Season 1, Episode 4 – Berin Words

It took a week for Vex to learn the routine. The muscle memory of it infected her as Berin took control of her body, and she learned how he wanted her to move. Without her being aware of it, the sultry walk of a slave slut became second nature to her, her every movement an invitation for someone, anyone, to fuck her. She hated every second of her training, hated how good it felt when he gave her paternal approval for what she learned and executed.

She took some comfort in knowing that the only people that ever saw her where Berin and his little pet. Vex hated the other half-elf as much as hated Berin and her captor knew it. Sometimes during a dance, he would make them kiss, or make them pet one another. She was glad her brother couldn't see her and furious that he hadn't rescued her yet.

At the end of every day, when the lessons were over, Berin took control of Vex's body and made her lock the collar back around her own neck before leaving her waiting in the dark, dreading the day to come.

Vax, she thought, sitting in the cold blackness, pulling at the collar, where the fuck are you?

Days went by and now she could run through the routines without him controlling her at all. She danced and found him watching her, groping his own erection as he sat in a chair with Elly on the floor, resting her cheek on his knee.

"Very good," he said, and she hated the swell of pride that fluttered through her at his praise. "I knew we could turn that natural grace into something worthwhile with just a little training."

The swell of pride died at his words, the disgusting way he treated her. Her look, her glare, made him laugh.

"I see you still think too highly of yourself," Berin told her, patting Elly's cheek as he leaned forward. "You're still thinking of yourself as a free little animal, to run around at your will. This is no longer your case. You will be a tame little pet, and we're going to help you come to terms with that today."

"Fuck you," Vex growled. Berin laughed.

"Elly, would you be so kind?"

"Yes, darling."

The half-elf got to her feet and padded over to the table were Vex's bow and weapons were, and that damnable case where he kept his scrolls. She looked through them and returned with one, handing it to Berin and standing behind him, her hands on his shoulders, massaging them.

"Do you think she can resist?" he asked, smiling lazy as the other half-elf carressed him.

"She's exhausted and off center," Elly answered. "She hasn't had a full night's rest since you brought her here. Just remember to pronounce you ©'s properly."

They were talking about her like she wasn't even in the room and it set her teeth on edge.

"Well, unlock her and let's see," Berin said. Elly walked around in front of him and he slapped her ass as she went past, she wincing and her face falling and in that moment Vex understood that Elly was what her future might look like. She stayed still, trying to hide the muscles that were tensing in her legs as the other half-elf reached for her neck and undid the collar, letting it fall back towards the wall. Vex drove her knee into Elly's gut, twisting her knee to drive the air out from the lungs of the other woman. Berin was still smiling, damn him, but she could see her bow and sprang towards it, leaping over her clothes piled on the floor. With a bow in her hand she could

He must have pronounced the words properly, because Vex found herself frozen in mid-stride, unable to make herself move. She strained and pulled, but her muscles would not respond.

"I'm okay," Elly wheezed, but Berin ignored her as he stood and ran a finger down Vex's jaw.

"Silly little pet," he said. He leaned in and kissed lightly on the cheek, his hand resting on her ass and curling down and around her. "Do you want your bow so badly?"

He stepped back and she nearly fell but caught herself, whatever it was he had done to her fading. She tried to slap him but he moved back, grinning that insipid grin, and her back was to the table now. She spun on her heel, leaping for and reaching her bow.

" $\ell^{2}q^{\pm}[1^{+\mp}] \longrightarrow \pi^{2} \pi^{2} \pi^{2}$ " he said, part of the same spell. She could see the light of borrowed magic in his eyes, taking from the scroll, taking from her. She couldn't make her fingers close around her bow, couldn't get it to stay in her palms. She nearly cried in frustration, the bow literally within her grasp and she unable to touch it.

"Do you really want it, pet?" he teased, and she turned and glared at him.

"You'd both be dead in seconds," she seethed.

"Well, we should do something about that, then," he said, looking down at the scroll. "译本中有中中

Her hands closed around the bow – she could touch it, hold it in her palm, her bundle of arrows within easy reach, but his eyes had that soft glow and she found herself clutching her bow in both hands, not to shoot it, lifting it high over her head and bringing it down on her knee. The wood whined but didn't break, her thigh lighting red with an ugly bruise. She stumbled back, caught her back on the wall, and then smashed her bow against the wall, again and again, until it cracked.

"That takes care of that," Berin said.

Screaming, she flung herself at him, intending to rip his stupid eyes from their sockets.

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She screamed and failed to move.

"Now, Elly has been trying to help you all this time, and that's how you treat her?" he tutted at her from his chair, waving a finger at her. "That's not how a good little animal behaves."

She spat at him, saliva striking one of his boots.

"We'll get to that," he said, looking down at the spittle before looking down at her. " $t^{\dagger} \tau^{\dagger} \eta^{\dagger} \tau^{\dagger} \eta^{\dagger} \tau^{\dagger} \eta^{\dagger} \tau^{\dagger} \eta^{\dagger} \tau^{\dagger} \eta^{\dagger} \eta$

Her hands opened as she leaned forward, spinning on the ground, crawling towards the other half-elf. Her ass swung in a lewd, inviting manner towards her captor and she couldn't help herself, the short distance between half-elves feeling like a lifetime's worth of humiliation. Elly stood as Vex approached her, the other half-elf towering over her with her hands at her sides. "This isn't necessary," Elly whispered, so high above Vex. "I forgive her."

"You're very kind," Berin said, "but property cannot forgive. المُعَامَةُ مُعَامَةًا مُعَامَةً مُعَامَةً مُعَامَةُ المُعَامَةُ مُعَامَةُ مُعَامَةُ مُعَامَةُ مُعَامَةً مُعَامَةً مُ

"Please, please, I'm so sorry, I'll never do it again," Vex said, the words spilling in a rush from somewhere deep inside her, the feeling a mirror of what she had felt when her father had reprimanded her and told her that she would never be good enough. "I can be good, I promise, I can-"

The spell was pulling out parts of her, she thought, making her do things she would never do as if she would do them, but it seemed limited. She could feel her will overcoming the spell, the words dying on her tongue, but her captor seemed all too aware of just how long he could make her act against her nature.

"the spell's hold fading and then locking on her again. Vex leaned forward, sticking her ass in the air as she pressed her lips to Elly's feet. She rained dozens of small kisses on Elly's feet, on her toes, around her ankles. She could feel Elly trembling but the other half-elf did nothing else, letting this happen, and Vex wondered how long Berin has possessed her – wondered how long it would be before she ended up like this other half-elf she had come to hate.

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"Please, darling, please, I'm okay, she didn't mean it, I'm sure she," Elly whispered.

"Quiet," Lord Berin said, and now the only sounds in the small room were the moans escaping through Vex's kisses and the soft wet sounds of her fingers slithering through her cunt. The urge to plant the kisses faded but Vex found herself disgusted to find she still wanted to play with herself, the first pleasurable experience she'd had since being taken. Nonetheless, she pulled her fingers out of her sopping core and turned to face Berin, still on her knees but glaring at his confident smirk.

"I-" she started, but Berin's eyes began to glow again.

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No, she thought bitterly, glaring at this man that held so much power over her, *He's making me do this. This costs me nothing. He's making me do this.*

"It's my fault, really," Berin said, sighing and leaning back in his chair. "I let you keep the idea that you might return to your old identity. Look, your clothing is right there."

Vex looked at the clothing he'd left in a neat pile on the floor, always out of her reach.

"Let's make a deal," he said, staring at the lewd display she had made of herself. "I'll let you have your clothing. Go ahead. You can dress like the person you were provided you behave yourself."

The chains of his spell ended and her fingers fell from her lips.

"Well?" he asked.

"Deal," she lied.

"Go ahead, then," he said, and she scurried to the pile of clothing, reaching for it, touching the familiar fabrics and the protection they offered. "(حَوَّ الْحَرَّ الْمَعْرَبُ عَلَى اللَّهُ عَلَى الللَّ

Vex found her fingers on her clothing, found herself standing up and holding the neatly folded bundle. It felt so good to sweating palms, the promise of her self.

"What are you doing?" Vex asked, feeling tears in her eyes. "You promised. We had a deal."

"One does not make a deal with animals or with property," Berin chuckled, sitting and staring at her before turning back to his scroll. " $(2^{\pm}\sqrt{1})^{\mp}\sqrt{1})^{\pm}$ $(2^{\pm}\sqrt{1})^{\pm}\sqrt{1}$ $(2^{\pm}\sqrt{1})^{\pm}\sqrt{1})^{\pm}\sqrt{1}$ $(2^{\pm}\sqrt{1})^{\pm}\sqrt{1})^{\pm}\sqrt{1}$

Vex couldn't make herself drop the neat pile of clothing. She couldn't unfold anything, couldn't stop herself from turning around and showing her ass to the hated noble, couldn't stop the slow sexy saunter he'd forced on her as she made her way to where Elly still stood and trembled.

"Darling...?" asked Elly, her voice a strangled whisper.

"You know what to do," Lord Berin said.

Vex didn't want to hand Elly her clothing, but she did anyway.

"I'm sorry," Elly said, taking the clothing. A moment later, the fabrics caught on fire and Elly dropped them to the ground.

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Vex burst into tears.

She couldn't help it. She didn't know how long she'd been here, eating little slivers of nothing, treated like a pet, like a plaything, made to show herself off like a whore or a slave for a man she hated and a woman she felt nothing but contempt for, and he kept taking things from her and forcing her to do things she could have never imagined herself doing, stripping away the sense of self she'd built after her escape from Signorn. Her brother was gone, her bear was missing, there was nothing and no one coming to get her and he'd made her destroy her bow and her clothing and it felt like more and more of her identity was slipping away.

Would submission be so bad? Would he treat her like a queen like he said he would if she just gave in, while there was still something left of her to submit?

"You win," she sobbed. "I'll be whatever you want me to be."

"You're right," he said, and she felt his hand on her ass, slide up her hip, cup a breast and pull her closer to him. He kissed her neck and whispered in your ear. "But I'll decide when that is, because animals don't get to make decisions. المُحْرِ المَحْرِ المَ

The whisper caught her, held her. She was still sobbing as she sank to her knees, spreading her legs open while she turned to face him, hugging his knee as she rubbed her aching clit against the boot she'd spit on, moaning and moaning as the spell held her and then broke and she was still

rubbing, still seeking some release after the horrors of the day. She looked up at him, not wanting to beg, her wide eyes pleading with him as he towered over her, so much more powerful than she could ever hope to be – all her potential scattered.

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"There's one thing left for you to do, pet," Lord Berin taunted, a god to the pathetic quivering halfelf girl at his feet. "Do you know what it is?"

Vex did not.

Vex did not know anything.

She did not know the language but she understood the words. Lifting herself on shaking arms, Vex opened her mouth and began to lick her saliva and her girl-juices off her Darling's boot.



The second week Vex was missing, Vax sought out agents of the Clasp for a conversation. The agents of the Clasp did not survive.