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Dive

Chapter 5 - Punishment is happiness

"Leave us."

"Yes, your Majesty."

Clunk!

The heavy reinforced wooden door closed behind the Queen. Everything that would happen in this room located deep within her dungeon would not be witnessed by anybody other than her victim and herself.

Graciously, she stepped deeper into the candlelit chamber. After carefully removing the wolf mask that concealed her identity and placing it on the nearby desk, she began to take off her complicated yet light dress. When it dropped down on the floor, the cold and humid air of the dungeon brushed against her naked skin, but she didn't mind. Cold didn't affect her. She slowly walked to the central table on which a black-skinned girl was securely tied up with chains fastened to each corner.

Entirely naked except for a heavy leather hood covering her head, leaving only a bit of air through her nostrils, Aisha couldn't see or talk; she was vulnerable. The past few hours were long and lonely, and there had been no guarantee that this visit from her ruler would have taken place.

"Aisha, you are my favorite girl. Do you know that?"

"Mmph."

"Of course, you do. I think you are the most beautiful girl in Valhalla, and I have the firm intention of never letting you go. Do you have a problem with that?"

Aisha paused for a moment before shaking her head unconvincingly. This question only had one possible answer, and the Queen knew it.

A set of sharp fingernails dragged on her toned belly, making her shivers and squirm, and then two warm hands squeezed her perfectly shaped breasts.

"Mmmph!"

"I know, you love it. But now, it's time to have some fun. And then, if you are nice and obedient, I might give you a special gift."

"Mmm?"

"Oh, you'll find out later. But for now, I want to be entertained. Make it worth my while."

The gracious Queen extended her arm toward a large red candle and detached it from its candlestick. She then brought it over her unsuspecting warrior's chest and tilted it slightly.

"MMMMPH!"

The hot wax splashed nicely on the satin black skin, causing Aisha to twist and turn. It was not as painful as it was surprising. Her tight chains wouldn't allow her much freedom. She only had one option, endure everything that was to come. Despite having experienced similar treatments in the past, there was no way she could predict what the Queen would do to her next. For that, she would have needed all her senses, but this tight and restrictive hood was way too efficient.

And then her only air intake was cut.

"MMMMPH!"

"Who needs breathing when you can have pleasure instead?"

"MMMMMMPHH!"

Another big splash of wax landed directly on her crotch, causing her to arch her back over the table.

"Oooh, yes. Pleasure. When I watch you like this, that's what I feel. Aren't you glad that you are making your Queen happy, Aisha?"

That was another rhetorical question that didn't need to be answered. Yet, Aisha needed air, so she nodded.

"Aaah! I knew you loved struggling for me. Would you like to breathe now?"

Aisha nodded furiously, and then the air entered her burning lungs again. But as she tried to recover, another splash of wax landed on her sensitive thigh.

"MMMMPHH!"

And another on her other thigh... hotter this time as the candle had just melted a fresh chunk of wax.

"MMMMMPH MMMPH!"

"Hahaha! You are truly the best, Aisha. I wish all my subjects were like you. It's going to be a looong night."

"Let me take a good look at you, Cleo."

"Mmm... Evelyn. You are sitting on my hips."

"Yes, I know that. Don't tell me the sun warrior is scared of a defenseless girl like me."

"I... I'm not."

"Then, stop looking aside. Look at me."

"We are naked."

"I know. Okay, stop moving now."

Cleopatra was a piece of work. Who would have thought that me checking her out in an intimate setting would have triggered this kind of shyness? I had decided to bulldoze through my discomfort and attempt to have a more personal moment with her despite her unconventional look. Dive was a game, and Cleo was a mythical creature evolving in it, a cross between a human woman and a lioness. I remembered some friends telling me that they played games with elves and orcs, and everybody thought it was normal.

Lucky for me, Cleopatra was definitely cuter than an orc. My biggest challenge was not to look at her as a creature or an animal but as a person. I had to forget about a visit to the zoo and focus more on what she meant to me instead so that I could see past our physical differences. Nobody else in my little camp had this issue. To them, Cleo was just someone super cool.

I reached her round fluffy ears with my fingers.

"Does it hurt?"

"No... but... I can feel it."

"Do you like it when I do that?"

"... maybe."

"Your eyes are very pretty, Cleo. They are so yellow."

"... I don't know. I didn't choose them."

"Would you stop? Just play the game with me."

"What game?"

"Aaah! Stop moving. I really like those."

"They are my whiskers. It tickles a lot."

"Can you show me your teeth?"

"Mmm... I don't want to scare you. I don't even show them in battle unless it is part of a strategy."

"I want to see them. I won't be scared."

"Mmm... Fine..."

I had a secret plan. As soon as Cleopatra retracted her lips, an impressive set of fangs appeared. It was indeed intimidating, but I had seen that before on animals in the real world. Still, I overreacted just for fun anyway, just to break the ice.

"HOLY CRAP! DON'T EAT ME!"

"... That's not funny."

"Hahaha. Yes, it was. They are very pretty. So white and clean."

"Mmm..."

"So, what do you think of me, Cleo?"

"I'm sorry?"

"I looked at you, and now you can look at me."

Her eyes grew a bit bigger, and she turned her head aside, which was almost adorable under the circumstances.

"Mmm... You are pretty..."

"Ah yes?"

"Yes."

"So, who is the prettiest. Nam, Aria, or me?"

"Nam."

"HEEEY! You can't say that! And you didn't even hesitate. That's rude."

"I like blue a lot. Nam is all blue. But I like red too, so I like you almost as much."

"Good thing you are not living in the real world, or else you'd struggle to get a date."

"What is a date?"

"Haha! A date is when two people meet and try to find out if they are made for each other."

"I already know that. You have my unbreakable allegiance."

It would be hard to take the warrior out of the warrior. As nice as it was to know that she would always be there to protect me, she didn't need to be so serious about it. Plus, she missed the point. You can be dedicated to a friend without dating it. No matter how badass she was on the battlefield, she was as clueless as everybody else around me about the real world.

"So... I want to be honest, Cleo. In my world, there is nobody like you."

"There are no warriors?"

"No, I mean, nobody looks like... a lioness."

"I don't know what that is."

"Mmm... Well, if you look at yourself, and then you look at Nam, you see the difference, right?"

"Yes. She has blue hair, and I don't."

"Nooo... Like, for example, she has no fur, and you do."

"Oh, but Nam has longer hair than Aria. It's normal. Not everybody is the same. We are all different."

"Cleooo... No... That's not what I mean. Like, she doesn't have whiskers either."

"No, but her ears are on the side of her head, and mines are higher. As I said, we are all different. It's normal."

"You really don't get what I'm saying."

"I'm sorry."

It was so hard to discuss her physical appearance without risking offending her. I was here to get more comfortable with her, not the opposite, so I tried a different approach.

"Can you tell the difference between a horse and its rider?"

"Are you making fun of me?"

"Nooo... I'm just trying to explain how I perceive you."

"You think that I'm... a horse?"

"NOOO! Aaah! Okay. Forget that."

Not realizing what I was doing, I let my body fall flat on top of hers, depressed by my inability to communicate a simple thought. Cleo's fur was so darn soft. Maybe that was what I needed to focus on instead of discussing psychology.

"Mmm... You are so soft, Cleo."

"You said that yes. Aria said it too."

"It's great, no?"

"I'm happy that you like it."

"I do. And I like how delicate you are. When I saw you first, you looked more imposing."

"It's a tactic. Stand tall to intimidate your enemies."

"Is that so?"

"Yes."

"And right now, you are not trying to intimidate me?"

"No. You are not my enemy. It's... the opposite."

"What? I'm intimidating you?"

"Yes. You are lying down on top of me... It feels... strange."

"And if I do this? Does it feel strange?"

"Do what?"

I was so nervous about it, but I thought I was ready. Using my elbow, I pushed myself up a little, just enough to look into her eyes, and I decided to go for it.

I lowered my lips on hers.

"MMMMPHHH!"

"Oooh, you like that, Aisha?"

"Mmm..."

At least the pain had ceased for a moment when the Queen decided to lick Aisha's crotch. It was not for her prisoner's benefit; it was for herself. The Queen had always loved alternating between torture and pleasure and see what brought her the most satisfaction. This time around, the former seemed more fun, so she abandoned Aisha's wet crotch before she could cum, and pinched her perfect nipples, not so tenderly.

"Mmmmpph!"

"So, Aisha. How long should I keep you like this, naked, hooded, and restrained this time? Two months? Maybe six?"

"MMPH!"

"You failed me, you know. I gave you a simple task, and you couldn't complete it. Instead, you came back to me with bad news and a handful of injured warriors. Do you know how disappointing it is to see my favorite girl fail me? You are the strongest and the prettiest, yet, you were unable to succeed."

Aisha wished she had a way to explain how strong the Sun warrior was when she confronted her. All their attacks had failed, and they didn't even scratch her large shield. And those sudden bursts of blinding lights were something she had never encountered before. It was simply impossible. To top that, this golden warrior already knew she would win before even taking a moment to size her opposition. But how could a Queen who was convinced of her ultimate superiority believe this?

Shlack!

"MMMMPHH!"

"I will make you understand once and for all that failure is not an option, Aisha."

Shlack!

"MPPHHHH!"

That too had happened to Aisha before, when her Queen flogged her across the belly, chest, legs... This could go on for a very long time, as long as her Queen desired.

Shlack!

How did it come to this? She used to love it when she was treated this way, when she was tortured, gently and roughly. It was turning her on like crazy and gave her such a sense of well-being. Yes, she used to love it.

Shlack!

"MMMMPH!"

No, That wasn't true.

This last hit, much stronger than the previous ones, had changed her perception. Aisha still loved it. When the small leather straps struck her perfect belly, she knew they wouldn't damage her physically, but the sensation was totally real anyway, and she wanted more of it.

No, being stuck in the dungeon and enduring all those wonderful torture techniques was not the problem. She would love it if the Queen decided to keep her down here for a few weeks or months. She loved the Queen because she was the best at this. This person who had so much power over her knew every inch of her body, every button to press, and more. Her kisses were made of genuine love and so pleasant.

Shlack!

But no, that was not the problem. The problem was a simple mistake she had made many months ago. She had no one else to blame but herself for the situation she was stuck in and was ultimately the only one who would find a solution to her delicious predicament... when the time would come.

SHLACK!

"MMMMMPH!"

That one really hurt. But it was okay. There was nothing else for Aisha to do at the moment other than appreciating her predicament. She could worry about the rest later.

"Oh my..."

"Mmm... Evelyn... That... that was..."

"Good?"

"Yes."

"Miss Cleopatra, you must be the best kisser in Valhalla?"

"Mmm... don't say things like that..."

"Your tongue is so big and went so deep in my mouth. And you taste DELICIOUS."

"Awww! Evelyynn! Stoop!"

My earlier discomfort at the thought of spending intimate time with my new warrior seemed like a bad joke now. Despite her muzzle and whiskers, it turned out that Miss Cleo was highly skilled at kissing. I didn't think she was trying to achieve this, but she made me feel so overpowered. Her feline tongue wasn't as soft as Nam's, but it was not abrasive in any way. And the best thing with all that was that I now knew she LOVED doing it, which was as funny as it was exciting. The cute thing was that she felt embarrassed by her own emotions. It was the perfect timing to compliment her some more.

"You make me want to keep my promise, Cleo."

"What promise?"

"You know, to let you play with me whenever you want."

"Aaah, Evelyn. It's not necessary. I understand that you said that to my predecessor. You didn't know that I would remember."

"Well, maybe I will give you my blessing anyway. Because you are very good."

"Aww! Evelyn!"

"Now, do you think you could use that magical tongue of yours... for something else?"

"..."

"You know what I'm talking about, right?"

"... Yes."

This was so sexually promising. She effortlessly turned me to my back and crawled down the bed to reach my crotch. Mythical creatures were awesome. I felt like such a fool for having resisted having sex with her just because of some real-world morality.

"OH! GOD! OOOOH! MMMMM!"

Okay, I was in serious trouble. Cleo was not simply a hero on the battlefield... She was also one in bed. That large tongue on my crotch was insanity incarnated.

What kind of twisted game was this?

The following day, for some undeniable reason, I was so happy to live in Valhalla. As I exited my cabin, I bumped into my favorite assistant.

"MORNING NAM!"

"Evelyn. Hi."

"How are you doing? It's such a wonderful day today!"

"It is nice, yes. Why are you... so happy?"

"Oooh, let's say that I got the lion's share of the fun last night."

"I don't understand."

And I didn't care.

I was in such a playful mood because of the terrific sex I experienced with Cleopatra. She stayed with me all night, even after I fell asleep, and in the morning, we kissed some more to make sure my prejudices were entirely erased from my brain. I was no longer looking at her as a lioness but much more like a very skilled woman.

Of course, I still loved Nam very much, so I approached her, wrapped my arms around her neck, and kissed her deeply.

"Mmmm..."

"Aaah... E... Evelyn..."

"I love kissing you, Nam. You are so great at it."

"Okay. I love it too... But you are acting strange."

"Haha! I'm fine."

As this morning wasn't perfect enough, Aria walked to us, pulling her sled containing some baskets. She was coming right from the woods.

"Hi, Evelyn. Look. I found an apple tree this morning."

"Apples during winter? I will pretend I didn't hear that. Good job."

"Aww, thanks. Mmm..."

Yes, I just had to do it. I jumped on Aria and kissed her too. Sure, just today, I didn't mind looking like an out-of-control nymphomaniac. It was my game, and because of yesterday's drama, I wanted to enjoy myself a little.

Since I logged back in Dive, I estimated that I had spent four or five days in the game, which would be the equivalent of forty-five minutes in real life. I wasn't ready to log off again just yet. My real body could sleep for nine hours straight, so this short amount of time wasn't even close to being health-threatening. Sure, someone could break into my house and abuse me while I was connected, but what would be the point of being paranoid? My real-world village was a very peaceful place. I had all the reasons in the world to take my time in Valhalla.

"Nam? Is Evelyn okay?"

"Yes. She is just happy for some reason."

That was a good way to put it. If she had sex with Cleopatra, she would know why I was so pumped today. But I still loved her a whole bunch, so I wrapped my arms back around her girly waist.

"So, Nam. I want a bigger house."

"Okay."

"But we will need a lot of material."

"Aria's big cabin didn't require that much."

"Oh, no... I want something much bigger than hers."

"Okay. Which one?"

While amorously keeping her in my arms, I spawned a small building core in her hands. I double-tapped on it and scrolled through the different models to find the one I wanted to show her. A whole bunch of new buildings got unlocked recently, and they were nowhere near the traditional log cabins. With a chin on Nam's shoulder, I stopped scrolling on a very nice medieval mansion.

"Ah! This one. Is it not great?"

"We have nowhere near enough resources to build this."

"I know. It's going to take a while. But I want to have fun in this game."

"There are only four of us."

"I know, but I get the feeling that our little group will grow."

"I don't know, Evelyn. It seems like a lot of work."

Was this a suggestion again? Was my assistant trying to guide me toward something more modest and achievable? I mean, she didn't freak out, so probably it was more like a warning to make sure I understood what I was getting into, that the mansion was a big step compared to what I had built so far.

But it was okay. If my next few days consisted of working outdoor and having sex with Nam, I was pretty sure it would be enough to entertain me.

I sucked on Nam's earlobe.

"AAaah... Evelyn... When you do that... I..."

"Mmm... If you help me build it, I'll do this all the time."

"... O... okay... I'll help."

"Haha. Such a weak assistant."

"But... It feels good..."

"I know, silly. Let's go find a good spot for it."

It was not as easy as it sounded. There was not a lot of open space near the lake anymore. With our two cabins, the granary, and the big blacksmith, installing a new building without cutting down some trees wouldn't be possible.

Nam helped me decide on a good spot before I placed the small building core in the snow. It was hard to see the green perimeter lines because of all the trees, but I saw enough to tell how big this mansion was going to be. Huge.

"Here. That will be perfect."

"Yes, Evelyn. It seems like a good place. You'll have a lot of trees to cut down, though."

"Ah, that's okay. Cleo will help me. She is so strong. It's going to be a piece of cake for her."

"Okay. I better go mine some more because we will need a lot of stones and iron."

"Perfect! Let me know if you need anything before going there. You need a blanket, a sled, and make sure you have your pickaxe."

"It would be easier if you gave me some points instead."

"... I'm sorry? What did you just say?"

That little blue-haired creature was really good at throwing me off balance when I expected it the least. Did she just suggest that I could give her some of my points so she could become more independent?

"I'm your assistant. I can assist with using the points, so you don't have to take care of me as much."

"Seriously? I can do that?"

"I think so."

"How?"

"I don't know."

"NAM! Show me."

"I'm just your assistant."

"Raaaah! Alright! Come here, little blue annoying thing. Let's go to the cabin and try to figure it out. It must be somewhere in my profile."

"Okay. Can we have sex too, Evelyn? I like sex a lot."

"..."

"... No?"

"... Yes... sure."

I liked sex too.

All night she was whipped, tortured with hot wax, and confined to her tight isolation hood. Thanks to her virtual body, or unfortunately for her, she would recover quickly, and no matter how she would be played with, the Queen would have a clean slate to work with next time she desired to do so.

Mentally, though, it was a bit more special. Her treatment had not been all unpleasant, but she was pushed way past her tolerance level at a certain point. With this hood on, she didn't have a word to say. Wanting this treatment to stop wasn't an option. The only thing that kept her going was the knowledge that it would eventually end and that she would be just fine, like all the previous times. Or so she thought... Perhaps it was more a wish than a certainty, but so far, this thinking strategy had worked. No matter how often the Queen had threatened her physical integrity, she seemed to like her too much to pass the point of no return.

"Oh, Aisha. You are definitely my favorite. Spending all night with you was so much fun. I really want to take you back to my room."

"Mmmph."

"But no. I won't do that. You might excite me more if I know you are having a lot of fun down here. Let's see... Oh, I know something you really liked in the past. You kept begging for it to end, and that was such a beautiful thing. But this time, with this isolation hood locked on your head, you won't be able to do that."

"Mmph?"

"That's right... Let's play a bit with your status screen."

"MMMMPHH!"

"Oh? Apprehensive? Haha."

Not that! Not that already.

The Queen slid her finger on her arm and opened her menu. Very used to doing this, she quickly found Aisha's profile, her beautiful girl with satin black skin who had a special place in her favorites.

"Tell me, Aisha. Do you have any regrets for having done what you did?"

Chained to her table and knowing what the question referred to, Aisha wanted to nod, but she knew better as all the questions her Queen could ask had only one possible answer. The good one. Failure to provide what she wanted to hear would lead to special treatment. So she shook her head slowly.

"Good. I knew it. Anyway, there is nothing you can do about it, and you'll never get it back. You know that, right?"

Again, Aisha nodded, but this time, it was out of conviction. It has been so long, and she had run out of ideas a long time ago, mostly accepting her fate. There was no way out anymore. Was it a glitch, or was she at the end of her story? She didn't know, and it didn't matter. She could do nothing about it anymore. Her Queen had all this power over her and knew how to keep her in pain and happy, based on her mood. The consolation prize was, where else would she experience this kind of life?

"Mmmppph!"

"Ah, you can feel that. Does it feel good?"

"Mmmph!"

Aisha nodded. Her arousal level had kicked up a notch, and despite her answer, it wasn't a good thing because the Queen wasn't even touching her.

"MMMMPHH!"

It went up another notch.

"Good girl. Keep twisting like this. You are so pretty when you do that."

Indeed, her flawless body was a piece of art, and contorting it in all directions on this torture table only because of her arousal intensity was something everybody would have loved to watch.

"Would you like to touch yourself, Aisha?"

Aisha nodded furiously while knowing it would probably not happen, not here in her dungeon cell.

"Alright. I will grant you your wish then. Let's see..."

The teasing Queen went into Aisha's clothing menu and selected a pair of black metal panties, which of course, magically appeared around her struggling hips. This impromptu outfit wouldn't have been completed without the matching metal bra.

"Mmmph! Mmmph!"

"Good... Here, let me untie you so you can play with yourself a little."

Casually, the slender Queen walked around the table, removing the pins keeping Aisha's shackle closed. As soon as her first arm regained its freedom, her hand rushed to her crotch out of an urge to rub her clitoris, but unsurprisingly, those metal panties wouldn't allow it. When her other arm was liberated, her second hand tried to assist the first, unsuccessfully. Those virtual clothes were unnaturally snug, and she couldn't even slide a finger or two inside them.

Yet she tried, her crotch, her boobs, to no avail. Her arousal was high, probably a bit higher than what her majesty had used in the past, and she knew there would be no way to get used to it. It would stay exactly like this until her torturer decided that it was enough.

"MMMPH! MMPH!"

While Aisha fought her own sexual body on the table, the Queen slowly dressed back up and placed her wolf mask over her face to regain her anonymity. It was time to go for a walk.

She grabbed a sturdy leather leash from the wall rack, one that she had used often, and returned to Aisha to clip it to the big silver ring attached to her isolation hood.

"Now, you behave, or else I'm going to double your arousal. One yank, and that will do. Show me how much you love me by being a good girl."

It wasn't fair. Despite what was done to her, Aisha couldn't do anything other than appreciate her Queen's hand running on her soft skin with such gentleness, the same way a lover would do. She should have been fighting back, but her arousal mixed with the fear of being punished more harshly wasn't allowing her to misbehave. As Aisha stood up, the Queen was caressing her shoulders, her back, her arms. It felt so good.

"Mmmph!"

"That's right, Aisha. We are going for a walk. I know just the right place where you can rest."

"MMMPH!"

"Don't forget... one yank... that's all it takes."

Aisha had a very bad feeling about this. The possibilities in the dungeon were endless, but somehow, she thought she knew what was going to happen next, and she couldn't do anything about it.

The Queen opened the heavy wooden door, pulled her victim out in the hallway, and headed toward their new destination.

It was quiet in the dungeon recently. Most of the cells made of large stones and metal bars were empty because the Queen preferred to keep her girls inside the ones with the thick wooden doors. That way, her prisoners couldn't even look at each other to find a compassionate gaze or exchange some supporting whisper. Additionally, the most fun devices were in the latter, so why not put them to good use.

The dungeon was underground, so there were no windows that would have helped the guests to keep track of time. Providing a sense of inescapability was also a nice perk. It was impossible. Everybody who had ended up in this place had understood right away that it was better to accept their fate instead of relying on hope.

Aisha knew the dungeon very well, but with her isolation hood on, she was already lost. However, when she heard a heavy stone door opening, and her Queen led her down a narrow staircase, her suspicion became a reality, which unfortunately sparked her arousal as much as her sense of helplessness. There was no going back. The Queen would never change her mind once her idea was set on a certain activity.

"Mmmph!"

"That's right... You'll be very comfortable down there for a while. I just hope that I won't forget about you. That's what happened last time, actually. I never meant to keep you down there

for this long. But it really made me happy when I remembered where you were, so if it happens again, just understand that it's a very good thing."

"MMpph!"

"Careful... no yanking."

Aisha didn't want this, not because she didn't enjoy it, but because it was never intended to be used this way by the Queen. She lowered her head and carefully went down the spiral stairs, gently helped by her leader.

Climbing down the stone staircase to the deepest part of this dungeon took an eternity. After a couple of minutes, Aisha's naked feet touched the bottom floor. The oubliette floor. It was so deep under the castle that there was not a single noise, as if life was not permitted in that area.

There was only one door at the end of the narrow hallway carved in the rock, a flat metal one with no bars, and two heavy padlocks taking away any possibilities of escape from a potential prisoner. Behind it was a tiny room barely big enough for one person who didn't wish to stand. Once locked inside, there would be no light, no hope, nothing. The only ones who could survive a prolonged stay in this room were those with no hunger or thirst, which were things that only the Queen had the power to disable for someone like Aisha, who had her profile tampered with—not needing to eat and drink meant that she could be locked in there indefinitely.

Once isolated inside the tiny room, nobody would hear or see her. Only the Queen and her victims were allowed in this place, and since the entrance to this room was a hidden door known by the Queen only, nobody outside her would ever find this location. It was almost a privilege to be invited here.

"Aaah, still rubbing your crotch, Aisha? I knew you would like it here. I know you so well. Last time, you had your clitoris to keep you company, but this time around, I'm not granting you that pleasure. You'll have to be a very good girl and endure your neverending arousal without any possibility of release."

"MMMPH!"

"Now, now. I'm not that cruel. I have a nice surprise for you. To keep you away from boredom."

A metallic noise. The keys. The Queen unlocked the two large padlocks and pulled open the heavy door, which made a shrill noise indicating that it rarely happened. It was no taller than her waist, showing how low the ceiling was and how cramped the room would be.

"MMMPH!"

"MMM! MMM!"

Those moans were not Aisha's. The black girl froze, understanding that there was already someone in the oubliette... No ... Two girls.

"Calm down, everyone. I'm certainly not here to let you out. I know this room was only made for one person, but if we try hard, three should be okay. Come on, Aisha. Crawl in. And don't make me repeat myself."

It was impossible. Was the Queen really expecting her to join two other girls inside this tiny room. She had never asked such a thing in the past. She had never gone this far. Every time Aisha thought she had experienced the cruelest of everything, the Queen found new and exciting ways to entertain her despite her reluctance.

Having no other option and knowing this place sadly too well, she went down to her knees and slowly crawled inside the small room. Before she could even enter it, her hands landed on two naked bodies. As Aisha tried to find out how she could possibly insert herself between her two miserable companions, everybody tried to move around to find a possible combination, but it was more than obvious that the three girls would be compressed on one another with no room to spare.

"See, I knew there was enough space for the three of you. When there is a will, there is a way. So here is the deal, Aisha. Do you remember the two guards women I sent to the dungeon because of you? It's them. I also increased their arousal, but contrary to you, they are not wearing metal underwear, so they can stimulate themselves as much as they want. But you can't, so that's going to be very fun for you to hear them cumming hard and feel their body convulsing.

"Mmmph!"

"Alright, it's late, and I have a realm to manage. Try to enjoy yourself because you might be there for a very long time."

Without another word, the heavy metal door closed, compressing the three girls quite a bit further and the loud click of the metal padlocks confirmed that it was not an exercise. This was very real. Nobody on the surface knew that they were down here. Nobody would attempt to rescue them, and even if they did, they had no chance of finding the access door. Those were facts.

Prisoner of a tiny stone room, a tight leather hood on her head, it was the most extreme isolation scenario for Aisha. She couldn't move away from the two warm girls squished inside

the room with her; it was way too tight. Aisha's hands found their way to one of her companions' faces just to discover that they were also wearing the same leather hood as she was, but as the Queen stated, they were not wearing anything else.

Caressing her cellmates like that turned her on, and it was the cruelest part of the plan. She reached one of her friend's crotch; it was very wet as if they had played with each other for days, which was, in fact, what they had done.

But then, things got much worse when THEY started cuddling with her. She didn't want that as it would arouse her even more than she already was, and there would be nothing she could do about it. Hooded, they couldn't communicate. They could only moan, which wasn't helping either.

The Queen was not a liar. She had told Aisha that she would join her companions if she were to fail her mission. From that point of view, this punishment was well deserved.

"Mmmph!"

"Mmm!"

"MMMM!"

At least two of them will cum continually. Aisha would probably end up assisting them since she was the reason for their presence in this oubliette.

It was so warm here, and the temperature would surely keep rising.

The past three days were amazing. The weather has been so lovely that I began to wonder if Valhalla could read my mind. We had a bit of low temperature at night, but that aside, shiny sun was on the menu, and no violent and nasty weather came to spoil the day. With our tiny cabins, we were well protected anyway.

My medieval mansion project was also progressing nicely, but there was still a lot of work to do. I still had a few trees to chop down, but the good news is that my lumberjacking skill was improving. I always loved cutting wood in the real world, so this was like a vacation, and since I was getting good at it, it was not nearly as painful as it was when I slaughtered my first tree. The fun thing was that despite all the hard manual work, my hands stayed soft and delicate.

And those hands were very useful, particularly to touch Nam everywhere. While Aria enjoyed Cleopatra, and I really didn't blame her because my lion-warrior was highly skilled in bed, I took good care of my assistant. Sure, I got to kiss Cleo and Aria a few times, but I didn't have sex with them for some reason. Everybody was happy, so there was no need to rush things or try to get more at this point in time. Spending my nights with Nam was just amazingly satisfying. I loved everything about her, and as soon as her blue hair mixed with my red hair and our armors vanished, we were having such a blast. She was my assistant, and I loved her very much.

The one little thing that bugged me was what happened the other day with the wolf-bitches. As safe as I felt with my awesome golden legionnaire around, there were still many unanswered questions. Who were they? Why did they want to cut our heads off? Who was that Queen of Valhalla? What did they want with me? And where were they now? Cleopatra told me not to worry, that nobody could vanquish her. But still, if Valhalla were really MY world, I felt that we should investigate these people eventually.

I cuddled on the couch with Nam in Aria's cabin while our host cooked some more of the meat she had hunted for us. We solved her hunting problem by giving her another spear, a hunting one this time. One cool thing we found was that she also knew how to tan leather. For some reason, this role was linked to her hunter-gathered one. We apparently needed a bunch of that material for the new mansion. So we built her a few tanning racks, and that kept her quite busy.

"What are you cooking, Aria?"

"Deer and mushroom stew."

"You found mushrooms in the snow?"

"No. They were attached to some trees."

"Not much more logical. Is this stew good?"

"I don't know. I haven't tried it yet. Do you want to taste it? I have two portions ready."

"Sure. My hunger is below forty percent, so I'll be happy to give it a shot."

"Here."

Valhalla's cooked food was hilarious. When the recipe was ready, the food turned into small stackable boxes of different colors, no matter what was in it. Then Aria could just place them on the shelves in the granary where they would never perish, so far at least. And as usual, I was the only one who didn't think that was normal.

I peeled off the corner of the box and started drinking it. Of course, this had nothing to do with real-life food, but there were different interesting flavors. That deer and mushroom stew was actually super good, and it replenished my hunger bar entirely.

"Oh, Aria. I LOVE this one."

"Good. I'll make plenty, then."

"Does it give buffs? I'm still waiting for you to find a recipe that will provide us with some cold resistance."

"I have one, but I need fish for it. I don't know how to fish."

"Ah well. So what about this one? Does it have perks?"

"Yes. The deer increases your strength a bit, and those mushrooms will increase your arousal."

"WHAT!?"

As I tried to digest the information Aria had just fed me, Nam immediately sat up and stared at me intently, smelling a golden opportunity.

"What? Stop staring at me, Nam."

"Do you want to have sex right now, Evelyn?"

"NAM! No... not now. We are just relaxing. Plus, I feel nothing. So Aria probably just made that up."

"Are you sure? Your cheeks look redder. Like when we make love."

That wasn't fair. A heatwave actually washed over me. My breathing accelerated, and my cheeks were tingling. Simply put, I felt like I was in heat.

"No.... aaah... Well... Okay... Maybe I feel it a little bit now. Aria! Why didn't you tell me that before feeding me this stew?"

"You didn't ask."

"Right... Holy crap... It keeps increasing... How strong are those mushrooms supposed to be?"

"Very strong. I think you'll feel very good."

"V... very?"

"Yes. Very."

It wasn't an uncomfortable feeling... yet. My boobs and crotch were burning, and Nam looked more and more attractive all of a sudden. She was still looking at me as if I was turning into a delicious dessert or something. It was like she knew what was going to happen next.

"Evelyn?"

"Y... yes?"

"And now?"

"... now what?"

"Do you want to have sex?"

"... more and more."

"Do you want to go back to our cabin with me then?"

"YES! HURRY!"

"Okay."

Note to self, don't eat the deer and mushroom stew. My whole body was burning, and my armored panties filled up with my crotch juice to the point where it overflowed and ran down my legs. That was uncontrollable. I tumbled outside, and with Nam's help, we headed to our little home.

But before we arrived, Cleopatra intercepted us, and despite my crotch that was about to explode and my desire to sleep with her as well, I couldn't help but notice she was wearing her full golden praetorian gear, including her spear and large rectangular shield.

"Evelyn! Someone's coming."

"Aaaah... My crootch..."

"..."

"Sorry... Who is coming? A new girl?"

"No, a wolf-warrior."

"WHAT? NO! Not now!"

"I didn't choose the timing."

"I know that. Where is she?"

"Across the lake. She is coming in this direction. She is alone."

"Uh? She is across the lake, and you know all that already? You have good eyes."

"I'm the Sun warrior."

That she was. Cleo was so awesome. No wonder why I felt safe with her around. Her abilities were just out of this world; she could stay outside forever no matter how cold it was, she didn't need to eat, she didn't need to sleep, which was a bit sad, and her senses were as sharp as a razorblade.

"Aaaah! Mmmm..."

"Why is your crotch leaking?"

"Ne... never mind that. What do you suggest we do?"

"We kill her."

"CLEO! I said no to that kind of violence."

"You said no to killing the twenty warriors. This is a different fight."

"This is not a fight. Why don't we capture that one and ask her a few questions."

"Okay. I'll be right back."

Cleopatra turned heels and bolted off like a bullet, leaving a cloud of snow behind her.

"CLEO! WAIT! Aaaaarr! She is gone."

"She will come back. Let's go have sex, now."

"Nam! We can't have sex now!"

"Why not? You are very aroused, and I love it."

"I know you do, but we need to deal with this situation first. Mmm... Oh my God, those mushrooms.... It's sick... Aaaaah!"

"If you let me lick you, you'll feel better."

"Not yet, I said! Aaah... Let's go down the hill and meet them there. I don't want her to come too close to my camp."

"Okay. But you are leaking a lot."

When Nam had a fixation on sex, it was hard to bring her back to reality. The worst was that she always spoke the truth. She knew exactly how I felt and what to do to help me, and she also knew I loved it. It was just bad timing, so I couldn't get too mad at her for trying so hard. Saying no was unlike me...

We headed toward the lake and saw Cleopatra coming back already, dragging something by the leg. It didn't take long for me to understand that it was the poor wolf-warrior she had caught; I could hear the girl protesting from afar.

"Let me gooo! Stupid. I'm not here to fight, I said!"

"You've been defeated! You were weak."

"I didn't even fight. I'm just a messenger. Let me go!"

With one last yank, Cleo tossed the small woman in front of us like a rag doll. She wore the exact same outfit as the other wolf-warriors from the other day; a fur bikini, some hide boots and bracers, and a wolf hat. Since her skin was super white, I knew she wasn't the super pretty head-warrior who attacked us the other day; that one had scared me. But this new one, she looked more innocent, and thanks to my deer and mushroom stew, I inappropriately desired her very much, which made my crotch pulse and squirt some more juice.

She looked at me with her big eyes.

"Why are you looking at me like this? You are all red. And your crotch is..."

"S... sorry... I have a small mushroom problem."

Well, that sounded so wrong. Thankfully she didn't seem to understand the double meaning. It was hard not to squirm with such a pulsating vagina, but I tried to refocus and ask a few questions while still capable of it.

"Who... who are you? What are you doing here?"

"I'm Lafia, scout of the wolf-warriors under the command of the Queen of Valhalla. My Queen wants to know more about you and even has an offer for you."

"AH! Good one. I'm not going to give you any intel. The last time your friends came here, they tried to murder us, that black wolf girl and her friends."

"That was Aisha, our head warrior."

"Yeah, and we kicked her cute butt."

"..."

"Are you going to attack us again?"

"It's up to you. If you reject her offer, it is a strong possibility. Building on her land was not a good idea."

SLAM!

"ACK!"

Out of nowhere, Cleopatra slammed her big shield behind the poor girl's back, making her faceplant in the snow. She was now immobile and unresponsive.

"CLEO! What was that for!? Why did you hit her this hard? We were just talking."

"I didn't kill her."

"That's not the point. You have to be careful. You are way too strong for her."

"She will live."

"Maybe, but now we can't ask her anything anymore, and we don't even know what her offer was. You can't hit girls like that for no reason."

"Her goal seemed nefarious. It was for prevention."

"Come on. She was just following orders. Alright, let's carry her to Aria's cabin. We will have to take care of her until she regains consciousness."

Yes, I loved Cleopatra, but she would have to learn how to control her warrior instinct. She grabbed the wolf-girl by the ankle and dragged her face down in the snow toward the cabin like if she were a dead animal.

"Cleo! Now you are doing it on purpose!"

"She will live."

Okay, those two are never going to be friends. That was a certainty.

After carrying the unconscious wolf-warrior into Aria's cabin, I checked her out to make sure Cleo had not killed her. It turned out that my Sun warrior knew what she was doing a bit too much. Her strike had depleted Lafia's health bar just enough to cause her to fall asleep, which was how we could regain our energy in Dive. The good news was, as Cleopatra put it so coldly, she would live, but the bad news was that she would probably sleep all night, meaning that if she failed to return to wherever she came from in a timely fashion, it might be a synonym for trouble.

Since there was not much we could do about it, I told Aria to keep an eye on Lafia and instructed Cleo to stand watch until we solved that slight problem. On my side, I went back to my cabin with Nam to rest and hope that my mushroom-induced arousal would calm down a bit. If I could stay immobile for a few minutes, it wouldn't hurt.

"I'm... I'm sorry Naaam! Aaaaah! Oooh! Yeees!"

"Mmmph!"

I tried. I really tried. But when Nam sat on the bed and asked me how I felt, I just had to wildly pin her down to the mattress and climb on top of her to press my crotch on her mouth. She didn't mind one bit because she worked on me with some passion. It was probably my fifth orgasm in a row, and I still wanted more.

Stupid mushrooms.

A wolf-warrior headed nervously to the throne where the intimidating Queen was sitting. Since she didn't have good news, it was possible that this meeting wouldn't go too well. But she would have never considered lying to her Queen to avoid punishment. She would say what she had to say and endure the consequences.

She kneeled shamefully in front of the throne.

"My Queen... Lafia... hasn't returned."

"And, how long did you wait for?"

"... Eight hours."

"..."

"Should we go... rescue her, your Majesty?"

"No."

"... But, Lafia is our best scout and..."

"I said no. If they killed her, she was weak. If they captured her, she was weak, and if she defected, then I'm going to have such a great time playing with her. She would never see the light of day again. If I ever learn that she used this assignment to fraternize with the enemy, she cannot even begin to imagine what is going to happen to her."

"My Queen, Lafia would NEVER do such a thing."

"Enough! Go back to your camp, and wait until tomorrow. If she returns, bring her back to me... caged."

"C... caged?... But... why?"

"Argue with me one more time, and I'm sending you to the dungeon. Which is also what will happen to you if you fail to bring her back to me."

"... No... no... I'll bring Lafia back... caged. As you asked."

"Good, I'm glad we have an understanding."

"AAAAH! Let go of me, stupid warrior!"

"You are agitated. It's unpleasant. And I defeated you again."

"How many times do I have to tell you! I wasn't fighting you."

It was noisy for sure. When I woke up this morning, my excessive arousal had finally died down, thanks to Nam for saving my life with her sexual appetite, but when I heard the wolf-scout screaming, it reminded me that I had to take care of that small problem.

She probably attempted to run away, and Cleopatra had obviously caught her in the act and was now keeping her on her belly with a foot on her back. As much as I didn't want to be on her case, that was still a bit too much force for no good reason.

"Cleo. She is not a carpet. You can let her go."

"She attempted to flee."

"I understand that. But I'm sure she won't do it again."

I crouched down in front of our prisoner and lifted her wolf hat so I could see her eyes.

"If she lets you go, will you run?"

"Pfff... No. I never tried to flee. I was just looking around."

"Okay. I believe you. Cleo, let her stand up now."

Not approving of my decision, she still removed her armored boot from our guest's lower back, and I helped her up. She looked frustrated and gave Cleo a nasty stare as she wiped the powdery snow from her fur outfit.

"So, sorry for yesterday. It was an accident. Cleo didn't mean to knock you off like that."

"Yes, I did."

"Cleo! Enough, now. Go for a walk. I want to talk to ... What was your name again? Lafetta?"

"Lafia."

"Oh, sorry. Come inside, Lafia. We will talk."

Cleopatra didn't seem overly frustrated by my commands. It was as if nothing worried her, but if she had an opportunity to put her skills to good use, she would do it without reservation. It was all tactics and strategy. Overpowering Lafia was simply a means to assert her dominance over her enemies so they would think twice before crossing her path in the future. I don't think she was scared the slightest that I would get harmed by that cute weaponless girl.

But for now, I was quite curious to hear what this little visitor had to say. She undoubtedly brought a message from her crazy Queen.

It would be interesting to find out how much trouble I was in.

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