In Over His Head!

by Mouseyman99

Summary

Do you play Skyrim? Do you mod? What if that crazy, custom, bouncy, busty, nearly nude world you made through combining all those mods came to life..and had it’s OWN story? A story with giantesses, sexy monsters, powerful beautiful women, sex, and "unbirth"ness/"vory"ness! But also a story with romance, adventure, comedy, and an epic saga involving Daedra, gods, and many of the most powerful forces in Tamriel, all set in a time just after the events of Elder Scroll's Online.

It begins with a peculiarly small Bosmer, far far north of the main Skyrim province, in a small but bustling Nord town, on a remote, frozen island in the middle of nowhere...

Notes

This is a wholly original tale that my best friend/writing partner and I started for our own amusement after starting ESO together. It uses races, locations and much of the myth and lore of the world of The Elder Scrolls, but artistic liberties have been taken with regard to the average size of Nords, and some monster types. It is now the first book of a planned 3 book saga.

It is sexually explicit, but also at its core a love story about two people who are very
different from each other. We hope you enjoy it and share it with others! We look forward to hearing your feedback!

My twitter is https://twitter.com/Mouseyman991

If you'd like to see art of the characters or drop me a line there feel free to pop by!

(For those of you who like to know these kinds of things, Yagaritte is 7'9" and Edovan is 4'8"

)
Meet

Yagaritte huffed in annoyance, rolling her eyes at her satchel, where her arms were currently buried. Her fingers were reaching for, but not finding, the little bundle of medicinal herbs they were after. A silken strand of strawberry blonde hair, an accidental leaf sticking out of it, fell from her messy bun. She huffed again and pushed it from her face with a puff of air, ignoring the stowaway leaf. She stood, crossing her arms at her chest and staring down, with disdain, at her useless satchel. The medicine was there, she knew it. She had snuck it out of a cavern crawling with winter wolves herself. She had come out unscathed, but the same could not be said for one or two wolves who’d had the misfortune of crossing her path. She kicked it with her booted foot.

“Miss? Have you got the herbs or not?” A fidgeting tradesman asked, looking up at her.

To say Yagaritte was “tall”, was like saying mountains are “big”.or the ocean is “deep”. It was a true enough statement, but didn’t really cover the scope of what you were trying to convey. She was very close to the limit that people would actually believe their eyes and not question their sanity when they first saw her. She actually lived on a frozen island filled with people the rest of the world thought of as giants, but even those giants looked up at her.

She was also well aware that most people, especially men, found her somewhat intimidating. She squared her shoulders and puffed out her chest, a silent warning that perhaps the shopkeep ought to watch his tone. She had the herbs for him, that was the end of the story, and he needn’t question her as though she were some invalid child who couldn’t accomplish a task as simple as securing a bundle of sticks from a cavern.

The tradesman backed away some, hunching his shoulders down. “I… I… well, please keep looking…” he stuttered, looking over at a gentleman in the corner, and at another, who was by the window looking at a stack of worn Magicka books on a table there. The shopkeeper’s eyes seemed to be silently pleading to both of them to protect him if this giant woman decided she didn’t want to deal with him any longer.

Yagaritte chuckled nervously. “Worry not, I have your herbs,” she said.

Her intimidating looks were deceiving, in a way, as her voice was soft and full, warm and inviting. The tradesman nodded, still eyeing the other patrons carefully.

The young man by the dusty pile of books, who had, up until this point, been surreptitiously pretending he was alone in the room, glanced back at the tradesman, and then toward the looming woman. A small wispy globe of soft luminescence hovered a few inches from his face affording
him just enough illumination to decipher the strange runes he had been poring over the last 10
minutes or so, but the moment she had laughed so loud and clear the minor glamour had poofed
with a slight crackling sound. Who WAS that? Her voice was so rich and full, It conjured images
of valkyries and feast halls, of warm furs around crackling fires. And her laugh..it was deep and
hearty and honest. It was so infectious that he had almost wanted to join in, but had stifled himself
at the last moment as the last thing he wanted was to draw anyone’s attention. She certainly had his
though.

He had never seen anyone like her in his life. He swallowed nervously. She was paying him no
mind, of course, but the fact that there was such a beautiful woman in his presence was enough to
get him sweating. He quickly jerked his head back to the table, and picked up a different book at
random, burying his face between two pages, willing his heart to slow to a normal pace, because he
was sure everybody in the vicinity could hear it.

Yagaritte bent to grab her satchel, and snatched it up, swinging it over her shoulder. She gently
brushed passed the tradesman, and made her way directly for the young man at the table of books.
She stopped right next to him, and grabbed a enormous stack of books, half as tall as the young
man was, and with ease, she gingerly moved it to the floor. Room now on the table, she swung her
satchel back of off her shoulder, and unceremoniously upended it over the table. The contents of
her bag spilled everywhere. Some small bundles, coins, daggers, vials and other useless trinkets
flew across the table, some onto the floor. But..search as she might, the little wrapped package of
medicinal herbs was not plainly obvious.

The young wood elf beside her coughed nervously, his heart racing now again, at full speed. He
was small even by Bosmer standards, and he was used to people looking down on him wherever he
went. He had felt like a child when he first landed on this frozen island with these giants
everywhere, but this woman, she was something else altogether. Even hunched over the table she
towered over him, and she was standing so close to him the rather shapely curve of her leather clad
hip was all but brushing the side of his shoulders. She looked down at him, as though seeing him
for the first time. She smiled gently. At this close range, he could see that her clothes and armor
were dusty, spattered here and there with fresh crimson blood. He hoped it was not hers. The twin
daggers at her hips, were also encrusted in blood. That definitely wasn’t hers, he thought, gulping
silently. He furtively stole a glance upward at her as she was obliviously rifling through her things.
Her eyes were a cool greenish blue, the color of the sweet waters off the Summerset Isles, if
someone had bottled it in crystal and set it amongst diamonds. They sparkled in the dusty light
streaming in through the window, and there was a familiar mischievous twinkle he knew all too
well from his years in boarding school.

“P-p-pardon me ma’am” he finally managed to stammer, “I-- I c--can move if I’m in your way..”

Yagaritte chuckled gently as she looked down at him. It was a hearty sound, one that sounded right
at home in her throat. She seemed to be someone who, when not trying to intimidate a tradesman,
was easy to laugh. She reached a hand down to his face, her thumb out, but stopped when he
flinched. She chuckled again, taking no offense to his reaction, for she was used to it. “You have
some…” she trailed off, mimicking on her own face where the young man beside her had dusty smudges on his own.

He blushed deeply, ferociously. He threw the book he was holding away from himself and reached for his kerchief with trembling hands, embarrassed, nervous. He turned from her hastily, and rubbed his face with the piece of cloth, over and over. Yagaritte laughed heartily at this, not in jest, but with a joyful sound. Her whole chest was full of laughter. Everyone in the room seemed to breathe a sigh of relief except the gentleman who had his back to her. No, indeed, his face seemed to get even redder still. At this, the tradesman took a step closer to them. “Miss, er… um.. I don’t see the herbs…” he said carefully, looking at the mess she had made of his table, and his floor. Truthfully, the herbs were not there.

Yagaritte glanced at him, then again at the pile. “Indeed not,” she conceded, sighing. She shook her head, grabbing her satchel and stuffing her things haphazardly back into it. “One moment, please…” she said, swinging the satchel across her sturdy shoulders and around her back.

Without another word, she went back out of the shop and disappeared down the grimy, muddy street. The tradesman started after her, but stopped at the door, shaking his head. He sighed. She would be back.

The young man stared at the door in bewilderment. The large storm of a woman had vanished as quickly as she had arrived. He wished all at once to see to see her again and to never cross paths with her in the future. It was all very confusing to him. The tradesman, at this point, took his position back behind the counter, willing business to get back to it as usual. The young man tucked the dirty kerchief back into his pocket, searched and found the book he had been originally studying from on the table. A few pages were missing, the rest were smeared and stained… with what, he did not want to know, but that was not important to him. Though he had but a few coins to his name, he knew the value of knowledge, and as small as this book was, it contained information he had yet to know. His sharp mind thirsted for new knowledge, even more than his stomach craved food. Though even as he held it, his rational brain reminded him he would regret this decision later tonight, when his stomach started to growl, hunger gnawing at his insides.

With the book tucked under his arm, the young gentleman approached the tradesman, who was leaning back in a chair, his feet propped up. The tradesman eyed him suspiciously. Though at first glance he was dressed as someone of a noble household, it did not take a very well-trained eye to see that he had not changed clothes for several weeks (months maybe?), and there were telltale signs of battle on his suit as well. A rip here, a scorch mark there. Must be another adventurer, he thought, though judging from the staff covered in runes and topped with a dark red glowing crystal slung across his back, he was more of the cerebral type.

“Can I help you?” the tradesman asked, though it came out in way that conveyed “you better have a way to pay for that book.”
With the Nord woman gone, his usual disdainful personality was back with a vengeance.

The young man blushed again, feeling exposed under this man’s gaze. He set the book on the counter and waited in silence. Normally, people would bargain, make deals, anything, to walk out with what they wanted, having spent as little money as possible. Not this man. The tradesman could tell he wasn't good at bargaining. He had no face for bluffing. And while he may be talented in many other facets, this was clearly not one of them. He reached into his outer pocket, fingers reaching for the meager number of coins he had there, tied up within his tiny coin purse. But he felt something different there, something bulkier than his coin purse, something with string wrapped tightly around it. His throat caught, and he looked down, holding his pocket wide. It was a little package, an odd shape, wrapped in cloth and tied up.

It was the medicinal herbs the Nord woman had been searching for. The little bundle must have fallen into his pocket without his knowledge, when she had dumped her bag on the table.

“I…” he stammered, his head snapping up to look at the tradesman, who didn’t seem aware of the young man’s discovery, and he was thankful for that. “I’ve lost my money,” he said stupidly. And before the tradesman’s sneer could turn into derisive words, the young man shot around him and ran for the door, tripping clumsily in his haste to reach for the handle.

Without another word, the second weirdest customer of the day was out in the street, trade ALSO incomplete. The tradesman looked at the only patron left in the shop, and prayed to Zenithar they wouldn’t do the same.
Drown

Chapter Summary

Edovan searches for the giant woman against his better judgement, but if he finds her he may be in for more than he bargained for.

Chapter Notes

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Yagaritte dropped her satchel on the cobblestones at her feet, looking up into the summer sun. Though it was indeed summer, there were still patches of snow on the ground and upon the roofs, water dripping from half melted icicles dangling from the eaves. She closed her eyes and warmed her face. It was not cold to her, not even in the slightest. Even though those around her rushed by in lush furs or tattered rags, huddled over to keep warm, she had only her armor and thin boots. She didn’t even bother with her furs this time of year. In fact. The sun was making her a bit warm. She unlaced her deer leather reinforced bodice and unbuttoned her shirt. There, that was better, she thought to herself. The “girls” were getting a bit cramped in there all day anyway. Yagaritte was not just tall for a nord woman, she was also bustier than most, curvier of hip than most, even narrower of waist then most. The Gods had been kind to her. And then gotten drunk and decided to show off. Not that she thought so or that she even cared really. Though, she did know how to use it to her advantage when the situation called for it.

And sometimes even when it was just for fun!

She looked toward the west, where the sun was just starting to set. She sighed softly. She had already raided the caves once today, she did not fancy doing it again. She reached into her satchel and pulled a worn map out looking at it intently. There was another cave, slightly further, but perhaps with more abundant herbs, or maybe not so well guarded by winter wolves, she wondered,
hopefully. She folded the map back neatly, and tucked it back into her bag. With the sun setting soon, she didn’t want to travel so far, even with the chance that it could be an easier job this go ‘round. And with that, it was decided, she would revisit the caverns from earlier in the day. But first, a snack.

Speaking of snacks…

Her thoughts strangely went back to the snacksize young man at the shop. Yagaritte didn’t recall ever seeing a full adult man as small as he was. Why he barely came up to her…She flushed a bit at what she was thinking, which was a bit disconcerting for her because she didn’t flush about anything. He had to be grown to have that much stubble on his chin, didn’t he?. He was cute sure, but just so incredibly small. She recalled seeing that smudge of dirt on his cheek and instinctively wanting to clean it from his cherubic face. He probably thought she was crazy.

Why was she thinking about him at all? Because of her size she tended to go for men who at least could look her in the eye without being mounted on horseback.. But still, there was something about him.. She smiled to herself as she pulled her food from her satchel. “Yagaritte old girl you’ve been out in the field toooo long.” she said, to no one in particular.

* * * * *

The young man pulled the collar of his jacket up as he trudged through the streets, dodging beggars and sweeping shopkeepers. Though his clothing, to the eye not keen on the finer details, was rather elegant, it did not provide much protection against the cold. It would be getting dark soon. The wind was surging from time to time as if to remind him he wasn’t prepared for what was coming. He’d suffered through more than a few nights of this already, now that the rest of his savings had been exhausted by one of the local inns. Already his cheeks were colored a bright pink, and his teeth were chattering.

“Why did I pick such a terrible place to run to?” he asked himself silently, shaking his head. But in truth, he hadn’t picked it. He had simply handed 90% of all the wealth he had in the world to a shifty looking Khajiit who had promised to get him “Soo farrrr from wherrrrre you arrrrre  you won’t  find yourrrrr way baack!”

He forgot to mention he also wouldn’t be able to find work or any source of money, and on some occasions, not even a warm place to spend the night.

They had laughed at him when he tried to join the fighters guild. “On an island loaded with real men who can swing a sword, who's going to hire a midget with a stick!!? We’ll call you if we need
someone to read a book at someone!” He’d wanted to argue with them at that point that THIS midget could burn down the guild hall with THAT particular stick...but had again held his tongue to avoid unwanted attention.

He shook his head at himself, and looked up, squinting against the setting sun. “Where am I going... WHAT am I doing? Why am I so determined to become involved with that mountain of a woman? With ANY woman for that matter?” he berated himself.

Aside from his mother he’d never had much luck with any woman, romantically or otherwise. His heart twinged at the memory of his mother, but he pushed past it. It was desperation, he told himself. That and his innate concern for anyone who struggled to survive. She may be a giant, but she did not look like a rich giant. He had no idea what those herbs were worth, but he knew they were worth something to her, and that in itself was enough reason to continue his search.

Had he had a proper soul gem he could have enchanted some semi valuable object as a locator. Then again, if he had a proper soul gem he could have sold it for enough gold to buy a week at the best inn in town and still have money left over. The wind blew a particularly strong gust right up the back of his tailored jacket. He turned toward the now setting sun in a futile attempt to warm himself in its final beams of the day.

That’s when he saw her.

Statuesque, beautiful, strong. The ripening sun struck her coppery hair and made it shine bright as any precious jewel he had seen before. She had that raw primal beauty that was only achievable by someone who didn’t care if they were beautiful or alluring. She was leaning against the outside of a clothier’s shop, her bag at her feet. She had a small indiscernible bundle in her hands, and she was taking huge, gulping bites from it. At that, his stomach growled. He had been looking for her for the better part of an hour, but now confronted with her practically glowing as the sun set behind her, he froze.

“Now what? What do I say...what do I do?? What if she laughs at me?” he agonized. That laugh, that deep throated, melodious, enchanting laugh. It had had an almost mesmerizing effect on him back in the shop, strong as any Magicka he’d ever seen or produced. It was what made him glance in her direction. He was standing there debating with himself if he was willing to face her scorn just for chance to hear that laugh again, when she happened to look up.

Yagaritte smiled when she spotted him, a bit of crumb sticking on her chin. She waved him over. He made a soft sound of disbelief, but moved towards her all the same. He might be shy. He might be nervous, but, .... he was NOT rude.
“You didn’t buy a book?” she asked him as he slowly shuffled toward her. She noted that his face was red from the cold, and his clothing not properly suited to the climate. Like her, he did not have on a coat. The only difference was, he was clearly suffering for it.

“You didn’t buy a book…” the young man murmured. Yagaritte looked at him quizzically, then laughed, that beautiful, full laugh of hers. She offered him what was left of her meal in one hand, and held the other out, empty, for a handshake. “Yagaritte,” she said. The customs of this man’s home land must be very strange, indeed, she thought to herself.

Edovan took her hand, though his own was trembling, but despite the cold weather, slightly warm (and sweaty?). Yagaritte took it, paying no mind to the state of his clammy skin. Her own hand was warm. Almost hot to him. She laughed again, breaking the shake and pushing the food bundle between his fingers. Edovan took it, cradling it against his chest. As hungry as we was, he was not entirely sure he was ready to accept this stranger’s generosity. Yagaritte paid no mind, and instead bent to sling her satchel back across her shoulders, stretching her arms out wide as she came back up. She stifled a yawn.

It was then that Edovan remembered the little package of herbs in his pocket. He fumbled with the food, but folded its packaging neatly, sliding it gently into the pocket on the other side of his jacket. Who was he kidding? He would eat it without a second thought, the moment he had a chance. He reached into the other pocket and took the bundle, holding it out to her. He didn’t know what he was thinking… what her reaction would be. He only wanted to return her prize to her. He had no idea what to expect, but as he saw the flash of lightning in her eyes, he realized his mistake too late.

In a flash she had grabbed him by his collar and hoisted him into the air effortlessly. “Why you little thief!” she thundered, as she threw his small frame against the shop wall, feet dangling in midair. “HOW DID YOU TAKE THAT FROM ME!!!”

He should have been terrified, and in truth he very much was. The rational side of his brain was ringing all sorts of alarm bells, the logical voice in his head said flatly ”...this is it… this is how you die…” But at the moment it was being overruled by the more primitive part of his brain, the primal part responsible both for the survival and continuation of the species. For at this moment, the giant woman had pinned him against the wall of the shop with her rather prodigious bosom, and he could feel the warm satiny soft skin of her breast against the bottom of his cheeks on either side of his face. And while it was a lovely feeling, probably the softest thing he’d ever been allowed (or in this case, forced) to touch, he knew it would not end well.

“N-no.. no!” Edovan stammered, eyes flicking back and forth in a panic. He was trying to form words but his brain was in a pink haze, his mind foggy, and he was starting to sink further still into the canyon of her cleavage. “I found them!”  he gasped finally, as his face sunk further, somehow. “I-I found them in my pocket!” he mumbled, voice lost amongst her flesh, hoping she would
believe him.

Yagaritte looked down at him, as his face had reddened beyond that of just the cold. She was suddenly aware that tiny man’s face was buried in her breasts and that more importantly HE was aware. His voice seemed so strained and muffled that she started to laugh, but stifled it, eyes glimmering like someone who’d found a pot of gold at the end of a rainbow. This was a true jackpot! She decided to have a little fun with him. She intentionally loosened her death grip on his collar and straightened her back, pressing into him even more, pushing her chest against his face further, pinning his head back against the stone. She could see the blush reaching now even to his ears. If it were possible, she thought, his whole body… hair, clothes, and all, would blush in embarrassment at this moment. She laughed again, enjoying her power over him. Her anger abated somewhat, she continued to tease him.

“What's the matter little mouse? Don’t you find me attractive? Don’t you like my breasts?” she asked, her voice taking on a noticeably sexier tone, husky and heavy.

She knew how to play it, and she knew the answer to that question already. He was practically glowing red. There was the most imperceptible hint of a nod, though he did not look up into her face, his eyes squeezed tightly closed. She wasn’t about to let him go though. She decided to use this opportunity to gather what information she could, for there is never a better time to do so, then when you basically hold a man’s life in your hands. Or cleavage. Either works.

“Good,” she said, slowly leaning her neck down to bring her face as close to his as possible. “Because if you don’t start talking, and giving me answers I like… you…little mouse…are going to drown in them.”

She spoke slowly and deliberately, and the ‘them’ was an obvious reference, even to someone whose brain had all but turned to mush. She smiled, an overly wide smile that was more predatory than friendly as she bared her perfect teeth.

“I see the large staff you are carrying, you’re some sort of mage, I take it. Did you use magic to take my herbs?”

Edovan squeezed one eye open, looking up into her face after a few moments of silence. She was not blushing at all, as though she were used to crushing men to death with her enormous chest. In fact, her eyes had that familiar mischievous twinkle, and he knew that meant danger.

“I found them in my pocket!” he gasped into her cleavage.
Her mouth curled up into a smirk, and her eyes did not stop their twinkling.

“Ohh, nooo...” she teased. “Looks like you're getting heavy... I can barely hold you up…” she said in mock distress.

She released his collar and placed her hands flat against the wall on either side of him. She held him in place by the sheer pressure of her body against his, but she shifted her angle back ever so slightly so he began to sink again.

Oh, this was too easy! Panic lit his face as he realized how much of a compromising position he was finding himself in.

“No no no, it’s true... y-y-you must have… they must have…!” he trailed off helplessly, his mouth and brain worthless in this particular predicament. He took as deep of a breath as he was able, and tried again. “It must have fallen in my pocket when you dumped your bag on the… mmmrrrrrmmfff!!” The last of his sentence was lost amongst her breasts, never to be found again. She paused at that, biting her lip in thought, her wolfish grin gone for the moment, her face softening just so. It was actually plausible, and something she had not considered. His slow descent halted momentarily.

“So you’ve followed me?” she asked, instead, deciding not to let him off the hook just yet. How else would he learn? Her tongue flicked out and licked at her peachy-tinted lips. That was a move that always drove others insane. “I didn’t know I had a stalker,” she added, as Edovan squeezed his eyes tight again. It appeared he didn’t have an answer for her.

Edovan tilted his head back as far as he could, to take another breath. He started to struggle a bit, which only made it worse, as Yagaritte’s breasts were a force to be reckoned with, a fact she was well aware of. She let her hand fall down from the wall, setting it on her hip.

“I’m not a stalker, I swear!” he huffed, having gotten his breath back, staring back up at her more boldly than he had done anything since they had first met. She raised an eyebrow at that. Maybe he had a little fire in him after all. As she looked down upon him, she noticed then that he had a rather handsome face. Large slightly angled soft eyes, those sculpted elven high cheek bones. His skin was darker than nords, but smooth and flawless, and his tousled brown hair still had a particularly well-kept sheen reserved for those of a higher class.

Yagaritte leaned back imperceptibly, giving him just enough room to breathe, but kept pressing
against him with her lower torso so he remained at the level he was. She still wasn’t done with him.

“Then why are you here?” she asked him, pushing a strand of hair from her face, annoyed. Why
did it never stay where she put it!?

Her breasts were no longer pressing in on his face, but still touching, and still far too close for
comfort. Edovan diverted his gaze upwards, into her face, which was also beautiful and scary, but
somehow less intimidating than her breasts.

“I’m a not a stalker,” he repeated, far more calmly this time. “I just… I just wanted you to have y-
your herbs…” he added, holding his hand up again, open. The small bundle was still there, slightly
 crushed and a little sweaty.

Yagaritte tilted her head, she started to reach for the bundle from his palm, but hesitated. She was
suddenly suspicious. That didn’t make any sense. Did he know know their worth? Could it be an
elaborate plot orchestrated by the thieves’ guild? But no… what purpose would that serve? She
thought back on her many, many past liaisons. There were any number of men, women, angry
wives, even angry husbands who might want to pull a fast one on her. But they would all  be here
in person. ..

Perhaps he was telling the truth after all? But that begged a different question. Why would some
foreign man, who only happened to be in same place as her for a brief moment in time, care if she
were reunited with her missing herbs?

She looked down at him there, his cute tiny blushing face peaking out from the deep valley of her
cleavage. “Hmmm , she thought., I see TWO reasons right here”

“You sure that’s all you wanted?” Her voice had gone husky again.  Her eyes flashed and the
predatory grin was back. “Maybe you really wanted these…” She said, as she pressed her arms
together, squeezing his rather pleasing little face even tighter between her peaks. If that’s what he
was really after she might be willing to oblige. But only after she’d had her fun with him her way.
She brought her leg up between his and not so subtly pressed her knee up into the fabric of his
tailored breeches.

He was really starting to struggle now, a full on struggle with feet kicking, hands trying in vain to
push her away. Not that it made any difference, she was much more powerful than he was. She
was enjoying this far more than she should. She hadn’t had this much fun in a while!

“Told you so,” The logical voice in his head flatly intoned. Well, this was the end. The walls were
closing in around him, the pressure was increasing, and it was getting darker as his face was buried
in flesh, mouth and nose now completely covered and sealed by the soft but heavy mountains rising up around him. His vision was starting to narrow as darkness seeped in slowly around the edges, his mind dimming. He could hear and feel the vibration of the steady *thumpthump* of her heart. It called him like a drumbeat into the darkness.

He had a half delirious thought that if he died here, they should damn well bury him here, right here in the ivory-pink mountains that had been his undoing. Then, he could hear that melodious laugh for eternity. Feel it rumble through and all around his bones, a warm, pleasurable feeling that would last forever.

“This wouldn't be so bad...“ his lizard brain said.

”Let's just rest right here...“

Logical brain nodded in silent agreement.

It struck him, then, just as the last bit of light was fading, as he had accepted his fate. A jolt of electricity passed across his synapses, instantly snapping him to full awareness. The one thing he could say that might appease the amazon bent on burying him alive in her bosom. Or at the very least, give her pause. The TRUTH. He had wanted to get her her herbs back of course. But that wasn’t the real reason he had been freezing himself, wasting his precious energy on a fool’s chase.

Yagaritte was staring down at him as her power trip faded. *Oh gods... is he turning blue?* She realized then that he was no longer kicking or putting up any struggle, just hanging limply between her arms. But just as she was about to release him (and possibly try to administer a different kind of mouth to mouth), she saw him stretch his head upward one last time.

Edovan took a deep breath and then blurted loudly: “Your laugh!!”

The words hung there in the silence.. She stared at him quizzically for a few seconds, her composure a bit shaken. She lowered her leg, tilting her head as she straightened up some. “My... what??”

“Your laugh... th-th that’s why I followed you...” Edovan said, even as he gasped for breath. His head felt fuzzy, muted, muddled.
Her heart skipped a beat, and her brain was working furiously. Yagaritte knew men, she knew plenty of them, and they were all the same. They all wanted something from her, usually with very little in return. Her praise, her body, a job... some even wanted her to “punish” them, a fate she may or may not oblige, depending on her mood and how much ale or whiskey she may have consumed at a particular feast night. She knew men, alright, and could take them or leave them at her own whim. But this small one was different. He was not some wealthy dilettante, with a thing for tall girls, or lecherous old noble who wanted to keep her for his collection (long story, that. She still had his best furs as her camping bedroll). She had determined, within this short amount of time, that this man, this diminutive, shy man, could not have stolen her herbs. He had never stolen anything in his entire life.

She stared down at him again and was suddenly conscious of two facts:

First, were his eyes always that golden? They looked so big and soft and kind, but somehow tinged with a deep sorrow. One that caused her heart to clench in her chest.

Second, why was she was still all but smothering him with her breasts??

Her heart skipped two beats this time. This was no slimy weasel to be trapped, this.. was a perfect, skittish fawn, the kind you never expect to see until you barge into a clearing in the woods and he’s just standing there, staring at you like the damn Prince of the Forest..and you exhale and he darts away into the trees leaving you momentarily breathless and and yet somehow changed forever… or, at least for the rest of the day.

For the first time in her adult life Yagaritte didn’t know how to handle a man. It was very unsettling. She wanted to talk to him, find out more about him, but he probably just wanted to get as far away from her as possible now, after she had tried to end his life by breasticide.

She placed her hands at his sides and gently, gingerly leaned back, slowly lowering him till his feet were once again on solid ground. She breathed an internal sigh of relief to see that the color had settled back into his face, no longer red, no longer blue.

She slowly took the package of herbs from his still outstretched hand. She tucked the herbs into her belt to keep them safe, and then gently began to unruffle and smooth out his now rumpled clothing. “You’d better hurry home,” she said, looking back at the sun, which had almost set entirely during their conversation. It would get colder soon, and some unsavory things happened in these streets under the protection of night. “I’m sure your pretty little wife is missing you dearly,” she added nonchalantly.
Edovan blushed again, shaking his head fervently. (Wife!? He’d never even courted a woman before, much less married, or lain, with one.)

Yagaritte laughed at his reaction, she had suspected as much, but she had to be sure. Not that NOT being single had ever stopped her before. Yagaritte was of the firm opinion that if anyone was in a strong relationship they wouldn’t stray, so the fact that someone wanted to stray with her meant their relationship was in trouble anyway. She herself had had many marriage proposals over the years, but had no truck for that kind of folly. If you don’t tie yourself to anyone they can’t cut the cord between you. Still with someone as pure as this little fawn she would have at least thought twice before bagging and tagging him!

She adjusted her satchel closer to her body. It wouldn’t do to leave herself open to pickpocketing. And definitely no good for the fool who would try it.

It was time to lay out the bait.

“A strong young man like you still unattached? What a pity. Well, I must be going now little mouse. Thank you, for bringing back my herbs. Maybe I’ll see you around?,” she said, pressing a small coin into his hand, that seemingly came out of nowhere.

With that, she turned abruptly and strode off, heading back towards the town center. She furtively glanced behind her to make sure he was watching and added just the right amount of swing to her hips, not enough to be sent to a brothel, but enough to send the signal she intended.
Follow

Chapter Summary

Edovan follows Yagaritte against her best intentions and discover she lives in a very unusual Inn.

Chapter Notes

This is a wholly original tale that my best friend/writing partner and I started for our own amusement after starting ESO together. It uses races, locations and much of the myth and lore of the world of Elderscrolls, but artistic liberties have been taken with regard to the average size of Nords, and some monster types.

It is sexually explicit, but also at its core a love story about two people who are very different from each other. We hope you enjoy it and share it with others! We look forward to hearing your feedback!

(For those of you who like to know these kinds of things, Yagaritte is 7’9” and Edovan is 4’8”)

“Wait.. what just happened?” Edovan’s mind raced. One second he was about to blackout in the ample bosom of the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and the next she was just striding away!? Did he say something wrong? That he complimented her laugh...really, was that it? True or not, he doubted that was something women longed to hear. Or had she taken a good look at him and decided he was too small to be of ANY use in ANY capacity? He blushed again at the thought. One thing was for sure, his rational brain still needed to find a source of income, some food, and hopefully a warm place to stay for the night. And the one adventurer who had ever given him more than a passing glance was now quickly disappearing from sight.

“Oh gods he’s right behind me…” she realized. Soo maybe she didn’t know this man.. He was following her, and that was problematic. Where she lived..was not a place she wanted him to find out about on a first date. She quickened her stride. He wasn’t even making any pretense of tailing her. He was just right there two steps behind her, looking for all the world like they were traveling somewhere together. She sped up again. HOW was he keeping up? Dam wood elves were faster than she thought.

Her strides were at least three times as long as his own, and he practically had to run to catch up to her, and jog to keep up. She did not stop, and did not acknowledge that he was there, absently adjusting her satchel, or her daggers, or her hair. She headed directly for an inn, a trip she seemed
to have memorized. She tipped her fingers at the homely woman behind the counter as she passed through the enormous oaken doorway (it seemed they were quite familiar with one another), leading Edovan into a brightly lit restaurant on the base level of the inn, bustling with patrons and servers.

Yagaritte was frantic. He wasn’t supposed to FOLLOW her. She was executing a long game. He was supposed to go home to wherever he was staying and then the next day he would ask everyone in town about the giant strawberry blonde with the scary daggers and everyone would say “oh that’s Yagaritte” and then she would appear right there in the exact same spot in the setting sun. You know, the one where she tried to smother him?

Hadn’t she nearly killed him?

Why was he RIGHT THERE???

The woman waved a rag at Yagaritte, and then pointed at Edovan. It was unusual for her to be accompanied by someone so… small. Just so very, very small. Yagaritte rolled her eyes and stopped suddenly, causing Edovan, who was far more preoccupied with the hundreds of delicious smells coming from the inn’s kitchen, than with following Yagaritte, to crash into her. “Tsk,” she intoned, putting a hand on his head and pushing him away from her. “Go home little mouse, this inn is the Horny Boar,” she said, turning him back towards the door. “And not a place for you.”

Edovan dug his heels in. “W-w-while it might be true that I don’t care much for boars… least of all lusty ones… I h-have just as much a right to be here as you do.” he said with more than a little conviction, struggling against her grip, trying to turn back towards her. He had had too many cold nights, too many missed meals, and his desperation was driving him to be bolder than he had ever dared before.

Boldness wasn’t breaking her grip on him though as she palmed the top of his entire head the way a child would palm a ball of string. He could feel her warmth radiating into him.

“Besides… you owe me!” he added, his fear making him...well, fearless.

She had to think of something quick. He REALLY didn’t belong here.

“Do you have gold for a room?” Yagaritte asked, spinning him around abruptly, and with ease. He was but a doll compared to her. She crouched down so that they were face to face, she took his
chin into her hand again, as she had done before, and forced him to look into her eyes. “Do you have gold for a meal? Gold to tip this kind woman here?” she asked, waving an arm at the woman behind the bar.

And just like that, his ballooning new found courage he had discovered deflated. She had poked a hole the size of very large thing in his feeble attempt to believe that he might possibly belong in the same room as someone as beautiful as Yagaritte.

She was right. Clearly he had misread the situation. He didn’t know a thing about girls after all. He’d just assumed since she had actually talked to him, touched him (nearly killed him?) that maybe she might be different. But she didn’t need him to do anything for her..she was a goddess. All his boldness had been stripped away by the harsh reality of her words. He ceased pushing against her hand and just stared down at the muddy floor.

He was just about to turn to go when, Margara, the woman behind the counter, laughed. It was not as elegant or beautiful as Yagaritte’s (Edovan was sure nobody’s was, in the whole of Tamriel), but it was kind. “Yagaritte, deary, be kind to this little one,” she said, coming from behind the counter. Her dingy skirts were tied up, kept free of the ground, which was dusty and dirty with the muddy bootprints of a hundred patrons. “Remember, you were in his position once,” she reminded Yagaritte gently.

Now it was Yagarittes turn to look defeated. She dropped her head, breaking her gaze from Edovan’s. Margara took Yagaritte’s hand gently and took it away from Edovan’s chin, squeezing it tenderly as she did so. “Do you like sweets, little mouse?” she asked him. Yagaritte stood up and silently went over to the bar, dropping her satchel at her feet as she sat down. Her back was to them, and she ignored them. A barmaid quickly brought her over a pint. Yagaritte took it and chugged it.

Why had she seemed so sad suddenly? And what did the woman mean about Yagaritte having been in his position before? Edovan had to draw his gaze away from Yagaritte, shaking his head to clear it before he looked up. He nodded at the woman, who was smiling down at him. While she was clearly Nord, she was not nearly so tall or well-built as Yagaritte was, and she shared none of her beauty. She gently moved him toward a small table near to the fire, and produced a bit of chocolate from the depths her skirts. “Nibble on this while I fetch you something from the kitchen,” she said.

Edovan took the chocolate gratefully and sat down, unable to believe his sudden change in luck. He reached to pull his staff from his back, and carefully set it against the empty chair beside him. The dark red crystal atop it seemed to come alive in the jumping light of the fire. He unwrapped the chocolate and took a small bite from the corner. It was clear this was from the woman’s personal stash, as it was already half gone. Not that Edovan cared, he was happy to have anything to eat, much less chocolate, which was a luxury he hadn’t been afforded in quite some time. But even as his heart sang with the joy of a promised meal, he couldn’t help but turn back to look at
Yagaritte, who was still occupying a stool at the bar. There were now two empty steins in front of her, and she was gulping down a third. Edovan bit his lip, unsure if he should call out to her, or let her be. It seemed she wasn’t suited for company at the moment, for even as he watched her, she irritatedly waved off a man who had taken the empty stool beside her.

She should not be sad. He thought. Even though less than an hour ago she was literally squeezing the life out of him, he felt somehow responsible for her sudden change in mood. Was she sad because of him? Did he need to leave? It made sense if she was penniless once, that just being around him might conjure up all sorts of unpleasant memories from her past. He wanted to hear that full throaty laugh again. See her smile light up the room and make everyone at ease. He was suddenly very conscious of his fine tailored clothing. Ripped and scorched and frayed now, it had clearly seen better days, but it still stood out somewhat. Back when it had been presented to him as a gift by his parents for finishing his third year studies at the Stormhaven Academia Magicka, he was pretty sure the coin used to purchase it could have bought everyone in this inn more than a few nights stays with money left over. He knew better than anyone how sudden changes of fortune can affect people. He imagined it was much the same looking back for her as it was for him looking forward. Edovan looked wistfully at the warm fire. Took a long huff of the air scented with hot food. Well. This had been nice, but there was nothing for it. She was right. He didn't belong here. He knew then what he needed to do.
Bernadette

Chapter Summary

Edovan "meets" Bernadette, and finds himself almost in over his head..

Chapter Notes

This is a wholly original tale that my best friend/writing partner and I started for our own amusement after starting ESO together. It uses races, locations and much of the myth and lore of the world of Elderscrolls, but artistic liberties have been taken with regard to the average size of Nords, and some monster types.

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(For those of you who like to know these kinds of things, Yagaritte is 7'9" and Edovan is 4' 8" and Bernadette is 6'4")

When the innkeeper returned with large bowl of thick steaming soup and some fresh bread rolls, she found the chair empty. The remainder of the chocolate was sitting on top of a neatly folded but slightly stained and wrinkled silk handkerchief, along with a small pile of meager coins. Margara set the food down on the table, and reached for the coins. Perhaps the young man his misinterpreted what she’d meant? She had no intention of taking his coins. She was a little sad to think he’d slipped off into the night alone, cold and still hungry..

Or at least he had tried to. Apparently he had almost made out the door as Margara spied him again. Unluckily for him, Maraga wasn’t the only one who saw him leaving. He had caught the eye of Bernadette, the most infamous of her… maidens, so to speak. Infamous because though over average size for a Nord woman she inexplicably had a thing for the smaller patrons of the Boar. Margara clucked her tongue. Bernadette’s “tastes” were a bit too exotic/dangerous for the uninitiated. They had experienced only one real close call so far, but still It was better to be safe than sorry.

“Where you goin, love?” Bernadette drawled, slipping with the speed of a cobra between Edovan and the doorway, just a moment before he had been able to escape. She pulled him around and looked down into his eyes hungrily as his back went up against the wall. Her scarlet dress was done up in a noble’s fashion, it showed off its owner’s tall but curvy hourglass figure quite well, but was obviously tailored with less fine materials, lacking the minute details of a true noblewoman’s dress. It was a nice charade, but only held up because her dress was usually in a rumpled pile on the floor.
Everything about her was red. From her dress to her long curly fire red hair. Her lips were painted an obnoxious red, a shade that men usually fell prey to, as it made her mouth extra pouty, and particularly sensual. Her full breasts of course, were as propped up and pushed together as they could be, practically at her throat. They, too, were painted, a rosy tint that matched that of her cheeks. If she had been an animal in nature she was either trying very hard to attract a mate or warn of possible danger.

In Bernadette’s case it was an emphatic “both”.

“You’ve only just arrived…” she trilled, biting her lip as she pressed her hips against the top of his chest and hooked a very long shapely leg around him from behind., she slid down him a bit, her hand sliding up his thigh with little reserve. Once again, he was pinned against a wall, at the mercy of a much larger, more powerful woman.

Margara approached Yagaritte and nodded towards the door. “Looks like your little mouse has found himself some trouble,” she said, taking the empty steins from the table and dropping them into a basin of soapy water. She propped her elbows up on the bar and watched them silently. That poor boy...

Yagaritte jerked around and found Edovan with Bernadette, the woman practically trying to mount him in the middle of the room. She grinned, then chuckled to herself. She supposed it wouldn’t hurt to watch… at least for a little bit. There was little in the world as entertaining as this, she thought.

“I… I…” Edovan stammered, squirming against Bernadette’s advances. He looked past the wide hips of the painted woman over at Yagaritte, who waved at him as they caught each other's eye. HELP ME! he mouthed. Yagaritte simply shrugged and pointed at her ears, miming that she was unable to hear him, and therefore unable to help.

Bernadette leaned down and put her mouth against Edovan’s ear, her breath hot and smelling of alcohol, with a hint of mint. Her tongue flicked out at his lobe. “Come on, love… don’t be scared,” she purred, bending over him, nibbling now at his ear lobe. The hand she had on his thigh moved between his legs, and she cupped him there ever so gently. “I can be gentle… or rough…” she continued, and at ‘rough’ she squeezed his cock through his pants. Edovan’s legs gave way at that, and he slumped downward, sliding slowly down the wall at his back, his face as red as a summer apple and burning with embarrassment. His collapsed moved him from the frying pan into the fire however, as his face was now level with her pubic bone, which was pressing painfully through her skirt against his nose.
“Ooohh you know JUST what I like……” she drawled, quickly lifting her hem with one hand and grabbing his head from behind with the other. She drew him between her legs under her skirts and pinned his head to the wall.

From her vantage point at the bar all Yagaritte could see was Bernadette with her legs slightly apart grinding her pelvis toward the wall, with a pair of boots protruding toes first from under her skirts and two arms flailing at the sides of her hips. She burst out with laughter at this ridiculous scene, and finally got up from her seat at the bar. She strode over to where Edovan and Bernadette were, near the door. The shameless woman had already started to moan as she rhythmically rolled her hips in small forward circles with slowly increasing speed.

She tapped on Bernadette’s shoulder. “What do you think you’re doing?” she asked, towering over the other woman. She still had a smirk on her face.

Bernadette slowly turned from the wall to face Yagaritte, careful not to dislodge the hapless bosmer still lodged between her thighs, the front of her skirts piled on top his head. She looked up at Yagarritte haughtily and scoffed. “I don’t see your name on him,” she said, her fingers still curling into Edovan’s hair as she slowly ground against his face. “And he didn’t say no,” she added grunting as she thrust her hips forward.. Which was truthful, but he also hadn’t said much of anything.. and couldn't now if he wanted to.

As if to respond to her statement Edovan made a quick attempt to disengage, but she deftly hooked her upper leg up over his shoulder curling her shin around his back possessively, both hands forcing him even further down into the generous gap between her thighs. “Beside, he’s too small for you, but just the right size for what I like.” she smiled wickedly up at Yagarritte and gave a sharp upward pull on the hair on the back of his head as she tilted her hips forward. He seemed to somehow recede in to her. Edovan emitted a wet, muffled squeak.

It was still a ludicrous scene, but Yagarritte had had enough. The little bosmer had started to make drowning noises. And, she thought, with more than a twinge of guilt, he was already one over his daily quota of being suffocated by strange women he’d barely met.

She reached down and grabbed the back waistband of Edovan’s breeches and with a speed and grace that startled both him and his aggressor, plucked him from her thighs, hauled him up through the air and brought his body against her own, his back against her front. She put an arm across his chest, the top of his small head safely nestled protectively in the nook between and under her breasts.

“He’s mine,” she said simply, narrowing her eyes dangerously at Bernadette.
Bernadette was momentarily startled by how quick he had disappeared from her still tingling nethers, but quickly adjusted. She rolled her eyes up at Yagaritte, crossing her arms over her chest, standing firmly.

“Why don’t you let him decide,” she dared. This was clearly a contest for her now. They had known each other from around the inn of course, but they had never had cause to cross paths before, and she was sure no man in the world would choose this massive, clumsy woman over her.

Yagaritte laughed at that, the sound radiating all around Edovan, flesh jiggling atop his head. He was still pressed firmly against her body, the obvious possessiveness with which she held him was a small comfort, and a protection from this woman who meant to... well, he honestly didn't know what she meant to do. Drown him and rob him? She’s would have been so disapponted, he thought.

“You’re foolish to think he would have part of... WHATEVER it is you plan to do with him,” she said, looking down at Bernadette, who though quite a bit taller than Edovan, was nowhere near as tall as her. Compared to Yagaritte, Bernadette was all but a dainty little girl.

Bernadette smirked, leaning in towards Edovan. “He knows exactly what I plan to do with him,” she purred, talking directly to him now. She pointed a finger at his nose and then pulled up her skirt in front exposing her fiery red bush, and pointed at her nethers. Then she drew her finger upward against her skin tracing an invisible line up from her pubis to her pelvis between her hip bones and patted her abdomen and grinned a wide wicked grin. As she finished, she licked the side of his face, her hand dropping her skirt and coming up to grab his hair, pushing her fingers through it. Edovan squeezed his eyes closed, equal parts terrified, aroused, and extremely confused. He started the day a lonely man with nary a companion, and now he had two women who were fighting over his company, one who had tried to kill him already and one who apparently wanted to try another even more exotic method. Logical brain was beginning to wonder if maybe he had been better off before. Lizard brain was just thrilled to have breasts on his head again.

Yagaritte flicked her ear, sighing in annoyance. “Off with you, little girl,” she said, as Bernadette recoiled. She reached up and held her ear, baring her teeth at Yagaritte. “Go on. Run off,” she repeated. Bernadette all but hissed and turned away from them, storming passed Margara who had just approached from behind.

“Don’t you harm her face,” Margara warned. Bernadette was one of her best girls, of course, and she liked to keep them in good shape. Yagarritte waved her hand. She was fine, and it hadn’t even been her precious face, besides.
Bar talk

Chapter Summary

Edovan and Yagaritte get to know each other a little better, but Yagaritte is clearly too much woman for our young mage to handle.

Chapter Notes

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She dragged Edovan back over to the table where his dinner was still sitting, only it was starting to get cold. “You’ll eat your dinner,” she told him, pushing him back into the seat and shoving a spoon into his hands. She acted as though nothing had just transpired, as though she hadn’t just claimed him as her own. Margara came over and plunked down the coins Edovan had left on the table, she smiled down at him, warm and genuine, and left again without a word, bustling back behind the counter. Yagaritte took the seat across from his and sat down, crossing her legs, and her arms. “Eat,” she repeated, as Edovan stared at her dumbfoundedly, the spoon slack in his hand.

Edovan was at a loss. He grabbed his previously abandoned kerchief from the table and began thoroughly drying his face. His head was spinning, and slightly damp. And the smell of the painted woman was still thick in his nostrils. He still had no idea what was going on, but sitting across from her now he was still concerned about Yagaritte. First she had been sad… then she said he was hers? Hers how? Admittedly, she could have said it just to scare the painted woman away, though Edovan had no doubt she didn’t need any help in that department. He bit his lip, then started speaking slowly, halting between each word as if he didn’t know what the next one would be.

“I..don’t. ..you…and then.. but she..and then YOU…” his voice trailed off but there was specific emphasis on the “YOU” that spoke volumes. He stopped and looked down at the floor again. It was then that he noticed that Yagaritte and Margara and his attacker (who was already dragging
some short Dunmer up the stairs) were far from the only women in this room. There were dozens of them, scattered all over. All very attractive Nords as well, though none as tall (or as beautiful), as Yagaritte. Some were dressed regally while others wore outfits he had never even seen before, just strips of cloth with beads! Some were lounging, some talking to patrons. A few were dancing for a group of rowdy Nords in the corner, each with glasses in their hands and eyes on their assets. He’d been so focused on Yagaritte, and then food, and then trying to sneak out, that he hadn't even noticed. The Horny Boar… of course! God's he was thick sometimes.

Yagaritte grinned. “Now you get it?” she asked him, as she saw him look around the room, his face lighting up with realization, then reddening. “You’re a bit on the slow side, aren’t you?” she added, chuckling. Of course, she was only teasing, and didn’t mean any harm by it.

Edovan blushed deeper, if that were possible. “No!” he spat. He looked down at the bowl of stew in front of him. “…well, maybe a little,” he admitted. “But I was… I was distracted!” he finished, sighing. So now she thought he was a simpleton. Perfect.

Still grinning, Yagaritte leaned over the table and reached to pet his head carefully. “You’re not slow..” she said with as much honesty as possible. As much fun as it was to tease him, she truly didn’t want him to think that she actually believed that little bit of misinformation. Edovan swallowed thickly… that… that had been the gentlest touch she’d bestowed upon him, a hand that was so massive, but incredibly gentle, that he only just felt it atop his head. She made a face, though, as his hair was still damp with Bernadette. She silently wiped her hand on her breeches.

“Yagaritte… why…” he sputtered, putting the spoon down. He was hungry, and it was gnawing painfully at his insides, but he couldn’t let this moment slip by, this was a tender moment, and though he knew next to nothing about her, even he could sense her walls were down, at least momentarily. Yagaritte looked at him, waiting. “Why were you s-sad… earlier…” he finished, not really able to look into her eyes. He was terrified that he would see that sadness there again, and he wasn’t sure his heart would be able to take it.

Yagaritte smiled sadly, and indeed, her eyes lost some of their sparkle. She closed them and exhaled. “When I first came here, I was like you,” she said quietly, looking back up at him now. She reached for a bit of the bread Margara had brought with Edovan’s stew, and held it between her fingers. “I was penniless, I was homeless…” she continued, turning the bread over and over in her hand. She tore a piece off and squeezed it absently between her fingertips. “I was.. kicked.. out of my home by my father, nothing to my name but the clothes on my back and a pendant necklace from my mother,” she said. “She thought I would be able to sell it for gold, but I couldn’t part with it…” She cleared her throat, reaching absently to the thin silver chain that disappeared into her armor. “My little sist--” she trailed off, the look of pain in her eyes doubling, glossing over as she looked beyond Edovan, into the past. She was quiet for some time, contemplative, her hand still at the chain around her neck. She seemed to shake herself free of her memories, her eyes focusing again, gaining back most of their usual devious glinting. “But that’s enough about me,” she said, seemingly slipping back into her usual self. She ripped a huge bite out of the bread and chewed it happily. “Eath your theww…” she said, talking with her mouth full as she waved her hand at his
bowl.

He wanted of course to ask her more about what had happened. But he also didn’t want her to be sad again. Edovan sat quietly for a few seconds, looking contemplative. Then he dipped his spoon into his stew and stirred it around. Thankfully it still steamed a bit and was actually just now at the perfect temperature for eating. He leaned over the bowl and inhaled the aroma. His mouth was salivating in anticipation. He savoried the moment. He was just about to take a large scoop of the rich dark broth when he suddenly paused, looked around the room then looked back at Yagaritte. Then he looked around the room again.. then back at her. He seemed to be working something out in his head…

Yagaritte laughed heartily as she watched him, his facial expression saying everything that was going on in his brain. “Keep your mind out of the gutter,” she said, completely amused. “I’m an adventurer,” she said flatly. “Don’t get any ideas,” she added, still chuckling.

“Oh..no.. I would never…” Edovan blushed again.. but looked secretly relieved. “I mean...you are certainly pretty enough….” his voice trailed off as his logical brain put the steam brakes on the thought lizard brain was about to say out loud. Now an even rosier shade of crimson, he dug into his soup in earnest now. He started slowly, savoring each bite but soon was picking up speed with each spoonful. In no time he had downed the entire bowl..and was sopping up the last savory bits with a large hunk of bread when he suddenly paused. “Did you want the last piece?” He looked at her and smiled as he extended the still dribbling bread in her direction.

“Being a good whore isn’t about how pretty you are,” Yagaritte said wisely, as she reached for the bread. “In fact,” she continued, stuffing it into her mouth. “...it’s not about your face at all. It’s about your tits, and your ass, and if you know how to use them,” she said bluntly, knowing that such talk would only continue Edovan’s blushing embarrassment. Which, of course, was exactly what she wanted. She grinned at him. “And for those facts, I would indeed make a great whore!” she exclaimed wolfishly.

Edovan, who was pulsing crimson, just as she suspected he would, looked away from her quickly. Lizard brain had instantly recalled the feeling of her soft cleavage against the side of his face, the huskiness of her voice as she teased him...the warmth of her body against his when she had rescued him from Bernadette’s attention. Suddenly he had a brief vision of Yagaritte’s fingers entwined in his hair as SHE guided his small face down under HER skirts and up IN to the sweet musky darkness hidden underneath.

“Ye Gods man..what are you thinking?!” he shivered at the secret thrill of it. Thanks to Bernadette's crash course in female anatomy he was now intimately familiar with what women were like betwixt their thighs. Breaking himself from his trance he was filled with confusing feelings.
“D-don’t talk about yourself that way!” was all he managed to mutter aloud, trying to look anywhere in the room instead of at Yagaritte or any of the other women. He didn’t have many places to look.

Yagaritte laughed. “There’s no shame in whoring,” she said simply. While it may not be a noble profession, it was a profession all the same, and afforded many women (and some men), who wouldn’t otherwise have the opportunity, a chance to make their own money, to live an independent life.

“I’ve never done it, but Maybe I should give it a try after all, hmmm?,” she added lasciviously, biting at her lip. “What do you think?” she asked him, her voice taking on that sensual, husky quality again. She had leaned in toward him as she spoke, her linen shirt somehow had unbuttoned its top 3 buttons to the point her voluminous bust was threatening to spill out. The last fastened button was holding on for dear life. And there was the barest hint of the darker skin around her peaks emerging over the top of the strained fabric.

“Would you fuck me?” She growled, her voice all low and sensuous. She winked.

On that note Edovan suddenly paused.. and a horrified look crept across his face. He got up abruptly and said “Excuse me!” and quickly walked awkwardly to the door of the Inn and slipped out it into the night.

“Really? That’s all it took? Guess I’ve still got it!” Yagaritte said, looking back at Margara with a grin. Margara shot her a wink, chuckling to herself.

After less than a minute or so, he re-entered the inn, teeth chattering, cheeks blueish, snow on his boots. By this time it had become something of a scene, so every single eye in the tavern was watching the door when he returned, one hand trying to cover the crotch of his breeches from view. Several of the girls tittered and the male patrons flat out chortled.

Yagaritte was leaning lazily against the wall just inside door, her arms crossed over her chest, her feet crossed at the ankles in a relaxed posture as Edovan came bustling back in. “Are you done making a spectacle of yourself?” she asked him, as she tossed her barely used cloak over his shoulder.

Edovan caught the cloak and flipped it around his shoulders, shivering. Thankfully it was large enough to not only warm him up, but it covered his embarrassment with ease. Not that it mattered,
everyone occupying the inn’s tavern was smart enough to figure it out. He wanted to squeeze between the floorboards and disappear forever. But since that wasn’t an option, he looked up at Yagaritte, silently pleading.

“Come on,” she said with a sigh, pushing away from the wall and putting her arm across his shoulder. She couldn’t deny that face, and even though she took immense pleasure from making him suffer, there was a line even she knew she shouldn’t cross, at least in public. “Let’s get you situated,” she said, nodding at Margara, who nodded back, watching curiously.

Whatever Yagaritte planned, Margara was behind her, a hundred percent. Just as she had helped Yagaritte all those years ago, she would help Edovan. She could see the same look in Edovan’s eyes, as she had seen in Yagaritte’s, and that was not a look she would let walk out the door alone.

Yagaritte swung by their table and grabbed her satchel and his staff that he had left behind in his haste, and she steered Edovan towards a stairway that was hidden by a wall off to the side of the room, near the bar. Edovan smiled at Margara as they passed. “Thank you,” he said quietly. Not only had she fed him, but she did it free of charge. Even in his state of embarrassment, his manners were well in tact, and he could not let her kindness go unnoticed.

“You’re welcome, little mouse,” she said gently, giving him that warm, kind smile of hers. As they came closer, she held a small package out, that Edovan recognized as the last bit of chocolate she’d given him earlier. Margara didn’t say anything, only continued to smile as Edovan took the sweet from her hand. With that, she turned back to the bar and shooed a man away huffily as she tried to lean his snowy, muddy boots onto the bar top.
Yagaritte rescues Edovan to her inner sanctum, but things don't get any less awkward for the young wood elf.

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(For those of you who like to know these kinds of things, Yagaritte is 7'9" and Edovan is 4'8")

Yagaritte steered him up the stairs, and towards the room at the very end of the hall. She pulled a large iron key from her belt, and slid it into the lock, twisting it. She pushed the door open and nudged Edovan inside. “Mind the pile of books,” she warned him, as she closed the door behind them. And locked it. She slipped the key back into her belt, and started the process of removing her armor. Though she appeared to live in it comfortably, she was, of course, most comfortable out of it. And the less clothes she had on the better!

Edovan, who was currently more interested in peeking around her room, wasn’t paying her much attention. The room was cavernous somehow. With high ceilings and split level floor that dropped down towards the back. He would have wondered about the architecture all night, if she hadn’t had so many trinkets, bits, bobs, stacks and stacks of books, more weapons than any single person could possibly use. Maps scattered here and there, a dozen half-used candlesticks spread on every surface. And curious things even Edovan was clueless about, ancient or sacred objects that he’d never seen before or even read about. As messy as it was, it seemed to be a controlled chaos, and everything looked as though it were exactly where Yagaritte had intended it to be. On the desk beside her large but meager bed was a spread of open books, were she had been making copies of various runes, seemingly trying to translate them for some mysterious purpose. “Yagaritte, these ru--”
Edovan turned around and saw that she had stripped away all of her clothing but the thin shift she wore under her armor. It was so thin… so very, very thin. He could see the huge swell of her breasts, and the darker, pinker circles in full visibility through the sheer fabric, along with her hardened nipples which were doing their darndest to poke THROUGH it. It barely covered the top of her legs, which were as strong, and perfectly sculpted, as he envisioned them to be. Her skin seemed to glow in the light of the room’s lanterns. She flopped down lazily on her bed on her back, pulling her arms up over her head and resting on them. This exposed the entire length of her long legs, and the peek of her underthings, which were somehow flimsier than her shift. “These what’s?” she asked him, innocently stifling a yawn.

Edovan stared. He didn't mean to, it just happened. This… this was more woman than he had ever seen at one time in his entire life, and as she stretched out on the bed in front of him, he lost all his rational thoughts. To make matters worse, Yagaritte brought her feet up close to her body with her knees pointed upward and then absentmindedly started bouncing her knees together. Then she dropped them both to the side, arched her back and stretched her arms over her head and gave a long yawn, giving Edovan a full view of the tiny stretch of fabric that was barely covering her most intimate parts. In fact it appeared to be trying to crawl IN them.. He didn't blush this time, but he did turn back toward the desk and forced his eyes against their will to look at the runes. “These runes… they’re dwemer.. I’ve seen them before in my studies, and again in a book in the shop where we first met. T-this one is the symbol for Sheogorath… and this one…”

A loud, very unlady like snore emanated from the bed.

He turned to look at her and she was out like a snuffed candle, sprawled on the bed, knees still akimbo with her arms over her head. Her hair had fallen out of its bun and had cascaded in strawberry blonde pools all round her head. It was actually quite thick and long. Probably why she kept it up in that bun, he mused. He stared again, but this time at her face, now serene as she slept. He had never seen anything so beautiful… so angelic… so...

“ZZZZZZZZZZZZZ”

Another long snore, even worse than the first, interrupted his reverie. He walked over to the edge of the bed, the top of which came up to the middle of his thigh. Up close like this he really felt like a child. He’d been small all his life. He used to think it was just his race. His adopted parents were Breton, not Bosmer, after all, and he had thought for years that maybe around his own people he wouldn’t feel so out of place. When he first started his new school though he was surprised and disappointed to discover that even among FEMALE wood elves, he was still very slight in stature. Now, standing here, next to this sprawling goddess on a bed he almost needed help to climb on to...he felt very small indeed.

He did not want to disturb her.. but even if he could find her key, he knew he was better off trapped in here with her than out in the inn proper. That painted lady was still out there after all. He
shuddered. Part of her scent still lingered on him, even now.

Still, he didn’t feel right about being in her room while she slept, especially in such an exposed state! As if to bring home that point, at that moment Yagaritte shifted her hips slightly and made a little sound. Her right hand tugging the shift up over her waistband and then slipping under the fabric and down between her legs.

His eyes got big as saucers. Lizard brain was hooping and hollering, when logical brain clocked him from behind with a large piece of wood. “There will be NONE of that!” he reminded himself. But he had to do something.

Edovan spotted the rumpled sheet on the opposite side of her sleeping form where the mattress butted against the wall. He decided the best thing to do would be to cover her up, and then find a nice spot in the room where he could crash, and pretend he was NOT here alone with a beautiful woman pleasuring herself in his presence. He didn’t want to get the bed dirty, so he slipped off his soft boots and hauled himself up on to the bed. Unfortunately he hadn’t thought about her positioning as he clambered up, and found himself on his knees and elbows between her legs with his face just inches from where her fingers were now busily questing under the flimsy fabric of her bottoms.

He froze and gulped silently. The gap between her thighs was easily as wide as his whole head. His thoughts suddenly turned to the painted woman and the damp darkness under her skirts. He had an unbidden urge to know what would happen if he were to lean forward and slowly press his head against the place where her fingers were now so determinedly going.

“What is happening to me?” he said to himself under his breath.

Before today everything he had learned about female anatomy had come from two ancient books he had uncovered high on a forgotten shelf in the school library. One, Aspergin’s Treatise on Female Biologies of the Races of Tamriel, was dry and clinical with simple and very unappealing illustrations. (Had that crazy wizard really cut all those poor women in half to expose their inner workings?) The other one, “Young Master Pensin and the Lusty Maids” had gone in to lurid detail about the illicit adventures of a rather well endowed (in both senses of the word) orphaned adolescent heir and his retinue of maidservants—human, argonian and Khajiit. It had detailed an astonishing variety of different things people of different species could do to each other, only a few of which were in the first book, but he was sure that what the painted woman had tried to do him, and what his lizard brain was suggesting now, were NOT accepted forms of physical congress. Besides even if they were… she was asleep! They had barely met. It wouldn't be right he thought, and that was the end of it.

He could smell her scent now, and unlike the painted lady’s heavily perfumed nethers, this was
raw and sweetly pungent. He felt himself stiffen inside his breeches. “Oh no… not again?!” He stared up over her to find the safest path to the sheet above her head. Her hips had started to slowly thrust upward. Her breast rising and falling faster as her breaths quickened. She gave a small gasp and bit her bottom lip. It was now or never he thought.

Maybe never? He wondered to himself, as she cried out gently, more than a gasp. Her hand was working rapidly between her legs, and Edovan could see that the thin fabric had become wet with her flowing juices. He swallowed thickly, and a thought sprung unbidden to his brain…would it taste as sweet as it smelled? What was he thinking? He shook his head to himself, even as lizard brain whispered to him that a small taste wouldn’t hurt, she would never even know. She was literally inches from his face… it was so close… her fingers were really moving now. He was mesmerized as he watched them so expertly working. This was clearly not new for her.

He stared in fascination as tiny rivulets of clear liquid began to trickle outward. He observed every minute detail as she plunged in over and over again parting herself so widely that as her hips gyrated faster and faster he caught momentary unblocked glimpses of the glistening rippled inside of her. Had he moved closer? Or had she moved? Somehow he was only an inch away now. So close he could feel her heat. The slurpy squelchy sounds of her secret craft filled his ears. He wanted to taste her. To plunge forward into that dark rippling passage… past the outer folds and through the smaller tighter space her fingertips were disappearing into… to feel her on his cheeks… his ears. Bye now his erection was throbbing almost painfully and his hand absentmindedly slipped into his pants… but then… her hand paused for split second. Her parted lips clenched tightly in series of rapid spasms

She moaned loudly.

He jerked his head back instinctively as she suddenly kicked her legs out, bucking wildly, her back arching against the bed, her free hand grabbing at the sheets under her. She cried out in sweet release, sweat beading on her forehead, her strawberry blonde hair matted against her cheek.

Edovan’s heart raced, as his cock throbbed. As inexperienced as he was, even he knew what an orgasm was, and of course he’d helped himself to a few in his lifetime. But his body had never reacted the way Yagaritte’s did, and he had certainly never had cause to cry out in pleasure quite the same way. She was so attuned to her body… he thought to himself. He watched her chest began to slow its movements, her breathing evening out as she slowly rode her orgasm into a peaceful sleep. Her hand pulled itself from between her legs and tucked innocently underneath her pillow.

Edovan’s mind reeled. He couldn’t believe what he had just witnessed. It was so raw and primal and savage and then beautiful. And it had happened so close that she had almost bucked into his face! Her underwear were sopping now. But his logical brain had retaken control. There would be no tasting tonight. It was not proper, and it was not right. Lizard brain be damned!
He sighed and inched closer towards Yagaritte who had resumed snoring again. He brought one knee up over her outstretched leg and balanced there on the bed straddling her thigh with his left knee all but touching her now sopping crotch. Leaning over her carefully, he stretched out to reach for the bedding bunched behind her stack of pillows at the head of the bed. His arm was barely long enough to cover the short distance, and he was terrified. He had no idea what she would do to him if she woke, and he still had a raging erection that was pressing painfully against the inside of his pants. Just when he thought his situation couldn’t get more precarious, his right arm slipped and he fell forward on top of her. His left knee was pressed solidly up against her soaked underwear. He froze in horror. Yagaritte moaned softly and closed her legs suddenly, turning to lay on her side, her hand reaching to brush hair from her face in irritation.

There was no escape, no chance to dodge the attack. Yagaritte gripped his left knee between her thighs, her arm curling around him and drawing him close to her as though he were a teddy bear she would snuggle up to in bed. She then reached down and cupped his butt and gave a quick shove, burying his trapped leg between hers all the way up to the top of his thigh. She smacked her lips and snored happily, nuzzling her face against her pillow.

For the second time in a single day, he was under the threat of death from Yagaritte’s physical body. Her thighs clenched tightly around his leg, his face pushed up into the underside of her breasts. She squeezed him tightly but not enough to crush him this time, so maybe he was safe, and only trapped. Indeed it was actually very comfortable. He could feel her heart pounding, as it was just now starting to settle back into its regular rhythm. She was so warm, so very warm… and she smelled wonderful. A bit of her natural musk, mixed with the dirt of the day, and of course the wetness between her legs… Edovan inhaled deeply. If he was going to die, he might as well enjoy his last few moments. He closed his eyes and imagined what it might be like to come to bed to this at the end of a tiresome day. What it might be like to have a home again, a place where he truly belonged. He squeezed his eyes tighter. Of course, that was a ridiculous thought.

His free arm was slung across her waist, his left leg caught between hers, the wet warmth of her crotch pressed against his hip. He pulled his arm closer around her and… held her. He’d never held anyone before, much less a woman like Yagaritte. It felt good, and it felt safe. Though opposite extremes physically, their bodies were shaped and sized in such a way, that they fit together like a puzzle. With his eyes still squeezed closed, he pressed his forehead against her and sighed softly. This was nice. And he needed it. He had been on his own for so long now. On the move, on the run. No connections. No friends.

No… family..

Sorrow welled up in him without warning as images of pain and loss ran through his mind. A tear threatened to form and was just about to fall when she squeezed him tightly with both her arm and her thighs. It took his breath away. But it also calmed him. Right now he was here. With her. And there was nowhere else he wanted to be more than here right now.
“She’ll probably kill you in the morning,” was the last thing logical brain said before sleep quieted him. “Worth it!” replied lizard brain.
Morning After

Chapter Summary

After a night he will NEVER forget, Things seem to be really looking UP for our hero, in more ways than one! ( He really needs to get that taken care of. )

Chapter Notes

This is a wholly original tale that my best friend/writing partner and I started for our own amusement after starting ESO together. It uses races, locations and much of the myth and lore of the world of Elderscrolls, but artistic liberties have been taken with regard to the average size of Nords, and some monster types.

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* * * *

The world had gone dark... his face pressed against warm [skin?]... coarse hairs prickling his cheeks... his nostrils filled with cheap perfume and something darker... more musky... and... wet?... something slick and hot and wet was slipping back and forth over his nose, climbing higher and higher up his face... it shifted forward and he was pushed into it from behind... his mouth and nose were suddenly engulfed in slippery soft heat... it quivered against him, squeezing in on him and then releasing. Each time it covered more and more of his face... inching upwards toward his eyes. He was sinking! He felt a turning sensation and he tried to push away... but something held his head... a huge hand?... in a grip he could not break... and something else... legs?... was pinning his body in place. As he flailed he felt a leg come up over his shoulder and pull him in tighter. Hot viscous liquid was trickling into his mouth and nose. He started to cough and sputter. This was getting serious. He was being eaten! Or worse he was being fed to something. Two hands pushed him further down and under. His whole face slid into the dark heat as he was shifted down into a wider part of the opening pressing down on him... up over his eyes... his forehead... the angle shifted again and the slimy bottom of the opening... filled with slick fluid... slipped down over his chin. It squeezed him again. Harder and from all sides. It quivered against him. Then something grabbed the hairs on the back of his head and gave a sharp tug. Something GAVE and suddenly he plunged upward... slick rippled walls sliding easily over his cheeks and pinning back his pointed ears. He sensed a small void in front of his face... the walls contracting around him now pulling him... he opened his elven eyes and could see clearly in the darkness... the walls
dripping and undulating… flexing and squeezing… suddenly gravity shifts. He is no longer under something pressing down over him. He is upside down… hanging suspended. He looks down and he is poised above a smaller more irregular tunnel filled with liquid and slowly widening and contracting…suddenly it yawns wide... wider than his whole body. He gazes into its dark depths and he sees no bottom, just an endless writhing tunnel descending into a darkness even he can’t pierce. Then whatever is holding him let’s go and he plunges into it, and he screams.

* * * *

Edovan jumped from sleep with a sudden start, his heart racing, his head pounding. Covered in a cold sweat. “What was that about!?” He asked himself, as he untangled from the sheets that were wrapped around his torso and legs. He was alone in the bed, he realized suddenly. And naked.

Yagaritte, who was sitting hunched over at the desk, working on something between her legs, turned and grinned at him as he suddenly looked over, scrambling to cover himself with the sheets.

“Don’t worry,” she assured him. “I had Mint collect your clothes for a washing. Didn’t look like they’d been washed in ages…” she said. “Hope you don’t mind.”

“Last… last night…” Edovan stammered.

“Oh, last night?” Yagaritte asked, an air of put on innocence. “You mean when you crawled into my bed?” she added, straightening up. Out of nowhere her right hand produced a wicked looking dagger with a black gleaming blade, she held it to her lips and blew something off of it. (Red hairs?)…and pressed the point into the surface of the desk, digging into the wood. She spun it menacingly between her fingers, the blue jewel at its hilt glinting in the dusty sun streaming in through the only window in the room.

Edovan blushed deeply, and was very scared of that dagger, which he was certain could end his life in a flash. He chose his words carefully.

“I was just… you were asleep, and you…” he said, pulling his legs up to his chest, wrapping his arms around them, as he pushed back to lean against the headboard, as far from Yagaritte as he could get without leaving the bed.

“What?” Yagaritte asked, patiently, tilting her head at him. The dagger continued to spin
“Your… your…” Edovan stammered, looking away from her suddenly. He buried his face in his arms. “You were indecent,” he finished finally, voice muffled as he hid his face.

Yagaritte laughed. “So you decided crawling into bed with me was the correct option?” she asked him. There was no blush on her cheeks, no embarrassment in her voice. Nudity didn’t bother her, and teasing Edovan about it was just too much fun.

Edovan looked back up at her and shook his head fervently. “No!” he cried. “I tried… tried to cover you!” he said helplessly. He just wanted Yagaritte to know he hadn’t tried to take advantage of her! He was better than that, and didn’t want her to think poorly of him.

“Cover me with your body?” she asked him, raising her brows.

Edovan cried out in annoyance, shaking his head frantically. This was hopeless. Either she was teasing him mercilessly, or she was just plain stupid, and he knew better than to ever think the second choice was an option. “A sheet!” he said finally, huffing.

Yagaritte pushed up from the chair and let the dagger fall onto the desk. Without warning, she crawled back into the bed. She was still wearing only her shift, and her hair in sleep-crazed and tangled around her face. She was on her hands and knees, crawling towards Edovan. The neck of her gown was wide open, her breasts very plainly visible in the gap as the fabric hung low and beyond that his gaze traveled further down to the lush patch of soft curls between her legs, just a bit darker than her hair. (Now she wasn’t even wearing underwear?!) He swallowed hard.

“If you wanted me…” she said, her voice throaty. She nuzzled her face against his, her breath hot on his neck. “You only had to ask,” she said.

Of course, she had no plans at all to actually do anything, but teasing him… she had yet to discover anything else in the world that was such a satisfying guilty pleasure as this was.

“I…I…” he stammered trying to sink back into the mattress. He was immensely thankful for the sheet between them, mainly because it was covering his instant erection.

“I’ve never been with a woman!” he blurted, turning his face away from her to avoid the look he
knew he would see on her face.

Shame burned his cheeks. Surely she would laugh at him now. Though the whole world probably already knew after that disaster downstairs last evening.

And she did laugh, (Ohh that laugh…) but not in a mocking way. "Little mouse, that matters not to me," she purred into his ear as she pulled his face back forward. It had been obvious to her that Edovan was a virgin, it didn’t take a genius to figure that out. And she surely did not mind or care one way or the other. She pulled herself up and straddled her legs on either side of him. She brushed against his arousal quite accidentally and she clenched involuntarily. She could feel him just so against her through the sheets… but she didn’t want to press herself against him that much. That would probably be too cruel, even by her standards. Or was it more cruel to let him suffer an erection with no release?

For a second, she contemplated pressing slowly down on him, taking him, sheet and all, into her. She’d never done that before. Would that work? Would that even count as sex? She imagined it would be a unique sensation for both of them, and Yagaritte was all about unique sensations. But, no. There would be plenty of time to experiment later if she chose to. And besides, shouldn’t his first time be pure and perfect? But truthfully, if she had to be honest with herself, more than anything, she just really enjoyed teasing him.

Her hips moved closer to his face as she rose up over him and arched her back, stretching. This should have embarrassed him even further, but logical brain had broken into the wine closet long ago and was now drunkenly cheering lizard brain forward. She was like a Goddess towering over him! From his position underneath her, between her smooth shapely legs, Edovan could see all the things. Her shift had hitched up around her hips, and had stayed there, as if by some magic. Her nethers where now a few scant inches from his face. Unbeknownst to her, he had been here before, but there was no flimsy strip of cloth in the way this time. He stared upwards unable to think or speak. Lizard brain was busy trying to paint the image he was seeing into his permanent memory, to tuck it away for later… use.

Her hips were wide, almost twice as wide as his narrow hips. He could see the thick thatch of lightish red-blond curls where the tops of her legs met, it seemed somehow less wild than it had when he glimpsed it last night. The fleshy nub of her clit, as big as his thumb, peeking out between the apex of her outer lips. Her darker pink inner lips were pert and closed now, barely protruding from her inner folds, but parted just a few centimeters as she stretched, causing him to give a little gasp. He stared at those lips, each longer than his hand (Was she truly that large? Or were his hands just that small?) He couldn't help but think about the night before, and how she had plunged her fingers into that hungry crevice. He licked his lips, swallowing the lump in his throat. His nostrils filled with her aroma, and it made his mouth water...

For her part, Yagaritte was having conflicting feelings as well. She had started this in teasing, but
poised over him now, looking down into those big golden eyes… she wasn't so sure. She hesitated, thoughtful. Though small, he was well formed and perfectly proportioned, with the unblemished skin of one accustomed to a better life, and packed with far more sinewy lean muscle than a mage had any right to have (wood elves, they were all tiny little Adonis’s). His tousled brown hair framing his perfect baby smooth face, a random thought flitted through her mind... what would that baby soft skin feel like against her softest parts?

She could totally take him right now if she wanted. He wanted her, it was clear. Wasn’t it? (Wasn’t it??) And it would be a mercy to his poor frustrated member trying to call her attention with desperation. He was well equipped for his size, as well she noted earlier. She'd seen bigger of course, but she'd also seen smaller, and on larger men than Edovan. All she had to do was pull that sheet away with one swift movement, and she could ride him right into manhood...

But something made her hesitate. She was definitely attracted to him, she could feel her loins stirring at the thought. But she also LIKED him? Which was not normal for her. She recalled waking to find the small bosmer pressed up against her, clinging to her. His leg had been lodged between her own, holding her tightly, face nestled in the underside of her breasts. She had laid there for quite some time, just enjoying the feeling of the two of them intertwined. How it felt to be this close to someone, who wasn’t this close just because they were inside her. She had marveled at how comfortable and snugly they fit together, before carefully dislodging herself and expertly removing his clothing for Mint to take away to the wash.

She COULD take him now, but something still made her want to hold back.

“Edovan…” she whispered huskily.

It occurred to Edovan that that was the first time she’d ever called him by name, it sounded lovely coming from her mouth, the syllables enunciated in a way that sent shivers down his spine. He swallowed thickly, not even pretending, now, that he wasn't staring up at her crotch. Or up at her peaked breasts, which hung above him heavily.

Edovan looked beyond them, into her face, into her eyes. He saw no malice there, no mockery. Only the mischievous twinkling again. And something else? It was like the sadness from before, but… different, somehow.

She grinned at him, the joke was over. “I’m sorry,” she said, and she meant it. If he didn’t do something about that thing soon it was going to strangle both of them. It would be so easy for her to ease his pain. And very pleasurable for both of them… but there was business to attend to. And if Yagaritte was dead serious about anything it was business.
She wanted him sharp and focused if they were going where she was planning to go. She knew the dangers well, and her heart paused at the thought of him getting hurt, or worse, on this first venture together. No, she wouldn’t let that happen! There would be plenty of time for celebrating afterward if they pulled this off. Maybe they could pop more than corks tonight? She smiled secretly to herself. She flopped down on the bed beside him. There was just enough room for them to share side by side, with each of them pressed to the edges. She crossed her legs over each other and yawned.

“You’re just too easy,” she said, smiling ear to ear, deflecting her own confusing feelings onto him, hoping he was innocent and inexperienced enough not to pick up on it. He grimaced briefly, trying to decide if he was more frustrated or relieved that she had stood down. But then he felt her large soft hand find his, squeezing it gently as they just laid there together side by side.

There was silence.

Yagaritte closed her eyes, turning her head slightly to face Edovan’s (he had slumped back down into the bed beside her, now that the threat of congress had subsided, and he had relaxed). She opened her eyes again, and looked into the beautiful, golden orbs of his eyes. “It’s strange, isn’t it?” she asked him.

“What?” he asked, curious.

Yagaritte smiled gently. “That I need you,” she said quietly, looking away from him again. She squeezed his hand as she spoke. “And that I found you in that shop, and how my herbs fell into your pocket…”

He stared at her quizzically. The echo of “…I need you…” reverberating over and over again in his mind. NEED?? how?.. need need? Like a friend? Lover? Adventuring partner? His mind was spinning. What do I say? I should tell her I need her too! And he did, somehow… his body, his mind, his heart. All of him needed her. He needed her like oxygen. But the idea that she needed him for anything, it just couldn't find a stable place to rest in his thinking. So of course he didn’t say anything.

There was silence.

Yagaritte sighed. Why was she such a dummy. “And that you know runes,” she added finally, feeling stupid and vulnerable all the sudden. She’d only known this man for a mere 24 hours, what was she doing speaking of things like fate and “need.” Idiot. This wasn’t like her at all.
She drew her hand away from his and sat up, looking out towards the window. “Well, thanks to you, think I ought to head back to the shop and complete my trade,” she said. She stood up and stretched, stifling a yawn. Without hesitation, she pulled her old shift off and tossed it onto the bed right over Edovan's face. Then while he was trying to uncover, she quickly stepped to her small chest of drawers, bending over right in front of him to pull out a fresh shift, and a fresh pair of underwear from the bottom drawer. She heard him gasp as he uncovered himself, only to find that he was staring directly at her perfect ass. She looked back and stifled a giggle as she wiggled her butt at him as she slipped into her panties and slowly pulled them up as she stood back up to her full height. A little show wouldn’t hurt, besides, some habits are just too hard/fun to break.

Also, she wanted to give him a little visual fuel for her next plan, one she called “Leave him alone trapped in her room for an hour so he can do what boys do when left alone in their rooms.” To that end, she made a real show of pulling on her leathers. And made him help her lace up her protective leather bodice. She had pulled on her boots and was placing her daggers in their scabbards when he finally asked the question she had been waiting for.

“Where are MY clothes?”

“I will check on the way out and have them sent to you once they are dry.” she said very matter of factly. Then she strode to the door, took her big key out of her belt pouch and unlocked the door. Then she tossed it to him on the bed. “Don't forget to lock the door again after I’m gone. That way NOBODY else can get in here while I am gone. Nobody comes into my room,” she warned. “Should be about an hour,” she added, winking. She blew him a kiss and out the door she went, humming a jaunty tune happily to herself. She stopped halfway down the stairs to pet the inn’s cat, curling her fingers through her tail. “I’ll get you some fish,” she promised.

Edovan stared at the heavy iron key on the bed. Then remembered. The BOOK. The one in the shop that had translations of Dwemer runes, the book he’d wanted yesterday! He had to get to that shop before anyone else could get that book! He was sure if he had it he would be able to solve any riddle any ancient dwemer ruin could throw at them. THEN she would REALLY need him! But he was stuck in her room, with no clothes. He had to try to find something in here he could wear… even if it was just for long enough to get get downstairs to collect his own clothing.

******

Margara looked up as she saw Yagaritte descend the stairs, the gray cat nestled in the crook of her arm, resting on her chest. It was purring loudly. “What’s going on?” she asked instantly, dropping what she had been doing and walking over to her. Never, in all her years living here, had Yagaritte allowed a man to enter her room. If she was bedding someone, she always used one of the other rooms, or went out with him elsewhere (where, only Yagaritte knew). “What’s gotten into you?” she demanded grinning, before Yagaritte had even had a chance to answer.
Yagaritte passed the cat over to her. It meowed softly then nestled back into sleep. A warm body was a warm body. “What are you on about?” she asked her, reaching behind the counter to grab one of the apples that Margara had just been polishing.

Margara huffed. “The little mouse!” she hissed. Of course she knew that Yagaritte knew exactly what she meant, but Margara was not in the mood for games. This was serious gossip! “He’s in your room. He slept in your bed!” she said pointedly.

Yagaritte shrugged, biting into the apple with gusto. “He needeth a plath to thay,” she said between crunching bites of apple. With that, she side stepped Margara, waved her arm up in a goodbye salute, and was out the door.

“Aye… that girl,” Margara said to the cat, resting her chin on it. She sighed, more confused than ever. Not to mention, the little mouse was still up there…
Edovan was determined to find something to wear. But not so determined he was willing to go with one of Yagaritte’s transparent shifts or a pair of her flimsy panties. Truthfully he’d actually already considered both at one point but the size difference between them made it all but impossible. He might as well use the enormous sheet he had discarded on the bed after she was safely gone. He felt a little self-conscious padding about her room completely naked with a halfy still going from her teasing earlier. But desperate times, desperate measures! He was opening anything that he could open, searching every nook and cranny.

She had sooo much stuff! He doubted even she knew everything she had amassed. She was clearly quite the adventurer. He was admiring an ancient imperial tapestry from the Alessian empire when he spotted a large wooden chest pushed back underneath a table covered in ancient pottery and dead discarded soul gems. It was not as heavy as he expected it to be and he lugged it easily from its hiding spot underneath and placed it in the middle of the room. It was covered in dust and hadn’t been opened for some time. The lock was modern though and it only took one quick Open spell to unlatch it. He lifted the lid back carefully.

There was a small burlap bag in the bottom. He reached in and pulled it out. It held several small hard objects of uniform size and it tinkled slightly as its contents shifted inside the bag. He reached in carefully and drew one out.
He recognized it immediately as a holographic memory crystal. Through a magical principle similar to soul gems these crystals could be enchanted to hold and project a single 3 dimensional visual and auditory experience from the direct memory of the enchanter. Wizards liked to use them to leave behind detailed messages for those who found their secret lairs centuries later. Messages like “DIE YOU MISERABLE RAT INFESTED MAGGOTS” and “GAZE UPON THE TOMB OF THE MOST POWERFUL WIZARD WHO EVER LIVED”, etc. Wizards were an egotistical lot.

It was not easy magic, or cheap, though, so Edovan was mystified to find the rest of the bag containing dozens of identical crystals. Provided you could find someone capable of enchanting them they were worth a small fortune in the right circles, so why were there so many, and why did Yagaritte have them? Or better, why hadn't she sold them?

Was it possible they had already been used? It was a one time only process. You couldn't enchant a crystal again with new information if it had already been used, which meant the crystal at that point was really only worth the information that was on it. This begged the question, of course, what could possibly be on them? And could he figure out how to activate them?

He held the crystal in his hands and searched the archives of his mind for the proper technique. He looked closely at both ends of the crystal. Sure enough there were tiny runes etched into the rosy pink quartz-like surface. By holding it on that end in his hand, and concentrating his majika on the other end, it should activate. Then he just had had to tap his hand on the other end and draw it upward slowly like he was pulling the image upward out of the crystal, and the recorded illusion should spring into being above the crystal! He was so clever!

It was true of course, Edovan, if not exactly worldly wise, was in actuality, an extremely intelligent individual. And like most extremely intelligent individuals, his thoughts ran in very rapid and logical directions. But they also ran in very narrow paths. Like a laser. So while he was focused intently on recalling ancient Magika techniques that he he'd only ran across once in a dusty tome deep in the off limits section of Academia Majika library, he completely forgot, of course, that he was stark naked in the middle of the floor of another woman’s room with a partial erection (knowledge is exciting!).

And, more importantly, that he also forgot to lock the door as instructed...

* * * *

Bernadette flounced through the kitchen, grabbing a freshly baked pastry that was cooling on a rack in the middle of the counter (that she knew would earn her a punishment if Margara caught her), and taking a dainty nibble from it. A good snack was what she really needed right now, after the night she’d had. Nothing had gone right since her altercation with that woman Yagaritte, it was
about time things changed! And with Margara preoccupied out at the bar, she was home free! Her face screwed up in displeasure. Peach! Her absolute most hated fruit… peach! Who made peach pastries? She spit the bite out into her hand and tossed it, along with the pastry, into the fire.

“Eugh…” she groaned. First, she’d bit her tongue while working last night, bleeding all over her customer in the process. He flipped out on her and ran away, without paying her. Not even for the services she’d already rendered! Then she’d woken up to find Margara’s damned cat had somehow snuck into her room, and was sleeping soundly on the pillow beside her face. Of course, she was allergic to cats. She spent all night sobbing about her misery, burying her face in handkerchiefs during sneezing fits, her face red and splotchy, even under the makeup she wore to bed. And now peach!?

She did not like this recent turn of events. Bernadette was used to having her way, especially with men. The other girls said that if Bernadette had been a thief and not a whore, people would pay her to rob them. Most of her clients in fact paid her to do whatever she wanted to do with them. And most of them never spoke about their sessions. They were always leaving in a dazed stupor afterward, but they always came back later. Once a man had been to Bernadette he was usually ruined for any of the other girls. A fact she was personally quite proud of.

“Oi!” A voice called out from the washroom. It was adjacent to the kitchen, down a set of three stairs. Bernadette recognized Mint’s voice. She could hear splashing and the feverish sound of soap being rubbed on fabric. Mint’s pants and shirt were rolled up to his elbows and knees, and there were no less than three mountains of clothing and bedding surrounding him. He looked frazzled.

“Do me a fave, love,” he said, as Bernadette sauntered down the stairs, licking the remnants of pastry from her fingers.

“What?” she asked him, leaning against the wall, her arms crossing over her chest. If Mint was asking her a favor, it was either to let him into her skirts or asking her to do his work for him. The first, she’d happily oblige provided he had the coin, and didn’t mind doing it in the laundry room.the other? Not so much. “I’m not doing your work,” she added.

“Please, love… I just need you to deliver these,” he said, motioning to a stack of clothes behind him, folded neatly on a table. “To Miss Yagaritte’s room,” he added, grunting as he wrestled with the soap against a stain on the shirt he was scrubbing.

Bernadette scoffed. “You couldn’t pay me,” she said haughtily. After yesterday's fiasco, she wanted absolutely nothing to do with that woman. Ever again. Everyone knew she was supposed to get all the smaller patrons. What would the giant want with the cute little mousey anyway? Bernadette knew how to take special care of cute little mousey’s like him. She had a special place to keep them warm and safe. But the giant had stolen him literally right out from under her! (and also quite a bit in, she recalled fondly)

She glanced with disinterest at the pile of clothes, then her face lit up with recognition. Those weren’t Yagaritte’s clothes. Those belonged to the little mouse! Tender, sweet, juicy little
She stomped over to the table and snatched the clothes up. “You owe me,” she told Mint, as she pressed the bundle to her chest, and started to climb the steps. And with that, she could feel her luck changing!

“Don’t get your tits on them!” Mint called up to her. He’d just washed that suit, and didn’t need her makeup getting it all messy again…

“Oh yeah,” she added, turning back. She tossed a wadded up nightgown at him, hitting him in the face. “Be a doll and wash this for me,” she said. “And mind the stains!” Mint groaned, but added it to the pile.

If the little mouse’s clothes were here, and he was up in her room… he was probably naked. And alone. Bernadette burned with jealousy. That meant only one thing-- the giant had tasted her little mousey! Even under her makeup, her face was red as she blushed with a furious, jealous, righteous anger. That wasn't fair! She wanted the little mouse ALL for herself…

…but she wasn’t above sloppy seconds…

* * * *

Edovan stared at the pink rock in his hands with nervous anticipation. There was literally no telling what information it contained. It could be anything from an old wizard's diary (history!) To secret unknown magika research that only he would possess! He sat on his limber knees easily and held it in front of him by the marked end. Then he concentrated on the other end, like he was trying to charge the energy to summon something, but without forming the actual summons. The upraised end of the crystal started to pulse from inside with a glow and little filigrees of majika, tiny tendrils, of rosy pink light slowly emerged from the tip and began forming upward. He gingerly brought his free hand over the crystal and lowered it, fingers down till the eldritch tendrils connected with his fingertips with a tiny spark. He was fascinated as they playfully flitted about, caressing and interacting with his fingertips. Once the the majika was securely attached, he threw back his arm in wide upward and back motion like he was trying to pull a long string up out of box with a single motion. The tendrils followed his hand as it rose, and then continued upward, free of his hand, as it flew back over his head. They streaked forth upward far above his head and then instantly ballooned outward into a moving 3d image. He heard music. And then his jaw dropped.
It was a woman. There was no mistaking that. His recent experiences had hardwired his instincts to recognize female form almost by the way it moved alone. And this one was definitely moving! In front of him, just above the crystal, was now the image of a very large, incredibly beautiful woman, facing away from him but almost standing on top of him. She was dancing, quite slowly and sensuously. Long, bare, shapely legs, a fine chain low on her hips, from which hung two long gossamer strips of cloth, one in front and one in back, which he noticed with arousal were literally the only cloth on her entire body from the waist up OR down. Long wavy strawberry blonde hair cascading in little circles down to the middle of her back. Large swells of the sides of her clearly ample breast appearing on either side of her as she swayed to and fro. There was something about her that was familiar though. A male voice with a Breton accent spoke from somewhere. Edovan supposed it might be the mage who recorded the original illusion.

“You are far better at this than you have any right to be...”

“Am I?” she responded playfully, and then she laughed a beautiful musical laugh that would have lit up the entire room (if she had been real and not a recorded illusion).

Yagaritte??!? And then she turned, and he knew her instantly. She was different..less curvy in both bust and hip, her face much younger but not any more fair, just not as full as it is now. It struck him then he didn't even know how old she was. Not that he cared. He knew she was older than him, having just cleared his 18th year. But even with his lack of knowledge on that subject, he could tell she was quite a bit younger here than she was now. He’d heard Nords were pretty timeless in their aging, appearance wise. That either meant Margara was over a hundred, or she'd been born looking like an old woman. Edovan shuddered, wondering why he’d thought of Margara at a moment like this...

“Come closer” the male voice beckoned.

The illusionary Yagaritte turned now to face him. Still swaying sensuously above the crystal, and as she did, he glimpsed the now familiar sight of her strawberry thatch and bare nethers. She was slowly grinding downward toward the crystal in his hand, bending at her knees and dipping lower. He licked his lips but tore his gaze away to look at her face. Her long silken locks were loose and relaxed, sensually tousled around her face, framing it. She'd obviously been drinking, but he could still see the fire behind her eyes that always flashed when she thought of something particularly naughty to do.

“Like this?” she asked as she winked at him.

She came down on her knees now in front of him, straddling his outstretched hand and the crystal.
She smiled wickedly, looking at him.

“Haha... that might be too close,” the male’s voice answered.

He saw that flash in her eyes again.

“Oh, I can get closer than this...” she purred.

The hand holding the crystal was now directly between her legs, thighs spread far on either side of him as she knelt. Her breast hung heavily above him as she moved toward him rolling her belly and hips forward now in little waves. From this proximity he could see her labia were thick and distended and glistening with her natural wetness. He could tell from the movement of the cloth strip in the front, it was now draping over the hand of the person she was talking to. He unconsciously adjusted his arm to mimic the exact same position.

“How about this close?”

He watched in a trance as she lowered herself on to his hand, her lips brushing the pointed crystal. She rolled her hips back and forth slowly with a slight side to side motion until it was safely between them. Then she lowered herself down over it as it disappeared inside her.

Ok, now he was aroused.

Illusionary lifesize Yagaritte was rising up and down now, humping his hand slowly at first, but picking up speed and purpose. And as exciting as that was, he’d seen this show before. And in person. He recalled last nights adventures so vividly. With herculean effort he tore himself from his trance and got up from his knees. Still carrying the crystal and the bobbing Yagaritte. He went over to small table and took one of the candle holders and firmly pressed the bottom edge of the crystal into the soft wax so the crystal stood upright with the now moaning Nord above it.

She’s quite a woman, he thought to himself, as he swallowed hard. He turned and went back to the bag on the floor. Alluring and exciting as that crystal was, he needed to know what the others contained. Besides, it wasn't really her. And he wasn't sure if he was even supposed to have seen such a thing (“Certainly not!” Logical brain exclaimed). He quickly activated a second one. A long cry of pure ecstasy from behind caused him to turn his head back to the original just in time to see it cycle back to the beginning of her dancing. But when he swung back around he was greeted by the exact same vision now eerily in sync with the first in both image and sounds. How could it be?
Had this mage made copies somehow? He had never heard of such a thing, but he supposed it was possible. The Yagarittes laughed together at him as the scene replayed. He found a holder for the second crystal and opened the third. Familiar hips greeted him. What on earth was going on here? He opened a fourth. A fifth. They can't ALL be the same thing, surely? After the 8th, he decided he had gone beyond the point of no return, and his curiosity determined that he must open all of them. He wouldn't be able to sleep at night not knowing what may be in the remaining crystals.

He opened one after another placing each in candle holders scattered around the room, and as the final one danced above him, he suddenly realized he was surrounded by sensually dancing Yagarittes all in various time frames of the memory. As his visioned panned around him all he could see was hips and thighs moving sinuously, or grinding purposefully. Her creamy flesh filled his vision, even on the periphery. Her laughter filled his ears in sweet succession from different corners of the room as she rose up all around him, his heart skipping a beat each time her laughter trilled out. And her eyes sparkled again, and with a fire, as she thought her devious thoughts over and over again as her cries of pleasure echoed all around him, in a never ending cycle of delight.

Any momentary disappointment he had felt at opening the final crystal was swept under as he was carried away by the feminine flood of sensuality rising up all around him. He was lost in sea of giant horny Nord women, and before he knew it, almost unconsciously, his hand had found his arousal.

One illusionary lusty Nord beauty he might have resisted. But 25? He didn't have a prayer.
As Bernadette slipped her way through the tavern proper and up the back stairs clutching her precious prize, all the girls in the main room craned their heads in her direction. Why was Bernadette headed to Yagaritte’s room and why was she carrying the little mouse’s suit? One of the girls called to her before she disappeared around the corner. “Where do you think you are going with that?”

“I’m going to catch me a little mousey!” Bernadette crowed, as she practically ran up the stairs in her excitement. She stopped in front of the heavy oak door at the end of the hall, and buried her face in Edovan’s clothes one last time. Mint be damned!

Downstairs, whispers spread like wild fires in dry kindling. All the girls were tittering, now, most of them even slacking in their work in order to gossip with one another.

“Bernadette’s gotta death wish!”

“She’s going for the mouse!”
“Do ya think she’ll share?”

“She always gets the good ones!”

And then somberly, “They will never find her body…”

* * * *

Edovan crawled up on top of Yagaritte’s bed, looking around the room, watching in awe as the Yagaritte illusions moved and undulated in time around him. With her throaty laughter and lustful tones, it was a wonder he hadn’t exploded at just that, especially with all the prior teasing he’d received. He leaned back against the giant stack of pillows on the bed and reached his hand between his legs again, stroking himself gently. Usually he’d have to use his imagination… but this? This was a treat beyond anything he’d ever expected in his life. He could imagine he was the man in the illusion, and that she was dancing for him alone… pleasuring herself in his presence, solely for him.

He stroked himself slowly, letting his head fall back to rest against the headboard, licking his lips as he watched Yagaritte surround him, all flesh tones, pink, and strawberry blonde, all flashing as the scenes played out from every point in the room. “Hnnnghh--” he groaned softly, picturing his mouth between her lips, his face buried in her musky nethers. The smell he knew… but the taste he could only imagine. “Ah--” he closed his eyes, letting Yagaritte’s voice envelop him...

* * * *

Bernadette could hear through the door, the soft sounds of the illusionary scene playing, and if she didn’t catch the same sentence multiple times in a row, she would have thought for sure Yagaritte had snuck back up here for a second round at her little mousey. While she didn’t understand the strange thing that was happening, she knew the Edovan was in there, and he was naked and that was literally all she cared about. Bernadette could be very single minded when she wanted to be.
She pushed the door carefully, hoping against everything that it had been unlocked. It eased open silently, and Bernadette added another check to her list of reasons why things were going well for her now, and also, Yagaritte was a big bitch. She went into the room and closed the door carefully behind her. She turned to see Edovan on the bed, alone, exposed… and so innocent and sweet. Her tasty little mousey.

But around the room, all around the room in every nook and cranny imaginable, her. Bernadette rolled her eyes and crossed her arms, watching the scene play out. What a little slut she was, and how easily she gave it up! Though she had to admit her body was… no! Bernadette shook her head furiously, her internal struggle known only to her. She kicked over a crystal that was near the door and huffed in irritation as it toppled over silently, the scene blinking out of existence. She wouldn’t let that bitch distract her from her mission!

She dropped the clothes down onto a pile by the door, not even caring that they were freshly washed and ironed to perfection. She sauntered over towards the bed, shimmying her shoulders out of her dress expertly. She pushed it down over her breasts, her hips, then down onto the ground, stepping out of it gingerly. Under her dress was a lightweight corset, and a pair of bloomer shorts sporting a slit straight up the middle, her shaved mound just visible in between. She reached between her legs, watching Edovan as she stepped towards the bed, petting herself. She stopped at the foot and watched him for a moment, biting her lip. He was so small, so adorable, his face screwed up in pleasure as he stroked his cock. It was a perfect scene, and she wanted to savor it before it dissipated.

She moved around to the side of the bed, leaning over Edovan. She reached out to stroke his cheek as he cried out softly, moaning unintelligibly to himself. It seemed he was so deep into his own pleasure it wouldn't disturb him much if she helped herself, right? She crawled carefully onto the bed, towering over him as she put a leg on either side of him. She moved upward slowly, careful not to disturb him. When she finally reached his face, she stopped moving and reached between her legs, sliding her hand between the slit again, caressing herself. She flicked gently at her clitoris, biting her lip to keep from calling out. Already she was slippery wet. She was close, so close… she could sit on his perfect little face, burying him between her lips. Cover his nose, his eyes…

Bernadette moaned softly, and unable to control herself anymore, pressed herself down onto him. He did not immediately react, so deep was he into his own fantasies, that he was unable to process reality from illusion. He moaned quietly between her lips, his tongue instinctively searching her clit out. Inexperienced as he was, clearly his instinct had a few bits of useful knowledge. Bernadette arched her back, reaching to grasp at the bed’s headboard. She pushed herself further up his face, his nose sliding between her lips, and just beyond.

Edovan began to stroke harder, faster. He pulled his knees up, feet digging into the bed beneath him. His voice came out in a muffled groan, his entire lower face engulfed by Bernadette’s hungry pussy. Her juices flowing across his cheeks now, slick and sickly sweet.
She pulled up enough to give him a moment of breath, her hand reaching, now, to slide her fingers into his hair, pulling his head back carefully. It wouldn’t be any good if he suffocated down there. She was lustful, but at least smart enough to know not to smother him… not yet anyway. She had done this many times. She knew exactly how deep to press him and when ease up so he could take another quick breath before plunging him back into her depths again.

Edovan’s body shuddered, and Bernadette knew his orgasm was fast approaching. “Ya… Yagaritte!” he cried out suddenly, lustfully, after he had gulped for air.

Bernadette tensed up. Not her!

“That bit--!”

She stopped herself, but it was too late.

He opened his eyes: The painted lady!

The illusion was broken! The spell was lifted!

Edovan jumped with a start, and might have jumped right out of his skin if that had been possible. He scrambled, unsuccessfully, to free himself from Bernadette’s thighs, feeling terrified, confused, violated. The Yagaritte illusions, undisturbed, continued to undulate around them.

Bernadette looked down on his little face sheepishly, only his terrified little eyes and above visible from underneath her. She gave a little wave. This, too, she was used to. Not all of her clients were totally receptive to her unique techniques the very first time. But she knew if she could just “ride it out,” pun very much intended, they would eventually come around... (or pass out, whatever worked, right?)

Edovan was small though, and very very quick. She felt him jerk and tried to clamp her iron thighs down on him, but she couldn't squeeze fast enough. She gave a little gasp as his perfect face slid rapidly down through her sopping cleft, mouth, nose eyes and all and then somehow he was free and scrambling naked from the bed onto the floor. He tumbled onto the hard stone, rolling over his shoulder and landing on his back with a dozen or more Yagarittes all towering over him. Bernadette was fast, too, though and she was off the bed in a flash and back on top of him again, this time facing his very, very confused and rapidly fading erection... his arms were pinned to the
floor by her knees and she unceremoniously plopped her juicy cunt right onto his forehead, this
time much more forcefully just because she could.

She looked down into his frightened little eyes again and it gave her chills. She was going to enjoy this...

She launched into her shtick she used for her clients.

“Hello little mousey.. I don't believe we've been properly introduced…” she purred. Her voice
nowhere near as low and husky as Yagaritte’s, but then again most men didn't come to her for her voice.

“I’m Bernadette, and these..” she said pointing playfully at her mound pressing down on him just
above his frightened eyes. “...are the gates of paradise... You must pass through them to enter the
fields of ecstasy, but only after you survive the trials…” she purred, licking her lips hungrily.

She glided herself forward across his face, purposely covering his eyes, then nose, the mouth…
then pressed pressed down hard to seal off all his air. She just needed to calm him down a bit, that's
all. Then they could get back to business.

Looking down at him, she was a little surprised, and gratified, to see his erection had reappeared as
she slowly, expertly ground her hips over him. Silly penises she thought, they have no sense of self
preservation.

“That’s a good little mousey,” she trilled. “You deserve a reward...” and with that she gave him a
hard clench and then she leaned forward and took him swiftly into her generous mouth. Since she
was bigger than him, she had to hunch over quite a bit, but luckily Bernadette was quite limber, and
used to contorting this way or that. She busied herself working his cock intently and grinding his
face slowly and satisfyingly. She marveled at how deep his small face pressed up into her hungry
flesh, and ached to feel it slide further still. She’d done this a thousand times before. She knew
exactly how long to press and when to release. There was an art to it. As their pulses would slow
and their bodies relax she would slowly extend the time between breaths, each time waiting just a
little longer. Till eventually they would be waiting so long they thought it would never come, and
they would perish there buried in her womanhood. Of course, by that time they all wanted to. And
after that, they were all hers. That's why she was more than a bit concerned when he suddenly
stopped moving entirely.

“Oh shit!” she said out loud. “I don’t wanna kill ‘im...” she groaned. She raised herself up a bit so
he could take a breath. Thankfully she felt him inhale, but just as she was about to press down on
him again she felt, rather than heard, him say a word. Felt, because the word had power, and not
only because his mouth was mere centimeters from her still gaping pussy. She didn’t even
recognize the word but she felt the tiny spark of energy travel from his mouth right into her body.
*Through* her vagina, and out into the room. “You cheeky little mousey. What are you up to down
there?” she questioned, and sealed him off again, this time tilting her hips forward to slip the top
cleft of her dripping pussy over the tip of his chin. That part was usually hard to negotiate, but it
slid in with ease and she pressed down over him till she quivered at the touch of her labia against
his neck. Her juices ran down the sides of his neck and face as she gulped him into her mouth
again whole, shaft, balls, and all, which was no mean feat, because it was the only part of him that
wasn't small. But she was a professional, dammit...

That's when she heard it, the unearthly hiss, followed by a low guttural growl that caused her
stomach to drop through the floor. It cut through the cacophony of Yagaritte’s endless laughter
and cries of ecstasy like a plague cart cuts through a spring wedding procession. She looked up, her
mouth still full of mousey and saw only two jaws full of crooked jagged teeth, dripping with rot
and drool. Then its mouth opened as big as her head and its hot fetid sulphurous breath blasted over
her as it roared!

Bernadette shrieked and practically vaulted backward off Edovan’s face, falling back on her ass.
She scrambled up, tripping first over her own feet, then her dress piled on the floor. She didn’t
care, not even sparing a second to scoop it up. She turned and fled through the towering Yagarittes,
stumbling and tripping over several in her haste, each winking out as they hit the floor. She fell as
she reached the door and scrambled through it on her hands and knees as fast as she could.

Or she would have. She heard the jaws snap shut behind her. It had her by the bloomers, its razor
sharp teeth having barely grazed her soft behind. Bernadette was out of her mind now, but she was
a survivor. There was a loud ripping tearing sound as she rolled sideways onto her back, kicking
herself free of her bloomers while the thing from her nightmares kindly assisted her in removing
them by thrashing its head back and forth like a dog with a favorite chew toy. She shimmied out of
them and crab-walked backwards, out into the hall as fast she could go, flipped onto her knees and
then sprinted, screaming and bottomless, down the hall, and down the stairs, through the tavern
below, right past all the working girls and shocked clients and right out the front door, never
looking back.

She didn’t even pay attention to the fact that the hallway was piled high with girls, one of them,
who stood dumbfounded at the sudden activity, had a glass in her hand. She had been the one
listening, relaying every raunchy detail to the other girls. It didn’t take them long to catch the low
guttural growling emanating from the room, the creature tearing Bernadette's bloomers to shreds in
its great maw.

“O-oh… shit!” The closest girl shrieked and dropped the glass. It smashed onto the floor as she
pushed backwards into the crowd, stumbling and tripping much the same way Bernadette had. She
turned and pushed her way through them, shaking with fear. “Run!” she screeched, mostly because
she wanted them to move the hell out of her way so she could run. None of them had ever seen
such a creature before, and none of them had any experience in dealing with a threatening situation like this one. Even Margara, who had seen everything, probably wouldn’t know what to do.

Yagaritte, who was just coming back into the inn after finishing her trade, jumped back as Bernadette burst through the door outside, all but naked. She stumbled into a snow bank, but struggled back up, blind to everything and everyone around her, even Yagaritte, whom she despised most in the world. Even before Yagaritte could reach to help her, she had scrambled away, looking back at the inn in terror as she ran off.

“What the…?” she asked herself, stepping into the inn. Downstairs seemed mostly calm, but oddly quiet, and devoid of the usual hubbub of people. That was when she noticed the girls spilling down the back stairs, tripping and stumbling over each other in their haste, some of them landing in a pile on the floor.

Yagaritte strode towards the stairs, and picked her way, expertly, through the scrambling pile of girls there. She stepped over them gingerly, and finally reached the top of the stairs. She froze there, seeing her door was ajar. “What…??” she asked. What the hell was going on? What had happened, and where was Edovan?

The door to her room was half open. She crept quietly towards it at the end of the hall, a dagger in each hand, one facing right and the other facing left. There must have been something up here that had frightened them, and it had to have been more than a naked Bernadette.

She crouched low and slunk silently to the door frame, rising only after she had pressed herself into the nook between the wall and the door frame, giving no one inside any part of her exposed to shoot at. From this position she could hear multiple voices..laughter ..clearly female..and. .moaning? Somebody was having a good time. She relaxed her defensive stance a bit, relaxing some, but clearly confused by what she was hearing. It didn't make any sense. Surely Edovan was not involved in some kind of crazy orgy. Unless she was a terrible judge of character (and she liked to think she was not), there was definitely something majikal going on. Perhaps he had accidentally conjured something? That made more sense in her head. She risked peering around the frame into her room.

There was still someone in the room, several someones... and that arm certainly didn’t belong to Edovan. Neither did that leg… or those huge breasts! They also didn’t even really look tangible… how very queer. She put her daggers away and stepped into her room. She could clearly hear the lilting voices of several women. And she could see them a little better. They were definitely not real, seeing as how they were semi transparent and suffused with a ghostly rosy pink glow. So NOT an orgy then. She heard a small growl and a snuffle.

She stepped further toward the sound and looked down at a small (to her) reptilian creature with
mottled grey skin who was contentedly chewing some sort of ratty white cloth, soaked in its drool. The creature at first barely even gave her a second glance, happy with its prize. But it quickly looked back up at her again, and trotted over, sniffing at her curiously. She recognized it immediately as a clannfear. It was very common low level summoning magic, and she knew exactly who it belonged to. The pieces were starting to fall together.

She knelt down and patted it on the head and it preened against her hand. She saw the ripped lace edges on the drool soaked cloth in its mouth and realized why Bernadette had streaked by bottomless. She scratched it under the chin. “Well, aren't you a good little protector… chasing that hussy away from our innocent little mouse. Remind me to treat you later.” She thought of Bernadette tearing ass naked through the town screaming, and smiled to herself.

“You came come out now... she’s gone.” she called out into the room.

A familiar tousled head popped up from behind one of her many tables.

“I see you were lonely...” she gestured at the gyrating holographic woman in the distance.

He came out from behind the table still naked, hair all crazy and looking more than a little discombobulated. He was so cute, she thought as he shuffled toward her. Even if Bernadette had been scared away, it looked like he at least had a little bit of fun beforehand… or Bernadette had, anyway, Yagaritte noted. “You mind sending Killer here back where he came from? I don't want him leaving any presents here in my room,” she said, eyeing the floor to make sure there weren’t any already.

She was trying to keep a serious face, but he looked so pitiful, and the whole situation so hysterical, it was everything she could do not to just roll around in the floor in laughter. She was still curious about the phantom women though. Had he conjured them to “assist” him in getting the job done? She was a little miffed at that, considering all the visual fuel that she had provided him earlier, but she had to admit, the phantom woman (because by this time she had deduced they were all identical copies) was a looker. A Nord, tall, powerful, busty. Maybe he did have a type after all, she mused.

There was something familiar about her though. Her voice, the way she moved.

It was then that she looked past her adorable little naked bosmer friend slowly shuffling toward her and spied the large chest open in the middle of the floor… and the crystals strewn about.
She stopped suddenly in her tracks as the sounds around her suddenly slammed into focus, her memory awakening with a violent jolt. They were her… all of them, recorded memories of a time she had locked away on purpose, both physically and mentally, had all but completely buried in her memory, a time when she had been much younger and much less wiser… a time that NOBODY WAS EVER ALLOWED TO SEE AGAIN EVER.

“EDOVAN!” she screeched, striding easily across the remaining space between them. She bent down and snatched him up. “What the hell were you doing!?” she demanded, carrying him with ease under her arm, as she rushed around the room smacking and kicking crystals over, each illusion blinking out of existence as it toppled over. Now HER face was red, and oh how her cheeks burned! If Bernadette had been in here too... that means she had seen them, as well. Now two people would have to disappear, she thought grimly. Her mind raced as she finished destroying all the evidence. No... she couldn't do that. Bernabitch was Margara’s best cow. She would question why she had disappeared so suddenly. Unless... maybe she could make it look like an accident? She shook herself from the thought. But Edovan, though, he was a different story. Nobody would miss him. She hauled him up in front of her, eye to eye, with her hands under his armpits.

“Explain to me why I shouldn't chuck you off the furthest pier in the harbor and let you swim back to wherever you came from.” She narrowed her eyes at him as menacingly as possible, “And choose your words very, very carefully.”

He was eye to eye with her now, and terrified beyond belief. Well logical brain was. Lizard brain was grinning because his half erect penis was now between her breasts.

Absolutely zero sense of self preservation.

She noticed.

“AUUUGH” she shrieked in anger and frustration.

Without another word, she strode to the door and tossed the tiny wood elf out onto his naked ass into the hall, which has filled again with feminine eavesdroppers. The door slammed shut with a resounding thud, loud enough to be heard downstairs and possibly outside, and the sound of her heavy iron key clunked out loudly as the door locked behind him.

He looked around at the half a dozen or so women in various states of shock and amusement. He was still naked.
“Please… my clothes… it’s freezing…” Edovan squeaked turning towards the door, his face pressed into her door, a hand covering as much of his manhood as it could, for privacy. He knocked. He didn’t have time to be as embarrassed as he would have liked, and getting clothes back was priority number one at the moment.

“Y-Yagaritte, I’m really sorr…..”

Suddenly there was a heavy click and the door flew open, Yagarittes long arm pushing Edovan back as he all but fell back into the room, having been leaning on the door. She threw his clothes into his face, and closed the door again, wordlessly. CLICK.

He took the clothes gratefully from the floor and the top of his head, and shimmied into the as fast as he could. It was cold, that was true, but he was more intent on covering himself so he simply wouldn’t be exposed in front of all the tittering women.

He ignored them and knocked again. She would calm down, he thought. Then they could talk about this like two rational adults.

“Yagar…”

The door cracked open this time.

“Go away!” she growled through the crack, and take KILLER here WITH YOU!” she roared. She pushed the clannfear through the gap, Bernadette's shredded bloomers still hanging from its jagged toothed jaws, and the door slammed again without another word from her.

At this, the women all shrieked and stampeded down the hallway and tumbled down the stairs in a blind panic, same as they had before. Edovan tried to call out to them that “Killer” was harmless to them, but they had all vacated the area so quickly he didn't have a chance.

“No… wait! It won't... hurt… you…” he tried anyway, with a heavy sigh.

There was no one there. The clannfear looked at him quizzically, like it wondered what new fun game they were going to play next. Edovan snapped his fingers and the clannfear dissipated into motes of light with a slightly surprised look on its face. Bernadette’s bloomers fell to the floor in a soggy heap.
It had been a rough day for Edovan to say the very least. It had started out so good, too. Very promising. He realized suddenly that in addition to being assaulted by painted ladies and thrown out by his .. (well, he didn't know quite what she was to him before even less now) .. acquaintance? .. that he hadn’t anything to eat all day except the painted lady’s nethers. His stomach growled loudly as he pulled his jacket on and reluctantly turned to head downstairs.
Edovan must face the consequences for his reckless behavior, but his punishment gets interrupted.

This is a wholly original tale that my best friend/writing partner and I started for our own amusement after starting ESO together. It uses races, locations and much of the myth and lore of the world of Elderscrolls, but artistic liberties have been taken with regard to the average size of Nords, and some monster types.

It is sexually explicit, but also at its core a love story about two people who are very different from each other. We hope you enjoy it and share it with others! We look forward to hearing your feedback!

(For those of you who like to know these kinds of things, Yagaritte is 7’9” and Edovan is 4’8”)

Yagaritte, pressed herself against the other side of the door, her forehead resting against the cool wood, one hand up against it. She closed her eyes, sighing. She didn’t want to kick him out, didn’t want him to go back out into the cold, but… what he had done was wrong, and a gross violation of her privacy, which she took very much seriously. This was PRECISELY why she didn’t let anyone in her room ever! Even so… why did her heart ache? Why did it break a little bit more with each step Edovan took as he moved down the hallway, and descended the stairs?

“Oi…” Yagaritte groaned, moving away from the door and flopping onto the bed. What the hell was he thinking? And she, herself, was she mad? She wondered, as she reached for a crystal that had fallen onto the bed. She held it thoughtfully in her hands, turning it over and over. These had been hidden for a reason, you twit! She closed her eyes and let her hand fall to the side, sighing deeply. It were as though all the repressed memories and pains from the last ten years had suddenly crashed over her, crushing her into the bed with their immense weight. She rolled onto her side and squeezed her eyes closed, willing the tears that were threatening to spill out of them to not.

The crystal took her back, almost ten years. It was not a night she was exactly proud of, but neither did it pain her the way most memories did. The actions of that night, anyway. She was younger, then, and much stupider, but she beat herself up over the fact that she let herself get taken advantage of. That she had lowered her defenses and let someone ply her with alcohol, to make her
let go of herself when she was usually so good at staying guarded. The scene simply existed to remind her of why she was there, and what she had run away from all those years ago...

It was not a thing she thought of often, and was spoken of even less. Her past, the history of her family, the tumultuous tides that pushed them from one side to the other, splitting them onto opposite sides of morality. Her father, ruthless, cutthroat, ambitious. Yagaritte, kind, caring, loving, if somewhat aloof. And then there was her sister. Born during the short summer months, an exact replica of her father. Physically, certainly. But it wasn’t until much, much later that Yagaritte lost her to her father’s hand. More or less.

She thought back on her childhood, times when her father would come home late, speaking to her mother in hushed tones, sometimes giving her small packages, or hiding little bundles in his hidden safe that he thought nobody knew about. She always stayed hidden during these moments, terrified of her father’s wrath if she were to get caught. Luckily for her, her rogue training had begun at a very young age, and she put her teachings to good use. She was to take over the family business someday… but.

Yagaritte squeezed the crystal in her hand, her knuckles turning white with the force of it. No. She would not fall victim to her own memories. The tears did not fall, the memories would not win. She sat up in bed and threw the crystal across the room, shattering it against the wall. Not that it mattered, her room was trashed, Edovan and Bernadette had seen to that.

* * * *

Edovan rounded the corner of the stairs and ran smack into Margara, who was drying a glass in her hands. “Little mouse,” she greeted him, cool as a cucumber. She smiled, putting the glass down on the nearby counter. Edovan swallowed nervously, wondering what was going to happen now. He’d messed things up beyond belief, and now it was time to accept his punishment. Margara put her arm around his shoulder and directed him to a stool at the bar. “Sit.” she demanded.

Edovan sat down without a word.

“Do you know why Yagaritte is so upset with you?” she asked, digging around behind the counter. She procured a small plate and disappeared through the doorway that led to the kitchen, before he’d even had chance to respond to her question. She reappeared with a pastry on the plate, setting it on the counter before Edovan. “You like peach, little mouse?” she asked. He nodded as she busied herself pouring a glass of milk for him.

His mind raced..how could she possibly know?..it had just happened. News sure travels fast in this
inn, he thought to himself.

“Why?” was he all he managed to ask, picking the pastry up. Maybe this wasn’t going to be as bad as he thought...

“You embarrassed her,” Margara said, setting the glass down beside his plate. “She doesn’t open herself up often. She doesn’t let others into her life, and certainly not into her bedroom,” she continued, coming back around the counter to sit at the stool beside him. “But you took a private moment from her life, and you exploited it. You rubbed it in her face, you broke her trust,” she said, absently rubbing the counter top with the rag that was sitting there.

Edovan blushed deeply, shamefully. This entire thing had gotten out of hand. He hadn’t meant to cause such a ruckus, and he certainly had never meant to hurt Yagaritte’s feelings. He sighed. “Will she ever forgive me?” he asked, looking at Margara with tears resting in the corners of his eyes. As crazy as today had been, nothing stung him more than the shame he currently felt.

Margara looked at him, reaching to catch a tear before it fell from his eye. “It’s not my place to say whether she will forgive you or not,” she said, wiping the tear on her apron.

Edovan looked away from her, looking down at the pastry in his hands. He wanted nothing more in the world to go back in time to fix everything he’d broken. To go back to being warm and secure in Yagaritte’s arms, squeezed and snuggled, safe and sound, in her bed. And he didn’t blame Bernadette, apparently she really liked his head?. She was just a symptom of the bigger problem--him.

He moved to get up suddenly, putting the pastry, un-eaten, back onto the plate. If he were the problem, he would simply remove himself. “I…” he stammered. “I… goodbye...” he said, and turned to go. Margara, with expert precision and speed, snapped her arm out and grabbed his wrist, stopping him dead in his tracks.

“Oh no you don’t, little mouse. You’re not escaping that easily,” she said. She said it with such conviction and assuredness that Edovan immediately sat back down, gulping. “Now, you eat your snack, mouse, and while I’m making lunch, we’ll discuss how you’re going to pay me back for all the damages and lost business you’ve caused me,” she finished, pushing the plate closer to him.

“P-payment?” Edovan squeaked. “I don’t ha--”
Margara stopped him mid-sentence with a raised hand. “I said we’ll discuss it, now eat.”

* * * *

Yagaritte spent the next few hours cleaning her room. That was the only downfall of living a private life, having to do all the housework on your own. She silently cursed her own need for privacy as she crouched down with a little broom and dustpan to clean a spilled bag of sylvan nixad dust. It was ruined now, of course. She dumped it into the growing pile of trash (which, truthfully, consisted in great part of about two dozen smashed illusion crystals), and stood back up straight, cracking her back. She tossed the pan onto her desk, looking around the room with a heavy sigh, thinking of all the work she had ahead of her. Her armor had started to chafe. She slipped out of it down to her sheer shift and carefully placed all the pieces and the leathers on a special table she had specified for exactly that purpose.

That’s when it caught her eye. Leaning against the wall, beside that table, the red of the jewel on Edovan’s staff glinted in the dusty sunlight, as though it were calling out to her. She strode over to it and picked it up, admiring it. She hadn’t been able to give it much of a look, as Edovan seemed to have it always by his side. She sat down at her desk with it, running her fingers up and down its length, caressing each rune as she passed it. She nodded in approval, curling her fingers over the top of it. It was beautifully made, and had an air of mystery about it, very much in contrast with its owner.

“Well little mouse, seems I have something of yours now..” she chuckled to herself. “I wonder…” she pondered out loud, still caressing the staff up and down. She tapped the blunt end on the floor between her bare legs. “Solid Nightwood..” she twirled it in front of her and let the shaft fall back against her crotch, pressing into the flimsy fabric against her skin. “Nice girth…” she continued, her fingers making an “o” shape around the staff as she measured its size. “Mmm… that’s good…” she murmured. I bet it’s the perfect size...

She grinned a wicked grin.

“You’ll get your staff back... when I’m good and done with it,” she said, as she got up from the desk and carried it to the bed with her.

“Lets see how you like it when people play with your things!”

* * * *
Edovan followed Margara into the kitchen, stepping nervously through the doors after her. He hoped she didn’t plan to use him as help with making dinner, as he had no idea how to prepare anything but the very meager basics. “Grab that pot,” she said, pointing. Edovan dutifully followed her order, bringing the pot over to the counter beside Margara. “And the potatoes. The onions. The carrots. The celery,” she continued, pointing here, there, and back again. Edovan scrambled to do as he was told, grabbing vegetables up from various places in the kitchen, sweating at the thought of having to cook.

“Take this,” she said, holding a knife out to him. He took it gingerly. He waited for direction. “Well?” Margara asked him. “Do I need to spell it out for you?” she asked with a sigh. Oh boy, this was going to be a trial. Maybe it would be better just to let him go and write her losses off…

“Cut the damn vegetables!” she said in exasperation as Edovan clearly had no idea what he was supposed to be doing. “Aye…” she grumbled under her breath, as she started to mix ingredients together in a bowl to make some sort of dough.

“Mrs…?” Edovan started carefully, as he awkwardly started to chop vegetables. He had no idea what he was doing, but he figured cutting them wrong would lead to less beratement than not cutting them at all.

Margara chuckled. “Mrs. nothing, I’m not married. Not anymore, that bastard. Just call me Margara,” she said, kneading the dough expertly on the countertop.

“...Margara,” Edovan repeated. He looked at the knife in his hand, the carrot he was chopping. He spoke directly to them now. “Why are women so… complicated?” he wondered aloud. One had tried to kill him (twice) and the other probably wanted to.

Margara laughed. “Women?” she asked him, flour puffing out onto her apron and face, into her hair. “The whole three or four of them you know?” she teased him gently. “Aye, women are a mystery, even to me. Secrets, that’s the thing,” she said, nodding at her own wise words. “All women have secrets, little mouse, If she wants you to know them, she will share them with you. Some things stay hidden for a reason though, and it is nobody’s right to know them.”

Edovan nodded thoughtfully. And indeed, he did want to know them. He wanted to know them very desperately. To know them, was to know Yagaritte. “Can you tell me about her? About Yagaritte…?” He didn’t want her secrets from Margara, he just wanted to know more about the mystery woman upstairs, to know anything he could. To be fair, Margara was right, his history with women was abysmal. But even he could tell she was complicated, and there was for more to her than the surface showed.

“Mmm…” Margara murmured softly. She kneaded the dough, then began to pull it apart into
smaller bits, rolling each piece into a ball. “She came here when she was only nineteen. Just about your age, I think. She had nothing to her name but the clothes on her back, her twin daggers, and a trinket her mother had given her. She’d been kicked out of her home, rejected by her father,” she said, kneading away. She wondered how much the little mouse knew, and how much she could tell him without incurring Yagaritte’s anger.

“She came to me to whore, there was nothing else left for her in the world, what did it matter?” she continued, focusing on the task at hand as she spoke. “Of course, that was out of the question. You’ve seen her… she’s a true beauty, but her talents lie in other areas. I put her to work for me, gave her a place to stay, a reason to be…” she trailed off quietly. “Indeed, she’s a very hard worker,” she added, clearing her throat as she looked down at Edovan, who had stopped chopping vegetables to listen. “Unlike some people.”

Edovan blushed and went back to feverishly chopping the celery.

“She’s been here ever since,” Margara continued as she reached under the counter to pull out a stack of tiny tin pans. She began to press the dough into them, making a crust. “Her parents are gone now,” she said. She clucked, shaking her head. “She has no family at all, and nobody to love her but me and our strange little family here at the inn.”

Edovan knew the pain of losing family. His pain was both very real and very fresh. But he couldn’t risk talking about that, so he sat and chopped silently. Then he remembered something Yagaritte had said to him after she had first rescued him from the painted lady.

“She said she had a sister…” he trailed off. He remembered the sadness in Yagaritte’s eyes as she spoke about her sister.

“We don’t talk about her,” was all Margara said about that.

And with that, the conversation was over. They worked in silence as Edovan chopped vegetables and Margara put things together to make mini pot pies.

* * * *

After lunch had been prepared and served, Margara sent Mint to retrieve Bernadette, who’d yet to return to the inn. She wasn’t naïve enough to believe a girl as hardy and resourceful as Bernadette was still out wandering in the snow all but naked, but she needed her back home, there was work to
“And now for you,” Margara said, turning to Edovan who had just finished his mini pot pie, and was finally starting to relax some. “Clean that up and meet me in the kitchen,” she said, bustling off without waiting for him to reply or complain. She stopped to pet the gray cat on her way, producing a small treat for him from the depths of her skirts. He idly wondered why he hadn’t seen Yagaritte all morning, and if she were going to come down for some food…?

Edovan swallowed, but nodded at her backside, gathering up his meager dinner dishes and carrying them to the backside of the bar where the rest of the dishes from patrons waited to be cleaned. He washed his own and set it up to dry, following Margara into the kitchen with heavy trepidation—but also curiosity. The time was finally here, where he would accept his punishment. With grace, he’d hoped. He wanted nothing more to pay Margara back for her kindness, and to prove to everyone how sorry he was for the trouble he’d caused, least of all to Yagaritte.

“This way, little mouse,” Margara motioned, stepping down a few uneven rough stone stairs into an adjacent room that appeared to be carved from the earth and stone itself. It was oppressively warm. A large boiler of some kind was steaming under a big metal kettle pot in the middle. The pot was so big he could have bathed in it, but given the amount of steam rising from the dark surface he concluded that might not be a good idea.

Edovan followed her further in, looking around the room curiously as it opened up before him. It was larger than he first expected with multiple small alcoves cut out of the grey stone, each filled with heaps and piles of soiled clothing and cloths. One pile was bedding, another was dresses, a third linens. And, as lizard brain gleefully pointed out, a fourth was a mountain of perfumed and pungent feminine underthings as high as his head.

“Have you ever done the wash before?” Margara asked him.

Edovan shook his head. Not ever.

Margara laughed. “Well, I’m sure you will learn it after the first 10 hours or so,” she said, moving him to a small stool by the linen pile that was usually occupied by Mint. “And don’t even THINK about using majika!” She looked suddenly very severe. “If you so much as conjure a puff of smoke in my inn again without my express permission, I will personally have you hauled off to the prison mines until you have payed off every single gold coin you owe me!” she added and then smiled again kindly, carefully pushing him to sit.

Margara gently leaned over him and took a towel into her hands, then pushed it between Edovan’s.
It was a gentle touch, loving, tender. She took the soap up in one hand and showed Edovan how to use it on the stains before everything went into the big kettle in the middle. She walked him through the process of transferring everything that had been treated and turned right side out if necessary into the steaming kettle. How to turn the giant crank that operated the big paddles that moved the clothes. How to operate the lever that drained the kettle, and then how to carefully hold on the metal handles and tip the kettle forward so it would dump its steaming contents on to the stone floor. Then take each item and hang it on lines strung above another boiler on the far side of the room.

It was grueling work. Sweat had already started to bead on his forehead before she even finished instructing him. She told him she’d send someone to check on him in an hour or so and climbed the stairs back up to the tavern.

Everything was too big for him, too heavy for him, or too hot to touch for very long. He singed his fingers, dinged his elbows, bumped his head, and at one point, almost boiled all his skin off by starting to tip the big kettle in its harness before he had emptied it. The safest part was the scrubbing with soap. But after the first 40 items or so, even his hands started to hurt. It got so hot he decided to work without his shirt and jacket and took them and carefully folded them and placed them a small table he found.

He was shirtless, sweat glistening on his back and chest. head down, starting with the soap on the stains of what would be the second load, when he saw a pair of dainty (for a Nord) white stockinged feet appear in front of him. He raised his head, his vision following the sheer white trail of long slender calves up to the lacy tops of shapely thighs, a brief flash of ivory skin at the top of the thigh, and then the bottom hem of a very short matching white lace nighty, that was literally just hanging low enough to cover her intimates from normal angles.

From his vantage point on the stool, about eye level with the tops of her stockings, he could clearly see her almost transparent white lace panties, whose sheerness was only barely concealing her rosebud pink lips. The stockinged woman just stood there. He got the distinct impression she knew that he was looking at her, and where he was looking. Especially when she “winked” at him. Finally, He cleared his throat. “H… hello,” he squeaked, somehow knowing that he was already in too deep with this Nord woman, who had a glittering smile pasted on her face, way too wolfish to be taken kindly.

“Hello, little mouse,” she said, bending down to speak into his ear, making smacking noises with her painted mouth. “I’ve some washing that needs done,” she continued, tongue flicking out against Edovan’s ear. She was all but purring.

“Ye… yes, miss,” Edovan said, unable to look up at her chest, which was looming over him, precariously held in place by flimsy satin and thin straps. He held his hands out to take her things that needed washed.
She laughed haughtily, a high pitched aristocratic laugh that pierced the steam billowing around the room, but had none of the warmth that Yagaritte’s had. “No, love,” she said, straightening up. “They’re here…” she said, and with that she lifted her foot and rested it on his knee, her nighty now hiding nothing at all from his view. “Won’t you be a dear and help me,” she added, her foot sliding now up his thigh.

“I... I…” Edovan stammered. Why did this keep happening to him!? And more importantly, how? Had he either disgraced some deity in his lifetime, or had he pleased one too much? He couldn’t tell. All he knew was he had spent the first 18 years of his life being ignored by every woman he had ever met except his mother, and now, since he had met Yagaritte, he was (sometimes literally) drowning in gorgeous women who couldn't keep their body parts off of him.

“Miss, I…” he continued, unable to really articulate anything beyond that.

She grinned down at him, all teeth and wolfishness. “Call me Svie,” she growled. Her foot was now at his crotch, pressing gently into his cock. Well, she wasn’t using her hands, so it didn’t count. Also he really was cute, she thought to herself, all lean muscled and glistening...but enough of that. She had to keep her eyes on the prize.

She reached for his hand and brought it up under her nightie to her thigh. “Help me…” she moaned, pressing her foot down more firmly. He could see between her legs, the rosebud pink lips were glistening through the sheer lace panel. She hooked his fingers into the top of her stocking.

“…” He had lost all words now. Svie was a very attractive woman, he could not deny it. Her hair was a silvery blonde, half tied up and laying loosely, messily, around her shoulders. Her skin was the color of fresh snow and cream, translucent and glowing. Her breasts were of middling size (that Edovan could tell), but perky, her areolas (which weren’t at all hidden by her nighty), the same pink as her nethers. She was tall, slender, but shapely, and the only blemishes on her skin being light bruising at her neck, which he could only guess had come from an overly aggressive client?

She moaned softly, reaching up to cup her breasts through the thin fabric of her nighty. “Help me…” she repeated, begging Edovan. “Please…”

Edovan looked down at his hand, resting against her thigh, his fingers curled into the top of her stocking. He felt wrong about this. It didn’t sit right with him. But she wanted him to. She was begging him for it, even! He breathed in deeply, pulling it down slowly.
His slender fingers against her skin gave her a little shiver..like a spark had been passed between them. She suddenly was aware of the oppressive heat..it was the room right? She had to focus her thoughts again. Check her progress.

Her foot pressed a bit more firmly into his crotch. There was something going on, but no near what she was going for. She was ashamed at her performance. She was better than this.

She leaned in, looming over him, licking her lips hungrily. She suddenly changed positions, and hitched the silky creamy leg he was working on up and over his shoulder instead (there was no way this wouldn’t work). His face was practically buried in her crotch now, and something about that was causing HER to get excited, the wetness there spreading, soaking through her panties. ”The other one…” she moaned softly..only half having to pretend her building arousal now.

Edovan hadn’t even gotten the first one off all the way yet, now she wanted the other? But he was dutiful, and even though he could feel the warmth emanating from between her legs, the heavy scent permeating his nostrils, he obliged. He reached up again and took a hold of the other stocking, pulling it down slowly. “Yes…” Svie moaned, with all the conviction in the world. She started pressing her pelvis forward into his face.

Edovan stared straight into her crotch, the panties so wet now that they were all but translucent. “Miss… Miss Svie…” he said softly against her lace.. She bit her lip and looked down at him, noting that the telltale bulge of a rock hard man… was only barely starting. She groaned internally. What was wrong with him!? For that matter..what was wrong with her? Why did his fingers feel so nice against her skin..

This was going to be more difficult than she thought. But she was a professional.

“No… not there…” she moaned, and kicked her leg away from his hands, even though the second stocking was still only halfway pulled down. “Like this…” she begged softly, whipping around so that he got a full view of her heart shaped ass as she bent down, reaching for her ankles. She was incredibly limber! She reached through her own legs and took Edovan’s hands into her own, pulling them both back through with her. She held them against her thighs, one of each side, and then pulled him close against her so his face was buried against her cheeks.

She was tall enough that he was directly between her legs now, in a precarious position there. Edovan’s hands were warm and slightly sticky now, damp with the wetness from between Svie’s legs as she brushed them, with a moan, gently back and forth against her wet panties as she pulled them through. As long as he stayed on that side of the flimsy sopping panel of lace between her legs, she wasn't breaking any rules. She looked between her legs at between his legs. Still, even like this… his cock was hardening, but only just. She brushed back and forth on his hands a little more forcefully, almost unconsciously, enjoying the feel of his fingers against her now thickening labia, pressing the little bumps of his knuckles up into and between them. She could feel the first
ripples of the waves of pleasure building. It was all she could do not force his hands up through the fabric into her...

Suddenly she turned back around to face him, heavy eyed and lustful. She moved to straddle him in the seat, her tits in his face as she mounted him, right there. She ground her hips against him, willing his cock to stand fully at attention. “What about my panties… please, help me…” she begged him again, the hunger in her voice palpable. She grabbed Edovan’s hands and put them on her hips, hooking his fingers into the band and pressing his hands downward, as she leaned in to press her face against Edovan’s neck, murmuring softly, mostly unintelligibly, licking the sweet delicious sweat from his flesh.

She was losing herself in the moment. Grinding hard against him now, she could feel him pressing up against her through his pants. She shifted her hips forward and pressed herself down on that satisfying bulge triumphantly. Her own climax was sneaking up on her now, easily coming to her. It was her art, why some men chose her over the others. She could come fast, easily, as many times as they could make her before they succumbed to exhaustion. She could make them feel like a king! Sometimes it was what men needed to bring them over the top.

But she had not intended to this time..She was trying to maintain control. It was just..happening . She wanted him..NEEDED him.. Needed to feel him deeper inside her...She bounced on him with abandon, feeling him pressing up into her so forcefully she felt the crotch of the panties start to rip and tear, but she did not care. She was soaking him…trying as hard as she could to get his whole erection inside her, pants and panties and all!.... just a little longer….maybe she could take him over with her...

”C’mmmmon. You... can... do... it! Come... to… MAAAAAAAAAMAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!” she cried with abandon as she started to fall over the edge.

“TIIIIIMMME!” a loud female voice called from above. “Er, I mean... it's TIME for your next appointment, Svie!” the voice added.

And with that, Svie stopped in mid bounce, her pleasure hanging in the balance.

“I... I have to go...” she said breathlessly, and a little sadly, wiping the sweat from her forehead. She stood up and stared down at him a few seconds. And then suddenly bent over low and pecked him lightly on the cheek. Then she smiled , “I’ll be back for you...” she purred. She stood up and walked slowly and little bit wobbly, out of the laundry room, and up the stairs.

Edovan sat there, stunned for what seemed like eternity while trying to process what had just
happened. Clearly the tall ice blonde had wanted more than her clothes washed. He looked down at
his soaked crotch as that was all the visible evidence he needed. He was going to have to wash his
pants again. He sighed. He was starting to unstiffen, but only just.

He had no idea why any of this was happening. Why him? Why now? Is this what brothels are
like? Somehow he knew that wasn't right. He decided it was best to get back to washing, and
pretend like it never happened.
The Game

Chapter Summary

No rest for the wicked, or for Edovan, as he quickly gets a series of other visitors and finds out the girls are up to something.

Chapter Notes

This is a wholly original tale that my best friend/writing partner and I started for our own amusement after starting ESO together. It uses races, locations and much of the myth and lore of the world of Elderscrolls, but artistic liberties have been taken with regard to the average size of Nords, and some monster types.

It is sexually explicit, but also at its core a love story about two people who are very different from each other. We hope you enjoy it and share it with others! We look forward to hearing your feedback!

(For those of you who like to know these kinds of things, La is 7’3”, Bernadette is 6’4” and Edovan is 4’8”)

He got back to finishing the load that had been so suddenly, unexpectedly interrupted. He started on a new batch, but Svie’s scent was on him now, and it was mixing with the plethora of perfumes, sweat, musk and other decidedly feminine odors, wafting from the giant pile of lingerie five feet behind him. Consequently, he never quite got rid of his arousal completely, and his pants were getting uncomfortable. He looked around to see if he was clear. After a quick search, he found a pair of short breeches of simple design that came to just above his knees. He shrugged out of his tailored breeches and added them directly to the steaming cauldron of clothing in the middle. He was one leg into the replacement pants, about to step into the other, when he became aware of another presence behind him. No sound, nothing to see… just a feeling.

And with that feeling, a hand came and scooped him around the waist, pulling Edovan back against their body. Naked as he was, He could feel ginormous breasts, and a soft belly pressed against his back. “They were right about you…” the person purred into his ear.

“Wh--- what? Who?” Edovan squeaked, still struggling to get his other leg into the breeches. It was useless, though, as he wasn’t even touching the ground anymore, and he was in serious danger of losing them altogether.

She nuzzled her face into the back of his neck. “So tiny, so cute…” she murmured, taking the lobe
of his ear into her mouth. She had a much more direct approach then Svie, just on this side of the rules that had been laid out for them. “I want to fuck you until you can’t walk anymore,” she said, the hand that wasn’t wrapped around Edovan’s waist came around and slid up his thigh. Her fingers were itching to play with his balls, to grab his manhood and let the pleasure wash over him, but she just managed to hold back.

Edovan moaned softly, biting his lip. He could feel his loins stirring at the thought of what sort of sex it would take to accomplish that. He was almost afraid. “Please… don’t…” he cried meekly, still reaching in vain for the shorts, now dangling from his feet, just out of reach.

The woman laughed and bit down on his neck, giving him a hickey. “It won’t hurt… much…” she said, pulling back against the wall, her back pressed against it. She turned Edovan to face her, her massive rack in his face. She was wearing a thin camisole and tiny bloomer panties that didn’t really contain much. Her tits were huge, heavy, and swung pleasantly low. She buried Edovan’s face in them. “See,” she assured him. They were soft and warm. Edovan closed his eyes briefly, wondering what it might be like to sleep on them.

“None of that…” she purred, pulling his head back with a gentle tug. “I’m not here for cuddles…” she said huskily, and she was at his neck again, licking and sucking hungrily. “Do you like having your cock sucked?” she asked him, looking at him with heavily lidded eyes, licking her lips. “I’m the best…” she added, lifting him up so that her full lipped generous mouth was inches from his swiftly stirring cock. He weighed next to nothing, and as strong as she was… it was like holding a feather. She wasn’t as tall as Yagaritte, but she was probably the second tallest female Nord Edovan had seen here, and she was plump. Large breasts, soft stomach, but shapely legs, with curves in all the right places. She had big, black, wide set eyes, and lips that were crimson, shiny in the light. Her curly black hair fell all around her heart shaped face, resting on her shoulders. “I know it’s probably against the rules, ha!” she was whispering to him suddenly “But since when did I give a scamp’s ass about rules!” she wondered aloud.

Edovan struggled, helplessly, against the grip she had on him. “Please…” he begged. He both wanted, and desperately feared, this woman's mouth on his cock. But he wouldn’t give in to temptation, and he certainly wasn’t interested in having a stranger performing on him, no matter how good she promised to be at it.

“Please what, hon? Throw you on the floor and fuck you senseless?” She grinned at him playfully, like she was daring him to say that. She leaned forward and licked his thigh, trailing her tongue across his flesh, dangerously close to his balls, and his shaft. Edovan squeaked. “You like that?” she asked, her mouth still pressed against him. She moved away from the wall and set Edovan down on one of the taller tables, ass naked as he was, ignoring the dirty pile of clothes there. His precariously perched pants surrendered to gravity at that point and exited the scene to the floor so they could spectate.
“Please…” she begged him, on her knees between his legs. She put a hand on both of his knees, leaning in closely. “Just one little taste?” she asked him, her matching crimson-lacquered nails scratching up and down his thighs now.

Edovan looked down at her (the first time he’d looked down on anybody here since his arrival!), swallowing nervously. He could feel her breath between his legs, warm and hungry. She flicked her tongue out, just narrowly missing the head of his cock, teasingly. It wasn’t fully erect yet, but two seconds in her mouth, and she knew he would be, without a doubt. Edovan didn’t say no…

“Fuck it, I’m going in!” she exclaimed, and leaned in to swiftly take him into her mouth. She simply couldn’t bear it any longer. The contest be damned, she wanted him in her mouth, and she wanted it now. Her hands came up and pressed into his back, nails digging lightly into his flesh as she pushed him forward, further into her mouth.

Before Edovan could even react, before he could register the warmth on his cock, the tongue flicking the shaft, an unknown voice called down the stairs “Disqualified!”

She ignored the cry of her disqualification, closing her eyes as she gulped him whole. Her hands were still pressed into his back, pushing him forward as though she could take more than was there into her mouth, so hungry was she for him. She’d heard the stories being passed around by the other girls upstairs. She’d taken the challenge as an excuse to see for her skeptical self. And it was true, it was all true. He was adorable. And he tasted and felt so amazing she wasn’t sure if she might not be enjoying this more than he was. She had a brief vision of just spooning him into her mouth (mebbe with some cream?) and swallowing him whole somehow. Instead, she lolled her fat pink tongue around under his balls and then formed it into a bowl and scooped them up and pulled them into her mouth with the rest of him.

Now Edovan had only ever had one other mouth on his cock in his short life, so he couldn’t make a professional comparison, and though he hated to admit that what Bernadette had done to him (was that just earlier today?) was pleasurable at the time, it was literally nothing compared to the full force, high vacuum, sophisticated treatment he was receiving now on his ENTIRE manhood. His eyes rolled back in his head and he let out a long low moan. Before he knew it HE had reached out and wrapped his fingers in HER hair! Logical brain was screaming at him at the top of his lungs “WHAT IN OBLIVION DO YOU THINK YOU ARE DOING?!” Lizard brain had passed out on the floor with a goofy smile on its face.

“Laaaaa!” A girl cried, appearing in an instant behind them, hands at her hips. Her arm was linked through a mirror image of herself, standing next to her. They were identical, and the smallest Nord females Edovan had seen here, and probably the youngest, maybe his own age. They were slender and impossibly fair skinned, nearly alabaster, with dark painted lips and eyes. They each had matching brown plaits going down and over their shoulders, and the same piercing red eyes. She grabbed the back of La’s camisole, the other did the same. “You’re disqualified!” they repeated, in
stereo, tugging her back. The second one bent to pick up Edovan’s lost breeches from the floor.

La reluctantly relinquished Edovan’s cock from her mouth, fingers dragging across his back, then followed along his thighs, nails scratching his flesh. She blew him a kiss, winking. “Lady Fortuna, call me La. come find me later, sweetie,” she said, as the younger Nord girls forcefully dragged her away, which would have been no small feat, except these diminutive (for Nords, anyway) girls did it with ease. The second girl stopped briefly and tossed Edovan’s breeches into his face, then turned without a word and joined her twin hauling La out of the room. They scolded her in hushed tones the whole time as they disappeared down the tunnel to the stairs. “WORTH IT” was the last intelligible thing he heard echoing down the hall.

Then, just like that, the room was filled with a steamy, heavy silence again, save for gently bubbling water. Edovan was again alone.

He came out of the daze he’d been in, shaking his head to clear it. He took the pants, holding them in confusion. “...dis... disqualified?” he asked himself, legs a bit wobbly as he hopped down off the table La had set him upon. He struggled into the pants, pulling them up and over his half hard cock. “Disqualified?” he asked himself again, as if repeating the question might allow the answers to fall into place. It did not. He forcibly adjusted himself downward inside his new pants, which turned out to be a bit roomier in the waist then he would have liked. He went back over the stool by the wash basin, flopping down with a heavy sigh. What the hell was going on in this place? Was it always this crazy? And still, the word ‘disqualified’ echoed in his mind.

He was far from done, but He decided he needed a break. The heaviness of the air was getting to him, he could feel his face burning, sweat dripping down his back. He’d had a little bit too much heat, and a little bit too much steaminess, and that was besides what the room itself provided. He needed to clear his head. He would just take a small break, maybe go outside for a minute or two, take some fresh air into his lungs. He idly wondered how Mint did this for a living...

Edovan shrugged his jacket back on and headed for the stairs, straightening his sleeves. He was looking down, paying attention to that, when someone met him there at the top of the stairs. Edovan jumped about five feet into the air, startled by the sudden presence, and terrified that he was going to have to fend for his innocence yet again.

“What’s gotten into you, little mouse?” A familiar voice, Edovan instantly relaxed as he looked up into Margara’s kind face. “Are you feeling well?” she asked him, pressing her hand to his forehead. He was pale, but his cheeks were glowing red. “Come on, I’ll get you a nice cold drink,” she said, her arm around his shoulders as she led him back into the main room of the inn. It was about a hundred degrees cooler in the open here, and Edovan felt much better already. “Sit,” she demanded, pulling a stool out for him at the bar area. He sat down gratefully.
Edovan was not slow. He was quite the opposite, but he had suddenly found himself immersed in a lusty feminine world of breasts and thighs and other parts and he was completely in over his head (sometimes almost literally!). Nothing like this had ever happened to him before. He had no frame of reference to compare his experiences too.

He doubted all women were like this. There was definitely something strange going on. He thought back to when this first began. It was his 18th birthday and he had popped into the shop to find himself something, some treat of unknown knowledge, and chanced across that obscure treatise on Dwemer runes. It was quite a find, and there was no question he'd spend some of his last coin on such a treasure. He had been out on his own, on the run, for months now… he wasn’t even sure how many. Getting close to half a year? His considerable sum of running money had dwindled. Thinking back on it now, he probably could have arranged majikal travel for the sum he paid to board that last ship. It was too late now of course. He was down to nothing.

He thought of Margara who was busying herself in the kitchen, and wondered how long till his free ride here ran out? IF he finished the laundry today, and he was sincerely beginning to doubt it, would he be out on the street tonight? The thought chilled him, but not as much of the thought of walking away and never seeing Yagaritte again. Never hearing her laugh again. It depressed him so badly he found himself wondering how long it would take to freeze to death if he just walked right off the pier into the icy sea.

“..swim home!” she had said. “Mebbe I will..” he thought to himself glumly.

He heard a bit of commotion and looked for the source of the noise out on the main floor of the inn. A large group of the girls were clustered around a sizable round table with a large scroll rolled out across the surface. The twins with the piercing eyes seemed to be in charge of something and the girls were arguing and talking very animatedly until one of them looked over and saw him, her eyes nearly popping out of her skull. She tapped another girl on the shoulder, who also spied him, and immediately turned around and shushed the rest. Now they were all suddenly busy playing with their hair, looking intently at the floors, walls, ceiling. One of the twins quietly rolled up the big scroll, and there was something else… a large hourglass? The other twin nonchalantly grabbed it and put it behind her back out of his view. All of them kept glancing furtively in his direction every so many seconds. They were definitely up to something, and clearly HE wasn’t supposed to know about it. Then he saw La looking at him intently. As soon as he locked eyes with her she licked her lips in way that made him shiver. He turned hurriedly back toward Margara.

“Don’t worry about them,” Margara said soothingly. She pushed a frosty glass of juice across the bar at him, looked to be maybe cherry or grape, neither of which were easily obtainable in this wintry country. Edovan took it gratefully, sipping the cool drink. It was definitely cherry. He was trying very hard hard not to gulp it down. “So answer me this, little mouse,” Margara continued, leaning her elbow on the bar to scrutinize Edovan.
He nodded silently, idly licking cherry juice from his lips.

“Did you ever think to say no?” she asked him curiously. The entire time, since Edovan’s arrival with Yagaritte, things had been bugging her. Everyone was attracted to him, and everyone put themselves into his company, whether he liked it or not. And from what she had seen, he decidedly did not, even though he barely struggled against the advances thrust upon him.

“Say no?” Edovan asked her. He hadn’t thought of that. Or at least… the idea had never fully materialized in his brain while it was all happening. He didn’t necessarily want these things to happen to him, didn’t want to be taken advantage of, but deep down? He wasn’t so sure. There was a nagging feeling that it was something he wanted. And though he couldn’t explain why all the women (or at least most of them) were attracted to him, he couldn’t deny that it pleased him on some unknown level. Even though the more they teased, the more pent up he became… the more they seemed to want him. The more they touched him, the more they seemed to crave him. It was a cycle that didn’t have a clear end in sight, he feared…

Margara cleared her throat, drawing Edovan out of his inner reverie. “That’s a bit strange,” she noted, nodding thoughtfully. “How old did you say you were, little mouse?” she asked him, thoughts tumbling around her mind, scrambled and nonsensical.

“I didn’t,” Edovan said, putting the juice down. “But I’ve just had my eighteenth birthday yesterday,” he told her. Margara nodded thoughtfully again, looking a bit far off as she retreated into her mind to sort some things out.

“Finish your juice, then get back to work,” she said after a few moments of silence, disappearing into the kitchen.

Edovan nodded dutifully. He finished off his juice after a few minutes, scampering back into the kitchen after he was done, looking back one last time at the group of girls still hovering around the table, and most of them were looking back at him, whispering secretly to one another. He sighed inwardly, wondering who was coming next...

* * * *

“Come on Mint, hurry up!” Bernadette called back, waving her hand behind her as she hurried towards the Boar. He was scurrying along behind her, dragging a gilded trunk full of clothes, shoes, and other trinkets. Mint had found her with one of her clients. One of her MARRIED clients. She’d stumbled into him at the end of her headlong flight, still quite naked and out of breath, and
asked him to take her home. Not surprisingly he’d offered to take her shopping and get a new wardrobe instead. They were at a tailor’s shop, Bernadette hanging on his arm as they wandered around the shop, her pointing out each piece that she wanted as the shopkeeper hurried along to pack everything up behind them. That was how Bernadette got all her clothes, shoes, and jewels. She blackmailed her clients into buying whatever she wanted, while giving them exactly what they wanted on the other hand. She showed no shame in working the game to her advantage, and besides, she had more important things to spend her money on.

“What’s in this thing, B?” Mint called out after her, huffing from the effort it took to drag the trunk behind him, struggling to keep up with her.

Bernadette stopped as they reached the front door of the Horny Boar. “A lady’s things,” she said elegantly. She was wearing a new dress, a lovely shade of frothy sea green that was at contrast with her fiery red hair. It popped on her beautifully, a stark difference to how she had left the Boar earlier that morning.

“Hello Bitches! I’m baaaack.” she singsonged triumphantly as she threw the door open dramatically. I hope none of you missed me too dearly,” she announced as she came into the room, spying everyone gathered, huddled, around a table. She crossed her arms over her chest. “What’s going on, then?” she asked, moving over to the crowd with a quickness. Everyone looked away, none of them eager to invite Bernadette into their little game.

“Come on,” she demanded, pushing her way through them to the table. She eyed the scroll and yanked it from one of the twins. “Give me that!” she said, slapping it down onto the table.

Mint sighed, rolling his eyes. “I’ll get it, it’s fine…” he called out to deaf ears as he kicked the door closed. He yanked the trunk behind him and headed for Bernadette’s room, shaking his head. Those girls were always up to something… better not to get involved. Better to save his energy for the stairs.

Bernadette leaned over the table, staring at the big bold letters someone had scrawled across the top; “Pop the mouse.” There was a chart of sorts, filled up with names and dollar amounts. “What’s going on?” she asked, looking over at La, who was closest to her.

La held her hands up, waving her fingers. “Don’t ask me, I’m disqualifed,” she said with a shrug. One of the newer girls piped up before the others could stop her. “The mouse is down in the laundry. Margara put him to work down there, so we’re taking turns trying to get him to..” she paused suddenly, all her confidence leaving her as she stared at the fiery raging building in Bernadette’s eyes.
Bernadette rolled her hand into a fist, slamming it onto the table. “How dare you guys do this without me!” she cried, incensed. The nerve! The gall!

Svie giggled. “Well, you weren’t here, remember?” she said, grinning wolfishly.

“Oh, sod off, ice queen,” Bernadette spat, rolling her eyes. “You know that was… it wasn’t my fault!” she said, her lip quivering just a little as she recalled her harrowing adventure from this morning. “But what about that horrid beast?”

“You don’t need to worry, he can’t do it anymore… Mama M banned him from using his magicka inside,” Svie assured her.

Bernadette grinned at that. “Can’t use his magicka, you say…” she repeated. And she saw her possibilities opening once again, her chance! She had no intention of trying to win any silly wager. Let these fools have their little game, SHE would have the tasty little mousey for herself! She reached into the little purse hanging from her shoulder and threw a generous pile of coins down onto the table. “I’m in!” she declared. “I’m taking all of you down, I will have the little mouse, and I will have all your gold,” she said with feigned confidence. She hoped they bought her bluff. She squared her shoulders and pushed her chest out, put her hand in each cup of her dress one at a time to prop her breasts up good and high and stuck a fresh mint leaf between her teeth. “Watch and learn!” she said, making way for the laundry room, her new skirts swishing about her as she practically ran from the room.

“You can’t touch his manhood directly! And no forcing your kitty on him either!” A twin shouted after her. “And you’ve got… seven… minutes…” she trailed off. Bernadette was gone already. “Start the timer, sister,” she said.

Bernadette didn’t need rules for the game she wanted to play. As she descended the stairs, two at a time, she mumbled under her breath. “Pop the mouse, indeed! Oh I’ll pop him alright. Pop him right in my oven, I will!”

As she neared the washer room she slowed her pace. Her heart had started to beat faster uncontrollably. She was excited to have her chance of course, but this was fear. They had said he wasn’t allowed to use Majik any more. That would mean she could have her way with him! But… still… She perked her ears up for any hissing or growling noises and peered from the edge of the doorway through the steam. She was about to proceed when she remembered she was a bit overdressed for this occasion. She lifted up her dress on each side in a very unlady like manner and slid her new silk panties down her legs and off into the floor. They would just be in the way after all. She could feel her loins stirring as she closed in on him. She rubbed an exploratory finger between her lips to check her arousal and was pleased to see she was already getting damp in anticipation. She crept forward slowly crouching, like a cat. She could see her prey, his tiny lean
frame shirtless and shining with sweat sitting on a stool with his back to her. He looked so yummy! His position was perfect! He would never see it coming! She rubbed her fingers with more pressure across her labia.. Fingered the little nub as it sensitized. She wanted to be ready for him when it was time to pounce.

In the name of comfort, Edovan had immediately discarded his good clothes this time. Opting for the short pants and bare upper body that had been so much more comfortable before. He had returned to his duties with a new found vigor. Determined to prove to Margara (and Yagaritte) that he wasn’t useless, he was scrubbing and soaking and turning over the cycles of the laundry as quick as possible for someone of his size and level of expertise.

He was currently sitting on his little stool, applying soap to stains when he grabbed a blouse from the pile at his feet and something gold and shiny fell from an unseen pocket and hit the floor rolling. Before he could react it had rolled under one of the larger heavy wood sorting tables against the wall between the alcoves.

He had to retrieve it. He had no idea who it belonged to, but that was something Margara could sort out when he turned it in to her. The table was too deep for him to reach completely underneath it so he got on his hands and knees and crawled under into the dark. It wasn’t dark for long for him though. His wood elf eyes adjusted quickly and in a few seconds he could see perfectly. His target was right up against the wall.

It was a ring, decent size, heavy of metal with some inscribing and with a gem the size of his pinky nail. Real or fake, he didn’t know, but he knew it was valuable to someone. He grabbed his prize and slowly started crawling backward out from under the table, careful not to hit his head on any of the supporting beams underneath. He was just clearing the edge of it with his head when his butt bumped into something cloth like behind him. Some kind of curtain? He paused and reach back with his hand and was surprised to feel a large foot beside him in a small slip on shoe. He heard a familiar giggle and then the lights went out.

She’d seen him get down on his hands and knees to crawl under the table and knew her opportunity had revealed itself. She silently positioned herself in just the right spot, and stood with her legs about 3 feet apart as she held the front hem of her dress up around the tops of her thighs. She’d waited patiently for him to back out under her all cute and unsuspecting and the second he noticed her she dropped the front of her new green silk dress over him. Trapped!

“You're all mine now..” Bernadette purred above him. This startled him as she planned and he immediately tried to stand up from underneath her. She gasped as his head hit her forcefully exactly on target with a soft squoosh. Fireworks went off in her brain as he crowned her.. stretching her wider than she had ever been stretched before. It was just like when she had taken his face the two times before. She couldn’t explain why he felt so good inside her and more importantly she didn't care. She only knew she wanted more. She gulped to maintain control and
sagged her full weight on top of him before he could react and she felt herself GIVE and the tips of his little pointed ears pressed flat against the side of his skull and slipped inside her. It was glorious! Every part of her insides that was touching him felt on fire and alive! She was a savage predator, bigger and stronger than him and she was TAKING her prey INTO herself as the laws of nature had decreed for eternity. He bucked beneath her, trying to dislodge, but the more he dipped down the harder she pressed down. His knees hit the floor as he fell down and her momentum carried her downward as she fell on top of him. She bit her lip to avoid crying out in ecstasy as he filled her further. She was almost past the widest part of him…

KERSPLASSSSSSSSSHHHH. An Ice cold wall of water crashed into her from behind with enough force to knock her forward into the table in front of her. She howled in rage as he felt her prey slip from her loins and whirled to face her attacker. Both twins were standing in front of her in combat casting stances.. The magic barely fading from the fingers of the left one. The right one gripping Edovan’s prone body by the feet as he lay face down on the ground, his arms stretched out in front of him.

“DIS. QUAL. I. FIED” they both intoned together in voices lower and more resonant than anyone their size and age should be able to pull off, let alone two small pale nord girls. They pointed imperiously to the exit tunnel and stared at her dangerously with red eyes that seemed to chill her soul. As enraged as she was, Bernedette instinctively knew when to cut and run. Everyone knew the twins, despite their small stature, were not to be trifled with. People who didn’t know that and didn’t learn it quickly, tended to disappear.

There was only one her, but there would be many other opportunities to catch her little mousey. She decided discretion was the better part of living to pounce again. She stood up to her full height and reached behind her and undid the stays on her new dress, which was still ice cold and dripping. It slid off her heavily to the floor.. She stepped forward toward Edovan who had now craned his own head, hair plastered, still slick with her juices, upward at her from his prone position. She squatted down toward him, her bare hungry nethers still glistening and gaping slightly just inches from his face. “No!” he gasped out weakly as He flinched and the twins raised their hands, magika sizzling.

“I’m sorry our passion was cut short little mousey,” she purred again. “But don’t worry! You WILL be mine again! And next time, I promise I will take you allll the waaay.” She blew him a kiss and stood up tall.

“Hope you can save my new dress. Or I will just have to add it to the other damages you owe me..” she batted her eyes at him and turned and strutted regally out of the room and down the tunnel, her hair still dripping down her naked back.” I’m sure we can work out some sort of mutually beneficial arrangement” She said over her shoulder as she strode away.

One of the twins helped the stunned Edovan to his feet. The other picked up the sopping dress and
pushed it into his hands. Then without a word they slipped silently back out the hallway.

“Just say no.. she says. Because *that* worked out great...” He said sarcastically. He stood there for a good long while just holding the soaked ice cold dress, partly because his brain was trying to process what had just happened to him, and partly because anything cold was a comfort in the oppressively hot steamy environment. His logical brain shuddered. It was busy trying to scrub the last 90 seconds of his life from his mind, or barring that at least try to make some sense of it.

Lizard brain however, was secretly disappointed that she had been interrupted and quietly wondered what it would feel like if she had taken him “all the way”.

Disqualified. There’s that word again. Well, at least he could take small comfort that whatever game the ladies were playing upstairs did not apparently allow Bernadette to enjoy her favorite pastime of turning his head into a chew toy for her nethers. Just to be safe however, he spent considerable time moving the pile of clothes he had been processing over to the other side of the central cauldron, and then lastly, the stool. He grabbed his soap bars and sat down and picked up the next article of dirty clothing.

From this position he could clearly see the tunnel entrance and about 30 feet down the tunnel as it slowly curved to the left. If anyone else came down here he was going to know about it the second they came around the bend. There was little steam from this distance to obscure his vision. No more surprises for him! He congratulated himself on his cleverness and went back to work.

“Wonder who they will send down next?”
In BIG trouble..

Chapter Summary

The game continues and Edovan improves, but he's no match for who is coming next..

Mavka had been watching the entire proceedings from her balcony perch with some amusement. Her keen senses picked up everything. She could hear every whisper as the girls gossiped and debated the odds and placed bets on each other. She could easily read the marks on the large scroll, even from such a huge distance. The tallies of the odds, the failed results of each attempt. Now the girls were getting desperate, placing side bets on how LONG before someone failed, or even if anyone would win at all. She silently cursed herself for not getting in on the action when they had started betting that Bernadette would be disqualified for trying to mount him. That would have been easy money! The twins had been very clever as well. Upping the buy in as each girl entered, because they had set the ante as a percentage of the total pot, which climbed of course with each new girl. Very clever indeed. Being one of the highest paid girls at the Boar, she would still easily be able to buy in, but the pot had grown so considerable now, nearly 2 months of earnings, she was now interested in actually winning.

Mavka had been born brilliant but rather plain. But she was anything but plain now, and she had been calculating and scheming ever since this whole thing started. She knew what had failed previously. Each girl had foolishly given everyone else all the details of their failed attempts.

For her part, Mavka had her own unique talents. She was the least called for but highest paid girl. Catering specifically to wizards and sages, she could hold her own with them in conversation thanks to her own extensive education and personal research. They found her intellect stimulating and her body... Well some would say her body could stop a charging army in its tracks. While shediscoursed with them her sharp mind was filing away and categorizing and analyzing them. She quickly deciphered what made each client tick and what their innermost secrets and desires were, and how she could satisfy them in a way no one ever had before. She liked to think she was helping them psychologically. Plus the majikal and alchemical research she learned from them was invaluable! And if they had fun in the meantime and she got paid, so much the better!

The little mouse was an interesting case that had her personally intrigued. She had to admit even without the bet she wouldn't mind getting him on her specially made, custom sized couch in her chamber for a session or two. There was something strange about him and the effect he was having on the women. On her even! She had seen him that first day from her perch above as she was people watching. Trailing in behind Yagaritte. He was so small and cute. She remembered Bernadette attempting mount him against the wall yesterday and how she had suddenly found herself wondering what it would feel like to have him under her skirts. She looked down at the bottom of the black leather dress she was currently wearing. It would have to be quite a bit under. The dress she was wearing now had very little skirt to speak of.
Six more had gone and returned since a naked soaked and shivering Bernadette had emerged from below, trying to look composed and in charge as she stalked off to her room. Mavka had just watched the last girl come back upstairs almost instantly. Barely any sand had run out of the timer since she had gone down. That was new.

There were no other challengers left! It was time to make her move.. before they wrapped the whole thing and called it quits. She slipped into her room and grabbed a soft silk rope, a gossamer thin sheet and headed downstairs in her high heeled boots.

Mistress Mavka was about to show these plebeians how it was done. Work smarter, not harder!

* * * *

Edovan looked a little worse for wear. His hair was only beginning to dry from Bernadettes assault, he was covered in lipstick marks from his face to his belly button, and he had more than a few red stripes across his skin where feminine nails had drug across him in various places. But, he had held his ground. Near as he could tell they were having some kind of contest to see who could bed him or something, and for the last 6 girls at least, he had to managed to keep his pants on and his manhood inside his pants. He’d tried reasoning with them, running from them, hiding in the laundry room (she found him) putting on multiple layers of women’s clothes (mistake, he found the one girl turned on by that) and just asking them nice to stop (she did not). He finally realized that if he let them approach and start talking to him he found it all but impossible not to comply with whatever they asked. The word “no” was there banging around in his brain but he just couldn’t force it out of his mouth when they were all over him. Margara’s words echoed in his brain: Did you ever think to say no?

He took no chances by the sixth. The second he saw her slinking around the corner in her black lace nightie, he stood to his feet and yelled as forcefully as he could ”NOOOO!”

It had actually caused him considerable physical pain to do so.

He was suddenly nursing a bit of a migraine and his stomach felt strangely uneasy as if he had violated some rule of the universe against telling pretty girls who want to bed you to “fuck off.” It had worked though. She had stopped in her tracks, stunned. Not sure what to do next. And the second she took another step forward he had shouted it again, stronger and more forcefully, this time almost doubling over with the force of it. Like someone had punched him in the gut. The pretty blonde had blinked twice like a stray cat you meet in a back street that can't decide if you are its last hope or last sight… and then turned on her heels and fled.
He had just picked up his soap and started scrubbing again to take his mind off the migraine and the other pains when he heard loud heavy footsteps approaching. Someone was coming, walking with confidence and purpose. He was suddenly very unsure if his new found resistance would be enough to save him from whoever was coming down that hall. With footsteps that confident, he assumed the woman who was making them was a force to be reckoned with, one that wouldn’t take a simple no…

He steeled himself for inevitable, bending down further into his work, scrubbing the soap more furiously. Maybe if he looked busy she would change her mind…? That was a futile hope and he knew it. He decided since he knew she was coming to turn away from her and just ignore her. Just lose himself in his work and focus on the laundry. Will himself not to look or stop.

The footsteps stopped at the top of the stairs, the sound echoing and fading around Edovan. He didn’t want to look up from his work, didn’t want to see what woman had come to claim him this time. He was tired, his body was sore, his head was aching. Maybe it would be best to let this one win. Let her have her way with him. At least then, it would be over, wouldn’t it? He would be afforded some small amount of peace.

“Darling…” the voice purred from behind him. “You are in a right state…” she said, the sound of her footsteps echoed out again as she descended the small flight of stairs. He could hear her fingernails pressing against the bare stone, scratching it as she walked. There was another sound as well, a soft, fluttery sound that followed behind her, dragging on the floor. He could hear her making her way around the room, achingly slow. It was torture. But he didn’t dare look up, didn’t stop scrubbing.

She went all the way around the room, finally coming up behind him. She was tall… he was swimming in her shadow, which seemed like it took up most of the room. She bent low and whispered in his ear, “Do you want a break from all this hard work?” she said against his neck, her breath hot and sweet. He could feel a slender piece of fabric skim across his shoulder, as it began to dangle down his chest. He looked down. It was a silken rope. He swallowed. Oh boy…

Mavka grinned, licking her teeth. This might be easier than she thought, though she wondered why, especially after the last girl came slinking shamefully back after a mere ten seconds. Of course, nobody else at the Boar had anything on her, not even Bernadette, no matter how big of a show she put on. She reached down and cupped Edovan’s chin, her nails sliding gently upward and across his cheek. “Do you know what a safe word is, love?” she asked him, still bending low to speak into his ear. From behind, her fingers traveled down his cheek again, then further down still, as she walked them across his neck, his chest, his stomach. She went down on her knees behind him, spreading them apart as she slid lower. She leaned down over him and grabbed the silken rope and pulled it down, tying one end around Edovan’s left wrist.

“Ah…!” he intoned softly, dropping the soap he was still gripping onto for dear life. “Please…” he
begged softly.

“Call me Mistress Mavka,” she growled in his ear. “And remember… no...means yes...”

She spun him around abruptly on his stool, shocking him into opening his eyes. She was tall, as he had suspected, even as she was crouching, he could tell that. But even coming face to face (in this case, it was simply an expression) with her was a shock. She was impossibly huge. Standing full height she would have towered over Yagaritte, even. Kneeling as she was with her long legs spread wide apart she still towered over him. Each shapely thigh was almost as long as his whole body! She had shimmering dark purplish black skin with red markings, and hair the color of dark berries. She was beyond shapely. Her gigantic breasts hung heavily above him. He could almost sense the weight of them. They were being held up by the smallest, most obscene piece of clothing (and that was a term he used lightly here) he had ever seen, a painted on dress, with a skirt so short it was barely covering her nethers. And he was immediately aware she wasn’t wearing anything underneath it because her slightly parted purplish labia, glistening, dark and hungry, were hovering just beyond and above his face. Logical brain was praying to whatever gods that would listen that she not have have the same proclivities as Bernadette. Lizard brain was also on his knees, praying the gods would ignore the prayers of the first.

She was shaved bare, save for a small tuft right at the top, a matching deep red to the hair on her head. She also had a menacing set of horns with a tail to match, and sharp fanged teeth which she licked hungrily as she looked down at Edovan, holding the other end of the rope between her taloned hands. Her eyes were two deep, dark pools of blackness.

She was a gigantic dremora.

Panic struck him as he stared into dark, thick slippery looking lips as big as his face. Dremora weren’t human, Nord or any of the mortal races. They were Daedra. From the planes of Oblivion and beyond. All mages knew of them. His clannfear was one of the lower forms. But female dremora were rare, and usually much higher ranking. And worse… it was rumored that if you accidentally had the misfortune to summon a female dremora, she would ravage you and suck out your soul and take it back to Oblivion with her. He began to wonder now if the enormous cleft inches from his face would be the path his soul would take, or would it be a more traditional route? Was your soul in your head? If so, he figured he was in for a world of hurt.

Kneeling over him now, his small lean form between her thighs... this close to him, she could feel it even stronger...this strange attraction. No… it was a compulsion! She felt a hunger stirring in her loins that she had never felt before. It was a dull ache of emptiness. She wanted… no… she needed him inside her. Needed to fill herself with as much of him as she could. He looked so tiny and helpless it was all she could do not to simply just press down on his tiny head and keep going till she hit the floor, and strangely she knew with certainty that she could have, somehow. It was a sexual urge certainly, but there was something else… something primal, something deep. She
wanted to swallow him whole, to consume him till there was nothing left. She felt herself inching downward against her will. He was right there, just a few scant inches away. The ache inside her was desperate now. A hollow hunger only he could satisfy. She struggled to maintain control and gasped as she felt her labia parting in front of him, somehow of their own free will, as she lowered herself, shivering, as she anticipated that first electric spark of pleasure she knew she would feel when his tiny face first brushed against the slick inner walls of her now quivering lips. He was between them now, his face in her yawning maw, but not touching, like the beast tamers in the royal circuses. All she had to do was drop one tiny centimeter...

No! She took control back, rising to her full height suddenly, still holding the rope, pulling his wrist up with her over his head. Her mind was strong. She wanted that money. She would not lose this bet. She would make him cum for her, and more. She was smart and patient. After she had collected her winnings, there would be plenty of time for her to revisit these strange feelings that were washing over her, and possibly even act on them, but for now she had work to do.

Edovan looked up at her in confusion, as he realized his head was safe. She was like, and unlike, Bernadette. Where Bernadette had impulsively driven her loins towards his head with a ravishing hunger, Mavka had done the same... but there was a hesitance there, and inner turmoil that only she understood. There was a small sliver of disappointment that shot through him, but it faded quickly as his wrist was yanked up as she righted herself. “Ah...” he murmured softly. It didn’t hurt, but it was clear she could easily control him this way.

Mavka, back in her right head space, grinned down at him. “The other one,” she motioned, towards the hand that wasn’t yet bound.

Edovan looked down at his hand, then back up at her, and with a soft sigh, complied, holding his arm up. She looped the rope around the other wrist and secured it. “You look like a package that wants opening,” she purred, looking at how helpless he seemed. The ropes seemed to be just for show, as she knew he wouldn’t fight her, with or without them. She dragged him across the room where, she picked up a chair from the wall. She turned it around and sat Edovan in it, only a little forcefully. She dropped down to her knees, her breasts swinging into his face. “Bite them,” she demanded, flicking a nipple carelessly. She wrapped her other hand around Edovan’s neck and pulled him forward, brushing her other nipple against his lips. They were all but popping out of the top of her dress.

“I... I don’t...!” Edovan squeaked. But his ability to resist was greatly diminishing, and he was finding it harder to say no, to not comply with each wish. Not that he didn’t want to please Mavka, he just... he didn’t know what he wanted. All he knew was that his mind swam with thoughts of Yagaritte-- her smile, her laughter, the rhythm of her heartbeat as they had lain together the night before. That was what he wanted. He wanted her body, he knew that, and so much more. But Mavka... she was here, she was now. He squeezed his eyes closed and parted his lips. He pressed his mouth against the fabric of her dress and bit down on the nipple that was hard underneath it.
She moaned softly, her fingers gliding through his hair. “Harder…” she whispered. She was usually the one doing the dominating, but every now again, she liked to treat herself.

He bit down harder.

“Oh…” Mavka groaned softly. She pulled his head back by his hair and leaned her face close to his. “You’re very compliant,” she mused, her finger sliding across his cheek. “And so handsome, too…” she noted. She reached behind him and slid the rope around the back of the chair and tied it together, securing him there, in the chair. “Promise me you won’t run away?”

Edovan looked down, realizing how vulnerable he was now. Legs spread, shirtless. She could do anything she wanted to him, and he wouldn’t be able to stop her. Wondered if he even wanted to. Lizard brain decidedly did not.

Mavka got back up and sashayed over to the bottom of the stairs where she had let the gossamer sheet she’d brought with her slip to the floor. She bent, carefully, slowly, to pick it up. She made sure to give Edovan a show, her lips glistening between her thighs. “Mmm…” she moaned softly, sliding the sheet between her breasts. “The girls tell me I can’t touch you, but. I think I’m smarter than that,” she continued, coming back over to him. She whipped the sheet around him and covered him with it, bending low again. She danced her fingers across his growing erection under the sheet, so he could understand what she meant.

Edovan groaned softly, closing his eyes. He bit his lip, trying to hold in a louder cry. He was yearning for release, to finally be freed of this burden he had carried for over a day now. It was long, far too long. And though Mavka looked every part the dominatrix, her touch was deceitfully gentle.

Mavka got back down onto her knees in front of him, watching his face with pleasure. This was probably going to easier than she imagined, especially since all the girls before her had given him just that much more incentive to go over the edge. She could see it in his face, feel it in his muscles. He was tense, holding himself together-- but barely. She leaned in, her mouth against his ear. “Why won’t you let this end?” she asked him in a gentle whisper. She could make it so easy for him. She didn’t only just want the money now, or to study him, she wanted to end his suffering.

Edovan opened his eyes again and looked directly into her own; shining, black, and deeper than anything he’d ever seen, including the sea. Colorless though they were, he could tell they hid some sadness, that behind them lay a deep heartbreak.

He nodded.
Mavka licked her lips. “Now wasn’t that easy?” she said, and pulled gently on the rope the tighten the binding around his wrists. “All you have to do it sit back and enjoy,” she said, standing up to her full height again. She put a hand on his head and walked around the chair, looking down, admiring him. She could see the growing bulge of his erection just under the sheet. “What shall I do first?” she mused aloud. “Shall I have a little taste? Or should I give you a few moments of ecstasy, a release?” she wondered. She only had seven minutes, so she had to choose her torture wisely. She could make a man last all night and into the wee hours of the morning with barely a touch, but that wouldn’t do here.

“Only I see one problem…” she purred, stopping in front of him again. She dropped to her knees in one swift motion and disappeared underneath the sheet, crawling between his legs.

Edovan panicked, struggling, fruitlessly, against the bindings around his wrist. He couldn't see what she was doing, and a surge of self-preservation jolted through him. He protectively squeezed his legs closed tightly. “Aww… that’s no fun,” he could hear her speaking from beneath the sheet, her face close to his crotch, her breath hot and wet, heavy against his skin. It prickled in response. “Come on, let me in, I’l be gentle…” she promised. She ran a hand up his thigh, reaching for the band of his pants. He tail curled up behind her, out of the sheet, and stroked Edovan’s cheek gently.

Edovan swallowed, but relaxed, letting his legs loosen up at her request. He closed his eyes leaning into her tail. It was a gentle caress, and he was so tired…

Mavka reached to pull his pants down, letting them fall to his ankles. In the dim light filtering through the sheet, she admired his manhood for a moment, and indeed he was a perfect specimen. She would love to have a little more fun with him someday, but she had other things to worry about now. She licked her lips. She wanted it so badly...

In one quick motion, without even leaving the confines of the sheet, she flipped the chair back, laying him on his back loosening the rope so Edovan’s wrists wouldn’t be crushed underneath. “Of course…” she purred. She got down on her hands and knees and crawled from under the sheet, then over the chair, until she was towering over him, her hungry, wet pussy practically dripping onto him as she straddled his body. She eased down backward and pressed her crotch against his knee. She ground her hips downward and slid down his leg, her pussy lips parting to expose her clitoris. “Mmm…” she moaned softly. Even through the sheet, when she touched him, it was sweet fire, and the sheet added an entirely different sensation than she was used to-- a bit rougher, far more than flesh, but definitely not unpleasant. She slid a finger into the top of her dress and pulled it down the rest of the way, her nipples and breasts screaming to be free. They swung heavily above his head, moving with her. She rode his leg up and down, soaking the sheet with her juices. “Play with them,” she demanded between soft moans. And knowing he had no free hands he could offer, well… that left only his mouth.
Edovan swallowed, as she lowered herself just enough for her breasts to rest on his face and chest. She moved this way and that, letting her nipples graze across his mouth. He parted his lips, trying to catch them as they swung by. Well this was a different form of torture. Instead of teasing him silly and begging for him to want it, this one begged and teased until he wanted it, then denied him.

Mavka grinned to herself, watching him struggle to have just a taste. She felt bad for him almost, but that gold was so close she could already feel the weight of it in her purse. And she wanted it more than he wanted her breasts, she was sure of it. Even so, she lowered herself just enough, and cried out in delight as he bit down-- hard-- on a nipple. Probably harder than he’d intended, but she didn’t mind. “Ah… such a hunger….” she teased, pressing herself down further, her breast piling onto his face. “They really did a number on you.”

Edovan flicked his tongue on the nipple that was bound between his teeth, moving purely on instinct now. She wanted to tease him, well he wouldn’t let her go. Even as his face was shrouded in darkness as her breasts smothered him, he wouldn’t let go. Even as his erection grew, and he knew she could feel it through the thin sheet, he wouldn’t let go. He pulled and sucked and flicked, working his tongue like never before. It was a few moments before she pulled away and yanked her nipple from between his teeth, and it must have hurt. But she didn’t complain, no, in fact she adjusted herself and swung the other breast toward his mouth, pushing her nipple between his lips. She liked it rough.

She was running out of time, however, and couldn’t afford to indulge in her penchant for nipple play, no matter how surprisingly good he was at it. After a moment she pulled up again, away from his mouth, grabbing at her own breasts, pinching the nipples between her fingertips. “Did you like that?” she purred.

Edovan nodded.

“There will be time for that later,” she assured him, looking down at him as she played with herself for a few spare moments. She reached down and grabbed the sheet bunched around his chin and pulled it up over his head and down his back, draping him completely, and moved forward, this time turning her body all the way around, so that she was facing his legs, and and without so much as a warning, she dropped herself down onto his face, her wet, warm pussy engulfing him from chin to forehead.

It was a strange feeling through the sheet, which at first was cool and dry, but quickly became hot and wet, and then dripping as she soaked it. He panicked at first. Mavka was huge. If she had the same appetites as Bernadette she wouldn’t have to struggle. She would easily gulp him down, head… shoulders… who knows what else… but this felt different. Her thick slippery labia were spread open across his entire face, his eyes, nose, mouth, and chin all buried in her darkness, but she didn’t press down over him as he expected. Instead, he could feel her opening. Her inner walls receding, widening, the pathway to her hidden depths dilating with each gentle squeeze and
This wasn’t an insatiable hunger there pressing down to consume him, this was a different hunger, a yawning one that beckoned him forward into her, that called out for him to explore, to open wide and please her with his mouth.

Mavka moaned softly, feeling his chin press against her clit, his nose and mouth sliding between the outer labia and inside. He was learning fast-- his tongue came out of his mouth and plunged into her, moving and darting around, pressing the sheet against her insides. “Ah…!” she moaned again. She knew he was a virgin, that was not a question, but there was something more. Something intrinsic propelled him forward, something deep down, something dark and hungry, guided him. Something that she was unsure he was even aware of himself. She would get to the bottom of it... sooner or later. But now she had a bet to win, and a little mouse to pop.

She pressed her breasts into his lap, his cock sliding between their heaviness. She urged him to grow, urged him to let her see his full potential. He was close, she could feel it, her free hand coming up between her breasts to grab his cock, to will it to life. It was nearly there. She reached between his legs and cupped his balls through the sheet, nodding to herself. He was a big boy, viril. She danced her fingers along the shaft, up, then back down, willing him to release for her.

“Ah... ooh!” she cried softly. Edovan was still exploring her nethers with his mouth and face. She didn’t have to press down on him... he was pressing up into her, moving his little head side to side like a fish trying to force its way into a hole in a reef. He was practically swimming upward into her, craning his neck forward, his little tongue lapping and probing ever deeper, as far as it could within the confines of the sheet. She felt the fire in her loins build again as before, she felt herself opening and spreading over him, the empty space drawing him upward further and still further in. The dark desire to take him completely was back… overtaking her reason and restraint.

She was Mistress Mavka. She would get everything she wanted. She was the smartest and she was the most patient, and she was so, so hungry...

She would take his orgasm.

she would take their money.

and later, when she was alone with him... she would take *all* of him.
Her deep insatiable hunger could only be sated by consuming him whole!

She curled her hand around his fabric covered cock and began to stroke. As she stroked, she ground her hips in small slow circles, so as not to disturb the exquisite dance his face was already doing inside her. Her tail curled around her own waist, then encircled her breast, squeezing it. With each slow rotation she ever so gently lowered herself onto him, easing him deeper and deeper till his tongue was breaching the smaller opening deep in her folds. A jolt of electric pleasure surged through her. “Yessessssss... just like that... please your mistress, give yourself to me!”

“Give me your mind… “ she growled as she thrust her hips downward suddenly, burying him to his ears in her dark heat.

“Give me your body… “ she purred as she stroked him slowly and purposefully, matching the the rhythm of his own small hips which had started pressing upward into her hand… now that was more like it.

“Give me your sou…..”

Her words, her hands, and her hips, all stopped where they were, as she stared across the room in dread, eyes wide in horror.

A loud screech emanated from deep within her throat, a cry of sheer terror. She recoiled and curled her entire body up onto Edovan’s chest and the turned over chair, scrambling away from the innocent little mouse that was scuttling across the washroom. “M-mouse!” she squeaked. Sitting ass naked on his chest, her knees were crushing his legs. She pulled the sheet up around her as if she were ashamed to be half naked in front of the rodent.

Edovan groaned under her weight, watching the mouse scurry away behind a pile of washing. “A… a m-mouse?” he asked somewhat shakily, his face flush with pleasure, a pleasure that was once again cut short before reaching its penultimate release. His body was already aching under the burden of her entire body on top of him, and he was fearing he might lose his breath, her weight on his chest crushing his lungs.

Mavka was blushing furiously, her eyes glistening with the threat of tears. “I hate them!” she cried, the flawless sheen of a dominatrix in charge had shattered and slid to the floor to join the dirty laundry, replaced with a scared, cowering girl, a 9ft tall scared cowering girl. Edovan suddenly wondered how old she was…
“It… it’s gone,” he promised her, his voice gentle and assuring.

Mavka shook her head. She wasn’t going to get down. Not yet. “I…” she trailed off, sighing. “Don’t…” she continued, frustrated, embarrassed. The chair groaned loudly with their weight, threatening to smash to bits underneath them.

Edovan looked at her curiously. “Don’t what?” he asked, slightly wheezily.

“Don’t… don’t tell the others,” Mavka said after a few moments. “Please,” she practically begged him.

He nodded again.

Mavka’s face lit up in relief. “Thank you,” she said, and it was sincere. She sighed, leaning down to practically hug him. He could feel her shuddering still, if only slightly now. She rubbed her eyes and her cheeks, willing her heart to slow down-- but this was different than fear. It was an aching, a longing she hadn’t felt in a very long time. Looking into his eyes now, her breath caught in her throat. He was kind, too kind.

He simply looked back up into her eyes, wondering what wheels were turning behind those liquid black pools. “Can… Can you get up please?” Edovan finally asked, breathlessly, after a minute or two of silence. His legs had moved past pain and were now in the territory of going numb altogether.

“Oh!” Mavka intoned, hopping up from his lap. “I’m sorry,” she said, moving around the back to untie his wrists and free him from the chair. “I… I guess I lost,” she said, gathering the sheet up, wrapping it protectively around her, leaving him fully naked. Though she wondered why nobody had come down to disqualify her, or worse, to mock her. She bent and helped him up, pulling him with ease, a free hand holding onto to him so he didn’t topple over, her tail curling protectively around his waist. With the other, she pulled the top back up on her dress, covering her breasts once more, pulled her tiny skirt down, and handed him the sheet.

Edovan shrugged, rubbing his wrists a bit where they’d been bound. “I’ll tell them you did it,” he offered, taking the sheet gratefully. He swung it around his shoulders, and crossed it protectively over his body.

“You would do that for me?” she said, disbelieving.
He nodded his chin.

“I… i-it's not really fair anyway... if not for the mouse... you w-would have won…” he stammered, looking down as his face reddened in embarrassment.

Mavka’s heart swelled. She blushed with gratitude herself. “I… don’t know quite what to say…”

A tiny tear sprung up without warning in the corner of one large dark eye. She wiped it quickly and dropped to her knees in front of him, leaning forward to embrace him in a thankful hug.

“Thanks, Edo--”

Mavka was cut off as Yagaritte appeared out of thin air beside them. She was quiet by trade, a habit that was hard to break even at home, and Mavka hated it when she snuck up on her.

“Ritte!” she exhaled loudly, her heart beating a mile a minute. “Don’t do that, you know I hate it!”

Yagaritte grinned. “Sorry, May,” she said, looking between the two of them. “Guess I didn’t interrupt anything?” she teased.

It looked like they had finished, except… Edovan’s cock was semi standing at attention, still, even after the mouse incident, even after having 347 pounds of darkskinned beauty on top of him. Well, that could be a reason...

“Guess you’re the last loser,” she added, still grinning.

Mavka sighed. “Yeah. I lost,” she agreed. Lost the bet, lost herself, lost her mind? She still hadn’t known what had come over her, her insatiable hunger. Had she wanted to fuck him? Had she wanted to... *eat him*? Had she wanted to…? She shook her head, clearing it of unwarranted, intrusive thoughts. She willed the dull ache in her chest to go away.

“And what about you ‘lady killer?’” Yagaritte chuckled. Looking down at his fading, but still
protruding penis under the sheet. “I see you still haven't learned how to say the word no... or keep your pants on...”

Edovan, for once, did not blush. Instead he turned white as the sheet that covered most of him. Yagaritte was here? The whole time? How much had she seen? What must she think?

He wished he could turn into a mouse and scurry away after the other one... sadly, that was not a skill he had mastered at this point in his majikal training. Logical brain vowed to research it at his earliest opportunity. Seemed like such a thing might come in handy these days.

Instead, he wilted. Beaten, conquered, utterly defeated. He could see any chance of being with Yagaritte now fading away along with his lingering arousal. And this was not just a romantic defeat, he was losing job opportunities, a place to stay, and a whole slew of people he could become friends with in time. The heartbreak was real, and it was painful.

Yagaritte frowned slightly, catching his change in mood. “Hey, we’re not done here,” she chided gently. “There’s still a pile of gold up there with my name on it. Sorry, Mav,” she grinned, looking back up at her friend. “But come see me later, I brought you something,” she added.

Mavka grinned. “You always bring me the best goodies”! She said excitedly, as she expertly concealed her inner turmoil, pushing it deep, deep down so she could worry about it later. “Thank you,” she added, taking her friend’s hand briefly, squeezing it.

Yagaritte nodded, coming around to the back of Edovan now, one hand resting on his shoulder, the other still held in Mavka’s. “So I can’t force you to touch me, and I can’t touch you, that’s what I hear,” Yagaritte said, bending down to speak near his ear. “But what if we combined our powers, Mav, what do you think?” she asked, her tongue flicking out to tease at his earlobe.

Edovan shuddered. “To-together?” he asked, voice squeaking. Did she mean what he thought she meant? Surely not?!

Mavka grinned devilishly, her tail curling around Edovan and Yagaritte both. “I think we can arrange that,” she agreed, licking at her lips, running her long slightly forked tongue along her teeth.

Yagaritte looked up at her and grinned, winking. She knew everyone upstairs was being chastised by Margara for creating such a commotion, and for treating Edovan like he was nothing more than a piece of meat. They could do anything they wanted to him, and nobody would be the wiser, no matter how many rules were broken-- she knew Edovan would never tell a soul and nobody else was watching, not even the twins!
Edovan is in double trouble as Mavka and Yagaritte join forces to win the game, but Mavka still has a DIFFERENT game in mind.

Yagaritte bit her lip and brought her hand up, motioning Mavka to come over, her eyes full of lust and longing. Mavka obeyed, sauntering over to her. Yagaritte was as beautiful as ever, clad only in her thin leather breeches and unbuttoned undershirt, she came up close behind Edovan pressing her pelvis against the back of his head as Mavka approached them both. Mavka’s long legs easily straddled Edovan as she stood directly over him and slid an arm around around Yagaritte, bending slightly as Yagaritte stood up on her toes to meet her. She parted her lips and took Yagaritte’s cheek into her other hand, pulling her face up to meet her the rest of the way. She closed her eyes as their lips met. Her tongue flicked out hungrily, reaching for Yagaritte’s.

Edovan, squeezed between Mavka’s soft thighs and Yagaritte’s leather clad crotch, was breathless. It was the most amazing, erotic sight he had ever seen. Two incredibly beautiful creatures, kissing passionately above him, both of them clearly enjoying it. It wasn’t just for show-- there was passion, emotion, lust, friendship and more in that kiss. He had the inkling this wasn’t the first time.

Mavka moaned softly, pulling Yagaritte closer, their bodies pressing against Edovan. Mavka was bent just slightly, her body positioned in a way that he could see the wetness between her legs growing, her lips swelling in anticipation above him. Behind him, he could feel Yagaritte’s body responding in kind-- he could not feel it physically, but somehow he could sense it. She was still fully dressed from her day out (sans her light armor, that was left behind), and the thin leather was an annoying barrier between them.

She reached down and took Yagaritte’s hand, holding it to her breast. Like when she was with Edovan, her nipples were hard, pressing against the thin fabric of her dress. Yagaritte cupped her breast, a thumb sliding across the fabric that held Mavka’s nipple prisoner. All this time, their kiss never broke, both of them with their eyes closed, immersed in their passion. Mavka’s tail slid between them, going between Edovan’s legs and up. But neither of them really seemed to be paying him any attention, focused more on their own pleasures. Yagaritte pulled the top down on Mavka’s dress, and her breasts sprung to life, free once again. She pinched one of the nipples gently, turning it between her finger and thumb.

Finally, Mavka broke the kiss, licking her lips as she pulled away from her mouth. She dropped low, sitting on her knees, looking up at Yagaritte who was now looming over her and Edovan both. Edovan flushed as Mavka’s glistening labia passed inches from his face as she knelt in front
of both of them. Her mammoth breasts were now pressed heavily against his face, and he was happily buried in their luxuriant valley. Ignored or not, there were no missed opportunities, even though he worried this was bad news for him-- another up without a down, another promise of pleasure with no release?

Mavka stopped suddenly, looking down at him nestled in her cleavage.

“Take her clothes off,” she demanded.

Edovan opened his eyes, pulling his face from between her. He looked up at her, confusion written all over his face. He didn’t have to say anything, as Mavka repeated herself. “Take her clothes off!” she demanded again, grinning up at Yagaritte now, who was grinning back. Oh, this was rich!

Edovan swallowed, but turned with some difficulty, pinned between them as he was, and came face to face with Yagaritte’s crotch. Aromatic, warm, hungry, even through the supple deer leather of her breeches. Her wide hips spread out a foot or more on either side of him. He reached a tentative hand up, holding it against Yagaritte’s hip. He waited for her to recoil from his touch, to react negatively. Instead, she simply shifted and pressed her body against his hand. He took a deep breath and with a nervous, shaking hand, began to undo the small metal hooks slowly on each side. He was scared, but also relieved. This meant she had forgiven him, right? Or was she doing this for Mavka?

Finally, he got all the bindings undone on her breeches, and he hooked his fingers, on either side of her hips, into the waistband, and pulled down gently. He slid her leathers down, gasping as he revealed more and more of the sculpted plain before him. The silken skin of her hips, the small rises of pelvic bones, the valley between her legs, the thin fabric of her panties dripping wet, the perfect musculature of her legs. The breeches fell to her feet and she kicked them off with ease.

Mavka licked her lips hungrily. “Keep going,” she told him, pressing her chest against the back of his head so that his face plowed into Yagaritte’s wide mound. Yagaritte moaned softly at that, her hand coming down to curl into the hair at the back of Mavka’s head. He struggled there briefly, drowning in her panties. “Keep going,” Mavka said again, as she pulled back just enough to give him room to maneuver his hands back up to Yagaritte’s hips again. Without hesitance this time, he easily slid her panties down, groaning softly as her pussy emerged directly in front of him.

Without another word, Mavka pressed herself forward again, simultaneously putting her large taloned hands on his shoulders and guiding him lower, into her lap between her own thighs rather than straight forward into Yagaritte’s lap. Her tail wrapped suddenly tightly around Edovan’s hips, pulling him backwards against her. He could feel her desire, wet, warm and yearning against the middle of his back.
Looking up at Yagaritte, Mavka pulled her shirt up, nuzzling her stomach. She blew her a kiss, then slid slowly down onto her knees, kissing down her stomach as she traveled, and wordlessly buried her face between her thighs. Edovan was forced to his knees as well between her thighs as Yagaritte stepped closer to them, her feet on either side of his. Yagaritte called out in pleasure, the fingers that had been in Mavka’s hair pulling gently as she tensed up.

Mavka lapped at the outer lips, tasting the sweet juices that were flowing freely out of Yagaritte. She slid her tongue up and down, just barely breaching the flesh, mercilessly teasing her, promising to plunge into her depths, but pulling back at the just the last second. Yagaritte’s cries were a mix of pleasure and frustration. Edovan watched from a few feet below, wide eyed. Of course his erection was raging now, screaming for someone, anyone, to pay attention to it. The sheet had long since fallen to the floor, kicked to the side.

“Mav…” Yagaritte begged, her head craning back as Mavka teased her, her strawberry blonde hair coming out of its messy bun, falling loose around her neck and down her back. She pulled Mavka closer crushing Edovan between and below, willing her to fully please her, to give her full waves of pleasure, not these small teasing moments that came and went again and again, but never quite satisfying.

Mavka grinned, her mouth still pressed against her, teasingly lapping at her wetness with her long tongue. She reached for Yagaritte’s leg and hitched it up over her shoulder. Her lips spread before her, opening to reveal all of her secrets. Her perfect, pert inner labia, her pearl of a clitoris unsuccessfully trying to hide, throbbing, between her mounds flesh. Yagaritte cried out softly as Mavka buried her face fully there, her tongue going after her clitoris fully now, drawing rhythmic, if slightly erratic, circles into it. She leaned back, losing her balance, and caught herself against a table that she was thankful was there directly behind them.

Edovan watched, wide eyed, drinking it all in. He didn’t even care that his cock was crying out in pain, that his heart was racing so fast he was sure he would die of a heart attack, that Mavka’s tail was squeezing his breath from him. He wanted to be closer. He wanted to see everything, he wanted to be where Mav’s wicked tongue was darting in and out of Yagaritte’s quivering lips, which dripped on to his upturned face.

But Mavka pushed Edovan back down again, into his original position, so that she was straddling him between her legs, her wet cunt pressing against his back once more. She shifted her hips, causing her lips to splay out against him, her clit now rubbing against his skin. She moaned softly as she gently gyrated her hips against him, using him as her own personal toy.

Edovan, unable to move, could only look up as Mavka worked her magic on Yagaritte, and feel
how she worked herself on him-- he could feel her wetness dripping down his back, smell her scent mingling with Yagaritte’s. It was pleasant, heavy and aromatic. They certainly complimented each other, he thought to himself. He craned his neck up, watching, using Yagaritte’s legs to balance himself backwards against Mavka’s oscillating hips, using her as leverage.

“Mav!” Yagaritte cried again, her stomach undulating with the pleasure that Mavka’s mouth was sending through her body, her thighs shaking and jerking. Mavka sucked at her clit, making her own sound of pleasure, the sort of sound you’d make when eating a delicious cake, only this was far tastier. Her hand was holding Yagaritte’s leg up, her nails digging gently into the flesh, while the other slid up and down her stomach.

She was pressing hard against his back now, her pelvic bones all but bruising him. He was having trouble steadying himself under her relentless assault. Suddenly she dropped her hand from Yagaritte's stomach to palm the top of his head, slowly forcing him down and back even further underneath her. Her now dripping lips slipping upward and grinding warm and slick against the back of his neck.

Mavka slid her tongue between Yagaritte’s nether lips, up and down, plunging into her depths as she went lower, searching out her deeper secrets. Her own hips moved against Edovan in time with her tongue, and even though her thighs were burning with the effort, she would not stop, could not stop. She could feel the urge inside her again, the hunger to consume him. He was unknowingly calling out for her, and her inner demons were heeding the call-- for good or bad. It was an internal struggle, to pull away from Yagaritte and mount Edovan right then and there, to sate the hunger within her, or to fully pleasure her friend, to give her that sweet release she deserved. She groaned into Yagaritte, torn, her body moving now, against her better judgement, her cunt searching Edovan out, pulling her towards him like he was a magnet.

Maybe she could have both?

She could feel him below her, soft and sweet, wordlessly begging her to take him, in all the ways. She could feel herself lengthening, widening above him. He wanted her to take him, it was obvious! Why else was he pressing up and back against her as she ground against him. If he knew what she desired, how deep her hungers lay within her... she doubted he would press against her so eagerly. She gasped as her lips found him and claimed him effortlessly, her body parting to welcome him eagerly into its depths. Its siren call had drawn him to her, upward and inward. He plunged into her suddenly, just as she was plunging her tongue to the bottom of Yagaritte’s sweet depths.

“Oh, Mav…” Yagaritte moaned, her legs going wild now, jerking almost violently as the waves of pleasure provided by Mavka rolled over her, her heart slamming in her chest. She tapped her friend and lover on the head. Gently at first but with increasing urgency as she felt herself quickly edging towards the precipice. Mavka seemed lost in her pleasuring, and Yagaritte could see her hips were
moving up and down now with slow deliberate strokes. What was she doing to him down there?
“Mav!” she cried out again, prompting the entranced dremora to look upward at her, face still
buried between her thighs. Yagaritte pointed down between her legs at what she could see of
Edovan, who seemed to be slowly disappearing beneath Mavka with each downward thrust.

Mavka drew her face out of Yagaritte’s wetness for just a moment, pouting up at her. Yagaritte
always got what she wanted, and this time was no different. It wasn’t a bad thing, not usually, but
even though her loins were stirring at the thought of consuming Edovan, that her insides were
screaming for him, she knew now was not the time. She relinquished him, with an internal promise
that she would have her way with him yet, whatever ‘way’ that was…

A drenched and confused Edovan suddenly appeared just below Yagaritte’s thighs, Mavka’s tail
wrapped tight around his waist, hoisting him effortlessly. Yagaritte grabbed at Edovan’s shoulders,
barely able to reach, her scratching at him. She pulled him from between the two of them, and he
started to cry out in frustration, but he stopped as she lifted him upward with the help of Mavka’s
tail and turned slightly toward him, holding him to her side atop her thigh. She clutched him tightly
to her side, his face pressed into the side of her breast as she cried out, her body tensing up as
Mavka pushed herself deeper, her tongue fully inside her now, stronger and more practiced than
any cock that had been there before.

Yagaritte bit her lip, releasing him with her right hand and balling it into a fist in Mavka’s hair,
tangled there, sweaty. Her left arm around his waist, squeezing him tight against her. His small side
pressed against her much larger one, their skin sticky with sweat. She leaned down toward Edovan,
panting and moaning and gasping, her breath hot in his ear. She whispered something to him,
breathlessly, and his eyes went wide.

At that exact moment they both came-- Yagaritte cried out, pulling at Mavka’s hair almost
violently, her body unable to hold itself up any longer, fell back into the table, where she shuddered
and shook, riding out her orgasm, her right leg still around Mavka’s shoulder.

“Hnnng---ah!” Edovan cried out softly, his face flushed red as the pleasure and relief he felt
washed over him. He shuddered as he came, his eye squeezing closed, his hands balling into fists.
His come shot out in a powerful arc, and though he would normally never allow that to happen, his
mind was at the mercy of his body, and it had nothing to do with him right now. As he rode his
wave of pleasure out, his body felt lighter, but heavier at the same time, all the pent up energies
from the past day were finally released, and his body was tired, so so tired. He passed out right
then and there, falling over onto the table with Yagaritte, who was still trying to recover herself.

Mavka set Yagaritte’s leg down gently and stood back up to her full height, a hand running across
her mouth to wipe away the wetness there. She grinned down at both of them, then bent over to
give Yagaritte a peck on the lips. “You’re welcome,” she teased. Yagaritte chuckled, then pushed
her face away playfully.
“Whoa!!” A cry came from behind them. Mint was leaning against the doorway, arms crossed over his chest. “That never happens to me when I do the laundry…” he complained, hopping down the stairs. “What’s a guy gotta do to get that sorta treatment around here?”

Mavka sauntered over to him, her breasts still out of the top of her dress, her skirt hiked up around her hips. Her inner thighs still slippery with her own juices. She reached between them, teasingly rubbing herself. “Wouldn’t you like to know,” she said, leaning in to lick the side of his cheek with her tongue.

Mint groaned. “You know I would,” he said, shifting somewhat uncomfortably as he became aroused. “That’s no fair, and you know it,” he added. “You know you’re too expensive!”

Mavka grinned, licking her fingers clean of her own juices. “Better start saving every copper you earn,” she teased, sliding passed him, making sure to brush him with her bare breasts as she did so.

“Bah... “ Mint waved her away, watching as she slid all her private parts back into her dress in one easy motion as she climbed the stairs. Her tailed curled around her own waist as she walked off. Mint shook his head to himself, turning to eyeball Yagaritte and Edovan.

“Don’t stare,” Yagaritte chastised him. Not that she cared much to be nude in front of him, but she knew Edovan would.

She sat slowly upright with an unconscious Edovan curled against her side, tucked tightly in the space between her hip and her arm. She scooped him up, pulled up her breeches, lacing them back up, then grabbed the discarded sheet off the floor and wrapped him in it, carrying him in her arms with ease. The poor thing was exhausted, and even as he laid there in her arms, he appeared to have dozed off. “Get back to work,” she said as she passed Mint. “You know what Mama M would say if you slacked off,” she added. Of course she knew this was technically Edovan’s work, but...

She carried him out of the laundry room, through the kitchen, past everyone, including Margara, gawking in the main room of the inn, and straight up the back stairs. She slid into her room and carefully set him down on the bed. Whatever work he had to finish, he could come back to later if Mint didn’t get to it first. He needed a break, and a short rest. She pulled her blanket up over him and tucked him in gently. She righted herself, sighing softly, blowing hair from her face as she loomed over him, watching him sleep. He looked so calm. His face had fully relaxed, lost all the tension from the past day, hell, maybe the past week or even month.
She slid her eyes over him. His skin was so smooth, his eyelashes incredibly long and full. His face was young, but also very discerning. Her heart thumped in her chest, a painful wave crashing into her most precious, sensitive organ. She sighed again, grabbing her hair up into a messy ponytail, winding it into a bun. She moved over the the desk, and sat down, turning the chair to watch him as he slept. She would keep watch, to make sure nothing else, nobody else, came into the room to disturb his slumber. He would need his strength.
Edovan wakes from his long slumber to find himself in Yagaritte's room with no Yagaritte. Margara wants to show him something, but he's worried it's the front door.

Chapter Notes

This is a wholly original tale that my best friend/writing partner and I started for our own amusement after starting ESO together. It uses races, locations and much of the myth and lore of the world of Elderscrolls, but artistic liberties have been taken with regard to the average size of Nords, and some monster types.

It is sexually explicit, but also at its core a love story about two people who are very different from each other. We hope you enjoy it and share it with others! We look forward to hearing your feedback!

“Little mouse,” a quiet voice called to him from the depths of sleep, a tender hand resting on his shoulder. He groaned, rolling onto his side. Who was that? Why were they disturbing his sleep? He was so very tired…

“Mama M, let me do it! I know just how to wake him up!” A nagging voice called from across the room. Bernadette. That one was unmistakable, even as his brain was still mostly asleep. She was lingering in the doorframe, her arms crossed protectively over her chest as she watched Edovan sleep.

Margara sighed, looking back at Bernadette. “I told you, child. Now go on, get!” she shooed her away as she spoke. Bernadette opened her mouth to protest, but when she caught the look on Margara’s face, her jaw snapped shut. She pouted, but wandered off, mumbling to herself.

She turned back to Edovan, a hand coming up to touch his forehead, then his cheek. He had been so flushed and sweaty when Yagaritte had brought him out of the laundry room, but he seemed fine now. She was worried he might have caught a chill, or worse, a fever, but that appeared not to be the case. She put her hand on his shoulder again, this time shaking gently. “Come on, little one, it’s time to get up,” she said softly.

Edovan groaned, squeezing one eye open to look up at her. “Is she gone?” he asked, daring not to
look at the doorway in case she had silently snuck back.

Margara laughed heartily. “Yes,” she promised him, helping him sit up. “I’ll tell you a secret,” she added, picking up a small stack of clothing from her lap and pushing it into him. It was Edovan’s suit, all clean and dried, and even patched in places where it had more recently torn. “She’s a lot more scared of you than you are of her,” she finished, grinning. She stood up, brushing her skirts down. “Now get dressed, we’ve got something to show you.”

Based on his previous experiences with Bernadette, Edovan doubted very much that she was afraid of him, but he would just have to let that one go for now. Margara waited for him just outside the door as he got dressed, quickly stumbling into his pants, still somewhat afraid that Bernadette had somehow snuck into the room unknowingly. His suit felt so nice, soft and warm. He sighed contentedly as he sat back down to put his socks on. His body was still tired, and ached more than it ever had before, and he was sure only a small part of it was from the physical labor. But even so, he felt his heart swelling. He’d been through a lot, before he’d arrived, and since, but it certainly wasn’t all bad. And… Yagaritte. He pictured her face, sweaty, rosy cheeked, surrounded by a halo of strawberry blonde. His heart skipped a beat. The way she had cared for him, bringing him to her bed… and! He blushed deeply, remembering her secret words. Where was she? He was more than a little disconcerted to find her not there in her own room. He was in her room, but without her, it might as well be Bernadette’s room.

He got up, pacing in front of the bed for a minute, thoughts swirling in his head. Yagaritte aside, there had been so much happening. And now they had something to show him? Margara hadn’t seemed upset, in fact it was quite the opposite. She had been kind and gentle. So it couldn’t be something bad, could it? And she'd said ‘they.’ He wondered who they was. Her and Yagaritte? Everybody at the inn? Had he messed Mint’s work up beyond repair? But, no…

He made a small sound of aggravation, sighing to himself as he bent to slide his feet into his soft boots. He supposed the only way to know for sure was to leave the safe confines of Yagaritte’s room and go see for himself. He inhaled deeply, steeling himself for just about anything, and opened the door.

He stopped abruptly, looking out ahead of him. The hallway was full of people—Bernadette, La, Svie, the twins, Margara, of course, and quite a few of the other girls he hadn’t met yet. He found himself instinctively looking for Yagaritte, his heart sinking a bit when he noted her absence. “What…?” he asked softly, looking from face to face. Mavka was not present, either, he noticed. “What’s going on?” he asked. Certainly he wasn’t being punished now. That was clear, but…? What was happening, he still had no clue.

Margara put an arm around his shoulder. “Come on, make way,” she told the crowd, who promptly parted as she gently pushed Edovan forward. “Come on, little one,” she said to Edovan, steering him down the hallway through the masses. “As you know, our Yagaritte likes her privacy. And
she gets very angry when it is violated,” she continued. “So for your safety and my sanity, you can’t really stay with her.”

Edovan’s heart fell. Was this one of those “we took up a collection to send you on your way” kind of things? He appreciated their generosity sure, but he wanted to stay here at the Boar. With Yagaritte. He couldn’t work in the same way the girls did, but he could do literally anything else, though he may need some training first. He was confident that his ability to learn new skills was impeccable. Besides… he could help Yagaritte with her work. He was an adventurer, too...

But, it seemed, Margara wasn’t finished yet.

“But,” she continued, shushing the girls. “I believe in giving everyone a chance to earn their place here. You have desirable skills with majika, and arrangements have been made to find you employment outside of the Boar.”

He breathed a sigh of relief at that statement. The way she was talking earlier he was beginning to think that Margara might want him to actually work at the Boar and, not in the laundry room! That was not an ideal arrangement, and besides, he couldn’t see himself having much of a customer base. And while he held great respect for these women, it was not a profession he had ever envisioned for himself.

They continued slowly down the large hallway. Where were they going?

“If you do well at your new job, it may lead to other opportunities, but that of course, is up to you,” she finished, her hand still resting gently on his shoulder.

She had stopped about 20 feet down the hall, midway between Yagaritte’s room at the end and the stairs leading down behind the bar. She was standing in front of a very nondescript door, tall but narrow and one that he had never really noticed before.

Margara spoke again “But, as long as you can afford the rent each week, this will be your new
home...”

She stopped in front of the door and pushed Edovan’s hand onto the handle. There was a brief warm, tingly sensation in his hand, he knew majika had flowed. There was an audible click and the door creaked open on large hinges, ones that probably hadn’t seen oil in quite some time.

Warm lantern light spilled out into the hallway, softly illuminating a tiny room. It was barely wider than he was tall, and twice as long as it was wide, but whoever had put it together had made the absolute most of the small space that could be made. There were a myriad number of small cabinets and drawers seemingly built into the walls at all angles and all other available exposed wall was covered in bookshelves which were already filled with books, many of which he knew, and still others he recognized from his brief time in Yagarittees room. They were from her personal collection! His heart clenched in his chest-- if Yagaritte valued her books as much as he had his own… that was quite a gesture, indeed!

There was a high single bunk bed with a small alcove underneath that held a small but usable desk, with parchments and quills and ink bottles ready to go. Above it, accessible by a small series of steps was the small but very comfortable looking bed itself, which would have been perfect if it hadn’t been covered in garish pink sheets, but the soft grey fur spread on the top and two very comfortable looking pillows were more than enough to make up for it. He also noticed his staff was leaning against the desk on the side in a space that fit it perfectly.

Somebody had gone to a great deal of trouble and time and expense to create this, and he could easily guess that the earliest they could have started this was… when he first went down to the laundry? But why? At that point he had only been source of chaos and disruption to the Boar. He hadn’t even proven himself yet.

Edovan just stood there with his back to everyone, not moving for the longest time. They seemed to be holding their collective breath, waiting for him to say something. Anything! But Edovan was silent and unmoving. But then his shoulders started to heave and shake almost imperceptibly, and wet splotches started to appear on the floor in front of him.

“He’s crying, I can’t take it!” Svie cried out and she had to turn away as she wiped her own tears. La had started to bawl as well. Slowly they all gathered in around him, the closest ones putting their hands on his shoulders or his head to show him comfort. Even Bernadette had joined the circle, forcing her way past some of the younger girls till she was standing directly behind Edovan.

“I gave you my finest sheets!” She called out proudly, almost shattering the current mood of the moment, but before anyone could chastise her, Edovan suddenly whipped around and threw his arms around her hips, burying his head in her lap, tears streaming down his face.
“It’s beautiful...” he sobbed into her skirts, as a stunned Bernadette patted him on the head, awkwardly at first, but then with real tenderness and concern. Without warning, she dropped to her knees and embraced him cradling him in her bosom as a mother would her child. At that moment, the dam broke and all the girls, save Margara, were sobbing uncontrollably. All of them smiling or even grinning as their cheeks were streamed with tears. They all crowded in around Bernadette and Edovan, everyone hugging everyone in a huge sobbing circle for a good 30 seconds or so.

“All right, allright... that’s enough!” Margara finally interrupted. “What is this, a brothel or a funeral procession? We have patrons to attend to, and work to do! Or nobody is going to have enough to pay me rent this week!”

All the girls turned and reluctantly filed out one by one, each one giving Edovan a small squeeze of the hand, or pat or kiss on the head, as they were able, sniffling and wiping at their faces. La and Svie left last. Each of them bending low and kissing his tear streaked outer cheek. Strangely he was still clinging to Bernadette and she in turn was holding on to him for dear life.

“It’s all right child,” Margara said gently, as she came up behind the two of them. “It’s alright. It’s been a long day for everyone. Let’s let him settle in and get ready for bed,” she said, pulling her kerchief from her pocket and giving it to Edovan.

She gently tugged him from Bernadette’s arms as she reluctantly released him with a wistful gaze. Edovan seemed to have his wits about him again, though still teary. He looked up at Bernadette, still holding his hands, and whispered “thank you” to her. Bernadette bit her lip.

“You… you’re welcome, little mouse,” she replied genuinely, a small crack appearing in her usual upbeat facade.

But just as she turned to leave, she quickly leaned down to whisper in his ear. “I just want you to know I rubbed myself all over your sheets… so when you are sleeping, it’s just like you are sleeping all wrapped up in me… consider it practice... for the night when you will be.....”

Then she bit his ear and turned and strutted away swinging her hips back and forth Like the pro she knew she was.

Margara was now the only one remaining. He threw his arms around her waist next, hugging her tightly. She reached down and took his chin in her hand and lifted it so he was looking directly at her.
“You’re welcome, but do me proud and work hard, aye? I meant what I said. You have to pay your rent and earn your keep just like everyone else! If you fail at this new job, I’ll have to put you to work at the Boar the old fashioned way!’ she teased and she gave him a wink, as His eyes went wide for a moment, till he realized she was kidding. “I promise I will do my best!” he assured her, grinning. Edovan offered her the now-damp kerchief back. She took it, tucking it back into her pocket.

You had better! There are some very old, very large women, in town who’d pay top dollar for a night with a young wood elf as charming as you. Pray you don’t put me in a position to take their coin!”

Edovan shuddered. Joking or no, he would work very hard indeed!

“Oh one more thing. As you are aware, the lock is magical, and will only open for you, myself, or Yagaritte. Yes, Yagaritte. She’s sorry she couldn't be here, but she had very important business to attend to. You also have... “ and she paused, pointing to a portal of sorts, set in the door, almost exactly level with his face at standing height. She unlatched it and flipped it up on the inward side on its small hinges. There was now a small hole just barely bigger than his head. “...this custom peephole. If someone knocks and you don’t know who it is or you are afraid it might be Bernadette, just open the portal and peer out so you can see who it is.”

He flipped it back down and back up again to see how it worked. There was even a small hook to latch the portal open so it wouldn’t fall back down again, and a latch at the bottom so unwelcome guests couldn’t peek inside willy-nilly. It was a very clever design, he thought. He figured Yagaritte had a hand in that.

“Get some rest, little mouse. Someone will be here to collect you at the crack of dawn for your new job, and you don’t want to be late! Remember, those dowagers are waiting!” she reminded him, chuckling to herself as she turned and headed back downstairs. She had her own to work to tend to, and a gaggle of girls to keep a watchful eye on.

“Margar. I have to ask, how did you get all this done in a day?” Edovan said suddenly.

“A day?” Margara laughed, stopping to turn back, looking at him. “You’ve been out for three days, boy. Had the lot of us worried sick about you. Today was the first day Yagaritte left your side. Now get some real rest!”

His heart caught in his throat. Yagaritte had done that? She was that worried about him? He closed his eyes for a moment, willing the butterflies in his gut to settle down.
“Wait... who paid my rent?” he asked, opening his eyes again, looking at Margra.

“Who do you think?” she winked and disappeared down the stairs.
Edovan was alone now, and still no Yagaritte. He wanted to see her, to thank her. He didn’t deserve anything as nice as this. Especially after what he had done. Yet here it was. He walked into his little room and closed the door behind him. There was was an audible click and the door held fast, unless he grabbed the handle again. Once inside, with door closed, even for him the room was quite “cozy.” Definitely not a place you could stretch out or move around much, but for what it was, it was just perfect. And it was his. He slipped out of his suit and hung it on a hook in a little wardrobe built into the wall. Took off his boots and socks and placed them underneath. He rifled through the other drawers, mostly of curiosity, and was rewarded with a pair of large loose fitting pajamas. He slipped those on and climbed up the little stairs to his new bed.

True to her words, the pink sheet smelled strongly of Bernadettes perfume and her musk. Oh well, by now he was almost used to it. But what surprised him most were the two objects lying atop his bed that he hadn’t noticed till now. One was a small box wrapped in colored paper and ribbons with a note tucked under the ribbons. The other was a small old book with a green cover and worn out pages. He realized with a start that it was the exact same book on dwemer runes he had planned to buy the other day in the shop for his own birthday present, but had left behind in order to pursue Yagaritte and return her herbs. His cheeks colored as he recalled their first encounter fondly. At the time he had been genuinely terrified. Looking back on it now, he wondered how he could get that same treatment arranged for GOOD behavior.
He pulled the note from the ribbons around the box and unfolded it:

Edovan

Sorry for not being there today, and missing your big reveal. Margara has promised to tell me all about it, so I hope you really liked it. It wasn't easy getting everything together in such a short time, so thanks for buying me that extra time sleeping in my bed with me for 3 days ♡ When you’re asleep, you’re not such bad company after all.

I know you wanted to stay with me, but I need my privacy. It’s nothing personal. Besides, if you’re in my room, I would want you in my bed, and if you’re in my bed I’ll probably break you. ♡ This is better for both of us, believe me.

We have not known each other long at all, but somehow I let you in when I’ve never let anyone else in before. It was a strange feeling having you in my room. Not bad, not good. Strange. I enjoy my solitude. I’m used to being alone. But then you came into my space and made me question why. I like you a lot, so there’s no reason to create the chance for me to get upset at you again. I may have overreacted. Truth his, it was so long ago and I’m a different person now. But you still violated my privacy, and that is something I take very seriously.

I want you to know that I do forgive you. But you have work to do to repair my trust. I hope you will take that seriously. I know you have been asking Margara about me. Stop. If you want to know something about me, ask ME. I’m the keeper of my own secrets and I alone will decide who to share them with, and when, on my own terms.

I hope you like your gift. The shopkeeper said you left it behind that first day. Consider it a late birthday present. In the box is another small gift, something very personal from me that you are to share with NO ONE under pain of a slow tortuous death. Also included is the rest of your share of the gold from the contest. The other half went towards your rent, I’m sure Margara told you.

Mavka provided your desk and all the tools found within. She has somewhat of an affinity for magicka and alchemy, and has many tools and artefacts at her disposal. She sensed that same affinity in you, and is happy to provide you with any assistance she can.

If you ever need me for anything ♡ you know where to find me.
P.S. As I’m sure you’ve noticed, I’ve given a fair share of my personal book collection for your perusal. If you so much as scratch a cover or crease a single page, I will have your head myself (and not in the good way).

P.P.S. If you are a good little mouse… maybe the three of us might pick up again where we left off last time. Mavka tells me you are quite a fast learner ♡

Edovan blushed at that last bit, eyes going wide as he read. There were two very distinct kiss marks on the paper, he supposed one was Yagaritte’s and the other way Mavka’s, since it was twice as wide and full as the first one. He blushed, remembering their small moment together in the laundry room. There was more where that came from?

He cleared his throat, willing the stirring in his loins to go away.

Her words were blunt, but honest, and not unkind. He knew he had majorly messed up with the whole crystal fiasco, and the fact that she had forgiven him meant more than anything else in the letter, more than anything else at all. He was more than willing to earn that forgiveness, in any capacity that he could.

With the letter pressed to his chest, he leaned forward and took the box up, examining it. He shook it, feeling the slight weight inside, and the obvious jangle of coins. He set the letter down reluctantly, and untied the ribbon around the box, peering inside. There were two small bags inside. The first was a coin purse, holding a decent amount of gold pieces. He picked the other up curiously, noting the weight of it, familiar somehow. He untied it gingerly and upended it over the bed. A small illusion crystal tumbled out alone with a tiny folded note.

He swallowed. Surely not…? He took the crystal up, examining it. It sure looked the same, but? He frowned, confused. Was this a test? He set the crystal back down again and reached for the folded slip of paper. It was small, and the writing was short: “Make sure you’re alone when you use this.” That was it. Nothing else.

A test. It had to be. Right? She said he had to earn her trust back, was this part of it? He reached for the smaller note again, flipping it back and forth to see if there was anything else. Nothing. But
surely every single crystal in that room had been destroyed. He was certain that Yagaritte had made sure of that. This might be something different? She had said it was from her own personal collection. Maybe it was an illusion of someone else? Something else?

Edovan inhaled deeply. He steeled himself. And he activated the crystal.

Once again, an illusion of Yagaritte popped up, but this time it was different. She was pulling on her leathers. And she was clearly sober. The angle of the crystal was low, so that only her legs could be seen. She was dressing in a hurry, pulling on her boots. She stopped abruptly and crouched, bringing her face into the frame. Her hair was pulled up into its usual bun, messy, beautiful.

“Okay, Yagaritte,” she said to the crystal. To herself. “You can do this…” she continued, shaking her arms. She stood up again, stretching her legs. “Okay,” she said, stopping to squat down again, coming fully back into the frame. She had her protective bodice on now and was lacing up the front with remarkable speed. This must be how she did it when she wasn't putting on a show for him. “You’re still young… but you’re different than they are. You can take the higher path when others choose not to,” she told herself, nodding thoughtfully. “It won’t always be easy, but that’s not important, the important thing is you do what you know is right in your heart, in every situation. It’s never led you astray.” she continued.

“You are going to make mistakes. But you don't have to let those mistakes define you. You are tough and you are smart. Do whatever you have to to fix things and make them right. You are not your family. You are not your father!” she said with a growing determination, and a flash in her eyes. One Edovan recognized. “YOU are not your past. YOU are the maker of your own future!”

Edovan watched the crystal curiously. She was giving herself some sort of pep talk it seemed. She finished lacing her bodice and was pulling on her weapon belt and a pair of gloves. This was not at all what he had expected, but it was far better. This was a glimpse at Yagaritte-- honest, open, young, naive. This was her, laid bare. This was more revealing than anything that was on the other crystals. This was the real Yagaritte.

“Now,” illusion Yagaritte continued as she placed her dual daggers in their sheaths and strung a strap of throwing daggers over her shoulder. “You know what you have to do--” She was cut off by a male voice shouting off screen, the exact same one she had been dancing for in the previous illusion. He seemed to be shouting for help. Yagaritte got up and strode out of the frame. Edovan instinctively tried to crane his neck to see before he realized what he was doing. There was a loud SMACK noise like someone being slapped, hard. All happening off to the side, just out of sight. “Where is the shipment!” SMACK. “TELL ME!!!” Yagaritte commanded before the crystal’s illusion dimmed, then blinked out of existence.
He picked the crystal up, rolling it between his palms thoughtfully. He felt like there was a thematic conflict between how most people would interpret those words and what she was actually doing...but that sounded exactly like the same Yagaritte he had come to know and...love??? He bit his lip. Seeing Yagaritte this way... unsure of herself, but determined to shape her own destiny... she was the same as now, but different, somehow. It stirred something within him, something deep in his heart. He took the crystal and tucked it under his pillow. Climbing down out of the bed, he rifled around in the drawers again until he found what he was looking for, a robe he had run across earlier. He slipped it on, tying the belt around his waist. It was enormous by his standards, but it was what he had, and he was grateful to have anything at all.

He started to reach for the door, but stopped abruptly. He turned back to the bed, crawling halfway back up its stairs. He reached for the little coin purse, coins jingling softly, then tucked it safely away in the pocket of the robe-- halfway down his calf.

He grabbed the door’s handle and stepped out into the hallway. He closed the door behind him, listening for the click of its lock, and leaned back against it once he was satisfied that it was secure. He glanced over at Yagaritte’s door. It was silent, and he could detect no movement on the other side. Either she was asleep or out.
Twins

Chapter Summary

Edovan, ever the selfless giver, sets out to find Mavka so he can "do the right thing", but first he has to get past the Twins; Two of the most fearsome and powerful women at the Boar, with their own "special" appetites.

Chapter Notes

This is a wholly original tale that my best friend/writing partner and I started for our own amusement after starting ESO together. It uses races, locations and much of the myth and lore of the world of Elderscrolls, but artistic liberties have been taken with regard to the average size of Nords, and some monster types.

It is sexually explicit, but also at its core a love story about two people who are very different from each other. We hope you enjoy it and share it with others! We look forward to hearing your feedback!

(For those of you who like to know these kinds of things, the twins are 6'2" and Edovan is 4'8")

Tying the belt tighter around his waist, trying to gather excess fabric up so he wouldn't trip, he gingerly headed for the end of the hallway and took the stairs down carefully, trying not to make any noise in case there were sleeping patrons. About halfway down the stairs he realized it was pointless, there was enough of a ruckus to keep anybody awake here, and he wondered how he hadn’t heard it upstairs. He thought maybe somebody had placed a noise-cancelling ward there…

He was deep in his thought, wondering about the ward, when he suddenly bumped into someone. Someone soft but solid like a pole with no give. He gave out a soft “oof!” sound as they collided, stumbling back slightly. Or were their two of them? Edovan looked up, realizing it was the twins. Edovan was confused. She was bigger than him, sure, over a foot taller, but also very slender. Yet when he had collided with her it had felt like running into a tree, a shapely softly padded tree, but a tree nonetheless. She hadn't budged.

Seeing them now, up close, he was struck by their understated beauty. They had cherubic young looking faces with large dark eyes that glimmered scarlet in the light. They had long dark red hair braided into a single plait that hung forward over their shoulders, and their slight but shapely figures were covered by some kind of diaphanous black gown, which he noticed now was near translucent, as their alabaster pale skin was visible underneath it to various degrees through the thin fabric. He was now acutely aware also that the gauzy gown was the only thing either of them was wearing. There were feminine peaks and valleys barely shrouded from his view. The twin he
collided with reached out and tugged Edovan’s robe back into place, while the other peered behind him. “Just doing our rounds,” she informed him, nodding thoughtfully.

“What are you doing out and about? Aren’t you supposed to be resting?” gently accused the twin that was adjusting his robe. The second slipped silently around and behind him. The first took a step closer to him and he instinctively tried to backpedal, but his motion was impeded by the immovable object of the twin that was suddenly right behind him as he pressed up against her front, her breasts pushing pleasantly on the back of his head. The twin in front of him closed the gap between them burying his face in her small but full bosom.

“I don’t think it’s safe for a little mouse like you to be wandering around unsupervised late at night.” she whispered down at him. Her beautiful dark red eyes boring through him. “There are many hungry kitties on the prowl late at night. One of them might just eat you all up.” She smiled playfully and he noticed her perfect white teeth were slightly fanged on either side.

“Hush Now, Rinari, I think you are scaring him.” the twin behind him whispered somewhere right outside his right ear. Her breath was cool against his skin as she spoke. It gave him shivers.

“Are you sure about that Adisiri? I think he wants to be eaten. Well… at least part of him does.”

Edovan realized with horror his fearless member was betraying him again, attempting to rise to the occasion through the robe. He flushed with shame and furtively tried to push himself back down with his hands inadvertently brushing across her (cool?) nethers in the process of trying to arrange himself. She gave a small moan and pressed herself closer to him. Pinning his hands in the v shaped valley.

“Sister…no…” said Adisiri from behind him. “We promised Yagaritte we would look out for him..” she trailed off. Edovan took no comfort from the lack of conviction he heard in her voice. Rinari ignored her. Grinding harder against his trapped hands.

“There’s something different about you little mouse. We can’t quite put our finger on it, but there is something about you that makes you… delicio..”

“Irresistible!” Adisiri cut her off. “She means irresistible!”

“Yesssss. Irresistible. . I had thought we were immune to it by our nature, but with every touch I feel my hungers growing..”
She had not stopped grinding. His thumbs were rubbing through the fabric against her cool flesh which was slowly yielding to their pressure. He realized with shock they were raising of their own volition, attempting to burrow deeper into her. He tried to will them to lie flat but much like his throbbing erection at this point his body had decided to mutiny against him. At that moment her outer labia finally yielded to his upward pressure and both thumbs plunged upward into her cool depths, fabric and all. Without warning she pushed his head to the left and bent down to press her cool mouth against his neck. He gasped as she started to suck hard against his skin. “Just a little taste..” she sighed breathlessly against his skin. “ ..to see...what he’s made of…”

“Sister..

Sister….

RINARI!”

Adisiri’s voice was suddenly low and resonant like it had been in the laundry room when they had stared down Bernadette. Rinari stopped. Slowly, reluctantly she rolled her hips back dislodging his thumbs, which were somehow still dry.

“Another time perhaps.. “ said Rinari as she stepped back away from him, deftly pulling her dress from where it had had remained tucked.

“Yes, another time sister.” agreed Adisiri as she moved from behind him.

“You should go back to bed.”

Edovan stood his ground. “I..I..I have something I need to do. I’d r-r-rather not wait if that’s alright with you.” he stammered.

“And what would that be?” they said in stereo. “Do you need the water closet?” Both twins were in front of him now, arms crossed disapprovingly.

“I need to see Mavka.” Edovan said.
“Of course. You want to see the biggest, hungriest kitty of them all.” Adisiri rolled her eyes.

“And why do you need to see MISTRESS Mavka?” she put special emphasis on the word mistress, an emphasis that was clearly lost on Edovan.

Edovan paused. He doubted the twins would let him go anywhere near Mavka if he said he needed to go to her room and give her a bag of money.

“I have something of hers that I need to... return. And it needs to be tonight.” He added that last part lest they attempt to get him to postpone. He didn't know why exactly, possibly Yagaritte’s words from the memory? But he felt very much like it was now or never.

“I suppose you can follow on our rounds then. We were headed that way after checking on you anyway.” Adisiri said.

“Fine, but we’re not taking the blame if she gobbles you all up...” added Rinari, making biting movements with her sharp teeth in jest.

She seemed halfway serious, Edovan noted, with more than a little trepidation. He nodded hesitantly. He didn’t think they’d be able to save him, anyway, if Mavka really decided she wanted him as a snack.

“Come on then, little mouse,” Adisiri said, and turned to more or less glide down the stairs. No wonder she had snuck up on him. This time Rinari was at his back silently trailing after him. They came out the bottom of the stairs to a cacophony of music and laughter, mugs clinking, catcalls, barmaids calling back and forth. The tavern floor was full of life and merriment with dozens of patrons drinking and eating and carrying on, various girls plying their trades, and drunken bar songs. La was engaged in some kind of drinking contest with a horde of burly barbarian looking types. She still waved and winked at him even as she was chugging something frothy from some kind of giant boot. And she wasn’t the only one. As they passed through the crowd nearly every women present acknowledged him in some way. A small wave, a smile, a stare with unconscious licking of lips, a blown kiss. It didn't matter what they were doing or who they were doing it with, each paused if even for only a second to give him notice, and then went right back to whatever they had been doing before.

Obviously the Boar was busiest at night. People were still walking in the door! The air was full of interesting smells, roast meats, perfumes, and lots of alcohol. The centerpiece of the tavern floor of
the Boar was an enormous roaring fireplace, 20 ft wide filled with logs cut from whole trees at least 6 ft long each. He could still feel its heat from across the tavern like some kind of small sun. Above this fireplace was the head of a gigantic bear sized boar, his tusked face frozen forever in what could only be described as the most perverted looking leer he had ever seen on a nonhuman animal. That must be where the name comes from... or he wondered, was it possible that they picked the name and then went out and hunted down this magnificent beast at exactly the moment of his copulation?

Aside from the women they slipped largely unnoticed through the crowd towards the larger main staircase heading up to the second floor rooms which all led off an exposed upper floor with a heavy railing lest drunken patrons tumble through or over it. It looked like several parties had either spread up into these rooms or spilled out of them into the tavern proper. At the top of the carpeted stairs they took a right away from the patron rooms and through a stone archway.

Adisiri nodded her head towards the circular stairs that lead up to the third floor. Edovan adjusted his robe and nodded back, following her as she started to climb. Rinari followed silently behind him. This was part of the inn he hadn’t seen yet. They must have passed another noise cancellation ward because it was a lot quieter, and also more dimly lit than the rest. The floor of the long hallway was covered in a plush dark red carpet and all the stone walls from below had given way to dark rich lacquered wood. Large paintings of various erotic scenes were hung at regular intervals and all of the doors, he noted, were closed. He could hear soft moans coming through some of them, silence in others, and cries of ecstasy from one (was that Svie?)

“This way,” Adisiri said, heading for the huge ornate double doors at the end. “You’re very lucky” she added as they ambled down the hallway, looking back at Edovan. “Mistress Mavka is a very exclusive hostess, most people can’t afford her company, and even fewer can handle it,” she added, grinning, baring her oddly sharpened teeth. “But she likes you, I can tell.”

Edovan blushed at that. “L-likes me?” he asked. That was... a shock? Or was it obvious? He wasn’t sure... all he knew his that she was beautiful, mysterious, terrifying. Why would someone like her ever have any interest in him? On top of that... Yagaritte, too? At least he thought... He furrowed his brows. How was it possible?

Adisiri laughed while Rinari chuckled softly from behind. They both closed in on him again without any notice, pressing him between them once more, but with Adisiri’s gauze covered bosom in his face this time. She tilted his chin up to her toothy smile and stared at him in a way that was more than a little unnerving.

“Yes, little mouse. In case you had not noticed. There are over 33 young, attractive women at the boar, 33 big hungry kitties.. and for some inexplicable reason nearly every single one of them wants you, little mouse, inside of them... in one way.. or another.”
Edovan just stared upward at her, dumbfounded. What on Tamriel was she talking about? She knew about the contest... she and her sister had STARTED it! It's not like that was just going to happen all the time? Was it?

You’re a bit daft, aren’t you?” they asked in unison. But before Edovan could respond, they separated from him and backed away, their laughter trailing behind them, as they left him alone on Mavka’s doorstep, A defenseless mouse at the door of a ferocious lion.

“Assuming she doesn't just eat you on sight,” Adisiri called over her shoulder, “could you please let Mistress Mavka know her appointment tonight could not make it due to a military coup in his nation.” and with that, the two sisters seemed to glide away down the hall back to the festivities below.

Edovan stood there for a moment, looking back behind him, then over the balcony, down into the second floor. It wasn’t that far... he could probably just leave before anybody noticed him there. But then he felt the weight of the coin purse in his robe pocket. No. He had come here for a purpose. And even though he had started to doubt that purpose now, he’d already come this far. Yagaritte’s holographic words played in his head. “Do the right thing.”

He inhaled deeply and stepped forward, knocking on the doors. It was a heavy ornate wood, much nicer than the ones downstairs. He could still hear softly lilting music coming through, though.
Mouse in the Lioness' Den

Chapter Summary

The Mouse is about to enter the "big cat's" lair! With no Yagaritte to save him this time.

Chapter Notes

This is a wholly original tale that my best friend/writing partner and I started for our own amusement after starting ESO together. It uses races, locations and much of the myth and lore of the world of Elderscrolls, but artistic liberties have been taken with regard to the average size of Nords, and some monster types.

It is sexually explicit, but also at its core a love story about two people who are very different from each other. We hope you enjoy it and share it with others! We look forward to hearing your feedback!

(For those of you who like to know these kinds of things, Edovan is 4'8" and Mavka is 9'0")

He stood alone before the huge ornate double doors and summoned up his courage to clasp the huge knocker and let it fall. He could hear music lilting from within.

"Come in," Mavka’s voice cut through the music. Her voice, deep, smooth and dark as her eyes, even more melodious than the music coming from her room. Edovan swallowed, and reached for the door’s handle, pulling it open carefully. He could have sworn he heard a soft “click” after Mavka had spoken.

The darkened room was huge. It appeared to be completely round, though much of the sides were shrouded completely in shadows or cordoned off by ornate silk screen panels. The main area though was all but bare of furniture, the wide expanse covered in lush dark furs of various kinds like a giant patch work covering the floor from wall to wall. The red tinged lighting seemed to come from majikal sources placed strategically around the room, but covered in red translucent glass fixtures.

It illuminated only two things he could see that were not hidden behind the screens. One was a huge lounge of some kind, fully 10ft long, 4ft wide and 3 ft high, covered in red velvet cushions and pillows. It also had strange brass rings protruding from each corner from which hung a variety of chains, ropes, whips, manacles, and many other things Edovan’s sheltered mind either could not or did not want to identify. Thankfully it was empty.
Her voice had come to him instead from a huge shallow pit in the middle of the floor, filled with furs and pillows and cushions of all shapes and sizes, and there in the middle of it, laying on her side with her back to him was the long sinuous figure of Mavka, the red light sparkling off her shimmering dark skin, her head propped up on one elbow as she slowly turned the pages of a large book he could not see from his angle.

He felt like a wizard about to treat with a beautiful dragon deep in her lair, an impression only reinforced by her black curved horns protruding up and back through her long wavy dark hair and her tail lazily flicking its pointed tip back and forth behind her. He swallowed reflexively. Would the dragon accept his offering? Or would he become the offering? Surely the twins were joking about her actually eating him. At worst that was just a metaphor for intercourse...right? Though as he crept closer to her enormous form, stretched out like some great cat, he began to wonder...

He actually knew quite a bit about dremora and other daedra. He was desperately trying to recall if he had ever read about such a thing in his studies, but female dremora were very rare, and much of what was written had to be taken with a dose of healthy skepticism. Well, it was too late now. He decided he would trust Yagaritte not to be friends with someone who went around eating people. But then again, what if she didn't know???

He clenched his fist, and with a determination that he drew from deep, deep inside himself, he took a step forward.

Mavka’s tail twitched as he stepped forward, though she said nothing, and neither did he. She could feel his power emanating from him, could smell him from across the room, cutting through the scent of her perfume. She purred deeply to herself, licking her lips. Well, this hadn’t been who she had expected, but this was better. A real treat…

“Come on, Bariik,” she growled softly, playing dumb, barely loud enough for Edovan to hear her voice over the music. “Don’t be afraid, you know better…” she added, her tail flicking playfully. She didn’t know if Edovan would play along, but was curious to see where he took this. She new she could get him, and herself, into a lot of trouble, but she couldn’t resist. At least for just a little bit… she promised herself.

Edovan took another step forward, dumbfounded. His head was stuffy, felt like it was full of cotton-- her scent, the music, her voice, the room, the powerful objects he could sense strewn about the room. It was a lot to take in. He opened his mouth to protest, but only a small squeak came out, and it was swallowed up by the room.

Mavka rested a hand on her thigh, slowly moving it up her body, letting her nails scratch lightly into her own skin. She trailed shapes across her leg, following the red, faintly-glowing pattern etched into her skin. Her hand slipped forward, moving between her legs. She moaned softly to herself, hoping to entice Edovan forward. Even though she knew she shouldn’t...

He took yet another step, drawn forward now, inexplicably. He could feel the blood rushing
through his body, pounding in his ears. His manhood hardened considerably under the fabric of the robe. He swallowed, watching Mavka intently, every move she made, calculated, sensual, irresistible. He was about halfway across the room now, and even though he wanted to call out to her, to explain that he was not her client, the words could not be found. His tongue was useless in his mouth. Lizard brain had taken over, and it had nothing to say.

Mavka closed her eyes, rolling onto her back. He could see that she was wearing absolutely nothing now, as the light from the nearest magickal lantern flickered, drawing away the shadows that had shrouded her. He hand was between her legs, rubbing. She arched her back, her huge breasts rising into the air.

Edovan took three steps forward this time. He didn’t even care if she realized it wasn’t him. She would surely chuck him out, but he would take this scene in for as long as he could, no matter how much logical brain protested in the background that it wasn’t right of him to watch her this way. He pushed the voice down, his primal sense overtaking any rational thought. He was dazed, hungry, horny…

Mavka moaned softly from her pile of pillows, her body undulating gently as she pleasured herself, fingers now making soft wet noises as they plunged inside her. Of course, this was not how her normal sessions began, but this wasn’t a normal session, was it? Her other hand came up and pinched a nipple between its fingers, rolling it around gently.

Edovan stepped into the pit now, watching her, mesmerized. The whole reason for his presence here was a forgotten memory, lost to lust.

Mavka snapped her eyes open and suddenly looked up at him, baring her fangs. “Hello little mouse,” she said throatily.

Edovan gasped softly. He’d been caught. “I--” was all he could manage to stutter, and Mavka was suddenly up on her knees, drawing herself up in front of him. Even in this position, she was taller than he was, ridiculously so. She slipped her glistening fingers into her mouth, licking them clean one by one, as Edovan watched her. He was practically drooling.

“What’s happened to my appointment?” she asked him, leaning in close. Her hair was heavy and loose around her shoulders, tangled.

Edovan, blushing, looked up from her breasts, and into her face. “I… ah,” he stammered. “He… military... “ he trailed off, digging deep for the words, trying to remember what the twin had said to him. “Coup?” he said finally, hanging onto a word that seemed to complete his thought, at least well enough for Mavka to understand him.

Mavka grinned, baring her teeth. “I see,” she said, getting up from her knees and standing at her full height. She shook her hair out, then kicked a few pillows out of the way. She started to circle
around Edovan, her pussy lips glistening and hungry in the light as she walked.

Just a little bit of fun wouldn’t hurt. She would just... have a little taste, and send him on his way. No worse for wear. She stopped on her third circuit around him, his back pressed to her front. He could feel the heat just above his head, radiating from her cunt. He licked his lips.

“It seems I have an empty spot that you can fill. I think I have just enough room... to fit you in,” she murmured softly, pushing herself against him gently. She bent her knees, just so, brushed her pussy lips across the top of his head, gasping softly, but also giggling a little. She grinned down at him, even though his entire body was obscured by her own. “What do you think about that?” she asked him. Maybe if she let him make the choice... she wouldn’t be held accountable for what might happen?

Edovan looked up, trying to see her face, but only got an eyeful of pussy, dripping, hungry, eager. “...” he had nothing to say. He simply licked his lips, willing Mavka to lower herself onto him, to let him taste her sweet nectar.

Mavka bent down enough to look at Edovan, her forked tongue dashing between her juicy lips. “What do you want, little mouse?” she asked, looking at his face. She could tell there was an inner turmoil there, at least a little bit, anyway. Clearly his brain had been overridden by the primal hunger in his body, the very basic instinct that drew him to her, that drew them together.

Edovan moved just enough to look up at her. “I...” he sighed, still unable to really put his thoughts into words, nor could he put his feelings into thoughts. This wasn’t exactly right, but he couldn’t entirely pinpoint why. Was it Yagaritte? But they had no exclusivity with each other, they were not married as husband and wife. Was it taking advantage of Mavka? But that wasn’t it either, was it, since she had willingly invited him into her presence, even after realizing it was him and not her client? Lizard brain pushed logical brain down the stairs into the cellar and closed the door, locking it up tight. Without another word, Edovan let his oversize robe drop to the furs below and lunged up on his tip toes, arms wrapping around each of Mavka’s thighs for leverage, and buried his upper face and part of the top of his small head into her pussy.

Mavka, taken quite by surprise, called out sharply, losing a bit of her balance as he pushed his way into her. She recovered quickly, though, both hands reaching up to immediately cup her breasts, nipples between her fingertips. “Oh...” she said softly, closing her eyes and letting her head fall back. He lapped at her for a few moments, head back, face buried in her heat down to his upper lip, alternating between pressing his tongue inside her and circling her clit over and over, but never touching it directly. It seemed he had paid attention to his impromptu lesson from 4 days ago.

After a few minutes, Mavka lifted and pulled away carefully, looking down at Edovan, whose face was slippery with her juices, licking at his own lips. She grinned at him, enjoying that sight. It gave her a sense of pride to see him covered in her own wetness, as though it were a mark of ownership. She dropped down to her knees again, turning him around toward her, burying his face in her tits. “Bite them,” she demanded, pushing a hand into the back of his head. He eagerly obeyed, opening his mouth and pulling a pert nipple between his teeth. He flicked his tongue across it, then sucked,
gently at first, then harder. Mavka moaned softly in response, her other hand gliding up and down his back.

Edovan pulled back, then, and with a newly (temporarily) awakened braveness, he slipped out of his pajamas and he dropped to his own knees, so that he was once again face to face with Mavka’s pussy, her lips still swollen, still begging for him. He reached a hand up and gently stroked the outside, caressing up and down her vulva, lightly tracing the soft outer ridges of her labia with the just the barest tip of his finger, marveling as they thickened and swelled right before his eyes. She bit her lip and gave a soft moan. He leaned forward and whisper softly kissed her mound, his nose nestled in the soft dark curls. just a centimeter above her engorged clit, then again a centimeter to the left and a third time in the same place on the opposite side, but as he crossed over he let his upper lip brush lightly against the nub before settling in on the other side. She started to part, her body yielding to his tender ministrations and as she slowly bloomed his curious fingers explored this new deeper and much wetter territory as it revealed itself to him. First one, then two fingers..then a third, impossibly gently grazing up and down, side to side, in and out. Lizard brain loved the reaction this elicited, a soft gasp each and everytime. This was true power, he thought to himself…

Eventually, he brought his face forward and began to lick in the same motion, following the same way that Mavka had pleasured Yagaritte earlier. She had responded positively, so he hoped Mavka would do the same. It wasn’t a huge shock to him when she did, but he still felt a swell of triumph pass through him. This may have been his first time ever (voluntarily) being with a woman this way, but he knew, even in his miniscule experience, that her gentle squirming and soft moaning was a very good thing. His whole hand inside her now, palm up..fingertips tracing back and forth against her softness. He could feel her lips widening, begging, beckoning, he could feel her pussy lubricating itself further, calling him deeper.

“Mmmm… Edovan…” she murmured softly, arching her back as Edovan took careful time to explore her with his tongue, slipping between her lips teasingly, lapping at her. She wanted more--she wanted him. She wanted his tongue inside her, his head, his shoulders...his everything inside-

She stopped him suddenly, gripping his shoulder and pushing him back carefully. “Edovan…” she intoned, looking down at him. This… was dangerous. She didn’t have a full grip on the entire spectrum of just how dangerous, but she knew, deep down, this was asking for trouble. “I…” she trailed off, biting her lip. He looked so innocent, so adorable, so small down there between her thighs.

Edovan shook his head up at her. “I want to…” he trailed, looking forward again, facing her pussy, since his words seemed to, still, not be coming correctly. “If that’s okay…” he added, looking back up at her again, suddenly unsure of himself, of the entire situation.

Mavka bit her lip again. She wanted to just eat him up right then and there, he was so adorable. Instead, she slipped her hands around the back of his head and plunged him fully into her nethers. She moaned softly as she felt his face breach her lips, felt her pelvic roof pressing solidly atop his head, his whole face disappearing easily inside her. He lapped around her deeper places for a few moments, then pushed his head up and forward a bit, so he could lick and suck at her clt. His arms
came around her thighs, and behind her, resting his hands, splayed, against her ass. She didn’t know what would come of this, but she would worry about the repercussions later.

She closed her eyes again, her fingers sliding through his hair, scratching lightly at his scalp, pulling tenderly at his hair. Her tail flicked this way and that, rhythmically, with the movements of his tongue. He spun circles around her clit, then lapped it up and down, flicking it as he passed. He tried to vary the movements and the speed, wondering if it was subtle changes or rhythmic movements that would please her more. As he became more accustomed to her responses, he was better able to adjust his movements to maximise pleasure, without sending her over the edge entirely. For himself, he had a raging erection, but that was the least of his concerns for the moment.

After what seemed like an eternity, Mavka pulled away again, her heart racing, her cheeks flushed, her breaths coming short and shallow. She sat back on her haunches, then fell back into a mountain of pillows. She pulled her legs out from under her, Edovan still crouched on his knees between her legs. With her tail, she pushed him forward and downward, resuming his position between her thighs. Edovan needed no further instruction that that, and was back, licking and sucking at her clit. In this position, she could spread her legs, opening herself up, giving him more, and easier, access. He took advantage of this, sliding his tongue up and down, between her lips, plunging his tongue inside of her.

She arched her back and rose herself into his whole face, willing him to probe her depths with his mouth, search out her deeper areas with his tongue. He was burrowing now, her outer lips rubbing against his ears. Her pussy threatened to suck him in fully, he could feel its pull as she clasped him, strong and threatening. He was torn inside... he wanted to plunge forward, to give himself to her hunger, but he also wanted to please her in this new way, the way Yagaritte had been pleased. He would fight against her hands urging him down and in, so that he could surface and suck her clit greedily, pressing his tongue against her, only to be pulled under again by the dark currents of her escalating passion, plunging deeply into her depths. Each time he dived, she drew him deeper until even his ears were wrapped in her heat as her lips slipped, wet and thick, around the back of his head.

It went on this way, for nearly another hour. His neck was sore. His tongue was sore. His jaw ached, and he was getting short of breath. But he was determined to please Mavka, to give her those rolling waves of satisfaction she and Yagaritte had given him together. He took her all the way to the edge, then submerged himself between her sweat covered, impossibly powerful thighs, letting her ride her pleasure down again, grinding his whole face into her darkness till his lungs burned and he would struggle upwards and do it all over again. And again and again and again. Eventually, Mavka sat up on her elbows, looking down at his eyes peeking out over her mound. “Please…” she begged. “I can’t take it anymore…” she moaned softly, falling back into the pillows. She was covered in sweat, her face glistening. The hunger within her was unbearable, she needed this to end, and she no longer cared whether it ended with him deep inside her, or outside, as he long as he put her out of her blissful misery.

Edovan nodded, drawing his tongue back up to her clit. He drew circles around it for a moment, then pressed his tongue against it roughly, continuing in small circles, then bigger ones. He could feel Mavka tensing underneath him, could feel her thighs starting to quiver on either side of him.
She squeezed them closed, trapping him between her legs, her body undulating, shaking with pleasure. He took that as a sign that he was doing it properly.

“Edo--” Mavka groaned, grabbing at the pillows and blankets piled around them. Her tits bounced heavily as she started to move her body against his mouth, as though she were being fucked. “Edo…” she repeated, gasping as she felt herself coming closer to the edge, the warmth in her pussy spreading out into her limbs, her stomach, her chest, her face and her head. She squeezed her eyes closed and let out a groan that filled the room, her thighs crushing him into her as she came. It was violent, in a way far more than Yagaritte’s had been. Her whole body shook as she orgasmed, her hands clenching, then opening, over and over again. Her toes curled in on themselves, heels digging into the cushions under them, her body shaking with it.

Edovan was caught in her earthquake, the dark shimmering surface rumbled and upheaved all around him, until much like the real thing, the terrain suddenly split open and he was plunged forward into the dark chasm before him. He was lost in her dark syrupy heat. His head, his neck, even his shoulders, plunged into her as she arched against him. Her body constricted around him tightly pulling him deeper, his head pressing against, and then suddenly through, the tighter space beyond her inner lips. Edovan was suddenly terrified and confused. He had wanted this before… hadn’t he? Wanted to satisfy her with his whole body somehow? Now… he was not so sure. He tried to struggle, but each tiny movement within her elicited another series of contractions, ones that worked to draw him further into her. She clamped down tight on him, without conscious volition of her own, squeezing him with her strong inner muscles, and even stronger thighs. Eventually he learned to relax and let her waves roll over him, each one smaller than before, slowly subsiding till there were only occasional gentle squeezes.

It was a few minutes before she began to calm down, for her body to reluctantly yield up its prize. Her legs, glistening with sweat, fell to the sides, releasing him from her dark depths. He slid slowly from her, letting gravity do the work. She was still gasping softly, her chest rising and falling as she tried to catch her breath. She rolled onto her side, hugging her face into a pillow.

Soaked and slightly bruised, but otherwise no worse for wear, Edovan sat up onto his knees, looking down at her, his fear for his own well being and his pent up desires lost in his concern for her as he examined her still trembling body heaving scattered breaths as she lay sprawled out before him.

He carefully climbed over her thigh and crawled on all fours across the cushiony fur covered surface of the pit till he was near her face, still buried in the pillow. He leaned over and put a soft hand on her shoulder. “Miss… mistress?” he asked quietly. “Are you okay?”
**Flirting With Disaster**

Chapter Summary

Edovan has survived his encounter with Mavka so far.. but his luck just might be running out!

Chapter Notes

This is a wholly original tale that my best friend/writing partner and I started for our own amusement after starting ESO together. It uses races, locations and much of the myth and lore of the world of Elderscrolls, but artistic liberties have been taken with regard to the average size of Nords, and some monster types.

It is sexually explicit, but also at its core a love story about two people who are very different from each other. We hope you enjoy it and share it with others! We look forward to hearing your feedback!

(For those of you who like to know these kinds of things, Mavka is 9'0" and Edovan is 4'8")

Mavka was not okay. Her mind was a jumbled mess, her breathing erratic, and, in addition to the post orgasm afterglow, her heart still hadn’t settled completely. Inwardly, her body was somehow both momentarily sated and yet extremely disappointed. Outwardly, she was glad that whatever gods or daedric princes were watching over them had intervened somehow, because the truth was she had lost her mind about the time she’d grabbed the back of his head with both hands and pulled him into her, and she had been trying her damnedest for the last hour to stuff him so far into her ravenous nethers that not even the gods themselves would be able to find his ghost. She had wanted to devour him, in totality, make him part of herself and take his power into her own. She was simultaneously ashamed and aroused as she thought of watching his toes disappear one by one as he vanished, forever, into her dark abyss...

But somehow he had bested her! He had driven her… (her!) to heights of ecstasy she had never reached before. Almost shattered her sharp mind with sheer pleasure, while wearing out her strong daedric body as well. By the time she had climaxed she didn’t even have the energy to do more than gently squeeze him. It was impossible! Could he have fooled them all? Was he not as innocent as he first appeared? Was he himself some male daedric prince of pleasure in disguise? There was something different about him, for sure, but what was it? Why did he call to her loins so strongly? She’d fucked hundreds of men (and women, on occasion) into the ground. Had every body part you can imagine inside her strong and extra flexible orifice, but never once had she wanted to swallow someone whole with her sex, let alone eat their soul. And this wasn’t even the first time. She thought back to the laundry room, and how she’d been inexplicably drawn to him, how she had wanted to consume every tangible, and intangible, part of his being. She knew he was...
awakening something within her daedric nature, but what? And why? How? His mystery gnawed at her… sparking a new hunger almost as strong as the one in her loins. She wanted to know him. Discover his secrets. Find out why he had the effect he did on her, and similar (but not as strong) effects on nearly every young woman he met. They all wanted him!

Her racing thoughts were interrupted by a gentle tapping on her shoulder. She opened her huge dark eyes to find him peering at her up close, his face a picture of genuine worry… and something more…

Was that… love?

He reached out tenderly and caressed her cheek with his tiny hand. She steeled herself not to visibly react, but shivers ran down her spine nonetheless at the kindness of his touch. She had only ever loved one man… well boy, really, at that time… in her entire life, and as she looked at her body with chagrin, that hadn’t exactly gone as she planned it.

Mavka stared deep into his big golden eyes, not breaking his gaze. She saw no guile, no malice, not a hint of pretense. No, this was all him, the kindness, at least, was simply the way he was. There was only love there, and hints of the deep sorrow that only comes to those who suffer great loss. He had known pain, this child, and yet from what she could see, he selflessly gave of himself at every opportunity. Even in lovemaking!

They gazed at each other in wonder, sharing the moment. His hand following the side of her face, tracing her cheek bone upward, across her temple and then resting lightly against her right horn. The instant he touched its smooth surface, the temporarily dormant furnace in her nethers roared to sudden life again.

“Ah… hahahaha… no, no…” she laughed awkwardly as she quickly removed his hand from her sensitive horns. “That feels a little too good little mouse. Keep touching me there and I will gobble you whole right here on the spot,” she warned. She grinned a toothy grin to sell the joke, but she knew inside it was no jest. One touch and she was on fire again with a blaze that would surely consume him this time, no going back. She held his small hand in her own much larger one marveling as their disparately sized fingers were still able to intertwine. She smiled, if a little sadly.

“Sooso…” she said, trying to change the subject. “I assume you came to see me for some other reason than to give me the greatest orgasm I’ve ever had?” She arched an eyebrow at him waiting to see how he would react to that juicy bit of information.

His instant scarlet shade was all she needed to know.
“Oh… um… yes….” Edovan stammered. He leaned back and started tugging at his robe, which had fallen off during their little foray. It was currently buried underneath her torso as she lay on top on it, under her side. She let him struggle a bit, amused, and then tugged sharply back, causing him to tumble forward face first into her still slowly heaving bosom. She chuckled as he righted himself, putting an arm around him, protectively nestling his tiny bottom in the crook of her elbow. With him secured thus, she deftly rolled to her back and removed the robe from under her with her free hand and then rolled back to her side, handing him his robe. He reached into the pocket and lifted the heavy purse out, presenting it to her humbly, blush still on his cheeks, creeping up his ears.

“What is this? Why would you bring me money?” she asked him.

“It’s y-y-your portion… Yagaritte took half of course, and part of mine went to pay my rent, but what’s left over surely belongs to you… you were the one… doing all the… work… “ he stammered. He looked down suddenly, reddening again to the tips of his ears. “I just… I just watched...” he finished, clearing his throat.

Mavka loved to see him blush so. She should see why Yagaritte liked it so much, and why she enjoyed teasing him mercilessly. It spoke of his innocence and endeared him even more to those who had seen too little of it and lost much of it themselves.

“Well, that’s very thoughtful of you little mouse,” she said, giving him a gentle squeeze. She pulled his face into the swell of the side of her breast. “But,” she continued “At the Boar we have a saying and a tradition. If you ever give one of us a better time than we gave you, then you earn the coin for your efforts!” she said, grinning at him, her forked tongue flicking between her fanged teeth.

It was actually true. Though to date, no one she knew had ever collected, mostly due to the fact that it was up to the girl you were paying to own up that she had been bested. It was a great policy though, in that it caused the clients to be more pleasant and put in more effort than they would at a normal brothel, in vain hopes of collecting. Not to mention that one of the surest ways to increase your own perceived pleasure on most occasions is to focus on increasing the pleasure of your partner. Mavka alone knew that this caused them to put more “investment” in the process, and then you just let cognitive dissonance do all the heavy lifting. It was ideas like this that made the Boar different from other brothels, almost a legend across all of Tamriel.

“So...” she reached into the little purse as he held it in front of her and took out a single shiny gold coin. “That being said, this is the payment I will take from you for services rendered in the laundry below. And this,” she took the same coin and waved it in front of him. “Is the payment I owe you for your services rendered here today… but you can only have if you come and take it!” she said, still grinning. She lifted the coin to her dark lips and opened her wide mouth to bite down on it, then crooked her finger at him in a come hither motion.
She leaned in toward him slowly, expectantly, waiting to see if he would rise to the occasion. Every whore in Tamriel knew that kisses on nethers and breasts and other places were part of the business, but kisses on the mouth, deep earnest lip to lip kisses, that was for someone special. She was not disappointed as his tiny mouth quickly found hers, pressing softly against the luxuriant satin surface of her lips, just lingering long enough and meaningfully.

Then she giggled down deep in her throat as she broke their kiss. His lips and tongue were swallowed by her as she opened her mouth wider than he expected, suddenly engulfing his whole lower face with her plush lips. He bravely tried to reach the coin though, even as she curled her tongue around it and drew it deep into the back of her mouth. She opened her mouth wider still, almost swallowing his nose too, but he did not relent as his tiny tongue darted this way and that in her mouth, trying to wrest the coin from her larger, stronger one. Then when she had sucked as much of his face into her mouth as could, she lifted up her tongue and pressed it against the roof of her mouth and swallowed the coin slowly with an exaggerated gulp. She leaned back up from him now, proudly.

“You can still go in after it if you want….” she purred, as she opened her cavernous mouth impossibly wide, flattening out her tongue so he could see down the dark red tunnel of her throat and into the abyss beyond. His eyes got wide as her hot sweet breath washed over his small naked frame.

“No? No takers?” she feigned disappointment, looking down dejectedly, but then instantly her face lit up again. “Ohoho… actually it looks like we have a volunteer after all!” She grinned down at his cock which had risen to the occasion yet again, still pent up and frustrated from before. Where Edovan gave selflessly, his body was not as forgiving of being abandoned. Before he could blink, she had pounced forward on his member, taking it whole, in an instant, into her mouth, her forked tongue wrapping around it as his brain simultaneously exploded with pleasure.

She quickly rolled over with them both, trapping him head down underneath her breasts as she greedily swallowed him up, shaft, balls, and all. She slurped and sucked, moving her head up and down expertly, and in moments, without any warning or fanfare, he stiffened and came (“Three times!” she thought proudly). She swallowed every last drop of his release, and rose up off of him licking her lips.

“Well now, that wasn’t so hard…” she trailed off. He was out! Just like that! Just like last time. Well in that respect he wasn’t so different from most men, she recalled wryly. In fact, he was lying so still, for a terrified moment she thought he had stopped breathing. But she was relieved to feel his steady breath against her cheek as she leaned forward to assess him.

“Little mouse... little mouse... Edovan…” she called to him, gently shaking him. She thought for a
wistful second of just lying down beside him and wrapping her arms around him and just drifting off together like that, but there was no guarantee he would still be there or anywhere, in the morning. He couldn’t stay here. It wasn’t safe. The pull between them was too strong and she did not trust her Dremora body which even now was whispering to her to just take him now while he couldn’t struggle.

She had to wake him or get him back to his bed somehow. Now.

“Edovan, darling. You have to wake up...“ she pleaded again, real fear beginning to creep into her voice as she felt her hungers stirring.

One half lidded eye opened and stared up at her. “I’m awake… “ he slurred very unconvincingly.

“Wake up!” she shouted, a little louder than she had intended.

He half set up with a start, his eyes wide and shock on his face, before settling back down and his eyelids slowly closing again, nuzzling into a pillow. “I… sleep here.....” he said, voice muffled. He was so tired. His body was heavy.

“Nononono... we have to get you back to your room. Your room… yes??” she was softly patting his face trying to get him to rise. He could not sleep here. It was absolutely out of the question.

“This room… yes… I sleep with you....” he mumbled, and then rolled on his side and curled into an adorable ball, taking his pillow with him.

“You can’t sleep with me...” she bit her lip, unsure how much to reveal to him of her secret struggle. Would he even recognize her words? And if he did, would he even care? “It’s not... safe...” she trailed off, then chuckled to herself, bemused. “How can I say this... you might end up inside me… deep inside… permanently... do you understand?” she demanded, reaching to grip his tiny face in her large hand, squeezing his cheeks. She pulled him forward, trying to force him to sit upright as she squatted over him.

Edovan nodded sleepily. “Yes... sleep inside you... deep inside youuuu...” he said softly, trailing off. And then he fell forward, his head banging into her mound, his face sliding slowly down and across her clit and toward her already slippery labia.
She felt her herself suddenly gape. Her loins were on fire again, her mind being pulled back into a dark primal predatory state as surely as his small body would be pulled into her depths if she didn’t think of something fast. She could just pick him up and carry him to his room in front of Margara and everybody but she was sure that Margara would strongly disapprove, the other girls would never let it go and more importantly she had no idea how Yagaritte would react. She cared a great deal about her friend and she didn’t want to come between her and Edovan if it could be avoided. (Unless you eat him with your vagina), her brain reminded her unhelpfully. That would definitely put a damper on their relationship. She could also just scoot him out her door and leave him in the hall in just his robe..but he would probably just curl up on the floor in front of her door, dutifully waiting for her to come to collect him as a late night snack...

She sprung backward up and away from him and searched for something to help. She strode across the room to a huge dark wood wardrobe and flung open both doors at once. There were hundreds of hooks and shelves holding straps and chains and gags and hoods, whips and other implements of pain and pleasure, too many to count. She expertly selected a series of identical thick leather straps with a soft cushioned plush interior side. She could make this work.
She hurried back to him and sat down above his head facing him, her aching lips just inches from his tiny head. She could feel his pull against her again, but she resisted... for now. She leaned over him and deftly cradled him in one arm as she slipped the straps underneath him one by one, cushioned side up, then lay his body gently back down prone. Now with the straps strategically placed underneath him she moved her thigh over against him atop the straps and fastened them one by one around him and her thigh. Rolling him to face her leg, he obliged by wrapping his arms and legs around her and snuggling against it. Not what she intended, but it worked she supposed, as long as she could get him to stay put. She fussed with the straps for a bit, getting them as tight as she could without cutting off blood flow. It was good that she had a lot of experience with these because somebody was being very distracting. It was all she could do to concentrate, as Edovan kept squirming, leaning up and pressing his lips against the inside of her thigh, just below the crease between her thigh and pelvis, sleepily, hungrily, giving tiny kisses in a little circle and occasionally sucking, his tongue gliding across her smooth skin.

Devour him... he wants it...swallow him whole!! The deep primal voices were screaming in her head. She knew he wouldn't be safe for long, even strapped to her thigh like this, because twice she had caught herself undoing the straps before she shook her her head to clear her trance. “Okay...” she said. “It’s now or never!” she decided, and she stood to her feet. She took some experimental steps around the room, first small strides, then longer ones. He seemed to be staying put, as much as she could have hoped for. She stepped behind the screens into her more personal living quarters, and pulled a large traveling robe of her own from her clothing wardrobe. It was big and voluminous, the perfect thing for hiding a tiny Bosmer strapped to your thigh… who was...
She opened the robe to check her now squirmy package. Edovan was trance like, staring up at her thickening labia, licking his lips, straining his neck upward with his tongue out, trying to taste her. He was wriggling upwards using the straps as leverage to facilitate his slow ascent. The dark part of her brain was cheering him on, her cunt aching for him. But the side that wanted to preserve him brought her hands down to push him back down a bit to his original elevation, still precariously close to her ravenous cleft. She began to wonder if should start all over again, tightening the straps just a smidge... but she knew, if she removed those straps again, exactly where he would end up next, emphasis on END. She cursed the fact that because of her tail she had given up pants or even underwear for many years now. Maybe she should invest in a chastity belt? She'd never needed one before, but it might come in handy these days.

Speed was of the essence. She had to get him back to his room with no one being the wiser, and she had to do it before her will collapsed and she just pounced him wherever they both happened to be at the time. She adjusted him one last time, checked herself in the giant floor length mirror, and strode purposefully for the door. She paused to trigger the lock to open “Come in”, she said quietly, and then set off down the hall, pulling the hood of her cloak up over her head.

Maybe this hadn’t been such a good idea after all. With each long step she was acutely aware of the soft, warm, morsel of a man between her legs, his warm body pressed against the inside of her thigh. And worse, he only stopped kissing her at short intervals to wriggle upwards again. He was a determined one.

The stairs were particular problematic. The soft tousled hairs of his head had started to dry from his previous trip into her depths, and the now loose strands were being incredibly ticklish as they brushed back and forth across her bare nethers. But she kept going, practically bounding down them two at a time. That’s why she nearly boweled over the girl escorting the drunken client halfway down. Mavka came to a dead halt, wavering precariously on the stair. The man was large and leaning heavily against the shorter, but stockier, blonde. Arisolde was it? Mavka prided herself on knowing and remembering everyone’s names.

“So sorry Mistress!” the blonde girl called back to her. Her charged lurched suddenly hard to the left, away from her, and she struggled to maintain her footing, lest both of them fall down the stairs.

“How drunk is he?” Mavka queried, looking down at them. Edovan, was, of course, wiggling his way up, searching out her depths with his face. She squirmed subtly, urging him to stop.

“Very?” Arisolde replied quickly. “I can barely keep him up...” she admitted, even as she struggled to rein him back in.
“Will he remember me in the morning?” Mavka asked flatly. She had to be careful… ever since the troubles had started, dremora were seen as the enemy and attacked on sight by anyone brave enough to do so, whether they were dangerous or not. It was the precise reason Mavka rarely, if ever, left her room and almost never left the Boar except late at night, with magical concealment, and only by way of her secret VIP entrance.

Arisolde shook her head as he lurched now to the right, almost careening her into the outer wall. “I doubt he will remember me in the morning… and I just gave him the best two hours of his life!”

Mavka felt her Bosmer bundle inching again, upwards towards her hungry, begging nethers. The little bastard was rubbing way more than a few stray hairs against her now drooling pussy.

“Alright off we go then!” sighed Mavka. She bent over quickly, grabbed the drunk man, and slung him easily over her shoulder like a sack of barley. He burped loud and long, and for a terrifying second Mavka thought he would ruin her robe. But otherwise, thankfully, he stayed put. Which was much better than Edovan, who was now rubbing his forehead back and forth across her aching lips, the friction feeding the raging inferno inside her. She inhaled deeply, trying to calm it. Her insides were on fire… and he seemed like the perfect log to feed to the flames.

Mavka resumed bounding down the stairs, but slowed her descent after only two leaps because on each downward step the top of Edovan’s tiny head was pressing up and into her, then dropping back down on the upward arc, only to penetrate further as she came back down again. She had to clasp her hand over her mouth to avoid crying out, hoping little Arisolde was none the wiser. Instead she stood as straight as she could and walked stiff legged for the remaining steps. She stopped at the bottom and motioned Arisolde to pass her, so she could follow, and as soon as her back was turned to her, she reached down into her robe to put her hand between herself and Edovan’s tiny inquisitive tongue. “Stay down!” she whispered at him as she pushed him back down an inch or two. Even though she figured he wouldn’t stay put for long, it was a small relief.

“Hmm…?” Arisolde intoned as she turned back quickly to Mavka.

“Nothing, sorry… my… robe… is not staying put…” she murmured, struggling against the obviously ravenous, but thankfully secured, Edovan. “…keeps riding up…” she finished, sighing.

The stocky blonde looked at her quizzically. Mavka’s robe hung almost to the floor, and it looked quite normal. But she decided not to press the point. She was getting help after all. “In here,” she said, as she ushered them into one of the nicer rooms on the second floor that was reserved for actual overnight guests, as opposed to the “hourly” ones. Mavka threw the sack-man on the bed and hurried down the grand stairs to the tavern floor without another word.
“Ah… thanks....!” Arisolde called after her, somewhat dumbfounded. She closed the door softly behind her.

The party was still in full force. As Mavka carefully weaved her way through the crowd to the other stairs, she could have sworn that every woman on the floor stared at her as she passed. The men did too, of course. They could still see there was a very tall very shapely woman hidden under that cloak, but the women stared at her like they knew. Like they expected to see someone they liked and were than angered to see a rival instead. She passed through all of them as quickly as she could, then up the back stairs to Edovan and Yagaritte’s third floor accommodations. She took them as quickly as possible, without care this time, because during her trip across the tavern floor, quick as it was, Edovan had somehow managed to ascend again. And he was licking her clit in an encore performance from earlier.

Time was running out.

She stopped with a sigh of relief in front of his door and reached out and gave the handle a strong tug, but the door held shut. The lock! Of course.... Yagaritte must have secured for him the same kind of magical lock she had for her so many years ago. “Come in!” she commanded the lock forcefully, desperately. But nothing happened, no tell-tale click, it didn’t budge. Edovan must have heard her though, because he was doing his damndest to comply. She gasped and bit her lip and pushed him back down again. She didn’t know the words for his lock..or possibly it opened a different way? She would have to involve him in this process if she wanted to get him safely inside. Inside??? Yessss inside...hnngggf.. Deep inside of mee. Yessssss….I need you alllll the way inside of m-

Augggh! She bit her own hand with her fangs in desperation.. Dark blood welled up, but it did the trick. The pain cleared her mind, let her focus. She opened her robe and whispered down to him. “How do I open it?” He grinned up at her mischievously and said “I have to touch it..” He was staring directly at her near dripping nethers.

“No no… not me , you little scamp.. Your door. How do I unlock your door?

“I have to touch it” he repeated earnestly still staring up at her slowly parting lips half an inch from his face.

Mavka thought that was an extremely bad idea, given the circumstances, then she realized. It’s a touch lock. Of course.

She leaned down and gently started pulling up one of his arms, tugging it free of the restraining
strap. She had just slipped it loose when she heard a rather deliberate coughing noise coming from right behind her.

“What exactly are you doing on this side of the Inn?” Adisiri asked pointedly.

Mavka froze in horror. She was caught... but maybe they hadn’t seen anything? She decided to try to talk her way out of it… maybe she could send them looking for him? They might buy it.

“I came to give Yagaritte some potions she had requested for her expedition tomorrow. But she doesn’t appear to be in....” she chuckled nervously. Truthfully, Mavka did not know if Yagaritte was in her room or not. And she hoped to Oblivion that if she was she was sleeping soundly enough not to hear the commotion in the hallway and come out to check.

“And what are you doing at Edovan’s door?” Adisiri asked, narrowing her eyes. Rinari stood beside her, her arms folded disapprovingly.

“Oh... I… I was going to see if Edovan could deliver them for me. But he doesn’t appear to be IIIINNNN!!” Her brain had exploded mid sentence because at that exact moment the little Bosmer strapped to her thigh had suddenly plunged his entire free arm upward into her now hyper sensitive insides, almost to his shoulder, and was now wiggling his fingers.

She clamped her thighs together as tightly as she could, trying to squeeze the air from him in the vain hope that he would stop, or pass out.

“Are you okay, Mavka?” Adisiri asked, taking a step closer to her, looking her up and down.

“Oh yes… it’s just… I really need to pee and I’m trying to hold IIIITTTTTT… ah!” she cried out, lip quivering. She clamped down on him again since his arm had resumed moving.

“You know we can see him, right?” Rinari said.

Mavka flushed. They knew! There was nothing for it now. Her only choice was to spill everything to them and hope they would understand, everything except wanting to eat him, of course. She would never tell anybody that little tidbit, not even Yagaritte.
“He came to my room to give me something… something he thought was mine. One thing led to another… and... I... mayhavegivenhimablowjobandthenhecollapsed…!” she blurted out that last bit as quickly as possible.

“We know. We took him to see you.” said Rinari still eyeing her suspiciously.

“I’m sorry, I’ll get him sorted out…” she promised.

She reached into her robe and gingerly extricated his arm from her hungry passage. She wasn’t sure who was more disappointed by that turn of events, Edovan or her frustrated vagina. Probably both? She slowly undid the straps, starting at the bottom and working her way up so his weight was supported until the last one fell to the ground. She gently lowered him to his unsteady feet and took his hand and put it on the handle. There was small click and the door to his cubbyhole swung open. She was glad the twins were present. She was pretty sure if they hadn’t been she would have stuffed herself into the cramped space of his room with him and then stuffed him into a much darker, wetter, even more cramped space. As they watched her, she carefully lifted him into his bed, slipped him under the covers and tuck him in.

She bent down low to give him one last kiss on his tiny lips before backing out to close the door. It clicked softly behind her, the little bosmer safe once again. For now.

The twins were still staring at her under hard scrutiny, as she turned to face them, their red eyes seeming to bore through her, into her dark soul.

“What? Why are you staring at me like that?” Mavka asked, wrapping her robe protectively around her as though that would stop their gaze.

She bent down and slowly gathered her straps from the floor, very aware that they were still watching her. Did they know everything? Did they know she had wanted to, no, tried to devour him?? And not only once… but twice!! That even now she was still planning how to lure him back to her room for another attempt?

The twins glided up to her suddenly and were slowly circling her. She knew even with her size and her Dremora body, she was no match for them. She probably wouldn’t even be able to run very far.

Adisiri stared up at her intently, as if she could see her dark thoughts.
“Is that all that happened… *Mistress* Mavka? We are aware that Edovan is special, that he somehow awakens certain… appetites… in the women around him. Surely you have felt it?” she asked.

Mavka didn’t break.

“She said it intending to throw them off, give them something hinting of truth so they would not discover the deeper secrets she was hiding, but... as she said the words, she knew the emotion behind them was real, as real as her desire to devour him. And it would probably end just as tragically… she thought to herself.

Why did she always want things she wasn’t supposed to have?

Without another word, she turned and strode past the two much smaller girls and disappeared down the long stair, her robe trailing out behind her. She no longer cared if they knew anything about her, or what had taken place in her room, only that they wouldn’t see the hot stinging tears now freely streaming down her face.

After she had vanished, Rinari whispered to her sister. “I knew it! You saw her! She kissed him on the lips!”

“Yes,” Adisiri said sadly, nodding. “I fear the mistress is destined to love those who may not be destined to love her back.”

And with that, they both turned and glided down the stairs out of sight.

No one was there in the empty hallway to notice that the little portal on Edovan’s door had been slightly open this entire time, or to see it slowly slide shut in the silence and darkness.
The Girl Who Couldn't

Chapter Summary

Eydva can't keep her magic or her emotions under control and it's ruining her Grandmother's dream for her to carry on the family name as renowned mages of Tamriel, but her life is about to take a different turn.

Chapter Notes

This is a wholly original tale that my best friend/writing partner and I started for our own amusement after starting ESO together. It uses races, locations and much of the myth and lore of the world of Elderscrolls, but artistic liberties have been taken with regard to the average size of Nords, and some monster types.

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ACT II

* * * *

Not so long ago, not so far away..

“Hey…” a quiet voice whispered from behind her, slightly to the side. “Eydva, can I borrow a quill?” the voice continued, desperation tinging its words. Eydva looked back, seeing her classmate, Ronaria, with her hand stuck out expectantly. She nodded, reaching for her bag that was resting on the floor beside her chair. “Hold on…” She grabbed her bag and pulled it into her lap, rummaging around. Balled up papers, singed papers, vials of varying colors of liquid, they all fell out of the bag and into her lap as Eydva pushed them out of the way, looking for her spare quill.

“Ah… here you go,” she said with a small triumphant smile as she produced a quill from the depths of her bag. It was a little bent, but it still worked!

Ronaria took it gratefully. “I’ll buy you lunch!” she promised, drawing her attention away from Eydva, directing it towards their teacher, who was at the head of the small classroom, lecturing on
something or another. Ronaria began to scribble hectically onto her sheet of parchment, as though everything the teacher had said was going to disappear from her mind if she didn’t copy it down as soon as she could.

To be truthful, Eydvā hadn’t been paying much attention this morning. It didn’t matter, anyway… her grandmother was coming to pull her from the school at the end of the day. She bowed her head in shame, biting her lip. She was trying to hold back the tears that were stinging her eyes, threatening to fall. There was no reason to cry, really. This was… what was it now? The twelfth one? The thirteenth? Eydvā had lost count many schools ago. No matter how much she paid attention, no matter how hard she tried, no matter how many late, sleepless nights she’d spent up practicing, it made no difference. Her magicka was wild, untameable. Even the best teachers at the best schools couldn’t help her. Time after time, they wrote her grandmother and told her that it was a lost cause, her granddaughter was unteachable.

Destruction, conjuration, restoration… she’d tried them all and more, and none of them had ended well. There had been many accidents, a lot of collateral damage. It was lucky that her family was well-established and quite wealthy. No other student would have been able to get away with the destruction she’d wrought...

And time and time again, her grandmother sent her away, to this school or that. She came from a long line of powerful, magickally talented family members, her grandmother was desperate to continue that lineage, at any cost. She didn’t care about Eydvā as a person, only as a link in a long chain that she was intent on sustaining, growing. And though it was failure at every turn, Eydvā was desperate to please her grandmother, to finally receive glowing praise instead of cold scorn and dissapointment.

But there was one small glimmer in all the darkness that gave her some spark of joy in all the sadness. Whenever she was sent away from a school, she was able to come back home, while her grandmother scoured the entirety of Skyrim to find another school that was willing to accept her. Back to her childhood home, her room, and to… most of all, Staanovaar, her only real friend. No matter how many times she failed, no matter how many tears she’d shed over her failures, he was always there for her. He was her confidant, her biggest pillar of support. He was there when her own grandmother turned her back.

Eydvā, drawn from her memories by a sudden presence at her shoulder, snapped her head up. She reluctantly, sheepishly looked up at her teacher. She swiped at her eyes quickly, hoping he didn’t notice the tears that had started to form. His arms were crossed over his chest, and he look none too pleased. “Miss Tuvelsdottir…” he said, bending low to speak quietly into her ear. The hairs on the back of her neck stood on end. “I will not have you making a fool of me in front of my students…” he warned. She squeezed her eyes closed. “If this weren’t your final day of lessons, I would have to show you some discipline after class,” he finished, his lips barely brushing against her earlobe as he spoke. Eydvā swallowed thickly, thanking the gods that she was leaving today. She had no interest in knowing what his discipline entailed, and she hoped dearly nobody else had been on the receiving end of it, either…
Eydva spent the rest of the class scribbling notes onto her parchment. It wasn’t related to what she was supposed to be learning, but she figured as long as she looked like she was paying attention, she could get through the rest of the lesson, and the day, unscathed. What she was writing, though, was a new recipe for a potion she had been thinking about. Alchemy was her true passion, and unlike Magicka, she seemed quite able to keep her potion making under control. But, of course, it wasn’t what she was supposed to be interested in, and she got no encouragement from her grandmother to pursue it. In fact, whenever she brought it up, her grandmother either pretended not to be listening or immediately changed the subject.

When lunch period finally rolled around, she slipped, unnoticed, out of the classroom. She had no interest in eating, and she certainly didn’t want to spend time with Ronaria right before she was about to leave and never speak to her again. This was a lesson she had learned the hard way, and it had taken far too many times for her to learn it. It was better to keep her distance, be friendly on the surface, but to avoid deeper bonds. She liked Ronaria, so it was a shame, but… that’s the way it had to be…

She went outside and found her favorite old tree, sitting in the cold grass at its base. She closed her eyes and leaned back against the trunk, rubbing her face. She wondered if she could just skip the rest of the day’s lessons and hide out here all day. It certainly didn’t matter, but she knew she’d receive a tongue lashing from her grandmother for not at least keeping up appearances. She sighed softly, rubbing at her eyes.

“Hey!” A familiar voice called. “I knew I’d find you here…”

Sigh. Ronaria. “Yeah, I’m here,” Eydva acknowledged, looking up at her friend. “I just needed to get out of there,” she said.

Ronaria nodded, taking a spot next to her on the ground. “He is seriously creepy… eugh,” she agreed, making a face. “I already talked to headmaster about it…” she added. She dug around in her bag, withdrawing a small wrapped bundle. “Here,” she said, offering it to Eydva.

“What’s this?” she asked, taking the little package.

“I promised you lunch, remember?” Ronaria said, grinning.

Eydva frowned, her heart clenching just a bit. It was unfair. Cruel. “…yeah, thanks,” she said, setting the bundle in her lap. There was a hunk of roast turkey and a few slices of stale bread.
“Smells really good,” she added, her stomach growling as the smell of the meat invaded her nostrils. She tore off a small hunk and put it on a slice of bread, eating it gratefully. Since her plan to avoid talking with anyone for the rest of the day was ruined, she might as well indulge. “Thanks Ronaria,” she added, offering her the bundle back so they could share.

Ronaria smiled and took it from her, pulling a chunk off for herself. They sat, in relative silence, until the bell signalled the beginning of the second half of the day’s lessons. “You go on ahead, I have something I need to take care of right quick,” Eydva told Ronaria. Her friend nodded, getting up from the ground. She brushed the back of her pants off and gave Eydva a smile and a little wave before she trotted off, heading back towards the main hall.

She watched her go, frowning to herself. She sighed, pulling the hood of her coat around her head more snugly. Maybe a nap…

Eydva woke with a start. There was the familiar voice, filtering its way into her brain, which was fuzzy and still half asleep. “...grandma?” she asked, pushing the hood up off her head.

“Is it that you can’t be disciplined enough to succeed or is that you never try hard enough?” her grandmother demanded. “Once again I see you are wasting my time and my money.” she said, reaching to yank Eydva up from the ground. She was shivering now, despite the coat, as the coldness from the ground had soaked right into her bones. “Why do you always do this? There is far too much of your mother in you I’m afraid.” she scolded again, and turned and strode away toward the school’s offices without another word

“Gran–” Eydva started, looking back at her pleadingly.

“Not a single word,” her grandmother said, cutting her off harshly. “I should be used to this by now” she muttered to herself, still striding away without looking back. Eydva knew there would be oblivion to pay if she wasn’t right behind her.

There were no tearful goodbyes, there were no ‘we’re going to miss you’s from staff. Ronaria had been the only friend she’d made here, and even she was nowhere to be found. For that, at least, Eydva was thankful. After a lengthy visit at the admission office, Eydva’s grandmother guided her out the front door, towards the carriage that was waiting for them. “Not a single word,” she repeated her warning.

Eydva tried to shrink herself into her coat, hiding herself away as far as she could. Disappointment after disappointment… why couldn’t she just be the student her grandmother wanted? Why was she cursed with the inability to control a single bit of Magicka in the proper way? If only she could grasp how to control it, how to keep her emotions in check, she knew… if she could just get power over one tiny speck, she could take it, and make it grow. She could learn it. But that speck never
came, and she knew it never would. There was a fire inside her that couldn’t be tamed, even after a million lessons.

But at least there was the only real friend she had ever had and truth be told the boy she loved. And in a few short hours, she would get to see him once more. All she had to do was survive this carriage ride, and then the cold silence and veiled insults and guilt laid upon her by her grandmother when they got home. Then, and only then, could she slip away!

It was a long ride, made all the more painful by the awkward silence that hung between the two of them. She could feel her grandmother’s steely disappointment, chilling the entire carriage dar more than any northern wind. She was not looking forward to the conversation they would have when they got home, so she spent the time steeling herself, building up her reserve. She would take the belittlement, take the passive aggressive behavior, take the disappointment, and she would absorb it. She would bury it deep down inside herself and pretend that it didn’t exist. That was the only way she could continue to live in her grandmother's house, to remain in her presence.
Edovan wakes to a brand new day at the Boar. He starts his new job today but No one will tell him what it is!

This is a wholly original tale that my best friend/writing partner and I started for our own amusement after starting ESO together. It uses races, locations and much of the myth and lore of the world of Elderscrolls, but artistic liberties have been taken with regard to the average size of Nords, and some monster types.

It is sexually explicit, but also at its core a love story about two people who are very different from each other. We hope you enjoy it and share it with others! We look forward to hearing your feedback!

(For those of you who like to know these kinds of things, the girls range from 6'2" to 7'0" and Edovan is 4'8")

Edovan cocked one sleepy eye open. Someone was banging on the outside of his door, and from the hollowness of the sound, he could tell they were banging on the little portal hatch thing.

“Just a minute...” he called, as he lay there in his small, but very comfortable, bed, trying to get his bearings. Wait.. he was safely tucked away in his little bed? The last thing he could remember clearly was being in Mavka’s room… with… Mavka ! He sat bolt upright in the bed. Suddenly all the heavy, musky, sweaty purple skinned memories of the night before came crashing into his sleep fogged mind, with all the subtlety of one of Molag Baal’s daedric anchors. He… and Mavka… they had done .. things. And then she had said things… and…

“OhgodswatwhatwasIthinking…!” He knew it wasn’t a dream, either, because he could smell her unique scent still on his skin, even in his hair, and soaked into all his places.

The banging noise happened again, this time louder and more insistent. A female voice was calling, one he didn’t recognize. “Little mouse, are you awake? Please sir you have to get up. Margara said if we let you miss your appointment this morning she would make us do the wash for
a month! You have to wake up!” the voice pleaded helplessly. It seemed almost frantic enough that if his door had not been magically sealed, its owner might have come in and got him herself.

“I’m up… I’m up!” he called back, groaning a bit as he pulled himself up from the warm and comforting bed. “Just give me one moment…” he called quietly, rubbing at his eyes.

He half stumbled, half slid down the little ladder that led up to his bunk, and lurched into the door, reaching down to open the little latch and lift the portal up. He thrust his head out of the hole, straight into the crotch of the same beautiful blonde that he had screamed “no!” at, that day down in the laundry. Luckily she was wearing a lacy blue nightie that came down to her mid thigh, so he only pressed against the fabric, sheer though it was, and little it concealed.

She gave a little squeal, half surprise, half delight. She looked down at him, but made no move to back up or push him away. Instead, she arched her back and pressed her hips in towards him, gently burying his face in her mound.

“Good morning little mouse, “ she giggled. “Looking for breakfast? Much as I’d love to serve that to you, it won’t give you much nourishment I’m afraid, and I’d probably make you late for your new job, but…” she trailed off thoughtfully. She was quickly losing her resolve at the impossibly smooth feel of his sweet baby face against her naked nethers. “Well, I guess a little taste wouldn’t hurt...” And with that, she tugged her nightie up out from between them so his face rested solidly against her smooth, warm, bare skin and silky darker blonde curls. She gave a small moan and quickly put her fingers in his hair and mashed his face into her mound before he could react. Edovan sputtered and pulled back involuntarily, his head bouncing off the top edge of the portal. It gave a resounding thud.

“Ouch,” he murmured, wincing. He rubbed his head, willing the pain to settle, and hoping that a bump wouldn’t appear, leaving his head tender.

The blonde bent down to peer through the portal at him.

“I see part of you is awake at least…” she leered, staring at his now very obvious erection.

Edovan looked down with horror. He had completely forgotten he was naked!

In a flash his hand whipped out and unlatched the portal from its lifted position and let it fall shut with a loud bang.
Outside the door, the pretty blonde pouted. “Awwwww, you’re no fun...” she lamented. It was probably for the best though, she conceded. She really, really didn’t want to be in the laundry for a month, no matter how good his little face had felt!

Inside, Edovan was dressing as quickly as he could, while his mind raced over and over again through the whirlwind of events from the night before. Here, now, in his room, safely away from Mavka’s heady pull on his mind, it didn’t even seem possible. As if he was watching another Edovan entirely. That wasn’t like him at all, and he was in love with Yagaritte! Wasn’t he? He cared about Mavka, sure, and she was very smart, and very beautiful… and her voice was dark and husky, but… she didn’t have that laugh; that joyful contagious mischievous laugh that Yagaritte had, that never made you feel like she was laughing at you, but always with you!

But then again... he and Mavka certainly had chemistry, that was clear. The combustible kind that explodes and burns the lab down and half the the town with it! And he had done things with Mavka, not once, but twice! That was far more than he and Yagaritte, who thus far had only basically teased him and snuggled him and told him… he flushed suddenly as he remembered her whispered words in his ear at the the height of their passion during their threesome. But had she meant it? Or was that just something perfectly calculated in order to make sure she won the bet? He was suddenly sad as he remembered Mavka’s words to the twins last night in the hall outside his door. Those words were genuine for sure. He was pretty sure she didn’t know he was listening, and he had heard her voice crack as she hurried away, embarrassed and defeated. His heart twinged because he knew deep down he genuinely had feelings for her, too, and cared about her greatly. He’d never had problems like this before. So many confusing feelings and thoughts. It almost made him dizzy!

By now he’d forgotten all about the face planting in the girl outside. He tugged on his soft boots slung his satchel over his shoulder and reached out and grabbed his staff from it’s resting place between the desk and the wall.

He froze. His staff had been with him since birth, his parents had told him. They had found it with him. His parents had kept it near him as a baby, and he’d been carrying it himself since he was big enough to do so, long before he even had any formal majickal training. He knew every inch of it; from the large crimson pulsing jewel at the top, to the dark swirls and striations of the Nightwood limb it had come from. And the second he had hefted it just now, he knew something was off. He couldn’t put his finger on it, but it felt odd somehow. Like somebody had done something to it. He dropped it against the stone floor a few times listening to the tone of the thud it made each time. It sounded different! He examined the jewel closely and the many metallic filigrees that bound the jewel to the staff and held it in place. They all looked normal. He could even see the tiny
daedric runes etched into the metal and faintly glowing. All of them seemed to be intact. If even one of those runes had been damaged or altered it would compromise their ability to safely contain the considerable power of the artifact, and he had no idea what catastrophe that could lead to except that all of his teachers and years of training assured him it would be very bad indeed. He was about to flip it over and examine the butt end, when the loud rapping on the door was heard again, more insistent than the first.

“Little mouse! Are you coming out or not! It’s getting late and you are going to get me into trouble!” the girl cried from the other side of the door.

Edovan quickly set the latches on his little portal so it couldn't be opened from outside, and put his hand on the cold metal of the latch. As soon he heard the click he pushed the door open just wide enough to slip into the hall and close it behind him.

He turned to face the blonde, only then remembering how he had first “greeted” her earlier.

“My sincerest apologies, ma'am. I didn't mean to umm… erm...” he stammered, blushing. He looked away from her.

“There’s no time!” she said, cutting him off. “Breakfast is waiting!” She declared, and with that, she grabbed his hand and practically dragged him down the stairs into the tavern proper.

The inn was quiet now for the most part. All the patrons were gone or sleeping off the revelries from the night before. The only sounds were the still crackling logs in the huge fireplace and the clinks and sizzles of a bustling kitchen. The smell of pies and sweet meats and sausages was heavenly. His stomach growled as she steered him toward the only occupied table in the the huge cavernous hall.

At least a dozen girls in various nighties, teddies, and other skimpy bedroom attire were gathered around it. They all turned at once and beamed at him as he approached, parting like a sea of soft skin and lingerie to reveal an empty chair with a veritable feast laid out in front of it. He tried to stop, but the blonde who was leading him slipped behind him and pushed him forward through the crowd and down into the large chair, and then easily scooted him forward, up to the table edge. The sea of girls closed in around him again. Everywhere he looked was bounteous cleavage, some small and perky, others heavy and round, most threatening to spill out of their flimsy garments at any moment. He was surrounded by expectant faces, all staring at him and waiting for something.

"This is for me? ALL of it!" he stammered, unbelieving. He meant the food, but all the attention was somehow implied as well.

"Of course, silly mouse" said the blonde playfully. "We want you to eat a hearty breakfast before you run off to your new job!" She leaned in close behind him and he was intimately aware of the warmth of her full bosom against the back of his tousled head. She whispered low into his ear, "But if you decide you want the desert you started to try this morning, I'll be more than happy to serve you as much as you can eat when you return..." she said breathily.
At that the girls exploded in tittering laughter, along with whispered questions to each other about what naughty thing he had done now. Edovan, for his part, was torn between wanting to tear into the steaming pork cutlet and eggs in front of him on the main plate or possibly throwing himself into the fireplace. In the end though, his stomach won out over embarrassment, and he started to tuck into the delicious food. He chewed thoughtfully for a moment, then paused before taking another bite.

"This is all wonderful, and I thank you all very much... but I can't possibly eat all of this alone... you... will you please help me?" he asked.

He looked around at each of their faces, and they were all staring back at him with look a mixture of disbelief and genuine appreciation. At once all the girls sat around him at the table, squeezing in so they could all fit in, each laughing and talking and grabbing a little here and there. Edovan, now, a little more relaxed, was able to go to town properly on the spread before him. As he chewed and swallowed, he marveled at all the beautiful women around him, eating and laughing and talking to each other.

Even though they were mostly letting him eat, only occasionally offering to get him more of this or that, or to ask him if he had tried something or other, he didn't feel ignored or out of place. He felt like he belonged here. Like he had been there for years, and breakfast like this was an everyday occurrence. Edovan had never had much in the way of friends since he had been old enough to be sent off to school. This kind of easy familiarity and camaraderie was new to him, and he soaked it up as gratefully as he did the warmth from the huge fireplace behind him.

Which is not to say he didn't eat. Bosmers were small, slim and fast by nature, and millennia of living of the forest around them had blessed them with the ability to subsist for long periods on next to nothing if need be, but if the opportunity for feasting came along, they could out eat any orc or nord twice their weight, and Edovan was no exception. In no time he and the girls had polished off everything on the table and even pilfered a few refills from the kitchen in the process!

He was full, but not stuffed, sated. It was a nice feeling. To have a belly full, to be surrounded by such engaging women, to feel at ease and at home in such a strange place, but there were two nagging thoughts in the back of his mind that he could not let go of. One was "Where was Yagaritte?" and the other was "What about Mavka?"

Neither of them seemed to be present this morning, though Mavka might be sleeping in after such a "full" night... or worse, she was trying to avoid him. He craned his head upward towards her third floor balcony perch high above them. Was it his imagination, or did he see a shadow move just now?

They needed to talk. He resolved to go and see her again as soon as was possible, but it would have to wait for now. He had his new mysterious job to attend to.
Big Man

Chapter Summary

Edovan's breakfast with the lovely ladies of the Boar is interrupted by a stranger, but he's not exactly lacking for female attention.

Chapter Notes

This is a wholly original tale that my best friend/writing partner and I started for our own amusement after starting ESO together. It uses races, locations and much of the myth and lore of the world of Elderscrolls, but artistic liberties have been taken with regard to the average size of Nords, and some monster types.

It is sexually explicit, but also at its core a love story about two people who are very different from each other. We hope you enjoy it and share it with others! We look forward to hearing your feedback!

(For those of you who like to know these kinds of things, Bernadette is 6'4", the girls range form 6'2" to 7'0" and Edovan is 4'8")

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Just then, the big main door of the tavern blew open, and the silhouette of a huge man filled the frame, which wasn't easy because it was a very big door. He was easily 7ft tall and near half of that as wide across his broad muscled shoulders. His arms were like bundles of steel cable, each bicep bigger around than Edovan's entire frame. His legs were even thicker. He lumbered forward into the light, and all the girls suddenly turned to him in unison calling out.

“Staanovaar!”

“Good morning, Staan!”

“Are you hungry this morning, Staanovaar?”

“What brings you here?”

In a flash, the table was empty, as they all flocked to meet him. Edovan felt alone again for the first
time in many days. Who was this giant man? And why was he heading toward his table with all the girls in tow. This was starting feel like his life before Yagaritte all over again.

The giant was slowly trying to make his way across the tavern floor, but was impeded by a dozen or so girls now surrounding him, all tittering and batting their eyelashes and peppering him with questions. Edovan was just about to get up from the table and start carrying dishes to kitchen when he suddenly felt a presence behind and above him, or rather a full pair of breast and a now very familiar perfume.

A chill ran down his spine.

“Oh, don't worry, sweet little mousey… I don’t care a fig about Mr. Muscles. I like my men small and cute and easier to... uh... accommodate, shall we say?” the voice whispered from above.

Bernadette in a pink lace teddy, that barely covered her nethers or her nipples, was resting her bosom atop his head from behind, as she placed her hands on his shoulders and started kneading them. She leaned down and looked at his upturned little face from her upside down position.

“It’s too bad you have to go now. I could have had you for breakfast… or... maybe I still will!” she teased, licking her lips at him. Even still in her nightclothes, her face was fully made up, lips bloody red, cheeks rosy pink.

She stood up to her full height, and in one fluid movement, slipped in front of him, between him and the table, straddling him in the chair. His face was staring directly into her bare, glistening labia again. “Didn't anyone ever wear proper underwear around here?” he thought to himself, as he tried, in vain, to pull his eyes away from the sight before him.

She was about to rise up on her toes and mount his face right there on the tavern floor, when a dozen girls shrieked her name and stampeded back towards them.

“BERNADETTE!!” they cried out, feeling the shame she should have been feeling herself, but clearly didn’t.

Bernadette froze for just a second, and quickly decided this was a no win scenario for her. So she did what she always did, and went all in. She plopped herself in his lap facing him grabbed his head with both hands and buried his face in her bosom. “Calm your perkies, ladies! I’m just giving the little mouse a proper send off!” She said over her shoulder nonchalantly, like nothing untoward...
was happening. It was all just a typical breakfast here at the Horny Boar.

The women were still advancing threateningly.

“No? Fine. I can see I’m not welcome. I’m going… I’m going!” She pulled his face out of the little nook between her breast and licked him up his cheek and then bent low to whisper in his ear. “Come see me when you get back, little mouse,” she whispered. She stood up again, straddling him in the chair and bumped her pubic bone lightly against his nose. “I know I’m a busy woman, but I’m sure I can find a way to...” she trailed off. He saw her clench an inch in front of him. “...squeeze you in...” she purred. Suddenly, she stood high on her tiptoes and moved her hips toward him, but her slick labia only grazed his forehead and then slipped over the top of his head and past him as she stepped over him and strode away proudly. If she’d had a tail it would have been swishing back and forth for sure.

Some of the girls moved quickly to protectively surround him, while the rest had never left the side of the large man, who was now approaching. Up close he was even more impressive. Rippling muscles under his open shirt. He wore no armor but a large crossed harness holding two wicked looking battle axes on his back. He had long blonde hair, like flax, that flowed over his shoulders. But the most surprising thing was his face. Everything about him was hard, except his face. His ice blue eyes appeared to be perpetually laughing at some shared joke, and his face was split with a wide, warm, friendly grin. There was no pride, no hint of superiority, and he was blushing just as hard as Edovan at all the attention the girls were showering him with. One clung to each of his thick arms, leaning in against him, trying to press as much of themselves as possible against him as they flanked him. He was young, too, not much older than himself, Edovan guessed.

The redhead on his right was whispering something in his ear. It must have been quite salacious because he turned and even brighter shade of crimson and looked over at Edovan with a pleading look as if to say.. “Help?” Edovan was having his own issues as the feminine circle closed in around him, fixing his hair, straightening his clothes, and generally fussing over him. He suspected it was mostly an excuse to touch him as hands pressed in from all directions, many lingering longer or touching him more softly than necessary. The girls finally parted to allow Staanovaar access to him.

“These ladies at the Boar sure are friendly, huh?” he said cheerfully as both girls flanking him appeared to be engaged in some kind of silent contest of who could embarrass him the most. Edovan didn’t doubt for a second there was another bet afoot.

“You have no idea. “ Edovan replied flatly.

“I’m Staan. You must be Edovan. Wow you really are small, haha. Oh, sorry. No offense. I just haven’t seen many Bosmers BEFOR--”
His voice had gone up a few decibels and half an octave as the brunette slipped her hand down the back of his leather breeches. He was suddenly squirming to dislodge it but she was not cooperating. The redhead, not to be outdone suddenly spilled out of her frilly top somehow and pressed his elbow between her huge freckled breasts.

Still struggling, Staan called out him. “I’m here to take you to the guild. We should get on the road. Don’t want to be laa--aa--aaate…”

He was dancing sideways, twisting his body trying to extricate himself from between his two aggressors as gentlemanly as possible, but without much success. He dipped his hips low to try to slip away from the brunettes hand and ended up with his face buried in the redhead’s bounteous tits.

Just then there was a loud CRASH behind them all. Something large and made of dark red glass had hit the stone floor hard and shattered into a billion pieces. While the girls were suddenly distracted, Stann reached out and grabbed Edovan’s arm and practically ran with him toward the huge double oaken doors. Waiiiit!!!” the girls called out behind them. “We didn’t get to kiss the mouse for luck!!!” they wailed, but it was too late. The big man could move fast when he needed to and Edovan’s bosmer legs were as agile as they come. They were both out the door and into the open streets before the horde of overly amorous girls in the boar could process what had fallen or who had dropped it.

Only Bernadette had seen the huge glass fixture plummet from Mavka’s third floor balcony high above as she hid just out sight in the long passage leading down to the baths. “What was that about?” she wondered. Was the horned giant after her mouse as well? Her eyes narrowed. No matter. She knew the little mouse was made just for her. HE might not know it yet. But he would come around in due time. They always did. And with that thought in her twisted little mind she she sashayed off to the baths for a good soak and some lovely mousey daydreams.
In the BIG leagues..

Chapter Summary

Edovan and Staan escape the lovely ladies of the Boar and head off to Edovan's new job, but nothing can prepare him for what is coming.

Chapter Notes

This is a wholly original tale that my best friend/writing partner and I started for our own amusement after starting ESO together. It uses races, locations and much of the myth and lore of the world of Elderscrolls, but artistic liberties have been taken with regard to the average size of Nords, and some monster types.

It is sexually explicit, but also at its core a love story about two people who are very different from each other. We hope you enjoy it and share it with others! We look forward to hearing your feedback!

It was still dark in the morning twilight. Only the barest hint of a lightening sky far on the horizon of the mostly still black sea as they passed the harbor betrayed the coming dawn. The air was quite chilly for Edovan, and when the wind blew, it cut right through him. He pulled the hood of his coat up (Yagaritte had procured one for him, about ten sizes too big, along with a worn scarf he hadn't had time to retrieve before being dragged out of the Boar). He crossed his arms and shivered. Staanovaar seemed unaffected.

"Those girls are something else, aren’t they?” he grinned down at Edovan as they slowed their strides to a normal pace, safely out of the Boar’s sight. “I almost didn’t think we’d get out of there alive!” he joked, chuckling. His eyes were laughing like they were best friends who’d run away together after pulling a prank on a cranky farmer. Even though they had barely met, the huge Nord had a very easy going vibe about him that made you feel like you had known him for years. Edovan felt instantly relaxed.

“T’m getting used to it,” Edovan sighed. “To be perfectly honest, I have to admit that part of me…” he paused briefly, choosing his words thoughtfully. “…kind of likes the attention... but the rest of me wonders if things will ever go back to normal…” he trailed off.

“Oh, I don’t think it will ever be normal at the Boar.. or maybe that is normal? I mean they’ve been like that every time I’ve stopped by for the last three years.” He grinned at Edovan again. He seemed to be ALWAYS grinning. It made you want to grin back.

“Oh my. I can’t imagine!” Edovan said earnestly. “I’ve only experienced this for a few days... Before that, I used to wonder if I had accidentally made myself invisible, but only to women,” he only half-joked.

At their slower pace now, they were walking side by side through the wide, darkened, snow
covered empty streets. At this hour very few people had begun to stir, and certainly most of them would still be in their homes, having coffee and breakfast like normal folks. It snowed every night here. Even in the summer. The main difference was the sun would come out and melt it all off in few hours. In the winter time it would just accumulate until shoveled into piles by work details made of prisoners of the city watch.

“Really? But you’re a mage, right? Aren’t you really smart? I thought that was what women liked. Really smart guys…” he exclaimed, brow furrowed. Staan’s voice trailed off with just the tiniest hint of sadness. It was baffling to Edovan. Of course he was “really smart,” incredibly intelligent, if he had to be honest. But in his experience it had never translated into female attention. In fact, it had been mostly the opposite for him. Possibly Nords were different? It made a certain sense, in that large, burly, not so bright men were in no short supply around here. He remembered the twin’s words from the night before.

“There are over 33 young, attractive women at the boar, 33 big hungry kitties... and for some inexplicable reason nearly every single one of them wants you, little mouse, inside of them… in one way... or another…”

Was his level of intellect so rare that all the women flocked to him for it? As they neared the edge of town he pondered this. It was only slightly plausible, he supposed. He felt like he was trying to put together one of those puzzles they used to play with back in Magicka school with all the little pieces made of wood or stone or metal, that when arranged properly formed a three dimensional shape of an animal or creature and could be made to animate for short periods of time before self disassembling. The only issue right now was, he was trying to make the Dragon using pieces from the Dreugh King. No matter how many you had or how much you tried, they were never going to fit.

Edovan thoughts were suddenly distracted, though, as he became more aware of the town unfolding around them as they walked. Its unique design and architecture was one of the reasons he had wanted to come here, outside of how remote and inaccessible it was. It was nestled into a small valley just below forbidding mountains, one of which was a still steaming but long dormant volcano. Most the town was very vertical, with the only non-sloped portion along the black sand beach and port.

The current town was small compared to the size of the ancient Dwemer remains it was built literally on top of. It was theorized the Dwemer had built a facility of some kind here in order to harness the power of the naturally occurring hot springs and steam vents. Nearly fully functional Dwemer buildings, all square and strange metals, and covered with huge black metal pipes leaking steam, still rose above the many longer and lower Nord structures, which were mostly log-hewn with the occasional cut stone keep jutting upward. They were older than anyone knew and only partially explored and co-opted by the city’s engineers, who had figured out enough of the upper levels to make full use of the steam, hot water, and hot air that was coursing throughout the many ancient pipes that criss-crossed through and under the town.

It was fascinating to Edovan that here, in this remote corner of the world, they lived such advanced lives compared to the rest of Tamriel. Only the vast and dangerous travel distances and the bitter cold kept the city from becoming any bigger than it already was. It was an amazing thing to have, but Edovan had a theory of his own. He believed the many pipes and vents carrying hot water and hot air and steam out of the Dwemer ruins and into the city proper were actually originally for exhaust and heat exchange of some kind, and all the energy and heat they provided was simply a side benefit. Whatever the Dwemer had hidden deep in their enormous facility needed a massive amount of cooling for some reason. It could be anything, a gigantic but dormant fire creature, a
magicka reactor, even the volcano itself! If only he could find a way into the deeper levels...

“Eddo... hey, you okay?” Staanovaar’s voice interrupted his reverie. The huge Nord had taken a knee and was looking down intently into his face, with more than a little concern.

“Oh sorry... I got lost in my thoughts for a bit,” Edovan admitted, smiling at the Nord gently.

“Those must be some pretty big thoughts...” he said curiously. Staan was still grinning, through his concern, but Edovan detected the same wistfulness he had heard in his voice earlier.

“I was just thinking about the city… and all the technology the Dwemer left behind. You don’t realize how lucky you are here. I’ve been to quite a few places, and I can assure you that the rest of the rest of the world has no such thing as an endless supply of steam and hot air and hot water,” Edovan said thoughtfully.

“I guess I never thought of that before...”

It was Edovan’s turn to lift Staan’s spirits.

“I know you may find this hard to believe Staanovaar, but in the rest of the world, we actually have to heat all our water… on a fire..” Edovan said, deadpan.

“What? Every time?”

“Yes. Every single time,” Edovan assured him.

“That’s crazy… it’s like… it’s like you’re ALWAYS camping!” Staanovaar exclaimed. He seemed a bit too excited at that prospect.

“Yes, something like that.”

They resumed their travels as Staan chuckled at the thought of living in the most advanced city in the world. He honestly had no clue his small little town was so advanced, but the thought of camping all the time didn’t seem so bad either...

“So Edovan… I have to ask you this question. Because me and a bunch of the others are dying to know. HOW did you manage to get Margara to let you LIVE at the boar?” Staanovaar asked him after they had continued on.

Edovan looked confused, then thoughtful. “I don’t know… I mean they just asked, gave me a room of my own... I mean, it’s not much, and I have to pay for it. It’s not free...” he admitted. He had never really thought about it beyond the fact that they were kind to him and he was immensely grateful to them for it, but Staan was right. It wasn’t like he was paying more rent than anyone else.

“No man has EVER been allowed to live there. Not even Mint. Not since Margara’s husband got himself killed all those years ago... but that was before my time.” Staanovaar said.

That didn’t seem right in Edovan’s mind. No man? Did that mean they didn't think of him as a man? Or perhaps the twins were right… maybe he was more of a pet… or worse… food! He suddenly had a crazy thought in his head that Margara was fattening him up to feed to Mavka, but then logical brain took over again before Lizard brain could get all happy at the thought of being
“eaten.” There was no way that’s what was happening… right?

“That can’t be right. It’s an inn, isn’t it? There are men staying there right now in some of the rooms. I saw them,” Edovan said, trying to work through the strange ideas that were running through his head.

“Yeah,” Staan agreed. “But they don’t live there. Nobody can afford it. Every extra night you stay at the Boar the fee TRIPLES. And it doesn’t start out cheap. Everyone says it’s the only way she can rotate the clientele, because people really would live there if they could…”

“But that’s an easy solution. You just stay two or three nights then get a room at ano---”

Staanovaar cut him off. “Nah you can’t. Once you end a stay, you can’t get another room for a months… and that’s only if you are lucky. They are booked solid year round.”

Edovan let that sink in a bit. It was yet another mystery to solve, but one he would have to look into later.

They were leaving the closed-in, largely vertical part of the city, and were headed across one of the many high stone bridges that lead across various rivers and streams that plunged over high waterfalls to the black sea below. There was squat stone keep ahead that was functional, obviously well-used, if not anything spectacular to look at. There were huge red banners hanging from the ramparts, decorated with crossed swords with a huge hammer in the middle looming behind them. He knew this place. But last time he had never gotten past the front gate.

“This is the fighters guild…” Edovan said, his voice laced with dread.

“Yeah,” Staan agreed. “That’s who I work for. And you, too, now. As of today!” Staan clapped him hard on the back, in joyous camaraderie, but the blow nearly knocked the air from his lungs.

When Edovan got his wind back after a few seconds, he countered.

“But they already turned me down. I came here when I first landed, and they sent me away.”

Edovan’s face flushed at the memory of their mocking words.

“Who sent you away?” Staan seemed genuinely perplexed that anyone would treat his new little friend so rudely.

“The guards at the gate,” Edovan said, waving his arm vaguely in the direction of the gate, though he couldn’t make out the faces of the guards currently stationed there.

“Those guys? Pay no attention to them. The gate guards are knuckleheads. It’s the lowest duty we have. They have no say, anyway. Besides, you… you are vouched for by one of our highest ranking officers. And personally requested. Our bylaws state that means you are automatically accepted,” Staanovaar said, nodding down at Edovan.

They were nearing the gate now. Close enough that Edovan could recognize both of his tormentors from earlier. Apparently they were still on gate duty, their positions having not improved since their last meeting.

“They must be them by the look on your face,” Staan observed. “Hey Eddo, let’s have a little fun
with them. What do you say?"

The tiny Bosmer’s brows arched and raised at the prospect, but then quickly furrowed.

“Staan. Do me a favor? Don’t say anything about it?” Edovan said flatly, looking at the ground.

“Seriously? But they deserv-”

Edovan cut him off. “I know they do, and I appreciate your enthusiasm for payback, especially on my behalf, but if I’m really joining the guild today… I’d rather not make needless enemies of those who could be my allies.

Staan scratched his head in wonder at the small Bosmer. He had never expected words like that to come from someone who looked barely old enough to have hairs on his chin (not that Edovan had any). The little guy was full of surprises.

“Sure, Eddo. If that’s what you think is best…”

Edovan smiled gratefully up at the huge Nord, and that was the end of it.

They proceeded through the main gate, past the two guards, who were staring at Edovan in disbelief (And though Edovan would never admit it aloud, to see those faces with their mouths agape as they passed gave him no small amount of pride)

But Edovan had no time to think about them. He was suddenly drawn out of his thoughts as the sounds of some sort of large scale battle crashed over them suddenly as they neared the end of the passage. Edovan was no fool. He’d been around enough city watches and soldier camps to know the difference between the rhythmic organized sounds of a fighter’s drilling, and... whatever was going on up ahead.

There was a large crowd of heavily armed, if not all heavily armored Nords inside the keep, and they were forming a huge circle in the sparring yard. Edovan, being small and Nords not being small at all, they were completely blocking his view.. But he could hear swords clanging off shields and the sounds of people giving and receiving pain like they actually meant it.

“Uh oh. Looks like Mountains has issued another challenge,” Staan whispered down to the small Bosmer as he lead the way into the crowd, trying to get a better view. He gestured for him to follow. He was speaking to Edovan, but his eyes were clearly focused on the action, even then as he ushered Edovan to the front of the crowd. He positioned himself behind him protectively, using his arms as a shield against the crowd when it surged around them, keeping Edovan in a small, safe Bosmer-sized bubble.

“Mount--?” Edovan began to ask, but he stopped, words caught in his throat as the ground fell out from underneath him and he found himself, quite effortlessly, hoisted onto Staan’s broad shoulder. His gratefulness was completely eclipsed by how mortified he felt to be in this embarrassing position, but he needn’t have worried. Where they were, on the outside of the circle, not one single eye was focused in his direction. He might as well have been a bull netch in a royal ball gown, so focused was everyone on the spectacle inside the circle of huge warriors.

The object of their attention was tall, taller even than Staan, and nearly as tall as Yagaritte. But while Yagaritte was long, athletic and svelte, the huge blonde Nord woman in pigtails, crouched like a coiled spring, was as curvy as a woman could be and still be made of nearly solid muscle.
She was also the darkest skinned Nord he’d ever seen. Yagaritte’s skin, like most Nords, was snowy and creamy. In comparison, this woman’s was a sun-kissed bronze, shimmering and golden, almost the same color as her strange armaments, oddly enough. Her face was like her body, beautiful, but hard, and covered with dirt, sweat, and spatters of blood. There was dark red warpaint in a band that went from one side of her face to the other, slashing across her huge ice blue eyes. She had high cheekbones, and full, pouty lips… that if relaxed would have appeared highly sensual, but at the moment were curled in a cocky sneer.

She had broad, strong shoulders, biceps of corded steel, thighs that looked like they could easily crush stone and... oh my. Mountains! Of course. It was very visibly obvious where that moniker came from. Her huge, heavy breasts were bigger even than La’s! Lizard brain was gleefully pointing out that they were so big, nearly his whole upper half would fit between them. Logical brain was pretty sure he wouldn't live to enjoy it.

The sheer size of them strained credulity similarly to Yagaritte’s height. They were strapped down as best they could be under a form fitting leather cuirass, with two huge Nordic steel rounded cups doing all the heavy lifting. But even from the far back, Edovan could tell it was strained to its breaking point as her… mountains... wobbled, jigged and quivered with her every movement. It would have been absolutely mesmerizing... if four people hadn’t been trying to take her down simultaneously.

She was in the middle of the circle, surrounded by three men and one other woman, all of whom were armed to the teeth and circling her at a wary distance. Edovan’s sharp senses could see and feel their exhaustion. Despite the fact they outnumbered her four to one, none of them looked eager to charge back in again, instead content to bide their time and wait for her to make a move. She, on the contrary, looked like she could go all day. She was lightly armored aside from the steel cups, wearing leather shorts and fur boots and carried no visible weapon, just a small but sturdy buckler (Dwemer, possibly?) that was strapped to some kind of metal bracer of the same type of metal on her right upper arm. Her left arm had a similar bracer, but instead of a buckler, some sort of strange hook protruded over the back of her hand. It didn't look right for attacking purposes because of the way it was curved back towards her. Edovan guessed it was defensive in nature as well.

Then, she looked straight at him.

He didn't need keen senses to feel the burning beams of hatred she was trying to lance through him using just her eyes. He had never felt such rage. And just in case he wasn't sure she was looking at him, she pointed at him with her hook and made a very blatantly unmistakable motion across her throat.

Then several things happened at once, in seemingly slow motion.

First Edovan tried desperately to will himself to disappear, but failed miserably. Then, EVERYONE in the crowd turned in unison and looked straight at him, perched as he was, like a tiny Bosmer parrot on pirate Staan’s broad shoulder. Despite his first wish of disappearing going unanswered, he tried it again, willing himself to be literally anywhere but here...

Then some of Mountains’ opponents made the critical mistake of thinking she was distracted, and therefore leaving an opening. They were quite wrong.

The woman, a large but wiry Nord with short brown hair tied up in a bandana, lunged forward with the tip of her spear, wisely aiming at the back of the larger blonde’s exposed calf in what should have been a brutal and crippling attack... and it would have been, had she been there to receive it.
She had been crouched like a coiled spring, but the spring suddenly sprung and in a blurred flash, almost too fast for the eye to see, she had vaulted up and backwards, tucked briefly into a ball, and landed lightly on her feet behind her now very surprised, and suddenly defenseless opponent. Her thick leg hurtled out in an expansive arc, sweeping the other woman to the ground as her booted foot caught her ankles with such force she was literally thrown sideways to the ground on her face. The second she struck the ground, Mountains sprung on top of her, and a single blow to the back of her helmet from the dwemer buckler knocked her cold.

Then two men rushed her at once, the smaller with a pair of wicked axes, one in each hand, and the larger wielding an enormous great sword longer than Edovan was tall and at least 2 hands wide. She deftly blocked both of the axes, deflecting the blades with her buckler and bracers, then ducked and rolled under the huge but slow great sword, slicing through the air at the spot where she had been, that was now partially occupied by her first attacker. The swordsman realized his error in just enough time to turn the flat of his blade before it swept through the smaller man’s guard. There was the sharp ring of steel on steel and a sickening crunch as the full weight of the massive blade easily tore the axe from his left hand and sent it flying into the crowd before slamming into the shoulder of his ally, spraying blood and sending him sprawling to ground.

Mountains quickly whirled 180 degrees the instant she was up on her feet again and sprinted past him as he recovered his swing. As she passed him, she deftly slipped her hook into the top shoulder strap of his armor, then whirled again, slinging the hapless man forward only to trip over and land face first on top of his prone and bleeding buddy. She pounced on top of both of them in a second and grasped them both by the sides of the heads, before crashing them together like cymbals. Both men slumped unmoving, one still gushing blood from the wound on his shoulder. Mountains was up again and coiled once more before the crowds could finish groaning at the gruesome sound of the men’s skulls clacking together like hollow gourds.

She ducked sideways out of the way as two people from the inner ring came forward to drag the two unconscious Nords out of the way. She shot Edovan an evil grin, glancing back towards him to make sure he was still watching. He was still perched atop his massive friend’s’ shoulder, his mouth in the shape of an ‘o’ as he watched her dispatch the two men with ease. Lizard brain was irrationally loving this, this attention from such an attractive, powerful woman, while logical brain tried in vain to explain that she obviously wanted to kill him, and not in any way he would ever enjoy, not even briefly.

He looked at the third man, her final opponent. He was much older than his allies, his grizzled face covered in almost as many scars as it was close cropped grey whiskers. He’d been hanging back, apparently watching all the action with a cool, calculated eye. This man was solid but not muscle bound, average size for a Nord, and at first glance of no remarkable appearance. He looked like any of a hundred faceless guards or mercenaries, and most would have paid him no notice, but Edovan noticed three things immediately now that he was focused on him.

Firstly, his hybrid leather and steel armor was very worn. Dirty and dented, and seemed to be assembled quite piecemeal at first glance from multiple sources; Nordic, Orcish, a single mostly cracked Elven glass pauldron on his right shoulder, and even bits of dragon bone. But Edovan could see by the way it moved as they circled each other that there were hidden protective plates built IN to it in strategic places: His left shoulder blade, behind his heart, his right side above his hip, (kidney) his inner thigh etc. There was a small bit of extra protection over almost every vital organ, major blood vessel or commonly used avenue of attack. In fact he could see the outer leather was punctured and sewn back together or patched in each of these locations. This man, appeared to have, after the fact, painstakingly reinforced his armor against every single attack that had ever successfully pierced it.
The second thing Edovan noticed was that he was armed to the teeth, literally bristling with handles, hilts and hafts protruding from all the swords, dirks, knives and throwing daggers he was carrying, also all piecemeal and clearly from different sources. Edovan began to suspect that at least some of them had been the very implements that had caused the various holes in the man's armor leaving little doubt as to the fate of his opponents. He was certain the weight of all those blades was easily as great as any full set of mail or plate, and even THEY were placed strategically around his body in such a way as to provide even further protection for the owner while they remained sheathed.

The third thing he noticed was that the old Nord was now showing absolutely no trace of the exhaustion he had exhibited earlier. His stance was now relaxed and his breathing was careful and measured. Either he had remarkable faculties for recovery or, (and Edovan deemed this much more likely) he had been cunningly faking the entire time.

Edovan could sense with certainty that this man was truly dangerous, a fact quickly confirmed by the crowd as they all silently took an extra step or two back as he sheathed his longsword across his back and drew two nasty looking daggers from his sides. Clearly these were his go-to weapons and the blade in his right hand was unnaturally shiny with a dark liquid. They circled each other like spider and scorpion.

* * * * *

Baryk was enjoying this. He hadn't felt this alive in a decade. Not only was he facing a challenging opponent for the first time since he'd had his 30th year with the guild, but the lass was quite the looker, as well. He silently cursed himself that he hadn't been around much to see her grow up around here. Seemed like every time he came back from a job she'd grown at least a head or more taller. Then suddenly, much to everyone's surprise, (and his delight) this past summer her body had apparently finally reached its upper limit and decided to grow OUT instead.

He stared blatantly at the huge quivering mounds of bronzed flesh barely restrained by steel and leather threatening at any moment to spill out right in front of him. He imagined burying his face in that sweet golden valley. He wouldn't even have to bend his knees! Yes. He had been waiting for this moment for a long time. And her public challenge to advance her rank this morning was the perfect opportunity. He would beat her here in front of everyone, and then he would bed her... but first things first.

The kid had talent, he had to give her that. She'd already sent eight of the guild's middle tier fighters to the healers, several of whom would be in recovery for at least a few days, magicka or no magicka. She was fast, strong, and smart, but Baryk wasn't worried because he had the one thing she didn't.

Real experience.

Baryk had done more jobs than anyone still alive in the guild, even the Commander. He had traveled the length and breadth of Tamriel and fought and killed nearly anything you could imagine. He had been in actual wars. Plural. The thousands vs thousands kind, with magicka flying and demons summoned, untold horrors, undead armies, even a dragon! He had the unwavering confidence and certainty of one who KNOWS that not only is he the superior combatant, but exactly why he is, and what weaknesses he can exploit. Baryk had no trouble with high minded concepts like honor, courage, or morality. You didn't get to be as old as he was in this business by letting anyone or anything limit you, including your own morals. What mattered in the end was
that you were still standing and your opponent wasn’t. You had to be willing to do whatever was needed to make that happen.

He had come from a poor fishing village further north up the coast and learned the trade with his family before being conscripted into his first war. For him, fighting often was a lot like fishing. Sure, you could just blindly toss your line in over and over again hoping to get lucky, but the best catches came from taking your time and thinking things out.

First: He had to bait the hook.

“Well, lass… you’ve done a good job so far. But playtime is over. Time to see how you handle a real man!” he quipped.

Mountains didn’t blink.

“A real OLD man, you mean? You sure you want to do this graem? I might send you to retirement early,” she responded in like.

Baryk sneered. “Aye, lass, I will be retiring soon. I’m gonna retire right between those golden thighs of yours...” he said, eyeing her up and down.

He was trying to make her angry. He knew she had a hot temper and could be impulsive, and impulsive people made mistakes. Her instincts and reflexes were some of the best he had ever seen. He knew if he simply came at her she would tear him to pieces. But if he could goad her out of her normal defensive posture, make her make a move, his years of experience and calm composure would be to his advantage.

He saw the expected flush on her cheeks and the flash of fire in her eyes.

Second: Now to set the hook…

“I can see you thinking about it. But don't worry your pretty little head. I know it's your first time so I promise to be gen-...”

The strike came fast, almost faster than he could believe. Her speed was incredible, and only his own reflexes, honed by years of surviving battlefields (plural), saved him. In an instant she had closed the gap between them and lunged low before throwing a massive uppercut with her right that just missed his chin by literally the length of his salt and pepper whiskers. In the split second she was vulnerable, his darkened dripping blade flashed out. “And THAT, lass, is why you always wear protection!” he said as he snickered to himself.

The enormous Nord barely winced, but spun away from the blade, and crouched low in her customary defensive posture. A three inch thin red line had appeared on top of her thigh and blood began to well.

“You cowardly guar! You POISONED me?!” She bellowed, the shock and outrage plain on her face. Every vein in her neck was starting to bulge with seething rage.

“No worries, luv. You're not going to die. Just a little something to make you a tad bit more manageable. I am old after all, not as fast as a hot young thing like yourself. Just evenin’ the score that's all,” he said nonchalantly.
For the first time in the fight, Mountains looked uncertain, unsure of herself, and whatever he did to her.

“Try it again I’ll shove that blade up y--”

She grunted, cutting off her own words, as he rushed her. Blades met hook and buckler in a series of strikes, all of which she deflected easily, and with a flourish at the end, she caught his unsullied blade in her hook. With a deft twist of her wrist, she snapped the blade in two like a twig. Both opponents then whirled away from each other, but now there was a matching red line welling crimson on her opposite knee.

“Well that's a pity. That was one of my favorite blades...” he said, catching his breath. His trick wasn't working. And he knew he was going to have to end this quickly or he was going to be in trouble.

“That was also the only one I had that wasn't treated, but as you can see I have plenty more,” he told her, the sun glinting off of the many daggers and knives on his person.

He silently drew a longer dirk with a wavy blade from a sheath on the back of his belt. It, too, glistened with the same translucent brown substance, but the blade shimmered like someone had hammered midnight into a metal.

“You have literally picked your poison...” he sneered at her.

Mountains was literally shaking with rage. Her skin had gone from bronze to copper and every muscle, every fiber of her being, was taut like a bowstring pulled almost to its breaking point.

Her voice, when she spoke, however, was low and dark like some kind of huge beast.

“You’re not the only one with tricks up your sleeve...”

Mountains suddenly raised her right fist into the air and made a sharp up and down pumping motion. There was a loud shiiiickkkkkk noise as the dwemer buckler on her right arm that was attached to her bracer slid slightly downward and then locked into a new position. A series of short but razor sharp blades suddenly sprung outward from the rim, along with 3 large spikes that now protruded from the outward facing surface. What had been mostly a defensive weapon was now, in her hands at least, capable of tearing a man to pieces. And judging from the flames dancing in her ice blue eyes, she intended to do just that.

As Baryk cocked an eyebrow at this surprising development, she suddenly swung her left fist in his direction in a wide arc. There was easily 20 feet between them with no hope of connecting, so he almost missed the small hook now hurtling toward him on the end of a thin metal cable. He dodged to the side quickly and raised his new dirk to parry, which was exactly what she wanted him to do. In mid air the hook had somehow separated into two hooks opposing each other, which now locked themselves around the wavy blade. She savagely flung her left arm up and back, easily tearing the weapon from his surprised grip, sending it tumbling in a high arc through the air, over the wall of the keep, and presumably into the ocean below. The hooks then released and retracted back to her bracer by some unknown mechanism before the dirk had even disappeared from sight.

Now it was Baryk’s turn to be mad. Now THAT had been a custom ebony blade that he had personally commissioned for a king's ransom in gold from an aging master artisan, and now he would have to wait until his next long and perilous trip to the mainland to get it replaced. But he
didn't have time to dwell on the loss, because nearly 300 pounds of murderous Nord was hurtling
toward him at unbelievable speed. He barely had time to draw his skyforged rapier.

He cursed himself for taking his eyes off her, even for just the second as he watched his prized
blade sail over the wall into the sea. But no matter. He had tricks aplenty, more than she could ever
hope to parry. In the split second he had to react, he shook a small capsule from its hidden pocket
in his sleeve and hurled it at her. It exploded in a thick purple cloud of smoke that almost filled the
total clearing and enveloped her completely in an instant. It was a desperate ploy to slow her
down, throw her off, anything to interrupt her charge. The cloud was designed to be so acrid that
any normal person would have been stopped in their tracks trying desperately to breath as their
lungs burned for clear air.

But Mountains was anything but normal.

He silently timed her in the swirling cloud, trying to gauge exactly where and when she would
emerge.

He never expected her to actually accelerate after she’d disappeared from sight.

Baryk never saw the massive fist that erupted from the cloudy smoke, level with his chin. But he
couldn't miss the impact. He was struck square, his head flying backwards nearly a foot or more, as
he almost toppled over. The crowd grimaced at the sound of bone crunching as her bare fist plowed
into his face, blood and saliva spraying outward as his head savagely twisted to one side.

Lesser man would have been obliterated, possibly even died, their skulls unable to absorb the
massive impact. But Baryk was no lesser man. Battle-hardened, toughened by decades of combat,
his body honed by his punishing lifestyle, he was staggered, but still standing, and more
importantly, still conscious. It also didn't hurt that he had taken five potions and used two
defensive scrolls before the fight had even started. That was also the only reason he wasn't
decapitated when the bladed buckler came sailing out of the smoke on his left aimed straight at his
neck. That and the elven glass pauldron on his left shoulder.

He instinctively hunched his shoulder forward and up, deflecting the deadly disc upward as it
 glanced off his shoulder piece. He expertly rolled his body backwards to the ground and over his
shoulders and back into an upright position. He wiped his mouth and spat a bloody tooth out on the
ground.

Even with his protections, his face looked misshapen, and flecks of blood and broken tooth
dribbled from the corner of his mouth. Pain was exploding through his entire face, and his vision
had started to blur. But he could see she hadn't come out unscathed either. The hilt of the dagger he
had still held was protruding from her bare thigh, just below the hem of her leather shorts, right
next to the slash he’d given her earlier. As he’d had tumbled away from her he had hurled it, and it
had struck its target.

Not that it seemed to make any difference, in fact it only seemed to enrage her further. Now it was
his turn to dodge, block, and parry, as a series of savage but predictable swipes and blows rained
down on him. He was holding his own, but barely, and she was slowly wearing him down with her
superior size, strength and speed.

He decided it was time to reel this one in. It all depended on one huge gamble though, and If he
was wrong... well he'd probably end up very dead, or at the best, crippled for life. One thing was
for sure, he was definitely going to lose if he kept going the way they were now. As if to punctuate
that point, he missed a low block on his left hand side, and the razor encircled shield bit into his hand. The actual blades just missed his gauntleted hand on either side, but he felt the shock wave of excruciating pain shoot up his arm as several bones broke. It was now or never.

Pushing the pain away like the professional he was, Baryk waited for his opening. He would only get one shot at this. The giant continued her assault, raining down punishing blows in a steady but predictable pattern, purposely trying to exhaust his endurance. He began to leave himself open on purpose, on his right side. Trying to lure her in. He guarded lower and lower with each strike. Then suddenly she lunged forward at his shoulder as he’d hoped, trying to hook into the shoulder strap of his armor. But Baryk was ready.

As she lunged, he suddenly spun to his right and skewered the extended hook with his blade, like a thread through the eye of a needle. Then, with a single fluid motion, he drew back hard and fast and slung the weighted hook out and behind him in a wide arc. In the blink of an eye the thin but incredibly strong line paid out several feet before pulling tight, sending the hook in a wide orbit around them. He could tell by the confused look on her face that he had taken her completely by surprise, but he had no time to savor it.

As he spun to face her again he crouched low and dove between her legs with an agility far greater than anyone his age should possess, tucking and rolling expertly over his shoulder and back to his feet just after the hook, still carrying full momentum in its orbit, swung over him. He turned and sprang upward from behind her, latching on to her back like a child would ride piggyback. Before she could react, the line, still drawn tight by the hook, had come around the front and across her exposed neck. Baryk quickly grabbed it with his right hand and with a rapid twisting motion wrapped it around his bracered forearm before pulling it even tighter, trying to cut off her air as the thin metal bit into her tan skin.

She staggered backward, spinning this way and that, trying to dislodge him from her backside. Her left arm was pinned to her chest by the line, and her right was flailing backward at him, ineffectual. She was hampered by the fact that it was encumbered by the buckler, which was now sporting razor sharp blades, making it nearly impossible to strike him without severely injuring herself in the process.

Baryk spared himself a quick glance at the crowd and could see by their stunned looks that this sudden reversal had taken them all by as much surprise as it had his opponent. There were frenzied cries as people rushed to throw money back on the grizzled veteran, and even more anguished cries of those who suddenly saw their fortunes evaporating.

He couldn't celebrate just yet though. He had baited, hooked, and now reeled her in, but he still needed to land her in the boat. It was only a matter of time before she decided that crushing him was more important than winning the match. Being prone would end the match in his favor, but it would almost certainly end him as well! It was time to wage a different kind of war.

Baryk leaned his head forward over her shoulder, till his lips were inches from her ear, and starring whispering in a voice so low only she could hear it.

“Easy lass… easy. You put up a good fight, but it's time to admit the old man got the better of you. You're fast and strong, and you’ve got great skill, but your fancy dwarven toys are no match for my experience, and as you can see… even the best weapon is easily turned against its owner,” he whispered, the smirk plain in his voice.

He pulled harder on the cable to emphasize that point. It was working. She stopped spinning as
fast, and her right arm began to flail less, easing into its wired prison.

She hissed between her teeth, and then said, short and sharp, “What??” Her head cocked at an angle, indicating she couldn’t hear him.

Blast it. He didn’t want to repeat himself a third time, so he leaned in till his lips were almost touching her ear. “I sai-”

BAAM! She whipsawed her head away from him and back, quickly smashing into his face with the side of her head. Baryk saw stars explode in front of his eyes as she crushed and broke his nose with her sudden attack, blood pouring from it onto her shoulder, as his face went numb with pain.

“COWARD!” she screamed, deep and guttural, like a wounded animal, “YOU’RE NO NORD! YOU USE POISON LIKE A CRAWLING VIPER TO WEAKEN YOUR ENEMIES…” Her voice dropped then to a low hiss… “Because you’re too old to beat them in a fair fight…”

Few things got to Baryk. He knew well the psychology of war, and used it often himself. He was a lot of bad things, and had been called a lot of filthy words, but he was no coward. He had held his ground when kings had run! He pulled savagely on the cable, blood was welling from her throat. She made an ugly gurgling sound, staggered, and fell to one knee. She was desperately trying to pull off her right gauntlet but he had cut off all her air.

“Aye that's right. Forgot about the little chaser I gave you earlier... do you feel it lass, feel it burn inside you? Feel yourself getting weaker?” he asked her, even as his face was spurting blood, even as he was missing teeth and valuable chunks of flesh.

It was time to drop the big secret and shatter her confidence once and for all.

“Well I have news for ya lass. I AM beating ya in a fair fight! Unless you're allergic to medicinal TREE sap!”

The look of sudden realization on her face was priceless. Baryk went for the kill.

“Aye, that’s right. NOW you get it... I never poisoned you. That sap keeps wounds from getting diseased. All that weakness you felt… it didn’t come from me.

You look all scary and you talk all big and bad... but inside… inside you're still the same scared little girl who showed up all feral and scrawny at our gates all those years ago with your big sister,” he said.

He spoke this quietly, still close to her ear. This wasn’t a show, this wasn’t for the crowd. He wanted to cut her with his words, wounding more deeply than any blade.

He paused to sneer the next words as slowly and deliberately as possible. She had almost collapsed on to her second knee. She was done.

“Any weakness you felt? That? That was inside you. Alllll along.”

He realized his mistake too late. Thinking back on it, years later, after the fact it was all too obvious, especially given her history. Her only response to his little speech was to slowly turn her head as far to the right as she could to look him in the face, and what he saw in her eyes chilled him to the bone.
It was the fear of a man who thinks he is about to die.

And then the world exploded.
Chapter Summary

Eydva returns home in despair, but fate isn't through with her yet.

Chapter Notes

This is a wholly original tale that my best friend/writing partner and I started for our own amusement after starting ESO together. It uses races, locations and much of the myth and lore of the world of Elderscrolls, but artistic liberties have been taken with regard to the average size of Nords, and some monster types.

It is sexually explicit, but also at its core a love story about two people who are very different from each other. We hope you enjoy it and share it with others! We look forward to hearing your feedback!

* * * * *

When they finally got home to their huge but decaying estate, she uncurled herself out from her coat and hopped out of the carriage, stretching. She’d be glad for a warm bath and a snack, too. She wouldn’t be able to relax, though, until her grandmother had said her piece. She shuffled into the house, behind her grandmother, hoping that maybe if she was quiet and didn’t say anything, she’d go easy on her.

With the huge doors sealed tight behind them, they unravelled from their outerwear, Eydva huffing softly, pushing her copper hair from her eyes. She pushed it behind her ears and turned to face her grandmother, biting her lip, but squaring her shoulders. She could be strong! “You will have to take care of all your things yourself. Your latest escapade has cost us our remaining servants. I had to let them go.” This was a bit of shock to Eydva, but not unsurprising. Not that anyone her grandmother had hired had ever been nice to her, but there were at least other people in their immense home. Now it would be just two of them alone in its shadowy halls. She was suddenly chilled all over again.

“Eydva…” her grandmother started. It was surprisingly gentle sounding, quite soft-spoken for her grandmother. Eydva looked at her curiously, watching her with a discerning eye. This was new. “I’m sending you away,” she said finally, after looking at Eydva watching her. “To Morthal. There is a teacher there that I think will be able to help you,” she continued. She sat down with a soft groan at the large table in the dining area of the main room. “Her name his Lami, and she teaches alchemy,” she finished.
Eydva’s face cracked into a wide, toothy grin. “Grandmama!” she said excitedly, her face blushing with excitement. The freckles across her cheeks and nose popped with color. “Oh, thank you!” she sat down next to her grandmother, leaning into her gently. This was quite unexpected, certainly after how she’d been booted from the last school. “Are you honest?” she asked her, making sure it wasn’t some cruel joke. But even her grandmother wasn’t that heartless, was she?

“Don’t be ridiculous, child,” her grandmother scoffed. “I want you to wash all your things, repack, and be ready to head out in the morning,” she finished. And with that, she got up, making her way to sit by the hearth. She bent to rekindle the fire, and nothing more was said.

“Thank you!” Eydvà repeated again, dashing back outside to get her bags from the carriage. She slung the heaviest bag over her shoulder and hooked the rest around her arms, and ran back inside, shivering slightly.

“You’ll be needing this,” her grandmother called softly to her over the crackling of the fire that had finally been stoked. She had set a book on the edge of the table, the golden words on the cover glimmering softly in the dancing flames.

Eydva dropped her bags and come over to the table, looking down at the book. She reached for it, eyes wide. “Herbalist’s Guide to Skyrim…” she read aloud, her fingers running lightly across the embossed lettering. She took the book and hugged it to her chest. “Thank you!” she said, once more. She went back over to her grandmother and bent to kiss her on the forehead.

Her grandmother made a face and gently pulled away. “And make dinner when you’ve got your things soaking,” her grandmother directed. Clearly the discussion was over.

“Of course,” Eydvà said, tucking the book under her arm. She gathered her things up and disappeared into the small laundry room off the side of the kitchen. With one hand doing laundry, and the other holding to the book up so she could read, she probably started her washing more quickly than she’d ever done before. With everything soaking, she wandered back into the kitchen, where she prepared dinner, of course, one-handedly. It was an enthralling read. She’d read about alchemy before, had even practised it many times. But there was nothing quite like reading the words directly from a book penned by someone in the field.

“Grandmama, did you know potions of invisibility can be made with the wings of a luna moth?” Eydvà asked her grandmother, looking back at her with a smudge of flour on her cheek.
Her grandmother simply grunted in response, and Eydva was too happy to even care.

She couldn’t wait to finish dinner so she could go see Staanovaar, to tell him her exciting news. He would be so happy to hear it. He was always supportive of her, even being her test subject when she came to him with questionable potions or tinctures. One time she had even turned all his hair white! Thankfully, that had been a short-lived potion.

She set the book down only to eat dinner, even though they shared their meal in silence. And even though she kept worrying her grandmother would turn to her and say she’d changed her mind, she never did. When dinner had finished, Eydva promptly set to clearing the dishes away and getting them washed. When that had been done, she went back to the laundry to finish her washing. The soaking was done, now all she needed done was a good scrubbing, a rinsing, a wringing, and to hang them up to finish drying. All of this she did with lightening speed. She had never been a fan of doing laundry, but with the speed she was doing them now, you would have never guessed.

“Suppose I should have sent you off for alchemy lessons sooner?” Her grandmother asked from the doorway, gingerly holding a steaming cup between her hands. “If that’s what it takes to get you moving,” she added, somewhat bemused. She sipped her tea carefully. “When you're finished here, you’re going to see that boy, aren’t you?”

Eydva, blushing, looked at her, and nodded nearly imperceptibly. “He’s my best friend, grandmother…” she said softly. “He always--”

Her grandmother cut her off with a hand. “Don’t get into any trouble,” she said simply, and with that, she shuffled off back toward the hearth again to continue warming herself.

Eydva bit her lip, looking down at the sopping wet shirt in her hands. She wouldn’t get into trouble, not this time, anyway. She hadn’t been able to prepare any potions for him to test, but… she shook her head. Why did grandmother care? She wondered to herself as she quickly finished the wash.

When she had gotten everything squared away, she went back into the main room of the house, reaching for her coat. She slipped it on, bundling up to her chin. The cream colored fur surrounded her face, a shade similar to her own pale skin. Her cheeks were tinged a light pink, a mix of the cold and thinking about Staanovaar…

“Grandmama… I’m going out now,” she said, bending to make sure her boots were laced tightly. It was a bit of a trek getting to his house, but it was one she was familiar with, she could probably make the trip blindfolded. Her grandmother simply grunted from the chair she’d nestled herself
into. Most likely she’d be fast asleep when Eydva returned.

Eyvda pulled her hood on tighter and stepped outside. It was a particularly bitter day today, and she was hoping that the wind would die down before her trip home, so she wouldn’t have to face it head on. She put a hand up to her eyes, shielding them as she looked up at the sun. She should be able to make it there and back before it got too dark.

About a half and hour later, or so, she arrived at Staanovaar’s residence, where he lived with his father, mother, and three older sisters. Their house was about the same size and Eydva’s, but much livelier and far more welcoming. She kicked the excess snow off her boots and approached the door, pushing it open. She jumped back suddenly as a furry blur flew passed her and out the gap in the doorway.

“Oh, you’ve done it now, Eydva!” a voice called. It was one of Staanovaar’s sisters, looking at her from the kitchen. “We’ve just got him inside, too…” she continued, clucking her tongue.

“I’m sorry, Viggy…” Eydva said, looking back behind her. The cat was gone.

She made a face. “You know I hate when you call me that!” she said, rolling her eyes. “It’s Vigrine, you pile of scrib jelly,” she teased, grinning now. “If you’re after Staan, he’s out back,” she continued.

Eydva grinned. “Thanks,” she said. “And I’ll get Sala back inside, don’t worry,” she added, turning back to go through the door. She pulled her hood back up and headed back outside, around the side of the house, then towards the back.

As she rounded the corner, she could hear the methodical, rhythmic clunk of wood being chopped. Eydva stopped at the edge of the house and watched Staanovaar, leaning casually against the side of it, her lip subconsciously finding its way into her mouth to be bitten. His bulky coat had been discarded next to the pile of chopped wood, and he was wearing nothing but a thin white undershirt and his pants, held up with suspenders, crossing over his brawny shoulders and sinewy back. She could see his clothes were soaked through with sweat, and he practically glistened in the sparkling winter sun.

She watched him this way for some time, marvelling at his efficiency, at how simple and easy he made this task seem. Although she chopped the wood for herself and her grandmother, and she was no weakling by any means, it was still an impressive feat. She idly wondered if he’d always been so strong, of it was a trait that she had just recently discovered…
Eydva pushed away from the house and strode towards Staanovaar, pulling her hood down from around her face. “Hey you!” she called, grinning as he turned back to look at her. Her heart jumped in her chest when he returned the smile to her, his eyes crinkling in the corners. It was such a warm smile, honest, transparent.

“Eydva!” he cried happily, resting the axe upon his shoulder, wiping sweat from his brow with the other hand. “Home already?” he teased. It was his favorite line to use on her when she’d been sent home from yet another school. Didn’t matter if she’d been gone two weeks or three months. He was still grinning.

Eydva blushed. “Hey, be nice,” she teased him back, even though she was still grinning herself. “But I have better news this time,” she said, as she stopped in front of him, looking up into his big, beautiful eyes. They were twinkling.

“You caught someone on fire?” Staanovaar asked, raising a brow.

Eydva slapped his arm. “Not this time!” she chided him, huffing. Her breath puffed out between them in little fluffy clouds. “I guess you don’t want to know…” she continued, turning her back to him, pretending to be deeply interested in a rabbit that was snuffling around in a nearby bush.

“Aw, come on,” he said, setting the axe down to rest against the stump, the rabbit dashing away. He walked in a circle around her to find her front. But as he turned, so did she, so that they never came face to face. Staanovaar grinned. “You know you’ll never win this game,” he warned her.

Eydva turned to look at him, her tongue sticking out at him playfully. “And what would I win if I did?” she asked him, arms crossing in front of her.

“Ah…” Staanovaar looked thoughtful. “I’d chop your wood for a month!” he said, grinning once more.

Eydva’s face fell slightly. She felt guilty, suddenly, that she was leaving him again. And so soon, too. “That’s the thing…” she said, as she saw Staan’s face reflecting her own inner turmoil. He wore his heart on his sleeve, and her’s too, amplified ten times over.

“What do you mean?” Staan asked, reaching to take the sleeve of his friend’s coat carefully between his enormous fingers. This was the routine, he knew it by now-- she’d come, and she’d
Eydva smiled gently, a little sadly. “Grandmama is sending me away again,” she said, smiling a bit bigger now. Even though she was sad to be leaving so soon, the fact remained that she was excited to finally start down the path she knew she belonged on.

“There’s something else,” Staan said flatly.

Eydva nodded. “I leave tomorrow,” she said. “Buuut…!” she added, cutting off his sounds of protest. Last time she’d been home for only two weeks, but now… only a day?? It was truly unfair.

“I’m not going to a Magicka school,” she said, hoping to quickly allay his distress. “Grandmama found an alchemist for me to train under!” she added, her grin coming out in full force now, her tinges of sadness pushed down, even as she tried to ignore Staan’s face, the way it went from happy to sad, then back again, as she saw him working it through.

“No joking?” he asked finally, letting go of her coat sleeve.

Eydva grinned. “I wondered the same thing,” she admitted. “But so far, it seems to be true…” she added, moving to sit down on the stump Staan’s last log had been occupying before he’d hewn it in half. “I suppose I won’t know for sure until I get to Morthal and find my teacher. Grandmama says her name his Lami,” she said, looking down at the her feet, digging into the powdery snow. “Once I’ve apprenticed under her long enough, and passed some testing, there may be a chance for me to go to school… to a real alchemy school!!”

Staan crouched down beside her, looking up into her face. He looked somewhat solemn, but she could see his eyes twinkling, same as ever. “Promise me you won’t find some handsome Morthal boy to befriend there?” he asked her.

Eydva blushed deeply, turning her face away from his gaze. “I…” she said, shaking her head. She knew he was only teasing her, but the thought of finding someone else to fill Staan’s boots was all but heartbreaking, and a terrifying thought. “I won’t!” she not only assured him, but herself, as well.

Staan got back up, grunting from the effort, then held his hand out to her, grinning. “Come inside and have some warmed spiced matze before you go, at least?” he asked her. “Besides, my sisters and mother will be unhappy if you left without saying goodbye,” he added, helping her up from the
Eydva swallowed the lump in her throat, and only nodded, letting Staan lead her through the yard and then through back door, hand in hand.

* * * * *

Tenth of Sun’s Height, 2E 574

Dearest Staan,

It’s been one month since I’ve left home and come to Morthal. My teacher told me that ties to my past only served me as a distraction, which is why she forbade me from writing to you, and to grandmother. She’s been gone for a few days now on an urgent business trip, so I’ve snuck into her study and pilfered a piece of parchment and a quill.

I know that I only have barely a month left in my training before I’m tested, and sent to the next tier of learning. I’m already beyond this level, far beyond… but I’ve hid my talents. It wouldn’t do well to seem cocky, even though I find it baffling that there exists a single person that wouldn’t be able to comprehend this basic level of alchemical knowledge…

It’s so drab and boring here by myself. Lami is a bitter old woman who wants nothing to do with me before or after lessons. I’m her only student currently, and I’m left to my own devices, stuck in a tiny…. I suppose you could call it a room, though it’s more of a closet (and outside it’s just disgusting swamplands…). The most interesting thing I’ve heard so far is about the legend of the Pale Lady. It’s mostly a tale from the mouths of drunks, but it’s a pretty good one. When I come home, I’d love to tell you about it.

Your beloved,

Eydva

* * * * *

Seventeenth of Last Seed, 2E 576
Staanovaar,

Things have finally picked up a little bit! I’m sure you’ve guessed by now that I passed my exam with flying colors. So much, in fact, that I was able to jump ahead an entire tier. Lami had been so impressed that she had trained a pupil so well, but I didn’t have to heart to tell her that was probably the furthest thing from the truth, and it wasn’t worth the argument. Better to let her have that victory so I could move on with my life.

I’m in Whiterun now, I’ve made a few friends here, finally-- I’m not the only student. While the school is small and houses only one alchemy teacher, it’s a huge step up from the swampy mess of Morthal and the singular “company” known as Lami. Even though things are quite strict here, and everyone runs a tight ship, it’s better than being alone. Nobody here likes pranks, though...

The school sits in what his known at the Cloud District. As you can imagine, it gets its name from its location, sitting high atop a bluff, the tallest building praktically scrapes the bottom of the clouds. It’s actually quite beautiful, unlike anything we have at home. I think you would like it a lot, Staan.

Please, write me back this time. I’d love to hear how things are going at home.

Your dearest friend,

Eydva

* * * * *

First of Frostfall, 2E 576

Staanovaar,

Why aren’t you writing me back? Are you jealous that I haven’t come home yet? Grandmother wrote me back saying she’s been making sure my letters got to you, delivering them by hand. I know it must be hard on her to travel to your home, so I would appreciate it if you didn’t let her hard work go amiss. And anyway, I miss you. Even if it’s just your handwriting.
I’m sorry that I haven’t been writing you as much, I’ve been quite busy. Even though I’m at the top of the class (would you expect anything less?), I’ve still got a lot to learn, and every day I’m gaining new knowledge.

Do you remember when you took that potion I made that was supposed to let you see in the dark for an hour, but instead it just turned your eyeballs red and you couldn’t stop sneezing? I was able to finally perfect the formula. Even though I had to test it on myself… luckily there was no sneezing! I was able to use it to sneak into the kitchen in the middle of the night and pilfer a midnight snack for myself. Pretty impressive, right?

I won’t be here much longer, though. In just a few short weeks I’ll be taking my exam so I can move onward with my education. A few of the other students I’ve talked to don’t seem to have any ambition beyond the basic knowledge that we’re learning here, but I have an insatiable thirst. I won’t stop until I’ve reached the top. Grandmother wrote me about a very prestigious school that only 35% of applicants are accepted into. It’s got a rigorous program intended to finalize any alchemists education. I’ve already sent my application, and the teacher here has already written a glowing recommendation for me. This could be it, Staan, finally.

I really hope that I hear from you soon, I could really use some of that classic Staanovaar optimism.

Your beloved,
Eydva

* * * * *

Eighth of Morning Star, 2E 577

My beloved Staanovaar,

I WAS ACCEPTED!

Did you have a good New Life Festival at home? I know Heddlak rues the occasion, as our town is known to drink him dry in a single day. I hope you had an ale for me. I wasn’t able to celebrate… I just arrived here at school and there’s no fun allowed.
Of course, that doesn’t stop me. I was able to sneak a drop or two of my infamous squeaky potion into the headmistress’ morning brew... I’m sure you can imagine how that turned out. What’s the point in life if you can’t have a little fun while you’re grinding away. Just don’t get caught!

Speaking of... bad news. After the introductory period is over, I won’t be able to write you again. They cut us off from the outside world (am I seeing a theme here?), in order to make sure we are not only fully invested in our education, but that there are no outside forces at play. I was so desperately looking forward to hearing from you, and I haven’t heard a single peep...

I can’t wait to see you again, and all of your sisters, and your mother. I think about her cooking a lot. But most of all I miss you, Staan. Your laughter, and your shining eyes. When I think about it... when I think about you...

I have something I need to share with you, my dearest Staanovaar. Something very deep from within my heart, something that I can’t quite put down into words on this piece of parchment paper.

I will be home in barely more than a year’s time. Even less by the time this reaches you.

Please wait for me, Staan.

Love,

Eydva

* * * * *

Eydva hopped out of the carriage, stretching her legs, bending low to stretch her back. She heard it pop in protest, but she didn’t care. She was home. After six month of tedious “learning” she was just glad to be home. As expected, her grandmother did not meet her outside, or even at the doors. But at least she wasn’t performing the walk of shame.

She closed the massive door quietly behind her, noticing that her grandmother was snoring softly on the chair by the fire. She shuffled quietly through the room and into her bedroom. It still felt so strange that their home was so empty. It seemed that grandmother hadn’t rehired anyone back after she’d left. She tossed her huge bag up onto her bed and sat down at her desk with a soft sigh. She would freshen up before she... before she went to go see Staanovaar. The thought of seeing him excited her, but it also caused a huge well of butterflies to sprout in her stomach. She’d always been
so relaxed around him, for the most part, but the thought of confessing her love… she shook her head, pinching her cheeks. “Don’t be an idiot!” she chided herself.

She leaned back, letting her mass of red hair fall from her head, unfurling it from the bun it had been twisted in, fingers running between the strands. She’d like a nice bath before she ventured back out, but she wouldn’t really have time, not if she wanted to get to Staan’s place before the sun went down. She pinched her cheeks again, sighing. “Don’t worry, Staan is Staan, idiot, he won’t… he won’t…” she trailed off. She pushed away from her desk with a sigh and stood again.

“It’s now or never,” she told herself.

And with that, she crept carefully out of her room, through the living room, and back outside, closing the door softly behind her so she wouldn’t wake her grandmother. She bundled her coat back up around her face, and began the small hike to Staanovaar’s home.

As the estate came into view, she stopped, willing her heart to calm inside her chest. This was nothing special. It was just Staanovar. Her oldest friend. Her dearest friend. No matter what happened, that would always be true. She rubbed her cheeks gently, and pushed forward, mumbling words of encouragement to herself. As she approached the door, she stopped, her hand on the knob, idly kicking snow from her boots. She could see warm light spilling through the windows, and the muffled sounds of laughter and happy voices coming from inside, loudest of all was Staan’s booming laughter. It was probably just about dinner time, and she knew there would be a plate for her, there always was. She inhaled sharply, then pushed the door open, a grin on her face.

She closed the door softly behind her, undoing the fasteners on her coat. She slipped it off and hung it up on the wall with all the rest, along with her scarf. Pushing her hair from her face, still sporting her grin, she rounded the corner into the next nearest room, the dining room. “Hey guy--” she stopped dead.

As everyone at the table-- Staanovaar, his parents, all three of his sisters, an uncle, and… a beautiful young woman-- stared at her, her mouth dropped open, her heart thumping painfully in her chest. The girl? She was so lovely, with curly blonde hair and icy green eyes (how could she ever have compared to that?). She was sitting next to Staanovaar, ridiculously closely, very obviously comfortable in this position, surrounded by his family. Her hand was resting gently on his arm.

“Whoa, Eydva!” Staan cried out, jumping abruptly up from his chair. The girl beside him scoffed, her smile falling from her face in disgust as her hand was jerked from his arm. “You’re home?” he asked.
But that question received no answer. Before the tears could spill, before she made a fool of herself worse than she already had, Eydva had turned away from the heart wrenching scene and was already running out the door and through the yard, her coat and scarf forgotten.

She ran blindly through the snow, tears stinging her eyes. She stumbled into the nearby woods, willing her legs to carry her away from here, to anywhere else. The humiliation, the heartbreak, she could leave those behind if only she could run far enough, fast enough. She was numb to the cold, even as her fingers grew painful, as her legs began to ache with the effort of carrying herself, even as her tears froze onto her cheeks. It didn’t matter, nothing mattered. She simply wanted to disappear.

So she ran.

It was later… much later, when she finally gave in to her exhaustion. Her body collapsed underneath her, legs crumpling, muscles no longer working. Her gingery hair was stiff around her head, snowflakes and ice sparkling within the tangles. She leaned against a pile of stones, shuddering and shaking, gasping to catch her breath. She fell down into the powdery snow, hoping that her heart wouldn’t explode before she could calm it. Not that mattered… what good was a heart if it were broken? She looked up then, and noticed a dog watching her from behind the nearest tree. It seemed apprehensive, but not entirely scared.

Eydva watched the dog curiously, their big eyes mirroring one another. When she sat back fully upright, the dog moved with her, coming from behind the tree just so. “Hey… I won’t hurt you,” she croaked, sputtering a bit as her lungs still didn’t seem quite up to the work of speaking, since they’d just barely gotten her breathing in check. She got up on her knees, and the dog stepped closer, then barked.

She jumped a bit, surprised, but it didn’t seem to be an aggressive bark. The dog caught her eye again and stepped to the left, *woo*-ing softly. Eydva blinked at it cautiously. A strange dog, alone in the woods…

She struggled to get back onto her feet, groaning with the effort of getting her body back into motion. “You want me to follow you, I suppose?” she whispered to the dog. She’d read enough books to know that this was a bad idea. The worst idea, probably. But she was heartbroken, feeling helpless. Feeling reckless.

The dog darted away as it saw Eydva taking a step toward it, bounding a few trees down the line. “I’m coming,” she promised it.
Years later, she would look back on that fateful night and why in Oblivion she decided to follow. Much like her life at that time, she didn't know where the beast was going. She didn't know what awaited at her at her mystery destination. But one thing was for sure, she had to go forward somehow, both in life and in that forest. Might as well follow a strange dog she never met before even deeper into the woods and just see what happens. After all, It couldn't hurt worse than what she had already been through, right?

it was a foolish girl thought. One born of her youth and impatience, her lack of context, her narrow scope of experience. Anyone who has been around or lived even half their life knows the lie of it. The main truth of the Universe: It doesn't matter how bad things are in your life at any given point..

They can always get worse.
Edovan finds himself back at the Fighters Guild, this time with some powerful allies, but nothing has prepared him or anyone else for that matter for what just happened.

Edovan’s mind was focused like a laser on the bloody duel. Bones crunched, blood spurted, even teeth flew! Some of the more savage Nords surrounding him had even scooped up a few and held them aloft like trophies. This was beyond any sparring he had ever seen. It was some deadly gladiatorial match where only the victor emerged alive. The only thing missing was the pit and the wild animals, though Mountains seemed to have that part covered as well. Her savage beauty, raw power, strength and speed were almost beyond any Nord he had ever seen. She was like some huge mountain cat in humanoid form. And Baryk must have been one of the toughest men in Tamriel to have gone toe to toe with her like that.

But it was not their skill at violence that drew him. It was their tactics and strategy. Both of them seemed able to discern each other’s weaknesses and use their strengths to their full effect. The momentum had swung back and forth between them like a pendulum, each one escalating and countering in turn till most of the spectators had almost forgotten who they were originally rooting for (and which would lose them the most money!). To be certain, Edovan was no stranger to battle. He’d seen his share and more during his eleven month headlong flight from his homeland. He was just glad he’d never had either of these two killers trying to collect whatever bounty had obviously been placed on his head.

But even their tactics weren’t the real reason Edovan had gone into an almost a trance-like state while observing the mayhem. Edovan also noticed things. Things other people missed. Imperceptible shifts in eyes that telegraphed where the next attack was headed, tiny changes in stance that preceded a feint. The flexing of muscles that indicated a move was 100% committed and therefore could not be stopped once in motion, thus setting up the perfect counter. He could also sense strength, both physical and magical. He could see the fields of magic emanating from the items they wore and wielded, and could even tell by its shape and pattern what type of magic was at work. He could see the auras around the old Nord from the scrolls he had used (regeneration and defense) and see the shifting patterns on his skin from the potions he had drunk (fortification, speed, stamina, fortify light armor, and resist poison?), but the woman… there was something there, something he had never seen before.

Her dwemer accoutrements were runed, of course. Nothing he hadn’t studied at length, except some custom alteration magic he assumed had to do with how they functioned. But this was not something she wore… it was something that appeared to be coming from within her, or more precisely it was her. He could could only glimpse it on occasion, just below the surface… a dark fire that seem to feed and grow stronger with each injury, each wound. But it didn’t grow bigger as he expected. Its size remained the same but with every new source of pain it grew denser, “hotter”
for lack of a better word, smoldering inside of her. It seemed to coalesce from being evenly spread throughout her to a small place in her lower abdomen, where it “burned” steadily as the fight progressed. And even as her opponent turned the tables on her, it continued to get stronger and hotter and brighter.

He couldn’t explain how a dark thing seemed brighter, but even as she staggered to her knee, it had gotten so bright he almost couldn’t look at it. Its power was immense, so immense in fact, that he wondered how nobody else seemed to be blinded by it. It began to pulse outward and he felt its waves, though he seemed to still be the only one. He realized with a start that he was seeing things that no one else could see again. Feeling things that no one else could feel. Sensing danger that no one else could sense. And then he knew what no one else did... she was NOT getting weaker. She was getting **stronger**. Much stronger. But her strength was pent up, constrained, imprisoned within her.

It was an audible hum to him now, the pulsing thing inside her clamoring for its release. And he began to hear a sharp splintering sound, like ice when you’ve ventured out too far and it can no longer support you. Then there was a sudden ripping and tearing sound. Something was about to give. Something dark and massive and primal. Staan had started to mouth something but Edovan was already moving.

Even as the grizzled veteran was leaning forward to whisper something in the giant’s ear from behind, even as she turned her head toward him in what seemed to Edovan like slow motion... the eldritch words of power were already flowing from the tiny Bosmer’s lips. Without even thinking, he had dropped to his feet lightly in front of Staan, who had apparently sensed something as well, because he had turned white as a sheet and seemed to be trying to slowly shield Edovan from behind with his burly arms.

The little Bosmer’s hands traced arcane arcs through the air as he spread them in a fan formation in front of him, with thumbs interlaced, his feet planted squarely to brace himself as the blue-white field emerged from them, and then raced outward in all directions, encasing him and Staan and his entire side of the circle in a shimmering dome. The crowd slowly turned toward them in confusion and shock, some of them slowly lowering their raised battle axes or clenched fists. There was a sudden deafening silence as the shield formed, then a **whoosh** as it sealed in place.

And then, as he had predicted, the world exploded.

Or more precisely, SHE exploded.

There was a deafening BOOM as an invisible shockwave raced out from her in all directions. It blew threw the unprotected side of the crowd like a hurricane gale through fall leaves. The unlucky souls on the front row were knocked flat to the ground. Those in the middle were bodily
thrown through the air all at once, and those at the back found themselves flattened against the surrounding walls or smashed into various pieces of equipment. Edovan half expected to see a crater in the middle where Mountains had stood, but as the dust cleared he was even less prepared for what he saw.

Mountains towered over them, all of them. Somehow she was nearly twice her previous height, her bronze skin glowing reddish in rhythmic pulses, her muscles bulging as she stood to her full height, towering and statuesque. Her teeth were unnaturally white and sharply pointed as she opened her mouth and let out a blood curdling scream of rage. Her eyes burned with with a blue-white flame, stark and shimmering against her skin. At first Edovan could see no sign of the old man, and then he realized she had grabbed him, behind her, and was now holding his limp and lifeless body by the neck, her giant bare hand wrapped completely around his throat. The bracer with the buckler was gone. So was the one with the hook. In fact, so was EVERYTHING she had been wearing.

She stood there, impossibly huge, looming, completely naked. Muscles rippling like some primal goddess, her thick thighs the size of tree trunks. Her massive peaked breasts were as big as the large round shields that had previously adorned the walls of the keep before she had exploded them from their homes with the force of her transformation. That ripping and tearing sound had been her helpless clothes and armor disintegrating under the pressure of her sudden expansion.

Edovan could see that the dark fire was still there within her, but he noted it was no longer concentrated in her lower abdomen. It suffused her entire being now, pulsing steadily with every deep breath she was taking. She lifted the unmoving man off her shoulder and held him, hanging like a rag doll by his neck in front of her massive face, peering at him intently as if she was trying to discern if he was still alive or just faking. The poor fool had been at the epicenter of the blast. Edovan wasn’t sure if he was even still breathing.

Somewhere alarm bells were ringing. The outer circle was now staggering back to its feet, people pressing hands to bloody foreheads or scraped knees. He heard cries of “Zerker!” and “Granzerker!” from around the keep, rippling through the crowd. Edovan wasn’t sure how anyone unshielded was alive, let alone conscious, and yet around the ground people were starting to stir. These Nords were hardy people indeed! His shield had faded, unable to hold its proper shape and size for any longer. The people who had been protected by his magic had drawn their weapons and were cautiously encircling her.

Staan was right behind Edovan, looking at him in amazement. “How did you do that?” he asked, amazed that such powerful magic could come from such a small source. Part of Edovan’s mind was wondering the same. The ward he had meant to conjure was personal only. He had purposefully tried to stretch it to protect Staan as well, but he never even even dreamed it would encompass his entire side of the circle. But the bigger part of his mind was focused on the female colossus, who was still peering intently at the man hanging in front of her face by his neck.
Granzerk? Was that like the berserks he had read about in Nord history? The legends said they were warriors who could enter a trance like state in battle where they had no fear and no sense of pain and, would attack wildly without concern for friend or foe, but he didn't remember reading anything about them exploding or becoming giants. He wondered what she would do next. Would she turn on the crowd? How could he defend against such a monster? Staan had slowly drawn his axes from his back. Edovan noticed that many in the crowd gasped when he did, and took a few steps back from him, now looking like they might be caught between a rock and a hard place.

What was going on? Staan was slowly advancing forward, into the circle toward her titanic form, but everyone else took a step or two back as he approached her.

Mountains had taken the older man’s comparatively tiny hand in her free one. She was examining it closely as it hung limp in her grasp a scant inch from her face. She was mostly still, but Edovan could see the dark flickers of her hatred and anger flaring across her body. She was clearly still enraged, but was still in complete control, somehow. Or was she? Staan was still approaching her from behind. He called out to her in a soothing voice, like he was trying to talk down a horse that had gotten spooked.


As he talked, he harnessed his axes slowly back on to his back, moving slowly and deliberately to show he was not a threat. Mountains made a grunting noise, but said nothing. Edovan saw her eyes flicker to the side, but she didn’t move a muscle otherwise. The dark flames were still dancing. Edovan was trying to think what to cast if this went badly.

Staan continued.

“See? It’s just me Staan. I’m not going to hurt you. That’s it… everything is going to be fine. You just need to calm down and let him go… see? He’s beaten… you won. You don’t need to hurt anyone now, it’s over. Nobody needs to die here today, okay? Let’s all just calm down and we will sort this o-”

Mountain’s suddenly staggered.

The fires inside were starting to subside.

The strange new power that had filled her was starting to fade, but the anger was clearly still there. Without warning, she suddenly thrust the old man’s hand into her huge open mouth, halfway to the knuckles, and then bit down savagely with her white, glistening sharp teeth. The horrified crowd
groaned and turned their heads as they heard the bones and tendons crush and sever. Arterial crimson sprayed across her face and chest.

“NOOOOOOOOO!” Staan cried out and as he re-drew his axes from his back in one fluid motion. Edovan had grabbed his staff from his back and pointed it at her. The entire crowd tensed. Then Mountains tipped her head back, and her throat moved as she slowly swallowed, like some massive serpent gulping its prey.

She staggered again. The flames were fading quickly. Her skin was no longer glowing and she seemed to physically dwindle a bit before them. She turned directly toward Edovan and began to walk toward him, with slow deliberate strides. She was a macabre sight, both beautiful and terrifying, towering over them, with her face and chest smeared with blood, still grasping the ragdoll man by his neck. Staan rushed back to stand between them, as Edovan began to charge a strong repulsion. She reached the edge of the circle, where the stone ring jutted barely out of the ground to delineate the combat area. She held her victim out over the line and simply released him. His body crumpled to the ground with a sickening thud as blood continued to spurt from the severed stumps of his fingers.

The crowd had continued to surround her. Everyone had their weapons out, including Staan. She was only 10 ft from the two of them now, and staring at Edovan with that same burning hatred from before. Staan had moved smartly to Edovan’s side when he noticed the Bosmer’s staff had started to charge, so he wouldn't be in the way. But as she took another step toward them, Staan started to move between them. Edovan quickly put a hand on his elbow and whispered “Wait…”

Her fires were all but out. She grimaced and tried to take another step toward him. Everyone tensed, but Edovan lowered his staff and simply stood his ground. She took another step, slow and halting. She teetered there… looming over his tiny frame for a few seconds. He was barely over her knee caps. No one moved a muscle, everyone held their collective breaths. All at once she sagged down to one knee, just a foot in front of him, with her eyes heavy lidded, closing. She was so close he could smell her sweat and her musk. He was suddenly uncomfortably aware of her enormous wild blond bush that was literally just inches away from his face, and her gigantic breasts looming heavily directly over him like some sort of flesh avalanche waiting to bury him alive (“Yes please,” begged lizard brain). He took an unconscious step backwards without thinking. Instantly her eyes shot open, each of them still burning bonfires of blue-white hatred.

“Yoooou’re nexxxt!” she hissed, looking down at him through the huge valley of her cleavage. Then she flashed him a huge predatory open mouth smile, wider than his entire head. Edovan was suddenly reminded of how she had chomped on and swallowed the older man's fingers, easy as anything. What did she mean he was next? Was she going to eat him too? Why did everyone always want to eat him? Everyone tensed to attack, but then the bonfires in her eyes flickered out, as her pupils rolled back into her head and she slowly teetered forward. She was collapsing on top of him!
She was falling so slowly at first that everyone expected the little Bosmer to simply dodge or roll out of harm's way as the giant woman-tree tumbled over him. But they were stunned to see him not only stand his ground, but inexplicably drop his staff and throw out his small arms as he tried, instead, to catch her.

To his credit, he bore her whole weight for at least a second or two before disappearing under a thousand pounds of unconscious Nord. As a shocked Staan rushed forward to try to extricate him before he suffocated, Mountains suddenly contracted, almost as fast she had expanded, back to her normal gigantic size. Staan, with the help of a few others, gently rolled her off of Edovan and onto her back.

They checked her breathing as Staan reached a hand down to the smashed Wood-elf. Luckily for Edovan he’d been pinned under the softest parts. He accepted Staan’s hand and rose to his feet, but quickly knelt beside Mountains with concern after thanking Staan quietly. He ripped off the heavy coat he was wearing and did his best to cover her with it. It only covered the most private bits, but he figured that would have to be enough for now. Healers were all around them, treating the wounded and trying to wake the unconscious.

“He’s alive!” Shouted a woman several feet from Edovan, as she feverishly moved to tend to Baryk’s wounds, hands full of bandages and jars of salve. He had suspected as much. Dead people don't spurt blood like this gentleman had. Someone brought a stretcher for him and they quickly carried him away, even as the young healer trailed behind them with her bandages, her hands and skirts bloody. Edovan still knelt by Mountains’ side. Staan hovered protectively behind him.

“What will happen to her?” he asked Staan. Everyone standing was tending to the wounded around them. No one was paying any attention to her at this point, except for the tiny Bosmer.

“Her? She will be fine. It seems Baryk’s poison didn't work, and even if it did, when she released she probably purged it...” he responded quietly.

Edovan narrowed his brows. The big Nord wasn't getting it. “No... I mean... what will they do with her... now that they know what she... is?” He reached out a hand and gingerly patted the sleeping Giant on her side where the coat was covering her, as if to reassure he was looking out for her.

Staan went down to one knee beside Edovan so he could lower his voice.

“Oh, that. Well, she's a Zerk for sure. It's considered an honored gift among our people. Especially within the guild. But for the people that have it... I don't know much of a gift it really is. That had to be her first time. Never seen one go so big before. Should have seen that coming, given her
family history and all...”

He paused and reached out a hand to adjust the coat to cover her more.

“Zerks aren’t usually held accountable for the stuff they do while they are Zerked…” Staan’s customary smile was gone from his face as he trailed off.

“No matter what they do…” he finished softly.

Edovan could sense some hidden pain in his voice. Something Staan wasn't saying, but he didn't want to press the matter. Not here, not now.

“So they won't kick her out?” Edovan asked, as he sighed a small sigh of relief on her behalf.

“Her? No. Gods, no. And it's a good thing. Not much use for a Zerker outside of the fighter's guild. They used to be very rare, but lately we are getting more than our share. Zerks can be dangerous friends, but they make a lot worse enemies. No, the guild takes care of its Zerks. They never know when they might need them.”

Staan’s voice was flat, monotone by the end, but even the assurance he wanted to impart to Edovan was evident in his tone. When Edovan looked up at him, he was staring off at something unseen.

Edovan guessed his mind was on something painful in his past, and decided this might be a good time to change the subject.

“You know I don't think you ever told me exactly what I’m supposed to be doing here...” he said nonchalantly, as if a giant woman hadn’t just exploded and nearly killed people.

Staan looked at his little friend, first with confusion, but then realization slowly dawned across his face, and it lit up again with his customary infectious grin.

“Oh yeah… forgot to tell you. Mountains here is your new partner… but… you have to FIGHT her first,” Staanovaar said, still grinning.
Edovan looked at Staan in mock horror and put both of his hands on his cheeks and made a big O with his mouth. Staan burst out in uncontrollable laughter that drew stares from the rest of the guildmates who were tending to the wounded or staggering to their feet, but he didn't stop, he just laughed even louder till he started to cough and sputter.

“Oh wow. That face you did. I can't breathe…”

Edovan was glad to see his big friend back in his usual high spirits, but he was still worried about the unconscious woman beside him, and stole her a glance to be sure she was still breathing. He didn't have to look hard. Even under the huge heavy coat you could have seen the rhythmic rise and fall of that chest from across the keep.

“She's gonna be just fine Edo. Don't you worry. She’ll prolly sleep it off for the next 20 hours or so and be right as rain. You’ll see,” Staan promised him.

As if to prove his point, her huge hand, the one resting beside Edovan’s, flexed its fingers and then curled into a fist. There was a low moan and she blinked twice then slowly, blearily, opened her eyes.

Staan grabbed Edo by the shoulder and tugged him up to his feet.

“…or maybe she will wake up right now. We should get going. You do remember she seems to want to kill you right?”

Edovan nodded in agreement.

“I wish I had a single clue as to why… but yes, let's go. That’s a discussion for a different day.” he said as they hurried away.
Eydva followed the dog to his master... and her life changes forever! (Featuring cameo appearance by someone famous)

The dog darted away as it saw Eydva taking a step toward it, bounding a few trees down the line. “I’m coming,” she promised it. She swiped at her face, wiping away the last trace of tears that had been stuck there, frozen to her cheeks and into her eyelashes. She inhaled deeply, taking the crisp air into her lungs. She wheezed with the effort, following curiously after the dog, coughing quietly to herself.

The dog started to trot. Eydva was worried she wouldn’t be able to keep up, but she realized as the distance between them grew, that the dog’s dark fur stood out against the hazy white of the fluttering snowflakes as it trotted between trees and bushes. And the sheer size of the dog... like a small horse! You could probably see it from a kilometer or two away!

She parted a huge wall of brambles that she’d seen the dog slip through, ignoring the thorns digging and scratching into her hands and arms. She stumbled into a clearing, catching herself on her hands and knees. She looked up, and her mouth dropped open. In front of her stood a statue. It depicted an impish man, horns protruding from his head. He held aloft a mask covered in intricate scrollwork, sporting an impressive set of horns that curled back from the front. Beside the figure was a dog, one that was oddly similar to the one that had lead her here.

She dusted snow and dead leaves absently from her legs as she moved forward, marvelling at the statue. “Has this always been here?” she wondered aloud, shielding her eyes from the sun that had decided to shine down into the clearing, from behind the statue.

“Well, well, well look what the mutt dragged in...”

The voice came out of nowhere. It was unmistakably male, but high and sing songy, with a strange accent she couldn't place.

Eydva gasped, squinting against the sun up into the statue’s face. She could have sworn...? Did it... no, of course not. Right? She cleared her throat, feeling foolish, “E-excuse me?” she said tentatively.

There was a huff of annoyance. “I’m behind you deary,” the voice said.

Eydva turned with a start. “...?” The only thing behind her was the large dog, who had appeared behind her somehow and was now sitting on the ground, its massive form blocking the only visible path back out.

“Are you speaking to to me, big doggie?” she asked, taking a careful step towards the beast. It stared at her... silently.

“Don’t be silly,” she scolded herself.

There was another sigh, this one more annoyed than the last.
“Thank Oblivion no. He’s not. I AM.,” the voice said. An arm popped out a few trees down the way, attached to a small man that Eydva didn’t recognize. He had golden hair atop his head, from which a pair of… strangely familiar… horns protruded.

Eydva looked at him curiously, then back at the statue, then back at the man.

The man shrugged. “Just a coincidence, I assure you.” He took a step forward, and bowed low before her in an exaggerated manner. Eydva wasn’t sure if that was just his way, or he was making fun of her. He was clad only in a white robe and seemed to be even more ill-dressed for the weather than Eydva was, though he didn’t appear to be suffering for it. The huge dog came closer as well, trotting to join the man at his side.

Under normal circumstances, she would not have put herself into a situation such as this. She looked around, checking her surroundings. There were very few escape routes. No one was around to save her. On the other hand, the love of her life had found another woman and would never be hers. She had nothing to lose… what did it matter what this stranger’s intentions were? She shrugged to herself and came closer, reaching out to touch the dog as it came within arm’s length. “What are you doing here?” she asked up at the man, as she crouched around to scratch the dog under his chin.

The man crossed his arms nonchalantly and leaned against a tree with his arms folded.

“Me? I’m here for you deary. I was just hanging about and I heard you coming a mile away.” he said. “The true question is.. what are YOU doing here? You seem like a girl with everything to gain and nothing left to lose.” He said it in his strange singsong voice without a hint of sympathy or pity, instead there was a sense of anxious anticipation in his words, like he wanted to say more, but was holding himself back, though his face betrayed nothing of whatever was going on in his head.

He was right, she thought to herself. Eydva nodded mournfully. “I..I can’t go back home,” was all she said. She stood up, stretching. Her body was stiff and sore from running all day, the chill of the weather settling heavily into her bones. She shivered, wishing she hadn’t been so rash as to have forgotten her coat and scarves. The large statue of the man and dog was silently staring back at her.

The man smiled at her gently, waiting. When Eydva remained silent, he slipped from the tree to where she stood facing the strange statue with surprising speed, almost as if he had just appeared in front of her out of thin air.

“YOU are NOT running FROM something. YOU are running TOWARD something. .something you want… something you neeeeeeed…”

“...hey! Don’t start that yet!” A low growly voice declared from behind her. Eydva started, a hand coming up to her chest in surprise. She was sure there hadn’t been anybody else around...

The large dog came around in front of her again and sat down beside the man. “She stopped petting me,” he complained and pouted.

“She can talk!” she declared.

The man rolled his eyes. “Talk? By old Sheo’s mad beard he can talk! The hard part is getting him to shut up!”

Eydva was looking at the pair of them now, in front of the statue. Man and dog in mirror image of the larger stone versions behind them. She looked only once back and forth between them and she
felt the ice of fear in her heart.

This was no coincidence. The statue… the man and the dog in front of her. They were the Same! She recalled a lecture from her mage school days about Daedric princes and wished she had paid more attention. Her eyes went wide and she started to back away instinctively.

“You’re… you’re…”

“Devilishly handsome? Incredibly charming? Generous to a fault? Always willing to help the brokenhearted and despondent?”

“You… you’re… VILE!” The name finally popped into her head, and it did not taste very pleasant on her tongue.

“BAAAAAHAAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHA… she’s got you pegged!” The dog fairly howled, as he rolled onto his side shaking with laughter till he started to cough.

The little man stood frozen in place, his grin never faltering as he waited for the dog’s laughter to subside. “I would prefer it if you used my full name, deary. It sounds so …unpleasant… when you only use the last bit.”

Eydva recalled her lectures now suddenly very vividly. Daedra were spirits from the dawn of creation. They had generally sided against the mortal races in the old stories and some of the worst were considered evil monsters bent on the destruction or enslavement of all the races of Nirn. At best they were untrustworthy… at worst, well, she didn't want to think about the worst.

Eydva scoffed a bit, narrowing her eyes at him. “I know what you are,” she told him, crossing her arms over her chest. “And…. and…!” she continued helplessly.

“Mmmm?” he intoned, tilting his head a bit, curious.

Eydva made a sound of defeat, letting her arms fall back to her sides. “And I need your help,” she admitted finally. After all… this particular Daedric Prince’s sole purpose in life was to make deals, and she needed something. Something she couldn’t give herself. But maybe he…

“If help is what you need, help is what you get! Clavicus Vile, The Morningstar! Daedric Prince of Wishes, Bargains and Deals! At your service!” He said this with great theatricality as he made his exaggerated little bow again. It was clear to Eydva at this point, it was simply part of his shtick, and he obviously relished any opportunity to perform it, given the chance. As he stood back straight again, Eydva had the strange but distinct sensation that he wanted more from this encounter than she did. Which made her feel a bit like she might have at least a tiny upper hand in any negotiations, well, as much anyone could when dealing with the Daedric Prince of Trickery (he’d left that one out).

Eydva watched him carefully, as though he might perform a trick of Magicka in front of her eyes. Turn her into a mudcrab or gargoyle the second she let her guard down. She stood her ground, watching as the dog recovered himself, pacing around them in circles now.

“I like this one. She smells nice!” he commented, stopping to sniff Eydva’s pant leg. He made a face of pleasure, if such a face could even be made by a dog. It was easy enough to read his meaning.

Eydva snatched her leg away from the sniffing animal. “Your dog is rude,” she said. Well, that wasn’t a sentence she had ever imagined herself saying ever in her life.
Clavicus’s face lit up with validation. “SEE?” he said pointing at the dog first, and then her with obvious glee. “There, I told you so! I’m not the only that thinks so! I’m sorry my dear, he’s got a mind of his own, old Barbas...” The dog finally went around and sat back down by Clavicus’ side, watching Eydva with a twinge of consternation. He didn’t know what his master was up to, but he was sure it was no good thing.

Clavicus watched Eydva as she watched them. He could see her putting her words together in her mind, trying to find the right way to say what she needed to say… delicately. That was where most people went wrong, after all, and if your words went wrong with Clavicus.. Well lets just say they might be writing stories about you for quite some time. Cautionary tales, mostly.

Eydva opened her mouth, closed it, then opened it again.

“...I need your help,” she repeated dumbly.

“Yessssss, yesss you do girl.” Clavicus said, rubbing his hands together. “But what is it that you WANT? You have to say it. You have to TELL me what you need… you tell me what YOU need, and I tell you what I WANT for it. That’s how this bit works...” he explained to her.

He made a gesture with his arm, encompassing their whole area, and then he flashed a wide grin, that was anything but comforting.

“Ah…” Eydva seemed uncertain, but she looked towards the clearing, back where her old self was. Because she knew. She was dealing with the Daedric Prince of Deals, and no one who had ever done so had been the same afterwards. This moment would change everything. She could even the playing field and make Staan notice her the way she wanted to be noticed, not as just a childhood friend. She thought back to that scene in Staan’s little family cottage, that beautiful girl on his arm. Eydva had always been rather plain. She often heard people talking about her when they thought she wasn’t in the room and it was usually something along the line of “It’s a good thing she’s so smart...” Boys had never paid her any attention, not that she had particularly cared. She had only ever loved one boy... and had hoped that love would be returned, but apparently he liked pretty girls just like every other man. Well, she would show him! That thought seemed to give her the courage she needed.

“I want you to make me beautiful,” she said finally. Firmly. “Oh... but I want to stay smart too?” she said with less confidence, as she imagined herself in a beautiful, but vapid, existence. She wouldn’t give up her craft. Not even to win Staan. But maybe she could have both?

“Ohohoho....!” Clavicus tittered with glee. This was too perfect. Rife with opportunities. “Beautiful, you say?”

“Yes!” she asserted. “But don’t make me dumb either, please?” she repeated.

Clavicus flashed that eerie grin again. The one that says I’ve-heard-all-this-before-but-I-need-you-to-trust-me-so-I’m-humoring-you. “Yes, yes... cake and eat it too, of course!” he agreed.

He stepped forward as he spoke and began to circle around her. He had to see what he was working with, of course. The source material was important for this kind of work. He nodded to himself as he took stock of her, making a face at this, or looking particularly pleased with that.

Eydva crossed her arms over her chest, unsure what to make of it, and unaccustomed to the attention.

“No, deary....” Clavicus said, tsk tsk-ing.”When I’m done with you, you will not be able to hide
yourself. People will want to see you, drink your beauty up, feast upon your loveliness…” he said, motioning for her to drop her arms and to stand more gracefully, with a poise more befitting of the body she would soon be inhabiting. He went back to examining his canvas.

“Beauty… beauty is tricky dear. It’s in the eye of the beholder, after all…” He smiled, pointing to his glittering gold eye first, and then to her pale green one. “…and I assume you have a particular beholder in mind?” he asked.

Eydva blushed. “Y-yes…” she said, nodding. She was still not sure how to hold her body, so she let her hands rest awkwardly on her hips.

“Let me guess,” Clavicus said, his hand on his chin in a thoughtful pose. “A boy… someone you’ve know for a long time, but….” he trailed off, squinting his eyes, making a huge play at deep thinking. “He doesn’t feel the same?” he finished, finally. It was the same old story, of course.

“Well it’s beyond even my power to make him fall in love with you, or anyone else for that matter, not my demense, you understand. But I can make you so beautiful that ANY man, or woman, given that they are inclined towards female companionship, would willingly give over a king’s ransom just to be with you,” he told her. Clavicus gave a huge toothy grin and rubbed his hands together.

Just then the large dog coughed, said something under his breath, and then coughed again louder. Clavicus wrinkled his nose, turned, and whispered something to the dog that Eydva couldn't make out. The dog then barked loudly in reply. The small impish man turned back toward Eydva, frozen smile plastered to his face, but in his eyes she could see he was perturbed.

“As my colleague reminds me, in the interest of full disclosure, pending the binding contract we are about to enter in to, it is my duty to remind you that beauty is usually also fleeting, shallow, and the least of all possible mortal virtues…” Clavicus continued in his sing songy voice as he examined her. “But that isn't going to change your mind is it…”

Eydva knew it wasn't a question, rhetorical or otherwise. It was a statement of the fact of their unique situation. She was literally past the point of no return. Whatever was going to happen next, she might as well throw caution to the wind and go all in. Get EVERYTHING she wanted. Besides, what did she have to lose.

“No,” Eydva assured him with a firm shake of the head. “I’ll do whatever you need me to do, just… make me beautiful. But remember…” she trailed off. It was seriously perturbing her to think that her words could be misconstrued and twisted to turn her into something ugly… on the inside. To become a simpleton, a dullard… well, that would indeed mark the end of everything. Even if this entire plan failed… as long as her mind was intact, she could recover, even if it meant being alone forever.

“Don’t mess with my mind!” she pleaded finally, exasperated.

Clavicus grinned, holding his hands out, palms up in a sign of acquiescence.

“No worries, I won’t touch that pretty little head of yours,” he promised. “At least not on the inside,” he added.

For someone that was so concerned with her brilliance, she wasn’t putting it to much good use. Clavicus expected more, but as always, nobody ever stepped up the challenge, did they? Not that it mattered in the end. This wasn't any happenchance meeting. He had come here, in this place with this girl for a purpose. There were bigger fish to fry, and Clavicus was in need of world class frying pan.
“So deary… beautiful you say, but as we discussed before, beauty is in the eye of… well, you get it. What do you think your particular “beholder” looks for, physically speaking, in his dream girl?” Clavicus asked, lacing his hands together on his chest in contemplative curiosity.

The question gave Eydva pause. She had never really thought about it before. What did Staan like? Did he even have a type? She had always just assumed that it was her, but obviously that wasn't the case, was it? She felt her disappointment and bitterness coil around her heart once more, like some sort of icy serpent. She clenched her jaw, brow furrowing. She had to think, and she had to think fast, before Clavicus decided to proceed without her input, and she ended up an idiot Dwarf. But she came to the stark realization that she really didn't know what Staan looked for physically, so she decided she would make herself look like what SHE had always wanted. Her face lit up as she let her imagination run wild. She decided not to compete with the little blonde miss perfect wife, but to surpass her entirely. She would put herself an entirely different level!

“I want to be tall! Even taller than I am now,” she said with little hesitation, as the ball in her mind began to roll, and pick up speed. She hated the idea of being short almost as much as the idea of being dumb. “...but don't make me a stringbean!” She looked down at her own slender, willowy frame. “I want to have long legs, but shapely! I want to be tall but also curvy… like the Dibella statues in the temples!” She was on a explosive roll now. “I want to be busty, but not out of proportion with the rest of my body. I want to be beautiful… but exotic! I’m tired of being plain. I want to stand out! I want skin that shimmers, not pale and pasty. I want big beautiful eyes that you fall into when you look in them… and full, pouty lips that everyone wants to kiss… perfect teeth, long pretty nails. I want to be powerful but still very feminine… and…”

She paused to breathe, very much caught up in the moment.

“I want to still have red hair, but I want it darker and redder and longer, thick, and luxurious…” she finished finally, inhaling deeply.

While she was dreaming up her perfect self, she had apparently closed her eyes in reverie, visualizing herself as she went on, because when she opened them again, every single word that she had said was written in gold and sparkly letters as big as her hand, and hanging in mid air as if written on the surface of a giant invisible scroll.

Though it started with:

I, ____________

Do solemnly swear that I have asked his Divine Majesty Clavicus Vile to to transform me into a beautiful woman as described below:

And it ended with:

In return I will grant His Divine Majesty my ____________ for all eternity. I attest that I do so of my own free will without coercion or deception on the part of His Divine Majesty and I accept and welcome and all consequences of this transformation as my own responsibility.

Signed,

____________________

“By the Nine... what have I done?” she whispered under her breath, realizing the ominous
significance of the shimmering letters floating before her face.

“The Nine? Pish posh, girl. It’s not the Nine who are about elevate you to the heights of irresistibility!” Clavicus sneered with disdain, his nose crinkled as if he was smelling something distasteful. “Though, if you would rather pray to them for what you want, we can dispense with this whole business.”

His hand raised high above the shimmering gold words in the air as if he was about to wipe them away with a single swipe. Somehow he suddenly seemed much larger somehow… was he looming over her?

“NOOOOOO! STOP! I'm sorry. I’m sorry. I meant no disrespect. It’s just a saying!” Eydva cried hurriedly. “I'm not even religious!” she pleaded.

It was the truth, of course. Like most people of the magickal or alchemical persuasion, she preferred to trust in her own skill, knowledge, and the combined accomplishments of the leaders of her field and those that came before her. The scholarly tended not to have too much truck with Gods or Daedra. They knew too much about their history to trust them.

This seemed to calm Clavicus, who seemed to be normal size again, though she never saw him actually dwindle. One moment he just seemed to be taking up less space.

“Well, then…!, “ he said, grinning and rubbing his hands together, all trace of his former anger evaporated. “Let’s get back to business, shall we?

“Thanks to that incredibly honest and detailed little soliloquy you delivered earlier…”

He gave a quick little series of claps in Eydva’s direction, as if to applaud her performance, though she wasn't sure if he was mocking her or not.

“We ALL know what YOU want. So now it's time to get down to what it is that I want… from you.”

He was pointing at that blank line hanging ominously in mid air.

In return I will grant His Divine Majesty my _____________ for all eternity.

“What shall we fill in here on this lonely empty line, hmmm? The tit-for-tat, the-this-for that… the proverbial QUID. PRO. QUO.” He said musically, having gone back to his customary sing song cadence from before.

Eydva knew this was coming. She knew what Daedra always wanted. They only trafficked in one currency that mortals possessed.

“You want my soul,” she said flatly.

“HAHAHAHAHahahahahohohoho… hohoho…!!” Clavicus burst forth in laughter. Almost uncontrollably so. He kept laughing till he was coughing, much like the dog had earlier, practically doubling over with it.

This sudden eruption of laughter was not what Eydva had expected in the slightest. She felt like she should be insulted. Miffed even. She marched straight up to Clavicus, indignantly puffing up. It was her turn to loom over him.

“Hey. That’s not very nice! What's wrong with my soul? I'm… I'm young… and… pure… and… well…” She couldn't think of anything else to say out loud. She had been about to declare: “And
I’m not really even using it anyway….” but that didn't exactly bolster her case for its value.

His laughter was finally dying down as she stammered the case for her soul. He took a deep breath and looked at her sheepishly, waving his hands.

“So sorry, my dear…” he apologized, bending low in his favorite exaggerated bow again. “I did not mean to offend. You have a simply lovely soul! And under normal circumstances I would happily take you up on such an offer, but alas, I have my reasons I want you to keep yours, at least for now.”

“But I don’t have anything else… Unless you want… my….”

Suddenly her eyes got big as saucers. There were tales she recalled; salacious tales, off limits to the younger students, but Eydva was quite skillful at persuading librarians to allow her access to just about anything in their collections, “for academical research purposes only” of course. When she needed a break from all her vigorous studying of actual school subjects, she often snuck off to that section. She had read many stories of Daedra and their unnatural appetites for coupling with young nubile mortals of just about any species, in return for various favors and boons.

She pulled her skirts close about herself protectively as she looked at him. Was he leering? She was about to exclaim something about how she was not that kind of girl... and if THAT was what he wanted, well he could just take himself and his rude dog and go straight back to Oblivion or wherever it is they both came from, because she was having none of it. She was about to. But she stopped. She could see in his face that he had already read her expressions, and she did not wish to have her body insulted along with her soul by another spontaneous fit of Daedric laughter.

In the end, she simply looked at him and pointed at herself and silently mouthed the word “no?” but as a question. In response, Clavicus simply shook his head in disapproving admonishment like a teacher declining an over amorous student.

“No my dear, though you are lovely now, and even more you’ll be after I’m done with you… well, THAT particular proclivity has never been part of my… my…” he trailed off trying to find the word he was looking for.

“Idiom,” the dog volunteered, helpfully.

“Yes! That! Although... when I am done with you, even I may not be able to turn you down were you to be so generous as to give me an offer!” He smiled and winked at her, as if to make sure she knew he was joking. But Eydva was anything but sure at this point. Though relieved she would not be trading her womanhood for her new beauty, she was at a loss. What on all of Nirn did she have that Clavicus could want?

“I don’t know what else I have that I can offer...” she said plaintively and a little sadly. Maybe the deal would fall through after all.

“Oh c’m’mon, deary. Of course you do! What do all fresh young people starting out in life have, that even I don’t?” he asked her.

“You want to take my youth? But you can’t make me old... I can’t be beautiful if I’m old!” she said.

Tears were springing unbidden to her eyes. What a fool she had been, thinking she could get the better of a Daedric Prince! A moment ago it seemed like she had had everything she ever wanted in her grasp… and now… it was all turning to dust and running through her fingers.
“Your you—? No, no, no, girl. Now look here. I’m not trying to screw you over, okay?” His voice had changed, no longer sing song, it was even and steady. The act was dropped.

“For once…” the dog said over his shoulder, NOT helpfully. Clavicus gave him a look that would have frozen any mortal being into stone. But Barbas just rolled over and resumed digging for the thing that was causing that spot just above his tail to itch so badly.

“Yes, I know. I have a reputation for not always giving people the most fair handed of deals. But did it ever occur to you that most of those people you read about in the books were greedy, egoistic, self-centered idiots who needed life to teach them, and the other mortals who would read their tales hundreds of years later, to just be HAPPY for once with what you have?” Clavicus asked her.

Eydva looked down at him, still teary, with newfound appreciation at first, but then she frowned again. “But doesn’t that mean I should just walk away from this whole thing right now and go be a lonely spinster for the rest of my life and just… be... happy… with what I… what I… have?” She was plainly sobbing by the end. Bawling uncontrollably actually. She slumped to the ground and curled into a softly heaving ball.

Clavicus looked mortified. This wasn’t going at all as he had planned. He was in the awkward position of having to comfort the person he was trying to make the contract with... otherwise NOTHING was getting signed, and that was something he was simply not accustomed to. Somehow several many thousands of years of dealmaking with mortals had not prepared him at all to deal with this one lone, tall, willowy, plain, but very smart girl.

But Clavicus was a closer. He would get this deal if it killed him.

“Look, how can I explain this to you… those people… the ones in the stories. They were bad. They were stupid, okay? Bad, stupid people get bad, stupid deals. Do you see now?” he said, trying to be as convincing as possible. “Are you bad?” he asked her.

Eydva swiped at her cheek and shook her head side to side. She was many things; headstrong, ambitious, mebbe even a little obsessive, but she had never thought of herself as bad.

“And we both know you are far from stupid… with all your intellectual gifts and talents, right?”

Eydva nodded again. Clavicus was in front of her kneeling down on one knee, and offering her a hand. She hesitated, but took it, and he gently tugged her back to her feet.

“You are good, yes? And nearly as smart as Ol’ oily Hermy himself, I’d wager. Good, SMART, people get good. Smart. Deals!” he finished confidently as he led her back over to in front of the sparkly golden words still hanging expectantly in the air in front of them. He was about to close on this one. He could feel it!

“So what DO you want from me?” Eydva said more calmly, still patting her cheeks dry. Her tears had cleansed her of her pent up emotions. She felt stronger, more confident in herself again. He wasn’t so bad, it seemed. Maybe he wouldn't do her wrong? It didn’t hurt to hear him out. She decided to stop guessing and just wait for him to spell it out.

“Honestly, child, I’m really starting to like you, and if I could just give you what you wanted, at this point, I would happily dispense with this whole business…” he waved a hand dismissively at the golden words. “…but we both know that’s just NOT my… idiom… either. I am a DEAL maker, not a gift giver. My power comes from the deal. And so to that end, we have to fill this bottom line. All deals come with a price! And this one is no different, regardless of my growing
personal fondness for you. But what I want from you is special, and something even you will never know if you will miss. What is it that the fresh and young like yourself have in abundance? They... YOU... have... potential.” he pointed a finger at her heart.

“Potential?” Eydva asked him. Not quite understanding, but trying hard not to overreact this time.

“Yes!” said Clavicus clapping his hands together. “You have the potential to walk out of here right now and go and be whatever and whoever you want to be! I cannot tell you whether it would be a good life or a happy one. There are far too many factors at work. But it would be the life you were headed for before you met me,” Clavicus explained.

Eydva thought hard about that for a second or two. The life she WOULD have. Of course, life would go on. With or without Staan (and the thought of that caused her heart to clench), life WOULD go on, she wasn’t so disillusioned to think otherwise. She was a rising and talented new alchemist, a very respectable field, and she had her whole life ahead of her. But Staan? No. A life without Staan was unthinkable. When she looked back on all her hard work and all her accomplishments it was ultimately all on behalf of Staan. She wanted to do well so she could slip out from under her grandmother’s thumb, and they could be free and happy together. And that wasn’t going to happen if things stayed the same.

Clavicus continued. “Your life, after I am through with you, I promise will have just as much potential, if not more. Beauty does open certain doors, and very rarely closes any. So in essence, you are literally giving me the thing you would logically have to give up to get the thing you wanted anyway!” he said delightedly.

Eydva’s spirits were lifting. If she was beautiful, and still smart, she wasn’t really giving up anything, was she? And it might be her only chance to get Staan! But not so fast. She had to make sure there were no loopholes or fine print. This was Clavicus Vile she was dealing with, after all.

“So you just want what I was going to be? I mean... if I didn't’ take the deal?” she asked him carefully.

He nodded.

“That’s all? You don't’ need to me assassinate some king later with untraceable poison, or give you my first born, or---”

“No.” Clavicus cut her off firmly. “Only what is ON the contract is binding. Neither you or I can alter the deal once it is signed.”

“Then I am ready,” she said resolutely, standing as tall and grown up as she could muster.

“Excellent!” Clavicus beamed as he plucked a large black feather quill from mid air. He gestured to her to hold out her hand, and before she could react, he quickly jabbed the sharp end of the quill into the tip of her middle finger. It surprised her, but it didn’t hurt, and she watched in fascination as the feather turned from black to red as it filled with what presumably was her own blood. Eydva wasn’t skittish about such things anyway. Alchemists routinely dealt in liquids and other substances that would put even a Falmer off their meals for a month, and blood, including your own, was all too common as a called for component.

When the quill was full, he pulled it out and he handed it to her with a flourish. One last little exaggerated bow. She held it gingerly, as she stood to her highest to sign her full name to the top of the invisible contract. At this, Barbas got up from sniffing his own paw, and began to pace curiously around the two of them. Much to her surprise, as she lowered the quill, it met resistance.
The surface was there, you just couldn’t see it. She carefully wrote out her full name and then bent low to fill in the blank at the bottom with “My Potential.” As she wrote, the red drained from the quill till by the end there was little left.

Then, she signed her full name at the bottom in the customary scrawling style that all alchemists develop. At the moment the quill left the invisible surface after the last sweep of her signature, it turned completely black and then evaporated in a puff of smoke.

“Let’s do this,” she said firmly. She turned expectantly to face the gleeful little horned man who was again rubbing his hands together.

“Yes. Let’s!” he agreed and he clapped his hands together with a thunderous boom, as the entire contract exploded outwards from behind her, and then coalesced back into a shimmering silver light in front of her. It hung there in mid air, pulsing and shifting colors through all the spectrum of the rainbow before settling into a dark pulsing purple. She stared it, wondering what kind of Magick it held, when suddenly the purple light swarmed forward over her, engulfing her completely. She had no idea her… transformation… would be happening so soon! She hadn’t even mentally prepared yet.

It tingled, but it did not hurt. She was a bit alarmed, though, when she found her feet no longer on the ground as she slowly lifted about three feet into the air. She tried to remain calm, but her heart was beating harder and harder at the unnerving feeling of hanging in mid air. And that was how she felt… she did not feel like she was floating. She felt like she was hanging, as if some invisible being were holding her up by the scruff of her neck. And she was rising! She continued to be pulled upwards till she was nearly seven feet off the ground. She looked to Clavicus for some assurance, but his back was turned and he was walking… away from her?

Only the large dog stood facing her from below, not even five feet from where she had started to make her ascent. He had a (sad?) look on his face, at least she assumed it was sad. It was definitely not a happy face...

She called out to Clavicus as he hurried away. “Wait.. where are you going? Why are you leaving me like this?” she asked desperately. She couldn’t stop the fear from seeping into her voice by the end.

“What is happening to me???”

The little man paused, and turned around slowly as she rose even higher. The tingling sensation was getting stronger, and she had the strangest feeling, of it deeper down, in her bones themselves, as thought it had seeped inside her. Her skin felt tight, like it was stretching, too small for her body. Or maybe her insides were too big for her skin?

He looked at her, and he spoke. He spoke in the same carnival manner he had before, but bolder, bigger, as if he was talking to an entire audience of spectators. His voice boomed and filled the entire clearing, and then less then suddenly, instantaneously, he was RIGHT THERE. Standing in mid air in front of her only a foot away.

“Why you are getting everything you ASKED for, my dear!” He pointed at her dramatically and he put an emphasis on “ask” that made her heart skip a bit and her stomach drop. “You will be beautiful beyond compare, exactly as you specified! Your mind will remain as sharp as ever! And I promise you, you will be ANYTHING but short!” he promised her.

He was gesturing broadly with his hands as he talked, as if he was performing on a stage, and he took his little exaggerated bow again at the end. With his face still down she heard him all but
“There’s only one teensy. Tiny. Little. Problem…”

He did not raise from his bowed position, but as he slowly raised his head toward her, Eydva was startled to see there was something wrong with his face. He was grinning, but the grin was too wide and too tall, inhumanly so, and it had too many teeth, and though they were straight and flat they were far too large, like a grin carved on wooden jester doll. It was a clear and deliberate reminder to Eydva that the man in front of her was no man at all, but something beyond her understanding from a world outside her own, and just as that terribly large over toothy grin was about to open and say something, the dog interrupted.

“You forgot to ask for it not to hurt,” he said from the ground below them.

“ENOUGH!” Clavicus bellowed, in a voice that shook the ground, the statue, the trees and bushes. His face was normal again. He looked at her, and she thought she could see in his golden eyes flickers of remorse… concern…

“I’m sorry, my dear, but there is no other way,” he said resolutely, palms open in oblation. “We forge ourselves through fire, blood, and tears. You are becoming something more. More than you were before. That always hurts.” he said solemnly.

The dog and his master suddenly vanished, and Eydva was alone.

“Wha---” Eydva tried to call out to them, but was cut off mid word as the tingling sensation inside her bones suddenly began to burn.
The Thickening..

Chapter Summary

Edovan finally meets the infamous commander of the fighters guild and things get interesting very quickly..

The unlikely pair headed up the low dirt incline to the higher ground of the inner keep, through another gate and portcullis into a courtyard very unlike the one below where they had just come from. It was not immaculately trimmed shrubs or manicured lawns by any means, but it was definitely better kept than the hard packed dirt and the clutter of the sparring yard below. The grounds were clean and untracked, everything looked very organized, and there were even green shrubs of some tall skinny variety that Edovan had never seen before, planted in strategic locations. But plants in this city were so rare Edovan noticed them right away. Somebody was making an effort to make the place look at least half civilized.

There were several stone buildings against the larger high outer walls with wide stone paths leading back and forth between them. One was an obvious smithy where Edovan could see a large and burly orc, shirtless and sweaty, hammering glowing steel on a giant anvil. So intent was his gaze on his work that Edovan was sure that he hadn’t even looked up at the giant commotion below when it happened. If anything, he looked irritated that anything would distract him from his craft. Staan waved as they passed and the Orc just grunted and raised the right corner of his mouth in the barest of possible acknowledgments.

“Hmmm. They must be close...” Edovan thought wryly to himself.

There was a two story building far away from all the others on his left that Edovan quickly deduced as some kind of infirmary given the traffic of wounded in and bandaged out. But Edovan’s attention was immediately captured by where they were headed. In the middle was a large bronze colored tower, that stood out starkly against the grey stone everywhere. It was Dwemer for sure but, he noted, also unlike all the Dwemer structures the town itself was built on. Most of those were mechanical, non symmetrical, made for function over form. This, this was made to beautiful. It was graceful, round and concentric in design, with lots of ornamentation on the buttresses.

Edovan could tell two things about it right away. Immediately, he could tell it wasn’t mechanical. There were no large visible pipes, no steam coming out, no clanking noises. The second thing was that he knew he wasn’t seeing all of it. He could tell by the way the architecture was designed that this was the only the top of a potentially much larger structure. The large burnished doors made of the strange Dwemer metal that they were heading towards were most likely originally opening on to some sort of balcony. How this tower got partially buried and still remained here intact was a mystery Edovan earnestly wanted to unravel. Perhaps it was an ancient volcanic eruption? Or
maybe the ground collapsed under it and it sank. Or perhaps...

“You lost in those big thoughts again?” Staan’s voice came from directly in front of him. Edovan’s eyes refocused on his friend’s grinning face, level with his own, and the big hand he was waving back and forth in front of his nose.

“Oh, yes. Sorry.” Edovan stammered, blushing a bit. “This… This tower is different from the rest,” he told Staanovaar.

Staan had gone down on one knee again in front of Edovan so they could talk easier. “Oh yeah. Its dwarven and the rest of the keep is good solid Nord stone, instead of this weird metal.” He banged on the side of the building with his fist to emphasize the point. It reverberated with a low GOOOOOOONNNNGGGGG noise, not unlike some gigantic bell.

“No, I mean it’s different from all the Dwe-” Edovan cut himself off because he didn’t want to seem pretentious, “-- dwarven structures as well. See how there’s no pipes or steam? And it’s all decorated and inscribed?” he said. Edovan didn’t mention that it was also fairly bristling in runes that even he didn’t recognize.

“You know, I think you’re right. I’ve lived here all my life and I’ve never seen any other building in town that’s like this one. I guess I just never thought about why…” Staan trailed off thoughtfully. But not nearly as thoughtfully as Edovan had considered the difference.

Edovan ran a hand across the cool metal, feeling the power of the runes he was touching crackling under his fingertips. He definitely would have have to take a closer look at this. If his theory about the structure the town was built on was correct, then THIS building had to have been constructed as some kind of command and control/living quarters for some very high ranking Dwemer official.

“Lost you again!” Staan said, chuckling.

“Ugh, I’m sorry Staan. It’s just… I studied Dwe- I mean Dwarven, society at length at the Academy, and it was my most fascinating subject. And now I find myself in front of what may well be one of the rarest buildings of them all. I’m a bit giddy to be honest,” Edovan admitted.

Staan laughed again at his small friend. “Well good, because we’re keepin ya around till you get sick of the place. And now you get to see the inside, because we have to go in here to meet the Commander.”
Staan easily pushed his way through the large metal doors, and they disappeared inside.

It was like back at the Boar, with the noise canceling wards. Once the doors closed they were in a different world, only this time Edovan was sure it was due to the properties of the materials the place was constructed from and, not majik. Once his eyes adjusted to the much darker interior he had to blink several times to assure himself he was seeing what he was seeing. Edovan had studied and even explored Dwemer ruins before, so he thought he knew what to expect. He’d even seem them repurposed and made habitable like the city of Markarth back in Skyrim, and the whole town down below. But this was no ruin.

It was if he had stepped back in time, what, over two thousand years? Everything was polished, shiny, and looked as new as it must have when its owners vanished into the unknown along with the rest of their race, over two millennia ago! He didn’t understand how such a thing was possible. But yet here it was, possibly one of the greatest finds of Dwemer archaeological science in centuries, perhaps, even ever... and they were using it as the headquarters for their fighters guild.

“It’s pretty nice isn’t it?” Staan was grinning down at him. “But you should probably close your mouth before something flies in,” he teased.

Edovan was taking in the surroundings. They were in a large entry way, behind them the metal walls of the inside of the tower curved around. In front of them two twin staircases curved upwards to meet on a single landing in front of a large set of metal double doors, not much smaller than the ones they had come in through. There was also a smaller door directly below the landing, and two hallways leading off to each side. Everything was carved, inscribed, etched or gilded in some way, but the thing that grabbed Edovan’s attention was the floor. Where they were standing was a small slab of dwemer stone, covered by a typical Nord rug to wipe your feet on, but the rest of the floor was neither stone nor metal, but covered in some kind of ornate, thick red patterned rug that covered the entire floor perfectly, right up the edges of the walls. Edovan had come from considerable wealth. He knew the finer things. But even he had never seen a single seamless rug that covered the entire floor! Running water, pipes that provided steam on demand, and now this? The Dwemer must have been far advanced indeed beyond the rest of the world!

Staan pointed cautiously at the big double doors at the top of the stairs. “That’s where the Commander’s office is…” Staan put a little too much emphasis on “that’s” for Edovan’s comfort, and he was about to ask about it, but he had stepped forward onto this marvelous new surface covering the floor... and it had turned out to be very unlike anything he had ever walked on. His toes sunk in deep, too deep, and when they finally caught on the real floor below, he tripped and instantly fell face first into the thankfully soft, somewhat spongy, but luxurious surface.

“You okay?” Staan was asking, as straightfaced as possible, but Edovan could already read his
new friend well enough to see he was trying desperately not to burst out laughing as he offered Edovan a hand. He took it and Staan and pulled him back to his feet.

“Of course, no problem at all… it’s… uh. Spongey,” Edovan finally decided.

Normally Edovan would have been horribly embarrassed by such a clumsy incident as this, but something about Staan put him at ease, and he found himself trying to stifle his own laugh, which of course caused them both to bust into full blown laughter. After they both got control of themselves again, Edovan gingerly stepped out for a second try. He held his foot flat and let it sink in. The plush fibers came up almost to his ankle! He repeated with his other foot and found he was able to effectively, if awkwardly, traverse the surface.

He slowly made his way toward the stairs. They, too, were covered in the stuff, and were particularly tricky to navigate, save for the curved metal handrail he was holding onto for dear life. Staan was right behind him, and seemed to have no trouble at all. He gave Edovan a sheepish grin, as if to say “you’ll get used to it”.

When the tiny Bosmer finally reached the top stair, he paused in front of the large, intimidating doors. Even though these were metal and covered in Dwemer runes, he couldn’t helped but be reminded of passing through another pair of huge double doors…. Mavka’s huge, dark, inviting… doors. DOORS! He felt light headed for a second or two… “Doors!” Logical brain repeated, as he finished tying the gag around an already bound lizard brain before stuffing him in the closet.

“Whoa. That must have been a really big thought!” Staan joked as Edovan came out of his memory.

“Oh, you have no idea…” Edovan replied matter of factly.

Edovan stood still waiting for Staan to push the doors open and usher them both in, but the big Nord was making no move to do so. In fact, Edovan could sense anxiety coming from his huge friend.

“I take it you aren’t coming in with me?” he asked carefully.

For a second, Edovan thought he saw sheer terror in Staan’s eyes, but then the light came back and the customary huge smile spread across his face once more.
“Oh no-no-no-no-no-no. I gotta run go check on Mountains and Baryk. I’m sure the Commander is going to want a report on how banged up they are.”

He gently turned Edovan toward the huge metal doors and begin to shove him forward. But the little elf quickly put both his hands up, bracing himself against the outside of the huge doors in a desperate attempt to stop his forward progression. They had two huge pull handles protruding from the bronzed meta surface and he was gripping both of them as hard as he could. He knew he couldn’t resist the superior size and strength of his burly buddy, but he WAS on the wrong side of obviously outward opening doors, and he was counting on Staan’s good and honest nature to come to his rescue. It worked. Staan stopped pushing and looked suddenly very uncomfortable. The fear was back on his face.

“Staan? Why does it feel like there is something you are not telling me?” Edovan asked.

“Because you are about to meet the second scariest woman in the entire guild...” Staan admitted after a few moments of fearful silence.

“Scary how, exactly?” Edovan asked. He had a hard time wrapping his mind around the idea of Staan being scared of anyone. After all, he had approached a 15 ft tall harbinger of death/legend come to life not even 30 minutes ago, and had not even flinched.

“Oh wow, it’s getting late. Well, you better not keep her waiting!” Staan said, slipping easily back into his cheery self.

“Wait! Staan! You didn’t answer the question. Scary how? Why?” Edovan asked, feeling his own fear creeping up.

Staan was pushing firmly now, and Edovan’s feet were slipping through the thick floor stuff. To make matters worse, the doors were somehow giving INWARD on their hinges, because of course they were. As they started to part before him, he realized he had forgotten to ask the other question. Perhaps the most important one.

“Wait… Staan. You said second. Who’s the FIRST scariest?” he asked.

The big man gave him one final shove from behind as the doors gave way completely. Edovan was thrust forward into a richly appointed, but dimly lit, interior.
“You’ve already met her!” Staan said hurriedly as he disappeared behind the doors while they swung back closed, leaving Edovan alone in a room with presumably the second scariest woman in the entire guild.

He swallowed slowly, took a deep breath and turned around.

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Edovan noticed immediately that something was different about this room. Something… unnerving. His eyes were taking longer than usual to adjust for some reason, and he felt strangely cut off and isolated somehow, though through the gloom he could see the room was a cozy size, with comfortable and well crafted Nord furniture, decorations and accoutrements. It was dark for the most part, only candles and few old fashioned lamps lit the room, and even then, not very well. No magical illumination. And it appeared at first glance to be completely devoid of any of the magical runes that had covered the outside of the building, or that had filled the entryway.

He looked behind himself again and noticed that this side of the large metal doors was blank, as well. He held out his hand and tried to summon forth Candlelight, a very rudimentary alteration spell that even the most neophyte mages could master. Nothing happened. He felt the word of power pass his lips, but then it just disappeared into nothingness, the sound never even reaching his ears. It was then he realized that even the large ornate jewel on his staff wasn't giving off any of its customary dark ruby light.

He was staring back and forth between the door and his staff in disbelief when he heard a dusky and seductive but strangely familiar female voice.

“What’s the matter little mouse? Scared of strange, dark places? Hmmmmm?” It purred from somewhere directly behind and well above him.

Edovan whirled around quickly and found himself face-to-leather-clad-crotch with the owner of the sultry voice. He backed away unconsciously, as his eyes finally began to adjust to the darkness. She seemingly materialized in front of him as if from the shadows themselves. She was tall, long of leg, well proportioned, and tightly packed into skin tight black leather breeches and a reinforced leather bodice that reminded him a lot of Yagaritte's working outfit, except for the fact that these were armored in tiny black shiny scales that shimmered under the soft flames of the torches, candles and lanterns that were scattered through the room in a futile attempt to light it properly. If anything they only seemed to increase the shadows, if that was somehow possible.

His gaze swept upward, past her considerable bosom, to her face... and his heart leapt. That strong, but feminine chin! That confidant, if not somewhat predatory, smile… It had to be...

“Yag--” he started to call, but cut himself short as she stepped forward into the glow of a nearby lantern’s light, illuminating her just enough for Edovan to distinguish her features more clearly.

It was as if Yagaritte had aged twenty years somehow. Same face, still beautiful, but lined with years of wisdom, and much colder and hungrier. This woman's long luxurious hair was also silvery white and braided down her back, and her eyes were a cold blue grey, like winter storms or icebergs, and though smiling, seemed to be giving off just about as much warmth. This was not Yagaritte, but she must be some kind of close kin for such a striking resemblance.
Edovan could feel the iciness of her eyes seeping into his spine. He shuddered. “Ah…” he intoned. Once again, unsure of himself and having zero idea of what was happening in his life.

“Are you…?” he trailed off.

“Yes. I’m the Commander,” she said matter of factly, and slowly came down on one knee in front of him, those ice cold eyes still boring through him, and now from much closer.

“And you must be the “Little Mouse” I keep hearing so much about.” Her voice was dark and throaty, with the barest hint of a growl, and now from this distance, he noticed her teeth seemed brighter and sharper somehow and her mouth was larger. It was almost as if Yagaritte had been turned into some sort of sentient humanoid sabrecat.

Even down on one knee, just like Yagaritte, she towered over him, his head being eye level with her bust. She reached out her hand and lightly, but firmly, grasped his chin, turned his head slightly side to side, staring intently at his face. He did not resist her. Lizard brain was gleefully pointing out that her ample cleavage was now just inches from his face, and though it was not quite as ample as Yagaritte’s. it was certainly ample enough to conjure up that memory of when they had first met, and she had pinned him to the wall. Logical brain was certain that if THIS woman had been there that day instead of Yagaritte, he wouldn’t be standing here today.

Yagaritte, for all her scariness, could be warm, soft and inviting, both in voice and body. This woman appeared to be ice, ice... and... more ice. Her face was cold, glacial, unreadable to him.

She released his chin and grasped his ears, slowly rubbing her thumb around the inside curves in a way that made him flush red, sending shivers down his spine, and then squeezing the pointed tips. What on earth was she doing? He finally got up the courage to say something.

“Ma’am… I...”

She cut him off, her hands dropping from his ears to grasp his arms through his coat.

“Where are you from, Little Mouse?” She said, squeezing his forearms, and then his biceps, experimentally with her strong hands while staring intently at him with those iceberg eyes.

“Wayrest... in Highrock.” He’d blurted it out, without even thinking. Not a cover story, not a hastily thought up fabrication, but the truth. He’d spoken the truth. Curse the Nine...

“Interesting…” was all she said in response. Her hands moved from his arms down to his chest. She poked him. Lightly at first, but then harder.

“And you are full Bosmer?” she questioned.

“Ow. Yes ma’am.” he nodded.

Her hands continued their examination down his body; poking, prodding, occasionally squeezing. Eventually drifting down to his hips. Gripping him tightly on either side, she pulled him a little closer to her, so close that his face was actually between her prodigious bosoms, but without touching them. He stood, frozen in place, daring not to move lest he brush into them. He had no idea what she was doing. Was it some kind of physical exam? Much to lizard brain’s disappointment, there didn’t seem to be anything sexual about her touch, and though he did feel somewhat violated, as usual, he had no ability to resist.

“And what of your parents?”
“I-... they-... are... gone...” was his only response.

The emotion hit him suddenly, the wounds far fresher than he expected. But it gave him strength. Strength to say something. Strength to pull back. Strength to say no if he wanted.

But it turned out not to be necessary. Her examination halted abruptly and she stood to her feet and leaned back against the large dwemer table she had clearly commandeered for her own use. He was relieved to no longer be hovering amidst her cleavage, only to find he was now well between her long, athletic looking, scaled leather clad legs, which she splayed out on either side of him as she perched herself on the edge of the desk.

“I’m feeling a little warm. Hope you don’t mind if I...”

She wiped her brow, which indeed had a slight sheen of sweat suddenly, and then nonchalantly undid the top 3 stays on her already revealing black leather bodice, the effect of which was to magnify the presence of her cleavage by a factor of 374, possibly more. It was Yagaritte’s bedroom all over again. The slight differences in the physical appearances of the two women were melting away with the sweat that was now beading on her chest, threatening to trickle into the pale valley between at any moment. Her skin was creamy white, just as pale as Svie’s, only where Svie had hints of pink flushing her skin, the Commander’s was pure alabaster with a tinge of blue.

She ignored his slackjawed gaping and continued with her questioning.

“That’s quite a large staff you have there. I trust you know how to use that.” she said with a smirk that reminded him so much of Yagaritte he was about to lose his mind. It also didn’t help that she seemed to be subconsciously moving her hips back and forth, almost imperceptibly, like her leathers were chaffing and she needed to scratch some unseen itch she couldn’t reach without disrobing.

“Y... y... y... yes Ma’am!” he stammered

“Good,” she replied wiping her forehead again. “We have been in need of someone with arcane expertise for quite some time. You are formally trained? The Academia Magica is in Evermore, if I remember correctly?”

She was still squirming. More obviously now. Like she had a mouse in her breeches, her whole hips rolling sinuously back and forth in front of him, but it was lost on him. His mind was whirling. How could she have known? Did she know who he was? What he was running from? His heart was beating out of his chest, but he did his best to appear as calm as possible in front of her.

“I believe it is,” was his only response. He gave it as flatly as he could, hoping not to disperse any information he wanted to keep to himself.

He looked at her with as neutral a face as he could muster, but said nothing further. It was only then he noticed her movements and the fact that her legs, which he was still standing well between, were slowly closing. Her knees now just inches from his own hips on either side. Now it was his turn to wipe sweat from his brow.

After what seemed like an eternity of silence, and him trying not to stare at her breasts, or her increasingly animated hips, she finally spoke again.

“Hmmm. That’s odd. It definitely seems to be getting warmer in here, don’t you think?” she asked, a hand coming up to fan fruitlessly at her face.

She leaned down toward him.
“Or maybe it’s just you?”

Edovan looked up at her with a mix of apprehension and confusion. Oh no... not her too, he thought to himself. Suddenly she was down on her knees in front of him. Her legs apart, her knees resting on either side of him so she could stare him right in the eye just inches from him but not touching. She leaned in close, almost face to face, but hesitant. She licked her lips unconsciously and then her mouth parted, and for a second he thought she was going to kiss him, but she only continued speaking.

“I’ve heard of you, you know. You’re kind of famous. All the women in town are talking about you. To be honest, I wanted to see you for myself. See if you really do have this strange effect on women… or if it was just a bunch of whores and housewives gossiping on about the little golden boy who landed on our shores. Not many around here have seen elves before… let alone Bosmer. So it makes sense that everyone would be obsessed with you based on that alone. A young, handsome Bosmer boy, a mage no less, and one of such tiny stature… all alone on an island full of pent up Nord women who, thanks to the war, outnumber the men nearly 2 to 1. You would be a hot commodity under those circumstances by themselves. But I wanted to know if there was something else going on. Some spell, or…” she paused briefly. “A curse even. Perhaps you weren’t even Bosmer? Some daedra in disguise?” she conjectured curiously.

She was moving closer to him as she spoke. Her legs closing around him. Her breasts almost brushing against him. He could somehow feel their weight, their warmth.

“This room. I know you noticed. I don’t know how or why, but the Dwemer architects who created it made it cancel out all magic somehow. If you were magically disguised or using some enchantment, some glamour to alter your appearance, it would have dissolved the moment you stepped through those doors. Likewise any magical curse would have been momentarily lifted. And yet you still stand before me like a tiny golden god with no change at all. Oh, and I CAN feel it. This strange pull you have…” she said quietly, almost with soft groan.

She closed her eyes and leaned her head back and opened her generous mouth wide, exposing her sharpened canines and leaving Edovan to stare down her glistening pink throat. Then, just as suddenly, she closed her mouth and laughed. And it wasn’t Yagaritte’s full, warm, belly-laugh, either. It was a low chuckle, and conveyed that the owner of the laugh was thinking the most salacious thoughts possible.

“I can sense you with my eyes closed. Smell you in my nose, taste you on my tongue. My nethers are quivering even as we speak. It’s like I can’t decide if I want to bed you, marry you, or just eat you all up somehow. Maybe all three?”

She looked down on him with those predatory eyes. “I must confess, I am of a bit of man-eater myself. They actually call me ‘The Dragon’, though in truth that’s only one of many reasons.”

She chuckled again when she saw the look of abject terror on his face at that announcement.

“That means I tend to go through men. I never settle down. So the fact that I want to lay you or even eat you or is far less surprising to me than the fact that part of me wants to actually wed you. Especially since I barely know you. There is definitely something strange going on with you, so since I know about it, I’m not even going to try to fight it, if that’s ok with you? After all I can’t really be responsible for my actions now can I?” She grinned down at him lasciviously.

Edovan had no idea what she meant by that, though several possibilities came to mind, all of which Lizard brain heartily approved and logical brain sternly was against. He was conflicted inside as usual, so of course he just simply nodded.
“But, nevermind that for now,” she told him, licking her lips. “It’s still morning. And I haven’t…
eaten... Just enough time to have you for breakfast,” she purred as she leaned down toward him again with a wicked toothy smile on her over generous mouth.

“Sadly enough, though, she said I couldn’t eat you, isn’t that a rude thing to demand?... but... she
didn't say I couldn’t feed you...” she murmured, her cleavage hanging above him like an
avalanche of snow-white flesh threatening to bury him.

Suddenly she leaned back up and pushed away from the table she had been leaning against and
turned away from him. Bending down over the low table, she left Edovan to stare at her shapely
leather clad behind as she reached for something on its surface. When she turned back around,
much to logical brain’s relief (and lizard brain’s extreme disappointment) she held out a metal tray
covered with fruit, large hunks of roasted sausages, and even a sweet roll!

“Are you a hungry little mouse?” she asked him.

She gestured to a small stool beside the huge dwemer table she was using as a desk, setting the tray
down in front of it. She patted the stool, indicating for Edovan to join her as she sat down beside it.

Edovan stared at her, dumbfounded. “Of… of course!” he squeaked out, the flush slowly leaving
his cheeks. As if on cue, his stomach rumbled, eliciting a chuckle from the woman. He climbed the
stool and sat down gratefully with a soft sigh of relief. Even though the table was low to her, it was
still massive to him… taller even than a “regular” Bosmer-sized table.

Before he had even climbed the stool and settled down, she had already gotten a plate for him,
which she was currently piling high with meat. “Have you had curdled mammoth cheese before?”
she asked him, as she was slicing from a wheel of what Edovan assumed to be curdled mammoth
cheese. He shook his head no.

“It’s a Nord delicacy, and one of my favorites,” she said, as she put a generous slice of cheese onto
Edovan’s plate.

Edovan watched her move, arms deft and sinewy, muscles rippling just underneath the surface of
her skin as she reached from tray to plate, and back again. But even as he marveled at her, he could
feel a coldness seeping into him. He jerked his eyes up and caught her watching him. Her eyes
delved right into his soul and straight out the other side. He was suddenly grateful Yagaritte hadn’t
quite inherited these eyes, though, as he well knew, she had her own piercing look…

“Ah… thank you,” he squeaked out, looking down at his plate, unable to hold that gaze for long.

She smirked. “I’m a huge meat-eater…” she purred, playing with the pile of meat on the tray. “But
my favorite is sausages...” she said, as she deftly skewered a huge one on the end of her fork and
then slipped it into her large mouth and halfway down her throat somehow, before biting down into
it with those sharp canines, as juices dribbled out of it and down her chin. She closed her mouth
around it and swallowed the entire bite whole, her cold eyes watching him to make sure he was
watching her as she flipped the fork around and the other half disappeared into her mouth in
another single bite.

Edovan jerked, groaning softly. “S-sausages...” he repeated, swallowing thickly. “Um… yes,
they’re good,” he agreed. He understood her meaning, but he didn’t want to… encourage it. Did
he? Or didn’t he? He couldn’t decide if he should be totally passive or try to ward her
advancements off by playing dumb, so long as he stayed on her good side. Not that he had to play
too hard. He swallowed again. “I...” he murmured, trailing off.
She chuckled again, leaning over Edovan’s plate. “Do you know how to use your hands?” she asked him, taking his hand into her own. She brought his hand up to her face, licking her lips. “It’s very important for a young man to exercise his fingers, you know…” she trailed off, examining his fingers closely. She seemed pleased with what she saw, biting her lip as she took his hand and set it on her own knee, sliding it up between her thighs.

“Well, are you going to eat?” she asked him.

Edovan, as red as ever, could only nod. Eat? Eat what!? He was receiving so many different signals. Oh gods. What had he gotten himself into… what had Staan gotten him into!? He looked back and forth between his plate and her lap. He felt his face burning, but at the same time… his stomach growled again. He squeezed his eyes closed and took a deep breath, exhaling slowly through his nose. When he opened his eyes again he saw that she was holding a fork in front of his face, a bit of meat, cheese, and vegetables skewered through the tines. “Are you going to eat?” she repeated.

Edovan all but collapsed into a relieved pile, all the tension leaving his body. He was safe, for the moment, at least. He took the fork from her gratefully and shoveled it into his face.

“That’s more like it,” she said, nodding as she watched him eat. He had, on par with almost any Nord she’d ever met, a healthy appetite. It was a scant ten minutes later when he used the last bit of his sweet roll to sop up meat juice from his bare plate. He popped it into his mouth and patted his stomach contentedly, exhaling happily. Whomever had cooked this meal knew their way around a kitchen, that was certain.

While he was engrossed in eating, the commander had gotten up from her place at his side and was moving around the room behind him. Now that he was finished, he was about to to turn around and see what she was up to when he suddenly he felt her hot breath in his ear, her lips so close they softly brushed the bottom of his ear lobe. That sent shivers down lizard brain’s spine.

“Well, now that you’re a happy, fat little mousey, I think we’ve talked enough about your past. Let’s talk about your future, shall we? And this is a long, but necessary, speech, so I would grab a chair if I were you,” she said, and pointed to a Nord size wooden one a few feet to his left, hiding in the shadows. It was ornately carved and quite heavy, with leather upholstery on the back and the seat.

As he hopped down from his stool and wrestled the enormous chair over to a spot a bit more comfortably away from where she liked to lean against her desk, he inwardly sighed a huge sigh of relief at the change of subjects. He wasn’t just protecting himself. Bad things happened to anyone who he confided in, trusted, or who figured out too much on their own. People had been hurt. Good people. And it was all his fault just for being around them. It was the main reason he’d come to this remote island, hundreds of miles from anywhere. But even here, he was still worried about what might happen. Better to play it safe and keep it to himself… from the Commander, from Staan, from Yagaritte. Everyone.

Outwardly, however, he was just trying really hard not to look small and weak and awkward as he climbed up into the huge chair, much in the manner of a small child. After dragging it over, he had to turn to face it first and then hoist himself up into seat, only turn around and sit with his legs dangling in midair, feet several inches off the ground. By the time he got turned around properly in the seat, he was quite winded, flushed, and not all prepared for the fact that while his back was turned, she’d undone her bodice completely and had just let it hang open, with only her flimsy shift covering her not-quite-Yagaritte-sized bosoms. But, unlike Yagaritte’s, her shift was fine silk, and was also mostly plastered to her frame with sweat, so for all intents and purposes, she might as well
have been leaning backwards against the desk in front of him with her top half covered in nothing but glossy white paint... still WET glossy white paint.

Lizard brain was doing cartwheels. Logical brain was trying to catch Lizard brain in a big butterfly net with little success. Just then the commander leaned forward and deftly grabbed his chair and pulled it forward, closer to the desk, her perspiration drenched cleavage hanging only inches above Edovan’s tiny face. As she pulled it and him closer to her, a single drop of her sweet musky sweat dripped from that deep valley and landed just on the edge of his upper lip. With zero thought process he instinctively curled up his tongue and licked it up before it could fall.

Logical brain almost fell over. If he had been drinking a glass of something, he would have sprayed it everywhere.

“YOU DID NOT JUST DO THAT!” he was screaming at himself, but then he saw lizard brain dashing toward the big lever labeled “Begin Erection.”

There was no chance of stopping him.

Meanwhile, in the real world, her strong voice brought him back to the physical room. She was in Commander mode now, for sure. If she had noticed anything awry with the state of his breeches, she didn’t say anything. So Edovan was grateful for that at least. That is, until she sauntered around behind his chair and she reached around him from behind, a thin leather strip held between her hands. Before Edovan could much register what he was looking at, the strip was attached around his neck and buckled firmly in the back. A collar!?

With surprising speed she attached something to the collar that pulled his head back and held it to the chair. Then just as rapidly, she produced straps that fastened his arms to the armrest and his legs to the feet of the chair. In seconds he was completely restrained and terrified out of his mind. Looking back he had noticed those straps on the chair as he drug it over, but he had just assumed they were decorations on the upholstery.

She came around in front of him now, easily straddling the chair and him in it. Her crotch was just in front of and above his face. As she stood there towering over him Logical brain was screaming something, something important, but Lizard brain was drowning him out with his hooting and hollering as she slowly lowered herself into his tiny lap, looking down at him through her cleavage with those predatory eyes, with some kind of... leather crop... in her hand? Logical brain resorted to hand gestures pointing frantically at the chair beneath him. At what? The straps?

Of course. He was trying to point out that the straps had been permanently attached to the chair.

It was made that way. On purpose. Whatever she was about to do to him was something she did often enough that she had had a special chair constructed just for it. Second scariest woman on the Island indeed. The first scariest must be a nightmare.

She was straddling him completely now, her well over 200lb frame pressing down on his legs, almost painfully... but the only thing Edovan could think about was how mortified he was as he felt his out of control erection pressing up into her breeches. If she noticed, she didn’t say anything.

Instead the leather crop she was holding suddenly appeared under his chin, pressing upward into his skin with no small amount of pressure. It was forcing his face upward to look at hers. Gods, had he been staring at her breasts again? He dutifully focused his eyes up through the valley of her breasts and on her face, which if you had seen the serious, business like expression on her face, seemed very out of place, especially considering her hips were even now moving on their own again as she slowly almost undetectably ground herself against him even as she began to speak.
Her voice was a low seductive growl that he felt through the vibrations of her body pressed to his, as much as heard.

“Judging by your age, I’d say you have never been part of a chartered guild before, let alone a fighters guild. So it is my job to educate you on what a fighter’s guild is… what WE are… and what we are not. At the same time, it’s also my chance to test your mettle, really see what you are made of. So before we begin. I will tell you that you can end all this at any time by just saying no… that’s it. One simple no and you are free to go and join the rest of the milk-drinkers who don’t have the guts to do what we do. But if you pass the test… and you answer enough of my questions correctly, you will be one of us…”

“Oh is that all. All I have to do is say no.” he thought to himself. She might as well have said “All you have to do is turn into a bat and fly around the room.” He had about as much ability to do that as he did to say no, what with her breasts in his face and her hips grinding slowly against the betrayer in his pants. As he had experienced before in the laundry at the Boar, that word didn’t seem to work for him in situations like this, not without considerable effort and pain. And in his current predicament not only could he not say no, it was all he could do to keep from screaming out “YESS!!!”

Not that it mattered. Even if he could have said the word, he wouldn’t have, and not just because a giant beautiful woman who looked like a sabrecat Yagaritte was humping him while tied to a chair. He wouldn’t have said it because the real Yagaritte had gone to great trouble to set this up for him, find him a sponsor, get him a job. He didn’t care what they did to him. He would see it through to the end because he couldn’t bear the thought of disappointing her. Somewhere at the end of this long, dark, confusing yet seductive feminine tunnel (he fervently hoped that was a metaphor and would not turn out to be literally true) Yagaritte would be waiting for him. That was the hope that burned like a signal fire in his head, and in a rare moment of agreement, both Lizard brain and Logical brain chanted in unison: “Let’s do this.”

“Let’s do this,” he said out loud, looking up at her defiantly.

“Oh, some fire! I like that! I think we just might find a...” She squeezed him hard with her iron thighs and buried his face between her breasts. “A perfect place for you yet!” She held him there in her cleavage for several seconds before she released him, and the crop guided his face upwards again.

“First question. Do we take contracts to kill people?”

Edovan shook his head immediately. He wasn’t dumb. There was only one guild who accepted those kinds of contracts (two if you counted the infamous Morag Tong, but the Island was so far from Morrowind that they weren’t even a possibility.).

“Very good, little mouse. That’s right, we are not the thrice be damned Dark Brotherhood. We are not assassins. We don’t take contracts to kill anyone, unless by anyone you mean any of the beasts or beastmen, creatures, magical constructs, summoned beings, or other non-sentient entities sanctioned for free…”

She paused. Edovan was staring at her again, jaws agape, this time for an entirely different reason.

“What? I assumed I could use the big words with you.” She cocked her head at him in such a Yagaritte like manner he couldn’t think straight. “Is that a problem?”

She stared at him pointedly as if he was being insulting until he closed his mouth and shook his head no.
“You can, of course, defend yourself against anyone trying to kill you. But this doesn't mean you can go insult someone’s parentage to trick them into you “defending yourself from them” to death. Am I clear?”

“Yes ma’am.”

“Do we take bounties? Either personal or those by writ of local or regional government?”

This was trickier. As someone who HAD bounties, Edovan knew a bit about about them and it seemed to vary from one locale to the next. But this guild was remote. If they didn’t, who did? He decided to take a guess and gave a nod.

His answer was the sharp sting of the crop on his backside. Now he knew why the chair was open in back near the bottom. Strapped in as he was, all he could do was yelp like a kicked puppy.

“I’m sorry. That’s not really fair of me. It’s a trick question. Honestly I just wanted to hear what kind of noise you make when disciplined. But that was so adorable I hope you get at least one more question wrong.” she said, licking her lips as she fingered the crop seductively.

“We, the guild itself, are also not bounty hunters, though individual members may, from time to time, engage in that pursuit on their own. As a guild, we do not take bounty contracts. Clear?”

“Yes ma'am,” Edovan squeaked.

“We are not soldiers. Can you tell me why?”

Edovan thought about this a quiet moment, retreating into his mind.

“Because you don’t have the authority?” he said, finally, after some consideration.

He squinted his eyes and tensed his buttocks in anticipation of the next whack, in case he was wrong, (or she just wanted to hear him squeak again), but instead she clasped him to her bosom again.

“That’s right! What a good little mousey!” she said as she squeezed his face between her breasts. “We are collective of individuals. We do not blindly follow orders by authorities. We do not fight wars, and nor do we have any authority to enforce the will of any government, king, council, or law.”

He nodded, cheeks still tucked between her breasts.

“And lastly, but most importantly, what is the difference between us and mercenaries?” she questioned as she leaned back again, studying his face.

Edovan knew this one. Mercenaries were cold-blooded, ruthless, and they were paid not to ask questions. Guild fighters, on the other hand, might vary from guild to guild, but they all had some set of rules to follow.

“Mercenaries will do anything for money,” he said grimly.

This time she didn’t strike him or crush him with her tits. She simply smiled and got up off him, moving to begin undoing all the straps.

“Correct. We are NOT mercenaries, swords for hire to the highest bidder who will do anything for money. As your sponsor has already instructed you, we have a strict but simple code and we follow
“This isn’t mage school, rookie. If you have something to say just say it.” She planted her hands on either thigh and leaned in toward him again. She was practically glistening with sweat by now.

Edovan was trying his hardest not to be intimidated or further aroused. She was imposing, of course. A formidable woman with an iron will, who didn’t suffer fools, and it didn’t help that she was a deadringer for Yagaritte. But trying and doing are not the same thing. And he was failing on both counts. But he was all about knowledge. And something she had said had caught his attention.

“Wh--what is the code?”

She looked nonplussed at that. “I know you are too smart to have forgotten it already. So I’m going to assume your sponsor never told you?” she shook her head. “ What? Again with the hand?”

“Sorry. Um... it’s just... it’s just that.. I don’t even know... who my sponsor is....?”

He had strong suspicions, of course, but the truth was he honestly didn’t know, and was hoping he could find out.

She had a sudden look of realization on her face. As if she had remembered something important.

“Oh, yes. Of course. Nevermind, I’ll just tell you.”

Edovan’s eyes lit up!

“The code, I mean...”

Oh well, it had been worth a try.

“Our code is this: In All things, Valor.”

She ignored his blank look and pressed on.

“What that means is, that the guild ISN’T about how well you can swing a sword or how tough your are or how much punishment you can take. It’s about doing the right thing. What makes us different from most of the citizenry is that when big scary things that most people run from show up, WE are the people running TOWARD the danger. We are willing to fight, when others are not. To defend people who need to be defended.

There is no Valor in simply doing things for money. We do what we do because it’s the right thing to do and no one else will. If someone hires mercenaries to go force someone else off their farm, WE are the one’s that family will turn to make sure that doesn’t happen. I personally screen and approve EVERY contract that comes through this guild. We are here for the betterment of this island and the people on it, and as long as I am in charge that’s how it’s going to be.

The second part of that code is that we do NOT run. We may fail or suffer defeat, but we don’t give up and we don’t turn tail. Everybody wants to play soldier, be the big hero, but the bottom line is that most people don’t have the guts for it. When faced with real danger and the fact that they might die, they panic and flee. I was in the war. I fought Daedra and worse during the Planemeld. I’ve seen fresh recruits and conscripts compromise entire battalion formations when they left our flanks exposed because they couldn’t face combat. I can’t have that here. If you can stand your ground and give back as well as you get, I can make a fighter out of just about anyone. But the
most skilled swordsman in all of Tamriel is useless to me if they turn and run or worse, sell out to the other side. So courage and loyalty is above all what we are looking for, and your sponsor tells me you have it.”

She leaned and closer to him to stare him level in his large golden eyes. Edovan swallowed, but didn’t blink. She was close, her huge face only inches from his. Winter storms appeared to be howling within her own ice gray/blue eyes. Her face took up his entire field of view.

“I think I see it too. I sense your eyes have seen some things in your short life thus far. You’ve endured loss. You’ve fought before. You’ve run when you had to, but you’ve also stood your ground.” She leaned back up again and crossed her arms. “Which is good. Because I sense a storm coming. Nothing like the Planemeld I hope. But something is going on here... on the island. You aren’t the only stranger to our shores recently. I’ve heard reports of a larger than usual number of visitors, which is to say any at all because of how remote we are from anywhere. Many of them seem to be doing their damndest to blend in as well but they stick out like sore thumbs to those who know what to look for. I don’t know what is going on, but I’m going to find out, and I can use allies like you on my side. This is in strictest confidence of course. Breathe not a word of this to anyone. I don’t want ANY of these newcomers to even suspect that we are on to them. Just know that when the time comes I’m going to need you.”

Edovan gulped silently. He had been so focused on his own situation he had no idea anything else was going on. They could even be here looking for him! Though he decided not say anything about that till he knew for sure. And it was clear that he wouldn’t be able to spot a stranger unless they weren’t a nord. He barely knew anyone here. But the people he did know had been amazing to him. Margara, all the girls at the Boar.....Mavka.. And especially Yagaritte. And he had already made good friends here at the guild with Staan.

“Maam. I want to thank you for this opportunity. And I promise I won’t let you down. Everyone here has been so good to me, both at the Boar and here at the guild. I know I haven’t been here very long but I consider this place my home now. And I swear on my birthright, I won’t let anything in my power stop me from protecting them or this island.”

He had stood straight as he spoke and held his staff upright in his hand, resting on the floor like a proper wizard. He must have made some kind of impression on her because the commander suddenly clasped her hand to her mouth in shock but then quickly regained her composure.

“I believe you Edovan.”

It was the first time she had used his name. He was getting called “little mouse” so often these days, when anyone actually said “Edovan” he knew it was serious.

“Well welcome to the guild then. I only have one more thing for you.” She walked over to the table and retrieved a parchment from the many papers spread across it. As guild master of this fighter’s guild it is my duty to inform you that another brand new recruit has issued a formal challenge of combat to your acceptance. Normally you would have to accept the challenge to be admitted, but as you have already been vouched for and specifically requested in a contract, technically it's just a formality and as such, I have the authority to waive the challenge.”

She handed him the parchment.

“I’ll leave it up to you of course. I would never deprive a new recruit of the opportunity to prove to everyone else what they are made of.”

She waited expectantly as Edovan read quickly through the parchment in his hand.
I, being a member of the Jatte Kvinde Fighter’s Guild in good standing, formally challenge the acceptance of the raw recruit known as Edovan as unfit to join our ranks because he is untested in combat. As is our custom, he must face me in the challenge ring to prove both his ability and his courage or be refused membership in our fine guild till such time as he is willing to accept my challenge or is otherwise proven in battle.

In All Things Valor…

Signed,

Utha Evershine

Edovan looked up at the Commander more determined than ever.

“I’ll do it” he said resolutely.

“Well then,” said the Commander, smirking like Yagaritte again. Let’s see if you can fight as well as you eat!”

Edovan smiled at her with chagrin. He had a feeling this might be more challenging. A bad feeling. But it was important to him that his new guildmates know that he wasn’t afraid to face them. In what seemed like another life entirely now, back when he was in school, a pampered kid from a rich family, he had been an easy target, even among other pampered kids from other rich families. He’d faced his share of bullies. All the way up until his skills with magicka started to develope. Then the tables had turned and he had become quite the little arrogant shit. And though he never bullied anyone else, he was merciless to those who had the bad form to attempt to do so in his presence, either to him or anyone else for that matter. But those had been mage duels. None of his classmates could hope to best him in that arena. As he learned during his six month headlong flight from his home, real enemies with steel and arrows or even just fists were a different matter entirely. And he had the scars to prove it.

“You go ahead and head to the lower yard then.” said the Commander, “I’ll... be along shortly. But don’t start without me. I wouldn’t want to miss this.”

As Edovan turned and walked away from her toward the doors, she allowed the look of shock she had concealed from him to return to her face. She’d been here nearly all her life. She’d been commander of this guild for over 20. She’d had tried magic of all kinds from all over Tamriel. Save the dwemer table she had used as a desk, and the many artifacts that were originally found on it, and carefully stacked in the corners by the very first guild master who had occupied this office, nothing in this room had ever given off the faintest glimmer of magical ability or aura.

That’s why she was more than a little shocked when Edovan had given his little speech about how he considered the Island to be his new home, and how he would fight for it. It was during that speech the big red jewel at the top has staff....

..had started to glow.

* * * * * * * * * *

Edovan strode purposefully out of the huge double doors into the entryway. He was a man with a purpose. If he was going to believe that he belonged here, he didn’t just need to prove it to them.
He needed to prove it to himself. As he carefully picked his way down the plush stairs he saw Staan pacing back and forth nervously at the bottom. The big nord’s face lit up as he saw his little friend gingerly coming down the stairs.

“Edo! How did it go? Are you ok? What happened?”

Edovan waited till he had closed the distance between them and beckoned the big nord down to his level. As Staan took a knee and leaned in to Edovan, the little bosmer whispered.

“I think we both know what happened.”

A look of concern washed over Staan’s face. It was clear he felt guilty about just feeding his little friend to the Dragon, so to speak.

“Chair?” was his single word inquiry.

“Chair.” was Edovan’s monosyllable response.

“I’m sorry Eddo. I really am. But even if I’d told you, would it have stopped you?”

Edovan hadn’t considered that. He didn’t think it would have. He probably wouldn’t have taken it seriously if Staan had told him. He decided to chalk it up to something they would share but never speak of again, and with a knowing look in each others eyes, that was the end of it.

“So what’s on the parchment?” Staan asked as they turned together to walk through the outer doors, back out into the sunlit yard. “Oh. I forgot. I was challenged by one of the other rookies.”

He handed Staan the notice. He figured Staan would know all about these challenges and how they work and could maybe even give him some tips. He continued talking as they walked and Staan read

“She said I didn’t have to do it, but I took the challenge. I want to prove I belong here.” he finished proudly.

But as he turned to see what Staan’s reaction would be he realized that the big nord was several paces behind him. He was holding the notice at arms length and all the color had drained from his face.

“What’s wrong Staan? I just have to fight another rookie. Utha Evershine? I mean with a name like that, how bad can she be, right?”

Edovan felt his stomach dropping. The look on his friend’s face was as if someone close to him had died and he had just read about it.

“Edovan.” Staan said. His voice flat, like he was trying to keep it under control.

“Utha Evershine is… Mountains.”
Chapter Summary

Eydva starts to undergo her desired transformation...but who or WHAT will she be when it is over?

It was a searing pain. The kind that is so far just above the threshold of what you can stand that your body and mind just pretend it isn’t there, that it ISN’T happening. Or if they acknowledge that it is in fact happening at all, it’s as if it’s happening to someone else and you are watching them from afar. Your body and mind do this for you because they are looking out for you, they like you and they most of all don’t want you to go mad. But it’s hard because there is so much screaming. And the screaming won’t stop. It just get’s louder and louder. And soon, the thing you want more than anything is for that infernal screaming to stop so you can think a rational thought again. But by then it’s too late and you realize that the person who has been screaming this whole time is you.

Eydva realized she was screaming, and then everything that was happening to her flooded back into her consciousness all at once.

Heat searing into her bones.

The purple light intensified and pulsed so brightly around her that she could barely see through her eyes, squinted closed with pain. She felt full, bursting... so much pressure, building inside of her, pushing outwards on her skin from all directions. She had to stretch out... make herself longer to relieve the pressure somehow. The unbearable heat expanding outward to her skin... which seemed to soften and become more flexible...

Her body rose and slowly rotated backward till she was horizontal with the ground, which lay so many feet below. She no longer felt as if she was hanging, but somehow supported from underneath. It was a small comfort amid the explosions of pain coursing through her body. She began to writhe, burning, stinging, stretching. Moving seemed to ease the pain... if not almost feel good.

The heat expanded again within in her... the pressure rising with it. Then suddenly she was terrified to see and feel tiny blackish-purple flames erupt from her skin in various places around her body. The flames seared at her. But her skin did not burn. It darkened... her clothes, however, began to smolder, and then erupted into a conflagration of dark purple flames and within seconds had incinerated into ash, and then the ash had disintegrated altogether, leaving behind nothing but a soft gray haze that was snatched away in the wind. Somewhere deep inside, the schoolgirl, the
proper member of society side of her... she was mortified to be suspended naked in mid air in the
woods, writhing in flame. But NAKED was so far down the list of things of horrible things
happening to her in that thought, that it almost didn’t matter.

The dark fire continued to lick across her body in waves and rivulets of tiny purple flames that
were somehow tickling and burning at the same time. And everywhere the flames touched, her
skin darkened. Down her legs, her arms, her toes and fingers. Up her back, across her belly...
between her legs and up her thighs, till she had to bite her lip to keep from calling out as as it
swarmed across her nether regions, the little curls of flame an impossible mix of pain and pleasure
seeping into every crevice…

The heat was excruciating as it passed over her skin, but it left behind a feeling of warmth and
tingling, and higher sensitivity, as if the outer layer had been peeled away to reveal new, shiny skin
underneath. The flames moved upward, over her small breasts, her hands instinctively cupping her
breasts to protect her nipples as the flames licked at them like huge candle wicks, before moving
upward across her chest to her neck. Her panic was rising again as she felt the fire slipping up over
her chin… her mouth.. and finally squeezing her eyes shut as tightly as she could, so it would pass
over them unscathed. But she gasped as the fire seeped through her shut eyelids and the flames
seemed to fill not just her eyes, but her entire skull. She felt the fire crawl upward on her face over
her brows and forehead and then to her hair. Her hair did not burn. Her nostrils did not fill with the
familiar scent of singed hair. Her hair BECAME the flame, only darker, and more crimson, as it
grew in size and volume. It lengthened and become fuller and thicker, till soon it was all around
her, wreathing her entire form in a halo of fire.

Suddenly, just as she thought the fire in her hair was subsiding, her bones alit anew with searing
flames... even worse than before, even though she had suspected that to be impossible. She had
been very wrong. She writhed uncontrollably with the pain… trying to move, to stretch, anything
to alleviate it. She arched her back and reached high above herself with outstretched fingers,
grasping, clawing at the air itself, begging the sky, the clouds, the trees..the snow… anything…
for relief. She extended her longs legs, toes curled, alternating between them, bringing her knees
up and then stiffening out as straight as she could, trying to find a way to bring relief to the flames
within her body. The fire grew inside again… this time to bursting (how was this not done yet!?)... she
was stretching so far she thought her limbs would dislocate, and then suddenly, simply, they
expanded.

Her arms felt almost like they were being pulled by invisible forces, her legs the same. She could
feel them elongate, bones cracking as the joints were dislocated, the fire inside dancing across the
gaps, knitting them back together deftly with whatever Magicka powered them. She cried out as
they broke and coalesced once more, her emotions running the entire spectrum from pain,
paranoia, fear, finally relief... only to come back again as another joint separated and conjoined.
This lasted for what felt like hours, as her body pulled and stretched. Each joint, each vertebrae,
every tiny bone that made her, was destroyed and created anew.

Just when she thought she couldn’t take another moment, she felt the invisible hands, the pulling
forces, whatever it was that held her aloft… she felt it disengage from her limbs. It was no longer stretching her. Instead it crawled along her skin, invisible hands atop her body, dancing flames within her, mimicking their motions. The feeling slid up her legs, down her forearms. Her newly formed muscles contracted under her skin, rippling with a newfound power. She cried out softly as the warmth spread further, and higher, engulfing her nethers, pulling at her belly button. She was growing from within now. There was no popping of bones or cracking of joints, just a fullness… a swelling sensation in her stomach, between her legs. She could feel a throbbing, as blood hungrily coursed in places that had never existed before. It coursed outward and down, filling her legs, which were no longer the beanpole stilts she stood on before. They were still long, longer even than before, but they were perfectly sculpted and shaped, full and curvy, but not too thick, with taut powerful muscles that were still very womanly and attractive. Her hips, too, expanded to fill and cover her stretched pelvis. They were wide and full and sinuous. Gone too was her flat backside, replaced with generous, fully rounded curves, the perfect mix of soft on top and firm muscle underneath.

Her breasts swelled, sparks and flames dancing across the taut skin. She could feel their weight, their heaviness, unlike her breasts from before, these were full and shapely. She was too afraid to look down at her chest at first.. She reached down and cupped a breast tentatively, and even though her fear was lurking, right under the surface… the schoolgirl giddiness she felt at finally having beautiful, womanly breasts overrode it. She gently rolled one of her large fat nipples between her fingers and gasped softly. They were so sensitive… responsive to her touch hardening almost instantly. She’d heard the phrase “you could put an eye out” before, but if she wasn’t careful with these things she might poke a hole in a stone wall!

Clavicus had held up his end. Even still hanging in midair as she was.. she knew she was more woman now than she had ever dreamed of being, more beautiful than ANY woman she had ever seen! But much to her dismay..the little purple flames did not subside. The burning began to intensify once more. The flames increasing in power again as they moved over her new body coalescing toward the tips of her fingers..her toes.. Her face and somewhere behind her..?

The flames grew and grew around her.. The heat searing.. The purple light pulsing so brightly she had to close her eyes again. There was a loud humming noise and the air felt thick and heavy around her, laden with ancient power. It pulsed in sequence with the flames, and the pulses began to increase in frequency.. The heat and light and sound became a roaring tempest around her filling up all her senses, pounding at her, shaking her. Within the roaring flames she heard strange voices, deep and guttural. They were chanting. At first it was some strange ancient tongue she vaguely recalled but could not understand..but as the chanting increased in volume and speed the strange words took shape in her mind.

**By Ash and Stone! through Blood and Flame! Their Will is Ours... Their hands are We...**

The world was spinning… her face was on fire. She felt like her skull was splitting. Her extremities were turning to red-hot liquid metal, and something no less painful, but even more unnerving, was happening to her posterior.
By Star and Moon! through Deep and Dark! Their Will is Ours... Their hands are We...

She started to sob… to wail… to shriek. She cried out for death… she no longer wanted this! It wasn’t worth it! Nothing was worth this. And yet in the one small part of her mind that wasn’t screaming in pain and terror, she knew it was too late.

By Time and Trial… through Life and Grave! Your Will IS HIS... HIS HANDS ARE YOURS!!”

And then suddenly, mercifully, she fell into the darkness.

She awoke naked, alone… lying in the snow on her side, partially curled up. The first thing she noticed was she was not cold at all. She could feel the snow around her, against her, and she knew that it was cool, but somehow it did not chill her flesh. She also felt no pain, no ache… no lingering trace of her ordeal. Her body felt strong, healthy, and full of energy.

As her vision came into focus, she slowly scanned her surroundings. Everything was sharp, clear. All the tiny little details of the world were popping out at her from everywhere. Minute cracks in rocks, the rough bark of the trees, even individual pine needles. It was not just her vision that had improved. Her nose was alive with the scents of the forest; the sharpness of pine and musky snowfox and sweet damp earth, and even the pure freshness of the snow itself. She could smell snow! And her ears heard everything; the rustling needles of the pines, the wind as it coursed through the tall trees, even each tiny snowflake as it softly alighted with its brothers and sisters to blanket the surroundings.

The snow was falling all round her and for the first time in her life she could SEE each tiny unique snowflake as they fluttered silently to the ground around her, and then suddenly there were millions of them each with their own distinct patterns and somehow her mind was tracking all of them, memorizing them, cataloguing them.

Her thoughts moved with astonishing speed. Eydva had always been intelligent, but this was something more. Before it had felt like her mind was an ocean, and she was easily able to swim between ideas and concepts and navigate her mind at will. Now, everything in her mind was at her beck and call. She didn’t need to navigate. She could recall anything, any memory at will. She no longer SWAM in the ocean of her mind. She WAS the ocean, and the many tides and currents and eddies were hers to command.
She thought of Staan, and his handsome visage appeared before in her perfect detail, summoned by her mind in more minute ways than she had ever even see with her own two eyes. She could see both him and the world around her in perfect clarity at exactly the same time. But something was… different. As she thought of him, she did not flush as usual. Her young heart did not skip a beat like it usually did. She felt love for him, but the emotion was deeper, compared to before, as if buried under layers. Which isn’t to say that something wasn’t stirring within her at his image...

Something was definitely stirring, something darker and more primal...

As she gazed at him in her mind she began to notice how thick his muscles were, how perfectly corded his arms were, the way his legs, long and heavily built, pulsed with strength. Her mouth dropped open slightly, her breath catching, heavy and sensual, in her throat. She swallowed thickly, her legs rubbing together, wetness seeping from between her thighs, unbidden.

Between his own legs… she could see the bulge of his… his manhood. It seemed to shine with a bright, hot light, as if her own mind was saying “Notice this!!” She thought, then, of her body… and his body… perfectly shaped, perfectly aligned to one another. Of the things he could do to her. No. Even better. The things she could do to him! She moaned softly, and her legs seemed to involuntarily open at the mere thought of it. She brought a hand to her leg, nails digging into her flesh with a hunger she’d only barely ever felt before. Her eager fingers moved downward to seek out the deeper secrets of her new body...

“Ow!”

Her lusty revery was suddenly broken by a sharp stabbing pain near her nethers… and apparently she was causing it! Each time she tried to move her hand downward she felt it… Something her hand was doing was suddenly sharp and very stabby. Slowly she brought the offending hand up in front of her face to gaze at it more closely. Oh no. No, no, no, no!

Her stomach dropped, she felt faint as she stared at her transformed hand in horror.

It was her nails. They were jet black, thick and incredibly long, slightly curved with sharpened edges and even sharper points. And they did not feel like nails. They felt like bone or even steel. She had no doubt if she raked them across that smug smile on the statue’s face they would leave marks against the cold stone.

“No, not nails. Not any more…” she thought to herself grimly. “These are… talons… he gave me talons...”
The blood drained from her face. Of course he did. He was THE Clavicus Vile after all, and she had been a thrice damned fool for thinking she would make out any different than his other victims. What else had he done, she reeled. Her head started to spin.

She had noticed her dusky lilac skin right way, but up until now had just thought of it was a trick of the light… the red evening sun against her new darker skin, but as she looked closer now, she could see it was definitely purplish grey, and not human at all. Worse, it was covered with shimmering dark red markings, like someone had drawn on her in still fresh, wet shiny red blood. They formed patterns and symbols all over her generous body that obviously had some kind of meaning, but it was lost on her.

She bit her bottom lip in consternation but that brought a sharp prick of pain too. She flicked her tongue across the bottom of her teeth and found they were sharp, pointed, with two very pronounced fangs, like she imagined vampires had. Oh gods… was she a vampire now? That wasn’t a Clavicus thing, was it? She could have swore from her studies that it had something to do with Molag Bal…

In panic she put her hand up to her huge breast and pressed against it, trying to feel her heartbeat. At first there was nothing, but then she felt it, faint, but steady. Only it was coming from the right side? She moved her hand to the other side, and there it was… her heart, somehow… on the other side of her chest… still beating, quite strongly, but unusually slow, with a pronounced pause between the two syncopated beats. She was “alive” as far as she could tell, but she was far from human.

What in Oblivion was she now? It wasn’t Nord or Breton, or any of the human races she knew, that was for sure. She was something… else. Was she even a mortal now? She needed a mirror… a frozen pond… polished metal… anything she could use to see her reflection in. She needed to know how bad it was. What he had made her into.

She had to go home.
Edovan must face the TITanic Mountains in the challenge arena, but the tiny bosmer has more than a few tricks up his sleeve for the murderous amazon berserker!

“It’s funny how in life you can go from one one extreme to the other in literally the blink of an eye. How for once in your life… things seem to be finally working out. We got a job! We made some nice new friends! We have a home… and a “family” of sorts. Well, that is if Margara, Mint and a dozen or so beautiful women who can’t keep their hands off us count as a family. But best of all we had found the woman of our dreams, and even though we had done something really stupid and made her want to chuck us into the frozen ocean, she had apparently forgiven us completely, and arranged for us this job, and all these nice new friends. Which is great, because at least now, when 300 pounds of semi-cannibalistic amazonian muscle grinds our bones into slurry and then drinks our blood as a chaser to wash them down with, AFTER, of course, biting off all our hands and feet, there will be someone… to CRY… AT OUR FUNERAL!!”

Logical brain finished his speech with a dramatic flourish of motions, mimicking Mountains as she drew her finger across her throat at Edovan earlier that day, before she had exploded... but he knew it was fruitless. Lizard brain only had two modes: fuck or fight.

He supposed flight was in there as well, but didn't seem to be an option at this time. Liz was in full battle mode, and had thrown open wide the armory, and was now gleefully selecting various offensive and defensive strategies, spells, and gear for their inevitable showdown. “Ohhhh, we've so got this!” he cackled, as he debated between using the staff and just casting spells straight from his hands.

“What? What have we got?” Logical brain countered. “A deathwish? A tombstone? A nice little fighters guild ceremony to inter us? It’s a good thing the Commander likes us! She can give our eulogy because she’s ALREADY WEARING BLACK!”

(It should come as no surprise to anyone that Edovan’s lizard brain was far more advanced and articulate in the FIGHT response than it was in the FUCK response. It had both superior training and experience in that regard. And unlike sex, fighting lizard brain KNEW what he was doing, had done it before, and was actually quite good at it. He knew how to gauge distances and calculate speeds. He knew casting times and cool downs, and he knew exactly how quickly his mana would regenerate. He knew how to identify and exploit weaknesses. He KNEW what to do.)
Lizard brain grabbed logical brain by his lapels and pulled his face close, grinning maniacally.

“She will not be up to full strength yet. She hasn’t rested enough. You heard Staan, she should be out for at least 24 hours, and it’s only been four... at.. most....” Lizard brain trailed off, his rolling confidence of mine cars suddenly derailed as Logical brain took over again.

“So either she won’t be able to fight at all... or...”

“Staan was wrong...” Lizard brain finished their shared thought.

“Well... there’s always flight. Flight is good too right?”

* * * *

Edovan stared hard at Staan. Trying to comprehend the words he had heard coming out of his mouth.

“But you said she wouldn’t recover for another 24 hours!” he exclaimed, with an obvious tone of begging-mixed-with-panic in his voice for that statement to be true. And he was trying very hard not to let the panic creep through, but he didn’t really have to. Staan was panicking enough for both of them. He’d never seen the big Nord turn so white.

“I also said she wouldn’t wake up so soon afterwards! But you saw what happened. We had to leave!” Staan said as he started to pace back and forth nervously.

“Eddo this is bad. Very bad. Rules or no rules, she’s going to KILL you!”

Edovan grabbed his arm and tried to calm him.

“But she won’t be at FULL strength right?” He put special emphasis on the word “full.”

Staan suddenly dropped to one knee and grabbed Edovan by both his shoulders.
“I’m almost 99% certain she can’t zerk again, if that is what you mean. But, you don’t understand Eddo. I did go to check on them. Baryk was there. He’s in bad shape… his face is all messed up, most of his bones are broken, and his fingers are gone on one hand. Hasn’t even regained consciousness. But she… SHE was gone already. Turns out she WALKED in there on her own. Walked! And after they tended to her she up and walked back out again. Said she had some small matter she needed to take care of.”

The look between them said everything.

“I don’t know how she’s even up, but she is. And apparently she is determined to make sure you aren’t!”

Staan looked into Edovan’s eyes with sorrow for his little buddy’s predicament. Sovngarde only knew if she would ACTUALLY kill him, but the way Baryk looked in the infirmary, Staan didn’t see any scenario where Edovan came out looking any better. But something had changed in Edovan. Something in his eyes. The fear-dilated pupils from when he first heard the news were gone… replaced instead with two howling sandstorms and a determined gaze.

“What are you thinking Eddo?? What’s going on in that big brain of yours? Eddo?”

The little Bosmer had turned and started walking toward the portcullis that separated the upper and lower yards. He was moving with surprising speed and purpose, Staan took two quick strides to close the space between them and match his pace.

“Tell me everything, Staan. Everything you can about how this works, everything you can tell me about Mountains. Knowledge is a weapon. And I intend to go in armed to the teeth if possible,” he said, determination replacing the fear and panic in his voice.

They continued talking as they passed through the opening, and started down the ramp toward the challenge ring. The noon sun was high in the sky, filling the courtyard with rare sunshine, as it glinted off the ancient shields that had been re-hung on the outer walls after the morning’s excitement. Blood red pennants with the guild logo were flapping in an occasionally gusty western breeze, and there was a considerable crowd gathering down by the big circle. The whole atmosphere seemed almost festive.

But Edovan’s mood was anything but.
Staan had quickly laid out for him the details. What he had witnessed earlier was a rank challenge. Apparently Utha, though practically being raised by the guild, had only recently reached the age where she could be formally accepted. That very next day she had called for, and won, her first rank challenge. The one he had witnessed earlier today was her third. Utha and her much older sister, Ambra, had both come to the guild several years ago. Ambra herself was an almost legendary member, high ranking, part of an elite force that was often working on the mainland these days. Everyone joked that Ambra was half giant because according to them she was the only person on the island taller than Yagaritte! She was also a talented Zerker, so it definitely ran in their family.

Rank challenges almost always involved the challenger facing off against multiple opponents of the rank they wished to attain. They did not have to win, and aren't usually expected to, given the uneven numbers of many versus one. You just have to hold your own… at least for a bit. The purpose of it was to give exceptional new recruits a chance to advance faster in the ranks than they normally would through strong performance on guild missions.

Today’s challenge was different. This was an initiate challenge, which was by design a one on one affair. Initiate challenges could be issued by any guild member in good standing against any brand new recruit who the guild member feels is not worthy, lacks courage, or would otherwise jeopardize the safety of anyone they served with. It was intended as a test of fortitude, will, and combat ability. Again, the challenged recruit was not necessarily expected to win. They were expected to demonstrate some level of combat ability, and, more importantly, some toughness and personal courage in the face of uneven odds. This gave Edovan a modicum of hope, in that he felt if was able to even survive against Mountains he would have more than demonstrated all of the above. But it was only a modicum, because his odds of surviving were surprisingly low. Still, he was determined.

As Edovan and Staan drew closer to the circle, they finally looked up from their intense and detailed conversation. The crowd had started to part, to allow them forward. Edovan noticed immediately that this crowd was different from the one that had cheered the earlier battle. That crowd was rough, rowdy, raucous. Honestly exactly what he expected from an all Nord fighter’s guild. This crowd was different. They were quiet, hushed, expectant… whispering among themselves in low tones as if they didn’t want to be overheard by either himself or Staan. And there was one other odd but important distinction. THIS crowd was almost entirely women.

“Staan…” Edovan whispered sideways to his large friend. “What would you say the ratio of male to female members in the guild was… rough estimate.” Edovan asked him curiously.

The big man scratched his head and looked thoughtful.

“I’d say it’s about even… there were more men before the war. But a lot of them didn’t make it back. It’s more or less equal now. Why?”
“Oh, no reason. I’m just pretty sure that outside of my opponent’s giant sister and Yagarrite, pretty much every single one of them showed up for this.”

Edovan and Staan both looked around. The little mage was right. Out of the 50 or so people gathered to watch his impending demise, over three-fourths of them were women. They stared at Edovan... almost hungrily, with such intensity in their eyes he felt a bit like the last sweet roll in the bakery in the morning rush. Many subconsciously preened, or tossed their hair and licked their lips as they practically devoured him with their eyes. He also noticed that many of them were not fully armed or armored as they were before... and they were wearing make up, many had their hair done up… and the air was thick with the smell of a dozen competing perfumes...

He remembered the Commander’s words from earlier.

“There is definitely something strange going on with you, so since I know about it, I’m not even going to try to fight it, if that’s ok with you?”

Edovan didn’t know anything about that or what could be causing it... but, if it were true, it might explain what had been happening at the Boar for the last several days, and more importantly, what was happening right now, in front of his very eyes: Which was that the huge crowd of women who had parted before them to allow them entry, had now closed behind them and was slowly closing in AROUND them.

Not this again...

“Eddo… what is happening?” Staan whispered down to him while trying to half cover his mouth so the converging women couldn’t hear him.

There was a tinge of nervousness in his voice, and that more than anything else unnerved Edovan.

“Hello, ladies. Um... I mean fellow guild mates... hahaha...!” Staan laughed nervously.

Edovan glanced around at the women. Many of them were beautiful, some of them quite stunning. It occurred to Edovan in that moment that this island had a much higher than normal percentage of truly gorgeous women. The Boar was chock full of them, of course, but then again it was a brothel, and a world renowned one at that. He supposed there had been some artificial selection for its staff at work, but this... this was different. This was a fighter’s guild. Being pretty wasn’t really a huge help in combat, and yet Edovan was sure that there were many many women here that could easily
put a few of the girls at the Boar out of a job if they chose to. And that was when Edovan noticed something else from his position a mere 4’8” off the ground that Staan, at 7’2”, would never have seen. His heart skipped several beats and beads of sweat began to form on his forehead. Several of these women were wearing rather short open skirts or dresses, and several of those were not wearing any underwear.

He scanned the crowd, swallowing nervously as they closed in around him and his friend, his little face perilously close to the woman directly in front of him, whose wild strawberry blond thatch was advancing toward him at an alarming rate. He instinctively backed away from her, but the top of his head slipped under the hemline of a green cotton skirt and bumped into something soft and warm and completely bare behind him. He heard a feminine squeal of delight from above him and he knew exactly what had happened. It was the same noise the little blonde had made when he had poked his head out his little door portal and face planted into her nethers. He froze in place… not wanting to move forward or backwards. Hemlines were closing in around him from all directions like some sort of canopy as a forest of bare and shapely legs rose up around him. If only he could sink into the ground…

Just as the last of the light above him had disappeared, suddenly strong hands gripped him under his arms and hoisted him high in the air. He found himself perched again on Staan’s wide shoulder. There was an audible noise of disappointment rippling through the mostly female throng surrounding them. Staan ignored them and deftly slipped through the masses to the open space in the middle of the circle. His strong voice excusing himself and apologizing all the way. Earlier, Edovan had been mortified when the previous crowd had turned as one to see him in this same embarrassing position, but right now he was just glad not be drowning in exposed privates. Well, logical brain was glad. Lizard brain was furious and was calling Staan every horrible Nord racial slur Edovan had ever heard. Just as Staan reached the open area, a hush fell over the crowd as they all turned at once toward a new development:

Mountains had finally arrived.

She strode through the crowd with little effort as they parted around her and fanned out to the edges of the stone circle that delineated the outer ring. She looked like a bronzed goddess, her darker skin oiled and shimmering in the noonday sun as her muscles rippled beneath it. She had changed from before. Gone were her dwemer accoutrements and huge steel cup bra. Instead some ambitious but misguided fool had attempted to bind her prodigious endowments with strips of dark red cloth. Normal cloth of course would have had no hope of containing her, but Edovan would have been able to see the enchantments and runes on this cloth from across the compound. From twenty feet away, as he was, he could tell the runes were dwemer in nature, though of a type he’d only ever seen on that strange dwemer structure the guild was using for a headquarters. That cloth! He’d seen it before. It was exactly the same as some of the curtains he had seen in the entryway!

Even with the runes everyone else could see it was straining to the breaking point as her “mountains” yearned to break free! The same cloth was wrapped around her hips and pelvis in a type of sarong, with a single longer piece hanging down in front to just above her knee. She also
wore no gloves and no boots. Her hands and feet were bare. Aside from the enchanted cloth wraps, she carried only a single buckler of a design Edovan had never seen before. A simple hammered metal curved circular shield, unmarked and unadorned which she carried via a single leather strap on the back side. It was bigger than her previous one but otherwise unremarkable.

The message was very clear.

She didn’t need any help to fight someone as insignificant as him. She probably would have preferred to fight him naked if that would have been allowed (and logical brain thanked the gods it wasn’t!). Edovan still wasn’t quite sure about that shield though. It was the only part that didn’t fit. He stared at it hard from his vantage point on Staan’s shoulders, but could discern nothing else about it.

Mountains herself was surveying the crowd with a sneer.

“What in Oblivion is going on here?” she demanded. Her deep voice thundered in a mocking tone. “This morning you were a bunch of strong, seasoned warriors. What happened while I was napping? Did you all change professions to work at the Horny Boar???” she asked, almost chuckling at her own wit.

The crowd answered in an eruption of angry cursing, drawn weapons, and combat stances. One second they were a flock of sex crazed women trying to be alluring as possible and the next they were hardened fighters, hissing through their teeth, weapons at hand. If Mountains had meant to snap them out of whatever spell they were under, it had failed. Now they were a mob of very attractive, alluring women, bent on murdering her for impugning their fighting status.

Edovan had came to the place in his mind where he was ready to combat this giantess and face the consequences, but this… well, this was different. This was going to be a bloodbath. Mountains was unarmed and barely armored, and there were almost four dozen armed but not much more armored female warriors. Edovan, who was usually quite good at predicting battle outcomes, had NO clear idea of how that would turn out. Except that it would be bad. He had to do something… or say something. But he had no idea what. He was about to open his mouth and just wing it when suddenly the entire crowd went silent and still… even Mountains. From his perch on Staan’s shoulder Edovan craned his head over the crowd to see who or what could possibly have this effect on such strong warriors.

The Commander had arrived. Unlike all the other ladies, she was fully outfitted. Clad head to toe in her special black scaled mail with accompanying black chest piece, shin and thigh guards, bracers, gauntlets, collar, and an open face horned helm, she was an imposing figure indeed. The horns got Edovan’s attention right away. Her whole outfit was radiating power in waves… but those horns. They were Dragon! It clicked with him then where the scales on her mail came from. She strode
forward into the crowd with long purposeful steps as they warily parted around her and she took her place calmly in the center of the ring between Staan and Mountains. People weren’t just being quiet or still, they were actually averting their eyes. By this point everyone has sheathed or tucked away their weapons once more.

“I trust you are aware, Little Mouse, that you WILL be required to stand on your own two feet for this challenge?” She asked, pointedly facing away from him, but her gaze still pierced him over the shoulder piece of her armor, her head tilted slightly back.

The crowd of women tittered around them and Mountains actually snorted, but then quickly pretended to be looking at her shield. Okay, NOW he was mortified. Edovan flushed so red he looked sunburnt for a second, which was not an easy feat for a dusky, golden skinned Bosmer. In one fluid motion he slipped off Staan’s shoulder to land deftly on his feet before the big man could unintentionally further his humiliation by moving to set him down. Much to everyone’s surprise he then turned toward him and handed Staan his staff.

“Hold this for me...” Edovan said quietly.

There were audible gasps of shock from some of the women, followed by a painfully quiet breeze of whispers gliding through them.

The Commander nodded, turning to look at him approvingly, and continued:

“I also trust that you have been given the rules and conditions of this Initiate challenge, but as the commanding officer I will remind you. You will fight till one of you is either prone against their will, incapacitated, or ends up out of the ring by any means possible. Or... and I fervently hope this doesn’t happen…” she said, a note of disdain in her voice. “One of you yields ... to the other. Keep in mind that as the judge of this challenge, it is I, and I alone, who will determine incapacitation.”

She turned to face Mountains now and directed her next words like spear points directly at her.

“This is not no holds barred. You aren’t trying to murder each other. There will be many times in your missions for this guild that you will prefer that your opponent remain in one piece and possibly be able to answer some questions afterward. It may even be an ORDER. So I want you to treat each other as if this is the case. Are both of you CLEAR on that point?” she finished, looking between them. This challenge, it seemed, would be a lesson to them both.
Mountains looked up for the first time since the Commander arrived, and stared directly at Edovan, blue flames dancing in her eyes as she gave the barest of nods. Edovan returned the same, trying to look as confident and tough as he could, but not sure if he was succeeding.

The Commander smiled. “Well let’s get this started then! Take your places!”

Edovan turned and strode again, as confidently as he could, to his edge of the circle. Combatants could start from anywhere on their side, and even though it was risky starting this close to the edge, given the ring out condition… since he was most dangerous at range, he wanted as much space between them as possible. When he turned around he saw that Mountains had, of course, elected to take her start just the other side of the invisible line that divided them. And judging from the crouched sprinting stance she was taking, she planned to close the distance between them as quickly as possible.

The commander had stepped to the side, to Mountains’ left, directly on the halfway line. The rest of the crowd had now formed a tight circle around them, just outside of the outer ring. Edovan could sense the women crowding directly behind him and he could hear them whispering things like “Rip her tits off!” “Fry her face!” and “Kill her ass!” Though he noticed these were all whispered directly to him and never loud enough for Mountains herself to overhear them.

The Commander held in her hand a marker, a simple wooden dowel with a red pennant in the guild’s colors attached to it. When it was time to start the match this marker would be tossed high in the air. The rules were that no one could cross the center line or strike any ranged blows before the marker touched the ground. This meant you could do whatever else you wanted to prepare; draw back, cock, notch, or otherwise ready an attack... it just couldn’t strike until the marker hit ground.

“Begin!” The commander shouted, and tossed the marker high into the clear blue summer sky.

It arced through the air in a second, Edovan’s hands suddenly moved in a blur of motion almost too fast to see, and something dark and crackling with energy shot out from him in the split second before the marker hit the ground. Mountains had just started to charge and as the marker touched down, she launched herself forward, straight into the sizzling ball of dark energy. She tried to raise her shield, but he had purposely aimed low to make it harder for her to parry. It collided with her knee with surprising force, and the energy seemed to transfer to her entire body, encasing her in the same sizzling dark energy and propelling her backwards through the air to land flat on her back.

“Round one, Edovan!” the commander shouted, much to everyone’s shock and surprise. There were a few seconds of stunned silence and then the entire crowd erupted in cheering and screaming, loudest of all being Staan who had pushed through the women to meet Edovan and quickly swept him up into the air in a big bear hug.
“Eddo... that was amazing!” he shouted, patting him so forcefully on his back that he knocked the wind from him and forced him to gasp for air.

“Whoops, sorry,” he said sheepishly, lowering him to the ground to catch his breath again.

“I... think... that’s... my... only trick... though.” Edovan gasped haltingly.

He looked over at Mountains, who sure enough was back up on her feet and looking even more murderous than she was before. She rolled her neck first one way, and then the other, grabbing her head in her hands and popping it so loudly he could hear it from all the way over where he was. She followed suit with her knuckles and resumed her crouching stance. This time with the strange battered shield held firmly in front of her. There was no way she would fall for that again.
Edovan surprised everyone with an easy win in round one, but now it's time for round two of the big fight with Mountains, and she's not going to fall for that again! You won't want to miss a second of it, I promise! Surprise shocking ending that you will never see coming!

“Round two!” the Commander called, not waiting for Edovan to fully regain his breath. He spun to face his opponent and readied his next spell. Mountains had staged herself on the far end of the circle, and had placed as much space between them as possible. Edovan was alert, wondering what she was planning.

The Commander held the marker in her outstretched hands, ready to let it fall without any hint of warning. The second it left her hands, Mountains rushed towards him from her position, covering ground quickly as she charged. Ah, so that was her game: achieve maximum acceleration to cross the line the moment the marker touched down, and to continue toward him at full speed. Edovan spoke a word of power and raised his right hand to the sky before bringing it down clenched, as if he was grabbing something and tearing it down. Both his hands crackled with electricity, the strong smell of ozone filling the air all around him.

Mountains grimaced as she slowed her headlong charge, seeing the thin bolt of lightning arcing downward to her from the clear cloudless sky. Her instincts to watch him closer paying off as she muttered under her breath, “Damn mages...” She raised the shield over her head just in time to intercept it, and the magic impacted.

Everyone but Edovan and those who had fought mages (who knew the spell was flashy but had nowhere near the destructive potential of a real bolt of lightning) gave a collective gasp as they expected her to be fried to a crisp on the spot. But instead, the split second the bolt touched the shield, it just simply vanished--without a sound. It simply evaporated into nothingness.

Everyone was stunned by this turn of events, most of all Edovan, who had almost no time to react as Mountains’ bare foot came arcing through the air as she whirled, taking advantage of his shock, and caught him square across his chest. His reaction time was quite good, but her speed was astonishing. He was able to see her foot hurtling toward him in perfect detail, but also completely unable to get out of its way. All he could do was take a moment to brace before all the air was knocked from his lungs. Pain burned in him, and he swore he felt a rib crack as the force lifted him up off his feet, hurtling him through the air and into the surprised crowd behind him.
He’d never been so thankful for the throng of women that had gathered on his side of the ring. Honed combat reflexes kicked in as he sailed their direction and he was caught by a large, well-endowed blonde. He stared as she brought him down, her full lips and very pretty face taking him in its moment, this beauty who snatched him out of the sky like a prize thrown to a crowd at a festival. She clutched him to her bosom, giggling like a schoolgirl and grinning from ear to ear as several other women stared at her with daggers in their eyes. “I’m Holgret,” she said, and she buried him in her cleavage till his lungs burned for air. His small arms were pinned to his sides, making it completely impossible for him to struggle and much less free himself. Just as he was about to pass out she released him and let him fall unceremoniously to the ground.

Every part of him was in pain. He lay there, unmoving, until he felt something hard pressing into the side of his head. When he blearily opened his eyes he saw the Commander towering over him, her long shapely mail clad leg and booted foot nudging carelessly and somewhat painfully against his prominent cheek bone.

“Ow,” was his only response.

“Mouse... can you still fight?” she asked him. “Otherwise, I have to call it.”

Edovan answered by clutching her foot in his hands and struggling to his knees, hauling himself up her leg till he was shakily upright. But, still beneath her as she stood, straddling his small tousled head. She looked down at him with an amused grin as his hands clutched her mailed thighs, reaching perilously higher and higher placements. She kept her mirthful smirk, and made no move to disentangle him or move away from him. Edovan could feel the waves of jealousy rolling off the other women, but none of them dared say so much as a peep to the woman known as the Dragon. Edovan steadied himself and then let go of her.

“I can fight,” he said and then winced as he felt the broken bone in his rib pang.

“As you wish,” said the Commander as she returned to her place, overseeing the match.

“Eddo... you don’t look so good,” Staan observed as he knelt down in front of his little friend.

That was an understatement. The little mage looked like he had been hit by a four-horse carriage and then drug behind it. Edovan pointed at his staff and motioned for the large man to hand it to him. Gripping its familiar wooden heft, he recalled his healing school training. He spoke a few words and a pearlescent light emanated from the staff. It bathed him in its silvery glow, warm and comforting. It was more of a regeneration than a “clutch” heal, as his old healing instructor used to call it, but with each pulse of the silvery light he felt his strength returning. More a blessing as well, the pain in his side lessening. With his injuries on the mend he was able to finally focus on the most important thing about that last match, her shield.
He handed the staff back to Staan before turning to face his opponent. He stared as hard as he could at that shield but still couldn’t see any runes or magic on it. Still, it somehow had not only negated but **dissipated** his lightning bolt? Was there anything else it hid from him? Anything that stood out? He had to think fast. If she really did have a shield that had anti-magic properties then he was definitely at a severe disadvantage, especially since that was all he had at his disposal.

As the commander retook her position, she held out her hand once more with the marker, ready to begin the final match. He tried one last time to discern anything he could about that strange shield. It was rough, almost thrown together and handmade, much the same as goblin arms and armor from his humanoids class. He remembered they had said in school that this was because goblins weren’t great smiths. They lacked the ability to work with hardened steel like the artisans of man and mer. They would literally bang on things they scavenged, forcing the metal into unnatural shapes by sheer force. Her shield was similar in appearance, though he doubted very much it was goblin in origin. It had to be very exotic indeed if the Orcish smith in the upper yard couldn’t work with it. Orcs were some of the finest smiths there were in all of Tamriel, and no self respecting orc would have let anything out of his shop looking like that! But they also wouldn’t work with certain metals, like the strange burnished bronze metal that almost everything dwemer was made of. It’s melting temperature was higher than any normal forge could reach, and the dwemer method of forging it had been lost along with their entire race when they all vanished thousands of years ago.

His eyes suddenly focused in on her shield as the Commander’s hand dipped down in preparation for the upward toss. If it had been a burnished bronze color he would have easily recognized it as dwemer. But, because it was a dark lustrous silver, he had dismissed that possibility. Was it possible that this was some hybrid dwemer alloy? Something that negated magic like it did? Perhaps like whatever that room was made of that the Commander had commandeered as an office? He had assumed it had been done through powerful enchantments, but what if it was something done by the properties of the metal itself.

Perhaps Utha had somehow gotten her hands on piece of it and beat it into shield shape herself? **Just** for this occasion, no doubt. She was a crafty one, in addition to her considerable physical ability. Edovan took it as a little point of pride that she would go to such trouble to counter his considerable magical ability. It wasn't that she didn't see him as a threat. It was that she saw him as such a powerful threat that she had gone to great lengths to engineer a plan against him. But plans could be countered. And with that, the Commander launched the marker skyward.

* * * * *

The crowd was insane at this point. Some were cheering Edovan, some… even women, were cheering Utha. But everyone was watching intently, almost afraid to blink as the marker plummeted to earth. The last two rounds had happened so fast, they had been over in seconds and nobody wanted to miss what would happen next. It had not been a slaughter as many first suspected it to be. The little mage had taken the first round and then been sent flying in the second.
This was the crowning moment. Though few doubted at this point that the little Bosmer had enough courage, guts and skill to join the guild. Now they were wondering if he was powerful enough to actually win this thing!

The marker landed and Mountains did not immediately charge this time. She was hanging back and biding her time, as if to let the mage go first. His hands blazed once more through a series of learned movements and several words of power passed from his lips. But nothing appeared, there was no response. Had she canceled his magic somehow? He did not seem disturbed by the lack of any visible magic on his part, and had moved to casting a second spell. Mountains looked as confused as the crowd. She had raised her shield instinctively to ward against his first cast, only to lower it when nothing had happened. But now something was happening. He spoke a word of power and a small swirl of smoke emerged from the ground in front of him. It got bigger as it swirled, opening to reveal a dark portal of a sort, sizzling with the same shadowy energy from the attack he had used to first bring her down.

Something was rising from the portal within the growing column of swirling smoke. Several in the crowd took a step back as a large bipedal reptilian creature emerged and lifted its head. It opened its huge slavering jaws and emitting a low clicking, guttural sound. It was big, easily twice as tall as the mage who had summoned it, and almost a head taller than Mountains herself! She had a very perturbed look on her face as she watched it stand to its full height, fixing its black soulless eyes on her. She seemed to be looking to the Commander for some kind of guidance as to whether summoning such a beast was even legal, but the only thing the Commander was doing was looking at the little mage with her pupils dilated and her mouth half open. Mountains turned back toward the beast, who seemed to be waiting on some sort of command from its owner. Edovan, to whom the beast was waiting, had his own look of extreme confusion painted over his face.

The mage finally closed his open mouth and made a motion toward Mountains. The beast reared its leathery triple horned head and gave a blood curdling shriek before charging straight at her. She deftly moved away from its first two lunges, its claws and snapping jaws, and tried to sidestep it. The beast appeared to be purposefully staying between her and the mage as she tried to dodge and keep it away. Suddenly, she seemed to take a page from Baryk’s playbook against her as she dove between its legs: tucked, rolled, and came up behind it in a crouching position to take a step toward the little mage.

Edovan could clearly see that she was aiming to incapacitate him directly rather than deal with his summons, practically ignoring the sinister-looking creature. But, the second she crossed the invisible line between them the ground exploded underneath her foot with a loud roar as the air crackled. The blast released crystal fragments suffused with tendrils of a dark energy that flew outward in all directions. The crowd covered their faces to hide from this display of magical shrapnel, but the blast was contained to a small radius.

Mountains staggered for a second, nearly caught in the center of the blast, and then resumed her path. Another explosion impacted her and knocked her backward, just as the beast rounded on her from behind. Quickly she dropped to one knee and hurled her shield directly at the mage’s head.
He saw the spinning disc sailing toward him in just the right moment and barely managed to dodge to the side. It was not a clean dodge. Everyone winced at the odd metallic sound of it glancing off the side of his skull. The shield deflected into the crowd, felling some onlooker with an audible “oof” noise as they caught it in the chest. The little wood elf reeled, clearly stunned as blood welled from a long cut on the side of his head.

The beast took the edge and leapt high into the air behind her in the attempt to land its large and formidable rear talons on the amazon’s back. She wasn’t so easily beaten, and with a snarl she rolled to the side at the last second. Just like Edovan though, she also didn’t make a clean escape. One taloned foot struck, landing squarely on the single long tassel of cloth that hung down the front of her bottom garment and pinned it to the ground. As she rolled to the side the cloth caught and pulled free of its knot and the entire bottom garment unraveling in a flash. Before she realized what had happened, Mountains rolled to her feet--completely bottomless.

At first the crowd let out a collective gasp, but quickly began to titter. It wasn’t her nudity that caused them to giggle collectively before many began to outright laugh. It was her meticulously sculpted thatch of immaculately trimmed blonde pubic hair that had been carefully shaped into a perfect heart… and more importantly the letters shaved out of it. Clearly marked for everyone to see.

Mountains either didn’t appear to know what had happened or didn’t care, at least until she turned around and saw the beast snatching a long red piece of cloth off the ground in its maw, a piece of cloth that looked exactly like the one she had been wearing… around her waist… that was hers!!!

* * * *

Edovan was fighting at least THREE amazons, with three ridiculously giant clanfears, or... at least that’s what he was hazily witnessing. His eyes strained to take in the fuzzy details, both mentally and visually stunned. His pained head still couldn’t be sure what was up with his magic. Clanfears were minor summons, moderately-sized reptiles meant to harrass. They were supposed to be barely as tall as him. The best he had hoped for was a momentary distraction while he came up with a better plan, and instead he got a creature that could eat a horse! He winced, his head still throbbing and his ears were ringing. All three shaking, hazy Uthas were trying to wrestle several pieces of red cloth out of the mouth of all three clanfears while the crowd erupted in laughter around him. What was so funny? He couldn't tell. He watched as all the Uthas quickly cartwheeled and pivoted around the clanfears while still holding onto the red cloths. In just a few seconds the cloths had bound the beast’s mouths shut and been wrapped around its mostly useless arms before they were slammed to the ground. He was a bit more concerned when the Uthas, as one, bent down and picked up the tangled clanfears and hurled them into the terrified crowd simultaneously. It was then that he remembered that there was only one Utha, and only one clanfear. And the one Utha was moving toward him now at a terrifying speed. It was also then that he realized the one Utha wasn’t wearing a stitch of clothing below her waist.

Trying desperately to ignore her nakedness, (which was difficult when it was mostly his eye level) he quickly moved to the side as placing the location of his last remaining invisible daedric mine between them with the hope it might slow her down, or catch her off guard somehow. Just maybe
he could buy himself enough time for the last trick up his sleeve. As Mountains came toward him, he watched her eyes. He saw she noticed him dodge, tracking him as he no doubt appeared to move for what seemed to be no reason

She looked at the ground in front of him and sneered. “You mages and all your sneaky little tricks. You’ve got another mine there. Don’t think I don’t know it.”

They circled each other slowly, keeping about six feet of distance between them with the mine in the middle. Edovan was having difficulty focusing on her words as he took notice that not only was she bare, but that there were letters shaved into her pubic hair. His vision was still too blurry to make them out, but it affected him nonetheless.

“You are nothing without your magic.” she snarled, “You are weak. You don’t deserve her!” She made a quick feint to the left but he sidestepped out of her grasp and put the mine between them once again. She roared at him in anger “You should go back to your forests where you came from! Nobody wants you here! Nobody needs you here!”

She was practically shaking with rage now. Edovan, even in his fuzzy mental state, could tell this was an outpouring of long pent up thoughts and emotions, bottled to its breaking point. They continued to circle each other warily.

“You’re nothing special! I don’t know what she even sees in you… Just because you’re... small… and... cute and...”

* * * * *

Something was happening to Mountains. Her mind felt fuzzy. Her pupils dilated and her breath quickened. Her mouth felt dry and her skin hot. She was suddenly hyper aware of her nakedness as she towered over the little bosmer while they warily circled each other. Hyper aware of how close he was... of the fact that he was trying to focus on her face but his eyes keep darting downward of their own volition. And she liked it! Beads of sweat were forming on her brow, and even though she was only clad with a single strip of cloth around her upper torso (that barely contained her as it were) she somehow felt like even that was too warm and confining.

What was wrong with her? This was her enemy! A speck to be crushed! Why did she suddenly feel remorse for the gash on the side of his head? She didn’t even like men! There was only one person she wanted and this bosmer was the one standing in her way! Or at least that’s what she used to think, wanted to think. Right now she just wanted to end this silly fight. He was obviously
strong enough... even brave enough! Maybe she could talk to him after? But, she didn’t want to lose. It didn't matter how much she might like him right now...She still had to prove she was the best. In fact, the idea of defeating him was beginning to turn her on.

* * * * *

The fog in Edovan’s mind was clearing as they circled each other in their tense little dance that kept the mine between them. Sometimes they changed directions, sometimes stopping entirely for a few seconds; neither moving as each one tried to guess the other's next move. Edovan was doing his best to keep his eyes focused on her face. He watched her gaze for any hint of intent, but his own eyes kept being drawn down to her bare bush. It wasn’t for salacious reasons. He was still trying to make out those letters, but she kept turning her torso sideways to him for her fighting stance and she shifted so rapidly to the other side he never caught them.

He also noticed that she noticed he was looking. He fully expected this to enrage her even further, but instead she smiled slyly? Was that right, were his eyes playing tricks? He was so confused at this point. At first she seemed to hate him completely and now she was visibly appreciating that he was looking at her naked torso. It was certainly a welcome development in terms of his physical safety, but he hadn’t even figured out why she had hated him in the first place yet! That wasn’t the only odd thing he had noticed; his mind processing as fast as it could. Mountains was suddenly sweating and absent mindedly pulling at her only remaining strip of clothing in a very distracting fashion. She was licking her lips too... And her gaze no longer looked murderous. It looked--hungry.

His mind snapped to sharp realization. “Oh no,” he whispered under his breath. Not her too? Was she under the effect as well? Edovan didn't know how he felt about that. She was attractive for sure, but definitely a little too dangerous for him. And besides, he was already in love. His heart of hearts belonged to Yagaritte. It also meant that this was no longer a fair fight, and he definitely had strong feelings about that. Any kind of spell or magical item was fair game, but this… effect he was having on women--If even the Commander herself had fallen to it then nobody could withstand it.

He knew then what he had to do. He had to forfeit. The Commander knew about him; she would understand. But just as he was about to take the knee and yield, Mountains sprang forward.

The mine detonated beneath her with a sharp explosion of sizzling darkness, and a spray of crystal shards leapt into her. She spasmed for a split-second in midair as the magic impacted, but she continued forward. She was propelled by her own momentum and the force of the mine, the center of which had been slightly behind her when it went off. Edovan tried to quickly backpedal out of her way; but to his horror, even with his enhanced combat reflexes he watched her sail through the air toward him faster than he could react. He watched it coming, as if in slow motion, observing his own end. But much like with her foot earlier, he was completely unable to do anything about
it. Her long legs were spread wide, her large and completely bare vagina quickly filling up his entire field of vision. The last thing he saw before his face disappeared into the darkness between her thighs were the letters clearly shaven into her heart shaped flaxen thatch:

U + Y

* * * * *

(Now most people would think that vaginas are soft, and for the most part they would be right. But the thing that they forget about vaginas is that they are generally soft in the middle and on the inside. Not so much around the outer periphery, which is mostly a ring of thinly concealed pelvic bone, of a variety so thick and heavy that on a normal healthy young person it is very difficult to break. Utha was of course very young, and very healthy, and a Nord. So it was, that when her upper pubic bone contacted Edovan’s face just above the bridge of his nose, it was with almost the same amount of force as her foot had imparted to his ribs earlier. The much smaller more fragile bones above his nose--they didn’t have a chance.)

He was never able to appreciate her warmth against his face or the slick wet feel of her labia spreading out over his cheeks, nose, and mouth; or even drink in her dark earthy scent. He didn’t even feel the instant involuntary clench on her part as she felt his small face penetrating into her then quivering folds. Instead his face exploded in exquisite pain, blood gushed from his nose and behind his closed eyelids his vision was filled with stars. And then he saw even more stars as he hit the ground on his back with 300 pounds of now aroused nord woman literally on his face. His last thought before the darkness took him was the letters. It was obvious now why she hated him; why she had tried to stop him from joining the guild.

Utha was in love with Yagarrite.

* * * * *

The crowd stood in stunned silence as the giant woman sat astraddle her tiny, obviously unconscious opponent’s face. Her own face flushed, her breathing jagged. That sight was itself shocking beyond belief, but not half as much the unmistakable distinctly female cry they had all heard her make as she landed on him. Even the Commander was speechless herself, and never officially called the round or match for Mountains. It was obvious to everyone that she had won, at least in a fashion. He was definitely prone and clearly incapacitated. Even if there had been another round to follow it was obvious that he would not in any way be able to continue. Mountains, for her part, was making no move to disengage. It was not until someone tapped her on the shoulder and handed her the red cloth she had been wrapped with earlier did her reverie
finally end. Apparently the summoned creature had dissipated the second Edovan had gone unconscious.

She shakily rose to her feet and covered herself with it awkwardly. Her gaze stuck to the little mage with concern. She tried to kneel beside him but was gently urged out of the way as healers were already rushing to his side with a stretcher. Everyone aimlessly milled about silently, occasionally coughing uncomfortably or murmured hushed words. None of them knowing what to do or say after such outrageous events. Even a cursory glance showed several of them were giving Mountains very dirty looks, their disapproval palpable.

The commander seemed to finally collect herself and strode over to Mountains. “Recruit,” her tone was harsh. “A word with you, now.” she ordered. She made it clear that there wasn’t even the slightest hint of choice in the matter.

Utha nodded and walked over to her, her head bowed in deference. She had won true, but in such a way she wasn’t sure if she could even call it a win.

“Well.” the commander clipped, “that was certainly an unorthodox strategy.”

Utha said nothing.

“Utha... there is something you should know about our little elven mage. I’m trying to keep this controlled, very controlled, and you must swear not to tell anyone.”

A silence fell over the two, and Utha sucked in a sharp breath after several seconds. She realized that wasn’t just a passing thought. “You... mean swear it? Truly swear it?”

“I did not stutter, recruit. Swear it now, this does not leave us here. Or there will be more than hell to pay.” The Commander’s voice was like steel. “Swear it, now. On your father’s name, swear it.”

“I,” Utha began, her voice strengthening. “I swear... on the name of my father that what is discussed between us does not leave us.”

“Good,” the Commander’s voice smoothed, the steel melting to a calm voice. It held a softness, wiping away the bite of her tone before. When she spoke again, her concern and care was open. “I
don’t know if you noticed before, but it appears Edovan has a certain--effect--on women. I know you are young and you haven’t fully discovered who you are yet, but I also know you are normally not attracted to men,” the Commander spoke softly, compassionately; watching Utha carefully for the discomfort she hoped to avoid. She saw her words drawing small reactions in the pigment on the young woman’s face. “I also know that you fancy Yagaritte. I’ve known for some time,” her words trailing away as Utha sighed.

After today, everyone knew she fancied Yagaritte. The image was burned into their brains, like it or not. Utha was still staring at the ground, her face beginning to flush. Whether by shame, or some other reason, it reddened.

“I guess what I am trying to say is that what happened here today... This is not your fault. There are forces at work here that we don’t even understand. I have felt it too, much to my chagrin. It was in my office today, and it took everything I could do not to just pin his little head to my desk and…” She caught herself, pausing to take a breathe and compose herself.

“You are going to be fine. Just... try to stay away from him until you can get your head back on straight and figure out for yourself what or who you really want. Can I trust that of you?”

The commander reached out a hand in a maternal gesture and lifted Utha’s chin so she could see her face. The huge nord’s bronzed face was wet and shiny as huge tears welled up in her eyes, her bottom lip quivering. It was in that moment that the Commander was reminded that despite all Utha’s size and martial ability, the one they all called Mountains was, underneath her fierce exterior, a fresh faced young girl. She was barely 18, and still very much struggling to find her own place in the world.

“Why?” Utha said simply, tears streaming down her face, “Why did it have to be him? I want to hate him! It’s my right! And now I can’t even do that? I wanted to be her favorite. I wanted to go on this mission with her. I trained so hard and fought and earned my place by blood and steel as the gods intended. I pushed myself to be ready so she would see I was worthy and this... boy... This golden eyed branch-hopper... he just waltzes in here. He gets MY mission and now all I can think of is how I can’t wait to see him when he gets back? I WANT him Commander. Right now I want him more than I ever wanted Yagaritte. What Gods or Princes are so cruel as to send someone like that to us!”

She paused and took a deep but halting breath, and then, through gritted teeth, her voice getting stronger and more certain with each syllable she hissed

“I. don’t. like. MEN! Most of all a devious mage boy not half my size! Most... but... he...” her stuttering broke, a flash of rage crossing her watery eyes. Her anger was now overtaking her
sorrow. She stood straight and wiped her tearstained face. “Mark my words Commander. This is wrong. This magic is evil. You said it yourself that we don’t understand what is happening. After this mission, you should just… you should kick him out. I don’t care how I think I want him right now. This... this isn’t love! This... is madness! “

She turned then without waiting for the Commander to reply and strode away toward the barracks.

“My sweet summer child...” the Commander whispered as she left, “In time you may well find that those two things.. are often one and the same.”

*****
Edovan's head is reeling after the "battle" he just lost. But he's got work to do!
Assuming they haven't kicked him out of the guild already!

Edovan was sure he had died and gone to paradise. Not Sovngarde, that old school Nord concept of the afterlife for brave and valiant warriors, who feast forever in a giant mead hall with the heroes of olde. No, this was his own PERSONAL paradise, and he knew it was, because he was in Yagaritte’s bed, and she was was with him. Well, more like wrapped around him. They were naked and lying on their sides, facing each other, completely entwined, not in an active, aggressive sexual manner, but in a blissful, lazy, post-coital, afterglow kind of manner. Technically Edovan had never even had actual sex yet… but it was clear to him that in this paradise, they had.

His leg was again trapped between her thighs, her slick, warm sex pressed against his skin. Her right leg was wrapped around his pulling him to her. Her arms were squeezing him tight and his face was nestled in that perfect mid space of maximum deepness in the valley between her breasts as her left arm cradled him from behind supporting him so he would not slip from between them. Her right arm was wrapped around his shoulder and she was gently stroking his hair as she clutched him to herself tenderly. It was a perfect moment… in a perfect place, and he never ever ever wanted it to end.

So, of course, it did.

Not all at once… first she rolled over on top of him, not crushing him, but gently burying him underneath her much larger frame. But then her pressure on him began to decrease… he felt less and less of her weight, until he realized that she was herself weightless, and rapidly drifting upward and away from him. He tried to hold on to her, but her arms were stiff and unresponsive, and she kept rising till she was out of his reach. And he wanted to sit up but he couldn’t for some reason and he cried out to her, ”Why… why are you leaving me?!” and she kept rising and he could see an open doorway of pitch blackness behind her and she kept rising toward it and then she said, “Because I am not here,” and vanished into the blackness. Suddenly the window to her room burst open and a howling cold wind blew in and chilled him to the bone, and yet he still could not move. He just lay there, shivering.

And then someone started poking him in the face.

* * * * *

That part, at least, was real. Someone was poking him in the face… with a stick. He opened his bleary eyes, and then felt the freezing wind across his skin. Okay, apparently that part was real, too. He looked up, scrunching his eyes A very short and heavy Nord woman with white hair and a face like a shriveled potato (who had to be at least three times as old as Margara), was on the other end of the stick. She poked him again.

“I think that's enough sleep for you, golden boy. Up and at 'em,” her voice sounded a lot like a guar… deep, gravelly, and more resonant than a woman that size should have, like she was bigger on the inside somehow than the outside. And possibly filled with rocks.
Edovan sat up and swung his feet over the edge of the bed. He wrapped himself with his arms, shivering.

“If you are so cold why did you open your window?” the woman inquired, and then made a little exasperated sigh. “Oh, here, let me go close it for you since you can’t make up your mind...”

She walked… waddled really... over to the large double window and swung shut both of the heavy wooden shutters which were covered with thick horker skin on the outside, then fastened the latch. The room was still cold, but at least he wasn’t contending with the northern winds any more.

“How you feelin?” She said as she turned back to him.

Edovan took a quick physical inventory, moved and stretched, tested his bones and muscles. Nothing hurt. He reached up to the side of his head to feel the gash but it, too, was gone.

“I feel pretty good actually. You must be a miracle worker!” he exclaimed.

The old woman waddled over to him and pushed his head to one side with her walking stick without any warning. Then she poked him where his broken rib should be. He winced in anticipation, but nothing hurt, other than the stick being jabbed in his ribs. Lastly she aimed her cane at his nose and Edovan deflected it quickly with an arm, pulling his head head back out of the stick’s reach.

“My nose is fine… trust me. Doesn’t hurt at all,” he assured her.

The old woman peered at him as if he was trying to trick her, or at the very least deprive her of the fun of poking him in the nose with a stick.

“Yes, yer damn right I am. A miracle worker every day around here. But not for you. They said you were pretty bad, but by the time I made my second round you had started to heal on your own.”

She continued, “I don’t use magic... no gods or healing words. Just good old fashioned medicine, potions, salves, and poultices. Takes longer, mind you, but gets the job done. I just figgered you still had some mojo goin’ from that three ring circus you called a fight, hah!” she shouted, rapping her stick on the floor for emphasis..

“How long have I been asleep?” Edovan queried.

“You? “ The old woman answered as she moved about the room straightening things, righting a chair that had fallen over by the window, rehanging a painting that had fallen off the wall next to the window. “Since noon yesterday, when you got your beak bashed by that young zerk’s snapper.”

Edovan flushed bright red at the memory… which was now coming back to him… in extreme close up AND slow motion. To be honest he was more than a little grateful he had been knocked unconscious after that unforeseen turn of events. He didn’t know how he would even face her now, or everyone else for that matter.

“I feel bad for her. She must really hate me now.”

“Oh you think so, huh? From what I heard she LIKED you a little TOO much...” the old woman said, cackling to herself. “Speaking of… did you see her here in your room before I came up here?”

Edovan blinked twice at the outrageousness of the thought.

“No, I just woke up. And the fact I’m still alive makes me think she couldn’t possibly have been in
here, because she would definitely have smothered me with a p-"

He let that sentence die a merciful early death, but it was too late.

“Ohohohohoho… ahhaa… ehehehe!” The old woman tried to stifle a cough, brought on by her cackling. “Oh she’ll smother you alright… ahhahaha. You are funny one! I’ll give you that! But I don’t think she hates you. She’s been asking about your condition every hour or so. The reason I asked you if you had seen her is because she saw me carrying your things up to you a half hour ago and offered to carry them up herself. And I KNOW she was here, because there are your things.”

She pointed with her walking stick at a bundle of furs, clothing and boots wrapped with red cord that was laying on the floor at the foot of his bed. The old woman was right... Utha HAD been here. But where was she now?

The old woman interrupted that train of thought quickly.

“So anyway, this isn’t a social call. I got orders. From the boss lady herself,” she said sternly. “You are supposed to pack your shit and go. Post haste. Out with you. Get thee gone!” She motioned to the door with her cane. “Big man wants to see you out, so he will be waiting downstairs. I don’t want the world clomping around in my infirmary.”

And with that, the strange little woman waddled out the door.

Edovan’s face went numb. He couldn’t breathe. It felt like the world was spinning.

It couldn’t be. He had survived! That had to count for something, right? Staan had told him that didn’t have to win… he just had to make a good show of it. He’d only won one round, though. And the other two defeat were pretty decisive. Ultimately it was up to the Commander. And honestly after the mess he had caused yesterday, he could see her taking any excuse available to get rid of him.

This was awful. Nearly every good thing that was happening to his life recently hinged on him being accepted to this fighter’s guild. Now he wouldn’t be able to pay next month’s rent to Margara, he wouldn’t get to hang out with Staan… and worst of all, he had proven himself unworthy of the faith put in him by the woman he loved. He wanted to just run to the ocean and chuck himself off the pier.

He wouldn’t do that, of course. But didn’t know what he would do, either, honestly. The thought of leaving everyone and all his new friends made his blood freeze. His brain couldn’t process it. The only thing he COULD think to do was take his stuff and get out like they said. He would go back to the Boar and talk to Margara. She might know what to do. Hell, with this effect he was having on women, maybe she should have HIM whore.

He reached down and grabbed the huge bundle and hauled it up onto the bed. There were two sets of clothes. On top was his newly repaired suit and oversize coat and boots that he had walked in here with. But underneath that was clothing and gear he had never seen before. There was an immaculately tailored matching dark brown seal leather jacket and pants, which was lined with seal fur on the inside for added insulation. Also a pair of hard leather boots with fur linings, and a large cloak-coat combination garment riddled with pockets and a slit at the top… perfect for a staff to fit through. Out of curiosity, he tried on the jacket. Not only was it a perfect fit, but the shoulders and arms were sewn in such a way that gave him free range of movement.

Edovan had seen this kind of of custom mage wear before, and it was not cheap. Whoever had paid for these... had his full measurements, had had them custom tailored, and by a tailor who knew
how to sew for a combat mage. They had to be a further gift from Yagaritte, a congratulations gift that he had failed to earn. His heart clenched. He knew they couldn’t return them. There weren’t a lot of Bosmer mages in the world to begin with, let alone any under five foot tall. And there certainly weren’t any others here on THIS island. His only hope was to try to freelance (the gear would help) and maybe he could pay her back? Worse come to worst he could fall back on working at the Boar. Or maybe he could take Mint’s place? He was old, right? Had to retire some day.

He put on his old clothes and bundled up the rest carefully with the red cord. Then he grabbed his staff from where it was leaning against the wall, slung it on his back, and headed downstairs to say his goodbyes.

His room appeared to be one of many leading off of a long hallway that looked like it ran the length of the building. He wasn’t the only one up there. He glimpsed Baryk through one of the open doorways, who looked every bit as bad as Staan had described, and possibly worse. Lying unconscious and bandaged almost from head to toe, he looked positively ancient. But IF he ever recovered, at least he would have his place in this guild. That was more than Edovan could say.

He found the stairs at the end, and as he rounded them he could hear a huge commotion coming from below.

“You hussies are not gonna turn my infirmary into another Horny Boar! Now go away before I send for the Commander!”, squawked a gravelly voice that could only be the old woman.

At the bottom of the stairs Edovan could see about fifteen feet of stone floor, and then a large set of double doors set into the wall, one of which was cracked open with Staan leaning his back against it, trying to hold it closed... with considerable effort. The potato woman was down there too, jabbing at someone on the other side with her stick, and several hands could be seen protruding through the door along the edges of it, both on the side and on the top. She jabbed savagely several times, then slapped the invading hands one by one with the end of her cane, each one retreating as it was struck, with a curse and female yelp coming from the other side of the door.

“NOW!” she shouted at Staan, who, with a big grin, gave a strong final shove, closing the door flush, with nobody losing limb or appendage in the gap. The old woman used her cane to strike a latch which was holding a huge wooden timber, that was being held at a 70 degree angle. Staan barely managed to jump clear as the huge hunk of wood slammed into metal slots in both doors, effectively barring them closed to anything short of a large battering ram or a full on siege tower assault.

“Finally. Some peace and quiet!” she said over-loudly as she waddled off to the left into the room out of his field of view.

Edovan continued his slow, grim descent, one step at a time. He was in no hurry. Staan dusted off his hands, stretched his muscles, and then happened to look up and see Edovan coming down. His face instantly split into its customary huge grin upon seeing his little friend, which was very confusing for Edovan. He thought they had gotten rather close in the short time they’d known each other... he would have sworn that Staan, of all people at the guild, would be sad about his predicament, or at least have some sympathy. Yet here he was, beaming at Edovan as if he couldn’t be happier.

“Eddo... there you are! You’re late! We gotta get you outta here, clock’s tickin’!” he cried joyously. With that, he hurried over to Edovan, but stopped short, looking up at him quizzically, partially up the stairs. “Hey, why aren’t you dressed?”
Now Edovan was really confused.

“I am dressed?” he said, very much puzzled “I’m wearing exactly what I had on when I came here,” he said, looking down at himself.

“Nononoo… that stuff yer carrying…” Staan pointed at the bundle of expensive gear. “You’re supposed to be wearing all of that. It’s gonna be cold where you are going. You’re gonna need it.”

He gently turned Edovan around and prodded him back up the stairs, all while Edovan wore a quizzical look upon his face..

“The client gave very specific instructions that you are to be wearing that gear when you go to meet them!”

Edovan was not moving, despite the very convincing urging from the big man behind him. Somewhere, inside his big brain, logical brain was trying to work out the pieces of this puzzle.

“Wait… what client?” he stammered.

“HA!” The potato lady cackled from her side of the room. It was one of the biggest alchemical stations that Edovan had ever seen


Edovan didn’t say a word, but his eyes unconsciously shifted toward the old woman who was intensely puttering away with tubes and beakers. Staan caught the glance and looked in her direction as well.

“Majj! What did you do!?!?” he said accusingly.

The old woman ignored them both for a few seconds, but they both continued to stare at her until she looked up, exasperatedly.

“Whaaaat? I just told him what the commander said,” she answered, resuming her work at the station, swirling some blue liquid around in a beaker while holding it up to the light.

The look on Staan’s face showed he wasn’t buying it. His visage became surprisingly stern.

“Majj… what did you say to him? Your. Exact. Words.” Staan said with a sudden air of authority. “Don’t make me pull rank on you.”

It occurred then to Edovan he didn’t even know the guild rank structure, though he had to imagine Staan was pretty high up to outrank the lady in charge of the infirmary

She put down the beaker she was holding and looked up at them sullenly from under her eyelids, with her head tilted toward them.

“Whaaaaat? Just said what she said. He needed to pack his shit and go. Not my fault that the rookie took it the wrong way.”

She ignored them both again and went back to her blue beaker. Now she was tapping it lightly against a shelf like she was trying to shake something out of it.

“Oh for the love of Mara. That’s not what she said at all! She said to make sure he took all his gear and got out of here by a half hour till sunrise. The client gave express orders that they are to meet
at sunrise!”

Staan turned back toward Edovan, looking as apologetic as possible. “I’m sorry, Eddo. Majj may be great at healing people, but she’s not so good at peopling. Anyway, we don’t have time for this. We have to get you dressed and on the road, or the Commander will have both our hides!”

Edovan started to move slowly, despite Staan’s big hands on his shoulders.

“So I’m in? I get to stay?” The fires of hope had started to burn in his heart again, but he wanted to be sure before he threw wide the doors and started his internal celebration.

“Are you kidding me? You knocked Mountains on her ASS. Nobody has ever done that before, since she started her challenges! Hahahaha!” He started to clap Edovan hard on the back as they climbed the stairs together, but caught himself and changed it to a solid pat on the back.

“And she totally cheated with that shield. Nobody even knows where it came from, and she isn’t saying. But it’s not like whatever that weird metal was is lying around everywhere, right? If she hadn’t had that, you would have fried her the second round, game over.” Staan sounded almost giddy at the thought of it.

They topped the stairs, and stopped outside the room Edovan had been given. Staan pointed to the open doorway.

“Go change. I’m gonna go check on Baryk real quick. Holler at me when you are ready.”

And with that, he turned and headed down the hall, chuckling to himself.

Edovan had to stop and take a few deep breaths. It was a bit much to take in. In the last ten minutes he’d been in bed with Yagaritte, found out that wasn’t real, been poked in the face by a mean potato, kicked out of the guild, found out that wasn’t true either, and now he was supposed to be putting on the nicest gear he’d ever seen and going to meet his mystery client on his first guild mission. Was THIS real? Was it another dream? He kept expecting to wake up back at the Boar and be told he had laundry duty and find out all of this so far was a dream. Well, if it was, it was good one right now. He better make the most of it!

Just a few minutes later he and Staan headed downstairs with a now fully outfitted Edovan, there were also fine deerskin fingerless gloves with cold resistance enchantments, well actually pretty much everything had cold resistance enchantments, but hey, fingerless! The best thing though was the big hooded coat cloak combo, which was surprisingly light and moveable for its size. Edovan had mistakenly thought that it had slot for his staff to slide through. What he found when he examined it closer is that it was a pocket, specially made to hold his staff, perfectly measured for its length.

They stopped in front of the barred doors downstairs. Staan started to reach for the large timber. Majj was still playing with her beakers and burners.

“I wouldn’t do that if I were you...” she said nonchalantly and went back to swizzling some murky green gloop into a dark red gloop that looked like blood, if blood were boiling and chunky.

Staan pointed to the door, she shook her head in a back and forth motion looking while looking straight at him. He pointed upstairs and she nodded and gave him a thumbs up. “

“Oh Eddo, I don’t suppose you have anything to make us fly?..or even just make us float for a bit?” Staan asked, only half seriously.
“Why?” Edovan asked.

Because I think Majj wants us to go out a window.

* * * * *

They had gotten out of the window in Edovan’s room easily enough. Fortunately it opened on to the roof of the lower floor. Unfortunately, the lower floor was apparently just shy of 20 feet tall and that was way further than either Edovan or Staan wanted to drop to reach the ground on the side of the infirmary. Edovan knew that levitation was a real thing, though a much higher level spell, but much to Staan’s disappointment he didn’t know it. Also fortunately, so far they hadn’t drawn attention from the huge crowd of women that was still milling about the doors on the front of the building.

They were both somewhere between just jumping and hoping for the best and giving up and climbing back in the window when the top of a ladder suddenly appeared out of nowhere on the side of the building. Edovan walked over and peered down. There was a tiny redguard girl with bushy dark silver hair. Well, tiny wasn’t fair. She was still bigger than him by at least a foot, but she was not a giant twice his size like everyone else seemed to be around here.

She waved up at him and then “Shhhhhhh”ed him loudly with her finger to her lips like she suddenly realized they were not supposed to be noticed.

Edovan whispered to Staan, “I think she’s here to help”

Stan walked over and looked down and waved and smiled.

“Oh, hey Kiki! Did the Comman--” He cut off mid sentence as both the redguard and the bosmer “shhhhhhhhh”d him forcefully.

“Woops sorry.” Stan continued in a low whisper. “Did the Commander send you to help us?”

“Yessssss” she whisper-yelled up at them both, motioning them to come down.

Edovan slipped down the ladder quickly, his bosmer ancestry working to his advantage for once. Staan was a different story, gingerly placing his huge hands and feet on each rung as he painstakingly descended. They both waited for him patiently at the bottom. Edovan was kind of enjoying standing next to someone he could almost see face to face. Kiki was a good head taller than him, but only a head, as opposed to a neck, chest, belly and.. other things. She was very striking for a redguard, with chestnut skin and big violet eyes. Her long bushy hair was her most striking feature. It had appeared silverish at a distance, but up close he could see the shock of white that ran through the middle and also how the silver strands darkened at the ends to almost black. Along with her somewhat pointed face and her large eyes it gave her an exotic almost animal like appearance.

Kiki noticed him looking at her as Staan reached the halfway point

“Oh no.. is..is something wrong? I have something on my face don’t I! AUUGGHGH” She let go of the ladder and starting furiously wiping at her face with the sleeves of her deer leather jacket. The ladder, which had been placed a bit close to the building in order to reach all the way to the roof, began to teeter backwards.

“Um.. guys? The ladder..” Staan said looking a little white.

“No..no.. There’s nothing on your face.” Edovan tried to reassure her, “I’m just.. It’s nice to meet someone I can see face to face and not face to ..well, you know.”
The unattended ladder was starting to lean to one side now as well.

“Face to what?” A look of sudden recognition dawned on her face. “Ohhhhh.. Ahaha you don’t like staring at nord crotch.” she said grinning as she looked up directly at Staan’s and licked her lips.

Staan was clinging to the ladder, his knuckles turning white, he was gripping it so hard. It began to fall both left and backward at the same time. “Guys? A little help?

Edovan almost choked at her answer, “No..I mean..” he stammered for words. It was not what he expected her to say at all. That’s when he noticed the ladder listing dangerously to the left.

“Staan!”, he called out in alarm as it started to topple. Kikki shot out a single slender hand and caught the ladder, effortlessly pushing it back upright and against the wall, her large violet eyes never leaving Edovan’s now beet red face. Staan hurriedly descended another 3 rungs and then stepped off the ladder and dropped the last 4 feet to the ground. He looked very relieved to be back on the ground. Edovan was very relieved to start a new topic of conversation.

“Staan.. Are you afraid of heights?” he asked credulously.

Kiki took the empty ladder and laid it over easily on its side and then picked it up at the middle point with one hand and started to walk away with it. “No, not heights” she casually tossed over her shoulder. “He’s scared of ladders.” she said and walked off across the yard, hoisting the ladder from it’s low position to her shoulder with a single upward yank.

“Long story,” Staan said. “And we don’t have the time. We gotta get you on the road!!”

He reached out a big hand to herd Edovan along the outer wall till they made it to the other side of the large elegant headquarters tower. One there they slunk through the smithy area, The large orc over the forge barely grunting at them in acknowledgment as they passed through. Then down to the sparring yard and hurrying toward the big gate. Staan pressed a large scroll into Edovan’s hands.

“Your client marked this map for you. You are supposed to meet them at the exactly the spot on the map at precisely when the sun rises over the city. That’s not far now.. So you gotta go!”

He started to push Edovan toward the portcullis, but then suddenly dropped to one knee and wrapped the little bosmer in his bulging arms.

“You’re gonna do great Edo! I’m proud to have you as a guild brother! Be safe!’ he said and then stood back up quickly and rubbed his eye.

Edovan wasn’t sure, but he could have sworn the huge nord was trying not to cry? Today had been such a strange day he thought to himself as he hurried across the first the long wooden drawbridge and then the dwemer stone bridge back down to the city below. His mystery client was waiting. It had to be someone important for them to go to all this trouble. Someone with ties to the guild, or someone who knew Margara perhaps? He’d been specifically requested for this job, so he knew they needed a mage, or possibly someone who could read dwemer runes? Yagaritte had to have put in the good word for him. She must have told the client about him and convinced them to ask for him specifically as a way to get him in the guild with no challenge. Well, that had almost worked out.

He thought of Mountains as he hurried down into the city proper following the landmarks on his map. Had she really asked about him? Why would she suddenly care? No doubt she wanted another chance at him maybe? A chance to prove she was the better combattant or just a chance to pay him back for her humiliating and unorthodox victory? Some mysteries would have to wait till
he got back. The sun would be coming up soon and he had to make it before that moment. “An hour early is better than one minute late” his father had always said. An hour early was out of the question at this point. Maybe he could manage a few minutes? The sky was starting to turn pink. It was going to be a rare clear sunny day on the island with no snow, a perfect day to start his new career with a new adventure!

He found the little shop He’d first met Yagaritte in there on the corner. That was his next to last marker on his map. It was dark inside and the door was still barred for the night, but it didn’t stop Edovan from taking a few seconds to stand on his tiptoes to peer inside through the little window in the door. There was the table where it had all started. He could hear her mesmerizing melodious laugh again in his mind as clear as if she were right in front of him. He could see her smile... the curly wisp of strawberry blonde hair that always stubbornly dangled down across her face.

And suddenly it hit him, hard. He missed her. He missed her terribly. She was the reason he was doing any of this at all, not just the one who had made it possible, but the motivation to see it through. One thought had shown like a lighthouse in his mind this entire time. That she would be there. at the end of it all, waiting for him. When he returned from his adventure, his client happy with his work, she would be waiting, to hear his grand tales, to celebrate his success. To look at him and be proud for once, not that awful look of disgust that was literally his last image of her as she carried him to her door and tossed him into the hall, and out of her life.

The sun was rising for sure. The sky turning from pink to orange to gold over the many cliffs and bluffs to the east. He looked at the final map marker. He was almost there. He hurried around a corner and stopped dead in his tracks. This.. This was the wall. The very wall she had pinned him against when she thought he had stolen her herbs. He heard her low husky voice again in his head.

“What's the matter little mouse? Don’t you find me attractive? Don’t you like my breasts?”

He smiled a bit at the memory. Even then she had him pegged. Though, as much as he loved the beautiful curves of her body, his answer had not changed. The reason he had followed her that day...was her laugh. At that moment the sun’s first rays streamed down from the cliffs and bathed the wall in amber light. It was time! He turned and looked toward the dawn, shading his eyes with his hand. And then he saw his client.

Statuesque, beautiful, strong. The rising sun struck her coppery hair and made it shine as bright as any precious jewel. Her raw, primal beauty was every bit as strong as that first evening. She was dressed differently, much warmer, but she was still leaning against the outside of the clothier’s shop, her familiar satchel at her feet, steam rising from the hot fish wrap in her hands as she took huge gulping bites from it. She looked at him and winked and took another bite, wiping sauce from her chin, and she laughed, that low melodious laugh that made him feel warm inside. He knew of course before she laughed, but he had stood frozen in place until that moment, unable to believe that it was actually her, that she wasn’t just a vivid memory...

He dropped his map and sprinted for her as fast as his little legs would go. And as he neared her he leapt into the air. She had no choice but to drop her food and catch him up out of the air, clasping him to her bosom. He wrapped his tiny arms around her neck and shoulders, holding her tight, his little body heaving as he sobbed jaggedly on her chest, his face buried in the hollow of her neck under her chin. She held him like that for several seconds in wonder, his feet dangling far off the ground as she squeezed him.

“Whoah hey.. Shhh.. shhhh. shhhh. It’s ok..it’s ok. I’m here. I’m... here.” she said gently, her own voice starting to catch in her throat at his outpouring of emotion.

She patted him gently on his back and rubbed his shoulders till his sobbing quieted to occasional
“Missed me, did you?” she said chuckling as she used a free finger to rub at her own eyes. He nodded his head against her vigorously, but didn’t say anything. She reached down and lifted his little chin up with the same finger to turn his tearstained face towards her. Then she lightly touched her finger to the tip of his nose with a little pat.

“I’m sorry Little Mouse. It was mean of me to hide myself away from you for so long. I just wanted everything to be perfect for you when you got here. If I’d known you missed me that badly..well.. I’d have done something differently.” She paused and thought for a bit, and then continued, chuckling. “Not sure what exactly, but I would have thought of something. I only have one question. Did you really not know the client was me? I really wanted it to be a surprise, but you are so clever, I was afraid you would figure it out.”

Edovan was sure her eyes had never been that blue before. He gazed up at them in adoration and finally spoke.

“I don’t think I ever really KNEW….. but.. deep down inside, in my heart... I’d always hoped?”

He threw himself against her again..lying his head on her chest and pulling himself to her so tight he almost couldn’t breath.

“I think.. I think we are supposed to be together somehow... As friends..partners, maybe more.. I don’t know. I just feel like my whole life has been about getting me here to you. My.. “ he started to say something about his parents dying. But something stopped him. He didn’t want anything bad to happen to her. “My family..everything that has happened to me so far..I feel like as terrible as it was… and as much as I wish it had never happened.. I feel like it will all be ok as long as I am with you.”

“Well then,” she said with a twinkle in her eye, that same mischievous twinkle she always got when she was thinking of something particularly naughty, “I guess I better never let you out of my sight then! Hope you don’t mind sharing sleeping bags!”

She laughed again as he blushed as she knew he would. But then bit her lip, because she also knew she wasn’t joking. She needed him fully energized and alert for this job of course, but it didn’t mean she couldn’t have a little fun with him along the way. The journey was long, and the weather would be brutally cold. There would be plenty of opportunities for shenanigans on this job. Besides as she always reminded herself, as much as the thought of doing things to her little wood elf friend got her excited, if she had to be honest with herself, in the end, she just really loved teasing him.
Act II: chapter 1: Reunion

Chapter Summary

Edovan and Yagaritte are reunited once more as they set out on their first real adventure together and things get a little out of hand.

The sun was shining, The sky was blue, and Edovan was about as happy as a 4’9” bosmer had ever been. Mind you, it wasn’t a very large pool to draw from, population wise anyway, but at this moment, riding out of the city with Yagaritte’s warm voice extolling at length about its architecture and history (and even its Dwemer origin) and her even warmer body pressed up against him and around him as they shared the saddle together, he was certain it would not have been possible to experience more joy and contentment without leaving the mortal realm altogether.

Logical Brain was listening in rapturous fascination as she went on about how thousands of years ago the legendary Ysgramor himself and the 500 Companions once visited the island and camped there on their way to retake the Elven held lands that later became known as Skyrim. How a rogue group of dwemer who had settled there centuries later had built an enormous science and engineering complex on the volcanic shoreline, one that was widely thought to harness not only the abundant geothermal energy but the power of the very volcano itself! He could barely fathom the kind of esoteric calculations that had been needed to pull off such a feat. Surely the dwemer possessed knowledge beyond all their understanding!

Logical Brain could have listened to that melodious voice speak knowledgeably but unpretentiously about dwemer and history and science and architectural influences for an infinity, but there was just one tiny problem that was making it harder and harder to concentrate on the words coming out of her mouth. It was a constant incessant chanting. Just a mindless repetition of the same six words over and over and over again. It had originally started out as sort of hushed whisper but had gradually grown in volume and in speed until it could no longer be ignored. He sighed in frustration as it finally rose to a level that all but drowned out her out just as she was about to tell him about the ancient construction methods used to create the long graceful metallic bridges leading out of the city and up into the surrounding mountains. Enough was enough. He turned and looked at Lizard Brain.

“..thereareboobsonmyheadthereareboobsonmyheadthereareboobsonmyheadthereareb-”

“WILL. YOU. STOPPPP!!”, logical Brain thundered.

Lizard Brain looked at him sheepishly. “Sorry” he said apologetically but still goofily grinning from ear to ear. In truth, he was right. There WERE boobs on Edovan’s small head. Two of them to be exact, gently bouncing up and down against the top of his tousled brown hair, just heavily enough to be more than a bit distracting, even when listening to a lecture on Dwemer architecture!

But before Logical Brain could lecture Lizard brain further about the rudeness of ignoring the well spoken words of such an obviously intelligent and well rounded companion in favor of her OTHER even more well rounded assets, something happened that caused both of them to lose their trains of thought.
Yagaritte was getting a bit distracted herself. As they rode along together, his tiny form perched in the saddle in front of her, she was doing her best to concentrate on her tour. It wasn’t often on the island she found anyone who could appreciate the vast knowledge of her homeland that she had acquired over her 29 years of growing up and living here; the last 5 of which she had spent in her position as Chief Researcher for the Guild. It wasn’t that she wanted to show off how smart she was. Somehow she knew he had no doubt about her in that regard. No, she was genuinely fascinated with history, architecture, science and more and this..this was a rare chance to talk about those things with someone who clearly loved it as much as she did. She kept glancing downward at his cherubic little face beaming upward at her as she talked. She loved how his eyes sparkled and lit up at any mention of Dwemer influences on the Island and the city, and how his mouth had gaped as she spoke of Ysgramor. Sharing things you love with someone else who loves them too was a pleasure she hadn’t experienced in far too many years. Not since.. Well, not since she had left her home and family behind. But even the momentary twinge of sadness at the thought of what she had lost 11 years ago couldn’t stop her heart from practically bursting as he “oohed” and “ahhed” at the various architectural features and important sites along their route.

She was trying her hardest to concentrate on her words. Her words! Not his big golden eyes starting up at her.. Not his small but firm body between her thighs. Not the warmth of his back pressing against her abdomen. She was reminded of that morning in her room when she had woke up holding him so close to her, of how intimately and perfectly his body had fit against hers.. not IN spite of the fact that he was half her size.. but because he was half her size! It seemed even truer now as they rode together. She actually had planned originally for him to have his own mount for this trip, but realized last minute as she went through the stables to select one for him that she had no idea what, if any, riding experience he had. Oh well. It wasn’t like she wasn’t enjoying this. No, truth be told, she was enjoying it a bit TOO much. Though he seemed to sit the saddle well enough it didn’t stop each trot and bounce of her horse from moving him against her. He weighed considerable less than her, so he simply bounced more than she did and the constant movement of him against her hips and inner thighs was generating a kind of heat that couldn’t be chalked up to friction. At first she had tried to ignore it and just concentrate on her history lesson but the longer they rode.. the more difficult it became.

Everything was going her way for once. She was finally setting out on her long planned mission with hopefully the the most knowledgeable (and cutest) expert in Dwemer studies on the island. The weather was perfect and the mood was great. He was literally hanging on her every word as she told him all about how the dwemer had built tubular structures from their special metal they used to construct everything and then run long unbreakable cables through those structures to support their bridges. It had the aspect of making them seem impossibly long and unsupported because the suspension cables were actually hidden inside them.. At the word “inside” her thighs had suddenly given his tiny butt a long involuntary squeeze, long enough and hard enough that he had actually made a small noise. Not quite a squeal, more of a squeak. The sound made her tummy flutter it was so cute. She didn’t even know he could do that! Suddenly her mind began to wonder to what OTHER sounds she might get out of him if she squeeze him just right..or in different places. She stole a glance downward at him and saw the pink flush on his bronzed cheeks but looked back up and pointed to something quickly before their eyes could meet.

This last week had been hard on her. She had spent the time making all of her last minute preparations for this journey and his guild induction. Also convincing herself every day to keep her distance from him. She didn’t want anyone at the Guild to think he couldn’t stand on his own two feet and didn’t deserve to be there on his own merits, and more important, she didn’t want
HIM to think that he only got in because of her. She was so proud of him for facing Utha and accepting her challenge that she’d forgotten all about his violation of her privacy back at the Boar. In truth she was not that young inexperienced girl anymore, not in any way shape or form. In the ten years since she had done far more lewd things and ALL of them voluntarily with only minor alcoholic assistance. Even though she had been taken advantage of back then, it had opened her in many ways. She had owned her own sexuality since then and used it to suit herself and her own needs, taking what she wanted and giving as good as she got, but always on her own terms. Of course with her size and skill with her blades it wasn’t like anyone had a choice. No, she realized that the reason she had reacted so strongly that day was not so much what was in the box as what it represented, a past she had left behind and with it, memories that she had fought hard to lock away.

But that was the past and even as painful as it had been she had gotten through it and made her own life for herself. So now, many days later she was not only no longer angry about it but had to admit that the more she thought about it, the more it had kind of turned her on. He was looking at HER after all. LOTS of her from the sheer number of activated crystals she had found all over her room. Whether he had meant to or not he had literally immersed himself in her for all intents and purposes. And wasn’t that her intent anyway? For him to unpent himself in her bed? If only Bernadette hadn’t stuck her annoying nose and other body parts into things, that day might have gone very differently indeed!

But was then and this was now, and right now she had him right where she wanted him, tucked between her thighs and pressed against her belly as he bounced against her. She slyly adjusted her posture a bit more forward till her considerable charms were literally bouncing just so on the top of his cute little head.

Edovan flushed with more than just embarrassment, but mostly just embarrassment. Had he squeaked? One second he had been fascinated by the brilliant designs of Dwemer artisans and the next her thighs had clamped around him like the softest warmest vice you could imagine, and for so long he almost didn’t think she was going to let him go! He glanced furtively up at her but she had continued talking about bridges as if nothing had happened, her sapphire eyes perhaps dancing just a little more than they were previously. Maybe she was just happy to be finally going on the trip she had planned and had squeezed him unconsciously out of sheer joy? Or maybe she thought she had felt him slip a bit in the saddle and had reflexively gripped him to keep him from falling? He’d ridden horse many times before, but truth be told he’d never really liked them.

Well, that wasn’t true. He liked them just fine. They just didn’t seem to like him! They liked him fine when he petted them in the estate stables back home and they gladly perked up to take his morning apple offerings, but once he was in the saddle and holding the reins they pretty much did whatever they wanted to do, his commands and urgings be damned. They seemed to delight in leisurely trotting when he wanted to gallop and sprinting across fields when he wanted to take it slow. He was only thankful that they had given up trying to brush him off by walking under hanging limbs and such because with his small stature he could easily duck lower than than the horse could. So though he had ridden and could ride with some skill he really didn’t like to. But this was different. Yagaritte was in perfect control of this horse and even as big as it was he could tell that they were used to each other. But she might assume he didn’t know how to ride, so he decided that the best thing to do was reassure her that he wasn’t slipping by doing the only thing he
could think of..
pressing backwards into her even more.

She almost squeaked herself. She did love teasing him, but at this point she was beginning to wonder who was teasing who! A few moments after she had squeezed him he had pressed himself backward into her, wedging himself even more tightly into the space between her thighs to the point she could feel him pressing the top of his tight little buttocks against her mons. A shiver ran down her spine like a lit fuse igniting something deep inside her when it reached the small of her back. Instinctively she rolled her hips against against him, almost imperceptibly. Just enough to maximize the delicious sensations as he bounced in the saddle between her thighs. It was almost, but not quite, just the right amount of friction.

She closed her eyes and let her mind focus on the fire smouldering inside her. She’d ridden this road more times then she could count, and with this very horse at least a dozen. Gods knew Golem didn’t need her help to follow this road, and wouldn’t for some time. More than enough time for her to reward herself for being such a good kitty these last several days. For a split second she wondered what could possibly be going through his mind right now. Did he even know what she was doing? For a really smart guy he could be pretty dense sometimes, especially when it came to bumping and grinding. Maybe she should make it more obvious? She also noticed that that what was working so wonderfully before was still good, but it wasn’t quite getting her to where she needed to go. It was time to take matters into her own hands for a bit.. And maybe even his, she thought with a wicked grin as she dropped the reins and used her teeth to remove her riding gloves.

Her left hand came down swiftly on him. Her long slender fingers slipping themselves expertly between the opening in his long coat and deftly through the many layers of his clothing. She giggled when he squeaked again as her fingertips grazed the bare skin of his belly but then descended slowly downward into his trousers. She split her fingers apart, two on each side as she slid them past his manhood, but she did not take it in her grip. Instead her hand was curling around under him, fingertips hooking underneath in the crease of each leg until she felt she had a good grip on him, then she swiftly pulled him up and backwards, flexing her thighs open briefly to better receive him as she drug him as tightly against her leather bound crotch as she could. She moaned a bit as she held him there before clamping her thighs around him again like a vice. With him tightly secured in just the right spot now she begin using her hand to rub him up and down against her as she thrust her hips forward into him. It felt so good it surprised her.. “Should it feel this good?” she wondered to herself as she ground against his small frame.

Yagaritte was no stranger to the bed,,or the wall, floor.. or the kitchen table for that matter. She had done many thing with many people in many places. But she had never done this. She’d also never had a gorgeous tiny elf mage between her thighs while riding before, but if this was any indication of what this trip was going to be like with him she might have to revise her timeline a bit. Might take an extra week even? Something about having him there against her..her larger more powerful thighs gripping him, his head safely tucked beneath her heavy bosom.. him almost at her mercy and yielding himself to her as she took what she wanted was giving her butterflies the size of the horse she was riding, and Golem was a very big horse! He felt so good, so right, so perfect..the best she had ever felt. So it was starting to puzzle her that she hadn’t come already. As amazing as this was, she was teetering just at the edge, not quite at the peak so she could plunge
over it. She cursed her leather pants for cutting the sensation a bit. She needed something against her bare skin.

Her right hand found his and brought it up to her mouth. She tried to catch a fingertip in her teeth but to her surprise it was only his bare finger she nibbled. Ugh, fingerless gloves! She’d forgotten she’d had them made special not to impede his casting ability. In exasperation she pulled his arm higher till she got the bottom of the glove in her teeth as she bent down over him and yanked her head impatiently to the side, whipping the glove from his tiny hand in a single motion. She spat it into her hand and tucked it behind the saddle for later. Strangely his hand, now free, didn’t lower but remained outstretched toward her mouth, his fingertips grazing her lips softly. Curious, she tilted her head toward them as they quested, slipping between her lips and into her mouth. His hands were so small..without thinking she tilted her head further down, slipping his entire hand into her mouth up to his wrist with ease. This was something ELSE she had never done before and she was surprised how much she liked it. Her little mage was just full of surprises!

She wrapped her lips tight around his wrist and sucked his hand hard, almost like she was trying to suck meat off a bone and was quickly rewarded when she felt him shudder against her as he softly moaned. Her playful tongue writhed under his splayed fingers as she sucked him deeper, pulling him into her with the sheer suction of her mouth, her teeth grazing against his forearm on both sides and pushing up the sleeves of his coat. She felt him then tense and try to pull away but she clamped down harder, not enough to hurt him but enough to signal him that what she had taken was hers now, and she would give it back when she decided. To drive that point home she rolled her head downward plunging his hand deeper, down the back of her tongue until she felt his fingers tickling down in bottom of her throat. She swallowed hard and deliberately around him, her throat muscles gripping him and pulling at him. Dear gods above why in oblivion did this feel so good? She’d never had any part of him inside her before. She was overcome with the impossible desire to see how much of his arm and even the rest of him she could get into her mouth and more. But then the fire burning in her nethers pulsed so hard she almost cried out around his hand and she remembered her original plans.

Slowly, almost reluctantly, she relaxed her grip on him and let his hand slip free, only bringing her teeth down once on his fingertips just as they were about to escape. She released him for real this time and felt him shiver against her. She didn’t know if it was from fear or thrill or the chill of cold mountain wind against his now saliva coated skin, but she didn’t worry. It would be more than warm enough soon. Before he could return his hand to the pommel she grabbed it again, pulling it around behind him and between them and slipping it into her leathers. Now it was her turn to gasp as his ice cold wet fingers slipped past her waistband and across her mons. She fought past the chill and guided him down, pausing only briefly to rub his middle finger tip in three slow circles against and around her clit before thrusting it down roughly till she felt him against her labia. She rolled her hips upwards against those tiny agile fingers greedily dipping them into her inner folds up to his second knuckles and pressed the flat of his palm against her now aching nub.

Oh sweet oblivion this was amazing! With her left hand she now drug him even harder against her, pinning his right hand between her tingling sex and his tight little bottom. She moaned as she gripped him tighter and began rhythmically pulling him into her, slowly at first but increasing both the pace and force rapidly. As she pulled him him into her again and again she brought her hips up to meet each backwards thrust, each tightening pull pressing the flat of his palm against her clit while dipping his fingers deeper and deeper into her. She gasped again again as she felt him began to wiggle his fingers within her..pressing them of his own accord into her slick yielding flesh, his tiny hand burrowing deeper and deeper. Her mind was almost exploding. This was better than anything she had ever done..with anyone. Everything about him was just so perfect, the way he felt, the way they fit. She was so close. She knew she could easily go over the top now, but she
never wanted this to end so she deliberately held herself back, no longer chasing her climax but letting it build and swell until it would overwhelm her and she wouldn't be able to hold it back if she tried.

She kept rising and falling and rising and falling, each time a higher peak and shallower valley, his hand pressing harder and his fingers slipping further with each thrust until she was just sure his whole hand must be swimming inside her. She felt the tide rise and surge behind her, lifting, swelling, carrying her up to the top of the wave, ready to crash down over him and sweep them both away..

and then suddenly without warning, his hand cruelly ripped from her throbbing folds and the horse jolted to a halt.

“WHAT THE F-” She began to curse angrily as her waves of pleasure dissipated into nothingness behind her.

But when she opened her eyes Edovan had both reins in his left hand and was pointing with his bare and still wet right hand to a line of menacing figures on horseback. They were spread very deliberately across the road 20 feet ahead blocking their path and they were all holding crossbows that were currently being pointed, but not sighted, directly at the two of them.

“Yagarite? Edovan whispered softly. I think we have company...”

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