

It had been a few hours since Sasha and the others were herded onto the boat, a row of prisoners joined together by their manacles. A few hours of tense, miserable silence, none of them willing to risk what little comfort or dignity they'd been afforded by speaking up or doing much more than occasionally cough. Some of the more scared inmates had been reduced to quiet sobbing, sniffing and hiding their faces in their hands. Others just stared straight ahead, alternately hardened and dead-eyed in their silence.

Sasha, for the most part, was among the latter. It wasn't as if he was some hardened criminal that had accepted his fate -- he wasn't, and he hadn't -- but there was simply no real point in struggling or letting this wear him down. This, he reminded himself, was simply a fact of life, another obstacle to be overcome and eventually, *eventually* conquered.

It helped that he'd gotten off relatively easy. Most of the prisoners on the boat had their mouths gagged, and some had their manacles switched out in favor of heavy, iron blocks that encased their entire hands. The nature of his "crimes" meant that they didn't expect anything altogether drastic from Sasha, and he'd been afforded some degree of relative comfort as a result. As focused as he was, Sasha didn't envy the man sitting next to him, reduced to slumping forward and letting his hands rest against the floorboards instead of trying to rest his heavy bindings on his lap.

"Pss."

Sasha shut his eyes. No. He wasn't going to engage in whatever was going on.

"Pss-pss. Hey. Pretty boy."

Another prisoner leaned forward, across from Sasha and three men to the right. No gag, no iron "gloves" around his hands. Sasha opened his eyes and spared the man a glance, but nothing more. He looked to be a few years older than Sasha's twenty-five, but the shaggy length of his hair made him look a few years older than that, too. Sasha had been lucky: he'd been shoved onto the boat after only a few weeks in the dockside prison. This man had clearly been there for months, at least.

"I know you can hear me. What, you think they care?" Sasha shut his eyes again, and the man snorted with laughter. "Oh, c'mon! They know we can't do anything! Look, I'm dying to talk to *someone!*"

Sasha turned away as best he could, angling in the opposite direction and shutting his eyes once more.

"Oh, fuck you, then." The man grumbled. There was silence for a moment, and then the man hissed once more. "Pss. Hey. You. Yeah, yeah. You know beggar's cant?"

Silence for a moment.

"Ah, praises be! Pretty boy doesn't want to talk, but I'm *dying* of boredom. It's been, what, ten hours? No food, no nothing."

Another pause. The man wheezed with laughter. "Hh! Oh, yeah, no kidding. I heard one time a guy pissed hisself right at the outset. Whole boat stank of it the entire time."

Sasha opened his eyes and looked to the man once more, then to his "conversational" partner. He was an older man with tired eyes and a gag in his mouth, but his hands flexed and contorted in their manacles. The speaker watched his fingers curl and straighten, smiling. "Yah, it's no good. Maybe it's a blessing they haven't given us anything to eat yet?" He cocked his head at Sasha. "Prettyboy'd probably throw up."

Sasha's brow furrowed, but he didn't say anything. The speaker cast him a glance and a crooked smirk.

"Why'd he be *mad*? I've never been on a boat afore; I bet he's the same. And what's he gonna *do* if he *is*? Hey-" The speaker turned his attention to his silent companion. "Whatcha do?"

The gagged man's hands went still at that, if only for a moment. His fingers sort of twiddled, and his shoulders slumped. When he signed his answer, it was barely more than a twitch of his fingers. The speaker clicked his tongue and shook his head. "Hoo, aren't we all. I tell ya, six months and they didn't say so much as a *word* about why I'm here." He snickered. "Not that I don't have some guesses, but I wanna at least know what they *think* I was up to."

The gagged man's shoulders shook with delight, and he eventually shrugged, signing his response. The speaker just laughed harder. "Oh, ain't that the truth. Hey-"

The boat lurched to the side, and the prisoners lurched with it. A chorus of grunts and groans rang out. Sasha's right benchmate slammed against him, sending him in turn slumping against the prisoner to his left. Both of them grunted in displeasure, even if Sasha was the only one able to actually vocalize it.

Heavy footfalls thumped on the deck above them, slow and steady. The boards creaked, and Sasha realized after a moment that he was holding his breath.

His heart pounded in his chest, and even if he'd just spent a miserable half-day sitting side by side with other convicts, it was only now that he realized that this was all *real*, that he was about to be *permanently incarcerated*.

The hatch to the prisoner hold opened, and fresh air steadily began to replace the stagnation that filled it. The light that shone was blinding, but none of the prisoners had a moment to get adjusted to it before they were jerked unceremoniously to their feet. Their hands and feet were bound together, so as soon as the first was dragged out, the second was soon to follow.

"Hey," mumbled the talkative prisoner. "You stay safe, yah? You, too, pretty boy."

Sasha shut his eyes, half to shield them from the overwhelming brightness of the sun -- it had to have been the sun, right? -- and half out of some attempt to deny his judgment here, as if nothing could hurt him if he couldn't see it. He knew he had to do this, he knew that he'd chosen this, but as he was pulled from the guts of the prison ship, he was still taken by fear. He didn't want- He didn't *want* to-

His feet sank into soft, warm sand. His manacles were undone. And as his eyes blinked open in surprise, Sasha saw the vague outline of a woman in front of him, one lowering a crown of flowers onto his head.

"Welcome," came a beautiful voice, "to *Arcadia*."

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Sasha had been prepared for just about anything, or he had at least attempted to do so. He was expecting torture, great terrible spires that watched his every move, a cold, miserable cell that was barely big enough to hold him. He hadn't been prepared for paradise.

But that's just what it was. There had to have been a catch. There was *clearly* a catch. Or- No, there was no catch that was clearly apparent, but-

Sasha goggled at the beach, eyes wide as saucers, mouth flapping uselessly. It was pristine. It was perfect. It was *perfect*. The sea breeze seemed to dispel the stench of unwashed bodies, its coolness a welcome balm against his skin. The sun shone down on him and his fellow prisoners, not a cloud in the brilliantly blue sky above. The scenery was gorgeous. The beach's sand was pure, unblemished white.

And the woman taking Sasha by the hand was *beautiful*. She was a nymph, he guessed, blonde hair falling in waves over her shoulder, blue eyes fixed on his, her curvaceous figure clad in little more than a white robe as she stroked his

hand with hers. "Goodness, you look surprised," she said softly, head canted to the side. "I take it not many people know about what Arcadia's *really* like back on the mainland. Well." She leaned in with a wink, her voice dipping to a whisper. "You're in on the secret now. What's your name?"

She beamed at him, unerring kindness radiating from her warm, friendly smile. Sasha had been so closed, so guarded during his imprisonment, the transport, the entire process from the moment he'd been arrested, but in this moment of surprise, he was completely unguarded. "Suh-" He mumbled, staring into her eyes. "Sasha."

"Sasha," she repeated, smiling wider. "I'm Melissa. I'll try not to get too attached, considering I'm just here to bring you to the processing center, but..." Melissa looked him up and down, eyes half-lidded. "You're not making it easy on me. Here." She gently tugged him along, and Sasha followed, in a daze.

"It's always such a shame that I have to part with boys like you after I bring them to processing," Melissa sighed, looping her arm in Sasha's. "There's something about the *rugged* look you have coming off the boat that I simply can't resist." She pressed her voluptuous form against him, and despite himself, Sasha's body responded. How could he not? He hadn't so much as *seen* a woman in weeks. To suddenly have such an exquisite beauty so affectionately close was-

To suddenly be in *paradise* was- Overwhelming-

Sasha began to shiver. Melissa slowed their pace -- though she didn't stop entirely -- and cupped his face. "Oh, darling!" She gasped, running a thumb over his cheek. "I'm sorry, this must all be a bit much for you. I shouldn't joke around, you're having a bit of a moment, and..." Her concern turned to a gentle smile, and she leaned in closer. "Here. Let me make things all better."

She pursed her lips, turned Sasha to face her, and pressed a kiss to his mouth. Slow and sweet, radiating warmth. Soothing his fragile nerves. Making everything all better. All better. Sasha's eyelids drooped, and his shoulders slumped. He hadn't realized it, but he'd be carrying such tension with him, tension that bled from his body as Melissa pressed kiss after kiss to his lips.

Confusion and shock turned to heady pleasure, and eventually Melissa pulled away to whisper in Sasha's ear. "All you need to do," she purred, "is follow me. You can do that, yes?" She nodded, and Sasha nodded with her. "Good boy." With that, she stepped in front of him and began to walk. Her hips swayed with each step, and Sasha found it so easy to just follow behind her, watching her intoxicating sashay.

Though he caught some vague glimpse of an archway out of the corner of his eye, his attention was focused squarely on Melissa's hips as they swayed from side to side. When she shed her robes and stepped down into smooth, clear waters, Sasha groaned in animal lust, nearly staggering in after her. Blinded by desire, Sasha would've stumbled into the water had he not been stopped by two pairs of hands taking him by the wrists.

Melissa turned to face him, and Sasha's eyes immediately went to her bare breasts, full and heaving as she grinned up at him. "I know you want to join me, dear," she murmured, sitting back on a submerged bench. "But we have to get you undressed. So just stand still, and soon you can join me in the baths. All right?"

Sasha nodded, and soon the hands had begun to strip him down with delicate intimacy. His tattered clothes were discarded in a pile to the side, but Sasha barely paid them any attention: all that mattered right now was Melissa.

When he was finally nude, his cock jutting out from his lap, she crooked a finger at him and giggled as he splashed clumsily into the bath. "Goodness!" Melissa laughed, gliding across the waters to embrace him. "I don't think I've ever met such a *virile* specimen of a man before. It's not fair, you know." She sighed against his mouth as she kissed him once more. Her breasts pillowed against his chest, and his calloused hands went to her hips. "Tempting a girl into shirking her duties. Sasha, can you be a good boy and answer my questions so we can have a bit of *fun*?" She brought one fingertip up to tap him playfully on the nose, winking. "I need to make sure you're properly recorded here." She traced a whorl in the air with her fingertip...and an invisible hand seemed to curl around Sasha's cock under the water's surface. "But there's nothing saying I can't make it *enjoyable*."

Sasha, for the most part, had surrendered to the dreamy pleasure of his sudden arrival. It felt good. That was what mattered, right? And if he should wake from some illusion, at least he would have enjoyed the illusion first. "Mhm," he groaned, sitting back in the warm, clear waters.

"*Good* boy," Melissa purred. Her arms draped over his shoulders, and she pressed a kiss to the corner of his mouth. "Sasha, can you tell me your full name, please? *Darling* boy."

Sasha let his eyelids droop. "Sasha. Sasha Teeg."

"Sasha Teeg," Melissa repeated, as if she were tasting his name. She ground her body up against him, her voice a low, throaty murmur in his ear. "I want you to know something about me, Sasha. I *love* bad boys. Something about

that *wild* streak is so *intoxicating*." She pressed another kiss to his lips, mewling into his mouth. When she pulled away, it was with a breathless gasp. "Why were you sent here, Sasha? What crime did you commit?"

Sasha blinked, once more vaguely aware that this was a prison. Or. It was supposed to be one? It didn't feel like a prison. "Uh-" He groaned, pausing for a moment. Then the phantom hand around his cock started to pump faster, and he grunted in lust and approval. "Ar- Artifice. Illegal artifice."

"What'd you *make*, Sasha?" Melissa's voice was a hum in his ear. He could feel her nipples pressing into his skin, feel her lap grinding against him.

"Weapon-" He groaned. "B-Bomb-"

"*Naughty* little boy," Melissa hissed, and with a snap of her fingers, Sasha's arms raised to his sides. "But we know just how to handle naughty little boys who use magic in naughty little ways." She kissed Sasha once more, wrapping her arms around him. It was so passionate and *intoxicating* that Sasha barely noticed the click, click, *click* of his new bindings.

Two bracelets clasped around his wrists, and even distracted by the pleasure of Melissa's affection, he could feel an almost spiritual numbness radiate from them. The third, however, *commanded* his attention: a ring around the base of his cock. One that had begun to steadily *pulse* and *vibrate* around him.

And as soon as he'd been bound, Melissa pulled away, rising to her feet in the bath and smiling down at him. "And I suppose that's that," she said. Stepping out of the pool, Melissa plucked a towel from the air and began to dry herself with a sigh. "It's always such a shame that I never get to spend enough time with boys like you when you first arrive. But you can always come back later, mm?" She turned to face him once more, wrapping the towel around her body. "Hurry back soon, won't you, Sasha? I'd *love* to hear more about all the *naughty* things you've done. And now that you're checked in..." She licked her lips. "We can just focus on having *fun* with it."

Sasha opened his mouth to speak, but as soon as he did, his cockring *buzzed* and sent his hips bucking forward in reflexive need.

"We can't do anything right *now*, of course," Melissa sighed. A flick of her fingertip up into the air sent Sasha's bracelets tugging his wrists up. Another pulse of vibration compelled him to *obey* the pleasure coursing through him, and soon Sasha was rising up out of the bath, a puppet pulled by invisible strings.

"You have a welcoming party to attend! And listen, darling." She eased him out of the baths, smiling as she ran her hands down his arms, easing them to his

sides once more. "I *know* you probably ache right now, but don't you worry: we're going to get that mana drained and make sure it doesn't build up ever again. OK?" She patted his cheek and turned him around. "So you just head over to the party and *relax*."

The word seemed to vibrate in his mind, driving all other thoughts away. He'd been given his instructions, and all he had to do now was *relax*. Ideally Sasha would've been keeping his attention on the path he was taking, any other details he could glean during his short walk from processing to the central plaza, but. Well, the vibration in his mind was accompanied by another very real vibration around his cock. Every few seconds, there was a disorienting pulse of pleasure right at the root of his shaft, one that compelled him forward, one that sent his hips bucking forward into nothing.

Exotic plants lined the path he followed, bright, colorful flowers that seemed to pour off scent and pollen, and soon Sasha found himself smiling, enraptured in sensation. Playful laughter hung in the air, lulling Sasha further into the sort of mindless reverie that Melissa had prepped him for. It was with that pleasantly dazed that Sasha finally arrived at the party.

Rows of prisoners lounged back on pillows, attended to by ephemeral nymphs, women that seemed to be made of smoke but were deliciously solid when they needed to hand-feed their guest or caress his shivering body. Platters floated through the air, piled high with juicy, steaming cuts of meat and plump, juicy fruit. Cakes towered precariously as they dipped and ducked through the air, but they never seemed to waver when a prisoner reached out to grab a handful of sweet, cream-laden confection.

It was a competition between two types of appetites, but Sasha ultimately cared more about the food than the serving-girls. He stumbled forward, following a tray of steaming beefsteaks for a few steps...before an illusory temptress coalesced in front of him.

Her appearance seemed in flux for a moment, but when a smile appeared on her face, the rest of her face grew that much more detailed, and soon the rest of her body had taken sensuous form. Sasha's personal handmaiden hovered in the air in front of him, the woman of his dreams rendered in purple smoke. Short, curvaceous, with a wicked glint in her eyes and a coquettish smile on her plump lips. She seemed to "hop" back, and her tits wobbled right in front of Sasha's eyes. His hunger instantly forgotten, Sasha grunted and stumbled forward in clumsy pursuit, ultimately toppling onto a pile of down-soft pillows.

He managed to roll onto his back, met with his personal serving-girl smiling down at him. *Open wide*, she mouthed, holding a little morsel for Sasha. He opened wide obediently and gulped it down when she popped it into his mouth. *Good boy*, she purred, silent. Her hand went to his head, stroking his hair and tickling behind his ear. Sasha grinned lazily, opening his mouth when she presented another treat.

And all the while, the ring around his cock pulsed and buzzed, dulling his mind further and further. His serving girl lavished him with praise and sumptuous tidbits. Soon she brought one hand daringly low, cupping his balls and giving them gentle squeezes every so often, as if to encourage his eventual orgasm to be as messy as possible. The occasional stimulation was definitely working, because Sasha could feel his balls bloating up with the pleasant weight of his unspent load.

Then, suddenly, a very real, very clear voice called out. "Hello, everyone!" Normally Sasha would have at least tried to look for the source, but right now he was dreamily obsessed with the teasing attentions of his attendant. "I'm glad to see that all of you are enjoying the welcoming party being held in your honor. As I'm sure you've heard before, welcome to Arcadia! I'm Allura, the Chief of Compliance here at Arcadia, and it's my job to ensure you all enjoy your stay with us as much as possible."

"Now, none of you need to be thinking for the things I'm going to be telling you, so let's just make sure you don't waste any energy doing something silly like that." Allura snapped her fingers -- probably, at least. Sasha couldn't see for sure -- and suddenly the rhythmic pulse of vibration around his cock turned to a low, steady buzz. A few seconds of pleasurable stimulation dulled his mind further still, and it only got worse as time went on. Better? Felt good. "There we go. Don't worry, you won't be cumming quite yet, but you'll feel so good when you do."

"In any case!" Allura continued, her voice more enthusiastic than anything else. "I want to lay down a few of the basic rules and expectations for you here before you cum yourselves to sleep. Just keep listening and let my words fill your mind. Impossible to think. Can't resist. Can't understand. Just passively, mindlessly listening."

Suddenly, another attendant appeared above Sasha, just as teasing and tempting as the first, identical in every way. He felt a hand on his prick, stroking and pumping. He saw a glowing fingertip right in front of his eyes, tracing spirals and holding what still remained of his conscious mind. Mindless, he stared up at the two identical beauties and fell deeper under



their spell, hand-fed treats and tidbits and brought into more pleasurable trance.

"First, you've been fitted with a few devices to suppress the generation of your mana. Some of you may have bracelets. Some of you may have a collar. You don't want to remove them. They feel *so good* to wear, because they make you feel weak. Feeling weak feels good. Being weak means you're helpless to resist the women here. Being weak means you get to cum as much as you want, *whenever* you want."

One hand on his balls, one hand on his cock, one hand pampering him, one hand mesmerizing him. Sasha drooled as he stared up at the hypnotic beauties, falling deeper for the illusions.

"Second, you will *never* disobey any of the women here. The reason for *that* is jutting up from your lap right now." Allura snapped her fingers once more, and the buzzing ring began to vibrate harder. "Your cock controls you, and we control your cock. You will do anything to feel good, and obeying us feels *so good*. If you ever start to *not* feel good, you'll report to one of the guards, tell her as such, and take any of the medicine she prescribes you."

"Or you could ask on your own just so you can solve that problem before it even comes up. Mindless and complacent, stupidly obeying the fat, throbbing *prick* between your legs, guzzling potions to help it bloat up even *fatter*. You *love* the idea of having a foot-long cock controlling your mind. You cannot resist the urge to grow your cock until it's impossible for you to think about anything other than *cumming* ever again."

Sasha panted, thrusting his hips forward, already lost in daydreams of being trapped in bed, confined to a downy cell because his mammoth manhood was too heavy to lug around himself. Calling women in and having them service him whenever he tried to do anything like think-

"Third! This is all *completely* voluntary." Allura's voice seemed to carry a smirk with it this time, but Sasha didn't quite notice. "You can ask us to stop at any time. But you won't. Because it feels *too good*. You're going to let yourself get addicted to pleasure, *obedient* and mindless. You're going to learn how to *cum* even *harder* than you have before, how to pump your hot, *thick* load into the air with such empty-headed glee that it'll be *impossible* for you to go back."

"We're going to ruin you, and *that's* how we're going to control you," Allura sneered, her condescension sweeter than honey. The ring around Sasha's cock had begun to vibrate with such intensity that his jaw had dropped, his eyes had crossed, his back arched in some silent show of delight. And with his

body so utterly enamored of the pleasure they forced relentlessly upon him, all his mind could do was absorb Allura's words.

"But this is first and foremost a celebration to *welcome* you to Arcadia!" Allura's tone turned light once more, even if it was now clearly a facade. "For now, all you need do is relax and enjoy the first taste of what we have to offer you. Rest easy, dear guests." A third serving girl joined the pair above him. A fourth, a fifth, an overwhelming coterie of cooing, giggling, silent phantoms teasing Sasha's sensitive skin, his throbbing cock.

"There's *no* escaping paradise."

One pressed her lips to Sasha's, forcing her tongue into his mouth. She tasted like smoke, like flowers burning to cinders. Another mounted him. At least, that's what she must've done, because that's what it *felt* like. The others groped and kissed and teased his body; they mashed their tits up against him, wiggled and mewled, silently begging him to cum! To *surrender*, to *obey*.

Sasha had come to Arcadia for a reason. An important one. But as illusory sirens crowded him, teased him with merciless affection, that reason couldn't have been further from his mind. All he wanted to do was-

-*cum!*

He bucked his hips up into one of the phantoms, gasping, groaning, grunting in blind, primal lust. He emptied his bloated balls in her, his orgasm so *blissfully* overwhelming thanks to the ring around his cock. The crowd of beauties surrounded him, encouraging his decadence, promising him even more if only he'd surrender completely and utterly. He splurged another shot of spunk into her, hot, thick shots, felt so *manly* to just empty his balls in a woman-

But as soon as that first climax tapered off, his eyelids drooped. His mind clouded over further, unable to even focus on the sensations they happily assaulted him with. Pleasure of touch blended with pleasure of taste, of scent, of sight, and soon his mind was awash in nothing but vague, wonderful pleasure.

Sasha slumped back, boneless on the cushions, drooling and halfway to sleep. The illusions around him, however, didn't stop for a single moment.

And as Sasha sank into dreams, as his mind surrendered to oblivion, his body was trained further, made to be addicted to the pleasures of Arcadia.