

Sasha woke to the sound of the tide and birdsong, in a bed softer than any he'd slept in before. His eyes cracked open, and the gentle sunlight shining upon him seemed just bright enough that he could take it as an invitation to stand up and begin his day...or as an invitation to pivot his rest into a mid-morning nap.

Truthfully, the idea of staying in bed for a bit longer was a tempting one, but he forced himself out of bed and onto his feet. Had to take stock of the situation while he had some degree of clarity, because Sasha was certain that wouldn't last for very long. Even now, memories of the night prior were creeping in, threatening to enmire him in daydreams of overwhelming pleasure. Women, curves, sensation...

A slap to the face helped stave them off, though Sasha expected he'd end up with a permanent handprint on his cheek if he didn't learn to focus without more *corporal* assistance.

He stood, stretched wide, and scratched his belly. A glance down at himself showed he was still naked, though the breeze against his skin told him that the moment he pulled the covers away. Still had the bracelets on, though. As well as the ring. Well, he'd just have to learn to deal with that.

Sasha looked around the room. It seemed to be some kind of seaside cabana, one full wall seemingly replaced by a drawn curtain that led outside to the beach. It was by far the nicest living arrangements Sasha'd ever known, but most if not all of that was due to the setting. The room itself was almost bare, actually: there was only a bed, an accompanying side-table...and an ornate, full-length mirror.

His arrival had been jarring. Glamorous, even. Still, Sasha had to keep in mind that Arcadia was designed to be a prison; it made sense that the "suites" here would be more akin to a cell. The mirror, though. Sasha couldn't come up with a rationale for that, but it must've been put there for a reason. Wary, he stepped up to inspect its craftsmanship.

The frame seemed to be made up of dark metal, cool to the touch and carved with intricate patterns. Stark lines ran up and down its sides, criss-crossed with runic sentences. Maybe it was magical? Almost certainly had to be; they wouldn't put a mirror in his room just so he could *use* it. A glance in the mirror itself-

-confirmed his suspicions. Yeah, he didn't have a reflection. This was enchanted. Sasha stepped out in front of it with a sigh. He wasn't entirely thrilled with the notion of a magical artifact being in his cell as he carried out

his plans, but breaking it wasn't an option, either. Ideally he'd be able to tell what it did, but he barely knew a *thing* about artifice. He leaned in and narrowed his eyes at the "reflective" surface, tracing it for scuffs or warps.

"Hey, there!"

Sasha tumbled back with a yelp, eyes wide as he gawked at the mirror. A woman appeared in it suddenly, peeking around the "corner" of the surface and grinning wide at him. "Goodness! My apologies," she giggled, stepping out into full view. "Didn't mean to startle you there, darling. I suppose mirrors don't normally have occupants, do they?" She winked and wagged a finger. "But let's not be *rude*, Sasha! We worked *very* hard to set you up with someone you'd be comfortable around, and this is a rather disheartening first impression!" Leaning in with her hands on her hips, the woman smiled wide. "Or are you going to tell me an artificer's never seen an enchanted mirror before?"

Sasha had more or less spent her introduction sitting back on the floor, blinking up at her. Once the surprise wore off, Sasha was able to take in the sight of her. She was attractive enough, he supposed, but not terribly striking. Her figure was on the more shapely side of average, but not voluptuous to turn any heads. Her features were...pretty, but still not especially memorable. Her hair was sort of dirty-blonde, coming down to her shoulders, a "style" he must've seen on a dozen women back home. Even her clothes were almost painfully dull. Just a plain, off-white dress. *Nothing* about her was exceptional, save that she spoke from inside a mirror's surface.

He rose to his feet, deciding to confirm his suspicions. "So, ah-" He looked her over, settling on her face. "I'm going to guess that you're...my guard?"

Her smile had been playful before, but it turned crooked at his question. Her eyes narrowed as she straightened up. "That's correct." Then she beamed at him once more, as friendly as ever. "But 'guard' is such a nasty word! My name is Lucia, and here on Arcadia, I'm your *companion*. Arcadia's a great, wide, wonderful place, and it's my job to ensure you *enjoy* your time here. After all, you've got so *much* of it ahead of you!"

Sasha crossed his arms, looking her up and down once more. "And how are you supposed to do that? Are you just going to give me some recommendations before I head out onto the island?" He glanced to the mirror-frame. "Am I supposed to carry you around with me?"

Lucia giggled and shook her head. "Oh, goodness, no! I'm going to be coming with you, of course! How else would I be able to keep an eye on you?" She winked and wagged a finger. "There are just a few things we have to take

care of before I can be by your side, and I'm sure you're *more* than willing to help me. After all..." She flicked a fingertip, and the ring at the base of Sasha's cock began to vibrate. "It feels *good* to obey me, doesn't it?"

Sasha's eyelids fluttered, the ring pulsing with a gentle, insistent rhythm. Soon he was coaxed to half-hardness, staring at Lucia as her fingertip traced swirls in the air. He managed to hold off on bringing a hand to his lap, but only because he was face to face with the guard whose job it was to monitor him. Still, he couldn't pull his eyes from her fingertip, especially as it started to glow with a soft, blue light.

"See, I'm a *shapeshifter*, Sasha." Lucia hummed from the mirror, hips swaying from side to side in the mirror. "Which means you're just about the luckiest boy in all of Arcadia! You don't have to settle for just *one* beautiful woman at your side." She stepped out of view and returned a moment later, looking completely different. The previously plain woman was gone, replaced by a curvaceous, glamorous brunette. Wavy, dark brown hair reached the small of her back, a few errant strands covering one eye as she smiled impishly at him. Her wide hips cocked to the side, clad only in a stripe of white fabric across her bouncy bust and a white sarong that contrasted with her smooth, dark skin *beautifully*. Lucia pushed her bust out towards Sasha, and he *groaned* in response.

"You can have *anyone you want*."

She posed playfully, spinning around and shaking her hips from side to side. "You like this body, Sasha? Imagine it, you and me on the beach, basking in the sun before you decide you need some sweet, sensuous *relief*." She swooped her fingertip through the air once more, and the ring started to buzz around his cock. "Maybe it's because you spent a little too much time *watching me frolic* in the ocean. Maybe it's because you *can't look away from my hips*. Maybe it's because you haven't had a cumshot in a few *hours!*"

Sasha had taken his cock in his hands by this point, stroking himself and staring at Lucia's tempting presentation. In the back of his head, he knew this wasn't good. She'd already gotten him turned on enough that he was pumping along with her seductive display. But he'd stop if it got much worse than this, he was sure. He'd trained for months, and-

"You like your women shorter, Sasha?"

"Huh?" Sasha blinked at the mirror, eyes flicking up from Lucia's derriere to her face. The shapeshifter was smirking back at him over her shoulder, pearly-white teeth bared in a smile. She shimmied her hips and giggled when Sasha's attention faltered, dipping back to her rear for a second.

"I'm asking if you like your women *shorter*." Lucia pouted, turning to face Sasha directly, cupping her breasts as her top disappeared. "I'm a *shapeshifter*. I can look like anything or anyone. You didn't think this was the best I could do, did you?" Lucia spun around, and when she faced Sasha once more, her pert breasts had bulged to big, fat, bouncy *boobies*, her hands teasingly covering up her nipples. She hefted her tits up, up, up...! And let them drop with a mind-melting bounce, pulling her hands away to reveal that her nipples were covered by gleaming, golden pasties.

"I can look *any way you want*," she cooed, hips swelling, tummy shrinking, leaving her wasp-waisted temptress, shaking her hips from side to side in a hypnotic "dance." With a wink, her hair turned black, and her skin turned blue. "Do you want a genie as a bedmate? I can grant that wish. I'll make sure my master drifts off to bed with a smile on his face and *empty* balls. Or maybe!"

She snapped her fingers and disappeared in a puff of smoke. The haze cleared a moment later, revealing a shortstacked goblin maid with wide, breedable hips and her wobbling bust only covered by a skimpy apron. "Maybe you wanna get ridden to sleep after a five-star meal! I don't think companions can marry the prisoners, but we can always pretend!" She licked her lips and blew a kiss. "That's a good boy! Jerk that big, beautiful cock, just like that!"

The buzzing had stopped a while ago, but Sasha pumped his prick regardless. The quickchange seduction was overwhelming, a rapidfire tour of all the ways Lucia could alter her appearance to better tempt Sasha into stupid, obedient arousal. In this specific case, at least, it was working perfectly. He was jerking his cock with both hands at this point, drooling at Lucia's display.

"You like goblins, Sasha? You like jerking your big, *gorgeous* cock to my naughty little goblin curves?" Lucia peeled off the apron, tossing it aside and concealing her bust with one arm across her chest, a seductive striptease that had Sasha bucking forward into his hands.

"You wanna *spunk* nice and hard for me, Sasha?" She stepped forward, planting her palms on the surface of the mirror and swaying her hips from side to side, practically *taunting* him. "C'mon, *big boy*. I wanna see *exactly* what you wanna give me." She mashed her bust against the mirror next, tits pillowing against the pane separating them.

"So close, and yet so far!" Lucia pouted, crooking a finger at Sasha and purring with delight as he stumbled forward in response. "That's right, that's right! *Good* boy! Gotta get nice and close if you're gonna *pump your seed* all over the mirror!"

Sasha nodded vacantly, practically fucking his hands as he watched Lucia pose and wiggle and *sway* in the mirror, perfectly showcasing her plush curves and tempting him with her luscious body, just *barely* out of reach. She turned to show off her wobbling rear, and Sasha could practically smell the pheromones wafting from the hot, puffy slit between her legs. So...close!

"Cum for Lucia! Be a good boy and *cum for Lucia! Obey!*"

Sasha's eyelids fluttered as his hands stroked up and down his length, and as Lucia commanded him to "Cum! Cum! *Cum!*", he finally climaxed. Sasha's arms fell to his sides as he bucked his hips forward, his prick pumping a load of hot, thick seed into the air. It splattered against the mirror's surface in streaks, the proof of his submission staining the otherwise spotless mirror. Sasha's eyelids drooped, exhaustion suddenly washing over him. The world went dark around the edges for a moment, and he nearly collapsed...

...before a hand clasped onto his and steadied him. Sasha's balance returned, and he shook the momentary weakness away. But who had-

"Easy, Sasha! You almost took a tumble there!"

Lucia beamed up at him, as curvaceous as ever and deliciously, unbelievably *real* now, too. The shock of that last part had Sasha blinking down at her for a few moments, but it seemed as if Lucia anticipated his surprise. She smirked up at him, eyes half-lidded. "You must not have met many shapeshifters before, hm." She brought his hand to her lips, pressing a gentle kiss to it and giggling. "Did you think I could only stay in the mirror?" She shook her head. "I can leave whenever I want! I just need someone to help me out a little."

With a wink, she wagged a fingertip and pranced away. "But! I can only shift shapes in the mirror." She reached into the mirror, its surface rippling like water, and pulled out the discarded apron. Her hips swayed, and Sasha's head swayed in time, his eyes locked on her pert peach of a rear. Lucia glanced over her shoulder and smirked. "That means you're stuck with me as a goblin for the moment, but something tells me you don't exactly mind."

Sasha shook his head, only for his jaw to *drop* when Lucia wiggled her hips in time with his head. The "goblin" tittered as she straightened up and pulled the apron back on. "That's what I thought! And with all that in mind..." She stepped up to Sasha, gesturing for him to come down for a kiss. He bent at the waist, she pecked him on the lips and promptly walked past him.

"...Today's your first *proper* day at Arcadia, so there's a *lot* to go over. Just follow behind, and I'll take *good* care of you, honey."

Sasha could only *barely* pull his attention from the sway of Lucia's wide, naked hips, but as she stepped past the curtains and out of the cabana, he managed to focus on something else. The mirror was entirely empty now. At least, no one else had shown themselves if they were inside. Sasha stepped up to it, looking it over almost warily. He might've enjoyed Lucia's company in a very specific sense, but she was by her very nature going to be a problem.

He slowly reached out to the mirror's surface and rapped a knuckle against it. Solid as ever. Or...as solid as it *should* be.

"Sa-sha!"

He flinched, looked over his shoulder, and followed the call of Lucia's voice. Still, as he walked towards the curtain, he couldn't help but feel tension seep back into his body. The bracelets, the rings, this "companion" and her mirror. Problems presented themselves one after another. He hadn't thought this would be easy, but it was only in the prison itself that Sasha realized just how complex this was going to be.

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"Sasha, I've got to thank you." Lucia laid back on a blanket, smiling blissfully as she basked in the sun. "It is so nice to finally have a guest that gets one of the seaside rooms. And such an early riser, too!" She sat up, arms spread wide as she gestured to the rest of the beach. "Look, hardly *anyone* else is out here right now!" She sighed happily and shook her head. "Oh, Sasha. What did I do to deserve you?"

Sasha looked a great deal less relaxed, sitting up on a pointedly separate blanket beside Lucia's. "I think it's more a question of what I did to deserve you," he murmured, watching the waves crash ad infinitum on the shoreline.

"Same thing," Lucia laughed, laying back down. "Anyway! Ooh, I'm sorry, this just feels so wonderful. I've been stuck in that mirror for *days*. Where was I." She frowned for a moment before sitting up *again*. "That's right! Your day-to-day schedule. Well, lucky you, things are going to *very* simple for you. Just about as simple as you'd like them, in fact! Case in point—"

Lucia raised a finger into the air, looking around for something. She seemed to spot it a few moments later, cupping her free hand to her mouth and calling out. "*Excuse me! One order over here, please!*"

At Lucia's request, a glimmering prism floated towards the two of them, its faces sparkling with a dizzying display of colors. Lucia smiled at Sasha and cocked her head to the floating prism. "Here we are, then! If you ever need

something and I'm not around, all you need to do is find a Sentry and let them know. They're like speakstones! Simple enough, right?"

Sasha blinked at the crystal, then at Lucia. "Uh—"

She quirked an eyebrow. "...You've dealt with speakstones before, right?"

He'd *heard* of them, at least. Sasha nodded.

Lucia's smile returned, and she waved a hand. "Then just think of them as speakstones; it's all the same thing, basically! Ours look a bit different, and they do a bit more, too. But in this *specific* instance, we're going to be using one to help you order breakfast. Ooh, we're going to get it in *minutes*, I bet. What do you want?"

"Hm? Don't *you* want anything?"

"Oh, don't worry about me!" Lucia shook her head. "Right now, this is about *you*."

Still, as Sasha watched the prism bob up and down in the air, a meal was the furthest thing from his mind. He wrinkled his nose and shook his head. "...I'm not hungry at the moment."

Lucia narrowed her eyes at him and sniffed. Then she turned to the Sentry and smiled. "He'll have the Breakfast, please!" She looked to Sasha once more, frowning. "Sasha, I'm going to assume that this kind of attitude is because you're not used to Arcadia just yet, but..." She leaned across and patted his leg, smiling. "You have to learn to *relax!* Arcadia's *paradise*, and you can't very well enjoy it if you're going to be such a sourpuss! Here. Sentry!" She beckoned the Sentry closer. "'Unsatisfied guest,'" she announced, speaking with unusual clarity.

The Sentry's surfaces went dark, and after a few seconds of stillness, it ducked down to position itself right in front of Sasha's face. Lucia snickered at his sudden shock, Sasha nearly toppling back in surprise. "You're too much," she sighed, shaking her head. "But I feel like the jack-in-the-box routine is going to get old *real* fast. Sentry!"

Lucia smirked, tapping her chin with a single slender fingertip. She narrowed her eyes. "'Begin pacification.'"

Sasha's heart pounded in his chest, and even if he was terrified of what came next, he didn't dare look away from the Sentry floating in front of him. Its facets were still dark — as dark as a crystal could be, at least — and the air around it seemed to thrum with energy. Then, suddenly, it lit up vivid pink. Sasha winced, and Lucia's smirk widened.

But it didn't seem to do much else? Oh, wait, its color changed to yellow. And then blue. And red.

The Sentry's surfaces shifted from color to color in a soothing, never-ending rainbow. Sasha found himself transfixed, his mind sucked into the dazzling chromatic display. Just as soon as he realized it changed to purple, it was back to pink, his thoughts just a second too slow for the hypnotic prism.

Then, just as Sasha dimly realized how dangerous this Sentry was, it began to *flash* with a bright light, sending his eyelids fluttering. Red. Blue. Green. *Flash*. Pink. Purple. Yellow. *Flash*. The colors were mesmerizing in how they swirled from one to the next, completely impossible to follow. The *flash* of light between them was oppressive in its relentless rhythm, a sudden and overwhelming *shock* to his mind. The colors soothed his mind and kept Sasha from composing any new, unnecessary thoughts. The *flash* of light drove away any that he still might've had.

Soon Sasha was staring at the swirling colors on the *flashing* Sentry, gawking at its hypnotic surface. His eyelids drooped, his jaw dropped, and his shoulders slumped along with it. Every muscle in his body seemed to relax as he let himself be mindlessly mesmerized by the crystalline automaton.

"Pretty, isn't it?" Sasha nodded slowly, dimly aware that Lucia was whispering in his ear. "Not as good as someone as real as *me*, but if you *ever* feel like you're thinking just a bit too much..." She pressed a kiss to his neck. "Feel *free* to call over a Sentry and have it *mesmerize* you into empty-headed *bliss*." She patted his thigh. "Some of the boys like their pampering a little more *mechanical*, so just say the word and we can visit the milking stalls. We should do it at *least* once so you can refuel a Sentry yourself!"

"But for now," Lucia purred, "just *relax*." Sasha slumped to the ground, laying back and beginning to drool as the Sentry repositioned to ensure he never had to look away from its hypnotic display. "You don't have to worry about a *single thing*," she hummed, rubbing his belly. "After all..."

"...I'll wake you up before your meal goes cold."