

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.

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."