

Prologue: The General's Tent

"You'd better go ahead and bite down, girl. I guarantee this is going to hurt."

Antione Torelius, High General of the Imperial Legion, unleashed a sadistic chortle as he slid his cock further into my ass. I didn't cry out or even whimper. With the Aether coursing through me, my body was resilient enough to endure his assault...and even it weren't, I had already wormed into his mind and convinced him that he was being far more aggressive than he actually was. From his point of view, he had been ravaging me with his thick member for almost an hour while his other two *avenari* slaves watched from their knees. In reality, his stubby cock had only been inside me for a few minutes, and I was reasonably certain I could make him spill his seed in an instant. I would have done so already if not for the other Imperial soldier watching us.

"Not many other slaves would have demonstrated such loyalty," Legate Maxos commented. He was standing at the side of the tent, his arms folded across his chest as he watched his superior ravage me. "She could have left her guardian to bleed out in the woods, but she didn't."

"Not every elf is an ungrateful wretch," Torelius replied, slapping my ass so hard it stung. "Isn't that right, cunt?"

"Yes, Master," I told him, my words thoroughly garbled by my gag.

The general chuckled as he squeezed his thick hands around my waist and settled into a comfortable rhythm. I couldn't move even if I'd wanted to; my wrists and ankles were shackled to a set of old-fashioned heavy weights on the floor, and the cushion he'd bent me over was so stiff it was practically crushing my sternum.

"Sometimes it's important to remember why we fight," Torelius said through clenched teeth. "The Gods put us on this world to civilize the lesser races. And that's exactly what we're going to do."

"It's a pity we can't just breed them out," Legate Maxos said. "We would have been rid of them a generation ago."

"Nonsense. I consider it yet another gift from the Gods—and further proof these barbarians were meant to serve us."

Torelius groaned in delight, and I could feel his cock swelling in anticipation of a climax. To help him along, I whimpered into my gag and wriggled in discomfort. He actually *wanted* me to struggle; the first few times he'd taken me after I'd stumbled into the Imperial camp, I'd put up a show of resistance and he'd climaxed inside me almost immediately.

"No blood," Maxos commented. "I'm surprised."

"I've given her plenty of practice over the past few days," Torelius replied giddily. "That's the difference between an *avenari* and a whore. Half the fun is breaking her in before you sell her off."

The legate snorted derisively. "You don't think Kristoff will be upset?"

"I don't give a fuck what Kristoff thinks. Neither does anyone else these days. If he's smart, he'll get down on his knees and thank me for giving her back to him at all."

"Considering his attitude towards the Legion, I doubt he'll even speak to you. Frankly, I don't understand why you aren't planning on keeping her."

"Because unlike most of the Grand Dukes, I still have a sense of honor." Torelius grunted again as his thrusting intensified, and he grabbed onto my hair and wrenched my head backwards

as he spent himself deep inside my bowels. I whimpered before he leaned down and placed his mouth at my ear. “What do you say, cunt?”

“Thank you, Master,” I told him, though again my words were unintelligible.

“Loyal *and* appreciative,” Maxos commented. “At least Kristoff teaches his slaves proper protocol.”

Torelius held himself inside me for a few more seconds before he finally pulled away and stood. The other two *avenari* immediately crawled over to him. One began cleaning his cock with a damp cloth while the other retrieved his flowing red robe and gently placed it over his shoulders.

“If you’re really so intent on returning her,” Maxos said, “you should at least share her with some of the other officers first. Do you really think Kristoff would be upset? And if so...is that really such a bad thing?”

Torelius burst into a throaty laugh as one of the *avenari* handed him a bottle of liquor from the stash near his bed. Half the homes in Sanctum were smaller than the inside of his command tent; I couldn’t even imagine how many slaves he must have brought with him just to lug his personal effects from battlefield to battlefield. If nothing else, spending a week alongside a regiment of legionnaires had completely altered my perspective on the soldiers of the Empire...

“That’s the third time you’ve suggested that today,” Torelius commented. “If you want her for yourself, there’s no shame in asking.”

Maxos looked down upon me with all the contempt of a man who had just stepped in a pile of dung. “I’m perfectly content to leave her with you, General. But you did promise me one of the others.”

“So I did.” Torelius took another swig from his bottle before he glanced between the other two women. His eyes eventually settled on one kneeling in front of him. “Take her. She’s yours for this evening.”

“I prefer blonds.”

The general laughed again. It was every bit as disgusting as the last time. “Fine. I suppose I do owe you one at this point.” He gestured to the blond *avenari*, and she immediately shuffled over to Maxos. He grabbed her leash and yanked her in close before he cupped his hands around her naked breasts.

“How fresh is she?”

“Nineteen and eager to please. She was a gift from Duchess Zarene, if you can believe it. I should probably send her something in exchange one of these days. I’ve been hoping we could capture one of the dark elf males for her. Zarene has always enjoyed a challenge.” Torelius grunted and waved his hand. “In any event, if you’re in a sharing mood and any of your men wish to partake, you have my permission.”

Maxos ran his hand through the slave girl’s long hair. “How many, sir? Half the unit’s been out here for months...”

Torelius smiled toothily. “What do you think, girl? How many cocks can you take in one night? Five? Ten? Fifty?”

“As...many as you desire, my lord,” she stammered.

I closed my eyes and bit down so hard on the gag I was surprised it didn’t break. If I had been here alone, I might have risked channeling the Aether and bursting myself free. I could have burned down the tent and roasted both of these men to ash before the rest of the soldiers overwhelmed me. Even the Tel Bator channelers in the camp wouldn’t have been able to extinguish the flames in time.

But I *wasn't* here alone. Larric was still recovering in the healer's tent, and any disobedience on my part would threaten his safety. If they so much as suspected that he was harboring a renegade Unbound, they would drag him before the Covenant priests and have him flayed alive. They needed to believe that he was an innocent servant of Duke Kristoff just like I'd told them. So far the deception was working perfectly, and we would arrive back in Sanctum sometime tomorrow. I just needed to bite my lip and ignore their humiliations a bit longer...

"We'll see how the evening goes, then," Legate Maxos said after a moment. Gripping the girl's leash more tightly, he nodded one last time to Torelius before he dragged her out of the tent.

"You're both lucky he's not interested in brunettes," the general commented between swigs of his liquor. "I am a much more compassionate master, I assure you."

He chuckled to himself again as the *avenari* kneeling in front of him finished washing him. Her fingers curled around his flaccid member as she slowly and dutifully massaged it back to life.

I closed my eyes and let out a deep, calming breath. When our raft had drifted into an Imperial war camp following the brief battle at Lakewatch, I had told the legionnaires that we'd been ambushed by Faedari rebels. They hadn't required much convincing. By that point, their soldiers in the city had already found the charred bodies of the Covenant Inquisitor and his men. They had also found the dead Faedari near the water, which all but confirmed my story. The very idea of an Unbound *avenari* was so absurd I doubted they'd ever considered me a threat.

Mercifully, the Legion healers had been able to stabilize Larric quickly, and two days later we'd been sent to a major Imperial encampment farther north in the Wreath. The soldiers had handed us over to High General Torelius, who had just finished his inspection of the front lines. Now, the better part of a week later, we had finally reentered Veshar and were nearly back to the Imperial capital.

Larric still hadn't regained consciousness, but it was nothing short of a miracle that both of us were still alive. I had been repeating that to myself over and over all week in the hopes it would help me endure Torelius's company. It hadn't worked yet, and I had a feeling it never would.

"You know, you still haven't told me what you were doing in the Vale," Torelius commented after a moment. "I find it curious that Kristoff would send the captain of his guard and his favorite slave to meet with Duke Darkstone. They've never gotten along particularly well."

I mumbled into my gag, and he chuckled and gestured towards me. The other *avenari* crawled over and unfastened the leather straps holding the device in place. Once it popped free, she immediately shuffled back and continued stroking him.

"Master Kristoff sent us to Skyfall as part of a diplomatic entourage," I said, choosing my words carefully.

"To what end?" Torelius asked.

"I... I do not know, my lord. I was not privy to their conversations."

He grunted derisively and shook his head. His cock had finally begun to stiffen at his *avenari's* touch, and he pushed her hands aside and grabbed the back of her head. She dutifully opened her lips and took him deep into her mouth.

"I'm surprised," he said, his voice strained. "Last I heard, you've fucked half the nobles in Sanctum. You sure you weren't under the table sucking someone off during any of their meetings?"

“N-no, my lord,” I assured him.

“So you’re even more worthless than I thought. Why I am not surprised?”

I closed my eyes as he gripped his *avenari*’s head more tightly and began pumping in and out of her throat. I allowed the Aether to flow through me, and I reached out and brushed against his thoughts. Now that I wasn’t being observed directly, I could probably pierce his mind without fear of repercussions. Torelius was a soldier, not a channeler, and he had no defense my magic. I could command him to shut up and stand silently in the corner. I could compel him to lie down on his bed and retire for the evening. I could probably even cripple his ability to feel pleasure and leave his cock as wilted as a dead rose for the night, but as amusing as the thought was I feared he might take out his anger on the other *avenari*.

Besides, direct manipulation remained difficult without physical contact, and I decided it still wasn’t worth the risk. Not with Larric still in jeopardy. Not with Master Kristoff still unaware of everything that had happened.

“If I had to guess, your master is more desperate for support than ever,” Torelius said breathily. “He realizes that no one gives a damn about him now that’s lost most of his land. He was probably begging Darkstone to give him soldiers.”

If you only knew the truth, I thought to myself. With Duke Darkstone and the Emperor secretly supporting the vaeyn—at least for now—there was good chance that Torelius and his men would end up dead before all of this was over. A few months ago, I would have been horrified at the thought. But now...

Now I could imagine a vaeyn shadow knight slipping into the general’s tent and lopping his head from his shoulders. And a part of me was delighted by the prospect.

“Darkstone’s a cunning old codger, but he’s always been loyal to the Legion,” Torelius said. “His eldest daughter is a legate in the **Fourth Order**, did you know that?”

“I believe he mentioned it at one point, my lord.”

“She’s a smart girl. Good with a sword, even better at whipping young conscripts into shape. And she has such marvelous tits, too—something you start to appreciate after spending so much time around elf cunts.”

His *avenari* began pleading for air as he thrust deeper and deeper into her throat, but Torelius didn’t seem to care. Eventually he grabbed the base of her skull and held her in place even as her fingers clawed at the back of his legs in desperation.

“I heard Darkstone’s new wife is so young she could be his second daughter,” he went on. “I bet she has nice tits too...but the old man probably still fucked you at least once, didn’t he?”

I grit my teeth and nodded. I could feel the *avenari*’s desperation, and I started pressing deeper into Tiselius’s mind in case I needed to stop him... “Yes, my lord.”

“Figures. What about his son, Varyl? I’ve heard he’s quite the little spoiled shit.”

“I served him as well, my lord,” I lied. My memory flashed back to my brief encounter with the young lord. I had ultimately taken control of Varyl’s senses and overwhelmed his perceptions. He’d spent the entire evening living in a fantasy world while his physical body writhed around on the floor. Perhaps it was time that Torelius shared the same fate...

“Well, soon enough you’ll be able to say you’ve swallowed the seed of every noble family in the Empire,” Torelius said, finally shoving his *avenari* away. She flopped backwards on the floor and gasped for breath. He chuckled derisively, then knelt down behind me and placed his swollen cock at my nether entrance. “I’m sure your ancestors would be proud.”