sun one day and it was a fitting place for her end.

The spell sealing her emotions cracked with her reminiscing.

Pushing out of the wardrobe, she crawled along the floor. The cloak slid off her side and hung heavily on her side, the collar tugging on her throat. She didn't need it for long and she just suffered with pulling it along.

As she was coming around the bed, something caught her attention. It was a glint of something dark underneath the bed. It drew her attention and she crouched down to peer at it.

When she recognized the shadow-stone engagement ring, her spell crumbled. Despair ripped at her through and the tears began to flow again. She continued to plummet into despair, further than she had ever gone before. The suicidal thoughts rose up but they were crushed by the darkness that consumed her entire world. There was nothing left. If she could have stopped her heart, she would have.

The door to the room flung open. "Baby!" Tai rushed inside, filled with concern and compassion.

Merrie snapped her head up. From somewhere deep inside her, below the despair and devastation, energy boiled up and calligraphic runes slammed across her mind. She barely recognized the domination spell as it exploded from the cloud of darkness in her mind.

Tai froze in mid-spell, her eyes glazed over and her muscles locked into place. Her shields were stripped away in an instant and every moment of Tai's life was laid bare to Merrie's mind. She could rewrite it or destroy it. She could make Tai her slave just as she was the slave. She could make her pack again, using the broken minds of Tai and the other guards. It would just take a little of the power now rising up inside her.

Panting, Merrie reeled back. She shook her head as the darkness invaded her thoughts, snuffing out all the hope and joy. There was nothing left for her, not unless she took it. She wanted to kill

herself, to kill everyone, to lash out and take the world with her into choking darkness.

She shook her head, trying to force the thoughts out. She couldn't destroy. It was wrong but she was a bitch, not a harbinger of destruction. She had the power and the ability to kill any one being in her life, but she was powerful enough to include the entire city with it. It was a spell her master used when he was dying and it hovered in her thoughts.

Fresh tears on her face, Merrie crawled around the frozen Tai. She reached out and held Gom and Fang, both of which were trying to sneak out the back door before the paladin came. They were already planning their share of the loot, but she crushed that with a thought. She forced them to drop the bags on the ground.

Anger boiled inside her. She struggled with herself as she crawled down the hallway. Her limbs made whispers of noise. She wanted to tear everything down, to send the mansion and her master's grave to where the Lord of Shadow was waiting. She would die with the rest of the city, but it would be a small price to pay for sweet oblivion.

She stopped at the front door. She could feel the Lord's presence in the Shadows, beckoning to her. It was a shadow in a shadow, a curl of darkness formed of alien thoughts. It was watching her, waiting.

Merrie shook her head. (I) it was agony to project to the alien intelligence on the other side, (I can't do that.)

It didn't response, but she could feel it paying attention to her.

Sobbing from the agony, she tried to clear her thoughts. The despair was everywhere, yanking her into a darkness she couldn't escape. It wasn't a matter of killing herself, she was going to do that, but simply how many people she would take with her. Shuddering with the effort, she pushed open the door and crawled to the porch.

The air was warm and moist. At the gate of the mansion, people were staring curiously inside. The shade that protected the place had been stripped away and there was nothing to prevent looters from stealing her master's life and paladins from destroying it.

She couldn't lose her master. Even with her suicide on her mind, she couldn't bring herself to destroy the mansion. It was their home for years. It was his for many years. It was where he cried, he lived,

and loved. If she killed everyone, then his grave would be destroyed in the results.

Closing her eyes, she brought up the shade spell. It was a calligraphic mix of runes and poetry, a combination of her own magic and the spells passed down by her master's master. Fixing the runes inside her mind, she channeled her despair through it. The spell began to darken inside her, turning pitch black as it grew ready to release. When Rimmy taught Merrie the spell, it was just a little spell designed to be layered on top of itself, thousands of days made a spell a thousand layers thick. But, it wasn't enough. She needed to protect her master's grave from ever being found again.

Merrie opened her mind and let new runes inscribe themselves into her thoughts. She added more spells into it, crafting a brutally elegant spell that would prevent anyone from every seeing the mansion again. It would not only repulse people coming close, but it would burn the very memory of the place from the minds. No one would ever remember it, no one will every destroy his grave.

It was hard to keep in her mind, but she didn't care. She forced herself to power the spell, forcing more power until it was a shadow burning itself in her mind. Ice-cold power filled her, sinking into her bones until they ached.

The spell released with a rush. The sun above her turned into a black orb as shadows burst out of the gardens and the house. It rose up and swallowed the mansion, sucking it from the sight and memory of the city.

Blood dripped from her nose as she anchored the spell deep into the ground. The air was icy and choking. The shadows of the World Tree turned into pitch-black streaks across the yard, places where the veil between worlds was thin and delicate.

The repulsion was too much for a single house. It burst out from the mansion grounds and rushed out into the rest of the district. She could feel lives trapped in the darkness, like a fly in amber, caught and choking. They would never escape, they would never see the sun again.

A flare of energy shone brightly in the darkness. It was a telepath looking for her lover even as the district was swallowed in shadows. Merrie watched as Gail tried to find Tai, dread and concern resonating from the questing tendril. There was love in Gail's

thoughts, love and passion and regret. It was a mere shadow of what Merrie felt for her master, but it was as bright as a firefly in a thunderstorm.

It broke Merrie's despair. She watched as the telepath searching for her lover even as she was frantically ordering guards to the district. Images flashed across Merrie's thoughts, of the dispatcher center in chaos as the blot of darkness was visible even across the city and from the royal palace.

Merrie closed her eyes and pulled back, letting the spell sink down into the bones of the city. She needed to hide the house, not making it visible. Through the connection, the blot faded and everyone's eyes slid away from the home. The district became somewhere else, a place the world had forgotten.

Merrie caught Gail's probe.

The woman froze, both in mind and body. Merrie saw her own reflection in Gail's thoughts, the darkness in the shape of some terrible hound holding Gail by her throat. It was death and it was Merrie, some horrible force that Gail couldn't comprehend. The differences between them was more than Merrie could imagine. Merrie's thoughts were alien to the telepath's, just as the Lord of Shadows was to her.

Guilt slammed into her, despair that she was killing the woman who had saved her from the cage, and then killing her lover. It redoubled as she realized how easily she was going to sacrifice the district inhabitants for her own sorrow.

Merrie reached out and connected herself to every living being in the district. They were blind, frightened, and dying. The Shadows were sucking the life out of them and it would be moments before their souls would burn away like her master and Rimmy.

She ran through a portion of the uplift spell—careful to avoid any bonding aspect—and slammed it through the telepath's probe. In the dispatcher center, Gail suddenly screamed as her body glowed with power. Her mind unfolded and crystallized as Merrie gave her the spells needed to save her lover and everyone else.

Bringing everything together, Merrie connected every living being in the district to Gail. At the same time, she gave a single command, inescapable and overpowering. (Save them and forget.)

Power flowed through Gail as she slumped back. A moment later, a mental bell rang out across the city, followed by a command to every guard in the city's employ. It was Gail's voice that cut through her mind. (Attention all city guards! Attention all city guards! City-wide emergency has been declared for the ...) the thought faltered as Gail tried to remember the district's name, (... fuck this, obey the following tasking orders.) Gail's mind split as she began to give out simultaneous orders to every guard, her mental voice overlapping as she guided the guards to save the survivors of the district.

Merrie stopped paying attention. She slumped forward on the porch and crawled down. She was dead inside, a despair to great there was no more hope, no more love. She crawled down empty streets of the district as she planned out her death.

There was a bridge at the border between the district and the next one. Her master had taken her there once, on the few trips out of the mansion. He had pulled back the shade and everyone saw her as herself, a naked woman on her knees. It was exhilarating as they fucked under the bridge next to the rapidly flowing river.

It was an appropriate place to die. Setting her jaw tightly, she crawled down the tiles. Around her, the shadows whipped around as they swallowed the district. It was a place of darkness in Franome City, a place that time would forget. Her master's grave would stand forever, a reminder that she had lost so much in a single night.

Rain splattered down, icy and cold. It iced over underneath her knees and clung to her hair. She felt the sting along her skin, as if her body had been rubbed raw. It barely registered and she continued to crawl down the middle of the cobblestone road as she was pounded by the rain.

A few streets over, she saw a group of guards braving the darkness. They were rescuing a young girl and her puppy trapped in her house. One of them was holding a golden flame to push back the darkness. The others were fighting to keep up as the shadows reached for them.

Merrie looked away. Not all of them would make it. She could feel something rising out of the Shadows, a deadly intelligence taking advantage of the thin barriers between the worlds. It wouldn't be able to escape the district, but it would protect her master.

When she came out of the darkness, the sunlight hurt. It was raining outside, but the water was warm and sluiced down her body. At the far end of the bridge, crowds were milling around as the guards gathered. None of them were looking at her or the district; their eyes refuse to acknowledge the world in front of them. They just knew they had to be there, because of the orders that Gail sent to each one.

A guard pulled a sobbing man from the district. There was blood pouring off both of them and the guard was missing his arm. Something had torn it off and the man's agony was raw against Merrie's senses.

They both stumbled past her. She didn't exist in their world anymore, she was nothing.

Merrie watched them for a moment, then crawled to side of the bridge. Below, the river was bisected by light and dark. On the shadow side, the waters had become a raging river of black foam. In the light, it boiled and shifted. She knew it was deep enough to kill her.

Merrie crawled to the edge. She closed her eyes and—

A hand grabbed her by the hair and pulled her back. Old fingers grabbed her around the waist and hauled her off the side.

Merrie opened her eyes. She was no longer at the bridge, but in her grandfather's porch, standing at the black void where the farms used to be. There was nothing in front of her, no sparks of light, no fields, no grass. Just oblivion in all directions.

Devastated, she struggled to escape and leap into the darkness. She had to go, she couldn't live without her master.

Her grandfather pulled her back, dragging her to the safety of the kitchen.

"No!" she cried out, thrashing harder. She reached out for oblivion, desperate to feel its embrace.

"I will not let you, my love."

Tears ran down Merrie's cheek. "Let me go!"

"No," came the whisper, "I can't."

"Let me!" She tried to lash out with a spell or fist, but nothing came. She clawed at the ground, the ends of her wrists dragging uselessly over the bricks. The sharp edges cut her arms and bright blood stained the bricks, but he kept pulling her away.

The kitchen door slammed shut, blocking her from oblivion. Merrie broke free and flung herself to the door, but she couldn't grip the handle. Her useless hands slipped off the handle. Sobbing, she pounded on the door, hoping she could somehow break it down.

"Why, why!?" she screamed.

"I can't let you kill yourself," said her grandfather.

"There is nothing! He's gone. I lost him!" Her voice was shrill against the walls.

"I can't, little one."

"Why?"

"Because I was programmed not to. Haviston cast it to make sure you could survive long enough to bond."

Merrie turned on her grandfather. "I bonded! I was happy! You know that! And I lost him to... I couldn't do enough." She slumped to the ground. "I wasn't good enough to protect him. It was my fault."

Oblivion howled silently right outside of the door.

Her grandfather knelt down next to her. He set down a bowl of tea and rested his warm hand on her back. "I know, but not this way."

"I don't deserve to live."

"Yes, you do," he said sadly.

"Let me die!"

Her grandfather shook his head. "You must survive."

Merrie's tears splashed on the floor. "I already bonded, there isn't a reason to protect me anymore."

"If you are here, then I need to protect you."

She looked up helplessly. "I don't have anyone. I'm alone."

"You have me."

Shaking her head, she pushed at him. "You are my memories and Haviston's spells, nothing else."

"You have me," he leaned forward and kissed her on the forehead. "But, no matter how bad your life becomes, I can't let you do this."

"I-I could destroy you."

He smiled. "But, you won't."

"W-What do I do?"

"Live."

"How? There is nothing left." She clutched at his leg, trying to find some comfort in the grandfather who only lived in her mind. He was warm and comforting, like a blanket that she curled underneath as a child. In a flash,

the blanket was there, draped over her body. It was the same texture and scent, the same feeling when she was a little girl, curled underneath it as a storm raged outside.

Her grandfather swept her up as a little girl and held her to his chest. "Stay as long as you want. Come back when you need. But, I will not let you go to your death. I cannot, I will not. Even if I wasn't a spell, I love you too much to let you leave."

Tears burning her eyes, Merrie looked up at her grandfather. "Will the pain ever go away?"

"No. No, it won't."

What She Needs

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The first flakes of snow drifted down on the city. They landed on the cobblestones and sparkled in the dying light. The flakes melted instantly but in a few hours they would leave a light dusting over dark brown cobblestones that made up the little road that Merrie claimed as her new home. Fortunately for her, the breeze was only a light tugging against her skin but it brought the inevitable smell of snow and rain to her numb nose.

She sat at the corner of the road, next to a stone bench. She wore her cloak around her body, but kept most of it folded underneath her to give her a small measure of comfort. The hood was hooked over her ears, protecting them from the pedestrian's sight. She quickly found out that no one wanted to see what Bass had done to her. The cloak also shielded her broken ear from the wind and the ache that came with the touch of ice against it.

Merrie held a bowl in her arms, caught between the cloth draped over her wrists. It gave the hint of being crippled without anyone actually seeing her amputated ends. In the bowl, three coins clinked gently as she rocked it back and forth. There was more money in her lap, hidden in the many pockets of the cloak. There was a delicate balance having just enough money to encourage people to drop a few more coins in and giving the impression of wealth.

Even though using telepathy ached, she kept her mind open to the people walking past her. They were heading home after a day of working, their minds already focusing on dinner, family, and the empty hopes for pleasure. Empty lives filled with dull passions and no magic. The world was a dull place, but it fit the mood she wrapped around her along with the trappings of being a beggar.

A woman caught her attention. She was thinking about her daughter struggling with her apprenticeship and trying to weigh the advantages of pulling her back home. Merrie caught a memory of a sound her daughter made, a little whimper, and made it just as the woman passed. The woman stopped with a start and looked around. Slowly, her eyes lowered down to Merrie.

Merrie looked up at her with wide eyes, filled with fear and sorrow.

It was exactly what she needed for the woman to respond. The woman pictured her own daughter in Merrie's place and a decision was made. With tears welling in her eyes, the woman dug into her pocket and dropped a handful of coins into the bowl. Behind her, a man drew his thoughts from the woman's ass and pulled out his wallet. He dropped a few coins and bills into her bowl while giving the woman a smile.

Merrie gave a thankful nod to both of them and discretely tilted the bowl into her lap. It bounced off her naked thigh, along a fold of the cloak, and slipped into a pocket. With the shadow magic in the threads of the fabric, no one would ever see the pocket until she pulled it out.

With her mind, she slipped into the woman's thoughts. Merrie gave her a little push to ease her stress and doubt before pulling back. For the man, she guided him to a woman who would be interested in his desire to fist a tight passage.

As both of them walked away, unaware that their lives had changed, they smiled to themselves. They found a small bit of peace in giving Merrie money, though they would never know it.

Merrie didn't remember the day she started touching minds as she begged, but she remembered the day she started begging. It was a bright and sunny day, but she was starving for food. Her training at the mill didn't leave her with any skills and she couldn't remember life before Bass and the others. It was just an empty void where the first almost three decades of her life started. But, then she remembered the pain of losing her master and the despair came back.

Desperate to avoid the suicidal thoughts and the strange power that came with it, she threw herself into begging. Focusing on the now and not in the past. It was easier when she just struggled from

day to day, right on the edge of starvation. As long as she didn't remember, she could just be a dog girl on the street, trying to get a bit of food and affecting lives with a feather-light touch.

Night came quickly with the beginning of winter and soon the street was empty except for the few stragglers. Merrie remained huddled against the bench and tried to encourage a few more coins from the people walking above her.

The wind seeped into her cloak, teasing the tunic she wore underneath. It felt wrong to wear clothes, but after she was first arrested for public indecency, she shrugged into the simple outfit every morning before heading to her begging spot. Fortunately, with the ache of shadows in her bones, the cold was uncomfortable but not painful. She could survive even with bare legs and arms; it also made her look more pitiful and garnered her a few more coins in her bowl.

“Hey, Ears.”

Merrie looked up at Nir, a young girl barely sixteen. She was dressed heavier than Merrie, but clutched herself as she shivered. Her breath was ragged and rasping. Her black hair clung in knots to her back and neck. It was flat with grease, matted, and knotted, but it was the price of their new lives.

Nir had only joined the streets a few months ago when she ran from her home. It didn't take long for the starvation to gnaw away at the pretty girl's body, erasing the signs of a comfortable life. Now, her ribs were sharply defined and the curves of her hips and shoulders had melted on itself and left only gaunt bones.

The teenage girl never volunteered why she ran away from home, but Merrie knew. Nir was raped at home, both by her mother and her father, but she didn't have the protection of the goddess Consent anymore. She didn't feel she had any choice, so she fled. And then she found out the world wasn't roses and milk that she envisioned. But, she didn't want to go back so she remained on the streets.

Merrie felt a kinship with the teenage girl. Nir didn't ask why Merrie was on the street either. Instead, their friendship came in the silence of their past, one forgotten and the other trying to forget, and the mutual comfort they gave of body warmth on the cold nights.

Stirring herself from her thoughts, Merrie smiled at Nir and barked. Her tail thumped underneath the cloak against her rear.

“I haven’t gotten anything for an hour. How about you?”

Merrie peered down her bowl as she cast out her senses. The weak magic rippled around as she sought out someone who would give either of them money, but there was none. She shook her head.

“Think we could head back? I’m cold.” (—and hungry.)

Merrie winced at the headache that came when she picked up the girl’s thoughts, but she understood the hunger that growled in Nir’s gut.

Nir turned away as she coughed violently. She clutched herself as she did, almost doubling over.

Merrie watched her carefully as she slipped the coins into one of her pockets. After months of practice, she was graceful in her movements. Turning to the side, she worked out a walking stick from underneath the bench. Levering it up, she set it against the bench. The stick had four loops of rope along it, spaced evenly. They were so Merrie could pull herself up and lean on the stick.

“Here, let me help,” Nir said as she walked up. She hooked an arm underneath Merrie’s and pulled her up.

Merrie groaned softly as she planted one arm on the bench and the other on Nir. Her body trembled as she stood up, balancing on the ends of her severed ankles. Pain coursed up her limbs until she could grasp her walking stick. One arm slid through the familiar rope and she leaned into it.

Nir’s hands hovered over her for a moment. “You got it?”

Merrie barked softly, blushing at the inhuman sound. She was careful not to bark when there could be someone listening. She found that it bothered people more than anything but her amputations. She adjusted her weight until she was resting on her ankles. It hurt, it always hurt, but she couldn’t crawl down the street. Not in public, not without a shade to shield her.

She felt barely alive inside. She could use some spells, but the hunger made it hard to concentrate on the more complicated spells like repulsion and domination. The only energy she had was despair, but she didn’t dare tap into that limitless power from the darkness of her soul.

The lost district still haunted her. People knew it was missing, but no one could find it. Rumors called it the Shadowed District and it choked her up every time she heard it.

Together, she and Nir walked down the street. They had to move slowly as Merrie limped along, but Nir held her for warmth and comfort. Their home was in the alley along with six other beggars. There was a baker and a cheese maker at one end of the alley and a tailor at the other end. The fourth store sold books, but Merrie was the only one who could read among the beggars.

When she first arrived, storekeepers were doing everything they could to get rid of the beggars. But, one night, Merrie felt thieves breaking into the store and had Nir grab the guards. A few weeks later, someone tried to do the same for the tailor. Now, the storekeepers begrudgingly left them alone in exchanges for an uneasy truce to watch the buildings.

The alley was nearly silent as Merrie limped inside. The others were sitting in the middle, surrounding a heating stone. The waves of heat rippled off the rock, but it only reached a meter at most. During the nights, they would all be huddled around it and wrapped in ragged blankets and remnants of fabric.

Nir called out to them as they came into the alley. Merrie did the same with little barks and woofs. The beggars responded in kind, with exhausted murmurs and yawns. One waved but then thrust his hand back underneath his shirt to regain the lost warmth.

They called Merrie “Ears” because there was no other name Merrie could give them. They all knew about her amputation, her ears, and her tails. Unlike the people on the streets, who only wanted the hint of poverty, these were the people who had no more secrets left to hide.

Nir sat down next to the heating stone, almost in the lap of an old man named Copper. “Think we have enough to get some warm food?”

“We were just hoping the same. Ratty told Threads,” Copper pointed to an older woman with shaking hands, “if we can come up with forty marks, she give us a pot of stew for all of us. We got twenty-one marks six, how about you?”

Merrie’s stomach rumbled with hunger.

Nir dug into her pocket and pulled out the change she got. Spilling it out on the ground, she counted it carefully.

The others leaned in as they held their breath, watching each coin that she picked up.

“Seven one, seven two. Damn it. I only have seven marks four. That makes....”

Copper answered first. “Twenty-nine marks even.”

As one, the beggars looked at Merrie.

“Any chance you got eleven marks, Ears?” Nir said as her stomach rumbled.

Merrie sank down to the ground, ignoring the cold. She dug into her pockets. The hidden folds spilled out marks into her lap, the clinking bringing little gasps of hope to the gathered beggars. She kept the three coins for her bowl, she needed those, but let the rest of it pile up between her legs.

“H-How much?” begged Nir as she knelt down in front of Merrie. Her hands trembled as she plucked the coins from Merrie’s thighs. One coin had rolled near Merrie’s sex and Nir’s fingers brushed against the curls of the bitch’s pubic hair as she plucked it free.

Merrie didn’t even respond to the touch. The short tunic covered her sex, but she couldn’t suffer to have anything underneath. But, she felt dead inside and the pleasure had turned to ash between her legs.

Everyone held their breath as Nir dropped each coin into the pile. “Thirty-six four. Thirty-seven four. Thirty-nine! Forty! Forty-one marks one... three... six. Forty-two marks six!”

All of them cheered.

Nir panted softly as she fingered the money, running the pitiful amount of change along her palm.

Copper stood up. “Come on, Nir, let’s run over to Ratty before she closes.”

Nir glanced down the coins. “D-Do you think we might get something sweet?” She looked up at Merrie. “It’s been two weeks.”

Merrie looked at the girl begging and nodded.

Nir swept her into a hug. “Thank you!”

Moments later, Copper and Nir were rushing down the street with Copper clinging to the money in a small bag.

“You know,” said Threads in her broken voice, “you should have saved that money for tomorrow. Never know when we’ll get enough. Some of us,” she glared at Merrie, “don’t eat garbage like fucking dogs.”

Merrie ducked her head, her one good ear pressing against her head. She knew what Threads wanted, but seeing the accusing and jealous look in Thread’s eyes broke her heart.

One of the other beggars said, “Give Ears a break, Threads. Nothing wrong with having a little sweet now and then.”

“I’m not going to starve because of her.”

“Ears brought in more money than anyone else. It is her choice if she wants to give it away.”

There was more unsaid and Merrie could feel it. She felt dread rising in her stomach. She got on her wrists and knees and crawled over to her box. It was colder away from the heating stone, but at least the old woman wasn’t looking at her accusingly.

In her box, she wrapped the cloak around her and curled up. Closing her eyes, she waited for Copper and Nir to return with dinner. She let her mind drift off in dark dreams of shadows and hunger. Her arm slipped between her legs and she passed the time by slowly stroking herself; it would be hours before she could cum, but she needed even the tiny amount of pleasure she could give herself. No matter how much she turned her back on sex and magic, she craved it constantly. Her dreams were haunted by images of submission but they grew more frantic and violent if she didn’t masturbate.

“Ears, we got food.” It was Nir, but there was a strange tone in her vice.

Merrie woke up and looked up to see the teenage girl crouching at the entrance of Merrie’s box. There was a nervous look in Nir’s blue eyes that caught her attention. Whimpering, Merrie sat up.

“Um,” Nir whispered, “there is a problem. She didn’t have a lot of food to give us...” she glanced to the side, “again. Even with the extra money.”

Merrie looked over Nir’s shoulder. They had brought a pot of stew from Ratty, but no one was eating it. Instead, they were staring into the pot with bowls in their hand.

Threads scowled as she clutched her own bowl, glaring at it and whispering obscenities under her breath. She glanced up and caught Merrie's eyes. Guiltily, she looked away.

The alley was filled with hunger and regret. All of them knew there wasn't enough food to stave off the rumbling in their guts.

Merrie sighed. She pulled the cloak out from underneath her and crawled back on her knees. Reaching up, she kissed Nir and crawled away from the heating stone and the food. Unlike the others, she could find dinner elsewhere.

"Ears," whimpered Nir softly.

Merrie didn't look back. She could hear the others watching her as she crawled down the alley. When she reached the end, the clink of bowls and stew told her that they were digging into the food. It was probably the only warm meal they would get that night.

It hurt Merrie that they were dependent on her, but she couldn't let them starve, not when she could help. She slowed down at the entrance and looked at the crates of rotted food that stood in the entrance of the alley. The collectors would come the next day, to pick up the garbage that had been gathering for a week. It stank and her stomach turned, but Merrie knew she could eat it.

Just like a dog.

Pulling a face, she headed for the bread maker's first. Using her mouth and her arm, she levered one of the crates and looked inside. The bread was moldy and crusty, except where rain had soaked into it. She grabbed it with her mouth and pulled it free, dragging it to the center of the alley. On the other side, she found some hard rinds of cheese. There was enough for food, but it was crawling with maggots.

Sitting down on the alley, she used her arm to crush the crawling larval before digging in. With every foul bite, she was thankful that Borias had taught her how to eat far worse things, and that his magic kept her healthy despite the garbage she had been eating for weeks. She couldn't tell the others, but she was safer eating rotted food and maggots than they were with the stew made by Ratty—the woman earned her nickname for a reason.

"Ears?" whispered Nir. The girl brought her bowl of stew with her. Breathing softly, she sat down next to her. "You shouldn't be eating that. Please, just have some of this." She held out the bowl.

Merrie swallowed and shook her head. She gave out a sharp bark and dug back into her dinner.

“You’re going to get sick if you eat that. It’s moldy and gross.”

Merrie closed her eyes and shook her head.

Nir set down the bowl next to her. But even as she did, her stomach grumbled with hunger.

Glancing up at her, Merrie reached out with her mind. With a little push, she forced the girl to pick up the food and start eating. As soon as Nir obeyed, Merrie returned to her own meal and ignored the headache that throbbed in her head.

Together, they ate in silence, a girl and a bitch.

Merrie was just finishing choking down her meal when one of the other beggars came scurrying up. “Ears, Nir, Copper says to come to Fifth and Fidol and hurry up. A mark is coming.”

Nir gasped and stood up, her empty bowl rattling on the ground. “This late? Who?”

“No clue, but they look rich. Come on, make yourself pretty and pathetic. Maybe we can earn breakfast.”

Merrie felt a prickle of excitement. She wiped her face clean and crawled after Nir and the others rushing down the alley. The cloak fluttered behind her as she used a bit of water to wipe her arms. At the other end, the others were already down the street.

For a brief moment, she considered stepping across to the Shadows to catch up, but even the idea sickened her more than eating maggot-filled cheese. She bore down and just suffered with crawling slowly after them.

By the time she reached the corner, everyone was set up and waiting. Nir sat on the edge of a stone bench, holding out a wooden bowl in her hands. She had her hair pulled back to show off her bright eyes. Copper was a few meters down, settling into place so it looked like he didn’t have any legs. Threads was perched on the curb with her knitted bag. She was practicing her pathetic, broken grandmother look.

Merrie crawled up to Nir and hauled herself on the bench. Nir helped her and they got her situated, cloak underneath her.

“Your ears are showing,” whispered Nir as she tugged the cloak over Merrie’s broken ear. Merrie winced at the pain but settled down.

Digging into her pocket, Merrie pulled out her bowl and waited.

Along the street, other beggars and prostitutes were already in place. It was a veritable parade of desperation. The only difference is that the prostitutes had an emblem of the Whore's Guild on their shoulders and the beggars had no guild. Not all of the whores were dressed better than the beggars, though.

Merrie sighed softly. She toyed with the bowl as she struggled with her own thoughts. Begging was the only thing she could do now. She had no home, only a grave for her master. Everything had changed with that one night and she could never go back. She felt like she had been broken and there was nothing to heal the ache in her heart.

A tear ran down her cheek as she remembered her master. She missed his presence, the playful thoughts and shifting mind. He would be doing jobs right now, sneaking in the shadows while sending dirty thoughts to her.

But, he was gone and he would never be back. Resigned to her new life, she hefted her bowl.

"I hope he's rich," whispered Nir.

"Quiet," snapped Copper.

From down the street, the clop of horse shoes rang out along the cobblestones. They were pulling a wagon of some sort and the clatter echoed along the store fronts and brought a hush to the street.

At the end of the street, noise rose up like a wave. The light from the wagon was bright and blinding. It shone along the store fronts. As the gathered beggars and prostitutes were brought into the light of the wagon, they started their cries and begging.

"Oh," squirmed Nir as she whispered to herself, "please give me money. Please, please?"

Merrie reached out with her mind, past the pain, and calmed the girl down.

Nir took a long, deep breath and sighed. "I hate this part."

"Quiet," snapped Copper as the pool of light swallowed him up.

Merrie shielded her face with her cloak. She felt exposed and vulnerable as the wagon's brightness shone on her. The heavy wagon rolled closer to them, the horses neighing as they stately moved down the empty street.

“Blessed are the gods,” groaned Nir, “it’s a thriban... in a suit. I didn’t even know they made suits for anything that large.”

Merrie jerked her head to the front of the wagon as Eolis’ gaze met with hers. The world paused in one painful moment. Her heart pounded with agony as the gaze slid past her without pausing.

Eolis jerked and snapped his head back to stare at her. His mouth open, exposing low fangs. “Merrie?”

Even though he spoke quietly, it shot across the street like an explosion.

Blind panic slammed into Merrie. He was coming to take her back to the mill. She didn’t know where the idea came from, but it overrode any coherent thought. She scrambled back from the wagon. Losing her balance, she fell off the bench and hit the walk with a thud. Her tail kinked under her weight and she let out a yelp.

Nir spun around. “Ears!”

Eolis’ voice rose above the crowd. “Merrie!”

Merrie scrambled to her knees. Whimpering, she looked around and then crawled away as fast as she could. Her cloak fluttered behind her as she tried to find some way of escaping.

There was a thump and then Eolis yelling. “Out of the way!” His voice rumbled across the street as the beggars grew silent. “Shield the wagon!” he called behind him.

Merrie glanced over her shoulder to see the thriban forcing his way past the beggars. One of beggars, an older man, tried to delve his hand into Eolis’ pocket as the thriban pass.

Eolis reached back without looking, grabbed the man’s wrist, and jerked. The sound of snapping bone shot through the crowds in a ripple of fear.

The thief screamed out in agony and fell back.

The thriban shoved people out of the way as he burst through the gathered beggars and prostitutes.

Seeing no one between her and Eolis, the panic flowed through Merrie’s veins. She let out a scream and crawled away. The fear swallowed her thoughts and she bolted into the nearest alley, racing down as fast as she could on knees and wrists.

Eolis skidded to a halt. “Merrie!”

His voice still echoed down the alley as he charged. His shoes clapped loudly on the cobblestones. With every passing heartbeat, the sounds grew louder and she grew more frantic.

She could feel him reaching out for her and she couldn't run away fast enough. Fear pounded in her veins and she felt the despair rising up, bubbling like oil inside her body. She clung to it and pulled even as she was trying to find some spell to escape.

The spell that drew across her mind was none that she had ever seen before. It didn't come from her master's mind, the core of darkness inside her, or even the lessons from her grandfather. It felt like a spell, but it wasn't. It was incomplete but somehow she knew it was everything she needed.

Desperate, she drove power through it. It shone blackly and the world slowed down. Her heart pounded in her chest as she scrambled down the cobblestones. She felt her body burning with ice that burst from her bones. It tore at her, ripping at her senses and blinding her with agony, but she had experience far worse pain and bore through it.

Frantic moments later, the pain receded and she was running. Her feet dug into the cobblestones and she found purchase. Her claws scraped along the hard surface, skittering along the smooth tops and catching on the cracks between the bricks. She surged forward, running on paws she didn't remember having. Her breath came in rapid pants, tearing through her, but she felt more solid and real than she had in a long time.

Her skin crawled with power and she saw a flash of dark fur fluttering on the edges of her vision. She felt strange, sick, and excited at the same time, but Eolis was still chasing her. Concentrating on remembering how to move, she launched herself down the alley with the wind tugging on the hairs. Her tongue felt too large for her mouth and she parted powerful jaws to let it slip out; the air was rich with scents and she wanted to stop just to taste them.

A dark pleasure filled her. It was a rush of adrenaline and the thrill of an orgasm, despite being fueled by her fear and terror. As she ran, the darkness peeled back and the alley grew as bright as day. The wisps of shadows were the only indication that it was still night.

Fueled by fear, she charged out of the alley and crossed the street. Her body as nimble and powerful. She dove underneath one man's legs and past a couple before diving into the opposing alley. Before she knew it, she had sprinted the entire length of the alley in a few second and was out the far end.

Power coursed through her veins, hot and fluid. It shifted darkly in her gut and she felt it fluttering through her heart. She never wanted to stop moving, not until she could outrun the pain and fear.

She sprinted into the next alley, but it took her a moment to realize the third one was a dead end. With a yelp, she tried to stop, but her four feet tangled themselves and she flipped over. The world exploded into stars as she slammed into the ground and skidded toward the wall that blocked the end of the alley. Cringing, she tensed for the inevitable impact.

There was a ripping sensation in her soul as she slid through the threshold between the worlds and came out in the Shadows. With the painfully familiar taste in the back of her throat came agony. It burned along her skin and throbbed in her muscles. Every pleasure she got from stepping across had been destroyed by her master's death. It burned inside her. She tried to claw at it, but it was buried in her soul and no physical touch could reach it.

Screaming out, her pain rippled through the Shadows. She stumbled over the runes to bring her across. With a blessed relief, she felt the barrier between the worlds thin. As she crossed back into reality, her transformation burned away in black mist.

She hit the ground with her naked body, the shadow cloak fluttering behind her. The impact with the icy ground tore into her skin as she flipped over twice before coming to a smoking halt in the middle of a small park. Hoarfrost dappled the grass around her, but she couldn't move as she sobbed. She never wanted to go back to the Shadows, not after her master. The ache of even a millisecond in the darkness had ripped out the wound in her soul.

Merrie craved her master too much. She wailed out as she curled into a ball, sobbing violently as the despair rose up. With the dark came the suicidal thoughts, the desire to end everything in flame and darkness. She clutched herself tighter and wished for the dead feeling she had as a beggar. She could pretend to be nothing but a helpless, cropped human on the streets. She didn't want the pain

that gnawed at her gut, whispering for her to end the world in a single spell of destruction.

“I see you bonded,” said Eolis as he stepped out from between two trees. His voice was a low growl, interrupted by the deep breaths of a man who chased her for a number of blocks.

Merrie let out a shriek. She knew he was going to take her back to the mill. She didn't know how or why, but she could never go back. She shuddered and crawled away, shaking her head.

Around her, her cloak fluttered and spread out. It moved as if it was alive but it only clung to the trees and plunged her into shadows. She could feel the barrier of the worlds growing thin, but she didn't dare cross over.

Eolis stopped, a look of confusion on his face. His dark gray skin looked like stone in the unlit park. His suit was torn and muscles were visible underneath the rents in the expensive black fabric. “What happened to you?” he asked in a low voice.

Merrie shook her head and continued to back up.

“Where is your master?”

At the memories welling up, Merrie let out a sob and crawled further away. Tears ran down her cheeks as she whined loudly. Her body shook from exertion and she slipped twice as she tried to crawl back. The wind whipped at her naked skin, seeping through the thin barrier of the shadow cloak and her torn shift.

“Did he abandon you?”

She sobbed and shook her head.

“Where is he...” realization dawn on Eolis' face. His shoulders slumped as he groaned. “He died, didn't he?”

Merrie gave a nod, trying to breath through the sobs that wracked her body.

Eolis stared at her in shock. “How are you alive? Alphas can't live beyond their master.”

She sobbed and shook her head. The tears splashed down on the ground, steaming at the icy ground beneath her. She managed to crawl into the tree line, but Eolis followed her.

Merrie tried to find the energy for a repulsion, but the brief passage through the shadows left her raw and in agony. She slumped as a wave of dizziness crashed into her. When she looked up, he was only a meter away.

“Come on, I won’t hurt you. Let me take you home, to the mill.”

Irrational fear rose up inside her. It overwhelmed her weakened willpower. She cried out and lashed out with power from her despair. Tendrils burst out of the shadows of the trees and launched themselves at Eolis.

He looked around, grunted, then jumped back just as the tendrils slammed into the ground where he was standing. His body blurred as he landed on the ground. He dragged one foot back in a fighting position. She saw something more than a thriban in a suit, she saw a fighter wearing the disguise of civilization.

Incoherent with fear, Merrie sent the tendrils speeding toward him even as more burst out from behind him. The tentacles wrapped around his arms and legs. More tentacle looped around his neck and bore down, digging into his flesh. Dozens more burst out of the shadows, the sharp points heading straight for his heart.

Eolis tore his arms free of the tentacles. He spun around with one fist swinging out.

Merrie launched the tendrils to catch him.

To her surprise, he rolled back away from the tendrils and charged after her.

She sent the tendrils after him, desperate to stop him before he got to her. She couldn’t go back, she could never return to the mill. Her scream echoed against the trees as she threw up a protective spell.

Eolis shielded his face as he jumped through the wall of mist, shattering the spell. The shards tore at his face and body, stripping cloth from his gray skin and leaving a cloud of blood behind.

And then he was on her. Powerful hands grabbed her throat and he slammed her into a tree. A branch jammed into her back; it tore her shift and broke her skin with a prick of pain.

Her cloak wrapped around his arms, moving like a snake. It continued to work its way up, turning his gray hands into darkness as it fluttered against her skin. She could feel the power in the fabric, a sense that it was like her own limb, able to move at her command. She focused on his throat and the edge of the cloak snapped out to wrap around his neck.

He leaned into her until their lips were centimeters apart, then roared at the top of his lungs.

“Stop!”

The command slammed into her mind and body. It was absolute and powerful, dominating in a way that she hadn't felt in years. A dark orgasm burst inside her, searing through her senses as it burned away the despair that fueled her magic.

Behind him, the tentacles exploded into mist and faded away. Her cloak lost its mobility and sank down, fluttering like thin fabric.

Panting, Eolis relaxed his grip around her throat. She could feel the bruises already forming. “That’s a command, bitch.” His eyes were shadowed by his frown and his body trembled as blood dripped down his arms and chest.

Merrie whimpered, ashamed at her juices dribbling down her inner thighs. She didn't want to obey, but she couldn't resist. She sobbed and slumped against him.

Eolis released his fingers and she slipped down the tree. The bark tore at her back as she collapsed at the ground at his feet.

“Beg!” His voice boomed around her and her pussy spasmed at the command.

Sobbing, she forced herself into position. Her wrists stopped at an imaginary collar, one that she hadn't worn for years. She clenched her leg muscles tightly as she stared up at him, terrified and hungry for the next command.

Eolis staggered back, then groaned. He rested a hand on his arm, but when he pulled it back, fresh blood dripped from his palm. “Fuck, you’re powerful. Thankfully, you still submit, or I’d be fighting for my life.”

Merrie opened her mouth to bark, but stopped at his glare.

“Silence,” came the command. She sobbed as she closed her mouth. It felt good to be ordered, like a drug that she forget she was addicted to.

He thumped his head against the tree. Closing his eyes, he panted for a moment. “How long ago?”

Merrie jerked at the question.

“Answer in barks. Months?”

She barked as fresh tears came out.

“Years?”

She shook her head, her body trembling. The cloak fluttered around her as a breeze tickled her naked skin.

“Damn.” He groaned and pressed his hand against his chest. “Why did you attack? Because of me?”

She shook her head.

His eyes widened. “Because of the mill?”

Fear bubbled up and she inhaled as the dark energy rose up inside her. The shadows answered and boiled with the gathering power.

Eolis looked around with widening eyes. He turned on her and bellowed out a command, “Down!” His voice rang off the trees.

Merrie hit the ground, plastering herself against the icy ground. The grass scraped against her breasts and she was ashamed to find them hard and aching.

“You don’t want to go back, do you?”

She shook her head, afraid to look up. She felt a heat burning in her pussy, the submission to his words making it hard to concentrate on anything but the growing pleasure.

“Haviston said the compulsions would wear off in a few weeks. It’s been almost three years. No way it could have lasted that long.” He muttered for moment. “Now, what was the trigger... oh, beg.”

Merrie pulled herself back into a begging position. Her breasts heaved against the cloak as she stared at the thriban commanding her. She wanted him, ached to feel him closer, but there was a terrible pain in her heart and she never wanted to feel that touch again.

“Merrie, respond as you see fit.” He cleared his throat. “Golden snake eats no silver wood.”

She didn’t remember dropping to the ground or rolling over. But the next moment, Merrie was staring up at Eolis as spasms ran through her back.

He groaned and stepped back. “Sit.”

She obeyed with a flush.

“Damn that man. That compulsion is still in place.” He groaned and then sighed. “Don’t worry, Merrie, I’m not going to take you back to the mill. You’ll never go back, okay?”

As quickly as the irrational fear rose inside her, Merrie relaxed. She panted for breath. Every muscle in her back let go and she dropped her head to the ground. She tried to pull herself up, but her shaking body refused to move. Merrie tried again and managed to

roll over on her stomach. Bracing herself on the cold earth, she pushed herself up.

Eolis rested a hand on her back. "No, stay down." He knelt on the ground in front of her. "On your stomach."

She held herself still, her body burning with agony and pleasure. It mixed together and she was confused. She wasn't sure if she should be peeing or cumming.

"I can't imagine how much pain you're in."

Merrie stared at the ground, a tremor coursing through her body. The pressure on her back increased and she let him push her to the ground. Her pussy clamped down with excitement and her tail rocked back and forth even as she remembered the agony of losing her master.

"Where you there? When he died?"

Merrie nodded, scraping her face along the ground as she moved. Fresh tears soaked the ground. She tried to push up as the despair rose inside her, but he shoved her down into the ground and the darkness crumbled.

"You are such a good girl for surviving it." His words were a stark contrast to his actions, but she found it hard to resist the pressure on her back. It sent little thrills of pleasure coursing through her spine, reminding her of her helplessness.

She tried to lift herself again, just so he would shove her back down. When he did, the feeling of her breasts being crushed to the hard ground sent a burst of ecstasy through her body. She ground her legs together as a tiny orgasm thrummed along her sex.

"You don't have... someone dominating you now, do you?"

Merrie sobbed into the ground. She opened her mouth to taste the grass and dirt as the choking sorrow crashing into her. She wanted to crawl deeper into the ground and hide.

"Anyone fucking you?"

She shook her head. She dragged her limbs along the ground, trying to find purchase but he made her helpless by one single, large hand pinning her back to the ground. She could feel the strength in his grip, the way he leaned into her. He could stop her from moving and that sent lust burning through her. She hated it, she didn't deserve it. She didn't want to feel pleasure, though it was a drug. She craved it, hungered for it, but she hated it.

His hand pushed her down harder, grinding her into the ground. The weight of his body on hers brought up a shameful flash of lust and she let out a soft, sobbing whine.

He reached over and stroked her hair with his other hand. “I can’t leave you like this. You should be dead, but... I can’t leave you like this. You are thin and starving. You smell like you need a bath.

Merrie’s good ear pressed against her head as he spoke in a low growl.

“You should be starving for orgasms, you are an alpha after all. But, there is no way you could have fought that way if you weren’t getting it from somewhere.”

She thought about the despair bubbling inside her, the pain at losing her master. The darkness still clung to her thoughts, darkening them. Pinned to the ground, the energy from lust and the sapping strength of despair warred inside her.

He said nothing for a moment. She didn’t dare look up at him.

“You’re suicidal, aren’t you?”

Merrie inhaled sharply. Her entire tensed as the world spun around her. She wasn’t expecting him to ask that.

“Angry at the world? Want to lash out?”

Tears burning in her eyes, she nodded.

“Fuck, I was hoping you wouldn’t say yes.” His thick fingers dug into her back for a moment. “I’m sorry, girl. I’m not a mage, but I’ve heard of familiars that went insane after they lost their masters. A lot of people thought they were possessed by something evil—”

Merrie whimpered and closed her eyes tightly. She thought of the Lord of Shadows and wondered if somehow he had taken over her.

“—but I remember reading that it wasn’t anything other than their own power. That darkness you attacked me with is your power turning on itself. You gain your energy by submission and, well, orgasms.”

His voice was a low grumble and she could feel it vibrating through her back. It sent little thrills through her body and she shifted just to enjoy him driving her hard against the ground.

“But since you bonded, that energy has to go somewhere.” Eolis groaned. “Damn, I wish I understood magic better. I guess that power has to go somewhere. When I get anxious, I have to work out to get it out of my system. Bass uses his combat spells and Tabitha

hunts things down. We all have to use our power or it rots inside us. For you, you need to submit and fuck.”

She shivered at the low voice. She thought about how she kept back the despair, by giving her the smallest amount of pleasure to stave off the darkness. Then, she remembered how she made an entire district disappear. If that was her own power, how powerful was she?

He breathed slowly but he said nothing.

Merrie squirmed but Eolis pinned her back down with his hand.

“First things first. You need to come.”

She squirmed, trying to pull away. A whine rose in her throat as she shook her head.

“I don’t care, Merrie. You are an alpha and that means you need to come.”

Her arms dug into the ground as she shook violently. A cry rose from her throat and she shook her head. Fresh tears ran down her cheeks. She didn’t want pleasure. She wanted to just live in the now, a nothing life that she couldn’t end.

“I’m not going to take no for an answer.”

She cried out, squirming under his touch. When he pushed her down, she ground her face into the grass and breathed in the scent. It felt good to be pinned, it pushed the despair and sorrow away. Her body was slick with excitement and she could feel it dripping off her pussy lips.

Eolis lifted his hand from her, the warmth of his palm leaving an imprint for a moment before the cold erased it. “I don’t even like women, so this is going to be difficult enough to get hard. But, you need this and I owe it to the Mill.”

She didn’t move. His words were confusing but she could feel something rising in the air. It was an anticipation, a thrill, a fear. She looked up as Eolis stood up. When he began to unbuckle his pants, the breath caught in her throat.

“I’m going to fuck you, Merrie.”

She shook her head, mouthing the word “no.”

He shook his head as he spread open the fabric to reveal black silk boxers. “There is nothing you can do about it. As soon as I strip down, I’m going to grab you and slam you into that tree,” he gestured to a thick, rough tree with his chin. “And then I’m going to

ram my cock into your ass until you scream. I'm going to see if I can shove it hard enough that you feel it in your throat."

Liquid heat filled her, an inferno igniting into a hot flare of lust. She wanted to run and crawl away just to make him chase her. She could think of a thousand ways to fight back, to prolong it, but there was something in the way the thriban spoke that told her it was inevitable. There was no escape from his quiet, measured words.

Her lips parted as she watched him.

He peeled down his expensive suit pants and underwear. As he stepped out of them, she saw his thick cock. It was long but relatively narrow for a thriban, about the girth of her wrist. It hung limply from his body, obscuring the sight of two large shaved balls the size of a grapefruit. His legs were powerful and muscular, scarred with cut marks and callouses. Eolis' right knee was darker than the rest of his body, as if it was from a different leg. He worked the buttons of his jacket. Shrugging it off, he carefully folded it and set it down on the ground.

She couldn't bear the idea of coming, not without her master, but she couldn't escape. The transformation spell welled up in her mind, but the anticipation was ruining the darkness she needed to fuel it. She needed to be punished, to be dominated, and there was a man about to do that.

Before she could sort out her own internal battle, Eolis was naked. A broad-shouldered thriban standing over her, ready to fuck her. He was nearly hairless around his cock, but the rest of him was covered in a thick mat of black and gray. His hands were large as he closed them, one finger at a time.

She trembled with anticipation, remembering how the fingers felt around her neck. It terrified her, but also brought a hungry pleasure.

He reached down for her. She cringed but couldn't dodge as he grabbed her by her hair. Wrapping it over around in his palm, he hauled her up.

Merrie almost came at the little prick of pain. Her arms flailed in the air. She knew where he was going to shove her, but the ferocity that he threw her into the tree surprised her. She landed face-first into the trunk, the impact crushing her breasts and sending a shock of pain coursing through her senses.

She stared to fall back and her shift caught on a short branch, tearing open from her weight. But, before she could land on the ground, he slammed her against the tree again, this time pinning her with his large body. The sharp edges of the bark mixing in with the cold was a painful contrast to the hot body he pressed against her back.

“You,” he growled in her ear, “were a bad girl.”

Merrie cried out, losing herself in the pleasure and pain. She tried to find purchase on the tree with her legs, but it just scraped down. She pushed back just as the half hard cock pressed against her ass.

She froze, her body trembling, as she felt the thick head work around her tail. It was a large, rounded head. Unlike Bass, it wasn't dripping with excitement. The friction of him aiming his cock for her asshole brought tremors of anticipation for the pain coursing through her veins, it sang to her and she sobbed with the need and fear.

Eolis lodged his head against her hole and shoved. Her asshole resisted the intrusion, the friction building up, but he just rocked back and shoved it back in. His breath was hot against her broken ear as he ground into her, forcing his cock against the opening.

Pressure built into a crescendo of pain and pleasure. She fought with every muscle, but hungered for the moment he would tear into her. Her body grew hot as the energy bubbled inside her, burning away the despair.

Merrie clutched at the tree, dragging her arms along the sharp edges. She was pinned to the trunk, crushed by Eolis' weight as he continued to force his cock against her tiny hole.

With a shudder, he ripped into her. It was only an inch, but the agony was an intense brand against her nerves. She cried out and tried to escape, but there was none. Her body shuddered with pain even as she tried to push back.

Eolis grunted as he forced more of himself into her ass, stretching it open. The cock head swelled as he worked his way deeper, a small measure of precum the only lubrication.

The thriban was larger than her master had ever been, thicker than even Tamin. It was painful and pleasurable, the agony of being torn open sent fluttering across her body.

Eolis relented and eased out.

Merrie whimpered for it.

He shoved it back into her, forcing it deeper. Her sphincter fought the intrusion but his strength stretched it wide. It kept a tight grip on his cock as the head burrowed deeper. Merrie didn't know if she could take any more when suddenly the cock slipped inside and her anal ring clamped down over his glans, trapping them inside.

With another grunt, he began to fuck her. It quickly grew slicker with precum and, Merrie guessed blood, but the strokes were overwhelming her thoughts. She pawed at the tree, crying out as he drove centimeter after centimeter into her ass. He was tearing her open and she could only beg for more like a common animal.

Lost in a world of pleasure and pain, Merrie was surprised when she felt his balls forcing her legs apart. The burning length of his cock was inside her, tearing her open from the inside but filling her with the silken hardness of a cock. She opened her eyes and stared at the shadowed tree above her. It felt right to be impaled by a cock.

Eolis shoved her face back into the tree and began to pound into her, taking quarter-meter thrusts into her ass. Wet slurping filled the air as he plunged deep into her, stretching out her asshole, before pulling almost completely out. His hips slammed into her ass, crushing her tail between their bodies, before levering out.

She was helpless to his assault, her body pinned between man and tree. She whined and cried out, begging for more as he slammed her body repeatedly against the harsh, unforgiving trunk. Every thrust came a burst of pain and she came from the intensity. Her body was thrumming and burning. She was alive.

He kept pounding her, driving deep. It kept going on, thrust after thrust. He was relentless as he drove her into the tree, bruising her body with every stroke. When he started to slow, he took longer strokes that completely filled and left her. He yanked his cock out and slammed it back in, loosening the ring until he could bury every millimeter of his thick cock into her ass.

She didn't know how long he fucked her, but he didn't come. He pulled out and stepped away from her. No longer being held up, Merrie tumbled back with a shriek. Her shift ripped from her body, leaving her naked to the cold air. She hit the ground and sprawled

out, her body trembling from the orgasms that burned across her senses. She kept coming, staring up at the dripping cock that had dominated her.

But he hadn't come.

Merrie whimpered as her body settled down. She felt an order come and was already rolling into a begging position.

"Beg."

She opened her mouth and stared up into his eyes.

Eolis looked away but shoved his length toward her mouth. It was stained with blood and the haze of her juices.

Merrie took it in and swallowed the length. The coppery taste was nothing compared to what she had been eating. She took as much as she could and bobbed up on it. Taking a deep breath, she forced herself further down.

With the intimate touch and the burn of telepathy, she could feel Eolis holding back. He didn't want her. He didn't find her attractive either, but he was doing what needed to be done. He needed to make her submit.

She smiled around his cock. Easing her thoughts through her pain and his shields, she found what he wanted. With a little twist, she projected the idea of a young man on his knees in front of him.

Eolis' cock grew hard almost instantly. He inhaled and gripped her head.

(Fuck me, sir,) she projected in the voice of the young man who traveled with Eolis, Zeob.

The fingers tightened and Eolis began to drive into her. His cock battered the back of her throat, choking her.

She needed more. (Harder! Please, hurt me!)

Eolis groaned and grabbed her hair with both hands. He slammed into her face, tearing his cock into her throat. She felt it ripping her inside, but with the pain came pleasure and she came.

She begged with her mind, driving Eolis to fuck her face until precum soaked her face and she could feel his cock plunging deep into her throat. It hurt, but it was also ecstasy, an agonizing drug of submission. She couldn't cry out, she couldn't whimper. The only thing she could do was be a hole for him to mindlessly fuck.

He pounded her hard, almost breaking her nose. His cock swelled in her throat and he rammed it home. The burn of asphyxiation

burned her lungs as he let out a guttural groan and pumped hot cum into her belly.

It was the first hot meal she had in months and Merrie swooned.

Panting, Eolis held it there for a long count before pulling out. He was still spurting and it coated the back of her throat with musky, thick cum. He stopped with his head in her mouth, letting the last few jets pool on her tongue before pulling out.

Stumbling back, he stared at her. "Damn, that's a first."

Merrie gulped at the cum, shivering with pleasure as it rolled down her throat. She had cum so many times, she couldn't count. The hoarfrost on the ground below her had melted from the hot juices dribbling down her thighs. Her ass burned from his rough penetration. The little cuts and scrapes along her breasts, stomach, and thighs burned.

But she felt more alive than ever. She panted softly and she let her tail wag back and forth. With a regretful smile, she pulled herself into a begging position and waited.

Eolis picked up his shirt and began to dress. "How do you feel?"

Merrie cocked her head, trying to pick through the storm of emotions inside her. She was brimming with excitement and lust. The orgasms still burning inside her, filling her with the sweet rush of submission and pleasure.

But, even with all the pleasure, the burning hole in her heart was still there. It bore down on her, a weight she could never escape. But, the sharp edges had faded just a little. She could almost bear thinking about him, even though the emptiness faded the pleasure.

Eolis sighed. "That's what I thought." He finished buttoning up his suit pants. He straightened his jacket with a snap. "It still hurts, doesn't it? That pain in you?"

Merrie whimpered and let her ear droop.

"I was afraid of that." He crouched in front of her and held out his hand.

She rested her cheek in his warm palm.

"Good girl," he whispered and she trembled. "I wish I could do more, but I have no authority here without the count. And... and my duties won't let me bring you along. But, I..." he started to say something.

She tensed as she felt he was going to suggest she go back to the mill.

Eolis clamped his mouth shut and swallowed before he continued, "I need to do a few things and I have to work around my obligations. Do you think you can survive here, in Franome City? Until summer?"

Merrie let out a soft gasp of relief. For a moment, she was worried he was going to drag her back to Bass. She barked and wagged her tail.

"Good girl," he said sadly. He dug into his pocket and pulled out something but he kept it hidden his palm. He returned to Merrie and knelt down in front of her.

She looked up at him, her breath catching in her throat.

"Until then, I have an order for you. Do you think you can obey?"

Her heartbeat quickened.

"You are not to go two days without getting fucked. I don't care if you pay for it or join the Whore's Guild, but you—" he wrapped his hand around her neck. The touch was light but the threat clear.

She grew hotter as she stared at him.

"—you will get your mouth, ass, or cunt fucked every other day, do you understand? You are a bitch and don't you dare ever get this weak again. That darkness? That is you breaking my command and I will punish you for that."

Her tail wagged back and forth. She quivered under his touch, waiting for him to clamp down or to push her back.

But, Eolis's voice lowered into a growl. "I will take you to back the mill. No questions, no begging. I will send you back if you don't get fucked ever other day."

She whimpered.

"Do you understand? Every other day."

Merrie barked softly, trembling with fear and anticipation.

"And do you know the message boards at mid-town?" He mentioned a square in the center of town. It was filled with large platforms that people posted messages to each other.

At her nod, he stroked her cheek with his thumb. "I come back twice a year, on the first of winter and first of summer. I'll post a message on the lower right of the obsidian board. I will leave it to..."

The Lost Alpha.” His eyes glistened in the dim light. “Just... obey, okay? Obey until I can get some help.”

Merrie whimpered and barked softly, her voice barely audible.

Eolis stood up slowly. He glanced down and she saw pain and frustration in his eyes, a sadness that was a mirror of her own. Something was tearing him in half but she didn't know what. “Be safe, girl. I'll be back, but I cannot stay.”

Merrie barked again and then watched as he walked away. She started forward, but paper crinkled underneath her leg. Looking down, she saw that Eolis had somehow left some money underneath her wrist. Pulling back, she stared in shock. It was over five hundred marks and she knew it was every bit of money he had in his pocket.

t'Sade

Job Interview

58

Merrie shivered as she leaned against her walking stick, using the gnarled wood to keep her balance. Her weight bore down on her ankles, grinding the smooth ends into the brick walk below her. As she tried to adjust her position to lessen the sharp pains ran up her thighs and buttocks. She wanted to drop to her knees and crawl, but she didn't have the energy for a shade spell and she wasn't sure how it would be taken when she crossed the street for the Whore's Guild.

The guild was not what she expected. She thought it would be a rickety building with a steady stream of whores and prostitutes streaming in and out. But, the building was a three-story with tasteful relief statues of men and women dancing. She didn't see a single image of a naked body or fucking anywhere on the front.

There were four double doors leading inside. All four of them were open and the sounds of merriment drifted out. There were people milling outside, many of them half-dressed but they were laughing and talking with each other as friends.

Above the doors and worn on each of the people was the seal of the Whore's Guild. It was simple, a silhouette of a woman dancing, but the implementation varied greatly. Some wore it as a disk attached to their clothes while one woman had it tattooed to her back.

Merrie watched the building warily. She could feel emotions rolling off the building. It glowed with the swirl of emotions that had sunk into the very foundation, but the strongest sensation was raw sexuality. A million orgasms had left their mark on the building and she ached to be surrounded by it.

But, she only saw prostitutes. No one was negotiating deals and none being tugged to private room. Even though there was a dizzying array of outfits and exotic appearances, it felt like no one was actually fucking.

A cold wind blew down the street, kicking up a few flakes of snow and rippling along the leaves that littered the gutters. It seeped in through the gaps of her cloak and tugged at the thin shift underneath. Merrie shivered at the sensation, but couldn't tear her eyes away from the guild.

Her cloak, on the other hand, slid along her body and wrapped around the gaps, sealing off the wind and protecting her from the breeze. Ever since the night with Eolis, almost two days ago, the cloak had gained a strange animation that she had never seen, not even in her master's memories. It moved for her as if it was part of her, like her tail and ears. It wasn't strong enough to pick up anything, but it draped and tickled her body as it shifted along her body.

It wasn't intelligent, that much she was sure, but she couldn't identify the spells woven into the cloth. They were complicated and powerful, formed for the calligraphic powers of the Shadows instead of the crystalline runes of psychic powers.

Merrie pulled her thoughts way from the cloak and back to the building before her. She was terrified of the guild. Beyond the doors, she would meet strangers who may not understand her silence, her amputations, or even the pain that gnawed at her heart. She was afraid of being rejected.

But, more importantly, she was afraid that she would love it. She was terrified of letting herself go and enjoying the pleasure. She craved orgasms more than food or drink. She wanted to cum, wanted to feel that rush of dark pleasure and the thump of her heartbeat.

Two days had passed as she struggled with her desire and despair. It was impossible to keep her mind clear. The memories of the orgasm had ignited the flames inside her. She had hoped they would die down to simple embers like before, but Eolis had stoked her too far and she was already craving another.

When she tried harder to forget the pleasure, the pain in her heart shoved her down into the darkness that lurked in her heart.

The suicidal thoughts came with the darkness and she felt it choking her.

The only way to break out of the darkness was pleasure. For the first time in months, she brought herself to a shallow orgasm in the corner of her box. She came and hated every minute of it. In the afterglow, she sobbed at her own weakness and tried to find the blessed blandness that she managed to get at a beggar.

But, two days later, she was still being thrown from despair to desire, bouncing back and forth with terrifying speed. Only twenty minutes ago, she was considering suicide once again, despite knowing that her grandfather would never allow it. But, the clarity she could picture slicing her throat was too much. She had to do something.

And now she stood outside the guild, torn by guilt and fear. She shivered and clutched the walking stick tighter. She stared at the guild, doubting herself.

Closing her eyes, she forced herself to take a step. The weight on her ankle tore through her senses, adding to her pain, but she shifted the walking stick and took another step. She had to move forward, not only to obey Eolis but it was the only way to keep the despair from destroying her from the inside.

Tears ran down her face as she made her way across the cobblestones. The icy surface was slick. Wagons and carriages rushed past her, moving as if she was shaded and hidden from sight.

On the far side, she made her way to the nearest door. With one shaking arm, she reached for the door. She kept her arm underneath her cloak but she couldn't lever it into the handle to get purchase.

A slender hand reached out and grabbed the door. "Here you go, honey." It was a man with a soft, feminine voice. She turned to look at him as he opened the door, then gaping in surprise. He wore nothing but a thong and boots. The rest of his body was hairless including the top of his head. His guild symbol was attached to his thong, but otherwise he was flawless. She glanced down and noticed that he was very well hung, with his cock filling his thong like a large snake.

Merrie blushed and ducked into her cloak, keeping her face hidden as she nodded in thanks.

He didn't seem perturbed by her behavior as he turned to talk to a woman wearing a black cat suit crossed with leather straps. Merrie held herself still as she listened to them continue their conversation of binding techniques. The woman was talking about a type of knot and how it would feel against the man's body. As she went into graphic detail, she trailed her finger along his hairless chest to make the point.

Merrie grew hotter as she listened. She could picture herself in the positions the woman was describing, helpless to resist anything. She felt more afraid as the craving filled her. A soft little whine escaped her lips and both of them looked at her curiously.

Blushing hotly, she fled into the guild, limping as fast as she could. Her breath came hard as she stumbled into the guild. She had never been in any guild house, but she expected to see long lines of tables and people drinking away their sorrows. Maybe a dark cloud like the one that burned inside her heart. Instead, it was a richly appointed great hall with comfortable-looking couches, ottomans, and plants everywhere. The back wall was dominated by a large bar with thousands of bottles, buffets with delicious-looking food, and even tables with almost every drug she could imagine.

But, the smell is what caught her. It was an intoxicating mixture of sex, pussy, and cock. Flowery and wooden incenses added to the swirl of scents. She froze and breathed in, shivering as she was overwhelmed by the intensity. Her body tingled from the smells and memories it brought.

The sound of a hand cracking against an ass drew her attention away from the smells. She looked around until she found the source. Three people were having a spanking contest using a woman bent over an ottoman. The woman was trying to drink from a glass as they cracked their palms against her bare ass, but each smack and her own giggling made it difficult for her to bring the rim to her lips. Her eyes were dark as she looked over her glass at the far end of the room.

The spanked woman wore a black and blue corset and matching stocking. The corset was an open cup, leaving her breasts bare to the air. The stocks rose up to her perfect thighs and contrasted with the red prints growing on her ass.

Merrie stared at her with longing. She wanted to be on the ottoman, laughing with people. She had only been there for a few moments, but she was inundated by the desire to be part of it. Her stomach clenched with despair but she forced herself to remain inside. She had to do this, not only for Eolis but for herself. She had to pull herself from the darkness that was beginning to stain her thoughts.

Someone started into the guild from behind her and Merrie limped forward. The rope of her walking stick dug into her arm as she leaned into it, raising her head to stare up at the ceiling. It was a beautiful painting of an orgy. The detail was incredible, from the individual veins on hard cocks, folds on pussies, and even the small hair on the countless naked limbs. She couldn't even begin to count the number of humans, thribans, and silfae spread out across the massive ceiling.

"Excuse me," said a gruff-sounding man.

Merrie slumped as she turned around, grabbing the stick to pull herself up.

The man was the same height as herself, but where she had lost her feet, he was standing straight up. He was powerfully build, with visible muscles underneath the thick mat of reddish-black hair. He wore a pair of scorched jeans and the smell of burning fabric surrounded him. Around his body, ripples of power rose up and she felt a fire spell surrounding him. "You looking for a whore? You can't get one here, old lady. Go back to the streets and look for us out there. This is our place, not yours."

Merrie shook her head sharply. She clutched her stick and looked around to see if anyone else was looking. Outside the door, the woman who talked about knots watched her curiously. Next to her, the hairless man glared at the man standing in front of Merrie.

She turned back to the man confronting her and shook her head again.

"Well, get out of here. We aren't interested in gawkers either."

Merrie cringed and nodded. She clutched her walking stick with her arm. Hanging her head low, she turned and limped out of the guild.

The man in the thong stood in front of her. He whispered as he rested a hand on her arm, "Hey, where are you going?"

Merrie looked up, surprised. He was staring at her with intense blue eyes, searching her face. She peeked back at the guild to where the other man was blocking the entrance before turning back.

The man behind her spoke up. "She's leaving, Barrel."

Merrie made a double-take at the young man. He didn't look like a Barrel. If anything, he was slender and delicate, a hairless man who spoke of being tied down.

He grinned. "I like to be tied to barrels. Well, bent over them."

Merrie opened her mouth in surprise and her heart thumped with desire.

Barrel leaned into her, his face almost breaking into the shadow of her cloak. "It's you, right?"

Merrie whimpered.

"You have ears?" he whispered, "And a tail?"

Surprised at his question, she gave a tiny nod. She felt scared at the accuracy and she double-checked that her cloak was covering her. Not even a single flash of bare skin could be seen through the shifting black cloth.

Barrel lifted his attention to the other man. "Come on, Scorch, let her in."

"She ain't guild, boy."

Barrel guided Merrie around. "Maybe, but she's coming inside."

"Over my dead—"

"Excuse me," interrupted the woman wearing the cat suit. She stepped in front of Barrel. "If my brother says she's coming in, then she's coming in."

Scorch took a deep sigh. "Pristine, I don't care if you and Barrel get on your knees and suck my dick. She doesn't belong here."

Pristine opened her mouth to say something, but a new voice interrupted them.

"And why are we having drama at the entrance?" It was the woman who was on the ottoman. She had a fresh glass in her hand as she strolled up. She was rubbing her spanked ass but there was a smile on her dark lips.

Merrie took in the sight of her and jealousy rose up inside her. The woman was beautiful with large breasts that begged to be stroked. Each mound was tipped with hard nipples surrounded by crinkled flesh. Merrie felt a hunger for her, a desire to bury herself

into the woman's cleavage and suck on the nipples until one of them came. Gulping, Merrie trailed her gaze down, following the smooth line of her belly down to her wide hips.

When Merrie realized the woman had a cock, she stopped in surprise. It was huge against the woman's slender form. It looked to be about twenty centimeters long but it was still soft. Behind it, two balls hung tight against her legs, each one the size of apples.

Seeing it, Merrie wanted nothing else but to suck on it to make it hard, to feel it stuffing into her throat or buried into her ass. She whimpered softly as her eyes moved from breasts to cock to throat and back again. Everything about the woman drew her attention. She had to fight the desire to drop to her knees and beg.

Realizing she was staring, she jerked her head up to the woman as her pussy clenched with need. Hot dribbles ran down her thighs and she pressed one wrist against her belly to quell the fluttering she felt.

Scorch gestured sharply to Merrie. "Barrel and Pristine want her in."

"So?" asked the woman with a cock.

"Guild Mistress Kirin," said Barrel, "please? She's the Bitch."

Merrie jerked at the name. She tore her eyes away from Kirin and turned to the slender man, her mouth dropping with surprise. She stared at him in shock, unable to comprehend how he knew that she was a bitch. The world spun around her and she clutched her walking stick to remain balanced.

Pristine turned to her brother. "Barrel? What are you talking about?"

"No," Barrel gestured to Merrie with his chin, "I know it's her. I've seen her before."

Scorch snorted. "Why is she covering herself? Is she ugly or something? She smells like she rolled in garbage." He sniffed. "Or slept in it."

"No," Barrel said, "she's beautiful. She has blonde hair and ears and a tail... and... and," his voice cracked, "she's beautiful."

Everyone was staring at him. He shook his head and sniffed loudly. With a trembling hand, he reached out for Merrie. She flinched but he wrapped his hand around the end of her wrist without hesitation.

She glanced down at his hand, then back up at him with surprise. She didn't know what to do.

"Oh," Scorch groaned, "fuck this bullshit. Just kick out the hag—"

Barrel turned on him. "She isn't a—"

"Silence!" yelled Kirin. When everyone grew quiet, she turned to Barrel. "What are you talking about? Do you know her?"

Barrel nodded, but then shook his head. "Yes, no. I know who she is, but I didn't think she was real..." he toed the ground, "until tonight." He looked up. "Please, Kirin, ask Elf. He saw her too."

Kirin inspected Barrel for a moment, her almost black eyes searching his face. She sighed before looking over her shoulder. "Elf, get your ass here!"

"Coming, mistress!" came a high-pitched squeal. A moment later, a man with a large gut came rushing out of the crowds. He wore nothing but a pair of strap-on fairy wings. He was covered in short hairs and he was balding. He had laugh lines across his face and he was grinning from ear to ear as he bounded across the room. He stopped next to Kirin and looked up at her, like a puppy himself.

Kirin turned to Barrel. "Well? Ask him."

Barrel turned to Merrie. He reached up for Merrie's cloak.

She flinched back, frightened to be exposed.

"No, no," whispered Barrel, "I promise I won't hurt you. Just a little. Let Elf see, okay? He'll convince Kirin."

Merrie held herself still as Barrel reached in and hooked his fingers on her cloak. She held her breath as he pushed it over her ears and let it roll off her back.

The light was painfully bright and she flinched at the brightness. Her eyes blurred and she blinked twice to clear them. Hesitantly, she scanned the room to see half a hundred people staring at her in curiosity. She continued to look around until she caught Elf's gaze.

Elf was staring at her in shock, his eyes bright with unshed tears. He had brilliant green eyes, the color of summer-kissed grass. But, they were shimmering with tears as he stared at her. She could feel his emotions burning inside him, a mixture of awe and lust. There was recognition radiating from him. He knew her, more than anyone but her master, but Merrie had never met him or Barrel before.

Merrie didn't want to pull away from the raw, unfiltered emotion.

Kirin's voice drifted through her attention. "Elf?"

"It's..." whispered Elf, "it's the dog girl."

"Obviously," muttered Scorch. He was scowling at Merrie's ears.

"No," Elf shook her head, "She made me cum. I wasn't suppose to and I couldn't help it. She was coming and coming and I-I," he took in a long breath, "I love her."

Scorch said, "Really, did you two practice this?"

"Scorch," said Kirin as she smacked him on the head, "shut the fuck up and go away. You..." No one said anything for a moment, but Merrie couldn't take her eyes away from Elf's brilliant gaze.

Kirin sighed and stepped in front of Elf, breaking their attention. She looked Merrie with a half-smile on her lips. "You, stay."

Merrie's pussy clenched at the command, her body tensing with anticipation.

Kirin turned to Elf and the smile dropped. "Elfie, who is she?"

"She's the dog girl. The Bitch. I saw her... I saw her in my head and she made me cum." He pouted. "And then I got punished. Thirty-one paddles for being a bad boy. I was bad, but she made me."

Merrie let out a soft whine. She looked back and forth between Elf and Barrel. She finally realized what had happened. When she came strong enough to feel others in the city, they were part of it. They were submissives, just like herself.

They were looking at her and they remembered her, just like the bitches at the mill. She had been in their minds and they could never forget her. Looking at them, she felt naked despite being wrapped in her master's cloak. She clutched at her stick and held her breath as she waited for Kirin's response.

Kirin took a delicate drink from her wine. Her eyes were bright blue, almost glowing. She smiled and looked over Merrie from top to bottom. "So, Bitch, why are you here?"

Merrie glanced down at Kirin's cock and realize it had grown as the woman looked at her. It was even thicker and longer, hanging almost half a meter and past her knees. Merrie's pussy clenched with the idea of being impaled on it.

Barrel, his hand still on her arm, gave her a comforting squeeze.

Keeping her arm wrapped in the cloak, she gestured to the guild seal between Kirin's breast. Then she pointed to the same symbol on Barrel's thong.

Pristine inhaled sharply. "What's wrong with her hand? It looks _"

"She's been cropped," said Kirin in a soft voice. "You're from Blood County, aren't you?"

Merrie flinched but gave a soft bark.

"C-Cropped?" asked Pristine. "You mean, she doesn't have any hands?"

Kirin was watching Merrie. "Or feet, I'm guessing from that walking stick. Though I've never seen a cropped bitch on her feet like that before."

"Oh, Talus," Pristine called on the god of sex, "who would do that?"

Barrel stroked Merrie's arm. "It's okay," he whispered, "no one will hurt you here."

Elf looked at her with bright eyes. "Mistress? Do you still need me? I need to go back."

"Thank you, Elfie."

Elf kissed Kirin on the hand and bounded back toward a card game played on two naked people tied to a table. One of the players had his cards wedged in the ass crack of one of the bound people. Elf dropped to his knees next to another player and picked up the glass. With a high-pitched giggle, he rolled over and placed it on his large belly.

Kirin said, "Pristine. Get Monk and send him up to my room. Barrel, I'll talk to you later."

Barrel whimpered but bowed. He leaned into Merrie and kissed her on the cheek before heading after his sister.

Merrie touched the place he kissed, surprised and stunned.

"Come on, Bitch, follow me." Kirin stepped back to gesture down one of the aisles toward a large double staircase in the back wall. It spread up into the second floor and continued up to the third.

Merrie nodded nervously. After years of never leaving her master's home and only being around two other people, the attention was uncomfortable. Even as a beggar, she was invisible to everyone. But, in the guild, where everyone was vying for attention,

she stood out by being unremarkable. She glanced down to where the shadow cloak had wrapped around her body, clinging to her curves and giving a hint to her near nakedness underneath. No, she was just as remarkable as the rest of them.

Kirin strode forward, heading for the stairs.

Merrie leaned into her stick and followed, the end tapping on the ground as she limped forward.

At the stairs, Kirin looked over her shoulder. "Crawl if you want."

Around Merrie, people grew quiet and the attention grew more focused. It sent off the hairs on the back of her neck, reminding her that everyone was staring at her and no one else. She was the center of attention. A couple at the bar were watching through glasses of green liquid. The entire card game had stopped and they were watching her. Elf's eyes were the most intense, passionate and in love but scared at the same time. There was no anger around her, but she felt naked and exposed.

With the flush of humiliation growing, she lowered herself to her knees. Her cloak flowed around her, moving like the shadows. Transferring the stick to her mouth, she slipped her arm out from the rope holding her in place. Her cloak moved as if it was alive, wrapping around her bare skin and adhering to her like a silk negligee.

On her knees, she felt more comfortable. It was her position in the world, below others. The fear was pushed back by a heat pulsing inside her. On the ground, she was a bitch and everything was right. She could feel the lust rising up from the guild members around her. It beat against her shields and warmed her with the heat of people imagining fucking her, touching her, stroking her. She wanted to roll over and beg them to take her, to use her the way she craved ever since Eolis awoken her own lusts.

Kirin turned and headed up the stairs. Her hips swayed with her movement as did the half-hard cock between her legs. From behind, Merrie noticed that the woman also had a pussy hidden between her balls. The shaved lips were slick and glistening. Merrie tried to reach out with her mind, to get an idea of what Kirin had in mind, but she was rebuked by a powerful mental shield that gracefully pushed her aside.

"Come on, Bitch."

Merrie followed like an obedient dog. The stairs were thickly padded but silky underneath her knees. She braced herself on each step as she followed after the woman, the walking stick bobbing in her mouth. Around her, the black cloak flowed along the steps and she was moving in a pool of darkness. She could almost imagine what it looked like and it brought a smile to her lips.

They reached the second floor but Kirin continued ahead. The mistress didn't look back as she continued to sway up the stairs. Her body moved with a grace that stole Merrie's heart away. Kirin drew Merrie's attention and it took all of Merrie's willpower to not rush up and lap at the glistening sex she saw.

At the third floor, Kirin lead her down a short hallway to a room that had to be their destination. It didn't have a door, just an arch. On the side of the arch was a hook with numbers hanging from it. On one side, a four meter tall cock made out of obsidian reached clear to the ceiling. On the other side, a white marble pussy matched its height and girth. Merrie could feel power filling the statues, complicated spells of protection and defense. She shivered as she crossed the threshold of Kirin's room.

One wall was covered in mirrors with handles for closet doors. She knew there would be thousands of outfits behind the mirrors. In the center was a bed large enough for twenty. There was also some tables, some covered in papers and others with sex toys. On the far side, Merrie spotted a tub larger than the box she slept in.

Right inside the arch, there were five large golden rings embedded in the floor. Each one was large enough for someone to stand in or, Merrie felt a flush of excitement, for a bitch to kneel in.

The guild mistress pointed to one of the rings. "Kneel there." No please, no request. Just a casual order and the expectation that she would be obeyed.

Merrie's pussy clenched with anticipation. She crawled along the ground and settled into the ring. The stone was cool against her skin, but quickly warmed as she pulled herself into a begging position. Her wrists ran along her breasts until she rested the tips against her throat.

The shadow cloak swirled around her, then pooled out to fill the ring, leaving only a millimeter ring of exposed marble between the animated darkness and the golden ring.

Kirin didn't look back until she reached her table, but when she looked back, she made a double-take. Turning to face her, she stared down at the perfect circle of darkness filling the ring. Then, she gave a little laugh. "Wasn't expecting that. So, you want to join the guild? As a whore, right?"

Merrie barked.

"You can't..." Something dawned across her face. "You can't talk, can you?"

Her good ear folding against her head, Merrie shook her head. Her breath was coming faster as she stared at the guild mistress. It was hard to see Kirin as only female, not with a half-hard cock that would put a horse to shame. She wanted to bury her face in it, just to smell and taste it.

"Lose the stick and cloak, let me see what you have."

Merrie balked. She didn't care about the walking stick and let it drop from her mouth. It hit the ground with a clatter. But, the cloak responded to her own thoughts, boiling up around her like little flames of shadows. Merrie caught sight of it and was reminded of how her master died, his body burning away. It brought a surge of despair rising in her throat.

The shadows in the room grew dark and hard-edged, the first sign of the Shadows coming through. Panicked, Merrie shook her head and pawed at the cloak, trying to rip it off before it reminded her any more of that terrible night.

The fabric clung to her arms as she tried to find the clasp or anything. It took her a moment to realize that she didn't wear one. It used to be held by a string, but that had snapped when the cloak began to animate. Frantic, she focused her concentration on the cloak and pushed away.

The cloak surged away from her, dwindling into a single tendril. It peeled off her body, tickling her skin and scraping against her senses. Moving like a snake, it launched itself into the shadows underneath one of the tables and disappeared from sight.

Kirin casually set her feet back on the ground from where she had crawled up on the table. "I-Is that normal?"

Merrie blushed and shrugged.

With startling speed, Kirin regained her composure. She took a long sip from her glass, the liquid steady in her grip. "Your shift. Take that off."

Calmer, Merrie shrugged out of the shift and tossed it aside. When she got back into begging position, she was completely naked. It scared her but also thrilled her. She inhaled and straightened her back as a prickling of heat rose up along her veins, filling her with the sweet drug of anticipation.

Kirin stepped away from her table. Merrie followed her with her gaze as the woman circled around her three times, inspecting her. Then, she reached forward toward Merrie's right breast.

Moving reflexively, Merrie thrust them forward and set her tit into the hot hand of the guild mistress. At the approving noise, she felt a rush of excitement and her pussy clenched down. Her fears were coming true, she was remembering the heady days of submission at the mill.

Kirin stroked along the breast, ignoring the smears of dirt on the smooth mound. She caught Merrie's nipple between two fingers and pinched it.

Merrie whimpered with need, her body trembling. She wanted more than just a tease, but even the little flash of pain did nothing but add to the heat of her pussy. She rocked her hips and bit her lip to avoid upsetting the mistress.

"You were pretty—"

Merrie lowered her head.

"—but Scorch was right. You need a bath. And a shave."

Merrie looked up, afraid to see Kirin frowning, but the woman was shaking her head with a wry smile.

"Get in the tub, Bitch. I want to see you clean and," she sniffed, "a bit less stinky. Okay, a lot less smelly."

Blushing, Merrie broke her position and crawled across the ground. Her naked body felt good in the warmth of the room and she enjoyed the sway of her breasts and the wagging of her tail as she headed for the tub. Using a stool, she braced herself and slipped inside as Kirin tapped the hot water rune and started to draw the bath.

Merrie looked around the tub. It was huge but the tiles gave enough traction that she wasn't afraid of slipping. On one side, she

saw a cabinet filled with bath oils and perfumes. The smells were varied, like walking into a flower shop, and she inched closer to look inside.

One bottle caught her attention. The label was intricate, drawn with finer lines than Merrie had ever seen. She leaned toward it as the water lapped around her skin. It was called Blue-Gold Glory by the Stars, crafted by Lady Anasome. Merrie jerked, she remembered the name. It was the woman who made Crystalline Rose, the scent she loved at the mill. With a smile, she looked through the rest of perfumes to see if Kirin had somehow had the Rose scent.

“No, not that.” Kirin reached past her to pick up the perfume. “This is probably more than you’ll make in a year. This is my scent. Paid a lot of money for it.”

Merrie looked up curiously at Kirin.

The woman smiled at the bottle before setting it out of Merrie’s reach. “Okay,” she said as she returned her attention, “do you need help cleaning?”

Seeing a wash rag and a sponge, Merrie shook her head. Scooting down into the thankfully hot water, her first bath in months, Merrie grabbed the sponge and use it to sluice off her body. Streams of mud and muck swirled away from her, clinging to the tiny bubbles drifting on the water’s surface. She struggled to hold the sponge with the ends of her wrists, but it felt good to finally be clean.

Kirin poured a healthy measure of soap into the water and soon bubbles were drifting across the surface of the steaming water. She left Merrie alone, but her gaze never left the naked bitch in the tub.

Merrie concentrated on cleaning herself. She worked systematically, but enjoyed every moment. Her hair took her the longest and she had to lift her arms to work out the knots. Her breasts glistened in the light and she felt sexy with the guild mistress watching her intently.

“You aren’t what I expected.”

Surprised, Merrie looked over at her. Kirin was sitting on the end of the table, watching her with a strange look. Cocking her head with a quizzical expression, Merrie squeezed the sponge until water sluiced down her glistening her breasts. The soap splashed down into the water and rippled away from her.

“You know, most people who get an alpha to bond with them—”

Merrie froze, shock pouring down her spine like ice. Beneath the table, her cloak began to seep across the floor toward her.

“—tell everyone in the world. Everyone knows them by their masters: Bass’ Sable, Tabitha’s Dixie, Mon’s Dancer, Palis’ Queen, and Saragi’s Lanisai—also known as Kessler’s Bitch. Alphas are famous in the sex world, even to the crude folk of the streets like myself.”

“I,” she pointed to herself using two fingers against her cleavage, “get to only hear about people like you through rumors and stories. Every one of you is famous,” Kirin pointed to Merrie, “except for you.”

Shivers coursed along Merrie’s skin. She held her breath as she stared at Kirin. The woman’s voice didn’t change, but there was a sense of curiosity and wariness.

“Your master disappeared, didn’t he? No one knew what happened to him, or you for that matter. You were suppose to be famous like the others but you just disappeared like... a ghost, I guess. I didn’t even know you were in Franome City.”

Merrie clutched the sponge tighter as she found it hard to breathe. Her chest hurt and every breath was a struggle. As the steam rose around her, she was afraid.

“You’re becoming a legend already, though. But, not as someone’s bitch. No one knows who your master is and I don’t think anyone knows your real name either, not outside of Blood County at least. Instead, I hear the whispers and gossip call you the Lost Alpha, the one who should have never disappeared.”

Merrie’s throat was dry. She tried to swallow, but it wouldn’t move. A trembling coursed along her body and she shook violently at it, staring at Kirin as if the woman had grown three heads. She thought that Eolis had made up the name. It never occurred to her that there were others were looking for her, or that they were talking about her. She could barely remain kneeling in the tub as everything spun around her violently.

Kirin swirled her glass and stared at it for a long moment before she continued. “Which makes your presence here even more of a mystery. Alphas don’t have much to do with the guild. When Queen showed up, it wasn’t to earn a living or money. It was because her master wanted her banged for three days solid and covered in cum.

Naturally, the guild provided but we did since she was a customer, not a member. When I saw Mon's Dancer in the village of Rat's Gut, Mon was right in the middle of the crowds, fingering herself with the others." Kirin's eyes glittered as she stared at Merrie through her glass. "But you didn't bring your master with you. Did you?"

Merrie stared at Kirin for a long moment. She could feel the sorrow rising up, ripping from the wound in her heart. It forced a sob up through her throat and she turned away as it erupted. Tears splashed down and she burned with shame that she couldn't control herself.

As she stared down at the bubbled surface of the tub, guilt slashed through her. She shouldn't be at the guild. She was trying to avoid pleasure because she didn't deserve it. She considered escaping, fleeing before she made one last mistake.

The rustle of fabric caught her attention. She looked up as tears ran down her cheek, hot and painful. At the edge of the tub, Kirin was unbuckling her corset as she stripped. Her eyes were focused on Merrie and Merrie could see compassion and concern in her dark eyes.

But, it wasn't Kirin stripping that drew her attention. It was the black shadow of Merrie's cloak, spread out in the air behind Kirin that caught her attention. It looked like a snake poised to strike the woman from behind. She could feel the cloak's animating force coming from, her own despair and guilt.

Merrie stared at it with dread and the cloak responded to the dark feeling, growing blacker and larger. Two pitch black eyes formed in the cloak's surface. The head of the cloak, the bit that would strike, narrowed into a long, thin point as it reared back.

Kirin, apparently unaware of the danger behind her, slipped into the tub. Her cock splashed the water as she sank down into it. With a smile, she held out her hands. "Come here."

For the briefest of moments, Merrie was torn between the promise of pleasure and the threat of darkness. But then Kirin reached out and cupped her breast, one soft finger brushed against Merrie's hard nipple. The little pleasure flashed through Merrie, a dark spark in the growing despair. It rocketed through her body, pushing back her loneliness.

A heartbeat later, the cloak lost its tension. It silently fell to the ground and out of sight, retreating back to the shadows even as her own pain receded. It scared her that the cloak was responding to her own emotions, but a small part of her was thankful for a physical representation of her despair. If she could see it, she could avoid it.

Merrie tore her attention away from the the cloak and back to the guild mistress. The woman had her by the nipple, the soft finger tugging lightly on Merrie's breast. With a gasp, Merrie shivered as she nestled closer, sliding her soap-slicked body up between Kirin's thighs. When she reached the cock snaking down the woman's leg, she stroked it with the end of her arm.

"No, not that."

With a shake of her head, Merrie stroked her arm up along the length. Kirin's cock was thick, as thick as Merrie's arm, but it was still half-hard. In the water, it felt a silk snake, thick and swollen.

A thrill of pleasure filled Merrie. Her pussy grew hot with need and she nestled closer so she could balanced on her knees and use both hands to explore Kirin's length. The tip of the cock wasn't wedged like almost every shaft Merrie had experienced, but blunt-ended. She was reminded of the dog cock she was impaled on. It was obvious that Kirin wasn't entirely human.

Kirin let out a soft moan and reached down. She grabbed Merrie's wrists and pulled them up.

Merrie, helpless in the hard grip, was dragged up until Kirin deposited her against her breasts. The soft mounds pressed against Merrie's face and she tilted her head to catch one hard nipple in her lips. It was hard and hot. She sucked harder, enjoying the quickening of Kirin's breath as she explored the wrinkled flesh around the pebbled hardness in her mouth.

"There you go, just suck that. You might be a puppy slut, but even you aren't ready for my cock." Kirin's voice was soothing, with a hint of amusement and mothering. It was somehow sexual but unapproachable at the same time.

A soft whimper in her throat, Merrie hugged Kirin and sucked harder. The nipple was only the first pleasure. As her body lined up with Kirin's, she could feel the cock against her leg, a smooth leg pulling her close, and the two hands still pinning her wrists.

It was comforting.

It was peaceful.

But, it wasn't what Merrie needed.

With a soft moan, Merrie lifted her head from the nipple and let it slip from her mouth. She looked up into Kirin's blue eyes flecked with gold and shook her head.

"Are you sure?" The need to suck on Kirin's nipple increased. It was soft and seductive, a hunger like reaching for her pussy in the middle of the night. It pushed her to obey, to submit to the need.

Merrie wanted to submit, but she couldn't. She could feel the desire filling her, swirling around her senses. Her mouth opened with need and she lowered her head.

She stopped when she realized that Kirin had Presence. The woman's power was intense but subtle, like the faintest touch of a perfumed hand on her thoughts. It was intoxicating, the need to obey, and Kirin used it with a skill that would put Bass' abilities to shame.

Without even twitching, Merrie wrapped her shields around her. The familiar leather outfit clamped down, squeezing her into the shape of a dog. She shivered at the imaginary dildos ramming into her ass and pussy, along with the gag in her throat. The comfort of being protected pushed back Kirin's magic.

It felt like she had lost something as the influence peeled away. The comfort no longer wrapped around her like a blanket. Instead, she was once again bare and vulnerable in the tub. She looked up at Kirin with trepidation, unsure of how the woman would respond to being rebuked.

Kirin smiled and leaned back. "You are not what I expected, Bitch."

Merrie's ear drooped.

"No, not bad. Just unexpected. I've never been this close to an alpha before. I can feel you in my head, it is somewhat hard to resist." Against Merrie's thigh, Kirin's cock twitched. "All I want to do is order you to submit and then to fuck you until you come."

Merrie gave her a sheepish bark and her tail swirled through the water.

Kirin threw back her head and laughed. "Oh, that is hard to resist." She looked back and her eyes twinkled with her smile. "But, we are going to keep my dick outside of you where it belongs. But,

there are other things we can do....” she inhaled and dropped one hand down between their bodies. The soft touch wormed its way down between their bodies, stroking against Merrie’s breasts, belly, and then to her thighs.

Inhaling with a whimper, Merrie spread her legs until her knees were firmly against Kirin’s cock and her leg.

“Well,” Kirin breathed as she rotated her hand and rested two fingers against Merrie’s slit, “this part I expected. Been a while since you came?”

Merrie thought about Eolis’ cock ramming into her. It was almost two days exactly, but it felt like forever. She nodded and gave Kirin another sheepish smile.

“A while for an alpha would be hours, wouldn’t it?”

Giggling, Merrie nodded.

“Do you,” whispered Kirin, “want to come?”

Merrie let out a soft, gasping bark. Then, she jerked as Kirin’s fingers expertly spread apart her lips and stroked along the fold of Merrie’s clitoris. Her eyes fluttering, Merrie pushed down against the fingers but the woman only teased her sex with light touches.

Kirin reached up. Her fingernails dripped with the soap water as she caught Merrie’s good ear in her palm. When she ran her thumb along the ridge, Merrie’s pussy clenched and she let out a gasp. “Come here,” Kirin said as she pulled Merrie’s head back to her breasts.

A tiny orgasm rippling through her body at her submission, Merrie lowered her head and took the hard nipple in her lips. Kirin’s breast was large and hot against her mouth. Merrie sucked on the tip and rolling it along her tongue.

Rewarding her, Kirin pushed a finger into her sex, exploring the tight opening with little jabs that sent bolts of pleasure through Merrie. She breathed hard, pressing the mound against Merrie’s face. It was large enough it cut off Merrie’s breath in the soft flesh, but the bitch couldn’t pull away even if she wanted to.

Merrie rocked against the hand, desperate to have more inside her. Kirin’s teasing was almost painful, circling around the place Merrie wanted to be filled. She whimpered into Kirin’s tit, sucking harder. Then, hesitantly, she nipped lightly at the hard pebble in her mouth.

Kirin jumped and tugged on Merrie's ear. "That's it, Bitch, don't be afraid to bite. I like biting."

She couldn't do anything but obey. Merrie bit on the nipple, working it against the ridge of her teeth. Her body was hot and the water swirled around their bodies as she rocked against the finger and breast.

Kirin pushed a second finger into Merrie's pussy and pumped in and out. It was slow and steady, but Merrie could feel every ridge of Kirin's knuckles against her sensitive lips. It added to the pleasure, turning the smolder of heat that Eolis ignited into a flame that burned her from the inside.

"That's it. That's a good little bitch."

Merrie panted at the words, it wasn't quite the same to trigger the automatic flash, but it still felt good to be called a bitch. She brought her arms up to squeeze Kirin's breasts together so she could transfer her mouth to the other hard nipple. It was warm in her lips but it had the same intoxicating sweetness that urged her to bit.

Kirin shoved three fingers into Merrie's pussy, past the hairs that guarded her entrance and deep into the wet channel. The tightness and friction pushed Merrie closer to an orgasm. Kirin's arm splashed the water as the guild mistress found a fast, hard rhythm to slam her hand up into Merrie's cunt.

Neither said anything as Kirin fucked her with her hand. Kirin's digits reached deep into Merrie's pussy and soon Merrie was gasping for breath around the breast almost suffocating her.

It didn't take long for the first orgasm to hit her. Merrie whimpered into it, feeling the crest rising up as the knuckles drummed steadily against her. The three fingers plunged deep into her pussy, filling her from the inside. She tried to lift her head, but Kirin held her down by her ear, only allowing her to move from one nipple to the other. The helplessness added to the flames and with a spark, it ignited in an explosion of pleasure.

Merrie shuddered and bit down harder than she expected.

Kirin's body shuddered but she didn't pull back. Instead, she held Merrie harder down and kept thrusting. "You come easily, don't you?"

Merrie whimpered and nodded, her lips still clamped on the hard nipple. She worked her mouth open wider, taking as much of the tit

into her mouth and letting it scrape against her teeth. It only pushed Kirin to slam faster into her pussy, driving the fingers deep into her aching depths.

“You also come a lot, don’t you?”

Another nod, gasping around Kirin’s breast.

“Think you can take four fingers?”

Merrie clamped down on Kirin’s breasts, squeezing them together, and bit down hard. She was sure that Kirin wouldn’t mind and she almost came as the woman rewarded her by slamming four fingers into her pussy, driving deep. Kirin’s thumb rammed against Merrie’s clitoris as the fingers filled her and stretched her. It hurt but it was also pleasure.

Her body flashed into another orgasm. The sweet darkness filled her with a rush of power. It felt like someone had poured wine into her and the sensation of being filled rose from her toes to her head. Energy crackled around her as she rocked against the breast and fingers dominating her.

Kirin didn’t say anything as she curled her thumb and rammed it into Merrie’s pussy. Merrie’s nether lips strained against the intrusion of the woman’s hand, but relented and the hard fist slipped up into her pussy.

With a muffled cry, Merrie jerked as she felt Kirin’s hand fill her. The mistress didn’t stretch out her fingers but just rocked around in wide circles, stretching Merrie out from the inside.

Sobbing with need, Merrie came again and again. She couldn’t pull away from the breast or the hand; she was trapped by the pleasure and her body burned hotly from the inside. The smell of her excitement, mixed in with soap, rose around them as she shoved herself down on the thrusting fist.

“More?” whispered Kirin, her voice cracking.

Merrie nodded, unable to look up. She drove down on the fist, begging silently even as she bit hard on the breasts that filled her mouth. She was worried about breaking the skin, but Kirin was tougher than Merrie guessed.

Hand still buried in Merrie’s cunt, Kirin pushed herself from the edge of the tub. Merrie tried to pull back, but the woman held her tight against her breast as she guided Merrie back to the far side of the tub.

Merrie's head thumped against the side of the tub and then she was pinned by the breasts in her mouth and the hard, tiled edge of the tub.

“Need a bit more leverage for this.”

The hand pushed harder into her, sliding up until it reached Merrie's cervix and back down again. But, instead of stopping at the entrance, Kirin pulled out until her hand came out with a slurp that Merrie felt in her core. With a grunt, Kirin shoved it back.

Merrie jerked at the flash of pain and pleasure but then moaned loudly as the fist punched the entrance of her womb. The discomfort only added to her pleasure. She mouthed and bit hard, tensing for Kirin to move again.

The mistress balled up her fist and pulled it out. It stopped at Merrie's entrance, the fist unable to slip out, but she continued to pull until it forced Merrie even further open and it came out with a rush. Hot water plunged inside Merrie's sex but it was quickly shoved aside as Kirin's fist punched back in.

“The harder you bite, the hard I shove.”

Merrie bit down with all her might.

Kirin slammed her fist into her pussy, tearing her open and sending an intense bolt of agony that turned into pleasure as it filled Merrie.

Merrie came hard and bit down again, thrashing as Kirin pounded her pussy to the limits. Her body shuddered with every strike, but it only set off another orgasm to tear through her senses. She was dizzy, disoriented, and delirious, but she was losing herself in the pleasure.

With a grunt, Kirin said, “Come for me, bitch.”

Merrie cried out and bit down hard. As Kirin's fist slammed into her, she let out another cry as the pleasure flashed through her senses. It burned her veins with black ecstasy, filling the world with a pleasure that would never stop.

“Come for me.” As Kirin pulled out, she lifted Merrie from the edge of the tub. As her fist slammed into Merrie and disappeared into her sex, Kirin slammed Merrie back against the tub. The multiple points of discomfort swirled together and she cried out again, losing herself into another orgasm.

Merrie and Kirin moved in unison, pulling away from the side as Kirin withdrew her fist and then slamming home and against the tub as she drove home. With every thrust, Merrie came harder and harder.

It hurt to breath, but she couldn't disobey as Kirin whispered her command over and over again.

"Come." Thump.

"Come." Thunk.

"Come!" Slam.

The pleasure kept building, faster than Merrie could handle. She felt it filled every cell of her body and swelling. It needed to go somewhere, she couldn't hold it anymore. As the fist pounded into her pussy and the waves crashed into her from their movements, Merrie held back as long as she could. She strained against her orgasm as the ecstasy tore through her body, ripping along her senses.

It exploded from her body and shot across the star field she always pictured in her head. The ripple of ecstasy and orgasm rushed along the inky darkness, devoid of other bitches, but then stars began to blossom across her vision. Pleasure reflected back as her orgasm continued to ripple out from her. The little impacts of Barrel's, Elf's, and the other submissives hit her and added to her own pleasure, turning the ecstasy into knife-sharp agony. And then the rest of the guild exploded into light of their own orgasms.

Her orgasm continued to spread out wider. It sparkled with other orgasms and she was briefly connected to all of the submissives of the city. The reflected pleasures rushed back, and each impact shoved her into another burst of ecstasy.

"Come," ordered Kirin.

But, Merrie couldn't obey. She had already came, she was still coming. She was lost. The darkness sucked into her body and the last thing she remembered was Kirin's fist pounding into her pussy, the afterglows shuddering through her body, and the cries of pleasure from downstairs.

Eavesdropping

59

Merrie woke up under a mountain of blankets. The heat and pressure reminded her of the last time she woke up in the same situation. Frantic, she reached down to feel the end of her legs. When she only encountered smooth skin at her ankles, she let out a sigh of relief. For a moment, she wondered if someone had croppped her again but didn't give her the same intense pleasure of submitting.

With a yawn, she stretched her arms underneath the blanket. It smelled of Kirin: a mixture of perfume, incense, man, and woman. She smiled and worked her way to the edge of the bed.

“Evening, Monk. How is everyone?”

Kirin's voice stopped Merrie. She held herself still as she strained to listen through the thick blankets.

A tickle ran along her shields, a questing probe. It felt like an eye looking over her.

Merrie wasn't sure how to respond, but she knew what her master would have done. Fighting back the despair at his memory, she wrapped herself in the illusion of sleeping. It was a delicate projection, one that should not be obvious, and her head throbbed with the effort. She had never tried to do a shade spell as delicate as her illusion, but it was within her skills and the energy that thrummed inside her.

The mental pressure ran along her shields, exploring curiously. Merrie strained to maintain the guise, trusting her instinct that she needed to be still. Her body trembled with the effort until she gathered up a spell, casting behind her shields, to bring stillness to her form. She froze, her breath only a thin gasp.

A moment later, the pressure left.

"She's still sleeping," said a man with a graveled voice.

"Good," said Kirin, "how is everyone?"

"A lot of surprised and angry people downstairs."

"Angry?"

"She set off a lot of the people who didn't think they were submissive. Nasty little surprise when you suddenly blow up in your trousers and you think you're the one in charge."

"We're all subs, we're whores."

"But, most people don't like to find out exactly how submissive they are by being forced into an orgasm triggered by a less than intelligent guild mistress. One that should have known better when playing with a unknown woman rumored to be a powerful telepath."

Kirin chuckled. She sounded exhausted. "Point made."

"Why did you do it?"

Merrie tensed at the question. Her body trembled as she listened.

"I had to see if the stories were true. I didn't think she could make almost the entire guild come. But, she almost got me too."

"Good thing you didn't, but she got our people a lot further than just headquarters. I heard that Samantha came while going down on a captain."

"She's at the docks. That's five kilometers away."

"She was on the water, about another click further, but yes, she is was that far away." Monk didn't sound happy.

"Fuck the gods," sighed Kirin, "that's a lot of power."

Merrie ran through the shade spell and let it drape over herself with cool comfort. The darkness underneath the blankets grew sharp against her skin and she felt the pulse of the Shadows reaching out for her. Taking a deep breath, she inched underneath the blankets until she could lift one edge to see Kirin and Monk.

Monk was a tall and thin man, about two meters tall. He wore a red robe and had a crimson cloth wrapped over his eyes. He stood next to one of the gold rings on the floor and carried a glass of wine. His fingers were too long, like the arms of a spider and ending with sharp points.

Kirin held a matching glass in her hand and the dark liquid swirled around as she looked up at the ceiling.

Merrie scanned the room and saw that one of the shadows underneath the table also had the sharp edge of her magic. Reaching out with her mind and careful not to disturb her shade, she called for her cloak.

The puddle of darkness flowed out from the table and slithered along the ground. It followed the ripples of tile, up to the edge of the bed, and then sunk into the blankets with Merrie. The coolness tickled her skin as it wrapped around her again, a negligee of nothing but shadows and silk.

Monk sipped at his drink before he said, “You aren’t thinking about inviting her to the guild, are you?”

Kirin nodded.

“Don’t.”

Fear prickled along Merrie’s skin.

Kirin turned to look at him. “Why not?”

“She’s damaged. There is a lot of pain in her soul and none of us know what she’s capable of doing.” Merrie noticed that he had a scruff of a beard. “She’s a danger not only to the guild but probably the entire city.”

Kirin held her glass with both hands. “You aren’t one for exaggerating.”

“No, I’m not. There are too many things watching over that girl, dark and terrible things. She also has the attention of some very powerful forces and not all of them are human.”

“You mean Rakin?”

Merrie inhaled. Flushed, she tried to bring her hand to block her mouth, but the cloak responded first. It flowed over her mouth and covered it, cutting off all noises as the icy touch brushed against her chin. She didn’t have a chance to wonder at the cloak’s response as Monk responded.

“He is one of the threats.”

“I doubt he has any power anymore, not with having his title stripped from him.”

The cloak wrapped tighter around her mouth, cutting off the whimper that rose in Merrie’s throat. She stared at shock at the naked woman and monk, the world spinning violently. Rakin lost his title? She couldn’t comprehend the count as anything but a man

of power, a specter of fear looming over her. She shook violently as she tried to quell the pounding of her heart.

“And yet he is still looking for her. The man lost his title almost two years ago and rumors are that he’s been combing the countryside for the Lost Alpha. No power and only a few allies, but he keeps finding money in one scheme or another, all in his quest to hunt her down. That makes him a threat.”

Tears burned in Merrie’s eyes. She couldn’t breath, not with her own cloak cutting off her breath, but she was thankful for the asphyxiation. It was almost a penance for her gasping. If her master was with her, he would have punished her for breaking her silence.

“Don’t call her that. Too many people are looking for the Lost Alpha. Call her Bitch, it seems... generic.”

Monk cocked his head. “Fine, guild mistress, but I don’t want the Bitch to be part of the guild. Let her pay for the orgasm and send her out.”

“She has no money.”

“Give it to her for free but kick her out.”

“She can fuck.”

Monk shrugged. “So can I.”

“She’s better than you.”

“Probably, but there is more than just being a warm body to pound.”

Kirin smiled. “Really? Seems to be one of the basic requirements of being a whore. Along with at least one wet hole.”

“Then I probably should quit,” grumbled Monk. “But, I’m worried that her holes will suck the life out of someone.”

Kirin chuckled and took a long sip of her drink. “What about me?”

Monk opened his mouth and snapped it shut. “You are different, Kirin. You are... are...” he waved his hand, “you are in control. You came here not because you were fleeing anything but simply for the need to be here. She’s running from something, I can feel it from even here. She—”

Merrie held herself still, deepening on the shade to protect her.

“—can do a lot more. I just don’t know what, but the gold in my bones says that she is more dangerous than you, me, or anyone else in the guild.”

Kirin looked toward Merrie. Her eyes slid off the blankets where Merrie was hiding underneath as she looked over the blankets. “She’s one of us, there is no doubt of that.”

“Maybe.”

“She needs us, Monk. She might be here only for a week, a month, but until then, I think she needs to be here.”

“People will die.”

Kirin glanced back at him. “Is that your final word?”

Monk said nothing for a long moment and then he nodded. “Bring Sari in.”

With a nod, Kirin set down her glass. She reached out toward the golden rings and stretched out her fingers. A blue flame ignited at Kirin’s fingertips and ran up her body. Streaks of gold ran along the sparking flames as power filled the room. It was wild and chaotic, bright and erratic.

Merrie pushed her own power to shore up her shade, protecting it from the light. There was a contrast of darkness and light, but then she twisted a spell to hide her from the attention of the others.

The five rings glowed brightly and a white mist formed in the furthest one. It blossomed into a column of light before bursting out of the ring. A rush of power radiated from the ring as a fat man—three meters in height and with a cock the size of a log—stepped out of the ring.

Both Kirin and Monk bowed to him.

The man who Merrie guessed was Sari, bowed back. “Greetings to the current and still living guild mistress.” His voice reverberated and drifted, as if he was speaking through water. He folded two hands together but then another pair of arms came around to press two more palms against each other.

“Good evening, Sari.”

“How may I help the guild?”

Merrie stared at Sari. She saw more than physical form. There was power in the man’s outline, ethereal but clinging with the sense of peace and death. It wasn’t shadows but something else, a brilliance that hurt her mental vision to look at.

“There is a woman over there,” Kirin gestured toward Merrie, “and I think she needs us.”

“I disagree,” said Monk. “I think she’s a threat.”

Sari glanced over at her. His attention was like fat fingers scraping against Merrie's shields. There was power as he tried to dig into her mental outfit, to get to the mind underneath the leather.

She cringed from the sheer power and threw her power into the shade, wrapping herself in darkness even as she protected the illusion she was sleeping. It burned inside her with the afterglow of an orgasm, a rush of power coming up to protect her from the unknown force.

The ethereal creature withdrew and turned. "Let her join."

Monk shook his head. "No, I—"

Kirin held up her hand. "Please? A bit more information?"

"Gladly, living guild mistress." Sari bowed again. "She is sex and pleasure. She is death and darkness. She had bonded to the shadows and had it ripped from her by the light. There is pain inside her but there is also beauty."

Both Kirin and Monk nodded as Sari spoke, but neither looked comfortable with the words.

Under the blankets, Merrie shivered at the softly spoken words.

Sari continued. "She has her own path to walk and there are many things pulling on her. When push comes to shove, she will slip away like shadows. No one will be able to stop her when her memories take over. The only thing you can do is embrace that darkness and be ready to let go when the time comes."

"That," muttered Monk, "is not helpful."

Sari grinned. "Well, then you probably shouldn't ask a dead man his opinion. Death has a strange way of making you want to speak in riddles. Though, I could try possession—"

"No!" snapped Monk.

Kirin chuckled.

Monk grunted but said nothing more.

With a sigh, Kirin drained her glass. "Is she evil?"

Sari shrugged and held out all four of his hands. "Aren't we all?" And then he faded from sight.

For a long moment, neither spoke. Then Monk broke the silence. "I was really hoping he would say no."

"Going to argue more? We can have a guild vote?"

“No, we’d have a war. The submissives are clamoring to get to her and others would be drawing weapons. No, guild mistress,” he sighed and bowed, “I will consent to your decision.”

“Then, she joins.”

The cloak slipped away from Merrie’s mouth and she let out a soft exhalation of relief. She smiled, but Sari’s words echoed in her head.

“But,” Monk held up his hand, “keep her away from the guild hall as much as possible.”

“Seventh Street Brothel?”

“I was thinking of Billy’s place.”

“A streetwalker? With her feet?”

Monk nodded. “Please? She can do less damage there.”

“Well,” Kirin shrugged, “that is the meat packing district. If anyone has a thing for amputees, it will be there.”

“Thank you.”

Kirin stood up and gave Monk a hug. “Thank you for listening. Now, what about spells? We do have some requirements.”

Monk shook his head. “She’s protected. She has a permanent sterility and cleansing rune, which looks like Sader’s work. Both are expensive and well done.”

“And disease?”

Monk hesitated before he answered. “She’s... she’s...”

“Monk?”

Monk pressed his face into his hand for a moment. “Quite a few years ago, there was a cannibal mage named Borias Kivas.”

Merrie froze as Borias’ name.

“He killed a landless count’s daughter, consensual according to Borias and malicious according to the count. After a few attempts to get him imprisoned, the count finally succeeded and Borias was sentenced to life without freedom in Abbinkey.”

“And,” Kirin said, “he cast protection spells on her?”

“Yes and no. There are spells and they permeate her entire body, but they are wrong. It’s a mixture of things that Borias could never do. I see the fragments of spells I know wrapped in his energy signature, but there are also psionic and planar components in there. She is protected but not by a spell that any sane mortal should be able to cast.”

Merrie listened intently, her heart thumping painfully in her chest.

“And the spells on her are... powerful.” There was awe in Monk’s voice. “And by a man who she should have never encountered.”

“Well,” Kirin said, “that sounds terrifying. But, the question remains. The guild must protect ourselves and our marks. Are those spells enough to keep her free of disease?”

“She could do a three-day bukkaka gangbang with all the gods of plague and still be clean.”

Kirin shivered. “Thanks for that image.”

With a smile, Monk nodded. “There, I’m done being petty.”

“Go in trust, I need to talk to her.”

Merrie watched as Monk turned away and headed out the arch. She burrowed back underneath the blankets, inching through the pressing darkness. She felt Kirin crawling up on the bed and feeling around for her. As Merrie got into position near a pile of pillows, she let the shade spell slip away.

“There you are,” whispered Kirin. She pulled back the blankets.

Merrie made a show of waking up and looking around in confusion.

“Hi there, Bitch.” Kirin spoke in a singsong, tender voice. It was a stark contrast to her tone with Monk. Merrie was startled by the difference but let herself get into a role.

Merrie put on a face of looking innocent. Her mind was reaching for Kirin’s and, though she couldn’t get through the guild mistress’ shields, she could sense the exact position needed to enforce her role. She pulled her knees up to her bare breasts and let out a sleepy bark. It was one more lie for Kirin’s sake.

“Do you want to join the guild?”

Her mind still swirling through the whispered words and fears, Merrie nodded. She needed to obey Eolis for as long as she could.

“Well,” Kirin flipped over and slipped underneath the blankets and against Merrie’s cool body. She flinched for a moment as the shadow cloak slipped away to expose bare flesh, then nestled closer. “Normally, initiation requires a gangbang, but since you made almost everyone come, I decided that you passed that step.”

Merrie giggled, the little woofing noise bringing a smile to her lips.

“Before you accept, a few short things. We’ll give you a small room and all the food you need. We only require that you don’t bring non-guild into the building. This is a place where we don’t have to worry about marks or being watched. Here is where we relax and get the privacy we need. That means no lover and no family, that won’t be a problem, will it?”

Merrie pictured Nir and shrugged.

“I’m sure you’ll figure it out. I’ll get you someone to show you the ropes and we’ll have to do something about this,” Kirin reached down to flick Merrie’s pubic hair, “but otherwise, a hot bath every day should be enough to get you ready.”

Merrie felt a bubbling of excitement rising up. She pushed aside her trepidation at Kirin’s own doubts. Her tail squirmed underneath her body and she leaned to the side, into Kirin’s thigh and half-hard cock, to let it slip free.

“We’re going to put you on the street. Most guild members need to walk for two years before we let them join a brothel.” It was a lie, but Merrie let it pass. “But, you’ll be based out of a small cozy little apartment above a café. It will be shelter during the winter and someone will be around in case you need,” Kirin stroked her finger along Merrie’s amputated wrists, “anything.”

Merrie gave a soft bark. She smiled and enjoyed the joy. She was going to get fucked. As much as she needed, or enough to keep the despair at bay.

“There are a lot of other little details, but we’ll get you started within a few days.”

Remembering Eolis’ command, Merrie reached out and grabbed Kirin’s hand with her two wrists. Pulling it up, she threaded one end of her hand to isolate one of Kirin’s finger and held it up.

“One day?”

Merrie nodded and pointed down to her sex.

“You need to fuck every day?”

It hurt inside as she broke her own promise to her master, to no longer give herself pleasure. But, it was too hard to resist. Each orgasm was a drug to her, a rush of power and a fulfillment of something she needed to survive. She couldn’t turn her back on it, not without risking falling back into the darkness.

She nodded with a tear in her eye.

t'Sade

Servicing the Public

For every season of the year, the Meat Cutters District had a distinct smell. In winter, when Merrie first started, it was the smell of charcoal and burning flesh that greeted her on the first day of her job. At first, she thought the district was on fire, but the casual way everyone continued their lives set her at ease. It wasn't until later she found out that the district took three months to clean. They didn't use water and soap, but simply white-hot fire and then rebuilt the parts that couldn't survive the weeks of flames.

She didn't really understand why it took so long to clean the district, or why they used so much magic, until she saw her first abomination, a horrific creature that had somehow assembled itself from the raw body parts of slaughtered cattle and sheep using nothing but the pain of a million creatures being killed to feed the largest city in the country. It raged down the street, tearing apart storefronts and howling through a dozen ruined throats. Guards killed it, with sword and magic, just outside of Merrie's new place of business. The resulting explosion had shattered the windows of her apartment and painted the entire front of the building in blood and gore. The guild cleaned it up, but for a week in the dead of winter, it was very quiet in the district and only two whores were able to remain working: Scorch and herself.

Even though she abandoned her ratty shift, the cold didn't bother Merrie anymore. The only clothing she needed was the shifting black cloak that clung to her body. It moved as she needed, shielding her from the wind and peeling back to give potential customers a brief view of her naked breast, bare pussy, or her tail.

The cold in her bones also kept her protected from the icy wind. With most of the whores abandoning the district, she got more than enough fucking to use spells and she measured out her power to keep her warm and safe.

Merrie spent her nights with the beggars, sleeping in her box instead of the warm bed at the guild house. Despite being a member of the guild, complete a seal as the clasp to her cloak, she didn't feel welcomed after her first day. The submissives, ones like Barrel and Elf, clung to her with rapt fascination while others, including Scorch, snubbed her with their own discomfort of being affected by her orgasms.

The beggars, on the other hand, appreciated her presence. To help them, Merrie made a deal with Ratty to provide them food whenever they came to the store during the day, along with a large pot every night to enjoy together. She wish she could do more, but despite the steady stream of customers, it was hard to get rich off the poor.

She found a new rhythm to her life. Wake up and head to the guild for breakfast and a bath. Barrel or Elf would be there to help, including shaving her and the occasional blow job or fingering. Then, she would head back across town for a day of fucking before heading back to the alley.

Merrie didn't want to admit she was happy, but she was happier. The pang of her loss still hurt when she thought about it. At night, she dreamed of her master and woke up crying, but she had to survive. The intoxicating rush of pleasure staved back the despair and she enjoyed being able to use magic again, time keeping spells to show up on time and the ability to shade herself so she could crawl instead of walk across the city.

The only magic she couldn't figure out was how to transform into a dog again. She remembered the rush of having legs and claws, but she couldn't remember the strange half-spell. She wanted to experience it again, to feel fur tugging in the wind. Occasionally, while she was racing across the city, she imagined it was on four feet instead of a nearly naked woman crawling across the boardwalks.

Spring came with new smells. The burnt wood and flesh lingered in the cracks, but the first herds brought in the scents of living

creature, manure, and fresh blood. It was the coppery sweet smell of blood that she drank in as she knelt on a planter just outside of the coffee shop. She found the flower pot a few weeks before, it was high enough to keep her breasts in view of the people and balancing on it emphasized her spread open legs with the hint of a pussy hidden underneath the cloak.

The wind nipped at her skin, but it came with the hint of warmth. It teased her senses and she opened up the cloak to let it ripple along her bare skin. Her nipple grew harder at the touch.

She felt a potential mark walking past and released the tension of the cloak. It slipped off her breasts, tugging on the nipple just as he was glancing at her. He got only a brief flash of rosy nipple before he was carried past her. Merrie didn't need to see him to feel him desperately looking back. In a few weeks, he would proposition Merrie for a quick lay. She already knew what would turn him on—sucking on his balls and licking his ass—but he needed to make the first step, otherwise he would shrink away. Merrie could feel the courage building and let it blossom with little flashes of tit and cunt.

She could wait.

Merrie opened up her mind further and pushed past the throb of discomfort. The river of people streaming came with a rush of power. She remained still and arched her back, breathing in the scents of humanity and slaughter. A thousand fantasies flowed in front of her, some of her but mostly of others.

“The point of being a whore,” muttered Scorch as he leaned against her planter, “is that you are suppose to get people to pay you for sex. Not just sit there like a dog and wait for someone to invite themselves.”

Merrie cocked her head toward him but didn't open her eyes. She didn't need to look at him, his dislike was fire against her skin. He would be frowning. She rocked her hips back and forth and took another deep breath, working her way around the soot and coal scent that clung around Scorch to breath in the scents. She loved the smell of people, the hidden hints of sex and excitement.

On the far side of the street, in the stream of workers heading into the district, she caught the drifting thought of someone interested in Scorch. It was a man who enjoyed the pain of burying

his cock into an ass that seared him back. She smiled and opened her eyes to look at Scorch.

“What?” growled Scorch.

Merrie gestured to the far side of the street with her head.

Scorch’s scowl deepened and he glanced across.

Merrie tugged on the mark’s thoughts and their eyes meet. There was a flash of lust.

Next to her, Scorch growled as he glared at her. “I can find my own fucking marks.” He slapped at her, but Merrie shifted to the side and his hand swung through empty air. There was a flash of anger and fear, but then Scorch headed across the street as he put on his fake smile. He wore a simple shirt and trousers, both easily removed for a quick fuck in the alley or up in the apartment.

Merrie returned her attention to the workers leaving the district. Closing her eyes, she took a deep breath and wiggled her tail, rocking back and forth as she felt the attention of the works rolling off her. It was getting to the end of the shift change and the people who fucked her were usually the stragglers. They held back nervously, waiting for most people to leave the street before coming up to her. She smiled and inhaled, enjoying the shifting cloak as it pushed up her breasts and peeled away from her nipple.

A ripple of stunned excitement filled the crowd along with a flash of lust. There was a brief stumble as everyone had their steady life disrupted, but then she covered herself and people moved forward. The flash of lust would remain with them and she smiled at the thought of workers making love to their husbands and wives while thinking about her.

She amused herself as the crowds died down by delving into the minds of the people passing her. Each one was a potential fuck and she felt the hunger rising inside her. It had been almost an hour since a young man spent a day’s pay to fuck her ass and the afterglow was barely an ember inside her body. She craved another orgasm before she gave up for the night.

A wave of power rolled over her as she felt a presence coming closer. It was invisible but penetrating as someone scanned the street telepathically. Reflexively, Merrie wrapped herself in the shade and let the probe slid over her. It felt familiar, crystalline and elegant, but barely kept in control.

Two women came walking around the corner, arm in arm as they spoke together cheerfully. They both caught Merrie's attention. The first was a slender blonde with brown eyes. She wore a stern suit and high heels, but she also had a city guard's seal hanging from a pendant above her cleavage. She was the source of the telepathic probe, but she made no sign that she was scanning the street before her.

The other guard was an older woman with closely cropped hair on the side and a long pony tail. She still wore the outfit of a street guard except that her sword was shifted back and bouncing off her ass instead of at her side where it would be ready to draw.

Merrie knew both of them instantly: Gail and Tai. The woman Merrie uplifted to save innocent people and the guard who saved Merrie. Neither knew she was kneeling on the side of the boardwalk as they walked up.

Curious, Merrie reached for their minds.

Tai's was the easiest and Merrie dove into her thoughts. She was happy with Gail but still guarded that the telepath would read her mind. Ever since that fateful day, Gail never entered her mind, but Tai wasn't sure she would ever know.

Merrie pushed further, looking for the memories Tai had of her. She found them easily but she wasn't surprised that Merrie was one of Tai's hidden secret. In the days that passed, Tai remembered Merrie was the sweet, innocent thing that needed being saved. But, as fantasy took over, so did a lust for Merrie. Tai wanted Merrie to be thankful for her new life and be willing to let Tai lick and touch her whenever she wanted.

Warmth curled up from Merrie's pussy. Tai wasn't a submissive, but she wanted to be the one licking and touching, to be sweet and caring. When no one was looking and her hand was between her legs, Tai thought about Merrie. And Merrie was both flattered and turned on by the torch that Tai still held for her. They were only together for less than a hour, but the flame burned bright.

Heady with lust, Merrie pulled out of Tai's thoughts and delved into Gail's. The telepath had strong shields, as expected from someone used to working with her mind, but Merrie pierced through dark cracks in the crystalline brightness. Once inside, she spread out with the grace of a shadow, unseen and unexpected.

Gail's thoughts were structured and measured, like the beats of a clock. Everything was organized before she even started. She allocated the minutes of kissing before they both left their home, the hour of their lunch, and even the rate they were walking down the street to arrive just as the food was delivered. She saw the world in the crystalline perfection and strived to make it that way.

But deep beneath the order was the power that Merrie gave her to save the district. It was raw and chaotic and dark, like Merrie's master. It shifted uncomfortably in the crystalline cage and Gail was both afraid and enamored with its potential. It begged for her to let go of her order and do something unexpected, but she was afraid of it.

Merrie wanted more. She wanted to know what would turn on the telepath. She burrowed deeper into Gail's mind, searching out her lust. She found it in a little box, sealed up with shame and fear. Moving as gently as she could, Merrie forced her way into Gail's innermost lusts.

It was a massive dog of shadow and death. It looked like one of Merrie's pack, a Bel Dark hound, but the creature was larger and blurry as if it was made from pure shadows. Two eyes, the darkest of dark, stared out unblinking at Gail, but Merrie saw herself in the eyes. The dog was her and that was what both terrified and excited Gail.

Merrie pulled back and realized she was panting. Where Tai's unconsciousness turned Merrie on with her need, Gail's turned it on with fear. There was helplessness and hunger in the telepath's mind, a chaos that threatened to crack the shell she wore to the public.

With a start, Merrie realized she needed the two just as they needed her. She wanted to taste their bodies, to feel their skin. She wanted to be next to the warmth they felt for each other, but also to feel the lusts burning inside them. She craved to feel the fear and passion rise up and touch her own.

Prickling with excitement, she waited until they were closer. As they passed, she dropped the shade and drew their attention with her presence. It was subtle magic but Merrie was getting good at manipulating the minds around her.

As one, they stopped.

Merrie drew herself up, balanced on her knees and her wrists at her throat. She wagged her tail and cocked her ears. The broken one had been healed, but it still drooped no matter what she did. But, the look she gave was enough to bring a flash of recognition in Tai.

The female guard stepped toward her, her face pale. “G-Girl? Is that you?”

Merrie smiled broadly and barked loudly. The sound echoed off the walls.

Shocked, Tai reached out for her. “You’re real? You’re really there?”

Another bark.

“Honey,” said Gail, “who is this?” As she spoke, her eyes were fixed on Merrie’s. There was just the hint of recognition, not of the physical form but of the energy inside Merrie. Monk called it signature and Merrie knew that Gail was beginning to recognize Merrie as one that had given her power to save others.

“This is the dog girl I told you about.”

“Who?”

“The dog girl. I don’t think she can talk, but...” Tai turned to her. “You don’t remember again?”

Gail shook her head. In her head, there was no memory of Merrie or Tai ever speaking about the bitch. Even as Tai’s words sunk in, Merrie saw a compulsion erasing the memory from Gail’s thoughts. If they walked away right then, Gail would forget that Merrie ever existed.

Bringing everything together, Merrie connected every living being in the district to Gail. At the same time, she gave a single command, inescapable and overpowering. (Save them and forget.)

Merrie jerked at the memory. Gail couldn’t remember her, because Merrie’s spell wouldn’t let her. The same spells that protected her master’s grave from memory also shielded Merrie from the telepath’s consciousness.

Tai let out a sigh. “I told you about her, I swear.”

Gail stepped up behind Tai and wrapped her arms around the fighter’s waist. She rested her chin on the strong shoulder but continued to stare at Merrie. The hunger built in both of them as they both tried to find some way to encourage their lover to bring Merrie with.

Tai rested her hands on Gail's clasped fingers. "I wish people would believe me."

Gail said nothing as she watched Merrie. She was drawn to Merrie but she didn't know why, but deep inside, the hidden memory of the shadow hound rose up and little flickers of terrified excitement flared to life. "She's pretty."

"She's beautiful, Gail, I told you."

"I think—"

Merrie tilted her body so the Whore's Guild mark flashed in the light. She drew the attention to it with a little twist of power.

"—that she wants to come home with us."

The heat between Merrie's pussy grew hotter. She smiled and gave a confident bark. She squirmed and her tail thumped loudly against the side of the planter to emphasize her point. There was no question she was going home with them, but to see two women staring at her with lust excited her, even if Merrie had started the fires herself.

She crawled off the planter, using a nearby bench as a step. On the ground, the cloak wrapped around her until she was almost completely covered in darkness. With a smile, she crawled up between the two women and looked up with an expectant bark.

Tai looked at Gail. "Um, I wasn't... expecting that. How do we get her home?"

Gail looked around. "Hold on." She closed her eyes and power rippled out from her. It was a repulsion spell, not quite as powerful as Merrie's shade but the same results. As the spell settled around them, the attention of people around them drifted away to leave them to walk in peace.

With a giggle, Gail tugged on Tai's arm. "Come on, let's hurry."

They lived about a fifteen minute walk from Merrie's post. It was a fast walk, filled with anticipation as both women were lost in the thoughts of their own fantasies. Merrie crawled between them, enjoying the heat of their bodies and the whiffs of excitement that seeped through their clothes. She was slick herself, but that was her normal state since... as long as she could remember.

At a two-story brownstone, they stopped. It had a neat garden behind a brick wall and white painted shutters on the windows. Tai

went first and unlocked the door before holding it open for the others.

Merrie crawled inside and took a deep breath. It smelled of oil and perfume. It was comforting and she couldn't help but smile. She knew that she could never stay, but for a brief moment, she could enjoy the idea of having a home again.

"You know," said Tai as she closed the door, "we can do this, but we could get in trouble. Guards aren't suppose to get... um, girls like her."

"Don't worry, no one saw us. I'm good enough for that." Gail nervously giggled and tugged on her shirt. Neither looked down at Merrie.

"Um..." Tai glanced around. "Now what?"

Merrie grinned. After a few months, she was used to the first-time jitters. She could recall the memories from both guards. Taking charge, she reached over and clamped her mouth on Tai's trousers. With a playful tug, she drew her into the kitchen.

Gail remained behind, unsure of her own responses and struggling with a doubt that filled her.

In the kitchen, Merrie released Tai and crawled over to the stove. It was a simple one, a clay shelf with three metal plates on the top. A heating rune marked each one, along with a sensitive trigger to turn it on and off. Neither guard made enough for the adjustable ones, so each plate only had one setting but the sizes dictated the amount of heat they produced. Merrie knew on the back one had a tea kettle, so she got on her knees and reached over to tap it.

Tai stared in shock. "Tea? You want tea?"

Merrie settled back down and barked.

She stared at Merrie for a moment, as if unsure of the request, but then happiness blossomed inside her and the tension flowed away. "I can make tea, for the both of you." Helping people was one of Tai favorite things and Merrie found the perfect way of getting her to concentrate on what she loved the most.

Merrie watched as Tai fill the pot. The tea was less important than the process of making it. It would help relax all of them. She got on her knees and wrists and crawled back to the front door. Halfway there, she paused. She had a flash of Kirin doing the same thing, acting as a healer for Merrie's mind just as Merrie was

helping Tai. It was also the same thing Merrie did as a beggar, easing the minds that gave her money. She frowned and pushed it aside to think about later.

Gail was in the living room, sitting on the couch and wringing her hands together. Doubt and fear boiled in her thoughts, a dark cloud over the telepath's head. Her shields were strong enough to keep it in her head, but Merrie could feel it against her skin like a sandstorm.

Letting her body rustle the carpet, Merrie crawled over to the couch and crawled up on it. As she did, her cloak flowed just out of Gail's sight and sank partially into the cushion cracks. She stopped it as it reached the point Gail was comfortable with. Over the next few minutes, Merrie planned on slowly stripping more away while Gail wasn't looking.

Gail didn't look at her. Instead, she stared at the far end of the room with sweat beading her brow and her eyes flickering back and forth. Her small breasts rose and fell with her short breaths. Every time Tai set down a cup or flatware in the kitchen, she jumped.

Merrie glanced down to her hands, then took a double-take when she saw what looked like bite marks on the back of Gail's hand. There was no wound, but just two marks where some dog had bitten her. But, in her mind's eye, it was the shadow magic that seeped from the marks that caught her attention.

Curious, she reached out with the smooth end of her arm and rested it against the mark.

Gail jumped and pulled away, covering the tooth marks with her hands. "Oh! Don't worry about that. I got it about a year ago when... when..." Her eyes glazed as the memories welled up.

She was sitting at the dispatcher station with her hands on the crystal focusing globe. She struggled to keep her composure so the other dispatchers wouldn't notice, but she was trying to find Tai. Something was happening near her lover. As she expanded her probe through the shifting darkness that covered part of the city, she regretted every reading Tai's mind in a moment of doubt. It wasn't worth the fight and she didn't want the last words to be "I hate you!"

Whatever had swallowed up the district was nothing but a maelstrom of pain and agony. Her shields were being stripped away as fast as she could

spin them and she was losing. A sob rose in her throat and the other dispatchers were beginning to notice.

She saw an image of some terrible beast, a demonic abomination of shadow. It lunged for her. She tried to yank her hands from the focusing crystal but four teeth slammed into her hand and pinned her into place. Alien thoughts battered against her sanity. It cracked her shields in an instant and she was laid bare to the inhuman mind that caught her as easily despite her years of training. She felt like a mouse in the hound's jaws, moments away from having her mind and body crushed into oblivion.

Gail shuddered and closed her eyes. She tore her thoughts away from the pain. Moments later, the compulsion spell rose up and began to erode at the fresh memories, dissolving them until there was nothing but a general feeling of disease.

Guilt hit Merrie and her ears drooped. She didn't mean to torture Gail that way. She reached out and slid her hand in between Gail's palms and brought the marked hand up to her mouth. Looking up at Gail, Merrie kissed the mark. She couldn't remove the mark any more than she could remove the memories, but she could at least apologize for the pain.

Sniffing, Gail watched her. The memories faded from her mind. "I-I never did this before, um, what do I call you? 'Girl' seems wrong." She giggled nervously.

Merrie thought for a moment. Since she couldn't give a name, everyone came up with a different name. She was known as Bitch, Slut, Fuck Hole, Ears, and Cunt. Everyone called her different things and no label ever stuck. She was reminded of her master's words, to never give an anchor with a name. She thought for a moment, reaching out to both Tai and Gail's mind. She followed various associations they had with her appearance. Both of them thought her cloak looked like lace against her skin and she got a name for the two guards.

Looking up, she pointed to a lace tablecloth on an end table.

"Cloth?"

Merrie shook her head and tapped the edge.

"Lace?"

She nodded and barked.

"Lace?" Gail played with the word for a moment. "How about Black Lacy?"

Responding to Merrie's happiness, her tail wagged faster.

"Black Lacy, I like that." Gail's tension eased for a moment.

Merrie brought her hand back up and kissed the marks. Gail's hands were soft and perfumed, with manicured nails that were maintained with the same precision she carried out her life. Merrie thought they were perfect and kissed up to the fingertips and back down.

"I-I..."

Knowing that the words would come out eventually, Merrie continued to plant little kisses down Gail's palm. Her lips caressed the lines before working her way down to Gail's slender wrist.

"I've never done this before and I'm... I'm afraid that she's going to fall for you, Lacy."

Merrie glanced up but continued to kiss.

"She's been talking about you for months. An obsession, but no one remembers you. You don't exist. But, what if she leaves me for you? What if I'm not good enough?"

Merrie shook her head. She could feel the doubt boiling inside Gail, the insecurities cracking through her ordered world. Gail hated herself for almost losing Tai once, but she still dreaded that Tai would leave her for someone who needed her more.

"Why am I tell you this?"

With a soft smile, Merrie balanced on her knees and used both arms to pull Gail's hand to her chest. She worked her way down the cuff of Gail's jacket.

"Oh!" Gail blushed and used her free hand to unbutton the jacket. Merrie released her other hand so Gail could slip it off. Underneath the black jacket, Gail wore a silk blouse that clung to her bare breasts. Two nipples stuck out through the shimmering fabric, little peaks that begged to be sucked.

Merrie let out a soft moan and slid her arms up Gail's flanks to cup her breasts. She leaned into her, rubbing her body along Gail's and forcing the woman to rotate enough to lay back on the couch.

In a position of dominance, Merrie kissed Gail's belly, then up between the valley of her breasts, to the woman's collar. She knew that Gail ached to have her nipples sucked on, but Merrie wanted to kiss her lips first. As she moved, she straddled her lover's hips and

sank down. Her tail battled against Gail's legs as she settled into place.

"I-I—" Excitement warred with fear as Gail tried to talk. "Shouldn't we wait for Tai?"

Merrie nipped Gail's collar, right at the sensitive spot above the bone. The respond was immediate, an inhalation of air and a shiver that rocked against Merrie's body.

The cloak slipped off Merrie and retreated for the darkness underneath the couch. It wasn't needed anymore and Merrie wanted to feel the rasp of the suit, the slickness of the silk, and Gail's flesh against her own skin.

Merrie nipped again. At the same time, she let just a hint of the darkness bubble up. It wasn't enough for despair or sorrow, but it resonated with the part of Merrie inside Gail, the little box of secret desires.

Gail tensed up as her breath quickened. Part of her was afraid, but the other was focusing on the pleasure Merrie gave with the little nips and the soft skin against her own. Gail had enjoyed many lovers before, but none since she met Tai. The newness was a raw excitement that send quivers of heat trembling through Merrie's body.

Shifting forward, Merrie followed the line of Gail's jaw up to her chin and then to her lips. The touch of their kiss was electric and Gail's body thrust up against Merrie's.

"I—"

A kiss.

"—should wait—"

A little nip and Merrie kissed into Gail's moan.

"—for Tai."

Merrie didn't stop. She could feel Tai watching from the kitchen, stroking herself through her panties. She had already lost her trousers, but she didn't want to interrupt the moment. The words that drifted from Gail were an aphrodisiac for the other guard, the feeling of being needed was almost as exciting as watching the two women on her couch.

Settling higher up, Merrie cupped Gail's head between her arms and kissed harder. She let the mental images drift into Gail's head,

of the shadow hound, at the same time she prevented Gail from fighting.

The response was immediate, an excited helplessness. Gail's body grew hot as she exhaled into Merrie's mouth, a soft little puff of air mixing in with a moan. Her body squirmed underneath Merrie's but she was fantasizing that Merrie was a softer, safer form of the creature that both terrified and excited her. Even Gail didn't know they were the one and the same. The thin veneer of pretending was enough to send excitement radiating from Gail's heart.

Merrie exhaled with just a hint of a growl. The feeling of power she had over Gail was intoxicating, almost as much as submitting. She growled and kissed harder, enjoying the flash of pleasure and the tiny orgasms that rippled through Gail's mind.

(Please don't be real. Please don't stop.) Gail's thoughts drifted through Merrie's mind, followed by a ripple of discomfort. Merrie ignored the pain and continued to impress the hint of the creature without becoming it. It was a balancing act because every pleasure brought a sympathetic clench of Merrie's pussy. And the pleasure pushed back the despair that Merrie was using to turn Gail on.

A rustle of fabric caught Merrie's attention. She felt Tai kneeling on the couch, naked and excited. The guard ran her hands along Merrie's buttocks, exploring the junction of her tail and down her thighs. She was focused on Merrie's soaked pussy but she wanted to see Gail's sex also.

Merrie lifted her hips to give Tai access to her lover. The new position pressed their lips together even harder and Merrie took advantage to aggressively kiss her, balancing on the knife edge of pleasure and terror.

Gail whimpered into the kiss. Her arms snaked around to clutch at Merrie's head. Her fingers ran through the blonde hair until she reached Merrie's ears. The touch against the sensitive ridges was enough to push Merrie over the edge and she sank into the rush of an orgasm filling her body.

She regained her senses moments later just as Tai was pulling the last of Gail's suit pants off her hips and down her legs. Merrie glanced down to see Gail's sex, furred with dark brown hair and lips peeking through the thatch. She smiled and lowered her hips back down, until their pubic bones were resting against each other.

Behind them, Tail let out a hungry moan and stretched out on the couch. Inching forward, she grabbed Merrie's tail for balance and kissed the sensitive folds right below Merrie's asshole.

Merrie moaned which continued into a long gasp as Tai ran her tongue down the length of her slit and then fell down to Gail's sex. She lapped deep before coming back up, crossing over the thin gap of the two pussies, before running her tip along Merrie's shaved slit.

Underneath, Gail spread her legs further apart with a gasp. She gasped for air, wordlessly crying for more.

Merrie let Gail's efforts part her own legs. She caught Gail's head and kissed her again, harder and faster. Their lips ground against each other as did their breasts. Their nipples were separated by only the thin fabric of Gail's blouse but there was no room to pull away the offending cloth.

Tiny orgasms coursed through both of them, each one a ripple in a stream. Merrie knew there was more in Gail, but it was slow to come out. She broke the kiss and worked her way down to Gail's throat, kissing along her neck. As she did, she kept the mental image in the telepath's thoughts, of a shadowy hound pressing against her.

"P-Please," whispered Gail, "don't hurt me."

Merrie worked her mouth along the junction of Gail's neck and shoulder, a sensitive spot that brought the most pleasure to the slender woman. She could feel the fear and excitement swirling together inside Gail, boiling to the edge of orgasm but not able to push over through the crystalline bounds of control.

With a grin, Merrie opened her mouth and pressed her teeth against Gail's skin. It was hot and perfumed, sweet and salty. The sharp edges of her teeth caressed the skin and Gail lurched up into her, almost reaching an orgasm she could never admit to wanting.

"P-Please?"

Below, Tai was lapping harder at both of their sexes. Merrie's thighs were coated not only with her own juices, but Tai's saliva, and Gail's excitement. It was hot and slick and the strong tongue coming back to her clitoris was enough to push her closer to the edge.

Gail whimpered. "Don't be real. Please don't hurt me." Her whispers were too soft for Tail to understand. It was desperate and

crying, a hunger for more and a release from the secrets that she couldn't tell anyone.

Merrie reached out with her mind. (I will never hurt either of you.) And she bit down, not enough to break flesh, but just to use the brief flash of pain to set off the orgasm boiling inside Gail.

With a scream, Gail's mind exploded with pleasure. It was bright and sparkling, like a crystal exploding. It slammed against Merrie's shields and she let it pass through, letting the wash of an orgasm reach deep into her mind and set off her own ecstasy.

Merrie's orgasm was a dark hole compared to Gail's explosion of light. It was sweet and choking, a void that darkened the brightness. And deep inside it, the illusion that Merrie wasn't the shadowy hound cracked. The fear and excitement doubled and Gail was thrown into another crest of pleasure.

Her cries filled the room as the pleasure reflected off the two telepaths. Merrie took it and pushed it back. Gail shoved back and it snowballed between the two of them, growing more intense as their bodies were consumed by it.

Soon, Merrie realized she was about to come hard enough to set off the city. The events at the guild stopped her and she thought furiously, or tried to through the pleasure. Moving frantically, she imagined a dark crystal and formed it into her mind. Desperate not to set off orgasms across the entire city, she poured her pleasure until the mental crystal glowed blackly with her ecstasy.

Underneath her, Gail began to sob. It was cries of pleasure and a release of something she didn't understand. She jerked violently and there was a spray of hotness from between Merrie's legs. It soaked Tai's face as the other guard lapped at Gail's pleasure, drowning in the flavor and heat.

Merrie lost herself as she stared the spell in her head. Somehow, she had trapped her orgasm inside a mental construct, a battery of sorts. She could feel the pleasure radiating from it, but the bulk of the ecstasy was trapped inside the spell. It felt raw but there was excitement as she wondered what it could be used for.

She slipped off as Tai crawled up. The older guard settled herself down on Gail, holding her weight on her arm and knee. She was naked but Gail still had her silk blouse covering her heaving breasts.

Gail panted for breath and kissed Tai's sticky lips. "I love you."

Tail kissed her back. "I love you too."

Basking in their love, Merrie settled down and wagged her tail. She wasn't in a hurry to leave but she loved seeing them lost in each others eyes.

(Lacy?) Gail's thoughts reached out tentatively, as if she wasn't sure she heard Merrie the first time. When Merrie opened herself up, Gail asked, (Do you have to leave?)

Merrie shook her head. (I'm here for as long as you need.)

(I think Tai would like to come too. She likes her asshole licked.) Mixing in with the thoughts is the distaste for going near any rectum, much less Tai's.

(As long as you need,) Merrie repeated and her tail wagged faster, (and to do whatever you want.)

Gail kissed her lover tightly. She was staring into Tai's eyes but her mind was on Merrie. (You won't take her from me, will you?)

Merrie shook her head.

(I won't remember this, will I? That you are a telepath, that you're real.)

A spell was already forming in Merrie's mind. It was elegant and specific as the calligraphic words spread out across her thoughts. (She will never leave you and you will always remember that.)

t'Sade

Broken Trust

61

Merrie held down Tai's trousers and underwear with both arms as she kept her tilted head jammed up between the guard's muscular thighs. Tai's sex drooled into her mouth and Merrie had to keep her lips sealed around Tai's opening to prevent it from dripping down her neck and face. Not that it mattered, but she loved the musky taste of Tai and wanted to drink every drop instead of wasting it on the ground.

Tai grabbed her ears and pulled her tight, guiding Merrie to her clitoris. Her arms strained as she tried to lift her leg, but with it trapped underneath Merrie's weight, she could do nothing but lean against the brick wall and clench her teeth to avoid calling out.

Merrie loved the frantic submission and the desperation. Tai was off duty in less than an hour, but the hard edge of excitement couldn't wait. So, they were back in the alley between two tanners. Around them, the sharp smells used to treat the hides mixed in with the steady spring rain that dripped down the gutters and railings to splash down around them.

One stream splashed down on Merrie's back. Every droplet of the cool air sent little twinges down her spine. She pulled back the cloak to let it run along bare skin and down between the cleft of her buttocks. Each droplet clung to her pussy before dripping off. The sensation, while tiny and minute, just added to the intensity of the moment.

She ground her face harder into Tai's pussy, breathing through the thick patch of hairs and lapping hard. She knew the woman's pussy like the back of her hand, where to lick and where to touch. She drank in the flood of juices and flicked the little fold of flesh.

“Faster,” whispered Tai, “please. Please harder.”

Merrie forced her head back so she could pry her shoulders between Tai’s thighs. She stretched back and worked her tongue further back to burrow between tightly clenched buttocks of the guard.

“Oh, please...” cried Tai. She brought her hand up to her mouth and bit down on the glove to avoid attracting attention. Guards weren’t suppose to use whores at all, but while on duty it would be a firable offense. But, there was no way that Tai could know that Merrie shaded them from sight and even telepathic detection.

Merrie jammed up, forcing Tai up on her toes. She found the tightly clenched anal ring and ran her tongue along it.

Tai’s pussy clenched and a flood of juices filled Merrie’s mouth and splashed down. It ran down both sides of her face and Merrie moaned at the loss of the taste as it coursed down her breasts, but she simply focused harder on lapping Tai’s asshole.

Tai cried out into her glove and clenched tightly on Merrie’s ears. The pain only encouraged Merrie to lap harder, circling around the wrinkled opening until it squeezed tight with Tai’s rapidly approaching orgasm.

Merrie jammed the tip of her tongue into Tai’s hole and fucked her while using it like a little cock. Each thrust ignited a burst of pleasure in the guard and soon Tai was trying to squat down on Merrie’s face to keep more inside her.

When Tai came, it was a little burst of pleasure. It filled Merrie with warmth and she drank in the feel of it, along with the musky scent of Tai’s pussy and ass.

Shuddering, Tai slumped back. She released Merrie’s ears and her glove creaked.

Blood flowed back along the sensitive ridge and Merrie squirmed as the flash of discomfort radiated through her body. She gave the trembling hole a final caress before pulling back. Carefully, she released the trousers and watched the fabric sliding back up Tai’s outstretched legs.

“Oh, fuck the gods,” gasped the guard. “I needed that.”

Merrie grinned and brought herself into a begging position. She bobbed up and down as her tail wagged back and forth. Her naked

body glistened from the rain, but unlike Tai, she could cover herself in a flash.

With shaking hands, Tai reached down and pulled her trousers up. "Sorry, Lacy, but I really should be on duty." She finished buckling the belt before she fished into her pockets. Pulling out a twenty mark bill, she looked away as she handed it to Merrie.

Merrie's cloak flashed up and gently plucked it from Tai's fingers. With a ripple of blackness, the money was secreted in one of the pockets. Merrie pulled it back then stopped when she noticed that Tai was missing one of her rings.

Hissing silently, Merrie grabbed the end of the cloak and dug into the pockets. A moment later, she found the ring and pulled it out. As the cloak grew in strength, it started to exhibit of her master's tendency for kleptomania. She had to keep track of her marks to make sure they didn't lose their wallet or jewelry while they were fucking her.

Innocently, the cloak rippled around her and fluttered against her skin.

Glancing up, she pushed Tai's mind into blankness and had the guard hold out her hand. Merrie dropped the into her palm and Tai reflexively put it back on her finger.

Merrie brought the cloak back to her. The thin fabric draped itself over Merrie, sliding along her naked skin and covering her once again in the shifting black folds. Underneath a faux skirt created by a fold of the cloak, the cool air continued to tickled against Merrie's bare sex, prickling the drying juices that coated her own thighs and sex.

Flushed, Tai took a deep breath and looked down. She stroked Merrie's ears. "Thank you, Lacy. I really needed that."

Merrie barked and smiled.

"I'm also glad that Gail doesn't mind you 'relieving' the pressure. Though, I wondered why she doesn't seem so hung up on you like the others."

Merrie only shrugged.

"Well, I better get on duty. Fang is probably finished writing up the report from the robbery." Tai double-checked her belt and trousers and hurried out of the alley.

Following her with her mind, Merrie reached into Tai's thoughts and calmed her breathing down and hid the flush of excitement. She left the warm afterglow that smoldered in her loins along with a desire to find Gail as soon as she was off duty. With a smile, she crawled in the opposite direction and into the crowded street.

The district smelled of blood and manure, but the rain beat it down until it was only a palatable stench. The throngs of people on the street moved slower in the rain, not to avoid the water but simply to enjoy the respite from the smells that would be suffocating in a few short months.

The first day of summer was coming and Merrie found herself looking forward to going to the message boards. She didn't know what Eolis would say or leave, but she was proud that she obeyed him. Even in absence, his command kept her going through the winter and through the spring.

She lifted her head and let the water rain down on her face. It felt good. Opening her mouth, she enjoyed it splashing on her tongue and washing away the musky smell of Tai's cunt. They had a bottle of wine hidden in one of the planters for that, but Merrie found struggling with the bottle not worth the effort of calling Scorch or any of the other whores working the street. Nir would help, the girl was begging at the corner, but Merrie could tell that she was having a good day and didn't want to disturb her.

Wagging her tail, she jumped on a nearby bench and transferred herself up to a planter. The flowers were in full bloom and her movements brought whiffs of perfume around her. Finding a comfortable spot to kneel on the edge, she turned to the boardwalk and settled down.

Turning her head to the sky, she let her mind drift. She didn't want to say she was happy but being a whore felt right. She loved bringing people pleasure just as much as she enjoyed having hard cock and questing fingers filling her. More nights than most, she was in someone's bedroom, giving as much as receiving. Life seemed better when she was fucking and she wondered how she could have ever let herself plunge into the despair that almost took her life.

The pain of her loss was still there. It never went away. Every time she thought of her master, she felt it tearing into her soul. There was an empty place that couldn't be filled. Every time she

swallowed, she wished it was him. She prayed that she would wake up from her dreams to find herself back in the cage, but it never came true. Instead, it was an empty box in an alley surrounded by beggars. It hurt, but she found that the tears didn't come anymore. She would forever be empty, but at least she was as happy as she could let herself be.

"Hey, Ears?" Nir spoke up next to her. She was healthier than ever, mostly because of Merrie, but there was still a gauntness in her frame. Dark shadows hung underneath her eyes as she glanced at the crowd, trying to measure if anyone would give her a few more coins. One strand of knotted black hair fell down over her face and she absently brushed it aside.

Merrie scanned the people walking by, but none of them were willing to give more than a few coins. She pushed them to do so and Nir held out her hand as they dropped money into her palm without either of them looking.

"I'm sorry," she coughed and one of the coins dropped from her hand. She whimpered and knelt down to grab it. As she was below, the cough grew louder before Nir managed to regain her composure. Standing up, her face was pale. "Sorry. I-I don't think I can stay out anymore. This rain is really cold."

Cocking her head, Merrie took a deep look at the girl. She was getting worse. And while the rain felt good against Merrie's skin, she could see how it was sapping Nir's strength with every passing moment.

Taking a deep breath, Merrie dug into her cloak. The pocket came to her arm and she eased out the twenty that Tai had just given her. The cloak gripped the edge and wrapped around her arm as she held it out to the beggar girl.

"I-I can't, Ears. You've—"

Merrie shook her head and jammed the money into Nir's chest. Then she pointed to the cafe down the street, the one under the guild's apartment. Scorch was in the apartment at the moment with a pair of customers, but Nir knew not to go in there.

Reluctantly, Nir took the money and scurried down the street.

Merrie watched her nervously, unsure what to do. The obvious answer was to suggest that Nir join the guild with Merrie. She was old enough not to be under Consent's protection, but she didn't

think Nir would be open to it, not when she was raped by her father. Neither broached the topic, not that Merrie could, and she was forced to watch Nir getting weaker by the day.

There was also loyalty to the rest of the beggars. She couldn't save them all, but it felt wrong to take Nir to a comfortable life when she couldn't do the same for the rest of the alley.

Most of her money went into the alley, to give them enough shelter to ease the suffering of their lives. She paid for healers when they needed it, ensured they would have steady meals in their bellies, and company to get through the days. They never asked for her obvious talents of sex, but they all craved her patronage.

It hurt that she couldn't do more, but Merrie didn't know what she could do. She couldn't save them all.

Sighing, she let her mind drift and focused on her job. Over the next few hours, the crowds came and went. She gave a number of blow jobs, got fucked against some crates of fruit, and even jammed her arm into a regular's ass. By the time night fell down on the city, she was brimming with excitement and enjoying the afterglow that pulsed through her body.

She was about to call it a night when a familiar man came down the street. It was Fang but the guard wasn't wearing his uniform. Instead, he had on a light rain cloak and was furtively looking down the alleys as he passed. To her surprise, he was looking for her and she could feel the anticipation as he drew closer. There was no question what he wanted, she could feel the anxiety and horniness coloring his thoughts. There was also depression darkening his mind.

Merrie pulled the cloak away from her body. The rain soaked her instantly, but she knew what would turn him on. She sat up into a begging position, something he had glimpsed her doing for Tai, and waited for him to draw closer.

He slowed as he approach, his eyes locking on hers. There was a strange intenseness in his eyes, something more than just a desire to orgasm. For a brief moment, he looked familiar to her, more so than the occasional looks they shared since the day she was freed. She stared into his brown-green eyes as he stopped in front of her. He was taller than her, even with her kneeling on the planter. Merrie couldn't picture it, but she could have sworn she saw his

eyes before, but she didn't remember when. She wondered if it was before she lost her memories, of the days before the mill.

"You," he breathed.

Merrie nodded.

"I know she's fucking you," his voice was filled with longing and need, "right?"

She cocked her head but didn't respond.

"Look, I need it. Can you give it?"

She knew what he wanted, to have his cock in something warm and hot. But, there was also a hesitation. He had money on him but he was hoping for a freebie, something he assumed Tai got whenever they were in the alley. For a moment, Merrie considered saying no, but the eyes drew her. She knew she had seen them before.

With a bark, she jumped off the planter and headed down the street.

Fang followed after tugging his cloak over his face to shield himself. He moved quickly after her. When she ducked into the alley, he hurried past her into the darkest part. Shielded from sight, he pulled back his cloak and whispered to her. "Over here."

Merrie didn't need him to tell her. She could see in shadows as brightly as day. She crawled over the cobblestones and stopped in front of him. With a smile he couldn't see, she pulled herself into a begging position and rested the ends of her arms on his thighs.

He jumped at the touch. "Just give me the same deal, okay?"

Merrie stared up at him. His Brunette hair was in a thick ring around his head and it left the top of it bare. She could feel that he hated his body and wished he was someone else.

There was also loneliness in his apartment, something he didn't want to go back to. She got the impression he used to live with someone, but now there was only depression and hopelessness. She didn't push further, not when he was exploring her ears with his fingers.

She leaned forward and nuzzled his crotch. She could feel the hardness underneath the fabric.

Fang fumbled with his trousers and unbuttoned them. With a groan, he fished his cock out. It was long and thin, about sixteen

centimeters in length with a arrowhead tip. When he tugged his balls out of his jeans, the tip smacked against Merrie's nose.

"S-Sorry."

Merrie opened her mouth and tilted her head so she could lick along the bottom ridge of his length. His body tensed with her tongue and she continued up toward his tip.

"Sweet..." His voice trailed off into a moan. He clutched the wall behind him and thrust forward with his hips.

Reaching the tip, Merrie used her tongue to work the tip into the foreskin and explore the tip. He was clean underneath, but sensitive. Even the brush of her breath against his cock head caused him to tense up.

"Slow, please slow?"

Merrie pulled back and slid her lips down the bottom edge. She kept her arms resting on his thighs, to give him an anchor to focus on in darkness. She stopped at his balls but didn't mouth them; she knew that he didn't like his testicles being played with. Opening her mouth, she clamped her lips on the side of his hardness and worked her way up, using her saliva for lubrication.

Fang moaned even louder. His fingernails scraped the bricks as he pushed forward. He stepped out of his pants and spread his legs even further apart.

Taking her time, she slathered his cock with her mouth until it dripped. Rising herself up on her knees, she reached the tip and rolled it around against her lips, giving him a bit of pressure as if he was about to penetrate her.

His cock jumped at the sensation.

Merrie pushed her mouth down, parting her lips just enough to give friction as she took his cock in her mouth. The hardness bumped against the top of her mouth and slid along the smooth palate toward the back of her throat.

He was obsessing on every millimeter that sank into her mouth. He could picture it in her mind and she added in the details until he was almost cumming from the mental image. She bobbed down, taking a few centimeters before sliding it back up.

His precum was light and musky, tinted with a sweetness. It pooled on her tongue and she gulped to enjoy the warmth sliding down her throat. It wouldn't be long before she had more, but she

wanted to bury it completely in her throat. He wanted to cum inside her, balls deep, but she was going to take her time getting there.

Merrie bobbed up and down, sucking on his entire length until her cheeks hollowed. Her body trembled with the anticipation and she clenched her inner muscles to fight back her own lusts. She continued to move in slow strokes that took him deeper and deeper.

She relished every ridge and bump as it scraped against her lips. The tip bumped against her throat, deeper than he ever had someone take him, and then further down. She gulped as she stuffed his cock into her mouth, enjoying how he shuddered as the tip sank into her throat.

He finally released the brick wall and grabbed her head. It was a frantic touch, a primal desperation to drive deep.

Merrie surrendered to him with a flash of pleasure. She opened her mouth just enough as he began to fuck her face, pounding hard. His belly, hard from guard duties, smacked against her nose. His cock drove deep into her throat, scraping against the back end and sending fire along her nerves.

She pulled away her hands, knowing how he would respond.

Fang grabbed her tighter, afraid she was pulling back, and thrust harder. His balls smacked against her chin with every stroke. Wet slurping noises drifted up and pushed him to drive in faster. Soon, she was seeing stars from the wet, meaty impacts, and they were sinking down into her belly, stoking the fires of her sex.

His orgasm came bubbling up. It was hot and searing as she felt it cresting inside him. And then his cock swelled inside her mouth, stretching her lips.

He moaned loudly and began to slam into her, driving deep with hard, erratic strokes. His cock surged and cum poured down into her throat. She gulped at it and held herself limp as he pounded her face a few last times, then buried his length as deep into her mouth as possible. His shaft surged and jerked in her grip as more cum poured down into her belly.

Merrie tenderly cleaned his cock as he withdrew, leaving it spit-shined and slick. Her stomach growled as she watched him pull his trousers back into place and button them.

“I... I...” he gasped and staggered back.

He wasn't going to pay her. He had the money, but the shame and humiliation burned brightly with the afterglow. It turned into blind panic and he fled the alley in a dead sprint.

Merrie licked her lips and smiled. She didn't fuck for the money, just the pleasure. She brought the cloak back around her and crawled out of the darkness.

"Well," said Scorch in an angry tone, "he ran out in a hurry. You aren't suppose to scare them, Bitch."

"Don't listen to him, Ears." Nir hurried over and knelt down to hug Merrie. "He's just a meanie," she whispered.

"I heard that," came the familiar growl.

Nir glared at him, but she was also smiling. "Good, because you are a meanie."

Scorch's body shimmered with heat as he folded his arms over his chest. The rain that splashed down on him hissed and sizzled away. He glanced down the street where Fang had ran. "He didn't pay you, did he?"

Merrie shook her head, her ears drooping. Kirin had talked to her about not getting paid for every fuck.

"The guild is going to take twenty-five percent no matter what, you know."

Merrie nodded.

"But, you can't let the marks think they can get away from that. You might fuck for the joy of it, but if you teach them that, then you put all of our jobs at risk."

With a sigh, Merrie lowered her head and looked up at him through her eyelashes.

"Puppy eyes doesn't change anything, Bitch. Collect the money or else," he snarled. He dropped his arms and shoved past Nir to head down the street. Steam followed after him, wafting in the air before the rain beat it down.

Nir hugged Merrie tightly. "Don't worry, I'm sure you won't get in trouble."

Merrie shrugged and nuzzled Nir's face.

The girl smiled and kissed Merrie on the nose. When she sniffed, she crinkled her nose. "You smell like cum."

Wagging her tail, Merrie gave a little bark.

Nir stood up and looked around through the streaming rain lit up by the light of the lanterns. "Think we can stop by Ratty's? I'd love to bring a little desert. I got enough money."

Merrie barked. She looked up at the guild apartment. The lights were on and she could feel one of the whores already inside, alone and masturbating. Not worried about it, Merrie crawled next to Nir as they headed back home.

It took them almost an hour to walk across town. By the time they reached Ratty's street, the rain was pouring down in sheets. It overflowed the gutters and the puddles stretched across the street. The occasional wagon threatened to soak both of them, but Merrie discretely used her cloak to shield both herself and Nir from being touched by the sheets of water.

In one strong splash, something clinked from the cloak. Merrie peered down to see a ring. It was from one of her marks, but one that had long since headed home. Swearing softly, she picked up the ring and stuck it back in the cloak. At the same time, she posted a reminder using a spell to return it as soon as she saw him again.

The cloak rippled and she tried to figure out some way of making it stop stealing.

Lost in thought with her efforts to control her cloak, she didn't realize something was wrong until they were a block away from Ratty's restaurant. There was too many minds for that late at night and their thoughts were in a cloud of regret and dread.

The only cheerful person was one of Ratty's neighbors, a self-satisfied woman who hated the beggars. She was trying to pretend to be devastated while inwardly she was already cheering.

The healer was kneeling on the ground next to Ratty's body. The stench of vomit and feces stank up the air, choking, but the healer had seen far worse. He was trying to save the flicker of life in the old woman's chest, but it was too late. He just couldn't stop, not with the promises he made when he joined the guard. His only regret is that no one found her earlier.

His eyes looked down at the blood and vomit on the ground. Food poisoning was a terrible way to die, more so when your neighbors wouldn't come to your cries for help. He glanced at the old woman talking to the guards. He knew that she waited until Ratty was dead, but he couldn't prove it. The sick feeling rose in his stomach, not from Ratty's corpse but at the pettiness of the woman speaking.

Merrie gasped. She rushed forward and blocked Nir's path.
"Ears? What's wrong?"

Merrie shook her head and pushed Nir back. Even as she was moving, she cast out her senses to the beggars in the alley. She couldn't find them and dread rose inside her. There was always someone in the alley at night.

Frowning, she shoved Nir back again and the girl stumbled.

Merrie focused harder and scanned the surrounding areas. She found a pedestrian was walking by and Merrie grabbed him with mental fingers. Rushing through the domination spell, she took over his body and forced him down into the alley.

Another spell gave her his senses so she could look.

Not comprehending why he decided to walk down an alley, the cheese maker took a sniff. It smelled vile in the darkness. He thought about the store at the end, a competitor. No wonder the cheese was rank there, not with the stench in the alley. He continued forward, pushed by some unseen force.

He tripped on the first body and fell forward. His hand splashed into a puddle of something wet and sticky. Panicking, he looked up at the unseeing faces around him.

Merrie felt sick as she recognized Copper, Threads, and the others. They were all around the pot of food that had been spilled in their death throes.

"Ears? What's wrong?"

Merrie pushed her back, away from the alley and Ratty's.

"No, what's wrong?" Nir tried to go around Merrie.

Merrie shook her head and pushed back. She started a spell to dominate Nir, but it faltered. She couldn't do it to a friend. A stranger was fair game, but not someone who held her at night. Not for this.

She sat down heavily and shook her head. She held up her arms and her cloak spread out into black wings, darkening the street. It blocked her body.

Nir gasped as she stared at the billowing darkness. Then, as the tremors started to shake her, she lowered her gaze down to Merrie. There was confusion and fear in her. It slowly blossomed into realization. A sob tore out as she shook her head and stepped back.
"No, not Copper. Not the others."

Merrie bowed her head.

“No!” Nir spun on her heels and sprinted the other way, sobbing loudly as she splashed through the rain.

Merrie forced the stranger in the alley to call for the guards and ran after Nir.

t'Sade

A Funeral

62

Merrie knelt on the soggy ground and morosely watched over the nine ragged rectangles in the grass. The rain poured down on the freshly turned earth and it melted before her eyes. The flowing mud connected the graves before it ran down the hill toward the dirt path leading out of the graveyard.

She sighed as she looked at the stone markers. There were no name or dates on them. She knew each of their names and why they arrived in the alley, but she couldn't tell anyone. Instead, she gave money for a simple carving on each one. For Threads and the others who still believed in their gods, it was their divine symbol. For Copper, she picked a rose for the man he lost everything for. Each one was meaningful, but no one would ever know why because she couldn't tell their stories.

The grave digger picked up his shovel and hoisted it over his shoulder. He looked at Nir, standing next to Merrie, and held out his hand mutely.

Nir, tears streaming down her face, turned her red eyes to Merrie helplessly.

Merrie dug into her cloak and pulled out a hundred marks. Holding them in her lips, she handed it to Nir.

Nir took them, briefly shadowing Merrie's face from the rain, before she gingerly stepped around the grave to pay the man.

"Madams," said the digger while controlling his opinion. He thought Merrie was a freak, an abomination, but a job was a job. Pocketing his money, he turned and headed down. The muck from his boots marked a trail of clods as he trudged back to the tightly packed houses that pressed up against the graveyard.

“It,” sobbed Nir, “it isn’t fair.”

Merrie rested her arm on Nir’s hip. She leaned into the teenage girl and felt the sobs shaking her body. She had muted Nir’s emotions with a spell, but it felt wrong to suppress them completely. Instead, she kept Nir’s thoughts from spiraling into despair, if anything to avoid the same fate that Merrie suffered.

Nir lowered herself to her knees and clutched Merrie tightly. She sobbed into Merrie’s shoulder. “It just isn’t fair.”

Merrie could feel the raw horror dwelling in Nir’s mind. There was regret for running away from home, but doubt that she would be welcomed back. She was afraid and didn’t know what to do. She clutched to Merrie as her only anchor in life.

“I,” Nir whispered in a broken voice, “I don’t know if I can go back there. Not tonight.”

Merrie sighed. She was thinking the same thing. The alley was marked off with the guard wards, in theory to investigate, but she knew no one would look to what happened. Instead, the wards would fade in a few days. A few months later, no one would remember that nine people died in that alley.

But, until then, they had no home. Merrie couldn’t bring Nir to the guild and they didn’t have enough money for more than a few days in an inn. She could make more if needed, but that would take some time.

She had ways of making the money, not of the guild. She could dominate someone into handing over enough. She knew how to make it subtle enough no one would ever know.

But, she would. And it felt wrong to use dominate that way. She remembered the rush of controlling people at the county fair and Haviston’s simple words. It was seductively easy to use power. In the end, it would risk everything she had with both the guild and her very being.

In the corner of her eye, her cloak fluttered up and spun together until it was a snake-like creature staring at her with black eyes. Merrie turned to look at it, putting herself between Nir and her cloak. The despair was rising inside her. Closing her eyes, she focused on calming herself until she felt it stop. The cloak lost its tension and fluttered back to the ground.

Nir sniffed as she looked at Merrie, unaware of the cloak's response. "What do we do? We don't have anywhere to live."

Merrie knew a place. Even thinking about it brought a pain slashing through her heart, but she forced herself to consider it. There was shelter from the rain and warmth in the mansion, or there was before the battle.

Nir whimpered and started coughing, a wet rattling in her chest. She sobbed between the coughs and held Merrie tightly for balance.

Merrie held herself still, forcing herself to make the decision. When Nir looked up with tears in her eyes, Merrie's heart broke. She loved her master, but he was dead. She couldn't allow Nir to die because of her own despair. She could have Nir wait on the bridge until she made sure it was safe. It wouldn't be an easy life, and Merrie would have to guide her through the repulsion for a while, but it was better than any other choice.

A decision made, Merrie pushed Nir to her feet. The girl hesitated before stand up straight. "Ears?"

Merrie concentrated on her cloak. Twisting part of into a snake-like shape, she formed an impromptu leash and guided the end into Nir's hand. The girl closed her fingers around the icy lead without looking.

Giving the graves one last bow, Merrie headed toward the gate of the graveyard. The cloak tugged when she reached the end of it, but Merrie dug her wrists into the ground and pulled until Nir stumbled after her.

The path down the muddy road was painful. Merrie knew what she had to do, but she didn't want to. Memories of that last night, of her master dying before her, flashed across her head. She shuddered every time she replayed that last look in his eyes before his body burned away in black shadows. It tore her open and she had to cling to the faded memories of sex and the few orders he gave to avoid bursting into tears or work, destroying everything around her.

She felt a presence at the entrance of the grave. Looking up, it was Scorch standing in the middle of the road with his hands behind his back. The rain steamed around him as he waited impatiently. There was a glower etched across his face.

Merrie reached out to read his mind, but there was nothing but anger and determination in his thoughts. But, none of it was

directed at either of them and she relaxed. She crawled down the road, the mud sticking to her knees and wrists, before stopping in front of him.

“S-Scorch?” asked Nir.

“No one else came?” His voice was low and bitter.

Nir shook her head. “No.”

“Come on.” He gestured with his chin before turning on his heels.

Nir glanced down. “Ears? Where is he going?”

Scorch was heading for the guild, but Merrie didn't know why. She looked up at Nir helplessly and shrugged.

“S-Should we follow? He hates us, doesn't he?”

Merrie shook her head and started after Scorch. Her wrists splashed in the cold water but she didn't feel the discomfort. A moment later, Nir caught up with her. Merrie wrapped them both in a shade and followed after Scorch.

They walked in silence for almost an hour before they got to the guild house. The building was brightly lit, as always, but most of the whores were inside and away from the rain.

Scorch stopped a few meters from the front door and pointed to it. “There.”

Nir whimpered. “Where? In there?”

“Yes, in there,” he snapped. “There is food and there is warmth. They'll give you a bed to sleep in and a healer to help that cough. I can't make you go through the door, but you need to go in there.”

Nir shook her head. “No, no, I can't. I can't.”

He spun on her, his eyes glowing red. “Why not? You've been hanging around us for months, getting in my way. You know what we do, what I do. What Bitch does. She's,” he gestured down at Merrie, “has been feeding you ever since she showed up. Why is not working for the guild any better!? Besides making sure none of us will find you dead in some alley!?” His voice crackled as he stepped toward her. In his mind, there was an intense flash of protectiveness and affection toward Nir and it surprised Merrie.

Stunned by his sudden outburst, Merrie stared at him in shock.

“Scorch, I can't. I was... my father...” Nir sobbed as she struggled with the words.

“You were raped, that happens.”

Nir gasped and clutched at Merrie's ear.

Scorch pointed angrily to the guild entrance. “That is the safest place to make sure that never happens again. Do you know what happens to people who rape whores? We kill them! Me, Pristine, and Elf. We hunt down people who hurt the guild and make sure they never do it again. If that fucker or his wife shows up, they won’t leave the building alive. If you are afraid of them, we,” he smacked his chest and there was a puff of smoke and brimstone, “will be there. This is the guild, we protect our own! But, I can’t,” he jerked as he swallowed hard, “legally protect you if you aren’t guild.”

Merrie looked at Nir. She could feel the warring emotions in the girl. Scorch was right, the guild would take care of Nir. But, the girl kept picturing herself pinned down on her bed by her own mother as her father raped her. The fear burned brightly.

It would take just a little push to crush the memories. Merrie could make all of Nir’s pain go away, but she didn’t. She didn’t know why at first, but then she thought about the blank part of her life. Merrie had given up her past for her master and now there was nothing before the mill. The only way she could heal Nir was to the same thing, to erase the memories and leave her an empty shell.

Nir sniffed and stepped back, tugging on Merrie’s ear. “C-Come on, Ears, we can go somewhere else. You don’t have to be here either.” It was a high-pitched, plaintive whine.

Merrie sighed and let Nir pull her away, a little flickering of heat rose inside her as she was dragged away.

“Bitch?” came a new voice, Barrel.

Merrie stopped and then winced as Nir pulled on her ear. She levered her head around to look at the nearly naked man standing just inside the door.

“Are you,” he gulped, “leaving us?”

She froze. She couldn’t leave the guild. She was happier than she had been in a long time. The sex and pleasure was one thing, but the feeling of being home was another. Even though she rarely entered the guild hall herself, there was someone waiting for her.

Sari’s words came back. Eventually she would leave, flow away like the shadows, but she never thought it was Nir.

Nir tugged harder. “Please, Ears, let’s go.”

Scorch grabbed Nir’s other arm. “Don’t be an idiot! You’re sick girl. You need—”

“Scorch!” interrupted Kirin as the guild mistress came out into the rain. She was wearing her black corset and nothing else. She had a glass of wine in her hand.

He snatched his hand back, leaving a red mark on Nir’s arm.

“What are you doing?” snapped Kirin.

“She need shelter. And food.”

“Yes, but no one will ever be forced to join the guild, you know that.”

The tension on Nir’s arm relaxed.

Scorched sighed. “She’s an idiot.”

“Yes, and your heart means well. Go inside, please.”

Scorch’s jaw tightened.

Kirin raised an eyebrow.

He bowed as shimmers of heat rose around him. “Yes, guild mistress. I’ll be in my room.” Without another word, he shoved himself past the gathered people and disappeared from sight.

With a delicate sigh, Kirin turned to Nir. “So, you’re Bitch’s bitch.”

Nir blushed. “Um, not really. I mean, we haven’t done... anything.”

Kirin’s presence washed over Merrie as she smiled brilliantly. “There is more to life than sex.”

Nir flushed. “Um, you’re naked.”

“No, I’m wearing a corset. But, if that bothers you, let me... Elfie?”

Elf came up with a black, full-length jacket. Slipping it over Kirin’s shoulders, he reached over and hooked it on her breasts. With a giggle, he patted it down over Kirin’s ass before stepping back. The jacket was open to the air, but Kirin’s naked cock was only visible for those looking at her head on.

“Better?”

Nir blushed hotly. “Not really.”

“Well, best you’re going to get from me. I find clothing to be uncomfortable. Have you eaten?”

Nir stared at the sudden question. “N-Not since yesterday.”

Kirin favored Nir with a bright smile. “Then, why don’t we talk over dinner?”

The girl’s eyes opened wide. “In there? I-I can’t.”

Kirin caught the girl's arm. "Of course not. There is a lovely Melkuth place down the street. Life is a lot easier if you have something warm in your tummy, don't you think?"

Nir's stomach growled.

With a smile, the guild mistress turned to Merrie. "Coming with us?"

Merrie thought about her master's grave and Nir's reluctance to enter the guild. She shook her head and took a step back.

Sadness flashed across Kirin's face. She released Nir and walked over to Merrie, her bare feet tapping lightly on the cobblestones. Kneeling down, with one knee on each side of Merrie's head, she crouched over her. "We won't make her enter, you know that? Legally or morally."

Merrie nodded. She lifted her eyes from Kirin's immense cock to look up at the blue-gold eyes. She could smell the perfume on Kirin's skin, the unique smell made only for her.

Kirin cupped Merrie's chin and searched her face for a long time.

"You have to do something, don't you? And you might not come back."

Merrie thought about the mansion. It scared her, but she had to go back. She didn't know what was there or if she could handle it. She struggled to make a noise, a sound to explain it. But, there was nothing she could say. She reached up and kissed Kirin on the lips.

The woman smiled and kissed her back. "Be safe, Lost Alpha," she whispered. "We'll take good care of her. For twenty-four hours, we can give her the shelter of the guild without requiring her to enter. No more. But, even if you take longer, I'll take care of her for you."

Kirin kissed Merrie on the lips and stood up. She hooked her arm around Nir and guided the young woman down the street. There was a warmth between them, some of it due to Kirin's magic, but also Nir's crumbling resistance. Months of being with Merrie showed that the guild wasn't evil and no one had ever even tried to hurt Merrie or Scorch.

Glancing to her side, Merrie noticed that some of the guild were watching her. Elf, Barrel, and Pristine were all on the side of the door. Barrel had tears running down his face and Elf was patting Barrel on the hand. Pristine just looked sick, as if the idea of Merrie leaving was making her ill.

Merrie could never leave the guild, no matter what Sari or Kirin said. It was her home, but she had to do something first. Taking a deep breath, she blew them a kiss and turned away from the guild. She walked alone down the street and into the darkness, her other home.

Every step closer to her master's grave added to the dread that filled Merrie's heart. She tried to convince herself that Nir would join the guild and she didn't have to go back. But, she saw the look in Nir's eyes. Scorch's offer of shelter might be the best thing for the teenage girl, but Merrie knew of Nir's past. There was no way the girl would ever join the guild.

Setting her jaw, she forced herself down the street. Her knees and wrists tapped on the cobblestones as she worked her way through the fading crowds. It was a long walk to the district and she took longer than normal. By the time, she got near the bridge, it was already dusk.

The first thing she noticed was the memorials lining both sides of the street. At the first one, she stopped and looked at it. Someone had created a small shrine to a woman, with a small picture that had already blurred under the rain and a dozens of flowers. A few meters down the road, she saw another and then another.

Frowning, Merrie continued toward the bridge and the dread was rising. She saw more memorials. She could feel the emotions from each one: sorrow, pain, and grief. It vibrated from the little presents and letters. She didn't need to read them to know what they were for. There was only one reason so many people would die and that was the Shadowed District.

But, Merrie knew that Gail had saved everyone in the district. She made sure of it, but the memorials said otherwise. She slowed down and looked at the nearest one. It was for a old man who died only a few months before, judging from the newspaper article.

Guilt slammed into her. She may have saved everyone from her despair, but it was still drawing people into the darkness. She shuddered and reached out, only to find a wall of sorrow and grief boiling only a hundred meters away.

The bridge looked nothing like when she left it. In the center, someone had built a wooden wall with a large “bridge out” sign hanging from a rope. Spiked logs topped the top, dripping with the rain. Four guards stood at a reinforced gate in the center of the wall.

Beyond the wall was darkness. The Shadowed District was wrapped in perpetual shadows. Black smoke boiled around just out of sight and she could see dead trees hanging over the raging river. Something crawled inside, she could feel the malevolence from it as it paced back and forth as if it was waiting for the shadows to reach into the bright parts of the city.

On the bright side, a makeshift camp had been built. In the center there was a large fire and it was tended by a number of younger men and a few women, all in their early twenties. They had weapons and armor, but they all looked exhausted. Many of them were bandaged, some of it still crimson with blood. Surrounding the fire were some wooden buildings. One was serving food, another had maps of the district and other paper. A third was lit with painful brilliance. Inside, a young woman sobbed loudly as she crouched on one of the tables.

Merrie stopped in shock. It wasn't what she expected. She knew she wasn't sane when she created the Shadowed District, but the signs of combat and devastation were more than she could handle. Wincing, she looked away as guilt tore at her and the despair rose up. Around her, the shadows grew darker and she felt the malevolence inside the district focusing on her.

Sniffing, she forced herself to pull her thoughts from the rising despair. She couldn't do it again. She stared at the dark and realized she had to do something about it. She couldn't undo the damage or death she left behind, but she could stop more from dying.

With a set to her jaw, she wrapped herself in the shade and continued down the road. Her heart pounded as she got closer to the bridge. The only path she could see was brightly light. In her mind's eye, it glowed with holy magic. It was designed to stop

creatures of the shadow and she wasn't sure her shade was strong enough to get through the wards.

"Dolcen! Jarrek!" A man's voice boomed across the fire. Merrie turned as a broad-chested man came out of the brightly lit building. He wore simple, torn clothing and had scars across his face, arms, and hands. On his back, a massive scythe glinted in the light coming from all directions.

As he came to the fire, two men stood up. One of them, his face covered in bandages, staggered to regain his balance.

"Have you found them?" The man spoke with a southern accent, rich and deep. He held out his hand to catch the staggering man.

The other spoke. "No, we checked regions four and five. The Reaper surprised us as we were entering six and Dolcen," he gestured to the swaying man, "got really hurt."

The large man sighed and turned to Dolcen. "You should be in the infirmary. The healers are there for a reason."

"I-I wanted to report."

The unnamed man patted him gingerly on the back. "You reported. Now get healed."

"I want—"

"Get healed, boy. The shadows will be there tomorrow."

Dolcen sighed and pushed himself away. He swayed as he walked.

The man snapped his fingers and a hawk-faced girl ran out of the crowds to grab him before he fell. She wore a healer's robe, but her pendant said she was an initiate instead of one capable of healing him.

The man turned back to the other man. "Can you fight?"

Jarrek stood straight. "Yes, of course."

"Good, because there are two children out there who need us." He stepped back and raised his voice. "I need volunteers to go back in!"

Merrie let out a sigh of relief. She clutched the repulsion spell tight in her mind and made her way toward the bridge. Her body was silent as she skirted the pools of bright light and made her way down the bridge.

The bridge shook underneath her, as if something was pounding on the far end. She could feel the shadows reaching out for her, dark and hungry for her power. She trembled as she crept closer to her

master's grave. She could feel it in her mind, like a compass of darkness that she could never forget. Tears welled in her eyes as she moved from shadow to shadow, working her way along the shuddering structure until she was pressed up against the gate wall.

Despite being brightly lit, there were places that shadows will always form. Her master knew that and she remembered when he learned the same tricks. Feeling exposed, she ducked underneath a gap from one of the timbers enforcing the wall and breathed a sigh of relief at the blessed darkness.

The wall glowed with ward magic. It enforced the barrier between the worlds and kept everything in painful brightness. Even if she wanted to, she couldn't step through. But that didn't stop the darkness on the other side from pounding on the bridge, scraping at the supports with helpless claws in an attempt to get to the light.

The unnamed man was efficient. Less than ten minutes after Merrie found her position, he was striding up the bridge with ten men and two women in tow. All of them looked exhausted but determined. They were also armed heavily and prepared for war.

"We'll start with region twelve and move back. Jarrek said the Reaper is around six, so we'll pray the children aren't there. Ten still has the trees, but we need to check at least a few meters in before discounting that. If they got much further than that, they would have been torn apart. Beyond that, they could be anywhere."

Jarrek fumbled with something around his neck. "How did they get in there anyways?"

The man sighed. "Their grandfather left a suicide note when he went inside. Their mother thinks they followed after him."

Another warrior hefted his long sword. "What if they aren't?"

The large man turned. "Then we fight shadows and maybe make it a little safer. If you have a problem, Golor, then turn back. This is for volunteers only."

"No," said Golor, "I'll stay."

"Good man," said the man, "we might get out of this alive." He turned to the guards at the gate. "Please?"

The guards said nothing as two of them provided keys and unlocked the gate. Looking away from the boiling darkness, they pulled open the door and held it wide.

The man took a deep breath and swung his scythe from over his shoulder. The blade began to glow with a warm yellow light. With a long exaltation of breath, he stepped into the threshold of light and dark.

Moments later, the others filed in. Merrie watched mutely, shifting closer to the gate as she prepared a domination spell to slow the guards from closing it.

Jarrek passed and she saw what he was toying with, a pendant with the symbol of Lemetri on it. She gasped as rage rose up. Jarrek drew out his own sword, a two-handed blade much like Bass' but smaller, and dove into the darkness.

Merrie stared as the light faded in the darkness, then released her spell. It took the guards and the three remaining warriors in mid-step, freezing them. In the brief pause, Merrie launched herself from the darkness. Her cloak spread out in a pool of darkness as she dove into the gate and to the side.

The threshold felt like passing into the Shadows. It was a pain of familiarity, pleasure, and horror at the same time. On the other side, the world was an inverted image cast in darkness. Her cloak blossomed around her, wrapping around her in black on black as she crawled along the back edge of the wall.

Behind her, the remaining warriors stepped through, unaware of the brief moment they were unable to move.

It was dark on the other side, almost pitch black, except that the glow from the warriors created more shadows across the deathly silently world. There was magic radiating from all of them, but the strongest came from Jarrek's pendant and sword. All of them were surrounded by magical light, but Merrie's attention was on the follower of Lemetri.

"Keep together. This is not the place to be a hero."

Merrie watched as they headed to the right of the bridge. She focused on the unnamed man, curious of what made up the leader and to alleviate her own fears that he was associated with Lemetri.

He stood over the beds of his two wives, crying. Both of them had sheets covering over their face and he watched morbidly, looking for any sign that they were still alive.

The village healer rested his hand on his shoulder. "I'm sorry, Gillette, they were too weak for the gods to heal them. I tried everything—"

Gillette shoved him aside. "Damn you and damn the gods!" Without another word, he stormed out.

Merrie gasped at the intensity of Gillette's emotions.

He was coming into Franome City with a load of vegetables. The wagon swayed back and forth and he leaned against the side with the same bland feeling that had consumed his life ever since the plague took his wives, two years ago. He had no purpose, no reason to do anything but keep doing the same as his father and his father's father.

A cold wind tore through the city and his horse, Old Gentle, reared back with fear. He looked up to see a cloud of darkness rising up from underneath the branches of the World Tree. At first, he thought it was a fire or explosion, but the cloud continued to blossom with terrifying darkness, stretching high.

Suddenly, four guards who were eating at a nearby table dropped their forks and shoved back their chairs. Scrambling to their feet, all of them grabbed their swords and sprinted toward the blossoming cloud. There was fear in their eyes.

Gillette glanced to the side where he saw two more guards racing in the same direction. On the other side, another city guard was breaking free of a crowd as he bellowed for everyone to clear out.

He had nothing left, but he could help. Reaching back, he made sure his scythe was still strapped to the back of the wagon bench and snapped the reins. He would just look, nothing more.

Merrie shivered at the memories. They were as raw as her own, but he was focused and determined to help. With guilt still gnawing at her, she cast out her senses for the children he was looking for. In the darkness, her power was stronger than ever and she spread out across the entire district.

She found them clutching each other in terror. Something was circling around them, growling as it inched closer. Merrie shifted her senses to the creature and sank into its dark mind.

Rage and hunger. Hunger for the terror that radiated from the two little morsels of flesh and bone. It had been drinking fear from them for hours but the sweet edge was fading with too much terror. One of the morsels was cracking and soon its mind would fill with darkness. It needed to eat before the mind broke, it wanted to taste blood not corrupted by the darkness.

Merrie closed her eyes tightly. She plucked the map from Gillette's mind and identified the creature. It was in the sixth

region, the one they were avoiding. It was the Reaper, a cat-like but massive beast of shadow, as tall as a two-story building and surrounded by black tentacles that tore flesh and bone. Gillette had felt the four rows of teeth during one fight and he only survived with the concerted effort of Jarrek and the others.

She glanced at the light fading in the darkness. They were going the wrong way.

Whimpering, Merrie tried to catch the children's mind, to place an anchor on them, but the terror made it impossible to hold still. She couldn't find their position either, not with the power radiating off the Reaper.

Spurred into movement, Merrie crawled after the warriors. She had to tell them, somehow, before it was too late. She may have created the darkness, but she couldn't bear the idea of children dying because of her. Her cloak flowed around her, rippling along the ground behind her.

With the warriors inching forward, she caught up to them. The cloak rested itself over her mouth, to quiet her panic, as she tried to think of some way to guide them to the right place. She was afraid of showing herself, not with someone following Lemetri in the group.

In the distance, she heard the Reaper screech and the spike of fear radiating from the children. The boy's mind was cracking and she could feel little bursts of insanity rippling away from his thoughts.

Merrie looked down at her body. She couldn't show herself as a bitch to Jarrek, he could be looking for her. Gulping, she concentrated on the cloak. It flowed with her mind, snapping back and forth from the emotions that tore through her thoughts. She drew out a spell, writing calligraphic runes in the darkness. It was a domination spell, but one that attached her mind tighter to the cloak. She hoped it would give her enough control to fake her appearance.

The spell ignited into flames and the cloak shuddered. She pulled her cloak closer and wrapped it around her arm tightly. She tried to remember what it was like to have a hand and pictured reaching out for her walking stick.

The cloak flowed down her shoulder and wrapped around her arm. It continued twist together as it reached out, spreading into a gross proximity of a hand, then down into the shape of her walking stick.

Panting from the effort, Merrie turned her attention to the other side and concentrated. The cloak twisted down and spread out. The fingers were long and flowing until she brought them back into shape. She twisted the black palm over and glared at herself. It didn't look anything like a hand when she looked at it and it would only fool someone who couldn't get a good look.

She sighed and cocked her head. In the shadows, she could pretend to be something less than human and still save them. She hoped it was enough.

Bearing down, she gave herself legs. The cloak tightened around her, squeezing her limbs until the pain brought a cry to her throat. She clamped down on her mouth, biting her tongue, as she sank into the agony.

With a shuddering gasp, she tried to stand up. The cloak shifted around her but she lost her balance and tumbled. The ground hit her wrists and she pitched forward. She let out an inarticulate yelp as she landed face-first into the cobblestones.

She rubbed her nose as she stood up, humiliated and ashamed. But, fear forced her to try again. Power radiating from her, she drew on the strength of the shadows to form the faux limbs for her arms and legs. With a deep breath, she tried to stand up. To her surprise, it obeyed and she was standing for the first time in years.

Heart pounding, she leaned on her cloak and took a hesitate step forward. Her limbs were malformed and grotesque, but functional. She wanted to reshape them, but she couldn't concentrate enough to do anything but move. Limping forward, she worked her way after the warriors until they were only a few meters ahead.

Cringing at the idea of drawing attention to herself, Merrie dropped the repulsion spell and reversed it to draw their attention.

The warriors slowed and stopped. One by one, they turned to look at her. Jarrek responded first, gasping as he brandished his weapon. "Gillette!"

Gillette spun around, his scythe flashing.

Jarrek shook as he stepped between the warriors and Merrie. “What is it?”

Gillette, on the other hand, wasn’t as frightened. He hefted his scythe and joined Jarrek. “Something new.”

“Is the evil getting stronger? Is this one of the Lords?”

Gillette’s eyes flashed for a moment. “You tell me. You’re the paladin in training.”

Merrie almost lost her balance. She stared at Jarrek with surprise and then shook her head. She couldn’t speak, but she could feel the need to move growing with every passing second. Shaking with the effort to move, she lifted one hand and pointed toward the Reaper.

Jarrek hissed and stepped back, readying his weapon. Sweat prickled his brow as he waved the tip of the sword toward her. “It’s going to attack!”

Gillette stepped back and pulled back his scythe, holding the weapon in one hand.

Merrie’s stomach clenched in fear and she swayed as the cloak rippled underneath her. The spell was exhausting her and she dug into her reserves to keep standing. She forced it back into stiffness and pointed again, using her magic to draw their attention to her finger.

Gillette relaxed but he didn’t lower his weapon. “I’m waiting for the attack, Jarrek.”

“I-I—” The young man gulped and wiped his brow with his arm. “It’s evil, I know it.”

No one said anything for a long moment. Merrie trembled with the effort to remain standing. It was unnatural to her and she longed to drop to her knees. She wasn’t suppose to be standing, not anymore.

Gillette lowered his weapon. “I don’t know about you, but if it is a creature of shadows, it would be the first time they just stood there pointing instead of trying to rip our throats out or drain the life from us.”

“I-It might be intelligent.”

Gillette patted Jarrek on the shoulder. “Then it probably understands you.”

Merrie started to giggle at Jarrek’s blanched look, but then bit down to avoid making a noise.

Gillette held his scythe back and took a step forward. He held out his hand, but Merrie noticed that the arm still holding his weapon was tense. "Hello, I am Gillette."

Merrie flinched at his hand. She emphatically pointed toward the children.

"Careful," gasped Jarrek, "it could be a trap."

Gillette pulled back his hand. "Everything's a trap, but better to go into it with eyes wide open than get stabbed in the back." He turned to Merrie. "Do you know what we're looking for?"

Merrie wasn't sure how to respond. Being so close to the armed man was making it hard to breath. She could feel her breasts pressing up against the tight wrappings of her cloak. It squeezed down on her, holding her steady. Her mind torn a thousand ways to remain standing, she nodded.

He cocked his head, watching her carefully.

Desperate to attract his attention, she lowered her hand to about the height of the children, then held out two fake fingers. She gulped and stepped back, walking backwards away from him and toward the children.

Gillette followed, his scythe still held behind his back.

A few moments later, the others followed. Jarrek remained right behind Gillette, holding his two-handed sword with both hands. She could feel distrust radiating from him.

Merrie kept a wary eye on the younger man as she led them closer. She avoided tripping by scanning the ground and using Gillette's senses to keep her moving smoothly. It was hard work, but she didn't dare turn her back on the paladin-in-training.

As they got closer, she felt the boy's sanity crumbling. Ripples of fear broke down into incoherent babbling.

The Reaper felt him breaking and started forward to kill both of them.

Desperate, Merrie threw power into her attraction spell and focused it on the Reaper. At the same time, she pointed toward Gillette's scythe.

The farmer stopped. "What?"

The Reaper screeched, a horrid noise that sounded like someone being thrown into the grinder.

Jarrek gasped and stepped back. “Reaper? It brought us to the Reaper!”

Gillette brandished his weapon, holding it steady but he wasn’t looking at Merrie. “Prepare for combat.”

“It trapped us.”

“Shut up and get ready—”

The Reaper burst out of the darkness as it charged down the street. Each impact of its six heavy claws shattered stone and shook the ground. The air trembled with the impact and a foul wind blew against Merrie’s face. It stunk of rotting meat and spoiled blood, two smells she knew intimately from the meat packing district.

The warriors scattered as they prepared to attack.

Merrie felt a prickle of fear. The attraction spell crumbled and she draped a shade around her. Unsure if it would work, she rushed to the side of the street as the Reaper sailed over her and landed in the middle of the fighters.

With another screech, three tentacles grabbed one of the warriors and yanked it off the ground. He screamed in pain but it ended sharply with a wet ripping noise. Blood splattered on the ground as the Reaper chomped down on the man’s spurting chest.

Jarrek’s blade glowed brightly as he slammed into one of the Reaper’s back legs. A spurt of black blood splattered in all directions and began to burn away in darkness.

Gillette attacked from the other side, bellowing as he brought his scythe down on one of the tentacles. The thunk of blade punched the air and the blade sheered clear through before hitting the cobblestones with a spark.

The Reaper screamed out in pain and stepped forward, chomping down at Jarrek. Merrie guiltily hoped it would kill the paladin, but Jarrek dodged at the last minute and the massive creature bit down on stone and part of the curb.

Merrie watched as the others attacked, blades flashing. She was ignored by everyone fighting. Glancing around, she turned away from the battle and crawled over to the children.

Both of them were cowering in a basement of a house. Something had torn the rest of the building off its foundations and there was no obvious way to crawl down. The shredded remains of an older

man was painted against the ground; she guessed it was the children's grandfather.

Flowing as silently as the shadow, Merrie used her cloak as a rope to lower herself down to the basement. The shattered bricks crunched underneath her knees.

The girl let out a cry and clutched at her brother. He drooled and babbled incoherently, his mind cracking from terror.

Merrie headed straight for the boy.

"Leave my brobro along!"

With a flick of her mind, Merrie froze the girl as she knelt down in front of the boy. Holding her breath, she reached out and grabbed his head with her wrists. His crumbling sanity felt like a prickle plant on her mind.

Merrie delved into his mind, pushing her way past the fragmented thoughts as she looked for some shred of sanity left intact. She found it, cowering in constant flashback of the Reaper nosily eating his grandfather. She smiled and pulled him close. Spells rose up in her mind and she released them gently, easing each one to repair the damage and soothe the fear.

The boy's babbling quieted and he began to sob.

"Brobro?" gasped the girl.

Merrie realized she lost control of her domination, but continued to focus on him. The damage was still raw and broke, but easily healed. She sealed up the worse of the pain and then wrapped him in a protective spell. It was almost the same as the ones in the collars from the mill, designed to push back strong emotions and suppress the spikes of fear and terror. There was a name for it, but she couldn't remember what numbers Borias used.

Sweat prickled her brow as she pulled her mind out of the young boy's thoughts. She felt relief flooding through her as she leaned back on her ankles, panting from the effort.

A deep growl shook the air.

The girl gasped and turned pale as a ghost. The boy's terror peaked, but hit the suppression spell and bounced. He let out a cry and clutched at his sister, but there was a strange, dull look in his brown eyes.

Merrie turned around. When she saw the drooling fangs of the Reaper less than a meter away, her heart skipped a beat.

The icy breath of the shadow creature washed over her. The Reaper opened its mouth and Gillette rolled out and hit the ground with a thump. He still held the broken shaft of his scythe and blood puddled around him. She could hear his ragged breathing and felt his thoughts, but he was as good as dead if she didn't do anything.

She focused on the massive creature crouching in front of her. The Reaper stood on the edge of the basement, two claws clutching the stone. It was large enough to eat a horse.

But, it wasn't attacking.

The Reaper, the alien creature of shadows and death, opened its mouth and licked her face. The tongue was sticky and icy. It left a cold slime against her skin as he finished lapping her from knees to face. She gagged on the stench of rotting meat.

Merrie looked into the six black eyes. It was her fault that it was there. Her own despair and guilt summoned it.

She held out her arm and pressed her wrist to its teeth.

The Reaper purred. She knew in the bottom of her heart, she could use it just like her cloak and everything else. She could rage across the world until everything was burning in black flames.

With a tear in her eyes, she reached deep inside her mind. She found the mote of crystallized pleasure she created with Gail and Tai. It contained an orgasm strong enough to consume the city in pleasure. And it would be enough for her magic. Taking a deep breath, she released it.

She was already crafting the spell as the orgasm tore through her. It was a single flash of pure intensity, a pitch black singularity of pleasure. She fed it through the spell.

(I'm sorry,) she projected as the spell exploded from her.

The despair that kept the shadows bound to the district crumbled from the onslaught of pleasure and ecstasy. Above her, the pitch darkness burned away and the last of the day's sun came pouring in.

The Reaper jerked back and screamed in agony. Its form ignited into choking black flames as it thrashed in the street, knocking down a building and then another.

Around her, the shadows peeled back in a rush, removing all darkness and letting pure sunlight come pouring in from between the branches of the World Tree. It was painfully bright against the dim light of the district and her eyes teared up even as she looked

away. The circle continued to spread out, burning away the darkness and revealing the destruction, until the circle of normal reality was hundreds of meters across. And then, just as quickly as it started, it stopped. The edges of shadow and darkness wavered along but the circle of light remained. It was forever burned into the shadowed district, a place of safety and light.

For a long moment, she stared up at the light and was naked to the sun. Tears ran down her cheeks as she felt a terrible loss filling her being. The shadows were her home but she had destroyed it.

Letting out a gasp, she bowed her head. She felt weak and pathetic. Crawling over, she nosed Gillette and pushed him over.

Gillette's eyes were open and she jumped.

He groaned as he sat up. "Oh, I thought I wasn't going to make it." He sounded remarkably coherent for being in the jaws of death.

Merrie shrugged.

With a glance, he grunted and turned away. "Didn't think you were a pretty girl under that black thing. Jarrek might have been a bit more generous if he knew."

With a start, Merrie looked down. Her naked body was visible through the folds of her cloak. With a whimper, she scramble back and wrapped the cloak around her. It squeezed tightly around her skin but it was too late.

Gillette stood up. He glanced down at his broken weapon and tossed it aside. "Come on, let's see if the others survived." He peeked at her and turned away. "You don't have to come with us."

He gathered up the children, both of them crying softly from the their muted fear, and carried them down the street.

Merrie followed in the shadows, moving in silence as she watched.

They lost half of the fighters in the fight with the Reaper. Steaming blood and offal coated the streets. Torn bits of flesh and shattered bone coated the walls. To her regret, Jarrek was one of the survivors; he was standing on his own as Gillette arrive.

"The Reaper?"

Gillette shrugged. "Not here." He pointed up to where the clouds were finally breaking and one large branch of the World Tree waved back and forth. "But, I'm not going to question it. Come on, let's get the survivors to the healers."

“Where is the creature? The other one.”

Merrie tensed as she waited for Gillette’s answer.

“It isn’t important, Jarrek. We have the children and we have injured. We must do what we must do.”

“But, it will get—”

“Survivors come first!” snapped Gillette.

Jarrek bowed and sheathed his sword. He turned his back on Gillette and headed for the nearest body.

Merrie watched as they checked the survivors and gathered them. Most of them were severely injured and had to lean on each other. Gillette staggered under the weight of two of them. The sister and brother helped another, moving with the small dull actions they had since Merrie suppressed their emotions.

As they started back toward the gate, Merrie followed in silence. It didn’t take long for the warriors to delve back into the shadows, but they were vulnerable to the creatures prowling the dark. She could feel them circling around, sensing weak prey inching through the darkness.

Merrie wrapped the warriors in a repulsion spell, draining the last of her pleasure to push away the creatures. She couldn’t dispel them like the Reaper, but she kept them safe long enough for them to crawl through the gate.

As the door shut, she let out a long breath. She felt a little relief from her guilt, but it still tore at her. She shook her head. She came in hopes to give Nir a home, but there was no way the teenager could survive the death preying in the darkness.

She turned her back on the gate and headed deeper into the shadows. She had a long way to make it safe. Safe for not only Nir to give her a home, but also to prevent any more memorials being placed along the bridge.

t'Sade

Ambushed

64

Merrie sat at the gate of her master's grave but she couldn't force herself across the threshold. The memories and despair held her in place, frozen as if someone had dominated her with a spell. Around her, the cold wind blew out the gate and across her, prickling her skin and causing her nipples to harden from the icy touch. But, it was more than the howling winds and dark shadows that held her in place.

It was guilt and dread. The mansion was her master's grave. She thought it would be easy to take apart the spells, but as she looked at the ragged building and felt the memories lashing out at her, she realized she couldn't give it up. She couldn't bear the thought of losing it.

Tilting her head back, she leaned into the dark winds blowing around her. It felt good against her skin but it also reminded her that she was surrounded by death and destruction. The entire district was a trap for mortals and other creatures like the Reaper still prowled in the darkness.

But, she couldn't destroy the mansion. It was too important to her. It was a gravestone for the empty hole in her soul, the place that could never be filled. It was the last reminder of the good and love in her life, just as it was a stark sign that she could never truly be happy again.

She held out her arm but couldn't set it down. With a soft sob, she rested it on her knee and stared up at the broken windows and scorched walls. The front door had been broken in and there were stained bones scattered through the rotting garden. Her eyes drifted to the spots where the pack died and, even though the bodies had

long since been eaten and scattered, she could see the hound's corpses in her mind.

Tears threatened to pour down, but she kept her emotions in check. For months she had despaired and avoided the place. She wanted it to be a shrine to her master's memory. But, in doing so, she had killed people: the memorials on the street and the beggars in the alley. All of them would be alive if she hadn't cast the region in shadow and death.

Her master, though he loved her with all his heart, wouldn't have clung to her memory so long. He would have sat on the bed and cried for days, but then he would have gotten up and stolen something. The mental image came clearly and she sobbed at the loneliness that tore into her. The tears welled up and rolled down her cheeks. She missed him so much. Every morning, she woke up thinking of him and every night, she dreamed of his touch, his commands, his heart. She wanted to fill the empty hole in her soul but nothing could ever complete her again.

Like him, she had to let go. The mansion could no longer be his marker. But, as much as she knew she had to destroy the spells around it, she needed something. Something to remember him by, something she could hold close. When she first left the mansion, she took the cloak, but it was no longer her master's. Ever since it had become part of her, acting as her arms and now legs, it was no longer her master's. There were no more poignant memories in the fabric. Instead, it was simply part of her body. A lost slave without a master.

Merrie focused on the mansion itself. She needed something and it was inside the one place in the world she dreaded to enter. The only way she could ever let go of the mansion as a grave was to find a memory.

Tears ran down her cheeks as she contemplated entering. Merrie lifted one trembling arm and set it down inside the property. Shifting her weight, she listened to her ragged breathing. It ached in her chest to get closer, but she needed a different grave to his memory. Just because she was in agony didn't mean she had to destroy other lives.

Another step. Images of the battle came back, flashing through her mind as she felt the pack dying one by one. Watched as the

paladin slaughtered Tamin. Felt as each dog willingly gave its life to save her and her master.

Another step. Her cloak flowed around her as she shifted her weight to her knee. It was a little easier to take the next and then the next.

The house loomed above her as she crawled up to the front door. The familiar creaks of the porch brought more memories back, battering her with cruel blows. He fucked her over the step one day. A few days later, it was on the stairs inside the house. And then on the floor of the bathroom.

Her body grew slick as the pain grew sharper. She pushed herself past the shattered door and into the entry hall. There was a stain mark where Rimmy had killed the mage sneaking into the building. Merrie crept closer to see where the knife had punched into the wooden floor, leaving a little gouge.

She had to choke back another sob as the tears came faster. She felt weak and helpless, unable to stop crying. But the memories were there, hanging over her in a cloud. She could barely crawl forward as she came to the foot of the stairs.

In the battle, someone had destroyed a section of the staircase. The blackened remains left only a narrow part remaining. The rest of it had collapsed into the storage closet underneath. Merrie remembered the closet, her master used it as a cage once and kept her locked in for half a day, just to hear her pawing at the wooden door.

She let the sad smile cross her lips. Without moving, she considered her path in the house. She thought about the kitchen and the porch, but that was where her master and mistress died. At the flash of memory, she jerked and tore her thoughts away from the vivid image of her master reaching out for her as he burned away. Tears rolled down her cheek as she turned away from the kitchen. She couldn't handle it yet.

The stairs looked too dangerous to crawl up and she didn't want to step into the Shadows to go there. That left only one place. Turning slowly, she regarded the hallway leading to her master's bedroom.

Sniffing, she crawled toward it. If there was anything that she could use to remember the happy times, it would be in the bedroom.

She thought about his pillow, she could use that as a token of his memory. And then, maybe, she could release the spells surrounding the mansion.

But, at the door, she caught a whiff of his scent. The smell of it brought back a flood of memories and she froze as they assaulted her. Fucking and touching, his talks of insecurity and desire as he drifted to sleep. The playful way he felt before going on a job. Each one punched into her and left her gasping for breath.

Merrie froze in mid-crawl, her arm trembling as she reached for the door. His smell slammed into her and she sobbed. Stumbling forward, she slumped against the door and cried out. The cold wood was nothing compared to the despair and depression that curled around her.

She could feel the darkness rising up inside her. The shadows were growing darker. Her cloak snapped as it stretched out, spinning into the shape of a snake. Two eyes, pitch black, regarded her. She looked up through the haze of her tears, wishing it was her master that looked down at her, but it wasn't. The cloak was part of herself, her mind and her body. And when it was shaped like a snake, she knew that she was dangerously close to letting the darkness consume her again.

She took a long shuddering breath. The smell of her master, the musky scent of man, filled her. This time, she concentrated on the pleasure he gave her. The way he would throw her in the cage or fuck her against the bars. It was hard to remember the joy through the sharp memory of his death, but she struggled until the cloak lost its tension and fluttered to the ground.

Gasping for breath, she staggered into the room. She needed something more than rapidly fading memories. She needed something physical and concrete, an anchor to keep the thoughts from turning into a despair she could never escape. Her eyes focused on his bed and his pillow, it would be a start until she could find something more emotional.

She barely made it to the bed before her willpower crumbled underneath the onslaught. The frighteningly clear memory of him dying slammed into her. The look on his face and the way his body burned with black flames. It was too much and she could feel the darkness clutching at her heart.

With a high-pitch cry, she collapsed to the ground. The impact crushed her breasts but she just curled into a tight ball. Tears ran down her cheeks, puddling on the wooden floor beneath her. Nothing would ever make the pain fade away; the empty hole in her heart had torn open again and there was nothing but despair and depression.

She felt movement over her. Rolling on her back, she flailed out but all she encountered was the fluttering fabric of her cloak. Peering through the haze of tears, she saw it once again poised over her. The two black eyes were wide and unblinking as it stared down at her.

The need to fight against the despair rose up. She couldn't let the darkness take her again. She bit down in her lips with the effort to fight it. Dreading her mind, she pulled up memories of pleasure but they cracked underneath the despair. In a flash, the joy of being slammed into a wall and fucked was crushed. More memories came, but they burned away under the despair clawing out from the hole in her soul.

She curled up tight and wrapped the cloak around her, squeezing down as she pretended that he was here again, just standing inside the bedroom door. Without him, her life was just a sham. She could never truly be happy again, not with him missing. The happiness that she felt when she was whoring was nothing compared to the love for her master. It would be just an illusion.

But, it was the only illusion she had left to keep back the darkness. She focused on the submissions and pleasures of being a whore, of fucking in alleys and the occasional home. She was a whore and, thought she would never truly be happy again, it was the only happiness she could get.

Trembling, she rolled on her stomach to push herself up. A twinkle underneath the bed caught her attention. She knew what it was, it was her master's engagement ring. The shadow stone was a dark mote in the shadows underneath the bed.

With more strength that she realized she had, Merrie crawled across the floor and stuck her head underneath the bed. The ring sat there, covered in dust, as a silent reminder of what happened that night. She wiped her face and reached out, the smooth end of her arm dragging across the ground.

The ring rolled away from her. She crawled further underneath the bed, until her tail was pressed up against the side. Heart pounding, she caught the ring and dragged it closer. It sparkled darkly as it came to halt in front of her nose.

Merrie let out a long, trembling breath. Little clouds of dust rose up around the ring and settled down. She stared at it, wallowing in the pain that ripped at her heart and the throb in her bones. It was going to be the greatest moment of her life, to have a master and a mistress. Neither one of them was good at dominating her—she smiled sadly at the memories—but just as her presence had given their lives structure, she was sure that they would learn how to properly dominate and command her. They would have all grown into their relationship, a bitch and her masters.

She stared at the ring. It was the thing she was looking for. A reminder of her happiness and hope, a sign of both her master and mistress. She grabbed it with both arms and inched out from underneath the bed. The heavy ring rolled along the ground until she could sit up, dust drifting around her in a cloud. There was so much hope and love in that moment he handed the ring. She remembered the warmth that all of them felt that night, before the paladin came.

Merrie brought it up to her lips and kissed it. (I do,) she projected as she remembered the words that both of them would say when they married.

The ring felt icy on her arm and she rolled it along her wrists for a moment before letting it tumble down the crevice of her arms. It fell between her elbows and struck her thigh with a little thud. A moment later, it was rolling into a pocket and hidden from sight.

She looked back up to the room with the sad smile still on her lips. But, as she thought about the ring, the overwhelming memories no longer tore at her. She missed him, more and more with every passing moment, but the despair no longer rose as long as she was thinking about the ring.

Getting back on her knees, she took a long deep breath. She turned her back on the old room and crawled back into the hall. She started down the hall, heading past the empty rooms to the one at the end where she had bonded. The ground was still stained with

darkness that no sanding could remove. She stroked it with her wrist before crawling down the hall to the kitchen.

This time, she could weather the storm of emotions. Whenever she started to choke up with memories, she concentrated on the ring. It staved off the horror enough for her to crawl past the very place he died. The porch was much the way she left it behind. Fang and Gom had dropped their loot by the door. She pushed her arm through the gathered gold and jewelry before looking at the empty room that was her prison for so many weeks.

Merrie didn't know what she felt. She wasn't happy, but neither was she sobbing or struggling with her sorrow. Instead, she felt almost content, but that wasn't the right word. Accepting. She had finally accepted the pain inside her but also her master's death.

She looked up at the porch. It would take a long time to repair the building, more so even as an amputee. She also couldn't safely bring Nir back until the Shadowed District was purged of shadows.

Merrie thought about the explosion of pleasure and how it banished the shadows and the Reaper. Her smile grew wider. She could gather up pleasure and erase the darkness. This time, she could craft the shade around the building so it only shielded the mansion and her home. That way, she could provide for Nir.

If Kirin would only give her the time to purge her mistake.

Contented, Merrie crawled back through the front door. She knew what she had to do. Her wrists crunched on the gravel as she made her way back to the gate. She stopped at the entrance as she felt a bright presence dangerously close.

"I knew it," Jarrek said in a low hiss. He had his two-handed sword held in front of him, brandishing it as a golden flame flickered up its length. The stylized "L" on the hilt pulsed with a steady beat like a heart.

Merrie froze in mid-crawl, her arm held above the ground as she watched him.

Holy magic glowed from the young paladin-in-training. It burned at the shadows clinging to him. The edges of darkness peeled back like burning paper and casting him in a pool of gold.

"Gillette may not see your true nature, but I knew the moment I saw you." He stepped forward, crouching down.

Merrie's cloak snapped and wrapped around her, layering the darkness on top of each other. She felt the pressure grinding down on her as the cloak did what it could to protect her. She crouched down as the power rose up inside her.

"When I defeat you, Lemetri will finally grant me the power I need to destroy all evil." His boots tapped against the cobblestones as he inched closer. He brought his sword into a ready position as he stepped on the curb before Merrie.

Merrie's heart quickened with fear. It was one of Lemetri's, a paladin. She gathered up her magic and cast it on herself, spinning through spells of speed and strength. Soon, her magic was pulsating in her ears and the steady beat gave her focus.

Jarrek whispered a prayer and brought his sword in a wide, overhead swing. "For Lemetri!"

The world slowed down for a moment and she flowed to the side, moving like her cloak, and the attack struck the ground centimeters away from her leg. She growled, a long deep noise that shook her to the core. She couldn't think of a combat spell to use, it was the one thing that her grandfather never taught her.

He yanked the sword up, spun around, and then brought it down again. The cobblestones shattered and shards of stone struck her face. The holy magic in the blade seared at her skin and her cloak peeled back away from it.

Merrie jerked and stepped back. She couldn't attack, she had nothing to fight with.

Jarrek tried to lash out at her with his feet, but missed wildly.

She backed away, trying to figure out some defense against Jarrek. She couldn't think of any and prepared to run.

"Stop moving, damn it, and fight!" Jarrek attacked wildly, hammering down with his sword. Stones shattered as he followed after her.

She tried to pull back and retreat into the mansion, but he chased her. His sword slammed into the rotting garden, sheering through a tree branch. Black leaves fluttered down around him as he swung again.

"Is," he gasped, "your place? Your lair?"

Merrie felt something rising up inside her. It wasn't despair but anticipation. She could feel the threat bubbling in his mind and she

was already responding to it as if it was a command. Calligraphic spells ran across her mind as she responded without thinking.

“I’m going to burn it to the ground, if it is the last thing I do. Your evil will no longer—”

An intense feeling of protectiveness rose up inside Merrie. He had threatened her master’s home, her home. The incomplete spell ran across her mind, the transformation spell she sought for so many days. She didn’t hesitate. With a surge of power, she threw her energy into it and set off the spell.

A tingling rushed through her body as she felt her arms stretching as black paws slammed into the ground. Muscles rippled along her body, twisting and reforming it as short black hair sprouted along her skin. Her cloak sank into her body as she felt her face stretching and pulling, reforming into the powerful jaws of a Bel Dark hound. Her growl shook her chest and she felt it shaking the air. She glared at Jarrek with pitch-black eyes that reflected the Shadows around her.

Jarrek hesitated, his face blanching. He stepped back and got a better grip on his sword. “Shadow spawn!”

With a bellow, he charged forward. His sword glowed brightly, burning away the shadows as he slashed down at Merrie.

Merrie’s body melted into shadow and slipped to the side. As the sword came slamming down into the ground, she reformed and snapped out. Powerful jaws, fueled with magic, chomped down on Jarrek’s wrists. There was a brief sensation of bare flesh against her lips before her teeth tore through his skin and and crunched down on bone. She pumped energy into the spell and her jaw cracked through his arms.

Hot blood flooded her mouth. Planting one foot on his chest, she shoved him away and tore his hands and sword from his body. A spray of blood arced high in the air.

Jarrek fell back on the ground. He screamed, a high-pitched voice, as he stared at the broken ends of his arms. Blood spurted out from the edges. “N-No. No, I was going to be a paladin!” He looked up with a cry. “Lemetri! Help me!”

A beam of light pierced down through the shadows and struck him in the head. Jarrek gasped and spread out his arms. “Thank you, thank you!” He was crying as he lifted his head in benediction.

As healing magic poured into him, Merrie didn't wait. She charged forward and opened her jaw.

Jarrek looked down just as she came into the light. It burned her skin and peeled back the cloak, but she was moving too fast. Remembering Sable's attack, she brought her mouth up between his legs and crunched down. She felt his pelvis shatter and a flood of blood poured into her mouth.

The light faded instantly as Jarrek fell back.

Enraged, Merrie shook him violently. His body snapped back and forth. Tendons and bones separated. His scream grew frantic and agonized. Merrie shook even harder, pouring power into her strength as she cracked him back and forth. She felt his spine snap and let go.

Jarrek hit the ground with a thud. The darkness rolled over him, gathering around as Merrie padded closer. The growl shook her body and blood dripped from her jaws. It splattered against the cobblestones as she circled closer.

"N-No, stay away!" Jarrek tried to crawl away but his arms slipped helplessly on the stone and his legs refused to move. "I'm good. You're evil, you're... you're the one who is suppose to die!"

She stalked after him, furious that a paladin, or even one in training, had threatened her home. She couldn't let him live, not after that. She padded closer with a growl deep in her canine chest.

Jarrek fumbled for his pendant, but the blood-soaked metal slipped from his shattered fingers. He gasped for breath, looking around for something.

The darkness behind him deepened into a black void. Black claws, ones that defied comprehension, reached out from the shadows and slammed on him.

He gasped as he look up at him, staring at a cage made from the inhuman claws that pierced the ground.

Merrie froze. She could feel the alien thoughts of the Lord of Shadows behind the grip.

The Lord pulled itself into sight, the black on black of the inhuman power.

Jarrek screamed shrilly, his eyes white with panic.

Merrie ignored him. She stared at the black entity before her. The boy was nothing but a mouse to it, a pathetic and insignificant

creature compared to the incredible power that held him. She reached out into the alien thoughts; she was rebuked by the incomprehensible thoughts that slammed into her. She pushed back, struggling to project to the Lord of Shadows.

(Why me?)

The Lord dragged Jarrek toward the black void that made up its body. The boy was pawing uselessly at the claws that trapped it, splattering blood everywhere with his frantic efforts. His throat tore and his voice cracked but he kept on screaming. She watched the flash of his limbs as he jerked back and forth in his efforts to escape.

The claws clenched suddenly and there was a wet crunch. Blood spurted from between the Lord's claws but it evaporated into darkness before it hit the ground.

Merrie stared, stunned but unafraid. She felt a strange joy in seeing the man crushed to death. Lemetri had taken everything from her and she couldn't dredge even a hint of sympathy for Jarrek.

The Lord continued to squeeze down, grinding the flesh in its claws. Black light poured from the cracks, spreading out in all directions. One beam ran along the front of the mansion wall and the stone crumbled with age. More beams struck the trees, buildings across the street, and even the earth below it. Whatever it struck rotted away in an instant, all the life and energy was sucked out by the absolute darkness.

One of the beams of darkness washed over her. Something thin glittered between her and the claws and the darkness snapped to it. She flinched as the icy blast hit her, but unlike everything else, she didn't rot away. Instead, she felt power filling her, spreading out to fill every part of her body. The beam was so cold, it burned. Her senses screamed out in agony but she couldn't move her body.

More beams tilted toward her, focusing on her with an intense black beam of raw power. Her cloak peeled away and blossomed around her, stretching out into black wings as the darkness poured into her.

Her world focused on the beams striking her. The breath was locked in her throat and she felt the first burn of asphyxiation rising up from her depths. She started to cry but the light burned away the

tears before they rolled down her cheeks. She stared into the darkness and saw nothing but emptiness, the void.

The line dwindled down into a thin line. It twisted, bulging out like no beam could ever move. Moving with unnatural grace, it began to wrap around itself, threading through loops as it weaved into a thick braid. More beams came winding up through the growing thickness.

She regained control of her senses. Trembling, she followed the line from the Lord's claw, through the space between them, and peered down. The braided cord pierced her chest, right between her breasts. It looked like the leash she had with her master.

A sob tore out of her. Was the Lord bringing her master back? Could it? She didn't know the powers of the Shadows but she didn't think it was capable of even that.

Dark joy spread out from her chest. It spread out across her body, hardening her nipples and bringing a heat to her pussy. It continued down her arms and legs to pool at the smooth ends of her amputations. It continued up, filling her with an icy balm that blended with the hope and anticipation.

She felt it blossoming inside her mind, in the most private of places behind her shields. Her body shaking, she closed her eyes and reached out, begging for the bond as it reformed.

It wasn't her master. She knew that immediately, but the low, growl that echoed through her mind was the second greatest mind in her life.

(Alpha?) projected Tamin as the hound sent out a tentative thought.

Merrie slumped to the ground, crying pathetically. She felt him in the hole in her heart, the raging emptiness that now had a small part of it filled. His thoughts were in hers, spreading out as she felt Tamin's need to obey and serve settling into place. He was hers to do as she command, to order. He would die for her again and do so willingly.

The Lord of Shadows stretched open claws of purest night. In its palm, the massive form of her dog stood up with shaking limbs. He swayed for a moment as its body solidified from the stuff of shadows and Jarrek's blood. Jet black eyes focused on her, as the hound focused on his only reason for being brought back to life.

His alpha.

Merrie stepped forward. (Is-Is it really you?)

Tamin's tail wagged and he stumbled for her. (Alpha!) There was joy and relief in the hound's mind.

Merrie surged forward, spreading open her arms as the hound slammed into her, slathering her face with his tongue. Tamin's breath had become a strange mixture of ethereal and spit, but she opened her mouth and kissed him back, clutching to him in fear he would fade away.

Joy filled her, pushing back the darkness, and she held him tightly. She had forgotten how large he was. His massive form dwarfed her, but he was as gentle as a puppy as he pressed against her.

Sobbing pathetically, she stroked his fur and held him tight. His emotions burned inside her, joy and happiness. It pulsed and she felt it spread out across her limbs, filling some of the empty hole with love.

With a gasp, she pulled back to thank the Lord of Shadows, but the alien entity was already gone. The darkness had receded and only shadows draped over the ruined buildings. The only remnants of the Lord's presence was the wide circle of sterile earth and an almost perfect circle of crumbled buildings and rotted stone fences.

(Thank you,) she projected as hard as she could, hoping the Lord could hear her.

There was no answer.

Returning her attention back to Tamin, she hugged him tight against her naked breasts. (How? I felt you die.)

The explosion slammed him through the wall of the porch. His litter mate's body punched into him, shielding him from the explosion even as the body was torn apart by the brilliant magic. The stench of burning fur and flesh choked his throat. The magic continued to assault him, tearing apart his companion's body. As it punched through the corpse, it burned away his own fur and peeled back the skin. Agony coursed over him.

He had failed his alpha. She had given him thought, life, and meaning and he had failed. She needed him at that moment, he could hear her screams through their connection, but he was too weak. He wished he could have done more in the brief moment they had, to serve the one he loved with all his heart.

Reaching out through the connection, he felt it fraying away with his body dying. His insides ruptured from the heat and he felt the agony coursing through him. He clutched to the bond with his alpha, holding on to serve her as long as he could.

Nothing.

His body burned away in flames and magic. Fur, flesh, and bone. Each one disappeared in oily smoke that clung to the air. But he was still aware, still conscious. He couldn't see anything, feel anything, or even hear. There was nothing but the void and a single, infinitely thin thread stretching through the worlds.

Somehow, he focused his attention on it. Felt the delicate strand grow tight with pain and agony. Flicker of despair strummed along the connection as he felt his alpha's alpha die. The barrier between Shadow and the other world thinned as black smoke poured in. It was the alpha's alpha.

The Lord of Shadows flowed past him and sank into the smoke. It inhaled, or something like inhaling, and drank in the ethereal smoke of the alpha's alpha. Energy rippled through the Lord and it grew larger, spreading out with black wings until it split in half. Four eyes opened into the Shadows. Where there was one Lord, now there were two.

But, his alpha was in pain. Her life was being sucked into the darkness with the alpha's alpha's. He couldn't lose her. With all his might, he reached through the delicate fragile connection and grabbed her agony. He held her spirit down, pinning it in place.

The pain washed back into him, turning the bond into an agonizing wire that tore into his soul. But, he had to serve his master. He would serve her with the rest of his life. He took the pain and screamed. He screamed and screamed but he held her tight, biting down on her soul to prevent her from being destroyed like the alpha's alpha.

The pain never stopped. It raged but he held on. It was the only thing he could do. He didn't know how time passed, but he felt it through flashes through the fragile connection. His master considering suicide, the first time she held out her arms to beg, when the dangerous thriban chased her. She needed him then and he gave it to her, finding the magic inside her that brought out her true form. He didn't understand the magic or the words, but he could push her to transform.

His connection almost snapped as she became the most beautiful bitch he had ever seen. And then again when she crossed back through. It was

only her desperate throw back into the other world that kept it from breaking.

Months passed and the pain subsided. It no longer consumed his thoughts and he finally could relax. He took what she couldn't handle and bore it for her. He couldn't lick her or touch her, but he could be there. The last, fragile anchor holding her in place.

And then she found peace. When his master held on the shadow stone, she forgave herself and the pain ended. He bowed his head and readied himself to fade away, but the original Lord of Shadows had other plans. It gave him a body again, wrapped his mind in tissue and blood. It returned him to his form and gave him back for reasons he couldn't understand.

It didn't matter anymore why he was alive or why the Lord of Shadows brought him back. Tamin licked her face as she stared at him with shimmering eyes. All that matter was that he had his alpha back.

He loved her with all his life. He would die for her, not just once but again. As many lives as the Shadows would give him, he would use them to fight for her, to die for her. She was his alpha.

t'Sade

Unexpected Developments

65

Merrie felt raw but elated as she crawled down the street. It was well into the morning and the streets were quiet. Only one lantern in ten was lit and the dark pools of light were a balm against her raw senses. The rain had stopped while she was in the Shadowed District and a heavy fog had rolled through the town, clinging to the street and wrapping her world in a muted silence.

Tamin paced next to her, his massive form shifting in the streamers of fog. He burned with shadow magic. It boiled beneath the skin and reached out for the night around them.

Her own cloak responded. It flowed and spread out, but as it reached closer to the hound, it caressed his muscular body, tracing the curves and clinging like static. Shivering of pleasure ran through her senses, from his body, through the cloak, and into her.

The gaping hole in her soul was still there and she desperately missed her master, but she could feel how Tamin had anchored her. The connection was always there, just a tiny thread that somehow saved her life. It was enough to keep her from plummeting fully into a world of despair. It was stronger now, a full leash that bound them together. His thoughts pulsed in her head and she could feel the power rolling in his mind. Raw potential, energy she could use, both pleasure and despair.

She smiled and bumped against him, enjoying the solid feel of his form against her naked skin. He towered over her, but there was no question of who dominated the relationship. She listened to his heavy footsteps on the cobblestones and how his weight squelched the loose bricks.

Leaving the Shadowed District was easier than she expected. Merrie didn't fear the Shadows anymore and they simply crossed over, walked a few steps, and came back down in the street. They avoided Gillette and the others. No doubt, the warrior farmer would spend months clearing out the creatures that roamed the district. She would help him from the darkness, at least to remove the larger areas of shadows.

Guilt filled her as they passed the last of the memorials. She had to.

(Will you reveal your home to the light?)

Her home. Merrie looked up at Tamin and smiled. The mansion was her home, even though she couldn't bring Nir there. She shook her head. (No, but we can let the world see the area around it.)

("The subtle shadows hides the longest.") It was quote from her master's master.

Radiating amusement, she brushed up against him. (It is our home. We can't hide forever, but at least we can prevent others from being lost in it.) She paused and looked back the way they came. Her amusement crumbled. (It was so easy to create, but it will take a long time to undo it.)

(How?)

Merrie kissed him and they continued walking down the street. (By the things I do best: fuck. Pleasure burns away the despair, leaving only shadows behind. I like the dark, it makes everything feel better when I'm blind.)

He responded with affection but no words.

They walked in silence, both in thoughts and words.

Merrie spent the time figuring out a home for Nir. She settled on Tai. She knew the guard wanted to take care of someone, and it wouldn't take much for Gail to be convinced. It would be a quiet life, but at least someone would take care of Nir.

Nir was as close as Merrie had to a pack before Tamin returned. But, Nir couldn't go where Merrie was going. It was more than just being a whore. She was being pulled into something greater, and far more dangerous, that she could imagine.

They came up to the guild around three in the morning. The mist glowed from the guild where the lanterns still lit up around the openings and the windows. The building never slept because there

was always someone working, no matter how late. The city was always fucking.

Merrie reached out with her mental senses and looked for Nir. The teenage girl was upstairs in Kirin's room. To Merrie's surprise, Nir's thoughts were glowing with excitement and flashes of heat. Pleasure sparkled around in a familiar halo of an orgasm. She was being fucked.

Stumbling, Merrie looked up at the top floor. She didn't think Nir would ever enter the guild willingly, not with the fear of rape in her mind. But, there was no question that not only was Nir inside, she had gone consensually and was now glowing from a series of orgasms.

Merrie smiled and continued along. Something had happened while she was gone and she was curious to find out.

As they came up to the front door, Barrel staggered down the street. He wore only a leather thong and carried three whips over his back. His thighs, back, and shoulders were crisscrossed with red marks. Bruises darkened both sets of cheeks, ass and face. But, he was smiling and humming, still lost in the afterglow of pleasure and pain.

She dropped the shade as she paced next to the submissive.

They were almost up to the front entrance when Barrel noticed her. He gasped and jerked to the side. He bounced off Tamin's solid chest and flung back.

Merrie reached up to catch him. At the same time, Tamin snapped out and chomped on the whips. Between the two, Barrel didn't fall, but it took him a moment to regain his feet. When he did, he was gasping for breath and laughing. "B-Bitch! I didn't see you there. And—" he glanced over at the massive hound still holding his whips.

Tamin opened his mouth and let the leather strands fall out. Drool dripped from the loops as they hit his legs with a wet snap.

"A-And, you got yourself a new friend, didn't you?" Barrel was smiling to hide his fear. "Will he bite?"

Merrie nodded and smiled at him, pulling back her teeth and a sly smile.

Her expression brought a flush to Barrel's cheek, the submissiveness rising. She felt it hum inside her and teasing heat between her legs. She loved to see him smile.

"Um," a flush rose on Barrel's cheeks as he peeked towards Tamin's hip, the unthinking thought rising up. "Will he bite me?"

Merrie kissed Barrel and continued inside. The young man followed after them nervously.

As they entered, the room grew silent. There was only about fifteen whores in the guild that night. Most of them were lazing on the couches and two were having a drinking contest with small glasses of spirits. But, even the contest paused as Merrie entered.

It wasn't the first time silence greeted her. Merrie was never at home at the guild. She loved the fucking, she loved the people who would talk to her, but there was an uncomfortableness that surrounded her. She had made every one of them come at the same time, without touching them or even being in the same room. It hung over all of them knowing that she could do it.

"They should just accept it." Barrel rested his hand on her ear, stroking along the ridge. She shivered at the touch and closed her eyes in pleasure. None of the submissives distrusted her, they were used to be used and loved what she had done. "It was a beautiful."

Merrie kissed his thigh again. Tamin lapped at the other side, which caused Barrel to jump.

"Um, is he going to do that a lot?"

Merrie nodded and pulled away to head up the stairs. Tamin paced her, moving with the ghostly silence that surrounded both of them. Their footsteps crushed the soft carpet on the stairs.

Scorch sat on the landing, at the top of the first flight of stairs. A haze surrounded him as he watched with amusement. "You know, according to the city, we aren't allow the perversions of real animals in the guild."

Merrie's cloak blossomed out, unwrapping from her body and leaving her naked. It snapped over to Tamin and surrounded him. The hound stepped across into the Shadows as the cloak pulled back. In a heartbeat, she was alone on the stairs with a smile on her lips.

Scorch chuckled. "I thought so. Your little friend is up with Kirin. I promise you, she came in willingly."

Merrie stopped next to him. She reached over and kissed his cheek and his lip, drinking the hot air and smell of soot that surrounded him. With a third kiss on his lips, she pulled back and continued alone.

As soon as she passed, she let her cloak flutter back out and Tamin stepped back across, moving as if he never left her side. And he never did.

Behind her, Scorch laughed.

Up on the third floor, they headed to Kirin's room. The hook was almost empty and the little numbered tiles were scattered all over the ground. Her eyes were drawn to Kirin's bed where Nir was splayed out on the white-streaked sheets. Her eyes were closed but there was a big smile on her lips. Her pussy, freshly shaved, glistened with cum as did the rest of her body.

Merrie could feel magic filling Nir, centered around three runes that had been inscribed on her right thigh. One for sterility, one for cleansing, and a final one to protect against disease. None of them were the permanent runes, like what Merrie had between her legs, but they were red-rimmed with freshness.

She never looked at Nir as a sexual being, but Merrie saw her as one now. The girl was on her back with her legs spread. Nir's breasts stood up as two proud mountains. Her nipples, low and wide, was hard as fresh globs of cum rolled down from them. Nir thought they were ugly, but Merrie knew they were beautiful.

One of the whores, a dominating man who specialized in ball torture, shook as he came on her face and body, coating her with four long ropes of sperm before he staggered to the side and off the bed. He nodded to Kirin who sat in a chair next to the bed.

Kirin was sprawled out in one of her gold corsets. Her cock was at half mast and she had both legs and the tip of her cock resting on Elf's back as the submissive acted as her stool. She twirled a glass of black wine with three fingers as she watched the bed.

Another whore, a woman with a top hat and nothing else, crawled on the bed and straddled Nir's face. She delved her hand into the girl's cum-soaked hair and brought Nir up to her pussy. "Think you can, honey? Just use little licks for me."

Nir's lust rose up and she willingly shoved her face into the woman's sex, lapping and sucking.

Merrie felt a sympathetic heat rising inside her. She crawled over to Kirin and sat down next to the guild mistress.

Tamin circled around and took up an opposing position.

Kirin didn't notice, but Elf looked up with a smile. The hairs on his back were soaked in a puddle of precum forming underneath the massive cock of the mistress. His movement cause his body to stir and a droplet rolled off and hit the ground. It sizzles as it burned away on the white marble, leaving a slightly brighter patch.

"Bad boy," whispered Kirin.

Elf moaned and closed his eyes. His cock, not the largest thing, jerked and precum of his own splattered down on the marble. Unlike Kirin's, it didn't sizzle or hiss.

Merrie guided Tamin to lower his body and bring it up underneath Kirin's glass, to form a table for her.

Kirin jumped when the hound's body cradled her drink. Then, she looked at what was holding her glass. With a gasp, she stood up from her seat and backed to the side, stopping centimeters from Merrie and spinning around. Relief flooded her. "Oh, thank the fucker. Bitch, you surprised me."

Merrie grinned and wagged her tail.

Kirin sank back down and reached out automatically for her wine glass. Tamin held himself steady as she plucked it off. Taking a long sip, she set it back down on his broad head.

"Did you find what you were looking for?"

Merrie nodded and glanced over to Nir. The teenager was lapping hard but slowing down. She was exhausted despite the pleasure filling her. Her legs were pressed together and cum glistened across every square millimeter of her skin as she clutched her lover's hips tightly to keep lapping.

"It was Elf that got her to relax. He came over to bring me something and they got to talking. I left the two of them alone for dinner. A few hours later, she made the request to come up here. Elf sponsored her and Monk cast the runes."

Merrie turned her attention to Elf.

The large man looked back at her and his strap-on wings shivered. "I promised I would protect her."

Kirin reached out with her foot and pressed it against Elf's mouth. The submissive man opened and sucked on her toes. "My little Elfie is one of the guild's protectors."

Merrie couldn't believe it, even when Scorch mentioned it earlier.

Elf pulled his mouth off Kirin's toes, saliva connecting him to her. "Butterfly enemas really hurt." He smiled and jammed his mouth back on Kirin's toes.

Merrie giggled and looked away.

"Elfie, that's two punishments for talking out of turn."

He pulled his mouth off and panted, "Yes, mistress."

"Three," came the reply and Elf moaned. Kirin shoved her foot back into his mouth. "You have to gag him or he'll go until he has a thousand."

Elf mumbled with a full mouth, nodding.

"Normally," Kirin continued, "we only need him and the others when we have customers who don't pay. Of course you, Bitch," Merrie felt Kirin's attention focusing on her, "need to actually try to get paid first. I've been meaning to talk to you about that... again."

Merrie ducked her head. Her skin tingled as she felt exposed. On the other side, Tamin's ears drooped also but he kept his head rock-steady.

"I know you are using the money from your other marks, but it isn't about payment. It's about a contract. A social contract. You whore, they pay, understand?"

Merrie nodded. Her ears drooped against her head as she stared at Nir.

"It will be important since that girl looks up at you as a role-model. You and Scorch, though I have no clue why that man would ever look out for her. And, unlike you two, she has no magical powers. She can't set cheaters on fire or... whatever you do. Though," Kirin said as she tapped Tamin on the head, "we might have to get you into some of the dog and pony shows. I have a feeling you'd fuck this thing and I have no doubt that his cock is huge."

Merrie's pussy clenched and she nodded. On the other side, Tamin panted happily.

“Though, normally I would be hesitant to let a undead war hound brimming with shadow magic into my guild.”

Merrie jerked at the words. She stared across the chair at Tamin. (Tamin?)

(I have no idea what she’s talking about. I feel the same.)

Kirin sighed. “Magic fuels his heart and his veins are as black as your shadows. He isn’t a construct though and there is no necromantic energy around him, but the only thing keeping his heart beating is that connection to you,” she swept her finger through the air and the shadowy braid flickered in response, “and a core of darkness in his soul. I’ve seen something like this before, but from demons not the shadows. I didn’t think anything from the Shadows was capable of bringing back even a hound like this.”

Merrie shivered at the words. Tamin’s memories rose up inside her, of how the Lord of Shadows bring Tamin back to life.

“Be careful, Bitch, anything capable of doing this,” Kirin tapped Tamin on the head, “always wants something in return. And the price is usually far costlier than what you’re getting from him.”

(Tamin?) A sick feeling rose in Merrie’s stomach and her throat felt tight. (Do you know what she is talking about?)

Tamin turned his head to look at Merrie. His eyes were pitch black, stained by the Lord of Shadows. (I will die for you, alpha.)

Merrie shivered at his projected thought. When he first said it, right after the Lord, it was something familiar and comforting. But, now with Kirin’s words, she heard something else. It wasn’t only Tamin speaking but a promise. The Lord of Shadows wanted her for something and Tamin was there to protect her until the Lord got what it wanted.

Even with the dark thoughts burning in her head, she could feel Tamin’s love through their connection. It was the same raw passion and protectiveness that she remembered from the first day they bonded. His emotions were laid bare to her and there were no secrets in his thoughts. If the Lord of Shadows had corrupted him, she couldn’t sense it, but the Shadows were adept at hiding.

She sighed and leaned against Kirin’s chair. She couldn’t abandon Tamin, not after just getting him back. Even knowing the Lord of Shadows wanted something in return couldn’t stop the love she felt in her heart. He was her pack, comforting and protective. He was

hers and she was his. She craved the feeling of having a connection with him. Torn, Merrie looked over at Tamin who watched her unblinkingly.

(Do you not want me, alpha?)

Even as he projected the thought, Merrie knew she couldn't lose him. She felt sick to her stomach. (No, I can't lose you again.)

He sent a pulse of love and she shivered in his warmth.

Kirin rested her hand on Merrie's head, her finger stroking along the ridge of Merrie's ear. "If you're curious, it was worth it for me."

Merrie jerked and looked up into the blue-gold eyes of the guild mistress.

The guild mistress smiled at her as she continued to stroke Merrie's ear. "He was the greatest seven months of my life. Even knowing what... I needed to do, I wouldn't have given him up for anything." A tear rolled down Kirin's cheek.

Elf reached up to pat Kirin's thigh comfortingly.

Kirin smiled and patted Elf's hand and Merrie's head. "I'm just saying, don't let it hang over you. Know that there is a price but cherish every moment and every passion." She sniffed. "I didn't and when it was over, I realized the last thing we did was fight. It probably tore me apart more than anything else. My humanity verses love? Fuck being human, I'd give up anything for him."

Merrie whimpered softly and glanced over at Tamin.

He sent a wave of love back to her. (I love you, alpha. For as long as I can.)

She knew that she couldn't give him up. Even knowing there was a price. She promised she would cherish every moment and sent an intense wave of love toward him. (I love you. No matter what happens.)

Their tails began to wag in synchronization, thumping against the ground.

"It's hard to believe," Kirin said as her fingers continued to stroke Merrie's ear, "that you are probably the most dangerous thing to ever pass through the arches in the history of this guild. And, despite that, you are still just a fragile little girl."

Blushing, Merrie leaned into Kirin's fingers. She could feel the shadow of the Lord hanging over her and Tamin, but Kirin gave her

hope. The guild mistress didn't regret the price she paid and Merrie took her words to heart. She would cherish Tamin.

(And fuck me?) There was a primal hope in his thoughts.

With a grin, Merrie sent a hard pulse of pleasure through the connection and Tamin shivered from the sudden orgasm. The wine glass on his head quivered, threatening to fall before Kirin caught it.

"You're adorable, actually. Not unlike your little friend here." She gestured toward the bed where the woman with a top hat was staggering off the edge of the bed, her cheeks flushed with excitement. Sweet girl, though. She has followed you from one side of the city to the other. I half expected her to propose to you months ago."

The guild mistress' words were true, there was affection inside Nir for Merrie. It would take years before it blossomed, but Merrie could see one path that would lead them to living a sweet life at the mansion. But, she couldn't marry anyone anymore. She had her master's memory and her pack and, now, a price. She shook her head and gestured over to Tamin.

"I thought so." Kirin sat up and turned her back to Nir who was switching partners again. The mistress leaned over the edge to whisper to Merrie. "Does this mean you'll be staying at the guild now that you aren't protecting her on the streets?"

Merrie looked up into the blue-gold eyes. She had a home but the guild wasn't it. She shook her head.

Sadness filled Kirin's eyes. "Are you leaving? I didn't mean to ruin getting your dog back. I don't think I've ever seen you happier."

With a smile, Merrie reached up, rested her breasts on the side of the chair, and stretched up to kissed Kirin on the lips. She wasn't going anywhere for a long time, no matter what Sari, the dead guild master, said.

"Good. I'm quite fond of you." Kirin sat back up and looked to the door. "Looks like Talbot is the last one. What do you think, Elfie, think she's in?"

Elf slurped around her toes before releasing them. "Sixty-one for yes, three against."

“We have a consensus then.” Kirin picked up her feet and let her cock slide off Elf’s back. “Clean her up so I can welcome her to the guild.”

The large man squealed and scrambled to his feet. Kirin’s precum dripped off his back and hit the ground, sizzling on the marble before fading. He used a towel to wipe off the remaining on his back and bounded toward the bed.

Merrie watched the towel blacken from the touch of Kirin’s precum. It didn’t smell of anything but the sharp smell of cum.

“The problem,” sighed Kirin, “about fucking demons is that it changes you. Kind of like fucking the shadows, don’t you think?”

Merrie giggled and nodded. The shadows had changed her in ways she didn’t expect. She glanced at Tamin who watched everything with quiet amusement and anticipation.

On the bed, Elf crawled over to Nir. His wings shuddered with his movements.

Nir, spotting him, spread her legs and held out her arms.

But, Elf didn’t mount her. Instead, he took a deep breath and cried out. “Cream pie!” And then dove between Nir’s legs, his mouth seeking out her pussy.

With a gasp, Nir grabbed his head and arched her back.

From the arch, Barrel gasped. “Oh, I’m just in time! Cleaning time!” He scrambled across the room, stripping off his thong, and launched himself on the bed. His tight, marked ass waved for a moment before he clamped his mouth down on Nir’s upturned breast.

Merrie felt a pang of heat rising up. She grinned and crawled toward the bed.

“Leave my wine stand.”

With an order for Tamin to remain in place, she flowed up the bed and across the sheets. She breathed in the strong smells of cock and pussy before she caught Nir’s other nipple with her mouth. It was slick and dripping and tasted of both fresh cum and women’s juices.

Nir whimpered and her body tensed up as three mouths laved her. “Oh, gods!” Her body flashed with an orgasm, the tension rippling up her limbs before she slumped down.

Merrie smiled at Barrel across her breasts as she planted her arms against Nir's side. She lapped at the cum on the heaving breast, moving in wider circles to clean every hint of sex from the girl's body.

Nir cried out wordless as she writhed back and forth. The three mouths steadily worked across every centimeter of her skin.

Flushed with the taste of cum, Merrie reached her face first. She smiled at Nir before she lapped at her face, removing hours of cum from her face.

When Nir's eyes could open, she did. She saw Merrie and gasped. "Ears!" she said in a broken whisper. "I... I had sex! And it felt good." She grinned sheepishly and whispered, "It felt really good."

Merrie nodded and kissed her. Their tongues danced across each other before Merrie returned to her duties of cleaning Nir's face, throat, and then into her hair. The rasp stung her tongue, but Merrie continued along her duties. Her own naked body ground against Nir's. She was careful to keep to the cleaned areas to avoid smearing cum across the teenager's glistening skin.

"A-And," Nir gasped with a moan, her eyes closed, "Elf said he would protect me from anyone, even my parents."

Elf lifted his face. It shimmered with the juices he was cleaning off her. "Of course, sweetie. You're guild."

Kirin, from the her chair, called out. "That's four. Screw that, I'm suppose to be the one telling her! That's ten, Elfie!" But, there it was mock anger that resonated in her voice.

Elf moaned and delved back down to suck the cum from Nir's feet.

It felt good to lap and clean, but Merrie didn't feel the rush of submission or the excitement of being dominated. It didn't matter. This was for Nir, not herself. She continued to clean her off until they flipped her over and started on the back side.

Tomorrow, she would find someone to force her into submission and make her cum. She could use the pleasure to right the damage she did to the district.

A Forgotten Bitch

66

The first day of summer was the sweetest day of the year, except for the sunlight. It bore down on the streets and thickened the air with heat. It was humid and searing; the cobblestones reflected the heat and made it impossible to escape. With the crowds enjoying the day and filling the streets, there was very little breeze that reached Merrie's level.

She panted as she wound her way through the feet. Pedestrians streamed around her but didn't look down. They never saw her anymore, despite her magic being weakened by the direct sun. Instead, they tried to step aside to unconsciously let her pass, but in the crowds there was little room to maneuver. She was forced to slid along naked legs and bump against bags filled with holiday shopping.

The city celebrated the first day of summer like almost every other holiday, by spending money, getting drunk, and a lot of fucking. She could feel a couple making out in a nearby alley and three other people watching discreetly. A man was giving another one a blow job behind one of the stalls. Further down the line, a husband was fingering his wife as she held her shopping bag in front of her hips with shaking hands; she whispered to him to stop before their son saw it but that only encouraged him to thrust faster and harder.

Merrie smiled and drank in the pleasures. They were sparks against her skin and reminded her of her own near nudity as she moved. Her cloak was the only thing she wore and the black fabric had draped tightly around her to avoid being stepped on. It shifted

as she did, moving as naturally as her tail narrowly avoiding brushing people.

Part of her attention was focused on the cloak. If she let her mind relax, she would find jewelry and money hidden in her pockets the next day. The cloak moved constantly, brushing on pockets, and she had to keep it in check to avoid it from grabbing everything she could. Her master was the same way, reflexively stealing even when he didn't need to, but Merrie couldn't figure out why the cloak was taking on his traits.

At first, she wondered if her master was somehow possessing the cloak, but she could find none of his thoughts in the thin fabric, even after inspecting it for a needle-thin connections like she had with Tamin. It moved as her will and only her will. But that meant she was driving the cloak's thievery subconsciously.

(I do not like all these people,) muttered Tamin. He was shadowing her from a nearby alley, flitting between the barriers of the world and Shadows with the grace of a natural creature. With every step, though, she was moving further away from him and into the bright exposure of the Central Plaza. He wanted to follow, but her orders were to keep in the shadows and protect, not add to the struggle to get through the pedestrians.

The Plaza was the largest open space in the city. Unlike the parks and gardens, it was almost entirely cobblestone except for small clumps of buildings, fountains, and other semi-permanent structures. It was filled with vendors and pedestrians, people of all ages and personalities. Illusionists cast spells over the heads of people and the spectral plays cast the entire Plaza in shifting lights. There were stages at both ends and the shows fought to make enough noise to be heard of the din of conversation and the screams of hawkers.

A cacophony of smells rolled over her. Almost every purveyor of food was in the Plaza, selling fresh breads, meats, wines, and treats. Her stomach rumbled as she moved from the street into the cobblestone expanses. She passed a man hawking roasted meats and she relaxed her cloak enough to let it snap out and pluck one right out of his hand. She was eating it before he realized it was gone.

Magic crackled around her, creating a haze as a thousand spells interacted with each other. Wards to protect the stalls and personal

protections interfered with the invisibility and repulsion spells. It felt like everyone was trying to find some way of creating space around them and the tension ground down on Merrie.

She wrapped her shade tight against her body and continued down the path. She didn't need a wide space to move in, just enough to slip past legs as she headed straight for the message boards.

The first board, Oak, was erected over a thousand years ago as a place to make announcements. As Franome City grew, so did the number of people who felt the need to make notices, decry some injustice, or look for companionship. One board, Diamond, was dedicated to proposals and a crowd of men and women peered hopefully at it every year, desperately wishing it was their name on one of the thousand pieces of paper that fluttered in the breeze.

Merrie caught the thoughts of a young man staring at the corner of the board. He was looking at a folded piece of pink paper. Another guy's name was on it, but he had written the letter. He was terrified to open it to see if his paramour answered. Reaching out, Merrie found the target of his affection, secretly watching from behind the Ruby message board. She smiled and threw a small domination spell at both of them, forcing them to turn and catch each others eyes.

The letter was quickly forgotten as they stepped toward each other.

Grinning, she made her way past the towering message boards toward the middle. They were arranged six across and twelve deep. Messages were posted to both sides of the boards, but with the crowds pressing against them, no one had a chance to even find the hammer and nails that were normally used to post messages. Instead, they brought their own and the boards shook with the constant pounding and pulling.

Merrie looked up until she found the Obsidian board. Like the others, it was crowded as people peered at the thousands of notices and papers nailed to it. She crept closer, forcing her way past legs until she was right up against the board. Remembering Eolis' directions, she headed to the right side and sat on her knees, peering at the papers herself.

Her pulse was fast in her veins as she stared at the scrawled notes. There was a dizzying array of hand-written and printed letters. Some glowed with magic, mostly illusions, while others

pushed her eyes away from looking at them. She tightened her shields and forced herself to look at every one, working systematically through the pages until she reached the end. When she didn't find it, she ducked underneath the board and went to the opposite side. She started again, looking for anything labeled "Lost Alpha".

As she looked, a young child came up to her. She ignored the little girl until she felt a tiny hand grabbing her tail and pulling. Jumping, Merrie peered over her shoulder at the girl.

The girl smiled broadly as she stared down at Merrie's pale tail.

Merrie frowned and wrapped the shade tighter around herself but the girl continued to tug lightly on her rear. Merrie squirmed uncomfortably and pulled it free.

The girl stared up at her and Merrie was briefly caught in her intense gaze. She felt exposed in the girl's eyes and realized her shade wasn't powerful enough to protect herself from the young one.

Pushing back her fear, Merrie smiled at her and cocked her head.

The girl giggled and clapped her hands. "Doggy!"

Next to the girl, a woman turned around and sighed. She grabbed the girl's arm. "There aren't any dogs here, Dith. This is a festival. No one in the right mind would bring a—"

"Doggy!" The girl pointed directly at Merrie, but the woman didn't even look at the nearly naked bitch.

"Come on! Let's find your brother."

Dith waved as she was pulled back.

Merrie got into a begging position, cocked her head, and waved back. She smiled broadly until the girl was out of sight.

She was about to return to the board when she realized something. Pulling her tail up, she stared at the end. Her tail was normally blonde, the same color as her hair, but the tip had become white. She didn't know when it happened, but it was as if all the color had been bleached out.

Resting on her ankles, she stroked the tip of her tail. She had lost no sensation in the tip. Every tap and stroke sent a bolt of pleasure through her body, but even the hairs changed color in mid-strand. With a sigh, she let it slip from her arms and got back on her knees. It was a mystery for later.

She turned around and resumed her search for the note. After a few more seconds, she found it. It was a tiny card with an incredibly neat writing. On the front, it said “The Lost Alpha” in block letters. Using her teeth, she tore it from the board and rested it on her wrists. Her cloak flipped it over so she could read the back. “If you obeyed, return where you were given the order at sundown. If you disobeyed, be waiting tomorrow at the southern gate at sunrise.”

She smiled. She was a good bitch and had been properly fucked almost every day for half a year. Except for the initial two days, where she got within hours of disobeying, she was also a well-fucked bitch. She smiled and her tail thumped against someone next to her. She watched the stranger try to bat away her tail and let the card slip into her cloak.

Getting on her knees, she looked around. The line of the board and the press of bodies gave her enough shadows to work. With a grin, she jumped into the darkness and stepped across.

On the other side, the world was deathly silent as mute shadows of people flitted from spot to spot. Creatures of darkness, shadows of crows and rats, chased after the faint images of humanity, trying to feed off the contrast of light and darkness.

Tamin came bounding across the darkness at her. (Alpha!)

Merrie sent him a wave of happiness and then crawled toward the forest that Eolis commanded her. It only took a few steps before she was back to the clearing. Travel in the Shadows was always faster than across reality, even while crawling on her wrists and knees.

She stopped and circled the clearing, looking for people. She noticed the shadow of a single individual, barely visible in the darkness formed by the trees. Closing her eyes, she pushed her senses across.

It was Zeob, Eolis’ partner from the wagon. The slender young man was sitting with his back to the tree. He looked like he was casually reading a book, but he was nervous and kept jerking with every sound that drifted through the clearing. Sweat prickled his brow as he clutched the book and his knuckles were white.

Merrie felt a prickle of concern. Pulling back, she spread out her senses through the clearing. There was no magic or wards for a

hundred meters in either directions. She could feel the press of people, but only one intelligent being was in the same area.

(Is it a trap, Alpha?)

She sighed and looked around. (I don't know. It feels like something is watching, but I can't find it.)

(I didn't find anything. Only small, tasty things.) A hunger rose up along their connection as he watched a shadow of a squirrel, long separated from its physical counterpart, reliving the actions it did in life.

(It said sundown.) She squirmed as the uncomfortable sensation grew. (Let's wait.)

(May I?) Tamin's thoughts grew excited.

She smiled and settled down on the black grass near Zeob's body, meters away except for the barrier of worlds. (Go on and chase the critters.)

Tamin sent a pulse of excitement and launched himself after the squirrel.

Merrie closed her eyes and kept her senses focused on the other world. She listened to the ebb and flow of the city celebrating along with the intimate flashes of pleasure as Tamin hunted in the darkness.

Two hours later, she was sure no one else was waiting for her. Zeob had finished his book and had a light lunch. He didn't move from the spot, but his nervousness faded with the second book.

She gathered energy and sank through the worlds, never getting up from her spot in the grass. The sensation of crossing over sent a little thrill through her and she breathed in the smells of living grass and fresh earth.

With a smile, she waited.

It took him almost twenty minutes before Zeob realized she was there. He was flipping a page and looked up around him. His eyes passed over her, despite her not using a shade, and he let out a sigh.

And then froze in mid-turn. His emotions exploded into fear and terror and she bit back a moan at the intoxicating feel of it against her mental senses.

She let out a dramatic sigh and her tail began to shake back and forth.

“I-I,” Zeob whimpered as he tried to relax his tense sphincter, “A-Alpha. I was waiting for you.” He glanced up at the light and then scrambled to his feet. “Y-You’re early. I-I’m not suppose to call you by name, okay?”

Merrie sat up, the cloak fluttering around her as it wrapped around her naked body. The pressure felt good against her skin and she let her body rock back and forth as she wagged.

“Does that mean you obeyed?” His cheeks grew flushed as he struggled with his words. “You listened to our, um, mutual friend?”

She opened her mind and listened to his thoughts.

(She’s really scary with that black thing moving around her. There isn’t enough wind for it to be fluttering like that. I wonder if it is magic. No, it has to be. I’ve never seen an alpha look like her.) There was fear coloring his thoughts. (But, my love said to check her out.)

As he tried to subtly look over her, Merrie let the cloak pull back way from her body. Her naked body, from hanging breasts to shaved pussy, was exposed to his eyes and she felt a thrill as his discomfort rose. Like Eolis, Zeob was gay. Unlike Eolis, Zeob didn’t even care to look at the naked female.

(She, um, seems pretty healthy. I don’t see scars or scratches. How do I get her to roll over or, um, let me see her back? He told me to just give her an order, but I can’t.) The fear rose up. (Not with those eyes.)

Merrie got a flash of what Zeob saw. Her blue eyes had lost their color, just like her master, and they were a haunting shade of gray on gray. He felt like they were peering into his soul and he started to wish that Eolis could be here instead of him.

She stretched and arched her back. Her breasts rose as did his discomfort. With a sigh, she turned around and got on her knees. Lifting herself up, she spread herself wide and held the position.

(Why did she do that?) He gulped as he looked over her. He saw no signs of damage or even starvation in Merrie’s curvy but tight frame. Merrie was at the peak of her health, the perfect bitch, and Zeob’s discomfort rose up. He wanted to be anywhere else even as a small, humiliating, thought drifted up. He wished he looked like her, but male. He craved not to be with her, but to have the raw sexuality radiating from her body.

He shook as he closed his book with a light thump. (Why is she holding herself like that? I know I...) The fear sparked again. (Eolis said she could read thoughts, that she was a psychic, but she should have lost that with her... can you read my thoughts?)

Merrie felt playful. She looked over her shoulder at him, catching her with her colorless gaze. With a smile, she gave a single bark.

(Oh, the gods, she's reading. I need to think... what do I do?)

She released her position and turned around. Crawling over, she stopped when she was right next to his feet. With a soft woof, she settled down on his legs to pin them. (Relax,) she projected along with a wave of comfort, the equivalent of a hug, (I'm not going to bite.)

Zeob whimpered, his body trembling. He was submissive enough for her telepathy to work and she listened to him working the words through his head. He was unaccustomed to having foreign thoughts drifting through his mind but quickly adapted.

(Relax,) she repeated. She reached in and caught what would help him relax, much like she had done with every mark she had. With a little flex of her mind, she guided his mind to forget about the breasts against his thighs or her pussy and just pretend that she was an attractive young man, much like Zeob.

The tension drained out of his shoulders. "T-Thank you," he whispered, "I'm kind of" (new to this.)

Merrie sent another wave of comfort. (You're doing fine.)

"I, um," (someone might be listening—you can hear me, right—and Eolis told me to be careful. He can't come) "because" (he's being audited. Most collectors have it happen every few years, but its a few days of truth spells, having his geas verified, and his finances reviewed. It's very invasive, but I'm not allowed to be near the wagon while the auditors are there.)

She nodded and rested her chin on his knee. (So, what else are you looking for?)

"I, um, I'm suppose to find out what you've been doing the last five months."

Merrie closed her eyes. With a gentle push, she showed him what she was doing. Because it would make him uncomfortable, she edited out the sex and despair, but otherwise she sent him the rapid-fire memories of five months.

Zeob tensed up and he gasped. His hand clutched his book as he stared out into nothing. His mind spun furiously as he was shown her life, every day and every night. She guided his mind to take the information and abstract it down into his own words and thoughts.

It took almost an hour to give him her life for half a year. When she finished, she lifted her head and cocked her head.

Zeob gulped. "Um, please tell me before you do that again." He gave her a pained smile.

(Would you have let me do it then?)

He looked away and his regret filled his mind. He gulped. (The Shadowed District, do you think you'll free it soon?)

Merrie sighed. It was slow going since she started, mainly because she couldn't find enough orgasms to power her magic. As much as her marks liked to fuck her, it was hard to get the orgasms that threatened to burst out of her head. And when they did, it was just as hard to gather up the excitement instead of sinking into the pleasure. It was about a third gone, but as she erased the shadows from the world, the remaining darkness grew stronger. It would be easier if she just tried to destroy it entirely, but Merrie wanted to keep the shade spell firmly entrenched around her home.

She rested her chin back down. (Maybe half a year to a year.)

(That will help. There are a lot of scared people there. And Eolis might be able to earn some good will by letting some key people know. And then, he might be able to keep everyone away from your home.)

She sent a wave of comfort and a smile. She looked through the trees at the red haze over the mountains. It was almost night and soon the celebrations would be thundering across the city. She could already feel the illusion rituals building up in power. Magic would soon drape almost every surface.

Every year, the festivals had a theme. There was always flowers, cute animals, and mystical beasts as part of the illusions, but the general theme was kept a secret from the general populace. Merrie, with her ability to see magic, already knew it was going to be a river theme as she saw the preparations to turn the air above the streets into fantastic streams of fish, flowers, and plants.

She smiled. She loved the festivals, more so since she could only remember the last few years. It was new to her but also sad. She had

lost so much with her master, willingly, but on the nights alone, she missed when her master and Rimmy would fuck quietly under the flashing lights.

"I," whispered Zeob, "could never do what you're doing."

Merrie pulled her thoughts from wool-gathering and glanced at him.

"I can't imagine what pain you went through. And, I wish I could do something about it."

Zeob ladled food into the bowl as he listened to the others. Eolis sat in his chair, looking handsome as usual, as he talked to Bass and Haviston across the table.

"Why can't you break the compulsion from here?" snapped Eolis. "Give me words, a trigger, a charm. Give me something I can use. That girl is alone in the city and I can't do anything about it!"

Haviston sighed and held out his hands. "Because I don't know what went wrong." He spoke in the monotone that always creeped Zeob out. It was unnaturally that he never raised his voice or even deviated from the dull dictation. "The compulsion was designed to break with the bonding."

Eolis slammed the table. "She bonded, damn it. She almost killed me with shadow magic. And I got very dangerously close to finding out what tentacles in my ass felt like!"

Bass raised an eyebrow.

Eolis snarled at him, his primal nature cracking through his veneer of civilization. Zeob shivered with anticipation and dread. That always meant that Eolis would be fucking him hard at night, to pound away his "dirty nature" as he always called it. His cock twitched with the thought and he began to catalog what he needed near the bed: lubrication, a gag, some bandages.

Haviston continued speaking, "I need to see the compulsion to break it. But, we are bound for three more years not to enter the city. Any chance you can bring her here?"

"No," snarled Eolis, "because of you." He reached over and slammed a finger into Haviston's chest. "And that stupid spell of yours. Anything that makes her think about the mill sets her off. And she will fight with all of her powers to make sure she never comes near here or the damn paladin!"

Bass sniffed and looked away. His jaw tightened and the mug he was holding creaked.

Eolis sank down. "Sorry, Bass, I didn't mean..."

The other thriban smiled at Eolis. "She has that effect on people. Adorable, vulnerable, but scary as hell. Kind of like Tabby."

From across the great hall, Tabitha called out. "I heard that!"

Zeob glanced over. Tabitha was teaching the new trainer, a young girl named Fir, how to whip a bitch. Fir had started just that summer but she brought her own bitch when she moved to the mill, a girl her same age that used to be called Ass Licker. Now, she was named Cuthie when she was being bad, though Fir usually called her Cinthia.

Merrie broke out of Zeob's memories as a surge of happiness filled her. Licker looked ecstatic as she was bent over the table, ass sticking out and her tail wagging back and forth. The teenage girl had filled out in the last few years, with wider hips and larger breasts, but she still was recognizable, even through Zeob's memories.

Fir joining the mill was also unexpected. Merrie remembered how Bass maneuvered around Kessler's refusal to allow Licker to be sold by giving her to the teenage girl. But, from the image she got, Fir had found her calling at the mill and Tabitha, of all people, had taken Fir under her wing to teach her.

"I, um, wasn't suppose to let you see that." Zeob blushed as he looked down at her.

She frowned. (See what?)

(The conversation between Eolis and Bass and Haviston.)

Merrie frowned, she didn't know what he was talking about.

(Just now, I felt you making me remember.)

She still had no clue what he was talking about. She just saw Licker and Fir being taught by Tabitha. There as no Bass or Haviston in Zeob's recollection. She tried to reach back through her own mind, but she felt her attention being dragged back to the young man in front of her.

Merrie kissed his thigh and sent another wave of comfort.

"Actually, we, um, I have a favor to ask you." (If you don't mind, but Eolis said you wouldn't.)

She smiled and cocked her head again.

(There is a man—Baron Jacir Pollium—damn it, I wasn't suppose to say names—well, Eolis thinks that you could help him with something. And he might be able to help you.) Zeob didn't know

how the baron would help Merrie. (If you are willing, I'm suppose to bring you to his inn room. You don't have to.)

Curious, Merrie lifted herself up. Her breasts slid along his arm, sending another pang of discomfort through Zeob. She rested on her knees and wagged her tail, her entire body shifting back and forth with her emotions.

Zeob looked away and then stood up. "We should probably get going. It's a long way to the edge of town." He pictured an address as he started to plan the route.

Merrie knew the place. It as an inn in the northern part of town, in a relatively rich area that her master preyed on when he was feeling down. The inn had three stories and frequently was a place for drunken parties where the lager flowed, brawls started, and the occasional discrete encounters with the higher-class whores of the guild.

She watched Zeob fumble with his bag. He didn't want to go. Not only because Merrie's near nudity bothered him but also because he was afraid of ruining Eolis' reputation by being caught.

Coking her head, she regarded him. (How will I know him?)

"What?" Zeob froze with his hand in his bag. "Oh, he's in room 302. I have a key." He dug into his pack looking for it.

(I can get there by myself.)

He gulped and looked up, a guilty look. "You're reading my mind, right?"

She wagged her tail and settled back on her rear. The grass that Eolis had fucked her on tickled her tail and she warmed up at the memory.

"A-Are you sure?" (Thank the gods. Is she going to go there? How can she travel without feet?)

Nodding, she continued to wag her tail. Her breath quickened with anticipation.

Zeob pulled out a thick envelope and a key. He glanced around as he held it out to here. "Here is the key and, um, someone—" (Bass) "—got you some money to help you until winter. There is... a lot in there." (Thirty grand.) He looked at her. "Um, do you have pockets or something?"

With a grin, Merrie reached out with her cloak and plucked the items from his palms.

Zeob flinched back as she secreted them into the hidden pockets. He gulped. "A-Are you going to be okay?"

Merrie nodded as she gathered power around her. The darkness flowed over her and the shadows grew to pitch-black lines. (Yes,) she projected as she stepped through into the Shadows.

On the other side, she watched as he scrambled back away from her, the fear peaking for a moment. It quickly turned into relief as Zeob packed his bags and rushed away.

Tamin stepped out from the shifting shadows, but said nothing. From his mouth, black blood dripped to the ground.

Merrie sent a wave of love toward him and then headed across the city. In the shadows, there was comforting silence and coolness. She trotted across town with Tamin pacing behind her. She headed for her home first, to get a quick bath and perfume herself, before heading for the inn. By the time she stepped back through the shadows into room 302, the first of the fireworks and illusions were painting themselves across town.

It was a small and functional room, nothing remarkable but still clean. The bed was a double and covered with fresh linens. The center of the bed was indented from a small leather pack that had been tossed in the middle. She could smell cologne drifting from it along with other masculine smells.

She circled it once and then knelt in the middle of the room, facing the door. Closing her eyes, she reached out with her mind to find the occupant. There was already a party downstairs and the joy filled the room with drunken emotions. Merrie took her time, gazing across the thoughts of people until she found him.

The baron was a young man, in his mid-thirties. He had four of his friends, none of them titled, and they were recalling their youth over large mugs of stout. But, even as he was laughing and joking, there was a pang of sadness inside him and his mind kept drifting back to sadder times.

"Her name is Pris of the Pollium Family."

Jacir stood at the far side of his mother's desk, staring at her with shock. "An arranged marriage? Why? Haven't those gone out of fashion, I don't know, a hundred years ago?"

"Yes, Jacir, but it doesn't change the fact that you have one," she said as she brushed her graying hair behind her ear. "They're a good family and,

twenty years ago, they needed help. They were about to go bankrupt and we loaned them money. The interest is, well," she smiled, "you two."

"Mother! I'm not a slave to be sold!"

His mother stood up and slapped her hands on her desk. "Look! The Pollium are good, well-bred, and titled. We have money and influence. This is a step up for all of us. You and her will benefit the most, since you'll eventually be in charge of both families." As he glared at her, she took a deep breath. "Look. Just come to dinner and we'll see from there, okay? I know the girls you chase after and you'll like her. She's very pretty."

He remembered the sullenness he went to the party just to see the woman he was suppose to marry.

She was standing at the top of the stairs, screaming at her parents, Marcus and Patrica. "I'll be damned if I'm going to ruin my life for some... some, gold-digging merchant's son!"

She was curvy, almost fat according to the modern fashion, but she was beautiful. Long black hair cascaded down her back. She had it braided and a dark blue ribbon ducked and flowed around it. She wore a ruffled dress, the fashion of the day, and matching shoes sparkling with sapphires. Her lips were also painted the same shade of blue.

Jacir stared at shock. He had only seen her for a few second, but his heart was already thumping loudly. She reminded him of the women he saw in the older pictures, voluptuous with flowing hair. He knew that when she smiled, she would glow. But, she wasn't smiling. Instead, it was a scowl that marred her heart-shaped face.

His mother elbowed him. "Close your mouth, you're drooling."

Pris turned at the noise and glared down at him. "My god, he's fat," she said disgustedly.

Jacir blushed. He wasn't skinny but neither was he fat. He had a slight gut despite his efforts. But, in a few short words, she had cut him deep. But, he couldn't stop staring at her.

"Pris!" snapped Marcus.

"I'm not going to marry that... that... thing!" She stormed off. The second floor had a balcony that surrounded the entry hall. As she moved, he turned to watch her until she entered a room and slammed the door.

"You'll have to excuse my daughter," said Baron Pollium as he came down the stairs. "She has been a bit... opinionated since we told her." He stopped and took Jacir's mother's hands. With a smile, he kissed her cheek.

"Spoiled," muttered Patrica as she gave Jacir a perfunctory kiss. "Rotten to the core, I say," she whispered to Jacir.

Jacir's mother patted his arm. "I'm sure they'll like each other, once they get a chance."

"I hope so," said the baron, "she's been screaming at me for weeks now. You think she would be more appreciative of the life she has, thanks to you."

"My pleasure, baron," said his mother, "she's—"

"She's pretty," said Jacir, his eyes still focused on the upstairs door. In the sharp silence, he realized he said it out-loud. Blushing hotly, he looked around at the shocked looks the three adults were giving him. Trembling, he turned to his mother who was turning dark with anger.

"That's my boy!" bellowed the baron as he clapped Jacir on the shoulders. It hurt, but Marcus hugged him tightly to his broad chest. "I knew I was going to like you!"

As she floated through Jacir's alcohol-inspired memories, Merrie crafted an illusion for him. It wasn't a physical one, but just enough to enhance the idea she was Pris. When Jacir saw her, he would see black hair and curves, the impression of a woman he loved with all his heart.

For three years, Jacir courted Pris. It was a stormy relationship with times of screaming winds and calm. The calm periods were the worse because they ended too soon. She would warm up to him and smile brilliantly, but then something happened and she quickly reverted back to the selfish bitch. He wasn't sure if he wanted to kiss her or slap her, but frequently it was both.

He couldn't leave, no matter how many times she hit him or insulted him. Because, out of the blue, her eyes would soften and the apologies would come. Her smile stole his heart away and he longed to see it again.

It was a bright and sunny day, but there was no joy in the house. Jacir sat on the couch with his hands on the baron's shoulder. The sobs shuddered through the man's shoulder as he sat crouched over the edge, his face buried in his hands. Tears ran down his arms and he cried out.

"Why? Why would someone steal my baby?"

*A city guard, a valiant, stood at attention before Marcus, but his head was bowed respectfully. "I'm sorry, Baron Pollium, but we just

found out ourselves. Witnesses say that there was a suspicious thriban watching her when she was out, um, celebrating.”

Jacir sighed. Pris had stolen almost ten thousand marks for a party, and left him in a lurch. He had to borrow money from some accounts to pay for the supplies that came in that morning. It wasn't the first time she did it, but he wished she understood how much risk she put both families into when she stole frivolously.

”There was a bar fight and when the witnesses went looking for her, they were both gone.”

”But,” the baron said as he looked up, “why hasn't there been a ransom demand? Didn't they know who she was?”

The guard nodded curtly. “She's alive, we are absolutely sure of that, but something is preventing us from finding her. There are wards protecting her and there are suggestions that she is no longer in Franome City.” The guard stood straighter. “I will cooperate with your own investigators, of course, and I won't rest until I find your daughter.”

Merrie's skin crawled. She knew what happened to Pris. Bass had kidnapped her and made her a bitch like herself. Her stomach clenched with fear as she pulled back, fearing to delve deeper.

Downstairs, Jacir excused himself and headed up the stairs. The beer had turned to ash in his mouth and he needed some time alone. As much as he wanted to believe Eolis, there was no way anyone would ever remind him of Pris again.

Jacir sat at the dining room table but his heart had dropped into his stomach.

”What,” gasped the baron, “did you say?”

The valiant held his hands together. He was still dripping from the rainstorm that pounded on the walls. “We found her, my lord, but she has been... damaged.”

Marcus stared in shock, his mouth open but no words came out.

Next to him, Patrica stared down at her plate, a stricken look on her face. Her fork trembled with her thoughts.

Jacir spoke up quietly. “How? How was she hurt?”

The valiant turned to him and his eyes were shimmering with tears and regret. “Her arms and legs, they were... were,” he coughed, “they call it cropped. The man who took her, a fallen paladin named Bassimar, specializes in am... he cuts off their limbs before he sells them.”

The baron choked on his sobs. “Sells them? Why?” The tears ran down his cheeks and splashed on the plate.

”As,” the guard swallowed, “sex slaves. Part of the Blood County fair.”

”No,” said the baron as he surged to his feet. “No one sells my baby as a fucking slave!”

The valiant straightened. “My men are ready. We don’t have much authority in Blood County, but my captain is talking to the Royal Army to see if we can—“

”No,” interrupted Patrica. “N-No, please.”

Everyone stared at her as she looked up at them. There were tears in her eyes as she stared at her husband. “Pris is a spoiled bitch. She doesn’t appreciate the life we have or the life that he,” she gestured to Jacir, “has given us. So, let her,” the tears began to ran, “get a taste of that life and maybe she will understand.”

The baron turned on her said, his face darkening. “How could you let—“

She stood up as the sorrow faded into anger. “She’s fucking, spoiled princess! We all love her, but she won’t stop stealing! We have to do something otherwise she’s going to make one too many mistakes and ruin everything. Maybe, just maybe, she’ll learn that life isn’t all roses with this... man who kidnapped her.” She sat back down hard. “Look, nothing else seems to make a difference. Let’s just,” she choked, “keep her there and when the auction comes around, have Jacir buy her.”

”B-But, that man... he hurt my baby,” said Marcus as he shook his head.

”I-I’ll,” Jacir said, “I’ll pay for a healer. I’ll do whatever needs to be done. I promise.” Jacir held his breath, unsure of what to say or do. The idea of his precious Pris being raped by some stranger sickened him, but he could see some truth in Patrica’s words. Nothing had changed Pris in the years he knew her.

”Valiant,” the baron said in a low voice, “thank you. If we need you, I’ll send a word.”

And Merrie finally understood why Eolis thought she would help. She stripped off her cloak and sent it underneath the bed. It flowed and shifting as it settled into place. Naked, she pulled herself up into a begging position and wrapped herself in illusion.

She felt his steps down the hallway and her heart thumped with every thud. Her skin crawled and she gulped as she wagged her tail. Her pussy had grown slick as she crawled through his memories and she squirmed to feel her wet lips rubbing against each other.

The door handle creaked as he fitted the key in the lock. Yawning, he stepped inside. "Just a few minutes, then I'll go back... down..." He jerked as he stared into the room, his eyes focusing on her. "P-Pris?"

Merrie felt sudden longing burning inside him. He didn't believe what he saw. She wagged her tail and barked sharply, her voice echoing against the walls.

"I-It can't be." A sob rose up in his throat. His knuckles cracked as he gripped the side of the door. "You... you're dead. Aren't you?"

Merrie's skin prickled at his words. She didn't know that Pris had died, but the familiar despair was there. She felt the sympathetic pain in her own heart. It didn't have the same consuming despair that tore at her, but it was a loss that she knew intimately.

He gulped. "A-Are you real-really there?" He took a step closer. "How can this be?" In his mind, he was stunned that somehow Eolis' sly response had come true. When he looked at Merrie, he saw a woman that looked just like Pris.

She barked again, her tail rocking back and forth. She was going to be his lover, even if it was just for one night.

The door creaked as he shut it. The latch caught with a loud click. The room grew silent with only Jacir's deep breaths and Merrie's soft panting.

"I-I don't know how he did..., " his voice cracked as he stared at her, "but, please... just stay?" He took a step toward her. He stumbled and lost his balance. With a lurch, he dropped to his knees and hit the ground with a thud. It sounded painful, but he reached out and grabbed her with the same movement. His weight bore down on her for a moment before he pulled her close and crushed her in a hug. "Pris, I love the gods. I can't believe it's you. Oh, Pris, Pris."

Merrie's breasts were squeezed painfully against his chest and she felt the buttons cutting into her skin. The rough trousers scraped at her inner thighs and she straddled him to avoid twisting her leg. She could feel his attention, even through the tears, as her amputated leg ran along his thigh.

For a long time, he just held her as he struggled with his emotions. Years of sorrow and pain were buried inside him. It was a iceberg in his mind, with most of it hidden deep in the darkness of

his subconscious. There were layers and pockets of anger and loved mixed together. He loved Pris and he hated her. As much as he blamed himself for letting her remain at the mill, he also hated her for stealing the money and spending it on trinkets and parties. It was the attention-seeking that Pris did that drew the attention of Bass, he was sure of it. If she just listened, or at least didn't do it as much, then she would still be alive.

She wanted to help, but he didn't know what he wanted to do. He wanted to kiss her more and he wanted to hit her. The pain mixed in with love. Jacir held her tighter as he sobbed, his mind paralyzed with too many conflicting needs.

Merrie leaned into him and trying to find some way of bringing the love up. It was tender and sweet, fueled by the memories when Pris wasn't screaming at him. But even she had trouble.

Instead, she decided to work out the anger. She could polish the joyful Pris' memories once Jacir burned through his anger. She worked a quick spell that tied in just a small hint of her own anger and despair. It was a crystalline and calligraphic enchantment, crafted from psychic and shadow magic. With a delicate shove, she cast it.

The effect was immediate. His body tightened around her and he inhaled. The anger rose up, bubbling with heat, and she brought up the times when Pris was a bitch. She reminded Jacir of all the things she did wrong, each one ending with her stealing money to wrap herself in dresses, jewelry, and sycophants.

Jacir pushed her back and wiped the tears from his face. "Damn it, Pris, why did you have to throw those parties?"

Merrie snapped at him, playing her role. She could feel the anger rising and she knew it was going to hurt, but Jacir needed it. Her pussy clenched with need. She needed it too. She needed to be hurt and dominated and it was coming. A sweet anticipation that brought a quickening rise to her breasts and a heat spreading out along her limbs. She snapped again, bitching back with a click of her teeth.

His hand came down and across her face. The crack of his palm against her cheek was an explosion of pain. Stars sparked across her vision as she gasped for breath.

Merrie knew he was going to hit, but she wasn't quite expecting the impact. Her pussy clenched with anticipation and she gave him another jolt with a flash of anger.

Jacir backhanded her, his knuckles smacking against her face and shoving her to the side. "Why did you keep stealing?" he growled, "This was all your fault!" His hand came back across, catching her burning cheek and tossing her back to the side.

Whimpering, Merrie felt a heat rushing inside her. She got back into position. She was trembling with anticipation, not only from the pain but also the heat from the crack of flesh. She rose back into a begging position just as he caught slapped her again and again. The blows came faster as he lost himself in the anger.

Even though she was seeing stars, Merrie felt a strange sense of relief and excitement. He was abusing her and the curls of power and excitement filling her. She leaned into the smacks, accepted them even as her world turned to sparks of light.

Jacir smacked her arms away and slapped her breasts. Her nipples exploded into agony and she had to fight to keep herself in position. His palm rained down against her breasts, crushing them against each other and adding to the fire. More blows landed on her face, her shoulder, her breasts.

His emotions came in a rush, as if they were breaking through an ice flow. He stepped into the blows, hitting her hard enough to send her to the floor. Before Merrie could push herself up, he was on her. One hand grabbed her hair and he yanked her up.

She let out a cry of surprise as he bent her backwards over his knee. She was balanced on her shoulders, her legs flailing out as she tried to gain some balance. He smacked down on her belly, her breasts, her thighs. She couldn't escape the blows, even if she wanted to. The pain was too much to concentrate, but she was also writhing in both pleasure and pain. It swirled together and her pussy clenched right before each hit, each smack.

"I would have done everything for you!" He hit her pussy with his open palm. The popping noise sent a bolt riding up her spine and she cried out. "Damn you for going off on your own. It wasn't safe. I knew it wasn't. I-I should have stopped you." Another hit, this one against her breasts. It crushed her nipple and she sobbed at the impact. "I love you. I loved you the day I saw you and you," he hit

her face twice, “you even said you loved me!” Another set of slaps that worked down her belly, against her abdomen, and to her pussy. His palm cracked against her sex and she jerked violently with an orgasm. When he pulled his hand back, her juices were glistening on his palm.

“Damn you to the hells, Pris!” His fingers slapped against her pussy and crushed her lips. It sent a bolt of pain, but he wasn’t done. His hand came down again and again against her sex, crushing her clitoris and bruising her labia.

She writhed in the pain even as she was coming from it. It was agony being unable to escape, but he bent her back over his knee to get access to her. She flailed her leg, the short end jerking in air. The sight of it seemed to push him harder and he hit her again and again, slamming into her until she was sobbing with need.

(Alpha?) came Tamin’s worried thoughts.

(I’m,) her thoughts flashed with pain, (safe.)

(You are hurt.) Tamin was close to them, hiding just centimeters away on the other side of the shadows. She could feel his growl through her mind. (I must defend my alpha.)

Jacir struck again, his knuckles crushing against her clitoris.

(Stay,) she commanded even as she was screaming out in pain. She pawed at him, which only pushed him harder and faster. She pulled away from Tamin as she felt his anger continuing to rise.

He yanked down harder on her hair, dragging her up along his leg until the small of her back was pressed against his thigh.

She felt vulnerable and exposed. An orgasm rushed up and took her as he rained down against her face and breasts again. His hand smacked hard against her body, torturing her while it sent her into heights of pleasure. She leaned into each blow, sobbing with each spasm.

He released her hair and she slid down until her neck was against his thighs. He reached out and wrapped his hands around her throat, his body tense with anger.

And Merrie felt herself losing control over him. As his hand tightened around her neck, she stared into the blank mask of rage.

(Alpha!)

It was too much for her. With a desperate surge, Merrie forced her will into Jacir’s mind, stopping his body in an instant. The

fingers were already tight around her neck and she could barely breathe. As she stared up into his eyes, she felt her body shuddering with orgasms that ran their course. Her breasts and body burned with his slaps and punches, a brand against her skin.

Even though his body couldn't move and she wouldn't let him consider why, his eyes regained their sanity. The focus came back and the massive emotions sank down into his subconscious. She could feel parts of it crumbling from the anger that no longer bound him tight, but there was far more than she could ever handle in a single night.

Catching her breath, she released her control over him.

Jacir looked at her and gasp. His eyes widened as he released her throat. "Oh, Pris, I'm sorry." He grabbed her tight and pulled her trembling body close to his chest.

Merrie felt bruised and broken. Her skin protested the movement, but the despair and hope that burned inside him helped her push away the pain. She reached up and wrapped her arms around his chest.

"I'm so sorry, please forgive me. Please, please," he whispered into her ear. He held her tight, reminding her of all the pains she experienced. Up close, she could feel him growing aware of her naked form against his body and the smell of her excitement in the air.

"They made you a bitch, Pris," he whispered, "I was going to buy you. I was going to save you. But," he took a deep breath, "but, I couldn't."

Jacir pushed Merrie down on the ground. The hard surface against her back was cold, but she looked up at Jacir as he positioned himself over her, towering and powerful.

She pressed her legs together and almost came as he forced them apart. His thigh was rough against her skin as he jammed down on her. His trouser buttons dug into her pussy, adding to the pain from the throbbing folds.

"You're still a bitch," he gasped as he struggled to remove his trousers. "And you still don't know how good your life was...."

When he got his cock out, he shoved it into Merrie's wet slit. It sank clear down to the base. The rough fabric of his trousers ground into her battered pussy limps and she whimpered at the pain.

Jacir regretted it, but he needed her. He needed to fuck her and remind her. The anger was being held back, but a small trickle still escaped Merrie's control. "Take it, bitch. Take what you wouldn't accept before they did this to you." He drew back, his cock dragging against her senses. With the pain from his beating, she felt every ridge as it was drawn out of her sex. The scent of her pussy drifted across her senses, filling her with a shameful lust.

The slap against her breast connected her aching nipple to her pussy. She almost came as he hit her again and again. Each one landed in a different place. She wanted to crawl away, but she didn't. Instead, she leaned into the blows and whimpered exactly the way he needed to hear her cry.

She tensed as he reached the opening of her pussy. With a grunt, Jacir slammed it home again, crushing her against the hard wooden floor and his body. She felt every pulse of his cock throbbed deep in her sex, scraping against her nerves. It hurt and it was pleasure.

Jacir slammed into her and pulled out. He buried his cock into his bitch with hard, brutal strokes. It wasn't for her pleasure, it wasn't for his. It was to prove that he loved her.

He drove her into the floor, slamming into her deep. Every stroke scraped against her nerves and every centimeter of her skin felt on fire. His trousers dragged on her inner thighs and pussy. The hard ground smacked against her back and ass. Every stroke became a wave of pain and her pussy clenched hard around his cock, squeezing it as she whimpered.

"Why did you leave me? Why did you have to keep leaving me?"

They were at a celebration of the crown prince's birthday. Jacir and Marcus wore their finest suits, but they were alone at one of the tables. Neither looked at each other and neither had anything to say.

When Pris was killed at the Puppy Mill, Jacir went almost insane with grief. He felt helpless and scared. He loved her, he wanted to tell her that, but their last words were a screaming fight when he realized she had just stolen money.

Patrica, on the other hand, took the news worse and her suicide still hung over both men. It was Patrica's idea to leave Pris at the mill, to teach her a lesson, but when she had died, it had destroyed her. Less than a day after getting the news, Patrica had hung herself from the bedroom rafters.

That was a year ago.

Now, they sat alone and didn't look at each other. Society mandated they showed up to the party, but neither man was interested. They simply waited for for the midnight hour when they could return to their respective homes.

"Count Rakin, so kind to see you. It's been what, two years?"

Jacir glanced up to two men speaking only a few meters away. He didn't know the one man, but Count Mard Rakin was a well-known figure in the royal circles. Despite living in the outer duchies, he was considered one of the richest men in the country. The powerfully-built figure tugged on his white-streak beard and smiled back.

"Just about, old man. What have you been up to? Any interesting wars?"

"Oh, just the usual. Barbarians of Emberka are rising up again. Something about a World Tree growing in the middle of their country."

Rakin snorted. "It's probably just a large weed. Everyone knows there can't be two World Trees on the continent."

"True, true. They are idiots. So, I heard you got yourself an alpha."

Rakin's expression darkened. "Had an alpha."

"You killed the bitch already? Even you—"

"No," growled the count, "the fucking bitch ran away."

The other man laughed. "And you didn't break her legs?"

"No, she is cowering behind a fucking fallen paladin named Bass."

Jacir jerked at the name. He glanced up to see Marcus watching him. Together, they lowered their heads as they listened to the conversation.

"What did you do?"

"Exactly what you expected. I sent an army down there and attacked."

"No more fallen? You should be made a saint."

Count Rakin sighed and drained his glass of wine. "No."

"The great Rakin lost a battle?"

"Careful, I'm not in the fucking mood. No, I won but I couldn't kill him or her. It was... complicated and I lost a lot of men in that fight. But, I still got my revenge. He had other bitches, ones he couldn't protect, and I managed to steal them away while he was slaughtering my army."

The man chuckled. "Fucked them good and proper?"

"Raped them, tortured them, and killed them right in front of the paladin." Rakin laughed, "He got his power from oaths and the idiot made promises not to let the bitches get hurt. Naturally, I broke all those fucking promises. Almost killed the bastard too, but I'd be surprised if he could walk again after what I did to those bitches."

At both men's laughter, Jacir clutched his fists together. He wanted to rise up and punch the count, but he couldn't. He didn't have a title, much less any authority. Even Marcus couldn't do anything, not as a baron and not for something that happened years ago on the far side of the country.

Marcus was crying, the tears splashing down his cheeks. He was just as helpless against the powerful count, and both of them knew it.

There was one marker in the graveyard at the Puppy Mill that didn't have a name. She knew that Bass searched far and wide to identify the girls who died when Rakin came for Sable. It sickened her to think about going back, but she could finally give Bass and Sable closure and fill in that empty space: "Pris Pollium, Beloved Daughter."

Jacir grabbed Merrie tightly, his cock deep in her pussy. He crushed her against his chest as he sobbed into her shoulder. "I'm sorry, Pris. I wanted to save you. I wanted to be your hero. But, I couldn't. I failed. I failed you so much and there is no way to ask for forgiveness."

Merrie, tears in her own eyes, held him tight and let him cry. She felt the pain of his loss, both from his memories and the way he clutched to her body. She let the illusion fall away, Jacir didn't need Pris anymore that night.

Jacir looked at her, seeing her as Merrie and not Pris. The tenderness broke but he held himself still until the tears stopped coming. Then, he broke the embrace and sat back on the ground. His cock, glistening with cum and juices, smacked against the ground. He looked over her again, taking in her amputated arms and legs. "I-I'm sorry, um, I never got a name."

Merrie shrugged.

"Y-You don't mind me calling you Pris, do you?"

She smiled and shook her head.

Jacir stood up and staggered to the bed. "I-I don't know if I can take any more right now, but," he turned around and tossed her a roll of money, "I owe you that."

Merrie glanced down. It was two thousand marks. She pushed it under the bed where her cloak swallowed it.

He sat down on the edge of the bed, his face and inner thighs wet. With a long sigh, he buried his face in his hands. "C-Could you leave?"

Summoning her cloak, Merrie waited until it wrapped around her. She felt the rawness of his emotions, but there was nothing more she could do that night. He needed time alone to heal before he tried again.

"Hey, Pris?"

She stopped and looked back at him.

"You'll do this again, right? I'll pay you anything you need. Please? I need to see her again."

He sat on the edge of Marcus' bed, holding the old man's hand firmly as he watched the light fading from his adopted father's eyes. "I promise, I'll get him. I'll make Rakin pay for what he did." He sniffed and wiped his face. "I-I just don't know how."

Marcus groaned and lifted his other hand, pointing to his desk. When Jacir didn't move, he pointed again.

"There's something?" Reluctantly, Jacir pulled his hand away from his father's and circled the bed. The desk was sloppy but he had been handling the baron's paperwork for years since Pris. He flipped through the familiar bills and letters. At the bottom, he found an envelopes with a seal still on it. The seal was from the Court of Lands on it, the organization that managed the allocation of counts and dukes along with recording rewards of land and title. Head spinning, he held it up.

"Yes," gasped Marcus, "bring... here." He coughed.

Jacir rushed back, sitting down and handing the envelopes over.

Marcus' fingers slid along the envelope as he tried to grab it. When he couldn't, he tapped it. "My will. You... everything."

Jacir shook his head. "No, I can't."

"Take the title. Baron Pollium. Please? And never forget my baby."

Tears running down his cheeks, Jacir gulped. He sniffed and looked into Marcus' eyes and saw the life fading quickly. It wasn't coming back. Gasping, he crushed the envelope as he held Marcus' hand. "Yes, I will."

Marcus was smiling when he died.

Merrie bowed her head, fighting the tears from the memory. She barked once.

Scent of Attraction

Merrie crawled down the street, humming to herself as she splashed in puddles. Even with the drizzle coating the city, her body was hot and slick. The afterglows of being dominated for hours smoldered with delicious pleasure.

True to his word, Jacir had requested her back. The later sessions initially were as emotionally charged as the first, but soon he had worked through his loss of Pris and grew more comfortable with dominating Merrie. It became less about his lost love and more about abusing Merrie until late into the morning.

And, with her presence near Jacir, more customers came. They were drawn by Jacir's activities and gossip. In the last month, it wasn't just Jacir that called her to the inn, but some of his friends and friends of friends. Unlike the quick blow jobs and fucks in the meat packing district, her new clientele wanted to use her as an amputated bitch. They wanted to shove her face into the ground as they pounded her ass, force her to lick their asses, or even kneel and beg for them to pee in her mouth. Every little humiliation left her whimpering for more and they gave it to her. Hard, perverted fucking.

Tamin paced next to her, her constant shadow. He moved with the same spectral silence as she did, two shadows across through the pools of light and across the puddles. He was content with this role and it gave Merrie peace to know that he was there.

(Alpha?)

She sent a wave of affection.

Tamin bumped up against her and licked her face. (I am happier when you are glowing.)

Merrie giggled and kissed his nose, then shoulder. They stepped across the street and even wagons slowed down to avoid hitting them. The cloak fluttered behind her, clinging to Tamin and plucking at the shadows and pockets of pedestrians around them. (You are just looking forward to me fucking you tonight.)

His thoughts grew warm with lust. (Every night, every pleasure.)

She clenched her pussy at the thought. Despite being dominated and fucked every day, she dedicated her mornings for Tamin. They slept together on the floor of her master's bedroom, curled together. She wouldn't sleep on the bed, not yet, but waking up with a cock still buried in her cunt felt right.

(Do you want to fuck?) asked Tamin.

Merrie considered it, but the clock spell was reminding her that she had very little time to stall. She shook her head. (Better not. I'm suppose to be meeting up with Nir and Scorch.) But, she wanted to be stuffed by his thick cock, filled to the brim.

(Why not the Shadows?)

Merrie looked down the street. She accelerated just to move. (Because, it is too easy. I need exercise and this feels good.)

(Yes, it does, but it also makes me horny. And I don't want to wait until morning.)

Merrie sent a pulse of lust at him and giggled as he stumbled.

His cock grew thicker and hung down. With a shake, he got back to his feet and looked at her.

She wagged her tail at him.

Tamin charged after her, barking deeply.

In mock horror, Merrie scrambled forward and rushed down the street. Her cloak fluttered around her, tickling people's legs as she bounded across the street, underneath a wagon that couldn't stop fast enough, and across the street.

Tamin kept up with her and nipped at her ankles. She felt his teeth graze the skin and the pain was sweet against her senses. Letting herself enjoy her mock fear, she crawled faster. The transformation spell began to draw across her mind.

(Cheater!) came the amused reply.

(Loser does the licking,) she snapped back. Of course, there was no losers between them, but that didn't prevent her from transforming into the powerful hound form and shooting out down

the street. The darkness flowed around her, gathering in blessed coolness.

As she passed, people were briefly covered by her cloak. It would feel like a bird crossing over, but if they looked up, they would see nothing but gray skies.

She panted as her claws dug into the boardwalk and the thuds matched the ones in her heart. She loved running as a hound, even though she preferred her natural, amputated form. There was something about sprinting fast enough to have the wind and rain splatter against her face. It felt good.

The world split open as Tamin came out of the Shadows to slam into her. His massive form tossed her to the side and she hit the front of a store. Panting, he stood over her as he looked down.

Merrie grinned. (You cheat too.) She fell back into the darkness and lunged forward, skipping over a few blocks before coming back into reality with a burst of icy darkness. She hit the ground and surged forward, splashing through puddles as she raced toward home.

A few moments later, she felt him coming back through the Shadows. She stopped and stepped across herself. In the howling silence of the other realm, she shot forward and dove back through, coming up between a man's legs and tossing him aside.

Before the helpless victim hit the ground, Tamin appeared and the man bounced once before crashing into another woman.

Merrie giggled and jumped on top of one wagon and used it to leap across the street. As she was wailing, she sent out a pulse of lust into the man and the woman behind her. Neither knew it, but she could feel a compatibility between them. She hit the ground just as Tamin ripped through the Shadows, his maw open to catch her. She could feel the urge to hurt her, enough to make it hurt and for her to orgasm.

Frantic, she slipped to the side and landed back into the Shadows, the rush of power filling her. With a step, she stepped back across. Spinning around, she chomped her teeth down on Tamin's tail.

Pain burned through the connection of their minds and she moaned around his tail.

Casting a strength spell on herself, she yanked him back and tossed him down the street. He crashed into a statue and it rang out

from the impact. A cloud of pigeons rose up from the statue in offended cries, but both alpha and hound were both already past them.

It felt good to play, though they continued to escalate in violence until she was covered with bruises and scratches. Tamin managed to body slam her into a wagon and bit down on her tail once to crack her like a whip, but she got in her own blows.

The pain didn't matter. They were having fun and the amusement glowed along their connection.

She only had a few minutes left before she had to rush to work, but she didn't want to stop. It felt too good to just play.

Merrie came back from the Shadows and crouched down. Her tail wagged back and forth as she waited for Tamin who was about to come around the corner. Her body lowered to the ground as he tried to cover his thoughts.

Her breath was coming in fast pants from her exertions. In hound form, she didn't sweat, but the cold throbbing in her bones and the frequent jaunts into the Shadows kept her almost frozen. The drizzle steamed around from the contrast of summer rain and supernatural cold.

She took a deep breath to calm herself. And a familiar scent tickled her senses. It was sweet and delicate, a hint of something she had smelled before. She jerked as she took another breath, but the brief whiff was gone. But, there were other scents, a storm of smells that swirled around her.

Tamin, sensing her attention switching, paced around the corner. (Alpha?)

She closed her eyes and breathed in the smell. There was perfume in the air and she remembered it, but the name swam just out of reach for a moment. And then it came swirling across her mind: Crystalline Rose. She sent a command to him. (Find.)

He was already moving, sniffing the air as he walked away from her.

She moved away from him, using both his senses and her own to follow the perfumed air. In her mind, the timekeeping spell rang out to remind her that she was late for her friends. She silenced it and continued to sniff the air.

It took ten minutes before they found it. A small, unassuming storefront nestled between a bookseller and a shoe maker. There wasn't even a sign on the door, but there was no question that it was a perfume store. The smells rolled out of the building. It permeated the stone and wood around it. Thousands of scents, from flowers to spice to others she couldn't identify, swirled around her.

Merrie sat down in front of it, staring up at the building. She glanced over at Tamin who sat next to her. (Can you find it? Crystalline Rose?)

He knew what she was looking for. (I'm sorry, alpha, there is too many and the smells are too old.)

The door to the store opened and a woman stepped out.

Merrie draped a shade over herself and Tamin to protect them from sight. As the shadow magic settled into place, she looked over the woman.

The stranger was in her early twenties and thin. Her black hair was piled high in stunning hairstyle that sparkled with sapphires. She wore a black suit, with a tight-fitting jacket and long, clinging sleeves. Her pants presented her long, thin legs; years ago, Merrie knew that she would have been jealous for the woman's appearance but she couldn't remember anything beyond the haze when she gave up her memories. It looked like she was coming out of a formal party, not a store. The only thing that deterred from her appearance was her shoes and her gloves. Instead of heels that Merrie expected, she wore black dancing slippers over silk stockings. She also wore black, kidskin gloves which were matte black even in the sunlight.

"Rose!" called a woman from inside the store, "forget something?"

From the darkness, the caller stepped out holding a white apron in her hand. She was older than Rose, but she wore an almost identical outfit. The only difference was that everything was yellow from jacket to pants to slippers. Even her stockings were the same color. She had a similar apron wrapped around her waist.

The woman in black turned. "Sorry, lady, my mind was on something else."

Clicking her tongue, the woman in yellow stepped down and plucked a page from the pocket of the apron she carried. She held it between two fingers of her yellow gloves and held it out.

Rose bowed her eyes. "Sorry again."

"The smallest detail changes the scent. Sometimes for good, sometimes not." The yellow-clan woman had a cultured accent. Since she appeared to be in charge of the store that had Crystalline Rose, Merrie guessed it was Lady Anasome, the famous perfumer.

"So," Rose palmed the note, "you're saying if I forget the Pennelworth Root, it won't be a problem?"

"No, it means you'll be watching the oils brew all night. And I'll be the one going to the spa. I could use another manicure." Lady Anasome's smile quirked the corner of her lip.

"I'm out of here." Rose kissed the women in yellow on the cheek, gave her a quick hug, and scurried down the street.

The lady looked around but her eyes slid over both Merrie and Tam who were less than a meter away. But then she sniffed. Raising her head, she sniffed again. "Unexpected," she said in a quiet voice and then headed into the store.

(Alpha? What do we do?)

Merrie looked around. Her time-keeping spell shivered along her thoughts, reminding her that she was late for her duties. Lifting a paw, she turned away. (We need to come back later. We're late.)

She and Tamin stepped into the Shadows. She glanced back at the store and stopped. It didn't exist in Shadows. Instead, there was just an empty place, neither dark nor light. It was simply not there.

Surprised, she sat back down and stared at the empty space.

She didn't know why, but the brief hint of Crystalline Rose reminded Merrie that she had lost something. But, the past she sacrificed for her master, the memory the perfume brought danced just out of reach of her mind. It was close, but she couldn't find it.

(Tamin, go tell them I'm not going to make it.)

The hound sent a wave of love and turned on his heels. With a swirl of darkness, he shot out across the city and was quickly out of sight. She could feel him in her mind even as she returned to reality.

She looked at the building with her mental senses. It glowed with wards, but the magic wasn't shadow, psionic, or even holy magic. Most of it was elemental and subtle magic. Concentrating, she looked for how the spells were anchored into place. It didn't take long to see countless runes nearly invisible on every surface of the store.

Merrie grew nervous and found a hiding spot. It was underneath a table holding a tray of flowers and it was cast with shadows. Settling down on the ground, she inspected the wards to determine their purpose.

About an hour later, the drizzle had stopped and Merrie thought she understood the magic protecting the store. Most of it were alarms for the owner, probably to prevent thieves. There were spells to detect even those who come through other planes, like Merrie, or teleported. There were also wards to strip off illusions and spells like her shade. If she went inside, she wouldn't be protected from sight.

Rose returned as Merrie was inspecting the wards. She carried a few packages delicately in her hands. Using her foot, she kicked open the door and headed inside. As the door closed, smells wafted across the street and Merrie was overwhelmed by the sheer variety.

Merrie waited. She watched as Rose took the packages down a hallway and returned a few minutes later. She was pulling on a pair of gloves, but Merrie didn't see when she removed the first set. Back in front, she started to dust bottles and clean.

About twenty minutes later, two women came in and Rose set down her duster to talk to them.

Deciding to take advantage of Rose's distraction, Merrie crawled out from the shadows. Gathering up her power, she shaped her cloak into a walking stick and forced herself to her ankles. She swayed for a moment, then limped across the street. Her cloak draped over empty space, giving the impression that her hands were covered by the back cloth. The top flowed over her head, shadowing her face.

At the door, she wrapped the cloak to pull open the door. She couldn't feel the handle and almost missed but she managed to pull it open and limp inside.

The perfume store was claustrophobic but homey. There was a wall of scents inside, a storm of scents and smells that were both overwhelming and intoxicating. She took a delicate sniff, hoping to find Crystalline Rose, but she couldn't smell anything other than a maelstrom of smells. It was like her intense orgasms, when pleasure and pain blurred together into nothing but pure, overwhelming

sensation. The store was the same, it smelled but it had no specific scent.

She looked around at the glass shelves and bottles of every color. There was a small set of bottles for each scent, arranged behind a hand-written card that described its inspirations and scents. It was flowery prose, but Merrie was only interested in the name.

Limping, she started down the nearest of three aisles. Her eyes scanned the labels, trying to find her scent.

She could feel Rose's attention on her. It raised the hairs on her arms and legs. No matter how she moved, she could feel the woman in black watching her like a hawk despite talking to the two women about the merits of two perfumes, Golden Harvest and Dreamy Apple Singing.

Merrie finished the aisle and worked her way around. She glanced at Rose and the other two women. Even though Rose wasn't look at her, the sensation that she was being followed only increased. Her body tingled and she could picture Rose watching from the corner of her eye.

Limping quietly, Merrie finished the next aisle but didn't couldn't find Crystalline Rose. There were dozens of other rose scenes, but none of them were close to the delicate smell she craved to smell once again.

As she came around the corner, one of the women asked about a scent that Merrie had just passed. Rose guided both women toward it, but she took the long way around the store and walked next to Merrie.

Merrie looked away, but for the briefest of moments, she caught Rose's green eyes with her own.

(I bet she's stealing something.) It was Rose's voice that echoed in Merrie's head, but then the young woman was past and the voice in Merrie's head faded.

Merrie's heart thumped loudly. She wasn't expecting to hear Rose's voice in her head. She glanced at the thin woman for a moment, then forced herself to read the labels. Judging from the prices, she had enough for a bottle though she was surprised that any perfume could go for two thousand for a small glass container. A soft smile crossed her lips. She would just buy one and keep it, just to remember... something.

As she approach the end, her frustration rose inside her. She still hadn't found the scent. She reached the end and looked over the last three shelves. None of them were the alluring scent she barely remembered.

She glanced over at Rose. The young woman was concentrating on the women as she tried to make a sale. Merrie could feel her trying to find a chance to glance back at her but couldn't.

Merrie smiled to herself and turned her attention to the hallway leading into the back. It was only a few meters away. Moving smoothly as possibly, she kept the tall glass shelves between her and Rose as she made her way to the opening and then ducked inside.

It was dark and shadowed, but with Merrie's sight, it was bright as day. The hallway was longer than she expected. Her master's memories told her there should only be enough for two or three doors, but it stretched almost the entire length of the block. The nearest two doors were labeled Restroom and Storage. Further down, she saw three doors with more signs: Laboratory, Quarters, and Vault.

Afraid Rose would catch her, Merrie limped down the hallway. It would have been a wide hallway except for the tables and bookshelves that lined both sides. There were illustrations and pictures from thankful customers, a display of pressed flowers, and even a few statues that were in impeccable taste.

Merrie had to turn sideways to get through one point. Under her cloak, she felt the clink of bottles. Groaning, she pushed her way past the narrow point and then leaned against the wall. Digging into her cloak, she pulled out a bottle that was snagged by the kleptomaniac cloak. Glaring at the fabric draping her, she set it down on a table. Patting through the pockets, she found three more bottles and set them down with the others.

"Most thieves—"

Merrie didn't jerk at Lady Anasome's voice, but her limbs tensed up at the soft voice dangerously close.

"—usually go through their pickings outside of the store."

Ducking her head, Merrie looked down the hall. Lady Anasome was standing in the door of her quarters, decked in yellow and leaning against the frame.

Merrie held up her fake hand to show it empty. She hoped in the darkness that Lady Anasome wouldn't notice the unnatural shape.

Lady Anasome sniffed once and then nodded. "Go on. There is nothing down here for customers."

Gulping, Merrie risked everything and pointed to the door labeled Vault.

"That is for exclusive and limited scents. Those are for select customers and you don't smell like you had an invitation."

Merrie lowered her hand and sighed.

Lady Anasome stepped away from the door and strode toward her. There was no anger on her face so Merrie held her position. Up close, the woman had no scent that Merrie could detect beyond the smells of the store behind her. Lady Anasome stopped only a few centimeters away and looked her over. Then, without warning, she leaned into Merrie and sniffed right at the edge of the cloak.

Merrie whimpered and pulled the cloak tighter around her.

"You," Lady Anasome said in a soft voice, "were outside my store a few hours ago, weren't you?"

Sheepishly, Merrie nodded. She had to clutch her fake walking stick for balance.

"Unexpected. Were you really looking for the vault?"

Merrie nodded again.

"For a specific scent?"

Another nod.

"I'm curious. Come on." She turned and walked back to the vault. Pulling a key out, she unlocked it and opened the door for Merrie.

Merrie limped after her and into the vault. She didn't know what to expect, even her master hadn't broken into the room, but the room was far plainer than she expected. Metal walls lined the entire room and it was easily twenty feet tall. Along the wall were little cages with one to three bottles of perfume inside each one. None of them were labeled and they were all in identical, plain containers.

Lady Anasome stood in the door. "Which scent?"

Merrie glanced at her. At the lady's gesture to move forward, she limped toward the nearest cage. She pressed her nose close and sniffed at it. It was an intensely sweet smell, but not the one she was looking for. She moved to the next one and took another sniff. Slowly, she moved across the cages she could reach, smelling each

one. They were all beautiful scents. Some of them made her tear, but they weren't the one she was looking for.

"Lady!" cried Rose, "I'm sorry. I tried to keep an eye on her, but she—"

"It's okay, Rose."

"W-Who is she?"

Merrie listened as she continued to sniff.

"I don't know. I never met her before."

"Then why....?"

"I smelled something unexpected."

Merrie circled the room but couldn't find the scent. She looked at the two women and sighed before she looked around for a ladder to reach the higher ones.

Lady Anasome held out her palm and lowered it. The metal cages shifted down, flowing along the metal walls until a new bank stopped at Merrie's height.

Giving a nod of thanks, Merrie resumed searching for the scent. It was close, she caught a whiff of it. She gasped and looked around. Closing her eyes, she took a deep breath. It was still above her, the delicate smell that held a memory she couldn't recall.

Trembling, she held out her hand and mimed lower.

The cages lowered. "You have quite sensitive senses. Most wouldn't be able to smell anything in this room."

Merrie's tail began to wag and she clamped her cloak down to avoid revealing herself. She took another breath. The scent was stronger. Stepping to the side, she took another. Her body swayed as she hunted for the scent, using her hand to request the cages to be lowered.

And then she found it. The soft scent that escaped the cage was the one she remembered. She trembled as she touched the cage, tears beginning to well in her eyes. There were memories rising up with the scent, but they refuse to come where she could feel them.

"Is that it?"

Merrie nodded and tapped the cage again. There were two bottles in the cage and they were both the clear liquid that she remembered from Bass' bathroom.

"Lady? That's a retired—"

"I know." Lady Anasome was walking closer.

Merrie stepped back as the lady stopped next to the cage. "How could you have worn this scent? Do you know what this is?"

Merrie peered around. She pointed up to one of the yellow diamonds in Lady Anasome's hair and then pointed to Rose.

(What is she doing?) came Rose's thoughts unbidden in Merrie's mind.

"Diamond?"

Merrie shook her head. She wanted to name it, to prove she knew it. She pointed to the gems in Lady Anasome's hair and then the ones dangling from Rose's ears. Then, she pointed to Rose's chest.

"Crystal?" The corner of Lady Anasome's lip curled.

Merrie froze. She saw humor in Lady Anasome's eyes. The woman knew the scent and what Merrie was trying to say. Panting faster, she pointed at Rose.

Lady Anasome shook her head slowly. "Crystalline Rose. You know its name too. But, this is Duchess Warthin's exclusive scent. She died nine years ago, so there is no..."

Her voice trailed off as her eyes widened. Merrie felt the tension in the room growing around her. Lady Anasome's eyes rose up to Merrie's cloak over her head and then down to her feet.

"Rose?"

"Yes?"

"Leave us alone and check on the customers."

"But, I can't—"

"Leave," came the order.

Rose stepped forward. "I can't—"

"Leave!"

Merrie jerked at the snapped order, then shuddered as she felt a rush of pleasure course over her. She had never reacted to a command give to anyone else before, but her body grew instantly slick at the order echoing in the metal room. It felt like she was the target of the order and she fought the urge to rush out of the room herself.

Rose stepped back, a glare on her face. Without a word, she left the vault room and closed the door behind her. Merrie could hear her stomp back to the front.

"You're one of his," said Lady Anasome, "aren't you?"

Merrie turned to look at the lady. She was close to her, close enough for her body heat to brush against Merrie's face.

"You are one of Bassimar's?"

Merrie whimpered. She trembled as she nodded.

Lady Anasome reached up for Merrie's cloak. She flinched, but the gloved hands caught the edge and she pushed it over Merrie's ears and down to her shoulders.

Feeling exposed, Merrie blushed and clutched her fake walking stick.

"H-How?"

Lady Anasome grabbed at Merrie's hand. The fabric resisted for a moment and then collapsed. She didn't hesitate as she worked her hand through the thin fabric until she caught the smooth end of Merrie's arm. With a gasp, she felt around for a moment. "You," she gasped, "were cropped? How are you standing?"

For a moment, Merrie hesitated but then let her cloak pull away. The walking stick melted into darkness as the fabric fluttered away. She sank to the ground as her fake legs lost their tension. Spreading her knees out for balance, she looked up at Lady Anasome as the fabric spread out widely, almost filling the room before coming back to wrap around her nudity.

Merrie's heart thumped as she looked pleadingly up at the Lady Anasome, unsure if she had made some terrible mistake.

She stepped back and pressed three fingers to her mouth. "You're the Lost Alpha!"

Merrie nodded and bowed her head.

Lady Anasome backed into the cages and stopped. "My gods, I-I never expected to see one of you here. Bassimar has worked himself sick trying to find you. He actually wrote me a letter asking if I saw you. B-But that was two years ago. How? How did you find me?"

Merrie pointed up to the cage.

"Oh," Lady Anasome took a deep breath before she continued. "Of course." She looked up at cage. "Scent triggers a lot of things, don't it? But, how did you find this?" Her voice trailed off. "Earlier today, Rose was dusting these bottles. You must have caught a whiff, right?"

Without knowing how to response, Merrie simply barked.

"I can't let you have it, it is an exclusive and retired scent, but..." She worried her lip. "I'll give you a spritz, if you want."

Merrie whimpered as she nodded.

Turning around, Lady Anasome pulled the cage open and eased one glass container out. She pulled a small white pad of cloth with one hand as she untwisted the top with her fingers. Resting the pad on top, she upended it once and sealed it back up.

Kneeling down, she whispered to Merrie. "Lift your chin."

Merrie obeyed the command.

Lady Anasome dabbed the cloth against Merrie's throat and then once underneath each ear.

Realizing she was holding her breath, Merrie waited until Lady Anasome pulled back before she took in a deep breath.

*Merrie sank into the water. She could feel Bass' hard cock poking her in the back as she settled between his muscular thighs. She settled back, though it felt wrong to her sitting on her rear in the water. After a few moments, she struggled to find a new position. He held her down, his hands cupping her breasts, but she brought her knees underneath her and knelt as if she was begging, then sat down on her ankles. It felt better and she was rewarded with Bass' cock growing hotter as it rested in the crack of her ass.

Bass grabbed a rag and soaked it with a flowery soap. He started with her back, soaking it down and rubbing her skin clean. Merrie let out soft moans as he caressed every part of her body, scrubbing it clean. His fingers lingered between her legs, taking care to pump his soapy fingers in and out of her ass and pussy until his skin squeaked against her own. Large hands reached around to cup her breasts, exploring the soft mounds and hard nipples and leaving them covered with bubbles.

When he reached her throat, Merrie tilted back her head and felt the delicious thrill of his powerful fingers cleaning around her collar, delving between the flesh of her throat and the metal. He finished and lifted his dripping fingers to her hair to pull the dog ears apart.

Merrie felt helpless, but it was different than being bound in her gloves. Her fingers were freed, but she didn't want to reach out for anything. After a few seconds, she curled her fingers back up and rested them on Bass' knees. She arched her back as he worked shampoo into her hair and rinsed it out. She didn't want to move and there was a tender pleasure burning through her body as Bass finished cleaning her from head to toe.

Merrie gasped as she inhaled sharply. The memory had risen up without her realizing it.

She leaned back on her knees and barked once. When he aimed the spritzer at her, she lifted her chin and smiled at the cool spray that teased her throat. The fruity, ethereal smells rose up and she felt a heat flush across her skin. He sprayed her again, once between the breasts and once on her belly button.

Tears were running down her cheeks and she couldn't stop them.

"It was a look, a hunger for something you never knew you needed. I could see it in your eyes, like a bitch in a cage desperate to escape. You were a shell of a woman, an empty vase I had to fill."

She whimpered, reliving the moment she first caught sight of Bass. Inside her, his cock pulsed but she couldn't even regain enough control to grind down. She closed her eyes as lost herself in the pleasure of being held and spoken to.

"You are beautiful, Merrie. In the last six weeks, you have come out of that shell. You blossomed into... such a sexy bitch before our eyes. You lost your innocence, but I don't think you've ever been happier."

His hands reached out to cup her breasts, squeezing them until the prickle of pain added to the pleasure. His fingertips ground into the soft mounds as he mauled her compassionately.

She stared down at his hands, his soapy, gray skin against the sun-tanned canvas of her body. She remembered the years of dieting and exercises. She struggled to conform to some ideal of beauty. She drank and partied, but it wasn't until she was forced on her knees that she knew she was looking for something. All the drugs and drink were a pale shadow to where she was now. Even the idea of working seemed to be just an empty placeholder in her life, something she was inflicted with instead of the insatiable hunger she felt now to be fucked and dominated.

Merrie sobbed. She didn't hate Bass. She didn't hate the mill. She loved it there. She loved the tenderness and the passion. Every moment with Bass had taught her things about her own self that she didn't know. It wasn't rape, he never really raped her. Instead, he was giving her life. It was because of Bass that she had been awakened.

But, even as she remembered how much she wanted to go back to the mill, she could feel the desires fading. They were eroding,

crumbling underneath the onslaught of some magic buried deep inside her.

Her eyes widened as she realized she knew what was happening. It was a compulsion spell, the one Haviston put on her. It was to keep her from remembering the joy of the mill and it was being taken from her again, just as she stole the memory of herself from Gail.

With sickening pain, she felt the memories crumble. She could only look at Lady Anasome with horror as she forgot all the passion she felt for the mill and its master.

And then she took another breath of the perfume. The memories came rushing back. They were painful, tender, and loving at the same time. As she exhaled, she felt herself forgetting all the joy again.

With a sob, she inhaled again so she could remember happiness for the span of a single breath. A tear ran down her cheek as she clung to the memories, knowing they would quickly fade.

Earning Trust

68

Merrie crawled up to the front door of the mansion and took a deep breath of the fall air. It was crisp without the overpowering ethereal scents. With a sad smile, she looked around through the shifting darkness that surrounded the mansion. A few blocks away, city guards patrolled the street and the hard line between swirling darkness and the clear moonlight.

With the shadows receding to a single ten-block area of the district, there were constant patrols to ensure no one delved into the remaining darkness. Merrie had also banished the creatures that patrolled the shadowed areas around her house. Anyone who did manage to get inside would wander around blindly for a few hours before stumbling out somewhere else.

At the beginning of fall, Kirin had moved Merrie to the northern area where customers like Jacir were asking for her. She quickly got a following and steady stable of customers, all who shamefully enjoying treating her like a bitch or sought out some relief from their sex-bound emotions. Merrie had become both a healer and a slut, usually at the same time.

Merrie was also a dirty secret. No one would admit to hiring her and she couldn't sit outside an inn looking for customers. To her surprise, though, she stopped needing to look for customers. They came to the guild looking for her by name and reputation. She had appointments scheduled months in advanced instead of wondering where the next fuck came from.

She sat down and breathed in the smells. The house was inviting behind her, but she waited for Tamin to finish inspecting the grounds.

(I'm finding no intruders.) They checked every time they came home, but he never complained about inspecting the grounds. The feeling of being watched was almost a constant scrape against her senses. It haunted her that she was the one in charge of the shade when her home was invaded and her master killed.

Merrie knew someone was watching her, she could feel it against her senses and the hairs on the back of her neck. Even Tamin could feel the presence of eyes, even in the shadows surrounding the mansion, but neither could identify the source.

The first time she felt it was six months ago. At first, she thought it was the Lord of Shadows, but it quickly became apparent that the watcher could move in sunlight and follow her across town, two things the Lord never demonstrated. But, no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't identify her observer. They did nothing. There were no attacks, no invasions in the house, or anyone she could detect.

But, the memory of the night her master died kept her vigilant. She had to find them, if to determine if they were a threat to her pack or her home. She stuck her arm in the pocket with her master's engagement ring and let the heavy weight comfort her.

Tamin's paws thudded against the ground. (Nothing, Alpha.)

Reluctantly, Merrie nodded and turned to the house. (Come on, I need a bath before we meet up with Nir.)

Tamin panted and followed her into the mansion. Merrie's cloak snapped out to close the door behind her and they headed straight for her master's, now her's, bathroom. A few minutes later, she was soaking in the hot water and enjoying the heat as it sluiced down her breasts and into the bottom of the tub.

Her cloak hung from the ceiling above her, fluttering and billowing at her idle thoughts. Occasionally, as the pleasure of the water intruded on her thoughts, it would shiver and the ripples would course along its length.

Tamin padded into the bathroom, holding a basket of fruit in his mouth. Setting it down on the edge, he plucked an fall apple from the top and set it down on the edge of the tub.

Merrie sent a pulse of love to him and took a bite, holding it down with one arm as she cracked off a piece. With a grin, she chewed and leaned into the heated liquid. It felt good against her

skin and it erased much of the smells of a night of fucking and being whipped.

(I do not like when they hurt my alpha.)

Merrie thought about the last customer. He was into spanking, but not the gentle smacks that they show in books and illusions. He beat her ass hard until she was crying out in pain and whimpering for relief. With her memories, her pussy began to tingle. (I like it.)

(It hurts you.) The need to defend Merrie rose up.

She sent a pulse of love to him, wrapping him in a mental hug. (I can take it and he felt good.)

(He lasted thirty seconds before he came in your mouth.)

With a giggle, she tilted her head so the hot water coursed against her ear. She shivered at the intense sensations and pressed one arm to her pussy for pleasure and the other to the side of the tub for balance. (It still felt good.)

(You didn't come, Alpha.)

(I always come.)

(Yes,) grumbled the hound, (there is the tiny little orgasms you get from submitting and something strong enough to shake my world. I like it when you shake me.)

Merrie opened her eye and smiled at him. (Been a while since you came?)

Tamin slumped to the ground, out of sight except for his tail wagging back and forth. (Yes.)

(It was this morning. When we were having breakfast.)

(Long time,) came the response tinged with amusement, (for us.)

Merrie stroked her pussy with her arm. (It's strange fucking you. I know what's in your head and it feels a lot like masturbating.)

(I like licking my balls too. It might be masturbation, but it still feels good. Very good.)

Merrie groaned as the sensations came through the connection. She liked it when Tamin licked himself, she could feel the rasp of his tongue and the heated pleasure prickling her own lusts. (I like it when you lick me more, though.)

The tail wagged faster. (I like knotting you most.)

Merrie almost came at the sensation of having Tamin's thick knot stretching her pussy, pinning her down as he fired jet after jet of cum into her cunt. It was intoxicating and submissive. She couldn't

escape until he was done and the only thing she could do was accept his heat until there was no more pleasure to give.

She grinned and sent a hard bolt of pleasure through the connection.

Tamin grunted and shuddered as he came, splattering the ground and his fur with his seed. A whimper rose up as the tail dropped down. (That was cruel.)

Her lips pulled back as she smiled. (You said it was a long time.)

(I want to shove it inside you, not come without touching. I want pussy and ass wrapped around me. I want to ride you like a bitch until you cry out.) The images and memories came rushing back, pummeling Merrie with his need.

She writhed in the tub, splashing water everywhere as she panted for breath. She craved his pleasure and the heat between his legs. Tiny orgasms sparkled along her senses as she slumped to the side and peered over the edge of the tub.

Tamin was on his side, a puddle of cum pooling underneath his thick cock. His black eyes stared at her as his mind boiled with need.

(After Nir, you're going to fuck me.)

Tamin radiated joy and anticipation. (As a bitch?)

(No,) Merrie projected as she sank back into the water, leaning back so it poured down on her breasts and stomach. (You're going to hunt me down and fuck me as hard as you can.) She sent an image of an innocent girl running through the woods, naked and helpless.

Tamin's lust boiled through the connection, the need of a hunter and a lover burning bright. He pictured chasing after her, feet pounding on the ground as he leaped for her.

Together, they continued the fantasy of him throwing her to the ground and fucking her. It was just on the edge of rape, with her acting as if she didn't want it but both knowing that she craved the hard violence of a thick cock slamming into her pussy, filling her completely and sending her into the heady world where pleasure and pain mixed.

(I need you, Alpha.)

Merrie pulled her arm from her pussy. It dripped with water and her excitement. With a sigh, she brought it to her mouth and sucked on the smooth end of her wrist, enjoying the taste. (After Nir.)

(You need me.)

The lust was right on the edge of her senses, filling her with hunger. (Yes, but we need to wait.)

(A quick fuck, I will ride you hard.)

Merrie used soap to lather up her arms and began to clean her hair.

Tamin stood up and leaned over to help, using his muzzle to hold her still and his tongue to clean the errant bubbles.

She giggled and kissed his nose. (After. I don't want a quick fuck.)
(It will feel good.)

(I want a hard fuck. I want you to shove me to the ground and bite me hard. I want you to take me, not love me. I want it to hurt for a long time and we don't have enough time for you to rape me properly.) She sent an image of being pinned to the ground, his cock ripping into her ass without mercy. She anticipated it would hurt and needed to feel his knot tear into her body as he drove deep into her. She wanted him to hold her by her shoulder, biting down on the bone to keep her submissively in place as he raped her holes.

Tamin's cock thumped against the side of the tub and she had a tiny orgasm.

Merrie rinsed off, her cheeks burning with need. (So, we can wait.)

(You can heal yourself.)

She paused. When she was at the mill, Dixie had transformed into a hound and back to heal damage. She did the same, but she wasn't as good as him. It removed the bruises and whip marks, but for what she wanted him, it would take days to remove the scars. She shivered with anticipation and kissed his nose. (After Nir,) she announced.

Reluctantly, Tamin said nothing more but his thoughts were bright with anticipation. It kept Merrie on the edge of excitement, like the day that Nir kept a dildo in her sex after losing a bet with Pristine. It colored Merrie's thoughts with pleasure and made everything sharp-edged as she dried and got ready to visit Nir in the meat packing district.

Nir was still assigned to the meat packing district. When Merrie was lonely, she visited even though no one in their right mind entered it during fall. As the year drew to an end, stench had sunk into every nook and cranny. Almost a full year's worth of slaughter,

pools of blood, and rooms of gore had began to spoil. The stink of rotting meat, stale blood, and mold rolled down the streets and people gagged on it. The city spent its effort to keep the air away from the district since there was nothing they could do until winter.

Merrie ignored the smell by simply walking in the Shadows with Tamin. The cold inverted world of darkness had no scent beyond the alcoholic smell that tickled the back of the throat. They made it in a few minutes but neither was anxious to step back from the Shadows.

Even in the early evening, the streets were nearly empty. No one lingered in the district if they could avoid it. It gave a haunted quality to the shadows, a wasteland of people scurrying down the streets much like rats or cockroaches. Merrie liked it, it was peaceful.

A small critter ran across the street, bounding with an unnatural gait on five legs. Merrie paused as she reached out for it, not surprised when all she encountered was rage and pain. It was a small abomination, no longer than a cat, but a combination of slaughtered animals that had animated itself in terror. She knew that in early fall, they would remain in the shadows but they would grow larger as the season continued.

(Tamin, hunt.)

He bounded after the abomination, anticipation of a kill rising up. (These things taste bad,) he said without disgust, (even for me.)

(I'll get rid of the taste.) She pictured him again, teeth clamped down on her shoulder as he crouched over her.

(Yes, Alpha.)

With a smile, Merrie slipped back across the threshold and into the world. The smell was like hitting a wall and she gagged briefly. Even Borias' lessons were not powerful enough to stop the urge to crawl back into the Shadows and never return. She shook her head and cast a quick spell to mute her senses and clear her eyes.

She was in the middle of an alley, cloaked in darkness. At the far end, she could see Nir dancing on one of the benches, bored but playful. Like most whores, she was encouraged to find an outfit to give her a distinct appearance—they called it branding—and Merrie loved what she came up. She wore a bright red mini-skirt with a low slung waistband. It hung off the middle of her hips, giving a broad expanse of her trim, teenage belly and the occasional flash of her

matching thong when she twirled. The middle and back of the skirt was bound with a short strip of black mesh, giving the occasional viewer the hope they were seeing naked flesh. Her top was the same fabric, with the cleavage and back bound with mesh. The bottom of the top was barely over her breasts and her breasts peeked out from the bottom edge. She also wore a pair of red slippers and black mesh gloves. Together, it set off her shimmering black hair that spiraled around her as she giggled.

Merrie had to pause. Nir has blossomed at the guild. The signs of her time as a beggar had completely disappeared. Instead, she moved with grace of someone who had become intimately aware of her own body and sexuality. Merrie smiled and crawled out of the alley, letting the shade drop as she did.

“Ears!” Nir spun once more and launched herself from the bench. She swept Merrie up in a hug and squeezed her tight. The smell of perfume swirled around them, Golden Harvest by Lady Anasome; it was a gift from Merrie who visited every few weeks but could never remember anything besides walking in the front door and then leaving hours later.

Merrie got on her knees and kissed the girl on the cheek.

Nir tilted her head so their lips met and soon they were kissing more passionately. Her hand slipped into Merrie’s cloak and caught Merrie’s nipple. Pinching it, she moaned into the kiss.

Shivering with pleasure, Merrie wrapped her arms around Nir and held her tight. Her body grew hot with lust even though she could feel that Nir wasn’t going to fuck her.

And then tensed as the cloak slipped into Nir’s pocket, hunting for her money. Merrie snapped at it and drew it back, pulling it tight against her body.

Nir, thinking that Merrie was being playful, forced her hand underneath the fabric as her fingertips taunted Merrie’s wet slit.

“You know,” Scorch snapped, “if she isn’t going to pay for that, you really shouldn’t be making out. No one is here to appreciate the show.”

Affection rose up from Nir. She broke the kiss. With a grunt, she shoved her hand down so she could bury two fingers into Merrie’s cunt. Looking over her shoulder, she smiled sweetly at Scorch. “Shush, I’m advertising being a lesbian.”

“Half the street knows you were being gang banged all morning.”
Nir giggled. “It could have been a lesbian gang bang?”

Scorch leaned against the planter. His white shirt was blackened on the edges and he smelled of burnt hair and fried cum. “I doubt it. With your tiny box, you couldn’t get three fingers in there much less a proper fist.”

Merrie clenched her pussy around Nir’s fingers.

“You know,” Nir said to Scorch, “not all lesbians insist on being fisted.” She shoved four fingers into Merrie’s pussy, using short strokes as she started to work her thumb into the tight channel.

He shook his head with a smile on his lips. He was affectionate toward Nir and Merrie could sense their relationship was growing deeper every day. It wouldn’t be long before Nir suggested marriage just as Scorch thought about it himself. There was a fifteen year difference between the two, but that didn’t bother either of them. He focused on Merrie. “So, Bitch, you have magical mind-reading powers. Any marks around or can I give up for the night and get a proper hot shower? I have cum in the back of my throat.”

Moaning at the girl’s fist in her pussy, Merrie closed her eyes and leaned into Nir. Casting out her senses, she scanned for those interested in a whore. She found three of them, a woman and two men.

One was a familiar mind, Fang. The guard was strolling toward Nir’s position with sex on his mind. There was also a sadness wrapped around him, vague and hidden deep in his thoughts. It reminded her of Jacir’s own emotions, something had happened to Fang in the past but the guard had sealed it tight inside. Even Merrie would be hard-pressed to delve into the hidden emotions of the guard. She pushed deeper with curiosity, but stopped when she realized he had no intent to pay for sex. Instead, he was playing out the options of fucking Nir and escaping.

A prickle of anger filled her. While Merrie didn’t mind not getting paid for fucking, Nir needed it. And Scorch’s words were becoming true. It was a pattern for him and he picked on Nir because she wouldn’t say no.

With a little thrust, Merrie read Nir’s mind concerning the guard. She disliked the man, because he would promise money but always managed to run or bluff before paying her. She was trying to build

up the courage to say no. She also asked Scorch to help, and he agreed, but it never happened when Scorch was available as Fang ran away.

Merrie threw a brief hesitation into Fang and pushed another mark to come faster. With a smile, she withdrew and held up her arms significantly: one, two, and then the first again to indicate three.

“Three, eh? Any for Nir?”

Nir pulled her hand out. It was dripping wet. With a grin, she held it up to Merrie who lapped at the fingers.

The taste of her pussy brought a smile to Merrie’s lips.

“Bitch?” Scorch asked impatiently.

Merrie held up her arm and continued to lap at Nir’s fingers, working her way down until the entire palm with glistening with her saliva. When she finished, she licked her lips and grinned.

“Okay, you had your snack. Now, any for the girl?”

The customer that Merrie encouraged to hurry up came into view. She pointed at him without looking and then to Nir.

Nir followed the gaze, then stood up with a smile. The light scent of her excitement swirled around her and Merrie could see her shaved pussy lips against the line of her thong. “Oh, I like him.” She glanced at Scorch and then strolled toward her customer.

Merrie sat on the ground and watched, her tail wagging.

“You’re up to something, aren’t you?”

She looked over to Scorch. He was scowling as he stared at her. With a grin, she barked once.

Just as Nir and her mark headed toward the apartment for a round of fucking, Fang stepped into view.

Scorch groaned. “Damn it. I need that fucker to...”

Merrie’s smile grew wider as she felt his surprise radiate from him, followed by annoyance.

“You’re doing that, right? You knew he was coming.”

Merrie nodded. She shifted her shoulders and her cloak pulled back, revealing her naked breasts and pussy.

“He’s been stealing from us.”

She nodded again.

Fang caught sight of her and the lust rose. He cut across the street as he headed straight for her. She could feel the hunger rising even as he was planning on cheating her.

“Every time you let him cheat you, Nir gets hurt.”

Merrie got on her arms and knees. She gave Fang a come-hither look and crawled into the alley.

A moment later, Fang ran in after her.

Behind her, Scorch's mood grew dark with anger. And then stopped as Tamin appeared next to him. The massive hound gave him a wink and headed into the alley after Fang, silent as the night. (Oh fuck, she's going to rape him,) came Scorch's thoughts which made Merrie's anticipation even sweeter.

Fang's breath came deep as he joined her in the middle of the alley. “I haven't seen you for a while,” he whispered. “You still fucking Tai?”

Merrie said nothing.

“Just need a blow. I can pay,” he lied.

She got on her knees and spread her legs. Her cloak slid off her shoulders and puddled into darkness around her. It spread out and then back to leave her naked before him.

Fang moaned as he fumbled with his trousers. He unbuttoned it and pulled out his cock. It was already hard and he levered it down to her mouth.

Merrie inched forward and rested her arms on his thighs. It brought an instant surge of excitement. With a soft breath against his skin, she caught the tip of his cock with her lips and worked her mouth down. Even with his thoughts, he tensed up at the touch and then let out a guttural moan of his own.

“Oh, fuck, I forgot how good you are.” He held out his hands as he wondered if he could grab her ears. After a moment, he realized he didn't care and clamp down on them, crushing them in his grip.

Merrie shivered at the pain and dove down on his cock, engulfing his entire length until it bumped against the back of her throat.

With another moan, Fang yanked her closer, pulling her by her ears and jamming her face into his pubic hair. His cock pulsed. Pulling her back only a few centimeters, he jammed her back down, his hips thrusting forward until they met with a wet smack.

Merrie moaned around the cock in her lips, knowing that it would turn him on. As he fucked her face, she crafted a spell to push him further. She wanted him to fuck her properly. She wanted to feel him coming inside her, filling her with hot seed.

Down the alley, Tamin sank down into the shadows and waited.

Fang drove into her face with hard, short strokes. His fingers squeezed down on her ears, crushing them. His breath was coming faster and harder.

And every twinge of pain added to Merrie's pleasure. She gulped at the hard length and drank the pre-cum that was already dripping down on her tongue. It was sweet and musky, with a slight bitter aftertaste.

It didn't take long before he was about to cum. He pulled back with all his might and jammed his cock deep into Merrie's mouth, holding it there. If he was a bit longer, it would have cut off her breath, but it only reached to the back of her throat and she could feel the tip pulsing right against the sensitive flesh.

"Fuck!" he groaned and came inside her. His cum splattered against the back and dripped down into her belly. She could feel the pulses as his cock swelled in her mouth. Each little thrust pushed her closer to an orgasm, but she couldn't quite come from it.

After a few seconds, he started to pull out. Merrie reached around and held him there as she lavished her tongue along his cock, sucking out the last few droplets from his length and polishing up every glob of cum before letting it pop out of her mouth.

"Oh, I needed that. I owe you twenty, right?" He started for his pocket, making a show of looking for his money.

Merrie ignored him. She crawled up on a nearby box and presented herself. Her pussy lips, still slick with her excitement from planning Tamin's domination of her, peeled apart. Curling her tail up, she cast an attraction spell that drew his attention to her open sex, wet and willing.

Fang stopped in mid-pat and stared at her. "I... I can't."

Merrie wagged her tail back and forth. She pushed a little encouragement into Fang and his cock was soon rock hard with need.

He didn't think anything of it. With a moan, he stepped up behind her and fisted his length. His other hand grabbed her tail,

holding it up as he aimed his cock for her wet hole. With only a second hesitation, he sank into her.

Lubricated by the fantasies with Tamin and her submission, his cock slid clear to the hilt in a single thrust. His mind exploded with lust and she realized he hadn't had his cock in a woman for over ten years. With a groan, he shoved it deep before pulling it back.

"Fuck," he gasped and drove it home. Memories of past lovers rose up and fell away, all of them faded by the years. He groaned and picked up his pace, thrusting deep into Merrie's cunt with ragged, unpracticed strokes.

She gasped and moaned, pushing back as he drove deep. Little spark of pleasure rose up inside her, burning their way along her veins. She kept him fucking her until her own orgasm rose up and then sparked with a little burst of pleasure.

He leaned on the message board with one hand as he pounded in the nail. His palm was placed over the center of the paper, as it always was, so he couldn't see her. The nail sank in and he relaxed. Turning away, he pulled out the next paper and headed for the opposing board. Only ten more boards to go and he could retreat back home.

The image came unbidden and was gone as fast as it rose up. Merrie jerked at the vague image and tried to grasp at it. But she lost control over Fang and he began to pound into harder, thrusting as he exploded inside her.

Losing herself in pleasure, Merrie leaned back and clamped down, giving him more friction as he gave her a few last thrust before emptying his balls into her pussy. The wet squelching of cum pushed her into another orgasm and she let out a low, throaty moan.

Shuddering, Fang pulled out. "I-I've never done that."

Merrie slipped off the box and turned around. Grabbing his hips, she brought the dripping cock to her mouth and slid it in. He shivered with fear, his cock was hypersensitive after coming twice so quickly, but she was delicate as she cleaned him off again.

When she finished, she opened her mouth and let him slid out.

Fang staggered back, gasping for breath. "I-I owe you what? Hundred?"

She cocked her head, watching as he made a show of checking his pockets. He was going to run out the opposite side of the alley, away from Scorch who he avoided.

Tamin slid into the Shadows and crossed the alley. He came back up and sank down in the darkness. The anticipation rose as he waited for his prey.

Fang glanced down to the alley opening. He pulled up his pants, pretending to check his pockets as he buttoned them up. And then, with a flash, he sprinted for the end of the alley.

Merrie wrapped the transformation spell around her and let out a moan as her body twisted and shifted into the heavy form of a Bel Dark hound. Her senses grew sharper as she sniffed the air. It smelled of rotting food and a thousand blow jobs. The scent of orgasms clung to the bricks. It was home to her.

With a grin, she padded in the opposite direction from Fang and Tamin.

Fang was almost at the edge of the alley when Tamin's growl stopped him. He skidded to a halt as the massive hound stepped out of the darkness. Curls of his alpha's magic swirled around him, drawing the thief's attention to only him.

**With a gasp, Fang stumbled to a halt. "Um, good doggie?"/*

Tamin pulled back his lips, baring his teeth. He snarled as he stepped toward Fang.

The guard dropped his hand to his belt, where his sword would be, but there was nothing. Blanching, he backed up before sprinting for the far end, toward the alpha.

Merrie waited in the darkness until Fang was almost on her. With a grin, she let out the same growl as Tamin. The deep bass rumble filled the alley as she stepped into view. She shielded herself from the outside street, but neither Scorch or Nir was there. At the same time, she drew Fang's attention to herself and the guild seal around her neck.

"Fuck! How did you get there so fast!?" Fang gasped and turned the other way just as Tamin stepped into his view again. He looked down at Tamin's neck and Merrie crafted the illusion there was another guild seal there.

"I'll pay!" Fang's fear with bright against Merrie's senses.

With a slip of energy, she let the transformation spell drop. Pulling her knees underneath her, she got into a begging position and opened her mouth.

Fang turned at her, expecting to see the hound. When he saw the naked woman begging, he did a double-take. Warily, he looked around for the second hound. "I-I'm sorry, I didn't mean to. Here," he dug into his front pocket and pulled out his wallet. He had about four hundred marks in it. Pulling out six twenties, he shoved them into Merrie's mouth.

Behind him, Tamin returned to the shadows. (He is a weak prey.)
(He's guilty, it makes him easy to manipulate.)
(I wanted a hunt.)

(In a few minutes, you are going to be hunting me down and fucking me until I scream.)

Tamin's growl filled the alley, brimming with lust.

Fang jerked at the noise and looked around. "I said I'd pay!"

Merrie halted Tamin's growl. She smiled and gestured to the alley entrance behind her.

"I-I can go?" Fang looked into the darkness, but couldn't see either Merrie or Tamin.

Merrie barked once.

"I won't do that again, I promise." He backed out of the alley and stumbled into Nir who was looking for Merrie. Spinning on his heels, he let out a shriek and stumbled back.

"I'm sorry," cried Nir.

"No, no, I'm..." Fang looked down at the wallet still in his hand. With a gulp, he shoved his hand in, grabbed all the bills and thrust them toward Nir. "Here! I forgot to pay you!"

Stunned, Nir took the money and then stared as he ran past her.

Merrie's cloak slid out of the darkness and wrapped around her. As it settled into place, it plucked the money from her mouth and shoved it into a pocket. Tamin joined them, sitting down on the ground next to Merrie.

Nir came to the entrance, confused. She smelled of sex and her cheeks were flushed. "What was that?"

Merrie shrugged and got into a begging position.

Nir glanced down the street. "Strange." She smiled at Merrie and Tamin. "Want breakfast?"

Puppy Mill

She barked and wagged her tail.

t'Sade

The Past Returns

69

Winter was right around the corner with the first sharp bite in the winds that blew across the city. It was too warm for flakes of snow, but Merrie knew it was only a matter of days before the first dusting struck the streets. She smiled as she remembered Scorch finding a new outfit for Nir, fussing over her as he insisted on the right type of fur for her coat. He surprised everyone by giving her a heating pendant that he made himself; no one knew that he could make magical items and more than a few people got dangerously close to asking why he joined the guild.

Merrie knew but she wouldn't tell anyone. Scorch used to be one of the people out on the far side of the meat packing district, setting fire to everything. But, he lost the taste of fighting off abominations and left the city fire brigade and became a whore. It was a simple change of position, but it also meant he lost his license to artifice or to use certain types of fire magic within the city. Only as the Guild's enforcer, could he use combat magic legally.

She peered over the edge roof of the Whore's Guild apartment. Down below in the alley, Scorch was just finishing up giving a heavy-set man a blow job. The cum steamed off his body as he leaned back and showed a mouth filled with seed. The customer moaned with appreciation but didn't ask for anything more. A few bills passed between them and they went their separate ways.

Merrie grinned and settled down on the roof. The slate tiles were icy against her skin and comforting. She sighed and ground her naked breasts on the stone, wiggling back and forth as the wind plucked at her wagging tail.

(You are in a good mood.) Tamin was next to her, resting on her side and using her to shield himself from the wind. It was a pointless effort, since Merrie was a tiny thing against his side, but it was the thought that kept them both cool.

She sniffed and caught a brief hint of perfume around her. She spent the morning at Lady Anasome's but, as usual, she didn't remember what happened inside. It bothered her that every time she entered the store, she lost hours. Something happened inside every time, but she couldn't figure out why or how. (Are you sure you don't remember?)

(No, Alpha, I've tried.) There was regret in his thoughts. He tried as hard as her to remember what happened in the store, but couldn't.

The only thing Merrie knew was that she was happy when she left. Happier than she was in her current life, as a high-priced prostitute with her own mansion in what was becoming an exclusive district for the up and coming rich.

Gillette's camp was gone as were the memorials. The city finished building new bridges only a few weeks before and the hourly patrols of the city guard were just beginning to relax.

She smiled. (No matter. I'll get the answers eventually.)

He just sent a wave of affection. Merrie leaned against him, remembering how he protected her from the cold winds so long ago. It felt like years since she entered the city, but they just passed into the fourth year since she came home with her master. A pang of despair rose up, but she pushed it down. She and Tamin gave him a memorial on the day he and Rimmy died. A quiet little moment of silence for the man she missed with all her heart.

Below her, Nir cried out from an orgasm. She was pinned between two university students who caught sight of her as she was walking home the night before. They came back with an offer she didn't want to refuse.

Merrie tensed her body as she basked in the warmth of the teenager's orgasm. Nir was pinned by two cocks, one in her ass and one in her pussy. Except for her arms around one of their necks, she was completely suspended above the floor. The rush of being pounded hard pushed her into a second orgasm and she cried out, her voice echoing in the apartment.

(Wish you were down there?)

Merrie thought about the night before, when she was in a similar position but it wasn't fucking the two men were doing. Instead, they were giving her increasingly humiliating orders and slapping her when she hesitated. She danced right on the edge of being seriously hurt but it was a rush when they pinned her down on the bed and "raped" her. She cried out as appropriate and came so many times that she couldn't count.

Her tail wagged faster.

(I like when they punish you, Alpha, but not when they beat you.)

Merrie rolled on her side to look at him. (Do you want to punish me?)

(No,) he said, (but I do want to knot you like a bitch.)

(Tonight.) Her pussy clenched with anticipation.

Below, she heard Nir's marks leaving the apartment. Shifting over slightly, she peered to the front of the building where the two students walked down the street. They were embarrassed by what they had done but they were turned on more than they would ever be comfortable showing. She grinned. They would be good repeat customers for Nir.

Merrie stepped through into the Shadow. Then she got up and got ready to crawl downstairs, but as she began to move, something stopped her. Frowning, she looked around. Something felt different to her and she held her breath as she inspected her surroundings.

The shadows were calm that night, moving in a stately grace as they swirled around the building and herself. Darkness pooled in the gaps of the light, bringing the world between reality and Shadows.

(Alpha?) Tamin's concern rippled through the connection. (Is it the watcher? Or something else?)

Merrie shook her head. It didn't feel like someone was watching her. Instead, something just felt different to her, but she couldn't figure it out. It was maddening.

(Should I look around?)

For a moment, she thought shew as being paranoid. Then, she remembered the attack on the mansion. (Yes, I'll go this way.)

She turned on the side and jumped over to the next building. Her shadow-fueled magic carried her over to the alley. She hit the

ground and stalked forward, watching every shift of darkness looking for whatever was bothering her.

Two minutes later, the discomfort was still there but she could find nothing. Frustrated, she sat on top of the building with the Guild apartment and waited for Tamin.

(Nothing, Alpha.)

(But, it doesn't feel right, to me.)

He sat next to her. Concern filled them as they peered around. (I can't find anything.)

Merrie pushed her senses back into reality, but the discomfort wasn't there. It was in the Shadows, but she only had a vague feeling that something was different. She returned her senses and sent out a wave to scan her surroundings. It rippled out in all directions, a barely perceptible ripple through the shifting darkness. It bounced off little creatures of darkness, but nothing larger than the small abomination or a dog.

(Alpha?)

She sent out another pulse looking for intruders. (I'm just being paranoid. It's probably that watcher still.)

(Are you sure?)

Merrie was torn. She felt uncomfortable but there was nothing. She let out a groan. (Yes, but I want to keep an eye on the Shadows here.)

Tamin nodded.

Reluctantly, she pushed herself down through the roof of the apartment and landed on the bed. The Shadows slid away from her and she sat down on it.

Nir had her back to Merrie as she dressed. Her body was beautiful naked and Merrie was still glad that the healers had erased all the signs of the girl's time as a beggar. Nir hummed softly to herself as she pulled her skirt up, rocking her tight ass back and forth as she squeezed it over her buttocks.

The bed shifted quietly as Tamin crawled next to Merrie. (I would very much like to mount that bitch.)

Merrie caught sight of Nir's breasts from the side and admired them. (I'm sure you would. But, she doesn't want to fuck an animal.)

(She fucks you.)

Merrie hesitated for a moment. She didn't feel human anymore, but she didn't feel like an animal either. She was neither and both at the same time. Her skill in switching between animal and human as becoming almost second nature to her, along with stepping into the Shadows. Gail saw her as an alien force, barely kept in the shape of a hound, but with a mind incomprehensible to her. There was another creature like that, the Lord of Shadows.

(Alpha, do you think you're a Lord?) Tamin wasn't afraid, just curious. (Maybe that is why the Shadows are different. Maybe you are seeing them like it does?)

Merrie shook her head and watched as Nir bend over, innocently exposing her sex as she worked her panties on. The smell of cum and excitement filled the air and she drank in the smell just to relish it. (No, I'm not. But, I don't know what I am. I feel... beyond everyone here except maybe Kirin and Monk.) She worried her lip. (But I love being in the guild. I love fucking, I love letting the guild decide where I work and giving me a schedule.)

(Though, your new assistant doesn't like me.)

(You did try to shove your nose up her cunt.)

Tamin chuckled silently, a wave of amusement coloring both of their thoughts yellow. (She was wet.)

(That's called peeing in fear, silly.) Merrie rolled toward him and bit his ear. (You did jump her and lick her face.)

Tamin flicked his ear away. (Still smelled good.)

Nir turned around. She caught sight of Merrie and her eyes grew wide. And then she screamed shrilly, "Damn it, Ears!"

Merrie giggled and got on her knees.

There was a thumping up the stairs. A heartbeat later, there was a pounding on the door. "You okay?" asked Scorch from outside.

Nir gave Merrie a mock glare and stomped over to the door. She yanked it open and pointed at Merrie and Tamin. "It's okay. The two perverts surprised me."

Scorch sighed. "Damn it, Bitch, don't get me worked up like that."

Nir smiled and kissed Scorch on the cheek. "Thank you, though. My hero."

He chuckled and kissed her back on the lips. He turned to look at Merrie. "Does this mean you want to go out to breakfast with us?"

Merrie begged. Her bark rang out in the room.

“Since you gave us the heart attack, you’re paying.”

Merrie squirmed at the order. She barked again. With a jump, she landed on the floor and pranced out of the room. Tamin followed, with high steps in perfect unison with Merrie’s movements.

Giggling, Nir hooked her arm around Scorch’s and they followed. “Like a little procession.”

“Yeah, but I’m trying to figure out which one wears the bow. I think the dog should have it. Something big and fluffy.”

Tamin glared at him as Merrie giggled.

At the landing on the stairs, Merrie pointed to Tamin who let out a deep woof. She continued down the stairs. Her cloak flowed tight against her body but she still moved in a pool of darkness. At the bottom, she headed out the door and into the street. With a grin, she turned around to beg but froze as she realized something.

The street was empty.

The beggar that always sat on the corner of the street was gone. There was no one walking down either side and all the lights were out in the streets. She glanced through the large glass window of the cafe, but it was also empty. It was never empty.

Responding to her thoughts, Tamin stepped to the side. His heavy body moved with supernatural silence.

“Ears, what’s—”

Merrie started to cast protection spells on herself. Her cloak flared with the magic and she felt the energies stretching out into Tamin, protecting him at the same time.

“Quiet,” hissed Scorch.

“Scorch?” whimpered Nir, “What’s going on.”

“Something bad. Go back into the apartment.” There was a curl of fire magic rising up, the smell of burning paper and a wave of heat washed against Merrie’s back.

“Scorch?”

“Now!”

Four men stepped out at the end of the street. They wore no uniforms but they moved with military precision. They glowed from dozens of different protection and combat spells. The colors were harsh against her senses, blinding her to anything. They were coming for her, she knew it deep in her gut.

Tamin projected in a tense thought, (Four more on the other end of the street. Similarly protected.)

Merrie reached out for the Shadows, but something stopped her. It felt dangerous now, as if the Reaper was waiting to attack. She didn't know what was going on but she couldn't concentrate. Not with armed men approaching.

Tamin's growl shook the air.

The door to the cafe clicked shut and Merrie heard Nir sprinting upstairs.

"Bitch," Scorch sounded worried, "I see a lot of protection magic. They are pretty well defended against fire, shadow, and a lot of other things I can't figure out. Someone knew that you and me are going to be here. And Pristine and Elf are a lot better at hand-to-hand if we are going to get into a brawl."

Merrie's mind spun through the transformation spell. With a surge of power, she wrapped herself in the form of a Bel Dark hound. Her growl added to Tamin's rumble as she stared at the four warriors at the end of the street.

"I," gasped Scorch, "think I just shit myself. When the fuck could you transform?"

(For quite a while,) projected Merrie but she didn't take her eyes away from the four men stalking closer. She knew she could reach Scorch, he was submissive enough for her power despite being dominate most of the time.

Scorch shuddered and a whimper rose in his throat. "B-Bitch? Is that you?"

(Yes.) Merrie barked once and surged forward, her body blurring from the enhancement magics.

Tamin charged in the opposite direction, his form wavering like shadows.

"Fuck!" snapped Scorch. There was a pulse of fire magic and three fireballs screamed past Merrie to strike one man. He flinched as the fire exploded against his face, but as the flames curled away, he was untouched.

Merrie took advantage of his distraction to leap on him. She felt his protection magic burning against her skin as she clamp down his throat. He was protected against mental and shadow magic, but his physical protections were far weaker. She bore down using

magically-enhanced strength and her teeth punched deep into the soft flesh of his neck. With a growl, she yanked back and ripped his head free with a pop of a snapped spine and a shower of blood.

The dead man's body collapsed to the ground. Merrie rode it down before snapping her head around to throw the severed head toward the next attacker.

The second man jerked away from the head, his eyes wide with fear. A burst of fire exploded in his face, doing no damage but he stumbled back reflexively.

Merrie jumped off the corpse and leaped for him. He wore a helm to protect his face, but his chain vest left his arms unprotected.

(Scorch, go with Tamin,) she commanded as she grabbed the man by his elbow and twisted violently. Her teeth broke skin as he fell to his knees with a scream. Merrie tasted blood in her jaws, but she wasn't done. With a growl, she used her magical strength and her cloak to flip her body over, twisting the arm caught in her maw. The guard couldn't move fast enough and there was a wet popping noise as she dislocated his shoulder. With a surge of power, she planted her paws on his chest and pulled.

The man screamed out in agony as his arm was torn off in a shower of blood. He fumbled with his sword with his remaining hand until Merrie smacked him with his own arm twice and knocked him to the ground.

(Alpha, there are flying mages coming. And one ground attacker is down over here. We can only hold them off, they are too well protected. I need more strength and speed.)

A sword came down. It scraped her side before landing into the injured man's chest with a dull thunk and scrape of metal rings.

Merrie rolled back and looked at the remaining two warriors. They were both armored in plate armor and she couldn't see any vulnerable area for her to bite. She wouldn't be able to drop either of them as quickly or easily as the first two.

The man who attacked yanked his sword up and swung at her, aiming for her throat. She dodged back and the point of the blade narrowly missed her jugular.

The second remaining attacker's blade cut a line down her back, slicing flesh. She flowed out of the way but she could feel the cuts burning on her skin and matting her fur with blood.

(Alpha!)

(Stop those men!) she ordered. (I'll take these two.)

(You're hurt!)

(Protect Scorch!) She raced through a strength spell and sent it through the connection. On the far side, she felt as Tamin lunged forward and caught an armored man's knee between his teeth. Powerful jaws, fueled by magic, crunched down on the metal and it crumbled along with the man's bones.

Next to Merrie, her two attackers spread out. They held their weapons in firm hands as the heavy scrape of their boots echoed against the walls.

Merrie focused on one of them, using glimpses from Tamin as he fought to track the other man circling her. Heart pounding in her chest, she wished that Haviston had taught her combat spells. She had strength and speed spells, but she relied on her domination more than anything else. She tried a quick domination, but it sloughed off their protections.

The two warriors attacked with fast stabs and slashes.

She dodged out of the way of the first, but the second blade came down on her thigh, opening up a deep cut from her hip to her knee. Pain exploded along her leg and she slumped at the agony. A dull throb filled her body, heat and excitement and anger.

Tamin wanted to come to her but she threw him back. (Defend Scorch! He can't take on all of them by himself.)

(But, you're hurt and you can't get through their armor.)

Merrie shook her head, pushing past the haze of pain and trying not to think of the blood pouring down her legs and side. (No, I can get through the armor, but it will leave me vulnerable to the other. Maybe I can use my cloak to blind....)

An idea came to her. Her cloak had repeatedly formed into a snake when she was threatened. As she considered it, she felt it responding. With a grin, she guided the cloak to one of her attackers while she focused on the other.

She felt a surge of excitement and charged forward. Her cloak fluttered behind her, and then pulled away from her body. It hit the ground silently and shot forward, rippling along the ground as its head reared up.

Both of the armored attackers stepped back and held their weapons to parry. The one Merrie charged after swung his sword, but her body flowed away from the attack and she came up underneath his sword. Using the bony part of her skull, she snapped her head up and knocked his hand aside. With a growl, she chomped down on the man's hip. Magical strength and supernatural teeth punched through steel and she bit down hard on his hip, cracking the bone and rending flesh.

Next to her, the cloak reared up in front of its attacker. He swung at it and it dodged as two black eyes appeared near the top. It snapped forward, the needle-like tip slammed against his chest plate.

"Nice try," chuckled the man.

The cloak fell down from his chest and billowed around his arm. With a twist of her mind, Merrie wrapped the cloak around his wrist and yanked down. The sword clattered to the ground as the cloak swung down between the man's legs. With a surge of power, it shot back up between his legs, but instead of aiming directly for his crotch, it punched into the joint between the plates of armor. With a wet fluttering, it poured into the armor and disappeared in a heartbeat.

There was a sudden pause and a flash of fear as the man realize that Merrie's cloak was inside his armor.

Merrie picked up her own victim by his hip and shook him violently. With her enhanced strength, it wasn't long before his body was rattling around in his armor and she heard the muted crack of bones snapping from her shaking his body like a whip.

The cloak swirled around in the sweaty space between its victim's armor and his body. It spread out until it found a vulnerable spot it could attack: his asshole.

The attacker's chuckled died and he began to claw at his armor. His gauntleted fingers clutched at the metal, scraping loudly as he began to scream. "Get it out! Get it out!"

The cloak punched deep into the man. It used the needle-like tip to pierce his organs and formed claws inside his guts as it dragged its way into his guts. It ground his belly against the inside of his armor as it tore through intestines and his stomach.

The man screamed loudly, a noise that sounded more inhuman than mortal. He clawed at his belly, trying to tear off his plate armor off. Sheets of blood poured down between his legs, leaking from the joints of his armor. A moment later, he dropped to his knees with a wet splat. His hands clawed up to his chest, matching the position of the cloak as it ripped its way into his throat.

He managed to yanked off his helmet. Blood poured from his mouth and nose as the screamed died down into a muffled gurgle. Just as she felt the cloak ripping up into his throat, his eyes rolled into the back of his head.

The cloak exploded from his mouth. His jaw was snapped open from the force of it pouring out. It spread itself out in a shower of blood and gore. Hot rain poured down and splattered down around her. She lifted her head as she stared at the supernatural cloak that had just killed someone for her.

A green blast of power caught the cloak, punching a hole through it. Merrie screamed out as she felt a sharp pain as the edges of the hole burned with an emerald flame.

Gasping, she looked up to see two mages flying above the street. One of them, a woman, had her hand held out and green flames licked her skin. The two mages circled around her.

Merrie scanned over them but she was despaired to see they were also protected against her psychic and shadow powers.

The other flying mage raised his hand and bright blue arrows spread out from his fingers to rain down on Merrie.

Merrie dodged between the energy blasts. She jumped up for them, but her snapping teeth only bit down on air. Panting, she looked around for some way to reach them. Spotting the planter she used present herself to find customers, she ran toward it in a wide arc to bring herself close to the fluttering cloak. As she passed, it caught her leg and flowed along her body, wrapping around her neck and then around her body like armor.

She reached the planter. With a grunt, she jumped on it and used it to leap across the sidewalk to the building near the planter. She hit the bricks a few meters off the ground. Flipping over, she used her momentum to launch herself across the air toward the flying mages.

The male mage let out a shriek of fear as she slammed into him. Her furry body pawed at him as she fell down, but she snapped out and caught his foot. Her jawed crunched bone and pierced flesh. With a sicken surge, she swung underneath him until she managed to snake her cloak out to wrap around the mage's neck. Tightening her grip, she used his body to claw up to his shoulders.

The other mage was about ten meters away. Using magic to enhance her movement, Merrie jumped across for her. Her cloak separated itself from her and wrapped tighter around the first mage's throat. It shoved itself down into his mouth to tear his throat from the inside.

Merrie landed on the woman's chest. There was a brief struggle which ended when Merrie's teeth clamped down on the woman's throat. She tore it out with a jerk of her body and then rode the corpse as it plummeted to the ground. The body hit the ground and Merrie rolled into it. She came to a halt a few meters away just as her cloak returned, attaching itself as if it never left.

The other mage hit the ground with a wet thud. His eyes were blank and his tongue stuck out of his mouth. Blood began to pool underneath him and traced along the cobblestones he cracked with the impact.

Down the street, Scorch and Tamin were down to one fighter and a flying mage.

Merrie dug her claws into the bricks and raced down the street to join them. As she sprinted past the front of the cafe, she saw a flash from the building. She came to a screeching halt and raced back to look inside.

Nir was struggling with a man. There were tables and chairs on their side, tossed aside during her struggle. A blue haze hung in the air. She was screaming, but no noise escaped the windows. Nir caught sight of Merrie and called out to her. She ducked underneath the man's arm and sprinted for the door.

The attacker spun around and Merrie's heart stopped. It was Rakin. She could never forget the man responsible for the destruction at the fair. Something deep inside her still craved him, a remnant of the spell triggered by him removing her collar, but anger also rose up inside her. Rakin was responsible for her master's

death. The anger brought power with it and the world darkened around her as she glared at the man she was going to kill.

In the years since she last saw him, Rakin had changed drastically. He was still broad-chested with scars from prior battles. She had seen him in Jacir's memories and in her nightmares. But, the years were also hard on him. His hair was close-cropped and almost entirely gray. There were more lines on his face and a perpetual scowl had been etched into the lines. The anger, though, was still there. It burned in his eyes and she could feel the rage even through the glass window of the cafe.

Nir's eyes caught Merrie. She held out her hand for Merrie and her mouth opened up, mouthing the word "Ears" but no noise came out. She scrambled on the floor, trying to get purchase. She had lost one shoe in the struggle and she limped as she raced for the cafe window.

Rakin grabbed her hair and yanked her back.

She struggled to remain on her feet as she tugged frantically at her hair.

He dropped his other hand on her shoulder. It was encased in the metal gauntlet and the runes glowed brightly. There was a sharp flash and electricity exploded from the gauntlet. Arcs of lightning ran along Nir's body, reaching out for the metal in the room.

Nir's eyes rolled back as she screamed. Her body shook violently and she collapsed to the ground. Even though no noise carried through the glass, Merrie felt sick as she saw the girl clutching herself, her body jerking as the electricity ran through her delicate frame.

Digging her claws into the ground, Merrie charged the window. Her cloak shot out and shattered the window before she leaped into the cafe. The shards of glass rained down around her, breaking into clouds.

Nir's scream, muted by the glass, ripped out past her.

"No!" screamed Scorch. His fear and protectiveness spiked, burning brightly against Merrie's senses.

(Alpha! He's leaving and I need help!)

Merrie forced a domination spell to turn Scorch around. (Defend my pack! I'll get your bitch!) As she projected, she stood up and growled loudly.

Rakin chuckled. "And now we have the third little player for this game. Took you long enough, Merrie."

Merrie continued to growl, the rumble in her chest filling the room. She stalked forward as she prepared for an attack.

"You didn't think I was going to give up on you, did you? Though, I would have never expected you to survive your old master's death."

She snarled at him.

Rakin smiled and flexed his fingers. The gauntlet crackled with power and the energy beat against her skin. "It doesn't matter how long you hide or where you flee, I'm going to have you. One way or the other."

Merrie charged, leaping over Nir's spasming body.

Rakin caught her with a backhand. The metal rang out and there was a burst of electricity.

Merrie hit the ground with a gasp. Her body jerked violently as she struggled to regain control of herself. She heard Rakin's footsteps as he got closer and her heart pounded with fear. She needed to move but she couldn't. With a whine, she forced herself to push through the pain and let the transformation spell slip away.

She was human again, naked and vulnerable, but she had control over her senses again.

Rakin hesitated, confusion washing over her.

She transformed back into a hound and jumped to her feet. Her cloak snapped out and grabbed his gauntleted wrist. Shoving it to the side, she chomped down on his arm and bit down with all her might. Her teeth scraped on an invisible field and her jaw snapped shut painfully on itself, biting her tongue.

"Nice try, but—"

Merrie spun around and kicked out with all her might, using magic to enhance her strength. Her feet caught him in the hip and the force threw Rakin across the room and into the bar at the back of the cafe. The wood shattered and hundreds of bottles and cans poured down over him.

Turning around, she raced over to Nir and sniffed. The girl was alive but sobbing in a pool of her own urine. The electricity no longer tore through her, but Merrie could see burns and cuts all

over her body. Her mind was also cracked from her brief brush with violence and terror.

“No, no,” cried the young girl.

Merrie started to ease Nir’s mind with a spell, when Rakin’s voice interrupted her.

“You don’t get it, Merrie.” Rakin stood up and brushed the splintered wood from his shoulders. It stuck to his body but he didn’t look bothered. “I’ve been planning this for months. Natalie,” he pointed to Nir as he said her given name, “is also part of those plans.”

She snarled at him, her hackles rising along her neck.

Rakin stepped out from the bar. The dust and haze highlighted the protective magics around him, creating a shimmering field that surrounded his body. He stepped out from the ruined remains of the bar and chuckled.

Merrie stepped over Nir. She would never let Rakin take the girl away.

Rakin chuckled and brushed the dust from his shirt. “Ready to go? I have the perfect place for us. Quiet and shielded. There is no way any of your guardians from the guild will find us.”

Merrie jerked at his words. She glanced around as she spread out her senses. She felt nearly hidden magic surrounding her. Her eyes focused on tiny runes inscribed on the floor. With a start, she began to see more of them. They covered the ceilings and walls.

Fear burned her senses. She had seen the runes before, back before she was a bitch or an alpha. They were on the fronts of the stores and on the streets, seconds before she was kidnapped and thrown into her new life. Teleportation magic glowed in the runes.

“Go on,” Rakin said, “try to move to the Shadows. You’ll find a surprise there.”

Merrie wasn’t intending to flee, but his words sent a prickle of fear. (Tamin, I think Rakin trapped the Shadows.)

(That would explain why it felt strange.)

(Be careful and don’t step through.)

(Yes, Alpha.)

Rakin bellowed, “Trigger!”

The runes exploded into light. It spread out across the floor with blinding speed. The magic burned across her skin as she felt the

teleportation spell gripping her. Even knowing the Shadows were trapped, she knew she could escape. But, she could never leave Nir behind; Rakin would just use her against Merrie.

Frantically, Merrie sent her cloak to Nir. The black fabric flowed down over the girl and wrapped around her, covering her from head to toe. It bunched up over Nir's leg, the closest part to Merrie.

As soon as it was in place, Merrie bit down on the nearest part. The taste of her cloak and fresh blood flooded her mouth. Fearful that she would hurt Nir, she braced herself and snapped her body around, throwing Nir through the window and out from the range of the teleportation magic.

Nir's wrapped body flew across the air and Merrie cringed, terrified to hear the body hitting the cobblestones.

Pain exploded across her senses. At first, she thought Rakin attacked her, but it came from Tamin. The hound was in the Shadows and he was burning. White flames seared at his skin as he sprinted down the street.

(Tamin!)

He didn't respond with anything besides determination as he punched back into the world and landed right underneath Nir as she sailed over him. With a surge of speed, he jumped and caught her by her arm. He felt a crunch which sent a shudder through Merrie, but he twisted in air to cradle Nir's body as they both crashed through the opposite side of the street.

(Is she—) Merrie's frantic projection was cut off as the teleportation spell swallowed her up and everything turned white.

Rakin's Revenge

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Merrie hit the ground and the impact drove the air from her lungs. The momentum from the teleportation spell flipped her over and she slid along the ground, her body scraping along brick tiles. The sharp edges tore at her back and shoulders. Her tail kinked underneath her and sparks of pain exploded along her senses as the hairs were torn from their roots.

Crying out, Merrie could only flail her arms and legs as she continued to scrape along the floor. She hit the wall with a crunch, her limbs unable to stop her before she slammed face-first into sharp bricks. A metal bracket punched into her stomach, right above her belly button, and her body jerked violently from the pain.

“Pretty clever,” said Rakin in a low voice, “saving the girl like that. Never thought you’d give up your only defense.”

She could barely hear him over the ringing in her ears. Her broken ear was crushed underneath her head and she tried to lift her head to relieve the pain but accidentally scraped her forehead against the wall. She pushed back, wincing as the sharp edge dug into her. Her eyes were open, she knew that, but there was nothing but bright, painful light.

“A pity though. I was planning on breaking her at the same time.”

Merrie’s protectiveness for Nir rose up, cutting through her blind panic. She clung to it, trying to overcome the disorientation from the teleportation. She didn’t remember being so confused the first time, but it was years ago since that fateful day on the street.

Gasping, she struggled to get on her wrists and knees. Each brick would have been the size of her hands when she had them. There

was no wear on the corners and the room smelled freshly mortared. The sharp edges left deep gouges in her skin.

Rakin's boot caught her in the ribs, slamming her against the wall and flipping her over again.

She hit the wall again and, as she slid down, fresh cuts tore at her breasts and forehead. She could taste blood in her mouth from a thin cut on her lips.

"Stay down."

Merrie blinked. Her eyes refused to focus. It was too bright to see anything. She reached out with her mind, trying to find a shadow to wrap around her and shield her eyes, but she couldn't find any. She tried again, but there were no shadows anywhere near her. She froze as she tried again to find any comforting darkness. There was nothing but light around her, not in the gap between her legs or the tiny spaces in her hair.

She couldn't escape the brightness.

Merrie whimpered and blinked her eyes. Her vision came back into focus. The world had a strange, almost drawn appearance. Without shadows, everything was flat and garish.

"I planned on using her to keeping you in line." Rakin stepped into the center of the room and gestured to the room. "I was going to break both of you and maybe crop her, just to make my own little pack. A matched set." He made a little laugh noise in the back of his throat. "Though, she would be useless once she broke."

Merrie tried to clear her head by shaking it. When she stopped, everything continued to spin around her violently and she felt nausea gnawing at her gut. Her eyes focused enough for her to notice her surroundings. She was in a small brick room, about three meters by two. Someone had installed a metal door in the corner and she could see white runes inscribed in the surface but no handle. Scattered around the room were dozens upon dozens of metal rings. Each one had been mounted into the brick and chains dangled from a number of them.

The only furniture in the room was a single bed along the wall. She could see bolts fixing it into place. There was no pillow on it, nor were there any sheets or blankets. She knew it wasn't for sleeping and her stomach twisted with the realization that Rakin had planned on raping her and Nir.

She let out a soft gasp of relief. At least she saved Nir from Rakin. “You killed her, you know.”

Merrie jerked at his words. She lifted her head and focused on him.

“Natalie... well, she calls herself Nir now. Those men you killed? They were just a distraction to separate you from your dog and the fire mage. The real force was coming after we left, to make sure your little mage doesn’t live long enough to tell the guild.” He rubbed his hand against his gauntlet. “Pity that Natalie is going to die... along with that hound of yours.”

Merrie gasped with fright. She had to check on Tamin and the others. She clung to the connection and reached out for it. (Tamin!)

But, it sounded like she was screaming into an empty room. There was no response, no wave of emotions.

A whimper rose up in her throat. She frowned and tried again, screaming down the connection to Tamin.

Nothing.

Desperate, she reached along it, feeling out the connection. The leash that bound them was thin and hazy. It shifted but she continued to trace it along until she hit a psychic shield. Surprised, she explored it for a moment. There was nothing but a smooth wall that prevented her from reaching out.

But, she was a shield breaker. She pulled back and slammed on it. It didn’t crack. She spread out her senses, looking for some weakness in the shield.

Around her, the room flashed. Swirls of yellow blossomed around her, sparkling along the bricks. She pulled back from the shield, and the light faded. Fear pooled in her gut and she reached out for it, watching as the bricks glowed yellow around her.

“You’ll find,” she jerked at Rakin’s calm words, “that I’ve planned this for some time. The shield around this room took a year to make and there no way you will ever break out of it from the inside.” He sat down on the corner of the bed, it creaked under his weight. “Go ahead. Call your puppy.”

Merrie kept her eyes locked on him as she pressed herself into the corner of the room. The sharp bricks were almost comforting as she reached out with her mind, slamming against the shield with all her might.

It didn't even budge or crack. She gathered up her fear and punched at it, crashing again and again, but she could sense no weakness.

Around her, the bricks flashed yellow with every surge of emotion. She could see it swirling around her, coloring the bricks before fading. She shivered and gathered up her power. The tiles underneath her glowed brighter, matching the intensity of the emotions boiling inside her.

With a flash, the energy turned to hatred as she regarded Rakin. The tiles below her shifted from yellow to red, boiling with curls reflected in the bricks. She lashed out at Rakin. The shifting red and yellow brightened in a spear that raced toward him.

"Stop!" His bellow slammed into her and she lost control of her attack.

Merrie jerked at his command, then let out a gasp as she felt the hated warmth growing along her skin.

Rakin surged from his bed and stormed toward her. "Down!"

She cried out and shook her head.

He grabbed her by the throat and shoved her down. "Down!" He yelled.

A heat suffused across her body, both hated and seductive. She craved to obey him and it took all her willpower not to plant her ass on the sharp bricks. A human growl vibrated in her throat and she lashed out with her arm.

He slammed her face into the ground. An explosion of white sparks burst across her vision and the glowing tiles scraped her cheeks.

Rakin knelt down next to her. "You're a bitch. You're my bitch now."

Merrie shook her head and jammed her arms underneath her to push herself up. Power rose up inside her, anger and hatred boiling into white-hot fury. The bricks glowed red underneath her and the light blinded her.

He growled and lifted her head to force her to look at him. Her hairs caught on his gauntlet and she could feel the metal scraping her scalp. "Beg."

Merrie lashed out with her mind.

“Beg!” He screamed as the world exploded into agony. Lighting tore through her senses, ripping down her body. Her attack barely crashed into his own shields before she succumbed to the agony. Before the brief connection shattered, she realized his shields were almost as good as the room’s. It would take time for her to break them but she couldn’t do it while he was ordering her.

The smell of burning hair suffocated her. Her body jerked violently and helplessly in his grip. She felt heat pooling between her legs, sending flares of helplessness and pleasure coursing through her veins.

He released her and she slumped to the ground.

Panting, Merrie tried to catch her breath. Her body jerked and she clutched at the bricks, the smooth ends of her arms barely able to catch the sharp ridges. Another jerk left scrapes along her naked breasts.

Rakin smiled. “I already planned this. You and me for the rest of your life. These bricks,” he gestured to the room, “are just part of your training. They tell me what you’re doing and when it is just a scan or an attack.”

Merrie cried out and curled against herself. She felt trapped by the corner of the room, stuck between the sharp bricks and Rakin.

“Lesson one is simple: beg. You, bitch, will beg for my cock.”

She shook her head. She would never submit to him.

He leaned over her and grabbed her by the hair. His bare fingers caught her hair and he pulled her head up. “Yes. You’re a bitch. And you’re mine.”

Merrie lashed out, the power fueled by her fear and anger. She slammed against his shields and felt them crack.

“Beg!” His gauntlet slapped across her face with the full force of his strength. Her body slammed to the side and the bricks scraped her face.

Her attack, like before, dissipated in a flash of humiliating heat and pain.

“Alphas,” Rakin said as he forced her to look at him, “can’t resist commands. If you were bonded, this wouldn’t work because you only acknowledge one master. But, I’ve been watching you. You have no one master, you have many. Anyone who barks a command, you obey. You have men who pay to fuck you—” His lip curled back

in disgust. “—but no one knows how to properly dominate you. They don’t understand how to truly force you to submit.”

Merrie whimpered and shook her head. She knew where he was leading her thoughts. She shoved at his arm with her own severed limb, but she couldn’t move him.

“I’m going to be your master, Merrie. I’ll make you mine.”

She hated the curl of heat rising inside her. She knew that Rakin could be a master for her, someone who knew what she needed and forced her to accept it. Part of her, the hungry part that smoldered deep inside, rose up with anticipation. She needed it with all her mind. With a cry, she shook her head.

Rakin chuckled. “I just saw your need, just for a flash. That hungry look, the dullness of something missing in your life. You missed it, don’t you. You need to be dominated. You need to be ordered, don’t you?”

Merrie shook her head again, tears starting to well up.

He pressed his gauntlet against her breasts. The metal was still hot and tingling. It sent little aches through her body and her nipple grew hard against the harsh metal.

“You need to be punished again?”

She shook her head again, a whimper noise rising up even as she felt a heat burning inside her.

His gauntleted fingers gripped her breasts, squeezing into the soft mound. It hurt, but the pain flowed into her pussy and the fires grew hotter. The smell of her excitement, sweet and delicate, rose up.

Merrie squirmed in discomfort and she felt her slick lips rubbing against each other. Her body trembled with fear and lust and she hated both responses.

“You were a bad girl,” he said, “when you rejected me at the fair.”

And then electricity burst out from his gauntlet. It burned into her breast and tore through her nerves. Her head cracked back against the wall but the pain was nothing compared to the sharp pain that dominated her thoughts.

It ended in a flash and she slumped forward. Between her legs, her sex throbbed with need and she began to sob.

“It turns you on, doesn’t it? Knowing what I can do to you? What I’m going to do to you?”

Another burst of lighting slammed into her. She cried out before slumping forward. It was hard to breathe. Her breasts rose and fell, every movement cause her curves to glisten with sweat. She was painfully aware of how her tits pressed into the metal grip that tortured her. It excited and terrified her.

Rakin stroked her face with his bare hand. She wanted to jerk away, but she could only tilt away. “Kine should have never bought you.”

Stunned, Merrie stared at him.

“You know I had him killed, right?”

Something snapped inside her. The bricks around her darkened into pitch black as she felt the despair and anger rise up from the depths of her soul. She welcomed it as the light around her dimmed and the energy filled her. The pool of darkness spread out as the power rose up.

Her master’s body turned to shadow, roaring as it burned away. The ethereal smell turned into the burn of Shadows and she felt his soul being torn away, to be claimed by the Shadows he got his power.

The haunting memory slammed into her. It was the last sight she had of her master, but she knew it was far more than that. The Lord of Shadows had taken her master and fed upon it, gathering the darkness into itself until it split into two. Her master’s soul was food for the Lord, sustenance for an entity she could never understand.

A spell rose up inside her, the elegant calligraphy that her master used once to kill a traitor. It was the summoning spell for the Lord of Shadows into the world. It was usable only once, but her master never knew why. Now, she understood the spell behind it. It was powerful enough to summon a creature almost as powerful as a god, but it came with a price. It would tie her to the Shadows forever and when she died, she wouldn’t slump to the ground as a corpse but burn away to feed the Lord that waited.

Merrie was at a crossroads in her life. If she used the spell, it would kill the man who was about to rape her but doom her very soul. There would be no salvation, no freedom, no hope. Her soul would become food for the Lord of Shadows.

There was no choice.

The calligraphy of the forbidden spell began to draw across her thoughts, dredged from her master's memory with perfect clarity. Inside her, the energy and despair rose up, consuming her thoughts and filling her very being. Runes burned across her sight and she felt the Shadows beating on the outside of the shield, pounding to reach her.

Electricity slammed through her. "Down!"

Merrie strained to keep the spell in her mind. Darkness wrapped around her, shielding her from the sharp edge of pain, but the words almost crumbled. She let out a scream and continued the spell, her lips working silently as she mouthed each unspeakable word.

Fear flashed across Rakin's face and she felt his shields cracking from the inside. He pulled back and slapped her hard. "Down!"

The impact slammed her face into the brick and the words blurred but they remained in her mind. She growled and continued to inscribe them on her mind. She reached out for the darkness beyond the room's shields, slamming against the psychic field that prevented her from reaching the darkest power she could summon.

On the far side, barely felt through the shields, the Lord of Shadows tore at the room's protection. The unspeakable entity dug into it, cracking the outside and stripping off.

"Down!" Rakin slapped her again and then balled his hands into fists. As the electricity poured into her through his gauntlet, he slammed his fist into her jaw, pounding her into the brick. "Down, Bitch!" He continued to bellow orders at her as he beat her.

Merrie felt the spell cracking. She couldn't summon the Lord through the shields. She cried out and threw more of her anger and despair, the infinite hole in her soul reaching out for them.

A second Lord of Shadows began to claw at the shield, tearing through the protections. They would eventually destroy it, but Merrie wouldn't last with him beating her.

Each blow sent a flash through the spell. It made it hard to maintain the magic with the constant assault of agony and orders. Her body screamed to obey, the pleasure of submission blurring the despair that filled her. Lust and anger couldn't fill her at the same time. She needed only a few more seconds for the Lords to slaughter Rakin. Only a few more seconds before succumbing to the pleasure.

Rakin's hand wrapped around her neck. With a grunt, he stood up and hauled her off the ground. He slammed her into the wall. Her entire weight settled on her throat and she felt the tightness cutting off her breath.

Merrie opened her mouth in agony, desperately trying to keep focus. The Lords were almost to her. She would sacrifice her soul to kill Rakin, it was the only thing she could do. The final glyphs of the spell refuse to form in her head, they needed the Shadows to complete and there were no shadows in the room.

She had to survive.

He slammed his gauntleted hand up between her legs. She felt the metal fingers punch past her labia as he drove three fingers deep into her sex. The sharp edges of metal cut at her insides and she screamed. Blood or her juices, she didn't know which, dribbled down her thighs.

Another symbol darkened as power filled it. The two Lords were almost through the shields. She could feel the connection with Tamin grow stronger, not enough to reach for him, but the shadowy leash wavered right on the edge of her vision.

Rakin yelled at her, "Stop!"

Electricity burst out from the fingers embedded in her. Every muscle in her body clamped down on his fingers, catching the gauntlet deep inside her as lightening tore through her insides.

She screamed out in agony, desperate to keep the spell in her mind.

Rakin's shield cracked and she felt his thoughts press up against her own. It was nothing but rage and lust. He was thinking about raping her against the wall, forcing her into the sharp edges and filling her body with electricity as he slammed his cock deep into her pussy. It was hot and frantic and tinged in anger.

The pain rose up and, to Merrie's horror, it became pleasure. The suffocation and electricity mixed in with his thoughts of lust and the constant orders he bellowed out at her. The despair crumbled with the onslaught of pleasure and her killing spell faded from her mind. She let out a cry of frustration which quickly turned into a gasping moan.

Merrie's body jerked with the electricity still tearing through her, but it was the helpless shudders of orgasm that refused to bring

the despair back. The tension left her body and she slumped against the wall, sobbing and panting.

He released her throat and she slid down the wall, the sharp edges leaving long scrapes down her back and buttocks. His fingers slipped from her pussy but he kept them pressed against her belly as he traced a slick, tingling line as she fell. She struck the floor on her knees just as his fingers were resting against her throat.

The collar was made of the purest adamantite, the strongest material mortal man could forge. The black metal reflected almost no light as he looked down at it. It was nestled inside a wooden box and held in place with black silk.

His gaze drifted up to the gap in almost perfect circle. Once place on, it would seal in place and become a ring that could never be removed again. He smiled as he caressed it, enjoying the slick feel to the masterfully crafted collar.

It would be perfect for that bitch, Sable.

Merrie gasped at the memory. It was hazy but polished, brought back to Rakin's thoughts year after year. But, it had faded and it was more of an idea than anything else. He had a new focus for his anger and lust. A bitch that wasn't protected by a fallen paladin and his allies. The collar was for someone new.

Her.

Rakin reached down and grabbed her hair. He pulled her up until she was barely on her knees.

She looked up at him, tears burning her eyes and the humiliation of her orgasm burning as brightly as the frustration. She had her chance to kill Rakin but failed. Even now, she could feel the Lords of Shadows pulling back, waiting for the time she would be free of the shield and willing to surrender her soul again.

"Beg," he ordered.

Merrie shook her head.

He slammed her head against the wall. "Beg!"

She came again, it was humiliating as she shuddered. She couldn't surrender to him, not now, not ever. But every order sent bolts of heat coursing through her body. A wet dripping echoed in the room and the smell of her pussy was strong. She knew it was blood and excitement splashing on the bricks, both hers.

"Beg for my cock."

Merrie wanted to crawl into a ball, just as much as she hungered to reach for it. The idea of submission brought back a flash of energy, a heat that filled her. She was an Alpha and she had to obey.

He released her again. This time, as she hit the ground, she remained kneeling in front of him. Her body shuddered with her thoughts. Looking down, she watched her sweat-slicked breasts rising and falling. Trickle of blood and sweat ran down her curves before splashing on the bricks below. Every little pain from the cuts and scratches were a brand on her skin, inflicted on her by Rakin.

“You’re mine now, Merrie. You’ll going to become my Alpha.”

She panted and struggled with the sobs that rose in her throat. She craved his orders. She needed him but hated every ache for his cock and his command. She wished her other lovers and customers could have given it, but none of them had even gotten close to the brutality of his domination. The aches in the back of her head and shoulders reminded her that every passing moment was increasing the heat between her legs and quickening her breath.

“You will never leave me again.”

She wanted to tell him off. She had already bonded, but he knew that. There was something about the collar, the way it kept rising in his thoughts and leaking through the cracks in his shields. He knew she had bonded but he still was going to claim her with the black ring.

Rakin pressed his gauntlet against her breast again, his fingers curling to catch the soft tit. Her nipple scraped against the metal and she felt the tingle caressing her nerves.

She tightened her body with anticipation, her pussy clamping down and her thighs squeezing tight. He was going to hurt her, punish her. He was going to keep hurting her until she couldn’t resist anymore. And then he would claim her as his own. She didn’t know how, she didn’t know if it could happen, but his thoughts kept circling back. He was going to bond with her.

Merrie sobbed. The aching hole in her soul hurt. No matter how happy she was as a whore, it was still there. It would never go away. But, if she could bond again, would it remain or would he fill the hole? The idea of being complete was seductive and she ached to feel the closeness again.

She shook her head. She couldn’t.

“Beg.”

Merrie whimpered but her eyes drifted down. He was wearing trousers and she could see the bulge of his cock straining the buttons. She knew what it would look like. She had only sucked on it once, but it had burned itself in her mind. The compulsion spell when he removed the collar still haunted her thoughts.

“Beg, Merrie. Beg for my cock.”

She let out a long shuddering breath. She started to lift her gaze up but then lowered back to his shaft. As she pictured his length, her pussy clamped down tighter and hot liquid dripped down her thighs. She needed his cock, to taste it, to feel it, to have it rammed into her.

He would dominate her.

Electricity drove through her, tearing along her senses. She screamed out, both in orgasm and in pain.

“Beg.”

Another bolt slammed into her, searing the skin. She jerked violently, but her body crashed against his hand, grinding her hard nipples against the source of her pain. She felt the energy coursing from his fingers as it poured into her.

She cried out and came again, the pain turning into pleasure.

“Beg!”

A thousand fantasies slammed into her, the million things he was going to do to her: bolt her to the floor, fuck every hole she had, make her beg for every orgasm. Each one crashed into her and she was gasping under the onslaught.

Pleasure and pain swirled together into another orgasm. It gathered inside her until it was black hole of ecstasy.

She screamed as she orgasmed and the entire room lit up brightly. Bricks ignited into a pale pink as her orgasm grew too much for her and it exploded out from her.

The ripples crashed into the shield and reflected back. It slammed into her and she was throw into another orgasm. It quickly reached a crescendo and exploded from her again. The shield held and the pleasure was reflected back into her, inflicting another orgasm, and then another. Her body grew slick with heat as she cried out from the pleasure, hating every moment as she was assaulted by her own pleasures.

Merrie slumped to the ground, gasping for breath. She could see the flickers of power along the bricks but she couldn't gather energy. It was hard to think through the pleasure, hard to concentrate when all she wanted was another orgasm. Her mind and body ached for it, screamed for him to electrocute her again and demand she beg.

"Beg for my cock, bitch."

She shivered at the command. She wanted to resist but it was too much. Sobbing, she pushed herself back to her knees. Her weight settled down on the sharp edges but she forced her legs apart until she felt her heated slick labia peeled apart and the warm air caressing her clitoris and sex.

Rakin's lust washed over her. His fantasies pummeled her, each one switching in time with his rapid breathing.

But, as much as she feared it, she couldn't say no. Tears ran down her cheeks as she brought her wrists up to her neck and straightened her back. Her breasts heaved as she arched forward. The sight of the scorch mark on her tit pushed her over and she closed her eyes.

Rakin exhaled and moaned. "That's a good girl. Beg. I want to hear that bark."

Merrie sniffed as she settled into place. It felt good to be submissive and she could feel the throb of her body filling her. Even for a man she despised and feared, she could feel the heady rush flowing through her veins. It was a drug, but she hadn't felt the intensity since her time in Blood County.

Taking a deep breath, she lifted her gaze into his eyes.

She barked.

Rakin smiled and ran his hand through his gray hair. "Good girl. Again."

The second time she barked, it was easier. She was submitting and she almost came as she felt the next order rising up in his mind.

"Beg."

It was the same command but she still clenched and barked loudly. As the sound of her voice echoed against the small room, she felt the heat rising up.

"Beg for my cock."

She barked and leaned her head forward, brushing her face against his pants. She could feel his hardness through his trousers. It was thick and hot against her face. She buried her face into the opening and breathed in, drinking in the masculine scent.

Her pussy clenched at the scent of it. She ached to pull it out and suck on it. She still remembered how it filled her mouth, the warmth and the heat. It was like the night behind the stage at the fair.

With one last shuddering breath, she opened her mouth and tilted her head back.

Rakin panted as he stared down at her, his entire body trembling. She could feel the anticipation and heat rolling off him. With a grunt, he reached down and unbuttoned his pants. Twisted his hips, he worked his cock out and held it to her.

It was still the thick, long member she remembered. Nothing like a thriban's cock but still large. The end was an angry red and it drooled with his excitement.

Merrie leaned forward and rested her lips on the rounded tip. It was hard and swollen in her mouth. It jumped and pulsed on her lips.

“Good girl.”

She shivered at the remembered pleasure that came from the words. She parted her lips and pushed down, taking him into her mouth. Even though she had sucked countless cocks since she had become a whore, there was an intensity as she worked her lips down, exploring every millimeter of his length.

He was going to be her master.

She closed her eyes tightly in denial. Her body craved it, but she hated the idea of Rakin being her master. She pushed her mouth down until her lips sealed around the ridge of his glans. His hardness was musky and salty. It tickled her through as he leaked precum against her tongue and cheeks.

“Suck it.”

Clenching her legs for balance, Merrie added suction as she bobbed up and down, moving only a centimeter with each stroke. The precum coated her mouth as she drank him in. She caressed the hole of his shaft with the tip of her tongue and drew more of the stick fluid down her throat.

She knew when he wanted more, but didn't move. She had to hear the words, to submit instead of taking charge. The passing seconds of need and his thoughts as he swam between pleasure and the need to move added to her pleasure. She didn't need to touch herself to feel the curls of an orgasm rising up.

He grunted before he gave the order she already knew. "More. Take in more."

Merrie obeyed with a rush. Keeping her lips tight along his veined shaft, she pushed herself down until the tip of his cock slid along the top of her mouth and toward the back of her throat. It was hot in her mouth and her cheeks puffed out from his girth.

As soon as it bumped against the back of her throat, she pulled back and pushed down. She traced out each bump of his swollen veins and the ridges of his skin with her lips and tongue, exploring the cock of the man dominating her.

Taking a deep breath, she pushed harder on his cock until the tip was lodged against the back of her throat. With a moan, she relaxed and pulled it in further. Working slowly, she took her time to swallow his cock. Millimeter by millimeter it eased into her throat. She could feel it stretching her out and blocking her breath, but she knew what he needed.

Wiggling back and forth, she forced herself down until she was face-first into the thick gray patch of pubic hair and his cock was stuffed deep inside her. The feeling of being filled sent her over the edge and she came quickly.

Holding it as long as she could, she pulled back. She left his cock glistening with her saliva.

"Back in, I want to feel your throat."

She reversed her direction and shoved back down, swallowing his length until she was suffocating on his cock once again.

"Hold it there," he ordered. His gauntleted hand rested on her head. It was heavy and held her in place.

Her lungs began to burn with the need to breathe. Tears welled up in her eyes as she struggled to remain still. But, even as she did, her body was trembling with hunger. Heat and pleasure coursed along her senses, building up to an orgasm as she suffocated on his length.

Rakin grabbed her head with both hands. With a grunt, he pulled his cock out and slammed it back home. The impact drove her into the wall but he yanked her back on his cock, ramming himself back in. His cock swelled in her throat and her eyes watered at the discomfort.

“Fuck!” he bellowed as he rammed her face, fucking her with hard, brutal strokes. The wet slurp of saliva and precum flooded her mouth and poured down her chin. She could feel sheets of it coating her breasts and splashing down to the bricks below.

His fingers dug into her head as he continued to fuck her face. Even though she could feel the lust boiling inside him, he continued to drive hard and long. Each stroke ripped her throat open and filled her to the brim, but he drew back and pounded it back in.

The wet smacks echoed in the room. She could barely hear them over the pounded in her ears, but she could feel each thrust as it forced her mouth open and his balls smacked her chin.

His emotions slammed into him as they leaked from behind his shields. It blinded her with his intensity. There was the familiar lust but it was the rage that tore at her mind. It battered her from the inside, like a storm about to explode inside her body. She tried to shield herself against it, but it continued to batter at her mind.

Desperate, Merrie reached into his shields. With Jacir, she could tap his anger until there was nothing left to rage. But, when she eased past his cracked shields, she didn't see an end to Rakin's hatred. It fueled his life and his thoughts. His magic was tied to it intimately, just as hers came from pleasure or despair.

Every time he slammed his cock home and drove her head into the wall, he was thinking about her rejecting him. Every time he squeezed her skull to keep her place, he was thinking about fucking her mouth, pussy, or even more brutal openings. The thoughts were sickening, but there was no end to them. Each slam of his cock brought more fantasies, each one more terrifying than the one before. There was no end to them, no bottom to his hatred. It was a storm that rivaled the endless pit of despair inside her.

It scared her to see into Rakin's thoughts. It was like looking into the eye of a god and realizing there was no way she could ever survive its rage. No matter how much she rose up against him, he would meet it with anger and hatred.

And it was all focused on her. Years ago, Rakin raged against Bass and Sable, but in the last few years, Merrie had become his obsession. She could feel the endless ways he imagined her torture. Everything he did was to get her. The fair didn't matter anymore. Losing his county didn't matter. All that Rakin cared about was Merrie.

It humbled her and scared her. No matter how much she rose up with despair, he would match it with hatred. He would dominate her until the day she died. There would be no end to her tortures or punishment. He would rape and beat her until the breath escaped her body. She would die underneath his rage and there was nothing she could do to stop him.

Her orgasm tore through her. She was helpless against the pleasure and screamed around his cock. Her entire body spasmed and she scraped her knees against the bricks, but it was nothing to the pleasure that pounded in her veins and the cock driving into her throat.

Rakin groaned and his thrusts grew more powerful. Each one threatened to crack her head against the wall or break her teeth. He drove deep into her mouth, punching her throat, and shoving deep. Her tongue and lips strained against his length, caressing but there was no time to enjoy it. It was just hard, ceaseless pounding.

His cock swelled with an orgasm boiling inside him. It cracked his shields and his lust slammed into her.

Trembling with need, she delved into his thoughts and found what he needed. She knew exactly how long he was going to last. She knew where to touch him to send him over the edge and how to hold him back. She would give him the best orgasm she could, it was the only way she could truly submit.

Breaking her position, she reached out and caressed his thighs.

Rakin froze, his cock swelling, but then resumed his brutal pounding. His cock drove deep into her mouth, bruising her lips, nose, and chin as he held her place with a tight grip.

Merrie curled one arm around his leg and pulled him close. She rolled his balls with the tip of her arm. She could feel the moment he realized what she was doing and his focus grew on the sensations of her sweat-slicked breasts against his thigh. The knowledge she

was using her severed wrist to stroke him pushed him into an orgasm.

He let out a bellow as he came. Shaking, he yanked his cock from her mouth and splattered cum against her face. Each strand was a burning brand against her skin. One caught her eye and she closed it before it could burn, but more painted against her throat, chest, and hair. It kept coming, surge after surge. It gathered and rolled down her body, splashing to the ground with wet slurps.

Merrie opened her mouth and drank in the splatters that whipped across her face. His cum was salty and thick. It slid down her throat in wet globs and she gulped to clear her mouth.

“Good girl.”

She shivered with pleasure at the hated words. She despised the man but she craved the effect. With a gasp, she licked her lips and opened her mouth. She was blind with cum coating her eyelids, but she knew intimately where his cock was aimed.

Rakin stepped forward and eased his thick cock into her mouth. “Lick your new master clean, bitch.”

Merrie clamped her lips on his cock and sucked him clean. She drank and lapped at his shaft until it was soft. With a moan, she tilted her head so she could clean each of his balls, lapping at the strands of cum until he glistened.

Stepping back, he panted for breath. “That,” he gulped, “was a good lesson. And you learned it well. Good girl, Merrie.”

She closed her eyes as she shivered with pleasure.

The lust was gone, but she could still feel the anger radiating from him. His shield had cracked even further from him orgasm and a memory drifted across her mind.

“Are you sure about this?” asked the artificer. “I know you’ve asked for enchantments that were less than legal, but this is something that will send us both to Abbinkey for the rest of our lives.”

Rakin looked up. “Don’t worry about that.” He already had the assassin paid to ensure the artificer would never tell anyone. “But, are you sure it will work?”

“Yes,” gulped the older man, his face pale. “Once the collar is put on, it will create a telepathic bond between whoever is wearing the collar and whatever is considered the owner. Though I don’t understand the identification spells. The target spell is frightening precise. This will only

work for this woman named Merrie Rosari Golddother.” The artificer caught Rakin glaring at him and looked away. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to pry.”

If the man wasn’t already scheduled to die, Rakin would have ordered it. He fought down his annoyance and kept his voice even. “And the compulsion?”

“Whoever wears that collar won’t be able to resist unless they take it off. The power of the compulsion is on par with the Dyfon Murdaski Geas. And,” the man sighed uncomfortably, “that makes the spell illegal for use by anyone without a royal decree.”

Rakin smiled broadly as his cock twitched. He knew that all Alphas were vulnerable to compulsions and a powerful geas would have a far stronger effect than even the artificer could imagine. “And the compulsion trigger?”

“The simple command you gave me: obey the collar’s owner. It is simple but very powerful. She, um, the target of the spell will not be able to do anything else.”

Rakin pulled his trousers up and stepped away from her. His mind was fixated on a single thought: to get the adamantite collar and put it on her. It used to be a fantasy and a dream, something to obsessively plan in preparation, but it was now a reality. He turned and headed for the door.

Merrie watched him heading for the door with growing dread. She still was humiliated by submitting to his commands, but she hoped that she could have said no. She was seconds away from being able to summon the Lord to kill him. If she had another chance, she would do it again.

The collar would take away any choice from her. She would become nothing more than a slave, telepathically ordered and commanded by his every will. Her body grew hot at the idea of being helplessly unable to resist his commands, to be dominated by every thought that raged through his body.

Part of her craved it as much as she knew she had to fight. Her mind and heart warred with each other. It would be too easy to let him collar her, to seal her fate forever. It would be as close to bonding again as she could ever experience. Maybe, just maybe it would fill in the hole in her heart.

She tore her thoughts away. She couldn’t surrender to Rakin. He had killed her master and destroyed her life. He was the reason she

had the hole in her soul and it was his own plans that put Scorch's, Nir's, and Tamin's lives at risk. She closed her eyes and bore down on her thoughts. She couldn't let him collar her. Not now, not ever.

She opened her eyes. She had to stop him from leaving the room. If he left, he would come back with the collar and his mental shield would be recovered. With a whimper, she reached out with her mind and slipped into the cracks of his shield. His rage consumed his thoughts, but there was still a small amount of lust in his mind. Bearing down, she sent a pulse of ecstasy toward him.

Rakin froze, his hand centimeters away from the door. She felt the pleasure rising inside him, the need to fuck drifting through the red-haze of his anger. His cock rose to full mast.

He lowered his head to look down at the bricks. The yellow and red colors swirled around him, gathering at his feet. More of the bricks underneath her were glowing as she sent another wave of lust after him, drawing him back.

"Nice try." His shields slammed down on her thoughts and she jerked at the abrupt surge that came back. She looked over his mental shields, they were still cracked and she could penetrate them, but he had too much control over his own base lust after such an intense orgasm.

"Don't worry. Tomorrow, I have a present for you." He smiled at her. "You're going to like it... one way or the other."

Even if she hadn't made the choice, the tone in his voice pushed her over the edge.

"Trust me. It is something that should have been given to you years ago. If your old master wasn't an idiot and knew what treasure he bought, he would have done it. But then," he smiled as he turned back, "you would have died with him. I guess I should be thankful for small favors, but I should have killed him the day he bought you."

Rage filled her. He killed her master and everyone else she loved. She took a deep breath and gathered up her emotions. The bricks underneath her glowed a brilliant yellow and red as she compressed the despair, helplessness, and rage into a single point of intense power. She felt it tearing at the hole in her soul, trying to invoke it into rising, but the afterglow kept her ultimate source of power sealed away.

Frustrated and desperate, she tried to figure out some other way of keeping him in. She already knew she couldn't stop him physically. With her amputated hands and feet, she was helpless against his gauntlet and magic.

That left only one thing: his anger. Cringing in fear, she took a deep breath and gathered up her emotions. The bricks around her glowed yellow as she pulled in the despair and helplessness, the anger and rage. She pulled in as much emotions until they threatened to burst out of her mind. She continued to compress the thoughts until they were reduced down to a singularity that could kill a mortal man.

She lashed out with her mind, throwing all of her gathered emotions into him. As she did, she forced it into a single pulse of intense anger and hatred. It slammed against his shields and punched through the cracks. Inside his mind, it exploded into the one emotion that dominated Rakin's life.

He stopped with his hand to the door. Slowly, he closed his hand into a fist and his gauntlet creaked. Around him, the bricks glowed with red and yellow from her psychic attack.

Rakin turned on her, his eyes glowing with anger. Without a word, he stormed over to Merrie and grabbed her by the throat. His fingernails dug into her neck as he hauled her off the ground. With a grunt, he threw her across the room and onto the bed.

"You do not attack me! I'm your master!" he bellowed. His voice echoed loudly against the walls of the cell. His eyes were almost blank, lost in the insanity of hate. His mind ran through endless fantasies, none of them gentle and all of them painful. She saw herself being skull-fucked and being amputated down to her shoulders. His fantasies had her burned alive, torn open, and simply broken until she screamed. They came at a dizzying rate and her own shields cracked from the fury.

She was afraid for her life. She succeeded in keeping him in the room, but now her life was in danger. Merrie pushed out to stop him, like she did for Jacir, but the endless rage crushed her attempts to slow him.

Rakin yanked open his trousers and revealed his swollen cock. The lust that burned in his mind from her first attempt kept him hard as he crawled on the edge of the bed.

Merrie hated how her body grew wet with anticipation. When he dug his hands into her hips, she cried out as she felt his nails digging into the joint.

He yanked her closer and she slid along the mattress. Her legs opened automatically, exposing her slick sex to his cock. He buried himself in a single stroke, burying balls-deep. His shaft was harder than she had ever felt it before and it slammed against her cervix. The impact sent a bolt of pain through her body and she was hit by the intensity of his penetration.

“You are mine!” Rakin’s face mottled with anger and he pulled out enough to slam into her. The force of the impact shoved her forward, slamming her head against the wall behind her. “Mine!”

His body drove into her, filling her to the brim. As he withdrew, his cock pulsed and scraped against her inner walls. “You. Never. Disobey!”

He punched his cock back into her, slamming her hard enough that she struck the wall next to the bed. She tried to brace herself, but he was already pulling out his cock. It withdrew with a wet slurp noise and she tensed as she prepared for his next blow.

“Mine!” He bellowed and she was jammed against the wall again.

Rakin grabbed her throat with his gauntlet. Before the fingers had clamped down on her delicate neck, the electricity shot through her body. It tore through her body and every muscle tightened painfully. Her pussy clamped down on his cock, adding to the friction, but he continued to tear into her. Each thrust into her clenching cunt left her screaming in agony as he buried to her cervix with every blow.

The electricity didn’t stop or slow him, but she was in agony and ecstasy as he raped her against the wall. Arcs of lighting stretched out across the bed and along the walls. It blinded her and left her vision blur as the smell of sex and burning filled the air.

“Mine! You are fucking mine, bitch! Forever!”

Merrie tried to cry out, but the grip on her throat was suffocating her. She felt centimeters away from having her throat crushed. She was about to die because she set off Rakin’s anger.

In her mind, it was a storm around her, red-hot and agonizing. It tore at her shields, stripping them away and forcing her to

experience the fantasies that slammed into her with the same intensity as his brutal thrusting.

Through all the pain and agony, her helplessness was turning it to pleasure. She could feel an orgasm rushing up and pouring through her veins. She fought against it, desperate not to come as he pounded her body. Each thrust drove her into the wall and her arms were useless to keep her from hitting her head. Blood splattered in the air from the impact against the wall, they were mere scratches compared to the brutality he was taking her.

Rakin's face grew mottled as he slammed into her. He was about to come but it was difficult through the rage. His hips slammed into her, forcing her legs apart. Each punch of his body crushed her labia and clitoris. Deep inside, at the entrance of her womb, his cock head slammed into her with more pain. But, despite the electricity tightening her muscles, she could feel every ridge and every bump in his swollen shaft.

He didn't stop or slow. He wanted to cum but he couldn't stop fucking her hard. Minutes passed but it felt like hours. He never slowed, never stopped. Not even Bass had Rakin's stamina or ferocity as he drove into her.

And then, in a small gap where the rage subsided for a mere stroke, his body took over and he came. It was a hot explosion deep inside her. His rapid strokes pumped it in and out, splattering her thighs with his seed.

"Fuck!" he screamed, his face purple with anger. He slammed into her hard. Once. Twice. And then the third time he crushed her against the wall as the last of his orgasm left his body.

Gasping, Rakin released her throat. His fingers creaked as he forced each one apart and pulled back. The smell of burning hair and blood and cum filled the air. He shuddered as he withdrew his cock, still hard and dripping, and staggered back.

His chest rose and fell with his gasps. Each one a ragged sound of exhaustion. "Never... do that again."

Merrie shivered at the anger that washed over her. But, her orgasms had given her strength and power. She felt it singing in her veins, liquid ecstasy that soothed the aches and pains that assaulted her body.

He backed away and turned to the door. He didn't bother shoving his cock back in his pants. "T-Tomorrow, we'll continue."

She watched him for a moment and then gathered her emotions again. It was going to hurt but she couldn't let him leave. With a whimper, she threw anger at him once again, penetrating his shields and setting off the hatred that boiled inside him.

Rakin stopped. The sound of his gauntlet creaking filled the air as he formed fists again. When he turned around, his eyes were once again glazed with rage. "I," he gasped, "am your master!"

Forever Broken

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Merrie woke up in agony. She ached from head to ankle, and everywhere between. With a gasp, she tried to curl up, but every muscle screamed out in agony and she slumped back. As she slid along the mattress, dried cum and blood scraped against the countless scratches that covered her body.

A sob tore out of her, but it only came out as a gasping wheeze. She inhaled and winced at the ache in her ribs and the scrape of air against her bruised throat. She exhaled and the pain of simply breathing brought tears to her eyes.

She hurt more than she thought possible. Rakin had used his fists and palms as much as his cock as he raped her. He impaled her ass while shoving her against the bricks. He forced her throat down on the edge of the bed as he pounded her into the bars. She had repeatedly triggered his rage and he took it out on her without mercy. Every time he tried to leave, she forced him to attack and rape her again.

Her pussy and ass burned. She tightened her muscles but gasped as she felt a sharp pain shooting up her spine. It felt like she had been impaled on a sword. Every twitch and pulse of her body ignited more pain. She parted her lips to cry out, painfully aware of how he bruised her mouth with his cruel pounding.

Trembling, she forced her eyes open. Her elbows brushed against her skin and she jerked at the discomfort. She reached up and wiped the dried cum from her face, gasping softly at the rawness around her eyes and cheeks. Globes of semen ran down her face and she rubbed it off before looking around blearily.

The room remained bright and painful, but her eyes had grown accustomed the lack of shadows. Dried blood stained the walls as did his cum. As she focused on them, the memories of how Rakin painted the walls with her body slammed into her.

It took her a second to realize that she didn't see Rakin. Gasping, she sat up with a cry and bit back the scream of agony from moving. She had failed and he left. She shook her head as fresh tears came. He was going to come back with the collar and she would become his slave forever.

She tried to get on her knees, but her legs failed her and she slammed back down on the mattress with a thud. The impact crushed her aching breasts between her body. When she lifted herself from the mattress, there were marks of fresh blood on the stained mattress.

Merrie reached out with her mind, knowing that she couldn't break through the shields. She was desperate to try though, to find some way of finding out if Rakin was coming back with the collar. To her surprise, she caught Rakin's thoughts still in the room.

Her breath coming faster with hope, she crawled toward the edge of the bed. Peeking over the edge, she saw him leaning against the side. His head was slumped back as he stared at the ceiling. His gauntlet was off and his left hand rested on his chest. It was pale with deep scars and burns. In one spot, she could see where a combat spell had melted the muscle inside his arm, leaving nothing but skin wrapped tightly around his bone.

Underneath his arm, his chest rose and fell with ragged gasps. Like her, he struggled to breathe. She knew the scars on his body intimately, they were burned into her mind from hours of fucking, but there were fresh ones on his knuckles, wrists, and knees from where he had mounted her against the bricks.

She inched further over the edge and looked below his arms. His cock was limp against his leg. It was thick and swollen. The veins continued to throb and the entire thing was an angry red. The scent of her pussy rose up from his body and his length glistened with drying juices.

Merrie let out a sigh of relief. She hadn't failed. She glanced up at the door and back down. He was still in the room and she wasn't collared.

She started to gather up energy to force him to fuck her again. The energy sputtered with the dread of being beaten. She couldn't take anymore; he had finally broken her. Her body hurt from the inside, every centimeter and every part. She looked at the bruises along her arms and the scratches the bricks left on her body. She looked like she had been in a war, but her opponent was just as exhausted as she was.

Everything burned but knowing that she prevented him from leaving gave her energy. She shuddered as she tilted herself to the side. The mattress peeled away from her body, ripping the impromptu glue of blood and cum from her skin. She reached down along her bruised and burned breasts to her sex. She wasn't surprised that she was soaked—she was an Alpha—but the skin had gotten so sensitive that even her touch brought a flash of pain. It felt like she had just finished a marathon fuck of a hundred thribans. Her nether lips were hot and painful, but gave no resistance as the tip of her arm slid into them. Pain and pleasure rose up, searing her senses and quickening her breath.

Rakin struggled to his feet with a groan. He swayed for a moment, then headed for the door. “I-I need to go.” His voice cracked with his exhaustion. (I need to get out away from her.)

She shivered at his thoughts. They burned against his skin, flickering with heat and rage but sluggish with the hours of beating and fucking her. His shields had been shattered by her constant provoking. She knew his memories and thoughts as intimately as her master's, a thought that terrified her and brought a fresh surge of power.

She kept her arms between her legs as she looked up at him. Burrowing into her mind, she gathered up her fear and compressed it into a bolt of anger. With a gasp, she forced it into him. It exploded into a storm of anger, setting off the familiar rage.

Rakin stopped and his hands balled into fists. But then he shook his head. “N-No,” he growled, “Not again. We're done.”

Merrie jerked at the word. She straightened up and watched him with confusion. He had never resisted his own anger before. She watched as the energy crackling inside him sputtered; he was denying his very nature and source of his power.

Shuddering, he stepped forward again. His hand shook as he reached for the door.

She gathered up all the anger and despair she could, dredging the depths of her being. The strength of her emotion was pathetic, not even a hundredth of what she could do, but it was all she had remaining inside her broke mind.

Anger blossomed inside his mind, fueling the ever-present hatred. She felt energy crackling in the air as he spun around. But, as he turned, he staggered to the side before he could stop his movement. "No!"

At the sight of him, she gasped. There were dark shadows underneath his eyes. His body was pale and drawn. Even standing up, he was struggling to remain upright.

Curious, she reached out into his mind. She expected to see a storm of hatred and anger raging in his thoughts. But, even with her own magic pushing him to his limits, most of the fervor had dissipated. He was still angry, it fueled every action and every thought, but she had driven him into exhaustion. His stamina had been tapped and he was barely conscious. The only thing keeping him standing was his anger and the need to own her at all costs.

"No more." He gasped. "I'm leaving now, bitch."

He turned to open the door. His hand stretched out toward the middle and the runes flickered to life.

Merrie tried to send another bolt of anger, but her spell fizzled out. She had nothing left. She didn't know how many hours he raped her, but she had failed. Despair rose up inside her, turning the bricks around her black. She waited for the pleasure to destroy the darkness, but only pain cut through her body.

Rakin's palm struck the door. The runes flared and then died. With a groan, he planted his other hand on the door frame and tried again. The runes flickered and faded. With a groan, he slumped against the door. "Damn the gods."

Her ears perked up as she watched him. It was the only part of her that was merely in pain instead of agony.

Rakin turned around and leaned against the door. "How did you do it? I don't even have enough to open the damned door." He groaned and pushed himself away from the door. Inside his mind, the anger began to rise up again and she watched magic coursing

along his body. “Is that what you want? To keep me in here with you?”

His bare feet smacked on the bricks. He lurched forward and caught himself. When he looked up with bloodshot eyes, there was a flicker of the anger that drove him. “Why? What are you doing?”

Merrie gulped to ease the tightness in her throat, but it felt like sand scraping down to her stomach. She shook as she forced herself on her knees and spread her legs. It was agony to settle down, but she didn’t stop until her wrists returned to her collarbone and she opened her mouth.

Her bark was more of a gasp, but it was loud in the tiny brick room.

He shook his head. “No. No more fucking, no more begging.” He wheezed as he took a deep breath. “No more beating and no more punishments.” Rakin’s voice was dull and listless. His eyes drooped as he leaned back against the door.

Merrie stared at him and he stared back at her. Every part of her body ached, but she was still conscious. She could feel his anger, but the flames of hatred were banked with exhaustion.

The idea of being tortured sickened her, but she realized they were both almost to the point of cracking. If she broke, she would become his slave forever. If he did, she... she didn’t know what would happen. The only thing she knew was that if he left the room, she would also become his slave. Every path but one ended in the same place, an eternity of torment.

She dropped to the bed and crawled off it. Her legs didn’t quite move, but she pulled herself onto the bricks. As her weight shoved her into the sharpness, she shuddered but lifted her gaze to the man who raped her.

“What are you doing?”

Merrie crawled toward him, her left arm barely able to handle her weight. It was agony with the bricks scraping her knees and her exhaustion dragging her down. Even her tail hung down against her buttocks, the hair scraping against her sensitive pussy and thighs.

“Stop,” Rakin said. His face grew pale as she crawled toward him. She felt fear around her as he stood up straighter.

She almost gave up and dropped to the ground, but somehow she managed to crawl in front of him. Settling down, she forced her

knees apart. Scabs tore open as she settled down and looked up at him. With a gasping bark, she brought her wrists up and begged again.

“N-No.” He said, his voice cracking. When she didn’t move, he lifted his hand. It came down, slapping her across the face. The agony was intense against her other injuries.

She sobbed from the pain and slumped to the side. His blow opened cuts in her face. Droplets of blood splattered down on the bricks. It sank down into the mortar. She fought against the pain and her desire to crawl into a ball. With a whimper, she got back into a begging position.

(Not again!) He slapped her again, throwing his entire weight into the blow. As she was slammed into ground, he dropped to his knees. She felt the pain bursting across his thoughts, it provoked his own anger. (I have to get away from her. I have to leave!)

Rakin staggered back to his feet, his hand dripping with blood. As he straightened up, he was shaking violently. He looked down at her with glazed eyes and shook his head. “S-Stay.”

Merrie cringed, waiting for the rush of the command but it never came. She inhaled sharply and looked up at him. He couldn’t dominate her, not with his exhaustion.

Rakin’s eyes opened wider. “D-Down.”

There was no rush to obey, no thrill of submission. She forced herself back to her knees and barked.

He slapped her. The blow left stars across her vision but she remained on her knees. She cringed at the burning on her cheek and the drip of blood running down her breasts. Tensing up, she took a deep breath and barked again. She reached down inside her, to the very core of her being. It was the liquid sexuality that fueled her soul. It was the very nature of her submission and lust. Pulling on it, she brought it up in her mind and let it radiate from her body.

Rakin’s cock twitched and he groaned in pain. Shaking hands came down to cover his length and he shook his head violently. “No!” He glared down at her. “Don’t you dare.”

Merrie arched her back, lifting her bruised and battered breasts closer. Her nipples grew harder with the idea of submission and the anticipation of him beating her once again. No matter what

happened, she couldn't give up. Even if her insides were torn open and she was bleeding to death.

Rakin exhaled, a gasping noise that threatened to turn into a growl. Even though he was exhausted, she could feel him pulling on his own core of power, the source of his magic and his endless hatred.

She didn't know which one would survive, her lust or his anger, but she had nothing left to lose. Gulping at her dry throat, she nuzzled his fingers with her nose. As their skin touched, she sent a bolt of lust searing through his senses.

He froze as pain blossomed from his responding cock. It raised his anger and power flowed through him. "I said stop!" He yanked his hand from his crotch and backhanded her.

The world exploded into sharp agony as she was thrown across the room. The remnants of his strength spell flared along the bricks behind him. The energy was golden streaked with red. Merrie cried out as she forced herself off the wall, ignoring the fresh trickle of blood that poured down the side of her head.

"Stop!"

She shuddered at the command, a flicker of lust rising up. She clung to it as she got back into a begging position. As soon as she brought her wrists up, she barked and sent out a pulse of exhausted lust.

Rakin stormed over, his hand rising up. Magic coursed along his body as golden red flames rose up. The heat burned against her skin and she recognized the patterns of a strength spell. Along with it was the insanity of his rage, the self control shattering with his exhaustion.

Merrie's breath caught in her throat. He wasn't pulling back his blow and she was barely able to stand, much less resist another strike.

The world slowed down as he came down, the magic blinding her.

Something snapped inside her. The despair rose up and she was moving before her mind recognized the reaction.

With speed she didn't know she had, she leaned forward and bit his cock with all her flagging strength. It wasn't a solid bite and she missed the veins, but a flood of blood splattered against the back of her throat.

The response was immediate. Rakin stumbled back and lost his balance. With a scream, he crashed into the floor. His eyes glowed red as he surged back to his feet. "You bitch!"

A second later, he slammed her into the wall again. The bricks tore at her face and body as she slid down. Before she hit the ground, he grabbed her hair and threw her across the room again.

Merrie's body crunched against the wall and she plummeted to the ground. The impact drove the air out of her lungs. Gaping for air, she watched as Rakin sprint across the room after her. His entire body glowed with magic, the flames licking the air and smoke rising up from him.

As he knelt down to grab her by her breast, she snapped out and bit down on his arm. Her teeth pierced flesh as she bore all of her strength into hurting him.

Rakin snarled and jammed his hands into her chest. His fingers burned her skin as he yanked her up by her tit and pulled her up. Throwing her against the wall, he grabbed her head and slammed her face-first into the wall.

Merrie's scream was interrupted by the crunch of her nose. She flailed at the wall but Rakin yanked her back. With a grunt, he slammed her forward again.

As the bricks rushed toward her, Merrie dug into her soul and used the growing fear for a domination spell. The runes exploded across her vision and then burst out from her mind.

The psionic spell tore apart Rakin's ragged shields and plunged into his mind. He stopped with her bleeding nose millimeters from the sharp brick wall. His entire body shook with the effort to crush her.

"N-No," he growled and the anger rose up. It tore at her spell, breaking it apart.

Merrie dug deeper, pulling on the dark cloud of despair and fear that filled her. It came from the hole in her soul but it was power. The bricks in front of her turned black as she reinforced her spell.

Rakin snarled, his body trembling as he strained to crush her against the wall. His anger boiled out of his mind. It burned her own thoughts as the bricks in front of them swirled from black to red.

She fought back, pumping more of herself into the spell until the world lost its color and the painfully familiar despair coursed through her veins. There was no pleasure to dissipate the despair.

Her emotions slammed into Rakin's endless rage. The room became a storm of black and red as both of them threw themselves into the spell.

(I will not lose to her!) His thoughts were a brand against her mind. He was as clear as any other submissive; his dominance over her had been broken.

Merrie retreated deeper into her mind. She barely had enough to keep going, but she dug deeper until she reached the darkness in her soul, the hole left by her master. Yanking it up, she felt part of her life slipping away as she slammed it into Rakin.

She didn't bother fueling her spell, but poured the black despair directly into his storm of rage. It howled inside both of their minds, tearing their thoughts and shredding their memories.

They both screamed in agony, their hoarse voices filling the room. Merrie felt her vocal cords tearing and the taste of copper poured down her throat. She couldn't feel anything but rage, but she couldn't give up. She could never surrender to him.

(Never! I cannot lose!?) His thoughts cracked and she felt fear tainting his thoughts. His anger sputtered for the briefest of moments before the rage burned away his fear. (I'm her real master!)

Merrie's eyes snapped open. She stared into the eyes of her rapist and realized she had one last weapon again him.

She remembered her true master. She recalled the look as he reached out for her, his body burning away because Rakin had killed him. She focused on the agony she felt as her soul ripped. The blackness that filled her as she screamed out for him, her vocal cords ripping and blood pouring out of every hole in her body. She took every memory of that horrible night and threw it at Rakin.

He froze, his eyes growing wide. His breath stopped in his lungs as he realized what was happening. He had no more shields, no defenses against her. The intimate brutality and exhaustion had brought them too close and she clung to it with everything she had.

He dropped to his knees with a crunch but he didn't flinch. Instead, his eyes glazed over as the rage inside him fought

desperately against the endless horror that Merrie had lived through that night. It flared like a candle in the dark, burning bright for one painful moment.

The room and his mind plunged into darkness. The light was still there, but every brick had turned to the blackest of nights.

Merrie felt her despair pouring out of her and Rakin's mind cracking as it tried to take it all in. His eyes rolled back and his skin paled as the memories ripped apart his life.

(You want to be my master?) Her thoughts were dripping with the despair that almost consumed her life and the anger toward the man who killed her master. (You want to bind your soul to mine!? Then have it! Take what's in my heart!)

She shoved every memory of that night into him, pouring it in until it spilled out of his consciousness and sank deep into his soul. She felt his spirit corroding from the onslaught of her memories.

Rakin's mouth opened as he tried to fight back and find some way of saving himself. His thoughts shattered in the darkness and there wasn't even a light left in his mind. His thoughts crumbled into insanity and she gathered up the worst of her pain to destroy him forever.

Tamin's presence slammed into her. (Alpha!)

The bright flash of her pack disrupted her memories. She tried to cling to it, to slaughter Rakin, but then a wave of compassion, love, and concern filled her. It poured into her and soothed over the aches and exhaustion.

Her domination spell faded and both she and Rakin dropped to the ground. She landed against the brick, unable to stop her momentum until her forehead slammed into the floor. She let out a long sob from her ruined throat.

Behind her, Rakin crumbled to the bricks with a groan. The coppery stench of blood filled the air along with the scorched smell of magic.

Struggling to breath, Merrie pushed herself off the wall and staggered to her wrists and knees. Turning around, she looked at the man who kidnapped her.

Rakin had one hand on his crotch, squeezing down as blood oozed from between his fingers. His eyes were deep and sunken as he looked at her. There was no anger left in his eyes, just a dull look

of a broken man. But, his mind had survived. She could feel coherent thoughts rising up through the devastated remains.

She limped to him, looking down at the man she feared. She knew the spell that would destroy his soul forever. It hovered over the edge of her mind and the shield protecting the room had been destroyed between their final struggle.

“K-Kill me,” blood flecked Rakin’s lips. “I can’t stop you.”

She delved into his mind and found only a wasteland. No rage stormed in his thoughts. No magic flowed through his veins. He was an empty shell of man. The source of his power was gone and she knew there was nothing else she could do. (No.)

His raspy inhale filled the room. “Your voice. I forgot how it sounded. But, you aren’t crying. I always dreamed I’d hear you cry.”

Merrie turned away and crawled to the door. As she reached it, she plunged herself back into his mind and pulled out the spell to unlock it. He let out a soft cry as she ripped it from his mind. Using a fraction of Tamin’s energy that now flowed through the shadowy leash, she cast it and pressed her severed arm against the door.

Bolts clicked and the door swung open. She looked down an empty hallway and felt a strange sense of relief.

“You’re just leaving?”

(Yes,) she said. She could still feel her despair in her soul, the aching hole left by her master. But, his rage had burned it over, sealing it behind a scab. She knew it was there, but it no longer raged just inside her control. Like Rakin, she had been burned clean by their final fight. She looked over her shoulder, her bloody hair sticking to her face. (You will never be my master.)

Rakin curled into a ball, clutching his privates as his sweat- and blood-soaked body shook violently.

It took twenty minutes to crawl down the hallway to the stairs at the far end. She left behind a trail of blood and cum, the crimson splattered echoing loudly against the brick walls. The floor cut at her body, but it was small pains compared to the agony that had tortured her.

As she reached the end of the hallway, the connection between her and Tamin grew stronger. (I’m coming for you, Alpha, and I will kill anyone between me and you.)

Merrie smiled with pride and sent a pulse of affection down the connection. With a groan, she forced herself up on the stair and began the long painful climb up. Every movement was agony and every step a mountain, but she finally reached the top. She came out into a training room that looked like the Puppy Mill's. Cages of various sizes were on one wall. On the other, whips and chains hung from their spot.

She could feel Rakin's passion in the arrangement. He lavished attention on this room, fantasizing about every thing he would do to her. She knew each whip intimately, having been tortured in his mind in a thousand fantasies. The chains, the manacles, and even the knives had left their mark in her memories.

As she limped toward the center of the room, she heard the sounds of combat. The floor shook from an explosion and the chandelier above her swayed dangerously. Smell of smoke and fire drifted around her and she smiled. Scorch had survived.

(Tamin, is Nir safe?)

Tamin's thoughts were colored with blood and violence as he finished tearing the stomach out of a guard. (Badly injured but safe. Kirin has been watching over her the last few days.)

(Days?) She could barely dredge up enough energy to be surprised.

(Four since the night you were taken from me. Four lonely nights of us hunting for any sign of you.)

(How did you find me? I couldn't reach out.)

(Your connection drew me close and then I went to where the Shadows fear not tread. The Lords were circling and I just followed the death and dark.) Love radiated through the connection, followed by a brief flash of anger.

A scream echoed down the hall before it ended abruptly. At the far end of the room was an open door. Six men rushed past, their swords out and wearing Rakin's colors.

She projected the image to Tamin.

(I see them, Alpha. They are about to die.)

"Surprise!" cheered Elf, the large man's voice high-pitched and excited. A howling filled the hall.

One of the guards ran past as a swarm of obsidian butterflies punched through his body in a bursts of blood. Each one was as

black as night and sparkling with thousands of different colors. His scream echoed loudly as his body was shredded and he fell to the ground in a bloody heap. His head exploded before it struck the ground and a shower of bloody butterflies continued down the hall.

A moment later, three guards backed into view. They were cowering behind shields as the obsidian butterflies poured against them. There was a flash of brilliant white as an energy whip sliced through the wall of the training room and curled around the shield of the nearest man. He fell back as his upper chest slid from his bottom.

The second dropped as Tamin appeared from behind him in a burst of shadows. He took out the man's knee as her cloak exploded from his back in two giant wings before clamping down on the third man's chest. His scream ended abruptly as the cloak poured into his mouth and burst out of his stomach.

The hound and her cloak were racing into the room before the bodies hit the ground.

Merrie smiled, tears burning her eyes, and pulled herself into a begging position. It was agony, but knowing her pack was there gave her strength.

Tamin radiated love and relief as he skidded to a halt. He was covered in blood and gore as he panted. Then, as gentle as a puppy, he reached over and pressed his head against her shoulder. (I love you, Alpha.) With his touch, she felt him take her pain and the sharp agonies slipped away.

She gasped at the relief and tears ran down her face.

Her cloak slipped around her, wrapping back around her back but fluttering to avoid touching her injuries.

Scorch ran past the door, his body surrounded by white flames. A heartbeat later, he called out, "Bitch!? Turn around!"

He slammed into Elf as the two collided into the door frame. Merrie saw a flash of an eye patch as the fire mage fell to the ground.

Elf managed to remain standing. Multi-color butterflies spun around him as he peered into the room. His small, strap-on wings, fluttered as he hopped into the room. "Bitchy! Bitchy!"

Stepping into sight, Pristine leaned over and helped Scorch up. She was dressed in her normal leathers, but held a brightly glowing

whip in her hand. She glanced up and snapped out her hand. The whip sliced through the wall and there was a thud of a body hitting the ground.

Merrie leaned into Tamin and let out a sigh.

Elf slid to a halt. His eyes were wide for a moment and she felt a pang of despair fill him. He sighed and reached out to stroke her, but pulled back. "Oh, honey. He hurt you. That bad man hurt you. Just tell me where he is and Elfie will take care of him."

With a nod, Merrie reached out for Tamin. He opened himself up and she drew power from him. With a shiver, she transformed into a hound and back into a human. As the fur stripped off, the scratches faded into her skin and the worst of her cuts scabbed over.

(Again, Alpha,) ordered Tamin, his protective thoughts pushing her to transform again with a thrill of obedience.

Her body rippled between hound and human five more times before the injuries ceased to heal. The aches and pains remained, but they were no longer the bloody gashes that covered her body. She was covered in scratches, but her nose was no longer broken and the sharp pains in her sex had faded into an ache.

Scorch stopped in front of her. There were tears in his one good eye. His other was covered in a patch. Sword slashes and magic burns covering his body. But the injuries didn't look fresh and she could sense magical healing seeping through his veins. He smiled and crouched down in front of her. "We're suppose to be saving you."

Exhausted, Merrie could only cock her head and give him a sheepish whine.

Pristine rested her hand on Scorch's shoulder. "Where is Rakin?"

Tamin responded with her thoughts, standing up and heading toward the stairs leading into the basement and her cell. He growled as he peered down into the darkness.

Pristine and Scorch were already moving toward it.

Elf stroked her cheek. "Is he alive, sweetie?"

Merrie barked.

"Not for long," growl Scorch. Flames burned along his body as he wrapped himself in fire magic.

Merrie looked over her shoulder as Scorch started down the stairs. The walls glowed from his flames. They would kill Rakin and

then it would be over. She thought about Jacir and Bass, both who had their lives devastated by the man bleeding to death on the ground of her cell. It would all be over in a flash of heat and screaming.

It was Jacir's memory that pushed her into action. For hours, she let him beat her as he struggled to find closure with the loss of his love. If it wasn't for those hours of submission that she would have never had the strength to keep Rakin in the room. But, no matter how many times he fantasied about Pris dying, it was that one memory of Rakin laughing about murdering Pris that Merrie could never erase. And if Scorch killed him, she could never heal that last burning memory.

Her eyes flickered to the side to Tamin. The hound nodded and stepped into the Shadows. Almost instantly, he came back across in the middle of the stairs and blocked Scorch.

Scorch stopped in mid-step. "What? Move out of the way! I'm going to kill him."

Merrie and Tamin growled at the same time, the vibrations from their chest filling the room and hallway. She almost fell as she turned around to look at the flames filling the stairwell.

"Bitch! Move your damn dog!"

She shook her head.

Tamin stepped forward, but Scorch responded by drawing the flames to him. The heat poured out of the stairs.

Pristine stepped back, sweat prickling her brow. "Bitch? What is going on?" She looked back at Merrie with a confused look.

(Don't kill him.)

Both Pristine and Elf jerked at her thoughts.

Scorch's anger rose up and the flames poured out of the stairwell. "Like the hells I won't. He hurt my Nir!"

Tamin held his ground, but he had to look away as the flames licked his fur.

(Don't!) Merrie's domination spell slammed into Scorch.

There was a thud and the flames died out. A second later, Scorch's much calmer and confused voice drifted up the stairs. "Why am I sitting?"

Elf stood up and headed toward the stairs. "We aren't killing him, Scorchy-poo."

“Why not?” Scorch’s anger returned, “He attacked Nir... the guild.”

Elf glanced at Pristine who reluctantly nodded. He leaned and spoke down the stairs. “Because Bitchy must have beaten him. You know the laws. If we don’t catch him attacking the guild, we can’t legally kill him.”

“This is Rakin!” Scorch stormed up the stairs. “This guy weasels out of everything thrown at him. He managed to attack us after the bastard lost his money, his county, everything. If we throw him in jail, he’s going to bribe or sneak out. Kill him now, before he gets away!”

Elf shook his head and held out his hands. “It’s the law, Scorchy.”

“Fuck the law! I’m killing him—”

Merrie reached out and gripped Scorch’s mind. With a sigh, she clamped down on his thoughts and sent him into unconsciousness.

Scorch’s eyes rolled into his head and he crumbled to the ground. Before he fell back into the stairs, Tamin caught him and held him up.

Elf smirked and looked away.

“Bitch,” warned Pristine, “we do not dominate our friends.”

Ears drooping, Merrie lowered her head and whined. She released Scorch and woke him up.

Scorch groaned and sat up. “Did Bitch just knock me out?”

Elf patted him on the shoulder. “Yes, honey, but you weren’t listening. And this is Bitchy’s choice, not yours.”

Pristine stepped around both men and knelt down in front of Merrie. “Are you sure? Really sure? Rakin doesn’t fear the legal system. You’ll be letting him go if we arrest him.”

Merrie reached out for Rakin. He was alive, but barely. She could feel his broken, shattered thoughts as he focused on clutching his ruined crotch. He had no more anger, no more rage.

She focused on Pristine and barked.

A Winter Romp

72

The snow around the message boards in the Plaza had been stomped into slush and turned into an icy lake deep enough to soak into everyone's boots. But, despite the frigid liquid pooling around their feet, it didn't stop the throngs of people from milling around to read the messages fluttering in the wind.

Merrie sat on the corner of the Obsidian Board. The ice pooled around her buttocks and the cold stung her labia, but the ache felt good. It was over two weeks since Rakin kidnapped her. She was surprised to find out Rakin had fucked her for three days solid before she freed herself, but the injuries from his brutality were still healing. Every time she moved, her torn muscles itched and her bruises ached. At least most of the scratches and cuts on her skin had been erased.

Her cloak wrapped tightly around her body, covering up the last of the fading bruises. The hole still remained from the magical blast during the fight. She felt a pang of sadness every time she saw the hole, the cloak was her master's though it had become her own. She tried shape-shifting and gathering energy until she ran out of energy, but no matter how hard she tried, the hole remained.

Merrie was anxious to try again, but the healers and Kirin forbade it. Her attempts to gather energy through sex failed after the first round left the sheets soaked in blood and Nir screaming in fear. Now, she was forced to be content with blow jobs and delicate fingering.

(They're afraid that you will swear off sex forever.) Tamin's thoughts were comforting. (Most people cannot survive three days of rape without their minds being damaged.)

Merrie smiled and leaned her head against Tamin. The hound's claustrophobia with the crowds burned along her senses but she knew better than to ask him to head into the Shadows alone. Ever since Rakin, he remained by her side even in the healer's room. Anyone who dared to even appear to harm her brought a quick growl from her protector. (I'm an Alpha. I couldn't give up sex if I wanted to. It is my power and my source, just as Rakin's magic came from his anger.)

(You haven't had a cock in you since Rakin.) There was a little wistful longing in his thoughts. (You need a powerful orgasm, soon.)

She rocked her hips, quickly finding the sore spots along her spine and hips. She couldn't wait until the physical pains faded. (I've come though, plenty of times.) Even as she thought it, she craved for a cock to slam into her.

(Nir's tongue is a poor substitute for a proper fuck. And she can't even fist you after that last time.)

Merrie sighed. She thought she was ready, but the look of horror on Nir as she pulled out bloody fingers still haunted her. She tore her thoughts away. (I've ridden your tongue too. Are you saying you aren't good enough?)

Tamin's thoughts grew warmer with lust. (No, my tongue is never good enough. I want to mount you. I want to ram my cock deep into your pussy and knot you like a proper bitch. You need to fuck.)

(And what about the healers?) Merrie nuzzled against his shoulder, (They told me not to have anything large inside me for another month.) Her thoughts were tinged with her own lust. She needed him as badly as he wanted her.

(You're my Alpha. You can take the pain and we both know how far you can go. A little blood can be healed by shape-changing. And your cunt is ready even if the healer doesn't think so.)

She buried her face in his short, black fur and moaned. Her pussy grew warmer despite the ice water rushing against it. She wagged her tail and swirled it through the slush. (Sounds good. Tonight?)

The heated lust boiling out of his thoughts warmed her even more.

Merrie squirmed and grinned to herself. Raising her head, she scanned the fluttering messages for the one addressed to her. It was Zeob's handwriting again with a simple message directing her to an

inn outside of the city limits. She knew the place, it had a basement that was perfect for gangbans in the middle of the week. No doubt, Eolis would be there to give her another thirty thousand marks to make it through the winter. She didn't know where the money came from, but he brought it every time they met. And he usually sent her out to fuck another customer.

Tamin's tail thumped loudly. (There are woods along the way. Very dark with lots of underbrush. A good place to run.)

She smiled broadly, her thoughts drifting and her body tingling with anticipation. (It's been a while since you hunted me, has it?)

He answered her by grabbing her by the shoulder; her cloak peeled back so his teeth dug into bare skin. Tamin didn't break the skin, but the flash of pain brought a throb of heat deep inside her. He knew exactly how hard to bite her and when to stop.

But, Merrie didn't want him to stop. She moaned at the pricks of pain and discomfort. Her pussy grew hotter with the need to submit to her hound, but also at the thoughts of him biting harder until blood ran down her shoulder. Rakin had turned her on with his brutality and fucking, awoken the submissive hunger inside her. But, Rakin's rage and self-control had terrified her. There was a painfully thin line between beating and killing. And he crossed it when he tried to smash her face into the bricks.

Tamin's growl shook her body. He increased the pressure on her shoulder and the teeth dimpled the skin. (I will never truly hurt you, no matter how hard I bite. I will protect you until the day I die.)

His teeth broke the skin and a trickle of blood ran down her shoulder. She closed her eyes to enjoy the heated tickle as it oozed down the curve of her breast and then traced its way down her belly before splashing into the ice below.

She couldn't find the words to project. Instead, she looked over into his pitch black eyes. The Shadows boiled behind his gaze. He wasn't the hound that she bonded with but he was all she had left. He died once for her just as Merrie would have died for her master, if she could.

Tamin's jaw dug deep into her shoulder, stopping the dark thought before it came up. She shuddered at the helplessness of it and gasped softly.

He burned with love and lust as he tugged her away from the board. (Heel.)

Merrie's pussy clamped at the order. She stumbled as he dragged her away, her body half sliding through the ice and slush. She felt the heat boiling inside as she pawed playfully at him, the severed end of her arm helpless to stop him.

She could force him to stop, they both knew, but Merrie needed to submit. She craved the hunt and fuck, damn the healer's concerns. As much as he hurt her, he would never hurt her more than she could heal with shape-shifting and time.

(You're about to get more than scratches, bitch.) Tamin's growl shook her to the core and she squirmed with the heat boiling inside her pussy. He pulled her free from the crowds beyond the message boards before releasing her.

Merrie slumped to the ground and smiled. Her breath came fast and her breasts dipped into the slush. Crimson stained the ice beneath her, blossoming out from the love bite. She smiled and looked up at him, her tail wagging as she felt the moisture of her sex prickling against the icy wind.

He growled and pulled back his lip. (You should run.)

A flame ignited inside her pussy as she scrambled to her wrists and knees. She didn't need to look at him to feel the lust filling both of them. Digging her wrists in, she shifted into a hound and raced toward the southern gate of the city.

A moment later, Tamin burst into movement with a snarl that frightened the people around him. His heavy paws slammed into the ground as he accelerated into a sprint. He wasn't going to be gentle for her and the promise of pain sent a bright burst of lust dancing across her mind.

Merrie ran as fast as she could, ducking between legs and racing along the sidewalks. Her paws slammed into the slush, splashing bystanders as she raced away.

Tamin burst out of the Shadows and bit down. His teeth snapped centimeters away from her throat with a wet chomp.

Coming hard, she dodged to the side and jumped across to the Shadows. A moment later, she came back across and ducking underneath a wagon. Her furry back scraped against the bottom

planks. She planted her feet to the cracks and used that for purchase to shoot out from the shadow and across the street.

He bounded over the wagon and slammed into her from above. The massive weight drove her to the ground and she had to brace herself to avoid smashing her chin against the ice-covered cobblestones. Her muscles strained to keep herself from being crushed. But, just as she was about to slip, he planted two feet on the ground and shifted his weight so she was only pinned without being crushed.

Merrie flailed out from underneath him. Her tail smacked against his legs as she dug into the stones for purchase. Her ass rose up against the long, hardness of his cock. Feeling the thick member along her tail, she let out another moan and her heart beat faster. The weight bore down on her from the base of her tail along her spine and almost to her shoulder-blades. She moaned and tried to remember the last time it was buried inside her.

Tamin loomed over her as if he was mounting her. His hips drove her forward into his snapping teeth, but she managed to duck underneath his jaw. The snap of jaw painted her with drool and hot breath. (Keep running.)

Reluctantly, Merrie crawled out from underneath Tamin and raced forward again. Her heart pounded loudly as she dodged another attack. She didn't try to attack or slam him back. She was prey that day and there was only one thing that would happen to Tamin's prey: they ran until they were caught. There wasn't a question if she was caught, only where he would be savaging her willing body.

He howled as he raced after her, the sound of it echoing against the storefronts. He didn't bother diving between legs but just barreled his way through people. There were screams and cries of surprise as he tossed people left and right in his efforts to catch her.

She only used the Shadows to jump across busy streets and duck through alleys. Everywhere else, she enjoyed the thud of her paws on the streets and the rush of the wind against her face. Her heart sang out with hunger and she came every time she felt his hot breath on her skin or when his teeth snapped dangerously close to her body.

It took them twenty minutes to reach the southern gate of Franome City. They left behind a trail of destruction and upset people. Merrie didn't care, though, Tamin had brought her to the edge of excitement and they weren't even done. At the gate, she charged through the opening. She felt the wards that protected the city but she stepped aside and flickered by in a flash of darkness and icy wind. She landed on the far side and raced up the hills toward the thick woods.

Merrie couldn't wait to lose the Bel Dark form in the woods. She needed to be naked and human. She craved the helplessness. She smiled and bounded up the hill, keeping to the Shadows for the last few hundred meters.

When she was out of sight of the city, she jumped from the Shadows. A large ice-covered bush surprised her—it wasn't old or large enough to have a presence in the Shadows. She dug her wrists into the snow to stop herself, but she caught a root and flipped over. The memory of landing in the Rakin's cell slammed into her and her transformation slipped away. It was a brief moment of horror, but then she remembered that it was a lover that chased her, not Rakin.

She clawed herself out of the bush. Her lips were parted with lust and she gave little whimpers as she imagined the sounds Tamin's prey would make. Her cloak snapped free, but she didn't look back. Tamin would gather it when he stepped back across. Her naked skin crawled from the icy wind that blew past her. The ice and snow burned at her breasts and stomach; she pretended that it burned her instead of the icy comfort from having Shadows in her veins.

She climbed up a short hill and slid down the other side. Fresh scrapes caressed her body, but it only added to the flames that seared her insides. She was prey and she couldn't wait to be caught.

Tamin's howl echoed off the bare trees. She knew he found her cloak and circled around, sniffing the ground despite knowing exactly where she was. He was playing his role just as she was in hers.

Merrie made it a few hundred meters before the hound came bounding after her. His snarl was sharp and terrifying. She spun around to see how close but then he was on her.

Teeth flashed as he bit her thigh and flipped her over. An arc of blood flew in the air and Merrie cried out at the sudden pain. She

hit the ground with a gasp and fought the surge of pleasure that sang in her heart. She was slick and hot and ready.

(My prey has arms and legs,) projected Tamin, (act like it.)

Merrie froze for a moment, then she felt the force of his will slamming into her. She had to obey him. Pulling on the command, she added the hazy memories of the days when she had limbs. Everything mixed together along with an illusion spell. She let the calligraphic spell spread out across her thoughts and the spell grew dark with power. With a gasp, she released it and threw it on herself.

Her skin crawled as the spell took place, filling her with ice and setting the ends of her wrists and legs on fire. Shuddering, she looked down at her body. Her breasts were flecked with snow and ice. As they rose and fell with her pants, she could see her limbs healthy once again. Two bare legs shivered from the ice, toes curling as she remembered doing before. Blood stained the ice beneath her own leg, but otherwise she was as whole as the day she was kidnapped.

Merrie gasped and lifted her arms. Her fingers spread out as she remembered how to move them. They were foreign to her now, something that was no longer part of her body, but she was driven to remember the days before being cropped. She panted faster as she stretched her fingers to their limits, remembering the ache of stretching the webbing between the digits. She could grab something, if she would just reached out. The ice, Tamin's fur, even the hard touch of the bark.

Tamin's teeth chomped down on her illusionary left arm, biting clear through the spectral flesh right above her elbow. A spray of blood spurted from his mouth and he tore the arm from her body.

For a moment, neither moved. Merrie struggled with the intense sensation of agony. She had been cropped... again. She sobbed at the memories that came back, of a giant wolf biting through the flesh and how the pain turned to pleasure.

Clutching the bleeding arm to her chest, she felt down with her other hand. Her fingers, clumsy after not using them for years, reached for her pussy. They slid between the soaked lips, but the sensations came from her parted lips not her fingers. Her hands

weren't real, they were just an illusion for her role. But, the ache of her labia reminded her that she had a role to play.

She sobbed at the feeling of loss, then crawled on her hand and knees. She rushed away as fast as she could, listening to the sickening crunch of the hound chewing on her arm. She knew it wasn't real, but it didn't matter. It felt like reality in that moment.

He came for her again a few minutes later. The thud of his weight cracking through the ice. His growls shook the air. Each one pushed fear and lust into an intensity that she never wanted to stop. Her imagination fueled her efforts to crawl up the side of a hill, her bloody arm slipping as she pushed her way past the illusionary pain. The trail she left behind was bright crimson, but she wasn't sure if it was real or not. All that mattered was the hunt.

Her pussy dripped with her anticipation. She ached to be filled. She wanted to be forced, pounded into the ground and ripped open. Her body craved him, but it was the hunt that made the submission sweeter.

Tamin's teeth clamped down on her back leg. The teeth dug into imaginary flesh and he pulled her back down the hill. She lost her balance and landed face-first in the snow. It tore at her face and breasts, scraping her senses and leaving her shivering with hunger. She clawed at the ground, leaving a trail of crimson and finger trails as the hound pulled her down to the valley.

Merrie tried to flip over, but he wouldn't let her. One thick paw slammed down on her back, pinning her to the ground. She flailed helplessly even as she was sending a strength spell through their connection. It burned brightly in her mind and she clamped her legs together as an orgasm shuddering through her body.

He grabbed her leg and pulled. There was a wet ripping noise that flooded her veins as he tore off her imaginary leg. A flash of crimson splattered against the snow. She still wasn't sure if it was real or not, but her pussy clamped at the idea of being cropped again.

She reached down with desperation, she had to masturbate. But, Tamin had other ideas. He grabbed her other leg and picked her up. With a grunt, he began to shake her.

Merrie's hair whipped back and forth as she was cracked like a whip. The spells that fueled his strength reminded her how helpless she was. She couldn't do anything besides cry out pitifully and reach

out blindly into the air. She was coming, coming hard and fast, and the world became dazzlingly white from the orgasms.

Tamin launched her into the air. She flew high over the hill before slamming into the snow. Flipping twice, she slid along the ground before coming to a halt underneath a wagon rolling over her.

Merrie saw the surprise on two farmers as she peeked under the edge. She panted with need as her illusionary blood spread out on the snow beneath her. She couldn't wait until Tamin caught her.

One of the farmers was female. "What—"

She barely got a word out before Tamin came rushing out of the darkness. He slammed into the wagon before crawling over it. Two wheels lifted off the ground from the impact. As he reached the top, the cloak spread out into two black wings and he jumped off the far side for her. The wagon crashed to the ground and the farmers screamed as they struggled to remain on the bench.

Merrie sent a pulse of fear into the horse pulling the wagon and the equine squealed out before charging forward. The wheels rushed past her and she was briefly blinded by the gray light of winter.

Tamin caught her one good foot and yanked her off the ground. Spinning around, he threw her further into the woods. But, his teeth didn't release her foot and there was a wet popping sensation as it tore from her leg.

She cried out in pleasure as she flew through the air and landed hard on the ground. She could feel the pulse of her imaginary injuries, the idea of bleeding out gave her a rush. Rolling to her belly, she crawled away from the road knowing that Tamin stalked her.

His icy body loomed over her, a pitch black silhouette. She felt the cold breath against her back and the drool that splattered on her shoulder.

Sobbing, she crawled forward as the tremors coursed through her. It was time for the kill and she felt the anticipation burning bright. The inferno inside her could melt the ice as his cock brushing against her buttocks. There was no way of pretending he was going to do anything other than rape her.

Tamin growled deeply, shaking the air. More drool splashed on Merrie's shoulder as he reached down with his jaw spreading wide.

She cringed, knowing it would hurt.

He hesitated with her thoughts.

(Bite!) She ordered, her thoughts burning with desperation and need.

He obeyed and clamped down on her shoulder, piercing flesh until his teeth scraped against bones. It hurt but it was a good pain. She arched her back in an effort to escape, knowing that she was bringing her soaked pussy in line with his hard cock.

Tamin's shaft speared into her. The wedged tip easily punched into her sex and slid deep. She felt her insides stretching around his thickness, from her nether lips straining as his knot pounded against her entrances to her inner walls straining to engulf his hardness.

She cried out and buried her face in the snow. She lifted her hips to give him more access to her willing, injured body.

He drew back and slammed it home again. His knot, as large as a full-grown man's fist, slammed against her labia. The pain and pleasure was intense and she was shoved deeper into the snow.

Merrie's eyes opened wide and she reached out with her one good illusionary arm. She strained for freedom, not wanting it but needing to continue her role as the helpless victim.

Tamin pulled back, his teeth grinding down on her shoulder. She was helpless underneath his crouched form, helpless to escape, helpless to avoid her fate. She tried to shift to the side, but the thick cock buried in her pussy kept her helplessly pinned in place.

She sobbed with need and shoved back.

Her furry lover clamped his forelegs over her arms, pinning them to the side. She was forced to balance on her knees, with the teeth holding her up. He drove into her, his cock angled up and deep into her pussy. It speared deep until the knot splayed her lips apart. She could feel his cock bulging her belly.

Liquid heat flowed through her veins as she clamped down. She was losing the illusionary spell but she didn't care. She was already caught.

With her pinned, Tamin pounded into her with the ferocity of a feral animal bent on breeding. His hips slammed into her buttocks

as his cock drove deep. The knot, already swollen, crushed her labia with every stroke until she felt her opening stretching around it. Each thrust drove it deeper and his cock rammed against the entrance of her womb with every blow.

It hurt, but it was also pleasure. His brutal thrusts re-opened scratches and cuts, but she didn't care. She begged for more, the whine of a bitch in heat and not prey trying to escape.

The spell faded and her illusion slipped away. Her flailing arm disappeared in curls of shadow and left behind the smooth end of her wrist. The other bled from the bite he gave her, but the gouge was only deep enough to make the blood real. She reached back and clutched at his head, holding him tight as he mounted her body.

(Knot me. Knot me like your bitch!)

He responded with harder blows. The knot punched her entrance, tearing it open. For a moment, she didn't think she could handle his girth or strength.

And then his knot was forced right at the cusp of entrance. She felt it painfully holding her open. As he withdrew, she clamped down and pushed it out. With the part of her mind, she prayed he wouldn't be gentle with his next thrust.

Tamin wasn't. He drew back completely out, leaving her pussy gaping from the girth that once impaled it. With a growl, he yanked her back as he drove home. His cock punched into her pussy, sliding along her juices, and the knot slammed into her. It tore through her, stretching her to the limit before her body finally accepted it. With a slurp, it slid deep inside her.

She was stuffed from one end of her sex to the other. His cock was hot against her cervix and his knot held it into place. Every centimeter of her sex was tightly stretched around his pulsating length.

He tried to yank it out, but her body refused to let it escape. She jerked back, but was halted when he ground down on his teeth. For a moment, he stretched her out between teeth and knot, before driving his hips deep into her again.

Tamin didn't slow. He continued to fuck her, pounding her cervix with every blow. His knot slid back and forth, slamming against her entrance before bulging out her belly. She would have been yanked back and forth, except he was holding her tightly with his teeth.

She couldn't escape nor did she want to. She cried out and clutched him tightly with both hands, balanced on her knees and held by cock and jaw.

His thoughts slammed into her mind, a primal need to breed her. He pictured her as a bitch in heat. His cock swelled inside her, stretching her to her limits. The knot grew inside her as it churned her pussy. Each thrust drove the thickness deep before drawing it back to her entrance. The heavy thud of his knot against her inner entrance brought a flash of pleasure coursing through her veins.

Merrie cried out as orgasm exploded inside her. She couldn't escape it anymore than being mounted by Tamin. Her entire body tensed up, clamping down on the massive cock dominating her sex. It was agony and pleasure, an intensity with a rawness of being tortured. The hoarse cry died out as the explosion burst out of her mind, radiating out with a rush.

It rippled out into the world and she held her breath as she waited for the submissives of the city to respond. Moments later, the wave of pleasure struck the city and it lit up with a thousand bright points and then a thousand more. More minds responded to her pleasure than ever before. The intensity of her orgasm had caught more than the submissives in the city, it spread out to almost every adult mind inside the gates.

And each of their orgasms sent back a ripple of pleasure back toward her.

She tensed as the first ripple struck her mind. They sparked against her senses and she came again. Her pussy squeezed down on her lover as she writhed in ecstasy and whimpered for more.

Tamin's cock exploded inside her, a rush of icy liquid that poured into her pussy. It filled her quickly but it kept coming. Soon, it sloshed as it bulged her belly and forced its way up past the barrier of her womb. The knot at her entrance sealed it inside her quivering body.

The sensation of being filled with ice and Shadow triggered another orgasm. It quickly burst out of her mind. Moments later, it slammed into the city and she felt almost the entire capital light up with orgasms as a hundred thousand people suddenly came. It didn't matter if they were submissive or not, in that moment, they had submitted to her pleasure and she felt their ecstasy as a storm.

Merrie whimpered as she felt the reflected pleasure of an entire capital city rushing back at her. It was too much to handle and it frightened her. The first ripples struck and she cried out as it pushed her into another orgasm and then another. The waves slammed into her and she reflected it back, sending a stronger orgasm across the city. She couldn't stop it, it was too much.

Tamin crouched over her, pulling his body tight to hers. His thoughts delved deep and she felt the protectiveness wrapping around her. (Give it to me,) he ordered.

Merrie closed her eyes tightly and opened up her mind. As the pleasure crashed into her, she fed it into her alpha. His body shuddered and his cock exploded inside her. It poured through her, scraping against her senses and pushing her into another orgasm, but Tamin accepted the inescapable pleasure. His cock continued to surge inside her, adding to the pressure as he kept coming.

She felt his mind begin to crack under the pleasure. It was too much for either one of them. With a gasp, she stopped channeling the energy into him, but then it quickly built up inside her. She whimpered as she realized she was about to explode with another orgasm that would consume the city. Desperate, she channeled the energy into a blind spell.

The forest around them froze as the shadows came plunging around them. It spread out in pitch blackness before the entire forest was ripped into the Shadows. At the same time, she transformed into a hound and back again.

In the darkness, the pleasure no longer assaulted her but it still burned darkly inside her. She gasped and slumped down, sobbing from the intensity. She was full, filled with cum and cock. Gulping, she giggled. (Kirin is going to kill me.)

Tamin panted against her. (... bitch.)

Merrie moaned. She burned with power, the very core of her submission throbbing with endless power. It filled every part of her and all she wanted to do was obey an entire city. She wanted to be everyone's bitch, everyone's alpha.

But, she couldn't. She had bonded to her master and she would never forget him. Sighing, she closed her eyes and started to transform again. This time, she swirled between two forms, taking on both hound and human forms and then switching until her body

blurred between the two. Her injuries, the ones the healer was hesitant to heal, were erased with each transformation. Even the scratches and cuts from their fantasy disappeared. She kept her pussy clamped around the cock, using it as an anchor to avoid losing her sense of self and submission.

Around her, the Shadows boiled and grew more intense. She reached out for it, finding comfort in the shifting world that was becoming her second home. Creatures appeared in the darkness, summoned by her power. She saw the rats and small creatures that patrolled the darkness. They gathered but even more came. The shadows of wolves, deer, and raccoons came to watch her with pitch black eyes.

Merrie let the energy bleed out of her. She used what she could to create more mental crystals of stored pleasure, but her mind couldn't keep more than half a dozen before they began to crack. She set the energy aside and continued to shape-shift.

As she did, a pool of liquid darkness spread out from her body. It poured along the roots of the trees and grasses. The slumbering plants withered and crumbled, the life being sucked out of them until there was nothing but a black circle of dead world around her.

More shadow creatures came, neither living nor dead. They sat on the edges of the black pool of her magic.

(There is a reaper.)

Merrie peered through the darkness to see a reaper, the giant cat with tentacles, standing over the crowds of creatures that watched in silence. It wasn't the same one as before, but the sight of such a fearsome creature skipped her heart.

The shadow creatures watched in silence. She felt like a queen in some silent court. A thousand eyes watching and waiting. There was no fear or hatred in their eyes, just blind obedience to her. They sat in the growing pool of darkness, untouched by the corroding effect of Shadows.

More creatures came from a distance. Every shadow of every creature that ever suffered or struggled outside of the city. The ancient imprints of creatures that died. Each one came silently to sit down around her, forming a growing circle of her dark court. She saw the cattle who lived their lives in sun and the birds that died in the darkness of the leaves. Humanoid figures joined in, the thieves

and farmers that toiled in the bright and died alone. Each one sat down as they waited for... something.

Merrie's heart pounded in her chest. She had summoned them with her power, but she didn't know why. She could feel a purpose, a need to draw them closer, but she couldn't do anything besides pull more to her. The liquid pleasure of endless orgasms dribbled out of her and she slumped to the ground. (Tamin, why?)

(They come.) Tamin wasn't speaking of the creatures but something far more terrifying.

There was a swirl of darkness and the Lord of Shadows appeared. A moment later, the second one crawled out of the darkness. Both Lords were utterly alien as they spread out across the gathered shadows in dark clouds of power and darkness.

The gathered creatures held still as they began to burn. Black smoke rose up from the animated shadows of a thousand creatures, rising into the air. The Lords of Shadows drank in the power, consuming it like they consumed Merrie's master.

She lifted her gaze up to them, watching with growing anticipation. She could feel it, the power beating in the air and the way the shadows faded around her. The Lords weren't coming for her, but the shadows around her. They were feeding on her power.

The silent court of darkness burned away in a cloud of darkness. The two Lords swirled into it, sucking in the smoke until they were black on black. The shadows of trees wilted and crumbled away, leaving nothing behind but ash.

And then the blackness faded. Where there were two Lords, there were now four. Four alien beings that she would never understand. Three shot out into the darkness, disappearing before her eyes could focus on their shifting forms.

The fourth Lord, the original, looked down at her for a long moment. She could feel the alien thoughts swirling in the black-on-black. Obsidian claws flexed and dug into the ground less than a hand-span away from her. It dragged back, leaving a deep rent that would never heal. (... GIRL...)

She shuddered at the single intense word that slammed into her. It was trying to speak to her, but only the single thought was understandable in the alien thoughts. The fact she understood both frightened and excited her.

And then the Lord faded away, leaving her a black burning of afterglow. She looked down at the rent in the ground. With a trembling limb, she reached out and touched it. It burned and she yanked back. She had gotten dangerously close to being killed like the others, turned into the food of the Lord.

Fear pooled in her gut, fighting with the afterglow of her orgasm.

Tamin's cock slipped out of her pussy. A flood of juices jetting out, the pressure of his orgasm no longer bound inside her body.

She moaned at the sensation of draining. Rolling over, she squelched through the cum and held out her arms. She felt raw and shaken to her core. (Hold me. Please? Just hold me.)

(Forever,) said the hound as he sank into her. He didn't mount her, but simply held her tight with his body as the tears and cum poured out. His cold body was comforting and she buried her face in his short dark fur.

Underneath the skin, she listened to his heart. It was a rapid-fire pounding that shook her. It took her a moment to realize it wasn't the heartbeat that used to run through his veins but something else. It felt like the slams of his cock from moments before. She never noticed that it didn't have the strange double-beat like most hearts but just a ferocious pounding of animal sex.

(That is what keeps my heart beating. It isn't blood that flows through my veins but Shadows. And the beat I hear is the same rhythm of a hound mounting a bitch.) He licked her shoulder where the shape-changing had completely healed her injuries. (It is the same beat that I felt the day you gave me thoughts and you bonded yourself. It is the connection that reminds me that I'm yours, until the end of my life.)

Merrie lifted her gaze and felt sadness filling her. She couldn't dare ask, but she knew that Tamin's thoughts weren't anything more than a promise. She was heading toward something that would put both of their lives at risk. And, when the time came, he was going to die for her.

She sobbed and buried her face in his chest. (I'm free though, aren't I? Rakin is in jail. And he won't get free, will he? There isn't anyone else. Bass won't come for me, I won't go back. Is the Lord...?)

Tamin rested his large head on her shoulder and curled around her. (I don't know. I can't know. All I know is that it doesn't matter if

it is days or years or decades. I will be by your side as long as I can. And, when the time comes, I will kill your enemies and protect your life with my own. I love you with all my heart. You're my Alpha, you are my love, you are my bitch. Forever and ever.)

Merrie sniffed and clutched tighter to him. (I'm scared, Tamin. What's going to happen to us?)

(I don't know.) He sighed. (I don't know.)

t'Sade

Consequences

73

It was coming up on evening when Merrie and Tamin walked down the icy path toward the inn. The ground was hard underneath her knees and the wind blew against her naked skin, but she didn't care. The afterglow burned darkly along the connection between her and her companion. She felt a sympathetic heat between her legs and enjoyed the slick feeling of her nether lips. She was sexually sated, at least for the moment.

But, no matter how much she basked in Tamin's love, the fear remained. Watching the Lords consuming the burning shadow creatures shook her to the core. The shadows weren't alive, not in the sense that she still had a heart beating in her chest, but she felt a kinship to them. They were like Tamin, crafted from shadows and living their lives among trees of darkness and fields of gray.

But, they just sat there as the Lords fed on them. Like cattle heading into the slaughter houses. It was her orgasm and power that summoned them together. She had brought them to be killed, even if she didn't know she was sending them to their second deaths. She was reminded of the blank-eyed stares of cattle as they were herded into the Meat Packing District, the stench of blood, and even the horrors that came from the constant kill. She had dealt with the horrors of slaughter for years, but she never had the same affinity to the cattle. The shadows were part of her now, and she had sent them to be slaughtered.

Merrie leaned into Tamin as the tears began to flow. She could picture herself too easily in the same place. Screaming as her body burned away into black smoke, feeling the claws of the Lords digging into her soul, and that final ripping sensation as she was

consumed. The Lords would feed on her soul and she had no doubt where there was four, there would be more.

(You aren't bound to the Shadows yet, Alpha. You are in no immediate danger from the Lords.)

Merrie looked up into his black eyes. They were endless pools, a shadow of the very being that would destroy her. And, for the briefest of moments, she realized Tamin knew something she didn't. (What?)

(The Shadows haven't claimed you yet, Alpha. Not completely. It tickles your thoughts and cools your body, but their claws aren't digging into your soul.)

She stopped in mid-step. (How do you know?)

(You bleed crimson, not black.) There was a sadness in his thoughts. Images welled up from her own memories: the stained ice underneath the spot of their lovemaking and the mattress after Rakin raped her.

(How do you...) She gulped. (Do you bleed black?)

Sadness rippled down the connection, a longing for something Tamin could never have again. (The Shadows flow through my veins, not blood.) The answer was as clear as if he said "yes".

She stopped crawling and stared at him. She knew that he wasn't alive anymore, but hearing the words in her head sunk her thoughts deeper. She wished, a small part of her at least, that she could delve into the despair and use that to fix everything. But, there was nothing she could do to save Tamin from his fate. He had died for her once and the Lord had brought him back to protect her.

Sniffing, Merrie wiped the tears from her face and pulled away from her dark thoughts. (I love you. You know that?)

(I love you, Alpha. With all my heart.)

She reached up and rubbed her cheek against his face. The cool sensation of his skin and short fur rasped against her skin. She smiled and kissed him on the nose and then the chin.

Without another thought, they continued down the path. Fluffy flakes of snow drifted down around them, caressing her skin before sliding off. They slowly dripped down her breasts and thighs, a small brand of her fading mortality.

But, the snow didn't melt off Tamin's short, black fur. By the time they reached their destination, snow dusted Tamin's head and back.

The inn was a large building right off the main road. It had a massive stable to one side and a kitchen large enough to feed an army. A wooden fence surrounded it and there were dozens of people standing in the door, drinking and chatting as they waited for the snow to fade or the drunken frivolity to begin.

Merrie reached out for them and scanned their thoughts but found nothing to worry about. There were some of her customers in the crowds, ones from the Meat Packing District and even one who spanked her over a banister a few weeks before Rakin. She smiled and her tail wagged faster with her rising hopes. Eolis always sent her to get fucked after meeting with him.

She found two guys lusting after one of the serving wenches and glaring at each other with jealousy. The woman in question had noticed both of them, but she was passing the hours of her shift by imagining both of them fucking each other. Merrie grinned and crafted a quick spell to push all three of them to meet up in the morning hours. Her smile grew as she felt it sinking into their minds. They were willing to do anything for her, they just didn't know how far they were willing to go.

Spreading out her senses, she scanned through the crowds looking for Eolis. When she didn't find him in the common room, she expanded it up and out until she caught the edge of Zeob's orgasm.

He was bent over a heavy wooden table in the private rooms on the second floor. He had his legs spread apart as far as he could, but he couldn't get around Eolis' wide hips or even reach the thick legs of the table. Fortunately for him, Eolis' burning hot cock was long enough and thick enough to impale his ass no matter what position the thriban shoved him into.

Eolis grunted and yanked his cock out. The table scraped against the floor as Zeob shivered against the empty filling in his ass. He wanted to feel every ridge as Eolis' length slid back inside him. The air tickled his soaked insides. Eolis' pre-cum easily lubricated his hole despite the girth that filled him. It was part of thriban nature, but Zeob didn't think he could describe the wet feeling to anyone. It was as close as he could ever imagine being female.

"Damn that bitch!" The thriban slammed his cock. The swollen head popped past Zeob's sphincter and forced its way up into his guts. Every

thick ridge rubbed against the tightly-stretched opening and Zeob had to bit down on his arm to avoid cry out loudly. They had to remain in secret, to keep their association with Merrie hidden.

Eolis pinned Zeob's hips to the table as he withdrew. The wet slurp filled the room and Zeob whimpered softly. He hated the empty feeling as his body grew accustomed to not having a thirty centimeter cock buried in his ass.

He lifted his hips, begging as silently as he could.

"I'm not going to stop, boy. That bitch's orgasm is still echoing in my head." He drove back into Zeob. The ridges dragged pleasurable along Zeob's tightly-stretched ring, filling him with the liquid heat of pleasure. The thrust ended with a powerful jerk that drove him into the top of the table and forced a gasp out of his lungs. It felt like Eolis' cock had driven clear to his lungs.

Merrie realized she was burning hot with need. She squirmed at the sensation, aware that her pussy had grown slick with the shared sensations. She loved being fucked by large men—

(And hounds,) added Tamin.

She smiled and shoved him with her hip. He didn't move and she bounced off his heavily muscled furry side. With a flash of power, she cast a strength spell on herself and slammed him to the side.

As Tamin flew across the yard, she dove into the crowds. People stepped aside without knowing why, the shade spell shoving them back as she crossed the length of the floor and crawled up the stairs.

Behind her, Tamin panted as he raced after her. His mind radiated amusement as he easily caught up with her and passed her. His black body disappeared in the Shadows and she dove into the darkness after him.

They came up from underneath the table of the private room. Their bodies made no noise as they stared up between the legs of the thriban. The gray balls swung back and forth, each one the size of a full-grown human's fist. Wet slurps echoed against the walls and thick strands of pre-cum poured down off Eolis' cock and thighs. It splattered against the wooden floor and quickly formed a puddle of slick liquid.

Merrie held her breath as she stared at the powerful thighs moving. Eolis pounded Zeob's ass with hard, ceaseless strokes. The younger man couldn't even keep his toes on the ground, though he

tried, and soon he was dangling over the edge of the table held up by nothing more than cock and fucking.

Tamin settled down on his chest and watched, his tail wagging. She could feel the lust burning in his thoughts as he pictured himself in Eolis' place, fucking Zeob's ass until the young man screamed in ecstasy.

She wasn't far away, but she was picturing herself in Zeob's place. She wanted to feel the cock driving deep. Being able to watch his long, deep thrusts added to her heat.

Responding to her need, Tamin picked himself up and crawled over her. His paws rested on either side of her breasts as his back legs caressed her hips. Merrie lifted her ass up to his cock, knowing exactly where it would be.

Tamin slid into her rectum with a slick slurp inaudible through the splashing of Eolis' fucking. The heat and pressure brought a moan and she closed her eyes. Draping the idea of being Zeob and pretending it was Eolis mounting her, she shoved back.

The hound thrust hard, burying his length, and then pulled back. He gave a few more strokes and then accelerated until Tamin and Eolis were in perfect sync. When the thriban thrust deep, so did Tamin. The ridges scraped against her sphincter and his knot slammed against her. She pushed back, gasping with need.

They fucked in silence, moving in time with Eolis and Zeob. They were the two lover's shadow and it pushed Merrie into an orgasm. She bit down on her lip as she came, struggling to keep it inside her own head. It blossomed and spread out, pushing her into another orgasm and another.

Above her, Zeob let out a cry as he came. His cock splattered cum against the side of the table. His length was small compared to the two other males, but Eolis didn't care and Merrie didn't either. She watched the bright white cum splattering down and mixing in with the clear pre-cum.

Eolis and Tamin began to thrust powerfully with hard, erratic strokes. It shook both of their lover's bodies with the cruelty of a coming orgasm. Tamin's claws scraped against Merrie's shoulders as the hound moved with perfect synchronization; Merrie's telepathy bound him into mimicking every movement.

They both came at the same time, two hard thrusts before exploding. Merrie gaped silently as she squeezed around the cock, feeling the swollen length pulsating deep inside her ass. She held it as tight as she could, shivering with the endless orgasms that ravaged her senses.

Eolis groaned as he pulled out. A few wet splatters of cum poured out from Zeob's gaping ass as the thriban staggered back. "That bitch needs to keep her orgasms in her own fucking head."

Zeob moaned and slipped off the table. He hit the puddle with a splash. For the briefest moment, there was a look of bliss on his face.

And then his eyes focused on her. He whimpered and then gasped, he staggered back. "Eolis!"

Eolis rushed forward, standing between Zeob and the table. He grabbed the edge and flipped it up. Merrie could feel the protective nature rising up from the thriban.

Tamin stood up, his cock bumping against Merrie's ass with a wet smack.

Eolis stared down for a moment and then a glare crossed his face. He pointed to the ground. "Sit!"

Merrie was already moving, responding to the command. She sat down as a flood of cum poured out of her ass. It dribbled down her buttocks before splashing on the ground. She giggled and relaxed, letting more of it pour out of her.

The thriban shook his head. "You were a bad girl."

She almost came. Her tail wagged twice before she draped it down, swirling it through the cum.

"You came, didn't you?"

She barked sheepishly, not ashamed but knowing she was about to get in trouble.

"How did you make me come? You can't affect dominate personalities."

Merrie thought about it for a moment. Years ago, she could only affect bitches. And then it was all submissives in the city. After the brutal rape with Rakin, she realized that even the most skilled dominate would eventually submit given enough time. Everyone had the streak of lust in them, the desire to submit. For those like Eolis, it was hidden, but she could feel it even in the thriban. (Everyone is submissive... at some point.)

All the color left Eolis' face. "Did I just hear what I thought I heard?" (She's getting more powerful every time.)

(Yes.)

(She can't know about—) Eolis' shields slammed down as he withdrew his thoughts. He grunted and looked away. "You were fucking just now, weren't you?"

Merrie brought her wrists up to her throat and barked.

Eolis chuckled and wiped his face. He grabbed a chair and sat down heavily on it, his dripping cock resting along his thigh. "You got me horny again, you know that?"

Another bark.

"You used to radiate orgasms at the fair. Does that mean you did the same an hour ago?"

She barked.

"How far?"

Merrie tried to project, but his shields were blocking her thoughts. She considered breaking into them, but something stopped her. He was tense with concern and he was preparing to fight her intrusion. She could see the fear in his eyes. Pulling back, she glanced over to Zeob who was mopping up the spilled lager with Tamin licking the floor clean.

Zeob jerked as she sent a thought across his mind. "S-She says the city."

Eolis peeked over at his lover and then to Merrie. She saw the threat in his eyes, he was worried about Zeob. "How far into the city?"

She sent a picture of what she saw.

Zeob stood up and tossed the rag. "I-I think the whole city. I saw even the royal palace lighting up."

Eolis moaned. "Damn, that's going to be hard to explain. You know, people don't like orgasms for no reason."

Merrie blushed.

"And, most people like a little foreplay before they spurt in their pants. So, keep it in your head. That's an order."

She shivered at the command. Enjoying the pleasure, she sent a thought through Zeob.

"She can't promise that, but she says she's gotten better."

"I know, I've heard the rumors." There was a pause as Eolis' eyes flashed. "I heard Rakin was arrested."

Merrie tensed and let out her breath. She barked.

Zeob padded up to Eolis with a wash cloth. Without saying anything, he knelt down between the thriban's legs. Merrie expected him to take it in his mouth, but Zeob surprised her by starting to gently clean Eolis' length with the cloth. He was soft and tender, worshipping it with delicate fingers.

Jealousy rose up. Merrie couldn't do that, not with her missing hands. She watched sadly as the young man caressed each ball before wiping the hairs clean of the sheet of sweat and sex.

"Rumor has it that he kidnapped and tortured one of the Whore's Guild members. And attacked five other members of the guild in a battle that set the Meat Packing District on fire."

It was only a small fire, mostly from Scorch, but it was contained. The apartment and cafe were destroyed, but not from fire magic. Rakin's teleporation had torn out the supports on the building and it collapsed from being gutted.

She nodded.

"Was it you?"

Merrie didn't want to answer. She didn't take pride in the broken man that almost bled to death on the floor. Even when the guards were taking him away, the dead look in Rakin's eyes haunted her. She sighed and looked away.

"Don't answer. I'm glad you're safe."

Merrie nodded as the tears burned in her eyes. She felt like a monster, just like Rakin, for destroying the shadow creatures. She didn't try to stop them, but being reminded of what she did to the man brought sadness welling up in her thoughts.

(You won because you are the Alpha,) Tamin's thoughts interrupted her own falling mood.

(But, I'm an Alpha. I should have been submissive.)

(You are the Alpha, you are in charge. You are the master of me and nothing will ever break you.)

She smiled and sent a wave of love across the connection.

Eolis stroked Zeob's face. "Good boy," he whispered.

Zeob beamed and kissed the tip of the glistening shaft.

“Now, get dressed and send down that order. I’m sure,” Eolis’ gaze drifted to Tamin’s slick cock, “the hound and I would like some meat. Fucking is hard work.”

Tamin sat up and let his tongue hang out of the side of his jaw. He barked once and wagged his tail.

Eolis chuckled and helped Zeob up. With a grin, he smacked Zeob’s ass. “Go on.”

As soon as Zeob left the room, Eolis turned to Merrie. He worried his jaw for a moment before speaking in a low voice. “Next winter, I’m having some... friends over. I expect you to spend the week with them, okay? It will be a rough week, but I will make it worth your while.”

Merrie tensed up. He was hiding something from her. She could see it in his eyes. Reaching out, she pushed her mind toward his but encountered his shields. She barked in agreement as she began to explore it, trying to find a crack to pierce it.

He wasn’t protected by his normal shields. Eolis’ mind was tough, like leather, but the shields that draped over his mind were crystalline and smooth, like a sphere that would be almost impossible to crack. She tried with a sharp thrust, but it slid off the mental protections.

“I brought another thirty thousand marks. It is in my bag over there.” He gestured to a bag in the corner.

Merrie sent her cloak to recover the money. It flowed across the floor before engulfing the bag. She could feel it plucking through the contents, removing a diamond ring and some cash before grabbing the envelope. She forced it to leave the ring behind before summoning it back.

Eolis shuddered. “That’s scary every time I see that.”

Merrie cocked her head and grinned.

“I’m really glad to see you survived Rakin. Though, you don’t look like you were tortured.”

Merrie gestured to the scratches Tamin left on her. She shifted into hound form and back again, erasing any signs that she was just mounted by her hound.

“You learned Dixie’s trick, didn’t you? That boy could recover from being disemboweled if he could change shape.”

She barked and wagged her tail.

There was a knock and Zeob slipped in. "S-Sorry, but there's a problem."

Eolis turned. "A problem?"

"There are a bunch of armed men in the yard. It looks like a mob of some sort."

Growling, Eolis stood up. "That could be a problem. Do you know what they are doing?"

"Looking for a woman who was attacked in the woods. She was being chased by a black wolf or something. The guy in charge things she was really hurt and some farmers said there was blood everywhere."

As Eolis slowly turned toward Merrie, she blushed hotly. With a whimper, she gave him a sheepish grin and drooped her ears.

"You?"

She barked quietly and drooped her ears and tail, giving him her best sheepish look.

Eolis slumped his shoulders and shook his head. "Bad girl."

Merrie shivered at the words.

He turned to his lover. "Think we can sneak out? I can't be seen here, not while I'm still a tax collector."

"I'm not sure, maybe. The guy in charge is really, really good at organizing people. They look like they are ready to go. But the waitress said that he only showed up ten minutes ago."

She perked up at the description. Reaching out, she delved through Zeob's memories.

The man stood at the entrance of the inn. He had broad shoulders but the large scythe caught Zeob's attention. It looked dangerous and violent.

Merrie shivered. She knew the man. It was Gillette.

Gillette held out his hands as he pleaded to the crowds. "Look, I'm only looking for some volunteers. For two, maybe three hours. I have fifty men already combing the woods, but there is a woman out there who is injured and probably dying. We have to do something."

She knew that men would join in. She saw it a hundred times as the hunter convinced even injured people to join in his fight against the Shadows. And now, he was trying to rescue her without realizing it was nothing more than play.

Merrie got on her knees and then her wrists.

"Where are you going?" asked Eolis.

She gestured down toward the common room and then stepped into the Shadows. It only took her a heartbeat before she was in the yard of the inn. Around her, there were twenty men and women strapping on weapons and getting ready to go out into the night. She took the afterglow of her orgasm and cast a domination spell, freezing each of them in their place.

In silence, she crossed the yard to Gillette who was the only one still moving. He finished strapping on his gloves and turned around. "Okay, ready to..." His voice trailed off as he looked across the still yard.

Merrie stopped in front of him and got on her knees. Her cloak wrapped around her body, the hole sliding to her belly right above her sex. She brought her wrists up to her throat and held it there. She released the shade spell and drew his attention to her.

Gillette's eyes lowered to her. When his eyes caught hers, he jerked. "Gods!" Gasping, he thumped his chest as if to remind it how to beat. After a few moments of deep breathes, he chuckled weakly. "You surprised me."

She wagged her tail.

"If you're here, I assume that the black wolf was a creature of the Shadows? Are you still defeating them?"

He stood in the empty door of his home. It had been months since he saw the living room of the house he grew up in. He took a long, deep breath to drink in the familiar smells of home. There was a pang of loneliness, a reminder that he was terribly alone. When he exhaled, he closed his eyes in despair. It wasn't home anymore. After months of purging the Shadowed District of evil, he didn't belong there. He sighed and dropped his bags inside the door. With a shrug, the giant scythe tapped as it leaned against the wall. One night, he promised, and then he would return to Franome City. There had to be Shadows to destroy somewhere. He found his calling.

Merrie nodded and drooped her ears. She projected with regret, (It was me and my hound. But, we're okay.)

Gillette glanced up at the still crowd. Snow drifted down around him, landing on the scythe and melting. The droplets of water ran down the blade before gathering on the tip. "Some farmers saw you and they thought you were in danger. There are over fifty men looking for you already."

(I'm sorry.)

He pulled out a black pendant. It sparkled for a moment and then lifted in the air. Instead of dangling, it lifted up until it was pointing straight at her. "There was a burst of Shadow magic a while later. I thought something was coming through."

(Destroyed.) She didn't tell him what destroyed them.

Gillette tugged on the pendant. It continued to pull toward her. "You're a creature of Shadows too, aren't you?"

She thought about Tamin's words. (Almost.)

"Why are you killing them then? You don't act evil."

She sighed to herself and rubbed the snow from her face. (Not all Shadows are evil. Some are... I made mistakes. My master was killed and I was alone. It brought... I brought myself to a dark place.)

"The Shadowed District?"

She sent a wave of sad acknowledgment.

Gillette seemed to notice the pendant again. He shoved it into his pocket. "But, you helped purge it. We all make mistakes, some more than others, but it's what you do to pay for them that makes you a man... woman."

His words slashed deep. She lowered her head and felt ashamed. It wasn't playful or teasing like being called a "bad girl" but the reminder that so many people were hurt by her actions.

"Are these people safe?"

(Yes. I'm holding them still so we can talk.)

"I need to call off the search. It's going to hit my reputation pretty badly, being this is my first job as a professional hunter. So, release them and be gentle?"

She barked. (These people won't remember.)

"You can do that?"

She smiled and barked again.

Gillette shook his head. "What does that mean? The barking."

(It means, 'Yes,') she said with a soft smile. She released her spell, erasing the memories of the last few minutes from their thoughts.

The crowds returned to their drinks and chatting as if nothing had changed. Casually, they slipped out of their armor and travel outfits. They set down their weapons to be forgotten until they left.

Gillette stepped closer to her, kneeling down until he was almost at her level. "Thank you. I'll call off the search for the people in the woods, but you owe me one."

Merrie cocked her head.

“A creature of the Shadow or not, I saw you destroy the Reaper that night. If you are willing to push back the darkness, I would be a fool not to ask for a favor.” He grinned sheepishly, “I’m kind of new to this and I’d love to have a heavy hitter when I bite off more than I can swallow. What do you say?” He smiled, “Willing to help me in a pinch?”

Merrie thought for a moment. He helped erase her biggest mistake. She barked and wagged her tail.

Gillette reached out for her head. He hesitated, centimeters above her ears.

She reached up so his palm rested on her head.

“Thank you...”

(Call me Shades.)

“Thank you, Shades. I won’t ever forget this.”

t'Sade

Trial of the Century

74

Merrie slipped out of the Shadows and landed on the carpeted floor of the balcony. The deep pile cradled her knees like a blanket. It was soft and smelled of incense and dust. Around her, the heavily carved rails and walls created a sense of tension in the air, a stillness that would have driven her to silence even if she could talk.

It was dark on the balcony and everything had a thin sheen of dust over it. She could see through the shadows easily and looked around curiously. The balcony was large enough for six people to sit, but there was only two chairs. Both were large and well-padded, with heavily carved arms and legs depicting the World Tree and the royal seals. On both sides of each chair were matching end tables, covered in a few leather-bound books that showed no signs of being touched for months, if not years.

Merrie didn't know the place and she had no memory of it from her master's memory. Very few thieves ever made it to the Royal Courts and those who did were usually down on the main floor, with the judges passing sentence on them.

She crawled over the railing and peered down. The court hall was a large room arranged like a music hall. Five banks of a hundred chairs were spread out in a hemisphere with everyone looking at a stone platform in the center. In front of the platform was a large stone table wide enough for five judges to preside over court cases. The table glowed with protective magic and there was no subtlety in the runes that decorated it. It was a reminder that judges were untouchable, by magic or sword or psychics.

For minor crimes, which rarely made it to the Royal Court, only one judge would be sitting behind the table. For rulings that

impacted the entire country or crimes against royalty, there would be five. For Rakin, three chairs were set out but no one sat in them.

About a third of the chairs surrounding the platform were filled. People sat reading books or working on notes. A few chatted among themselves with casual boredom. All of them were waiting patiently for the trial of the century: Rakin's. He was scheduled to appear in an hour, but those waiting wanted good seat to watch him weasel out of his crimes.

On the far side of the hall, Merrie spotted Kirin standing in a long jacket that was only buttoned enough to shield her cock from public view. Nir and Scorch sat behind her, lost in each other's eyes. Elf, Pristine, and Monk milled around, talking quietly to themselves.

Elf was wearing more clothes than Merrie had ever seen before, but the colors on the shirt and trousers were almost blinding. They looked like a thousand butterflies sewn together. And he still wore his wings.

Pristine wore a floor-length, sheath dress that she used for the days when she was an escort. It was a trifle fancy for court, but it looked good on her. It also had a slit up the side clear to her breasts that would let it be pulled open to expose as much as her customer wanted. The only thing that shielded her from indecency was a single black thread at her hips. Every time she moved, she gave tantalizing glimpses of her bare thigh and the curve of her bare sex.

The only one who dressed normally was Monk. The mage remained in his red robes and matching cloth over his eyes. He never changed, as far as Merrie could tell, but she didn't spend much time to know if he has a thousand identical outfits or somehow kept it clean in other ways.

Kirin ordered Merrie to remain out of sight and silent for the trial. After she was rescued, a court recorder illustrated the damage done to her. Two seers observed the process to certify it. But, the lawyers and Kirin both felt that Merrie's cropping would confuse the public, but not the judges. So, the illustrations of her bloody, beaten body would remain under seal and only seen by the judges to make their final decisions. And the perverts who managed to get into the sealed records.

Merrie was comfortable missing her hands and feet, but the others were afraid that she could come off as begging to be beaten

and tortured. She didn't understand how the two were related, just because she was a whore and missing her hands didn't automatically mean she wanted to be raped and tortured. Though, in her case, the real problem was that the line between rape and consent blurred more than almost any living being in the city.

She blushed. The submissive part of her still craved Rakin's brutality or Tamin's ferocity. But, she was content to remain hidden. The shadows were her home and her name a secret. She crawled into the corner of the balcony and the railing and let the shade drape over her. She needed to watch, there was no way Kirin could stop her, but she could do it from an abandoned balcony above the trial.

As if sensing Merrie was thinking about her, Kirin suddenly looked around. Slowly, her gaze lifted as she scanned the balconies that surrounded the great hall. A moment later, her eyes slid past Merrie before she turned around. A moment later, she shrugged and returned her attention to Elf and Pristine. Sipping her glass, she stepped over and joined in the conversation.

"Natalie!"

Merrie looked up as a man and woman came rushing down the aisle toward Nir. She had seen them before, they were in Nir's nightmares since the day she ran away from home. Her mother, Dulcia, was in the lead, arms held out widely as if she was a loving mother desperately missing her girl.

Nir screamed out into her pillow as her mother held her shoulders down. The woman's hands were twisted around Nir's nightgown, tightening it around her neck as she struggled to keep her down. "Come on, baby," slurred her mother, "just let your daddy show you a good time. He's going to make you a real woman. And then we can all be a happy family." The stench of alcohol was thick on her mother's breath and it burned the back of Nir's throat.

She tried to kick out as her father grabbed her ankles and forced them apart. Her tears were ignored as he crawled up between them, his cock already dripping with excitement.

Merrie could feel the real reason behind Dulcia's desire to reconnect to her daughter. Dulcia had seen Nir as a nuisance and an embarrassment. She didn't miss Nir since she ran away and was thankful that she didn't have to care for the young girl. Even on the

days she saw Nir huddling in the cold, coughing violently, she just smiled and continued shopping.

But, when Rakin's attack became news and the gossip burned across in the city, Natalie's name came up. Suddenly, the daughter that she couldn't wait to get rid of was famous. And Dulcia saw the opportunity to get her fifteen minutes of fame. She was already planning her tear-filled, dramatic speeches against the evil of the fallen count.

Merrie felt sick to her stomach. At least Rakin had just beaten and raped her. He was forward and honest with his desires. Dulcia, on the other hand, wanted to use her daughter for her own desires, just like letting her husband rape her daughter to rekindle their relationship.

"Oh, my baby girl! My poor baby girl!" Dulcia held out her hand as she rushed around the last few chairs. Her somber dress fluttered behind her and her heels clicked on the floor.

Nir saw her mother and cringed. With a whimper, she clutched Scorch's arm and ducked behind him. The fear radiating out from her mind sickened Merrie even more.

Gathering up her energy, Merrie started to craft a domination spell to get rid of the detestable woman.

Kirin looked up sharply at her, staring directly into Merrie's eyes. There was no question that the guild mistress could see Merrie despite the shade protecting her. Kirin shook her head once.

Merrie let the spell go, her heart thumping. She didn't think anyone could see her. But, the guild mistress surprised her more than a few times.

Kirin held up her glass of wine and winked. As Dulcia came rushing up, she stepped to the side to block the woman's path.

Dulcia skidded to a halt. She stood there for a moment, tapping her feet. When Kirin didn't respond, she tapped the taller woman on the shoulder. "Get out of my way, my daughter needs me."

Kirin turned to Dulcia, a glare burning in her golden eyes. Magic rose up from her body, an invisible wall of Presence. It surrounded the three guild members standing between Dulcia and her cowering daughter. "Excuse me? Your daughter?"

"Yes, my daughter." Dulcia pointed accusingly at Nir.

With a whimper, Nir jerked back behind Scorch. Her fingers dug into his arm as she shook her head. “No, no,” she whimpered, “don’t make me go with her.”

Scorch patted her thigh comfortingly. Then, when that didn’t work, he slid his hand up her thigh until she tensed. He pulled back and shifted his body so Nir could only see Dulcia over his shoulder through the haze of heat rising from his body.

Nir clutched to him tightly, her fingers white, and hid behind his body. The tears continued to roll down, splashing on his chest.

A pair of butterflies fluttered across the great hall to land on Elf’s head.

Kirin’s face showed no expression as she glanced over at Nir and then back to Dulcia. “You mean Nir?”

“Her name,” spat Dulcia, “is Natalie! Not that name you whores gave her!” Her voice rose up above the din and people looked up with confusion.

Nir’s father looked around nervously. He was an older man with a sagging gut but a thick head of hair. Merrie had seen him a thousand time in Nir’s nightmares, always looming over the girl as he forced her legs apart or her down to her knees.

Merrie pulled her lip back in a snarl. She wanted to do something after spending so many nights holding the young girl as she sobbed. But, Kirin glanced up at her before returning her attention to the offended woman in front of her.

“You mean,” she said in a low voice, “the girl you raped?”

Dulcia blanched. “I did no such thing!”

Kirin swirled the ever-present glass of wine. “Really?” The corner of her lip rose up. She gestured to the stone platform. As she did, her coat opened up to reveal her nearly naked body hidden underneath. “Willing to prove it?”

“W-What do you mean?” The anger faltered for just a moment, a brief flash of honest in Dulcia’s face.

“There’s a truth spell up on that platform. One lie and it lights up. So, just walk up there and repeat what you just said. Tell everyone that you didn’t hold her down on the bed as your husband raped her.”

Dulcia glared at Kirin, her face growing purple with anger.

“You make that announcement,” Kirin’s voice was low but her anger was evident even to Merrie, “in a whisper if you want, and you can have your little girl back.”

“I-I will do no—”

Kirin leaned forward. Merrie had to reach out with her senses, listening through Elf’s ears to hear the whisper. “You don’t deserve a wonderful daughter like Natalie. She is sweet and wonderful—”

“I know, she’s my daught—”

“She’s in the Guild now. If you come for her, Dulcia Mirson, you better come with lawyers and guards. I don’t take ultimatums and I don’t do threats. If you come for her, you better bring everything you have, from magic to the gods above. Because,” she paused as Elf and Pristine shifted to stand behind her, “I won’t hold back to defend my guild from people like you.”

“Y-You... bitch...”

“And I promise you this: there will be blood and violence. And then I will drag your beaten body up to that platform and make you tell the whole world what you and that pathetic man did. And you won’t be whispering when I do it.”

Nir’s father stepped back, his face pale. He shook his head before spinning on his heels and stumbling toward the door.

Kirin continued, her voice almost a hissing growl, “And that little moment of fame you want? That will come as you are chained to the wagon before being sent to Abbinkey.”

Dulcia’s slap cracked the air. She held her arm up and a tremor coursed along her body.

Kirin didn’t even flinch with the red mark on her cheek. With a smile, she rested her fingertips on her cheek. “Honey, you’re going to have to hit a lot harder if you want to get a rise out of me. I’ve fucked a demon horse on a bet.”

“You bitch!” Dulcia reared back to strike again.

There was an explosion of air next to Kirin and Dulcia. The impact of it knocked over chairs and kicked up a cloud of dust. It raced along the hall. As the shock wave hit the pedestal, a shimmering wall of force speared up in a column of light. Almost instantly later, another shield appeared in front of the judge’s table to protect the judges from the blast.

Merrie stood up, a spell rising in her mind in concern. From the shadows, Tamin stirred and stalked over in preparation to attack from the darkness.

When the dust cleared, there was a figure in full plate armor holding Dulcia's wrist with one gauntlet and a large-bladed spear in the other. The armor was steel etched to look like bark and colored dark green. Instead of the classic visor, it was a solid crystal plate with etching that resembled veins of a leaf. The armor had been shaped for a woman, with two rounded breasts and slightly wider hips.

Engraved on the chest was the symbol of Franome and on the forehead was the symbol of the Royal Army, the elite guards of the country and the most powerful combat mages known across the continent. Energy crackled along the armor and the power flickered in the green surface of her armor.

"Loyal Alestri says stop," said the warrior with a crystalline voice. It carried out over the din, instantly silencing the room. Merrie felt waves of Presence radiating from the fighter, an inescapable demand to pay attention to her command. She shivered as she felt the lure of power drawing her. She wanted to obey the woman, even knowing it was a mind control spell that forced her.

Merrie had never seen a Loyal, one of the highest ranks of knights in the country. At the bottom ranks were the Trusts and Vigilant, like Fang and Tai. They numbered in the thousands, but the Loyals in the country could be counted with one hand.

Dulcia yanked at her hand, trying to pull it out from the green steel. "That woman stole my daughter!"

Kirin pointed to the platform. "Go on, get up there. Just one little phrase and you can have her back." Unlike Dulcia, she kept her voice low. "I'm not stopping you, Dulcia."

"I want her arrested!" screamed Dulcia as she yanked her hand back. "I'm demanding full charges for kidnapping and abuse!"

Behind Merrie, the door to the balcony creaked open. She tore her attention away from screaming and tightened the shade over her. Pressing her body against the wall, she looked over her shoulder.

"Why does all the royal places smell nasty?" muttered a younger man as he pushed open the door. "Has anyone cleaned this place?"

He was in his mid-twenties, with a closely-cropped beard and bright blue eyes. He was dressed in a simple outfit of a embroidered button-down shirt and trousers. He was also wrapped in a field of Presence, but it felt different than anything Merrie had ever seen before. It didn't feel like magic but just a raw, almost physical, sense of leadership and entitlement.

"You'll get used to it, sire," said a bored-sounded older man. The second man was dressed in a black suit just one step from being made of pure Shadow. His shoes shimmered even in the dim light and he had a black tie neatly pressed against the line of buttons. He reached out for the door and took the handle; Merrie noticed he wore black kidskin gloves.

She recognized the younger man. It was one of the princes of Franome, Claston Pador. He was third in line for the throne behind his two sisters, Dinneia and Pitia.

Her master and Rimmy were standing at the Claston's party along the wall where the candles left a flickering pool of shadows. Both watched the prince as he strolled through the crowds, flanked by two warriors in green plate armor.

Rimmy giggled and took a swig of her drink. "So, what did you steal?" Her voice was a bit slurred from too much alcohol.

"I got this," her master said as he brandished a bottle of wine. "Let's see, it's a... Yurik Gold 778. That's expensive right?"

Rimmy's eyes narrowed and then she was holding it. "Damn, that's impressive. On the market, it's about three or four thou."

He grinned. "Beat that, bitch." But his smile faded when Rimmy smiled broadly back.

"Really? Are you sure?" Rimmy licked her lips.

"What you'd steal? Come on."

"You're going to buy me something nice, right?"

He rolled his eyes. "Yes, if you win. And you're going to blow me when I beat you. But, come on. Show me."

With a flourish, Rimmy tossed him a piece of cloth. He caught it and looked at it, frowning for a moment as he tried to identify it. Flipping it cover, he caught the sewn flap on one side. "It... it's underwear."

"The prince's."

His hand shook for a moment. "How did you steal someone's underwear? That's not possible." He glanced over at the prince, watching carefully.

Claston continued to stroll across the room, raising his glass and watching the people swirl around him in their elegant suits and dresses. But, between one step and the other, he discretely adjusted his crotch and lifted his leg. He frowned and groped his crotch again, then looked up with a blush.

Rimmy stepped closer. "I want something expensive and dark. Something I can take into the Shadows with us," she kissed his ear, "Kine."

He shivered at his real name. She almost never used it, in fear someone was listened. Someone was always listening. His cock grew hard with his thoughts and the intimacy of her voice. "The..." He swallowed to continue talking, "The only thing that will go with us is shadow stone."

But, she had already faded into the darkness.

"If we never use this thing, why do we keep it?"

The older man closed the door behind him. "Tradition," came the bored response. "We are also here because the Royal Family is the balance on the opposite side of the courts. Where they must follow the laws by the letter, the crown is the force that provides change when the letter no longer fits the crime."

"Boz," Claston said, "there were a lot of words in there and I didn't hear an answer I understood." He stretched and Merrie noticed that while he wasn't heavily muscled, the prince was lean and graceful. He had scars on his hands from fencing and she could sense protective magic coursing through his body. His shields, when she probed, was like hitting a brick wall.

"If you feel that Mard Rakin's punishment is too weak or too extreme, you have the right to change it as you see fit."

Claston stopped for a long moment, and then leaned against the carved wall. "Seriously? Doesn't that mean I can pardon anyone? Or have him executed?"

"Yes, sire. That is your right."

"Then why do we have the law?"

"For when royalty doesn't intervene."

He shook his head. "Why am I here then? Why isn't mum? I'm not even close to getting the crown. I can't handle this."

"The Crowned Queen is currently occupied with more pressing matters."

“You mean she’s being eaten out by that army of servants that wear less clothes than my sisters. All those rug munchers in one room.”

Boz paused delicately. “It would not do to be so crude in public.”

Claston snorted and gestured to the empty balcony. “Public? No one is listening.”

“Given your new duties,” Boz pressed the door as if to make sure it was shut, “I highly recommend that you learn that your perceptions are not truth. There are always spies in the dark just as there are assassins around corners.”

Merrie squirmed for a moment. The Shadows were always listening.

The prince snorted again. “You make it sound like I’m important, Boz. I’m not. I have two, very competent, sisters who will take the crown long before me. I’m just the little brother.”

“Even the smallest nail can save the war.”

Claston moaned as he circled around one of the carved chairs. He sank down on it. “That’s Geot, isn’t it?”

“Very good, sire. You weren’t sleeping during that lesson.”

Waving the dust from the air in front of his face, Claston thumped the cushion. Another cloud of dust rose up. “Maybe we should have them clean this place again.”

“I will have it ordered, sire. But it will have to happen after Rakin’s trial. Otherwise it would be... rude.”

Claston leaned back, lifting his body enough to look over the back of the chair. “Then, grab me some wine? If I’m going to listen to Rakin’s trial, I might as well be hammered.”

Merrie smirked.

“The bulk of the investigations are over. This will be less than an hour.”

“Make it two bottles. Something strong.”

Boz bowed. “Very well, sire. Be safe.” He turned and opened the door.

“Boz?”

The suited man stopped. “Yes, sire?”

“I don’t have to say anything, right? Rakin can’t ask me to, can he?”

Boz inclined his head as he stroked the side of the door. "It is his right to ask."

"What do I say?" Claston sounded frightened for a moment, "I've never done this. Mum never showed me. What if I screw up?"

"You'll do fine. Just trust yourself, sire. There is a noble prince in there... somewhere." Boz closed the door behind him.

Claston got up and thumped into the other cushion, coughing from the cloud of dust. "... there's a noble prince in me. Yeah, shut the fuck up." He sighed and glanced around the room. "There's no one here, Boz."

Merrie smirked as a thrill of watching rose up inside her. He couldn't see her and the rush left tingles coursing along her skin. She pressed her thighs together, feeling the heated moisture rising up from the sense of power. Her master did the same thing as he was growing up, stroking his cock as he watched the world passing by the shadows. Thousands of people unaware they were being watched.

She turned to peer back out the balcony. On the floor, Dulcia and the armored knight were not visible. The guild members were gathered around Nir, who sat on a chair with a pale face and tears streaming down her face. She was bent over her legs, holding her face. Her shoulders shook with her sobbing.

Scorch sat next to her, trying to hold her but he had a stricken look on his face. Merrie let her senses drift across his, not surprised by the rage and anger that boiled beneath his thoughts. He loved Nir with all his heart, but he couldn't say the words. And he hated that he couldn't stop her tears.

"Scorchy-poo, trust me." Elf sat on the edge of Scorch's bed, his weight sinking the corner down as the large man batted playfully at the butterflies around him. His eyes were unfocused from the afterglow of submission and his hairy ass was red. "Just do it."

Scorch groaned and rubbed his eyes. He glanced over to the clock and then back to Elf. "It's two in the morning, Elf. Why is this important?"

Elf smiled and held up his fingers. A butterfly landed on it and began to glow red, casting the small room with a hellish glow. "Because she loves you. And, if you bothered to listen to your heart, you'd know it too."

As the words sunk in, Scorch felt very uncomfortable. "I don't know what you're talking about."

The larger man's eyes twinkled as he smiled at Scorch. "Yes, you do."
Scorch said nothing.

"Get her a ring and just ask. She won't say no. All of us know it, but that sweet girl needs you to ask."

"Can't you or Barrel just find me a good one? You're both good at the jewelry thing."

Elf stood up. A few butterflies flew off his shoulders and head and out the door. "It wouldn't mean as much if I did. Put your heart into it, Scorchy, and she'll set you on fire." He patted Scorch on the thigh and gave him a strong squeeze. "Just remember that and you'll be fine."

At the door, Elf stopped. "She does like rubies though."

"I thought she liked red gold."

Elf giggled. "The two go together, you know. Fire and sweetness. You might need to get a few lessons from Barrel though. To avoid getting rolled. The boy knows a lot about these things. And he has a lot of marks that are jewelers. He'll send you in the right direction."

"Elf?"

"Yes, cutie?"

"Why do you care?"

Another smile and a butterfly fluttered out the door. "Because I love both of you."

Merrie smiled as the memories rolled through Scorch's head. She probed deeper and found that he had the ring in his pocket. It had been there for over a month. Every moment in silence, he agonized over proposing but he was afraid of the answer. It tore at him, but he struggled with his own fears.

Seeing Nir sobbing, Scorch wanted to do something. He knew that Kirin and the law wouldn't let him attack Dulcia. He wanted to burn her to the ground, to destroy her after what she did to her own daughter.

Merrie remembered her master as he fretted over the same decision. But, it was the shadow stone ring that he held in his hand instead of the golden ring in Scorch's pocket. She shifted slightly and her cloak plucked out the ring, holding the pitch black up for her to see. Every time she looked at it, she was swarmed with memories of that night. The ring was love and passion and death and horror. She smiled and kissed it before putting it back.

Turning her attention back, she watched as Scorch was torn watching his love sobbing in front of him. She knew the answer like she did for her own master. With a soft thought, she let it drift through his mind. (She won't say no.)

Scorch jerked. Blanching, he looked around sharply.

“Scorchy?” Elf whispered as he came closer. “Are you okay?”

“I-I’m...” Scorch was torn. He wanted to propose right then and there, to erase the horror of Nir’s mother and to prove he was going to be there for Nir, for the rest of their lives. But, it wasn’t romantic, it wasn’t the perfect time. He looked up and noticed Kirin discretely watching him.

“Scorchy?”

Scorch looked at his friend helplessly. He toyed with the ring in his pocket, caressing over the ridges. It was set in the design of a flower that reminded him of one that Nir wore the first night they had dinner together.

Elf turned so his back was to Nir and leaned over to Scorch. He kissed Scorch’s shoulder. There was a faint smile on his lips. “Just think of it as the first time you blew someone. Just, take a deep breath and swallow.”

Scorch glared at Elf who blew him a kiss. Taking a deep breath, he stepped away from Elf and up to Nir.

Nir lifted her eyes up to him, tears still running down her cheeks. “Why did she come back? I don’t want to go home. She can’t make me, can she?”

He fumbled with the words for a moment, his stomach twisting and knotting inside him. With tears in his own eyes, he pulled out the ring and knelt down in front of her.

Her mouth opened in shock as she stared.

“Y-You don’t have to ever go back to her.”

Pristine let out a soft gasp and Elf began to cry loudly.

“Nir, my Nir, will you—”

“Yes,” she whispered.

Scorch blushed. “Um, could I finish?”

Nir was sobbing again, but there were tears in her eyes. “O-Okay.”

“Will you...” He had a thousand things he wanted to say, all of them more poetic when they were in his head. He couldn’t say them.

His throat was dry and his mind empty. With a groan, he said, "Fuck it. Marry me?"

"Y-Yes, of course," she whispered as she threw herself into his arms. The ring fell out of Scorch's hands but Pristine caught it before it hit the ground. She flipped it over and discretely set it down on Nir's arms, not the girl noticed as she peppered Scorch's face with kisses.

The other members of the guild were smiling and Elf was bawling with happiness. He grabbed a butterfly fluttering around him and used it as a handkerchief before grabbing another.

Merrie smiled and felt sympathetic tears welling in her eyes.

"Fuck me," said Claston only centimeters away from Merrie. He leaned over the railing as he stared. "Did someone just propose? In the Royal Court? Apparently the guy hasn't heard of romance. Maybe he's Rakin... no, he would be in chains. No..." his voice trailed off as he leaned on his elbows and peered over the railing. His bright blue eyes grew unfocused. A moment later, he snapped his fingers and he gasped. "Scorch!" He beamed to himself. "I remember now. That means that the girl is Natalie Mirson. No magic skills herself but she ran away from home a few years ago. And Rakin tried to kidnap her but she was rescued by... someone." He chuckled. "Mum makes it look so easy." He stood up with a broad smile. "Okay, so if that is Scorch and Nir, that would be... Pristine, a former royal guard." His eyes came into sharp focus. "Fuck, I remember her. She used to be one of mum's. Damn, she's still hot."

Merrie glanced up at the prince and back down. Nir was still kissing Scorch but the others were getting anxious to congratulate both of them. Merrie worried her lip for a moment and then send a brief thought toward both of them to remind them that others wanted to join in the celebration.

Nir jerked and looked up. "Oh, I'm sorry." She pulled herself free and flung herself at Kirin. "Thank you!"

Scorch, face as red as his flames, stood up. And then yelped as Elf grabbed him in a bear hug and picked him off the ground. He tried to hug Elf back, but the large man was spinning him around and squealing.

"Lucky bastard," muttered Claston, "at least he gets to choose who he loves. I'm betrothed to a woman who won't come of age for

another year.” He turned toward Merrie as he headed for his chair, but then stopped.

Merrie felt a tingle of fear course along her skin, as if something was poised to attack her. She lifted her attention up to see Claston staring directly at her. With a gasp, she realized her shade had somehow dropped with her concentration on Scorch’s internal struggle to propose. She yelped and drew the shadows around her, stepping across with a frantic burst of energy.

The shadow of Claston stumbled back, falling to the ground. She couldn’t hear him but she could tell he was yelling out for help. His hand flailed around, protecting against an attack that never came.

There was an explosion of energy as the armored knight appeared in the room. The protective energies of the armor were visible even in the Shadows. It warped the darkness and peeled it back with a golden flame in the shape of the armor.

Merrie’s heart thumped painfully in her ears as she watched the knight inspect the balcony. Energies flared around her as her visor glowed. And then the woman was looking into the Shadows. The visor was pure white and a beam of energy stretched out like a spear.

Terrified, Merrie ducked through the wall as the light swung toward her. It pierced the shadows and even cut through the walls and floor. Merrie threw herself underneath it and held her breath as it cut through the dark above her.

A moment later, the female knight’s vision came swinging back but a meter higher. Merrie whimpered as she cowered against the shadows of another chair in the adjoining balcony. She clutched the side as she watched the magical vision spread out for a moment before fading away.

(Are you safe, Alpha?)

Merrie trembled as she stared at the wall. She couldn’t see into the balcony with the prince, but her brush with the knight had knotted her stomach. She felt sick and wanted to throw up. (Y-Yes, but I need to move.)

Tamin sent an image of another balcony on the far side of the hall. (This appears to be abandoned.)

Glancing back, Merrie transformed into a hound and raced around the upper floor of the court hall, past dozens of doors

leading to privacy balconies before she came up to the one Tamin pointed out. Stepping through the door, she looked around before letting out a long sigh of relief.

Tamin panted from the corner. (You smell like prey.) He was amused and his thoughts were tinged with lust.

Merrie crawled over and licked his face before returning to her human form. She settled down next to his form and let the Shadows fade away. The second balcony wasn't as comfortable as the first, but the hard floor felt safer than being near the prince.

She watched the knight and the prince as they spoke for a moment. Then the knight guided the prince out of the room. Merrie shook her head and leaned into Tamin. (That was close.) She giggled.

(I'll protect you.)

(I'd rather not find out what an Alpha and her shadow hound could do against one of the most powerful fighters in the country. Best to run away.)

(Why aren't you still running?)

Merrie looked down at the balcony. The seats were almost filled. Two of the judges, both older men, were already sitting. The third second, on the right, remained empty. Four guards, all in green armor, stood surrounding the pedestal. None of them were the royal guard, but they were still impressive-looking. (Because of Rakin.)

"Listen, Boz," the prince's voice came drifting through the door and Merrie tensed, "I'm telling you, it wasn't an assassin. I mean, she was naked! And she was... on her hands and knees. No... she didn't have hands. I mean, I didn't see hands."

"Loyal Alestri is quite insistent. We will quietly move, sire, and maybe not attract any attention. I have notified the seneschal of our new location, but he will keep secrets." Their voices grew softer as they walked past the door.

Merrie let out a sigh of relief.

The door to a balcony two down opened and Claston shuffled in. With a mutter, he sank down on the chair. "At least these aren't dusty."

"Your wine, sire. But, if you are seeing things, I recommend—"

"Thanks, Boz. Go away," snapped Claston.

"Yes, sire."

“Don’t worry, I’m not going to do anything stupid.”

A moment later, the door squeaked as it opened. “Um, sire, you’re about to have guests.”

“Guests? Who?”

“Baron Falon, loosely affiliated with Rakin’s properties in the south and a well-known horse racer. And then many others.”

“Falon? What does he want?”

“I’m guessing to request you pardon Rakin.”

“Why? Why would he ask.”

“Influence and favors, the blood of politics. Mard Rakin still retains a great deal of power in this world and many are looking to choose sides. Being responsible for his safety would give some basis for Rakin owing Falon a favor.”

Claston swore under his breath. “Are there going to be a lot of these?”

“I suspect about thirty or forty of them in the next hour.”

“Is this why mum isn’t here, right?”

“See? Already learning your new role. Don’t worry, the Loyal is outside the door. If anyone gives you trouble or if you see any puppy girls—”

“She wasn’t a puppy, Boz. I mean... what?”

“Sorry, sire. You mentioned a naked woman with dogs ears and a tail. There are some nobility that have an interest in that specific fetish. It is called pet play and there are a number of groups here in the city that find that... appealing.”

Claston chuckled. “Is that your thing?”

“No, sire, the only pleasure I get comes from serving the royal family’s greatest son and prince of the realm.” And then the door shut with the finality of an ended discussion.

“Pervert,” said Claston with a laugh, “probably was jacking off when I was skinny dipping at age eight.”

Merrie smirked and her tail wagged back and forth. She didn’t think she would like the prince, but he seemed to have a sense of humor. And she was surprised he knew who Pristine and Natalie where.

Less than a minute after Boz left, there was a knocking on the door for the prince. It creaked open a few seconds later and the baron introduced himself. Merrie rolled her eyes at the baron’s

language. It was flowery and thick, saying something in a thousand words where three would have done. She knew what he wanted, she could feel it in his thoughts, but it took him almost ten minutes to request the prince to pardon Rakin. The baron took another ten minutes to discretely offer the prince tens of thousand marks and “choice deals” with the baron’s associates.

As soon as the baron left, there was another knock. Merrie’s ear perked up as the next visitor came and did the same thing Baron Falon did. The words were different as were the request, to have Rakin executed but in hundreds of words. Promises of elegant parties for the prince were floated around him before the supplicant slipped away.

More men and women came. Some wanted to see Rakin back in power, others offered millions for Rakin to disappear forever. But, as unexpected was the blatant requests for Rakin’s fate, it was the prince that surprised her. Claston, when in front of people, became a new person. His words were smooth and eloquent. He spoke with a grace that managed to say all the right words but somehow managed to agree to nothing.

(He could put the Shadows to shame,) projected Tamin, (he is impossible to pin down. There is more to him than a childish mind.)

(And a young body.)

(He would squeal if I mounted him,) came the playful response along with an image of Claston bent over the balcony with Tamin pounding his cock with a huge cock.

A bell rang out across the hall and Merrie held her breath. The three judges were in place, the final one being a female Sivlir silfae with long gray hair. Eight guards protected the pedestal and another eight for the judges. The room was packed, with people standing on the sides, but it was silent.

Rakin walked from the side door surrounded by two royal knights. He wore only a loin cloth, bare to the eye of justice as the tradition went. The half month since she had seen him had taken their toll on his frame. He was thin, almost skeletal, and his eyes were dark and inset. Bruises covered his skin and his ribs were visible underneath his stretched skin. His ruined arm shook violently in the adamantite manacles that bound his wrists together.

The silence in the hall was punctuated by the scuff of his bare feet. A storm of emotions rose up as people saw the formerly powerful count being lead to the pedestal. There was anger, rage, and pity. She felt disgust and glee swirling around as everyone was lost in their own opinions of the broken man.

He walked up the stairs for the platform and turned to the judges. With a deep breath, he stood up straight.

“Mard Rakin,” said the center judge, “you stand before us accused by an anonymous member of the Companion’s Guide of Franome—”

Kirin stood up and put her hands behind her back.

“—proxied by Guild Master... Mistress Kirin. How do you plead to accusation of kidnapping by the proxy?”

Everyone held their breath as they stared at Rakin. Everyone knew he would refute the accusation. Almost all of the crimes were against an anonymous whore, no one of note in polite society.

Merrie tensed at the thoughts. She could feel the disgust and disbelief aimed toward her, despite that no one knew who she was. They saw Kirin as trying to destroy Rakin, but too cowardly to bring forth the person who Rakin supposedly kidnapped, raped, and tortured.

He stood straight on the pedestal and took a deep breath. Merrie could feel his thoughts as he struggled with fear, pride, and determination. Almost every emotion washed across his thoughts except one, anger. He closed his eyes for a long moment, then opened them to stare at the judges. His body trembled as the words rose up.

“Guilty.”

The room exploded into surprise. People stood up shaking their hands, yelling at the top of their lungs. They were yelling at Rakin, the judges, and Kirin.

The lead judge stood up and held out his hands for silence. When that didn’t work, he banged a stone block against a striking board. It ran out across the hall, magnified by illusionary magic, but still the noise didn’t die down.

Merrie stared in shock at Rakin. It was the last thing she expected him to say.

An explosion of air caught her attention. It was the royal knight that almost caught Merrie. Before the air rippled away, she slammed her spear down on the ground and bellowed at the top of her lungs. "Loyal Alestri says SILENCE!" Her voice slammed into the room, cutting through the din, but it was powered by the strongest domination spell Merrie had ever seen. It exploded from the royal knight, freeing the throats of everyone as it exploded out from her. As one, those crying out sat down heavily in their chairs.

The spell slammed into Merrie and she was overwhelmed with the force of the command. Her body spasm from an intense orgasms and she struggled to keep the pleasure inside her. The words echoed endlessly in her head, freezing her throat as if she had been gagged. She couldn't whimper or even whine. Her throat refused to move with the command forcing obedience. She cried out silently as flames ran along her veins, searing her from tip to ankle.

The resulting silence was painful.

Rakin turned to the knight. "Thank you."

Alestri turned and even though her face wasn't visible, Merrie could almost see the glare.

The lead just cleared his throat. "Mard Rakin, please repeat your response."

"Guilty." Rakin's fear spiked inside him, swirling around him as he contemplated his future.

"You are accused of torture by the proxy, how do you plea?"

"Guilty."

Merrie shook as she listened to Rakin responding to guilty to every crime the judge brought up. She couldn't speak with the echoes of the domination spell ringing out in her head, but she didn't know what to do. She expected Rakin to scream and fight with tooth and nail. She remembered how he refused to give up at the fair when he tried to purchase her, the single-minded obsession that drove him to abandon his title and sanity in his quest for her.

The man standing on the pedestal wasn't Rakin, but she knew it was. His mind was clear of all anger and rage. She had broken him just as he broke her, but where she recovered in a few weeks, there was no healing the burned out husk in his head. He had been beaten.

She felt sadness for the man who haunted her. She was so terrified by him, but now he was the one without the power. There

was nothing left in his life, no magic flowed through his veins and his mind was clear of the very nature that fueled his life.

Borias nodded. *“They all did. We call them spit muffins and I be a cannibal. Me magic,”* he held out his hand, *“and me lusts are the same. I need their desire, I need them to want it. But,”* he looked away toward his cooking area, *“I also be needing them to die. And I be needing to cook and be eating them.”*

She shuddered at the thought. She could almost feel the same desire, a hunger to feel the knife against her throat. It was different than Grange. Borias would love her, touch her, make her cum, and then end it in one single—

Merrie looked away sharply, her tail snapping with her emotions. Tears burned in her eyes. Rakin’s power came from anger, just as Borias came from cannibalism and she gained power from submission. But, she had taken away Rakin’s magic just as a geas stole Borias’. Borias had a chance, though rare, that he would be pardon, but as she looked into Rakin’s mind, she knew he would never feel magic on his fingertips again.

She wanted to cry out, to scream for him to stop. To beg him to rise up with anger, to fight with the last of his life. But, her throat refused to move. She couldn’t make a sound with the domination spell still echoing in her mind.

The rest of the room quickly shed off the royal knight’s command. After a few minutes, whispers started to rise up. Two balcony over, the steady stream of petitioners resumed. The bribes grew more extravagant and the requests more desperate. Rakin’s acceptance had set off a wild fire among the powers that ruled the city with politics and relationships.

She watched Rakin standing on the pedestal, calmly agreeing to every crime he was accused of. She hated every word and flinched as he spoke.

When the judge finished with what he did to her, the judges brought up Natalie. The young girl was trembling with fear as she stood there, unable to look at Rakin and terrified that she was standing in the Royal Courts. But, just like the earlier accusations, the fallen count refused to deny anything. He just repeated the same word over and over again: guilty, guilty, guilty.

At the prince’s balcony, there was another knock.

"Come on," muttered Claston, "stop asking for favors. I don't need any more parties, money, or naked women!" He groaned and opened the door and his voice instantly turned to the flowered smoothness of his public persona. "Yes?"

"Excuse me," Merrie froze as she heard Jacir, "sire, could I please have only a minute of your time."

"Of course," Claston's speech was back to the false joy that he used with the petitioners. "Come on in. You're Baron Pollium, right?"

"Yes, my lord."

Claston chuckled. "Don't let Boz hear that. You're suppose to call me sire or highness."

"S-Sorry, my sire."

"Close enough. Come on in, you're shaking as hard as a leaf. I don't bite, you know."

"I-I've never done this, but I... I have no choice."

Merrie reached out with her mind. Fear and nervousness burned in his mind, along with flashes of Pris and Merrie acting as his fiancé. She calmed his thoughts, smoothing down the fear and letting him take a breath before he spoke.

Jacir calmed down almost instantly. He looked up at the prince and said, "I'm not a man of fancy words or of great means. But, if you have a chance, I would humbly... request, that if Rakin asks for pardon, you understand that he hurt a lot more than the people accusing him today. I would never insult the highness by asking for something specific, but I have no other recourse."

Claston said nothing for a moment. "What do you mean?"

"He murdered my fiancé almost twenty years ago."

"Murdered?"

"Yes, raped and tortured before he cut her throat." Jacir fought back a sob. He struggled with the words. "B-But it was in Blood County and he was in his legal right. But, I love her with all my heart. And I made a promise to the old baron that I would do anything to... to... for her memory."

"Hold on. I remember that in the books. Marcus Pollium willed his title to you, after his wife and daughter died. That was... about twelve years ago, wasn't it?"

Merrie got up. Moving with silence, she slipped into the Shadows and crossed the distance to the other balcony. Slipping down, she wrapped the shade spell tightly over her body and kept to the shadows of the carved railing.

Jacir sniffed and wiped his face. He was wearing his finest outfit. It was the same he wore to the day he was given the title and the memories burned brightly in his thoughts. “Patrica killed herself after we found out Pris had been killed. It was her idea to let this... evil man turn her into a puppy slave and then have me—”

Claston jerked as he sat up. “Puppy? You mean a puppy girl with a tail and ears?”

Blanching, Jacir nodded. “Y-Yes. And he cut off her arms and legs.”

Standing up sharply, Claston rushed over to Jacir, stopping only a few centimeters away. He grabbed Jacir’s hands and held them tight. “Did she have white hair and a silver tail? With bright blue eyes? She’s real!?”

Confused, Merrie looked up at her hair. She never realized but it was almost white, just like her tail. Something had bleached out the blonde until it was almost the purest white.

“No, that’s Bitch.” Jacir blushed hotly and looked away. “She isn’t Pris. Pris had brown hair and was... curvier. She died but we never recovered her body, but I swear she doesn’t have silver hair..”

Merrie cringed at someone naming her. Even though it was just a title, it was another anchor, a pin that kept her shadows from shifting.

“Oh,” Claston stepped back with a frown on his face. He gestured across the court hall to his original balcony. “I thought I saw... someone in the shadows.”

Jacir’s cheeks were red. “If you’re talking about Bitch, she has a tendency to appear when you aren’t looking. Even in locked rooms. She is very discrete—” He stopped in mid-word and clamped his mouth shut for a moment. “I’m sorry, sire.”

“Really? And her name is really Bitch?”

“I didn’t mean to be so forward with his highness.”

Releasing Jacir, Claston stepped away. “Sorry, it’s been a strange day. So, you’re asking for...?”

Jacir clasped his hands together. "Just to think of my Pris if he asks."

"I assume you're offering... you're a textile merchant. Clothes? A suit?"

"No, your highness, I wouldn't offer a bribe. That isn't my place and I'm not comfortable with fancy words. But, if you want something in return, I'll give you anything you want. My title as a baron if his highness wishes."

With a gasp, Claston turned back. "You'd give up that? Why?"

"Marcus willed it to me in hopes that I would be able to do something for Pris. And to continue his line. If Rakin is appropriately punished, even if it isn't for my Pris, then I'm willing to put myself in the poor house. A title doesn't mean anything if you can't cherish your loved ones."

The prince stared for a long moment. "No, I guess you can't."

For a long moment, neither said anything. Then, Claston looked up and waved him away. "You can go now."

Jacir bowed deeply, despair choking his thoughts. "I'm sorry for taking your time, sire. Thank... thank you."

Merrie watched as Jacir stepped out of the room and closed the door. She followed, using the Shadows to pass through the door. On the other side, she watched as Jacir leaned against the wall and began to sob. The tears poured out from his fingers as he slid down the ground. "Pris, Pris... I tried, love. I really tried."

Tears burned in her eyes as she crawled over to him. Spreading the shade over both of them, she nestled against him.

Jacir looked up with a sharp jerk, then sniffed. He gave her a sad smile. "I was just talking about you."

Merrie smiled and bumped her head against his head.

He lifted his arm and pulled her close, pressing her naked breast against his thigh. "I tried, Pris. I really did, but what else can I do? I'm not rich like Falon or any of those guys. What can a merchant's son do?"

She stroked his thigh with one arm. Her tail curled around his back, following the line of his spine. She knew it gave him comfort, when she couldn't give him anything else.

"I-I think, after all this, I might need to hire you a few more times. Is that okay? I miss her so much right now."

Panting silently, she lifted her head and brought her lips to his. Her body felt hot and slick as she kissed him. And, as she broke the kiss, she barked silently, her lips moving against his own. She still couldn't make a sound, not with the Loyal's command echoing in her mind.

Jacir smiled. "Thank you, Bitch."

He held her for a few minutes, but then a bell rang out. The clear tones shook the hallways and rattled the doors. Jacir looked up and then struggled to his feet. "I better go, that means they are about to pass judgment on him." He straightened his shirt and wiped the tears from his face. "Thank you."

She smiled and wagged her tail. She wanted to bark, but she couldn't make a noise. The domination spell still held her throat in silence.

As soon as he turned away, she stepped back into the Shadows and dove through the wall. Coming out on her own balcony, she landed next to Tamin and peered down into the hall.

The court hall was silence except for a few coughs. Rakin stood on the pedestal, but everyone else was sitting down. The three judges were missing but their chairs were tilted as if they would come back in mere seconds.

Minutes passed and Merrie felt the tension in the hall. Even though Rakin didn't contest a single charge, there was always the possibility that the judges would give him a lighter sentence. She could hear the thoughts of most of the room waiting for the judges to forgive him due to some hidden deal that would never see the light of the day. Corrupted judges were a part of life in Franome City.

It was almost a half hour before the three judges came out. They stood in front of their seats. The lead judge spoke. "Mard Rakin, we have judged you guilty before the eyes of justice and the laws of this country."

The crowds started to stir, but Loyal Alestri slammed her spear down and the room grew silent.

The judge continued, "You have not contested any of the accusations, is this correct?"

"No," Rakin said, "I don't deny anything. I'm guilty of everything you brought before me." His voice was broken and rough, but calm.

“Then we sentence you to death by hanging to take place no longer than noon—”

“Hold on!” Claston’s voice carried out over the hall. People looked up in surprise, first to where he was suppose to sit and then turning until they saw the prince hanging over the railing. He pulled back and spoke over his shoulder. “Wait, Boz, I’m allow to stop it, right?”

“You already have, sire,” came the deadpanned response, “I recommend you continue forward before you really embarrass yourself.”

Claston turned and pointed to Rakin. “Why are you giving up?”

The whispers grew louder. Some were confused and others were impatient, but everyone was stunned that the prince had interrupted.

Rakin turned to face the prince, his chains rattling. “I’m sorry, your highness, but this is how it must be.”

“The Mard Rakin that people talk about in whispers and in legends is not on that pedestal.”

Rakin shrugged and gave a weak smile.

“Everyone knows about you. You’ve been a hero for three generations. In my classes, they made me study your strategy when you defended this country against the armies of Blood River, destroyed the Thrice-Fold Prince of Storms, and even destroyed the Lich-Queen from Belife.”

“That was my first wife, sire.”

“Yes, but you still destroyed her. There is six songs written about that alone. I had one of those at my sixteenth birthday.”

Rakin shrugged again.

Claston leaned further over and pointed again. “So, why is the infamous Mard Rakin rolling over without a fight?”

Bowing his head, Rakin spoke clearly. “Because she won.”

“Who?”

“Her name isn’t important. And I will honor her attempts to stay in the shadows.”

Merrie flinched again. She was afraid someone would call out her name after being singled out as Rakin did. She closed her eyes, afraid to hear the words that came next.

Claston shook his head in confusion. “What are you talking about?”

Rakin lifted his eyes. There was no anger in his gaze as he stared up at the prince. “It takes a strong man to break his opponents, but it takes a broken one to lose. In the three centuries that I’ve been walking this country, I have destroyed more lives than you have ever known. I took great pride in not killing them, but ruining them to the point their shattered morals and minds could no longer recover.”

“T-That,” said the prince, “isn’t exactly something to be proud of.”

“But, you sang of me, didn’t you? When the Warlord was destroyed, people cheered me as I led an army into Blood River and killed every single living silfae in those woods. When the assassins attempted to kill your own father, they made songs of my efforts to hunt down every living relative of those two men and kill them.”

Claston, and many people in the hall, looked uncomfortable.

“Your highness, my obsession is what made me a legend. But, even with Emberka poised to wage war on our country, there are no more battles for me to fight. So, I found other obsessions to keep me up at night. For sixteen years, it was a bitch owned by a man who pretends to be evil. I bought her, like a common dog, but she ran away. She ran back to him.”

As Merrie listened to his speech, she was haunted not by his words but the dispassionate tone, the calmness that he addressed a man capable of killing him with a flick of his finger.

“I won that fight. I brought an army and broke him. But, I didn’t kill the thief. He was a man who gained power with promises, so I broke his oaths. He promised not to let blood spill on the ground, I spilled his. I promised to protect the women he had turned into slaves and dogs. I broke that promise.”

“How?” asked Claston.

Rakin flinched but continued. “I tortured them so he could hear their screams. I raped them until he begged for me to stop. I pressed their broken, bleeding bodies against his chest and cut their throats so he would be stained by their blood. I broke that man until he begged for death. I heard him pray to a goddess who abandoned him and laughed when no answer came.”

Merrie glanced through the railing at Claston. The prince was pale and clutching the railing with white knuckles. She shivered at the images that came welling up from Rakin's mind, of the very things he did to Bass so many years ago.

"You killed women."

"They were bitches. Kidnapped and broken, nothing more than animals."

"You mean like Pris Pollium?"

Below the balcony, a sob rose up from the seats. Merrie peered down to see Jacir crying into his hands. People next to him were staring at him with shock and confusion, but he didn't care. He peeked up at the prince, tears pouring down, and fought to quiet himself.

Rakin frowned and shook his head. "I don't know—"

Merrie reached out for Rakin, pouring in every memory of Jacir had of Pris into his head.

The former count jerked and then sighed. (I knew you were here, Merrie.) To the prince, he nodded. "Yes, even Pris Pollium. I remember killing her."

A gasp of shock rippled through the court until Loyal Alestri struck her spear again.

Cringing, Merrie pressed herself against Tamin. Rakin's words echoed in her head for a moment, devoid of any anger or hatred. It echoed in her mind, intimate and close. There were no shields between them anymore.

"So why aren't you fighting back?"

"Because, I lost. I thought I would break her like all of my other opponents, destroy everything in her life. That girl," he pointed to Nir who cringed, "that man, and that one, and that one," he pointed to Scorch, Elf, and then Kirin. "I was going to kill them to get to her, to break her. I was going to take Natalie with me to break in front of her because she would do anything to save the teenager."

Nir whimpered and shook her head. Her lips moved silently as she sobbed.

Scorch's face was a mask of rage and the heat rose around him.

Moving gracefully, Kirin rested a hand on his shoulder and shook her head.

Rakin continued without faltering, “She was nothing more than a bitch, the Bitch when you think about it. She should have been helpless. She should have obeyed every command I gave her, I knew what I was doing. I had the spells, I had the defenses, I knew her more than she knew herself. There was no way she could have resisted. But,” Rakin sighed and looked a century old for a moment, “she found a strength where others would have broke.”

He looked down and swallowed hard. “She defeated me. You see, your highness, there is nothing you can do to me that she hasn’t done already. Kill me? I’m already dead inside. Torture? For three days she raped me as I raped her. The healers couldn’t save my manhood and I will never fuck again. Even if I could get it hard, it would be agony. I have no anger left, I have no hatred. There is nothing inside left to keep living, but I can’t even kill myself because I know she won’t let me. In the end, I have nothing to fear because she has done what I have done to a thousand others.”

“You fear nothing from me?”

Rakin shook his head. “No, but I think it is fitting that my life be destroyed when I lose. Just as I destroyed the lives I defeated, I insist that she do the same to me. But, she would never do it herself, so I took it upon myself to finish the job.” (Merrie.)

Merrie tensed at his voice. (What?)

(You have no reason to trust me, but I promise what I say is true. I owe you something, the prize for the victor.)

He held the adamantite collar in his fingers, anxious for the day he would clip it around Merrie’s throat and make her his Alpha forever. Soon she would be his. He set it down on the velvet and closed the box. Setting it into a safe hidden behind a set of cages, he whispered the words to seal it shut.

(The magic in that collar is keyed to you and only you. It will not work for anyone else and it never will. But, if you put it on, you will be bonded to the owner of the collar. Take it. Take it and destroy it. Or find a good master, one who loves you, and have them put it on. But find a real master, someone who will teach you the whip and submission instead of pissing you away on the occasional fuck and leaving you caged in a mansion.)

Merrie’s tail pressed against her thigh. During Rakin’s rape, the memory of the collar haunted her. It drove her to stop him, but now

he was offering it to her. She tensed as she projected back, (Why? This is a trap, isn't it?)

(Take it to your guild. Send it to be investigated and identified. You'll see what I'm staying is true. That collar can bond you again, as close as the mortal magic can reforge a broken bond between an Alpha and her master.)

(Why? Why are you doing this?)

Rakin turned to look at her, seeing her not through his eyes but through the connection they shared. (We must end. I cannot have my life tied to you because I will drag you down into my hell. Today, I will either be executed or sent to Abbinkey. If I live, I will have no more power and no magic. But, if I still possess that collar, it will give me focus. It may take me years to recover, but if I have it, I can not let you go. I know this.)

She whimpered silently and huddled against Tamin, who growled as he felt her fear.

(Take it, Merrie. Steal it. Destroy it. I don't care what you do, but do not let me keep it.)

He knelt on the ritual circle, holding the adamantite collar. He needed a trigger for the spell, something that would bind their minds together forever. He smiled as he looked down at his hands. "Blood," he whispered, "I'm going to make her bleed for this."

(The sealing spell is triggered by a master's blood. Any blood, but choose careful. You have a limited chance to choose your bond. The control over your heart and soul can be stolen by precious blood. The closer the cut is to the heart, the tighter the bond.)

Merrie's breath came faster. She felt a craving for the closeness she felt for her master. The magic he offered her was promising but it terrified her to.

(You killed me, Merrie, my body just hasn't figured it out yet.)

She saw the pain in his eyes, the despair and ache. It was the same look in Borias' eyes when he talked about not being able to access his magic, to not see a loving death. She had taken Rakin's power away from him when she destroy his anger. He was a shell of a man, but she felt no joy at the emptiness inside him.

Rakin pictured the spells used to release the safe. And then he returned his attention to the prince. "Do what you will. I will accept any punishment."

Claston cleared his throat and glanced toward the balcony where Merrie laid on the floor and Rakin was watching. He addressed Rakin. "Then, since you killed Pris, I'm—"

The other male judge stood up. "Excuse me, your highness? This trial is not for Pris Pollium. That cannot be admitted as proof of guilt."

Merrie glanced at Jacir who was staring at the prince, the tears glistening on his pale face.

Claston rolled his eyes. "He just said he killed her."

"That is not the law. He cannot be judged on crimes—"

"Fine," growled Claston, "for the kidnapping, rape, and torture of Bitch—"

Both Rakin and Merrie jerked at the name. Down below, the members of the Whore's Guild looked at Kirin with pale looks themselves.

Merrie gulped and stared at him, trying to remember who told him her name and associated her with the Rakin's torture.

"—I sentence you to one thousand years in Abbinkey Prison, to remain with your magic sealed away forever. And I," Claston addressed the judge in a sharp tone, "can sentence him for that, can't I? That's the crime he's being accused of, isn't it?"

The judge bowed. "Yes, your highness. That is your right."

"Then," Claston said as he leaned back, "I'd suggest the gods have mercy on your soul, but you don't have one."

"No, your highness, not anymore."

Merrie sat up, her breasts rising and falling with her silent pants. Everything spun around her as she stared down at Rakin.

He turned and looked at her. "Goodbye." His lips finished the last words silently, "You're a good girl, Merrie."

Her body tensed as an orgasm ran through her, the forbidden name echoing in her head. She replayed it and shivered again, her breath catching in her throat.

And then hidden runes on the pedestal flared bright. They were sick and twisted curls of power as they rose up to surround Rakin. She could feel his pain as he struggled to remain standing. She couldn't look at the spell, it was foul and nasty. She knew what it was, a geas, but it was like no spell she had seen before.

The telepathic connection between them snapped and she was thrown back. A backlash seared along her, but Tamin took her pain with a soft whimper.

Rakin tensed as runes crawled up his legs, burning their way into his skin and leaving charred trails. They continued to burn their way until they covered every centimeter of his flesh.

Somewhere, the judges were declaring the conditions of the geas, but it didn't matter. Rakin would never survive to receive a pardon. He would spend the last of his days in Abbinkey, locked away to never see freedom again.

The magic exploded into light and Rakin finally screamed as the runes were burned into his flesh, sinking down through aching muscles to etch themselves against his bones. His voice cracked as the shrill sound echoed against the walls.

And then the light faded and Rakin collapsed to the ground, a husk of a man who would never haunt Merrie's dreams again.

Fang

75

It was the beginning of summer and the city celebrated well into the night, but it was not dark. The year's theme was Brilliance and Flowers and the illusionary gardens that hung over the streets cast everything in a rippling glow of spectral petals. It reflected off the windows and created a halo of sparkling pollen that swirled behind anyone who moved.

Merrie smiled as she crawled along the sidewalk. She left a trail of sparks behind her, but the colors leached out as her white tail swirled through them, leaving a pale trail in the bright colors. Her skin crawled and she felt vulnerable with exposing herself, but seeing how the illusions were corrupted by her magic brought a smile to her lips. She couldn't stop playing with them, just to see them fade into white.

(I don't like the light and I don't like the people,) muttered Tamin. The hound paced next to her, leaving no hint of his presence. The pollen and petals didn't reflect off his flat black body and there was no swirl to mark his passing. He didn't approve of her playing with the light, but he didn't need to form words to express it.

She leaned against him. (It's safe for just a few minutes.)

(You're exposed and vulnerable. We should be in the Shadows, not in the light.)

Merrie glanced at him and sent a pulse of love. (I have you, therefore I am safer than I ever been before.)

It had been five months since the beginning of winter and four since Rakin was placed on the armored wagon to spend the rest of his life in Abbinkey. For weeks after both events, Merrie expected

someone to come for her and the dread hung over her like a cloud. But, nothing happened. No disturbances in the Shadows or even the hint of being followed. The hair on her neck didn't rise up and she didn't have the sense she was being followed. Everything had settled down into the easy pulse of sex and shadows.

When the prince mentioned her name at Rakin's trial, she was afraid that people would come hunting for her. They did, but not to kill her, but to slyly find out who "Bitch" was and what she did as a whore. The Guild chased off most of them, but her clientele increased substantially by those who found out she was a cropped bitch and found themselves intrigued into dominating her. Others drifted in after fleeing in disgust, drawn by the lure of her sexuality and their own hidden desires.

After Scorch's marriage proposal and the nightmares of Rakin's attack, Nir asked to be pulled off the streets. Kirin agreed and made Nir Merrie's personal assistant. Now, the teenage girl was responsible for coordinating the steady stream of customers for Merrie and keeping the accounting. Surprising everyone, Nir showed a talent and blossomed in her new role. She also catered to customers, but now it was in the protection of a guild brothel instead of exposed on the street.

(I like her,) Tamin projected, (even if she won't let me mount her properly.)

Merrie giggled and bumped against him. (Scorch would have a problem with that.)

(I will hump his face,) came the amused response, (and make him submit like the bitch he is.)

(He'd singe your dick and fur, silly pup. Don't worry, you can fuck me whenever you want.)

(Whenever?) he said with thoughts tinged with lust.

Merrie squeezed her legs together and shivered at the cum that dribbled out of her pussy. Like almost every visit with Eolis, he gave her a large hunk of money and sent her to someone who needed her services. They were men like Jacir or, in the case of that night, a bachelor's party for a noble's marriage. The night consisted of drunk men giving her orders, fucking her silly, and dressing her up like a bitch. It ended with a gang-bang and Merrie radiated with the afterglow of being filled with cum in all three of her holes. She

managed to keep it in her head though after remembering Eolis' command.

(You're still wearing the collar,) came a sullen thought from Tamin.

Merrie stopped and tried to look down. She could barely feel light pressure around her neck from a fake collar made from a ribbon, but its presence had set off a series of orgasms that threatened to take over the city. She sat down in the middle of the sidewalk and stroked with the end of her arm.

It had been years since she wore anything around her neck. Her master never bought her one and no one ever put one on her before, even for role-playing. But, as she stroked the ribbon, her pussy clenched with need. She ached to have something around her neck, to remind the world and herself that she was owned. The impromptu collar, made from a ribbon, was a poor substitute for what she craved with every fiber of her being. No matter how much she enjoyed being a whore, none of her customers were the dominate she needed.

She continued to run her wrist against the sharp edge of the ribbon. There was another collar that called to her, even in her dreams. Adamantite and terrifying, it was the bondage that she dreamed of. Rakin's final gift had been locked away in the guild's vaults, to keep anyone besides Monk from touching it. Even then, he wore heavy gloves in fear of accidentally getting blood on it. Neither Kirin nor Monk wanted to be Merrie's master and she understood why. There was a price to having an Alpha, one that her first master had learned with his life.

A tear rolled down her cheek. Tamin stepped forward and she looked up into his eyes. She could feel the Shadows around him, a cloud of darkness that enveloped her in icy comfort. She smiled and tilted her head up so he could lick the tears from her face. (Don't cry, Alpha.) She knew he was thinking about the collar himself; Tamin wanted to destroy Rakin's collar when they pulled it out of the hidden vault. As far as he was concerned, she had no alpha of her own.

Merrie leaned into him, letting his cold breath wash over her face. She kissed the bottom of his jaw, then lifted her head more to

nuzzle the ridge of his muzzle. Her tail wagged slowly, shifting back and forth as she lost herself in his black eyes.

Wiping the tears away with her arm, she exposed her neck. Tamin moved with the silent command bit off the ribbon. She shuddered with the feeling of loss as she watched him toss it into the street where it was quickly trampled by passing wagons and horses.

With a sigh, she turned away and crawled down the street, letting her mind open to listen to the thoughts around her.

Fang held the hammer tight as he trudged down the street. He felt dead inside, as if all the life and joy had been extinguished in the years since she left. He wanted to go back and put up more notices, in desperate hope that someone had seen her, but he couldn't. He spent his entire month's paycheck on what he posted that night and there were no more papers to cut his fingers or nails to pound into the message boards. There was nothing but a well-worn hammer that his father gave him when he left for Franome City.

As he walked, he could barely see the sidewalk in front of him. He knew the route from the endless times he walked them as a guard, but it still felt like the final path leading up to a prison wagon when he went to visit the message boards.

He couldn't wait to get home. He had two bottles of the strongest rot-gut he could afford and planned on drinking until he couldn't remember her anymore. It was how he handled every festival since she disappeared, and it would be until he found her again.

Merrie jerked at the darkness in Fang's mind. The guard was a few streets over, slowly working his way against the crowds as he headed for his small apartment in the southern part of the city. She felt the despair around him, a shallow darkness compared to what used to plague Merrie, but it left an ache in her heart.

Getting on her wrists and knees, she crawled after him. Once she caught up, she paced with him but didn't let the shade spell drop. Like Tai, the city guards couldn't be seen with whores. It wasn't against the rules or laws, but it was discouraged to avoid showing favoritism with the guild. It also prevented the distrust from those who couldn't separate the personal life of a guard with their professional one.

As they made their way out of the celebrations, the streets grew quiet and dark. The storefronts became houses and then apartment buildings. Around her, she could feel a city celebrating but in more private ways: parties in hallways, fucking in bedrooms. Two of the Guild whores were having a suck-off with a party. Further down, she felt the thoughts of a man who was claiming he wasn't a whore, even as he was eyeing a pile of money and being fucked in the ass by a woman with a spiked strapped on. A blow job in an alley caught her attention and she smiled, she knew both people who were just enjoying the heat of the moment and a bottle of lager while guiltily thinking about both of their spouses.

Merrie tried to delicately reach into Fang's mind, to find the source of his despair. He wasn't shielded, at least nothing she couldn't break, but his mind was torn and ragged, a wound that was festering inside his head. It tore him inside and every time she tried to pluck her way through, it brought up new images into his consciousness. His depression grew darker and he began to think about the swords and knives in his room. Two years ago, he almost killed himself when the depression took hold during his attempt to drown himself in alcohol.

She pulled back, the guilt and despair leaking into her own mind. She didn't dare probe deeper, in fears of bringing forth her own despair. Rakin's anger had sealed it and she desperately wanted to keep it that way. She was dangerous to everyone if she let herself grieve.

Being unable to search his thoughts drew her closer to him. She was curious to know what haunted Fang. She also hoped that she could give him some relief, like she did with Jacir and others. Her body warmed at the thought and she continued to crawl next to him, moving in the silence of his shadow.

Fangs lived in the poor part of town, in a twelve-story apartment complex with each flat barely five meters across. There were hundreds of people in his building, packed in tight and brimming with emotions. He didn't pay for his apartment because the landlords knew that having a city guard on the premises would save more in bribes and insurance payments than the loss of a single apartment's rent.

He lived right inside the entrance, on the first floor. With a sigh, he unlocked the door and stepped inside.

Merrie held back and watched as he closed the door. It was a sense of privacy, but she also knew that most people screamed when they noticed her appearing in their private rooms. She smiled at the night when she surprised Nir in the guild apartment, though the night ended in blood and rape.

Her cloak reached up, forming a huge, malformed fist in its folds. It pounded on the door twice before sliding off her skin. The fetid air of the apartment swirled around her naked skin as the cloak wrapped itself around Tamin.

(Alpha, be safe.) Tamin sent his love before he and the cloak faded into the darkness.

Fang's door creaked open. "Come on, it's late..." his voice trailed off as he stared into the nearly empty hallway.

Merrie dropped her shade spell and drew his attention to her.

His brown-green eyes focused on her. For a long moment, he stared at her in shock, and then he inhaled sharply. Guilty thoughts flashed across his mind as he looked down the hallway and out the door. Leaning forward, he whispered to her. "What are you doing here? I paid you and the others! I don't owe you anything."

She drew her wrists up to her neck and begged. The floor was sticky underneath her knees as they spread apart, but Merrie had fucked in far worse places. She smiled and barked softly, bobbing her head as she did.

He looked back again. "I can't be seen with you. I'm just a Trustee, I'm not allow to have a whore."

Merrie barked again, reaching out with his mind to find the lust. She found it, buried underneath his despair. With a little push, she let it drift up through his thoughts.

Fang groaned and clutched the door. "A-Alright, but keep quiet, okay?"

She whispered her bark before crawling into his apartment. She looked around as Fang closed the door. It was filthy, with food containers stack up high and dirty clothes everywhere. A path had been cleared out between the door, his bed, and a small kitchen area. Ward spells covered the room, to keep away the maggots and smell, but they were cracking under their age.

The door clicked loudly behind her. “Sorry, I don’t usually... ever let anyone in here.” Guilt burned in his thoughts as he circled around her and lead the way toward his bed. “I really should clean up, but...” (I was planning on drinking myself to unconscious. Why is she here? Did I forget to pay something? Why tonight?)

Merrie saw his hammer on a kitchen table along with a small stack of papers. She continued down the path to his bed.

His apartment reminded her of her master’s mansion. When she first arrive, it was a mess with paths leading from one place to the other. The smell was the same. The only difference was that her master collected gold and diamonds and Fang simply didn’t clean up after himself. The similarity hung a cloud over her, a pain of memories and longing.

He grabbed a cleaner blanket from a basket by the bed and draped it over his bed, smoothing over the bumps before gesturing for her. “I... I don’t have enough money this week. Not for even a blow job. And,” he looked around with a sheepish look, “I can’t exactly run away here.”

She nodded and crawled on the bed. It sagged underneath her weight as she circled around three times, because he thought she would, before getting into a begging position. She looked up through her white hair at him, smiling as she felt the lust boiling inside him.

“I can’t afford this,” he said in a whisper. He wanted it, he craved her body, but he also knew what would happen if he didn’t pay.

Merrie shook her head. (Tonight, it’s free.)

He jerked as if she stabbed him. (Oh, dear Madock, I’m going insane.) Panic burned in his mind, but Merrie suppressed it. It was the same panic that most people had when first encountering a telepath.

(It’s okay, you aren’t going on insane. I just can’t talk. In fact, I’m going to bark right now to let you know that.) She barked softly, a smile on her lips.

Fang stumbled back, an incredulous look on his face. “Y-You can... I can hear you.”

She nodded and giggled softly.

“I can handle this. It’s just like listening to Gail, right?”

Merrie brought up the memory of Tai's lover and found the same comfort Fang had with her. She was a Guard Observant as much as Tai was the Guard Vigilant, both higher ranks, but Fang was used to hearing the telepath's thoughts in his head.

"You're a telepath too?"

She nodded.

"Why don't you use it all the time? I've seen you with Tai and Gail more than a few times. You are always barking... wait, are you talking to them in your head?"

Merrie shook her head, but didn't project any words.

"Why don't you speak? Or project all the time."

She shrugged and wiggled her shoulders, causing her breasts to shift. His eyes flickered down to see them and then back up to her face with a flush of embarrassment. She wondered it herself, but she didn't like to project outside of her connection with Tamin. It didn't feel right to speak up when she was suppose to be submitting.

Fang rubbed his head, his fingers trailing through the wispy hair. He started to think about balding even more and dropped his hand. "Y-You said, free? You mean a free fuck? Not just a blow job?"

Wagging her tail, she nodded and barked.

It only took him a few moments of hesitation. Mind brimming with guilty thoughts, he stripped out of his clothes and tossed them to the side. He wasn't in the peak of his health, but the city guards required at least a certain amount of fitness to remain a street guard.

Underneath the slight pouch of his belly, his cock stood out straight. She remembered it from the alleys but he didn't know that she could see in the dark. She moaned softly as she stared at it in lust, knowing that being exposed in the light would add to the excitement he felt rising in his belly. His cock bobbed with his thoughts and pre-cum oozed from the tip.

His doubts radiated from his mind and she could feel it start against her thoughts. (I'm ugly. She's going to run away now. She would never give me a free fuck if she knew what I looked like.)

Merrie licked her lips and let out a soft growl of desire. The effect was immediate, his cock bobbed a sudden beat of his heart and the doubt melted away.

Lowering herself and raising her tail, she crawled over to the edge of the bed and opened her mouth. With a soft gasp, she rocked her hips back and forth and let her tail swirl around her.

He inched forward, aiming his cock for her mouth. It slid past her lips with a flush of heat and the slick taste of pre-cum. He released his shaft and it bumped against her lower lip. Trembling, Fang stroked her ears and pushed his entire length into her mouth.

Merrie moaned at as he teased the sensitive ridges of her ears. His fingers trembled as he held himself there, afraid to grab tightly. She sent out a mental command and he unconsciously obeyed, grabbing her ears tightly and thrusting forward.

With a groan, he pulled back. She clamped her lips around his length and traced out every ridge of his pulsating cock. As his glans teased her lips, he held himself still and looked down. He gasped at the sight of his cock between her lips, the warmth of her mouth seeping into his burning skin. Despair rose up inside him, guilt and fear. He pushed into her mouth, watching with wide-eye fascination as his length disappeared into her mouth.

She moaned softly and wiggled her ass, encouraging him. She remembered the taste of his cock, thick and musky, but also sweet. She bobbed when he faltered but soon Fang was pounding her mouth with hard, desperate strokes.

His grip tightened on her ears, crushing them in his fingers. She moaned at the pleasure and pain, squirming as she felt an orgasm rising up inside him. His cock pulsed as it slid in and out and she tightened the ring of her lips to give him more resistance.

It was enough and he froze as he came. The cum poured out of his length and pooled on her tongue. She moaned with her own orgasm as she felt the heated liquid spreading out and then sliding down her throat. She sucked on his length, bobbing gently until he pulled out with a gasp.

He didn't say anything for a long moment. Instead, he stared down at his bobbing cock. The only sex he got in the last few years was from Nir and Merrie. He felt guilty with every orgasm, as if he was betraying some memory.

A shadowy memory rose up, of a woman, but then he buried it before Merrie could focus on it. His thoughts were raw and his despair was still too deep. Merrie could feel it rising up but he

struggled to control his thoughts. She could feel the ache in her own heart as she tried to find some way of giving him relief from his sorrow.

She rested an arm on his hip and barked again.

Fang stirred himself from his thoughts. "More?"

She nodded and barked.

"I-I'm a bit sensitive," he gestured to his cock, "but, do you think I could maybe do something for you?" A curiosity rose up in his thoughts, he wanted to know if she was clean enough to lick. Not only her pussy, but her ass. He never did it before, but he was afraid that she would have a shit-covered hole.

Merrie nodded and rolled back. Sinking her body into the sagging mattress, she rolled over on her belly and brought her knees underneath her.

"No, I was thinking on your..." The words trailed off as she lifted her ass and presented herself, giving him a full view of her ass and pussy. She was clean, the cleansing rune ensured that, but she was also slick and wet with excitement.

The mattress sank with his weight. "I-I've never," he gulped and sighed, "I've never done this."

She wiggled her ass for encouragement.

It took a long moment for him to bring his mouth to her sex, but when she felt his hot breath against her labia, she moaned. He leaned forward and gave her a delicate lick. She giggled and spread her legs further, parting her labia to her sex.

Encouraged, Fang licked firmly. "Y-You kind of taste taste like alcohol."

Merrie remembered the ethereal smell that surrounded her master. She couldn't smell it anymore, no doubt because it was part of her. She moaned and nodded.

"Kind of nice." He licked again and thought about drinking himself into a blackout. The tip of his tongue found her clitoris and he traced one of her inner labia up to her ass. He hesitated at the puckered opening, but she let out a moan and pushed back until his tongue caressed her ring.

She almost came as he lapped. Pulling back, he gasped. "Is this okay?"

She bumped against him with a moan.

Fang returned to her asshole, caressing it with his tongue. She could feel his surprise that it was as sweet as the rest of her. His saliva soon coated her opening as he traced each fold as it aimed for the opening before circling around. He gave a hesitant push at the sphincter and then lapped harder at it.

Merrie moaned and shivered, her severed arm and nipples rubbing against the blanket as she writhed. For a newcomer to rimming, his explorations felt good. Her tail wagged back and forth until he grabbed it and pushed it aside to get more access to her tight anal ring.

His other fingers drew up to her pussy, sliding one digit into her soaked sex. It sank clear to the knuckles and she moaned even louder. He lapped at her asshole, lubricating it as he dreamed of shoving his cock into there.

She came at his ministrations and bit down on his pillow, enjoying every pleasure as he lapped and fingered her into two more quick orgasms. Soon, her pussy was dripping with her excitement and she needed more than tongue. She held off, though, until he got his fill of rimming her.

Pulling back, he panted with excitement. "That was amazing. I've never... I mean, I've always wanted to do it." He groaned as he wrapped his dripping fingers around his cock, the hardness aching to be buried into her hot body.

Merrie rolled on her back and spread her legs. With her arm, she made a come-hither gesture.

Fang didn't need a second invitation. He crawled over to her. His eyes roamed her shortened limbs, painfully aware that she was cropped but it wasn't a turn-on or turn-off. It was just simply part of the Bitch he knew.

He grabbed his cock and aimed it for her pussy.

Merrie lifted her hips and his cock brushed against the ring of her ass.

Fang froze and looked up with desperate hope. "Are you sure?"

She barked with a smile.

His cock speared her asshole, sliding deep into her tight opening. Merrie moaned loudly and reached out for him, pulling him into her body as he sank his length into her. It was hot and tight. She could

feel every ridge of his length as it slid deep, lubricated by his saliva and his need.

Her hips rose and she hooked her knees on his hips, giving him more access to her body. Her tail wagged back and forth, tickling his balls with every movement. She could feel the play of muscles trembling along her body as he continued to sink into her.

Fang's eyes rolled into the back of his head as he focused on his senses. He shuddered and fought the urge to come. He gripped her thighs tightly as he forced the length of his hardness into her ass and held it there. Gasping, he struggled against his own body before drawing out. He only made it a few centimeters before he drove it back into her, nearly folding her in half with the force of his thrust.

Merrie moaned loudly from the sensation of being impaled. She rocked into his thrusts, squeezing down so the tightness clamped around his cock.

He began to take deeper strokes, sliding half of his length out before slamming it in. His orgasm was rushing up faster than he wanted, it had been too long since he had sex and never before in a woman's ass. He whimpered as he struggled to pull back, to stop it, but it was too late. With a cry, he came inside her ass, soaking her rectum with his hot, slick cum.

His face turned purple as he held himself there. And then, with a loud gasp, he slumped into her. "Thank you."

Merrie smiled and hugged him tightly, holding him into her as she enjoyed the afterglow.

Fang was sitting in Commandant Pidor's office, with two Vigilants standing next to him. One of them was a muscular man armed with two swords. The other was a short-haired woman who introduced herself as Tai, but she seemed more disgusted by his presence when he offered his hand. That was seconds before he was ushered across town into the commandant's office.

"Truste Fang, do you know why you're here?"

He did, but he couldn't say it. He knew that he was abusing his privileges as a city guard, not to mention asking favors from anyone who could help. With a deep breath, Fang shook his head. "I'm sorry, sir, I'm not sure."

The muscular Vigilant snorted.

The commandant shook his head. “We don’t lie to each other, boy. This is serious. You’ve been tying up guard resources for this search and we can’t afford to have you and your friends looking around for this woman—“

Fang stood up with a cry. Both of the Vigilants grabbed him by his shoulder and shoved him back down to his seat. He gulped to calm his emotions before he spoke. “It isn’t just a woman, it’s my little sister. She was kidnapped, I know that. She was on that street when it was teleported away!”

”We are still investigating, Truste.”

”You know where the bodies are. You arrested those two men! Just let me look! Let me see if my Sama is among them!”

Merrie jerked at his thoughts. The name swirled in her head, Sama. Tensing, she held Fang tight and delved into his thoughts, spreading out to suppress his despair as she ceased to be subtle about her probing.

In her grip, Fang whimpered, but Merrie threw herself into his memories as they welled up in his mind.

Fang felt as if his heart had been ripped out. After three hours of looking through the corpses, Sama wasn’t there. He didn’t know to be relieved or saddened by the fact. He shook his head and leaned against the door.

”I’m sorry,” said Tai as she handed him a steaming cup of tea. The spells that kept the corpses froze ached his skin, but he didn’t realize that until he held the cup.

”Thank you, Vigilant.”

”What are you going to do?” She looked sad as she looked into his face. He could see the compassion and sympathy in her, both now and when she spoke for him in the commandant’s office.

”Keep looking. What else I can do?”

Tai patted his shoulder. “Your job?”

”Well, yeah,” Fang chuckled and sipped at the drink, “but what’s the point? I couldn’t even save her when I needed to. The whole reason I became a guard was to protect her.”

”She isn’t dead, Fang. You know that.”

He shook his head. A month’s paycheck went into purchasing a spell to find her. The seer couldn’t identify where she was, but at least he knew she was alive. Somewhere. He knew she was in trouble. He needed to save her but he there was nothing he could do. He didn’t know where to run to save

her, who to fight, where to do anything. A sob rose up in his throat and he fought it.

"Join my team."

He looked up with surprise.

Tai gave him a comforting smile. "Gom and Snick could use some company. We're up in a slightly fancier part of town, but then you can do your job. And... if you need to take a few hours off here and there, I won't tell the commandant."

Fang tightened his grip as he buried his face in her shoulder. A sob ripped out of his body as he clung to Merrie. "Please stop. Please stop making me remember."

Merrie pulled back and let her thoughts drift in her mind. She held him tight as the tears ran down her cheeks. (I know her.)

He stiffened. "What?" came his muffled voice.

Merrie was shoved up against the girl and ordered to stay. Three guards surrounded them. Merrie turned to the girl and whispered, "Hi."

The brunette looked at her, tears rolling down her face, whispered back. "What is going on?"

"I don't know. I'm Merrie."

"Sama. I was just going to visit the museum for the day. Why are they doing—"

Fang slammed his hands on either side of Merrie's head. "You know Sama!? You saw her? Where? When!?" There was such pain and desperation in his voice that Merrie flinched.

(Yes, she was on that street with me.) She sent the images of being teleported and the first day as they were shoved into wagons and taken across the countryside to the dairy farm and then later to the Puppy Mill. The memories came in a rush, ending sharply before she remembered how Bass raped her in front of the mill house.

He grabbed her shoulders and his cock slipped from her ass as he got on his knees. Naked hope clutched his thoughts and his eyes were a mask of desperation. He dug his fingers into her, almost breaking the skin, and pulled her close. "What happened to her? Where is she? Tell me!"

Merrie hesitated and then gave him her memories, from the first time she met Sama until the final one she had of her body.

Time stretched slowly and Merrie continued into a spiral of despair. She felt her thoughts growing dark with depression and she realized she was

berating herself. To her mind away, she pushed herself to her knees and wrists. Careful to circle around Bass, she pushed her way through the grasses and past the burial markers. She didn't know where she was going but she had to be somewhere.

And then she came on Sama's body. The sheet had sunk against the corpse and Merrie could see Sama's tail and her limbs outlined by the stained fabric. A lock of hair stuck out one end and her toes from another.

Seeing Sama, sorrow welled up inside her. Merrie bit back a sob and backed away. She let the grasses bounce back between her and the body, a shield against the death she was responsible for.

Merrie stopped. She couldn't back away, not after failing Sama. With tears in her eyes, she inched forward. The grass cut along her nipples and side as she crawled through it. Reaching Sama's body, she looked over the prone form and realized she would never lick Sama's cunt or ride her face again. They were strangers only a few weeks before, but she was part of her life now, her pack, her bitch.

"No," Fang said with tears running down his cheeks. "No, no, no!" He yanked her up and slammed her down on the bed. A spring snapped underneath her and the metal dug into her back. He cried out again and slammed her again, each word punctuated by him pounding her into the bed. "No, no, no! It's a lie!"

With a growl, he threw her down and slapped her hard. "She isn't dead! She can't be!"

Merrie tasted blood on her mouth. She held her mouth shut, unable to do or say anything to stop the rage that burned him.

Fang cried out and punched her, his knuckles catching the side of her jaw. The blow almost cracked bone. "No, no!"

Shadows surged and Tamin slammed into him. The impact threw the guard off the bed and into the wall. Magic poured off the hound's as the Shadows peeled back and the strength spell burned in his veins. His pitch black eyes were locked on the guard and his lips were pulled back in a snarl.

With a groan, Fang slid out of the cracked wall of his apartment and hit the ground. His cock, still dripping from his cum, scraped on the floor but he didn't even cringe. Plaster poured down around him as he looked up. "Why?"

Merrie looked up at her protective hound. She pushed Tamin away with a thought, but the dog resisted before she pushed harder. (Sit.)

Tamin sat down heavily but didn't stop snarling.

She got on her knees and rubbed her chin. (Because of Grange, he wanted to get back at Bass.)

"No," Fang said as he stood up. There was a rasp of metal on leather and she realized he had pulled out his sword. "Why did you live? I saw your memories. You could have saved her. You could have killed that man before he killed my sister."

(Alpha, he is going to attack.)

(Don't hurt him,) she commanded.

(He hurt you. He must—)

(Sit!)

Tamin shuddered at the command.

Unaware of their mental thoughts, Fang rushed forward. His sword flashed out and Merrie saw it coming for her. She flowed out of the side, shifting barely out of the way.

The blade slammed into the mattress, slicing through the blanket and snapping rusted springs.

Merrie reached out and pressed the smooth end of her wrist against his. A quick spell rose up and she froze his arm, preventing him from pulling his sword out.

Fang grunted and pulled at his weapon. When it didn't slid out, he batted her wrist away and tried to use both hands. Merrie's spell kept him pinned in place.

(Fang, I didn't have that power. I was a Beta then, I had no master.)

"I don't care!" He screamed, "You killed my sister as much as those other bitches did. All of you could have saved her, but you let him rape her!"

(I couldn't stop him.)

"Horseshit! I saw those memories. You wanted to get fucked. You wanted it every time that he rammed his cock in your fucking holes. You were begging just like that Sable bitch!"

Merrie shook her head. She hated Bass, he raped her. There was no joy for her at the mill. (Tamin?)

The hound glanced at her. (I don't know what he's talking about, Alpha. I've seen none of that.)

She forced her mind into his, pushing into his thoughts. Strange, alien memories rose up in his head: of her longing for Bass, the tender moments in a bathtub, and even the tear-filled goodbyes. They were false memories, but there was no way Fang could have faked them. Not with the intimate sensations of flesh and bone, of sex and pussy. They felt like her memories but they couldn't be real.

"You killed her," he gasped as he sank to his knees. "You killed her just as much as Grange did. You and the others at that... place."

She couldn't respond as the guilt crushed her. She couldn't separate the memories of what she had become, the Lost Alpha, with her time at the mill. She knew she had power, but if she had just come into force earlier, she could have saved Sama. She could have stopped Grange from taking her. The memories came rushing back, reflected off Fang's thoughts. She opened her mouth but then closed it.

He sobbed as he buried his face into the blankets. "Why did she have to die?"

Merrie reached out for him, but stopped centimeters away from him. The pain and anguish rolled off him, surrounding her thoughts in a cloud. The guilt from Sama's death burned in her mind, reminding her of her own failures.

Even as she stared at him, she could feel the happy memories of the mill crumbling. She didn't know why, but it came with the same sense of loss she felt every time she left Lady Anasome's perfume store.

Pulling back her arm, she reached into his mind. She found the rising despair and cast a spell against it, letting it run its course but preventing him from killing himself or drinking himself into oblivion. She survived the agony of losing her master and it hurt almost as much as Fang's pain of finally losing his sister.

(I'm sorry.) Her words came with the full force of her guilt and regret. She failed him and Sama that night, she just didn't know it until now.

Her emotions were lost in his agony. She knew she could force him to listen, but it was wrong. Pain and loss had to be eased out,

just like Jacir and Pris. She didn't expect the intensity of his emotions but she knew it too well.

A memory rose up from Sama's childhood, of her older brother kneeling next to her as Sama clutched her broken arm. He had the same color hair but there were scratches on his face. It was his words, not clearly remembered but the intent came through. He was telling Sama what happened when he broke his arm, the pain but also how the bone-setter put it back. He went into detail about his healing and promising she would be healed in the same way. It gave her hope that the pain would end.

Fang tensed up.

Merrie closed her eyes and showed him her pain. She kept the worst of the agony filtered from crushing his mind, but she brought him through the moment of losing her master to the moment she knelt on the edge of the bridge, ready to kill herself. Every pain, every moment she broke down, she gave to him. It was a painful to remember and she feared breaking the seal on her despair.

It was almost morning when she finished. Fang rested against the bed, sobbing as he stared at the floor but saw nothing.

(I loved her with all my heart. She was my pack, my friend, and my bitch. If I could, I would have killed myself to save her. But, I couldn't.)

"S-She was my sister." Fang's voice was hoarse and cracked.

She sent a wave of love toward him, wrapping his thoughts.

Fang shuddered and curled up against the floor, ignoring his own nudity. "Just... just go away."

Merrie closed her eyes, the dismissal striking like a knife. She nodded once. (Come find me at the Guild if you need me or any of us. Ask for Kirin and tell her Bitch sent you.)

He said nothing.

With a heavy heart, Merrie melted into the shadows.

Rakin's Gift

76

By law, every guild in Franome City must not perform business for three days out of every ten day week. The law came over six hundred years before, when merchants ruled the city through fiscal force and the lower classes were about to boil over into revolt. In a desperate measure, the Royal Family declared a law that established the weekend for all guilds and prevented war.

There were exceptions. There were always exceptions. The guilds that were deemed to be critical to the safety and smooth operation of the city could not shut down for more than a single moment. The city guard, technically a guild, was one of them as were the Fire Tenders Guild. And, though no one remembered why, the Whore's Guild was part of that short list.

Because of the law, the Guild operated all twenty hours of the day, ten days a week, and ten weeks a month, and ten months a year. It was open day or night for anyone who needed a quick orgasm, an obscure fetish fulfilled, or simply the comfort of a warm body.

To pull the whores from the streets and lock the brothel doors required posting notices, hundreds of permits, and contingency plans filed with the city. The guild masters of the Whore's Guild rarely took the effort. There was always someone who needed to fuck. But, on a bright summer day, Kirin closed the doors to the guild for a single day. She timed it perfectly when the World Tree rained down petals across the city and the perfumed air was thick without being overpowering.

Officially, the proclamation listed thirty reasons why the Guild needed to shut down, but as far as the members were concerned

there was only one reason: Scorch and Nir. The other needs would have been handled with less than an hour of voting, if everyone wasn't drinking until they couldn't stand up.

It was early evening and, despite partying for close to sixteen hours, the Guild was out on the streets surrounding the hall. Shut off from the general public, the guild members let everything free to the fading sun and the warm air. Discarded clothes lined the street and hung from street lamps. Every horizontal surface not used to fuck was filled with discarded mugs of lager and forgotten plates of food. Sex ran just as freely as the alcohol. There was fucking and fingering and fighting, all in good fun.

Merrie was almost overwhelmed by the sexuality surrounding the hall was intense: everyone seemed to be fucking. She saw blow jobs on the corners, fingering against the table, and even twelve men in a fuck chain of cocks and assholes. Surrounding it all were other guild members, laughing and critiquing and drinking heavily.

She panted as she struggled to get through the streets to the hall. Normally her shade was strong enough to push everyone away, but the closeness of the Guild ground down on her desire to be separate. She wanted to reach out and be touched, to be stroked and fingered. She paused long enough to feel jealousy for one of the gang-bang queens who was trying to get a sixth cock into her at the same time. Everyone else was laughing so hard, they were bent over... a dangerous proposition on a street filled with horny whores.

(There are too many people,) grumbled Tamin, (this is not safe.) He walked next to her, shading her from the sun and blocking anyone from stumbling into her. His presence was a comfort, but his discomfort was a sharp pain in her mind. As much as he knew what she wanted, he also needed to protect her. It didn't matter if no one had tried to kill or kidnap her in weeks, he was the constant reminder of the night they killed her master.

Merrie was thankful for his presence and his thoughts. She sent out a pulse of warmth and love to him. (We're safe here. We'll be okay for tonight. And then, we'll return to the shadows.)

They managed to get closer to the guild hall. Through the press of legs, she could see that the windows and doors were packed with people. They were sitting on the windowsills, flashing any and all

who asked for it. There were others making out against the columns by the front door.

She spotted a rambunctious game of Queen Says, but the losers had to blow the winners. Though, it was obvious there were no losers in that game. There was also Pin the Tail using cocks and glory holes. The thribans were winning with enthusiasm but the silfae were keeping up with skill and fingering. The street was filled with moans and wet slurps.

Elf was in the middle of one of the catered tables in the streets, spread out naked on a table and covered in sliced fruits. Other prostitutes were plucking the slices off him as he squirmed and giggled. One of the more dour of whores sat on the table, peering over her wire-frame glasses and counting the number of times Elf didn't remain still. He would be punished every time, but everyone knew that Elf was looking forward to being strapped to a table and gang-banged until his wings fluttered.

On the far side, she could see Pristine showing off her skill with her glowing whip. The line of force flicked coins off whore's nipples as they tried to drink while laughing.

Merrie couldn't spot Scorch or Nir, but it was almost impossible with the press of naked flesh. She reached out with her mind, scanning the hall until she sensed Nir sitting on the bar inside the hall, crying with joy and drinking heavily. Scorch sat next to her and burned with pride. His thoughts were blurred with love and beer.

(Alpha, please let me wait for you in the Shadows,) projected Tamin. His discomfort was an ache against her senses. He didn't want to leave her, but he couldn't take it anymore.

She reached over and kissed him. (Be safe.)

He sent a wave of love and affection as he stepped through into the darkness.

Merrie smiled and let the shade spell burn away in the sunlight, exposing her naked body to everyone around her. The crowds pressed in faster than she expected. She whimpered as people stepped closer, no longer being held back by her magic. But, they also didn't see her on her wrists and knees.

Her ears pressing against her head as she looked up at naked cocks and shaved pussies. She tried to reverse the shade, to bring

attention to her, but then a man wearing nothing but a cock ring stepped on her tail. She yelped and pulled away, bumping into someone's legs. She slid off and bumped on the ground. Before she could regain her senses, more feet bumped into her and someone stepped on her shin.

As people yelped and jerked back, Merrie fled for a safer spot enough to focus on a Presence spell. She almost made it, but then someone jostled her into the side of a table. She hit the leg with a loud thump and it cracked. A moment later, the table began to buckle as the leg collapsed.

"Oopsie!" cried Elf as he began to fall off the crumbling table.

Merrie looked up to see three meters worth of food sliding toward her in a wave. With a yelp of her own, she tried to jump out of the way, but her body didn't move like she expected it to. Instead, it felt like it melted and flowed into place, pouring into the shadows of the next table without needing more than a millimeter of clearance.

She came to a stop underneath the table and shivered as her body grew solid and thick again, settling down into the familiar shape of two arms, two legs, and the rest of her body. She gasped for breath as she stared through the tablecloth at the devastation the collapsed table had done to the street. There was food everywhere and Elf was in the middle, giggling loudly as he promptly started a food fight.

With a giggle, Merrie concentrated on the liquid feeling of her body. She had experienced it before, but only in combat when someone was about to kill her. Her body never moved that way when she wasn't in danger, but surrounded by waves of sex and excitement, it felt like she was about to turn liquid with nothing but a thought. She licked her lips and concentrated on the flowing sensation, letting it slide across her body and sink into her skin. It was cool and pulsating, like stepping into the Shadows but pulling back right before she crossed over.

Her body tingled as she sank into her spell, feeling herself growing thin along the ground. Her perceptions shifted and she found herself wanting to move, to slid, to crawl. She reached out and she was suddenly rushing across the ground faster than she had ever moved before.

She shot out through the crowds and raced for the hall. Her body felt thin as she curled around legs and arms. With a silent giggle, she rose up along the bodies and ran along breasts and cocks, stroking each one against her skin. It left a wave of pleasure that filled her, not quite an orgasm but enough to put her on edge.

Inside the hall, she dove between legs until she reached the bar at the back. Sliding up, she ran between empty glasses and plates of food until she was next to Nir. It took her a heartbeat to figure out how to release the spell. As it peeled away from her body, her flesh solidified and she filled back into her form. She watched as the shadows faded away to reveal her pale skin and paler hair.

Nir sat on the edge of the bar next to Scorch. She wore nothing but a veil and her body glistened with sweat, pussy juices, and semen. It stuck to her hair and the sheer fabric of the veil clung to her cheek as she held up a large glass of lager and saluted the suddenly silent room.

With his hand on her thigh, Scorch was wearing even less. His cock was half-hard and bobbing with his movements. He had a broad smile, but that was also because his fingers were between Nir's legs, stroking her sex with slow, teasing movements.

Merrie nestled closer to Nir, moving with perfect silence. The room grew hushed as a thousand eyes stared at her. Burning with lust and the need to fuck, she leaned over and delicately kissed Nir's ear.

Nir glanced toward Merrie as she brushed her ear. And then did a double take as Merrie smiled at her. She jerked back into Scorch with a scream that brought laughter from the crowds.

She looked around in confusion before her eyes focused on Merrie. A smile crossed her face. "Bitch!" she squealed and threw herself on Merrie, pulling her into a tight hug. Her small breasts ground against Merrie's larger ones and the movement left little sticky marks along Merrie's body.

On the opposite side, the smell of fire tickled Merrie's senses. Through the curtain of Nir's hair, Merrie saw Scorch glaring at her. He muttered in a low voice, "Damn it, Bitch, don't make her scream like that."

Merrie gave him an evil smile and nipped Nir's shoulder. Nir squealed and jerked away.

Scorch rolled his eyes and pulled Nir from Merrie. "Bad girl."

Merrie's tail wagged back and forth from the curl of pleasure rising up from her pussy. Her skin prickled with excitement and she let her tongue hang out as she panted.

Lifting her leg slightly so she could perch on her husband-to-be, Nir said, "Now, be nice to my bridesmaid."

"You mean, bride-bitch?"

Nir giggled and pulled close, whispering to Scorch. "I'll make you my bitch."

He smiled and wrapped his arms around her. "I like to see you try."

They kissed and their affection broke the silence. The crowds roared with cheering.

Merrie felt a presence drawing her attention and turned to look across the room. Mid-way up the stairs, Kirin stood looking at Merrie. Kirin wore her customary corset and nothing else. Her cock swung between her legs, reaching past her knees, and the tip glistened in the light. When their eyes met, the guild mistress lifted her half-full wineglass and gestured for Merrie to follow.

Her tail still wagging, Merrie got on her knees and crawled away. She barely got a step in when two hands grabbed her tail and pulled her back. Whimpering, she turned to see both Scorch and Nir held on to her white tail. As one, they pushed her ass down to the bar and dragged her close.

Merrie's heart thumped louder. Nir leaned into Scorch's shoulder as the fire mage said, "You know we both love you, right?"

She could feel it in their hearts, the warm and compassion for her. They both knew that Merrie was one reason they were together. And their relationship blossomed around her. She smiled and fought the tears. Turning on her ass, she reached up and kissed both of them on the lips. (I love you two.)

Nir peeked out from Scorch's neck. "You have such a pretty voice, it's... rough but sexy."

Merrie thought about Sable's thoughts. (Smoke and whiskey?)

The teenage girl pulled Merrie into a long kiss, their tongues teasing each other for a moment. As they broke, Nir whispered into the tiny space between their lips. "I would have never been happy if

it wasn't for you, my bitch of smoke and shadows. It is the greatest gift you could ever give me: freedom and love."

Merrie smiled and sent a pulse of love toward both of them. They released her tail and she crawled away. She had to pick her way over half-empty glasses on the bar, but no one questioned her as she traversed the entire length and jumped down at the far end. It was only a few short meters before she was looking up at the guild mistress.

"They are both good kids," said Kirin, "but I think you and me and Monk need to have a talk."

Merrie nodded.

From the crowds, someone called out to Kirin. "Mistress! It's time for another round for the marriage gifts? How will they earn it?"

Kirin turned around, her eyes gold with streaks of blue in it. She look at the gathered whores and smiled. "One mark for every crack against the ass. Open handed and there better be a red mark—"

The roof shook with the cheers.

"... on both of their asses."

Scorch shook his head. "No, no. Not me, please—"

"Oh, Scorchy-poo!" cried Elf as he came bounding in with a fistful of marks and dripping food.

With a groan, Scorch slipped off the bar and bent over. "No butterflies this time!"

The laughter followed Merrie and Kirin as they headed up to Kirin's private office. As they mounted the stairs, the noise quieted until it was barely a whisper at the top of the stairs. The air still shook from the party below, but the sound suppression spells managed to keep the din down. It even muffled the sounds of fucking from the member's rooms.

Kirin stopped at the threshold of her quarters and held up her glass.

Merrie paused, but Kirin gestured her through. Confusion, Merrie stepped across and turned around to watch curiously.

With a wide sweep of her arm, Kirin splashed a line of red wine across the white marble floor. It was a shocking contrast, like blood spilled out on the ground. Coming to the end of the arch, she drained the rest of the glass and took a deep breath.

The floor began to vibrate and Merrie felt power rising up. It felt like a thousand worms crawling along her skin as it rose up and pressed down on her. Her tail dropped to cover her sex and ass even though she knew it was magic and not real creatures dropping on her.

The floor split along the line of wine. Obsidian tendrils stretched out of the crawl, intertwining with each other as they reached for the arch. Merrie's skin crawl with some deep-set fear she didn't know she had. Around Kirin's quarters, she felt warding spells rising up inside the walls and along the floor and ceiling.

The tendrils began to swell out, blocking the entrance completely. They twisted and bulged into obscene shapes, of men and women being impaled by tentacles. Merrie clamped her tail tighter against her nether holes. Even as she watched, she could imagine herself impaled by the very tentacles before her.

The obsidian froze in place. It looked solid as a rock. Warding spells pulsed along the tendrils, protecting the room. Merrie glanced over to the windows and saw more black tendrils blocking every opening. She reached out for the Shadows, but couldn't reach through the sensation of solid walls even between the barriers.

Kirin patted her head as she passed. "I need more wine," she said. "The wards in this room always take so much energy, but it will stop any eavesdroppers, teleporters, and even," she looked over her shoulder to smile at Merrie, "little bitches who can step into other dimensions."

Merrie smiled and blushed. She padded further into the room, following Kirin. As she came around a large couch, she saw it.

A black box sitting in the middle of the table. She had only seen it a few times, mostly in Rakin's memories, but she knew what was inside. Rakin's collar. Her tail clamped even tighter against her body, burrowing its length against her sex as she whimpered.

"Scary isn't it?" said Monk. "It looks so plain, that collar, but it is more terrifying that anything I can comprehend." The red robed man sat in a chair, his hands steepled together. His lips were turned into a frown, but Merrie couldn't see through the red cloth to see if it reached his eyes.

She gulped and nodded, her eyes drifting back to the box.

Kirin sat down in her chair, opposite of Monk. With a twist of her hip, she set her feet down on the table and stretched her massive cock along her thighs. The flared tip rested on her knees. “And yet here we are, talking about it.”

Merrie’s heart pounded in her chest. She inched closer to the box, afraid and drawn to it. Her skin felt tight and tingling as she stared at the plain box. She could picture the collar perfectly, as if it had been burned into her mind. A simple black metal ring split open. It was about as thick as Kirin’s smallest finger without a single rune or decoration. She couldn’t even feel magic from it, even though she knew from Rakin’s memories that there were hundreds of spells enchanting it.

“Remember Monk,” started Kirin, “this isn’t our choice.”

Merrie looked up with confusion, first to Kirin and to Monk.

Monk shook his head sharply. “It should be destroyed.”

With a shrug and a nod, Kirin gestured to Merrie. “Tell us, please?”

“I already told you.”

“Yes,” Kirin said as she sipped her wine, “but as the future guild master, you need to learn how to explain to others your opinions. And Bitch needs to know why.”

Monk sighed and leaned forward. “I’ve been identifying the magics on this collar for the last two months. I’ve had to bring in more than a few experts, all under oath and geas, for the more esoteric enchantments. But, frankly this thing should be—”

“Monk...” interrupted Kirin.

His head tilted to look at her. “I don’t think she is qualified to make this choice.”

“I disagree. Do we need Sari?”

Monk’s lips pressed into a thin line. “No,” he said sullenly, “we don’t.”

Merrie looked back and forth between them. There was a tension in the air that brought dread rising up from her gut. She glanced at the box. She knew it was terrifying, but Monk’s concerns bothered her more.

“I’ll start with the beneficial effects, but they are all combined together into a single enchantment that cannot be separated. The

good comes with the bad, or more accurately there are some benefits to the collar's horror."

"So dramatic."

Monk glared at Kirin. He turned back to Merrie. "For starters, the collar has two regeneration spells."

Merrie's heart skipped a beat as she remembered the charm at the mill.

"The first is a third circle regeneration bound into the collar. Your healing speed is roughly doubled which will cut recovery time from physical injuries in half. The other regeneration," he frowned, "is nastier. It is much more powerful, about a hundred-fold increase in healing, but it only triggers with your death."

Suddenly, Merrie's sphincter was tight enough to break wood. She whimpered and stared at Monk in shock. The hope that rose up with the first spell was utterly crushed as Monk described how it worked.

"It basically keeps your mind alive until your body recovers. However, there is no pain suppression, which means you'll experience the agony of healing at high speed until your own body is capable of surviving on its own. It will be, for a better word, torture."

"Can it be disrupted?" asked Kirin, her eyes were now a brilliant gold.

Monk shook his head. "None of the spells in the collar are breakable by anything short of a god. In fact, it would take a god to kill her permanently. There are also longevity spells buried inside it for both her and her master. He added spells to handle death by asphyxiation and starvation, two weaknesses of most regeneration spells. That isn't to say she can't be killed by choking or starvation. She can be killed, and it would be agony as she died, but she won't remain dead. Once she regains consciousness, though, the one regeneration ceases to function and the lesser-powered regeneration will take over. In the end, she will be nearly impossible to kill but every recovery would be torture."

Sweat trickled down Merrie's back as she stared at the box. It didn't matter that Monk wasn't addressing her, she could barely focus as she tried to think of the implications Rakin had for her. He was going to hurt her, kill her even. The fantasies of spiking her to

the ground or cutting open her stomach were more than an idle fantasy, it was a plan he had prepared for her. Her stomach twisted violently and she trembled with fear.

Monk continued with a wave of his hand. “The second group is a series of enhancement spells that are a felony to use inside Franome outside of war. Rakin must have blown a lot of favors to get some of these, including casting a few of his own. They are tailored specifically for her,” his frown deepened, “including her shadow and psionic magic. There are also physical armor, a secondary mental shield, and enough energy storage for a tenth circle spell. All of them, I’ll repeat, are illegal to have active in the city.”

Merrie finally tore her eyes away from box. (How powerful is a tenth circle spell?) She didn’t know anything about the formal classification of magic, she just always fucked until she could cast a spell.

“Enough to destroy Franome City,” came the deadpanned response. “It is acknowledged that the first World Tree was created with a tenth circle spell.”

“Please don’t do that, Bitch,” chuckled Kirin. “The destroying bit or the creating World Trees.”

Merrie made a strained giggle. (I’m done with destroying hunks of Franome City.)

“We’ll see,” muttered Monk. He sighed and gestured to the box. “That’s the benefits of the collar, but when compared to the curses in the collar, they are insignificant. I’ll start with the most obvious: the geas.”

Merrie whimpered and her tail pressed tighter against her body. (Geas?)

“This is actually the capstone to the collar and why nothing can be taken out without destroying the collar. There is divine magic sealing it. Rakin must have bribed a god to finish the enchantment, but it is still a geas. The only problem is that the geas doesn’t allow choice.”

“Choice?” Kirin got up to refill her glass. Merrie didn’t remember her drinking it.

“Yes, choice,” sighed Monk. He got up and rubbed his head. “Mortal magic has limits. Every known geas spell has some way of breaking it with varying requirements on the conditions. The geas

that currently affects her is released by a simple action instead of the more poetic ones from history. This one has a simple rule—”

(Obey the master of the collar.) Merrie knew it from Rakin’s thoughts.

Monk nodded. “Yes, but you won’t have a choice. You can’t fight until your organs explode out of your body, your skin ignites into flame or melts off, or let your mind crumble like every other geas I’m aware of. You,” he pointed accusingly, “will not have a choice. You will,” he spat out the word, “obey the collar’s owner. I can’t—”

“Monk,” Kirin said, “please.”

Monk turned on the guild mistress. “No, this is important. She can’t say no. If her owner says kill herself, she will. If he says fuck, she will. If he says destroy Franome City, she will kill every living being within fifty kilometers of here until someone stops her, if they can!” Monk’s voice cracked as it rose. “She already has enough power to send all of Franome City into the Shadows and this collar will only give her more! She can’t—”

Kirin slammed her glass down and barked out his name.

His red robe fluttered and Merrie thought she saw a crimson glow around him, but he didn’t say anything. He held out his hand and took a deep breath. And then a second and a third.

The world spun around Merrie. She could barely hear him speak as she stared at the collar, feeling it drawing her attention into it. It scared her more than with every passing second, every spell that Rakin had shoved into it. He was going to bind her forever with it and she barely survived keeping him away. She didn’t know and she whimpered loudly as she tried to comprehend the consequences of putting on the collar.

“I’m sorry,” Monk’s voice was calm once again, “guild mistress. We’re the Whore’s Guild. This is a matter of the Artificer’s Guild, except they would arrest Bitch as soon as they got the collar. And... I don’t trust them not to put it on her. Or sell her to someone to become her owner.”

“I suspected. That is why I asked you to keep it secret.”

“I don’t want this responsibility, mistress.”

Kirin smiled and set down a bottle of wine on the table next to her. “I know, Monk, but it is one all three of us have. Do you know which god?”

“One of the intermediate gods of magic is my guess. I’m guessing Misyr or Quinsolin.”

Kirin stared at Merrie in shock.

Merrie knew the answer, though. She didn’t understand it from Rakin’s memories when she first picked it up, but it welled up. (Misyr.)

“H-How,” Kirin gulped before she continued, “did Rakin get Misyr to help?”

“I don’t know, but that is the only way I think that a geas this powerful could be created. It basically duplicates the submission aspect of True Submissives. The collar also creates a telepathic bond, strong enough to cross dimensions and into the Shadows. The range is... well, she won’t get out of range. It also removes any chance of free will, that is the part that required a god.”

He sighed and gestured to the black box. “That’s it. A very powerful combat charm and effective immortality but you have to give up all free will and all choice when you put it on. And... once you do, it will never come off.”

Merrie’s throat was dry. She tried to swallow but couldn’t. A whimper rose in her throat as she stared down at the box, trying to wrap her mind around the power the simple, black collar held. The regeneration and enhancements appealed to her, but it was the geas that her mind kept drawing back to. She would lose all choice as she submitted to her master. Rakin wanted to be her master, he wanted to give her a command and know that she would obey it. But she also knew that he wanted her to know she couldn’t choose. It was the important part of being an Alpha. She had to submit. If anyone knew that, it would be Rakin. He needed there to be a choice for her powers, but the threat of absolute submission was an effective leash.

She could imagine how he would use it, like a stick if she disobeyed. He would start with simple commands, suck on his cock or lick his ass, but it would quick turn into self-mutilation and suicide.

A tremor coursed through her body followed by a wave of heat. Her skin crawled and began to tingle, just like the days before she bonded. He wasn’t going to force the collar on her, he was going to make her submit to it. Break her until she begged to put it around her own neck.

Her lips parted as she began to pant. Rakin was going to give her a choice. He would have told her everything the collar did, because he wanted to see the look in her eyes as she submitted. He would give her a single choice that would change everything.

Merrie couldn't take her eyes off the box. She could feel the power boiling inside her, a heat that burned her from the inside. It wasn't focused on her pussy or her clitoris, but seemed to gather in her heart and chest. It hurt to breathe, but she couldn't stop staring at it.

She had a chance of getting another master. It was a false bond, but it was still closer to anything she had since her master died. She would feel that intimacy again, that need to obey that drove every moment of her life.

"There is—"

"Quiet, Monk, she needs time."

"She's dripping," came the icy response.

Merrie continued to stare at the box, but she dropped one arm to her belly. The smooth end of her wrist ran along the taut skin down to her hip. The heat from her sex rose up around her, tickling her senses, but she continued to shift down until her wrist encountered the soaked opening of her sex. It was like fingering a stranger, she couldn't keep both her mind on the painful pleasure and the box at the same time. But, her pussy felt liquid as it drooled around her wrist. The wet splatters of excitement filled the air and sent whiffs of perfumed excitement past her nose.

The lure of having a new master was a drug. She remembered the agony she felt at missing her former master and how much she wanted it back. The despair had been sealed away, but she knew that the collar would heal that wound forever. She would willingly become a slave again, if she found the right master.

"Bitch?" Kirin's voice interrupted her.

Merrie blinked and tore her eyes away from the box. She looked up to see Kirin kneeling next to her, the guild mistress' cock resting on the white marble floor.

"Bitch, are you okay?"

Merrie glanced back at the box with her collar. It was everything she wanted in her life, more than fucking and more than even Tamin. It was submission in a simple black collar. Gulping, she

sniffed at the tears in her eyes, but she didn't remember when she started crying.

Kirin smiled and reached up with her hand to brush the tears from Merrie's cheeks. "It's okay. You don't have to choose right now."

"Actually," Monk started, "she probably has to choose soon."
(Why?)

Monk sighed and rubbed his forehead. "I had to get a number of experts to investigate the collar. The spells were far beyond my ken and most of the people I trusted. I found them and offered them a choice, a geas to keep it a secret. Those who refused, I didn't work with. Those who did, I paid for it from guild funds—"

Kirin rolled her eyes and gave a weak chuckle.

"—and gave them the time they needed with the collar. I'm not worried about most of them, but..." He looked down at his lap. "Two days ago, one of my experts was found dead. She," he sighed and shook his head, "had been tortured into giving up the secrets. Her sisters at the covenant found her when she didn't come down for morning prayer."

The tingle that coursed along Merrie's skin turned to ice. She could feel dread filling the air and tensed. Monk was about to tell her something terrible.

She could feel his attention on her. He dug into his pocket and pulled out an envelop. "She gave me this along with her report on the collar. Her identification was probably one of the most expensive, I'll admit, but it was modeled after her own work. She also admitted to trying to destroy it, but she couldn't."

Merrie looked at the envelope. It had only two words written on the front of it: Merrie Golddother. A whine rose in her throat as she began to shake her head. She knew who had died for her, the only woman who knew magical collars and Merrie's true name, Rendi Kivas.

She shook her head as the tears ran down her cheeks. She wanted to deny it, to pretend that Rendi hadn't suffered because of her, but she knew it was true. She could feel it in Monk's words, his thoughts. She sobbed and shook her head, unable to grab the envelope held in front of her.

"Monk?"

Monk set the envelope on the black box. "I'm sorry... Merrie."

Merrie choked at her name, the pleasure never coming. She shook her head violent. (I never wanted to hurt anyone.) With her thoughts came the memories of Rendi at the mill, including the final days when it became too much for her. (She tried to leave the mill and... because of me, it killed her.)

Kirin wrapped her arms around Merrie. "It will be okay, puppy girl."

Merrie shook her head, then buried her face into Kirin's shoulder. (She died because of me.)

No one said anything, because there was nothing to say.

She wished that her despair would come back, the horrible darkness that would erase the world. But, she was left alone, caught by something she couldn't stop.

Monk sighed and squeezed his hands together. "I... suggested that we have the guild votes and the marriage ceremony to give us a chance to discuss this in private. I'm afraid..."

Merrie looked up, tears streaming down her cheeks. She wanted to lash out at him, for including Rendi, but she knew he did the best he could. She could feel it in his thoughts but it didn't make the gnawing grief any easier to stomach.

"Monk?"

"Someone was willing to kill a wizard-priest to find out about the collar, torture her to get through the geas. We already know that Mer... Bitch is capable of incredible damage and destruction. History has proven that wars were fought over True Submissives, but she is something else, she's a... an Omega, for a lack of a better word. She is more powerful than any Alpha recorded and she survived the death of her master." He swallowed. "And now she can bond again. That collar," he pointed to the box, "will make a king or a dictator. With her powers, the natural enhancement of her master's powers and her own magic, she can destroy a country or make one."

Kirin's arm around Merrie tightened. "And you don't think the Guild can survive it?"

"Our vault isn't strong enough to stop someone truly dedicated to getting her. And anyone capable of breaking into our vault will kill anyone that gets in their way. That collar and her, as long as she is unbonded, it is a threat. Not only to Bitch's free will, but the safety

of this guild and this country. Please don't make her choose, Kirin." Monk held his hands in a begging position, fingers steepled together.

Merrie pulled herself away from Kirin's group. She gathered up as much determination she could dredge up. (It's my collar.)

"Destroy—"

(I,) she interrupted, (will make that choice.)

"There are forces out there after you. It is dangerous to leave anywhere, not even inside the World Tree. You need to destroy it and soon."

Merrie stared at the box. (Give me a day. Two at the most and I'll figure out what to do.)

"Bitch," Kirin whispered, "if you do decide to destroy it, a number of gods of sex owe the guild some favors. They are, as a whole, pretty much useless for these things, but they sleep around as much as we do and would know which powers would be willing to help. It's a long shot, but the Guild is behind you."

Merrie nodded without smiling. She knew what Kirin and Monk suggested, but she couldn't stomach the idea of destroying it. The lure of having a master again was too great and the others knew it. The only question was, who would she choose to be her master for the rest of her life.

t'Sade

Decisions



Merrie stretched her legs across the slightly dusty blankets of her master's bed until the ends of her ankles pressed against the carved headboard. The icy wood felt good against her skin, an anchor for the disbelief and anticipation that burned hotly through her veins. She pushed herself up on her elbows and up to her knees. Her nipples dragged along the blanket's folds, reminding her of her physical body.

Her eyes never left the collar. The heavy black ring sank into the bed, creating a depression that drew her eyes toward it. It was exactly like she remembered, black as the Lord of Shadows without a single scratch, ridge or decoration. Rakin didn't need to prove his ownership with a name or fancy symbols; he would have demonstrated it to the world by his complete mastery of her. The collar was barely a finger thick, but far heavier than the iron collars they shackled on her at the Puppy Mill.

It was sensual and terrifying. The only thing that broke the perfection was the missing segment of the collar. There were no latches or hooks, only two smooth ends of the adamantite ring. She knew from Rakin's memories that it would seal up as soon as he put it around her neck. And, once in place, it would never be removed. The idea of being collared forever kept a heat boiling inside her.

She peered down her body, past her hanging breasts to her thighs. The insides were glistening with her juices and strands of the clear fluid stuck to her labia and legs. The strands slowly slid down, but there was always more liquid oozing out of her pussy. Below, the blankets were soaked with her excitement, a large damp spot almost as large as herself.

It had been five minutes since she last masturbated, imagining someone collaring her. The person was always different but, while it quickly brought her to a screaming orgasm, it faded as soon as she stopped fantasizing about it. None of the people around her were strong enough for her. None were the master or mistress she needed.

(If they collar you,) Tamin projected sullenly, (it won't matter.) He was at the foot of the bed, curled up and dozing. He hated the collar and she could feel the jealousy bubbling in his thoughts. She remembered the same jealousy from Sable and Dixie, the bonded never shared their masters. And Tamin didn't want to be shared with another Alpha. His mind couldn't handle the idea of an alpha of an alpha.

Merrie sighed. It was an old argument now. Shifting over to a drier spot, she thudded back to the blankets and stared at it. Trembling, she reached out to stroking it, enjoying the faint tingle that coursed along her nerves when she touched it. The collar somehow knew her. She could feel the magic reaching out for her, ready to bind her forever. (But, if I get someone like Tai, she won't push me. I'd wither. She can't command me.)

(You already said no to Gail and Tai.)

(And Jacir or any of my other customers. They are sweet but, no one commanded me like...)

Tamin sent an image of Rakin standing over her, commanding her as she exploded into orgasm.

Merrie whimpered and dropped her head into the blankets, tilting so she could still stare at the collar. (Yes.) It tore her to think about it, but Rakin was her perfect master. He knew how to push her to her limits, how to force her submission and then fuck her until she couldn't stop coming.

(Maybe that's his curse? He's the only true master for you. He's the only one who can truly dominate you.)

She closed her eyes slowly. She ached from staying up all night and afternoon. She didn't dare let it out of her sight, but she couldn't find the answer. It was too big of a choice, too important to make frivolously. She needed a master, but there were none in her life. (Why did I say two days?)

Tamin said nothing.

(I wish the answer was obvious.)

His tail thumped against the ground. (If it was, then it wouldn't be a choice. And if it wasn't a choice, then it would be meaningless.)

(Stop being so smart.) Merrie let out her breath in a rush and rolled over on her back. The letter from Rendi crinkled underneath her, but she ignored it for a moment while staring at the ceiling.

(You made me that way, Alpha.)

She smiled and looked at his wagging tail. (I love you so much. What would you do?)

Frustration burned along their connection. It was too hard to keep his needs from her own. She knew he was jealous, but he also wanted her happy. He didn't have the answers either. Neither of them did, which is why Merrie remained on the bed staring at it.

She felt thin and stretched out, like her cloak. She finally had a chance of having a master and suddenly, there were too many choices. Almost none of them appealed to her.

(What about Borias? Regardless of that letter?)

Merrie rolled over and pushed herself down to bring the letter in front of her. She smoothed it out with her wrist and read the familiar words she had been reading for hours.

Before I even identified that... thing, I knew it was for you and I know who made it. Only one man would create such a horrifying artifact to utterly dominate a single person. I can't write his name because of this geas, but you already know who it is. He had so much power in his life. He protected this country for centuries, but everyone looked away when his thoughts turned to obsession. What was one woman to a hero? What are the girls he murdered when he invaded the... sorry, the geas makes it hard to identify him. But, I know you asked Borias about it, so you know what I'm talking about. Being a hero is not forever and it tears my heart open to know that he had turned his obsession on you.

This artifact is so much more than the spells that enchant it. Part of me is in there. I don't know how, but he stole me. Just like the collars I crafted for Bass, part

of my soul is in there. It binds the spells to the metal, just as my god's power flows through its metal. I prayed for understanding of My Great Lord Misyr, but for once, I have no answers.

I also prayed for this item's destruction, since the geas won't let me do it myself. And my prayers were unanswered. No doubt, this my punishment for the horrors I did at the Mill. I will accept them as Misyr demands, but it doesn't make my penance any easier.

Merrie shivered at the words. It felt like Rendi was talking to her from the grave, not knowing she was going to be murdered days after penning the letter.

I'd be a fool to think you will destroy that accursed device. I know what you are and what you need. It is your nature and if I was in your position, I assume I would do the same thing. I'm only thankful that I'm not in your position. The only thing I can do is ask you to destroy it, fully knowing you will never do such a thing.

Instead, I beg your favor. One that is desperately close to my own heart. Please, please don't choose my son. I love him with all my soul, but if you bond with him, you will be killing both of you. He cannot ever tap into that magic again, he cannot feed the monster inside him. With your closeness and your need to serve, you two will make mistakes that would haunt me until my grave.

It has been thirteen years since he was sealed away from his magic and sent to the prison that has cursed my family for centuries. The Kivas have always been known by the two doors leading into Abbinkey. It almost killed me knowing he entered the red door as a prisoner, instead of the white like I did. When I found out you were what you were, I dreaded hearing news that he had bonded with you. Every time you looked into his eyes, I

wondered if it was the last time I would see my son happy. Even after I left, I had nightmares. Terrible, terrible nightmares that haunted me every night. I was afraid that at the last minute, he bonded with you. By some random chance or choice, I was terrified that day would come. When you were sold away, I let out a pray of relief and thanked Misyr. I thought it was over. But, now as I hold this item in my hand, I realize that I'll be visited by the mares tonight.

His geas won't work with this collar. I'm sure of it, but I doubt neither of you would spend the time to research the geas with your collar, to know if the knowledge that you can't stay dead is powerful enough to get around the limitations of death. Even if it could, if it was cast to detect intent instead of status, then it would take just a single thought that one of your deaths was permanent to kill him. A single thought, a single doubt, and I would lose my son forever.

I love my son. And I beg you with everything I can, everything I can give you. Don't pick him.

Sister Rendi Kivas, Wizard-Priest of Misyr

Merrie clamped her eyes tightly shut as the guilt slammed into her. (No, not Borias. Even if I knew how to get back to the Mill, I couldn't pick him.)

Unspoken was the other two masters at the Mill.

Tabitha was have been perfect and she had no doubt that she would be submissive to both her and Dixie. It would be a world of being hunted down, raped and torn apart. But knowing that she couldn't die would take the edge off the hunting and Merrie could see Tabitha growing more violent and frustrated with that knowledge.

Bass, on the other hand, would have been another perfect master, but she would never go back to the Mill. She couldn't, not now, not ever. She glanced up at the door to the bedroom, it was cracked and

hung from one hinge. A large hole in the far side of the hall was a meter off the ground and still dripping plaster and shards of wood. She closed her eyes.

(I will never go back!)

Merrie hadn't moved, but she was surrounded by hundreds of black tendrils of shadows. They rose up from every bit of darkness in the room, from the gaps between the dressers and the darkness underneath the bed. They were rooted even from her cloak, using the folds for purchase in reality.

Dust filled the room as she stared in shock out the door. Tamin's body slid out of the hole in the wall. Black blood dripped down the plaster and soaked into the dust.

(It didn't hurt that much.)

Merrie's ears drooped. (I don't know why I did that.)

Tamin sent a pulse of affection that brought tears to her eyes. (It wasn't much different than our foreplay.) Being thrown through a wall or across a street wasn't much different than how they wrestled in the streets. Both of them had been tossed into wheels of wagons, brick walls, and through trees. It was just foreplay to them, a violent sexy start for sex that mixed blood and cum.

(Later,) she smiled.

(What about... the prince?) Claston was one of the few people who Merrie suspected could be her master, but she didn't know for sure. It seemed like a long-shot to choose someone so public when even the city guards couldn't be seen around her. He had secrets, that far she knew, and a strength of will, but she didn't know if he could dominate her.

(Gillette?)

Merrie tensed at the name of the shadow hunter. He was powerful and charismatic. She had seen him fight against the Reaper and the hordes of the shadows and win. He was commanding, but she never saw even a hint of sexuality in his actions. But, he was powerful and strong. He had a force of will and charisma.

(You could see yourself serving him.)

She moaned softly. (Yes.) Fantasies rose up of her fighting in the shadows next to him. She knew the sex would come, with her

thoughts mixing in with his, they would become more than just companions.

Tamin rolled over and gave a dramatic sigh. (Going to masturbate again, Alpha?)

Merrie blushed and smiled. She dropped her arms down to her pussy, enjoying the slick heat of her excitement. Pressing her wrists together, she stroked her clitoris and enjoyed the curls of heat. Her juices clung to her skin, tickling her as she began to build up the slow pleasures.

As she stroked her pussy with both wrists, she turned and stared at the collar. She couldn't wait until someone placed it around her neck and sealed her forever. An orgasm sparked inside her, but she arched her back and stroke faster, trying to lose herself in a fantasy of Gillette dominating her.

Just as she was reaching a fifth orgasm, a heat washed over the room. A moment later, the crackle and smell of burning wood filled the room. Without hesitation, she flipped over to her knees.

Her cloak crawled out from underneath the bed, grabbing the adamantite collar as it passed and wrapped around her. The heavy metal ring pressed against her breast as the cloak tightened protectively around her. She let out a soft gasp of relief knowing that the collar wouldn't be lost.

On the floor, Tamin was already on his feet and growling. (Intruders!)

She sent out a pulse to investigate. At the same time, she began to cast strength and speed spells into both of them. It could be a false alarm, but after the attack against her master and Rakin's ambush, she decided to fight first and question later. She only hoped it was her imagination, but the pounding in her heart told her otherwise.

The ripples of her senses came back. Four people were within a hundred meters of her. Three were wrapped in fire magic cast by the same mage and they were protected against her psionics. The fourth stood in the shadows at the corner of the house, a shade spell draped over their body to hide them from sight. Unlike the other three, there was the foul taste of necromancy and the sharp sweetness of some other type of magic. Sweat prickled her skin as the fear burned along her veins. She didn't think they would be coming for her like this or so soon.

(Alpha, the Shadows are burning.)

Calligraphic spells of protection ran across her mind as she pushed her senses beyond the barrier of the worlds and into the Shadows. The familiar shifting walls of the mansion were on fire, the flames as brilliant as the sun. She pulled back and shook her head. (Too dangerous.)

His ears perked up. (They're coming through the wall.) With his thoughts, his senses connected with her own. She could hear a roaring through the wall and the smell the smoldering wall beyond the dressers set up along the outer wall. Another wave of heat rolled through the room and flames flickered in the cracks between the furniture.

A blast of magic burned along her senses as it rushed toward the wall. She could feel the destructive energies burning her mind as it came up.

Merrie sent out a quick order as she used her cloak to grab the edges of the bed. (Tamin, circle around and kill the hiding one.)

(Yes, Alpha!) His dark form shot out the door. He bounced off the far wall and sprinted down the hall.

Merrie yanked the bed up, using magical strength and the cloak to lever the hundred kilogram frame on two legs and then brought it down on the side. Her cloak released the bed and spread out in a shield as the wall of her bedroom exploded inward.

The concussion blast slammed the bed back. Merrie yelped and planted her knees on the frame as it rushed toward the far wall. Her cloak shoved back on the bed, bracing her and stopping the mattress from crushing her. Burning blankets rained down on her head and she flowed out from the bed to escape them.

"There you are," declared a man with a deep voice. He was a powerfully built man in black plate armor that had runes that glowed like embers. He wielded a large one-handed sword that burned with black flames. "Time for your new master—"

Her cloak burst out of the burning remains of the bed and slammed into his helm. There was a wet sucking noise as it disappeared through the visor and the man staggered back. His muffled scream rose in the air before a wet crunch silenced him.

Merrie raced past the first attacker and into the yard. The entire side of the house was on fire, burning brightly and sparking from the magical flames. There were two more attackers left.

Tamin came around the corner of the house, moving with the silence of shadows. His feet flowed along the ground as he came up behind an archer with a glowing bow. It was a young woman with slender hips, but it didn't matter as he bit down on the back of her neck and flipped over. A muffled pop noise came as her spine snapped and she went limp.

(You know, Alpha, all of these people want to be your master. Maybe one of these can make you their bitch?)

Grinning at Tamin's humor. (The first two already failed the try-outs.)

(Good idea. We try to kill them and if anyone wins, they get to be your master.)

Merrie transformed into a hound and raced for the nearest attacker. It was a heavy-set man sheathed in fire magic that wasn't his own. He had a staff in his hand, but his face was pale and dripping with sweat.

As he saw her coming, he stumbled back. "S-Sit!" With a gulp, he tried again. "You have to obey! Sit!"

His stuttered words had no dominance over her. Merrie snarled as she jumped at him. (You failed.)

She landed on his chest, throwing him back against the wall. She bit down, tearing open his belly and yanking out a meter of intestine before jumping away to avoid a sword slash from the third attacker, a man in scaled armor.

"Help me," croaked the disemboweled man.

"I'm trying to!" snapped the other man as he tried to stab her. "Try to pin her down. Can you see the collar?"

The fallen man shook his head. His hands were bloody as he tried to shove his organs back into his stomach. "No... wait. I think I see it in her—"

Merrie tore out his throat before he could continue. Her cloak, dripping blood, wrapped around her. It was hot and sticky, but she focused on it long enough to feel the heavy collar press against her chest.

“Fuck this, this bitch will heal after I collar her.” Magic exploded from his body and his attacks became a blur, his blade screaming through the air as he attacked Merrie.

She dodged as quickly as she could, flowing around the slashes, but the blows kept coming and he was better skilled than she was. She shifted from one side to another, trying to get a opening to attack through his armor.

But, her opponent was too fast. His sword flashed across her and sliced along her shoulder, and then her side. Another attack caught her ear, slicing it open. As the blood began to soak into her fur, more attacks slashed her collar, paws, and chest. It tore through her cloak and the shreds of black fluttered to the ground.

Merrie stopped trying to attack him and tried to back away, but he followed her. Her body blurred and flowed away, but he slammed the sword down into her cloak and she was flipped over. The impact threw her back into physical form and she struggled to get back on her paws.

He yanked out the sword and slashed again, this time it struck the adamantite collar and it rang out like a heavy bell. “I got it!” he struck again, cutting into the cloak and slicing into her furry chest. Blood poured out as the collar fell out and hit the ground.

With a gasp, she lurched for it.

The fighter drove his sword into the cloak and pinned it to the ground again. His steel-toed boot caught her in the wrist, kicking her away from the collar. Spinning around, he followed up with another blow to her head.

Stars exploded across her vision. Merrie’s heart pounded loudly in her ears as she shifted into shadow form and slid toward the collar. But, despite her speed, the fighter stepped over to it and bent over to scoop it off the ground.

A heavy boot slammed the collar back to the ground.

Merrie looked up just as Gillette pull back and punch the man across the chin. As Merrie’s opponent staggered back, Gillette spun around and his scythe flashed out. The sharp, curved point caught the man between the ribs and it sliced through his armor like butter. The massive blade flashed out the other side with a spurt of blood.

Gillette looked down at her. “You looked in trouble.”

The attacker's upper body hit the ground with a wet smack and a spray of blood.

Panting, Merrie nodded and barked once.

"I saw a number of groups heading this way, all of them armed for war. At least two groups are fighting over you a few streets over. This is just the first wave, Shades."

Merrie moaned and pressed her wrist against her breast. The blade had cut a line from her collar to her opposing leg. The agony burned along her senses and crimson blood splashed on the ground beneath her. She leaned to the side just as Tamin sat down next to her and caught her.

(Alpha, I found two assassins in the shadows. Neither are among the living now, but one was a shadow dancer and is currently feeding a Lord of Shadows.)

Merrie shivered at the memory of her master dying. She bumped her head against his chest. (Are the Shadows safe now?)

As the Lord of Shadows feasted on the soul of the shadow dancer, the Shadow version of the mansion crumbled around it. The dark energies rotted away at the fires and extinguish them. It finished consuming the soul but instead of splitting as it did with Merrie's master and the creatures of the forest, it did nothing. There wasn't enough power in the assassin's soul to let it reproduce.

Gillette grunted as he wiped his blade clean. "Do you know why they're attacking?"

Merrie glanced down at the collar still underneath his boot. To him, it was just a black ring and had no significance. To her, it was her entire world. Slowly, she dragged her eyes up along his muscular thigh and powerful chest. He was the warrior she could dream of bonding to. And, in person, her fantasies bubbled in the bottom of her thoughts.

Her skin tingled with anticipation. He could be her master. Her throat was dry and her heart pounded loudly in her chest. The pains of her injuries faded away as she stared at him, seeing him for what she wanted and aching to feel him against her mind. She just had to ask.

Taking a deep breath, she projected the thoughts. (Will you be my master?)

Gillette blanched and his thoughts wavered with shock. He turned sharply away. "W-What?" he choked.

She sent an image of the collar he was standing on along with the memories of what it was: the conference with Kirin and Monk, Rakin's own thoughts, and even the letter from Rendi. (I need a master and that collar gives me one. These attackers,) she gestured to the disemboweled man dying behind her, (are willing to kill to own me.)

He stepped sharply away from the collar as if it burned him. "This isn't the place or the time."

Her fantasies were crushed in an instant with the sharpness of his rejection. There was a finality in his voice, a promise that he would never be hers. She whimpered softly as she started at him, struggling with the devastation that slammed into her.

Tamin tensed next to her.

Gillette glanced at her and then sighed. He spoke in a sharp voice but there was none of the vibrancy of his southern accent. "Decisions like that should not be made in the heat of battle. We'll defeat your opponents and then we'll talk."

She reached out to read his thoughts, but there was nothing.

He turned away from her and headed toward the front gate. "There are more attackers coming. Send your dog to handle the ones in the back. Come with me and we'll take out the frontal assault."

Merrie shivered at the command, the pleasure rising up. Maybe he would accept her after the fight. She barked once and followed after him, shifting into her human form and then back into a hound, erasing most of her injuries.

"Useful trick," Gillette said with a grim smile.

(I have a few more.)

Three men stepped out on the street. She recognized one of them as Baron Falon from the day Rakin was convicted. Falon gestured toward her. "Kill the man and break her legs. I get the collar."

The two men flanking Falon held out their hands and bright flames blossomed around their fists. It stretched over their bodies as they dropped into a defensive position.

"Those tricks," Gillette said in a low voice, "any of them useful in combat?"

She barked cheerfully.

“Then we might get through this. Take the one on the right, I’ll handle the left.”

He slammed his scythe once on the ground and then charged forward. Merrie chased after him, spells surging through her veins.

Twenty-five minutes later, the streets were on fire and blood poured through the gutters. Merrie stepped over Falon’s corpse as she limped back to the front gate. She barely remembered ripping out Falon’s guts when the next attack came. Four separate groups later had blurred her memories. Fortunately, the last two fought against each other as much as her and Gillette.

Her body ached from the battle and her efforts to heal herself. She sighed and leaned against the shattered remains of her front gate and looked at the house. The north wing burned brightly and part of the gardens were razed to the ground.

Gillette groaned and leaned against his scythe. He was covered in cuts and bruises. His hand smoked from an acid attack and he had torn part of his shirt to use as a bandage for a head wound. “You know, Shades, you are a pretty good fighter.”

She nodded and sighed. (Tamin, how are you?)

The hound sent a wave of love mixed in with exhaustion. (Two more archers killed and someone from the Assassin’s Guild.)

(Good boy.)

His thoughts burned with affection and pride.

“I think every single adventurer and villain in this town is coming after you.” Gillette shook his head. “Someone has been talking. Any idea who?”

The images of Monk and Kirin flashed past, but she knew neither would have spilled. Someone, and she would kill them when she found out, had told the city that she had the collar and how to find her. Her lips pulled back in a snarl.

“Are you really that powerful?”

Merrie blushed and looked away. (I did create the Shadowed District.)

“But you destroyed it and that is what matters. Why would the evil people,” he kicked Falon’s corpse, “be after you?”

(Because my power comes from submission. When I submit to my master's will, I both gain and enhance their powers. The more powerful they are, the more powerful I become.)

He slammed his scythe on the ground and blood on his blade dripped off, leaving it clean and polished. "But, you're good."

(I'm what my master demands of me.) She tried to hold back the desperate hope that he would accept her. Her cloak tightened around her, holding the adamantite collar firmly against her chest.

"So, if the person that collars you is evil, you'll become evil?"

She nodded. (And if they are good and noble,) she fought the urge to picture him, (I would remain the way I am now.)

Gillette grunted. "That's a pretty big choice."

She nodded.

"You would be a dangerous opponent."

(Alpha, there are more coming.)

Merrie let her hound form slip off, leaving her exposed and naked. She noticed Gillette peeking at her, a blush on his cheeks. With a smile, she shimmied her body before letting the hound form wrap around her again.

"You always go naked like that?"

She panted and began to cast her combat spells again. (It is part of who I am, sex and submission.) Her ears drooped. (Is that a problem?)

He chuckled and shook his head. "I was married to two women at the same time. I can understand that. It's just... strange to see a beautiful, naked woman in the middle of combat."

A blush burned her cheeks.

With a smile, he stood up straighter. "Seeing you transform, I presume there are more coming?"

Merrie sent a pulse to identify the attackers. She nodded and let more magic flow through her veins. The mental wave came back and she smiled at the familiar minds. It was Tai, Fang, Gom, and Snick. Her tail wagged back and forth as the transformation spell burned away, leaving her naked and squirming.

"What are you...? Are they enemies?"

(No, they're allies.) As the guards came around the corner, she presented their names to Gillette.

“Lacy!” called out Tai as she strode closer. Her boots splashed through the blood and debris. With a grin, she dropped to her knee and hugged Merrie tightly. “Gail sent us. There is a rumor through the whole city about your collar. Everyone is coming for you.”

Merrie licked her face. Over Tai’s shoulder, she caught Fang looking embarrassed. She sent a delicate thought to him. (I’m sorry.)

Fang nodded. He opened his mouth, but then closed it. After gulping, he whispered. “Can we talk later?”

She sent a wave of agreement before wrapping her arm over Tai’s shoulder.

“What’s happening, girl?”

Merrie sent a compressed wave of memories to all four of the guards. The other three flinched at her intruding thoughts, but Tai was used to it already.

Tai stood up and turned to Gillette. “You’re Gillette?”

Gillette came to a stop next to them. “Yes, Shades told you who I am?”

Merrie quirked at the two names they had given her. She could feel the confusion in their minds. (Both names work.)

Tai patted Merrie on the head. “Yes. She says... thinks... that you are excellent at strategy. Where do you want us?”

Gillette looked surprised for a moment, then cocked his head with a nod. “I am. Shades, who is coming?”

Merrie sent out four pulses in the directions, stretching out as far as she could. The wave of power rippled out across her mind, reflecting thoughts of submissives and people in the city. But then more ripples came back, of people draped in protective energies and brimming with enhancement spells. She could feel magical weapons and combat spells being prepared. And through all the thoughts was the lust for power. Her heart beating faster, she informed the others in her group.

“Very well, you and you,” he pointed to Gom and Snick, “in the back with the black dog. Protect our flanks but don’t do anything stupid.”

Gom smirked and batted Snick. “Don’t worry, we never do.”

His eyes scanned over both of the guards. “The dog is a better fighter than both of you combined,” he said in a sharp voice. “Let him handle the bigger fighters and mages.”

Both of their smiles dropped. There was a prickle of annoyance, but then respect. They both saluted him. "Yes, sir."

Gillette turned to Tai and Fang. "All three of us are pure fighters. There's going to be a lot of magic flying around. I know the guards have anti-magic charms, but be careful. We'll use Shades to handle the mages and airborne attackers."

"Yes, sir," came the response.

Merrie got on her knees and barked. She squirmed her hips, enjoying the heat that boiled inside her. Her cloak rippled along her body, pressing the heavy metal ring to her breast. Soon, he would be her master.

An explosion rocked the house across the street from the mansion. It exploded into a column of flames. Shards of the house shot across the street but the shrapnel hit the ground before her feet.

"So, Shades," Gillette said as he slammed his scythe against the ground. "If they want you so badly, why are they coming to kill?"

Merrie shook as she transformed into a hound. (Because if I'm collared, I can't die.) She shot forward, her body becoming liquid shadow as she raced toward a man stepping out of the flames wearing robes and sparkling with magic. (And, I like it rough.)

"I saw the snow and blood," Gillette said as he raced after her. "I'm not into that, you know."

She beamed as she lashed out at the mage. She bounced off a force field, but her cloak snapped out to grab the man's leg. Gillette's words burned in her mind. He was still considering her request. The heat and passion rose up, fueling her magic and she punched out with her mind, shattering the mage's shields and dominating him.

The sparkling mage froze in place, his eyes glazing over.

Gillette gutted him from groin to throat. The blood splattered everywhere, misting into the air.

Merrie flinched and turned away, the cloak rippling to protect the collar from blood. She didn't know if it could be activated by a dead man, but she wasn't going to take any chances.

"Incoming," Tai snapped, "from the south!"

"And above!" yelled Fang.

Merrie spun around and peered down the street. There was a man wrapped in white cloth from head to toe. He was running low across the ground, a curved blade dripping as he followed the wall. Behind him, there was another man still falling to the ground clutching his cut throat. She snapped her head up to see a thousand arrows raining down on her. Each one burned brilliantly with elemental magic. With a gasp, she turned to Gillette.

“Get the others,” he commanded. Grabbing his scythe with two hands, he spun it above his head and the blade screamed as it blurred into a disk.

She flowed back across the cobblestones, reaching Fang and Tai in an instant. As her body solidified, her cloak spread out over them into two wide wings.

The arrows slammed down into the ground, shattering cobblestones and piercing rocks. The magic punched holes into her cloak, shredding it. She whimpered as the contents of the pockets rained down on her, the ill-gotten goods of her cloak’s kleptomania: rings and necklaces, thousands of marks in coins and bills, even fruit and clothes. The prince’s underwear, the one that Rimmy stole, landed in a puddle of blood. More of it came down, mixing in with the shredded remains of her cloak.

And the arrows kept piercing her cloak and shattering the rocks around her. Magic burst around her, tiny explosions of concussion punching her from all directions.

She twisted her cloak, deflecting the arrows from Tai and Fang, but she couldn’t dodge and protect all three of them at the same time. Agony burst along her senses as an arrowhead slammed into her thigh, digging deep into the muscle and cracking the cobblestone underneath her paws. Another caught her tail while a third clipped her neck.

“Bitch!” cried Tai as she covered her head protectively.

Merrie whined at the pain, but kept protecting the two guards until the storm of arrows ended. She shuddered as the cloak wrapped back around her, the fabric almost ruined by the attack. She brought the collar back to her breast, but as she did, she heard it rip.

Gasping, she looked down as the collar slipped out of the torn fabric. It hit the ground and rang out loudly. Her heart stopped at

the noise. It rolled over the stone, narrowly avoiding puddles of blood.

(No!) she screamed as she crawled after it.

“I got it!” Fang yelled as he raced after it. He jumped over a man’s corpse, stomping on the ground trying to stop it. He tripped over Falon’s outstretched arm and fell forward. He caught the ring as he slammed into the street.

Gillette’s scythe came down on the collar, punching through the gap in the ring and into Fang’s hand. A splatter of crimson blood spurted out in all directions, splashing on the collar and splattering the cobblestones.

Fang and Merrie screamed as one. Her voice tore through her throat, not quite a human’s words but the scream of a dog being tortured.

The collar rang out like a bell, vibrating in Fang’s ruined hand. It began to glow crimson as a line burst out of it and slammed into Merrie’s heart. She shuddered at the impact but then crying out as she felt spells beginning to wrap around her soul. Runes raced across her mind, flashing with dizzying speed.

“Fang!” snapped Tai.

“You fucker!” sobbed Fang. He clutched his hand. Blood pouring down on the ground with wet splatters. Gillette’s scythe had sliced his hand in half, almost completely cutting off his long finger and thumb from the rest of his palm.

Gillette yanked the scythe out of the ground. “Damn!” Blood dripped from the blade. He stepped forward and helped Fang up. “I thought it was getting away. Tai! Where is the nearest healer?”

Merrie could hear Tai yelling, but her eyes were locked on the collar. It was glowing bright red and whispers of power rolled through her senses. She whimpered as she looked up at Fang. He couldn’t be her master. He didn’t have the will or strength. She let out a sob, it couldn’t be him.

(Alpha!) Tamin’s concerned burned in her mind.

(No, no, it can’t be him.) The transformation spell slipped away from her, leaving her naked and alone.

Fang dropped to his knees. He looked at her, his body trembling. “I’m sorry, Bitch. I didn’t mean to do that.”

“You didn’t,” snapped Tai as she glared at Gillette.

Merrie whimpered as she shook her head. (No, not him.) She looked down at the blood-covered collar.

“I-I don’t want to be her master,” Fang whispered. “I’m not good enough. Not for her, I can’t be hers.”

The sound of marching filled the street. Merrie looked up to see armed statues streaming in from a few blocks away. They were moving in perfect synchronization and commanded by two women in the center of the statues.

Down the other street, another woman wearing only a cloth over her breasts and one over her hips came sprinting down the street. Her body blurred as she held a huge, large-blade spear behind her.

Merrie looked up at Gillette. (Please, be my master. If you use more precious blood, you can—)

“No.” Gillette turned his back on her and slammed his scythe against the ground. “Sorry, but I can’t make that choice. Not right now, not in the middle of battle.” In the stunned silence, he charged toward the statues with his scythe held high above his head.

Her heart broke in half. Merrie reached out for him but he was too far away and no longer listening to her projections. She closed her eyes tightly and let the sob tear out of her throat.

Tai cleared her throat. “Is... is there anything we can do?”

Merrie’s ass hit the ground. (No, it’s too late. The only thing else I can do is find someone willing to give up more precious blood and bind me.)

Her stomach twisted in agony but her pussy throbbed with need. She was going to be bound again, though it wasn’t to anyone she even considered a possibility.

“Is there,” Fang leaned against Tai as he stood up, “anyone else? Any other masters you wanted?”

(The prince?) came Tamin’s thought as the hound bit through someone’s leg.

(The prince?) repeated Merrie.

“The prince?” Tai said with a shock. “You know the prince?”

Merrie’s ears drooped. (Sort of. No, not really. But, it was the only other person I could think of who could be my master. I can’t get to Borias in time. I don’t know how to get to Blood County from here. No... no, the prince is the only one left.)

Tai nodded and stepped back. She closed her eyes and called for Gail. The psionic call was harsh against Merrie's senses, but Gail responded almost immediately.

Fang groaned and clutched his sword. "Pardon the Vigilant's pardon, but we have company." Grabbing his sword with his off-hand, he shoved past Merrie to intercept the woman attacking from the far side. "Get out of the way, Bitch. Hide the collar and don't put it on! I like you, but I really don't want to be your fucking master!"

Merrie raced over to the collar and scooped it off the ground. Fang's blood was sharp in her mouth. Transforming back into a hound and wrapping her cloak tightly around her, she raced for the house. Part of house was burning, but the protection spells would shield her from detection long enough for her to find a gap to slip into the Shadows. She only hoped that the Lord of Shadows had stopped the fires and whatever prevented her from stepping across.

The heavy collar slapped her chin as she sprinted for the comfort of her bedroom. She jumped through the burning hole in the side and into the hallway. Wrapping herself with every repulsion and shade spell she could, she raced for the back room, the room where she had bonded the first time. It was quiet and safe from sight. And, besides the porch, it was the other place that the barriers between the worlds were thinnest.

Her heart pounded in her chest as she dropped the glowing collar on the ground. It rang out loudly until she stepped on it. Her transformation slipped away and she was once again naked, but covered in cuts and bruises. She was exhausted, but the terror in her mind continued to burn through her.

The spells on the collar were wrapping around her thoughts. She could feel the desire to put on the collar, a hunger that was rising up in her thoughts. She would have a master. Fang was like her first master, but she knew what she wanted now. She could work with him, teach him.

Trembling, she reached out for the collar but pulled back. She couldn't put it on, not until the prince came. Maybe he would be her master, but she knew he wouldn't accept it. Her ears drooped with her thoughts. He was the prince of the country, one of the most powerful people in the country, and he wasn't willing to bind himself forever to a bitch like herself.

Tears splashed down on the floor, puddling underneath her. She shook her head.

(Fang will be a poor alpha, Alpha.)

She sniffed. (I know, but what can I do?)

(What if the prince doesn't agree?)

Merrie couldn't think of it. (What choice will I have? I'll be bonded to Fang.)

She bowed her head and stared at the collar. The magic was pulling her attention, begging for her to put on the collar. It was seductive, a promise of an orgasm that would never end. She shook her head as she stroked the heavy metal.

A droplet of blood dripped off her ear and splashed down on the ground next to it. A moment later, the soft splatter of more blood came coursing down her cheeks, mixing in with the tears before landing on the ground.

She stared at it, her heart speeding up. The crimson splatters were stark against the black ring and the stained wood underneath. Tamin's words came up through her head.

(You bleed crimson, not black.)

Merrie whimpered as she stared at the blood. She lifted her arm to her ear, stroking it and bringing it down. The smears of crimson coated her wrist, reminding her of both her cropping and her mortality. There was another master, one that she never considered before: herself.

She gulped. (Tamin?)

He was in the middle of fighting, dancing from the shadows as he lashed out at an assassin. (If you make a mistake, your alpha will be Fang.)

(What if the prince doesn't agree?)

(Then your master will be Fang or the person who defeats you.)

She shook her head and slumped to the ground. (I have to wait.) She shivered and curled up, clutching the ring to her breast. Her body ached from the fighting and her exhaustion. All her plans were ruined by Gillette's sharp words and the agony of rejection cut at her heart.

The house shuddered from an explosion.

(Stone golem is attacking from the back wall. Gillette is back here fighting it.)

She felt useless cowering in the shadows. (Is Tai and Fang okay?)

(Yes, I'm in the front with them. Fang is struggling but, I'm keeping him alive. He refuses to go to a healer and he will probably be scarred for life.)

Merrie curled tighter. (Thank you.)

(Be safe, Alpha. My own meaning in existence is your happiness.)

She sent a pulse of love and then wrapped the shade tighter around herself. She would hide, at least until she got the answer.

Time passed painfully slow, punctuated only by the pulse of her heart. She activated her time spell for five minutes and counted the seconds until it passed. She did it again and again. Outside, the fighting continued to rage. She could feel Tamin's exhaustion and sent him spells to bolster him, but she wasn't out there fighting. She was helpless.

Gail's thoughts drifted across hers. (Black Lace?)

Merrie could feel regret and sorrow in the telepath's mind. She closed her eyes tightly and a tear ran down her cheek.

(I'm sorry. We couldn't get to him, he is in a private conference with the king and queen.)

Slowly, Merrie opened her eyes. She felt dead inside for a moment, the regret and fear burning in her mind. Sending out a wave of thanks, she wrapped her shields tightly around herself.

Trembling, she got on her knees, with the ring between her thighs. She took a long deep breath and looked down at the collar. (Tamin? Can I be my own master?)

(You already are, Alpha, for years now you have answered to no one but yourself.)

(What if it doesn't work?)

(Then, we'll teach him how to hunt.) There was sadness and trepidation in the hound's thoughts, but he was willing to risk everything for her.

Hesitation and fear stopped her. She looked down at her blood-streaked thighs and focused on the glowing red collar. Guilt burned inside her, she didn't know if having Fang or no master was better than the other. Could she, as an alpha and a submissive, have no master?

Her throat was dry and her chest hurt. She didn't want to make a choice but she had to. Both she and Fang knew that they couldn't remain bonded.

Steeling herself, she caught the ring between her wrists and held it up.

Her cloak slipped from her body and flowed across the floor to a fire and dove into it. The flames flared up and then died away, but it was enough to burn away any blood that clung to the ripping fabric. It came back, smoking and ripping. It wouldn't last much longer, but she only needed it for one last thing.

It rose up behind her, forming the snake-like head with two black eyes. She concentrated until its head became a long, sharp point. When she was threatened, it was poised to strike her enemies. It had ripped through internal organs and shredded her opponents from the inside. Now, it was the only way she could get the most precious blood she could, from her heart.

Closing her eyes tightly, she held the collar up in front of her. Her breasts rose and fell with her thoughts, the sweat and blood drying on her skin. Her nipples were hard and aching, just as her pussy burned with anticipation. She was going to bind and, one way or the other, she would have a master.

(Tamin, if this fails...)

(I will love you always, Alpha. For the rest of my life. It matters not if you bind with yourself or Fang, I will defend you. If you die, then I will die with you.)

The cloak snapped forward, the long point punching into her back, just left of the spine. It burst out of her breast as a black sword of animated cloth.

Agony exploded across Merrie's senses and her heart skipped a beat. It began to beat faster and blood spurted out of her chest, soaking her arms and legs. It poured out on the collar.

The crimson glow became a burning light, searing bright enough she could see it through her wrists and even her bones. It speared through the room and burned away the shadows.

The cloak burned away from the light, fading away as if it was nothing more than shadow itself. With it passing, the hole in her chest ripped open and blood spurted out and coated the floor, her arms, and the collar with more blood.

Dizziness slammed into her and she swayed forward. It was hard to breathe and her heart was beating too fast. It rammed against her ribs and she gaped for breath. Her arms shook and the collar slipped from her grip. It rang out loudly on the wooden floor and rolled away from her, a blood-red sun that she couldn't focus on.

Merrie tried to crawl after it, but the strength fled her and she slumped to the ground. Blood continued to spurt out of her, pooling underneath her body and spreading out in a puddle of her life. She forced herself to her wrists and crawled toward the light.

She slipped in her own blood and slammed into the ground. Sobbing, she tried to get purchase on the wooden floor, but it was too slippery.

(Tamin... help...) Her thoughts faded as her vision grew black.

Tamin spun on his heels and raced back toward the house. But, before he could reach the house, a concussion blast threw him across the garden. He hit the ground twice before flipping over the rotted fence into the next yard. He limped as he got back to his feet. (Alpha, I'm coming!)

Merrie strained to reach the bright star of the collar. It was the only thing she could see anymore. Everything else was pitch black.

A tapping filled the room. And then the light rose up from the ground. Merrie whimpered as she reached up for it, her body shaking with the effort to lift herself off the ground. Searing hot blood dripped off her breasts and sluiced down her stomach. It followed the line of her sex before splashing to the ground.

"When a normal person," said Kirin in a sad voice, "is presented with artifact that destroys their will, they throw it away and beg to have it destroyed." The guild mistress crouched down in front of her, her thick cock splashing in the blood. She wiped Merrie's cheek before pushing her up into a kneeling position. "There you go, Merrie, on your knees. Remember, bitches kneel."

Merrie sobbed, blind to everything but the crimson star. She reached out for it. (P-Please?)

(Alpha,) Tamin's thoughts came cutting through the darkness, (the guild fighters are here. I'm coming.) Images of Elf and Pristine fighting flashed by, along with Scorch putting out the fires in the mansion.

(Kirin is here.)

There was a soft shudder of the Shadows and Tamin was there, leaning his icy body against hers. (As is Monk.)

Kirin set the adamantite collar into Merrie's arms. It slipped from her grip and hung on her right arm. "When an Alpha is given a collar, I bet she came so many times as she tried to decide on a master."

Merrie gulped and clutched the collar, trying to lever it up to her neck. She needed to put it on. If she could collar herself, she would be safe. It slipped and she gaped with need. She reached out for Tamin, borrowing his senses.

Kirin wore a gold corset, matching heels, and nothing else. Her hair was done up as if she was at a party, but she stood in the pool of Merrie's blood as if it was something she did ever day.

Next to her, Monk stood in his red robes. His lips were pressed into a thin line and he looked uncomfortable.

Kirin pressed the collar between Merrie's wrist. When Merrie tried to pull it up, she held it down. "When people like you and me are given such terrible things like this, we do the unexpected." She smiled. "But, we need a few more seconds before you put it on."

Merrie gaped, her lungs burned and her heart pounded against her ribs. Every slam tore her breath away and she sobbed silently, her throat no longer making any noise. Blood spurted out of her chest and poured down her chest and thighs. It felt like she was coming, but it came with a cold pain that spread out across her senses.

"Just a few more seconds, Merrie. Just hold on, just a few seconds." Kirin's soothing voice blurred with the guild mistress' Presence. It forced her to pay attention, to match her gasps with Kirin's words.

A flash of magic filled the room. Tamin spun around, snarling, but stopped when he saw Sari, the ghostly former guild master of the Whore's Guild. "Greetings to the current and still living guild mistress." The four-armed ghost bowed and turned to Monk. "And the future and still living guild master."

Monk blushed almost as red as his robes.

Kirin held Merrie firmly. "Sari, has the tree been warned?"

“Yes, the branches of the World Tree above us have been evacuated. Furthermore, you have been ordered by Her Royal Highness to present yourself at the fifth bell on pain of treason.”

Kirin chuckled dryly. “Monk, clear my schedule. I think the queen is going to need a bit of kissing up after this.” She kissed Merrie on the forehead before speaking again. “Tamin, if you can, join the fight and help. If you can’t, then protect yourself. I’m not going to have Bitch’s bitch getting hurt if I can help it.”

Tamin snarled at her. (I’m going to hump her face until she chokes.)

Merrie swooned with the dizziness and a high-pitch whine filled her ears. (Why don’t they collar me?)

(They have their reason. But, I’ll remain and you will give me your pain.)

Merrie gaped and let the agony fill Tamin. The large hound shuddered at the pain, the muscles underneath his fur bunching up, but he remained in place, acting as her ears and eyes.

“Monk? Go to my right. Sari, left. Get your force shields up. We probably,” she pressed her hand against Merrie’s chest, “have less than a minute. Just keep breathing. But, first things first..”

With one hand, Kirin reached back and grabbed a large, two liter bottle of wine. Using her thumb, she ground into the side of the neck until the top of the bottle snapped off. Shards of glass flew everywhere but Kirin didn’t seem to be bothered by the sharp edges. She wrapped her lips around the end and chugged it.

Merrie stared at her with shock, using Tamin’s eyes, as the gulping noises filled the room. She could barely hear it over her own frantic heartbeats, but she couldn’t do anything besides watch as the guild mistress finished the bottle.

Kirin tossed the bottle aside with a gasp. “One more.” She reached back and grabbed an identical bottle. Snapping off the top, she started to chug it.

Monk stood about a meter or so to Merrie’s side. He held out his hands and was chanting underneath his breath. Lines appeared before him, swirling around as they sank into unrecognizable letters and strange symbols. The bright red lines were paled compared to the brilliance of the collar in her lap, but she watched as they filled up into a wide circle, three meters across. There wasn’t even a

millimeter of space between the lines. The smell of incense and ozone filled the air and sparks crackled along the shield.

“One more bottle...”

Sari, on the other hand, just stood there with his four hands clasped together and a faint smile on his lips. The translucent ghost looked unworried as he watched Monk.

With a sigh, Monk spoke sharply. “I’m not as fast as you, okay?”

The dead guild master shrugged. “Speed and strength comes with practice and need. If you want, I’m sure you can take a leave of absence and go to the battle lines for a few months. When you come back, I’m sure you’ll be faster.”

Monk shuddered. “I’m a lover, not a fighter.”

Sari stretched his fingers and shrugged.

The world spun around Merrie. Her connection with Tamin faded out and he trembled to take her pain. She gaped and leaned into Kirin as the guild mistress finished her third bottle. (It hurts.)

Tamin growled and barked impatiently for her, speaking where Merrie couldn’t.

Kirin gasped and tossed the bottle to the side. The glass shattered against the wall, but there wasn’t even a drop as it fell to the ground. “Okay!” Her breath stank of strong wine, “Needed to get sloshed for this. Merrie,” her smile dropped, “I know you’re scared and bleeding everywhere, but trust me. Please?”

Merrie whimpered, it was getting hard to think through a dark haze filling her mind. The only thing that kept her from slipping away was Tamin’s presence. He was an anchor in her mind, holding her down and in her body.

“But, this is important. We are dealing with very powerful magic right now, both your powers and that collar. If everything goes perfectly, nothing will happen, but not even Rakin planned for you to put the collar on yourself. It could create a feedback loop that causes one or both of you to explode. And maybe take out the city.”

Blanching, Merrie shook her head.

“Don’t worry. The Guild takes care of its own and we’ll fulfill our duties to the crown. The three of us are an insurance against that. If anything explodes, it won’t take out the city... just the tree above us.”

“Destruction of the World Tree is—”

“Monk, honey,” Kirin’s eyes flashed gold, “if you finish that sentence, I’m going to rape your ass until Dith is pregnant.”

Monk snapped his mouth shut.

“So, I’m going to help you put the collar on yourself. I’m not going to touch it. I’m not going to bleed on it or do anything to get involved. And, if anything blows up, I want you to aim up, okay? And,” she smiled, “if you have to lash out, hit me. Do you understand?”

Merrie couldn’t breath. Her mouth was open, but her lungs were no longer working. The frantic beating of her heart had grown erratic and the blood wasn’t flowing as fast as anymore. She couldn’t feel her limbs and her thoughts were quickly growing dark.

Tamin barked for Merrie.

She felt Kirin pressing her wrists against the collar again, moving her limbs for her. The sure grip of the guild mistress was an anchor, it felt unreal and graceful as the mistress held the heavy adamantite collar between her wrists and brought it up to her neck.

The glowing metal burned at her skin. The two ends were brands right along her throat and she could feel the spells pulsating. Her blindness only intensified the sensations and her entire existence became nothing but the collar. It was hers and it would bind her forever.

Despite adamantite being the strong metal known, somehow it fitted around her neck. One moment it was pressing against her throat, the next it was drawing two burning lines on each side of her neck, tracing the sensitive sides of her neck.

She froze as she felt the metal starting to pull together. It felt like a large cock pressed against her ass, that moment where another millimeter thrust would force the glans inside and everything would slurp into place. She was at the moment, the final moment without a collar.

Kirin’s hands pulled away from her own.

Merrie was alone in her world, blind and deaf to everything. She was dying and yet she had her salvation pressed against her neck. With one little push, she would be owned... by herself.

She whimpered and shook her head. She couldn’t feel anything, not even Tamin. It was her choice, her only choice.

A dark thought rose up. If she held it there, she would die. The pain would end and oblivion would take her. Her soul would be safe from the Lord of Shadows. She would simply cease to exist.

Her heart stopped.

Her ears stopped ringing.

The silence was deafening.

And then she was falling back.

She was sure someone was screaming.

And Tamin was calling for her.

With the smallest push, she let the collar come free of her neck. Metal seared along her skin as the adamantite sealed itself around her neck forever. Spells, hundreds of them, slammed across her mind as power coursed through her. She felt it stretched out from her throat and down into her body, seeping into every fiber of her muscles, every shard of bone, and every tendon. The spells kept coming, burning their way into her body and mind. She could taste the casters but could only identify Rendi's sweetness and the endless rage of Rakin. The others were just tastes and smells and feels as they forced their way through her nerves and dominated her.

She opened her eyes and saw again. Her vision was clear as she traced the swirls of plaster on the ceiling.

"Merrie?" Kirin whispered. "Merrie, are you okay?"

Kirin knelt on one side of her and Tamin sat on the other. Both looked down at her with concern radiating from their minds. There was a clarity of her senses, a sharpness in Kirin's emotions. Fear, hope, and desperation. The guild mistress loved her, but it was the same love she had for Nir and the others. Merrie was a daughter to her just like the rest of the guild. It was the only family Kirin could ever have.

Merrie's chest burned with yellow-green flames. As she took a breath, the flames faded into a dull pulse as the regeneration spell took hold. She could breath, but it ached as the hole began to seal up, crusting over the edges. She was sick to her stomach and every part of her body screamed out, but she was alive.

Shuddering, she tried to sit up but failed.

"Let me." Kirin scooped her up and brought her into a sitting position. "Do you want to kneel?"

Merrie nodded and then winced as Kirin and Tamin pushed her into her natural position, kneeling in front of others. The collar settled around her neck, a heavy weight that bore down on her.

She gasped and reached up for it, caressing the ridge. Her wrist caught on something, a bump on the otherwise smooth surface. She frowned and touched it again. It felt like something had melted onto the ring. Frowning, she tried to identify it but the collar was forever around her neck and out of her sight.

Desperate to know what happened, she reached out for Tamin. (L—)

Her world exploded into agony. The projected thought came rippling back, echoing in her head and building up with power. She could feel it channeling through the collar and back into her own head, building up power until she was screaming in agony.

Energy burst out of her, black shadow tendrils that burst out of every darkness in the room. She couldn't escape it and every heartbeat increased its power. It was the same pulse Dixie sent to Tabitha for power, but it wasn't seconds to gain power but an instant magnification. The power flowed out of her and reflected back magnified, but then as she accepted it, she magnified it again and again. The power tore at her senses until she was blind to everything but the power rising inside her.

Tamin's thought reached into her and suddenly there was a place for her agony. She let it pour into her companion and he screamed out of his own. He was in agony, but he refused to pull back. (G-Give,) he tried to command, his mind barely able to handle the pain that flowed through their connection.

"... guess... we... problem." Kirin stood as she spoke, her words barely audible over Merrie's screaming. Plaster and dust poured off her body and her forehead was bleeding. She strode forward holding two bottles in her hands. She slammed her feet into place and smashed the glass in front of her. The wine exploded into air, splattering in all directions, but then froze in place. Kirin's eyes glowed a brilliant gold as she snapped her hands out.

The suspended wine followed the movement, forming a massive shield of infernal runes in front of the guild mistress. The symbols crawled in the air, moving in ways that plucked at Merrie's sanity.

Merrie kept screaming as the power built up, feeding in on itself until it burned through her body. The regeneration spell blossomed to life, filling her with yellow-green healing, but the feedback tore through it, damaging her faster than it could heal her.

It began to seep out of her mind and she cringed. The city couldn't handle what she was experiencing. She tried to keep it inside her, but the energy burned away at her control and with a sickening lurch, it burst out of her mind.

The energy was visible as it exploded from her. It slammed into the shields and all three of them staggered back from the impact.

Monk's shield began to crack almost instantly, the runes snuffing out as her agony tore at it.

Sari's body began to burn, the ghostly form wavering in and out as he frowned. All four of his hands were held in front of him and they glowed brightly, but she could tell that he would also fall soon.

Remembering Kirin's command, Merrie focused the insanity pouring out of her toward Kirin, forcing it into a wedge aimed for the wine held in the air.

Kirin groaned and held out her hands, bracing herself as the force increased. The floor tore up from the energy rolling off Merrie and it rotted before her eyes. She could feel the agony turn to darkness and she felt the corrupting force of the Shadow pour through her. It dissolved the floor and then began to tear at the rocks underneath the house. Above her, the ceiling crumbled away as the energy boiled between the three shields.

Blood dripped from Kirin's nose as she held herself. Underneath her corset, light began to glow through the fabric. At first, it was just a glow of colors but as it grew brighter, the corset burnt away and then fell off.

Six symbols glowed on Kirin's stomach, a circle of five with a sixth in the middle. There was space for a seventh, but no rune glowed right above her pubic mound. The runes crawled in place on Kirin's skin as they shone brighter. They were words that caused Merrie pain to look at, but they were not intended for mortal men to see. They were her Infernal Marks, the contracts of a mortal who surrendered their soul for powers.

Merrie had never seen them before, but she could feel their meaning coming from Kirin's mind. The middle was from the

Demon Lord of Sex, the corruption of pleasure into agony. There were others and as she realized what they were, the aspects of Kirin's life began to fall into place. Wine for her constant drinking and her ability to use it as a shield. Her massive cock came from the Demons of Horses, both terror and pain. There was also Acid, Gold, and Sapphires. They represented the source of Kirin's power, corrupted by evil. When someone was raped, or drowning their sorrows, or even obsessed with gold, Kirin gained power. The ever-present wine glass wasn't alcoholism, it was power in the guild mistress's hands.

Behind Kirin, her other bottles exploded. The wine streamed out of the shattered glass and surrounded the guild mistress, reinforcing her shield as Merrie's agony tore at it.

Next to Merrie, Tamin collapsed and his mind went black.

Merrie's throat burned as the despair rose up inside her. She killed her pack. It slammed against the seal that Rakin's anger had built and she could feel the threat of destruction looming above her. She couldn't fear him, not now, not ever.

Straining with all her might, she forced herself into her agony. She could barely see straight. She focused on Kirin's runes, using them as an anchor as she delved inside her. The agony was coming from herself, the power of an Alpha and her own psionics working through the collar. She remembered how it was suppose to enhance her master, but she was now the master of herself. The power was ricocheting back and forth, building up until it tore at the world around her.

She tried to stop the circuit but it was too tight, too intimate. It continued to build up. She concentrated on the power, trying to find some way of interrupting the power. She accidentally called up some Shadow magic and felt it pour through the collar and back into herself. It built up until the world around them grew black.

And then she became aware of the Lord of Shadows. It was above her, swirling around like it did for all the others. It was coming for her soul, though her blood still ran crimson. She bit hard on her lip until she tasted it on her tongue. She could force it into the Lord, maybe feed it and give her a chance to stop the endless loop of power.

With all her willpower, she poured shadow magic into the collar. Around her, the world burst into darkness as the shadows animated. She felt creatures of the dark stepping through. A Reaper appeared on the street and began to slaughter her enemies. Shadows of long-dead creatures burst out of the alleys and attacked the fighters, leaving her allies alone as they tore into those who came for her. It wasn't enough.

Screaming and screaming, Merrie forced her attention up. The energy burst out of her in a column of darkness. The ceiling of the room and the roof above her rotted away in an instant. The column of darkness speared toward the World Tree.

And then the Lord of Shadows ripped through the barrier between worlds between her and the World Tree. The column pierced into the absolute darkness. Shadow energy, as pure as anything else, poured into the original Lord and it blossomed in size. She watched as it tore in half and then again, but more energy kept pouring in. The pieces turned on themselves, splitting before swallowing each other. A boiling maelstrom of darkness spread out above the mansion, rotting the lower branches of the World Tree.

Alien personalities formed and were eaten. They blurred and mixed together, becoming darker until it felt the Abyss itself was looking at her. It began to gather once again, a single entity of unfathomable darkness focused on her. It continued to split. The new, smaller Lords raced away. Those that didn't move fast enough were swallowed by their creator and the original Lord of Shadows grew.

The holy leaves of the tree withered and fell down, crumbling to dust before they reached the city. The fading light was snuffed out by the darkness that consumed everything.

Merrie reached out for the Lord, trying to find relief from the power that tore through her. (Help me!) Her telepathic project reflected back on itself, but she channeled it up into the alien being above her. It would help or it would destroy her, but she couldn't do anything else.

The Lord shuddered. With claws of indeterminate size, it reached down. The remains of her mansion crumbled away as it pushed through wood and stone like mist.

Terrified beyond comprehension, Merrie held herself still as the Lord's claws grabbed her by her collar. Mist poured out of the connection of their bodies. Black blood formed and splashed down, coating her in obsidian and burning her skin. It seeped into the ring and she was suddenly terrified and relieved it was trying to bind her.

With a sickening wrench, the circuit ripped apart. She felt the connection snapping and reforming, but there was something else in the loop. Something that stopped the constant reflection. It glowed blackly in the darkness of the Lord of Shadows.

Merrie sobbed at the sudden relief. She slumped forward, hitting the ground hard. For a moment, she thought it had bonded with her. She could feel the Lord's alien thoughts, but they weren't intimately in her head. Hesitantly, she pushed out along the strange metallic connection, the leash of an Alpha, that had formed through the collar. But, on the other side was herself, seeing as an Alpha sees its master.

The Lord's claws pulled back. **(Feed. Shadow Maker. Light Snuffer. Feed us.)** Each thought crashed into her, battering against her sanity. She lifted her head, expecting to see a shadowy leash connecting them, but there was none.

With a wrench of the world, the Lord returned to the Shadows.

Merrie slumped back down, gasping for breath. The air around her stunk of blood and magic and shadow. It burned at her lungs, but she was breathing. She took a hesitate breath and then another.

(A-Alpha?) Tamin whimpered as he opened his eyes. (Your collar, it's melted.)

(Show me,) she commanded. When her world didn't explode into agony, she repeated the command.

Sinking her senses into Tamin, she focused on the collar where the Lord touched her, at the imperfection that had formed along its length. It took her a heartbeat to realize what it was.

She stared at the ring. It was the thing she was looking for. A reminder of her happiness and hope, a sign of both her master and mistress. She grabbed it with both arms and inched out from underneath the bed. The heavy ring rolled along the ground until she could sit up, dust drifting around her in a cloud. There was so much hope and love in that moment he

handed the ring. She remembered the warmth that all of them felt that night, before the paladin came.

Merrie brought it up to her lips and kissed it. (I do,) she projected as she remembered the words that both of them would say when they married.

It was the shadow stone engagement ring. It had melted into the collar and the Lord had fused it into place. It was the thing that saved her, the part of her first master that stopped the circuit from destroying her.

Kirin moaned as she slumped down. She looked around at the shattered glass bottles. "I need a drink, now."

Merrie reached out with her mind and Tamin obeyed. The dark form of the hound limped away and came back a moment later with a scorched bottle of wine. It was a Yurik Gold, of the same year that her master had stolen from Claston years ago. He set it down next to Kirin and headed for Merrie.

With a chuckle, Kirin snapped the top off and drained it. "Fuck, that's good." She focused on Merrie, her eyes still burning gold. "Are we still there?"

Merrie barked, but no noise came out of her ruined throat. Next to her, Tamin stirred and barked for her.

"Good." She panted. "Monk?"

"I," groaned the mage, "hate you."

Kirin chuckled. "Sari?"

The dead guild master was gone. Merrie didn't know if he had been destroyed or returned to where he remained, but there was an empty place where he stood.

With a sigh, Kirin bowed her head. "Fuck."

(I'm sorry,) Merrie projected.

Kirin shook her head. "No, this is the price we pay. We all knew what could happen when I called on him."

Dust swirled around as the rest of the defenders came up, each one covered in blood and injuries. Elf and Scorch held each other as they limped. Tai held Fang up and Pristine staggered with blood coating her side and legs. They looked exhausted and beaten, but alive.

The only one missing was Gillette, but Merrie could feel him walking away, lost in thought. She sent a quick thought to him. (Thank you.)

(Take care, Shades,) came the clear thought back and then he was gone.

Fang gasped as Tai came to a stop. “What just happened—?”

An explosion of air slammed into them as someone teleported next to Merrie. A shaft slammed down next to her, kicking up black dust and grime. For a moment, Merrie thought that somehow Gillette had teleported, but as the dust cleared, she was looking up at a woman in green plate armor glowing with powerful magic.

“Loyal Alestri says freeze!” came the crystalline command but there were no walls around them for her voice to echo. The power of her voice kicked up the dust and it blasted away from her, driven by the force of her domination.

The command slammed into Merrie, but she realized she had a choice to obey it. The collar shielded her, but she didn’t want to resist. She let the submission wash over her, the ripple of orgasm replenishing the energy that flowed through her veins. She shuddered at the pleasure and sank into it, enjoying the trickle of energy that filled her.

“By the orders of Her Royal Highness,” continued the Loyal, “you are under arrest for the destruction of public and private property, treason for injuries against the World Tree, and for summoning the forces of darkness.”

Oath-Bound

78

Despite catching Kirin in the aftermath of the battle, with her infernal marks glowing brightly and surrounded by destruction and corrosion, Alestri obviously didn't consider the guild mistress to be a threat. Instead, she assigned a single Resolute, a lesser-ranked knight, to guard her and promptly ignored the naked woman.

Kirin gracefully ignored the Loyal and barely acknowledged the Resolute as she strode forward down a featureless hall, leading the group of seven knights, Merrie, and herself into the darkness. She appeared to know where she was going. Every few steps, she casually drank from a bottle held between two knuckles and the manacles around her wrists clinked.

Next to her, the Resolute flinched every time and Kirin only chuckled at his discomfort.

Merrie, on the other hand, was surrounded by the remaining six knights and she was feeling very nervous at the brandished weapons above her.

Alestri marched on one side of her. With every step, the heavy thud of her spear struck the ground and flashes of power curled up from the impact. The armor barely made a whisper of noise, only the faint scuff of metal on crystal. If Merrie wasn't less than a meter away from it, she would have missed it under the scrape of metal from the Resolute's armor.

There was another Loyal on the other side of her, a man of some sort wielding a heavy hammer.

Like the Loyals, Resolutes wore plate armor engraved with leaf and vine patterns and tinged green. But, the similarities ended there. While the Loyal's armor was graceful and elegant, the

Resolute's plate mail was ponderous and loud. It also, Merrie noticed, had considerably less protection spells embedded into the metal.

Merrie was too tired to look further. The exhaustion from the fighting and the agony of her collaring had left her weak and trembling. But, every time she stumbled, one of the Resolutes would smack her naked ass or thigh with their scabbard to encourage her to keep crawling down the hall. It stung, but there was nothing to do besides trudge down the hall. She didn't even have enough energy to be submissive and she couldn't stir the will to keep her ears and tail from drooping.

Tamin followed her in the Shadows, poised to strike. They both knew that neither would survive a fight against a Loyal, much less two. It didn't stop his nervousness and protectiveness from seeping into her thoughts.

She yawned, but stumbled when a wave of dizziness slammed into her. She staggered to the side and bumped against Alestri's thigh. The metal was hot against her skin before the Loyal kicked her back into the center of the hall.

Whimpering softly, Merrie hung her head and focused on crawling. Her muscles trembled with the effort and her eyes no longer focused. But, despite her exhaustion, she couldn't miss the weight around her neck. The heavy collar rested against the back of her neck and the heavy ring bumped against her collar with every step. It was an erratic beat and she was reminded of her first master's triple beat against her clitoris every time he fingered her. A smile curled the corner of her lip as she remembered how he pushed her into an orgasm with nothing but his fingers.

Her body responded to her thoughts, a heated pleasure tickling her sex and a quickening of her breath. The collar was more than just a ring of heavy metal, the spells had sunk into her mind and body and bound her in a way she had never felt before. The heat inside her rose up and she let out a soft moan of need.

Instantly, the six knight's gripped their weapons tightly and the tension bore down on her. They were afraid of her. No, the Resolutes were afraid of her. The Loyals were wary and ready to strike. She shivered at the thought that the two knights were capable of slaughtering her before she even got a single spell off.

Merrie glanced up at Kirin. (Why am I the one surrounded? I don't have anything left to cast.)

Kirin looked over her shoulder. Her hair fluttered and her eyes were an intense sapphire as she looked over Merrie. "Maybe they think you're still a threat?"

Alestri growled. "No speaking."

Kirin's gaze shifted over to the Loyal. "Technically, Bitch is telepathic."

"I know," came the sharp response, "but Loyal Alestri doesn't have the words to describe what she does. Speaking is sufficient for reasonable intelligent individuals."

Merrie looked at the Loyal with surprise, then fought back a sudden yawn. She failed and stumbled.

Behind her, one of the Resolutes bumped her ass with his spear to encourage her to walk. She was tempted to snap back, but she heard the creak of Loyal Alestri's gauntlets around the haft of her spear. Energy crawled around her, setting her hairs on end from the hundreds of layered spells that were enchanted into the knight's armor and her weapon.

She withdrew into her own thoughts and explored the collar. The circuit that had almost destroyed had forged a connection in her mind. It wasn't the bond she had with her master or the one with Tamin, but it felt similar. Instead of being organic, the new connection felt crystalline like a psionic spell. It was the connection to her master, but she was her own Alpha. Concentrating, she sent a pulse of curiosity through the connection.

She felt it coursing into the collar and then out again, blossoming in her mind from a second connection to the collar. To her surprise, what she felt wasn't her mind anymore. Somehow, by being passed through the shadow stone in the ring, it had changed to the point it felt like another mind had just projected into her. Her heart pulsed from the heat of it and she let out a long, gasping breath.

Alestri's helm turned to look at her, but Merrie gave her a weak smile before concentrating on the collar again. With a twist of her thoughts, she managed to isolate the two new connections. They were raw, as if she was freshly pierced. Tentatively, she concentrated on one and sent out a projected thought. (Good... girl?)

No thought came through the connection. She sighed, wondering if somehow something was ruined by the shadow stone. Then, she sent the same thought through the other. (Good girl.)

It came through as a command, but it wasn't her thoughts. The smokey words echoed across her mind and her sex clamped at the familiarity of it. Her master had spoken and she had to obey.

Elation filled her and her tail wagged weakly across her naked rump. Pushing back the fuzziness of her exhaustion, she sent a command through the first one. (Speak.)

Nothing came through, the thought didn't pass through the collar. Tentatively, she sent it across the other. It blossomed across her mind and she was driven to obey before she could even comprehend the words. Her throat sized up for a moment before she barked loudly in the hallway.

Instantly, the knights stepped back. The Resolutes' were unskilled and bumped against the walls, but both Loyals went instantly into a defensive maneuver. Energy rolled off their weapons and their armor, the power around her pressing down on her senses and sending a tremor of fear through her veins.

Sheepishly, Merrie drooped her ears and tail. (Sorry.)

"Loyal Alestri says keep silent." There was a pulse of a domination spell, a magical command. It washed over Merrie's thoughts, demanding to be obeyed, but for the first time in many years, Merrie realized she didn't have to obey. She had a mistress now, someone with absolute control over her, and she would only obey if her mistress commanded her to. Though, the collar didn't stop the yearning to obey.

Merrie's smile grew wider and she gave a soft, gasping bark before crawling after Kirin.

The guild mistress grinned before she turned to the side. She handed the empty wine bottle to her Resolute. "Take this," she ordered before accelerating down the hall.

The guard stared at the bottle in his hand for a moment, then rushed after her with it still in his hand.

A few minutes later, they came up to the end of the hallway. Like the entrance, there was a single door at the end, but there were no visible handle or hinges. Kirin's guard continued forward and used his free hand to press against the center of the door. Runes flared to

life in the wooden carvings and the door clicked open from eight bolts. With a creak, it swung open and Merrie saw another hallway but one lined with doors. At the far end was another handle-less door.

The floor of the hallways began to glow. Ripples of power radiated from the door that just opened, coursing down the length of the hall and past the furthest door. A soft voice spoke up from nowhere, echoing down the hall in a whisper. “The Sun Crest Door has opened. Eight knights, two strangers, one unnatural creature. The Sun Crest Door has opened. Eight knights, two strangers, one unnatural creature. The Sun—” The voice continued and Merrie shivered at the sound of it. It was just at the edge of her hearing and it felt like the words were burrowing into her head.

Alestri and the other Loyal spun around. Their visors glowed for a moment as they stared into the hallway and through the walls around them.

Merrie followed their gaze, pushing her senses past the thin barrier of Shadows to where Tamin stood there, a black form among the darkness. (Tamin, they can detect you.)

Tamin stepped back, but the dual beams of the crystalline visors caught him and he froze.

“It is the shadow dog,” said the other Loyal, his voice just as crystalline as Alestri’s. “A threat?”

“Yes,” said Alestri. She turned to Merrie. “Loyal Alestri says get rid of him.”

Merrie looked up, a faint tremor rippling through her body. She was about to shake her head when she noticed Kirin watching her. She shifted her attention over to her guild mistress who shook her head and made a shooing gesture.

Not wanting to abandon her hound, Merrie reached out. (Why do I have to send him away? He’s my protector.)

“Bitch, send him away.”

(Why?)

“Because, I’ve been here before and I know what’s beyond this door. Trust me, he isn’t needed here nor will he be able to stop the Loyals if they decide to kill you.”

She glanced at the Loyals and then to Tamin. She could see him as clearly as if he was standing next to her. (Keep close?)

(I can't, Alpha,) his thoughts were filled with frustration. He projected what he saw. There was no door in the hallway, just a solid wall. There was no hint of the door or even the opening. There was nothing. (I need to stay near you.)

She sent a pulse of sadness. (I know, but not this time. I have to trust Kirin.)

For a long moment, Tamin did nothing. Then he got up and started to walk away. (If you get hurt, I will kill her.) His thoughts were tight and angry, but Merrie knew why. He was going to protect her until the day he died and the dread of that moment hung over both of them.

She sent a pulse of love. (Be safe.)

He responded with a wave of affection and then he was gone.

Merrie turned and looked at Kirin.

Kirin nodded and said, "Good girl." The words gave her no comfort.

The knights led both Kirin and Merrie into one of the rooms off the second hallway. It was large room, about four meters by three, with a table in the center. Four chairs had been lined up against the wall.

"Loyal Alestri," announced the knight, "says stay here."

Kirin bowed briefly. "Of course, Loyal. Could I get something to drink? Maybe a nice bottle from the 800s?"

Alestri shook her head and tapped her spear against the ground.

"Why?" Kirin's smirk curled the edge of her lip.

"You gain power from alcohol. It would not be wise of Loyal Alestri to arm her enemies. Loyal Alestri demands that you do not engage in fornication or any other triggers for your infernal powers."

"Come now," Kirin said with a smile and a twinkle of blue in her eyes, "do you really think I'm that much of a threat?"

"Everyone is a threat." The knight spun on her heels and strode out of the room. The other knights followed. The door slammed shut, the impact shaking the air. A moment later, the walls glowed as wards were placed around the room, sealing the two of them inside. Layers of spell added to the wards, glowing brilliantly in Merrie's mind. After a few seconds, the energy was blinding and she had to withdraw her senses to see anything else.

Kirin's smirk dropped instantly. "I swear to the devils that own my soul, that girl shoves that spear further up her ass every time I meet her. A few more times and we'll be able to spit-roast her."

Merrie sat down, her bare ass against the cold wood. She felt tiny and vulnerable in the room, cut off from the Shadows and alone except for her naked guild mistress.

"How are you doing, Bitch?"

She fought a yawn and failed. (Exhausted and everything aches.) She rotated her shoulders. (Where are we?)

"In the roots of the World Tree, in a place that most people don't know about."

(Have you've ever been here?)

Kirin nodded as she strolled over to the table with food. Her cock swung back and forth with her movements and the infernal runes on her belly pulsed softly with her heartbeat. "Yes, about thirty years ago." She stopped and sighed with a little shake of her head.

(What happened?)

Sadness hung over Kirin in a cloud. "I shouldn't have said that. I forgot how much it hurts to think about Coe. But," she looked at Merrie with a sad smile, "compared to what you've gone through and how strong you've remained, well..."

She was on her back, lost in mounds of pillows. Pleasure filled her, hot and sharp. It throbbed the rune of sex on her stomach, the only one she would ever accept. Just having him was enough and worth the price of the single mark. She moaned and spread her legs further. "More, lick it harder."

Coe, beautiful Coe, knelt between her legs with one knee on his shoulder. When he lifted his head, his face glistened with her juices. He opened his mouth, revealing the sharp teeth and thick, long tongue. Not a word was needed as he delved back down. A heartbeat later, his tongue was snaking into her, reaching the places she could only dream of.

Merrie's pussy clenched at the polished memory. It had the haze of constant remembrance and the sense of importance in Kirin's life. (You didn't have a cock then.)

"No, that was before my next mistake. A few months later, I was sitting right there," she gestured to the table, "sobbing with Coe's blood and ichor on my hands. He tried to start a revolt against the Royal Family and dragged me along."

Sadness loomed over her as Kirin grabbed a chair and pulled it up to the table. "I had to kill him. My best friend and lover. He gave me purpose in life, but he was going to take me down a path I couldn't go. The same thing that drove me to get these," she tapped the runes on her belly. "We all make mistakes. We all have to make decisions. They say it is easy to make a choice. It should be obvious. But, when you're in the middle of... all of it, you'll find that what you should have done," she looked up and a tear ran down her cheek, "isn't obvious."

Merrie crawled over to her, sitting down next to her chair. (I'm sorry.)

Kirin took a deep breath. "It's in the past."

(Why didn't they...,) she struggled with the thought.

"Kill me for treason? Oh, it got close to that. I was so frightened as they threatened me with Abbinkey, execution, you name it. I think I was down here for days before I cracked. What I didn't know is that if I was in this room," she tapped the table, "then I was actually in pretty good shape."

(Why?)

"The Loyals are the sword of the Royal Family. Just as the Family can interrupt court cases, like Claston did with Rakin, they can find people guilty without a lot of legal wrangling. If you were truly a threat to the country or the Royal Family, they would have just killed you right then and there."

(So, I should be happy that I'm locked in a room in a hidden dungeon that no one knows about?)

Kirin's eyes twinkled. "I would be."

Merrie shivered at the realization how close she got to death. (But, I destroyed part of the World Tree. And summoned the Lord of Shadows and... made it bigger.)

"If I didn't have an incredibly tight sphincter at that moment, I probably would have shitted myself. I don't think I had ever seen anything that..." (evil,) finished the guilty thought.

(I've seen them before, they hang around me. I,) she remember the Lord's only coherent though, (feed them.)

Kirin stroked Merrie's head. "I can't imagine being close to anything that destructive. Which makes it strange that you are

comfortable with a creature of darkness and destruction, but a mere Loyal terrifies you.”

Merrie thought about the Lord’s final thoughts, a brief moment where its mind and hers could understand each other. She tensed at the thought and shook her head to clear her mind. (I think I know what it wants.)

“Well, I’m going to insist it pays ten times your usual rate if you’re going to fuck it.”

Surprised, Merrie looked at Kirin for a moment, then began to giggle.

Kirin smirked and then began to laugh. It was a dry, exhausted laugh that sounded thin in the room, but the brief moment of humor seemed to lighten both of their spirits. After it died down, Kirin and clutched her head, “I seriously need a drink.”

Merrie sighed and leaned against the chair and Kirin’s thigh. (I need to crawl into my cage and sleep for a week.)

Kirin chuckled again and leaned back. Her hand remained on Merrie’s head, stroking the ridge of Merrie’s ear with slow, sensual strokes.

With a moan, Merrie closed her eyes and wished that sleep would grab her. But, after a few moments, she became aware of her collar again and her attention focused on the heavy weight. (Kirin?)

“Yes, Bitch?”

(How did you know I was in trouble?)

“You’re always in trouble.”

Merrie rolled her eyes. (I wasn’t last week when I was doing that ten thriban gang-bang.)

“Yes, but that delivery girl is never going to deliver again.”

(Sure she will, that’s why she joined the guild, isn’t it?) Merrie smirked at the thought of the young woman who came to deliver food and ended up being in a sandwich of her own.

“Yes, And she’s turning out to be a size queen at that.” Kirin took a deep breath and tapped the table. “Speaking of which, up on the table.”

(Why?) Merrie could feel the anticipation rising and her ears perked up with a flush of heat that tickled her senses.

Kirin grinned. "Because you're exhausted and drained. And, uptight Loyal or not, it is my duty to serve my members. And you need to fuck."

Grinning, Merrie crawled up on a chair and then on the table. The order was already brimming in Kirin's mind and she let it wash over her, submitting to the silent command. Her knees spread apart as she stopped in front of her, turning around to present herself to the guild mistress.

"Present."

Merrie moaned at the command as it echoed in the room. She parted her knees as far as she could and lifted her ass off the table. The familiar rush of cooler air against her sex almost pushed her into an orgasm as she pushed herself to her limits. Her outer labia spread open, letting the air caress her clitoris and opening.

"I find it fascinating," two fingers caressed along Merrie's inner folds and she found it hard to concentrate, "that you are so subtle when you do that. Most of the time, I know when you're reading my mind, but when I'm about to give an order, you are already moving. Though," she chuckled as she stroked Merrie's clitoris, "I don't really order you like this."

Merrie moaned and ground her breasts into the table. It was cool to the touch but it was the hardness against her nipples that added to the delicate caresses. She pushed back with soft whimpers, unwilling to project or communicate as anything but a bitch.

"And, to answer your question, I knew there was something wrong when a baby paladin—" Kirin jammed her finger into Merrie's sex, burying it to the second knuckle with one hard stroke.

With a gasp, Merrie clutched the table with her wrists, splaying out her legs and pushing back. Kirin's fingers felt good against her insides, the guild mistress knew how to touch a woman and Merrie was soon rocking her hips in time with the short strokes.

"—came into the guild hall. Young man, maybe in his early twenties. He was so desperate to tell me about all the power I would gain if I somehow collared this woman in the Shadowed District."

Merrie tensed sharply, her pussy clamping down on Kirin's finger, but the guild mistress just added a third finger and jammed in harder. The pleasure was distracting from the dread that began to rise up. (Paladin? Of Lemetri?)

“Yes, though I’m surprised you’ve heard of them.”

(They killed my master.) With her thoughts came a flash of the memories of the night he died.

Kirin’s thrusting faltered for a moment and then she stopped. “Oh, poor girl, I’m so sorry. I didn’t know.”

Merrie rested her cheek against the table. (It was... it was hard to get over.)

“You don’t talk about it much. I knew you created the Shadowed District. Was that because of his death?”

A blush burned Merrie’s cheeks. (I didn’t want to forget him. It was a grave.)

“I remember your master, from the memory that you just showed me. He seemed like a nice guy, but it was his companion that caught my attention.” Kirin let out a little laugh. “I don’t know how she did it and I never saw her get within a meter of him, but she managed to steal the pants off Claston.”

Merrie grinned at the memory that welled up, of her master.... She frowned at a strange thought. Whenever she thought of him, there was a blurring of identities which is why she thought of him as her master. But, she had a new mistress now and the closeness she felt with Kine had separated when she collared herself. With a start, she realized she could think of his name again. A bitter loss slammed into her and she closed her eyes tightly.

Kirin returned to her stroking, pumping in and out with wet strokes. With her other hand, she grabbed the base of Merrie’s tail and circle her finger around her tightly clenched asshole. “I think this room just brings up bad memories.”

A tingle of power coursed over Merrie’s senses. She reached out with her mind even as she pushed back on the fingers, fucking herself as fast as Kirin plunged three fingers into her sex. The sensations were a sweet balm against her exhaustion and the trickle of energy began to spread out across her body. She used it to push out harder, exploring the wards. The magic was blinding around her but she felt around looking for a weakness. The wards were as powerful as they weren’t subtle. She gave up after a few minutes. They were both locked in until someone freed them.

Kirin’s thrust faster, plunging four fingers into Merrie’s sex. Her fingers were everywhere: caressing Merrie’s labia, tickling her

insides, even the light touches against her clitoris all brought her rushing toward an orgasm.

Merrie braced herself on the table and pushed back, unable to do anything other than let the guild mistress hold her by her tail and finger her. She whimpered softly. Her legs trembled with the effort to keep her knees parted and she strained to squeeze down on the fingers.

With a soft chuckle, Kirin added her thumb and ground against Merrie's sex. "I've seen how many thriban you fuck. This should just..." she shoved hard. Her fist stretched Merrie's lips, pushing them almost to the point of discomfort.

The growing pain only added to Merrie's pleasure. With a cry, she shoved back and then let out a loud, guttural whine as she felt the knuckles slide past the ring of her sex and, with a sucking sensation, Kirin's entire fist sinking into her tight, slick hole.

"What a slut," said Kirin with a laugh. She ground down on Merrie's tail, holding it still as she shoved her fingers deep into Merrie, exploring her insides before drawing it back out. Clear liquid dribbled down Merrie's thighs as she was shoved and pulled by the fist impaling her.

(You,) Merrie moaned again, (were saying?)

"Way to ruin the mood, Bitch."

Merrie grinned. (Then fuck me harder.)

"No." Kirin slowed down and Merrie whimpered. "But, where was I? In the story?"

(Lemetri.) Merrie hated even thinking the name of the goddess who killed Kine.

"Yeah. So, this baby paladin comes in trying to sell me all the powers in the world. The problem is, his masters made a rather... significant mistake by not telling him about the guild's relationship with their bitch. You see, the Whore's Guild and Lemetri have been at odds for years, ever since the purge of the old guards, we've been fighting through politics and—"

An icy shiver coursed down Merrie's spine. She froze, fighting against Kirin's pumping. (Purge?)

"You probably don't remember that. Back when I was a little slut and junior member of the guild, Lemetri used to be known as one of the party goddesses. She was one hell of a slut and so were her

followers. They threw the biggest parties, ordered lagers by the barrels and whores by the dozen. And then, after spending a night of drinking and fucking, then went out and destroyed evil. Usually drunk and high.”

Merrie frowned. Kirin’s description didn’t seem to match anything she had seen of Lemetri.

“Their paladins were amazing. Lemetri gave them healing and stamina powers and they would,” Kirin let out a soft moan, “pound and fuck for hours.” She empathized the point by ramming her fist into Merrie, shoving until her knuckles smacked against Merrie’s cervix, then pulling out.

Every millimeter of movement brought waves of pleasure and Merrie almost lost her balance. She braced herself against the table, listening through the soft moans escaping her throat and the tremors that shook her exhausted muscles.

“They could come on a dime and, when they did, they kept coming and coming. And Lemetri liked them big, really big. That goddess had a thing for huge cocks, if you know what I mean. And, liked it nice and rough too.”

Merrie’s tail began to wag faster. She panted as she imagined Bass fucking a slender girl, pounding as the yellow-green healing energies rolled off their bodies.

“Like most paladins, they were oath-bound. They had the usual promises not to hurt innocent and defeat evil, but when you can heal as fast as you can fuck, there is a bit more leniency. A little blood didn’t matter when the next stroke would heal it right back up. And Lemetri encouraged it. Fuck, she was doing it herself. Taking on dragons and giants, fucking them until they passed out and then cutting their throats. During those times, the Whore’s Guild and her followers were in bed with each other. By royal decree, we even rented out the entire guild to them when they came back from the Blood River War.”

She said nothing for a long moment, just pumped her fingers in and out. The strokes were fast and deep, caressing every nerve in Merrie’s body. An orgasm burned its way through Merrie’s veins, but Kirin kept it flaring with more strokes and twisting that never stopped the pleasure.

Merrie's submission to her guild mistress added to her pleasure. She didn't want to stop, couldn't stop. She knew she could, by giving herself an order, but she didn't want to. Pleasure coursed through her veins and pushed away the exhaustion.

"It was a late night party. Me and seven others were taking on three of Lemetri's. The wine and cum was flowing and everyone was having a grand time." She sighed. "Six of them came in, all paladins of Lemetri and armored for battle. At first, we thought they were going to join in, but they just... killed their own. They didn't say a word and didn't give anyone a chance to speak. Just walked in," Kirin's stroking paused, "and killed them. And all the other whores too. I only got away because I was buried underneath a bunch of pillows and two of the bodies."

Kirin inhaled with a shuddering gasp. "I thought they were coating me with cum. I didn't know it was their own blood. When I finally realized it, though, they were gone. It wasn't until later that I found out that Lemetri was tired of being known as a slut, so she came up with a new image. She was going to be the goddess of justice and honor... well, one of six gods currently in that domain. But, a reputation for being clean-cut and honorable doesn't really fit with someone known for partying hard. She came up with a new image, but she had to make the world forget. So, in a single night, she withdrew her healing powers from the old guard and sent her new paladins to purge them from the world." Kirin's voice grew tense and angry.

"After that, she was all about the traitors to justice and how she finally saw through the corruption. Sickening, to say the least."

Merrie stared at the table top, the afterglow growing sour. She thought about the horror that Bass felt in his memories when a girl died on his cock. She never wondered why Lemetri had abandoned him, but she assumed he had done something to earn it. Now, she wasn't sure.

Deep inside, something stirred. She couldn't go back to find out. Nothing in the world would force her to return to the Puppy Mill. But, for the briefest of moments she wished she could comfort her rapist.

"Now, there are no more old paladins of Lemetri. Every single one was killed that night. Ever since, Lemetri's paladins are straight-

laced assholes who will do anything for the greater good. Of course,” Kirin said in a soft voice, “in the years since then, everyone forgot that Lemetri was another goddess entirely. And that poor baby paladin didn’t know that the Whore’s Guild is one place Lemetri would never welcomed.”

Merrie thought about Bass, hiding at the Puppy Mill. He had been attacked more than once by the paladins of Lemetri. No doubt, to truly remove any chance the public would remember Lemetri’s old reputation. She thought about the violence and horror, all to polish a goddess’ past. (What happened to the baby paladin?)

“He,” Kirin’s voice was tense, “was a threat to my guild.”

No more questions were needed for a long moment. Merrie came hard twice before Kirin pulled her dripping hand out.

“Turn around.”

Merrie obeyed and knelt down, opening her mouth so Kirin could place the heated fingers in her mouth. With a soft moan vibrating in her throat, Merrie licked Kirin’s fingers clean, lapping between the digits and along the palm until she could no longer taste herself. As she did, her collar bumped against Kirin’s wrist and Merrie felt it catching on the engagement ring.

(Why did you put the ring on my collar?)

Kirin frowned as she pulled back her hand. She rested it on her belly where the infernal mark for sex pulsed weakly against her pale skin. The rune appeared to be melted into the skin with gold and sapphire, but there was no wound or bump where flesh ended and metal began.

“The ring?” Kirin’s eyes flickered down to Merrie’s collar. “But, it was already on the collar.”

Merrie shook her head, a minute maneuver that she wasn’t sure she even made it.

Kirin’s eyes widened. With a gasp, she held her hand over her mouth. “Oh, I’m so sorry. I-I thought you were doing that on purpose. I would have never done that... do you think that is why the Lord and... all that damage?” She leaned back. “Fuck, I did destroy the World Tree, didn’t I? It’s all my fault.”

Gulping, Merrie reached out and rested her wrist against Kirin’s shoulder. (No, actually, you saved me.)

Kirin's face was pale as she stared at Merrie. "You're just saying that."

Merrie shook her head. She gathered up the memories of those last moments, when the Lord somehow interjected the engagement ring into the painful feedback circuit that was destroying her mind. She peeled away the pain and agony before gently pushing it into Kirin's thoughts.

The guild mistress tensed as she struggled with the sudden memories. Merrie had not projected to her often and almost everyone struggled with the foreign thoughts mixing in with their own. As the last of the memory sank in, Kirin let out a soft grunting noise. "You scare me, Bitch, do you know that?"

In response, Merrie flatted her ears against her head and pulled back.

Kirin grabbed her by the collar but then snatched her hand away. "Sorry. No, it isn't that bad of a thing. I mean, you do scare me. I've only gotten hints of what you're capable of doing. You're powerful, more powerful than probably anyone in the Whore's Guild. But, what scares me more is that the more you are ground into the earth, the more you shine."

She gave a smile and teased Merrie's ears into standing up again. "We were so worried when you were gone for three days. For three days you were raped by Rakin and when we finally found you, you had saved yourself. And, ever since, I can feel the power inside you. It is dark and sexy and sweet and wonderful."

Her eyes glistened with unshed tears. "And while I will probably never know what you're capable of doing, I'm just utterly happy that I've seen you blossom in a beautiful woman who has survived when almost anyone else would have jumped off a bridge."

Merrie blushed. (I tried that, it didn't work.)

"See, just one more reason... wait," Kirin stared at her in shock, "you tried to kill yourself?"

Sighing, Merrie nodded. (I failed. There is an enchantment on me that prevents me from killing myself. It was put on because I was going to be sold to Rakin five years ago, but like everything else, it doesn't seem to go away.)

"I wonder why."

(I survive because I have no choice. I'm not that strong.)

Kirin pulled her close and kissed her lips. “Bad girl,” she whispered. “You’re still incredible. And I would do anything for you.”

Merrie leaned forward until their lips caressed. She parted her lips and kissed harder, her tongue slipping out slightly to taste the alcohol on Kirin’s lips and the warmth of the woman’s breath.

As they kissed, Merrie felt the curls of need rising up inside Kirin. It was a longing but she was fighting it. Curious, Merrie delved deeper into the guild mistress’ mind, working her way past the insecurities and fetishes looking for the source of the longing.

Kirin was horny. Not just the urge to fuck, but a craving for power. She felt it before, it was the same need that Borias and Rakin both longed for. But, where Borias desired death and Rakin embraced his anger, Kirin was driven by more than just one desire. She could feel the infernal marks tugging on Kirin’s mind: begging her to rape Merrie, to drown her in wine, to rip her open on the cock, and to burn her with acid. Even the marks of gold and sapphire tugged on her, all of them whispering in the back of Kirin’s mind with barely heard voices.

The guild mistress was exhausted and even Merrie could pick up on the voices. They were guttural and slithering, tugging on her mind with their closeness. Kirin was better at hiding it from her face, but she was almost drained to her limits when she protected the city from Merrie’s pain.

Kirin broke the kiss and pushed back. “No, we can’t be doing that right now. The Loyal told us not to.”

Merrie didn’t need to read Kirin’s mind to know that she was lying. Her tail wagged back and forth as she knew what she was going to do. A smile quirked the corner of her lip as she looked over her mistress from head to cock. As she focused on Kirin’s thick, horse-like cock, her tail wagged faster.

“What are you doing?”

(Serving my mistress.)

Kirin stepped back. “No, we aren’t doing that. Do you know what I do to my lovers?”

Her tail tagging faster, Merrie smiled at her. (You said anything.)

“No,” Kirin said with a whisper, but there was hope in her voice.

(I can regenerate.)

“It isn’t that fast. When I blow, it’s pure acid, Bitch. It will burn you out from the inside. I’ve sent more than one lover to the healers that way.”

Merrie inched forward, scooting on her rear until her wrists rested on the edge of the table. (I want your cock.)

“You’re always horny,” whimpered Kirin. Her breath came faster and her large breasts rose and fall as she struggled with her need and self-control.

(And you’re exhausted too. I can’t give you wine or spirits, but I know that three of these—) Merrie reached out and caressed Kirin’s belly with the end of her arm. As she did, the three pulsating runes glowed underneath the touch. (—will respond to shoving this into me.) She lowered her wrist down to the cock swelling between Kirin’s legs.

“A-Are you sure?”

Merrie panted softly as she stared into Kirin’s sapphire eyes. (You just said that I gain power from being ground down.)

“I didn’t mean pouring acid into your ass.”

Merrie pulled back and turned around. She presented herself to Kirin, with her knees spread out as far as she could and her pubic mound only centimeters from the table. She knew that she was at exactly the right height for Kirin to aim her cock into the tight sphincter. The anticipation beat loudly in her ears and she rested on the cool surface of the table. (Fuck me,) she ordered.

The adamantite collar shifted against the table. The heavy weight bore down on her. With a grin, she reached out for the shadows underneath her body and gave them animation. Tendrils, each one no longer than Kirin’s finger, rose up underneath Merrie’s breast and caught the collar. With a thunk, the tendrils held it to the table and Merrie was helpless to do anything but keep her head tight to the wood.

The submission, even to herself, brought an intensity to her position. Her nipples grew hard with anticipation and she panted as she held herself still.

Kirin moaned. “A-Are you sure?”

Merrie wagged her tail and stretched as far as she could. Her asshole was open and ready. She could feel Kirin’s eyes on it, the

hungry desperation and self-control beginning to crumble under the infernal whispers in the back of her mind.

Kirin's hand caressed Merrie's buttocks, a light touch of a virgin and not the mistress of whores. There was a hesitation and fear, but there was also excitement and lust. The smells of Kirin's cock filled the room, the musky scent mixing with perfume from Lady Anasome and Kirin's femininity. It was a heady mixture and Merrie took a deep breath to enjoy it.

The table thumped. Merrie jerked at the sensation.

"Sorry, my cock got hard."

Merrie giggled and wiggled her ass. (Show me.)

There was a laugh and a wet scraping noise as Kirin re-positioned her cock. "Getting awfully bossy since you put on that collar." There was a thick smack as the cock landed on Merrie's buttock, a solid shaft of hot flesh. It was huge, longer than anything Merrie had ever had inside her. It was also as thick as a large thriban but didn't nearly drool as much.

Kirin's fingers caressed Merrie's sex, the backs of her fingernails trailing through the dripping folds and transferring the hot liquid to her anal ring. "This is going to hurt, in a lot of ways."

Merrie's stomach clenched at the thought and her pussy grew wetter at the thought. She wanted to feel the pain and ecstasy blurring together. It wasn't a matter of if anymore, but when Kirin would ram that cock into her. She whimpered for it, begging for the thick cock to be rammed into her tight body.

The fear spiked for a moment and then Kirin's cock was against Merrie's asshole. The tip was large and flat, just like a horse's. The heat radiated from its length and the first touch of the burning pre-cum itched her sphincter.

Merrie could feel the guild mistress hesitating. She took a deep breath and pushed back, forcing the thick head against her tight anal ring. It was large and there wasn't a wedge to ease it in. Merrie felt tiny with it pressed against her dusky opening. She moaned and pushed back, straining against the collar pinning her to the table.

"Bitch, what are you—"

Grabbing the excitement, Merrie slammed it through a strength spell. The dark power coursed through her muscles for only a heartbeat before she shoved back with all her might.

The thick head tore through her asshole and impaled almost a third of its length into Merrie's clenching rectum. Sharp pain tore through her and she let out a scream of pain.

It was almost too much for her, but Merrie couldn't stop. She focused her thoughts on her collar and sent herself an order. (Fuck her!)

It came barreling through her mind, a command that she could not resist. Biting down on her lip, she pulled herself up the cock, feeling every ridge of the hot shaft as it clung to her tight ring. She pulled out a few centimeters and then slammed back, using her magical might to drive the cock deep into her body.

Her world became agony and pleasure, the feeling of being fulfilled blurring with the heady sense of submission. She was being commanded by her mistress and she couldn't disobey. She had to fuck, because her mistress ordered her to.

Merrie clenched her inner muscles around the cock. It felt like it was up in her stomach, shoving organs out of the way and stretching her intestine into a tight glove around the pulsating length. It hurt but she could feel the orgasm rising up inside her, her body trembling as she felt the icy touch of pleasure pouring through her veins. She pulled forward and then slammed back, using her pinned collar as the hinge of her movement.

Kirin staggered back. She clamped her hands on Merrie's hip for balance and the final centimeters of Merrie's thrust rammed the cock deep into her stomach. Kirin's cock surged and a burning pain spread out through Merrie's insides. "Fuck! Don't do that again!"

But, Kirin wasn't pulling her cock out.

Merrie moaned and rocked her hips, enjoying the ache of having something so large inside of her. She leaned forward and pulled Kirin's cock out; her insides clung to the horse-like cock and she clamped down as tightly as she could to give Kirin as much pleasure as possible.

"Bitch, you're bleeding." Kirin's voice was a low whine. "You need to stop this before you get badly hurt."

Merrie lifted her head as much as she could and glanced down between the valley of her breasts. Dark crimson dribbled down her thighs and she could feel where her anal ring had torn around Kirin's shaft. She had never impaled her ass on anything so large,

and she had never used magic to do it before. She let out a soft chuckle as she stared at it.

She grew aware of the collar. It didn't flash and there was no change in temperature, but suddenly she realized the regeneration was working. It was subtle and powerful, repairing her body without even a hint that she was being healed.

It didn't stop the pain, though. She could feel the burning spreading out inside her, the acid tearing at her insides. The searing sharpness added a painful edge to her pleasure.

Gasping, she leaned forward a few more centimeters and then rammed back with all her might. The massive cock tore into her, ripping into her guts and deep into her body. She felt it impact something deep in her chest and her breath came out in a rush.

"Fuck!" Kirin sounded surprised. She grip tighter, her fingernails digging into Merrie's hip. Her body shook violently and Merrie could feel every tremble that coursed through the guild mistress' body.

The room began to flicker with a strange, multi-colored lights. As Merrie looked around, she saw the light shifting and twisting, moving like candles but she knew there was no flames in the room. Her heart beat faster as she lifted her head again and looked down her taut belly and large breasts. Beyond her body, she could see the light was above the burning cock impaling her ass. She twisted her head and peeked over her shoulder.

Kirin's belly was glowing. Three of the runes flickered and twisted, somehow crawling in on themselves with a steady animation that brought an instant headache to Merrie's thoughts. The largest, the one of sex, glowed the brightest, but the horse and acid runes were almost as bright. They pulsed in time with Merrie's heartbeat, not Kirin's. The runes were responding to her pain and discomfort.

Merrie took a couple short breaths and rammed back hard again, driving the cock deeper into her body. Her insides molded around the thick veins and rigid shaft. She clamped down and rammed herself again and again, pumping it harder and deeper until the shaft was forcing the air out of her lungs with every stroke.

She was sure she had torn something inside her and the wet splatters were more than just her pussy drooling with excitement.

The stench of blood, coppery and hot, wafted around her. It added to the pain and submission. Merrie knew that she could die on Kirin's cock and come back, but she was terrified to learn the agony of recovery.

But, her mistress had ordered her to fuck. Yanking forward, Merrie felt her insides tearing around the thick cock. She planted her wrists hard on the table. The shadows blossomed around her wrists and ankles, tying her down into place. She grunted and slammed back, spearing the cock deep into her. Before it finished piercing her insides, she pulled out and slammed home again. Each thrust drove it deeper inside her, ripping at her organs and punching the thick spear of flesh further toward her throat.

Blood and acid poured down her thighs. It seared her skin just as it burned her insides. The pain was building quickly as was the light from Kirin's belly. The infernal energy wrapped around her as the guild mistress drank in the agony. With every shuddering thrust, power crackled in the air.

Her pussy burned with need, the clear juices of her sex mixing in with the blood and acid. It filled the room with the sharp smells, overwhelming and comforting at the same time.

"Bitch, I can't take much more."

Merrie slammed back with all her might. The table shuddered from the impact as the cock drove deep inside her, tearing her insides. And, for the first time, Merrie's ass slammed against the base of Kirin's cock and the two large balls smacked against her sex. The impact was heavy and wet, a thud that shoved Merrie instantly into an orgasm.

Black ecstasy poured into her body, blossoming from the agony in her ass and the heat in her pussy. It turned into a storm that ripped along her nerves, setting every one on fire. Merrie jerked violently as her body tensed up, but the shadowy tendrils pinning in her in place kept her fixed on Kirin's cock. The helplessness added to the intensity of the orgasm and she cried out shrilly as she lost herself in the pleasure.

Kirin cried out a moment later, her fingers digging painfully into Merrie's hips as she drove forward herself. Her cock and balls slammed into Merrie before she pulled out half of its length.

Every stroke impaled Merrie from tail to tip. The collar pinning her to the table yanked at her neck, pinning her down to take every centimeter of Kirin's cock. She gasped with the impact of the cock against her lungs and the feeling that she was swallowing the entire length of the burning shaft.

"I-I'm... I'm sorry!" Kirin cried out and punched it hard into Merrie. The thick shaft tore wetly into Merrie. It swelled inside her, tearing a large hole into Merrie's ass. And then, with terrifying clarity, Kirin came.

The first blast of cum was hot like Merrie expected. But as the second and third came, the heat continued to build. It became a liquid inferno that burned her insides, spreading out to fill hidden gaps and spaces that she didn't know existed. Hot jet after jet pierced her insides and Merrie could taste it on the back of her throat.

More of it spurted out of Merrie's tightly-stretched asshole. It splashed on Kirin's belly before hitting the table. Almost instantly, the table began to smoke. Large holes burned away from the wood and the entire structure shuddered as the rents widened.

Merrie cried out, swimming in the pain and submission. She could feel the energy building inside her and threatening to burst out of her mind. Remembering something Monk said, she poured it into the collar and felt it gather there, a storage of pure energy for later.

Shuddering, Kirin shoved herself out of Merrie and staggered back. Her cock continued to splatter cum everywhere. It left ropes along Merrie's back and tail, along the table and floor.

The table underneath her groaned as the acid left smoking holes in the surface. More of it dribbled down the legs and Merrie could feel it about to crumble. She tried to push up from the surface, but her collar was still pinned. Her right side drooped as the table creaked again and her breasts ground into puddles of acid and cum.

With a groan, the table collapsed underneath her and Merrie was thrown to the ground. She hit with a smack that left stars swimming across her vision. She moaned at the impact and shuddered as the pleasure continued to blend with the agony of being burned from the inside.

"Bitch? Are you okay?"

Merrie glanced over her shoulder as she released her body from the remains of the table. She let out a soft giggle. (It hurts.)

"I told you." Kirin whimpered and rushed for the door. "I'll get a healer."

Feeling full of energy, Merrie gathered the darkness around her and transformed into a hound and back into a human. The burns on her skin faded and the agony inside her lessened. With a surge of power, she shifted again and again until her outsides were pristine as the day she first saw the collar.

Her shape-shifting couldn't stop the acid in her guts, only lessen it. She could still feel the itch and burn inside her, but the acid cum no longer tore at her guts. She let out a long sigh and crawled out of the smoking remains of the table. (Well, that was fun.)

Kirin stopped pounding on the door and looked around, surprise on her face. "B-Bitch? You're... okay?"

Merrie squirmed a little, the itch came from everywhere and nowhere. She wanted to scratch, but she knew it was inside her. She smiled as she focused on Kirin's belly, where the acid rune continued to flicker in time with the itching sensation. The other two runes had quieted, but she could feel the energy inside Kirin.

Kirin reached out. "You're really okay?" There were tears in her eyes.

Merrie crawled forward and pressed her head to Kirin's palm. (I'm going to have to charge you more, though.)

With a gasp of relief, Kirin sank down to her knees and yanked Merrie into a hug. "I'll pay you eight times your normal rate, you still little bitch."

(Eight?)

"On a scale of one to ten, where ten is the Lord of Shadows, I think I rate an eight."

Merrie's tail wagged. (Probably only a six then.)

Kirin pulled back with mock annoyance. "What have you fucked that makes me a six?"

With a grin, Merrie licked Kirin's face. (Rakin.)

"Oh, I'll pay you six times your normal rate." Kirin kissed her again and held her tight. "Thank you, thank you."

Merrie leaned her head on Kirin's shoulder and held her tight. Their breasts rubbed against each other and Merrie rested her knee

on Kirin's cock in hopes that it would get hard again. She couldn't take it quite yet, not until the itching faded inside her guts.

They held each other for a long time, breathing in the smells of acid, cum, and Merrie. The table gave up its last legs and burned to the ground.

"I know it was a mistake, but I'm glad that ring saved you. But, I would never," she kissed Merrie's head, "ever," another kiss, "hurt you."

Wagging her tail, Merrie sent a pulse of affection and love.

Kirin tensed briefly. "Think you're ready for company?"

(I'm not dressed.)

"Silly bitch. Someone is coming with really good wine." She tapped her belly where the rune for wine began to glow faintly.

(Who is it?)

Amusement radiated from Kirin as she stood up and faced the door. "Just remember, when you are in front of royalty, bow very low and keep quiet. Loyal Alestri will probably kill you if you use telepathy. So, keep your thoughts in your own head."

Merrie blinked in confusion. (Why?)

The door creaked open and the two Loyals entered. They stood on each side of the opening and slammed their weapons down on the ground. Loyal Alestri spoke sullenly, the tone coming through even through the crystalline voice. "Announcing Her Royal Highness, Queen Vikia Pador."

Merrie's jaw opened in shock as the queen of the country stepped into the room. She had only seen Vikia in paintings and drawings. She was a slender woman barely a meter and a half in height. She wore a deep green dress, the official color of the crown, and the cut showed off her narrow hips and small, high breasts. Underneath the mid-cut collar, Merrie could see that she wore a cream-colored slip that gave a hint of the femininity beneath. Vikia's long, white hair was piled high on her head, exposing the delicate nape of her neck and the elegance of her chin. Merrie wondered how long it was; she had never seen the queen with her hair down.

In Vikia's hand was two bottles of wine, both covered in a thick layer of dust. She smiled brilliantly, little flashes of teeth, as she strode up to Kirin. "Kirin," she said in a soft, clear voice.

"Your Majesty."

Merrie followed the queen with her eyes, lifting her head as the woman stopped less than a meter away from her. She was stunned, but it took her a moment to realize that it was more than the queen's grace and appearance, but a natural Presence that drew her attention. Like Claston, the queen didn't need magic to draw attention to her, but her presence in the room demanded it.

Trembling, she bowed as low as she could.

"Vikia," breathed Kirin as they kissed each other's cheeks. "I'm so sorry for coming to you like this."

"It isn't the first time, Kir." the queen leaned to the side to look at the remains of the table. "I would have hoped you wouldn't have passed the time ruining my furniture."

Kirin looked sheepish. "Sorry, your highness. Bitch here," she gestured to Merrie who bowed again, "was insistent."

The queen didn't even glance at Merrie. Instead, she stepped forward and grabbed Kirin's head with both hands, the bottles resting on Kirin's shoulders, and pulled her into a kiss.

Merrie's mouth opened in shock and her tail smacked the ground. She watched as the queen and guild mistress kissed passionately. There was a flash of tongue, she didn't know whose, but then the queen broke the embrace and handed the two bottles of wine to Kirin. "Here you go, you're probably drained."

Eyes glittering gold, Kirin took the bottles. "Thank you, luv."

The queen looked around the room with a disappointed look. Reflexively, Merrie draped the shade around herself, but the queen's eyes focused directly on her. "And, let's see what all the trouble is about?"

Merrie felt humiliated at how easily the queen looked through her spell. Her ears pressed against her head. Trembling, she held her breath as the queen strolled closer.

At the entrance of the room, there was a flash from both Loyals. Merrie flinched, but they didn't attack. Instead, she felt hundreds of spells activating: strength and speed, but also ones that made her head hurt. She glanced over and took a double-take. They were moving, but faster than she thought possible. Their bodies vibrated, shifting from one position to the other, without crossing the intervening space.

The queen didn't acknowledge the spells or the Loyals. She knelt down delicately on the ground, every movement somehow reminding Merrie of her grace.

Vikia gently touched Merrie's ear, a light touch that sent a shiver of pleasure coursing through her body. She traced the line of Merrie's chin and down to her collar. Merrie tensed as the queen's fingers got close to the metal, afraid of what would happen, but the queen lifted her fingers and brought it down to Merrie's nipple. The light touch, smooth and curious, circled around her nipple until it crinkled with anticipation.

Never in Merrie's life, and she assumed in her lost memories, did she think she would be touched by the queen of the country that way, with the royal fingers on her aching nipples. Merrie's breath came faster, panting, as the queen trailed her fingers down to Merrie's belly.

Raising herself up into a begging position, Merrie fought the whimpers as the queen trailed her fingers down the taut belly, over to the hip, and then up her side. The tickle along her flanks was intense, just knowing who was touching her.

"Pity," the queen said, "I thought she would have been prettier."

Merrie stared in shock.

Vikia looked over at Kirin who was downing one of the bottles. A brief frown crossed her face and the infernal rune of wine flashed. She turned back to Merrie. "You would have been a pretty girl except for these," she plucked at Merrie's ear, "and these," she brought her finger to the end of Merrie's amputated wrist. She sighed. "Oh well. I'm sure someone finds you attractive."

With a whimper, Merrie looked back and forth between the queen and Kirin. She felt as if someone had just rejected her in the cruelest possible manner. She wanted to reach out and find out if it was a cruel joke, but the power radiating from the two Loyals stopped her.

The queen caught Merrie's chin and tilted it so Merrie was looking at her. "You are loyal to the crown?"

Merrie never thought about loyalty. She was a citizen of the country, but she never thought about how much she loved her country. It was her home, the only one she knew. She opened her

mouth, but she didn't have the words. Closing her mouth, she looked up with a sheepish look.

"You can bark, I've read the reports. A bark is the same thing as yes, correct?"

Gulping, Merrie gave a soft bark.

"Are you loyal to the crown?"

She gave another soft bark, unwilling to lie about her lack of patriotism.

The queen's eyes, the same deep green as her dress, bore into her. "Are you against the crown?"

Merrie shook her head, desperate to deny it.

"At least you have some honesty going for you." A faint smile crooked the corner of the queen's lips. "You have choice, right now and here. And remember, I don't make threats, do you understand?"

A whimpering bark.

"You are too powerful to be free in this city." The queen's voice struck Merrie and she could do nothing but stare into the green eyes that held her in place. "There are beings like you in the city and in the country, but they are loyal to the crown. And I don't mean lip service or idle promises. I mean an oath of loyalty, what you call a geas."

Merrie's sphincter tightened painfully and she whined. Her pulse came faster, pounding in her chest and beating in her ears.

"I know you have one already, the one that keeps you from talking. But, a creature like you cannot remain in my country without some assurances. If you refuse, you will die in this room."

The Loyal's power increased and the air grew tight with tension.

Shaking violently, Merrie tried to look at Kirin, but the queen's presence was too strong. A tear welled in her eye as she stared into the dark green eyes. She knew what she had to say, but the idea of being bound forever terrified her. But, she also knew that the queen would only accept one of two answers.

She barked.

Queen Vikia nodded once. "Do you swear loyalty to Franome, the crown, and the land, for the rest of your days?" It was the oath of loyalty every child said in school, but when the queen said it, the air beat with power and Merrie felt energy swirling around her.

Her throat dry, Merrie tried to swallow, but couldn't. She barked, a little louder than before.

"Do you swear to protect it with your will, your pride, your power, and your life?"

The swirls of energy shimmered into existence, forming runes in the branches of a giant tree that filled the room. Merrie whimpered as she felt it sinking into her mind, exploding with intensity as her true nature took the oath and made it something more powerful than a mere geas. It took almost all of her effort to bark again.

"Do you swear to keep its secrets until the end of time?"

She had never heard that phrase in the oath, but she barked again.

"Do you swear to guard the Royal Family from all harm, inside and out?"

Merrie gasped as she barked, her body tingling. The geas poured into her, spreading out to sink into every cell of her body. She expected it to taste like shit, but there was nothing but the hint of flowers and leaves on her tongue.

"Do you swear to serve until released by the Royal family?"

She barked loudly, a single sharp noise. Around her, the oath spell exploded and sucked into her, burning into her mind and body. It didn't hurt, but there was an intense rush as if she had been electrocuted during an orgasm. It just kept rippling through her body, threatening to explode out, but she clutched to it until it spread out through her body and sank into her bones.

The queen released her chin and stepped back. A trickle of sweat ran down her brow. "I'm satisfied. Loyal Gistor?"

The male Loyal stamped his foot. "Yes, my queen?"

"Finish erasing the other guild member's memories of the event and let them go. Make sure they know that both Kirin and..." Vikia gestured to Merrie, "are both safe but currently being interrogated by the royal knights. Start spreading rumors that someone was arrested, that will give us a few hours to find a scapegoat."

"What about former Resolute Pristine?"

"She's still bound by oath. Just remind her of her duty. She will assist in the lie."

The Loyal bowed and stepped out of the room. As soon as the door shut, there was a bang as he teleported away.

Flickers of light ran along the floor underneath the table. “Teleportation near the Sun Crest door. One knight. Teleportation near the Sun Crest door. One knight. Teleportation...”

The queen turned back to Merrie. “The Royal Family does not associate with the Whore’s Guild, do you understand?”

Confused at the queen’s orders, Merrie glanced over at Kirin who was polishing off the second bottle.

“Even if,” Vikia’s voice grew tense, “they have the gall to chug a bottle of thousand year old wine with the grace of a drunken teenager.”

Kirin lowered the bottle and licked the black wine from her lips. She gave a sheepish smile and shrugged. On her belly, the infernal rune for wine glowed brightly, pulsing with a rapid beat.

“And, while I appreciate you considering my son to be bonded to you—”

Merrie cringed at the tense words directed at her.

“—it would not be in his, yours, or his betrothed’s best interest to let a naked slut join that part of his life. And I don’t trust him to do the right thing and say no, which is why I refuse to let him go to you. The Crown must remain free of any obligation that doesn’t further this country’s greatness.”

Her jaw dropping, Merrie stared at the queen. Claston heard her request? He was considering it? A heat spread out along her body as she realized how close she was to bonding with him.

“And, it would be treason, not to mention a violation of your oath, if it becomes known that the Royal Family does associate with the Whore’s Guild in any capacity besides professional. Do you understand?”

Merrie barked, unable to do anything else.

“But, unofficially, you must be oath-bound to secrecy if you do service the Royal Family in your...” she looked over Merrie again, “capacity.”

The queen stood up and straightened her dress. Turning to face Kirin, her dress swirled around. She held out her hand. “I’m done here. Shall we have dinner? I want to hear everything.”

Kirin held the last bottle in her fingers. “Bitch would give a better accounting.”

The queen shook her head and held out her arm. “I’ll send someone to interrogate her. I want to hear your part, Kir.” There was something else in the queen’s voice, a sound that Merrie had heard from many customers and lovers. The queen wanted Kirin.

Kirin set down the empty bottles and bowed. “Of course, my queen.” She took Vikia’s arm and they strolled out of the room.

Loyal Alestri stayed behind, but Merrie saw two other Loyals in the hallway turn to follow the queen of the country and the guild mistress. Behind them, the door slammed shut.

Merrie felt very alone.

t'Sade

Interrogation

79

Two hours later, Merrie regretted the ability to keep perfect time. The seconds ticked away with depressing slowness, but she was forced to remain in the room under the watchful eye of Loyal Alestri. Every time she moved or shifted, she could hear the creak of the knight's gauntlet or the minute shift of the visor to track her movement. Merrie was tempted to try shifting to the Shadows, but she knew the room was warded and even if she could break through, the knight would somehow follow.

Over the time, the acidic itch inside her body spread out until it was a uniform discomfort underneath her skin. She transformed every few minutes, but the healing only removed the edge of pain and not the source. It subsided over time, but it was a slow, torturous passing that gave her no pleasure.

When it finally faded, she let out a sigh of relief, but soon quickly found out a new torture. Without the pain, there was nothing to focus on. It took very little time before she was bored.

Two hours of being trapped in a room. Two hours of blinding wards preventing her from looking at anything but Loyal Alestri. Two hours of an aggressive knight responded to every move she made.

She was tempted to get a rise out of the knight, but Merrie wasn't interested in testing out the regeneration abilities of the collar by accidentally provoking the knight into attacking. If she went too far, she would be testing the other powers of the collar.

Merrie passed the hour by inspecting the knight. she couldn't read her thoughts, not because Alestri didn't have shields, but because she had not even a single submissive thought. She was

aggressive and dominate and utterly asexual. Somehow, Alestri had managed to obey orders without being submissive to them. There was nothing for Merrie to reach for, no easy way of breaking into Alestri's mind.

Instead, she focused on Alestri's weapon and armor. Both the massive spear and the dark green plate armor had hundreds of enchantments. The spells were precise and layered, built on a measured pattern instead of the black knotted power of her collar. It was planned and cast down by a single person who was neither a psychic or used shadows. It wasn't holy magic either. She could barely understand the power, but she had time so she amused herself by following the threads of magic and learning.

Hours later, her head hurt but she learned a few new things. The armor was an elegant spell of defense and strength. She couldn't even hope to do a tenth of what it could do, but some of the enchantments were similar enough she learn enough to enhance her own skills. The armoring spells took longer, but she now had a handle on how her own collar worked.

With a sigh, she rolled over on her back.

Alestri tensed with her movement, the spells activating on her armor and weapon. Merrie could feel the acceleration spells and speed activating, a beat of power as Alestri prepared for a strike.

Merrie closed her eyes and ignored the knight. She didn't know how much longer she had to wait, but she was tired of puzzling out enchantments. With a sigh, she pressed her wrists against her breasts and stretched her shortened legs out as far as they would go. Her tail thumped softly on the wooden floor.

The knight remained wary and prepared to strike.

With a sigh, Merrie stroked her nipples and enjoyed how the tips crinkled with the sensations. She circled them before pushing both wrists down between her legs and arched her back to bring her sex up to her. She had to lift her head slightly to set both wrists to the channel of her vulva. With tiny gasps, she pumped against her clitoris and labia, stroking the moisture and enjoying every flutter of pleasure that radiated from her pussy.

As she did, the heavy collar remained on the ground. The heavy ring pressed against her throat, teasing her with the hint of suffocating. It added an edge to her stroking, but she needed more.

Reaching out for the shadows, she summoned a tendril of darkness to grab on the collar and pull it down.

“Loyal Alestri says stop.”

Merrie leaned her head back and opened her eyes. The knight was standing at attention and glowing with power. The spells were visible to Merrie’s vision in a visible threat.

She didn’t stop masturbating. With a surge of excitement, she forced the tendrils to pull down, sinking the collar into the gap of darkness and tightening the grip around her neck. The heavy metal dug into her throat and she felt her breath grow ragged.

Her pussy grew wetter and Merrie stroked herself harder, keeping her eyes locked on Alestri. Wet slurping noises rose up in the room, echoing against the walls as a ragged whine escape her throat.

Alestri stepped forward. “Loyal Alestri says freeze!” The domination spell slammed into Merrie, piercing her shields and punching into her thoughts. It grabbed her muscles and froze them into place.

The overwhelming power of the command ignited Merrie’s orgasm. Every muscle locked tight as she felt it tearing through her senses, a bolt of hard pleasure that quickly became a black mote of ecstasy. Her wrists remained locked against her pussy, the hot slickness burning along the ends of her arms. She wanted to cry out, but couldn’t.

Merrie couldn’t stop her collar either. It dug into her throat, almost crushing it, as it froze solid. Only the smallest fraction of air slipped in and out of her lungs. She whined, a wheezing noise, and the black motes of suffocating danced across her vision.

The armored boots slammed into the ground as Alestri strode forward. “Loyal Alestri says stop!” The domination spell crashed into her again, but there was nothing Merrie could do. She was unable to move her body or shift the collar. It was cutting off her breath. Her heart beat faster as did the orgasms that sparked inside her, setting off one wave after another of pure pleasure.

Alestri stopped over Merrie, almost straddling Merrie’s head. “Loyal Alestri says—”

“That won’t work,” came a sharp command from the door. It was the prince, Claston.

The knight spun around and stood at attention. "She is suffocating herself, Loyal Alestri must keep her alive for interrogation." There was almost a hint of frustration in the crystalline voice.

"Order her to beg."

"Sire?"

Merrie gaped as she stared at the prince. He was standing in the door with a smile on his lips. He wore a simple outfit, black trousers with a dark green button-down shirt. His eyes, she noticed, were the same color as his mother's. It was the royal green after all. He rubbed his clean-shaven chin with the back of his hand. "Order her to beg, before she snuffs herself."

The Loyal stepped back and slammed her spear into the ground. "Loyal Alestri says beg!"

The domination spell slammed into Merrie again, crushing through her thoughts. It shattered the first spell as her entire world exploded into an orgasm. Gasping, she couldn't help but obeying. The shadows released her collar and she jumped to her knees. Flipping over, she brought her wrists into position, but she didn't know what would turn on Alestri, but she knew exactly what Claston was looking for. With a whine, she wagged her tail slowly as her juices dripped down her thigh to puddle on the ground.

Claston chuckled and entered the room. "See, that wasn't hard." His boots tapped on the ground as he walked around Merrie.

Behind him, Merrie heard the soft scuff of another person. "Sire," said Boz, "maybe the Loyal is unfamiliar with the subtle workings of puppy girls?"

"Nonsense, seems intuitive to me," Claston came around and Merrie shifted her attention to him. Merrie forgot how beautiful he was. While his mother was slender, Claston had the lithe frame of a dancer or a sword fighter. He walked with a grace of someone very comfortable with their own body, something Merrie had seen frequently in her years as a prostitute but only from the sex workers, not customers. She blushed hotly as she watched the prince circle around her once before stopping in front of her.

"I may suggest that a month ago, you didn't know about that particular command either."

Claston crouched down in front of Merrie until they were looking eye to eye. “She didn’t have to know that, Boz,” he said in an amused voice. His green eyes stared at her for a moment, then she watched as he looked her over from eyes to knees and back again.

The blush on her cheeks grew hotter. Despite years of having lovers, she felt embarrassed in front of the prince. Not because she was naked, but the way he looked at her. With a start, she realized she forgot to bow and whimpered.

“So, you’re Bitch. I’ve heard a lot about you.”

Up close, she could smell the cologne that wafted around him. It was a fruity, musky smell that sent little tremors racing along her belly. She wanted to reach out for him, to touch him, but the Loyal was in the room. Instead, she lifted her head and drank in the smell, trying to memorize it for later.

Claston looked her over again, his eyes lingering on her ears and then her throat. “You know,” he said in a low voice, “you frighten a lot of people up in the branches. Not just with the incident with the tree, but with what you can do.”

Merrie’s ears flattened against her head. She took a deep breath and moaned softly at Claston’s smell blending in with the familiar scent of her own excitement. She could imagine him bending her over a table and fucking her from behind. Encouraged by the queen’s words, that she may service him as a whore, she struggled to fight the fantasies she pleased herself with less than a day before.

“Key people have read the reports that your guild mistress sends in, but no one has ever had anyone quite like you within city limits. Shadow magic is rare, well, high-powered shadow magic is rare when it doesn’t involve someone trying to take over parts of the countryside. But you,” he reached up and cupped her chin, “you aren’t interested in the world, are you?”

Merrie found herself staring into his deep green eyes. She wanted to lose herself in the emerald gaze and pretend that she was his Alpha. Then, his words drifted across her thoughts. With a gasp, she reached out. (My guild—)

The air exploded around her and Merrie was thrown back. She let out a yelp as she tumbled back. Her body shifted into shadows and she flowed in a pool of darkness before coming up. Around her,

waves of force shattered wood as the knight swung her weapon at her head; somehow she had followed Merrie across the room.

“Stop!” bellowed Claston.

The blade of the spear stopped millimeters from Merrie’s throat. There was a faint clink as the weapon touch Merrie’s collar. Merrie shivered at the closeness and the glare of magic in the large weapon. She knew that Alestri could move fast, but it was faster than she imagined.

“Sire, she made an attempt at your mind.”

“She’s a telepath, Loyal. And bound by geas not to speak. How else do you think she’s going to answer my questions?” The sardonic edge to Claston’s voice could strip off flesh.

“She made an attempt on your—”

“Loyal,” snapped Claston, “back off.”

Merrie looked down at the blade, feeling the killing magic radiating from the weapon poised to slaughter her. For a long moment, no one moved.

With a buzz and rush of air, the Loyal was suddenly at the door again as if she had never moved.

Claston chuckled and held out his hand to Merrie. Then, he glanced at the end of her severed arms and pulled back. “Um, kind of hard to give you a hand up.”

Merrie glanced at Alestri. Tensing, she sent out a tentative answer. (Sorry.)

He stopped with a jerk as a puzzled look crossed his face. And then he smiled. “You really are from Franome City? I can tell by the accent. South side.”

Merrie nodded.

“I never did telepathy before, I thought it would show up as words, but not your voice. But, that’s your voice, right? Before you became...” he gestured to her collar, “um, Bitch?”

She barked again.

“Sire,” Boz said discretely, “that would be the standard response for yes.”

“I know, Boz, I read your report.” Claston rolled his eyes. He gestured to the table. “I was hoping to have you put on that, but it looks it was destroyed.” He sighed and sat down on the ground in

front of her, a grin. “Even a prince needs to meet the people at some level.”

Merrie’s ears pressed against her head and she blushed hotter. She peeked away, feeling bashful but she couldn’t tell if it was because Claston wanted it or because she was humiliated by the present of royalty.

“You’re into pet play, right? Acting like a dog?”

Merrie barked and nodded.

“You like being told what to do?”

Her tail began to wag faster. She panted for a moment before giving a firm bark.

“So, if I give you an order, you’ll get excited?” She could feel the lust beginning to rise inside him.

She barked.

“I know, um, present?”

Merrie turned around and spread her knees. Lifting her ass up, she spread her legs as a tiny orgasm raced through her veins. She was exposing herself to the prince of the country and the knowledge added to the burn of pleasure ripping through her.

“Um,” Claston sounded surprised, “that is a very pretty pussy, but... um, Boz, why is she doing this?”

“I believe, sire, what you meant to say was beg. Judging from literature, her current position is a wonderful example of the classical presentation. You can tell by the separation of her labia to expose her sex, the way her back is arched, and even the spread of her knees. The position implies—” Boz’s voice never rose above a sarcastic disinterest.

“Please stop talking.”

“Of course, sire.”

Merrie waited for the command to come, but then suddenly Claston ran a finger from her clitoris to her asshole. She shivered at the sensations, moaning as she held herself steady for him.

Claston stroked up to her tail and wrapped his fingers around it. Giving it a little tug, he chuckled. “It really is part of you, is it?”

She let out a breathy bark.

His fingers trailed down, spreading her open further with two digits before tapping twice on her clitoris. “You’re very wet.”

Merrie wiggled her hips, inviting him to touch. Her body felt hot and slick from his attention.

"She," said Loyal Alestri, "has been masturbating for almost an hour now."

"Aww," Claston murmured as he stroked his fingers up. "Can't come, little girl?"

Merrie moaned and shook her head, her tail snapping back and forth. She tightened her muscles and felt a surge of lust from the prince in response.

"I envy girls like you. You can come so often and still be ready for more. Assuming, you want more." He pressed two fingers together and eased it into her dripping sex.

She clamped her pussy down on his fingers and pushed back, moaning as he pumped in and out. Her excitement clung to his fingers and soon the slick sounds filled the room.

"Yeah, I could get into this."

"Sire?" Boz interrupted Claston's fingering. "You are suppose to be interrogating, remember? She did destroy part of the World Tree."

"Nothing says I can't do this while asking questions."

"I am not familiar with this form of interrogation, sire. Would this be the teaching of Hidero or Stom?"

Claston chuckled under his breath and began to pump his fingers into Merrie's sex. His other hand caressed her buttocks, squeezing and touching, as he fingered her gently.

"I meant do the interrogation first, sire."

Giving Merrie's ass a playful spank, Claston withdrew his fingers. "Um, beg."

Merrie spun around and got in her knees again. Bringing her wrists up to her collar, she held herself in the perfect position. She could feel both Claston and Boz's attention drawing toward her, their lust filling the room. The only one immune was Alestri.

"Fuck," sighed Claston, "that's sexy." He glanced down at his dripping fingers. With a grin, he held it up to her mouth.

Obediently, Merrie opened her mouth and tilted her head back.

Claston eased his fingers into her mouth and she cleaned them obediently, enjoying the taste of her own sex on his digits. After a

moment, she could feel him growing hard. The scent of his manhood teased her senses even through his pants.

“Sire?”

Claston shook his head as to clear it. “Um, yeah, questions. Can you explain what happened? And don’t keep secrets, please? This is important.”

Merrie kept her mouth clamped around his fingers. She looked into his deep green eyes and let the memories flow.

At the door, Alestri’s gauntlets creaked as she gripped her spear tighter.

Merrie didn’t hold anything back, from the telepathic conversation she had with Rakin, through the meeting with Kirin about the collar, and then even the fight. She flushed with humiliation as she reached the point she was desperate for a master and called for him, but he didn’t respond besides breathing slightly deeper. When she finished, it was almost twenty minutes later and she was exhausted again.

Claston stepped back, pulling his wrinkled fingers from her mouth. “Um, wow, that was intense.” He wiggled his shoulders. “Feels strange to have breasts.” He blushed hotly. “Um, I was suppose to ask your side of the story, but that was pretty... detailed. And it corresponds to the other stories we’ve gotten. You weren’t malicious and the Whore’s Guild did the right thing by warning us.”

He sighed and looked over his shoulder. “You’re right, Boz, there is always someone listening from the shadows. She even heard that lecture.”

Boz gave a gracious nod.

(Does that mean,) Merrie whimpered softly, (that I’m in trouble?)

He grinned and gestured to the room. “You haven’t been in trouble for an hour or so. We’ve had mages analyzing you for the last few hours while you were waiting. You are powerful and scary as anything I’ve seen, but between the oath of loyalty, the True Submissive’s weaknesses to geas and dominations, and your own actions since we’ve first noticed you about three years ago... well, I feel pretty safe.”

Merrie gulped. (You were watching me?)

“Well, yes. And you even know our spies: Kirin, Sari, and Monk. By law, all guild masters are charged with reporting dangerous folks

to the tree and your own guild master has been filing rather... positive reports about you.” He winked. “Of course, we’ve been verifying them on our own, but you aren’t trying to make someone a king, are you?”

She blushed hotly. (No.)

“But, when I got your request from the Observant, that was pretty tempting. And if I knew then what I found out now, well...” He adjusted the good-sized bulge in his crotch, “it would have been a lot harder to turn you down.”

Merrie peaked at his cock, wondering what it would look like. Her body grew hotter with anticipation, he was going to fuck her.

“Mum,” his voice cracked, “Mum said that you took the oath of loyalty.”

Merrie barked, her heart beating faster.

He turned back around with his composure regained. She could see the charm and confidence in his eyes, but she knew it was a mask. He stepped away from her, one step and then two.

Her ears flattened against her head. He was rejecting her. She held her breath, waiting for the words.

“Why me?”

She jerked as she stared at him.

“Why did you want me to be your... master? With that collar?”

Merrie couldn’t match his gaze. She looked at the remains of the table. (Because you’re strong.)

“I’m not into that thing, whipping and chaining. Or humiliating people.”

Boz took a deep breath.

“Shut up, Boz.” Claston snapped. “I’ve seen the reports. You’re a True Submissive. You get power from that type of thing, right?”

Feeling uncomfortable, Merrie nodded. She couldn’t look up as she regretted even considering Claston as a possible master. Like Gillette, she obviously chose wrongly. The despair draped across her thoughts, not the supernatural darkness but the simple response to be rejected twice in one night.

“So, why me? I’m not Rakin or... anyone else.”

She looked up at him, daring to match his gaze. (You’re strong. You’re powerful.)

“I don’t have magic like yours.”

(Power isn't always magic. You have a force of personality. I don't need to be beaten, I don't have to be whipped. I need to be dominated, ordered, and commanded. I need... needed to be someone's.)

"What about your first master, um, Kine? Wasn't he the master you wanted?"

Merrie cringed at the name. She took a deep breath. (I loved him with all my heart.)

"I didn't ask that. Wasn't he a good master?"

(My master...) She paused. The phrase sounded wrong to her thoughts, as if they were no longer true. She tried again. (My master, um, K-Kine...) Sadness filled her. Seeing Kine as a separate entity tore at her. She had a new mistress but it didn't stop the pain.

Claston wrapped his arms around her. "That's okay, I didn't mean to probe."

"Um, sire? That is the point of an interrogation."

"Shut up, Boz." Claston stroked her head. "He wasn't a good master, was he?"

Merrie buried her face into Claston's shoulder, surrounding by the prince's smell. It was comforting and warm. (No, I loved him and I'll never forget him, but he didn't understand what I needed.)

"To be ordered? To beg and present, right?"

Merrie nodded. She took a deep breath and pressed one arm against his chest, feeling the strong muscles underneath his shirt.

"A little frisky, huh?"

Blushing, Merrie yanked her arm away. She tried to pull away, but Claston held her tight.

"No, I don't mind. You obviously have tears to shed. So, if the Silk Gray Cat wasn't the right master, who was?"

Merrie froze at the name. She hadn't heard Kine's alias in years. She trembled softly, as if Claston had suddenly ripped her chest open.

Boz cleared his throat. "One should not reveal all his cards, sire."

"Sorry, Kine. If he wasn't the right master, who is?"

Hesitantly, Merrie gave him the memories of a true master, the only person who intimately knew how to turn her on: Rakin. She started with being thrown into the brick cell and ending with the last moment of anger as both of them burned out.

Claston shuddered at the memory and a whimper escaped his throat. But, when Loyal Alestri stepped forward, he released Merrie to wave her away. Then, he clutched Merrie again as the memories kept flooding out of her.

She could feel his excitement rising, the heat mixing in with the horror. With their intimacy, she could feel him exploring the memories, plucking out what made a good command and why. She felt humiliated exposing herself, but excited by sharing something she couldn't share with anyone else.

When they finished, Claston released her and stepped back. Sweat trickled down his brow as he cleared his throat twice. "Um, um..." With a groan, he took a long, shuddering breath. "You really did destroy him, didn't you?"

Blushing, Merrie barked once.

Claston peaked at her. "You really get off submitting?"

Merrie moaned and wagged her tail. She arched her back and thrust out her naked breasts. (Yes.)

"If I tell you to suck my dick?"

She opened her mouth and panted.

"Boz's?"

"Please don't, sire."

Merrie grinned as she barked.

"Lick Alestri's box?"

Metal gauntlets creaked as Alestri gripped her spear. Even though Merrie couldn't read the Loyal's thoughts, she knew what the Loyal was thinking. But, if Claston ordered, she would obey.

"... assuming you could peel it out of the armor and pry it open with a crowbar."

Alestri's gauntlets creaked louder and the shaft of her weapon bent.

Merrie took a deep breath and nodded. Her bark rang out in the room. She straightened her back and pushed up her breasts. The soft mounds brushed against her arms as she held them in place.

"Might take me a while to get used to that." He licked his lips as he stared down at her.

For a long moment, neither said anything. Then, Claston reached down and unbuttoned his pants.

“Here, sire?” Boz sounded bored and disapproving at the same time.

“I’m interrogating her, Boz,” chuckled Claston. He fished out his cock and let it spring from his body. It was long, about seventeen centimeters, and a smooth line of hardness. It was dark with excitement and pre-cum glistened on the tip. He had shaved his base and his balls, giving him a spear-like appearance to his manhood.

Merrie let out a soft moan of need. He was beautiful and she couldn’t wait to open her mouth, but she felt no order coming.

Claston’s mind was nervous and hesitant, but his actions were not. He reached out with both hands and grabbed her ears. His fingers crushed them and she let out a little cry as the pain and pleasure slammed into her. He stood up with a grunt and yanked her toward his cock.

She opened her mouth obediently and his hardness speared to the back of her throat. It was hot against her lips and the taste musky and salty at the same time. She moaned around the length as tiny sparks of pleasure raced along her veins, filling her with stars.

He drove her face into his crotch until his balls were pressed against her lips. And then, with a grunt, yanked her off before slamming her back down. His cock pulsed in her mouth with his excitement.

Merrie submitted to his need, leaning into his thrusts so her face smacked against his belly. She moaned when he was buried inside her, so he could feel the vibration of her throat as he slid along the back of her throat.

There was a soft click as Boz shut the door.

Claston gripped her ears tighter, crushing them as he yanked her back and forth, using her own ears to force her submission.

She whined around his cock. He was fucking her face. The prince of the country was slamming his cock into her and she was loving every moment of it. She gulped at his length and lapped as he pulled out. She kept her jaw open as whined more to encourage him, driving him to fuck her face with long, powerful strokes that threatened to crush her nose.

“Damn!” he cried out, his hips driving into her. His thrusts smacked his balls against her chin and her jaw ached to reach his

base. Every thrust of his long, straight cock sent pulses of ecstasy through her body. She came fast and hard, but he was still fucking her.

Claston released her ears. She whimpered, but he only shifted his grip to grab the back of her skull, holding it tight. Bending his legs, he began to slam her down on his cock, driving his length into her throat with faster strokes. Each thrust sent her reeling with dizziness and lust.

He rammed into her hard as his fingers dug into her hair and scalp. He leaned into her, forcing her to bend back as he drove into her with faster, more erratic strokes.

And then he was coming. He yanked out to splatter his cum against her face. The hard jets painted her face with strands and she breathed in the scent of cum as it tickled her tenses.

“Open your mouth,” he commanded with gasp.

Merrie obeyed with a shudder of pleasure.

Claston aimed the cock for her tongue, letting more jets of cum splash on her tongue and fill her mouth. He panted as he grabbed her ear again for balance, staring down with intense green eyes as the cum pooled along her tongue and teeth.

“Fuck,” he gasped and squeezed the last few droplets from his length. “Swallow that, Bitch.”

She obeyed, her tail wagging back and forth. An orgasm burned brightly from her pussy as she panted. Opening her mouth, she showed her clean mouth.

Claston chuckled. “Okay, I’m going to want to do that again.”

Merrie leaned forward and opened her mouth.

“No, I’m too sensitive,” but Claston didn’t pull back.

Tenderly, Merrie leaned into his cock and cleaned it off with the most delicate touch she could. She knew the sensitive parts from his thoughts and the way his body cringed. A few seconds later, his cock bobbed freely and glistened with her spit.

“Damn, you’re good.”

She wagged her tail and barked.

“Who is your master now?”

The suddenness of his question startled her and she responded without thinking. (Me.)

“You? How can that be?”

Merrie shrugged. She let the memories flow out of her exploration, the play of alpha and mistress in her own mind.

“So, you can order yourself around?”

She nodded. It sounded strange as he said it, but she could feel herself growing icy with the idea of submitting to herself.

Claston stepped back and chuckled again, a soft grunting in his throat. He shook his head and pulled his pants back on. “If I’m going to get to know you better, you’re going to need a name. Bitch is rather well known in this city.”

Merrie’s ear perked up. She felt a sharp pain from where Claston crushed it, but the healing magic was already working on the injury.

“I’m think...” he grinned, “Merrie.”

Ice ran through Merrie’s veins and a tremor ran along her muscles. She felt suddenly dizzy and her throat hurt. Shaking, she lifted her eyes up to match his.

“Yeah,” Claston nodded dramatically, “Merrie Golddother.”

She whimpered, unable to tear her eyes away from his smirk.

“Seems fitting since the real,” he chuckled, “Merrie was declared legally dead almost three years ago. And, except for the white hair, ears, tail, and that collar, you’d be a dead ringer. Oh, and the missing hands and feet. The whole ability to destroy large hunks of the city. Being in the Whore’s Guild and,” he waved, “a few other things.”

(H-How did you know?)

Claston winked at her as he finished buttoning his pants. “Because I’m in charge of mum’s spy network now.”

Boz cleared his throat. “One should not make that declaration in public, sire. Someone might get the impression you might actually know what you’re talking about.”

Claston chuckled and gestured for Merrie. “Come on, Merrie.”

Merrie shivered as the pleasure filled her. He used her name and it felt like a drug. She wanted him just to repeat it, over and over again. Using her arm to wipe the cum from her face, she licked her arm and crawled toward him.

“Sire?”

With a sigh, Claston turned. “Yes, Boz?”

The old man in the suit gestured to Alestri. “If you plan on moving your interrogation to more comfortable quarters, please use

the Loyal's teleportation to get there. It would provoke... less questions about how dedicated you are to the defense of this country and less of your loyalty to your dick."

Claston reached down and grabbed Merrie's collar.

Merrie inhaled as an intense explosion race through her veins. She stumbled against him as every muscle tightened in her orgasm. It took her by surprise and her vision blurred from the easy way he took control of her.

"Good idea, Boz. I'll meet you there. Loyal?"

Loyal Alestri started forward.

Boz held up his black-gloved hand and the Loyal stopped. "Sire? How long do you plan on interrogating the prisoner?"

"Oh, maybe two or three... days."

Merrie's pussy clenched tightly as she almost came.

The butler sighed. "I'll adjust your schedule, sire."

And then there was an explosion of air as Alestri teleported the bitch and prince away.

Duty Calls

80

Merrie woke up in a bed that wasn't hers. She slept with her lovers more than once, but it was the first time she had one bare thigh draped over the arm of a prince. His hand was centimeters from her sex, but slack in his sleep. Merrie and Claston were inverted, with her ankles resting on the headboard and his feet above her head. One of her nipples, already hard with her thoughts of sex, caressed his shoulder.

Opening her eyes, she peered across the light green sheets to the rest of the room. It was as large as her home in the mansion, but the walls and floors were carved out of living wood instead of being built by brick, wood, and plaster. A crystal window gave a stunning view of the city and the surrounding countryside; it was almost like flying above the world. She expected the room to sway in the wind, but it was solid as a rock.

With a soft moan, she stretched out along the smooth sheets, enjoying the caress of expensive fabric against her naked body. Her breast rubbed against mattress and she lifted her ass to tent the fabric with her tail. The sheet slipped off and puddled around her ass, exposing her sex to the warm air of the room. She wagged slowly, letting her whole body move in gentle back and forth waves.

Around her neck, the heavy collar shifted and she almost came as it slid along the curve of her neck. It settled into place with a slight tilt to the side. The tickle of power caressed her senses, a reminder that she was forever bound to the ring of metal and to herself.

(Good girl,) she thought and felt it ripple through the connection, past the shadow stone ring, and back into her mind. It felt like her

master had rewarded her and she pressed her thighs together at the building heat in her sex.

She thought about her relationship with Kine. With her first master and before Tamin, it was a simple bond. She submitted and he ordered. But when Tamin bonded with her, she began switch between master and submissive. Now, it was the same thing, except she was both at the same time. Every time she switched, it became easier to be mistress or slave. She smiled and bit down on the sheet, she liked being the mistress.

A soft snore caught her attention. Perking her ears, she listened to the lover next to her. Claston was waking up, but didn't know it yet. She lifted her body to turn her head and settled back down with her ass in the air.

Claston was nothing like she expected and everything she hoped. The prince sprawled in the middle of his bed, his sinewy body dipping above and below the tangles of sheets. He had a pillow against the side of his face and a second between his legs. His cock, soft with his sleep, draped over the curve of the cushion.

She thought it was one of the most beautiful things she had ever seen. It wasn't long or even huge. It didn't stretch her out to her limits or slam against her cervix with every thrust. Instead, it was thick in all the right places and smooth with just a hint of veins and ridges.

With a grin, she slid along the sheets, dragging her hard nipples along the smooth fabric. Her movements didn't disturb the surface as the shadow magic flowed around her, but she wanted to taste him.

Reaching up, she drank in the scent of his body, the masculine musk and the faint hint of her pussy on his length. Breathing softly, she worked her lips along the thick head and eased it off the pillow. She teased the tip for a moment and enjoyed the feel of it swelling in her mouth.

Claston moaned as he struggled for consciousness. His hand clutched at his pillow and his hips rose up to bring his manhood closer.

Merrie lifted her body to slide his length into her mouth. It grew thicker as she moved down, guiding it deep into her mouth until her lips were pressed against his base and her nose was nestled in his

dark sparse hairs. Holding her breath, she lifted her head and enjoyed every pulse of his heart as the thickening member slipped along her bottom lip.

Instead of falling after it slipped from her bottom lip, it stood up straight with tiny jumps of his heart. Merrie admired it for a long moment, then kissed the tip.

He moaned and reached down for her. His fingers caught her hair and he wrapped it around his fist before pushing her back down to his cock. "How do you do that? You are always just taking me in your mouth when I realize I'm awake."

Merrie opened her mouth obediently and submitted to his will. His hips lifted to meet her and he slipped his length past her lips. The tip slid along the roof of her mouth and she moaned as it caressed the back of her throat. With practiced skill, she swallowed at the right time and it slid down into her throat, filling her mouth with the royal cock clear to the base.

"Damn, I love this." He grabbed her ears with both hands and pumped his cock into her. Every movement was graceful but masculine, driving and commanding as he yanked her down to his balls with his movements.

She moaned and wagged her tail, knowing it would excite him. His cock swelled in her mouth and he thrust harder, twisting her ears as he used them to force her down and submit to his needs.

Claston wasn't her perfect master, not like Rakin, but he knew how to act like one. She could feel how he was moving logically, precisely. The way he grabbed her ears, the way he shoved her down, even the commands he gave to make her crawl on the ground. There was only the beginning of an emotion behind them. At the moment, he was driven by his own lusts and desire to enjoy every centimeter of her body before they were taken back into their two separate lives.

"Good morning, sire." Boz spoke cheerful as he came in with a silver platter loaded with food. He didn't seem bothered by Merrie and Claston fucking any more than he did the first time.

"Good! Morning!" Claston drove deep into Merrie's mouth, his cock punching into her throat as he rode her face. His balls slapped against her chin.

Merrie gulped at his cock. She ground her breasts against his thighs as thick dribbles of saliva and pre-cum poured out from her lips and splashed down on her breasts. It dribbled along her curves before soaking into the sheets.

She felt his attention on her drawing to her breasts. He loved to see her dripping wet. He began to thrust harder and faster, his cock swelling in her mouth as he began to cum.

“When you are done pumping her for information, you have seven appointments today.”

Claston’s face was purple with excitement as he rammed into Merrie’s mouth, shoving her up off the bed as his cock speared her mouth.

She was soaked with excitement. Even though Claston was only wearing a mask for her, he was very good at what he did. He knew what she needed and the calculating way he abused her pushed her into an orgasm of her own. It felt real, though it wasn’t.

A tear ran down her cheek. He would have made a perfect master for her. He understood and the love would come later. In the back of her mind, the oath of loyalty began to buzz and she tore her thoughts away. She had a new mistress now, one that commanded her to obey the price and she loved every moment. She chose her temporary masters but there would always be that one, absolute mind that could command her.

His seed flooded her mouth. She sucked on his tip and let the cum pool into her mouth. The salty taste flooded her senses and she moaned deeply around his shaft, enjoying the pulse of his heart and the last, erratic thrusts.

“Damn!” gasped Claston before he yanked his hands from her ears.

The sharp pain of blood flowing back into her ears sent off a series of short, intense orgasms. She moaned and wagged her tail, bobbing the last few times to clean his shaft before pulling her lips off his length.

“Show me,” he gasped.

Merrie tilted her head and opened her mouth. Cum pooled on her tongue. She knew the next command and strained to remain still until the words passed his lips.

“Swallow.”

Shivering from her pleasure, Merrie opened her throat and let it slide back. Her mouth remained open so he could see it disappearing. Underneath her breast, his cock jumped with a sudden pulse of excitement.

Claston sighed. "Boz, reschedule." He pushed the blankets aside as he got ready to mount her.

"I'm sorry, it's the queen and she is quite... insistent that you dress yourself and send your," Boz's eyes flickered over to Merrie, "puppy back to her cage."

"Do I have to."

"I suspect that Her Royal Highness feels that five days of play is sufficient for a man of your," he made a point of looking at Claston's softening shaft, "stature."

Merrie smiled and wagged her tail. The older man's humor was a counterpoint to Claston's excitement. He knew more than he pretended, but he also had the prince's well-being at the forefront of his own thoughts.

She also knew that Boz needed her to stop encouraging the prince. She bowed at the silent request and crawled off the bed.

"Merrie?"

Merrie hit the ground and sat down.

Claston, gloriously naked, peered down at her and then up to Boz. "Are you two talking telepathically?"

"No, sire, I have directed no thoughts to her."

Claston rolled his eyes. He looked over at his desk, which had steadily grown piles of papers in the five days he was fucking Merrie. "Fine, duty calls. Where is mum and her whore?"

Boz's lips tightened into a thin line. "The queen's private conference ended four days ago and she is, once again, leading this fair country with a steady hand and a firm will." He held up the platter. "Breakfast?"

With a chuckle, Claston rolled off the bed and stood up. "I'm going to bathe first." He glanced down at Merrie who felt the desire rising inside him.

"Please, sire, you'll be late. The queen is most insistent."

"Mum can wait. Come, Bitch, you need a bath. And Boz, bring my breakfast and some wine."

Boz sighed dramatically but it made no difference to Claston as he walked ahead.

She admired the play of muscles in his legs and back before she followed him. Her tail wagged back and forth with her thoughts.

The bathing area was as opulent as his bedroom. The bulk of the room was a large tub. It could fit ten men and women in there. Now, it was filled with steaming water that smelled of apples and flowers. Claston took the stairs and sank down in the water. It lapped at his shoulder as he slid to the far side to sit down.

The deep water frightened Merrie. Even though she had only lost her wrists and ankles, it was enough that she was afraid of drowning. But, every time she stared with trepidation at the steaming water, she could feel the hungry need rising up from the prince.

“Come around, not in the water.”

She panted as she crawled around the tub. It took her a moment to reach it.

“Sit on the edge.”

Images of her pussy rose up from his mind. She let out a soft moan as she sat down and dipped the ends of her legs into the water. The heat tickled her senses. She took a deep breath as Claston parted her thighs and pulled her pussy to the edge of the tub.

His head lowered and she leaned back. A heartbeat later, the rough scrape of his unshaven cheeks caressed her inside thighs. He didn't wait for her to spread her legs, but forced her wide open for his mouth.

She whimpered softly at his forcefulness, leaning back as he drove his mouth against her pussy. His lips clamped down on her clitoris and he sucked on it until it stood up at attention. Her entire world focused on the single point of her body as he concentrated on it himself.

His tongue darted out and he caressed her clitoris. She could feel him exploring every ridge and bump, teasing it to aching hardness and sucking on it with little slurps.

Her body grew slick and hot around him, the soft whimpers echoing against the walls. She leaned back and caught sight of Boz standing at the corner of the tub.

The black suited man stood while arranging the food on a platter. He moved with deliberate movement, arranging fruits on one side and meats on the other. He looked neither upset nor excited about Claston eating her out. Only bored.

Claston reached up to grab her breast. His fingers dug into the soft skin until the joints near the tips turned white. The nails were tiny brands as he forced her against the ground, lifting his body to nip hard on her clitoris.

Merrie cried out at the flash of pain and then slumped against the ground as the waves of pleasure that followed after it. Her body shuddered with need and she pushed her sex to his mouth, silently begging for him to bite down again.

He did, nipping hard against the fleshy fold of her outer labia. His teeth almost broke skin and she cried out in pleasure. She clutched his hand to her breast and pushed up, jerking as the sparks of an orgasm drove through her.

She cried out loudly, her voice becoming a whine of a bitch. Her back arched into his hands, grinding her breasts and hips into his body as the black motes of pleasure swam across her vision.

Claston hesitated and then bit down hard. His teeth broke through the skin of her labia and into the delicate flesh of her clitoris. It wasn't far, not like Tamin, but the intensity of it sent Merrie into another wailing orgasm.

Before she could recover, he was pulling her into the water. His hand guided her down to his cock and she slid around it as if she belonged there.

Her body shuddering from the orgasm, she wrapped her arms around his neck and seated herself hard on his thickness. It filled her and she leaned forward to grind her breasts into his chest and sought his lips.

He pulled her tight into an embrace, kneeling up into her as he drove his cock deep into her pussy. Pulling out, he slammed it home again. Water flecked off their bodies with every thrust.

In a flash, he wasn't dominating, but loving. He held her tight, fingers digging into her shoulder and the small of her back. His cock forced deep into her tight channel and his lips remained locked on hers.

In five days, their fucking in the tub always ended sweetly. It didn't matter if he was dominating her when he entered, there was something about the hot water that brought out the loving part of him.

She moaned and clutched to him, enjoying how he fucked her as a woman instead of a bitch. He asked for no noises, no sounds. Just her body and his, pinned by the hard cock that filled her to the brim.

Claston shuddered as he came. He rammed it home and held it there, soaking her insides with his cum. Gasping, he broke the kiss but held his cock deep inside.

She smiled as she clamped down, enjoying the pulse of his cock against her inner walls.

"Best breakfast so far."

"Yes, sire," Boz said as he set down the platter next to the tub. "But, the queen would probably appreciate if your breath didn't smell of pussy when you kissed her in greeting."

Claston chuckled.

Merrie could feel the concern inside Boz. It was more than the bored charge, but something more serious. She looked up at him again and saw it in his eyes, a need to speak up but decorum wouldn't allow it. She gave him a sheepish grin.

Gathering darkness around her, she melted into shadows and reformed on the edge of the tub. Water dripped from her skin as she shook herself dry.

Claston sank back. He looked back and forth between them before shaking his head with a smirk. "I guess I've done enough interrogation for now, but I think I need another session. Boz, will you schedule it?"

"Of course, sire. I will insist you keep it down to a day at most. Long-term interrogations are bad for both your reputation and your manhood."

The prince smiled at Merrie who smiled back. "Go on, Boz will take you home. I bet the guild is worried sick about you."

(Thank you.)

Merrie bowed deeply before crawling out of the room.

Boz followed her and shut the door behind him. "Thank you. It would have been harder if you didn't help."

Merrie bowed her head. (It needed to be done. I just couldn't resist that last one.) She would never tire of fucking, but she knew that Boz needed Claston to become the prince again.

Boz shuddered at the first touch of her thoughts, but he recovered quickly. "I notice that the missus does not have pockets. I will send the customary fee through the guild. Being that this started with a rocky start, I'll include a bonus sufficient to start the building process on your home."

She jerked as she stared at him.

"It is my duty to make sure ends are neat and ordered. While we are both bound by oaths of loyalty, there is no reason for him to take advantage of you. And if payment is given, then you will have less desire to demand repayment in other forms. Favors are a messy thing when money is precise and easier to hide."

He smiled thinly. "And, your reported talents at hiding buildings would make a far better place for, um, private conferences for both the prince and others who may partake in your mutual organizations."

For a long moment, she stared as she puzzled out the words. Then, she smiled. (Thank you.) She glanced around. (How do you want me to leave?)

"I've arranged for a Loyal to teleport you outside of the tree's wards. From there, I have no doubt you'll be able to get home."

Merrie nodded. She crawled toward the place where the Loyal teleported them into the room.

"Young lady?"

She stopped and looked over her shoulder. After a heartbeat, she turned and sat down.

"Please understand. I am thrilled that you are bringing pleasure to the prince. His upcoming nuptials will be hard on him and having him understand that marriage does not equate to shackles will help him accept his betrothed and the associated obligations that come with it. I do wish that we maintain a safe, discrete, and mutually beneficial relationship between both you and the prince, but also you and me."

Merrie nodded as she felt warmth spread out across her body.

“The prince, no doubts, will also propose that you join him in the capacity of the aforementioned network of informants. You will see and hear things that will be of interest to your country.”

She took a deep breath. (I don't talk about my lovers.)

Boz smiled. “I know. That was repeatedly mentioned in the reports by the guild mistress and one reason you were offered the oath of loyalty.” He chuckled. “And given access to the prince's lusts.”

“I heard that, Boz!”

“I know,” Boz raised his voice, “sire, I'll have your drink in a moment.”

There was a splashing and then the door to the bathing area slammed open. Claston, dripping with water, rushed out and came to a stop in front of Merrie.

Merrie cocked her head and perked her ears. She drew her attention up his dripping cock to his face.

“Look, Merrie, I only heard part of what Boz said, but I like you.”

“I said that, sire.”

“And, I want to see you again.”

“You said that already, sire. And I've already arranged a schedule with her guild.”

Claston spun around and stared at his butler. “W-What?”

“I've made the liberty of scheduling a night-time conference with a small contingency,” he gestured to Merrie, “on the merits on re-purposing the Shadowed District. Given the current political climate, I believe negotiations will take all night. It will look better than interrogation sessions that always take exactly four hours.” Boz smiled, “... or days.”

Claston chuckled. “Damn, Boz.”

“In three weeks.”

The chuckle froze. “Running things again?”

“I'm only looking out for your best interests, sire.”

“Very well.” Claston turned and patted Merrie on the head. “I'll see you in three weeks, Merrie.”

She shivered at her name, the thrill of being named by the prince of the country sent tiny tremors of pleasure coursing through her veins. She wanted to mount him right then and there, but they had separate obligations now.

“I also took the liberty of moving Miss Golddother’s records and renaming them under a... more appropriate name given her position and expected duties.” Boz smiled as he looked at Merrie. “I think the Silken Collar would be appropriate, both giving homage to her previous owner and not leave a trail that anyone with a modicum of legal talent could identify her. While Merrie is a name appropriate for sweet whispers while you ignore your duties, I do not recommend you actually write it down.”

Claston pulled a face. “Oh, beaten like a dog.” He lowered his hand to caress Merrie’s collar. With a playful grin, he wrapped his fingers around it and pulled Merrie close.

She whimpered as he kissed her, her body tense and her tail wagging painfully fast.

“In three weeks, Merrie. And this time, I’m going to bring a leash.”

t'Sade

Haviston's Mistake

81

Merrie pranced down the street, her tail wagging. It was just before dawn and a late summer rain had just blanketed the city in a thick layer of puddles and mist. The shade was tight around her body, protecting her from sight and preventing anyone from asking questions about the bite marks on her shoulders, sides, and thighs.

Tamin paced next to her, his thoughts brimming with the afterglow of their fucking. His cock hung below his body, sated but still too swollen to slide back into its sheath. Translucent droplets of cum splattered on the ground below him, misting away as the fading light of sun touched it.

They were heading back to the guild hall after an exhausting day at a puppy show. It was a discrete affair, where the upper crusts of society took on the roles of “owning” each other and parading them around like pure-breed dogs on the carpet. She smiled as she listened to them talking about “high tails,” proper posture, and “well-formed flanks.”

(They were all just thinking about sex.) Tamin panted with his own thoughts burning with lust.

(That’s the point. Everyone was having fun.)

What surprised Merrie is how they responded to her. After the first show she went to, a year ago, she demonstrated the difference between someone pretending to be a bitch and an alpha. They were very polite to explain why she could no longer compete. But, everyone loved to see how she read minds and obeyed commands before they even fell off the tongue.

This time, however, was the first time she was wearing a judge's ribbon and barking out commands to the submissive bitches, male and female, kneeling on the floor.

(And they were creaming at feeling your mind inside theirs.)

His alpha sat on the carpet, gloriously naked, and staring at five ranks of ten people. She had her hair pulled back into an elegant array that showed off her white ears and bared her neck. The judge's ribbon hung from her collar. Her breasts rose and fell with her excitement and he was getting horny by watching her commanding the submissive bitches.

The bitches in front of her were the rich of society and enjoying their sex games. Most of them weren't thin or beautiful, but they were all sexy in their own right. He was disappointed that none of the ears and tails were permanent, just illusions and temporary transformations.

She barked out a command that no one outside of the fifty bitches could understand. (Sit!)

As one, they sat down. Their cheeks were flushed. Pussies and hard cocks dripped with excitement. They all wanted her. They all wanted to be her in that moment.

The alpha's tail wagged back and forth. She barked another command. (Roll over!)

Merrie grinned. (They were all coming during that part.) She had picked out a pretty young man to be the blue ribbon winner. He had on a short miniskirt and a matching collar. His ears were fake and his tail was just a ribbon, but he made up for it with enthusiasm.

(He was just happy that he got to fuck you in front of everyone.)

She panted softly at the thought. The winner had mounted her in public, jamming his cock into her soaked pussy as she made a show of coming. And, as she orgasmed, she let it leak out of her shields enough for all the bitches on the floor to come with her.

The rest of the show ended up an orgy that involved her getting banged by dozens of people, but the short orgasms didn't satisfy her for long. After it broke up in the early morning, she and Tamin slipped out for a violently animistic round of fucking that would have sickened more than a few people at the show. They were happy with the playful games of bitches, not the darker side that appealed to her, but Merrie needed both now.

The afterglow of her orgasm ran dark in her veins and she continued to prance next to him, her breasts swinging in time with

her tail. The heavy collar thumped against her neck, the triple beat of her first master. She didn't know why she felt the beat, but she didn't want it to ever stop. She couldn't and wouldn't forget Kine, no matter what.

Her only regret was that she left the judge's ribbon behind. The other judges had clipped it to her hair for her role. She loved wearing it, prancing and barking, but she had no place to put it.

(Why didn't you keep it?)

Merrie slowed down and leaned against Tamin. (Where would I put it? I lost my cloak during the battle and you don't have pockets.)

Something prickled her mind. She frowned and looked up at the massive hound towering over her. Black eyes stared at her and she got the sense he had knowledge he wasn't sharing with her.

Her lips curled back. (Speak.)

(I think you can get it back... in a sense.)

Her heart skipped a beat. (Really?)

Without the cloak, she was helpless and it set a low level of pleasure thrumming against her senses. She knew she couldn't do anything and it only added to the intensity of her actions. But, she missed the flexibility it granted her. She could survive alone in the mansion. It gave her hands and the ability to work with money instead of needing to direct everything to Nir or pay for someone to handle the simple things like bringing food.

His alpha was on the ground in a puddle of blood. It coated her legs, knees, and breasts. Her mouth was opened in agony, eyes no longer seeing and her arms frantically clutching to the black collar at her knees.

He tried to go to her, to serve her. As he crawled closer, their connection grew into a black, shadowy chain as she drew his life away to keep herself alive. He gave it to her, even as he struggled to save her. The agony slammed into him and he crumpled to the floor. She needed him and he couldn't help her. Black flames rose along his body and he clamped down on the connection to prevent her from knowing that he was dying.

The cloak pulled out of her, the narrow head rising up above her again. It swayed like a snake, shifting from side to side as his alpha slumped to the ground. It shuddered and began to fray as it writhed and twisted on itself. It dug into itself as a pocket came into view and pulled out the ring with the tip of its fake head. The shadow stone glistened darkly in the light. The

cloak formed a tendril and reached out past her bleeding body to gently drop the ring over the end of the collar.

Tamin couldn't say or do anything as the ring slid down to the bottom of the collar's curve and swayed back and forth. The brilliant glow from the collar seemed to gather on the stone.

A moment later, a circle of red runes appeared on the ground and Tamin stepped out.

Merrie whimpered at the memories that came from her alpha. There was something unnatural about the way the cloak moved. She still remembered as it pierced her heart, but she wasn't even thinking about the ring. (Why didn't you tell me? What is it, the cloak? Is it my master?)

His body seemed to waver, as if the shadows themselves were boiling to escape his body. (The cloak is your shadow. Not the Shadows we walk in or the darkness that surrounds us. It is the shadow underneath your body, the opposite of the light that reflects against you.)

(But... it was in my master's wardrobe. He wore it for years! It can't be my shadow.)

Tamin's eyes focused on her. (Everything corrodes in the shadows and you've been in the dark for many years. The cloak you wore has long since rotted away.)

A memory welled up through their connection, of her pulling the cloak from the wardrobe. She was thin and ragged that day, starved for a week and desperate for suicide. More memories came up in a flash: her cowering in the rain, the night she was desperate to find shelter from the cold, begging next to a young girl name Nir, crawling down the street. As the memories came, she didn't see any changes at first, but he guided her attention to what he saw. In one memory, the cloak caught on a nail and tore. The next, it was repaired with darker threads. Rents and patches appeared and were replaced with darkness. And with every replacement, the shadow she cast on the ground faded and the cloak grew more animated.

She also saw other changes happening to her. She was happier with every moment, the pain of her loss fading away. Her hair grew lighter and then began to bleach out, first at the tip but now she had completely white hair on her tail and hair and eyebrows. Little

changes she somehow missed in the slow change over years became painfully obvious.

Merrie also watched herself grow in power. From barely able to manage to beg for food to the warrior bitch fighting next to Gillette only a week ago. Everything had changed, but she never realized how much until he showed her.

(Tamin, why didn't you tell me?)

He looked away for a moment to stare at the light crowds passing around them. (You're happy and you haven't thought much of it since that night. Since then, you've been fucking the prince, recovering energy, and having fun. Tonight was the first night that you were healthy enough,) he looked back at her, (and strong enough to get it back.)

Merrie smiled. (You didn't tell me because I wasn't ready?)

Tamin panted.

She felt sad realizing that the animation in her cloak wasn't from her master, but just a reflection of her growing power. She glanced down to where her shadow pooled on the sidewalk around her. (Can I just do it?)

(You are my Alpha, you can do anything.)

She smiled at his thoughts. Sending a pulse of love to him, she closed her eyes and concentrated. She never thought about animating her shadow, but she had already turned herself into darkness and stepped aside. She dredged up her memories of the cloak, not only of using it but how it felt to control it. She remembered the will she took to form fake legs the first time in front of Gillette and also at Lady Anasome's perfume shop. When she isolated the sensations, she held it in her mind and brought up more memories. They came from watching it steal like Kine, ripping the throat out of her opponents, and even the one time she gave Tamin a hand-job during a bath.

Tamin glowed with lust and pride as she drenched herself in the memories and plucked through them, not forcing the cloak out of her but just remembering.

Sweat prickled her brow as she let the individual events fade away, leaving only the sensation of the cloak. It was her arms and legs, it was the reason she wasn't as helpless as she could be. Slowly, she opened her eyes and stared down at the ground.

The edges of her shadows danced from the light of the lantern above her and the growing light of the dawn. It grew hazy and then began to peel up off the ground. It felt like pulling a wet rag off a counter, sucking and clinging, as the darkness formed into a shimmering fabric she knew so well.

She giggled and lost control. The cloak melted back into shadows. Glancing up at Tamin, she blushed with embarrassment.

But there was only love from the hound as he watched her.

Taking a deep breath, Merrie sent herself a command, using the collar to turn it into an order from her mistress. (Create the cloak.)

It came rippling back and she couldn't disobey. With a flare of power, she ripped the shadows up from the ground. It billowed out around her in a black cloud before solidifying into the familiar shape of her cloak. Joy spread out through her as she felt the energy draining from her to give the cloak a solid form once again.

Tendrils exploded out from the cloak, plucking at the pockets of the people passing by. None of them were aware as they were lifted of wallets, money, and rings. She realized that it was part of Kine that was inside her, the sharing of their memories, and let the cloak steal for a few seconds before reigning it back in.

As the icy fabric wrapped around her body, she enjoyed the comfort of being dressed again. The black cloak squeezed her tight before molding to her body, outlining every curve and hugging to her skin.

She looked up at Tamin and smiled. (Thank you.)

He stepped forward as a wave of dizziness slammed into her. She leaned into his icy body. (I love you, Alpha, for the rest of my life.)

She breathed in the scent of Shadows from his body. Rubbing her face against the short, cold fur. The dread was stronger, despite the happiness. She could feel something settling into place. Her collaring, the prince, and the cloak. Changes were happening faster to her and the tension was rising quickly. (It's coming soon, isn't it?)

There was the briefest of pauses. (Yes.)

(Do you know who it is? What is coming for me?)

Tamin shook his head. (I don't know—)

Merrie tore her gaze away from Fucker as Haviston stood up. She peered up at him expecting to see her grandfather, but Haviston was nothing like the memory that just raped her. He was short, barely a meter and a half in

height. He had a beard that ended in a point so sharp she wondered if it could pierce wood. His hair was close-cropped, a buzz cut, but his eyes caught her attention. One was bright and clear, but she couldn't identify the color. The other was milky and formed the center point of a scar that ran from his right ear to the top of his head.

Her heart thumped loudly at the sudden thought. It didn't come from Tamin or even herself, but a forgotten memory rising up inside her. She had no reason to think about Haviston, not since she left the mill five years ago. The only times she did remember the man was when she visited her grandfather's memories, but those lessons had long since ended.

Her blood ran cold. She remembered the last time she remembered someone out of the blue, it was the day Grange attacked the mill.

Haviston was close and he was looking for her.

Tamin's hackles rose and he growled low in his chest. (Danger.)

(In the shadows,) she commanded. Calligraphy swirled across her mind as she cast the spells for strength and speed. She had merged the enhancements she learned from inspecting Alestri's armor. The spell was more complicated than before, but the collar took it and magnified the results. The leash between her and Tamin grew black as the power flowed into him.

With a fierce joy, he stepped into the darkness and was gone. She could feel him as the barrier between the two worlds thinned. They were still close, but it was because the collar pierced into the Shadows as easily as they stepped across.

Merrie wrapped her shields tight around her mind and sent out four pulses to find Haviston. He would know she was looking for him with the pulses, but she needed to know where the attack came from.

The response came back almost immediately. Merrie shivered as she looked down the street, past the milling people, to where Haviston stood on a corner five blocks away.

The psychic hadn't changed much in five years. He was still the thin, short man wearing a white robe. His hair was still close-cropped and he still trimmed his beard into a short point. He had more gray and the bald spot on his head was larger. As if sensing her thoughts, he turned and she saw him focus his eyes on her. Even

from a distance, his one clear eye seemed to pierce through her shields.

(Hello, Merrie Golddother. You are looking pleasant this evening.) Haviston's monotone carried over through his thoughts and she was slammed with the intensity of his cadence and the power behind them. But, even as she felt a fear prickling her skin, she realized she was far more powerful than the last time they parted.

She focused on the short man. He was brimming with protective magic, all psionic. It wasn't the normal protections she would expect for strolling across town, but the defenses of someone about to go to war. The strength and speed spells that he taught her wrapped around his body, pulsating in perfect harmony with physical protection and additional layers of his shields.

To the normal eye, he was just a short man with a bad eye. But, to Merrie, there was only one reason he was protected that way. He was coming for her.

Keeping the shields tight over her mind, she projected carefully. (What do you want?)

(To talk and nothing else.) There was no hint or suggestion he was lying, not through the monotone thoughts or his body language.

Between them, people continued to walk down the streets or mill around, unaware of the tension that was growing between the two telepaths. Merrie reached out with her mind and sent them away, clearing the street with a brief domination spell. There was a member of the Whore's Guild, a young man who preferred to use his large cock on men, and she imprinted a suggestion into him to alert the guild. She didn't know if there would be a fight, but seeing Haviston's defenses, she didn't want to risk it.

Haviston watched the street empty, looking around without a smirk or frown on his face. (You've improved beyond the lessons, I approve but there are others who will not.) Haviston's face didn't twitch but his thoughts were filled with tense approval.

(A lot has happened.)

(I'm interested in listening.)

Merrie tensed. (Why?)

(It's been five years, two months, six days. I'm sure that you and I have many things we can discuss. I've only heard rumors—)

As he spoke, she felt the first questing of his mind against her shields. His probe was subtle as it pried into her mind, trying to find something. She felt it like an itch on her skin, right below the base of her tail.

She interrupted his thoughts. (What are you looking for?)

The corner of his lip curled up. (Improved indeed. I'm correcting a mistake I made before you left.)

(What mistake?)

(A compulsion that was, sadly, applied with an intensity without properly regard to your weaknesses as a True Submissive.)

Merrie didn't know what he was referring to. (What compulsion?)

Haviston didn't answer, but his probing grew more insistent. There was the faint flicker of emotions in his thoughts as he searched for something in her head. His touch was light but steady, working along her mind without drawing the memories associated with the areas he was exploring.

She tensed and reached out with her own mind. She encountered his shields, perfectly smooth and crystalline, but she had broken into far more protected minds in the last year. Merrie didn't bother with subtly, she reached back and slammed hard against his mind. (What are you looking for!?)

Haviston stepped back from the impact. (Just relaxed, Merrie Golddother, this won't take a moment.)

Merrie snarled and stepped closer. Her new cloak wrapped around her tighter as wisps of shadow rose up around her. She focused on the collar, activating more of its protections.

Black shields wrapped around her mind, adamantite bands that bound her leather-clad dog image in armor. It clamped down on her wrists and legs. Icy metal slammed into the orifices of her mental self and she felt a burst of power rising inside her with the helplessness that came with the image of being locked away.

(Interesting, but—)

(What are you looking for!?) Merrie threw all of her fear and anger into a spear, piercing through Haviston's shields.

The crystalline shields shattered from her attack and Haviston stepped back in surprise.

He was sitting at the table in the great hall, staring across the table to where the Bassimar Sarmo and Eolis Thine stood shaking hands. The two thribans were as opposite as they were similar. Both were former warriors, but where Eolis Thine was a martial artist bound by geas and loyalty to the country, Bassimar Sarmo was a paladin who was abandoned by his goddess and had loyalty only to the family he made. Even their appearances were opposite from Eolis Thine wearing his suit and Bassimar Sarmo in a farmer's garb of trousers and a button-down shirt. The two men were allies and enemies at the same time, but at the moment they were in agreement.

"We'll leave a day after you head back with the taxes," Bassimar Sarmo said in a grim tone.

"Be careful, Bass, she's more powerful than you remember her."

Bassimar Sarmo nodded. "Of course, she's an Alpha."

"Yes, but she's something more. I've seen Sable and Dixie fight. Even when she was starving and helpless, she was stronger."

Clarissa de Kilvin peeked up from underneath the table. Her brown hair shimmered as she panted softly, but there was an intelligence in her eyes that Haviston Kivas always struggled to equate to the carefree attitude the older woman had. He envied her, she was free with her emotions where Haviston Kivas was bound by many things. She crawled over her bench, her breasts bumping against the wood, and padded over to her master.

"I'm sure we can handle her. I'm bring Sable with me. Even if Havi can't handle her, my girl will talk sense into her."

Haviston Kivas fought the annoyance at the shortened name. Like most people, they didn't understand the need for precise labels.

"Just," said Eolis Thine, "be really careful. People that pay attention to these things are calling her an Omega, an Alpha without the limitations of a master."

Bassimar Sarmo snorted and patted Clarissa de Kilvin again. "Alpha, Beta, Omega. People insist on putting labels on things. She's an Alpha, from cunt to tits. I have a duty to her and I'm going to right the wrongs," he shot at glare at Haviston Kivas, "that we've had done."

Eolis Thine opened the door. "I wish I could help, Bass, but I can't. I have my loyalties and they can't be put into question."

"I know. I won't ask you."

"And if you get caught by the city guards or the knights...."

Bassimar Sarmo chuckled and held the door to close it. "Same as usual, I'm screwed and don't kill anyone when I escape."

Eolis Thine looked worried for a moment. Then clapped his hand on Bassimar Sarmo's shoulder. "Be careful, Bass. She might kick your ass."

(Don't probe further,) projected Haviston. His thoughts were a command, quiet and impassive. It was just shy of a domination spell and a trickle of blood dribbled from his nose.

Her body grew hot with her desire to obey. But, she couldn't listen to him, not if he was coming for her. She sent herself a sharp command, forbidding her from obeying the psychic down the street. The command came echoing through the collar and she latched on to it, shoving his thoughts away as she obeyed her mistress.

Haviston's eyebrow raised. (A feedback loop using a geas and a crystalline filter?) He sounded surprised. (I didn't think it was possible.)

(Get out of my head!) She continued to crawl toward him, the shadows around her swirling with power.

(I must dispel a compulsion and then—)

(Get out!) She punched forward, throwing her mental might behind it. It slammed into him.

He thrust back at her, trying to evict her from his mind. (I cannot. This must be done before more mistakes are made.)

Merrie snarled with her lip pulled back. Her body tensed as magic flowed darkly through her veins. With her mind, she crawled past his shattered shields and into his head. She dug around, trying to find his purpose in finding her.

(Merrie Golddother, you must not—)

Bassimar Sarmo sat down heavily. "Haviston, are you sure you can handle her?" He was worried though Haviston wasn't.

"She has a simple compulsion on her. Even with everything Eolis Thine described, I need only a minute of concentration to dispel the magic and then I can remove it."

"I wish I could come with you. Alphas can be very powerful when they are defending their master."

Haviston Kivas shrugged. "As Eolis Thine said, she has no master. If I can avoid any references to bringing her back to the mill or her previous master, I'm sure I'll have plenty of time to dispel the compulsion without triggering it."

Bassimar Sarmo didn't look convinced. His Alpha, Clarissa de Kilvin, rested her head on his thigh and sighed. One arm reached up, crooked to

the elbow, and caught over the muscular limb. She pulled herself tight and looked at up at him.

(Merrie Golddother, do not continue reading my thoughts.)

"The main question is what you plan on doing after I remove the compulsion? It sounds like she has acquired a reasonable means of living in Franome City. She has also established a series of firm relationships with a guild and those she could call friends. What would the purpose of removing the compulsion be?"

The thriban stroked Clarissa de Kilvin's head with one hand as he looked across the table at Haviston. "It's my duty. I know I don't have a promise to protect her, but it's been five years. I should have been there when she lost her master. I should have protect her and I couldn't, because of the Duke's edict. And that charm, your charm," he pointed one finger at Haviston Kivas, "can get someone hurt if they say the wrong thing."

"You sold her. Your obligation ended as soon as the collar was removed."

Bassimar Sarmo's face grew dark. "Just because I promised to protect them until they were sold doesn't mean I have to let go when the promise is fulfilled. I take care of my bitches."

"And if she is unsafe in Franome City?"

Fear clouded Haviston's thoughts. She could feel him spinning spells in his mind, more protections and strengthening the ones already there. He tried to force her out, but she refuse to leave until the last memory was played out for her.

"Then I'll bring her back to the Puppy Mill."

Merrie froze with a gasp. The memory repeated itself in her head, of Bass speaking in a tense tone. He was going to take her back to the Mill. Her rapist had come for her.

Around her, the shadows deepened and magic flowed through her veins. When she focused on Haviston again, she could feel the anger and rage boiling inside her. (I won't go back.)

Haviston's body flared with psychic magic. Compulsions wrapped around him, trying to avert her eyes from him in a psychic shade.

Merrie shook her head. (I won't go back,) she repeated.

Black tentacles burst out of the darkness.

(I won't ever go back!) She transformed into a hound and charged toward him. Magic flowed around her, tearing up the bricks and wooden boards of the sidewalk as she sprinted across two blocks in a blink of the eye.

Haviston disappeared, his repulsion spell protecting him. His thoughts grew diffused as he tried to shift her attention away.

Tamin burst out of the darkness and struck, chomping down on his leg and flipping him up with magically-enhanced strength. A spray of blood marked Haviston's injury as he flipped over and came down.

Merrie slammed into him, knowing she was biting down on empty air but her teeth punched through the flesh of his left arm. (I will never go back to the Mill!) Her conviction burned brightly as she shook him violently, trying to snap the bones in his body.

Magenta flames burst out from his body. It seared the inside of her mouth and she choked on the sharp, ozone smell. Releasing him, she staggered back and rippled through human and hound form to stop the flames.

Haviston held out his hands, one toward Tamin and the other toward her. He was panting and she could see the pain his face. "I do not," his voice remained as monotone as before, "intend to hurt you. I must—"

He wanted to take her back. Merrie's thoughts became fixated on the realization and the claws of anger ripped into her. She could never go back. Magic flowed through her as she felt something gripping her mind, forcing her to think of nothing else but the man who was going to take her away.

Drawing on the darkness, Merrie let out a bark and pumped magic through a calligraphic spell that drew across her mind. Black tentacles burst out of the shadows underneath Haviston. They punched up underneath his robe and he shuddered at the pain.

(Down!) The force of his command slammed into her. It froze her limbs and stopped her mind. Blood dripped from his ears and nose as he yanked her mind away from the spell.

The black tentacles faded into mist, but it didn't stop the crimson splatters that struck the ground between his legs.

Panicked, Merrie reached out for Tamin, but she could feel the hound was bound like herself. The compulsion magic was strong, just dancing along the edges of Haviston's geas. She could see it tear into his body, gnawing like some beast as more blood poured from his ears and nose and mouth.

(I need... to remove this compulsion, Merrie Golddother.)

She whined and fought against the domination. He was blocking her from ordering herself, twisting spells in her head to prevent her from switching her mental image to a mistress to bark out the command.

Crystal fingers dug into her mind, prying through her memories as he sought for the spell. He was going to take her to the Mill. The same thought kept repeating over her head and he was following it down, trying to find the source of the only thought keeping her free.

Merrie cried out and fought against the compulsion, tearing at it as she lashed out. She can never go back, not to her rapist. Not to the woman who cropped her. It was hell there and she refused to go. (Ten seconds.)

The first of the obsidian butterflies slammed into Haviston's chest. It was followed by another and another. He looked up just as a swarm of them punched him and he was thrown back from the impact. Splatters of blood flew everywhere as his compulsion snapped and Merrie was free.

"Bitchy!" cried Elf as he landed on the ground. The large man was sweaty as if he had been running. Butterflies surrounded him a multi-colored cloud. "Did the man—"

She snarled and dug her paws into the sidewalk. The wood rotted underneath her feet and she surged after Haviston.

Less than a meter away, Tamin spun and disappeared into the darkness. Calligraphic spells ran across his thoughts as he threw spells at himself. His personality faded as he sank into her own mind, giving her access to use him as part of her own body.

Haviston barely managed to struggle to his feet when Merrie caught him again. There was a look of surprise on his face, but he started to punch into her mind again, trying to remove her last independent thought.

She grabbed him by the arm and spun him as hard as she could before throwing him into the air. Magic burned brightly in her veins as she braced herself and charged after him.

His body sailed across the street and crashed into the second-story wall. With a groan, he slid down it but Tamin burst out of the shadow underneath a windowsill and chomped down on his arm. He threw Haviston across the street again and dove back into the darkness.

Merrie transformed into a shadow and sailed along the ground and up the wall. She came out of the darkness just as Haviston's body hit the wall like a rag doll. The sound of his bones crunching echoed loudly across the street. She got a look of his dazed expression as she grabbed him by the shoulder. (I will never go back!)

With her magical strength, she threw him and watched as his body sail over a block before plummeting down.

"Bitchy, I can't fly that fast!"

She sent out an apologetic wave and transformed back into a shadow.

There was a wet crunch as Haviston slammed into the ground. The pain shattered the remains of his shields and she felt a hard wave of fear and agony radiating out from him.

Tamin came out of the darkness and bit down on his hip. With a growl, he shook Haviston violently before throwing him back down the street toward Elf.

The toss was only half a block in distance but Merrie was just coming out of the shadows when Haviston's body slammed into the ground. She could feel him struggling to reach out for her, to attack her, but she surged forward and snapped the air, centimeters from his throat. (Stop!)

She threw everything she could into a domination spell, punching through the haze of pain in Haviston's mind. She could feel the his broken leg and shattered arm. He was in agony, more pain that he had ever experienced before, and struggled to keep control over his emotions.

Haviston opened his bloody mouth to say something. Two of his teeth were missing from the impact against the wall. Shudders of agony coursed through his muscles. He was casting spells to separate himself from the pain.

(I will never go back, Haviston.) Merrie opened her mouth and reached for his throat. (You will never bind me again.)

Fear coursed through his mind, a blossom of raw emotion shattering his control. She felt the control peeling back and the memories welling up, of Haviston on the ground with Bass' sword at his throat, the moment he was convicted of his crimes, the letter he got from Rendi bringing him to the mill. They were raw and sharp

and clear, memories that he refuse to dwell on for years in his search for an orderly mind. Tears ran down his cheek as he tried to push her away, but his body slumped back.

Her teeth snapped but she missed. She jumped forward, aiming to rip his throat out and end the danger he posed to her.

"I'm... sorry," he gasped through a broken jaw. Raw emotions burst out of his mind: regret, guilt, and fear. He was looking into the jaws of death and she could feel his mind trying to push back the illogical pain to grasp at something. Spells burst out, none of them direct at her, but reaching out to his surrounding for some way of preventing his death.

Merrie shook her head. No, she could never go back. She snarled and lunged for him again.

A bell rang out through her mind. (Attention all city guards! Attention all city guards!) It was Gail, Tai's lover and one of the dispatchers of the guards. There was a hum of concern in the Observant's thoughts as she included Merrie. (Eyewitnesses have reported that Lady Anasome has been kidnapped from the Coal Street Cafe. Last reported location is Green and Lackey. Paladins of Lemetri are currently in pursuit and request guard assistance. Attention all city guards, assist the paladins in the recovery of Lady Anasome and her apprentice.)

With a gasp, Merrie pulled back and stared at Haviston. (Was that you?) Her thoughts were burning with anger. Her snarl matched her emotions.

Haviston shuddered and fresh blood poured out of his mouth. "N-No."

Elf came rushing up. "Bitchy! Are you okay?"

Merrie ignored Elf as she stared into Haviston, looking for the trick. There were spells around him, but none of them could have imitated Gail. Hesitantly, she reached out for the Guard Observant. (Gail?)

(Oh, Lacy! I'm sorry, I had to include you. Lady Anasome has been kidnapped and I know you're friends. The report says a thriban in white plate armor snatched her off the street. I just got a report that they were seen going into 1910 Lackey.) An image of a warehouse blossomed in Merrie's mind.

Merrie closed the connection and snarled at Haviston. (I will never go back.)

Haviston's eye was dazed. He tried to project something but she blocked him as she turned to Elf. (He's a psychic and he wants to take me away.)

Elf looked horrified for a moment and then he glared at Haviston. "How do I keep him out of my head?"

Merrie looked around and then down at Haviston. She snapped forward and bit down on his ruined left shoulder. Planting one foot on Haviston's chest, she threw a strength spell through her body. And then an idea bubbled up in her mind. The Shadows corrupt everything it touches, including flesh. She started to create a spell, something to seal wounds during combat, a touch of shape-changing, and all blended with the corroding effects of the Shadows.

She began to cast the spell, gathering parts as the black runes ran across her mind.

Haviston reached into her mind, trying to figure out what she was doing. And then, she felt realization blossom across his mind and an intense wave of fear that almost stopped his heart. He screamed shrilly, "No! Don't—"

She pulled and there was a wet tearing noise as she ripped his arm off at the shoulder. A splatter of blood burst out of the wound, coating the street in a wash of crimson.

Black flames burst out from his shoulder and the edges of the wound darkened as if burned. The blood stopped and became pitch black. In her mind, she could see the memory of his arm burning away, seared away not only at the physical but the spiritual level.

The rest of him continued to bleed crimson, but the ragged end of his shoulder died in her jaws, sealed forever by Shadows. All that was left was withered flesh and bone.

She had cropped him.

Haviston's eye rolled up into his head as he slumped back.

(Beat him with this,) she snapped and tossed the arm to the Elf.

Elf, his face pale with fright, grabbed for the arm, but missed. It landed on his foot with a meaty smack.

With a growl, she and Tamin stepped into the shadows to save Lady Anasome from the one man Merrie still hated more than anyone but Rakin: Bass.

She was going to kill her rapist.

Bitch Fight

82

Merrie stepped out of the Shadows a block away from where Lady Anasome was being held. Neither her nor Tamin's paws made any noise on the wooden slats of the building's roof as they padded over the ridge and into the brilliance of the morning light. The sun peaked over the edges of the valley, casting everything in a quickly brightening pink glow. Moist air steamed around her feet, curling up into wisps of fog with every step.

At the corner of the building, she crouched over the edge like a gargoyle and peered down the street. It was easy to know where Lady Anasome's kidnappers were holed up, the streets around the warehouse were packed with guards, paladins, and mercenaries. Everyone was armed and ready for battle. Flares of magic popped in the air and a haze of energy rolled down the streets. She could feel the crackle of power in the air and along her skin, it set the hairs on her body on end and she shivered at the sensations.

Merrie focused on the paladins of Lemetri. They were the most distinctive, with their pure white armor and glowing swords. They were scattered among the crowds, preparing for battle and inspiring others. All of them were the model warrior of justice and truth, fighting for right and against might.

A cold shiver ran down Merrie's spine. She remembered Kirin's story and felt sick to her stomach. They were also people who turned on themselves and slaughtered because their goddess commanded them to just to change her appearance. For all their posturing and proclamations, they weren't as glossy as they appeared to be.

She felt the pluck of Presence tickling the edges of her mind. With a start, she wrapped her shields around herself. There were multiple attempts to both draw and pull her attention away. She frowned as she stared at the milling crowds, trying to see through the illusions and tricks of the mind.

A headache pierced over her head. It was a sharp agony as she fought against the power of nearly fifty paladins.

(Give me that,) said Tamin as he shielded her from the pain.

Relieved, Merrie pushed harder and forced herself to see the world as it was, not as it was presented. With a sickening twist of thought, the world suddenly became a much different place.

The paladins were there, but only a few of them were standing tall and giving inspirational speeches. The others were darting into the crowds, leaving behind a whisper and a word there. They were joining into conversations and saying just the right things to flare anger and rage. As they discretely left the little cliques of fighters, she could feel them leaving behind outrage and anger. Emotions ran brightly on the street, a cauldron of rage that was barely kept in check by the paladins. Soon, they would be unleashing the fury at the kidnapper in the building.

She returned her attention to the crowds. It was looking less like a gathering force to wipe out the kidnappers and more of a riot about to set fire to the entire district. She scanned the crowds, looking for a familiar face.

Gillette stood near the main entrance as one of the higher ranking paladins yelled at him. Compared to the warriors in brilliant white, he was grungy and dirty. He looked completely out of place; a farmer who became a warrior, not someone who upheld some goddess' divine appearance. He also was frowning, as if something bothered him.

Merrie felt a surge of sadness fill her. He turned her down. When she bared her soul to him and begged him to become her master, he just walked away. It was to save her and fight her enemies, but that brief moment of seeing him walking away left a nightmare behind and she shivered.

(You found a better mistress, Alpha.)

(I know, but who's side is he on?)

(His own, as far as we know.)

Merrie sighed. She focused her attention on Gillette and reached out with her mind. (Gillette?)

Gillette made no hint that she reached him, but surprise blossomed in his thoughts. (Shades, I didn't think you'd be talking to me anymore. I feel like I have betrayed you in the final hour.) There was regret in his thoughts. (I'm sorry for what I did, I had no choice.)

She sighed and settled down, watching the powerful man as he was dismissed.

He shoved his way through the crowd, holding his scythe behind his back. She could feel the fury in his mind, but also the hesitation to speak about it.

She thought about the fantasies she had, they were still raw and sensual, but faded now with her new mistress. (I have a new mistress now.)

He hesitated in mid-step and his thoughts grew guarded. (Mistress? What about the guard who bled on the collar?)

(He wasn't strong enough.) She shook her head. She still hadn't discussed Sama with Fang, but neither of them were ready to face that fight.

(You... you didn't kill him, did you?)

Merrie gave him a mock glare, sending a pulse of annoyance. (No, and no one else killed him either. I just found someone else.) To her surprise, she hesitated to tell him about the collaring.

(Who?)

A blush burned on her cheeks. It felt like she was talking to an ex-lover about someone else who made her happier. (... me.)

Gillette stopped in his tracks, his face growing slack with surprise. (You? You could do that?)

Merrie sent a wave of agreement. (Yes.)

(Well, Shades, you surprised me.) A smile quirked his lip. (So, how is your new mistress.)

(She's a bitch.) Merrie giggled and her tail wagged. Something had passed between them and she felt more relaxed. She nestled down on the corner, the wooden slats catching her naked breasts. Behind her, her cloak fluttered in a breeze.

Gillette laughed out-loud, which drew annoyed looks from paladins and mercenaries alike. He ducked his head and headed for the edge of the crowds. (Where are you?)

Merrie shifted to watch him pass underneath her. (Close. I heard there was trouble.)

(Someone kidnapped Lady Anasome and her apprentice.)

(Rose.)

Surprise blossomed in his thoughts. (You know them?)

(They are friends....) Her thought trailed off. She knew they were friends, but every time she visited the perfume shop, she lost her memories. Something happened in there and kept drawing her back, but she couldn't remember no matter how hard she tried.

(Does that mean you going after their kidnappers?)

(Probably, is it a thriban in white armor?)

Gillette stopped and leaned into his massive scythe. (Yes, some fallen paladin named Bass. He pretends to be a paladin of Lemetri before kidnapping women off the street. I heard that he cuts off their limbs and—)

(And rapes them before selling them as sex slaves.)

Anger boiled in Gillette's thoughts. (Is that who did that to you? The fucking bastard.)

Merrie growled in her chest as she glanced at the warehouse. They were about to invade the building. (Yes.)

(I'm glad you got freedom. But, this is a man who needs to answer to the gods directly for what he's done. And to answer for all the other women he's tortured over the years.)

Merrie stood up. (I intend to,) she projected before stepping into the Shadows.

There was a moment. (Do you need me?) There was hesitation in his thoughts.

(Why?)

(Because I realize that when it comes to things outside of shadows, the paladins and I are not in agreement. I'm more interesting in following the laws and they,) his thoughts grew darker, (appear to be more dedicated in throwing innocent men to soften him up before killing him.)

Merrie's mind grew tense with anger. (How about I just kill him now and save everyone?) She withdrew her thoughts and let a grim smile cross her face.

It was a short distance to cross into the warehouse. A moment later, she came back into reality in a central room that stretched up all three stories. The room was packed with furniture on immense shelves that reached clear to the roof. The smell of upholstery and padding and dust was thick in the air.

On the far side, Tamin stepped through but kept to the shadows.

"Oh, Bass, why did you come back?"

Merrie froze at Lady Anasome's voice. It was sad and worried, not the sound of a woman kidnapped. She crouched low and crawled through the darkness toward the sound.

"Because," the sound of Bass's rumbling voice brought back a surge of memories and Merrie had to bite down on her tongue to avoid growling, "I have obligations that I had to fulfill."

"Oh, my poor Bass. You can't keep wrapping yourselves in promises."

"It is who I am."

"You have very powerful enemies who know your weaknesses. Which is why we are here." Lady Anasome's voice was a stark contrast to Bass's rumble. She had a rich accent from Franome City and the cultured voice of a true lady.

Merrie came up underneath a table and peered out into the center of the room. Lady Anasome was sitting on a couch with a blanket over her shoulder. Her trademark yellow outfit was splattered with blood and her hair was pulled down into golden waves along her shoulder. One gloved hand held the blanket over her shoulder, but the other was resting in the palm of Merrie's rapist. She looked young in that moment, though Merrie knew she was in her forties.

On his knees and his back to her, Bass tended to a cut with a tenderness that Merrie didn't think the rapist was capable of even pretending to have. If it wasn't for the horrors that Merrie knew he was capable of, it would have been almost a romantic scene. Instead, all Merrie could remember was the pain he inflicted on her.

Her lips pulled back in a silent growl.

Across the cleared out area and hidden between two bookcases, Tamin's snarl growl matched her own. (Tell me when to strike, Alpha.)

(Where is Rose?)

(Cowering behind this shelf,) he sent an image of Rose crouched down behind the shelf, less than two meters away from Tamin's hidden form. The slender woman was clutching her knees to her chest, sobbing as she rocked back and forth.

Merrie reached out with her mind and sank into Rose's thoughts. The young woman's psyche was fractured. She kept replaying a scene over and over again, her heart pounding every time she thought about it.

The world slowed down as the man in white armor slashed at Bass and spun around. His eyes glinted in his visor as he focused on Lady Anasome. With a chuckle, he continued to spin around and brought his sword around. The blade sparkled with Bass' blood as it swung even with Lady Anasome's neck. There was no question, he was trying to kill Bass and Lady.

Rose screamed out but she couldn't move. Fear poured into her and her body refused to move. She felt something rising inside her, a heated desperation to save the lady from the blade.

Sable jumped up at the last moment and the sword caught her in the belly. With a cry, she folded over the blade and her soft body smacked Lady Anasome in the chest. The impact threw both of them out of Lady Anasome's chair and into the cafe table behind them.

The memory played over and over in Rose's thoughts, but the young woman regretted it wasn't her that saved Lady Anasome, instead of Sable.

Merrie reached out for Rose, to give her comfort, but then Sable bounded across the floor to Bass, drawing her attention away from the sobbing assistant. It had been five years since the two Alphas had seen each other, but Merrie couldn't forget Sable any more than she could forget Bass. Even with the danger just outside, the curvy woman bounded like a dog and barked happily before jumping on the couch. Wiggling her ass and her tail, she burrowed into Lady Anasome's blankets and rested her head on the lady's lap. With her tongue hanging out of her mouth, she rolled over and exposed her large breasts and belly to be petted.

Bass dropped his hand to Sable's sex to stroke it with one thick finger. "Sable says they are going to attack soon."

Lady Anasome looked uncomfortable for a moment, then rested her gloved hand on Sable's breast. The other Alpha sighed and slumped down, her eyes rolling in her head.

Looking up, the lady looked at Bass. "Are they going to attack me again?"

Merrie felt an icy shiver course down her spine.

"Probably. Somehow, the paladins found out about us. That we weren't the enemies we pretend to be." Bass's voice rumbled as he gathered up Lady Anasome's fingers and kissed them gently.

"Oh, Bass, we were never enemies. We just dance in different circles and no one would understand what you've become."

"I know," he said as he stood up. He was wearing a simple outfit, a white button-down shirt and black trousers. His thick hands clung to her fingers until she pulled them back. "I wish I could have stayed away forever, Krissi, but I had to see her."

Krissi Anasome smiled and stroked Sable with her spare hand. "She's really beautiful, Bass. You've taught her well."

"Not enough. I should have fought for her more, I should have done... something so she could have come home when she lost him."

"You had to do what you did. And she did what she did."

They were talking about her. Merrie's mind struggled to understand how they could be so sweet to each other. Bass was a rapist and a slaver. Lady Anasome was her friend. They couldn't be friends with each other, not after what he had done to her.

Merrie padded out of the darkness, the energy gathering around her. She could feel the shadows underneath the furniture and in the shelves responding to her will. It gathered around her and the edges grew sharp. Tendrils of darkness boiled in the shadows, ready to strike.

Sable responded first. She sat up with her ears perked up. A smile crossed her lips. (Merrie!) A wave of affection and happiness radiated from the older alpha as she burst out of the blanket and raced toward Merrie. Her short limbs caused her to bound as she crossed over the distance.

Anger and fear gripped Merrie's heart. Sable was going to take her away. She braced herself and pulled back her lips in a snarl. Her growl echoed off the shelves.

Sable skidded to a halt. (Merrie?) The smile on her lips froze as she if wasn't sure of how to respond.

(You will never take me back!) Her thoughts exploded out of her and the shadows responding. Dark claws burst out and slammed into the ground, tearing through the wooden floor in deep gouges.

Bass was up in a flash, standing in front of Lady Anasome. "Fuck! Havi hasn't gotten to her!"

Merrie lifted her gaze to her rapist. He was the man responsible for cropping her and raping her. He ripped her apart and broke her. And now he wanted to take her back. (No!)

She charged, her body shifting into the black hound as she crossed the distance. Gathering her up her strength and casting calligraphic spells in rapid succession, she jumped over Sable with her jaw open.

There was a sad look on Bass's face, but then it disappeared into a haze of power. Energy tore at the air as white armor slammed into place. The last two pieces were the brilliant white chest piece, with the scorched symbol in the center, and his helm. The impact slammed into her and threw her back.

Merrie dissolved into shadows and then solidified again past the shock wave of his armor spell. She opened her mouth to tear out his throat and snapped forward.

The tower shield burst into existence and he slammed it down into the ground. Merrie crashed into the white shield with a sickening crunch and a flash of pain. Her claws tore at the shield for purchase as she crawled to the top.

Symbols glowed underneath her body, covering the entire surface. And then it exploded out, ripping Merrie off the shield and throwing her across the room. She slammed into a couch and hit the ground.

With a snarl, Merrie flowed back to her feet. Tentacles of black burst out from the shadows and shot out for the shield. They wrapped around the glowing metal, smoldering from the light that radiated from it, and tore it from Bass' hands. The tentacles burned away as the shield flew across the room. The heavy metal punched

through the side of the warehouse and the morning light flooded in through the sudden hole.

Tamin launched himself from behind, clearing over Lady Anasome and landing on Bass's back. His teeth flashed as he bit down, tearing into the metal at the thriban's spine.

Merrie braced herself to charge again. She stopped when she saw Sable in front of her. The Alpha was snarling, her human body glowing with an intense light as power coursed between her and Bass. She was heartbeats away from transforming herself.

(Do you really want to hurt my master, bitch?) The words were a blend of Bass' and Sable's voice, but lowered into a growl that shook the air. Sable's Presence beat against Merrie.

Dixie's eyes widened and he began to shake. His attitude changed instantly as he dropped to the ground in humanoid form. He cowered against the ground as a puddle of pee formed underneath his hips.

The desire of submit tore into Merrie, battering her mind and plucking at the core of her being. She was being dominated, but she could never let Bass or Sable take her back. She would never go back to the Mill.

Digging her paws into the rotting wood underneath her, Merrie snarled and sent out a pulse of anger and rage. It exploded from her in a visible wave, slamming into Sable. (I will never go back!)

The Alpha staggered back, her eyes widened with fear and the light flickering. But then the connection between Sable and Bass flared into brilliance. The air grew hazy around Sable.

Merrie charged forward, her jaws opening wide. She had to get to Sable before the armor appeared.

Sable reared back and the energy burst inside her. As she landed, an almost identical tower shield slammed into place between her and Merrie.

Unable to stop, Merrie crunched into the shield. As she staggered back, she heard the impact of Sable's armor snapping into place. Waves of force coursed past her, picking up dust in a cloud and blasting it past Merrie.

Sable's shield disappeared and Sable's armored muzzle burst out of the haze of power to bit down on Merrie.

Merrie melted into shadows before the glowing teeth could connect and sailed across the ground toward Bass.

The thriban was struggling with Tamin, trying to throw him away as the black hound tore at his armor. He was using his gauntleted hands to pull at the hound, but Tamin kept shifting in and out of the shadows, slipping past Bass's grip as he tore open the metal to expose the gray flesh underneath. A few trickles of blood were already dripping down the white metal.

As Merrie regained her physical form, she launched her cloak at Bass. The black fluttering fabric sailed across the air and wrapped around Bass' helm. With a sucking, it began to pour into his visor, searching for his mouth and nose so it could tear him open from the inside.

An explosion rocked the warehouse as Sable slammed into Tamin, her body glowing from the charge attack. Tiny runes of power glowed in the air behind her. The dust curled around Tamin as his black form crashed into a wardrobe. The wood collapsed as the entire shelf shuddered from the impact.

Sable planted her feet on Bass' chest and bit down on the cloak. Power coursed through her as she yanked back. The cloak tore from Bass and fluttered angrily as it lashed out in all directions.

The cloak ripped free of Sable's mouth, the long tear sealing up almost instantly. It sailed back to Bass, intent on killing Merrie's rapist.

Bass slammed his hands together and a column of light exploded from him. It punched through the roof of the warehouse and the entire room grew painfully bright.

The cloak wilted under the intensity and Merrie called it back. It wrapped around her and tightened against her skin, melding back with the hard-edged shadows that formed from Bass' light.

There was a sharp series of bangs and the entire building shuddered. A roar of mercenaries and guards filled the warehouse as they came streaming into the room, but the shelves blocked them from charging directly for Bass.

Rose screamed shrilly as she staggered to her feet.

Tamin sent an hazy image as he pulled himself out of the wreckage of his impact.

Rose clutched to the wall as she stared at the mercenaries as they surrounded her. Their eyes were glazed over, controlled by the suggestions

and frenzy that the paladin of Lemetri had inflicted on them. There were no paladins among the crowd as they stepped toward Rose.

For a moment, Rose gasped. "I'm saved," she whimpered.

The hope was dashed as they held up their swords and began to stalk toward her. They were going to kill everyone in the warehouse, innocent or not.

Merrie gasped and charged for Rose. Her movement brought her close to Sable. The Alpha snapped at her, metal teeth chomping down millimeters from Merrie's flanks. Fueled with speed, Merrie melted into shadows and flowed through the furniture. Coming out on the other side, she saw one of the mercenaries with a blank gaze raising up his sword with both hands as he stood over a cowering Rose.

Without a second thought, she attacked. Charging forward, she expanded into physical form and jumped at him. Her teeth punched through the man's leather armor and into bone. His ribs snapped, but she used her momentum to flip the attacker over and slam him into the wall. His skull fractured from the impact before he crumpled to the ground.

Merrie landed on her paws. Without hesitating, she snapped forward and took out the nearest man's leg, biting through it until the bone broke in her jaws.

Tamin burst out of the darkness and tore into the mercenaries on the side. His black form was quickly splattered with blood as he ripped out tendons and tore through arteries.

(Rose!) Sable's thoughts echoed deeply in Merrie's mind. The massive shelves exploded as she burst through them. Shards of wood and nails bounced off her metallic form as she sheared through three men and stopped with a fourth's spine in her mouth. She snapped her head once and a muted cracking noise shot through the air.

Guards and mercenaries charged toward her and Merrie, their gazes blank and drool running from the corners of their mouths.

Sable snarled and white runes appeared in front of her, moving in a clockwise circle.

Seeing the magic spell and remembering its effect, Merrie and Tamin charged out in opposite directions and then attacked from the side, herding the attackers into a line for Sable's spell. She hated

working with someone who helped rape her, but saving Lady Anasome and Rose were more important than her hatred of Bass. For now.

Sable's spell exploded into light and the explosion tore through the mercenaries, stripping off their armor and flesh before their bodies ignited into flames.

Tamin shuddered at the remembered pain of having the same thing done to him, but he tossed one of the few remaining mercenaries into the explosion before diving back through the furniture to attack Bass.

"No!" screamed Rose. Merrie spun around to see to see a guard wildly swinging his sword at Rose's head. He had his foot on her knee, pinning her down.

Rose sobbed as she ducked underneath. The sleeves on her forearms was sliced open and blood dripped on the ground from dozens of cuts that Merrie had somehow missed.

Merrie launched herself at Rose's attacker. (Duck!) she projected with all her might.

The world froze as something blossomed out from Rose. It was an intense desire to obey and a flash of power. It radiated out from the young apprentice as she dove to the ground, cowering into a tiny ball.

With a rush, the world resumed and Merrie grabbed the guard by the sword arm and spun him around. His arm dislocated and then tore off as he was thrown through the wall and back out into the street. Blood splattered against Merrie as she landed heavily next to Rose.

Turning around, she reached out for Rose. (Are you—)

Rose looked up and the sight of Rose's gaze stilled Merrie's heart. It wasn't empty or terror, but filled with a desperate longing and something she had never seen before. It was a hunger and it sent a shiver of need coursing through Merrie's body.

Bass' hands stroked her as he caressed her back with soapy water. His cock was buried inside her sex, hot and pulsating. But, there was no anger inside him or her. There was only love and tenderness.

"I knew that you were an alpha the day I kidnapped you."

Merrie froze, his quiet words throwing her into a shock. The world spun around her as her breathing grew faster. Her eyes blurred for a moment as she gasped for air that refused to fill her lungs.

"It was a look, a hunger for something you never knew you needed. I could see it in your eyes, like a bitch in a cage desperate to escape. You were a shell of a woman, an empty vase I had to fill."

Merrie had seen that look before but she couldn't remember when. She had lost the memories when she bonded with Kine, but they came back to her. She saw them in a mirror as she dressed to go partying out at night. They were in the pictures that hung on the walls and rested in photo albums. Every image of her had the same look, a desire to be dominated and filled.

Rose was a beta.

Stunned, Merrie staggered back.

(Alpha!) Tamin's thoughts burst through her thoughts.

Merrie spun around and saw paladins charging into the warehouse. They were decked in brilliant white and glowing with brilliance. They ignored the blood and bodies as they raced toward Bass.

The thriban stood in the center of the battle, decked in blood-stained armor. He fought over Lady Anasome, defending her as much as himself. The last of the mercenaries attacked anything they could, fighting with the last of their strength even as Bass' two-handed sword sliced off limbs and weapons. Blood poured around their feet and they slipped through it as they sacrificed their bodies in their attack.

The paladins of Lemetri ignored the charmed mercenaries. Divine magic swirled around them, elegant and graceful as they ran in screaming out cries for their goddess.

Bass gripped his bloody sword and braced himself. Magic rolled around him, the same brilliant white as the paladins. Compared to the flares of power around the paladins, he was an inferno. With a roar, he swung his sword and parried the first blows. His second strike cut through flesh and bone and armor.

With gurgling screams, the first ranks of paladins fell but there were almost a hundred glowing fighters remaining.

(Master!) screamed Sable as she charged back into the fight. Her armored body flashed as she exploded into the back ranks of the

paladins, igniting them on fire as her spell brought her through to the other side.

Merrie stared as Bass and Sable fought. But, as impressive as they were, it was obvious they would be overwhelmed. For a moment, she felt a swell of fierce joy that her rapist would meet his end on the paladin's attacks. She didn't have to do anything but sit back and guard Rose.

Anger bubbled inside her. Lemetri was also responsible for Kine's death. These were the men and women who destroyed her shadows and plunged her into a world of hell and despair. And they would kill Lady Anasome in their quest to destroy Bass.

She snarled, tasting blood on her mouth. (Tamin, guard Rose with your life.)

(Yes, Alpha!)

Merrie charged forward as tentacles burst out of the darkness around her. The pitch black strands of shadow wrapped around heads and arms before yanking bodies apart. Blood exploded around her as she reached the nearest armored figure. Biting down, she shattered the woman's pelvis and tossed her aside.

Her cloak exploded out from her, spreading out into a cloud of unnatural shadows. It caught on the joints of armor and sucked into them. Moments later, people screamed as they clutched their throats and stomachs. They dropped to the ground as their blood and guts poured out on the floor.

(Merrie,) came Sable's thoughts as the armored alpha ripped into an armored man wielding a two-handed hammer, (why are you helping us?) Her voice was a mixture of Bass' and hers, both masculine and feminine. With the intimacy of their telepathy, Merrie couldn't find the anger and hatred she expected to see. Only concern, regret, and sadness.

Merrie snarled and ripped a man's head off. (They killed my master.) Memories of that fateful morning flashed briefly through her head before she forced it down.

(I'm sorry.) Regret and compassion resonated along their telepathic connection.

For a moment, Merrie was stunned. There was something honest about Sable's emotions. It was a complete contrast to everything Merrie remembered about Sable. At the Mill, she was the woman

who forced the others into submission, grinding her cunt against their face until they screamed for air. She bit and nipped, wrestling them down and forcing them to submit until their wills broke.

But, in that brief moment, she saw Sable as a different woman, one who loved everyone and everything. She fought as she loved, passionately and with her entire heart. The memories felt like they were welling up, ready to burst open, but then something reached up deep from inside Merrie and clutched the joy with crystalline claws.

Sable finished ripping out a man's guts and hit the ground with a heavy thud and a squelch of organs. (We never stopped loving you.)

Their eyes met and Merrie almost lost herself in Sable's brown gaze. But, as they were sharing some memory, Merrie felt the crystalline touch of Haviston reach into her mind and tear away the happiness and joy. She turned away from Sable to attack another paladin.

Sadness filled Sable's thoughts. (Damn you, Haviston.)

The alpha turned away and looked up at Bass. He was once again Merrie's rapist and she felt nothing but vile anger for the man who was responsible for her cropping.

Merrie panted as she looked for another enemy, but there was only two left. Every guard, mercenary, and paladin was on the ground. Most were dead but a few were sobbing as they tried to shove their guts back in or clutching gaping wounds or missing limbs.

She turned to Bass and felt the crystalline anger rising up. He was going to take her away. Around her, the shadows began to boil with tentacles and power. She felt the energy seeping into her bones. She knew the perfect spell to make sure Bass would never survive.

Black runes started to draw across her mind, a spell to summon the Lord of Shadows, but something stopped her.

It was Bass pulling Lady Anasome to his chest and kissing her. Not a peck on her cheek but a passionate and loving kiss. His massive, blood-covered body dwarfed her own, but there was nothing but love in his actions as he cradled her body with his arms and held her tight.

Lady Anasome moaned and wrapped her yellow-clad arms around his neck, holding herself against his body as she kissed him

back. Blood from his armor stained her yellow shirt, adding to the gore from the other attacks on her.

It was a moment of raw tenderness, with the light streaming in from the sky above them and dust in the air. Bodies were strewn around them and the smell of offal filled the air. But, in that singular moment, Merrie's anger dissolved as she saw something that her mind couldn't comprehend. The crystalline claws of anger stilled as did the killing spell in her mind.

Bass broke the kiss and smiled. "I will never stop loving you, Krissi." He turned to Sable, who sat on the ground with her tail wagging. "Come on, Sable, we're leaving before they send any more in."

(Yes, master.)

Bass chuckled, a low rumbling noise in his chest. He looked around at the slaughter around him. There was sadness in his eyes. "Be safe. Merrie will protect you."

The lady sniffed and wiped a tear from her eye with one delicate finger. She pointed toward the corner of the warehouse. "The stench of bodies is less that way. There are two guards, both male but wearing my women's line of perfumes. Please be gentle to them. They are frequent customers."

"Of course, my lady."

Covered in blood, Bass and Sable strode toward the corner. At the last moment, they both looked at Merrie and there was sadness in their eyes. With a flash of light and a push of Presence, they were gone.

Violent Memories

83

Merrie sat a block away from Lady Anasome's perfume shop and watched the street warily. Her cloak fluttered around her, the black shadow caressing her skin as the warm air streamed along her naked body. She had healed her injuries with transformation, but her skin still felt raw from the battle, as did her mind.

She had already forgotten parts of the battle and the blank spots bothered her. There was no reason she should have forgotten anything but whenever she or Tamin tried to recall the fight, there were hazy patches. She remembered ripping out throats and disemboweling her mercenaries, guards, and paladins. The fight was Sable dominated her mind, both in surprise that she held her own, but also the ferocity that the two alphas attacked each other. She hated Sable as much as she hated Bass.

But, what happened during those blank moment? Why didn't she chase down Bass and slaughter him as he ran? She couldn't remember and it frustrated her far more than the blank memories she experienced every time she went into Lady Anasome's store.

Tamin was out hunting for Bass and Sable, moving from shadow to shadow for some hint of the elusive rapist and murderer. Merrie could feel his attention and anger in the back of her mind, but they both knew it was a useless gesture. Bass was gone, no doubt fleeing back to Blood County.

Haviston also escaped. Elf handed him to the guards with the remains of his arm and the same warning, but less than an hour later, the psychic was gone.

The recent and public kidnapping had set the city on fire. Gossip poured down the roads, building up the attack into epic proportions

and the news posters reflected the mood: Lady Anasome's terror, a fallen paladin declaring war on Lemetri, the corruption of good, and the gathering promise of war.

The paladins of Lemetri were the loudest as they publicly and repeatedly declared their intent to hunt down Bass and rid the world of the vile menace. She noticed they made no notice of which goddess Bass used to follow. Only that he was evil incarnate. To the north of the city, the paladins had set up a camp as they gathered paladins from all corners of Franome. Rumors said they were building an army a thousand men strong. It would take weeks to gather, but months to travel to Blood County. In response, money and gifts poured into the coffers of the church to fund their holy war, far more than it would take to wipe out a single mill in the furthest corner of the country.

Merrie felt joy in knowing that Bass would be killed once and for all. But, she didn't understand the guilty feeling that followed with her excitement. Something was wrong and she couldn't figure out what. There was something hidden in her thoughts and nothing she did seemed to answer the gaps in her memories.

She crouched over the edge of the roof. Her breasts scraped along the slate tiles and she shifted her body to drag her hard nipples along the rough edges. Peering over the edge, she looked at the two Resolutes trying to stand discretely in the shadows. It was hard not to attract attention while wearing the green, plate armor of the royal knights. Children and bystanders stood and stared at them.

Merrie shook her head and peered down the street. There were other Resolutes on the street surrounding the perfume shop, but she wasn't worried about those knights.

Loyal Alestri stood right at the entrance of the shop, her back straight and her spear firmly planted on the ground. She made no movement, she didn't twitch, nor did she even take a break. For ten hours the Loyal had been guarding the front of the store.

The business at the perfume store suffered at first until Lady Anasome had sharp words with the Loyal. Unlike anyone outside of the royal family, the Loyal responded. Alestri reluctantly moved a meter over and no further. The short distance was enough and soon there was a steady stream of customers lured by Lady Anasome's trials and the obvious protection of the Royal Family. Everyone

knew that Lady Anasome danced in the high society circles, but it wasn't until the Loyal themselves guarded her from door that they realized how much influence she actually had. Seeing the lady ordering Alestri around also sent ripples of surprise and gossip down the streets.

Merrie needed to ask Lady Anasome and Rose what happened. The two perfumers had her answers, but Merrie couldn't find the opportunity to ask. The previous night, she tried to slip in, but the Loyal blocked her way with a shake of her head and a slam of her spear. The message was clear, Alestri would not let her into the store. There were secrets that needed to be kept and Merrie's relationship with Lady Anasome was one of them.

Reluctantly, she withdrew back to the shadows and waited. The need for answers burned brightly in her mind. She wanted to know why there were blank spots in her memories.

About midnight, long after the store closed, the front door opened and Rose stepped out. The young woman wore the same outfit as before: black shirt, black pants, slippers, and matching gloves. Merrie knew that she had dozens of identical outfits and Lady Anasome was obsessive about cleaning every scent from the fabric, but it gave a sense of timelessness to both the lady and her assistant.

In the two days since the fight, the physical scrapes and bruises had been healed by high society's finest healers, but Merrie could feel the damage still in her thoughts. The same scene replayed in her head, of that moment when Rose failed to save Lady Anasome. It was a constant background buzz, filled with guilt and regret.

Merrie understood it in a way no one else would. Rose was a beta and the same desire drove Merrie's, Sable's, and Dixie's actions. The only difference is that Rose's nature was just awakening and the attack on Lady Anasome would only further her descent into submission and protectiveness.

Ears drooping, Merrie wished she knew what to do. She wanted to protect Rose and shield her from ever bonding, but she could feel the power rising up inside the slender woman. There would be great joy in Rose's life and it was obvious who would be her mistress: Lady Anasome.

A thought of Rose on her hands and knees brought a smile to her lips. Merrie's tail wagged as she flowed over a street to the opposing roof. Her knees made no noise along clay tiles as she wound around flower pots and over a corroded gargoyle. Her breasts swung with her movement, thumping against the collar. (Hello, Rose.)

Below, Rose hesitated for only the shortest heartbeat before relief flooded through her mind. (Oh, Merrie!) And then regret began to leak into her thoughts as she remembered Merrie slaughtering the men trying to kill her and defending her lady.

Merrie sent a wave of comfort and love. (I see you have an audience.)

(I hate them. I hate that everyone is treating both of us like glass figurines now.) And then more guilt. (The Lady is okay with it, she's used to shifting the attention and keeping it from becoming a frenzy. But everyone treats me like a little girl. They go on about how dreadful it was that he kidnapped me and I should be thankful that I wasn't raped and murdered.)

In response, Merrie's anger began to bubble up remembering what Bass had done to her.

(It's Bass! I've known him since I was six years old. He is the sweetest man I have ever known. He wouldn't hurt me. He's like an uncle to me!)

Merrie's heart skipped a beat at the strength of Rose's affection toward Bass. There was something wrong (But...) She frowned and shook her head even though Rose couldn't see her. (He kidnaps women and rapes them. Rips off their arms and legs before—)

(You still don't remember, do you?)

The quiet, sad thought halted Merrie's tirade in an instant. (Remember?) She peeked over the edge of the roof to peer down at Rose below her. (Remember what?)

(You never remember, you know that?)

Merrie remembered the blank spots in her memory. (How do you know about that?)

(Merrie, you don't remember visiting the store, do you?)

Sadness filled Merrie. (No, but I can't figure out why.)

(I wish... I could show you. But, you don't remember unless...) An idea blossomed across Rose's thoughts, of an almost empty glass

bottle in a steel cage. (I know!) And then guilt. (No, the Lady would kill me if I did that.)

(Did what?)

Rose stopped walking as her thoughts withdrew.

Behind her, the Resolutes came to a rattling stop. “Is there something wrong, madam?” asked one of them, a female.

(Merrie?)

Merrie’s ears perked up at the hopeful tone in Rose’s thoughts. (Yes?)

(If I get something, will you get me away from these knights? I want to talk to you in private... in person, not with my head.) With the thoughts came an image of a house for sale about a quarter mile away. It was a friend of Lady Anasome’s old place, before his wife left him for another man; he was selling it to move to another city and purge the memories. (There? It’s important.)

Merrie agreed. (Be careful, the Loyal knows when I use telepathy.)

Rose turned around to speak to the Resolute who spoke to her. “Sorry, I forgot something in the store. Can we go back?”

“No problem, madam.”

Cheeks flushed, Rose hurried back to the store with Merrie and the knights following. Her movements were nervous and jerky, but it was the storm of thoughts in her head that worried Merrie. There were images of the fight but other scenes, hundreds of them blurring in a mix too fast for her to focus. Merrie knew she could pull them out, but she didn’t. She would find out soon enough what Rose wanted. Reluctantly, she withdrew her thoughts entirely so the Loyal couldn’t detect her.

At the store, Rose ducked her head as she walked past Alestri and headed into the store. Time seemed to slow to a crawl as Merrie waited for her to return. Seconds turned into minutes and then into an hour.

Merrie whimpered and settled down, her breath coming slowly as she waited. The seconds passed by with little ticks of her spell, reminding her of every moment closer she was to finding out the answers that haunted her.

Almost two hours later, Rose came out of the story. The blush on her cheeks was redder and her breath came in short pants. “S-

Sorry,” she stammered as she clutched her canvas bag tightly to her chest. Her small breasts were barely visible under the canvas strap as she almost raced down the stairs.

The two knights followed as gracefully as they could, their armor scraping and clanking as they moved.

Merrie watched Alestri for a long moment, even after Rose was gone. The Loyal made no movement, no hint of anything besides standing at the door. Her armor was quiet, just the throb of protective magics that scared Merrie more than she could understand.

Holding her breath, she crawled to the far side of the roof and then transformed into a shadow. A rush of excitement filled her as her body flowed along the roofs and walls of houses and stores. She caressed along people, feeling their secret desires as she passed.

Too soon, she caught up to Rose who continued to rush down the road as she took the long way toward her destination. Merrie remained a shadow as she focused on the two Resolutes. They were powerful fighters and mages, but they didn't have the protections of the Loyals. With delicate fingers, she slipped into their shields and wove their thoughts into a domination and illusion spell.

The two knights slowed and came to a stop. In their mind, Rose had slowed down to a graceful walk as she headed for a park. They followed, seeing nothing out of the ordinary besides an apprentice who had a near-death experience with an immoral murderer.

Merrie pulled away and flowed up along the roofs again, dancing from peak to peak. (Your knights are gone.)

Rose's relief was palatable. (Thank you. Sorry that took so long, I needed to help the Lady go to bed.) Images of Rose helping Lady Anasome bath and dress flashed by, wrapped in a tight affection that brought a blush to Rose's cheeks.

With a smile, Merrie sent a wave of comfort and trailed after Rose, looking for any signs of more Resolutes or the Loyal following. After almost twenty minutes of walking, they reached the abandoned house. Merrie stepped across the Shadows to unlock the door from the inside and let Rose in.

“I feel naughty,” whispered Rose as she headed for a room near the center of the house. It used to be a library, but now the empty

shelves were a reminder of a bitter divorce with only a handful of discarded books laying on the bare wood.

Merrie solidified in the dark corner and stepped into the room. Curls of dust rose around her. (I like places like these, they are peaceful. The darkness talk to me in places like this.)

Rose giggled nervously and carefully set down her bag. “Lady Anasome is going to kill me if she catches us, but I need you to remember something.”

Padding up to Rose, Merrie sat down on the ground.

Glancing at her, Rose blushed. “C-Could you put the cloak around you? You’re kind of distracting.” Merrie could feel a latent sexuality boiling as Rose struggled with her growing affection and lust with Lady Anasome.

Merrie’s cloak responded to her will, wrapping around her body and clothing it in pitch darkness. It tightened comfortably around her but let the heavy metal collar free to press against her chest. She shivered at the sensation, still not used to the rush of energy that came with every thought of her bondage to herself.

“Thank you. Lady Anasome doesn’t like it when I get excited and I’m...” she gulped as a flash of lust rose in her thoughts, “I’m not saying I want you, but...”

Merrie smiled and resisted the urge to wiggle her hips to inflame the young woman’s lust. They weren’t in the house for sex, but something else. (Remember what?)

“Oh, this.” Rose dug into the bag and Merrie’s heart began to thump louder. She could feel the anticipation rising in the air. It came as a tingling along her skin, pooling in her stomach with the flutters of nervousness.

The young woman pulled out a plain looking bottle. There was no label and there was less than a centimeter’s worth of liquid on the bottle.

Merrie had never seen it before, but something inside her responded to it. It was familiar as a dream that she couldn’t remember. A soft moan rose in her throat and her tail began to wag. (What is it?)

Rose smiled bashfully. “Just remember first, okay?” She slid off the top and spritzed it in front of Merrie.

The mist of perfume enveloped Merrie and the world stopped. It was Crystalline Rose and the memories came rushing back, not of the rapist and the bitch but of loving Bass, Borias, and the others. She remembered the joy of submission and learning that she was more than just a kidnapped woman. She inhaled as more memories came, slamming into her with brutal clarity. There were no blank spots anymore, just the pure exhilaration of becoming who she was.

Merrie realized she was crying. Sniffing, she rubbed her cheek and looked at the glistening droplets that clung to her cropped wrist. (W-What?)

Rose had tears in her eyes. "Every time. It hurts so much to see you remembering and... forgetting." She spritzed the bottle again.

(I remember,) sobbed Merrie. She didn't want to forget the joy that burned in her heart. And now she understood why she felt guilty every time she wished Bass dead or tortured. The emotions were laid bare and there was nothing she could avoid experiencing them once again.

"I-I know."

Merrie had tried a thousand ways to remember the joy when the perfume faded. She had Lady Anasome write it down, but her eyes no longer saw the page. She tried to have them repeat it, but the words fell on deaf ears. Haviston's compulsion had dug itself deep into her mind, wrapping into her very being. It was in the seal over her despair, wrapped in the remains of Kine's bond, and it reached even into her forgotten memories. It had grown with her, matching her power and never giving her any escape.

Crystalline claws reached up and began to tear apart the joy.

Rose gasped and spritzed the perfume again. "Sorry. Your eyes turn color when you start to forget."

(They do?)

"Yes," Rose smiled. "They are bright blue when you remember and a dull gray when you don't. But, I needed you to remember. Okay?" She spritzed the bottle again. "I need an answer, an honest answer."

Merrie fought the fear that she would lose everything. She panted with soft whines as she nodded.

"What is happening to me?"

With a start, Merrie started to ask a question, but then Rose was struggling to remember a memory. It bubbled up through her thoughts and Merrie sank into it.

Bass fought against the three paladins with his two-handed sword. The cafe around them had been destroyed with the four armored figures moving around. Hundreds of swords were embedded in the stone, walls, and even the sign above her. She didn't know where they came from, everything was moving too fast for her to focus.

Her Lady was in danger. More than once, one of the warrior's swords came swinging toward her and a strange tingling coursed over her skin. She wanted to reach out, but she couldn't. Fear gripped her heart and so did regret. She begged her body to respond, but she was helpless to defend the one woman who mattered more than life or death.

If it wasn't for Sable, Lady Anasome would have died. The naked woman who Rose always thought as just a playful girl had transformed into an armored hound and was fighting right next to Bass, moving with power and grace. Something flashed between them, a connection of some sort, that energy flowed back and forth with flashes of power. Every time she tried to focus on it, it disappeared from sight.

She couldn't think through the tingling. All that mattered was reaching out for Lady Anasome. It didn't matter if her limbs wouldn't move, she just had to reach... out...

Rose was sobbing as the images faded. "I'm so scared. What is happening to me? What did he do to me? He wouldn't hurt me, I know that, but every time I'm near him, I feel this!" She thumped the perfume bottle against her heart, right where the bond would come from.

Merrie sniffed at the tears. She remembered the same sensation, that hungry desire to reach out and connect to someone. (It's the bond.)

Rose spritzed the bottle again as she looked up. "T-The what?"

(The bond between people like me and Sable... and our masters. They call us Alphas, one of the True Submissives. It is why we both turn into hounds. Why Sable can summon armor and I can use shadows. It is a connection between us that...)

"I-I'm going to turn into a dog?" Rose shook her head and clutched the bottle tightly. "No, no, not that. I don't want to be a

dog. I don't want anyone to cut off my arms!" Her voice echoed against the walls.

Merrie shook her head and reached out. (No! No one is going to crop you. That is,) she struggled with the words, (that is just how we ended up. Lady Anasome would never do that to you.)

Rose looked horrified. "You're right she wouldn't! She would never do that to me!"

"I wouldn't what?" came Lady Anasome's pissed voice from the door.

Rose shrieked and spun around. "Lady!?"

Lady Anasome stepped into the room, her face a mask of anger. The air around her rustled softly and curls of dust rose up around her feet. Her hands were pressed against her hips, the yellow gloves curled into fists. "Rose, why did you take that?"

Sobbing, Rose shook her head. "I-I'm sorry, I had to know. And the only way if she remembered."

"That is a private scent, Rose. That is a promise I made to the Duchess that it wouldn't leave my vault!" Anasome's voice rose up. "You broke that promise!"

"I'm sorry!" The bottle clattered to the ground, rolling in a circle. Rose dropped to the ground next to it, her knees slamming against the ground as she buried her face in her hands. "I'm so sorry!"

The emotions were rising up. Merrie could feel the intensity growing around them. The anger and fear, it was becoming sharper with every passing second. With a gasp, Merrie saw the air between them growing hazier as a shifting line formed in the dust and air. It danced, not like a leash or a chain, but as a visible current of air that swirled around the two women.

With a gasp, Merrie projected what she saw. (The bond.)

Lady Anasome blanched. She held out her hand and a wave of scent washed through the room. It was of a summer day with delicate floral scents and the hint of salt water. Merrie could almost picture herself in a garden by the sea, despite the fact she had never been near the ocean in her life; that would require her to leave Franome.

Instantly, Rose quieted. "I'm sorry, Lady, I'm so sorry," she whispered but the tears were no longer flowing. Her fear and sorrow and desperation faded away as if they were drained.

The current between them faded with both of their calmed emotions. Merrie shivered at the sight of it, watching Rose as a shudder coursed through her mind. There was an emptiness inside the young woman, as if she had been rejected a million times in a single moment. The aching hole in her heart sent a sympathetic pain through Merrie.

There was nothing Merrie could say or project that would ease the pain. She knew what Sable and Dixie must have felt watching Merrie go through the same thing.

The anger faded from Lady Anasome's face. With a cry, she rushed over and dropped to her knees to pull Rose into a tight hug. "Oh, honey, I didn't mean to yell."

But, deep inside, Merrie could feel Rose's power responding to the sharp emotions. It came from her submission to the lady's order. Merrie remembered pushing the limits with Kine for the same reason, because the sharp words became her power and the rush that came from disobedience.

Rose clutched to Lady Anasome, her black gloves clutching to yellow-clad shoulders. "I shouldn't have. I know it. But, I had to. I didn't know what it was!"

Lady Anasome pulled off her glove with her teeth. Her hands were soft and delicate. With tears in her eyes, she stroked Rose's dark hair. "It's okay, little one. It's okay."

She looked over to Merrie. "What happened? What is she talking about?"

Ears plastered to her head, Merrie sent a quick burst of memories.

Lady Anasome's face grew pale. "No," she said in a whisper, "not my Rose. She can't be an Alpha."

Rose clutched her Lady tighter. "I'm sorry, I didn't know what was happening."

"Oh, Rose, when did this start?"

"A-About a year ago. I was helping you d-dress and then I got this strange feeling that I should reach out... but I couldn't. I didn't know what was happening."

Anasome tensed. "I remember that night. You suddenly go so scared and ran out of the room. Oh, baby," she stroked Rose's hair

and held the sobbing girl to her chest. "It's going to be okay. I promise."

"I don't want to be a dog!"

Lady Anasome's mouth opened for a moment. "Oh, Rose, that isn't how it works. You don't have to be a dog to be an Alpha."

"What about Sable and Merrie?"

"Sable is because Bass finds that to be the most attractive thing in the world. She's cropped because that what turns him on."

"A-And Merrie?"

"Bass finds cropped women a turn on. Merrie's path just took her through his fantasies. If she met a dominate that liked collars and leashes, that would be her fate."

Rose pulled her face away from Lady Anasome, the tears glistening on her cheeks. "W-What do you want?"

Lady Anasome smiled and cupped her chin with her bare hand. "Same thing I always wanted from you. An apprentice who knows when to shut up, do what I say, and not talk back."

"I-I can do that."

"I know, baby, I know. The only problem we're going to have is how to handle the fact your my sister's daughter."

Rose blushed. "We don't have to... do that, you know."

Lady Anasome chuckled softly. "Not as long as you smell, my dear. I'm not into that thing so your virtue is safe from me."

"G-Good," but there was a longing in Rose's thoughts, a desire for more than domination. It was a girlish desire that had been growing in the years since the two were together.

Merrie was intruding on their private thoughts. She inched back toward the shadows.

"What this does mean is that we need to take a trip. If this is what you are, and I trust Merrie on this, then you need to learn what it means to be a Submissive otherwise one of us could get hurt."

"A trip?"

Merrie stopped at ax cold anticipation that burned in her veins.

"To Bass'."

A jerk shuddered through Merrie as an anger began to boil up inside her. Crystalline claws gripped her tightly as she stared at the two women. They were talking about bring her back to the Mill.

“Sable and Dixie can show you what it means. You’ll like Dixie, it sounds like he’s a lot of fun. And he’s a Copier silfae. You haven’t met one of them. Bass says he’s like Lady Giff’s little puppy. All bark and no bite.”

Rose giggled. She saw nothing but Lady Anasome.

“What about Merrie?”

Darkness gathered around Merrie. She knew the words were coming out before the left Lady Anasome’s lips.

“We’ll take her with us. It will be—”

Shadows exploded around Merrie as the anger and rage slammed through her thoughts. (I will not go back!)

Black tentacles burst out from behind Merrie, shooting forward toward the two women.

Rose gasped and shoved Lady Anasome away as the tentacles punched into the air where the lady once knelt. She stumbled back. “Merrie!? What are you—”

Rose’s scream echoed against the walls. She flung herself away as more tentacles punched into the floor near her. Her slippers scraped against the dust as she slammed into the wall and rolled away as the tentacles followed after her and punched holes into the wall and floors with each wild strike.

“What is she doing!?” Lady Anasome screamed as she ducked back. “Rose!”

Merrie shifted into a shadow hound. (You will never take me back to the mill!) Her mental voice slammed into both of them with all her emotions. She felt their minds straining to keep their sanity through the anger. (I will never go back!)

Lady Anasome dropped to the ground. “The bottle!”

Rose gasp and stumbled for it. In her mind, she was already spritzing it.

(No!) Merrie’s cloak snapped out and grabbed the cloak. It wrapped around it and Merrie drew the shadows around her. The room grew icy and fog poured around her as the absolute darkness gathered in the cloak.

There was a crack as the glass began to corrode. Inside, the perfume boiled and then began to dissolve into black mist. Shadows sucked into the bottle and then faded, leaving nothing but

crumbling glass shards to plummet to the ground. There was no scent other than the ethereal smell of Shadows.

Rose gasped as she stared at Merrie. The fear burned brightly in her mind and she was shimmering with currents of air.

With a snarl, Merrie lashed out with her cloak. It caught Rose in the stomach and threw her into the bookcases. She hit the wall with a crunch before falling to the ground. She left a smear of blood on the wall behind her.

“Rose!”

(Never!) They were going to take her back to the Mill. She could never allow that. Her cloak rose up into a snake and hovered over Rose, the sharp point forming into a killing spike.

Lady Anasome’s scream echoed shrilly off the walls.

Merrie’s cloak surged forward.

An explosion ripped Merrie from the floor and threw her back. Before she hit the wall, she saw a flash of green plate armor and a massive spear slashing down at her body. She flowed back but the spear sliced through her cloak. The edges of the fabric burned brightly and curled back as the power tore through it.

Alestri’s foot slammed into the ground as she rammed the butt of her spear into Merrie’s chest.

The impact drove the air out of Merrie’s lungs as she was thrown back. She felt the wall of the house looming over her, but then her world exploded into pain and agony as the force of Alestri’s blow drove her through it. Rocks shattered along her back and head before she was tossed into the street.

Merrie bounced, her limbs flailing helplessly for balance. She could see the ground rushing up at her and cringed at the impact.

The air slammed into her as Loyal Alestri teleported back into Merrie’s path. Her spear burned brilliantly with magic as she swung it with a killing blow.

Merrie’s heart froze as she saw the eldritch energies burning off the blade. She threw her arm in front of her, knowing that it wouldn’t even slow the Loyal’s attack.

Tamin burst out of the darkness and chomped down on the shaft of Alestri’s weapon. His body swung around, but he yanked back and spoiled the Loyal’s attack. The massive spear narrowly avoided Merrie’s muzzle and slammed into the cobblestones at her paws.

The ground caved in around Merrie as a three-meter wide crater appeared underneath her.

Along the street in both directions, a shock wave burst windows, cracked stone, and tossed planters down the street. Smoke rose up around her, acidic and burning the back of Merrie's throat.

Merrie slid toward the blade and she frantically jumped into the shadows to avoid cutting herself on the glowing blade.

(Alpha!? Are you injured?) Tamin appeared next to her.

Rage still drove Merrie's thoughts. With rapid succession, she cast her combat spells. Tamin joined in with his own and Merrie noticed he was using magic almost as fluently as she was. In less than a second, they were both wreathed in liquid shadows and diving back across.

They caught Alestri between them. Tamin hit her high and Merrie struck low, biting down on the plate armor and throwing her head up. Her cloak snapped forward and crawled for a joint. But, instead of slipping into the gap between the plates, it slammed against the metal. Alestri had no joints in her armor, or the armor was melted into her body giving no gap between skin and armor.

The Loyal flipped to her feet. Or, Merrie thought she landed on her feet because Alestri was moving before Merrie could comprehend the striking of the boots against the shattered cobblestones. Alestri shot forward with a wide sweep of her spear. Power burst out from the swing as a wave of pure force.

Merrie melted and Tamin jumped into the Shadows as Alestri brought her weapon around.

A wave of force exploded out from the spear and it tore up the street, ripping the cobblestones and shattering walls for almost three city blocks before stopping. The front of a building peeled away from its foundation and crumbled into dust.

She started to form again, but the spear piercing her shadow form and she shuddered from the pain. Flowing to the side, she tried to avoid the attacks but the Loyal hammered down with brutal accuracy, slashing into Merrie's shadow form as fast as she could move. The air stank of ozone and magic as the Loyal attacked without giving Merrie a chance to do anything.

Tamin burst out of the darkness, but Alestri back-handed him. The impact cracked bone and he flew back through the front of a building.

(Tamin!) Merrie screamed and reached out for him.

Alestri's spear slammed into her stomach and into the shadow beneath her. Power crackled around her and she felt her body burning from the inside.

She could taste the regeneration taking hold, but even with all of her defenses, she wasn't capable of handling the Loyal on her own. With a flash, she got an idea. Merrie shoved past the pain and formed her body. The blade of the spear tore through her stomach, slicing through organs and flesh as she solidified. The pain was intense and almost blinding, but she ordered herself to keep moving even if her body failed.

Snarling, she clawed for the loyal, using shadows as tentacles and her own bloody paws to wrap around the spear and Alestri's arm. And then, with all her might, she pulled herself toward the Shadows.

Alestri teleported away, but Merrie was wrapped around her spear and flew with her. The darkness flowed around them, chocking and suffocating as the world flashed around them in rapid-fire teleportation.

Merrie drew on the power of her collar, pulling on the energy stored inside it. She was defending her mistress and the power surged through her. Pain was nothing compared to the need to give everything to the one she truly loved. Between one teleportation and another, she yanked with all her might and threw Alestri into the endless dark of the Shadows.

Surrounding by the utter black that she drew power from, it took no effort for Merrie to melt into shadows and dissipated. She flowed away from Alestri and left the Loyal stranded in the absolute darkness.

Her body bled from her injuries. She drew the shadows into her, filling in her injuries like the way she repaired her cloak. It took a moment to orient herself and she came back through the Shadows meters away from Lady Anasome and Rose. She landed in utter silence and began to work her way around the room along the shadows, her lip pulled back in a snarl.

They wanted to take her to the Mill. They were friends of Bass and therefore her enemies.

Rose sobbed as she clutched to Lady Anasome. Her black outfit contrasted with the lady's yellow. Sobs tore through the younger woman. "Why did she do that? I was so scared, I tried... I wanted to..."

"I know," Lady Anasome said softly, "I know. The Loyal will stop..." Her voice trailed off as she lifted her head. She turned to look directly at Merrie.

Merrie shivered in the lady's gaze. She was moving silently, but somehow Lady Anasome knew exactly where she was.

"Merrie," Lady Anasome said in a calm voice. "Are you... sane?"

Merrie's growl broke the darkness as she regarded her enemies. She would never be taken to the mill, she would never let her mistress be kidnapped again. She would die before it would ever happen. Shadows grew hard-edged around her as she gathered her power. Her growl shook the air as the wood rotted around her and the shadows grew hard-edge.

She would kill them before they took her.

Rose whimpered and clutched Lady Anasome tighter, peeking at Merrie from underneath her arm. Merrie could feel the fear rolling off her, surrounding her in a cloud of terror.

Merrie planted her feet and charged, her body blurring with the magic burning her veins. In a flash, she was on them with her mouth open to bit down on Lady Anasome's neck and end the threat forever.

"No!" screamed Rose with a flash of power. She shoved Lady Anasome away as she half-stood up, trying to crawl away from Merrie's attack.

Merrie bit down on Rose's arm, her teeth easily slicing through the black fabric of her shirt and the delicate flesh underneath. An explosion of blood poured out of her mouth as Merrie continued to bite down, crunching through the bones of Rose's arm until her teeth slammed together with a jolt of pain.

Rose's scream filled the room in a shrill sound. Blood poured down her arm and chest, soaking through the black fabric before puddling in a growing pool of blood and urine.

Ignoring the screaming girl, Merrie planted one foot against Rose's right breast and shoved out. With a wet tearing noise, she tore the arm from Rose's shoulder and spun around in the shower of crimson that poured out.

"Rose!" Lady Anasome's voice rose up.

"R-Run..." gasped Rose as she clutched her arm. Blood poured out from her fingers, dripping off her black gloves in wet splatters. "Run!"

Merrie snarled and surged forward. She caught Rose by her other shoulder and picked her up, snapping her head back and forth.

Rose screamed as she flew back and forth, the wet popping noise of a dislocated jaw resonating through Merrie's tightly clamped teeth. Her feet sailed back and forth. With one hard snap, Rose's foot caught on the edge of a bookshelf and there was a wet snapping noise as the bone broke and punched through the skin. The jagged end of the white bone was dripping red.

Shaking harder, Merrie bit down to break through the shoulder until the arm ripped off with a wet tearing sensation.

Rose thumped to the ground with a sob, blood spurting from both severed arms. She sobbed as she tried to roll over. "M-Merrie, w-why?"

(I will never go back!) Merrie's mental scream caused Rose to flinch.

"Rose! No, not my Rose!"

"P-Please," sobbed Rose as she sobbed, "run away. Save yourself." As she spoke, the air grew tense and tingling. It coursed along Merrie's skin, but it wasn't her bonding that was beginning to take place. She could feel the power filling Rose, an intense energy that warped the air around her.

Merrie froze as sanity returned to her from the force of Anasome's despair and Rose's bonding. She spit out the bloody limb and stared down at the frail, thin girl underneath her. The blood was pouring out faster; it was only moments before Rose bled to death.

The stench of blood rose up and Merrie felt it coursing along her check. Gasping, she stepped back as a blood-red current of air stretched out from Rose's chest to Lady Anasome's. It was thin and

wafting, but it was just as solid as Merrie's shadowy chain and the Sable's line of force.

Rose's chest rose and fell as she stared at her dripping fingers. And then, she took a deep breath. Energy blossomed around her as red mist rose up from her fingers and drifted to her nose. It sank into her and her body began to glow with a ruddy light. Her eyes slowly closed and then opened, but when she looked at Merrie, she looked with slitted red eyes.

Merrie's hackles rose and she stepped back to dig her paws into the torn up floor for purchase. As the power rippled around her, the floor boards began to rot away.

Rose's body shimmered and faded away, turning into a whirlwind of red mist before reforming into a giant cat the size of a tiger with red on red stripes. Her snarl filled the room as she got to her feet. The impact of Rose's paws shook the room. (You will not hurt my Lady!) Rose's mental voice slammed into Merrie.

Merrie charged. She came up underneath Rose's neck and bit down on her neck, her teeth piercing fur. There was a flood of blood as Merrie flipped her over and the impact shook the entire house. With a surge of strength, she dug into Rose's throat, tearing through flesh and fur until she had a mouth-full. And, with all her might, she yanked back and tore Rose's throat out.

A wet gurgling noise filled the air and blood sprayed everywhere as Rose thumped to the ground, her massive tiger form cracking the floorboards from the impact. The arterial spray shot out for a few seconds and then quickly became just a river of blood pooling at Merrie's paws.

Lady Anasome's knees hit the ground as she let out a sob. "No," she gasped.

Merrie stared at Rose's twitching form until the blood-flecked legs stopped moving. With a growl, she turned on Lady Anasome.

But, Anasome wasn't cowering anymore. Her face was screwed with concentration as she held out her hands in front of her. Between her palms, a yellow mist boiled in her palms. Streamers of it spread out across the ground and Merrie drank in the smell of lemongrass and sage. It was a peaceful smell but it wasn't strong enough to stop Merrie.

Merrie stepped forward and growled. (I won't come back.)

Lady Anasome gasped as she concentrated on her hands. The mist grew thick like pea soup.

(That won't stop me.)

The lady looked up with a hard look. She spread out her fingers and the mist exploded from her fingers. It washed over Merrie, the scent strong and powerful, but then it passed.

Merrie took another step. (I will not—)

A sharp pain pierced her back paw. Merrie shook her foot, but the pain only grew more intense as four fangs shoved deeper into the joint and an intense burning sensation raced up her leg.

Her growl stopped in an instant. Merrie looked down to see a snake had bitten into her leg. It was a long serpent, about two meters long, with yellow and black patterned scaled down its length.

Merrie shook her leg harder, trying to dislodge the snake.

It held on as poison continued to shoot up her legs, sending tremors and burning pain across her nerves.

Panic cutting into her anger, Merrie melted into shadows and reformed a meter away.

The snake didn't follow the reflexively movement. It thumped to the ground and slithered quickly toward Lady Anasome.

Merrie glanced back at Rose, but to her surprise, the large form of the blood-red tiger gone. Only a bloody smear gave any hint that Rose had fallen. She turned back just as the snake reached Lady Anasome.

Instead of rearing back in fear, Lady Anasome reached down and the snake coiled up her arm before sliding into her lap. The lady held up her left hand and the air wavered around her fingers. The scent of leather and spice filled the air, surrounding both snake and woman in a barely visible cloud.

The snake's form blurred and expanded, filling into a woman's body that Lady Anasome cradled tightly. It took Merrie only a heartbeat to recognize the woman and feel the thoughts that came from the newly bonded alpha.

It was Rose, but the young woman shown no sign of having her arms torn off her or her throat ripped out. Not even a scar marred the almost flawless pale flesh of her body. She was naked, though,

with a thick bush of hair between her legs and more underneath her arms. It smelled of leather and sweat.

“Well,” gasped Lady Anasome, “now we know—”

An explosion of air caught Merrie on the side as Loyal Alestri teleported in. Her spear tore through the floor as it caught Merrie in the side. The impact shattered Merrie’s ribs and threw her through the wall, across the gap between houses, and threw the outer wall of the neighboring home. Wooden beams and stone braces snapped across her back before she landed in someone’s living room.

Alestri came jumping in, her spear in an overhead strike. The blade tore through the outer wall and the ceiling of the room as it came down.

“Stop!” screamed Lady Anasome and Rose at the same time, their voices blurring together.

Everything stopped as the blade came to a halt, the sharp edge leaving a scratch from Merrie’s forehead to her sternum. Energy rolled off the weapon, burning Merrie’s skin and blackening her flesh.

“Alestri, order her!”

“What?” came the crystalline voice, filled with anger and rage. The Loyal’s armor was blackened and corroded. The smell of Shadows hung thickly around her. Deep gouges marred the green surface and there was black blood coating her arm from her knuckles to her upper shoulder.

Merrie panted as she looked for some way to attack.

“Order her to sit, stay, anything!” snapped Anasome.

“Loyal Alestri says stay.”

It wasn’t a command, it was a confused response to the lady’s order. Merrie snarled as she gathered up her power. Around her, the darkness deepened into sharp lines.

“Order her to beg before she attacks!”

“Loyal Alestri—” Power rippled off the armor as Alestri began a true command.

Merrie tried to order herself to disobey, but it was too late.

“—says beg!” The command exploded from the Loyal, blowing apart the room and the floor above them. Windows shattered across the street as the echoes of her voice echoed painfully in Merrie’s head. The domination spell that came with it grabbed Merrie with

the force of a hurricane and slammed into her, piercing through shield and her protections as if they were paper. Her collar grew hot and burned her skin as it rose up, but Merrie was already submitting.

She snapped into place, heedless of the spear against her. But, no blade sliced into her as she came into place, her wrist at her collar in the perfect position.

Her body exploded into an orgasm, the pleasure becoming an instant singularity of ecstasy as she obeyed the command that crashed into her. It spread out from her mind in a wave of power, striking every mind except for the armored woman in front of her.

There were royal knights and guards outside, rushing toward the battle. All of them dropped to their knees as they came. She felt people in the next room, the next house, and even among the World Tree drop as they were struck with the strongest orgasm of their lives. It kept rippling out, beyond the limits of the city and into the countryside. Villages and cities exploded into orgasm and then more beyond that. Thousands, hundreds of thousand people orgasmed at her submission. Each one of them became a star in a field of white in her mind. And, with an intensity of a knife, they rippled back at her.

Merrie gasped as she felt it rushing toward her. It was too much, even for her. Desperate, she connected to the collar and used it as a sink of power like Tamin did. As the ecstasy crashed into her, she poured it into the metal ring.

The light around her faded and the shadows grew dark as the pleasure filled the collar. At first, it felt like it was pouring into a bottomless pit, but moments later, the collar began to fill and spill out into Merrie. An orgasm rippled through her body and she clamped down as wet juices poured out of her sex and her body grew slick with need. It added to the blood puddling underneath her and filled the air with her excitement.

“Loyal Alestri has identified the source of the spontaneous orgasms that have inflicted this city,” came the sullen, crystalline voice. “Obvious with hindsight.”

Lady Anasome staggered up, holding her naked Rose.

“Loyal Alestri does not suggest Lady Anasome come closer. This woman is guilty of treason and will be—”

“Quiet, please. It isn’t her fault.” Lady Anasome’s voice was harsh as she knelt down next to Merrie.

Merrie felt the rage inside her boiling. Lady Anasome was going to take her back to the mill.

And then the scent of Crystalline Rose drifted past her and the memories came rushing back. With a gasp, she realized what she had done. (N-No.) She shook her head. (I didn’t—)

“Quiet, please.” Repeated Lady Anasome. “I know. You have a charm on you and no one knew what it would do to you. But, you have to break it, Merrie.”

(I-I can’t. I can’t remember long enough. And I destroyed...) Despair slammed into her. She had destroyed her only happiness. But, when she inhaled, she could still smell it. (How?)

Lady Anasome knelt in the rubble and held up her hands. Between her palms, the mist formed a rose in her hand. It was the smell that kept her sane. “I make scents. It’s my power.” She smiled and the tears in her eyes glistened. “It also brought Rose back to life. I have to thank you, in some way you triggered something I feared most of my life.”

Tears ran down Merrie’s cheeks. (I didn’t meant to hurt her.)

“It’s okay, you didn’t know. But, it does mean that we need to remove this charm on you. And the only way is to go back. Back to the mill.”

Merrie tensed, waiting for the anger, but the perfume held it back.

“You can’t do this on your own, Merrie. You need Haviston.”

(How? I almost killed Haviston.) Merrie whimpered as the memories slammed into him. (I cropped him.)

“He will help you. I promise.” She gasped and sweat prickled her brow. “But first, we’re going to make you a new scent. One that I’m not bound to use and one that will keep your memories were they belong,” her voice lowered into a strained whimper, “in your heart.”

Tears ran down Merrie’s cheeks. (But Crystalline Rose is the only scent that keeps my anger away.)

“Right now, it is, but not for long. We can start with it—”

The scent of the beloved perfume rose around her.

“—but I can feel other memories in your heart. Smells that call to you, ones that bring a smile. There is a farm somewhere, I can smell

it. A kitchen with warm porridge and a crackling fire. Of an old man who much love you very much.”

Merrie inhaled and suddenly she was in her grandfather's kitchen, remembering what it was like to eat oatmeal with her feet dangling off the chair. He was next to her, his arms wrapped around her as he held her tight.

“And you love Bass... and Tabitha... and Sable... and Dixie...” With each name, scents of the masters and alphas of the mill drifted around her, blending with each other into a sweet smell that brought more tears streaming down Merrie's face.

“I can smell the mill and baths around you.”

Merrie inhaled, drinking in the intense smells as Lady Anasome described them.

“But there is more, but I don't know their names. There is this...” The smell of Shadows drifted past her and then of Kine and Rimmy and her pack, the memories swirling together into an intoxicating world of intense feelings.

Merrie sobbed but she couldn't move. Alestri's command still held her down, but it was the scent that was dominating her. She could feel the submission boiling in her body, an inferno in her sex and another in her heart.

“Of course, there is lovely Tamin. And you wouldn't be you if it wasn't for the scent of sex, would it? Just a hint of cum, men, and women.”

The smells filled her, giving her clarity but keeping the insane anger at bay. Merrie gasped as she reached out for Tamin.

The hound responded, groggy and in pain. She sent a surge of power through their connection and felt his body melt into shadows and reform as he began to recover from his injuries.

“One last scent, but I don't understand why it would make you happy.” The mist between Lady Anasome's palms turned into a darkness that Merrie felt pulsing in her veins. The smell was familiar and as painful as the three days of rape. It was of brick and blood and metal and Rakin.

Merrie sobbed as she smiled. (Rakin.)

“You are a complicated girl, Merrie.” Her eyes brightened. “And I think I know the name of this scent.”

Rose held out a glass bottle and Lady Anasome poured the mist into it. It liquefied at the bottom, gathering until the glass was filled to the brim. With a practiced flare, Rose twisted a cap on it and sealed it shut.

Lady Anasome picked it out of Rose's hands and turned it around. "You will go back to the Mill, Merrie. And you will break this charm on you. And when you do, then you'll be safe and you can come back home. That is an order, do you understand, my little Complicated Bitch?"

And then she set the bottle of Merrie's private scent on the cloak puddled at the bitch's knees.

Merrie stared down at it as the tears poured freely to the ground. She took in a deep breath, but it wasn't a scent that she could tell but memories. Memories that clung to her skin and kept the crystalline anger at bay.

She looked up and sobbed.

"Do you understand?"

Over Lady Anasome's shoulder was Alestri, ready to strike again.

Merrie focused on the woman in front of her and barked softly.

"Good girl."

t'Sade

The First Step

84

Merrie sat on the ground and peered up at the message board. The summer rain poured down on her face, plastering her ears and hair to her back. It continued down her body, sluicing over her bare breasts and naked ass. She smiled at the liquid caresses and her tail wagged slowly with her emotions.

Underneath the smell of rain and the mud below her, her world was filled with memories. The scent of Lady Anasome's perfume tickled her senses and warmed her heart. She didn't smell it as roses, spices, or anything else. It was simply a delicate reminder of the joy in her life. Every time she inhaled, she remembered the sweet loving in Bass' bathtub, Kine's passion, and even Rakin's obsession.

Haviston's compulsion was still there, waiting to tear her memories apart, but every time she inhaled the perfume that clung to her hair, the scent pushed away the crystalline claws. A single spray lasted longer than Crystalline Rose and even the smallest hint kept away the horror, but that didn't stop her from secreting three bottles in her cloak.

Tamin's thoughts reached into her own, brimming with the bitter discomfort of the sparse crowds that hung around the boards. It was nothing like the beginning of summer, but there were enough that he saw danger in every pool of light and spear of sunlight. (Why can't we just take to the Shadows?)

She smiled to herself and shifted to the side, slopping through the thick mud. It clung to her knees and thighs, coating her pale skin. She settled down and peered up at the boards, reading through services both offered and requested, but mostly forgotten in the

rain. (Franome is a big country. I've seen a map and I know where Blood County is, but...)

Fear scraped her thoughts and she closed her eyes as the familiar frustration rose up. She had become a capable fighter and her collar only enhanced her powers. She could defend herself from almost anything the gods threw at her. If she could survive as long as she did against Alestri, she could defeat her opponents. But, there was a lot more to travel than fighting and she knew very little about the ways of the world outside of occasional trips to the surrounding forests to fuck.

She could use the Shadows and cover great distances, but the darkness were different in the countryside. The shifting shadows came from trees and rocks, not immobile buildings. It was wild and chaotic. In the city, she knew exactly how many steps to take to enter a building, to cross a street, or to race across a park. But, out in the wilds, taking too many steps could put her into the neighboring countries or even the ocean.

Merrie worried her lip. She was also afraid of getting lost. Being able to cross kilometers in minutes didn't help if she had no way to orient herself. It wouldn't be faster if she couldn't find the Mill.

(At least you'll be able to use the Shadows once you've been there.)

She smiled and wrapped Tamin's thoughts in a mental hug. (Yes, once I know the Mill's shadows, I can figure out how to travel back and forth. But, for the first time, we have to take in the long way. And Kirin seems to think you and me shouldn't travel alone for weeks.)

Tamin's tongue hung out. (We won't starve and nothing is stupid enough to eat us.)

(No, but we might end up in Emberka.) Emberka was in the opposite direction, almost three thousand kilometer away. It was also where Franome was currently at the cusp of war with the barbarians and the last place Merrie would ever want to be.

His thoughts turned serious for a moment as a guard walked by, but then he beamed with amusement. (Someone will take us, soon. Anasome ordered you.) And in the back of his thoughts. (... like her personal bitch.)

Merrie's eyes narrowed and she playfully gathered up a quick burst of lust.

Tamin tensed as he felt what she was doing and then shuddered as it exploded inside his mind. A splatter of cum arched out of the shadows and struck the ground with a wet slurp. He slumped to the ground. (Yes, Alpha. Though, if you were paying attention when you and Kine came home, this would be a moot point.)

Merrie grinned and perked her ears. She spent the entire trip from the fair with her mouth wrapped around Kine's cock or leaning against his body with his fingers drumming against her sex. It was a haze of sex and exploration and growth, learning about his body and his needs. (I was paying attention to something more important.)

His amusement tickled her thoughts.

(Face it.) She panted as she giggled. (We're city bitches.)

(No, you're a city bitch.)

Merrie turned and smiled at him. As she did, her heavy collar slipped along her neck and she heard rain dripping off the black ring. Her eyes focused on the pitch black eyes peering at her from the shadows. (You're right. I'm a city bitch and you're my bitch.)

Tamin's thoughts turned lustful and playful. (Only if you earn it.)

With a grin, she shifted her attention and sent another hard pulse of pleasure.

His mind grew dark with the sudden orgasm and he slumped to the ground.

(You're my bitch, Tamin.) She grinned and sent another blast of ecstasy down the connection and then a third, leaving him writhing on the ground as his cock throbbed painfully and cum left streaks in the mud.

Through the haze of pleasure, his world became centered on his cock. It drew her attention and she focused on it, watching it throb with every pulse of his heart. It was large and aching and she knew exactly how to ease it. Lifting her ass out of the mud, she drew his attention to the cleft of her pussy and wiggled her tail more. (Need help with that? Once we find someone?)

His lustful growl brought a shiver of anticipation coursing down her spine.

“Bitch!” Nir splashed up to Merrie with a poster in her hand. The rain clung to the black mesh of her outfit and traced her curves as it ran along the material. Her wedding ring, forged from red gold and attached to her nipple, tented the fabric and a droplet of rain clung to the peak. She gasped as she knelt down in front of Merrie.

Merrie smiled and reached up to lick the liquid off the hard nipple. Her tongue caught the mesh and she pushed it aside to catch the crinkled aureole and ring with her lips.

“I thought we were doing something important,” Nir said with a giggle, but she didn’t pull away.

(This is important. Besides, that woman is watching.) She sent an image of a dark-skinned woman, probably from Melkuth, standing next to a much shorter Belkim female reading the board. They both had the sense of adventurers. The dark woman rested on a staff that pulsed with ice magic and watched Nir and Merrie from underneath long, black eyelashes.

Nir stroked Merrie’s hair and ran her fingers along the sensitive ridge. With a graceful shift, she brought her bracelet with her Whore’s Guild charm up against the ring in Merrie’s hair. The two seals clinked softly against each other. Nir leaned forward and smiled over her shoulder at the Melkuth woman.

Merrie could feel the desire radiating from the woman. She giggled and rested her head on Nir’s shoulder. (I think you might have a new customer.)

“Are you sure?” whispered Nir. “She’s looking at both of us.”

Merrie reached out with her mind and scanned the woman’s thoughts. (No, she’s looked at your ass and wondering what it would look like impaled by a strap-on made of ice.)

Nir moaned softly. “That sounds fun.” She worried her bottom lip. “Do you mind? I want to find out.”

Merrie kissed her. Her cloak plucked the papers from Nir’s hand as the young woman stood up and sauntered over to the dark-skinned woman. Merrie let her shade spell drape over her body as she turned away to keep the adventurer’s focus on Nir. Using the animated cloak, she flattened out the page and flipped it over to read it.

It was an announcement from the Guardian Guild, a group of warriors who specialized in protecting buildings and people. Part of

the guild remained in the cities while the others traveled along the roads, guarding caravans on their way to cities that couldn't afford a full-time guild.

She read through it twice with a frown. The guild was protecting a caravan to Richte Burin, a city in Kador County. She frowned as she tried to remember her geography lessons, but nothing drifted up. She had forgotten a lot when she bonded with Kine and reading maps were never her best skill. She sighed and reached out with her mind, plucking the memories from the people around her until she found the answer. Kador was just over a fifty kilometers south of Blood County, right at the southern border of Franome.

(It's close to the Mill.)

Merrie nodded. (We can use the Shadows for that distance. Hard to get lost then. And once I get closer, I can orient by finding Sable and Dixie.)

Tamin didn't disagree. (Even without knowing the area, a few kilometers won't be that bad. How many people in the caravan?)

She scanned the poster. (Looks like... thirty men and...) At the bottom were the guardians assigned to the task, listing their rank and years of service. Her eyes glazed over at the people she didn't know, but then the last name caught her attention: Gillette Dormin (prob., indep.).

Her mouth opened as her tail splashed into the mud. (Gillette joined the Guardians!?)

The world spun around her as she stared at the name. She never thought about him entering a guild, though she didn't know why she thought about it. It made sense to her, when she thought about it. Gillette had been protecting the people of the Shadowed District and the Guardians did the same thing.

Tamin's attention focused on her and then he pulled back, a bitterness blossoming in his mind. (When you needed him most, he turned you down. I can never forgive him for that.)

(He didn't attack Bass. And he walked away because he disagreed with the paladins. He isn't that bad.)

Wary agreement rippled through the connection. (He knows us. He knows what you are and what you need, from the Shadows to the sex. He understands, though he may not agree. He may not bed you, but he will explain your needs to others.)

Merrie nodded as her tail wagged slowly. She knew what Tamin was dancing around, the same thing that tickled her thoughts. (The only problem is that he worked for the paladins more than once.)

(Lemetri,) the name came with a fierce wave of protectiveness.

She sighed as she stared at the page. The rain continued to drip along her body, tickling the sides of her breasts and caressing her pussy. (Who's side is Gillette on? Can we trust him? He has never harmed us though.)

(He turned you down. What if you need him again? What if he rejects you?)

Merrie smiled sadly. (And if he didn't, I would have never bonded with myself. And, I like my new mistress.)

Tamin said nothing and his thoughts were comforting.

(It's just to get to the Mill. We don't have to tell him why we're going.)

(And if he ends up working for the paladins?)

(I'll...) She sighed and stood up. Mud dripped off her ass and she shook her rear to clear most of it. The splatters landed on bystander's legs and shoes, but none of them noticed with the shade draped around her body. Slowly, Merrie crawled around the people to the shadows where Tamin hid. (I'll ask him.)

Tamin stood up and stepped into the Shadows as she reached him. (People lie.)

She joined him and gave him a bump of her shoulder. (I won't let him.)

The poster gave an address for one of the halls owned by the Guardian Guild. She guessed he would be near the hall if he just joined the guild. She also knew the building from giving head to someone in an alley across the street. It was only a few minutes ago and she stepped back into the shadows to cross the city.

As she stepped back out in the business district, Tamin remained behind to protect her from the Shadows.

The Guardian's hall was only a few blocks away from Rice's, the blacksmith that built and enchanted the cage that Kine bought for her. She smiled and wondered if she should buy another one, to replace the one that melted in the attack on the mansion.

(You might consider rebuilding the mansion first.)

Merrie rolled her eyes. (I know, but Kirin has something in mind and Monk is working with Claston's people on it. I think they want to turn it into a brothel or something.)

(It's our home. I like it private.) He grumbled, but she knew that he was looking forward to having naked men and women close to home. He cringed at the idea of people wandering through their private areas, the places to flee from the light and attention.

She giggled. (Oh, they'll be private rooms. Ones that only shadows can enter.) She knew exactly which two rooms: the one she bonded with Kine and the porch.

His amusement kept her company as she headed down the block to a large, stone building with the Guardian Guild's seal on the front. Unlike the Whore's Guild, the Guardian's base was designed to look imposing and professional. There were no bright colors on the gray stone. Steel bars covered the windows. Merrie could feel the wards burned in every opening and sunk into the bricks.

She stopped at the entrance, wrapped in darkness as she regarded the brightly-lit entrance. There were shadows inside but the wards were designed to prevent her from sneaking in. Reaching out, she scanned over them looking for a weakness.

After a few seconds, she realized she was better than the mage who created the guild's protections. A smile stretched across her face and her tail wagged back and forth.

Letting her body dissolve into shadows, she flowed through the entrance underneath a heavy-set man looking for a bodyguard. The wards didn't even tickle her senses as she reached inside and then delved into the darkness of a plant, and then a desk. She worked her way through the lower floors until she found who she was looking for.

Gillette sat at one of the large wooden tables in a common back room. His scythe rested against his shoulder, held in place by the crook of his arm resting on his hip. He looked well-rested but somehow dirtier, as if something had stained his skin and darkened his thoughts.

There were others at the table, all sitting. She peered over the edge of the table and saw a map of Franome. Little colored tacks marked a trail from Franome City, past Blood County, and then into Kador County. Along the way, there were other pins with tiny flags

on them. She recognized the symbols for inns and shelters, but four of the largest pins were simply numbered. Three of them were also off the path with a tiny line of tacks leading to smaller villages. The fourth was just south of Richte Burin.

Merrie reached out with her mind for Gillette. (What are the numbers for?)

Gillette didn't jerk at her intruding thoughts and the corner of his lip curled up. (Those are other jobs. The first is tax payment by a village. They want us to watch over the ceremony since the baron who used to run the barony died without a will or heir. Apparently there were some people who want to put in their own guy in charge. The second is a house that needs to be checked on. I guess there is a rich guy in town that uses it as a winter home. The third is just a rock... I don't understand. The fourth is the first stop for some painter.) An image of an older man with frizzy white hair and a ragged bear covered in paint drifted up. (He's commissioned to illustrate the farms for one of the guilds in town. The biggest job is Richte itself, they have a group of shadow creatures preying on the citizens.)

She couldn't help but feel hope rising up inside him.

Merrie ducked underneath the table, flowing through the legs until she came up next to Gillette. Letting her body reform, she breathed in the smell of leather and men. Her pussy tinged with need, it was a long time since she was properly gang-banged. Muscular warriors were some of her favorite lovers.

She could feel Gillette trying to reach her, but he didn't have the ability to project unless she was focusing on him. She reached out and let their minds connect.

(... Shades? Are you there?)

(Yes,) she said with a wave of amusement.

(Where are you?)

(Close?)

She could almost feel his eyes rolling. (I know that, you knew about the pins. How close?)

Worrying her lip, she reached up and rested her wrist against his thigh. She was tiny compared to his hard-muscled body, but he jerked as if he was bitten. With a gasp, he clamped his legs tightly together.

“Gillette?” asked the man in charge. He had a rough voice but Merrie could tell that he was fond of Gillette, a capable warrior his own age. “Something you want to add?”

“N-No, sir, just anxious to get going.”

Merrie grinned at Gillette’s strained voice.

“Pay attention then. You might be a famous warrior already, but you may learn something.”

Gillette chuckled as his knees pressed tightly together. “I can always learn something.” (That wasn’t very nice!)

Merrie rested her chin on his knees. (You wanted to know how close.)

(What if they see you?)

(No one will ever see me if I don’t want them too.) She smiled at the thought, though she couldn’t help be reminded of both times her shade was broken. She sighed softly and leaned forward until her collar rested against his leg.

Her eyes flickered up his leg to Gillette’s crotch. She could tell that he was well-hung by the bulge in his trousers. It was also growing larger as flashes of images came drifting through his thoughts. Of her fighting naked, blood dripping down her breasts. Tiny flashes of her bare pussy as she walked away from him in the snow at the inn.

(Um, don’t read my mind, please?) he projected with embarrassment. (I don’t normally think like this.)

Merrie smiled and her tail wagged, barely touching the other legs underneath the table. (I’ve seen worse.)

(I haven’t. You just... make me think about those things.)

She spread her knees and pressed against the junction of his legs. Her breasts ground against his shins and she felt an uncomfortable lust rising up in his head.

(Um, Shades? I’m in the middle of a briefing.)

(Would you have become my master? If we weren’t fighting?)

A brief image of his cock buried in her mouth flashed across his mind, to be instantly blow away by humiliation. (I... yes.)

(Why didn’t you?)

(Because people get hurt when decisions like those are made in combat. They should be planned and talked about, not made without thought.)

(You didn't plan to stay in Franome City to defend against the Shadowed District.)

Another flash of embarrassment. (Yeah, but those type of things don't always work out for me. When I was younger...) He took a deep breath as an image bubbled up, of a young Gillette standing over the body of his brother, staring down at the bloody hole in his sibling's side. The scythe slipped from his hand, clattering loudly as he realized what he had done. Guilt slammed into him, cutting off the memories. (I made mistakes, Shades. I'm not a perfect man and I never will be.)

Merrie's ears flattened against her head. (I'm sorry, but I didn't need a perfect man. I needed you.)

Trembling, Gillette reached underneath the table. He reached out for her, parting his thighs enough for her to inch forward. (I'm sorry. I-I just couldn't make that choice, not then.)

She smiled and brought her head underneath his hand. When his fingers curled into her hair, she let out a silent moan. (I understand, I did spring it on you without warning.)

He tugged her ear. (Being asked to be an owner of a beautiful woman is pretty out of place when she's dripping with blood and gore.)

She gave a sheepish smile. (I panicked.)

He tugged on her ear again. (Bad girl.)

Merrie shivered at the words. She let her mind drift through the fantasies she had before she was collared. Her eyes focused on his crotch, using the thick bulge to guide them.

As she dreamed, his cock grew larger and strained against his buttons. (Shades?)

Her ears perked. (Yes?)

(Could you stop doing that? It's... getting a response from me and there are people staring. And, I've never done that.) A brief image of one of her fantasies, of him cock deep in her ass, flashed across his thoughts in a haze of shame and embarrassment.

(It isn't so bad once you—)

(Why are you here, Shades?)

Merrie thought about the map, drawing a circle in the area near the Puppy Mill. (I need to leave town.)

(Me too, that is why I joined the Guardians.)

Surprise blossomed through her mind. (Why? I thought you liked it here.)

(Lemetri's paladins made the choice for me.)

Merrie tensed and she felt Tamin growling in the darkness.

(When there were only a few in town, they seemed like nice guys. They were fighting the good fight and defeating evil. But, with them gathering her to take out that Bassimar monster, they are pressuring me to join their goddess. I'm for fighting shadows and evil, but they have so many other ideas of what I should be doing... and who I should help.) There was a sullen bitterness in his mind. (There is also over a hundred of them in town now, strutting around with shiny armor and speaking out of their asses. If Franome City needs protection, she has plenty.)

His fingers caught the sensitive ridge of her ear and he stroked it. (The Guardians have been courting me for a while and I decided to take them up on the offer. There are other people that need my help and, out there, I can just do my job.)

Merrie closed her eyes. There was passion in his voice and a desire to do good. She could also feel the disappointment with Lemetri's paladins.

(I was thinking about asking for you too. Though, I would be rather embarrassed to go to the Whore's Guild to ask.)

Her ear perked up. (Why?)

(You're the best damn fighter I've seen.)

She was floored by the blatant honesty behind his words.

(Even without your hands and feet... and being naked, you've taken on more than almost anyone else in this building. It isn't the fighting, it's the mind behind what you can do. I have never seen you do anything evil. I've never felt it. If it came down to it, I have no doubt, you are probably as good if not a better person than most of the paladins strutting around.)

She blushed. Her tail dropped as she leaned into his hand, enjoying the stroking as she felt his passion rising.

(It wasn't long ago, I asked for a favor. Remember?)

She remembered sitting in the snow as she asked him to let her go. She sent a wave of agreement.

(I'd love it if you came with me, but I won't force you. I just know that between you and me... we can free Richte Burin from their

troubles. And maybe, if it works out, maybe keep doing it? You and me?) There was hope in his thoughts, a desperate desire to keep doing what he was doing but also to stay near her.

Merrie smiled and gave a sad wave of comfort. (But, I'm a city bitch.)

(You're more than just a bitch, Shades. You may bark like a dog and have a tail, but you are something far more than just a girl on her knees.)

She smiled and realized she was panting with his compliments. Biting her lip, she inched up against him, working his knees apart. (Do you trust me?)

(Yes...?) He response was wary.

She worked her arms between his legs. The smooth ends of her wrists caressed his thighs and she used her shoulders to push his knees apart and worked her head up between his legs.

(S-Shades!? You can't do that, everyone is watching!)

The heat from his body swirled around her. She moaned softly as she reached up with her cloak, using two tiny tendrils of shadows to pop open a button.

His cock swelled at the seam in his pants, his cock straining with the reluctant lust coloring his thoughts.

She popped a second button with her cloak. The seam spread open and she took a deep breath and relished the smell of Gillette's excitement. His shaft was thick and she wanted to feel it in her mouth.

(No!) His sharp thoughts burst across her mind. His hands grabbed her head in his palms, fingers digging into her scalp as he held her in place. (No, don't do that.)

Merrie froze with a moan frozen in her throat. As she stared at his swollen cock and felt the pressure on her head, despair rose up. He rejected her again. For all the words, the little compliments and lustful thoughts, he didn't want her.

She pulled away from him and his hands slumped to his thighs. (I'm sorry, I though,) she sighed, (I thought you'd want me.) She gathered up the darkness. (I'll find another way.)

His hands balled into fists and she could feel frustration burning in his mind. It rose into a white-hot fury and then he slumped. (Shades,) he thought with a quiet mind. (Shades?)

Merrie looked at his hands. He was beckoning to her.
(Come back, please?)

She almost turned away and fled to the shadows. She stared at his hands with regret and fear in her mind. Slowly, she let the shadows slip off her and her body grew solid once again. Her heart pounded in her chest as she inched forward, stroking her breasts against his shins before settling in between his legs.

He caught her head, caressing with his thumb as he touched her ears, throat, and cheeks. (I'm sorry. I don't respond well to surprises.)

With a deep breath, she rested her chin against his thigh. Her nose was millimeters from his cock, watching the silky skin pulse with his heartbeat through the seam of his pants. (This is part of who I am, you know. I'm not capable of abstaining. I can't stop bringing pleasure to the people around me.)

There was sadness in his mind as he fought through his resistances. She could feel the devotion swirling in his thoughts, a promise to someone.

(You don't have to fuck me,) she thought.

His hand tensed on her hand as his internal struggle peaked. And then, with a rush, it sank down into his thoughts and he stroked her ear again. (Would you trust me if we didn't fuck?)

She blushed and her thoughts grew embarrassed. (I like to give pleasure. I like to touch and suck and fuck. It feels good. It isn't trust, it's... it's... comfort. Closeness. I like to feel your desires in my head, to know you in the only way I know.)

He stroked her cheek with both hands, his thumbs reaching down to cup her chin. (It's been a very long time, Shades. Not since... not since they died.)

(I'll be gentle.) She worried her lip, feeling like a schoolgirl about to get her first kiss. (But, only if you want this.)

He hesitated, then slowly spread his knees apart. (I-I,) he shivered, (for you.)

She parted her lips as she leaned forward. Pressing her nose against the hot skin of his cock, she took a deep breath. He had a musky scent, one touched by his battles but also by his strength. He smelled clean, without a hint of pussy or even cum on his cock. It was nothing but hot flesh.

Her cloak rippled around her, forming two tendrils to pluck at his buttons. She kept her mouth against his cock, working her lips as the buttons came undone. With each one, the seam of his pants swelled open and more of his length pressed against her mouth.

Gillette was large and thick. Not huge like a thriiban, but large for a human. She knew that it would fill her mouth and strain her jaw. The thought of gagging on his cock brought a rush to her mouth. She pushed herself up on her knees and let her collar rest against his balls.

The last button came open with a rush and his cock sprung free of his pants. It towered over her, a thick column of flesh. She smiled at the smell and she caressed her lips along the silky hardness. It was soft and delicate, a startling contrast of the warrior above her.

His mind was bright with need and fear. His stomach tensed and relaxed. But, instead of pushing her back, he wrapped his hands around the back of her neck and pulled her close. (Be gentle, it's... been a long time.)

Merrie lifted her head until her ears caressed the bottom of the table. She smiled as she stared at the tip of his cock, the thick wedge jumping with his heartbeat. A pearl of pre-cum gathered at the tip and quivered with each movement of his body.

She slipped one arm around his cock and tilted it toward her. With a cool breath on his length, she opened her mouth and pressed her lips to his cock. He was hot as she was cold.

Gillette's knuckles cracked as he balled his hands into fists. His mind was focused on her, every millimeter of her mouth against his shaft, and every part of her breasts and arms that touched his body. She could feel the focus, the obsession, and the warring emotions.

Merrie closed her eyes as she took him further into her mouth, enjoying the way her lips stretched around the thickness of his length. His cock burned her lips and she bobbed down, moving with precise strokes that brought her ears against the bottom of the table and her chin against his length. She moaned silently with the movement, bobbing deeper with every stroke.

From the corner of her eyes, she could see him shaking with the effort. His hands ground into his thighs, knuckles white as he clutched himself. (Gentle, gentle,) he chanted with his mind.

She wrapped the shade around him, keeping the others from noticing his efforts. Swirling her tongue around, she tilted his cock until the resistance stopped her. She opened her mouth but kept her lips sealed over his length, bobbing deeper. She moaned as the veins in his length slipped past her lips and then back again.

Soon, his cock bumped against the back of her throat. The thickness ached her jaw but she could handle it. She stopped bobbing to press harder on his cock, forcing it deeper into her throat. It slid along the curve and then began to slow descent as her lips reached for his base.

Her lungs burned with the need to breathe, but she knew that it wouldn't burn for long. The collar would keep her alive but not hold back the feeling of suffocation. She rocked back and forth as she forced his length deeper until his girth ground her tongue to her bottom jaw and her lips were sealed tightly against his back.

Gillette's thoughts were incoherent. He was focused on every sensation, as if it was the first time he had fucked. She could feel the newness in his mind, the wonder and excitement burning with an intense flame. He pulsed in her length, his cock pounding hard as he realized he was balls deep in the cool, wet confines of her mouth and throat.

(Come for me,) she begged.

His pleasure grew with the knowledge that he was buried inside her. His length swelled and every heartbeat pounded in her throat. The pressure was intense as she held it there, letting her body massage his length.

She smiled, the curl of her lip teasing his base. It was the point of pleasure for him, just as she gave wet pressure to the tip of his length.

Her lungs continued to burn and black spots swam across her vision. She held herself still as she delved into his mind, slipping through his natural shields to find his pleasure, the perfect touch, the perfect position.

Gillette stood at uncomfortable attention in front of the paladin's desk. He felt naked without his scythe, but they refused to leave him his weapon. They had never done it before, but he had broken their trust and they were making a show of their displeasure.

"Why did you do it, Gil? Why did you abandon us?" Paladin Friss slapped the table as he stood up. "We needed you and you just walked away!"

He sighed and struggled for the words. He couldn't say that Shades asked him to walk away or that he no longer trusted any of the paladins around him. They were too obsessed with their question and with hunting down Bassimar. Deciding to not antagonize the holy warriors surrounding him, he shrugged. "I had to leave. I just couldn't do it anymore."

"We lost a lot of good men because of you!"

Anger choked Gillette. He stepped forward and slammed his hands on the table, the impact ran out in the small room they were using for meetings. "You are a fucking idiot, Friss! If there was any doubt, you should have gone in there yourself."

"It was Bass, you—" Friss stopped and sat down, taking a deep breath before speaking again. "Bassimar is the enemy of Lemetri and I will stop at nothing to kill him!"

"You sent eighty guards and mercenaries to die!"

"And I would send a thousand more!"

Gillette growled. "Fuck this." He turned and stormed back. "I'm done with you." As he passed the squire holding his scythe, he reached out and yanked it from the young man's hands, cracking the poor squire's fingers as he retrieved his weapon. The tip of the blade slashed through the door frame as he stormed away.

"You'll never work in this city again, Gillette!"

Merrie paused as the memories cut through her mind. Her intimacy had brought his thoughts close to her. She reached out for his desires, looking for what turned him on.

But, to her surprise, he had no fetishes and no strong desires. There was no perfect position. He was enjoying the sensation of her lips against his base and the spasm of her throat around his cock, feeling the caress of her mouth as his first.

She smiled and ground down, forcing her nose into the thick patch of hair at his base. She moaned and he stiffened at the vibrations.

Gillette sat at the same table, feeling nervous as he stared at the Master Guardian, an old man covered with muscles and armed with a two-handed sword. The question the master asked still hung in his mind, but he wasn't

sure how to answer it. "I don't know, I like to help people? There are people out there that need me and I'm willing to fight the dark to give them hope."

The Master steepled his fingers and nodded. "So, I've heard. Your work with the Shadowed District is legendary in this city. As is your work against the other evils. You'll be a great benefit to the guild, if you join."

"I just need to get out of town."

The Master Guardian chuckled. "In a hurry?"

Gillette nodded, unsure of what he should say.

From the side, old man with paint-stained hair and splattered clothes sat down heavily on the chair. His eyes were two different colors: yellow and blue. He tapped the bristles of a brush against Gillette's wrist. "What do you know about Richte Burin? I need an escort there."

"Catais Milliford, one of our favorite guest. He travels around the countryside and comes to the guild to watch over him while he paints. He makes incredibly life-like paintings."

Catais smiled and tapped Gillette on the arm again. "I paint farms. Beautiful, wonderful farms in all their glory. I want to remember their histories."

"Of course," said the Master Guardian, "we'll try to find other clients to pay our ways. There are always merchants that caravan guards and people who travel from city to city. In the next week, we should have about thirty to fifty guests, probably a dozen wagons. I suspect we'll need about ten men to guard them. And I would love if you were on that roster."

Gillette thought about it for half a second. "I'm in."

Merrie smiled as she bobbed up and down on Gillette's cock. The thickness felt good in her mouth as did the swelling of his length.

He was close and flashes of memories bubbled through his mind. He was thinking of her, in ways of sex and combat. Her naked body, the rise of her breasts, and even the cleft of her sex. He wanted her and needed her.

Gillette's hands reached out and caught her head. She almost came as he gripped her tightly and began to take over. His arms bumped against the table as he yanked her down on his cock and pushed her up, grinding her face into his belly before yanking her up. The back of her head thumped against the chair with a rapid staccato.

She was caught on his cock, sliding up and down as her saliva and pre-cum coated her chin and breasts. She pressed her arms along

his thighs as she leaned into every stroke. Her breasts thumped against his legs and she almost came at the submission of him fucking her face.

With every stroke, flashes of her own orgasm tore through her. She was being dominated by Gillette. He had taken charge and he was using her as she craved, hard and fast and desperately. She squeezed down on her pussy, enjoying every surge of pleasure that curled up her spine and spread out across her body.

His orgasm boiled his balls. He grunted and slammed her down in his cock, shuddering as he pumped her with short, fast strokes. (I-I'm cumming!)

He came into her mouth with a hot jet of searing cum. It poured into her mouth in a flood.

Surprised at the volume, Merrie had to swallow hard to keep up with the hard jets that kept pumping into her mouth. Even as the hot globs of cum poured down her throat, she could feel some of it leaking from the corners of her mouth.

Gillette gasped as he held her in place, his entire body shuddering with every surge. Every jerk of his body set ripples of pleasure coursing through her frame.

After long minutes, Merrie's stomach gurgled and she was coated in cum. It was everywhere: dripping down her chin and throat, splattered against her breasts, and clinging to the back of her throat. She never opened her mouth, but he came as if he had never cum before and it kept flooding.

She parted her lips as his soft cock slipped out. It glistened with her saliva and, unlike the rest of her, there wasn't a single droplet along his thick length.

(F-Fuck,) gasped Gillette, (I've never... that hard... ever.)

Merrie used her arm to wipe her face, bringing the globs of cum to her mouth so she could lick it clean. In her mind, she flashed through the memories she picked up from Gillette. He was perfect for what she needed for the trip: competent, understanding, and with just enough domination to make her cum.

She made a decision, kneeling underneath the table and covered in cum.

(I'll help you with Richté Burin if you give me a few days to do what needs to be done. And then...) She thought about her own

guild. Sari had said she would leave them at some point. Merrie wondered if she had finally reached that point, if the Mill and Bass would give her closure on her life. She felt a pang of sadness, but managed to let the words slip into his mind. (... and then we'll figure out where we go from there.)

t'Sade

Paintings

85

Merrie's body solidified as she came up inside the dark wagon. Her tail brushed against a wooden shelf as she settled into place and looked around. It was dark in the back, but she gave the comforting shadows no attention. The entire back of the wagon was lined with narrow shelves, each one was three centimeters tall but wide enough for a half-meter wide painting to be slipped between the slats. The shelves reached from floor to ceiling and held hundreds of paintings.

She knew what a few of the paintings looked like. Catais Milliford, who always used his full name when he spoke, spent every breakfast and evening painting near the fire. For the first three days of the journey, he had a crowd watching curiously but by the fifth day, only a few including Merrie hung around to watch his graceful strokes.

Catais was not what she expected. Her first encounter with him, outside of Gillette's memories, was watching him bathe in the river with the other farmers and merchants. The water around him was stained blue and yellow and she enjoyed how the swirls of color became green as they coursed along the currents.

Unfortunately for one of the merchants, he wasn't paying attention and got caught in the color. Two days later, the thin merchant was still complaining about his dick being stained green.

Merrie's tail wagged slowly as she peered into the shelves. Catais was meticulous in his actions. There was no clutter in his wagon, only shelf after shelf of paintings. Each painting was nestled into place and held with a wooden latch. Below each painting, on the far

right, there was a card in neat handwriting that indicated where he painted it.

She peered at the nearest card with a smile. Podaris Family, Green County, 3/781-200. Curious, she unlatched the painting with her cloak and eased it out. It was a winter scene of a farm house with smoke billowing out of the chimney.

House and Brown Family, Ricie County, 3/780-720. A late summer painting of children playing in a field.

Silver-River Commune, Ricie County, 3/780-722. Despite being painted two days later, the commune was completely different with rain pouring down gutters and an old man bathing in the waterfall. The detail was incredible, from the wrinkles and scars of years of farming, but also the innocent look as if the man didn't know he was being painted.

Merrie eased the pictures back and lifted up. There were hundreds of them in the back of the wagon. Hundreds of scenes from the farms and villages in the countryside. Catais specialized in the lives of those living outside of cities and he painted with a skill that gave life to the painting.

She closed her eyes and opened up her mental senses. There was another reason she sneaked into the back of his wagon. The paintings had more than a physical presence; there was a psionic imprint on each one. She missed the magic when he was painting, but it pricked her attention when he brought out five of them to show how a farm changed over fifty decades.

Feeling foolish, she looked around. She didn't know if she was crafting some paranoid delusion or not. But she wanted to know if the paintings were anything more than art. She also suspected that she was breaking into the wagon because there was nothing else to do. For the last five days, she had sat in a wagon, fucked merchants and farmers and guardians alike, and hunted with Tamin. The caravan ended up being over two hundred people, mostly farmers, that were heading to the southern counties for seasonal work or to return home.

The only interruption was so far was when a pair of rabid bears attacked the caravan. Between Gillette, Tamin, and herself, the attack lasted less than five seconds.

She sighed and concentrated on the nearest painting. She was expecting to sense a crystalline spell, but Catais' magic was just like his painting, a swirl of colors with intricate detail and precision. She saw how the loops of his brush matched the spell and that almost all of strokes glowed with different magic.

It wasn't the hard rigid spells she expected from a psionic, but closer to her own calligraphic spells. But, magic was magic and she inspected the spells.

The easiest enchantments were the preservation spells. They were tinged with a sense of slowness and protection, a variation of her armor spells. Her tail stopped wagging as she lost herself in the intricate crafting of the spell. It wasn't the raw power of the Loyal's armor or the spells that she was taught. Instead, his protections worked with the medium, swirling and layering.

A smile crossed her lips. She could learn something from his magic. The brush strokes were closer to the shifting shadows.

(You're suppose to be inspecting, Alpha, not learning.)

Her tail resumed wagging. (I can do both.)

Setting aside what she learned from the spell, she delved deeper into the spells that made up each painting. There was more, far more than she expected: subtle charms that gave the painting the sense of life and reality; charms to draw the eye to it, a painted form of Presence; and also some sort of memory charm that plucked at her memories but she couldn't identify its purpose. The final spell was the most complicated. It used the entire painting and more, but the intricacies of the spell were far more complicated than anything but the enchantments on her collar.

"You know—"

Merrie shivered at Catais' wry voice filling the back of the wagon.

"—I would have just shown you the pictures if you asked."

Guilty, Merrie peered over to where the paint-stained man stood in the door leading to the front of the wagon. He had a painting in his hand and was surrounded by the smell of fresh paint.

He was smiling and she noticed he was missing a tooth. "You're Shades, right?"

Letting her cloak melt away, Merrie used her nose to push the painting back into place and latched it.

"I saw your shadow moving."

Her ears flattened against her chest. (Sorry.)

Catais' eyebrow rose. "Telepathic?"

She barked.

"With a framework of some sort. Gillette said something about that. You act like a dog? Is that where your power comes from?"

Merrie worried her lip and then barked again.

"Well, I know I'm not supposed to give puppies lagers, but would you like one? You seem like you'd like a good lager."

She nodded and stepped away from paintings. Her body made no noise as she crawled the length of the wagon and up in the front.

Catais stepped back and gestured to the tiny room. "Welcome to my home."

It was the smallest part of the wagon, not much larger than a closet. His bed was narrow, barely a meter across with two thin blankets on it. The rest of the room was filled with painting supplies, each tube slid into a square shelf that reached three meters from floor to ceiling. His easel, the one she saw out by the nightly fires, dominated the corner of the room but it was empty at the moment.

"It isn't much, but my life is painting and travel." He sat down on a tall stool. "And I don't really have guests in here."

Merrie smiled and nodded. She glanced around before sitting down.

"No, no, you're much too short. You can sit on the bed if you want."

Feeling guilty at being caught, Merrie looked up at the bed. It was just over a meter off the ground with short drawers underneath it. She sighed and flowed up to it, reappearing as she settled down on the thin mattress. It had the familiar smell of man mixed in with the stench of paint. She thought the sheets were gray at first, but then she realized it was just layers of paint that had stained the colors into a shifting gray. (I'm sorry.)

"No, no, I don't mind. I knew you were psionic and," he chuckled, "far more capable than me. I missed it the first few days, your repulsion spell is rather powerful, but when you were fending off..." He coughed, "I mean eviscerating those rabid beasts when I saw it."

Merrie blushed. Eviscerate was probably the nicest thing anyone said about the attack. She also heard “disemboweled” and “exploded” used more than once.

(I like mauled,) supplied Tamin, (also tasty.)

She giggled and tried to concentrate on the man in front of her.

“Your dog? He’s a familiar?”

Merrie shrugged. (Sort of. More like part of my pack.)

“Kind of strange seeing you crawl around. But, there seems to be a lot of guys and a few girls interested in you. I’ve had requests to make a painting of you, actually seven of them. I think they don’t want to forget you.”

Her tail thumped against the wall. She knew the lust that others had for her. It was part of her life and also why she had a steady stable of customers in Franome City.

“I’ve love to paint you, though. You seem,” he leaned forward, “fascinating.”

Her skin grew warm at his low voice. It was sensual and comforting, but not sexual. She reached out with his mind, slipping through his shifting shields delicately. He didn’t respond as she brushed along his surface thoughts. There was no sexual desire for her, or for anyone else as far as she could tell.

His eyes trailed over her body, following her curves but no lust bubbled up through his mind. Instead, he was imagining painting her, the swirl of his brush and how he would swirl her colors together. Though he didn’t want to fuck her, he was looking at her more intimately than anyone else had ever seen her before. She felt naked and exposed to his intensely brown eyes.

Blushing, she cleared her throat. (What spells are you putting into those paintings?)

He smiled broadly enough for his teeth to be visible. “To the point, not what I expected. It’s hard to see personalities from magic, but I would expect the shifting and sliding part of your mind would reflect your nature.” He chuckled and swirled his fingers in the air. “One more reason why I love painting people. The unexpected.”

(I have enemies right now and I’m just a little nervous. Gillette never said you could use psionic magic.)

“I don’t exactly advertise it.” He gestured to the paint. “Ruins the mystique of the wandering painter. People want to see the pictures

of happier times and their memories without thinking that someone is stealing them away. Or forcing them to fall in love with it.”

(There is a memory charm on them.)

“It’s a spell, but yes. I am,” he chuckled, “stealing them in a way. Well, copying them. I love the raw slices of someone’s life. Those moments where no one thinks it is special but, years later, they realized it was those quiet times they missed the most. So, I paint and keep them. In my house and warehouse.”

(Why?)

“To bring them back. Those five pictures I showed this morning? The farm burned down earlier this year and the family was about to give up. For five generations I’ve painted that family. So, I pulled them out and brought them back. I give hope and encouragement, to show what they were lost and why they need to recover.”

(What do you get out of it?) Merrie frowned as she looked at the paint-stained room.

“Oh, money of course. The various building guilds pay me as does the Rebuilders and the Engineering guilds. Occasionally I get donations. I’m a follower, of sorts, with the Guardians since I help the healing process after devastation and disaster. Mostly, I just like helping people.”

She smiled. (I can see why Gillette likes you.)

“Yeah, that walking wall of muscles was a little boy when I first met him. Their entire village was destroyed by a necromancer and a horde of undead. He lost his mother and had to kill his own father while protecting his brother.”

Her tail and ear flattened against her head as she remembered the memory in his head.

“I think that is why his brother’s death was so devastating. So much pain and death has followed him. I was glad it didn’t corrupt him into darkness like so many others.” Catais sighed. “I tried to show him the better times, but it was too late. The world had ground down on him. I painted his marriage to Gwen and Tara and prayed to all the gods that listened that he would find happiness. But... they died during the second plague.”

(I saw.)

“Poor man. So much hope crushed every time. I’m glad to see that he’s found his calling, but I don’t think he would ever commit to someone again. Everyone he loved has died in his arms.”

She thought about the times he rejected her, the hopefulness that suddenly turned into despair. With a sigh, she slumped to the bed. (Is that why he rejected me?)

Catais nodded sadly. “He’s had a hard life.”

Guilt slammed into her. She stared at the paint and try to fight it. There was more to Gillette than what she saw, she knew that already, but his actions began to make more sense.

“You know...” started Catais, “I don’t get a chance to talk shop with anyone. Think there is anything we can, you know, trade? I can teach you some memory spells.”

Merrie raised her gaze to him. (I know combat spells.)

He chuckled. “Do I look like I want to get into a fight? I’m close to three hundred years old.”

She thought about his life. (I also know searching spells and time-keeping. It might be helpful for finding people who need help. I don’t know about range, but I can usually sense things about a kilometer away.)

His smile brought a smile to her own lips. “I’d love to trade then. Maybe also a painting, of you? You don’t have to be naked.”

Merrie glanced down at her body. (I’m always naked.)

Another chuckle. “Then I insist you are naked.”

Her tail wagged back and forth. (Deal.)

“Well, how about first thing in the morning? I learn the best right after I have food in my belly and before the summer sun bears down on me. Plus,” he gestured to the bed, “I was about to take a nap.”

Blushing, Merrie jumped off the bed. (Sorry.)

“You didn’t know.” He patted her on the head as they swapped places in the room. With a thump, he sat down heavily on the bed. “You don’t need me to open the door, right?”

With a giggle, Merrie melted into shadows and slipped away, leaving the painter in place. (What do you think, Tamin?)

(He seems nice, though I worry about another psychic in this caravan. He’s an unknown.)

(At least there aren’t any other mages here.) The only other magic Merrie saw were minor spells for starting fires and cooking.

Actually, there were very few combative people in the dozens of wagons making their way along the road. Most of the caravan cowered during the bear attack and the other guardians didn't have a chance to even pull out their swords before she and Gillette finished the creatures off.

She reformed as a black hound next to Catais' wagon. Bounding forward, she headed for the front where Gillette and another guardian were leading the way. Both men were riding horses, but she was amused by Gillette's discomfort with his mount.

Tamin appeared next to her, slipping from the shadows to join her.

As she approached the horses, she reached out and let Gillette know she was close.

Gillette chuckled. (Were you out hunting?)

Merrie grinned. She had been providing fresh food for the caravan. Though, she loved fucking, it was nice to get out and just let the animistic urges take over. The taste of blood on her mouth and the thrill of the hunt.

Tamin bumped against her. (Any other urges?) His amusement was tinged in hope. (Prey-like urges?)

Merrie moaned softly and let the images drift through her mind: of Tamin hunting her down in the underbrush, the rush of fear as she tried to escape her hunter, and the final moment when he pinned her to the ground with teeth at her throat and cock pounding into her body. A fire grew in her sex as she sank into Tamin's suggestion.

There was something she wanted, but she was afraid to take the last step. The collar would bring her back to life if she did. She was terrified of dying, but there was desire bubbling in the back of her mind. She wanted to know what it felt like to have her throat ripped out as she was fucked, to be torn apart and recovered. It was a guilty thought that humiliated her, but she knew it was just a matter of time before she took the plunge.

(Tonight?)

Merrie rolled her eyes, letting the strength spell pump through her veins, and then slammed Tamin as hard as she could.

The black hound flew away from her and slammed into a tree, snapping the tree trunk, before crashing into another tree. A flash

of lust and pain burst along the connection and she squeezed her legs to prevent the trickle of excitement from running down her thighs.

Gillette responded first, jumping off his horse as his scythe swung around.

Merrie flushed and sent a quick thought toward him, along with the image of what just happened. (It was me.)

The other guardian was slipping off the horse when Gillette groaned. Thumping his scythe on the ground, he sighed. "False alarm."

"What was it?" asked the other man.

Gillette looked around, his eyes searching for her. She let the shade drop for him and gave him a sheepish grin. The humiliation and embarrassment only added to the flames licking at her sex. "Bad girl," he muttered.

The other guardian groaned. "Fucking mages!" He sat down heavily in his saddle and yelled in the general direction. "Stop fucking running around invisible!"

Merrie giggled and concentrated on Gillette. (Sorry. I was just—)

Tamin bounded from the side of the road, his teeth bared. Black shadows clung to his body.

With a squeal, Merrie let the shade drop from her body and she shot off ahead of the caravan. Her black paws pounded on the ground as made no effort to hide her presence.

Behind her, Tamin howled as he charged after her.

She cast strength into him to ensure she was caught. With a giggle, she dove to the side and into the underbrush. Branches and thorns scraped against her skin as she crawled over rocks and along the wild roses. Her cloak faded away and she let go of her hound form to become a naked woman again. Imaginary fear, the terror of a prey, flooded through her mind and she moaned at the anticipation of being caught.

Despite being faster than the caravan, neither wanted a drawn-out teasing before fucking. They needed it immediately, to dominate and to submit.

She was barely a hundred meters from the road when he caught her.

He hit her from the side, throwing her into a red-petaled rose bush. Her side stung from the impact. Snarling, he dove in after her, pushing past the thorns.

Merrie crawled away from him, her body burning with excitement. It dribbled from her sex, adding scents of lust and fear to the perfume of the flowers.

With a surge of speed, he lunged. She tried to bat him away, but he knocked her arms aside and chomped down on her throat. Teeth punched into flesh and she let out a cry of passion as her body spasmed with the first of many orgasms. (You're my bitch!)

Merrie's vision blurred as blood trickled down from her neck. She gasped and lifted her hips, spreading her legs as his cock lined up with her sex.

He drove in hard, punching his thick cock into her sex and slamming it to his balls with a single stroke. She wasn't quite slick and the friction of his penetration sent sharp pains coursing through her veins. And then he drove into her, pumping hard and fast. It didn't matter if she was bleeding or being bruised, her collar and her shape-changing would heal the minor injuries.

Whining, Merrie clamped her legs against his flanks and gave him complete access to her sex. She couldn't hook her non-existent feet together anymore, but having her shins tight against his body reminded her of that long-lost position.

His knot slammed into her sex, crushing her labia with rapid-fire strokes. He grunted as he pounded her through the rose bush. Every stroke slammed his cock against her cervix and his knot against her opening. As he withdrew, her bare back was dragged through the thorns. Lines of scratches marked her back and she lost herself in the helplessness, though pretend, of being violently fucked by her lover.

She could feel her belly swelling with his cock. The girth filled her to the brim. Every impact shuddered through her body and she sank into it, meeting his strokes with thrusts of her own hips. The wet slurp of his thrusts filled the air. The dribble of their combined juices dribbled down her ass crack and along the scratches from the thorns. The little pains added to her excitement as she clamped down on his cock as she came again.

Tamin growled and bit down harder, his powerful jaw centimeters from ending her life. Magic poured through his veins as he slammed into her, each thrust forcing more of his knot into her sex. It ripped her open and she tightened her muscles to force him to pound harder.

Her bones creaked from the impact of his magically-fueled strength. His knot, huge and swollen, repeatedly slammed against her, dominating her sex as his jaws dominated her breath.

She cried out and clutched him. (Harder, harder!)

With a howl, he drew back and slammed into her. His knot slid into her entrance, stretching it painfully open, before he pulled back and struck again and again. Each thrust punched into her body with a blast of pain and ecstasy.

The agony of his teeth around her neck became a piercing pain as he bit down harder and punched his cock into her. His knot ripped her open before passing through the tightest ring of her body. With a slurp, it sucked into her body and locked into place. His thrusts continued, but his shaft barely moved in her sex and she was fucked around him, becoming a sleeve for his cock.

He howled again as he came. His cock swelled and exploded inside her, flooding cum into her tightly-stretched pussy. It jetted hard against the entrance to her womb. He came again and again and soon she could no longer feel the individual jets of passion but the growing sensation of being filled.

He released her throat.

With a moan, Merrie slumped to the ground, held up by the cock buried in her sex. Her body was slick with sweat and petals clung to her skin. Looking up, she could see crimson blood dripping from his teeth and felt it oozing along the bite marks on both sides of her neck.

The collar's regeneration flared to life and she reached up for him. (Be with me, just for a little while?)

Love radiated from him as he sank down to his knees and then along her body. His icy form draped over her, protective and sheltering as much as it was dominating.

(I'll hump your face later.)

Merrie wrapped her arms around his neck. (Good. I've been a bad girl.) The last thought was sent as a master and it rippled through

her collar and she came again. Her pussy clamped down on her full pussy and he responded with a playful nip on her shoulder.

(Bitch.)

She smiled. (You're my bitch.)

(Until the day I die.)

They held each other as the caravan passed. The muted sounds of wheels and horses was a counterpoint to the pressure in her sex and the closeness of her lover. She dozed as she listened to it.

She loved the feeling when his knot grew soft enough for it to slip out. It was a gentle release instead of the violent penetration. When they were relaxed, it just shrank against her entrance, pulled back by his softening cock. The pressure remained inside her body, like being fisted, but it was a slow, sensual release when the knot finally slipped out with a flood of cum.

(Alpha, have you ever thought about being bred?)

Merrie opened her eyes and stared up at the sun-dappled leaves above her. (Not really. Customers like to pretend they're knocking me up. But, I've never wanted children.)

(Puppies.)

She giggled and nipped his leg. She glanced over to the rose and realized that the color had been leached out of the petals. They were red when he first fucked her, but now they were white and the edges of the leaves were crinkling. The smile faded from her lips. (Shadows corrupt.)

He followed her gaze. (Yes.)

(Rimmy and Kine never had children, despite being free with sex. I think I'm the same way, touched by darkness.)

Tamin lifted his head and bared his white teeth. (Your blood runs crimson.)

(But for how long?) She reached up and kissed his muzzle. (And it doesn't matter anymore. I will love you for as long as I can. You will love me—)

(Until the day I die.)

(But I will never forget. Even when my blood becomes as black as yours, you will always be my pack, my lover, and my friend.)

(And your bitch.)

She giggled. (And you will always,) she thought with a nip, (be my little fuck bitch.)

He licked her and she giggled again, playfully trying to fend him off as he lapped at her face, breasts, and sides. The playfulness faded as he reached her sex and he began to gently clean her out, pushing her into another orgasm before he finished.

Merrie sighed. (I wish we were just there.)

(Seven more days.)

(What happens then? Will they turn me away? Will they try to kill me? I tried to kill them.) She rolled over on her knees, shaking her ass to tease Tamin, and then up on all fours. (I cropped Haviston,) she thought guilty.

(They all love you and they know about the compulsion. The most that will happen is that Sable and Dixie will mount you like a bitch until you beg for mercy.)

Merrie grinned. (They're going to do that anyways.)

(Yeah, but then I'm going to make Dixie my bitch.)

She started to laugh, or the best she could as a dog. (I want to watch that.)

The drumming of horse hooves caught her attention. The caravan had passed more than twenty minutes ago and she wasn't expecting to hear anyone else on the road. Curious, she reached out to identify the rider.

It was Fang and he was desperately trying to catch up to the caravan.

Stunned, Merrie pulled away from Tamin and reached out. (Fang!)

His mind burst with panic and then fear. She flinched as she heard him fall off the horse.

Shifting into hound form, she raced back to the road. She halted the horse with a thought before she made it a few meters, but it took a few moments for her to reach the bright, sun-lit road.

Fang was scrambling to his feet, rubbing his ass. "Why do people ever ride horses?"

(What are you doing here?)

He gasped as he spun around. His eyes slipped past her and she realized she had put up her shade spell reflexively.

She drew his attention with Presence as she crawled up. Reaching his feet, she transformed back into a human and sat up. (Why are you here?)

Fang looked sick for a moment, then sat down heavily on the ground in front of her. "I-I'm sorry, Bitch, but I had to come. I heard that you left and," he flushed as he cleared his throat, "where you are going."

(Where I'm going... to the Mill?)

He looked away and nodded. "I'm sorry, but I... I..." He let out a shuddering sigh and she saw tears glistening his eyes. "I need to see her. One last time."

Merrie sniffed and rested her arm on his thigh. (I didn't mean for her to die. I honestly—)

He waved his hand and then pulled her into a hug, crushing her against his sweaty chest. "I know." He sniffed loudly. "I shouldn't have kicked you out, it was just," he inhaled and sobbed, "I kept hoping she was alive. I didn't move, I didn't quit my job, I didn't change anything in hopes that she would come staggering back. And then, in a rush, I found that she had been taken from me."

She wrapped her arms around him and held him tight, leaning her head to the side so he could bury his face into her shoulder.

"I loved Sama so much. We were inseparable most of our lives. And then... and then, she was just gone. And I lost everything." He sobbed into her shoulder. "I can't stop thinking about her. I need, I need something. I don't know what, but I need to do something to help this ache in my chest."

Closing her eyes, Merrie held him tight. (Closure.)

"Yeah, that's what Kirin called it."

(Kirin?)

He couldn't stop staring at that huge cock. It was bigger than his arm and he couldn't imagine how anyone could handle that anything that thick. It would tear—

"Fang? My eyes are up here." Kirin chuckled. "Or at least look at my tits?"

Cheeks burning brightly, he tore his eyes away. "I'm sorry, that's really, really distracting. I mean, do you stick—"

Kirin sipped from her glass. She was wearing a dark blue corset and there was not hint that she had six symbols engraved into her chest. Her cock rested against her thighs, a thick python of an inhuman manhood. "Focus."

He gulped and nodded.

"Why do you want to find her?"

"B-Because she... she knew what happened to my sister. And she's going to back there."

"What are you going to do? Hit Bitch? Blame her?"

"No! I would never..." Fang shook his head violently to emphasize the point. "It wasn't her fault, I know that. That is why I helped with the fight. Your people saw me there, I wasn't trying to hurt her."

"Then what, Fang?"

"Him. That man, the thriban."

"If you use that," she gestured to Fang's sword, "he will kill you."

"I know, I saw what he did to the guards and the paladins." He twisted his fingers together. "But, what I saw in Bitch's memories, I think... I don't think he would hurt me if I just punched him."

Kirin choked on her wine. It splattered on her breasts and thighs. "You're going to punch a fallen paladin!? Not try to kill him, but just punch him!"

He blushed. It sounded really stupid when he said it out loud. But, it felt right when he came up with it during an all-guard briefing with the paladins of Lemetri after the attack. "He won't kill me, but he'll understand. It's... it's..."

"Closure."

Fang gulped and clutched her. "I'm not going to die, am I?"

Merrie thought about the compassionate thriban who kidnapped and raped her. He also loved her with all his heart, just like all the other girls. He was tender and firm. There was a heart in Bass' chest that wasn't snuffed out by his fall from grace. She turned so they were looking eye to eye; she could see her own body reflected in his gaze and she was startled by the only color left in her body, her bright blue eyes. She kissed him. (Just tell him what you're going to do.)

He chuckled and gasped. "Just tell him I'm going to punch him?"

(I would, otherwise he might gut you. And... he'll understand. Of all the people in the world, he'll understand.)

"A-And it's okay if I come with you?"

She kissed him again, soft and lingering. (Yes. Of course.)

He wrapped his arms around her, holding her tight to his body.

"You know," he whispered, "you smell really nice."

t'Sade

A Mistaken Tale

86

She was leaving the caravan in the morning and she couldn't stop smiling. In less than a day, she would be at the Puppy Mill. She was scared and excited and terrified at the same time. She desperately hoped that Bass and Sable would forgive her, but she was willing to do anything to beg for their forgiveness.

(Can you imagine Bass ever turning you down?) Tamin was on the far side of the caravan, watching the merchants preparing for the night. His thoughts were amused and anxious as her own, a reflection of her anticipation but also a temper to her fretting.

After so many days on the road, there was a ritual to preparing for the night. The merchants pulled their wagons into concentric circles. The rich were on the inside and the poorer families on the outside. They left enough room between the wagons to keep the horses corralled. In the center and the safest part, they set up three cooking fires and a barrel of both lager and stout.

In less than an hour, the impromptu village would be filled with the smells of roasted food and slightly-drunk laughter. The Guardians wouldn't let anyone get plastered, but a few mugs of beer kept everyone relaxed and tempers where they belonged.

She was fascinated watching Catais. The painter always set up his painting easel by the smaller of the fires and would paint an incredibly detailed picture of someone, usually while making uncomfortably accurate jokes about their past. Almost everyone watched, if not for the painting then to watch the humiliation. It was memorizing how he turned someone slumped in a chair with a mug in their hand into something poignant and emotional.

Inevitably, the person being painted would sob pitifully as they carried their painting back to their wagon.

The other constant in her night were the Guardians. Most of them, including Gillette, patrolled outside of the wagons all night, usually in two four-hour shifts. At the end, they got hot food and a large mug of the best beer in the caravan. It was a small price to pay for staying up all night.

Tamin usually joined their patrols with Merrie including herself after her lovers fell asleep. They drifted along the shadows, hidden but vigilant. They were more awake than anyone else at night and both of them could easily see through the darkness. It gave her a rush of power knowing that she was protecting the people like Gillette and she let her mind frequently wander back to his offer.

Three days before, she caught a bunch of men sneaking into the wagons. They were armed with swords and one of them was a mage. She remembered the joy she felt as they spread out to attack, pawing the ground with anticipation of the attack. and then, she and Tamin descended in silent fury. They left nothing behind and not a single scream ripped through the darkness. The excitement set her off and Tamin fucked her three times that night, his teeth breaking skin as he rammed into her.

Gillette had a strange look on his face when he came up to the carnage, but said nothing. The next night, the wagons were pulled tighter to each other and a few more guards patrolled. Otherwise, it was as if nothing had happened.

Her tail wagged as she slipped through the shadows. (Bass will forgive me, that much I know.) She hated that she didn't sound confident.

(As will Borias.)

Her skin tingled for a moment. (Tabitha might take longer?) A heat spread out from her pussy as she thought about Dixie transforming into a deer so she could hunt him. (She might be the first to kill me.)

She warmed at the thought of being hunted and brutally violated. Tamin's biting would be nothing compared to what Tabitha would do to her.

Tamin sent a wave of mock jealousy. (There are many who would fight for the right to be your first killer.) He knew it wouldn't be

him, though there was no doubt he would get his chance sooner than later.

Merrie smiled and sent a wave of comfort. (I won't ever forget the first time with you. We'll make it special. A proper chase and kill at the end.)

At his joy, she smiled and let the happiness wash over her. In less than a day, she would finally return. The nervousness fluttered in her stomach and she stopped to lean against a tree as she took a deep breath. (I feel like I'm about to go on a date.)

(How would you remember?)

She rolled her eyes. (I think it feels like... like when Kine was about to propose to Rimmy. And Scorch's struggles with his proposal with Nir. Better?)

(Yes, Alpha,) came the amused reply.

To her side, she heard the crunch of branches as two of the guards walked past. She peered over the dark leaves and when she spotted Fang and another male guard, she smiled. Gathering the darkness around her, she slipped through the tree trunks and came up between the two men. Her paws made no noise as they walked without talking.

The head guardian, Gillette's boss, accepted Fang as a temporary member of the Guardian Guild on Gillette's recommendation. It also added one more armed person in the rotation and made it easier for everyone. The fact that Fang wasn't being paid helped silence any complaints about shares.

Merrie reached out for him. (Ready to leave in the morning?)

Fang stumbled. "B-Bitch?"

The other guard spun around. "What?"

"Sorry, Bitch was talking to me." He looked around, his eyes sliding over Merrie.

She felt a thrill surging through her veins as both men tried to find her. After a few seconds, she drew their attention to her just to watch them jump in surprise.

"Bad girl!" snapped Fang.

She moaned at the words. Her friends all knew how to turn her on with those two words. The only other words that would get such a strong response was her name, but no one in the caravan knew her by anything but a label.

The other guard stared at her with half-hidden lust. His eyes remained fixed on her breasts and tail. He was a younger man, in his early twenties, and she could tell his nights were spent stroking his cock guiltily. It wasn't hard, since most of the caravan did the same thing when they got a look at her, but it felt good to have the attention on her. It gave her a feeling of comfort. She didn't charge for her frequent fucking, but somehow her lovers noticed the Whore's Guild seal in her hair and left enough to pay her share to the guild.

(Kirin will be amused that you actually collected some payment.)

Her tail wagged with her amusement.

"Oh, sorry. Bitch, this is Darrin. He's a..."

"How many times do I have to say it? I'm a Lesser Spear Darrin and you know it. I think that wouldn't be hard to remember," he said as he gave a pointed look at Fang, "Truste."

Fang rolled his eyes. "At least the guard's ranking makes sense. You Guardians have it too complicated: Sword, Spear, Shields. Greater and Lesser. And then you get into the whole diamond, ruby, and emerald. How many ranks do you need?"

"Every one that gets me another share of the job. Lesser Sword," he poked Fang, "gets me three shares of this contract. And that's a pretty nice pile of marks."

Batting Darrin's hand away. "So, what do you think about Gillette's share?"

The smile dropped from Darrin's face. "Drop it, Fang."

Fang winked at Merrie. "He's bitter because a probationary guardian is getting—"

"I said drop it!" Darrin's face purpled with anger.

Fang held up his hands. "Sorry, sorry."

The anger faded almost instantly and Darrin smirked. "At least I'm not some naked woman's bitch."

Merrie grinned as she watched the two men. They had an easy playfulness with each other, no doubt from the hours of working together. They liked each other, not as lovers but as quickly-growing friends.

"Hey," Fang smirked, "there are advantages of being Bitch's bitch."

With a grin, Merrie ducked her head and repeated the comment to Tamin.

Amusement rippled through their connection.

“Name one, Fang-boy.”

“Have you seen her?” He gestured down at Merrie. “Those tits and tail?”

“Yeah, if you like something furry smacking your head when you go down.”

“Dar, you’ve never gone down on a girl in your life.” Fang smirked. “Probably some guy though. I’ve seen you how look at Gillette.”

Darrin’s face darkened. “Don’t you ever suggest I want to fuck that cock-sucker! Just because he wanders in and acts like he’s in charge of everything, they throw a ton of shares at him and give him second lead. He’s been with the guild three fucking days! Just because—”

Merrie reached up and pressed her arm against his thigh. With her touch, she sent out a calming wave that silenced Darrin instantly.

Darrin gasped and slumped back. Shaking, he stared down at her arm and she watched his eyes glance up to her nipples.

She lifted her body and arched her back. Her nipples lifted so he could get a better look at them. At his lustful gaze, the tips crinkled with her growing excitement. (Do you like?)

The young man jerked and stumbled back. “Oh, fuck. D-Did I just...” He stared at Fang helplessly. “Did I just hear...”

Fang was bent over, laughing so hard that tears streamed down his face. “She’s talking to you, isn’t she?”

“I-I hear her in my head!”

“Well, have you ever heard her talk?”

Darrin gulped and glanced down at her, his face pale. “N-No.”

Fang patted him on the shoulder. “Then, my good friend, it’s time to find out what it feels like to have a tail smacking your face when you go down.” He laughed and headed off. “Good thing you’re coming off duty now, isn’t it?”

With a pale face, Darrin let out a soft whimper. His cock tented his pants as he shifted to the side, trying to discretely adjust himself.

(Relax,) she said and sent a comforting wave.

Darrin took a deep breath. "Y-You have a pretty voice."

Merrie smiled and lifted herself on her knees. As her breasts rose and fell, she felt a rush when his eyes following the movement. (You can get a better look, if you want. And touch, if you want.)

"I-I," his eyes rose to her guild seal, "I don't really have money for that. And I've never... you know, with a whore."

She nestled closer, inching on her knees. She rested her arms on his thighs and her mouth was inches away from his straining cock. (Fang's paying for it.)

Darrin gasped. "He is?"

(He just doesn't know it yet.) She let a playful amusement fill her thoughts.

"Oh." He let out a little laugh. "Oh! In that case, let me sign out for the night. Follow me to my tent?" He gulped. "Sorry, you should know that since you've been, um... I'm in the same tent as Fang."

(I'll meet you there,) she projected with a comforting wave.

Darrin gave out a nervous chuckle as he ran off.

Merrie felt the heat boiling inside her as she draped the shade back around her and crawled underneath the wagon as she headed for his tent. (Tamin, watch over Fang.)

(Already here, Alpha. He thinks he's going to get laid tonight from the smell of it.)

Merrie smiled. (He probably is. There are advantages of being Bitch's bitch.)

(Yes,) came the wistful response, (there is. Does that mean I have to wait?)

Her tail thumped against the wagon as she came out the other side. She wound her way around some horses before crawling underneath another set of wagons and then out next to the tents.

In the caravan, those who didn't sleep in wagons slept in tents. The guards were on the outer edges of the tents, with Gillette's on one side and Darrin's on the other. She wrapped the shade tight around her body and flitted along the darkness, shifting in the shadows of the wagons until she came up to the musty canvas tent. She used a short burst of power to stepped across and appear inside. She breathed in the familiar smells of the tent; she had spent more

than a few nights fucking Fang with the shade shielding both of them from Darrin's attention.

This time, it was Darrin's turn. She let her cloak slip away and crawled up on his sleeping bag. Her hips rose and her tail curled up. With a familiar movement, she spread her knees and presented herself to the first person who entered the tent.

It didn't take long before she heard Darrin at the opening of the tent.

"Are you in—" His whisper stopped with a gasp as he stared at her. His attention felt like a brand against her skin.

She rocked her hips back and forth slowly.

"Gods above, you're beautiful." He crawled inside the tent and frantically tied it shut.

Merrie lifted her head to look over her shoulder. Her collar bumped against her breasts and she squeezed down with anticipation. (Thank you.)

Nervousness radiated from him. "Um, you know... I've never actually gone down on someone."

(Do you want to?)

"Will it smell, or you know, taste bad?"

She wagged her tail. (Just take a little sniff if you want.)

Trembling, he reached out with his fingers and stroked her pussy. The tips ran along her slick folds.

Merrie panted hard, her body shivering at the touch. She sent a wave of encouragement as he explored her sex.

It was a virgin's touch, hesitant and curious. She could feel the newness in his actions as he added a second finger and then a third. "Is it okay if I put it... inside?"

(Please.)

Gingerly, he slid one finger into her sex. He started with short strokes along her tunnel. "It's so hot... and slick."

She moaned and sent a wave of encouragement.

He responded by adding a second finger and then a third, pumping until her nether lips clung to his fingers and the smell of her excitement filled the tent. He breathed deeply as he pumped harder.

(Grab my tail,) she suggested.

He did with a moan. His fingers wrapped around the base and she shivered at the feeling of being caught. Gulping, he thrust harder into her sex, pumping into her with short strokes that filled the tiny tent with the sounds of slurping and the impact of wet knuckles against flesh.

She lowered her head and pushed into his fingers, her body meeting each thrust with a gasping moan. She dug her arms into the sleeping roll and buried her face into it as she came.

Darrin slowed as she grew liquid around his fingers, sloshing with every stroke. "Did you just come?"

With a soft moan, she wiggled her hips around his fingers. The sounds of her excitement, wet and slurping, filled the tent.

He pulled out his dripping fingers. She could feel the curiosity rising as he brought the digits up to his nose. He made a soft sniff while trying to be subtle.

"I want you, Darrin, right now." She was leaning against the door frame of his parent's kitchen, staring at him with a silent, hungry lust. Brown hair cascaded over her smoldering brown eyes. She arched away from the frame with his fingers caught in her shorts. She was hot around his fingers, hot and slick and wet.

He stepped into her as he pulled his fingers out. His digits glistened with her excitement. He wanted to taste it, but she pushed his hand out of the way and wrapped her arms around his neck.

"Fuck me, Dar. Right now."

Over her perfume, he caught a whiff of her sex. It was sweet and tangy. He didn't think he would ever forget it, but then he was being propelled into the kitchen table. Her lips were hot and suffocating.

It wasn't the first time Merrie had picked up on a lover's thoughts, nor was it the clarity of the image that surprised her. It was the kitchen that Darrin remembered making out that caught her attention. It seemed familiar to her, a tickle in the back of her mind.

One of the battered kitchen chairs fell over as they ripped at each other's clothing. Her shirt flew across the room and landed on the counter before slipping off.

Her fingernails tore at his skin as she yanked open his pants. Her breath washed over his cock as it popped out of the seam of his jeans, harder than it had ever been before.

He sank to the ground, rapping his head on the edge, and landed on the patterned floor. He stared up at the bottom of the table, at a poorly carved "MG" scraped into the bottom. And then her mouth was on his cock and his eyes crossed.

She had seen the carving before. Some hidden memory, deep in the world before the mill, bubbled up.

Merrie was kneeling on the ground with a knife in her hand. Her grandfather was humming to himself as he cooked a pie. She peeked out from the tablecloth at his legs before reaching up the finish scraping out the "G" in Golddother. A little thrill of being naughty mixed in with the joy of finally being able to write her initials.

Merrie froze and ice ran through her veins. She remembered the kitchen. It was the same one she grew up in, the same one that she visited repeatedly from Haviston's tortures. She knew the patterns on the walls and the tiles on the floor.

Wondering if she was somehow wrong, she let her mind sink back to Haviston's lessons. She had long since completed them and released the memory of her grandfather, but the images came up clear and sharp.

She stood in her grandfather's kitchen as a little girl but looked out as a woman who saw through darkness and felt it beating in her chest. The familiar faded walls surrounded her as did the smells that she grew up with.

Heart pounding in her chest, she ran over to the table. Tendrils of shadow burst out from around her body and flipped it over, ripping the tablecloth out of the way so she could inspect the bottom. She knew where to look as she focused on the "MG" she carved into it so many years ago.

She gasped for breath. Was she the girl on table in Darrin's memories? She didn't know, not with her memories lost from her bonding with Kine. She knew that she had blonde hair and blue eyes, but could they have changed since?

There was only one way to find out. Rolling over, she pulled away. (Come here.)

"D-Don't you want me to lick you?" His voice cracked, "I'm willing, you don't smell bad. Kind of fruity, actually."

She beckoned to him. (No, I want you. Now.)

As he tore off his clothes, Merrie stared at him and struggled with her emotions. She knew the kitchen that he remembered, but

she didn't remember him. He was less than eight years younger than her and there was no way that she could have missed him, if it wasn't for her missing memories.

When he crawled on his sleeping roll, his cock bobbing with excitement, she flipped him over on his back and crawled up his body. She smiled and hoped he didn't notice that it never reached her eyes. She caught his hands and pulled them to her breasts, letting out a fake moan when his fingers caressed her nipples.

Rising up, she shifted her hips until his aching shaft was poised at her sex. The rounded head slipped against her heated opening and she hesitated, afraid of the answers.

She sank down on his cock and felt the familiar pleasure of having a hard cock buried in her head. But the pleasure was ash in her mouth as she leaned into it, rocking her hips and sliding the slick shaft in and out of her pussy.

"Oh, fuck," gasped Darrin. His fingers mauled her breasts as he held on to her.

He was on the table, his feet planted on the surface and his hips rising up with every thrust. The thick patch of their pubic hairs meshed together, matted by the flood of juices that splattered every time they met each other. It was a frantic mating, two teenagers losing their self-control while their parents were farming.

Merrie reached into his mind, slipping into his thoughts as he concentrated on her body. She drove down hard with her mental thrust, impaling herself on his throbbing cock.

His memories were bright and sharp instead of the haze of often remembered fantasies. She felt the richness in them, a depth that almost stole her breath away. She pushed deeper into his mind and spread out, looking for any hints of herself or her family.

Flashes of other memories, a staccato of half-remembered scenes, flashed through her mind and she focused on each one. He remembered stealing cookies off the kitchen counter as a little boy. Another time when he was balancing on the beam in the barn, the same barn that Merrie fell off and broke her arm. Each one was bright as if it happened weeks ago.

(Tamin, take these.) She gathered his memories and sent them to Tamin. The hound hid in the shadows as he assembled them,

turning the flashes into a coherent history of the man she was fucking.

(Yes, Alpha,) came the hard response. There was no joy or playfulness in his thoughts, only the need to obey. She felt him sorting through them, looking for some pattern in the two minds. He took the flashes and sorted them together, building up a liner history of the man she was fucking.

As soon as he has Darrin's life in his mind, she added her own memories, hazy from her bonding with Kine. Like Darrin, they were just flashes of sex and times with her grandfather, but the hound took them and brought order to the chaos.

Merrie focused on Darrin. She braced her arms on his chest and pumped her body harder against him, keeping him right at the edge of orgasm but never letting him come.

Unaware of her concerns, Darrin cupped her breasts and rose to meet her thrusts with his hips. Sweat prickled his skin and she felt the need to orgasm rising up inside him. "Fuck, oh, fuck. I'm about to come."

(Alpha,) Tamin projected along with a condense image. It was Darrin's life pulled apart and broken into abstract information. It was interspersed with her own life, showing how both of them overlapped in the same kitchen and yet somehow completely missed each other. Everything changed between the two separate streams. There were different decorations on the walls, different scratches and scrapes on the floor, and even different curtains.

It was the same kitchen, but one of them was fake. For a moment, Merrie felt like her life was a life. The dimly remembered past gave her a doubt, but then near the end, they began to converge. Details in the later part of Merrie's memories were present throughout Darrin's life. The "MG" carved into the bottom of the table happened when she was twelve, but it was always there in Darrin's life. A crack in the floor, a scratch on the door frame. Each one appeared during life, but was there from the beginning of Darrin's. There were other changes, though, in Darrin's, as the kitchen aged twenty years again.

But, Darrin's childhood started when hers ended.

For a moment, Merrie felt like a stranger to her own memories, but she knew it couldn't be true. Darrin's life was somehow false, but she didn't know how.

She tapped the lust inside her collar and let it seep into her mind. Energy poured through her and she let it pool inside her. It filled her with liquid energy and she let it spread out until her body vibrated with excitement from the inside.

Darrin shuddered with his orgasm. Hot splatters filled her sex and she felt the memories burning into his mind. He wouldn't forget this moment for the rest of his life.

Merrie was going to ensure that. She gathered up her lust, the pleasure and ecstasy she felt with every orgasm, and poured it into him. It was the pleasure that she took for an orgasm and far more than he had ever experienced in his life.

His body shuddered and his cock surged to full height, jetting cum hard inside her womb. "Fuck!" He gripped tight on her breasts, holding to her with all his might.

No longer worrying about subtlety, Merrie froze his throat and dove into his mind. His body shuddered as he was overwhelmed with ecstasy. His mind focused on his cock and she used the distraction to tear into his memories, shredding them as she tried to find the source of the false history.

Darrin's eyes bulged out as he jerked violently. His cock continued to shoot inside her and she kept pumping more of her ecstasy into him. She felt his heart beating faster, pounding with an intensity that reminded her of the day she was cropped. The veins in his neck throbbed with every beat.

His memories began to melt around her. It started with the kitchen and she watched as the teenage girl's body liquefy and pour away, separating into bright colors like paint. Underneath, there was nothing but white.

Merrie gasped and bore down, squeezing around the cock spurting inside her. (Tamin! The paintings in Catais' wagon! See if there is one that matches his memory. Or the farm I grew up.)

He was already moving, dodging between horses' legs as he raced around the central area of the wagons to locate the painter before invading the wagon. As he dove underneath a wagon, he noticed

that Catais was still at the fire, painting as he told a story that had everyone laughing.

He growled silently as he stepped into the Shadows and back again, landing in the wagon. It was dark in the back, but that was no hindrance to creatures of the darkness. He scanned the shelves looking for any painting from the county that she grew up in and Darrin thought he did.

Seconds later, he found it near the top. With a snarl, he jumped up and tore it from its shelf, snapping the wooden latch. Landing on the floor, he tossed it to his feet.

It was her grandfather's kitchen. Painted just as she remembered, with a thin haze of age. Her grandfather leaned against the counter, eating as he stared at a small painting of his wife. Merrie remembered everything in that room except for Darrin.

It was her home, the only home she still remembered before she bonded.

(Destroy it and any painting of you, me, and Fang,) she commanded as the hatred rose up in her thoughts. Her body began to waver with darkness as she gathered power around her.

Power surged through their connection and she felt the darkness pour out of her and into Tamin. Around him, the shadows bulged out and tentacles burst out from the gaps of the shelves. They punched into the painting and tore it apart. More tendrils searched for the paintings he made of her.

In Darrin's mind, the images suddenly fractured as the shadows poured into his mind. Tentacles tore his mental body apart and shattered the history. The canvas beneath corroded and burned away in black flames.

Darrin fought back, straining to keep his sanity. His body shuddered violently as he continued to thrash underneath her. His mouth opened to scream, but no noise came out. His cock, caught in the pleasure she was using to break him, pulsed violently again and again until the liquid heat in her pussy grew thick and searing.

Merrie snarled and threw all of her gathered pleasure into his mind. He screamed out wordlessly as his heart beat faster and his cock kept spurting. The smell of blood filled the air as his hips drove into her, moving with primal need though every thrust pushed him closer to death.

He tore long gouges in her breasts, his fingernails breaking the skin. His feet kicked out, scuffing the tent but doing nothing more than bucking his swollen cock deeper into her sex.

She bore down with her will, pounding against his mind. His shields were in shatters, but she needed more. She had to break into the very core of his being, the most secret places in his mind. She used her pleasure as a ram, filling him with the ecstasy she experienced almost every day. But, she was an Alpha and he was not. The intensity of her pleasure was more than anyone else could take.

His heart skipped a beat. And then another. It pounded inside her sex and the power of each beat felt like his cock would explode inside her. The beats pounded rapidly and the skipped rhythm became more pronounced.

Merrie kept pouring it into him, filling him with pleasures that no mortal man could ever survive. And then, there was a painful silence as his heart tore in half. He stopped moving with his rock-hard shaft buried deep inside her.

A hundred warriors of Lemetri sat on benches in the middle of the Guardian Guild. They were dressed in the rags of farmers and merchants in preparation of the most dangerous mission they would ever take. Fredric, soon to be known as Darrin, had just become ordained by the paladins of Lemetri. He could feel the holy power burning inside him. And he had a target, an evil man who needed to be purged from the world.

The Grand Paladin of Lemetri, Golid, stood in front of all of them. It was one of the few times when he was standing as a paladin instead of the disguised he used for the last three years. His war scythe shone in brilliant white, sparkling as if it wasn't bathed in the blood of a thousand shadow creatures.

It was Gillette, but it wasn't. The eyes were the different. Golid's eyes were burning with righteous fury and anger.

"There is no room for mistakes in this mission and I will tolerate no one ruining this for me. Our attack on Bassimar failed because of Merrie Golddother. But, Bassimar trusts her and she is the only way we'll lure him into a trap."

She shuddered with the realization that the man she knew was a fake. He was just like Darrin and the others in the caravan. Every guard, every merchant, every farmer, was a paladin in disguise.

They were hiding underneath an almost perfect painting of an idyllic life.

"You do not talk about it. You do not think about your mission. It takes one mistake, one missed thing to ruin it. And I," he slammed his fist against his chest, "do not tolerate these mistakes. Bassimar must die and I will sacrifice you, me, and even my oaths to Lemetri herself to make sure he no longer poisons this world!"

A cheer rocked the inside of the hall. Fredric joined in, confident that he would be the one to give Bassimar the killing blow.

His lips pressed into a thin line. "I've already sacrificed one of my oaths to Lemetri in this battle. But, I had to choose between ruining everything and keeping my oath of celibacy. It was a sacrifice I'll feel for the rest of my life."

To Fredric's right, he heard someone whimper softly.

"I will not ask the same of the others. We will use those who have not taking the oath to become her lovers, to occupy her nights. We will pretend to be normal farmers and craftsmen, weak and corrupted. But, it will take a master's skill to keep her unaware that we are manipulating her choices until the time we strike."

A cheer rose up.

"I want to introduce you to Catais." He gestured for a paint-stained, old man who stepped up. "He is one of our secret weapons in the fight against evil. Since we are up against a telepath, your lives will be bare to her probing."

Fredric tensed at the thought of evil touching his mind.

"To help you hide, he will create a new history for each one of you. You won't remember this life until we release you, but when you remember who you are, who you really are, be prepared to fight. There will be disorientation but it passed. Trust him. I've worn the man he's created for four years now and I trust him with my very soul."

The old man bowed. "I serve Lemetri."

The entire room echoed his words. "I serve Lemetri."

Merrie gasped as the memory faded. Sweat trickled down her breasts and side as she looked down at the corpse underneath her.

Cum and blood pooled at the junction of their bodies and a trickle of it ran out of the corner of Darrin's mouth from where he bit his tongue. The only movement were the shudders as the death throes wracked his body.

She felt sick to her stomach, but furious. Gillette was a lie. The rejection and hesitation wasn't because of a tragic history of a murdered brother and lost wives, but something else. Gillette couldn't bond to her because he was the enemy. He was the man hunting Bass and he was using her. She remembered the name Golid from the day she was rescued from her cage. The paladin sent in to clean up the mess. Years of trusting him and he ended up being the enemy.

And little things about Catais made sense. He knew more about everyone's life than even themselves. He was the one who told her about Gillette's past and told uncomfortably detailed stories about everyone in the caravan. He knew every single thing about every living being in the caravan except for her and Tamin.

(Tamin, can you find Fang there?)

With a growl, she pulled herself off Darrin's cock. Blood and cum poured out of her sex. Crimson stained his rock-hard length. He had come so much that he tore something inside and the froth from their sex with bright red with his death.

(No alpha, nothing from Franome City.) Tamin's thoughts were tense and angry. (All of these are from farms, like the men in this caravan.)

Merrie wondered if Fang was part of the deception, but she knew the memories from Sama that Fang's own head confirmed his history. There was no way that they could have faked everything for five years and before she was kidnapped.

She panted for breath and made a decision. (Tamin, fetch Fang. We need to escape.)

(What about the other paintings?)

(Leave them, if we destroy them, they'll know. We need to run, not fight. We can't win if they're all paladins.) She couldn't take on a hundred by herself.

(Yes, Alpha.) He directed the darkness around him to swallow the painting and crossed over with it. As he walked away, the torn canvas began to corrode and burn away. Sparks of Catais' spell burst and faded, the color leaching out as the Shadows consumed the false memories.

Merrie transformed into a hound and crossed over into the darkness herself. She caught him with Tamin in a few steps.

(Alpha, can we trust Fang?)

(Yes.) There was no doubt, no hesitation in her mind when it came to Fang. (I owe it to Sama to bring him back.)

Tamin's agreement washed over her. (And the man walking next to him?)

(He's a threat to my pack,) she projected in a hard, humorless tone. It was the same thing that Kirin said about her own guild.

No response was needed as they both stepped out of the Shadows, one on each side of the man walking next to Fang. It was an older gentleman that she knew joined the Guardian Guild years ago with a need to serve.

He was also sitting next to Fredric as Golid described the mission.

Moving in perfect silence, Merrie's cloak ripped out his throat as Tamin tore his stomach open from sternum to groin. He didn't have a chance to cry out as he collapsed. His body landed on Tamin's back and the hound lowered him to the ground. Not even a splatter of blood interrupted the buzz of insects.

Merrie shook her head and padded after Fang. (Fang, we're leaving.)

Fang smiled and turned around. "Already done with..." The smile dropped from his face. "What happened to—"

Merrie drew his attention to her as Tamin padded up. (We're leaving, now.) Her thoughts were brimming with tense hatred.

"W-Why?" Fang clutched his sword as he continued to look around. "What is going on?"

(I just found out that Gillette is trying to kill Bass. And the farmers here are actually paladins in disguise in an attempt to ambush Bass.)

"Oh, fuck me. Everyone?"

(Even Catais. We have to get out before they realize we know.)

Fear burned bright in Fang's mind. He struggled to comprehend the idea of the entire caravan being a trap. He started to back away from her. Just as frustration began to bubble up inside Merrie, he stopped. With a long, deep breath, he nodded. "Tell me what to do."

Gillette would be hunting her soon. And she knew that, as a paladin, he would stop at nothing to kill her and Bass. (Please, I need you to trust me. And I need to trust you.)

"I do trust you, but—"

Merrie's cloak snapped out and wrapped around him. Tamin chomped down on the black cloth from the other side. Together, they yanked and pulled Fang into the Shadows. As soon as they were across, she yanked him along with a leash, covering distances far faster than they could ever run. She had to put as much distance between her and Gillette before anyone found the corpse.

Fang's mind exploded in pain and he began to scream. She turned with surprise and shock. The shadows were plucking at his body, turning the edges of his ears and tips of his fingers black as the life was drawn out of him.

(Alpha, he isn't of the shadows, he can't survive here.)

Swearing violently and burning with guilt, she threw him back across into reality.

They landed on a scree of gravel. Tamin landed first, catching Fang to protect him from the sharp rocks.

Merrie landed on her side and the sharp edges tore at her sides and breasts and shoulder. She flipped over and transformed into a human and then back into a hound.

Fang's scream echoed shrilly across the land until her cloak snapped around to muffle him.

She panted as he slumped to the ground. (Tamin, how far did we get?)

(Half kilometer.)

Fang clawed at the cloak, ripping it off. His screams had died in his throat and she let the cloak slip away. "Never do that again!"

Merrie raised her cloak as a warning. (Please be silent.)

Fang clamped his hand over his mouth as his face paled. It was dark except for the full moon. His eyes were pits of darkness as he stared at her. Shifting his fingers aside, he whispered softly. "I'm sorry."

Merrie whimpered and crawled over to him, her ears flattened against his chest. (It was my fault, I panicked. I forgot what the Shadows do. Please forgive me.)

Shuddering, Fang reached out and patted her head. "What was that?"

(The Shadows. It's how I normally travel.)

"It felt like," he let out a shuddering breath, "like the world was sucking the life out of me."

Her ears flattened on her head. (It was. I'm sorry. You probably lost a few minutes of your life.)

"Oh, nothing years of drinking and despair haven't already done." He groaned as he pushed himself to his feet. "We're running, right?"

Merrie transformed into a hound. (Yes.)

"Great." He took another deep breath. "Lead the way, Bitch."

Her cloak rippled out and formed into a black leash. (Follow me.)

He gripped it with both hands. "Okay. Just remember I'm taller than you, k? No low branches or rocks. I can't see in the dark."

She smiled mirthlessly and headed forward, moving without the speed and grace of the darkness. Her heart pounded in her chest as she realized how close she got to killing Fang, from leading Gillette to Bass, and risking everything she had finally gained.

And now, there was an army of paladins coming for Bass.

She had to warn him. It was the only thing she could do. She tried to give Fang strength and speed, but he couldn't accept her spell. He wasn't one of hers like Tamin. (Please? Fang, we need to move.)

He grunted and struggled forward, blind to everything but the two hounds that led them.

t'Sade

Good Girl

87

As they crawled through the night, Merrie fought with her frustration from their slowness and the inability to use the Shadows. Fang was helpless in the dark. He couldn't see the branches or the route they were taking. He hesitated on the inclines and dips. His experience told him to be cautious while running in the dim light. It didn't matter that she would keep him safe or that he said trusted her, he couldn't run blindly through the night.

"I-I'm sorry," he gasped as he held out his hand in front of him, "I just can't run faster."

She had to clamp down on her emotions to avoid crushing his mind. (It's okay, just keep walking. There is a slight dip in front of you.)

He hesitated and reached out with his foot.

She fought the urge to snap at his ass. The seconds were ticking by too fast and they weren't far enough away to relax. It was less than hour since they fled the caravan and she doubted they were more than ten kilometers away. She didn't dare sent out a pulse to identify her location, either toward the Puppy Mill or back to the caravan. Given the preparations Gillette took already, it would take only a single slip of magic to betray their flight and location.

(Come on, just over this ridge.)

Fang grunted and lurched forward, his hands planting on the ground before he crawled up the side.

Merrie bounded ahead, her furry body easily covering the distance without disturbing even a pebble. At the top, she turned around and peered down at Fang who inched up the side of the slope. (There's a root to your right, ten centimeters... there.)

In the distance, a column of light suddenly appeared and speared toward the heavens. It expanded into brilliance of white and gold flames before snuffing out. The afterimage was a black-on-black slash speared the sky.

Fang gasped and then thumped his head against the rocks. "They found the body?" His voice trembled with his effort to breathe.

Merrie's stomach knotted in fear. (Yes.) Her cloak snapped out and formed a loop for Fang. When he didn't respond to it, she smacked it against his face until he grabbed it.

"Fuck!" Fang hauled himself up the cloak. Sweat rose around him as he gasped for breath. "I'm hurrying, but I haven't had to climb rocks in years."

Her paws dug into the ground as she braced herself against his weight.

Tamin's thoughts drifted through hers. (They'll be coming for us soon and we're not far enough away. Just under eight kilometers. And, without their illusions, they don't have to worry about light. They'll be on us soon,) he let out a long breath, (if we've headed in the right direction.)

She nodded but didn't respond. He knew her thoughts and he was only saying the same thing she had been dwelling on since she realized Fang couldn't move fast enough.

(Alpha.)

Merrie froze at the tone in Tamin's thoughts. The sick feeling grew as she turned to her companion. Her stomach clenched as she stared down at his paws, drinking in the sight of his pitch black form in the night. She didn't want to look up in fear of what he was going to say.

She could feel the determination rolling in his mind, a hardness and protectiveness that had dominated his thoughts for years. Part of his own thoughts were hidden in darkness, boiling in the dark core granted by the Lord of Shadows, but she knew what he was going to say.

And it made her sick. Tears burned in her eyes as she lifted her gaze and peered at him, her ears flat against the side of her head.

His eyes were as dark as the abyss, even with her ability to see in the dark. Shadows burned around him as he stared back. (Let me hunt.)

She knew what he meant, but she shook her head. (No, not now.)

(With Fang, we cannot travel fast enough. And neither of us can abandon him. They know where to go and how to beat us. It's a race and, if nothing changes, we will lose. Either we'll be too late or they will kill us before we make it.)

She stared at him for a long moment, wishing she didn't know what he was talking about. It had been hanging over their heads for years, a shadow of fear and the promise of the Lord of Shadows. He had been saved to protect her with his life.

He was right, she knew that, but she didn't want to lose him. (Can't we take them. You and me? There is very little that we can't defeat.)

Tamin rested his head on her shoulder. (Against a hundred paladins? What if we lose? Who will protect Fang? Warn Bass?)

(They won't kill Fang.) She stared down at the man making his way up the rocks.

(We leave him here in the dark? He is no better suited for the woods than we are. If we lose, he will die out here alone.) Tamin's thoughts concentrated on the slightly overweight man still struggling to climb up even with the assistance of Merrie's cloak.

(You'll...) she struggled with the thought they were both showing. (You'll...) A tear ran down her cheek. (I don't want to lose you.)

He licked her face. (I love you since the day you gave me thoughts. But, my second chance was a gift to protect you from your enemies. That man,) he presented Gillette to her, (is our enemy. I'd be a fool to think I could go toe-to-paw against him, but we've both seen him fight. Even if we both take him on, he is our equal if not better. We've fought and killed, but he spent years fighting against the Shadows in the district we created. He has specialized in hunting me, you, and us. He knows our limits and he knows our abilities. If he's in charge of Lemetri's battles, he's probably seen more war than anyone but Bass. Even together, we will never beat him.)

As the hard thoughts drifted through her mind, she sobbed. They were the same thing she had been dreading for the last hour, but she didn't want to say them in fear they would come true.

(Alpha, I can promise you one thing. I might not stop him, but I will go down fighting and kill as many as I can. Let me hunt, not the

man who betrayed you, but the army that stands behind him. I will slow them down with death and destruction.)

Merrie transformed back into a human female and wrapped her arms around his shoulder. His icy body tickled her skin as she sobbed into his shoulder.

(Their blood will run free and the ground will be stained crimson until the end of time.) Tamin rested his head on her shoulder. (I'm sorry, Alpha, but I beg you from the bottom of my black heart. Let me serve you with the last of my life. Let me defend you with my last breath.)

He took a deep breath and his heavy chest ground against her breast. (Let me hunt.)

She ground her fist into his short, black fur. Taking a deep breath, she tried to memorize the scent of his body. (Is there another way?)

(No.)

She held him tight, squeezing until it hurt. (I love you.)

(And I will love you until my last breath.)

She wanted to deny it. She wanted to tell him there was another way, but he knew her thoughts as well as his own. They both knew the truth. She risked everything by saving Fang, but she couldn't abandon him with Sama's death hanging over her. The Lord of Shadows gave her Tamin to protect her and the dark cloud hanging over them had finally peeled back.

Closing her eyes against the tears, she leaned into him as the spells began to flow. Calligraphy ran across her mind, fueled by the power stored in her collar. Strength, speed, armor, and protection. She poured every defensive and offensive spell into him, giving it as much duration as she could muster. She knew that when the spells ended, so would Tamin's life.

As soon as she finished, she started on a new spell. She had never done it before, but she remembered the way the creatures of the Shadows had gathered around her, to serve her until the end of their existence. Merrie couldn't be with Tamin, but she wasn't going to let him go into battle alone.

The spell was complicated and untested, but her instincts told her it would work. She gathered it up and let her energy pour into it until it was about to explode. Forming it into a mental crystal, she

embedded it into Tamin's very soul. She sniffed as she kissed his nose. (Release this as you find your prey. It isn't the pack but it will give you an edge.)

She almost told him "be safe" but stopped. With a kiss on his muzzle, she took a deep breath to remember the smell of shadows on his fur and the touch of his nose against her cheek.

(Good hunting.)

(Be safe, Alpha.)

And then he was gone.

Merrie sobbed as she felt him racing through the Shadows. He would be on the paladins in less than a minute and her heart pounded with the dread.

Fang gasped as he reached the top. "M-Merrie."

She pushed down her emotions and gave Fang a wave of comfort. Her cloak wrapped around his wrist and she tugged him forward. (Come.)

He obeyed follow. It was a painfully slow moving, but it was the anticipation that tore into her. She could feel it rising between their connection until it spiked as Tamin stepped out of the shadows and charged into the caravan.

Merrie closed her eyes and tried to shield herself from what would happen next. Tears burning, she pulled harder on Fang's leash and yanked him along the darkness.

"Merrie! I can't."

(Shut up!) she snapped and she cast a domination spell. With her dread, it was a struggle to keep the magic together, but the focus helped keep her from thinking about Tamin's sacrifice.

Fang gasped as he lost control over his own body.

Merrie charged forward, driving him forward with the desperation. She couldn't do anything to help Tamin and it tore her from the inside. Her tears splattered on the ground beneath her and she was thankful that Fang couldn't see them.

Twenty minutes, her spell faltered between one sob and another. In the brief space of a single gasp, she close control of both Fang's domination and her efforts to shield herself from Tamin.

Tamin's body smoked with black flames as he leaped over the burning tent. On the other side, a paladin was fighting against a swarm of shadowy raccoons. The holy glow surrounding his body was fading underneath the

boiling of death and claws. Tamin slammed into the paladin and threw him down to the ground. In a blur, he bit down through the man's helm and ripped out his throat. Blood jetted against his chest as Tamin used the gurgling man's shoulders for purchase and launched himself across the melee toward his opponent.

Gillette stood in the middle of the flames, his body encased in white armor and his scythe leaving waves of white and gold as he spun around. The holy flames surrounding his body were blinding, but Tamin would not look away from the man who threatened his pack.

The last of the Reapers chomped down on Gillette's armor, teeth punching through the metal. The black tentacles of the shadowy cat shot forward to slam into Gillette's chest and hips. The rip of metal ended with the thud of the ground being pierced.

Tamin would have had a moment of hope, but he had seen it before just minutes before. He accelerated faster, putting everything he could into getting to Gillette before the paladin recovered.

Hidden magic boiled inside him, the last of the power the Lord of Shadows gave him to protect his alpha. The obsidian power ripped away from, billowing out like his alpha's cloak but instead of forming a ripple of darkness, he broke it off and let his memories solidify into the only shadows he had left inside him.

Seven other Bel Dark hounds appeared around him. It was the pack that he grew up with, the ones he died with, and the ones he would see when he died again. Eight hounds tore through the paladins fighting in the campground and left nothing but blood and bodies.

Tamin cast the spells that he learned from his alpha, the calligraphy wasn't as fast or powerful, but he needed everything he could. His pack became nothing but pools of obsidian as they struck Gillette.

The paladin's body began to glow yellow-green from regeneration when Tamin's teeth punched through his leg. His pack caught his arms and legs, throwing him to the ground as they tore through metal and into flesh. Blood sprayed everywhere as Tamin forced his head into the torn metal and chomped into the hard, muscular leg underneath.

Gillette let out a cry as he struggled to pull himself up. His entire body shuddered as Reaper's tentacles punched into him again, piercing his chest and throat.

Tamin couldn't give up. He couldn't give Gillette a single chance to cast another spell or call to his god. He could feel the magic gathering in the

enemy, a radiance spell that would blow away the shadows. Flames burned around him as he finally tore through the flesh and bit down on bone. Magic poured through him as he and another hound pulled with all their might.

A wet popping noise filled the air as the flesh tore.

Gillette ripped his right hand free. His scythe fell, the white blade arcing down. The tip punched into Tamin's back, piercing his lung and pinning him to the bloody ground.

Tamin desperately kept his teeth on Gillette's leg, his body shuddering with agony. He pulled and pulled, trying to rip the paladin's leg off.

There was a thump and then another. Tamin glanced up to see Gillette pounding his chest, the gauntlet indenting the breast place. Blood spurted out of the holes in the armor. And then he hit hard enough that the metal collapsed and a gasping word burst out of his ruined throat. "Lemetri!"

Despair slammed into Tamin as the world exploded into light. The holy magic speared into Gillette's chest. Yellow-green healing magic burst out of his body and his leg was torn from Tamin's mouth as it reconnected to his body.

Merrie flinched as the trees around her flashed with light. She knew there was another column of light behind her but she didn't dare look. Her stomach was twisting violently as she began to pant. Tears ran down her cheeks as stared at the stark shadows forming in front of her.

"What is—"

With a flash of despair, she locked Fang's voice in his throat.

Fang clawed at his throat, his eyes white in the reflected light from Gillette's spell.

The light grew brighter and Tamin felt his body melting from the intensity. The only thing keeping him together was the dark core of the abyss that bound his soul. His pack and the Reaper were not as lucky. They let out silent screams of agony as they were burned away, melting in a flash, and then blowing away in wisps of black flames.

With a clang, the scythe fell out of his shifting body and hit the ground with a wet splat.

Tamin couldn't give up. He would defend his alpha with everything he had to give. He forced everything he could into one final attack. He surged forward, the darkness fighting against the brilliance of a god. He clawed and bit down on Gillette's face, tearing through the visor and ripping into

flesh. He heard bones cracking. Magic burned through his veins and the world grew dark with smoky fire.

He dug deep and found magic that his alpha used only a week before, the corrupting darkness that was left behind when she ripped off Haviston's arm. It would kill him to use it; the spell needed more energy than he had left. But, he was already dead and there was no reason to hold back. Ripping out his very soul, he poured it into the spell as he bit down with all his might. His teeth tore into Gillette's face, shattering bone as he ripped out the paladin's right eye.

Corrupting magic fought against the holy light, but Tamin shielded it with his body as the injury rotted away, sealing it like Tabitha's cropping and ensuring that no healing magic would ever recover the enemy's face.

Swords pierced Tamin's back as the other paladins joined the fight. Holy flames burned him from the inside and his guts ignited into flames. Gauntlets grabbed his body and threw him off Gillette. He got a single look of Gillette's face and felt joy at the sight of the injury. There was nothing but a bloody hole where the enemy's eye was. The edges of the shattered bone were black and corroded.

Gillette staggered to his feet, fueled by the holy magic that glowed from inside his body. The light came from his remaining bones, glowing from the inside. Injuries sealed over and healed in a flash. The tears in his armor sealed up and flowed over each other until they were once again solid metal. As the visor repaired, Tamin watched desperately to see if the eye would heal, but the magic couldn't touch the blackened bones. And, when the armor had completely repaired itself, Gillette's ruined face remained as bloody as when Tamin tore it off.

Tamin fought with all his might, his body burning away with every moment. He tried to bite, but there was nothing to sink his teeth into. He couldn't get off his back, not with the men holding him down and the swords punching into his body over and over again.

The last thing he saw with Gillette's scythe as it sliced him open from belly to the top of his skull, slicing through bone and skull in a flash of brilliance.

Merrie stumbled and hit the ground. The despair drew her down and she couldn't find the energy to push herself up. With a sob, she curled up into a ball and held herself tight, sobbing pitifully as the light along the horizon died with Tamin. The memory of his last

memories played over in her head, an obsessive loop that she couldn't tear her mind away.

Her body shook as she cried, letting out long wails of pain as the pain of Tamin's death tore into her heart. It was like losing Kine again, the sharp-edge of agony stabbing into her stomach and heart. Her mind obsessed with playing back the final cut that sliced Tamin open.

"Bitch!" Fang crashed to the ground next to her, his sweat-soaked hand grabbing at her. He was gasping for breath and his body shuddered from exhaustion.

She cried and pulled away, curling into a tight ball with her tail over her face and her ears against her face.

Fang whimpered and slumped to the ground. Tears ran down his cheeks as he slumped against her. "Fuck, that was Tamin, wasn't it."

Merrie whimpered, her short arms clamped around her knees.

"Damn the gods. I-I don't know if I can go on either."

Tears kept pouring out of her. She tried to push herself up, but her limbs shook with exhaustion. She was broken. There was nothing left inside her.

Fang rolled on his back. "F-Fuck. Everything hurts." He gasped. "A-Are we almost there?"

Merrie didn't know where they were. She had gone in the right direction, but there was no more energy to cast a spell. She had lost Tamin, everything. There was nothing left to keep her moving. With a whine, she slumped to the ground and let the tears pour down her cheeks.

He let out a sob. "Fuck, I just wanted to see her again. I touched to touch her grave." He inhaled and his body shook with the effort. "I just wanted to punch Bass once. Damn him."

Merrie opened her eyes as she stared at the mist swirling around her. In a short time, the sun will burn it away, but at the moment, it tickled against her skin.

"Never thought I'd be fighting against a paladin. Fuck, those guys are suppose to be good but I saw what they did in that fight against Bass. They said a lot of them died, but there were none of Lemetri's men in the morgue."

She looked around at the unfamiliar trees and bushes. She had to move, she had to get up. She pressed one severed arm against the

ground, but it slipped along the slick ground. With a thud, she hit the ground with a sob.

“M-Merrie?”

Merrie tried again to push herself up. But, as she managed to push herself up, the gaping hole in her heart slammed into her. She shuddered and slammed back into the ground. Sharp rocks caught her breasts and left long scratches along her skin.

“We can just wait here, right? They won’t find us. Not if they are going after Bass.”

She curled herself tight against his body, her tail curling around his back and she pressed her face against his sweaty thigh.

Fang rested his hand on her. “I’m sorry,” she gasped, “we can’t save him.”

(He’ll die if we don’t warn him.)

“Yeah.” Fang suddenly sniffed. “I just wanted to see her grave... I,” he choked back a sob, “just wanted to touch it. M-Maybe after Gillette kills him, the grave will... still...” He stopped talking when a sob tore out of his throat.

Merrie took a deep breath and closed her mouth. She wiped her face on Fang’s thigh and pushed herself up to look into his face. Seeing his despair pushed back her agony. He was just as devastated as she was, but unlike Tamin, he was only driven by the hope of seeing his sister one last time.

There would be more deaths if she did nothing. Gillette would attack Bass and Tabitha. They might be able to survive, but she knew that Licker would suffer even if they won. There would be a lot more graves if she didn’t move.

Determination rose up inside her. She couldn’t stop. With a groan, she sent herself an order. (Get up.)

The command came through and the compulsion forced past her exhaustion and pain. She shook as she pushed herself up to her knees. Her arms and legs trembled with the effort to remain up, but the command burned across her mind and she couldn’t lay down. She wanted to give up, to desperately crawl into the darkness and let the world pass, but then she would leave the mill to their deaths.

Gulping at her dry throat, she whined.

“Where are we?”

Fighting the despair, Merrie sent herself another command. (Find the mill, bitch.)

The heartbeat it took for the collar to repeat the command was an eternity. The order blossomed in her thought, driving her to obey at all costs. She dug the power from her collar and crafted it into a seeking spell for the mill. Taking a deep breath, she threw it out in front of her in a narrow wedge. The wave of force rippled out, wrapping it in a seeking spell.

She held her breath as she waited for a response. Nothing came back. She let out her breath in a rush.

(Try again,) she ordered herself.

Merrie couldn't disobey her mistress, no matter how much she wanted it to. And she couldn't do it on her own. The command came rippling across and she sent out another wave seeking wave to the side and then the other. She didn't want to send anything back the way she came, in case Catais could somehow detect her magic.

After a heart-stopping minute, she let out another sob. (I can't find it,) she sent to Fang.

Fang groaned. "Then, what do we do?"

Merrie concentrated on her mind and sent out a command, forcing herself to keep moving. It blossomed through her mind and she shivered at the desperate intensity of the words that echoed in her mind.

(Keep going. We keep walking until we find it.)

"I can't—"

(I can't give up on them... or you.) She turned around and used her cloak to help Fang to his feet. He was exhausted and heavy, but he eventually staggered to his feet.

He took a step and stumbled.

Merrie flowed across to catch him, bracing him on his feet.

"I-I can't run, Bitch."

(Call me a good girl.)

He chuckled, the sweat dripping from his face. "Good girl?"

She shivered at the words that echoed around her. The faint tickle of power rose up inside her chest, the thrill of submission filling the pain. She stepped forward and he followed her.

His weight bore down on her, his fingers digging into the flesh of her shoulder. The wheezing gasps tore at her heart, but they had to keep moving, they couldn't stop.

(Tell me again.)

“Good girl.”

Another step.

“Good girl.”

They would make it. They just had to keep walking. She leaned into him, bracing him as the exhaustion tore at her limbs and senses. Crawling into a ball and falling asleep lured in her mind, but there were two words that kept her moving.

“Good girl.”

Merrie

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“Good girl,” gasped Fang with every step. His fingers dug into her collar and the pressure against her throat helped push her to take another step.

The sun just reached over the horizon as they struggled to keep moving. Every step was agony. Her lungs ached, her heart burned, and everything spun around her. She felt broken and shattered, both in mind and body.

“Good girl...” Fang slid to his knees and hit the ground with a thud. His fingers dug into her shoulder, his broken fingernails leaving a gouge along her skin. “Fuck, I can’t... anymore.”

Merrie whimpered and pressed her slick body against his.

Fang tried to push her away, but there was no strength in his movements. “No, I can’t do it. I’ve been running all night. I... I can’t make... it....”

Tears splashed down on her back. Sadness radiated from him and she reached up to wrap her arms around him. She held him tight and tried not to think of the despair that gnawed at her thoughts.

“I just wanted to see her one last time.”

She smiled sadly and rested her head on his shoulder. His body shuddered with his gasps.

“I just wanted... to see my sister.”

Merrie closed her eyes and gave him what comfort she could. There was almost none left inside her, but she had to give everything she had.

Suddenly, Fang stiffened. “Fuck me with a sword,” he gasped. “Is that a fence?”

She gasped and melted out of his grip. As he slumped forward, she reformed underneath him and held him up. Her eyes scanned the trees until she saw it.

It was a neatly mended fence running along the trees and a field of grass. It was also the first sign of civilization they had seen since they started running.

Her heart thumped loudly in her chest.

“I-Is that it?”

(I don't know. I think...) Her eyes stopped on a single stake sticking out of the ground. It was a dull white from being posted out in the elements for five years, but the words were still visible on the nearest side facing her. She couldn't focus on the words, but she knew exactly what it said. (Happy Cunt.)

Fang jerked. “What?”

Sudden tears burned in her eyes. (That stake, it says Happy Cunt. It's... mine.)

He pushed himself up to his feet. Clutching the stitch in his side, he walked over to the stake with slow, exhausted steps. Sweat dripped off his body and ran along the scrapes that a night of running had branded on his skin.

Merrie followed slowly. The stake was important, she knew it, but so was the fence behind it. The wood was only one barrier to the Puppy Mill. The other was the shimmering wall of wards that ran along the fences. If she could pass through it, they would know she needed them. Only a few dozen meters until they would come for her.

Fang bent over and pulled the stake out of the ground. With a frown, he flipped it over. “You're right! It says Merrie on the other side. Does that mean we're here?”

Without understanding why, Merrie's attention kept being drawn to the stake. It pulled on her toward it and she took another step toward it.

Shaking her head, she forced herself toward the fence. She made it a few steps before the stake drew her again, pulling her attention away. Her vision blurred as she stared at it, the simple white stake with her names on it. It just marked where she was cropped. It wasn't important.

Whimpering, she forced a command through her collar. (Go to the fence.)

Unable to resist, she padded toward the fence. Only few meters and Tabitha would know. Her breath came faster as she stared at the wood and rusted nails. Two sections were brighter than the rest, but even five years of weather had left the wooden beams splintered and cracked. It had been give years since Tabitha threw her through it before ripping her limbs off. The memories welled up and she felt hope rising with them. The heat tickled her as her scent let her relieve being cropped again.

At the fence, she reached up to put her hand through it when a flash burst across her vision. She yanked her hand back, afraid that she burned something, but there was no pain.

“M-Merrie?” There was a sudden desperate tone in Fang’s voice. “We have a problem.”

Her stomach twisted as she spun around.

Her stake trembled in Fang’s hand. There was a splatter of blood dripping on the white wood. As she watched, her stake slipped from his fingers and plummeted to the ground.

“I’m... I’m sorry,” he gasped. He reached up for a curved blade sticking out of his chest, left of his spine. The blood spread out from the wound, but not even a splash of it stained the curved white blade.

He started to drop to his knees, but the haft of Gillette’s scythe stopped him. With a groan, he pitched forward and slid off the blade.

Merrie melted into shadows and flowed over to him, coming up underneath him to catch him. Blood poured over her body as he slumped over her. She braced herself and heard the crack of wood underneath her knee and a sharp pain coursed up her leg. She groaned underneath the weight until she could ease him to the side and then to the ground. (Fang! Fang!?)

Fang chuckled. “Well, I don’t know,” he gagged and blood flecked his lips, “which god we pissed off, but if you have a chance,” he gave a weak smile, “I’d appreciate if you fuck the hell out of that bastard.”

In the corner of Merrie’s eye, she saw the scythe suddenly spin off in a streak of bright light. A heartbeat later, she heard it strike a

heavy gauntlet. Her ears twitched at the noise and she estimated that Gillette was about thirty meters away.

She bit back the sob. (I promise.)

“No,” he smiled as the strength seemed to leave him. “Don’t promise, that seems to have caused all the problem. Everyone makes promises and then breaks them. Just... be a good... girl...”

The light faded from his eyes and he slid off her. There was no tension left as he hit the ground in a dull thud.

Merrie reached out for his mind, but there was nothing left to connect to. Just a black void where Fang’s thoughts had faded into obsidian.

Merrie clamped on Sama’s fading thoughts. She couldn’t breathe as she struggled to focus on the door. Sparks flew across her vision, fading in and out as the darkness drew across her vision. Her limbs refused to work and she slammed into the ground.

Terrifying helpless, she felt Sama’s mind grow black.

(I love you, Merrie.)

Merrie screamed out with her mind, (Sama!)

(It... isn’t your fault...)

And then... nothing.

Merrie’s shoulders shook as she sobbed. (I’m sorry,) she projected into the void, (I’m so sorry that I did this to you.)

Gillette spoke as he came closer, his dispassionate voice was a low grumble. “There are always sacrifices to be made. But, right now, you won’t understand that.”

She glared at him. He was twenty meters away and coming closer. Four other paladins were with him, along with Catais. All of the paladins were in heavy armor, but two of them had large bags over their shoulders. Everyone was panting for breath from their attempts to catch up. Sweat glistened along their faces, barely visible in the visors.

The only one who looked fresh was Gillette, but it was hard to see through the shimmering white plate armor to the ruined face underneath. His chest didn’t rise and fall with gasps, but she knew that he had been battling and then running for hours to catch up with them.

“Your dog killed most of my men.”

In her mind's eye, she could see the healing and other spells that kept him moving. It surrounded him a brilliant cloud of energies. A thousand colors that kept the defensive and combat spells burning in his frame. It was almost blinding, but she forced herself to look into the brilliance to look for some weakness. But, as she started, her heart began to beat faster and fear trickled through her veins. He was as powerful as Loyal Alestri and far more dangerous of an opponent.

Movement caught her attention. She glanced to the side where Catais leaned against a tree. He had a small canvas in his hand and was painting frantically. His entire body shook with exhaustion and sweat glistened across his skin. She frowned as she tried to identify the spells, but even with his rapid painting, his spells were too subtle to identify without concentrating.

"Sacrifice is spending three years of this persona. Sacrifice is breaking my oath of chastity for the greater good. I can't describe," Gillette stepped forward and his heavy armor thudded against the ground, "how much pain it tore me to break that promise. But, you should know about that. Bass broke many promises when you were here last."

When she blew Gillette under the table, his hesitation made sense. He wasn't fulfilling a promise to some fake wife or a past. He was breaking a promise and it tore into him just as Bass' broken promises destroyed him. But, Gillette had more promises to keep and a single broken one, even if it was his virginity, wasn't enough to stop him.

She glanced back at Catais who was still painting. A spell ran across her mind and she sent part of her shadow toward him. It slipped away, flowing through the underbrush in a wide circle around the paladins.

"Now, I need you to do only one last thing." Gillette continued closer. "I need you to cross that fence."

Ice ran along Merrie's spine. It was the very thing she was going to do.

"Bass' compassion is his curse. If he knew that you were here, he will drop anything to come to you. It doesn't matter that he's raping some girl right now," the anger radiated from Gillette, "or cutting off their limbs. All that matters is that you need him. He'll

remember when Sable showed up suddenly at the door and he will run blindly for you.”

The shadows continued to swirl around, rising up in the trees and flowing across the leaves. It molded along the tree trunk as it came down over Catais.

His brush moved with elegance as he painted Merrie. The image was fast but detailed. It looked like her, kneeling next to Fang's body, and looking terrified. But, he had added something to the picture. Her mouth was gagged and her body chained to the ground.

Suddenly, he painted a mark over her head.

“She knows,” announced Catais. He looked up at the shadow and then drew across the picture.

The connection between Merrie and the shadow snapped as it faded.

Gillette chuckled. “And the rest of the spells?”

Catais blew on the canvas. “Completed and dry. We’re ready.”

Merrie frowned and backed up. Her knee scraped against the bloody stake and she winced at a sharp pain that slashed across her senses. Her vision blurred for a moment and then came back into slow focus. Crawling back, she worked her way parallel to the fence.

“You haven’t tried to call for the alphas, have you?”

She froze as the realization blossomed across her mind. She was a telepath and strong enough to reach them. She gathered up her power.

“It won’t work,” came the low chuckle.

Merrie sent out a pulse, directed right at the mill, but it was like calling into the night. She could sense nothing toward the mill; it was as if someone had painted over the mill in thick layers of black paint.

She glanced at Catais who gave a cruel smile and a nod.

“Subtly is a weapon, Merrie.” Gillette said, “Little lies are better one large one. We’ve had quite a few days to work on this one. Go on, try to call the alphas. Bark, whine, use telepathy. Go on, use it.” She could almost hear the smile in his voice.

She pressed her lips into a thin line. She glanced at the fence and the other direction. She could run but then Bass would be vulnerable.

Gillette slammed his scythe into the ground. “Cross the fence, Merrie.”

She snarled at him, but no noise came from her throat. A sick feeling stretched across her.

Another chuckle. And then Gillette charged. His armored boots slammed into the ground as he raced at her, covering the distance in a flash. He didn’t have speed magic, but she could see powerful strength spells burning across his armor.

She flowed out of the way as his scythe came down, slicing into the ground and up in a cloud of damp soil and leaves. To her surprise, she wasn’t moving as fast as she could and she came up only a few meters away. With a yelp that made no noise, she dove out of the way of Gillette’s second strike.

The holy blade slashed through the air, clipping her shoulder. The agony burned along her skin as she came up against a tree. When she glanced over, a bright trickle of blood began to run down her arm.

“Cross the fence, Merrie,” ordered Gillette. The order came with the full power of his Presence. She wanted to obey and her body shuddered with the desire to race for the fence.

Merrie bit her lip, breaking skin. (Do not obey him!) she ordered through the collar. The power rippled through the adamantite and then his command blew away like the summer mist. She gasped at the intensity of it and then dove out as Gillette’s scythe slashed through the tree she was resting against, slicing it clear from the ground.

With creak, it slowly fell to the side and then struck the ground with a thud that shook her to the core. Leaves fluttered around both of them as they glared at each other.

Gillette brought up his scythe and charged.

She drew the shadows around her and flowed away, but something pinned her in place. The taste of black paint wafted past her as her body resolidified. She looked up just as the scythe came down.

He flipped it over so the back end of the blade slammed into her. It picked her up with a crunch of bone and tossed her toward the fence.

Panic surged inside her. Merrie's cloak snapped out to grab the trees. She pulled and her flight ended with a hard flip into the ground.

"Cross the fence," ordered Gillette. He charged again, his body glowing with golden light.

Merrie flared her cloak to shield her and lunged to the side.

Gillette's scythe slashed through the curtain of darkness and punched down.

She tried to pull away, but a slash of pain appeared in her mind's eye and her leg was suddenly pinned to the ground. There was nothing she could do as Gillette brought the scythe down into her knee.

The point of the scythe punched through her kneecap. It shattered bone and snapped tendon as it pierced the ground. Before the pain registered, Gillette yanked the blade sideways and she felt her shin rip away from her body in a spurt of blood and agony.

Pain shot up her leg and tore through her. Her scream came out shrilly and echoed against the walls, but Gillette jumped forward and slapped his gauntlet across her mouth. She fell back, her agony muffled by his hand, until the back of her head slammed into the ground. Stars swam across her vision as she looked up at him through the tears.

He was kneeling over her with his gauntlet clamped over her mouth. "I said, go through the fence. If I ask again, it will be your broken, mutilated body that gets thrown across. It might warn them, it might not. But you will," he snarled, "go across that fence!"

Merrie shuddered at the agony, trying to focus. She could feel Catais' spells in her mind now, the swirls of pain mixing in with the darkness. He had sealed her throat and her voice. She reached out desperately with her telepathy, but there was nothing.

Gillette released her head and pulled back. He held out his hand and his scythe slammed into his grip with a flash of white light.

She gathered up her power and sent a wave of desperation and danger toward the mill. It sputtered away with the smell of pain. She tried to bark to warn them, but her mouth opened and no noise came out.

The paladin flipped over his scythe and then brought the sharp point to her belly. It dug into her stomach, right below her belly

button. He held it there, with the point dimpling her flesh but not piercing the skin. Her bare sex was right below the tip, wet with sweat and fear and a trickle of urine.

Her stomach tensed at the sharp point of the weapon. She stared down at the holy blade, the brilliant white that had killed Tamin. The spells were blinding and she could feel them burning along her senses.

There was nothing she could do. She felt dizzy from the blood pouring out of her leg. The world spun violently as she stared at her death.

If she could warn the Mill, her death would be worth it. She only had to find some way of warning them. She glanced up at Gillette and then at the trees.

Slowly, she opened her eyes and stared back out the window. The razor blade of light had brightened and the stars were beginning to fade from the night sky. She tried to concentrate on watching them, but her thoughts drew to the softening cock between her thighs. She wanted him, all day and all night. And, now that she was so close, he wasn't going to fuck her.

Bass' room faced the sun. She could warn him without making a noise. She let the fear remain on her face as she withdrew her thoughts, gathering up energy as she began to summon her cloak. If she gave it enough power, it would be able to block out the sun.

Around her, the shadows grew into sharp lines. Power ran along her veins, fueled by her fear and skill.

Gillette tensed and the tip of his weapon dug into her belly. "What are you doing?"

Merrie whimpered silently and continued to pour energy into the shadow. In the corners of her eyes, the shadows began to crawl up to the trees out of sight of the others.

He looked over his shoulder. "What is she doing!?"

Catais was painting frantically.

The other paladins were spreading out, weapons out as they looked around nervously. All of their bodies glowed with white flames and she had no control of the shadows near them, but there were enough shadows in the trees.

The painter suddenly gasped. "Golid, light!"

Gillette didn't hesitate. He backhanded Merrie and flipped his scythe up. With grunt and a flash of power, he brought the end of

the scythe hard into the ground between her legs and light exploded from the weapon.

Merrie screamed out as she felt her spell torn apart. Sparks of pain ripped through her.

And then his hand was against her mouth, slamming her against the ground. The edges of his gauntlet tore at her skin, leaving brands of agony.

Merrie felt her shadow spell dissipate and the sun continued to shine. She closed her eyes and sobbed into the gauntlet, wincing as Gillette dug his fingers into the side of her head.

“Cross the fence or you die.”

Merrie stared into the white visor of the man pinning her to the ground. The curls of submission rose in her thoughts, filling her with power as she looked at the one eye through the slit in Gillette’s armor. It was filled with rage and anger. The other was just a black hole where Tamin had torn it out.

She sobbed at the memory of her hound. He sacrificed everything for her.

And then she realized, Gillette was silencing her with his gauntlet. She tried to bark, but no noise came out, but she could scream. Exploring gingerly, she dug into her mind and sought out Catais’ spell that silenced her. She found it after a moment and quickly scanned over it. It was preventing her from making noises as a dog. A subtle and precise spell, like most psychics, and one that took advantage of her geas.

Merrie could make other noises, but the geas would never let her. She shuddered at the remembered pain when she screamed as a human, the feeling of her insides tearing themselves open and the blood that ran down out of every orifice. She couldn’t do that again. Even if she could, a scream would bring Bass running. As would calling his name. There wasn’t any way she could warn of the attack.

And then she found something to say.

She gathered up the command. (Call for help,) and sent it. She winced with anticipation as the order came rippling through the collar. It was going to kill her, but she would die for her mistress. Gathering up her energy, she took a deep breath and then another one. The spell was a simple one, taught by her grandfather and Haviston, but useless with her geas. It was to increase the sound of

her voice and she never needed it before now. Her panting whistled between Gillette's fingers, adding to the anticipation that she was about to die.

Steeling herself, she melted away. The light dispelled the magic, but she only needed to escape his grip. As she came back, only centimeters away but outside of his fingers, she inhaled and screamed the only thing she knew would warn the Puppy Mill.

"LEMETRI!"

The spell to enhance her voice tore her vocal cords, ripping them apart as she said the first words she had said in five years. They echoed painfully across the trees, reflecting and echoing in a rumble of noise.

She tensed as she waited for her body to tear itself apart, nothing happened. She only had a moment to wonder why she wasn't dead when Gillette jerked forward.

The scythe drove into her stomach, the massive blade slicing through her belly and shattering her hip. Magic burned across the blade and she felt her insides searing as he stood up and yanked the blade out, slicing through the side of her body. Intestines and blood burst out and she screamed again.

"Prepare for battle!" Gillette's roar echoed against the trees.

Pain blurred Merrie's vision as the brilliant light of his scythe faded. She saw two of the paladins racing away as they yanked their bags off their shoulders.

The wall of the third story bedroom exploded away from Sable as she jumped through it. As the air whistled around her, energy poured through her and the armor slammed into place. She slammed into the ground as an armored hound and the impact left a crater around her. Without hesitating, she charged forward out of the cloud of dust and toward the fading rumble of Merrie's still-echoing cry.

Behind her, Bass hit the ground and the earth exploded around him as he charged after her.

Merrie sobbed at the flash of image. She clutched her belly, trying to get her organs back into the wound. The pain was intense, more than she could ever imagine. She couldn't focus as she watched her insides pulsating and spill out. A river of crimson poured out from her side, flooding the ground and the world grew hazy with every beat of her heart.

The regeneration of her collar slowed the injuries but it wouldn't save her. Gasping with the effort, she gathered the darkness around her and began to push it into the gaping wound in her stomach. Like the memories of her cloak healing, it began to fill in her side, spreading out in liquid obsidian. She started a spell to seal the darkness, to allow it to survive the light.

"Watch Merrie," Catais said as he ducked behind a tree, "she's using the darkness to heal."

Gillette spun around. He stepped forward and slammed his scythe into the ground. The light exploded around him, erasing all shadows. The darkness in Merrie's side burned away from the brilliance and then a fresh spurt of blood exploded from her side.

He stormed toward her. "You are no longer—"

A rumble shook the ground.

He stopped and then pointed to one of the paladins. "Kill her, now!" His finger turned to the other one. "Shield! The druid is coming!"

Gillette turned back and tossed his scythe up into the air. It became a burning sun above her, the light piercing all shadows and burning them away. The world took on a hellish, two-dimensional appearance as the light spread out to remove all darkness around her.

The paladin brought his hands together and a massive tower shield burst into existence. He slammed it down into the ground just as the fence next to Merrie exploded into splinters.

Tabitha's giant wolf form blurred across Merrie's vision and struck the shield. The impact sent a wave of force in all directions, tearing up trees and grass in a blast of air.

The concussion threw Gillette a dozen meters back, but he managed to keep on his feet. The bottom of his shield left a deep furrow in the ground. He released the shield and it faded. With a snarl, he charged after Tabitha with his hand up. His scythe slammed into his palm in time for him to bring it into a wide slash toward Tabitha's foreleg.

And then Merrie's sight of the battle was blocked as the other paladin stood over her. He raised his weapon and Merrie didn't have time to raise her arm to block it before he brought it down.

His head disappeared as Dixie took it off at the neck. The smaller wolf hit the ground and tossed the head aside as a fountain of blood burst out of the decapitated torso. (So, you give Sable an epic ass kicking and then a fucking paladin can stop you?)

Merrie sobbed at the barely remembered voice of the silfae. It was sardonic but tinged with concern. She smiled as the blood dribbled from her the corner of her lip.

(Can't talk?)

She sobbed and shook her head, almost losing her balance.

Dixie spun around and then dove into the melee. Gillette and Tabitha fought above him as the smaller wolf grabbed Merrie's stake and raced over to her. He threw it into her stomach and she flinched as it landed in the coils of her guts. (Speak.)

Merrie opened her mouth and shook her head.

(Oh, for fuck's sake. The geas is broken when you touch the stake, you idiot! Otherwise, you'd be dead right now.)

Her eyes caught sight of a white-painted splinter sticking out of her knee. She didn't remember touching it. With a silent whimper, she lifted her gaze across the brightly-lit world to Fang's body. The end of the stake stuck out from where she knelt on it to catch his fall.

She gasped. She didn't feel different, but she wasn't killed by yelling out Lemetri either. She tried to speak, but her body remembered the pain and her voice froze. She shuddered and looked around.

Flipping her mind, she send a command to speak and it echoed across her mind. "T-The painter. He's got... got spells," she choked on the blood rising up on me.

Dixie looked her over with a snarl. (Well, then he's going to have to die.) The connection between him and Tabitha flared. (Stay out of the fight, you're useless.)

Tabitha tried to jump toward the tree Catais was hiding behind, but Gillette blocked her and threw her back. His scythe became a blur as he slashed at the wolf, cutting through her fur and flesh.

Dixie snarled and launched himself into the fight, coming up underneath Tabitha's legs to attack Gillette's feet. They moved in perfect synchronization, shifting around the attacks but never striking a good blow enough to reach the psychic.

Merrie sobbed with the pain. She wanted to do something but she could barely move. Every time she moved, the agony slammed into her and she bent over in agony. She could feel her life spilling out despite the regeneration spell. She was about to die, and though she wouldn't stay day, it would be over when she recovered.

A pair of metal paws stepped over her as energy glowed from inside Sable's bones. Whispers of prayers, blending with Bass' and Sable's voice, washed over Merrie as Sable threw a defensive spell. (Which tree is he hiding behind?)

There was no anger in her voice, no remembering of their fight only a week before, only love and protectiveness. Merrie sobbed at the emotions that washed over her. Shuddering, she pointed to the tree that she saw Catais duck behind.

A sword appeared over Sable's shoulder, hovering in air. It had a scorched symbol on the hilt. With a snap, it buried itself into the tree, punching through the other side. Another sword appeared and shot forward, cutting the tree down but Catais wasn't there.

More swords appeared around her, two and then four and then eight. They launched out at the other trees, cutting through the trunks and branches like butter.

Gillette suddenly stepped back and blocked the swords from striking one tree.

Sable's fierce joy rose up as she focused the remaining swords toward the tree. A dozen appeared around her and shot out, spearing through the air.

Gillette blocked each one while parrying Tabitha's and Dixie's attacks. He moved gracefully from one attack to the other, almost flowing like shadows as his armor glowed in holy light.

Merrie let out a sob.

(Don't worry, little one,) projected Sable, (we just needed to know where to strike.)

Bass raced past Sable toward the battle. The ground shook with the impact of his armored form and a wash of his smell, musky and metallic, caught Merrie's attention. He held his two-handed sword held high above him. With a surge of strength and magic, he jumped into the air.

Gillette stepped back and threw his scythe up to block him, but it missed when Bass came down short, landing on Tabitha's back, and

then launching himself into the air again. His sword narrowly avoided the spinning scythe as it came down, but then the blade was slashing through the tree Gillette was protecting. Light exploded around Bass as the blade cut down the length of the trunk before slamming into the ground.

Blood spurted from the two parts of Catais' body as he fell to the sides but then the tree exploded around Bass.

Spinning around, Bass launched an attack at Gillette, his body blurring as he rained down rapid-fire blows that the paladin parried along with Tabitha's and Dixie's attacks.

Merrie felt the compulsion spells snap and her mind was suddenly clear. She could move again and let out a soft barking gasp.

Sable peered down at her. (You're badly injured. We'll send for Borias and he'll heal you. Just survive, please?) With her thoughts was regret. Borias' geas was bright in her mind, the fear of one death killing him also.

(I'm sorry for attacking you.)

(Apologize by surviving.) Sable charged into battle. (Just a few minutes.)

The battle was a maelstrom of power as the fighters attacked each other. Merrie could see how Dixie and Tabitha worked in unison, but their attacks had to be diverted from Bass' and Sable's. The fallen paladin and his bitch also fought perfectly together, but their actions didn't mesh with the brutality of the druid and her wolf. Each alpha could work perfectly with their master, but not with each other. Each time they managed to get in a killing blow, they had to pull it aside to avoid attacking the other.

She could help, she knew it. But, she had to be able to move. Merrie clutched her side and looked around. She could use the shadows to heal and then she wouldn't need Borias. But, there was no darkness around her, not with Gillette's scythe burning away the shadows. (Help me?)

(What?) asked Sable in a wave of confusion.

(Give me shadows. I can heal, but I need shadows and a few moments. I can seal it against the light, but I need darkness.)

(That,) Dixie burst into the conversation, (we can provide. How much darkness and how fast?)

Merrie gulped. (Less than a minute and the darker the better.)

A wave of cruel amusement bubbled up from Dixie, tinged with an evil chuckle from Tabitha.

Tabitha shape-changed into a smaller wolf and dove back. Gillette's scythe caught her tail. The blade sliced off the tip as she spun on her heels and raced away.

Merrie whimpered and tried to get up, but the pain pinned her.

The ground shook violently and she lose her balance. She hit the ground with a thump and, with a sickening realization, Merrie didn't have the strength to push herself up.

(Take a deep breath,) came the amused projection from Dixie.

Looking up, she saw Tabitha charging toward her. With every step, the wolf grew larger. The impacts shook the ground and she bounced with every step. The wolf continued to grow and grow until it was larger than a bear, and then a house.

Merrie stared at the jaw opening up. Strands of drool dripped from teeth larger than a sword. Something inside her twisted and she felt her bladder release as Tabitha came up to her and chomped down.

She screamed shrilly as the teeth closed down around her. The end of her left arm snapped as the teeth slammed into place. Around her, she felt Tabitha's power flare with her helplessness and the wolf accelerated into battle.

Merrie bounced off the roof of Tabitha's mouth and landed on the massive tongue. It was larger than her and slick with saliva. She slid back with Tabitha's movement and then she was falling. It was a sickening sensation as she bounced off the side of Tabitha's through, her amputated wrists clawed at the smooth, slick muscles.

(I think,) Dixie said with wonder, (that my mistress just came.) A heartbeat later. (Sorry about your arm,) he projected without a hint of remorse.

The walls of Tabitha's throat clamped down around Merrie, crushing her. She screamed into the hot, confining depths.

Sable's thoughts cut through Merrie like a knife. (Dixie!)

(You said you wanted it dark. That's about as dark as it can get.) Dixie's thoughts were amused but then slashed with pain as Gillette struck him. (Hurry up, bitch. You wanted shadows, didn't you? The only way you'll get light there is if this bastard guts my mistress.)

Merrie slid against the sphincter leading into Tabitha's stomach. The air around her burned with acid and she choked at the fumes. She sent a command to calm down and then to heal herself.

As her body was pulled into the giant wolf's stomach, Merrie gathered the darkness and plunged it into her body. The hot air grew icy as the energy flowed through her and filling the ragged wound in her stomach. Tendrils of darkness burst out of her body and clutched at her organs, weaving around them in a black silk before yanking it back into her body. The agony tore through her and she screamed out against the crushing walls of the giant wolf, but she refused to give up.

(Sable,) Dixie's thoughts burst into her mind, (we have a problem.)

Two hundred meters away, a large portal framed in metal rods burst to life. The space inside the ring rippled with arcane energies and then peeled back to show a fairground that had been converted into a staging ground. A thousand warriors, all paladins, began their march through the portal as the shimmering field spread out to reveal the camp to the north of Franome City. It was Lemetri's army.

(Fuck,) came the mixture of Bass' and Sable's voice.

Merrie opened her eyes and she could see again. Energy flowed through her, coming from the rush of being swallowed by Tabitha and the fear that her friends, her pack, were in danger. It beat against her senses and she inhaled sharply, ignoring the choking fumes of acid.

Her pack was in danger.

(Merrie, you better hurry up and heal because your ice stuff is beginning to hurt my mistress.)

She stepped sideways and out of Tabitha. The world of shadows was almost black with the brightness on the other side. She felt the powers swirling around her and looked up to see one of the Lords of Shadows, a smaller one, circling around with anticipation. It was one of the ones she made, she could feel it in her soul, but it wasn't time for her to surrender her life.

With another step, she came back into reality. Her cloak came with her, wrapping around her back as she transformed into a hound.

Dixie thought, (So, ready to be thrown up? Um, where are you?)

(Dixie!) snapped Sable, (Don't worry about that. Figure out how we're going to handle that army.)

(Well, either my mistress or you master. Merrie can't handle that on her own.)

Merrie smiled to herself. (Give me a second.)

Spells burst across her mind, written in calligraphy and crystal. It swirled as she brought patterns of domination, telepathy, and parts of the connection that bound her to the collar. She was going to create a bond, though temporary, between five the most powerful beings she knew. Blood dripped from her nose as her body grew darker from the power gathering inside her. Around her, the plants wilted and crumbled to dust.

(What the fuck?) came Dixie's stunned response. (What is she—?)

Merrie snapped open her eyes as the spell exploded from her. Black tendrils shot out from her heart and dove into Sable's and Dixie's bodies, right where their own hearts would be. There was a flash of sensation and then she could feel the two alphas drawing closer to her own soul. The closeness brought tears to her eyes, but she wasn't done.

Biting down on her lip, she threw more power into her spell. The black tendrils became thick tentacles as raw power surged through it. It exploded inside both alphas as the spell sought out the most private of places in an alpha's soul, the connection to their masters. Finding it, she clawed her way up until she felt the two master's pulling close to her mind.

The world spun and wavered around her as she opened up her mind to the four. A piercing headache slammed through her and then she was overwhelmed with an intensity of emotions, memories, and power from two alphas and two masters.

(Good to feel you, Merrie,) came Bass's response, an analytic thought as he hammered against Gillette with precise strokes. There was relief and happiness in his mind, but also stunned surprise.

(You better not have bonded—) started Dixie angrily.

(Silence!) snapped Tabitha and Sable.

Tabitha's thoughts were a whirlwind of chaos and anger. Flashes of blood and hunger fueled her movements. And she had power, raw power that only needed a victim to vent it against.

Merrie sobbed at the storm in her own mind until she could shove it into place, giving their thoughts to each other without overwhelming any of them. She didn't think it was possible, but all four were used to intimate telepathy and it gave her some respite; what she just did would have driven almost anyone else insane.

She felt the four reading each others thoughts. Almost immediately, they began to work in unison, fighting without doubt and fear. They knew when one would attack, they knew the arc of the blade and snap of the teeth. When one pulled back, the other was attacking. Blows began to strike, tearing through armor and sending blood in all directions.

(I like it,) Bass thought with amusement, (when you call out your magic.)

Merrie giggled. "Gestalt," she said in a hoarse whisper.

Sable and Bass's mirth rippled through the connection, along with Tabitha's and Dixie's annoyance.

Bass spoke, his mind analyzing both the fight with Gillette and the army coming through the portal. (We need to deal with that army. Sable and Dixie, handle them. Tabitha, you and me need to keep Golid occupied. Merrie, can you help either of us and still maintain this spell?)

(I,) she gasped as the world spun around her, (I can fight but I can't move fast enough to keep up with you and Tabitha.) She had to help, it was the same thing Tamin begged himself.

(Very well,) thought Bass.

She felt an order coming from both of the masters. She was already moving when it slammed into her mind, the dual voices of Tabitha and Bass speaking in unison.

(Bitches, hunt!)

Three alphas responded with a flash of orgasm and a surge of power. They were obeying and their submission sent an intense wave of power coursing through their bodies. As one, Sable and Dixie broke from the fight and sprinted for the portal.

Gillette tried to attack them, but Bass blocked him and Tabitha tore a gouge out of his side.

Merrie melted into shadow and joined them, reforming as a hound between the two alphas as they raced for the army coming through the portal.

As they saw their opponents, memories from Dixie's warlord days rushed through their minds. Armies and strategies, plans of attack, and fifty years of battle experience. Bass added to his own, filling in the gaps of the paladin's training and abilities. No words were needed as the three alphas responded to the gestalt's orders. Power surged through them as they sank into the need to obey their masters.

Dixie's body blurred into multiple wolves which shot out ahead of Sable and Merrie. They accelerated into a roar as they charged in a wave toward the marching men.

Sable began to glow, pulling power from Bass. Merrie felt the tug of power and gave it to her, fueling her as a mistress and not an alpha. The flash of energy powered up in an instant and Sable's prayer became a mixture of Bass', Merrie's, and Sable's voice. A hundred swords appeared around the armored hound and shot out in a wave of sparkling light. Tendrils of shadows curled behind the blades, a touch of Merrie in Sable's spell. The blades sailed just over the charging wolves and slammed into the front ranks of the paladins, piercing through armor, shields, and bodies alike.

The wolves jumped through the bodies and began to assault the stunned paladins.

There was flashes of holy light and power as their opponents began to respond to the attack.

A wave of dizziness slammed into Merrie and she stumbled. The effort to maintain the mind meld was intense and she could barely keep up, even with the power of the collar.

(Don't push it,) warned Sable.

(Yeah, let the real warriors handle this,) came Dixie's response. (Plus, every second we can fight like this, we are more effective than individual.) His thought grew bitter, (though I despise having Bass' head in my own. I won't submit to that—)

(Silence!) snapped Sable, (I don't like Tabitha in my own.)

(Merrie is nice though,) smirked Dixie as his duplicates ripped through bodies and left a shower of blood behind him. (Kind of like having a pathetic master I can fuck.)

Merrie snarled and sent a wave of power at Dixie. It was the same thing she would have done for Tamin. It coursed along the connection and then exploded inside Dixie.

For the briefest of moments, the wolves hesitated in Dixie's stunned response. Then power exploded from inside him and the wolves attacked again with their bodies blurring with darkness. Shadows peeled up from the ground and formed into more wolves, each one attacking the same target as the wolf that created it.

Lust burned brightly from Dixie. (Fuck! What was that!? Why am I submitting!?)

Sable grinned. (Pathetic master, huh?)

(She can't-!)

Merrie sent another wave of pleasure into both alphas. She added a domination spell, but with no orders. But, she knew that they would feel themselves submitting to her and hoped that they would respond as she would have.

Both alphas took the pleasure and submitted to it. The energy of her wave increased ten-fold as it rippled back. At the same time, it flowed into their own spells and the world quickly became a maelstrom of wolves and swords.

She staggered under the intensity of the pleasure that came back at her. She was their master but she was also an alpha herself. She pushed herself up to her paws and panted, gathering up the power and letting it flow through her. The ecstasy became a black river as she came, the icy cold pooling in her pussy until it became her entirety.

"Kill that one!"

She looked up to see ten paladins rushing toward her with swords drawn. They were glowing with holy magic and protective spells.

Merrie smiled and gathered the power around her. With a flash, she threw her combat spells on herself and charged into battle. She was going to protect her pack and they needed her.

Right before one of the swords caught her, she melted into shadows and reformed on the other side. Her jaw tore through the man's arm and side, shattering bone as she tore out his side. She could feel his healing magic responding and sent a quick flash of corrupting darkness behind. The edges of the bite darkened; it wasn't enough to stop the healing but he wouldn't live long enough to find out.

Her cloak blossomed and poured into another man's armor before ripping out of his throat in a fountain of blood. It speared over to the next even as she was biting through the leg of another man. Her second opponent was only wearing chain armor and the rings snapped in her teeth as she bit down on the female paladin's kneecap. She snapped her head once with all her might and heard popping bones as the leg dislocated from the screaming warrior.

The paladins attacked her and she flowed around their slashes and stabs, moving with fury as she slaughtered them. They were weaker than Gillette and the others, but more than like Fang could have handled.

The memory of Fang's death slammed into her and she let out a sob.

(Merrie,) Sable projected, (not in battle.)

Merrie shook her head as her cloak killed the last of her attackers. Even with the power coming through the carnage of the paladins, she could feel the gestalt spell draining on her. She had enough to fight, but she could feel it slipping from her control.

Staggering for a few steps, she launched herself into the melee. The next moments became nothing but a blur of blood and shadows. She tasted death in the back of her throat but she kept biting and attacking until she was trembling from the effort.

A blow caught the side of her head and she staggered back with stars in her vision. She was panting and her body burned with a thousand cuts along her fur. She shook her head and turned toward her attacker, trying to pull her mind out of a blood-lust she didn't realize she had fallen into.

It was an heavily armored paladin with a large, two-handed sword. His body was scuffed and scratched, but otherwise he was untouched by the battle around them.

She glanced around and was surprised to see that almost all of the paladins had fallen. Corpses were dripping with blood and in places they were piled meters high. Torn throats and severed limbs were everywhere. The ground beneath her was a swamp of bloody mud with intestines and organs scattered everywhere.

Her opponent stepped over a man's corpse and stalked closer. He held himself low for balance and the mud squelched around his boots.

Merrie tried to pull up the shadows, but she felt an empty ache instead. She was almost drained of power. Her strength and speed spells had faded and she shook with the exhaustion tearing at her body. The only spell remaining was the gestalt and she could feel the seconds ticking away before even that spell faded.

(Merrie, behind you.) Sable's voice snapped through her mind.

Glancing over her shoulder, Merrie saw more paladins coming toward her. They had formed a circle around her and were closing in.

(What do you have?) asked Dixie.

Merrie whimpered softly and dug into herself. She had enough for one large spell or a few weak ones, but nothing else. She gulped and told the others.

(You can summon creatures, right?) Dixie's mind was sharp-edged and analytic, blending in with Bass' even as they both were bothered by the closeness.

(Yes.)

Sable's senses washed over her, of a large knot of paladins bunched up and protected by glowing tower shields. They were well-armored and defending themselves against the rapidly diminishing pack of wolves. The sounds of Sable's swords bouncing off the shields pinged out over the cries of the dying.

(Good,) said Dixie and Bass as one. (Summon the shadows in their midst.)

Merrie glanced at the paladins around her. They were only a few meters away from getting her. Her tail pressed against her leg. (I'm surrounded. They'll attack if I cast that spell.)

Dixie's attention focused on Tabitha. (Mistress?) There was determination but also fear of something.

(I'll give you three seconds, no more,) came Tabitha even as she was bracing herself for something. It came with a feeling of dread from both of them.

Merrie frowned. (Dixie? What are you—?)

(As soon,) he interrupted tersely, (as they get within a meter, summon the shadows. And that knife at your foot?)

Merrie glanced down and saw a long knife still in the palm of an arm ripped off at the elbow.

(Pick it up and hold the blade in your mouth, hilt to the right. Don't bite down, I'm going to need it in a second.)

She wanted to question, but instead submitted to his order. She picked up the blade as little tremors of pleasure coursed through her body. The metal was hot in her mouth and she trembled.

But, at the same time, she gathered up the power for summoning the shadows. It pulled on her energy reserves and sucked up the last of the power in her collar. It filled her mind with black thoughts as she felt the souls of a thousand creatures who died around her. Their shadows remained behind, waiting for bodies that had long since rotted. Their sadness filled her as she felt them waiting to obey.

(Now!)

Merrie threw everything into the spell, ripping apart the barrier between the worlds as an army of darkness poured out of it into the middle of the defending paladins. Through Sable, she could see the black pouring into the knot of paladins and the screams rising up as they were torn apart.

The warriors around her charged forward, their blades ready to pierce her body.

She lost control of her bladder as she saw them about to strike, the memories of Tamin's death slamming into her. She could already feel the blades piercing her body and she sobbed as she waited for her death.

Dixie landed on her back and transformed into a silfae. His tiny hand yanked the dagger out of her mouth as he flipped over. The blade punched into the joint of the lead paladin's groin, but before she could blink, she saw Dixie strike the nearest paladin once as he crawled up the front of the first one.

He grabbed the first paladin's wrist and swung it to the side to drive his sword into the armpit of the paladin on the other side. The blade sunk a foot into the soft flesh and a spurt of blood poured out from a slashed artery.

Dixie was already moving, cutting the paladin's throat through the gap of his helm before using his momentum to land on the third. The dagger cut through the next throat and then another and another. It was less than a tenth of a second between each slash and

the first body hadn't even collapsed before he was halfway through the circle.

As the tiny silfae moved with inhuman speed, pain exploded from inside him. It wasn't the sharp agony of a sword attack, but the feeling that something inside him was rotting him away with every heartbeat that pounded in his chest. It was the sick feeling of disease and death that filled his mind. It was the cancer eating away at his body; it had somehow been released when he picked up a weapon.

But there was no hint of his agony as he sliced through the paladins, almost blurring as he jumped from body to body. He didn't give more than a single stroke to each one, each time going for the artery under the arm, the ones in the groin, or a throat. His body was a flash of tanned skin as he slashed his way through the tight circle of Merrie's attackers.

A thought drifted through her mind, a desire to keep fighting until he died. It would only take minutes.

(Dixie!) snapped Tabitha, (Stop!)

Dixie screamed out something in a different language as he slashed through a woman's throat and used her helm to jump to the next one. He was fighting Tabitha, resisting for a few more seconds. He wanted to kill them all, to slaughter every human he saw, he would kill them and wipe the world clean of their stench.

Merrie felt Dixie dying as he rotted from the inside. The more he fought being a bitch, the faster his life left him. With a gasp, she could feel the frustration and anger and rage burning inside Tabitha.

Gathering up everything she could, she threw it into a domination spell. At the same time, Bass' command came rippling down powered by the full force of his Presence.

(Down!) Three masters' commands came as a single word as they slammed into Dixie.

Dixie transformed into a hound instantly and dropped to the ground. He curled up as he peed, his body glowing with the intensity of a submission that even Merrie couldn't comprehend. His orgasm crashed into her and the world around her cease to exist as she lost herself into the white-hot and brilliant ecstasy.

Gillette suddenly staggered back, his face pale. He clutched his chest with one hand and his scythe with the other.

Bass chuckled. "Just broke a few promises, didn't you? I know those promises. Promises to save them, promises to lead them, promises to win."

She recovered almost instantly, with blood pouring down her face and a piercing headache slashing through her mind. She reached out for the others, but there was nothing but silence in her head.

Behind her, something exploded. She turned around to look, but the dizziness clutched her and she stumbled to the side before falling heavily to the ground. When she got up, there was a pool of blood underneath her.

Her eyes wouldn't focus as she watched pieces of the portal falling to the ground. She tried to crawl toward it, but then fell again. A rushing noise filled her ears.

(No, no, be careful,) said Sable as she came up. She was panting and her armor was scorched and scratch. (Orgasms like those can kill you if you aren't careful.)

Merrie whimpered as she looked up at the armored lady. (It hurts.)

Sable used her head to help Merrie to her knees. (You did good.)

Looking around, Merrie was stunned at the devastation of the battle. Of the army of paladins, there was none left standing. Bodies and blood everywhere. The ones closest to the portal were burning with a strange orange flame, but it was the smell of death that choked her. Creatures of shadows were flowing over the survivors before the sunlight burned away the darkness. There was the crunch of bones, the wet tearing of flesh, and the last screams of the dying.

Dixie padded up, panting. He was covered in blood, both his and his victims. He was surrounded by guilt and pain but he caught Merrie on the other side. He balanced her as all three of them headed back to the battle.

(What,) asked Sable, (was that?)

Dixie shook his head, but then projected. (Cancer. The less I act like a bitch, the more it kills me.)

(And those three seconds?)

(Probably three years of my life just rotted away.) He glanced at both them. (I don't know how many more I have left before I die.)

Merrie panted and leaned into him. (Why—?)

(You're my pack,) he thought. (Three years of my life is nothing compared to losing either of you. Or even,) he grumbled, (Bass. Though if any of you tell him, I'll kill you.)

She plastered her ears against her head but then sent a wave of thanks and love back. (Thank you.)

Both alphas radiated with their own affection and she smiled at the intensity. It felt like a warm blanket around her. It was love and comfort even in the horror of being covered in blood.

(At least,) Dixie said wryly, (I don't need to scream my ultimate attack to save the day.)

Merrie grinned at a memory that washed up. (You scream out your finishing moves, just like everyone else.)

(Like hell,) snapped Dixie. He limped as he accelerated to Grange, his form blurring through the underbrush from the far side of the battle. His shape-change spell faded and his body twisted with every step. With a jump, the magic finally ended and Dixie transformed back into the tiny, Copir silfae. With a smile, he spread his legs and arms as he sailed through the air.

"Eat dick and die!" he screamed as he slammed into Grange's face. At the impact, Dixie wrapped arms and legs around Grange's head and began to hump.

(That is not my ultimate attack!)

Sable shook with laughter. (It saved the day, didn't it?)

Merrie chuckled, but then groaned at the pain.

A few minute later, they came up to the others. Bass, Tabitha, and Gillette were all panting as they glared at each other over the ruined ground. Blood and mud had been churned around them. Trees were burning with bright flames and nothing over a meter in height remained standing.

Tabitha had long gouges in her body and the fur on her shoulder was peeling off with a thick layer of skin. Gillette had also slashed through her ear and the blood matted her fur.

Bass wasn't in better condition. Plates of armor had been stripped off and repeatedly slashed. Underneath, gray flesh bled freely. It leaked out from the joints in his armor and ran in rivers

along the outside. He wasn't wearing his helm and his face was slashed to the bone. He panted heavily and his chest rose and fell with every breath. He had his weapon poised to strike, the white blade glistening in the sunlight.

A few meters away, Gillette crouched on the ground. He needed his scythe for balance as he gasped for breath. His armor had been torn open but the flesh underneath was untouched as flares of healing magic sparkled along his skin. He wore his helm, but it looked like Bass had been hammering his blind side until the metal peeled away to reveal the bloody ruin of his face.

"It doesn't matter," gasped Gillette, "if you kill me. Lemetri will come back until you are destroyed. It doesn't matter if it takes a year, ten, or a hundred. We will destroy you."

Bass groaned and his sword lowered slightly. "Just leave me alone," his voice was a hoarse growl. "I was happy in Blood County. No one knew I was once Lemetri's—"

"You were never Lemetri's!"

"I was and you know it. And as far as anyone knew, I wasn't until you set the world against me. I promised I wouldn't take on her name if she didn't come back." He stepped to the side. "I threw away my symbol and stopped calling her."

"Not every time, Bass. She heard you when you call out for her when we sent Rakin after you."

Bass tensed. "He was torturing those bitches."

"You deserved this, Bass. You just didn't have the grace to die when the others did." Gillette turned to face Bass. He groaned as he pushed himself into standing position.

(Merrie, can you stand?) asked Sable.

Merrie sat down as the other two alpha headed for their masters.

"I lived because that is what I promised I would do. She cast me aside."

"You fell."

"No, Golid, I did not. She turned her back on me when you took over. When you came up with this idea of the purge and her new image."

"She is truth and justice."

"She was wonderful just the way she was. She did good. We didn't preach. We fought evil."

“You were all whores!” Gillette’s voice echoed against the trees. “Whores to your passion, whores to the pleasure of flesh. She is more than that! She has always been more than that!”

Bass stopped on a mound next to Fang’s body. Merrie’s blood-covered stake jerked as his foot settled on it. He lowered the tip of his sword and released it from his right hand. The massive sword thudded loudly as it struck the earth.

Merrie winced as the closeness to Fang’s body.

The thriban shook his head. “No, she was already everything. We loved her with all her heart. It wasn’t until you,” he spread out his right hand over Fang’s body, “poisoned her heart.”

Gillette stepped forward, grabbing his scythe with both hands. “I will never give up. Not for her, not ever. I promised.”

Bass let out a hard chuckle. “I make promises too.” His fingers stretched out toward the ground. “I made promises every day. To be compassionate. To love. To fight.”

“You fell! You’re evil!”

“I was thrown away. But that didn’t stop the promises. When I was younger, I made foolish ones like yours. I promised I would never forget her. And then, when I was suddenly on my own, I swore that I would never call her name again.” Sweat formed on his brow. He groaned and stretched down. The ground shuddered underneath Fang’s body, barely perceptible if Merrie wasn’t watching it.

“But, after Rakin, I didn’t make those promises again. I didn’t swear not to call on her name. I stopped promising that I would never fight her again. I have only one promise to her left. One—”

Chunks of mud and earth boiled out from underneath Fang. His body slid to the side as the mound of earth rose up. Rocks rolled up from the depths of the earth and down the sides of the forming hill.

“—promise that I swore with all my heart. But, you know what?”

Gillette gripped his scythe tightly as he braced himself.

“I’m going to break it. And then, I’m going to start breaking some other promises. But I promise,” he spat out the word, “you, I’m going to live through this.”

Streaks of light burst out of the mound as it peeled open. The light blossomed into brilliance as a disc rose out of the ground. Energy rolled off it, pure white and holy as Gillette’s power. Bass snatched it from the air and the light speared through his fingers.

It grew blinding as he slammed it into his chest. Taking a deep breath, he began to yell. "I beg for the light of justice. I call for the light to betray my enemies!"

Gillette shook his head. "No... you can't—"

"I ask for your present and to guide my hand!" Bass took a step toward Gillette with a glare burning in his yellow eyes. Energy rolled off his body as light flickered around him.

"I summon you, I summon you into the light!" He took a deep breath and bellowed loudly. "Lemetri! Your servant calls!"

The light around his body exploded into a column of painful brilliance. It shot straight up into the air, burning away a cloud above them. The shadows peeled back as the holy flames spread out to encompass Sable. Energy rippled through the air, crackling and searing, as Bass' holy symbol fused back into his armor. His sword and Sable's armor began to glow brightly as the scorched mark faded away and Lemetri's holy symbol appeared on his chest. It was a pristine as the one on Gillette's.

Gillette gasped and stepped back. "No! You can't do that! She abandoned you!"

Healing energy poured into Bass, erasing the injuries in a flash. His armor melted and flowed back into place, repairing in an instant. He grabbed his sword and the blade turned into the purest white, shedding blood and dirt.

"She made promises to us too, Golid. And it takes her five minutes for her to manifest. If I'm really going to die," his voice was a deep growl, "let's see how many more of her promises I can break."

Next to Bass, Sable's armor finished repairing and energy flowed through the plates of brilliant white. She braced her feet into the ground as her eyes became two golden lights. Her body glowed with a wreath of holy magic.

Bass charged. "She promised to protect us!"

Gillette threw his scythe up to parry the blow. The impact exploded in light and both men were thrown back by the impact.

"She promised to never do wrong!"

Sable dove between Bass' legs and bit down on Gillette's leg. Strength magic filled her as she yanked up.

Gillette slammed his scythe down on her head and the blade rang out. Like the first attack, the impact threw them back apart from each other, but Bass was there. The two-handed sword slammed down on Gillette's arm, slicing through the metal armor and into his flesh.

"Lemetri," bellowed Gillette, "I need you!" He punched Bass in the chest with the shaft of his weapon. An explosion broke them apart and blew hot air past Merrie and the others.

Merrie gathered up power, but she didn't know what she would do with it. She wanted to help, but the concussive blows began a rapid-fire series of explosions. The ground and remains of trees shattered as Bass and Sable attacked Gillette.

"She said we were her hand!"

Another blow threw them apart but Sable charged after Gillette. Her metallic form dug into the ground as her body sliced through the wall of concussive force.

"We were her will!"

Gillette managed to slash down and his blade tore open Sable's side, ripping the armor apart. It punched through her side and blood spurted out, but the holy energy filling Bass also filled her and the injuries healed almost immediately.

"And that means everything I do, she does!" Bass' sword slashed through Gillette's shoulder, almost slicing it in half, but the flash of healing energy repaired it before the blade came out the other side.

Gillette took advantage of the strike to slash into Bass, cutting into his thigh. The explosion of the attack blew out a large hunk of flesh, but it began to heal almost immediately.

They slammed into each other, a staccato of explosions as the two paladins attacked each other. Sable's attacks were just as brutal as Bass, but Gillette managed to barely keep them at bay as they hammered down on them.

After less than a few seconds, a sense of dread filled Merrie. She looked around, trying to find some way of joining into the fight. An idea blossomed across her thoughts. She could use a spell, the same one that Tamin used to destroy Gillette's eye. She crawled over to Tabitha and Dixie. Both were watching with stunned shock, but the same helplessness frustration burned inside them.

(Dixie?) she asked.

Dixie peered at her.

(Can you and Tabitha crop him?)

Tabitha snorted and Dixie shook his head. (We can't get into that fight. I don't know if you noticed, but they are hitting each other with pretty powerful blows. Even my regeneration can't keep up with that.)

Merrie glared at him. She sent the image that Tamin gave her with the last of his life, the way he used the darkness to rot the bone and prevent healing.

Both Tabitha and Dixie tensed up.

(That's a suicide maneuver,) said Dixie.

(It will work,) she said. (We have Bass and Sable attack and we try to seal off the wound. If he is cropped, then we—)

(Can fuck him until eternity,) finished Tabitha with a growl of lust.

Merrie grinned. She reached out to Sable, past the furious battle and relayed the plans.

Sable responded between blows. (My master says it will work. He will be going for the right shoulder in eight seconds.)

The two wolves and Merrie braced themselves and gathered their power.

(Five seconds.)

Tabitha and Dixie shot out in opposite directions, their bodies blurring with speed. The ground tore up behind them as a sonic crack rippled through the air. Merrie couldn't focus on either of them as they sprinted in a wide circle.

Merrie's shadow grew hard-edged as she pulled in the despair she felt from Tamin's death. He gave her the darkness she needed and she pulled on it, gathering the last of the power in the collar into her spell.

(Two seconds.)

Merrie shot forward, stumbling as she forced herself to charge. She let the darkness flow around her as she melted into darkness.

(Now!) screamed Sable.

Bass brought his sword down on Gillette's right shoulder, slicing through it. Sable burst up from between his legs to grab the paladin's hand around his scythe and kicked off. There was a wet tearing as the bone popped from the joint.

The world slowed.

Dixie landed on Gillette as he bit down on the exposed neck. He planted his feet on Sable's head. He shoved with all his might, ripping the cut even further apart.

Energy flashed out as the muscles and tendons glowed with yellow-green healing energy. The wound began to heal as the two parts of his body strained to pull together.

Bass' sword disappeared as he spun around, forming the long sword with his other hand. He brought the attack around, slashing through Tabitha's side as she dove in, and around to cut deep into Gillette's left thigh.

Tabitha's massive jaw came down, grazing past Dixie as he kicked off, and then slammed down into the wound. Her spell went off as her teeth tore through his flesh, melting the ends of the wound into smooth skin. She continued through, smacking Gillette as she blurred past.

Spying an opportunity, Merrie shot forward, not for the arm, but the cut Bass opened into Gillette's thigh. Her body flowed into the gap and she set off her own spell. Veins and bones corroded into darkness, peeling back as the Shadows tore into his body.

A force ripped Merrie away from Gillette. Her form solidified into her human as all the shadows were burned away. She spun and flew as trees burst around her. A branch snapped on her body, almost breaking her spine, and then she was out over a field.

She hit the ground but the impact threw her back into the air. She landed again, flipped over as the ground tore at her face and breasts. A sharp rock kicked her back into the air and she failed as she sailed across the field.

When she hit the ground, the long grasses caught her and she flipped violently over, rolling until she slammed up against a rock. Blood burst from her mouth and her teeth cracked. She gasped and slumped into the ground, her body stunned from the impacts.

Her ears pounded with her heartbeat. She gasped and tried to stand up, but collapsed on the ground. She couldn't see, she couldn't hear. Sobbing, she looked up to see a globe of purest white surrounding the woods they were just fighting in.

She saw a darkness splashing into her right eye. Instead of falling down, it poured up, staining her vision with crimson. She turned to look around it and it sloshed across her sight.

“Merrie Golddother.” came a familiar voice, dead-panned and serious. Haviston ran down and knelt down next to her. His left arm was gone and the end of his rope had been sewn up. He pressed his one good hand against her chest. (Don’t rip my arm off, please.)

A spell poured into her. It wasn’t healing, but it pushed back the pain.

Merrie let out a gasp as relief flooded through her. She let out a sob and shook her head. (I’m sorry.)

“Borias Kivas!” snapped Haviston, “You are needed!”

Borias looked up from where he knelt over Tabitha, the yellow-green runes spreading out from his hand as he healed the druid. Next to Tabitha, Dixie’s body blurred as he transformed repeatedly to heal his injuries.

Merrie moaned and did the same, rippling from human to hound and back again underneath Haviston’s hand.

“Never—”

(I still need him.) She sent the image of the shadows holding her insides together. The spells were fraying from the light pouring out of the woods. She glanced up at the sphere of brilliance that surrounded the forest. It felt brighter than anything she had ever seen.

Borias stood up and wiped his forehead. He said something Merrie couldn’t hear.

Tabitha snarled and jumped to her feet. She turned and shot out toward the sphere of light, the ground ripping up behind her.

Dixie joined her, racing in her shadow.

They struck the side of the globe, but instead of disappearing inside, both of their bodies crunched against the side and they ricocheted off.

“That’s a very powerful force field,” grunted Haviston.

“Merrie!” gasped Borias as he landed on his knees next to her. “You be safe!”

She smiled at him, feeling a longing and a guilt. His mother was dead because of her.

(Merrie Golddother, I do not recommend you bring that up in battle.)

(I wasn't,) she shot back. And then moaned as Borias' healing spell grabbed her insides. The shadows pulled apart as the healing magic repaired her shredded insides and sealed the flesh over.

"You be really hurt, girl. This not be healed in ten minutes."

(Get me back in the fight?)

Borias smiled, his dark hair fluttering in the wind. "You be speaking like a warrior. You not be bonding with Tabby, right?"

"Fuck," screamed Tabitha as she stormed back and forth in front of the sphere, her naked body covered in blood and cuts. "Fuck, fuck, fuck!"

Haviston looked up. "She cannot get through the spell. Dixie won't say—"

"I hate that fucking goddess!" Tabitha's voice drifted across the fields.

Merrie gulped. (Goddess?)

All of them scramble to their feet and raced to the sphere of light.

Merrie transformed into a hound and raced after them. As she got closer, she could feel the raw divine power pushing them away. She lifted herself and peered over the bushes at her first view of a goddess incarnate.

Lemetri looked like a woman in her mid-twenties with long, flowing blonde hair and a button nose. Her eyes were a brilliant blue and she wore a dress that accented her slender form, the delicate line of her jaw, and the curves of her hips. She had high breasts that stood up in a perfect mix of sexuality and demure.

Merrie remembered being jealous of women who looked like that, but the emotions that rose up around her as she stared at the goddess of justice consumed all other jealousy. She was everything Merrie wanted to be before becoming an alpha: beauty, grace, and poise.

The illusion broke as Lemetri held Bass up with one hand, somehow holding the massive thriban off the ground. She backhanded him and there was an explosion that tore off his arm and left a bloody mark on his face. She slapped him again, a delicate-looking maneuver that stripped the breastplate off his chest and shattered bone.

Sable launched herself in the air, armored jaw opening to bite down.

Lemetri held up her hand and there was another explosion.

The alpha flew back, flipping twice on the ground before landing in a crumbled mess. She tried to stand up, but slumped to the ground. Power surged between her and Bass. Their connection grew bright with bright light. Sable forced herself up and charged again.

“She be killing herself to be saving him.” Borias stepped back. “I-I not being here.”

Haviston pressed against the force, but it stopped him.

Merrie did the same, but unlike the others, she sank through with the faintest hint of resistance. On the other side, the smell of perfume filled the air, drowning out the blood and destruction. She gasped and pulled back. (I can get in!)

“You don’t qualify as evil to her,” said Haviston.

Bass tried to lash out at Lemetri with his sword, but the weapon melted before it struck her pristine form. She responded by slapping him again. The bones in his hand tore out of his flesh and stood out as bloody spears of white.

Merrie whimpered. (I have to save him.)

“How?” Haviston asked.

(I... I can attack?)

“There are no shadows in there,” said the psychic. He gestured to the brilliance of the goddess.

(I have to do something!)

She stopped. She needed darkness to fight and it was the only chance to stop Lemetri. She had a spell, the one spell that would not only summon darkness but also the Lord of Shadows. If anything could defeat Lemetri, or at least chase her off, it would be the most powerful being of darkness Merrie knew.

Her stomach twisted with fear. She would be surrendering her soul for casting that spell. She glanced at the goddess who was systematically breaking every bone in Bass’ body. She wouldn’t be just surrendering, she would be sacrificing herself.

Before she could let regret consume her, she send the command rippling through the collar. (Save Bass.)

It slammed into her with the gut-wrenching finality of death. It just like the last command she gave Tamin, ordering him to hunt

knowing he wouldn't make it. A tear ran down her cheek and despair bubbled up.

Reaching out, she grabbed Haviston's attention. (Make me remember!)

"Remember what?"

(Rakin! Kine! Tamin! Everyone. Make me remember that!)

Haviston frowned and his good eye seemed to pierce her. She could feel him probing her thoughts, exploring down to the crust that Rakin's anger had formed across her mind, around the bottomless despair that almost destroyed everything.

She let him, opening herself up to the man who would dominate her.

He sank in for a moment then pulled out with a flinch. When his eye focus on her again, a single tear ran down his cheek. "I'm... sorry."

"Um, Merrie," Borias asked with a confused tone, "what you be doing?"

(Saving Bass.) She projected more confidence than she felt.

Haviston's spells ran across her mind, a compulsion that sank deep in her mind, digging into the sensitive places. She could feel her very nature taking the spell and magnifying it, turning it into something terrifying that would fight even the power of her collar.

(This spell is time-released and layered. That means it still strike as you run out of power, each time growing more powerful.) His hand tightened on her arm. (You know this is suicide, Merrie Golddother. You are going against a goddess.)

Merrie shivered. (Don't tell the others. If you can, save Bass and Sable. And run, just run.)

His spell settled across her mind. As he withdrew, he left a single thought. (Good hunting.)

She reached up, became a woman, and kissed him on the lips. (Sorry about the arm.)

(Mistakes were made on both of our parts, Merrie Golddother.)

"Um, you be doing something stupid." Borias glared at her.

Merrie's ears pressed against her head.

He pulled her into a hug. "I never be stop loving you, Merrie. You be a good girl."

She shivered at the words. She felt sorrow rising up. She kissed his neck. (Thank you for everything.) She sent him a compressed memories, of all the times his magic and lessons saved her in the long years of pain and sorrow.

Borias stiffened and he hugged her tightly.

Merrie puled away and glanced at Dixie and then up to Tabitha.

(We'll go for Bass and Sable.) Dixie's thoughts were filled with frustration and regret, but he sounded confident. (As soon as that bitch's shield comes down.)

A pause. (My mistress says don't die.)

Merrie turned away. Pulling on the darkness, she tried to change back into a hound, but the light prevented her. She pushed the growing fear aside and forced herself to move. As she stepped though the glowing shield, Lemetri's power instantly tore at her.

It was bright and searing, but seductive. She knew she was in pain, but it felt distant from her body. With a start, she realized she was in more danger than she thought. Lemetri was keeping Bass alive to torture him.

Behind her, Borias turned and walked away. She knew he was crying as he left.

Her heart thumped as she crawled through the devastation. Her eyes were focused on Lemetri as she began to the spell.

Calligraphy drew across her mind, black as night and terrifying beyond all might. She almost used the spell once on Rakin, but the Lords of Shadow couldn't reach her to destroy the man who ended up being her salvation. She wasn't sure if they could reach her now, but she hoped that the despair that burned inside her soul would breach the light of the goddess just long enough for the Lords to stop her.

As the power welled up, so did the pressure. Every step pushed her away as she summoned the powers of darkness against the light.

Lemetri didn't even look at her as she repeatedly slapped Bass. His legs and arms were a bloody mess, with broken bones sticking out of the flesh. Strips had been ripped from his flesh, but he was still alive. Her strikes were precise and torturous, keeping him painfully aware of every blow as she tortured him.

"You should have killed yourself." She spoke in a beautiful voice, as calm as if she was arranging flowers instead of murdering one of

her former paladins. “All these years of hiding and you couldn’t just end it. You know what you were to me, what you were doing to me.”

Bass couldn’t respond, not with a shattered jaw.

The brutality of Lemetri sickened Merrie. The goddess was more powerful than anything she had seen before, more than the Loyal, more than Gillette, more than even the Lords. Doubt rippled through her mind.

She stepped over Gillette, who moaned as he clutched his ruined arm and leg. The goddess had made no effort to heal him when she appeared.

A few meters away, Sable wailed in agony. She was human again, with a broken shoulder and shattered legs. One eye was sealed up but it didn’t stop her from trying to reach Bass.

Merrie sent a wave of comfort as she crawled closer.

(Merrie, don’t! Get away, she’ll kill you!)

She couldn’t respond, not without breaking the fraying confidence she had left. She gulped and pushed herself closer, forcing herself through the thick air that surrounded the goddess. It beat down on her, squeezing her chest and pushing her back. Every step was harder than the first as she fought the realization of her actions, the enormity of her sacrifice, and even the brutality that the goddess inflicted on someone who used to love her.

Lemetri suddenly turned on Merrie. “And you, Merrie Golddother —”

Merrie lost control of her bladder as she was struck by the full force of the goddess’ Presence. It crushed her will, demanding absolute loyalty and love for the blonde in front of her.

She resisted with all her mind, sending orders through the collar, but even the absolute obedience struggled against the force of Lemetri.

“—do you think you can summon that pathetic shadow here? That it will stop me?” She slapped Bass across the hip, pulverizing the bone. His leg drooped as all the tension left it.

Behind Merrie, Sable cried out in terror and shared pain.

She had to command herself to take a step and then another. Lemetri’s Presence beat against her, crushing her heart. It ground against her and she felt it crushing her bones with every step.

Something broke in her mind and the memories of Tamin's death flooded through her mind. It brought a ripple of despair and it was easier to move. She growled in her chest, her breasts heaving with the effort.

Lemetri laughed. "The little girl thinks her doggy is going to save her? You can't summon him, girl. His soul has been destroyed in the light."

Merrie snarled and forced herself to stalk closer. The leaves underneath her knees and wrists withered into dust and darkness ebbed in the shadow of her body.

More memories slammed into her, piercing through the Presence. It was the horror in Rakin's cell, the fear that she wouldn't survive without bonding. The desperation to keep him there until something, anything, happened. The hope and fear blended together, mixing in with the devastation when the Lords couldn't destroy him for her.

A rush of power slammed into her and she surged forward, jumping for Lemetri.

The goddess caught by her throat, the delicate hand stronger than the adamantite collar around her neck. She bore down and Merrie felt her throat collapsing underneath the pressure.

Lemetri held Bass in one hand and Merrie in the other. She pulled Merrie close. "Do you honestly think you have a chance?"

The summoning spell burned in her mind, one symbol from the end. She could feel the Lords of Shadows gathering in the darkness but held back by the light. They were close, so close, and she could feel their hunger reaching for her.

The goddess slapped her. As it came toward her, it looked like a playful bap, but the impact shattered Merrie's collarbone. She felt the bones snapping and the flesh ripping from a jagged spear of white. The agony slashed through her senses and the spell blurred. She gasped at the pain, surprised by the intensity that almost blacked her out.

But, if it was her master, it would have given her power. With a gasp, Merrie reached through the collar and ordered herself to enjoy it. Enjoy the pain and torture.

Lemetri's second slap caught her leg and snapped bone. The agony flashed through her mind and she almost lost control but

then blossomed into power as she accepted the pain. She was an alpha and she took anything her mistress commanded.

The blows came faster, slamming into her. Each one blurred the spell but then filled her with power. Merrie moaned through her broken jaw as the goddess slapped her again and again. Each impact broke bone and ripped flesh, but she forced herself into the pleasure of agony. She was ordered to accept the pain and she poured all of it back into the spell, adding to the despair that fueled the dark runes.

White stars exploded across her vision. Merrie gasped at the pain, unable to stop the sobbing. One blow threw her to the side and she saw Bass on the ground at Lemetri's feet, unable to move as he sobbed.

There was so much pain in his eyes as he looked up at her, helpless and terrified.

Merrie smiled as best she could, then shuddered at the next blow. It ignited a sensation in her body, a heat in her pussy that came from submission.

"Ew!" cried Lemetri like a teenage girl. "You're getting off on this!"

The only answer was the waft of Merrie's excitement and the soft sound of her juices dripping off her ruined legs.

Shaking from the pain, Merrie looked at her. She couldn't move, only accept what the mistress told her to. She would survive, because she was ordered to.

Her master crawled across the ground, leaving a trail of crimson behind him. His body was burning up, black flames rising up from his edges. Merrie felt her soul trembling as his death tugged at her own soul.

The Lord of Shadows was reaching through the darkness for him and there was no escape the inky claws.

His hand reached out for her, shaking and dripping with blood.

Merrie reached as far as she could, trying to force herself through the bars so she could touch her master. If she could, she hoped something would save him. She jammed herself tight against the bars and pushed harder. Her bones ached.

He hit the ground, his fingertips millimeters from her the smooth end of her arm. (Be... safe.)

His body turned to shadow, roaring as it burned away. The ethereal smell turned into the burn of Shadows and she felt his soul being torn away, to be claimed by the Shadows he got his power.

With his death, shadowy claws plunged into her very being. With a sharp rip, the bond was ripped out of her soul, leaving nothing but a gaping hole. The world plunged into the black hell of agony.

She thrashed in the cage, clawing at her throat as her insides twisted and ripped. Her world turned into a singularity of suffering. She prayed it would end, but it wouldn't. It kept on tearing her apart, shredding her very sense of being as her entire world, her life, her master, was taken from her.

With her final thought, she hit the ground in a wet thump. Her body refused to move. Dark shadows of oblivion surrounded her. Merrie prayed the Lord of Shadows would take her and she would never wake again.

The crust over the hole in her heart shattered. The darkness rushed up and consumed her thoughts. It ripped along her veins and shattered her mind. The summon spell in her mind sucked it in, pulling every iota of agony and pain. Her world became a singularity of despair as she was forced to live through Kine's death again and again. It flashed with suicidal thoughts, starving on the streets, the pain of losing her friends in the alley, the despair of seeing what the Shadowed District had done, and the terror as she realized she almost killed Lady Anasome.

She screamed, it was the only thing she could do. Her body was on fire, burning away into black smoke. She felt the Lords reaching for her through the brightness, using the pitch blackness of her despair as a shield against Lemetri's light.

Claws ripped through reality and dug into her flesh. It left long gouges in her skin. The slashes burned brighter and the smoke drifted through the gasps, pulling them wider open as more of the Lord's claws reached through.

There was more than one of them now and they were all grabbing for her. They furiously ripped at the barrier between the worlds, tearing it further open as darkness poured in around Lemetri. The light faded and flickered, swirled in sharp lines of bright and dark.

Lemetri snarled, a mask of rage on her face. She pulled back as claws scraped across her face. With a blur of movement, she punched Merrie.

The impact blacked her out and she lost control of the spell.

Merrie recovered almost instantly with an intense pain inside her. She shuddered as she looked down at the fist buried in her chest. She could feel the goddess' fingers wrapped around her heart, squeezing down on the rapidly beating core of her being. And pitch black blood dripped from the gaping hole of her shattered ribs.

The edges of Merrie's body wavered as the black fires ignited. She could feel her soul burning away, seeping into the holes between the worlds.

She reached out for the Shadows. She felt the claws tearing into her mind and soul, trying to pull her through. With all her mind, she sent a command through her collar. (Step.)

She stepped, or tried to. Her body blurred but she was anchored by the insurmountable force of the goddess herself. She tried again, desperately trying to obey the orders of her mistress. Her body spasmed and her limbs shook helplessly.

"Since," snarled Lemetri, "you're so fond of amputation, let's remove something else."

Holy fire exploded inside her. It cooked the muscles of her heart and burnt it out of her chest. Obsidian blood poured around Lemetri's delicate wrist and burned away as a wet ripping sensation dominated her very being. The pounding in her ears silenced with a rush. The tearing grew louder, shuddering through her body as Lemetri slowly tore her heart from her chest. And behind, the holy flames seared away the injuries, preventing them from ever being healed.

Monk shook his head. "None of the spells in the collar are breakable by anything short of a god. In fact, it would take a god to kill her permanently."

Merrie yanked on the Shadows with all her might. Behind Lemetri, claws ripped through the holes and tore apart the world around her. In the Shadows was the Lord of Shadows, the infinite darkness of the creature that fed on her master and would feed on her. It reached past Lemetri and grabbed Merrie's soul and body. Claws dug and the Lord pulled, crushing Merrie into Lemetri and pulling them both toward it.

"No!" Lemetri screamed as she was dragged toward the darkness. With a surge of strength, she ripped Merrie's heart from her chest

and threw it aside. With the black-stained hand, she planted one hand against the Lord's body and light glowed from her fingers. It burned away the blood and almost all the Lords' pulled back. Only the largest and most power of Lords clung on, yanking on Merrie and pulling them both into the dark.

In the darkness, Merrie could sense the Lords feeding on her soul. The power they gain caused them to split and then two became four. They continued to feed on her, gouging out hunks of her despair and energy, and split again and again. Each one continued to dig into the hole between worlds, pulling Lemetri and Merrie further in.

Lemetri shone with holy light and the Lords burned away from the intensity. But, as their forms burned away, the shadows grew stronger behind them and more Lords formed from Merrie's soul and joined in. The darkness boiled in the dark and claws lashed out, tearing through her perfect skin and outfit. Her dress fluttered to the ground and shimmering blood coated her skin as she fought.

Moving with desperate strength that she didn't know she had, Merrie surged forward. She slammed into Lemetri's body, every shattered bone grinding into each other in a singularity of pain. She snarled and slammed her head down to bite down on Lemetri's neck with all her might.

Canine teeth shattered against the soft, delicate neck of the goddess, but the shards cut through the divine flesh. Blood, brilliant and shimmering, flooded into her mouth and she felt burning its way across her tongue.

Lemetri screamed out and lost her concentration. With a sucking noise, the Lords of Shadows dug their claws into her beautiful flesh and pulled her into the darkness.

The world grew black as Merrie fell into the shadows. Claws of a thousand Lords of Shadows tore at her and she fell into them, no strength left in her silent body to resist.

Her heart no longer beat in her chest.

There was no noise.

There was only darkness.

And she looked up to see the first Lord of Shadows looming over her. It was swollen with power and she looked into the abyss and smiled. Her body couldn't respond, but she felt the joy as she realized she was finally going to be with her master again.

The collar thumped against her neck, a single triple beat before it settled against her still chest.

Beyond the Lord of Shadows, Lemetri's light flashed once, twice, and then faded as the thousand Lords tore into the goddess's body and soul.

The first and most powerful Lord of Shadows came for her, claws holding her down as it opened a mouth that she would never be able to describe. The pain was exquisite, a singularity of sensation blossomed in her fading thoughts, rippling out until it exploded in a wave of her single and final orgasm.

And then...

... oblivion.

t'Sade

Epilogue

89

The summer night was as dark as Borias' mood. Except for the brief flicker of lighting along the rolling clouds, the only light was the two torches on either end of the mill's porch. The pool of yellowed light gave him no hope as he sat on the bench and stared out into the darkness.

The others were at the Blood County Fair and the mill was dark. For the second time since Bass bought the mill, they would not be selling bitches. Borias had no reason to join the others and risk his own death by accidentally seeing another. Instead, he spent his nights on the porch, looking past the fields, and toward the stain of black in the distance.

He wondered if anything grew where Merrie died. No one was sure anymore. From the front porch, he could see the black stain on the ground, but when he went to investigate it, he found himself wandering other parts of the mill grounds. It was a repulsion spell, one of the strongest he had ever experienced, and it resisted everyone's attempt to return to the place where she died.

Borias sighed and turned the mug in his hand. It was his best lager, but over the last few hours, it had warmed and flattened until it was nothing but swill. He couldn't pour it out but neither could he drink it. It was just there, like everything else left in his life.

In the sky, lighting crackled along the clouds and he watched the world flare to life before sinking back into pitch. A few seconds later, a rumble rolled over him and he closed his eyes to experience the vibrations in his chest. When he opened his eyes, the world remained a dark and dreary place.

For the seventh time that night, he told himself to do something but the dark thoughts kept him pinned to the bench. He groaned and leaned against the side of the bench. At his side, Sable's stake flashed in the light flickering along the clouds. He smiled and reached down. Stroking the wood, he imagined a helpless Sable pawing at the door, begging to get in even as Tabitha stormed toward her.

Merrie was so young and innocent when she first showed up. Wide eyed and terrified, but also fascinated. The new girls were always scared, rightfully so since they were all kidnapped before their fate. But, he had never seen any of them that pushed up their breasts and parted their lips the way she did. She begged for attention without realizing her actions. She was perfect, but now she was gone forever.

"Be fucking this," he muttered and set down his mug. He jammed his fingernails into his palms until he could force himself to stand up. His boots thudded against the boards of the porch as he made his way to the stairs and down the creaking steps.

Another flash of lighting and a roll of thunder punctuated his footstep as he reached the bottom. He walked across the yard before turning just outside the fence. He knew the route by heart, everyone at the mill did, but he still moved slowly and quietly along the well-worn path. He wasn't sure if it was respect for the dead or the realization that he was very alone in the middle of a dying mill.

Even though the last three markers filled the tiny cemetery, Bass made no effort to expand it. Borias wondered if he was going to close up the doors. He was already planning on tearing apart Kessler's lands as soon as they were given to him.

Kessler died only a month ago, his body rotted away by cancer. His children were already circling around the corpse, making claims on one of the most profitable slavery farms in the county. But, Kessler's will gave everything to Bass, including his title. There were arguments and threats of fighting. Everyone was bringing a personal army to the fair that year and there were no doubts that at least someone would end up dead.

It was safer for Borias to remain home. He trailed his fingers along the closest of the new markers.

“Fang Mills, Loyal Brother, Cherished Friend, and Honored Lover.” The tale of what happened to Fang came from a sullen Eolis over a bitter stout. Haviston, in his brief moment inside Merrie’s head, filled in the rest of them. It was Borias who carved the words into the marker with Bass and Sable watching in silence.

A large stone slab filled the corner of the cemetery and only had a single word written on it. “Merrie.” She didn’t need anything else, there was no one who would ever forget the joy and sorrow she brought to the mill. She was as close to a goddess as Borias could ever imagine.

He glanced at the third marker, Tamin’s, and smiled grimly. Sable had picked the words for that one. “Loyal hound, Dearest Companion, and Merrie’s bitch.”

Sinking to the ground, he knelt in front of Merrie’s grave. There was no body but it didn’t stop them from looking, or remembering. He reached out and pressed both palms against the warm, moist stone.

“I be sorry,” he whispered. “I be failing you.”

The tears threatened to bubble up, a jerking in the back of his throat and a stinging in his eyes. It had been a year, but he still cried when he thought of her. For five years, he tore himself up wishing he could rush to Franome City to be with her and, for only a few brief moments, he saw her in her glory before she was taken away once again.

A sob rose and he stopped fighting it. It tore out of him and he thumped his head against the headstone as the tears began to run down his cheeks. Hot and sticky, they coursed down his chin and soaked into his black shirt.

“I be... I be...” He couldn’t finish. He just leaned against the carved rock and sobbed.

Around him, he heard the rustle as the rain finally began to fall. Wet splatters struck his back and head but he didn’t move. He felt the rain joining with his tears and, somehow, it let them flow faster.

Borias wished he could have done something. Been a little stronger, been a little faster. If he healed her more, maybe she would have survived. He replayed everything he did a thousand times and nothing made the pain fade away.

He would have died if he remained behind, that much he knew. He wouldn't have been able to save her but he also didn't have the strength to look away. The last thing he would have seen was her pulled into the Shadows, her body torn apart by the claws along with the last of Lemetri's light.

Everyone else lived. Bass and Sable took a few months to heal, Tabitha and Dixie less time physically but longer emotionally. Haviston appeared to be okay, but Borias knew his cousin regretted his own actions as much as Borias punished himself.

The one man, Golid, who should have died also survived. But revenge was taken away from all of them. With the death of his goddess, a thousand promises were broken in an instant and his mind cracked with his promises. His one good eye now remained nothing but a dull gaze, unresponsive. There was some part still alive, but lost in his own consciousness.

Desperate for something, Tabitha finished cropping him. Borias smiled grimly to himself. They put one of his mother's collars around the former paladin's neck and attached the same charms they gave Merrie... right before they tossed his unresponsive body to Fucker.

For a year now, Fucker had been pounding every hole in Golid's body without stopping or slowing. It didn't matter if it was ass, mouth, or eye socket. Fucker would ram his cock to the hilt and Golid would survive.

It was close to revenge any of them would get.

He sobbed and knelt there, sobbing as the rain poured down around him. For the endless time, he considered ending his life. It would only take a single spell, he knew more than a few that would make him die without suffering.

Borias held up his fingers and looked down at them. Energy crackled between his fingers. Runes of power glowed at his fingertips, red energy sparkling between his fingers.

A dull thud stopped him. It was the steady beat of someone walking closer.

Fear and guilt sparkled along his senses. He clamped his hand shut and stared down at his fingers.

The ground shook with the impact. It sounded like a thriban, but neither Bass or Eolis would have come back in the middle of the night.

Gulping, he stood up and started to cast an armor spell.

“Loyal Alestri,” came a metallic female’s voice through the rain, “says stop.”

Borias froze, the spell sputtering in his mind. With a whimper, he turned around and looked across the cemetery. A flash of lighting light up the armored figure on the far side of the plot, the emerald plate armor unmistakable and unforgettable. The knight wielded a massive spear that towered at least a meter over her head.

It was a Loyal, the most powerful knights in the Franome Army. It was also the worst person anyone who escaped Abbinkey could ever see. The rain splattered centimeters from her armor, bouncing off an invisible wall of force. Killing spells glowed brightly from the enchanted armor; spells that he had no chance of surviving against.

“Criminal, you are under arrest.” The dispassionate voice sent a shudder through him, the force of her words slamming into his stomach.

A hot stream of urine dribbled down his thighs as he stared at the knight sent to kill him. With a scream he stumbled back, stumbling over Merrie’s headstone and falling to the ground.

The Loyal stepped closer, the impact of her feet blasting away the wet ground so her foot slammed into dry ground.

“No!” he screamed. He flipped over and crawled up the fence. As he reached the top, he felt the Loyal’s gauntlet snatching his shirt. With frantic energy, he tore the fabric and fell over the other side of the fence before hitting the ground with a hard, wet smack.

“Loyal Alestri orders the criminal to stop!”

A domination spell slammed into him, overwhelming and powerful. His body froze from the order except for his heart which pounded painfully in his chest. He stared at her as she stopped on the other side of the fence.

There was only one punishment for escaping Abbinkey: death. The tears ran down his cheeks as he stared at her, waiting for the killing blow from the massive spear or the thousand spells already prepared to destroy him.

The Loyal reached over the fence, the metal bending when she had to strain. Her gauntlet gripped on his shirt. As her fingers clenched, the tips left deep cuts along his chest.

“Loyal Alestri says come.”

Borias sobbed and then the world ripped out from underneath him. The Loyal’s teleportation had no grace or delicacy. It felt like being torn apart, yanked in a thousand places, before everything was collapsed into a single point.

He was still screaming when she released him. The massive spear swung around and he lost control of his bladder again. He flung his arms over his face to protect himself, even knowing that it wouldn’t stop the blade, but the killing blow never came.

“You really need to work on her manners,” grumbled Eolis as the thriban walked up.

Sobbing, Borias looked up past his trembling arms at Eolis.

“I try,” said an unfamiliar man, “but it would take a divine intervention to give Alestri compassion.”

“It’s okay, Bori, she’s not going to kill you.” Eolis held out one large hand.

Still shaking violently, Borias held out his hand.

Eolis took it and pulled him to his feet.

“I... I be peeing myself.” Blushing hotly, Borias looked around.

Wherever they were, it was no longer raining. The air was hot but he could smell a strange ether scent in the air. It was dark and the only light came from a banked fire at one end of Eolis’ travel wagon. Zeob tended the flames but made no effort to stoke the flames.

There was another man there, one wearing gloves and carefully tending to a pot of something on the embers. There was another man, but a low powered repulsion spell made it hard to focus. Frowning and trying not to think about humiliating himself, Borias concentrated on the last man until he realized who it was. It was Duke Natis.

He jerked and looked at Eolis. “Eolis? What be going on?” He shivered as the Loyal stepped around him. With a whimper, he leaned forward. “You know I be hiding!” he whispered sharply, “How could you be doing this?”

Eolis chuckled and patted Borias painfully on the shoulder. “Relax. If they wanted you to kill you, you wouldn’t haven’t seen her coming. Well, you would have, but then you’d be dead.”

Borias whimpered and glanced at the Loyal. The armored woman stopped next to the furthest door of the wagon, where Eolis would place the taxes. She slammed the butt of her spear into the ground and a rumble shook the ground.

“S-She said I be arrested.”

Eolis chuckled and drew Borias into a tight hug. “Loyal Alestri suffers from a lack of compassion. She also spent almost three minutes resisting her orders to bring you here... safely.”

“And,” said the older man by the fire, “unharmd. Don’t forget that qualifier.”

The creak of Alestri’s gauntlet shot through the camp.

Borias gulped. “Me? Why me?”

Eolis guided Borias toward the door the Loyal was standing next to. “Because, you’re the best healer mage in twenty kilometers and we didn’t have much time.”

As they walked, Borias felt the tension tightening in his gut. He felt pathetic as he whimpered and stepped closer to Eolis. “Time? Time being for what?”

“You’ll see. Loyal?”

The Loyal reached over and opened the door. Borias noticed that she was standing between the opening and the campfire. The stench of death flooded out of the closet, choking and bitter. It had a alcoholic taste to it, a tickle in the back of his throat. It reminded him of something, but he couldn’t place it as he stared at the pitch black opening.

Eolis grabbed him by his hips and lifted him up. As soon as Borias’ feet set down on the edge, he pulled back. “Whatever you do, don’t make light.”

Borias turned, “What—?”

The door slammed shut on him.

He gulped. “What be going on?”

“They are all,” he jumped as someone spoke from in the closet, “a bit scared right now. None of us know what to do.”

With an uneasy chuckle. “I be rather scared too.”

“Can you see in the dark? Not light!”

Borias took a deep breath and cast a night seeing spell. It was one of the spells that he created to watch bitches as they were getting used to their new lives. He also enjoyed seeing the curves of their bodies as they made out... in a different life.

Turning, he looked around. The money boxes were stacked up high on one side of the closet. On the far end, a man sat in the corner of the room with his legs curled up to hold something shifting in his grip.

"I-I be seeing now."

"Good. I can't and I've been here for almost six hours." The man chuckled. "My legs are asleep."

"That be what need healing?"

"No, her." The man gestured with his chin to his lap.

Borias' heart skipped a beat. "H-Her?" Hope rose inside him. "I... Is that Merrie?"

The tears burned in his eyes as he stared at the shifting body in the man's lap. He could almost see a dark tail peeking out of one side and the peaks of two ears. With a gasp, he stumbled closer. "M-Merrie?"

"I think so," whispered the man as he stroked the body in his lap. His hand seemed to sink into the shifting body and curls of darkness trailed after his movements. The stench of death and alcohol rose in the air and he realized what it was, it was the smell of Shadows.

Borias threw himself to his knees next to the stranger. "Merrie!?"

He reached out for her, but his fingers only encountered a resistance instead of a solid body. He shivered at the icy field around his fingers. It tore at his senses and he could feeling it drawing his life energy away as the body solidified. He pulled his hand back and watched as the shadows began to dissolve again back into black flames.

Concerned, Borias looked up and focused on the man. He was dying himself as he comforted Merrie. The dark shadow in his lap was drawing his life, but despite not having magic, the man was keeping himself together with sheer will and, what Borias suspected, love.

"You be named?" he whispered.

"Claston," chuckled the man, "but can you do something for her?"

Borias frowned. He heard the name before. Shaking his head, he held his hands out and over her shifting body. Magic bubbled up around him, mixing in with the icy flames of darkness.

Claston hissed. “Careful, light kills—”

“Shut up,” snapped Borias. He extended his senses and began to craft a healing spell. His magic always created glowing runes, it was part of his power, but only when it was activating. If he could heal everything at once, maybe she could survive the light long enough for it to take hold. He worked the patterns of the spell together, spreading the delicate tendrils of his magic through the shifting body. He could feel the agony and pain underneath his palms, of a woman caught between two worlds.

Tears splashed down on his palm, freezing before they hit the ground. A headache pierced his thoughts, but he strained to focus on keeping the spell together.

“We almost lost her when—”

Borias almost lost control of the spell. He struggled to keep the threads from glowing at the same time he tried to keep the delicate strands of power in place. Claston’s words made it hard to concentrate.

“Claston,” grunted Borias, “be shutting the fuck up.”

A strained chuckle but no more words.

Sweat prickled Borias’ brow. The world spun around him as he sank the magic into her, trying to keep her shifting body together enough to heal it. She wasn’t there, at least not entirely. Most of her body was still Shadows, shifting in and out of physical form. Deep inside, a core of utter darkness kept her pinned in one place. He brushed against it and felt his body withering from even the briefest caress.

Claston said, “She’s dying.”

Borias gulped. If she died, he would too. Biting down on his lip, he concentrated and threw everything he could. He wouldn’t fail her again, not ever.

The energy crackled around him, tiny motes of power glowing around his body. He could feel how the light was erasing the shadows, but he couldn’t create the spell without some light.

“Hurry—”

“Fucking shut up!” Borias screamed as the energy exploded inside him. Runes of yellow-green burst to life, spreading out from his hands. It lit the entire room in a brilliant glow as the runes formed along her skin, creating a shell of a body he remembered so well. The yellow-green runes crawled along her body and the shadows filled the runes and solidified into flesh.

Claston tried to yank her away, but Borias reached back and punched him as hard as he could. The thud of knuckles hitting the man’s jaw filled the air.

An explosion filled the room. He saw a flash of a green spear swinging toward him and then the crunch of impact as it caught him from throat to groin. The blow blasted him back through the side of Eolis’ wagon and he felt bones cracking as he flew out of the shattering wall and hit the ground meters away.

Rocks scraped against his face before he flipped over, flying back toward sharp rocks he didn’t notice before.

Borias slammed into the thick body of Eolis, who jumped back to catch his blow. There was a dizzying flip and then he was on his feet, trembling from the impact and staring at the still falling splinters of the wooden wagon.

“Damn you, Alestri!” It was Claston and he was pissed.

“Loyal Alestri—”

“Silence!” bellowed Claston, a raw Presence drawing everyone’s attention toward him. He was crouched over Merrie’s body, trying to shield her from even the dim light of the banked fire.

The older man and Zeob gasped. The duke stood up and kicked the soup over the flames, dousing it instantly.

Borias groaned and shook with fear. “Not be dead, not be dead, please?”

He could feel broken bones inside his own body. He threw a quick healing spell on himself. He groaned as the bones settled back into place, patching themselves enough to let him move. He would feel it in the morning, if he lived.

“Borias?” Claston spoke loudly.

“She be living?”

“Come here!”

Borias limped over to the wagon, crawling into it with Eolis' help. He staggered over to the corner where Claston continued to crouch over Merrie.

In the faint light of the dying flame, Borias could see that her body had solidified but the shadows were still barely held together. He had only given her a shell of a body, something to contain the center of darkness that rested inside her and something for the shadows to bind to. He shivered at it, it was like touching death itself.

"Is... is she okay? She not be dead, k?"

Borias groaned as he knelt down, his body screaming in agony from Alestri's attack. He held out his hand and cast his senses inside her, trying to push past the pain and agony of a body healing. He could feel other healing magic beginning to spread out across her body, a powerful regeneration spell coming from somewhere else.

Glancing up, he saw that she had a black collar around her neck that he didn't see before. It was bent with a crystal in one part and fingerprints along the sides. He shivered at the sight of it, only a goddess was powerful enough to bend adamantite like that.

"Borias?" insisted Claston.

Taking a deep breath, Borias cast another spell and tied it into the regeneration, trying to speed up the healing process. It would take a week before she took another breath, but his healing spell gave her enough push to start the process. The collar's regeneration was powerful but whoever created it ensured she would suffer from every agony in the healing process. It would be hell for her and he wished he could do more, but he was sure she was going to live.

"Bori—"

"She be okay, I be thinking. Be bringing a dim light?"

"Light kills her," whispered Claston. He gripped Merrie's severed arm tighter. "We found her in the shadows by where Tamin died. Well," he gulped, "I tripped on her when I was trying to find the spot. And then, when I fell, I accidentally shoved branches aside and brought her into the light. It looked like she was screaming, but no noise came out. Her body started to burn away into black smoke, and... and, if it wasn't for Eolis' quick thinking, we would have lost her."

Claston shuddered and wiped his brow. "I don't think she can survive any light. T-That's why we've been keeping her here."

Borias turned to him. "Then I be dying with her." His voice came off sharper than he intended. "Light."

Claston stared at him for a moment, then nodded. "Natis?"

The duke joined them, cupping his hands as a faint light appeared from the cracks of his fingers. He shook as he held it over Merrie, slowly opening his hands to bring light.

Borias held his breath as he watched the light touch Merrie's body.

She was naked as before, with pale skin that looked like it had never seen the light of day. Curls of shadows danced along her curves. The edges of her body began to flare up with black flames.

He held his breath, fighting back a whimper as his insides tensed. If she died, he would join her. The taste of the geas rose up inside the back of his throat, a bitter taste of almonds and metal.

The black flames flared and his heart stopped. But, then they died down into wisps of obsidian that danced along the line of her body. No heat rose from her body, just an icy throb of a winter day and the taste of alcohol.

"Is she..." whispered Claston.

"She—" Borias held his breath when the flames flared again. The flames died down again and he let it out in a long sigh. "She be holding firm."

He looked over her body, searching for wavering or weakness in his healing spell. The energies holding her body together were strained but magic flowed steadily through invisible webs of power. It kept her shadows from burning away but even the dim light weakened her.

The sight of her pale body caught his attention. Merrie had changed greatly from the tanned bitch sitting on the back stage of the fair auction, touching and caressing everyone bitch as they were sold. In the years since he last saw her, the colors had bleached out her body and hair. It was more than a flash of paleness that he saw in battle. Every color, from the pink of her pussy to the inside of her mouth had lost their hue. She looked like a painting made only of whites, grays, and blacks. Even her hair had been drained of colors, leaving only a translucent white to cascade over her naked breasts.

At first, he thought that her lips still retained color. Leaning forward, he peered down at her and breathed in the scent of ether and woman. The lips had no color but they sparkled with their own light. Trembling, Borias reached over and caressed them, feeling the icy caress of her body. When he pulled his fingers back, his fingertips sparkled with the light. He could feel divine magic in the sparkles, the taint of a dying goddess' blood.

"Borias, I can't feel her heart," said Claston as he gestured down to her breast. A bright white scar marked where Lemetri had ripped out her heart. The fist-sized mark caught the inner edge of her breasts in a star-shape mark.

Borias pressed his hand against her chest, his hand against the soft mound of her breast and caressed the mark. There was no scar tissue though he could feel the faintest touch of divine magic. He spread his hands along her breast to press her palm tight against her breast.

At first, he didn't feel anything. And then, he felt it.

Beat, beat, beat, silence. A triple beat.

Her heart beat thrice again, the triple thuds tickling his palm.

Merrie's eyes fluttered. Her sparkling lips parted as she drew her legs tight against her chest. Both men stared at her as her eyes briefly opened. It was the movement of someone dazed and confused, unseeing and uncomprehending.

Borias found himself looking into the abyss. Her iris had been leached of more than just color, they were pitch black. He shivered at the sight of it, seeing more than just darkness. He was looking into the depths of another world. The Shadows boiled in her eyes, a black core of liquid abyss. It was beautiful and terrifying. He tried to pull away, but the darkness kept him pinned in place.

Merrie's eyes sagged and closed. With a rush, he was released from her spell. Her eyes opened and he tensed, ready to be ensnared by her gaze, but the thin veneer of normalcy had returned. Her eyes were nothing but black on white.

He let out a troubled sigh. His heart sung that she wasn't burning away in the light, but the darkness inside her frightened him. It didn't feel evil, not that he would know, but Merrie's return came at a cost. One that he never wanted to know.

She settled back in, curling up as her body continued to burn with low, faint flames.

“Be thanking you, me duke. No more light.”

The duke closed his fingers and the room plunged into darkness. Claston stroked Merrie’s shoulder. “Will she live?”

Borias nodded. “I be hoping, but it be taking a long time. She still be dying and that collar be healing her, but it be taking... a month before she can stand bright light and maybe a year before sunlight. Be making one mistake, and we be losing her. But, for now, she be safe.”

Claston let out a gasp of relief. “Thank the gods.”

Sitting back, Borias groaned as injuries and exhaustion bore down on him. “How she be alive? The bitch goddess killed her. She was eaten by the Shadows, right? She be dead.”

The other man brushed his knuckles against her face, pushing her hair over her canine ear. “She always said that Tamin was given a second chance by the Lord of Shadows. Maybe the Lord of Shadows gave her the same?”

“Gods be demanding a price for these things. There is darkness inside her. What if—”

“Does it matter?”

The simple words stopped Borias for a moment.

“Does it matter why she’s back? If she did it herself or if the Lord brought her back for some reason.”

Borias shivered at the memory of her eyes.

“It just means I’m going to love her more, every day, just knowing that she might be somewhere else. She may not. Maybe she already paid the price? Maybe she earned it, but it doesn’t matter. All that matters is that she’s back and I’m going to do what I can to keep it that way.”

Borias leaned back. “Be thankful?”

Claston smiled at him. “What else can we do?” He lifted his gaze to the men standing outside the wagon. “Boz, Zeob? Could you wrap her in a blanket and put her in Eolis’ room? Make sure its dark. Boz, watch over her?”

“Yes, sire,” came the deadpanned response. “It would be my honor.”

Borias watched as the two wrapped her tightly in a blanket. He reached out to stroke the curve of Merrie's breast before it was sealed away from even the dim light outside of the wagon. "Don't be dying, k?"

After she was carefully sealed into the other room, Claston sat down next to Borias. "Good job, Borias Kivas." He patted Borias on the shoulder. "I think it's going to take a week to recover my legs though."

Borias reached over and sent a burst of healing energy along the man's thighs. The simple spell left runes glowing in the air for a moment before fading.

"Or a few seconds. You know most healers in Franome City can't even do a tenth of what you can do. I also heard that you don't leave scars, that's impressive. You could have made a lot of money in the capital."

With a grin, Borias nodded. "I be a good healer."

"You didn't heal that scar on her chest," Claston said wryly.

"That be a goddess. I not be that good."

"Eh, she's lucky to have you as a master."

Borias peeked up at Claston. "Who be you? How you be knowing this?"

Claston turned his head to look at Borias. He was a handsome man, Borias realized, even without the raw presence that hung around him. And he had an easy smile that helped ease Borias' wariness.

For a long moment, they stared at each other.

The other man broke the silence. "Would you accept another geas if I asked?"

Borias' body tightened. "A geas?"

"Yes, a third one. To help me help Merrie."

"How... how can you be asking that?" He glanced at the Loyal who stood only a few meters away, her body humming as her combat spells activated. He closed his eyes for a moment and then sighed. "I be having a choice?"

"There is always a choice," Claston said in a soft voice.

"No," Borias said with another sigh, "the promises we be making must be made. The only thing we be hoping is that we be making

good choices and not be getting too wrapped up in them.” He turned to Claston. “I should be knowing who you be?”

“Yeah,” Claston said with a chuckle, “I suspect you should know. But, I think you will give me something honest,” he rubbed his chin, “though punching me was a bit unexpected.”

Borias noticed that the others were watching him. He took a deep breath and felt the sick twisting in his gut. “You be putting geas on me. Just be fast about it.”

Claston blinked. “Really? Why?”

“If Eolis be trusting you, then I be trusting you. And if you be loving Merrie, then you can never be evil. If that be meaning I must be geased again, and it be for her, then I be willing.”

For a long moment, no one said anything.

“Bass,” started Eolis, “will never believe you just said that.”

Borias shrugged. “I be what I be.”

“Yeah, you be,” said Claston, “then I’ll make it obvious. Do you swear loyalty to Franome, the crown, and then, for the rest of our days?”

“I never be stopping.”

“Do you swear to protect it with your will, your pride, your power, and your life?” The air around Claston crackled with power.

Borias felt the energy responding to the other geases that bound his soul. It was a sick sensation of being pulled apart and twisted, energy warping on its and grinding him down. He winced as the spells began to blend into each other, adding more restrictions on top of older ones. “Aye.”

The energy solidified into a brilliant tree that spread out above them. The colors were brighter than Borias thought possible, shining everything and reflecting back to form a halo around the Claston.

“Do you swear to keep its secrets until the end of time?”

Clutching his stomach as the pain increased, Borias nodded.

“Do you swear to guard the Royal Family from all harm, inside and out?”

Borias groaned as realization dawned. He stared at the man and the name clicked. “Be fucking me, I just be punching the prince?”

Claston opened his mouth and looked helplessly at the duke for a moment.

“Borias,” said the duke, “answer the question.”

“Oh, I be sorry.” Borias blushed hotly. “Yes, aye, I be swearing.”

“Do you swear to serve until released by the Royal family?”

Borias closed his eyes and took a deep breath. “Aye.”

The geas took hold, wrapping around his throat and body and binding him tight. He felt it sealing itself to his soul, a submission that he would never be able to escape. A tear ran down his cheek as he sobbed.

There was never a choice.

Claston took another breath. “Damn, mum makes that look easy.”

Borias gave the prince a long, hard look. “Why?”

Wiping his brow, Claston looked up. “A few reasons, actually. You were willing to die to save Merrie.”

“And...?”

“You know I’m here. It was suppose to be a discrete encounter, like the duke is fond of, to see what Blood County is about. This county is rather important to the country and I want to know why. And, I think having a native to give me the tour,” he winked, “would be wonderful.”

Borias blanched. “I can’t be showing you. Me and death not be lovers no more.”

“Well,” Claston reached up and clapped Borias on the shoulder, “I’m still going to forgive you.”

The world exploded into flames and Borias screamed. He felt his bones writhing underneath his skin as something crawled off the hard surfaces and bubbled up. His skin twisted as words appeared along his skin, swimming around before burning away in acidic smoke.

Borias’ scream echoed shrilly against the trees, tearing at his throat and sending his heart pounding against his chest. His entire body spasmed twice before he slumped to the ground.

“Good boy.” Claston pushed himself up and swayed. The old man with the gloves rushed up to catch him.

“Why,” Borias whimpered, “you not be warning me?”

Claston smirked and rubbed his jaw. “You punched me. Now we’re even.”

Borias stared at the prince for a long moment before Claston offered his hand.

“Come on. You probably need some food after that.”

He took the hand and stood up. “Be sorry for punching you.”

“Eh,” Claston shrugged, “I probably deserved it.” He shot a glare at the older man, Boz. “Shut up.”

Borias' hands were shaking. He looked down and remembered the last time he saw words crawling over his skin. He was standing in a judge and he was just convicted of murder. The geas sealed away his magic, forced him to no longer enjoy the pleasures of flesh and the gasp of lovers dying. “I be pardoned?”

“Yeah, kind of hard to show me how to snuff a spit muffin if you can't participate, can you?”

Borias whimpered, looking back and forth. He caught Eolis' eye who winked back at him. “I can be using magic again?”

“Yeah, but my spy... network couldn't find the mage who put the second geas on you. You'll have to stay away from Franome City for the rest of your life, but at least... you know, you can have this part of your life back.”

Tears burned in his eyes. “Why?”

“I told you. You were willing to die for Merrie. Well, that and she was asking about the Geas of Convicts after she found out what the collar would do, to see if she could let you snuff her. I suspect,” Claston winked and Borias found himself growing harder, “that she wanted you to be the first one.”

He chuckled and shook her head. “A goddess beat you to the punch, but I know a lot about you, Borias Kivas, and I think you'd be a good second for her. She won't be your alpha, but that doesn't mean you can't be one of her masters. And, unlike the others at the mill, she won't have to deal with jealousy with you.”

“I-I not be knowing what to say.” The tears were coming down. He was humiliated that he was crying but the joy and hope burned too brightly. He felt sick and excited and terrified at the same time.

“Think of it as payment. You have a long journey ahead,” the prince gestured to the wagon, “and there is a bitch in there that needs you. And I'm,” a smile, “quite fond of her myself. As are a lot of people. She's all touched us.”

“I can be doing that.”

“And one more thing.”

“Aye?”

“Promise me you’ll take care of her?”

Borias looked around to see everyone staring at him. He felt like he was on the edge of something, but the decision was made years ago when he held a frightened girl on the steps as she finally accepted her place in the world. It was a beginning of a new life for both them, but neither knew it at that moment.

He didn’t have to worry about the next words because he already was saying them.

“I promise.”

t'Sade

About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, tsade.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

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