

BOUND TO THE SPIDER QUEEN

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Content Warning

This erotic short story is filled with hardcore sex. I mean that seriously—there is a *lot* of sex here. If you are offended by adult language, bondage, copious bodily fluids, humiliation, or the general idea of a dark elf dominatrix toying with her sex slaves, then you probably shouldn't be reading this. There's minimal violence, but almost everything else is fair game. Consider yourself warned!

And perhaps intrigued...

Act One: The Matron's Gift

"Another battle; another victory," Arveth Hun'ate, Matron Mother of Vel'shannar, said approvingly. "A dozen of my best male commanders have tried and failed to destroy that surface fort over the past decade. And yet you, my daughter, succeeded in your very first attempt."

"Never send a male to do a female's job," Priestess Varassa, newly-appointed First Daughter, replied with a self-satisfied smirk. "You should have realized this all along, dear mother."

"Your sister led two separate squads into that fort. She wasn't any more successful than the men."

"True, though at this point it's obvious to everyone that Laetharys is far more comfortable on her knees than on the battlefield..."

The Matron Mother's red eyes glimmered in amusement as she peered over the edge of the balcony to the gladiator pit below them. Almost on cue, the large portcullis cranked open and revealed Laetharys standing on the other side. The former general sauntered forward, the high heels of her armored boots clicking loudly upon the stone floor.

"Many of my advisors believe she should be cast into the drider pits," Arveth commented. "Others believe she should spend a year or two gorging herself on cocks in a brothel as penance."

"It's not really penance if she enjoys it," Varassa pointed out. "You still believe the Spider Queen is willing to forgive her?"

"We shall know soon enough."

Laetharys continued forward until she reached the center of the chamber. There, a single column of pale crimson light shone down from the ceiling, and the Second Daughter stopped and closed her eyes as she waited for the Spider Queen's judgment. If she were sufficiently enraged, the Goddess could smite her supplicant right then and there, but Varassa doubted that would be her reaction today. For all her sister's faults, Laetharys had loyally served Vel'shannar for many years, and the Spider Queen was sometimes willing to show mercy towards females who had properly atoned for their indiscretions.

And Laetharys had definitely atoned. Varassa had made certain of it.

She smiled wistfully as the memories washed over her. For the last several months, Laetharys had essentially been her slave. The once great general had spent almost every day on her back or on her knees, and she'd become intimately familiar with the cocks and quims of every soldier in the garrison. Even Varassa's surface slaves, Weylin and Solemi, had been given permission to treat Laetharys as their personal cunt. Solemi in particular had been brutal; the young *niskaru* had genuinely delighted in humiliating the other woman at every opportunity. Varassa had actually started to wonder if the girl had some dark elf blood in her after all...

"I'm still surprised you didn't kill her," Arveth commented as they awaited the Goddess's judgment. "None of your other sisters would have hesitated if the situation were reversed."

Varassa shrugged. "Her death would have only amused me once—her degradation amused me countless times. Besides, *I* am the First Daughter now, and all of Vel'shannar has benefitted from my ascension."

The Matron Mother nodded, her eyes glimmering in amusement once again. "You have learned the game well, my child. Our people revel in your victories."

Varassa shifted her attention back to her sister. Slowly but surely, the pillar of light began to change color from crimson to violet, signaling that the Spider Queen was willing to forgive her servant if Laetharys completed the final part of the ritual.

"It appears you were right, mother," Varassa said. Her voice practically dripped with disappointment, but it was forced. As amusing as it would have been to watch the Goddess eviscerate her hated sister, the coming debasement would probably be even more enjoyable.

Arveth turned and tapped one of the glowing crystals on the wall. A moment later, the door behind them opened and a heavily-armored male soldier stepped inside.

"How may I serve you, Matron?" he asked.

"The Goddess has judged my daughter worthy of forgiveness," Arveth replied. "Summon your men. They will perform the final rite and ensure she does not soon forget her indiscretions."

The male tried and failed to conceal his smile. His name was Captain Nym, and he had served under Laetharys as her chief adjutant for many years. She had treated him badly—as was her right, given his inferior gender—and he had undoubtedly been praying to the Spider Queen to grant him an opportunity for revenge. That was precisely why Varassa had denied him access to her sister all these months. Males didn't deserve vengeance, especially not when they were only enduring the scorn they deserved.

"I shall summon them at once," Nym replied eventually. "Glory to the Dark Mother!"

He turned and left so quickly Varassa barely had time to scoff. "Perhaps we should select another soldier to complete the rite," she suggested. "Certainly there is another male under her command worthy of such an honor?"

"Protocol is quite clear on this matter," Arveth said. "Besides, Nym has served you well, has he not?"

"Well enough," Varassa conceded. Since her ascension to First Daughter, she had inherited the services of Nym and his squad. They had always performed adequately if not exceptionally, and she had rewarded the captain for his efforts. Each time, he'd pleaded for the chance to ravage Laetharys...and each time, Varassa had forced him to settle for Solemi instead. The *niskaru* had swallowed his seed on at least a half a dozen occasions by now.

Sighing wistfully, Varassa crossed her arms and shifted her attention back down to the ritual below. The portcullis opened again as several dozen naked male warriors marched inside and fanned out in a wide circle around the edges of the arena. Most of them were able to contain their excitement, but some were not—their cocks were already hard and throbbing at the prospect of penetrating their former general. Had Varassa been conducting the ceremony, she would have punished them for their lack of discipline. Unfortunately, her mother didn't seem to care.

A few moments later, two priestesses filed in behind the warriors. They stepped up behind Laetharys and began to slowly strip her armor piece by piece. To her credit, the Second Daughter didn't flinch; she was obviously ready to accept the Goddess's final punishment. Varassa wasn't surprised—if anything, her sister was probably looking forward to this. The weak-willed slut enjoyed being dominated, and the mere thought of the atonement ritual was probably enough to slicken her quim in anticipation. Not that Nym was likely to choose that particular hole as his first target...

"Enjoy this victory, my daughter," Matron Arveth said into the long silence. "The Spider Queen's favor is a fickle thing, and if you're not careful you will find yourself in your sister's place one day."

Varassa arched a white eyebrow at her mother. "Unlikely. The Goddess has no reason to doubt my loyalty."

Arveth didn't exactly smile, but the corner of her lip did twitch fractionally. "Many curious rumors have reached my ears these past few months, including some rather disturbing revelations about your surface slaves."

"Such as?"

"Some of your subordinates are concerned that you've grown too attached to them, particularly the *niskaru* female."

Varassa scoffed. "They entertain me, as proper slaves should. When that ceases to be true, I shall dispose of them."

"I see," Arveth whispered, clearly not convinced. "Just to be certain, perhaps I should have them sacrificed as part of the ritual. I'm sure the Dark Mother would appreciate your gift."

It was a trap, of course, if not a particularly subtle one. If Varassa protested too fervently, she would only deepen her mother's suspicions; if she said nothing, she would appear weak. She needed to strike a proper balance.

"I will not surrender my property to atone for my sister's failures," Varassa said. "If the Goddess yearns for a sacrifice, Laetharys owns several of her own slaves."

"True enough," the Matron admitted. "Still, you should heed my words carefully. I would hate to see the new First Daughter suffer the same indignities as the old..."

Varassa snorted softly. Her mother would have *loved* to see both her eldest daughters suffer. Veiled threats and not-so-subtle slights were the primary currency of the Spider Queen's priesthood, after all, and Arveth was well aware that one day soon her children would attempt to destroy her. Such was the way of the drow.

For now, however, they could enjoy Laetharys's fall together. Varassa shifted her attention back down to the arena as the priestesses finally finished stripping off her sister's armor. Once she was completely naked, Laetharys whispered a short prayer to the Goddess before she sank down to her knees and leaned forward. The soft violet light glinted off the gray-blue skin of her lower back and arched buttocks. Her sleek, athletic frame was as beautiful as ever, and many of Nym's soldiers clearly agreed. One by one, their once flaccid cocks hardened at the sight of the prostrate female.

In near unison, the priestesses mouthed the words to a spell and conjured long, silken strands of nearly unbreakable webbing. They bound Laetharys's wrists flat against ankles, effectively rendering her helpless, before they uttered the last few phrases of the ritual and slowly backed away.

The seconds ticked away in silence, and Varassa spotted several of the soldiers idly stroking their cocks as they waited for permission to indulge themselves. Their red eyes glimmered excitedly, *hungrily*, like they were a pack of feral beasts surrounding a fresh kill. By the time Captain Nym finally entered the arena, several of the males appeared ready to burst. If not for the threat of punishment from the onlooking Matron Mother, they probably would have tugged themselves to climax already.

The captain, for his part, stepped up directly behind Laetharys and smiled at the bound, naked female laid bare before him. He didn't touch or strike her, though from the way his fingers were twitching he probably wanted to do both. Instead he waited for the priestesses to methodically strip off his armor just like they'd done with Laetharys.

"Captain Nym's skills are well-known on the battlefield," Arveth commented. "What about the bedchamber?"

Varassa shrugged. "He's competent."

"Enough for you to reciprocate?"

"Of course not," Varassa replied with a snort. She hadn't ordered Nym to pleasure her in some time, and she almost never allowed any male to spill inside her. That's what Solemi was for.

"Well, he seems...enthused," the Matron commented with a wry smirk. "I doubt he'll last long."

Varassa nodded in agreement. The outline of Nym's cock was plainly visible even before the priestesses removed his trousers. He'd probably been rock-hard ever since Arveth had given him permission to perform the ritual. Now his impressive gray member was visibly throbbing in anticipation.

"The Goddess calls upon you to deliver final restitution for the crimes of her servant," Matron Arveth called out, her magically amplified voice echoing across the arena. "Are you prepared to enact the Spider Queen's will?"

"I am, Matron," the captain replied.

"Then under the watchful eye of the Dark Mother, the Rite of *Z'ress Ilhar* is yours, should you wish to claim it."

Nym's lips curled into a cruel smile. The Rite of *Z'ress Ilhar* was the ultimate recompense for an aggrieved male. In addition to penetrating the guilty female, the man had permission to release his seed inside her quim. The normal spells protecting Laetharys's womb had already been replaced by a fertility enchantment that would virtually ensure her impregnation. She would then be required to carry his child to term and surrender it to the male and his family as one final act of penance.

But Varassa suspected that Nym was more interested in swift revenge than long-term humiliation, and if he didn't spill inside her sister then none of his men would be allowed to, either. They would be forced to relieve themselves in her other holes...which was probably what most of them preferred, anyway.

"You honor us, Matron," Nym said. "But my men and I must humbly decline your offer. We would prefer to mete out a...*different* punishment."

"Do as you will," Arveth told him. "The body of the Second Daughter is yours."

After bowing his head in gratitude, Nym strode forward until the tip of his cock brushed against Laetharys's glistening slit. He could take her for however long he desired, and until he spilled his men would be forced to wait their turn. He clearly enjoyed the feeling of control, both over his warriors and over the hated female beneath him. Varassa had attended dozens of these ceremonies over the years, and in some cases the aggrieved male had drawn out his release for hours.

Nym wasn't anywhere near that patient. Placing one hand upon Laetharys's back and the other upon the shaft of his cock, he adjusted his aim and pointed the tip at her nether entrance. One of the priestesses offered to apply oil, but he naturally refused. This had nothing to do with comfort and everything to do with power.

Varassa grinned at her sister as she closed her eyes and grit her teeth in preparation. The pitiful slut would enjoy being sodomized, of course, and despite Nym's eagerness he could never hope to compete with the cruelty Laetharys had endured from Solemi. Just a few weeks ago, the *niskaru* girl had conjured a magical cock and penetrated Laetharys for almost five hours straight—and that was *after* she'd spent the previous two lodged down the former general's throat.

Still, Nym was determined to make Laetharys squirm...and he succeeded. He buried his cock in her ass with a single, brutal thrust. A half-squeal, half-shriek escaped the Second Daughter's lips and echoed across the arena. The captain held himself deep for several seconds, smiling sadistically as his hand slowly crawled up her back and grabbed ahold of her long, tightly-braided ponytail. With an abrupt jerking motion, he wrenched her head backwards and settled into a slow but methodical thrusting rhythm.

"Pathetic," Varassa spat. "She's enjoying every second of this. Just look at her!"

The Matron Mother smiled. "How long do you think he'll last?"

"Not long. Without proper supervision, males are nothing more than beasts. They fight and fuck and die."

Varassa was proven correct almost immediately. The more her sister squealed and writhed, the harder Nym pounded her. Within twenty seconds, the smacking of their flesh was so loud it was all anyone could hear; within thirty, his red eyes had rolled completely back into his head. He spilled deep in her bowels just a few moments later, and Laetharys's pained cries quickly transformed into euphoric gasps. By the time the captain finally withdrew, his cock had already wilted. The priestesses waited until his seed began to trickle down the general's legs before they nodded up towards the balcony.

"*Shoava*," Arveth said.

The soldiers swarmed over Laetharys like a pack of starving hounds. Within seconds, she had one cock jammed down her throat and another speared up her ass. These males were even less interested in restraining themselves than their commander. Some only managed a few thrusts before they spilled, and none lasted more than a few minutes. Surprisingly enough, however, most of them had enough control to withdraw before they erupted. Nym must have instructed them to spill *on* Laetharys rather than inside her, and the results were truly impressive. In the span of a few minutes, the general's back, ass, and face were completely covered in the fresh, smoldering seed of the men she had once commanded.

"How much time do you plan to give them?" Varassa asked. No matter how much she despised Nym or the other males, the sight of her humiliated sister was genuinely arousing. If Weylin or one of her other slaves were here, he would already been kneeling in front of her with his tongue on her clit.

"As long as they wish," Arveth said. "I imagine most will tire shortly, but if they don't..." She shrugged. "There's no need to rush the Goddess's punishment."

"True enough."

The Matron Mother turned and studied her for a moment. "Before you leave, I do have another gift for you."

Varassa arched a white eyebrow. "Is that so?"

"Yes. I dispatched scouts to the surrounding areas near your surface raid, and they captured several stragglers. One in particular put up a tremendous fight. They planned to sacrifice him this evening, but I've decided to give him to you instead."

"I already own a *rivvil* male, mother."

“I know, and I’ve heard he’s quite the specimen. But I suspect you’ll enjoy this one even more...”

The door behind them opened, and two of the matron’s guards stepped inside carrying a shackled human male between them. He was taller than Weylin and every bit as impressive physically. Varassa could tell he was a seasoned warrior from the size and shape of the thickly muscled arms sprouting out of his sleeveless tunic. His stubble-pocked jaw was wide and square in the best human tradition, and his blue eyes were as pale as the sapphire necklace dangling inside Varassa’s cleavage.

“I admit, I’m intrigued,” she said with a devilish grin. The man’s eyes fluttered rapidly as they struggled to adjust to the room’s dim lighting, but eventually they settled upon her. Strangely enough, he seemed more angry than afraid. She wondered if that meant he was brave or merely ignorant.

“Don’t worry—he’s not just another random farm boy,” Arveth said. “The symbols on his weapons and armor betrayed his true identity. So does the tattoo on his back.”

Arching her eyebrows again, Varassa stepped forward and pulled down the man’s loose collar with her fingernail. There, inscribed deep in his flesh, was a familiar symbol that was terrifying and stimulating all at once.

“Paladin,” she breathed. “A Knight of the Silver Fist.”

The Matron Mother snickered. “It has been many years since the knights last attempted to challenge us. The Spider Queen would relish such a powerful sacrifice...but I suspect she’ll be just as happy to see him crushed beneath your heel.”

Varassa smiled and pressed her tongue hard against teeth. She had always enjoyed breaking surfacers, but this...this might have literally been the opportunity of a lifetime. The prospect of corrupting something so pure, so *righteous*, sent a shiver of delight through her entire body...

“I take it you approve, then?” Arveth asked.

“I don’t know what to say, mother,” Varassa whispered. “I’m surprised you don’t wish to keep him for yourself.”

“You are the First Daughter now. You need to prove yourself capable of handling exceptional challenges...even entertaining ones.”

Varassa chuckled softly as the knight glared daggers at her. She could feel his scorn and hate. Without his gag, he would have been screaming threats at her; without his restraints, he would have been trying to strangle her. The paladins of the surface considered themselves the arbiters of truth and justice in their world, but naturally they were hypocrites. They were just as vulnerable to the temptations of the flesh as any other *rivvil*, and once Varassa found his weakness she would exploit it.

“By the time I’m finished with him,” she whispered, “he’ll be on his hands and knees begging for release.”

“Will you give it to him?” Arveth asked.

Varassa smiled. “We’ll just have to find out, won’t we?”

Act Two: Oathbreaker

“*Ultrinnan!*” the drow warrior exclaimed as he triumphantly slammed the tiny marble statuette down upon the table. “Twice in one hour. I thought you were supposed to be good at *Sava?*”

“I prefer to focus my skills on things on that actually matter,” his partner replied bitterly. “If you spent half as much time practicing your swordplay as playing this stupid game, you wouldn’t still be a footslogger.”

The two men continued bickering for several more minutes while the female half-elf sitting between them calmly waited for them to finish. Solemi had learned a tremendous amount about drow culture these last few months, including most of their language. Very few of Mistress Varassa’s underlings cared whether a slave understood them or not, but every once in a while Solemi liked to surprise them. Sometimes the right word whispered into an earlobe was all it took to make a thrusting man spill inside her.

Not that she had a lot of opportunities to use her mouth for talking these days. Access to her velvety throat had quickly become a precious commodity in their old outpost, and now that they had moved to Vel’shannar there were thousands of new soldiers yearning to sample the First Daughter’s favorite pet.

The mistress had sent her here as a reward to this unit for their loyal service in a recent surface raid. Solemi had spent most of the last few days greedily imbibing the seed of any cock dangled in front of her lips, but at this point the squad’s two highest-ranking officers had decided to turn it into a game.

“Shut up and take your silvers,” the second male, Bralas, grumbled once he’d clearly lost the debate. “Are you going to buy another minute or should we play another round?”

His counterpart, Sabal, grunted and abruptly stood. “I think I’ll buy five, just to make you wait.”

“It’s your coin to waste,” Bralas sneered. “I doubt you’ll last more than two.”

Sabal chuckled as he opened his trousers and gestured for Solemi to return to the floor. She had already tasted him once today—the errant splatter of his first offering had long since dried on her chin and breasts—but she was fully confident in her ability to please him again. She scuttled out of the seat and eagerly sank down to her knees in front of him.

“Open your lips, slut,” Sabal ordered. His cock was already semi-erect, and though it quickly began to harden after he smacked it against her cheeks several times. “Better catch your breath while you can.”

“She has no idea what you’re saying, fool,” Bralas chided. He reclined backwards and placed his cupped hands behind his head so he could watch the show. “The mongrel probably doesn’t even remember her own name anymore.”

“I don’t know, sometimes I think she’s smarter than she looks.” Sabal dragged his cock across Solemi’s lips, but when she opened them up to swallow him he abruptly grabbed a patch of her blond hair and wrenched her head backwards. “What’s your name, girl?”

Solemi smiled up at him, her green eyes wide. “Cunt.”

“See?” Sabal said with a snort. “She knows enough.”

“I’ve never seen such a pathetic creature,” Bralas scoffed. “Must be her *darthiir* blood.”

“I doubt her *rivvil* blood is any stronger. She’s...”

He trailed off when Solemi unexpectedly stretched out her tongue and licked the head of his cock. His grip on her hair relaxed slightly, and she leaned forward like a starving beast pleading for an out-of-reach meal.

“Please,” she begged until she could gently kiss the tip. “Please, master.”

Sabal stared down at her, his head shaking in bewilderment even as his member hardened into an iron rod. “Unbelievable,” he breathed. “It’s like one of the wizards cast a spell upon her.”

“Perhaps they did,” Bralas said.

“No, I don’t think so. This one is different than any of the other slaves. I don’t think she’d run away even if we set her free on the surface.”

Solemi continued stretching towards his cock until her lips touched the tip. "Please, master," she repeated. "Let me taste you."

"Fine," Sabal said. "Open wide."

Grabbing the base of her skull with his hand, he abruptly shoved his cock through her lips and down her throat. There was no subtlety to his movements, no gentle build-up towards a consistent rhythm. He simply held her still and brutally fucked her face.

And Solemi loved every moment of it.

For a several seconds, the only sound in the small chamber was a garbled mix of gurgles and slaps. She didn't choke, and she definitely didn't panic. She kept her green eyes locked upon his no matter how hard or how deep he thrust. One of the first things Mistress Varassa had taught her was how to properly open her throat for a cock, and Sabal's wasn't even close to the largest she'd ever taken. She wondered if he might eventually slow his pace if only to prove his comrade wrong and last a few extra minutes, but she didn't feel like giving him the chance. She had a reputation to maintain, after all, and she knew exactly what would tip him over the edge.

Reaching around him with her arms, she placed her hands upon his buttocks and helped him thrust into her even harder. She could see the euphoria in his face and feel it in his throbbing member, and once his knees started to buckle she squeezed her nails into his flesh and held him as tightly against her as she could. His cock penetrated her so deeply she nearly gagged, but she knew the sound of her frantic choking combined with the warmth of her throat would push him over the edge. And it did.

"*Xas!*" he blurted out as he erupted. His first salvo fired straight into her gullet, and his second splattered the roof of her mouth. His last few spasms coated her tongue and lips before he staggered backwards and nearly collapsed to the floor.

"That wasn't even a minute!" Bralas chided. "Such a waste of coin..."

Sabal wasn't listening. He stumbled back against the table and panted breathlessly while his red eyes remained fixated upon Solemi. She made a long, dramatic show of swallowing his offering before she leaned down and began to lap up the few remaining dribbles on the floor.

"Dear Goddess," Sabal breathed. "She must be some kind of demon."

"Oh please," Bralas snorted. "Just because you're too weak to resist her doesn't prove anything. She's a disgusting *niskaru* cunt. I can't believe you can look upon her without wilting."

"If she's so disgusting, prove it. Let her taste you and see if you can resist."

Bralas shrugged, though from the sudden twinkle in his eye this was clearly what he'd wanted all along. "Fine," he said, standing and lowering his own trousers. "Get over here, slut. You better not be full yet..."

After licking up the last bit of Sabal's seed, Solemi crawled forward on her hands and knees. Bralas's cock was shorter but thicker, and she couldn't wait to—

"That's enough," a stern male voice called from across the room. An armored soldier strode forward, and Solemi instantly recognized his tabard as that of House Hun'ate. He must have been one of Mistress Varassa's personal guards.

"Wait your turn, *wael*," Bralas growled. "I'm not finished—"

"The First Daughter wishes her property returned," the guard interrupted, his hand dropping down to the sword on his belt. "Release her. Now!"

Bralas muttered something under his breath, but he wasn't willing to challenge anyone representing the First Daughter. Varassa's word was absolute in Vel'shannar unless it was rescinded by the Matron Mother herself.

Once the two men had backed away, the guard leaned down and clamped a leash around Solemi's neck. He didn't bother asking her to stand; he merely jerked on the cord and yanked her to her feet.

She followed closely at his side as he escorted her out of the camp and across the city. Vel'shannar was truly enormous, especially compared to the small border outpost she'd lived in for the past few months. Drow civilization in general was far more expansive than anything she'd ever dreamed of; she still found it difficult to believe that so many people lived down here without the sun. Her half-elven eyes allowed her to see through the shadows more easily than Weylin, but not by much. Other than

the patches of luminescent fungus or the soft glow of the occasional enchanted torch, she was completely shrouded in darkness most of the time.

At first, the near constant blindness had terrified her. Random drow could reach out from the shadows and accost her whenever they wish... and they still did, quite frequently. Mistress Varassa had eventually fitted Solemi with a *ky'ostal nauvith*, a type of chastity belt that plugged both her ass and quim, but males had still been free to fuck her face instead. She'd been grabbed and forced to her knees so many times the memories all blurred together. Once it had taken her almost two hours to walk across the small outpost...

Even after the mistress had ordered her mouth off-limits to all but her most celebrated servants, the males still had permission to spill upon her at their leisure. Some were content to push her down on all fours and spray her back, but most preferred to leave their seed on her cheeks or lips in order to "mark her" as communal property. That behavior had only grown more common since she'd moved to Vel'shannar.

At this point, she had learned to relish her role as the most highly-coveted prey in the city. It gave her a perverse kind of power over so many of the males here, particularly the ones who hadn't earned sufficient favor with the First Daughter. Even when they grabbed her by the hair and stroked themselves to climax on her face, Solemi still felt like she was in control. Until her mistress gave them a key to the *ky'ostal nauvith*, their lust would go unquenched.

Today, however, no one was willing to bother her while she was accompanied by one of the mistress's champions, and they made excellent time crossing through the outer warrens and into the central market hub. In addition to the drow civilians, there were thousands upon thousands of slaves scattered all across the city. Surface races only made up a small fraction of the total population; most were deep dwarves, orcs, or other races that also lived underground.

Eventually they reached the grand Hun'ate estate, the Matron Mother's palatial mansion that was effectively the center of power in Vel'shannar. Solemi had never seen so many servants or guards in one place, not even when she had visited one of the great coastal cities of the surface. Matron Arveth knew the other houses were constantly plotting against her rule, and she was fully prepared to defend against any attack. Mistress Varassa had also added her own soldiers to the mix now that she had moved in permanently.

"It took you long enough, male," Varassa scolded the guard once he finally led Solemi through the great hall to the First Daughter's personal chambers. "You're lucky I didn't order the assassins to hunt you down."

"I apologize, mistress," he said, bowing his head. "This surface cunt walks slowly and—"

"That surface cunt is worth more to me than a hundred of you," Varassa interrupted. "Now get out of my sight before I have you flogged."

He disappeared without another word, and once he shut the door behind him Varassa smiled and stepped in close enough to place her hand on Solemi's arm.

"You enjoyed yourself, I hope?" she asked. "My soldiers made certain you got your fill?"

"Yes, mistress."

"Hmm I can see that..." Varassa ran her fingers over the dried seed splattered copiously across Solemi's neck and breasts. "Well, I hope you're not too exhausted to help me this evening. My mother gave me a new slave, and you are going to help me break him."

"Of course, mistress," the half-elf replied with an eager nod. "Anything you desire."

Varassa grinned and placed a hand upon her hip. As always, she was breathtaking even in her armor. Her cropped breastplate hugged her chest so closely it might as well have been a second layer of skin, and the silver pendant in her navel was a perfect complement to the circular spider tattoo inscribed on her bare stomach. Her skirt was made of a fine metallic mesh that ended well above her knees, and her slender legs were framed in a pair of high leather boots with six inch stilettos.

"You did such a wonderful job with my sister," Varassa said. "You should have seen her during the ritual. She was a panting, quivering mess. She couldn't wait for all those soldiers to take her. You taught her that, my dear."

Solemi's cheeks flushed with embarrassment. Praise from the mistress was a rare thing, though it had grown more and more common since they had moved to Vel'shannar. "Thank you, mistress."

"You deserve it. You're an obedient, loyal cunt."

Varassa chuckled softly as she retrieved a key from her belt. She unlocked the *ky'ostal nauwith* and then slowly removed the cock-shaped plugs from Solemi's ass and quim. As usual, the half-elf felt a rush of euphoria as the cool air touched her holes, and she whimpered softly as a shiver of pleasure tingled across her naked flesh.

"Draw a bath and clean up," Varassa ordered. "Use your magic if you want—I'm sure you've missed it these past few days."

"I did, mistress."

Varassa grunted and handed her a pouch of spell components. "Matron Arveth wouldn't approve of me allowing one of my slaves to cast spells, but she's a fool. Once I inevitably replace her, we won't have to worry about concealing your powers. Serve me well enough and I might even command one of the wizards to tutor you properly."

Solemi smiled at the thought. Back home on the surface, she had been studying illusion and transmutation magic, but she'd never learned much beyond the basics. Varassa had taught her a few new spells, however, including how to temporarily transmute her flesh into a real cock. She had used it to fuck the mistress's sister dozens of times over the past few weeks, and the experience had given her even more insight into the primal desires of the male mind and body. Learning how to coax her own cock into spilling had made her even better at coaxing others.

One day, she hoped the mistress would allow her to feel the warmth and tightness of her perfect drow quim, but even Weylin had only been permitted inside her a few times. Perhaps helping to break in this new slave would earn Solemi enough favor to make a request...

"Go on," Varassa said, gesturing towards the stairs. "There's a special dress for you on the table. I think you'll enjoy it."

Solemi dashed up the stairs and immersed herself in the tub. A magical enchantment kept the waters perpetually warm and clean, and as always she tried to strike a balance between thoroughness and haste. Mistress Varassa would want her clean and refreshed, but she also didn't tolerate unnecessary delays.

A few minutes later, she was standing in front of the chamber's only mirror to ensure she was presentable. The "dress" the mistress had provided wasn't really much of an outfit; it was essentially a metallic bra and panties paired up with a long, translucent turquoise skirt. She desperately wanted to try on one of the seemingly infinite pairs of shoes in the closet, but Varassa had expressly forbidden it.

"Mistresses wear heels; cunts wear nothing," she had said many times. One day, Solemi hoped to change all that. But not today.

Varassa was already waiting for her in the "dungeon" when she arrived. In addition to an enormous, cushion-stuffed bed, the chamber also had a pillory, a rack, and a wide selection of scourges, whips, and other similar toys. The ceiling was most interesting part of all—it was essentially one giant mirror molded into the shape of an enormous spider.

"There you are, just in time," Varassa said with a dark smile. She'd attached a whip to her belt, and a half-filled wine glass was dangling from her fingers. "The servants were about to deliver our new friend..."

The door on the opposite end of the room opened, and a pair of drow soldiers escorted in a bound human man with a cloth bag covering his head. He was shirtless, but his lower body was still covered by a ragged pair of trousers. Solemi's quim slickened at the sight of him, especially his thick arms and perfectly-sculpted chest. If his cock was even half as impressive as his biceps, she looked forward to kneeling in front of it all night...

The soldiers marched him in front of the bed, at which point Varassa called down several webs from the ceiling and bound his hands above his head. She made certain to suspend him high enough that he had to stand on his tip-toes in order to reach the ground.

“Leave us,” she said, switching to the surface tongue so that the prisoner could understand her. The guards nodded and left, and Varassa slowly paced around the hanging man while she finished her glass of wine. The *click* of her heels on the floor was methodical and deliberate; sometimes the sound was enough to break her prey before she even touched them.

“So, what do you think?” she asked. “Is he worth breaking, or shall I trade him for something better at the market?”

Solemi crept forward and placed her right hand upon the man’s chest, then slowly traced her fingers along the outline of his muscles. He was roughly the same size and build as Weylin but even more chiseled, and judging from the scars on his abdomen he was also a veteran of many battles.

“He is exquisite,” Solemi said, resisting the urge to press her lips against his flesh and taste him. Instead her eyes drifted down to this ragged trousers and the mystery concealed beneath. “What of his stem?”

“Is there ever anything else on your mind?” Varassa chided. “But you’re right, of course. It’s hardly fair to ask your opinion without showing you the main course.”

She tugged at the webs and hoisted the man into the air several more feet. He muttered something unintelligible—he must have been gagged beneath his hood—and struggled against his restraints. When his legs started thrashing like he might try to kick his captors, Varassa calmly conjured another strand of webbing and tied his ankles together. She then continued lifting him upwards until his belt was level with Solemi’s eyes.

“Go ahead and unwrap your prize, dear,” Varassa said. “But you’re not allowed to play with it just yet.”

Grinning, Solemi reached up and unfastened his belt buckle. When his trousers plummeted to the floor, she immediately gasped in shock. Even flaccid, his cock was magnificent. It was wider and thicker than Weylin’s, enough that she genuinely wondered if the man had some orc blood flowing in his veins. It took all of her willpower not to grab onto the shaft and swallow it right then and there. If the mistress weren’t watching her carefully, she would have at least leaned in close enough to massage the tip with her tongue and coax him to life...

“Patience,” Varassa scolded. “This one will be especially willful, I promise. I doubt that even your lips could make him spill without some added encouragement.”

Solemi frowned in confusion. “Mistress?”

Varassa laughed. “You’re actually *offended*, aren’t you? You can’t abide the idea of a male resisting you for more than a moment.” She sauntered behind Solemi and leaned down to whisper into her ear. “More proof that you’re a natural-born cunt.”

The half-elf smiled as the mistress gently nibbled at her earlobe. Miraculously, the cock dangling in front of her remained flaccid. Most men would have instinctively swelled by now, whether they wanted to or not.

“You see, he’s not just another random piece of clay for us to mold,” Varassa said. “He is a disciplined warrior and champion of your surface gods.”

“A paladin?” Solemi gasped. “Down here?”

“Yes, a ‘Knight of the Silver Fist’ is what they’re called, I believe. An absurd title if I’ve ever heard one.”

Solemi’s eyes opened wide and her breath caught in her throat. She hadn’t noticed it before, but the man’s perfect body actually *did* look familiar. And his cock...she had almost forgotten it after all these years...

“You seem concerned,” Varassa whispered into her ear. “Don’t tell me you’ve lost interest already.”

“No, mistress,” Solemi insisted. “I just...can I please see his face?”

The First Daughter arched a curious eyebrow. “You’ve never cared what a male looked like before. Not the top half, at least.”

Solemi forced herself to swallow and remain calm. After spending several months down here, the memories of her life on the surface had all but evaporated. But if this man was who she thought he was, then everything was about to flood back over her...

"Still, I suppose there's no harm in it," Varassa continued with a shrug. Her eyes glimmered in amusement at her slave's sudden discomfort. Did she know the truth already, or was she merely guessing?

Varassa waited another few seconds before she tugged at the webs and lowered him back down. Once his toes touched the ground again, she tore off the hood and flicked it across the room.

Solemi's knees instantly went weak, and she nearly lost her balance. The paladin was indeed gagged, but his square jaw, dark hair, and trim beard were exactly like she remembered. His blue eyes fixated upon her even before they fully adjusted to the dim light.

"Derec," she whispered.

"So you *do* know him, don't you?" Varassa asked, her voice almost giddy. "Goddess be praised, this couldn't be more perfect..."

The paladin muttered into his gag, but Solemi couldn't bring herself to look at him for more than a few seconds. Just as she'd feared, all the memories of her past life suddenly flooded back over her. What would he think of her? What would he think of what she had become?

"How well did you know him?" Varassa asked after a moment.

"W-we grew up in the same village, mistress," Solemi replied. "We were... friends."

"Is that so?" Varassa dragged her fingernail across the paladin's chest hard enough that it left a red line in its wake. "What is his name?"

She licked at her suddenly dry lips. "Derec Montabon."

The mistress scoffed in disgust. "Definitely a *rivvil* name," she sneered. After pacing around him one more time, she stopped in place and glanced back at Solemi. "When my men first delivered you to me, you revealed that you hadn't always been faithful to Weylin. Was this male one of your 'indiscretions?'"

Solemi nodded slowly. "Yes."

The mistress chuckled as she reached up and clutched Derec's chin between her fingernails. "How curious. I thought paladins lived by a very strict code. Aren't you supposed to be pure and chaste?"

Derec glared at her but didn't bother speaking into the gag. His arm muscles flexed and unflexed as he continued testing his restraints, but Solemi knew from experience that the webs were unbreakable without magic.

"So what exactly was your 'indiscretion,' my dear?" Varassa asked. "Did you fuck him?"

"No," Solemi whispered.

"Why not?"

"Because he..." She wet her lips again and lowered her eyes to the floor. "He said it would violate his oath."

"I see. But you wanted to, yes? You were desperate to spread your legs for him, weren't you?"

Solemi nodded. "Yes."

"Then he must be even more willful than I thought. I doubt that many other surface men have ever resisted your charms." Varassa grunted. "Still, I'm confused. His oath forbade him from fucking your cunt but not your throat?"

"He told me the code was...ambiguous," Solemi said. "I don't know the truth. I've never read the scripture or the Knight's Code."

"And you're better off for it, no doubt. Still, I suspect he was lying to you." Varassa smirked and tapped Derec's chin with her fingernail. "Were you lying, male? Did you deceive this poor girl just to get her on her knees? Perhaps we should hear what you have to say for yourself."

Varassa unstrapped the gag and tossed it onto the bed. Derec coughed and wet his lips as he shot her a baleful glare.

"I won't tell you anything, drow witch!" he hissed. "If you don't release us right now, the Silver Fist will match down here and purge this entire city!"

Varassa stared him for a long moment, her expression completely blank, before she finally threw back her head and laughed in his face. “My dear, stupid paladin. You actually believe that, don’t you?”

“We are the sword of the gods!” he growled. “We will purge your evil from the—”

Derec’s voice caught in his throat when Varassa suddenly curled her fingers around his cock. “Go on,” she said, smiling as she began to leisurely stroke the shaft. “Please, tell me exactly how you’re going to smite me.”

The paladin’s eyes dropped down to her hand. “I…” he stammered. “I will not allow your evil to endure. I will resist whatever dark spells you place upon me!”

“Who said anything about magic?” Varassa asked, leaning in so close their lips nearly touched. “We’re just having a pleasant conversation.”

Solemi watched in amazement as his cock inevitably began to swell. Derec closed his eyes and mouthed a silent prayer to his god, and she could see his jaw tense as he struggled in vain to resist.

“Now, I asked you a question before, paladin,” Varassa breathed into his ear. “Did you lie to this sweet girl just to get her on her knees?”

“I will not speak with an evil drow harlot,” Derec insisted.

Varassa stopped stroking him and placed her free hand on his cheek. “I suggest you choose your words more carefully, male,” she said coldly. “If any of my soldiers called me a harlot, I would have them sacrificed in the spider pit.”

“I’m not afraid of you, whore,” Derec insisted. “Threaten me, torture me, kill me… I will never break!”

Solemi clamped her hand over her mouth and shook her head at him. No one ever spoke to a drow female like that, especially not the First Daughter. He was going to get himself killed—

“Very well, male,” Varassa said after a moment. She began stroking him again, and she glanced back over her shoulder to Solemi. “Fetch my *jaluk’elg*.”

Solemi swallowed heavily as she scampered over to the wide shelf on the dungeon’s northern wall. The mistress proudly displayed all her toys here, including her vast array of whips and scourges, but at the center of the collection was curved, serrated knife. Her “male killer,” as she called it, had castrated scores of impudent drow who had displeased her.

“Thank you dear,” Varassa said as Solemi handed her the blade. She twirled it in front of Derec’s face for several seconds, then abruptly lowered it down to his erect cock. “I don’t need to kill you to break you, paladin. Not when I can harvest the most impressive part of you so easily.” She gestured back to the shelf and the impressive collection of *dintares*—false cocks—resting atop the mantle. “There’s an empty space on the left, you see. One simple spell is all it takes to preserve your legacy for decades…”

Derec winced as she pushed the blade harder against his testicles. Sweat beaded on his brow, and for the first time Solemi saw his muscles actually start to tremble.

“Who knows? I might even use it tonight,” Varassa said. “In fact, I think I’ll fuck Solemi with it right in front of you. She wanted you inside her before. Better late than never, I suppose.”

She yanked his cock to the side and started to cut—

“Wait!” Derec yelped. “Please, don’t!”

Varassa’s eyes twinkled devilishly. “And why not, male? You’re still a paladin even without your sword, right?”

Derec closed his eyes and nibbled on his lip. “I lied to her. I lied to Solemi. Is that what you want to hear?”

“It’s *some* of what I want to hear,” Varassa replied. She didn’t remove the blade, but she did start stroking his cock again. A single drop of his seed emerged from the tip and trickled down the swollen head. “Lying to deceive a female is commonplace in your backwards culture, but I’m surprised you were willing to violate your Code. I thought a paladin’s word was his bond. Why did you do it?”

“Because…” Derec licked at his lips and glanced over at Solemi. “Because I was weak. She was so beautiful, and I wanted to be with her.”

The mistress grinned. “There, was that really so difficult?” She chuckled and glanced back to Solemi. “Come here. Kneel in front of him just like you used to.”

Solemi nodded and sank down to her knees in front of him. The webs were holding him high enough in the air that his cock was just above her eye level, but she when she stretched and tilted up her chin she could almost reach it...

"Not yet," Varassa chided. "I want him to remember what the sight of you begging for him looked like."

The mistress continued her slow, delicate rhythm, and Solemi stared up at the dripping stem and waited for it to explode upon her. But as much as she yearned to taste him again, for Derec's sake she hoped he had better control. Varassa would punish him severely if he spilled without permission. It might even cost him his manhood.

"I could give you to her again right now," the mistress said, angling his cock down towards Solemi's waiting lips. "Would you like that?"

Derec grimaced. "No."

"You're lying. I can feel you getting harder and harder every second."

"It is forbidden," he said through clenched teeth.

"Then you regret what you did with her?"

"Yes."

"Interesting," Varassa said, raising an eyebrow at the kneeling half-elf. "Tell me: how many times did you fellate him?"

Solemi searched her memory. "Once a week, sometimes twice."

"That often? How long did this go on?"

"A few months, at least."

"That doesn't sound like a man filled with regret," Varassa said with a snort. "That sounds more like a hypocrite."

"It was years ago!" Derec protested. "I was young and foolish."

"No doubt." Varassa's fingers clasped more tightly around his shaft as her stroking rhythm intensified. "Well, you'll be pleased to know that Solemi has learned a great deal since you last met. She's the most coveted slut in all of Vel'shannar. My male soldiers beg me to let them fuck her." Varassa chuckled again. "What would bother you more, I wonder: knowing how many others she's tasted...or knowing just how much she savors every last drop?"

"You witch!" Derec growled. "I'll make you pay for—"

Once again his voice cut off when she pressed her blade against his testicles. He closed his eyes and bit down on his lip hard enough that Solemi saw a trickle of blood.

"How did he conceal your excursions from his fellow knights?" Varassa asked after a moment.

"We would meet in the church cellar whenever he could escape his duties for a few hours,"

Solemi said.

"Let me guess: he never offered to taste you in return, did he?" Varassa asked.

"No, mistress."

"Of course he didn't," Varassa spat. "For that alone I should remove his cock. Perhaps his tongue, too."

Derec kept his eyes fastened shut, and his cheeks continued twitching as she struggled to repress his fear—and his arousal. The head of his thick member had swollen so large Solemi expected it to fire any second. She even opened her mouth and stretched out her tongue to catch his seed just in case...

And then Varassa abruptly removed her hand and stopped stroking him. "You can keep your sword for now, male, but now I know exactly where this evening is going to begin."

Glancing up to the webs holding him upright, she used her magic to lower him until his feet touched the floor. His cock actually brushed against Solemi's lips on the way down, and it took all her willpower not to swallow him right then and there. She thought the mistress might untie him, but instead Varassa shoved him down onto the bed. The instant he hit the mattress, the webs binding his limbs writhed outwards and latched onto the bedframe, effectively pinning him flat on his back. His cock, still as hard as ever, jutted up towards the ceiling.

"Stand up, cunt," Varassa ordered. "And come here."

Solemi leapt to her feet and dashed to her mistress's side. Varassa smiled and wrapped an arm around her slender waist.

"Our noble and righteous paladin is finally going to fulfill his duty after all these years," she said. "I will give him precisely one chance to please you. If he fails..." She shrugged and twirled the *jaluk'elg* in her hand. "I will avenge you."

With her free hand, she removed Solemi's panties and let them fall to the floor. Her fingers then crawled down the girl's body until they reached her waiting quim.

"Always slick, always ready," Varassa breathed. "Go. Claim your long overdue reward."

Nodding appreciatively, Solemi climbed onto the bed and swung her leg over Derec's body. She scuttled backwards until she was properly straddling his face, then slowly lowered her dripping quim down over his mouth.

"I'm not known for my patience, paladin," Varassa said, sitting down at the end of the bed and crossing her long legs. She reached back and placed the flat of the *jaluk'elg* against the shaft of his cock where he could see and feel it. "I suggest you get started."

Solemi gasped in delight when his tongue flicked gently across her smoldering slit. Derec obviously didn't have much if any experience, but right now she didn't care. Every time his tongue slipped inside her, she felt like she'd been struck by a bolt of lightning. Her thighs clamped around his head so tightly she doubted he could even breathe.

"Don't make it too easy for him," Varassa chided. "He owes you so much more."

Solemi wanted to obey, but she had already lost all semblance of control over her body. A small climax shuddered through her, then another when she leaned forward and placed her hands upon the bed for support. His cock was suddenly in front of her again, closer now than ever, and she wanted it so desperately she almost didn't care how the mistress would react. There mere thought of his seed sliding down her throat was enough to push her to the brink of another climax...

"You want to taste him, don't you?" Varassa asked, tapping her blade against the shaft.

Solemi nodded. "Yes, mistress."

"Do you know why?"

"Because I'm a cunt."

"No. You are *my* cunt." Varassa grabbed the girl's chin and tilted it sideways until they were facing each other. "But you are also a female. Do you know what that means?"

"It means..." Solemi swallowed heavily. "It means I am powerful. It means I should take what I want."

"Yes," Varassa agreed, smiling and tossing aside her blade. "Take *what* you want, *when* you want, without shame or pause. If you long for his cock, then claim it."

Solemi didn't hesitate. She lunged forward and choked down Derec's member all the way to the hilt. She wanted to savor him; she wanted to gorge on him. But the instant his cockhead touched the back of her throat, he exploded. His cry of release would have been deafening if it weren't muffled by her quim. He thrashed against his restraints with the animalistic fury of a stuck rothé, and he flooded her throat with his seed. His cock spasmed so many times she feared she might drown, but after waiting this long to taste him again she wasn't about to waste a single drop. Instead she closed her eyes and relaxed her jaw as another shivering climax cascaded through her

"Don't swallow," Varassa ordered. "Show me what you wanted so badly."

Solemi dutifully withdrew, making sure to keep her lips clamped so tightly around Derec's wilting member that nothing escaped. Once she leaned back upright, she reopened her mouth and proudly displayed the white, frothy fruit of her labor.

Varassa grinned and traced a finger along the girl's damp lower lip. "I have never tasted the seed of a paladin," she admitted. "Share with your mistress."

She leaned forward and kissed her slave. Solemi was surprised at first, but she quickly and enthusiastically melted into her mistress's embrace. Derec's bounteous offering flowed freely between their intermingling tongues. Solemi had no idea how long they remained locked together, but she heard

Derec muttering a prayer of forgiveness as he watched the two women compete for his primal nectar. His cock twitched back to life almost instantly.

Eventually, Varassa pulled away and seductively swallowed her portion of the prize. Solemi followed her example.

“My precious little *niskaru* cunt,” Varassa whispered smiling. “Whatever would I do without you?”

Act Three: Loyalty

Solemi wasn't an expert on drow culture by any stretch of the imagination, but she knew from personal experience and first-hand observation that the average priestess almost never kissed her slaves. Varassa rarely did, either, but Solemi had always appreciated the rare occasions when her mistress broke protocol. Her tongue, her breath, her touch—Solemi could feel the power in all of them. It was like kissing an ebony goddess.

This time, she was reasonably sure that Varassa was only indulging her to further arouse Derec, but Solemi didn't mind. Whatever her mistress's reasons, the half-elf was content to enjoy herself for as long as she could.

When Varassa finally pulled away, she bade Solemi to slide off of Derec and wait at the foot of the bed. She then tugged on the web restraints and hoisted him up off the mattress until he was suspended about five feet above them. He clenched his jaw and closed his eyes, and Solemi could tell he was trying to regain his composure and forget everything he'd just seen and felt. But despite his paladin training, his willpower still faltered. His cock remained hard and ready, and she swore it grew even larger when Varassa suddenly twirled the webs and flipped him over so he was facing down at the bed.

"You have only one more task this evening, male," the mistress said. "You will watch, you will learn...and you will not spill another drop of your marvelous seed." She gently touched the tip of his cockhead as another tiny bead of semen threatened to leak out and dribble down upon the sheets. She licked her finger clean, then flashed the paladin a dark smile. "I trust you understand?"

"You will pay for what you've done to her, drow," Derec said through clenched teeth. "I swear it."

"Swear all you like," Varassa replied with a shrug. "In the end, you will obey all the same."

After winking at Solemi, the mistress strolled back over to her toys and retrieved a small, black collar from the shelf. The device was similar to a *pau'tharii*, a type of magical choker that could contract and asphyxiate the victim on command. Just a few months ago, Laetharys had placed one upon Solemi as part of a bet with her sister...

"You failed your first test of willpower quite dramatically, my precious little knight," Varassa said as she returned to the bed. "I suggest you try harder this time."

She slid the collar over his erect cock and testicles. Once it was properly in place, she uttered a magical command word...and Derec instantly yelped as the device clamped around his member like a vise.

"You're free to stay as excited as you like," Varassa told him as she slowly dragged her fingernail across the length of his shaft. "If you spill again, however...well, let's just say that I won't need to bother with the *jaluk'elg*."

Derec's lip quivered as he tilted his head down so he could see his own cock. "What do you want from me, witch?"

"I just told you," she said with a snort. She calmly retrieved the gag he'd come in with and promptly stuffed it back into his mouth. "Now be quiet like a good male while the females have their fun."

Varassa continued staring at him for almost a full minute as the fingers of her right hand danced playfully across his cockhead. When he didn't spill, she laughed sadistically and began to undress. Solemi had seen this strip tease many times, and if it still made her quim smolder she couldn't imagine how uncomfortable it must have been for Derec. Varassa started with her breastplate, unfastening the buckles and gradually revealing the grey flesh of her perfect, perpetually-perky drow breasts. A dark grin tugged at her lips as the paladin's eyes drifted from her taunt stomach up to her ample bosom. She gave him several seconds to appreciate the view before her hands crawled down her hips and gently pushed down her leather skirt. Her hairless quim was even more tantalizing; Solemi could practically taste its sweet juices on her tongue even now...

As usual, Varassa didn't dare remove her boots, but once she was otherwise naked she gestured for Solemi to hop back onto the bed. The half-elf eagerly obeyed.

“After all this time, I think you’ve earned another reward, my dear,” Varassa whispered, pushing open Solemi’s knees and crawling between her legs. “What’s the one thing you want more than anything else? Tell me, and it shall be yours.”

The mistress leaned down enough that their nipples eventually touched, and Solemi had to bite down on her lip to prevent another climax from shuddering through her. Since her arrival here in the Underworld, she had been tied up, gagged, and whipped more times than she could count. She had been humiliated, degraded, and debased on an almost daily basis. Drow seed had been pumped into every one of her holes and spilled onto every inch of her flesh. She was a cock whore. She was a cum slut.

And she didn’t feel the least bit ashamed about it. As Varassa had told her, she should have been proud to be female. It was her right to take whatever she wanted, whenever she wanted it. And right now, there was nothing she wanted more than to be fucked by her mistress.

“Fuck me,” Solemi breathed, locking her ankles around Varassa’s back. “Fuck your *niskaru* cunt. Please!”

Varassa grinned and touched her cheek. “As you wish. Let me select a *dintare*...”

Solemi shook her head. “No. Please, mistress—fuck me with your cock. Your *real* cock. I want you to feel you inside me. I want to give you pleasure!”

“Very well,” Varassa said, her smile widening. She whispered a word of magic, and a few seconds later, a long, gray phallus sprouted from her flesh. It was even thicker and harder than normal, and Solemi’s toes curled at the thought of it slipping inside her...

“Yes,” she gasped, reaching out to touch the shaft and guide the head into her. “Please, fuck me now!”

Varassa was more than happy to oblige. For the next several hours, she proceeded to pound Solemi in every hole and in every conceivable position. The Spider Queen’s power granted her supernatural endurance, but Varassa seemed determined to test her limits. She spilled inside Solemi’s quim, up her ass, and all over her breasts and face. By the end of the evening, the girl was a sweaty, seed-splattered mess.

Derec was forced to watch it all from directly above them, and on more than one occasional Solemi could tell he almost climaxed and triggered the *pau’tharii*. Somehow he managed to contain himself, however, though a single stray touch probably would have set him off.

Varassa left him suspended even when she dimmed the magical candles and rolled over. Solemi wanted to remove the device and grant him release, but she didn’t. Instead she merely snuggled up into her mistress’s bosom and relaxed until she finally fell asleep.

The passage of time was almost impossible to track in the depths of the Underworld, but Solemi doubted she got more than a few hours of sleep before Mistress Varassa woke up and slid off the bed.

“I must perform the morning ritual at the temple, but I’ll be back soon,” she said as she retrieved her clothing and armor. “Clean up and fetch yourself something to eat if you wish, but don’t touch him. He’ll need his strength if he wants to survive this evening.”

“Yes, mistress,” Solemi replied. “I eagerly await your return.”

Varassa grinned. “I know.”

Once she was gone, Solemi slinked over to the empty washbasin on the opposite side of the room. She knew that Derec was awake, but she forced herself to avoid eye contact with him. A fresh wave of shame and doubt washed over her. She had genuinely cared for him once, and his opinion still mattered to her no matter how much she tried to convince herself otherwise. After last night, she feared he would look upon her with disgust or perhaps even contempt...

Shaking her head, Solemi buried the thought and focused upon her magic. She conjured water to fill the basin with one spell and then heated it with another. Her skin appreciated the warmth, and she soaked herself for several minutes before she finally snapped her fingers and cast another simple cantrip.

The magic animated the brushes on the nearby bench, causing them to lift up into the air and scrub her down just as vigorously as if a real person had been holding onto them.

Her skin was practically glistening by the time she conjured a few bursts of air to dry herself off, and she brushed her hair and applied the smallest touch of makeup before she slipped back into to the main bedchamber. Mistress Varassa hadn't returned yet, but Derec was obviously still there.

And he was staring right at her.

This time, she found it difficult to look away. His blue eyes weren't filled with judgment—they actually looked genuinely warm and caring. She couldn't understand why, after last night's performance. Surely he found her disgusting now...

"I'm sorry," she managed. "I wish you you'd never come here."

Derec muttered something into his gag. When she didn't reply or move towards him, he did it again.

Solemi tossed a wary glance towards to the doorway. She had no idea how long Mistress Varassa would be gone, but if she returned and saw that her slave had disobeyed her direct orders...

Swallowing heavily, Solemi tiptoed over to the bed and reached up to his gag. Her fingers hovered above the strap for a few seconds before she finally worked up the courage to remove it.

"Oh, thank the gods," Derec breathed. "Quick, cut me down before that drow bitch returns. I can get you out of here."

Solemi froze in place. "I can't do that."

He blinked in confusion. "What? Why?"

"Mistress ordered me not to touch you. I shouldn't have even removed your gag."

"She's not your 'mistress,' Solemi. Gods, what have these monsters done to you..."

She glanced down to the gag in her hand. A part of her was tempted to strap it back on, but she didn't. "I wish you hadn't been captured," she said. "You knew the drow lived in this place. You shouldn't have come anywhere close to them."

"I had to once I learned they'd taken you captive." Derec paused and licked at his lips. "Solemi, the High Priest divined that you were still alive. He used scrying spells to pinpoint your location."

"But that's..." Solemi trailed off and shook her head in confusion. "I've been down here for a long time. Why was he still looking for me?"

"Because he cares about you. We all do." Derec craned his neck until he could see the door on the opposite side of the room. "Weylin is here with you, right?"

"Y-yes," she confirmed. "He's somewhere in the city. One of the other priestesses requested his services for a few days."

Derec's lip curled in disgust. "These monsters will pay for what they've done. I swear it."

"You don't understand," Solemi whispered. "Things are—"

"It doesn't matter," he interrupted. "You need to cut me down so we can escape."

"Escape? But that's not possible."

Derec smiled tightly. "Yes, it is. I allowed myself to be captured, Solemi."

Her breath caught in her throat. "What? Why?"

"To rescue you, of course. I didn't use any of my abilities after they apprehended me, so they have no idea what I'm capable of. But trust me: my powers can get us out of here. I just need you to cut me free."

Solemi stood in place, mouth agape, as her mind reeled with the possibilities. She couldn't believe he'd allowed himself to be captured. Even for a paladin, that was completely insane. One man couldn't possibly stand against an entire city filled with drow...

"Solemi, listen to me," Derec's voice cut into her reverie. "I know you're frightened, but I promise I can get you out of here. You just need to cut me down."

Nodding reflexively, she reached up to the webs and cast the spell Mistress Varassa had taught her. The otherwise unbreakable strands became malleable in her grip, and she helped Derec slip his feet and then his hands free. When he finally dropped down on the bed, he immediately unfastened the *pau'tharii* clasped around his cock.

“Gods take you,” he spat, throwing the device across the room. He shook his head as he mouthed the words to a healing spell. His hands glowed with a faint blue light, and he touched his sore, stretched-out muscles and sighed. “I can’t believe they were stupid enough to trust you with magic. I never knew you were such a convincing actress.”

“Derec, I—”

“You don’t have to explain anything,” he told her, squeezing her shoulders. “I know she’s made you do terrible things, but you only did what was necessary to survive. Once we’re back home, the priests will help you atone.”

“Atone?” she asked. “But I—”

“Hush now,” he soothed, placing his hand over her lips. “I’ll protect you—I promise.”

Derec turned and dashed across the room without waiting for her to reply. He scowled at seemingly endless shelves of whips and other toys, and Solemi was a bit surprised he didn’t smash the furniture with his bare hands. Varassa didn’t keep any real weapons in here, naturally, but Derec eventually grabbed one of her staves and shrugged.

“This will have to do,” he said, twirling the long piece of wood in his hands. His muscles swelled in anticipation of battle, and he seemed to have forgotten his own nakedness. “Come on and get behind me. If we move quickly, we might be able to...”

He trailed off when he heard the soft, rhythmic clicking of stiletto heels approaching from the other side of the door. His hands grabbed the staff hard enough that his knuckles went white.

“Mistress Varassa,” Solemi breathed.

“And I here I thought dark elves were supposed to be stealthy,” Derec muttered. “Just stay back. Once I kill her, this will be even easier.”

“But—”

“Get back!” he hissed as he dashed over beside the door and waited to strike.

Solemi shuffled back towards the bed as an anxious knot twisted in her stomach. She knew she shouldn’t have cut him free. She shouldn’t have even removed his gag...

The seconds ticked by until the door finally swung open and the mistress stepped inside. Her eyes lit up in confusion when she saw the empty webs dangling down from the ceiling, and she turned just in time to watch Derec swing the staff down towards her head—

At which point Solemi blasted him with a burst of conjured air.

The spell wasn’t strong enough to seriously hurt him—she had never learned any magic that powerful—but it was still enough to knock him off-balance and send the staff careening out of his grip. He bumped against the wall and caught himself before he fell over, but by then it was already too late. Varassa turned towards him, her blue eyes blazing.

“Stop!”

The command was laced with magical power. Normally Derec’s paladin abilities would have shielded him against compulsion spells, but Varassa was the First Daughter of Vel’shannar. The power of the Spider Queen coursed through her, and even he was unable to resist. His body froze in place like he’d been turned into a statue.

“I underestimated you, male,” Varassa said after a moment. Her eyes flicked between the paladin and the fallen staff. “A mistake I will not make again.”

“I will destroy you, witch!” Derec growled. “Your dark magic can’t protect you forever.”

“The power of the Spider Queen is more than a match for one pitiful knight,” she growled back. She glared at him for a few more seconds before her expression abruptly softened. “But who needs magic when you have such loyal servants?”

Derec managed to crane his neck back just enough to look upon Solemi. His eyes gaped wide in surprise. He could scarcely believe that she had betrayed him...

“Why?” he rasped. “Why would you defend this monster?”

“Because...” Solemi swallowed the lump of guilt rising in her throat. “Because she is my mistress, and I am her loyal cunt.”

He stared at her blankly, his head shaking in disbelief, as Varassa threw back her head and laughed.

“You poor, stupid paladin,” she chided. “So arrogant. So foolish. You never considered the possibility that she actually *wants* to be here, did you?”

“You’ve done something to her,” Derec rasped. “You’ve poisoned her mind!”

“I have *opened* her mind,” Varassa corrected. “She was a cunt before, and she’s a cunt now. I merely taught her to embrace the truth. You, on the other hand, still need a great deal of work.” She snorted and placed her hands on her hips. “Kneel before me, male.”

“Never!” he spat.

“Kneel!”

This time, her voice echoed with the power of the Spider Queen, and Derec grimaced as he unwittingly dropped to his knees. Varassa circled around him, waiting to see if he could resist her command, before she smiled and gestured for Solemi to come over.

“I knew you’d be a special challenge, paladin, but I realize now that I can’t break you,” Varassa said. “Not without destroying you, and that wouldn’t be as fun as it sounds.”

Derec snorted. “Then you might as well kill me.”

“You misunderstand. *I* am not going to break you.” Varassa grinned and slid her arm around Solemi’s waist once the girl drew close. “She is.”

An hour later, Derec was once again tied flat against the bed. To Solemi’s surprise, however, Varassa hadn’t gagged him or reattached the *pau’tharii* to his cock. Apparently she had something else in mind.

“He’s only just started to realize that there’s no way for him to escape,” the mistress said. “You can see it in his eyes and face—it never once occurred to him that this idiotic attempt a ‘rescue’ would fail. The arrogance of surfacers is truly astonishing.”

Solemi nodded nervously. The two of them were standing by the mistress’s armoires on the opposite side of the room. Varassa had switched to speaking the drow tongue so that he wouldn’t be able to understand them.

“What will you do with him?” the half-elf asked.

Varassa shrugged. “Any other priestess in this city would have sacrificed him the moment he rebelled. And I must admit, I’m still tempted to add his cock to my growing collection.” She chuckled and cupped her hand over Solemi’s hairless quim. The tip of her middle finger began to gently massage the girl’s clit. “I could fuck you with it tonight, if you wanted. You’d finally get to feel it inside you after all these years.”

A soft gasp escaped Solemi’s lips when she imagined his perfect cockhead disappearing into her folds. She had wanted him for years, even more than Weylin at times...

“But you still don’t want to see him harmed, do you?” Varassa asked. “Be honest.”

“I don’t, mistress,” Solemi breathed. “I’m sure you can teach him obedience, given enough time.”

“I could, but he’s *your* responsibility now, remember? He will become the slave of a slave. Let’s get you ready.” Varassa removed her hand and turned towards the armoire. “I had the tailors prepare this for you shortly after we arrived in the city. I was planning on waiting a bit longer before I gave it to you, but your recent performance demonstrates that you’re more than ready.”

She reached into one of the drawers and retrieved a gleaming white halter-style corset with small, sparkling gemstones embedded in the fabric. Solemi smiled and reflexively ran her fingers across the silk.

“It’s gorgeous,” she breathed.

Varassa grinned as she slipped it over the girl’s arms and helped her tie up the sides. The corset was cropped just above her navel, leaving her stomach bare, while the top squeezed and lifted her small breasts. After spending several months topless or outright naked, Solemi appreciated the support.

The mistress finished the outfit with a matching white sarong slung across the girl's waist. Rather than provide her with knickers, however, Varassa instead retrieved a *ky'ostal nauvith*. The one Solemi was normally forced to wear had two cock-shaped plugs to fill both her holes, but this version was a more conventional "chastity belt" with only a single member.

"Mistress?" Solemi asked.

Varassa held open the sarong and pressed the plug against the half-elf's quim, then delicately pushed it up inside her. Solemi was already wet enough that there was virtually no resistance.

"If you're as clever as I think you are, you'll know exactly what to do with this when the time is right," Varassa said with a devilish smirk. "Do you remember how I convinced Weylin to stay here?"

Solemi nodded. "Yes."

"Then you should do the same." Varassa reached back to her shelf of toys and retrieved a small hourglass. "Take this. Either you can convince him the same way...or I'll have no further use for him."

"I understand, mistress," Solemi whispered. She glanced back over her shoulder to Derec. "I'll give him an offer he can't refuse."

"Good. There's just one last thing..." Varassa stepped over to her personal walk-in wardrobe, and when she reappeared she was holding a pair of white, thigh-high leather boots with five inch heels. "Do you remember what I told you about these?"

"Mistresses wear heels; cunts wear nothing," Solemi said.

"Exactly. You're still my cunt, of course, but tonight you're also going to be a mistress."

Smiling, Solemi slid her feet into the boots one at a time. They were a perfect fit; the mistress had probably enchanted them with some type of magic. Solemi enjoyed the way they hugged her legs and flattered her hips...but most importantly, she enjoyed the *power* they conferred. It wasn't just the added height, either. Something about wearing them made her feel like a completely different person. Confident. Alluring.

Dominant.

"Go," Varassa said, smiling. "Show me what you've learned."

"I will, mistress. I promise."

Gulping down a final deep breath, Solemi turned and sauntered back across the wide chamber to the bed. A shiver of delight shuddered through her each and every time her heel clicked upon the floor, and by the time she reached the bed she was so wet she half-expected the *ky'ostal nauvith* to slide right out of her. Derec turned and stared at her once she drew close, his expression a mix of confusion and sadness. Apparently he wasn't mad at her for what she'd done. He believed she was a victim, and he still would have "rescued" her if he had the chance.

He couldn't understand that she didn't *want* to be rescued. Not anymore. She was exactly where she was supposed to be.

"I wish I hadn't been forced to stop you," Solemi said, placing the hourglass atop the headboard. "I shouldn't have untied you. I never wanted to hurt you."

"Solemi, please," he begged the moment she removed his gag. "I can still help you. Cut me free and we can..."

He tailed off when her free hand crawled down his chest and settled upon his cock. Even flaccid, he was easily large enough for her fingers to curl around his shaft.

"I used to wonder why you rejected me," she whispered. "You said your oath didn't allow it, but I think we both knew that was a lie all along. Plenty of the other knights had mistresses, whether they admitted it or not."

Derec glanced down to her hand and swallowed. "Solemi..."

"I wondered if you were maybe disgusted by my mixed blood," she went on, ignoring him. "Plenty of folks in town called me a mongrel, and the knights were the worst of the bunch. I figured they wanted to see you with a human girl."

"Solemi, that had nothing to do with it," he insisted. "You were beautiful—you still are—but I couldn't violate my oath."

She arched an eyebrow at him. “But you never seemed to care about that when I was sucking your cock.”

Derec’s cheek twitched. At this point, his member had already swelled to its full length in her hand. She had to avoid looking at it, otherwise she might not have been able to resist the urge to take him into her mouth again.

“I was weak, just like I said before,” he breathed. “I never should have taken advantage of you that way.”

“You weren’t,” Solemi told him. “Don’t you understand? I *wanted* you, Derec. I wanted to feel you in my mouth. I wanted to taste you on my tongue. That was my choice.” She smiled at him. “I would have spread my legs for you anytime you wanted. You could have bent me over that basin in the church and taken me from behind or—”

“Solemi!” he gasped. “Stop this, right now. If you let me go we can still get out of here.”

“I’m not going anywhere, Derec. This is where I belong.”

His brow furrowed in confusion. “How can you say that after what they’ve done to you?”

She sighed. “I know you’ll never understand, but that’s all right. You don’t need to. The important thing is that Mistress Varassa said you’re *my* slave now—if I choose to let you go, she’ll honor my wishes.”

“But...” His eyes flicked over to the doorway where Varassa was watching them. “You’re serious?”

“I am,” Solemi assured him. “If you want to go, you can go.”

Derec glanced down to her hand as she continued stroking his member. “Then stop this game and cut me free!”

“I will, but there’s still one thing I need to do first.” She smiled and touched her free hand to his cheek. “I’m going to fuck you.”

He blinked on confusion. “What?”

“I’ve wanted to feel you inside me for so long,” Solemi whispered. “Before, you had to choose between me and your oath, and you chose the latter. You told Mistress Varassa that you don’t regret your decision.”

“Solemi, I—”

She placed a finger against his lips to silence him. “I’m not blaming you. I’m just not sure I believe you, so I’m going to give you another chance. You can choose to be with me...or you can choose to go back home to the Silver Fist.”

“I won’t leave here without you,” Derec insisted.

Solemi grinned. “We’ll see.”

She released her grip on his cock and slowly slung one of her legs up onto the bed to straddle him. Judging from the rapid movements of his eyes, he clearly appreciated the view—her smiling face, her cradled breasts, her bare belly—and she gave him a moment to wonder about her intentions before she leaned forward and pressed her lips against his. He returned her kiss, apprehensively at first but then more and more passionately the longer she stayed close. She could feel his arms and legs struggling against the restraints, and she could feel the head of his cock throb when it brushed against her inner thigh. By the time she finally pulled away, it was so hard she was surprised he didn’t spray all over her stomach.

“Solemi, you know I care about you,” Derec panted, “but I’m not going to play one of that drow whore’s games.”

“Varassa has nothing to do with this,” Solemi said. “It’s just between you and me. Now, do you want to stay or leave?”

“You know the answer. There’s nothing you or anyone else can say to make me stay in this accursed place.”

“Then all you have to do is prove it.”

Smiling seductively, Solemi reached down to the *ky’ostal nauvith* filling her quim and gradually pulled the cock-shaped plug free. She dangled it in front of his face for a moment before she nibbled at the tip and tasted her own juices.

“The drow have a contest,” she said. “The *juul mir’rath*, a trial of truth and willpower. If you’d really rather return to the surface than stay with me, you should pass quite easily. If not...”

Derec shook his head. “Solemi, this is madness! You must—”

His mouth froze in place as she lowered the *ky’ostal nauvith* down in front of his lips. “Open.”

“You can’t be serious,” he stammered.

“Open!” she repeated, her voice so loud, so commanding, it actually echoed off the walls of the dungeon. “If you really want to leave, you must pass this trial.”

Derec stared at her for several long seconds, his brow furrowed in confusion and fear, before he finally reopened his lips. Solemi gently pushed the plug into his mouth and down his throat before she fastened the straps into place.

“Now I’m inside you,” she cooed. “Just like you’re going to be inside me.”

He gargled unintelligibly as she reached down and placed the tip of his cock at her smoldering entrance. She slowly sank down onto him, closing her eyes and arching her back as a fresh wave of pleasure cascaded over her. Her skin tingled, her nerves flared, and she bit down on her tongue so hard she was surprised she didn’t draw blood.

Once her first climax passed and she could fully savor the feeling of his manhood inside her, she reopened her eyes and glanced back down at him. It was clearly taking all of his willpower not to erupt, and she chuckled playfully as she placed one hand on his chest and another on the nearby hourglass.

“One minute,” Solemi breathed. “That’s the price of your freedom. Prove you can last one minute inside me, and I’ll let you go right now.”

Derec glanced up to the headboard as she flipped over the hourglass. He stared at the falling sands for a moment before he abruptly closed his eyes and grit his teeth in a desperate effort to control himself. Solemi could still feel him throbbing inside her, and she knew there was a nontrivial chance that he would burst even if she remained completely still. But this was no longer about his pleasure—it was about hers. He had lied to her. He had manipulated her. He had been perfectly content to spill his seed down her throat over and over again without ever returning the favor. Tonight, that was going to change. Tonight, he was going to become her plaything.

Tonight, she was going to transform from a cunt into a mistress.

“The truth is, I enjoyed tasting a lot of different males in town,” Solemi breathed into his ear as she leaned forward over him. She clamped her thighs as tightly as she could around his waist before she began “milking” him with her hips. “The texture of their cock on my lips, the warmth of their seed on my tongue, the rush of power as I watched their eyes close and their knees buckle...”

Derec whimpered and thrashed as sweat beaded on his brow. He was going to spill at any second. His oaths, his paladin training, his desperate desire to escape—in the end, none of them mattered. He was still a male, and males were weak.

“I would have done anything for you back then,” Solemi told him. “I still will even now. If you stay here with me, you’ll be my slave and I’ll be your slut. You can have me any way you want, any time you want. No oaths, no duty, no false promises...just your cock inside my mouth and cunt and ass.”

His eyes flicked back open and glanced up to the hourglass. It was over half empty now, but Solemi knew he couldn’t hold out any longer. Especially not if she gave him one last push.

“All you have to do is give me what I want, Derec,” she breathed into his ear as she rode him as hard and fast as she could. “Cum for me, Derec! Cum inside your half-elf slut!”

The paladin screamed as he exploded, and Solemi climaxed the instant she felt him twitching inside her. A tremor of ecstasy shuddered its way from her toes all the way to her lips, and the world went dark as every muscle in her body seemed to contract at once. When she came down a few seconds later, the last of the sand grains finally slipped through the hourglass.

“Congratulations, my little cunt,” Varassa’s voice said from behind her. “It looks like you’ve earned yourself a new pet.”

“Thank you, mistress,” Solemi managed between labored breaths. “I don’t think I’m done with him just yet.”

“I should hope not,” Varassa said, smiling wickedly as she eyed the paladin. “Even the most disciplined pet needs to be properly broken before it can be trusted. And I suspect this one will still take a great deal of work.”

Solemi ran her fingers along Derec’s perfectly-sculpted chest muscles. “Then I suppose I should get started right away.”

If you enjoyed this short story, you may also enjoy Sarah's **Elf Slave** series. The first book, **Slave to the Empire**, is free! Otherwise be on the lookout for more **Dark Elf Fantasies** in the near future.

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About the Author

Sarah Hawke is a thirty-something aspiring spinster with two cats, a horse, and a car that is technically capable of moving her from place to place. She loves the cold, hates the heat, and desperately watches anything made by Joss Whedon for fear it will get cancelled.