

Vizya noticed as she was leaving the party that her and Ardenne's entourage had grown significantly. She looked to her left and saw what she assumed was a child in a goblin costume next to Miss Serane in her succubus costume. She looked to her right, past Ardenne and saw Alf with his two friends. Alf was energetic and cheerful, which did not strike Vizya as odd, because to her, that boy always struck her as having far too much energy. The two boys he came to the party with, however, seemed drained. None of this raised any alarms. All she could really think to ask Ardenne was. "Why are we all walking back together?"

"Don't be so stingy, girl." Said the kid in the goblin costume. His voice was good enough to make her suspect he had some type of voice-changer in the mask. She was about to inquire about the technology and effort that went into the costume when Serane stepped in and drew Vizya's attention.

"One of my nephews. I helped with the costume, which is why it looks so good. I am on my way back to the office, which is why I am 'chaperoning' you both." Serane excused. With that explanation Vizya exhaled lightly through her nose. 'It makes perfect sense to have a nice costume if an archmage is putting effort into it.' She thought to herself. Serane's lewd costume was another example, since the patches covering her breasts seemed gravity defying and only possible through magic. With that mystery addressed Vizya turned to her right, again looking past Ardenne towards Alf and his friends, obviously wanting to know what their excuse is for joining them.

Ardenne caught a brief look from the Goblin that spurred her into action. She reluctantly intercepted Vizya's gaze and stated. "We're all going to the same place. It's not that big a deal." That was enough of an explanation, but the fact that Ardenne looked down to the Goblin for approval gave Vizya pause. Fortunately for the cabal surrounding her there was no escalation of suspicion beyond that minor curiosity. The age that the smart girl grew up in was not one of ever present threats. All danger and excitement was primarily reserved for the frontier, or cordoned-off Hazard Zones.

"Okay." Vizya shrugged.

She was fine with the explanation she had been given but was quickly becoming fed up as, after everyone parted ways, her and Ardenne somehow gained custody of the costumed kid. The last straw was Ardenne allowing him into their room. The bookish girl was quiet, but did not lack assertiveness. As the Goblin entered their room she stopped Ardenne near the door and, with a hard stare, she intoned. "Hey." Ardenne gulped and looked down, unable to find a way to justify what was happening. On top of that, she was aware that the Goblin was going to do something insane to Vizya the same way he did to her.

'What can I do? I'll literally just get turned into a fleshlight and a pile of coins if I say anything.' As Ardenne has that thought her shoulders slump. To answer both to the question Vizya is asking and the underlying situation that the intelligent girl does not know about, she utters guiltily. "Sorry."

Vizya barely registers the apology. She storms past her friend to get into the room. "Don't touch that!" She tried and failed to swipe a deceptively-simple looking piece of headgear out of the Goblin's hands. "Give it here you little punk!" She rarely ever raised her voice at anything, but what she perceived as a little kid touching her valuable project was enough to instill that rare level of emotion in her.

"What's this?" The shaman inspected it closely and noted thin, vein-like wires wrapping around the headset in. The wires connected electrodes along the inside to a small mount on the front at eye level. The modern craftsmanship is foreign to the near-ancient shaman. Though he has been becoming more

aware of the new ways humanity has found to harness magic, he still has not been able to be convinced of the utility it has.

“Dumb kid! You obviously won't understand, even if I told you.” She continued trying and failing to wrestle her project from the Goblin. Every time her hands moved close, he just nimbly stepped around her, out of the way with a chuckle.

The shaman rubbed his chin thoughtfully. “I understand that typically, you would use indents to transmit a strong magical charge through an item. That is the old way of doing it. But I guess the modern method is to use these wires? Why?”

Vizya stopped suddenly, surprised by the knowledge that came from what she assumed to be a kid. “The material inside the wires are conductive to magic and the material surrounding them insulates the wires. It's far more efficient than the original method, even if you lose the raw power of indenting your lines.”

He tilted his head to one side curiously, hopping from one bed to the other to avoid the bookish girl. He asked what he viewed as an obvious question. “What if you combine the two methods and embed these conductive wires into carved indents?”

“That would work, and may even lead to a better product, but the issue is that the carving needs to be done by hand, by someone skilled in the craft. The benefit of using wires is that they are intuitive and can be mass-produced.”

He felt like he was beginning to understand the direction humans were taking things in. “Even a dullard could use simple production methods to create half-decent magical items. Like those phones you all use.”

Vizya clenched her fists tightly as she stared across the room at the Goblin. “No. A dullard can not!” She argued defensively. “It is just that the newer methods require a different set of skills. Programming, calibrating. This isn't just drawing pretty pictures on a sword to give it added sharpness. We are talking about complex-”

“Interesting.” The Shaman ran his hands over the wires, indenting them into the head-ware itself wherever his palm passed over. Vizya's eyes widened at the sight of her simple project rapidly turning into something more akin to an artifact. “So when you do something like this, you combine the raw output of old-world artificing with the 'complexity' of what you people have come up with.”

Vizya fell to her knees before the Goblin “Who are you?”

“A magic enthusiast.” He said frankly. As if to prove his statement, he brings the topic back around to the item he is holding. “How does this work? What is it supposed to do?”

Vizya was slightly embarrassed over the quaintness of her intended design. She was unsure of this man, but any hesitation was overwhelmed by a deep curiosity. “It is simply meant to be a cheap and easy method of entering a VR space. That stuff has been kind of popular, but requires a lot of heavy equipment, so I thought if I could get the same immersion with just a phone and a light headset, it would be pretty popular.”

“Fair assessment. I don't know what this VR space is, but making something smaller and easier to use is a principle I understand.” The Goblin's compliment filled Vizya with a sense of relief. “Where is your phone? I probably need to get one of these...”

She reached into her bag, quickly pulling out her off-brand Yangdroid phone. She picked it for the modularity, both inside and out. Yangdroids were known for being very flexible in terms of what was allowed to be done with their Magic.OS. “Here. You- You want it?” She asked. To her it was just a phone, and being able to offer anything to the man standing in front of her seemed far more important and beneficial in the long run.

“Wonderful.” He grinned, taking the device. The shaman looked over it carefully and felt it with both hands. After the short inspection he did the same to it that he did to the headset. He ran his hand over the back, creating strange vein-like indents over the entire phone. “This should boost it's capabilities. Not that I know how to make full use of them. Ironic, isn't it?” He holds it awkwardly while Vizya has the feeling of having her mind blown all over again.

“You're some type of artisan? A Master?” She peaked back over her shoulder towards the door where Ardenne was standing. “Ardenne, do you know about him?” Vizya waits for her to answer, but only spots a faint nod. Before she could fully process why her friend was acting so meek, the Goblin draws her attention back to him by placing the headset on her gently.

“Lock this in place, will you? How does it function?” He asks.

“Oh.” Vizya feels like the assistant to such an accomplished craftsman by participating, so she goes along with what he is doing without thinking. “You put the phone in the holder in front of my eyes.”

“Of course.” The goblin realized after she said that that it was the perfect size for the phone. He placed it in the holder, but pointed the screen out so that it was facing him and blinding her while she wore it.

“No no, the screen needs to be facing me.” She corrected.

“This is correct, I believe. You should be able to feel it, rather than see it.” He tapped the phone to make sure it was on. When the screen lit up he smiled and stepped back.

Vizya felt an immediate, direct connection with her phone, just like he implied. “You're right.” She began exploring it's functions, but was annoyed that she could not see and activated the front-facing camera. “Aha.” She uttered with satisfaction. With the blank back of the phone filling her entire vision she was instead able to see perfectly well through the camera. “This works.”

“It does work, doesn't it?” He inspected the phone screen. “You are inside the device, then?”

Vizya shakes her head, or at least tries to. “No... How old are you? It's just-” It hit her rather quickly that she could not shake her head. Further experimentation proved that she could not move her arms or legs, either. She was simply standing still, mouth hanging open.

The goblin smirks, bringing his face close to the camera. “The device sucked up your essence quite nicely.”

“W-what? Hey! Ardenne? A little help?”

“Your friend is rather concerned with what would happen if she disobeyed me.” The Goblin explains, pushing her lifeless body onto the bed. The truly odd thing for Vizya is that she could feel his touch and feel landing on the bed, but still could not move. He lifted and spread her legs, pulling her panties aside. “I could see this being a useful tool to create sexual automatons. It is rather entertaining to see your smiling face on the phone as I do this.” He commented, entering her rather abruptly. The goblin pushed his entire disgusting length into her at once.

Vizya moaned loudly and it was that moan that made her understand just where her voice was coming from. Not her mouth, but the phone's speakers, instead. “I can't believe this! Stop!” She orders.

The goblin surprised all who were present by pulling his stinking member free of her drooling nethers. Vizya was surprised by how good it felt to be fucked while in this state, but it was still a relief to have him stop. Just as she thought he saw reason she heard him add. “You're right, I'm wasting the potential of this vessel.” Instead of fucking her lower half he climbed up over her face and guided his cock between her lips. “The real benefit of this vessel is that you can speak through the device while servicing me. You were made for doing this, by the way. Your throat tightens nicely.” He said that as his cock buried itself inside her throat completely.

“W-what?” She did not feel the need to breath or the gagging, just the stretching of her throat and the feeling of fullness that comes with taking him that deep. She was then treated to the absurd feeling of his cock rubbing between her lips and fucking her throat in what could best be described as third person. “Hey! Asshole, stop fucking my mouth!” She ordered while his dick was lodged in her throat. She could hear through the mic on the phone how his balls were slapping against her chin rapidly. All she was able to see on the camera that served as her vision was his pot-belly rising and falling.

“Listen.” He grunted. “You need to do something before I finish.”

“Why the hell should I do anything for you?” Vizya asked indignantly.

“It's simple. If I cum in your body while your essence is connected to it, I'll absorb it all and you'll disappear. Fine for me, bad for you.” He explained.

Vizya is stunned into silence for a few seconds until she remembers she is on an uncertain clock. “What the hell do you want me to do!?”

The goblin cackled. “I don't know much about these modern devices. You are probably going to need to pull your plug somehow from inside, aren't you?”

Vizya knew she was fucked. Whatever this man was, he was far more powerful than she could imagine and she was in a position where she had no bargaining power whatsoever. All she could do was follow his directions or be destroyed. She concentrated and found the process of the phone quite intuitively, as if it were a part of her consciousness. Instead of looking out, she was staring inward at everything the phone was handling at the time, like a multi-screen setup in her head. She noted that one of the programs that was running on the phone was VizOS. Looking into that process made her brain hurt, as it was like staring into her own thoughts ad infinitum.

“I'm close.” He warned.

'Fuck fuck fuck! What do I do?' She panicked briefly, completely lost. She could feel his cock throbbing in her throat, ready to release at a moment's notice. At the last second she noticed several familiar options in the phone's settings that could be analogous to what she needs to do. 'That's it! Recognized devices...' She checks that option and sure enough she sees her body listed. As warmth shot down her throat she disconnected her body and no longer felt anything. She could still see and hear through the camera, but her body was not a part of her experience.

“Smile.” She became vaguely aware that the phone was being unlatched and picked up. She was turned to view her lifeless body laying on the bed, covered in thick semen from the intense orgasm the Goblin experienced. “Oh wait.” He chuckled at his own joke. Vizya was speechless.