

At Her Mercy  
For ZenryokuTFS

By TheSpiralledEye

“They’re really letting just anybody join Bluestone these days, aren’t they?”

Saki leaned on the balcony railing overlooking the courtyard where their young mages were training. A dozen or so green recruits were practicing in pairs under the supervision of their instructor. It was a relatively easy exercise, transforming into weapons to be used in case of emergency. Saki herself was no magician, but even she knew transforming into mundane objects was basically a parlour trick. Yet, one mage seemed to be struggling greatly. A short woman was standing with a strained expression that was rapidly turning her face as pink as her hair. When she finally did disappear into a puff of smoke all she’d managed to do was turn herself into a stick. A stick that was struggling to turn back and try again judging by just how long she stayed that way before appearing again, exhausted and choking on the smoke of her own spell.

“What’s the world coming to,” Saki shook her head, “Nobody is going to respect us if we let in a mage like that.”

Gordon shrugged, his heavy armour scraping at the gesture.

“Every guild needs front line fodder,” He joked darkly, “Besides, somebody has to do those low-grade delivery missions, unless you want to take up the job?”

“Not fucking likely.” Saki snorted, eyes still on the mage.

Now she was trying to turn herself into a dagger at the instructor’s insistence, something small and easy. Even at this distance Saki could hear the man’s frustration at having to make a simple warm up exercise even easier. Saki smirked, taking one of her many knives from the bandolier around her inner thigh and expertly tossing it to the ground. The blade slammed into the earth barely an inch from the pink haired mage’s feet, causing her to shriek and Saki to throw back her head in laughter.

“There!” She called, “Something to model yourself on!”

“Oh!” The mage blushed, “T-thank you!”

Her face was so cute when she was embarrassed.

“What’s your name, runt?”

“H-Honda?”

“Well, Honda.” Saki gave her a sly smile, “You’d better get practicing, we don’t have room for failures here, next time my aim might be a little better.”

She didn’t stick around to let her respond, but even from up on the balcony Saki swore she could hear the new recruit give a nervous squeak.

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Bluestone was one of, if not the most revered adventuring guilds in all of Tyscar. Unlike most guilds which focused on fulfilling specific requests or training only a certain kind of adventurer, Bluestone did it all. Martials and magic users alike were housed within their impressive Guild Hall, along with potion masters, hunters and blacksmiths. No job was too big; members did everything from monster hunting to tomb diving and archaeology and their halls were lined with the various treasures and trophies agents had quired over the years.

As a high ranking member, Saki had the luxury of being able to pick and choose her missions as she saw fit; passing on ones too easy or boring to be worth her time. She was certainly above grunt work and had been granted the ability to choose her own team mates each mission. As a result, she never worked with those of the lower ranks and certainly not green recruits. Yet she kept finding herself wandering down from her private rooms to visit the courtyard where those new members trained. She never practiced herself, she was beyond that now, if she felt she was getting rusty she could simply take an easier mission, two birds with one stone. Yet here she was, lazily tossing daggers into the bullseye of a target simply because she felt a strange need to watch those new mages training. Well, one mage in particular.

Honda was easy to pick out of a crowd, the poor woman was a full head shorter than Saki, and with that flaming pink hair she stood out like a sore thumb.

‘*A stealth liability.*’ Saki thought to herself, at least her bright white hair could be hidden under a hood easily enough. Unlike the long tresses Honda possessed.

Saki laughed, sound echoing across the courtyard as Honda tried to shoot a fireball from her staff. While after several attempts it finally took, the force of the tiny explosion forced the mage back, falling onto her ass in a heap.

“You sure magic is the right path for you?” Saki teased, spinning a dagger on her fingertip.

Honda looked suitably shocked that somebody of such a high rank was even paying attention to her.

“I’ll get it!” She insisted, brushing herself off, red in the face, “It’s just hard with all these people watching...”

“Oh? Well tell you what, next time the guild sends you out on a mission, make sure to ask all your team members to close their eyes while they fight. Problem solved.”

The mage shuffled awkwardly.

“I haven’t gone on any missions yet.”

“None?” Saki balked, she’d seen Honda training here for weeks now, most green recruits got sent hunting in the nearby woods by now at the very least. It took a second for her to get over her shock but when she did a wicked smile formed on her face.

“That’s about to change, I’m taking you out.”

Honda turned crimson.

“Out? Like a d-date?”

May the Gods have mercy.

“No, idiot. On a *mission*.”

“O-Oh of course, right! Yes, thank you ma’am!”

She kept babbling after that, little sparks of magic shooting from the end of her staff, clearly her mana control was nothing special either. Saki shrugged, she was done with this conversation, it was a dumb idea really, taking an untrained thing like that on a mission with her. Honda would likely end

up dead in a ditch or burned to a crisp by a dragon but oh well. That wasn't her fault. She'd been growing bored with the repetitive grind of delving into ancient tombs, caves and forests lately was all, teasing Honda and watching her run around like a chicken without a head would liven things up a bit. That was all. It had nothing to do with the fact that she was, despite everything, fairly attractive.

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Their first mission together had been a disaster, of course. Not that they didn't complete it, well, Saki completed it. Hunting down and killing a baby wyvern was child's play to a master of the blade such as her but for Honda, not so much. She'd spent the first half of the battle trying desperately to summon any sort of offensive magic only to have it blow up in her face. She then spent the second half as bait, running and screaming while Saki snuck up behind the monster and shot three daggers expertly into its neck. It had been entertaining, that was for sure but still, Honda undeniably dragged her down and was nothing but a liability. The smart thing to do would have been to drop her off at the barracks and leave her to simpler tasks like delivering mail. That had indeed been Saki's plan as she retrieved her daggers but then a teary-eyed Honda had wailed, hugging her tightly in thanks for saving her life, something that made Saki distinctly uncomfortable. She wasn't much a hugger most of the time, she didn't go in for all that touchy feely crap. But for some reason, she didn't really mind when it was Honda.

So, when they got back to report in, Saki picked up another mission and signed her and Honda up for it. The mage could scarcely believe it, that her talented senior was giving her another chance. After that it sort of just became habit. Saki would continue taking missions and bringing along the untalented mage, sure that at some point she'd find Honda's breaking point. At least, that's what she told herself she was doing. But it had been months now and Honda still hadn't thrown in the towel, no matter how badly she failed, no matter how many times Saki had to literally carry her back after a mission, she just kept trying.

"How can somebody practice magic so much and still suck so badly?" She asked her one night as they'd stopped to rest for what felt like the thousandth time. "Why even be a mage in the first place."

"It's um...well I'm not very good at much else." Honda blushed; Saki snorted.

"Wow, if you're magic really is your best skill you must be pretty pathetic at everything else."

"I know." Honda bit her lip, "So...why do you keep bringing me along on missions like this, just the two of us?"

Honda felt her cheeks reddening despite her efforts to stop them and she looked away haughtily, hoping Honda hadn't noticed.

"You...amuse me." She said finally, "Adventuring with actual talented people gets boring after a while, you add a nice bit of spontaneity."

"Oh..." She looked disappointed for a moment before her face brightened, eyes burning with passion that took Saki off guard. "That's good then!"

"It...is?"

"Yeah, all I want is to be useful to the guild and if I help make one of its top members happy and help her to complete important missions well...that's not nothing is it?"

"I guess not." Saki did her best to turn the soft smile into a smirk but wasn't very successful.

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Something had changed, that night around the campfire, Saki was sure of it. Though what exactly it was she couldn't say. Only that something about Honda's presence was making her uncomfortable, each time the pink haired mage smiled at her Saki's stomach seemed to clench. It was putting her on edge and she didn't like it. If there was one thing Saki cared about it was being in control; of a fight, a situation and most importantly, herself. And Honda was ruining that for her. Something had to be done. She'd been entirely too easy on the mage, she had to toughen up. So, when the mage asked, red in the face and panting if they could take a break from their hike home Saki shook her head.

"We had a break two hours ago." She said arms crossed, "You already slow me down so much, it's about time you learned to try a little harder."

"But I...I really can't walk any further." Honda panted; her cheeks were so cute when they were flushed like that.

"Then I guess you're being left behind." Saki shrugged, "Good luck on your own!"

She turned and kept walking. It was to be love, no tough teaching. Love had *nothing* to do with it. God, Honda was acting like such a little wuss, why did she even keep bringing her on these missions anyway? She shouldn't be in the guild at all really, she was such a liability. It would be better for

everybody, her included, if she was dismissed. Saki stomped down the hill, unable to tell exactly why Honda made her so angry but feeling it nonetheless. Such emotions eventually fizzle out though and she found herself at the edge of a ridge she hadn't been expecting to reach for another hour. Without Honda slowing her down she'd made double time.

The smart thing to do would be to keep walking. At this pace she could even make it back to Tyscar before nightfall, rather than camping an extra night as she'd planned to. Instead, she looked over her shoulder, eyes scanning the horizon for a spot of pink and finding nothing.

*'Don't do it, Saki.'* She told herself, *'She has to learn to fend for herself at some point.'*

She kept looking. Waiting. After five minutes she hissed, swearing under her breath before beginning to backtrack. She started at a lazy walk, not wanting Honda to get the wrong idea when their paths met, she was a senior guild member going back to check on her green recruit, that was all. But after a few minutes of walking without any sign she began to pick up the pace. Saki was seconds away from breaking into a full on run when she finally rounded a boulder and found Honda sitting on the ground trying to catch her breath looking as if she'd just run a marathon, not taking a walk through the hills.

"You," Honda panted, "you came back for me?"

Saki suddenly felt very, very stupid.

"Not because I was worried or anything." She tsked, "If you fall down a ditch and die out here it'll be a mark on my record."

"Oh."

"Yeah, well. Come on then, I'll carrying you a little bit. But only a little, got it?"

Honda nodded gratefully, at least she knew the mage would be heaping her with thanks and praise once she got her breath back. Turning her back to hide the pink tinge spreading across her pale face, Saki leaned over allowing Honda to climb aboard. She was so light; Saki had carried packs with more weight. Honestly, it would probably be faster if they always travelled like this, at least then she'd be able to keep up a good pace; but there was no way she was going to degrade herself by doing that. Just doing it once in a while was humiliating enough.

“Gods, you’re heavy.” Saki complained as she started to move, “You should lay off all the sweets.”

“Sorry...” Honda reached her arms around Saki’s neck, pushing their bodies closer together. She could feel Honda’s breasts pressing against her back and once she realised, she couldn’t stop thinking about it.

“Yeah well, maybe if you practice that transformation magic a bit, I could carry you more often.” She added, trying to sound casual, keeping her voice steady was all of a sudden much harder than usual.

“Oh! Of course. I’ll practice really hard for you Saki! You’ll see, I’ll make sure I’m never a bother to you again.”

“You’d better.”

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Honda concentrated, focusing as much mana as she could into her staff and watching the gem at the end beginning to glow. Now, she just had to-

Her control slipped.

A poof of black smoke blew up in her face causing her to cough and splutter. It was the tenth such explosion in as many minutes, at least under all the soot on her skin nobody could see her flush with embarrassment. It was simple! All she wanted to do was turn into one of Saki’s daggers, then she could be carried around easily on their next mission. When they’d reached the outskirts of town Saki had unceremoniously dumped her on her ass and said it was the last time she would debase herself by piggybacking her around.

Honda knew she was right; Saki was one of the most famous and impressive members of the Bluestone Guild; she couldn’t spend her time literally carrying her teammates around. Were they teammates? They certainly went on a lot of missions together; Honda had even hoped they were becoming friends but each time she felt they were getting closer Saki would push her away. She told herself that was the best thing she could hope for, that somebody as amazing as Saki kept her around at all. Becoming friends was far too much to ask, let alone more.

She was sure Saki must have figured out her little crush by now. It was pretty pathetic, such a lowly recruit following her senior around like a lovestruck puppy. Despite knowing it though, Honda couldn’t resist following when Saki called. She just had to improve, make herself useful or at

the very least not a burden. Then at least, Saki would keep her close and she could love her from afar. If she was really lucky, once she mastered this dagger spell, the rouge might even keep her in the bandolier around her leg. Then she'd be able to feel her warm skin against her metal surface and pretend it was her naked skin. It was perverse, just imagining it had her blushing deeper and a warm dampness forming between her legs. She felt guilty, fantasising about Saki like this but it wasn't like she could ever do anything about it so there was no harm, right?

"Off with the fairies, Honda?"

The voice made her jump, spinning on her heels and catching herself just in time to see Saki and some of the other high ranking guild members watching from the balcony. She'd been so lost in her thoughts she hadn't even realised she'd been standing stock still, staring into space.

"Just uh, taking a breather!" Honda called, hastily wiping the soot from her face and taking a deep breath.

Saki was watching, she had to get it right this time. Especially with other senior adventurers watching; if people saw her fail it would reflect badly on the rogue and Honda couldn't allow that. She concentrated, closing her eyes to block out all distractions. She could see the blue light from her staff blazing behind her closed lids. She visualised the dagger in her mind and let the mana burst into her and then-

She was on the ground.

She did it! Looking up from her position she saw Saki smirk and her whole being filled with pride. She'd done it! Perhaps a little too well. She tried to break the spell and to her horror, found she couldn't; she'd used up too much mana and now she was stuck! When she didn't reappear after a minute Saki and the others burst out laughing.

"Nice one Honda, halfway is better than nothing!"

Her voice was dripping with sarcasm but Honda didn't care, it was as close to a compliment as she could expect from Saki and it warmed her all the same. She watched, in awe as the rogue jumped over the railing, rolling in the air and landing perfectly poised and undamaged on the ground. Honda watched as the rogue approached, bending down and taking her hilt and spinning it between her fingers. The world turned to blur and as turned rapidly, hyper aware of the warmth emanating from Saki's fingers against her.



“Good weight at least, I suppose I could use you like this.” She mused, lazily tossing Honda up into the air a few times before expertly catching her. “Maybe.”

Suddenly, Saki’s grip tightened and for one wonderful second Honda could feel her skin wrapped all the way around her form before it was ripped away. She had been tossed, expertly toward a nearby target, so hard that she embedded in the wood almost up to the hilt.

“Better change back soon, sun’s setting and I know I wouldn’t want to spend the night out here.” Saki gave her a wave over her shoulder before sidling away back into the guild hall.

Honda struggled, but try as she might she simply couldn’t conjure the mana. She had no choice but to sit and wait, potentially hours, for it to regenerate. At least she could savour the memory of Saki’s praise; that at least would pass the time.

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Saki chuckled, laying in her luxurious bed thinking about how Honda was likely still out in the training yard as a dagger, stuck in that target. Even *she* knew about the dangers of overusing mana for transformation spells. The dumb woman had been trying to hard to impress her she’d passed her limits without even realising. Imagine what sort of trouble she could get into out in the wilderness if she got trapped like that? The rogue licked her lips, an idea slowly forming in her mind. Honda would do anything to make her happy, to be useful, even if it meant over extending herself and getting stuck as an inanimate object again. Saki smiled, widening as a simple yet elegant plan formed in her mind. She fell asleep with a grin on her lips.

This was going to be so fun.

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“I’m sorry ma’am but I don’t think I heard you right.” Honda trembled, “I thought you said we were heading to Frostmuth Peak?”

“That’s what I said, newbie.” Saki smirked, throwing another heavy pack toward her causing Honda to topple as she attempted to grab it mid-air.

She winced, landing hard on her ass, and flushing with embarrassment, they hadn’t even left the Guild Hall yet and she’d already made a fool of herself. Normally, that would be her biggest concern

but the idea that she was about to set off to Frostmuth was dominating her mind. That peak was infamously dangerous, home to blizzards, avalanches, and dangerously high winds; not to mention the monsters, everything from frost trolls to ice blights reigned supreme over the peak, avoiding them took time and special mountain paths and cave tunnels. It was a long, arduous journey for even the most seasoned of adventurers. The idea that Saki was going there would be cause for worry, the fact that she was taking *her* along was downright terrifying.

“What?” Saki sneered, standing over her, “Don’t think I can handle it?”

“No, not at all!” Honda implored, “It’s just that, it’s so very dangerous and I would hate to hold you back...”

“Trail by fire, well, ice.” She shrugged, “You’ve got to toughen up if you ever want to be worth a single gold, runt. Time to put you through the ringer, see what you’re really made of.”

Honda swallowed. Yes, of course. Saki wouldn’t be testing her if she didn’t believe she had potential deep down, this was just her way of showing it and Honda had to make sure not to let her down! She stood, struggling to life the heavy pack onto her back. Saki’s eyes narrowed playfully, there was some emotion dancing in her eyes that Honda couldn’t identify. The urge to lean closer was strong but she resisted, partly because the pack was so heavy that were she to lean in any one direction it was very likely she’d end up on the floor again.

“I-I’ll do my best!” She squeaked and Saki gave her an affirming nod.

“Right then,” She hefted her own pack up with a single finger, throwing it into the air slightly and catching it with ease. “Let’s get going, we have a very long hike ahead.”

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Honda was winded before they’d reached the city limits, by the time they’d made headway into the forest she was panting heavily. Each step felt like a monumental effort with this heavy pack on her back but each time Saki glanced over her shoulder to check Honda made sure to try and hide just how much effort it was taking just to stay standing. Who knows how many more chances she would get to impress her? Sooner or later Saki was going to realise she was a lost cause and stop taking her on missions at all or worse still, maybe even petition for her dismissal from the Bluestone!

Nobody would have blamed her; most senior ranking members would have done so already had they ever taken a chance on her like Saki had. So even though her lungs and legs were burning, she kept going. She’d drained her waterskin almost immediately so by the third hour Honda felt as though her throat was a desert.

“Why don’t you summon yourself up some water?” Saki suggested nonchalantly, “You look like you need it.”

Honda nodded, not possessing the breath to reply. Part of her considered asking for a sip of Saki’s, rather than using her mana but she dismissed the idea almost immediately; there was no way Saki would share with somebody as lowly as her. It took her three tries but eventually she managed to refill the water skin and promptly drain it once more. She was sweating so much she had no choice but to repeat the spell each hour or she risked passing out from dehydration. She also started to magically clean off her robes as they went after Saki first screwed up her nose at the stench.

“A monster will smell you a mile away, stinking of sweat like that.” She’d scolded.

So that became her rhythm, she could feel her reserves depleting but what choice did she have? So long as she had a little left to help Saki out if they got into a fight, she would be fine. She had to be.

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The plan was working perfectly; Honda was exhausting all her magic just trying to keep up on the hard trek up. By the time they reached the base of the mountain three days after setting out she was basically running on fumes. Of course, Saki had planned the trail perfectly, they were in no real danger. Teasing Honda was great fun but she wasn’t about to risk the mage being put in a life-threatening situation with low mana; even she wasn’t *that* cruel. What Honda and a lot of green recruits didn’t know is that the eastern side of Frostmuth peak was actually quite temperate and the trails had been well tested by Bluestone Guild members over the years. The odds of a monster crossing their path was unlikely to say the least and if one did wander into their path, she could take it out single handed no problem. If Honda hadn’t been so flustered maybe she might have noticed their mission was gathering herbs from one of the Eastern Peaks. It wasn’t Saki’s fault she’d assumed the worst when hearing the word ‘Frostmuth’, now was it?

Speaking of the peak, they were now an hour into their ascent and going at only a quarter of her normal pace. Despite her efforts Honda’s wobbly, stumbling steps were obvious and Saki was sure everything within a mile radius could hear her heavy breathing. It was time to begin phase two.

“Perhaps we should take a break.” Saki said slyly, Honda gaped at her with eyes so full of gratitude she was worried the mage might actually start crying tears of joy.

“Oh, yes please.” She sunk to the ground in a heap, heavy pack causing her to topple onto her back where she flailed like a turtle, much to Saki’s amusement.

The rogue sat herself down on a rock and watched as the mage tried and failed to conjure herself more water. Perfect. Saki made a show of sighing deeply.

“I don’t think you’re going to be able to make it, hiking up this mountain.” She shook her head, “I don’t know what I was thinking, you’re just too weak for this sort of thing.”

“No! I can do it!” Honda insisted, despite being red in the face, “I promise, I’ll try harder.”

If she tried any harder she’d be at risk of an aneurysm.

“Well, we can’t keep going this slowly. We’ll run out of rations; you make a five day journey into a ten day one.”

Honda blushed.

“I can’t very well send you back.” Saki pretended to think on it, “You’ll fall off a cliff or wander into a bandit camp without me to help you. And I am certainly not going back to the guild with the mission unfinished.”

Honda looked distraught at the mere mention of it. The idea that she would be the cause of Saki’s first ever failure would be too much for her to bear, the rogue was sure.

“There is only one thing for it.” Saki shrugged, “You’ll have to transform yourself so I can carry you.”

Saki hadn’t realised it was possible for a woman to go so red in the face, Honda’s skin was practically the same shade of pink as her bright hair. She looked to the ground but even so Saki could still see the small smile on her soft lips.

“Okay.” She whispered, “I’ll change into a dagger and-“

“No, I have plenty of those.” Saki grinned, “I want you to change into something I actually need.”

“Anything.” Honda nodded; eyes wide.

“I want you to turn into a pair of panties.”

The mage blinked in confusion before her jaw dropped.

“Ap-p-pair of... you mean you’d...wear me? All the way up this mountain?”

“Yes.” Saki nodded, “I haven’t had the time to get myself new clothes in a while, I want something nice and comfortable to wear and you’re it. Make yourself cute too, I don’t want to be walking around in some boring, plain looking things.”

Honda bit her lip, she looked nervous but even so, Saki could see the desire swirling behind her eyes. She knew the mage was already imagining it and getting turned on by the idea like the good little submissive she was. With hands shaking in anticipation the mage reached for her staff, unable to meet Saki’s eyes and she concentrated. The rogue had expected it to take a couple of tries but it seemed with just the right motivation, Honda was quite good at transformation magic. There was a brief puff of pale pink smoke and suddenly the mage was gone, a pair of pretty white panties gently floating down to the ground in her place.

Saki picked her up with glee, doing her best not to let it show on her face as she appraised the mage’s new form. Silken white fabric with two tiny pink buttons and a slightly open slit down the middle; like eyes and a mouth. There was even a tiny gem emblazoned on the waistband the same colour as Honda’s staff.

“Perfect.” Saki cooed, “Let’s get you on and get moving.”

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Honda hadn’t known what to feel when Saki had sprung this on her. Despite her better judgement she’d dared to dream that perhaps Saki even returned her feelings in some capacity but of course, that was silly. It made sense really, this was Saki’s punishment for her weakness, to remind her just how small and weak she was, nothing more. That didn’t stop her feeling somewhat excited when those rough hands picked her up off the ground and held her up high. She hoped Saki liked the design, it wasn’t very practical but it was quite cute, even a little sexy just like she’d requested. When Saki had called the form ‘perfect’ she’d wanted to shiver with pleasure at the praise.

More gently than she had even been, Saki placed her down on a nearby boulder and began to undress. Had she still possessed eyes Honda would have looked away out of politeness but as it was, she had a perfect view as Saki slipped down her pants and plain underwear and she was glad to

be in such a form. If she still possessed a mouth, she was sure it would be watering, seeing such a beautiful pussy presented to her. The dark hair there was neat and beautiful and Honda did her best to try and hold back her lust. She'd imagined seeing Saki naked for so long and here she was! If only she'd been ordered to turn into a bra instead, she might have been able to see even more of the rogue's beautiful form. As it stood, she was already being reached for, Saki's thumbs slipping into each of her loops and giving her a few tight stretches to test her material.

"Good, I was worried you might rip. It seems like you're made of stronger stuff in this form."

Then she was lowered down, Saki's feet stepping into each hole before slowly raising her back up toward her hips. The journey seemed torturously slow but Honda savoured every second of her lacy edges scrapping against warm skin and the ever approaching pussy. As Saki pulled her into place she stretched the fabric of her new form as much as it could bear, raising to rest her waistband high against her hip bones and forcing the main lining against her pussy lips. Honda was suddenly engulfed, her whole world reduced to Saki; her smell, the feel of her skin and hair, the *taste*. It was so wrong; she should be treating this as the job it was but she couldn't resist. Even now, unaroused, Saki's pussy was damp and warm, the taste of her juices slowly permeating Honda's material till it was all she could think of. She wanted to drink it.

How many nights had she dreamt of it? Saki pushing her between her legs to lick at her pussy; she was ashamed to admit it had been a long running fantasy of hers to be used for pleasure in such a way. This was not that situation exactly, but she was being useful to Saki in a way she'd never dreamed of *and* she finally got to taste her. It was more than she'd ever dreamed she would get. If it was possible to be turned on as a pair of panties, Honda definitely was.

"Hmm, you feel pretty nice." Saki mused, a finger running across the gem of her waistband, sending pleasure radiating across Honda's form, "Yes I think this will work."

Honda was glad she couldn't speak like this; she was sure she could only manage a desperate moan. A moment later she was covered in darkness as Saki redressed, leaving her blind and enhancing her other senses. Now she had even less to distract her from the feel, taste and smell of Saki's body and it was intoxicating. Even more so as she began to walk, each step rubbed Honda's form together, increasing the wetness she could taste and tickling her inner lining with hair.

She was lost in a sea of sensations that were slowly overwhelming her, each brush of skin or pull of hair was becoming stronger. Overstimulation began to take hold and Honda realised if she didn't somehow stop it, she was going to go mad with desire. She had to turn back and deal with Saki's disappointment but to her horror, she realised she could not. She'd used too much mana making sure her pantie form would be pleasing to Saki's eye, she couldn't transform back and what's worse, she couldn't even summon the magical ability to communicate with her. She was stuck, being endlessly teased by the sway of Saki's hips and the delicious smell of her skin and juices. If she could have, Honda would have whimpered.

Saki began to climb something and she was suddenly aware of the stretch of fabric pulling over her round ass. The smooth skin gliding against her material, so soft and supple it made Honda's

thirst all the stronger. Between that beautiful contour and the wetness that was steadily growing between her soft lips Honda was in Heaven and Hell all at once.

There was a gasp from above and suddenly her front was pressed into hard; Saki must have slipped against the rock face and now Honda was sandwiched hard between her pants and pussy. The pressure was like having her clit pressed, bliss to the extreme. Who knew pantie fabric could be so wonderfully sensitive? Honda knew that were she able, she'd be cumming right now and the realisation both fed her desire while being utterly humiliating. Even if she could turn back, what would she do? The second she possessed her human body she'd be so horny she would probably cum the moment Saki laid those beautiful black eyes on her. Perhaps it was fortunate she couldn't change just yet.

Saki continued her climb, each step pulling her leg higher and in doing so, pressing one side of Honda further into her folds. She had no control as her fabric began to slowly absorb the juices, making that unique Saki flavour permeate her entire form. It was delicious, exquisite, overwhelming. Honda could feel herself being stretched, pressing against Saki's clit and the realisation that her senior could probably feel it was both intimidating and a massive turn on. Indeed, she could feel the walls around her becoming slick as the dampness there turned to wetness. Was Saki getting turned on by her? The idea that she could ever be desired by such a wonderful, strong person was like catnip to the mage.

"Don't go getting the wrong idea." Saki said in a husky tone, "You're a size too small. Anybody would get horny with their pussy being squeezed like this for over an hour."

Oh, of course. Still, she was giving Saki pleasure and that at least, she could treasure.

"Fuck, I might have to relieve some tension, just look at what you've done now." She sounded annoyed, but there was something extra to her tone compared to usual, "Now I'm going to have to stop because of you."

Honda felt a thrill pass through her at Saki's words despite the admonishments. Was she really about to masturbate? Would she get to watch? Oh Gods, the idea of watching Saki's face as she came was a dream come true. Honda felt bad hoping that Saki wouldn't clean up afterwards so she could taste her pussy fully soaked. The rogue walked a little further, clearly trying to find a safe cave or alcove to hide away in while she took care of business; with every step Honda's guilt-tinged anticipation grew. Finally, the rogue sat, crushing the back of her against those smooth ass cheeks. At first Honda was confused but then a crack of light appeared as Saki unbuttoned her pants and a hand slowly slide inside, gliding over her buttons and Honda realised what was happening. If she still had a heart, she was sure it would have stopped. Saki was going to wear her while she fingered herself.

The hand cupped her, fingers curling beneath to press her deeper into the increasing juices and Honda wished she could moan. At least then she would have some way of expressing the pleasure that was coursing through her, rather than being forced to keep it pent up inside. One of Saki's fingers found the open slit in her fabric and parted it, slowly stroking from clit to hole.

“Look what you’ve-*ah*, made me do now.” Her breath becoming ragged, “You can’t even become a pair of panties without causing me trouble.”

Her finger swirled and wetness spurted from her hole to soak Honda’s inner lining. The finger Saki was using to stroke herself moved down, pressing a small amount of her material into her soaking hole. It was ambrosia, having that tiny part of herself fully engulfed inside Saki; the hot pressure of her pussy walls squeezing down as they soaked her. The taste was so much richer on the inside and Honda wished she still had a tongue. That way she could have thrust it deep inside to fully taste it. As it was, she had to settle for that tiny swath of fabric being pressed in and out of the entrance as Saki’s breathing became shaky.

“Ha! I bet you’re a virgin, aren’t you H-Honda?” She teased, “I bet this is the closest you’ve ever been to another person. God you must be so turned on right now.”

She was, dear Lords she was. Saki was right of course, she’d always been too nervous to approach anybody she liked before and once Saki had entered the picture, she didn’t want anybody else. But now her entire form was contoured to hers, feeling each possible part of her pussy as she felt the skin go from warm to hot. Her fabric was soaked through, the womanly taste of Saki permeating the deepest reaches of her mind. Saki’s pussy began to throb as her finger returned to stroking, Honda could feel her engorged clit rubbing against her inner lining.

“F-Fuck, oh fuck-!”

Saki’s whole body shuddered and a stream of pussy juice shot from her hole as she came. Honda wished she could cum with her, she was so horny it was painful. Saki’s moans were like a symphony to her ears, she wanted her to keep cumming and shuddering like that forever so she could properly appreciate every aspect of her body in rapture. But all good things come to an end and Saki collapsed back, body relaxing and melting against the walls she sat against. Honda was still electrified with lust and mourned the loss of Saki’s fingers as they retreated. Leaving her only with the rhythmic pulsing of her pussy as aftershocks pleased her as well as her host.

“You tell anybody about it,” Saki threatened as she rebuttoned her pants, “And you’ll be out of Bluestone quicker than you can think. Got that?”

She accentuated that last threat with a hard slap to her ass, the pain stinging at Honda’s fabric, all it did was accentuate the bliss she was in. Still, she could not gather the magic required to reply and she felt the pull of Saki’s shirt as she shrugged.



“I’ll assume you understand.”

~

The twenty-four hours were a blur of sensations. Saki didn’t clean herself after her little detour, so Honda had all the juices and sticky hair she desired. That night when the rogue made camp she curled up in her sleeping bag, Honda tucked snugly around her curves. She was unable to sleep as a pair of panties so naturally she spent the night in quite relaxation, enjoying the feel of warm skin against her fabric folds. The next day she could feel her mana regenerating but not nearly enough to turn back. Becoming a pair of panties with such detail had drained her far more than becoming a simple knife or stick. Though, she was sure that if she tried, so might be able to communicate in this form so long as she and Saki were making contact.

It took most of the morning to build up her concentration enough to attempt it; mostly because the way Saki’s hips swayed was so very distracting. With each movement stretching and pressing different parts of her pantie form. Saki had just entered a cave tunnel when Honda finally broke through.

*‘How long do you need me to stay this way’ She asked meekly, ‘I think I’ll be able to change back soon.’*

Saki jumped a little at the surprise of her voice appearing from nowhere, though from the outside nobody would have been able to tell. It was only because Honda was flush against her that she felt the slight stiffening of skin.

“As soon as you can then.” Saki replied stiffly, “It’s not like I *like* wearing you around, this is just the easiest option so I don’t have to drag you.”

*‘I...I can stay like this then, till we’ve completed the mission.’* Honda offered somewhat selfishly, *‘I don’t want to be a burden’*

“Yeah well, you always are to some capacity.” Saki tsked, “Our mission will be over soon anyway, I’m almost to the ridge. Made good time without you slowing me down.”

Honda was sure she could feel the skin of her ass cheeks warming in a blush. Was Saki...embarrassed? She’d seen the rogue express many emotions but never bashfulness. It simply couldn’t be true; she must have been imagining things.

“Finally.” Saki came to a stop, clearly admiring something Honda couldn’t see through her leather pants.

Saki began wandering, bending over periodically and stretching Honda to her limit across her cheeks. It felt lovely, like the burn of muscles being stretched. Not to mention her undercarriage being spread as Saki squatted down from time to time. She almost felt as though she were getting a work out. The heat was a surprise, up until now Saki's body heat had been protecting her from the icy mountain winds but now, even through the thick pants she could tell the air was warm.

*'What are you doing?'*

"Picking iceroots, they only grow around hot springs up on the ridge here." Saki replied, her voice filled with mirth, "That was our mission after all."

*'Our mission was gathering rare herbs!?'*

"Not my fault you assumed it would be a big monster fight." Saki chuckled. "Now that's finished I think it's time I got a well-earned rest, don't you?"

~

Honda hadn't replied after the revelation, Saki had just smirked. She was such a little idiot but she was her idiot, so it was okay. She gave a triumphant and relaxing sigh, stretching a few times and enjoying the way the moves made Honda ride up the cleft of her ass. Knowing that the mage was totally at her mercy, surrounded by her pussy was so incredibly sexy it was hard to keep it hidden. The power turned her on so much she was surprised she'd lasted as long as she had without masturbating. When she'd woken up this morning she was so tempted to do it again but she didn't want Honda getting the idea that she liked her too much.

Bending down to secure her pack she felt the lacy edges of the slit in Honda's front tickling her pussy folds. Gods, it felt so good; wetness was forming between her legs already and she couldn't stop it. She had to deal with it in another way.

"I think we'll go for a dip." She announced, stripping off her armour piece by piece and stepping out her pants.

Pretending not to care what Honda thought, she slowly undid the hooks of her bra, letting her full breasts jiggle as their support disappeared. The hot steam in the air from the warm pools opened her pores and she sighed, now naked save for Honda.

“Don’t be a perv now.” She teased, stretching up her arms so that from Honda’s point of view between her legs she’d be able to see her perfectly displayed breasts.

She dipped a toe in the water, sighing in contentment as she slipped down onto a shelf of rock within it. The hot water washed away her juices, the evidence of how turned on Honda was making her.

“Can you hear me down there?” She rocked back and forth on her ass a few times, crushing Honda between her ass and the rock shelf, idly wondering how it felt.

*‘Just...’* Honda’s voice was meek, even through mental communication.

Saki grinned, she had the woman in the palm of her hand. Right where she belonged.

“You know, I think you deserve to enjoy the hot spring too.” She announced, gently reaching a finger between the waistband on each side of the panties, “You’ve been less trouble than usual in this form. You deserve a reward.”

She resisted the urge to shiver as the panties pulled away from her aching pussy, floating to the surface of the hot pool. Saki stared right into the button eyes at their front as she pressed a finger to her clit. There was no way Honda could see what she was doing through the bubbling foam.

“What’s the matter.” She kept her voice steady as she began to pleasure herself, “Can’t turn back yet? Still? You really are a terrible mage.”

She was. So submissive, so dependant on her. This really had been the final test, now Saki knew no matter what, Honda would do anything she told her to. Her finger began to speed up, eyes glued to Honda’s pantie form floating in the water, if she looked closely, she swore she could still see traces of her own wetness glistening on parts of the fabric. Fuck, that was hot.

Honda wasn’t saying anything, she was simply floating. Maybe she didn’t even have enough mana to talk anymore or maybe, more likely, she was too distracted watching the water lap against Saki’s breasts. She could feel her nipples hardening despite the heat as she got closer to the edge. Knowing Honda was watching only made the pleasure stronger.

“I’ve decided, we’ll keep this little arrangement, you and I.” it was getting hard to keep her voice steady as her muscles tightened, “Every time we go on missions from now on, I’m going to wear you, just like this.”

A moment later, with a simple stroke of her clit she was cumming; biting down on her lip to stop a moan escaping as her body quivered around her finger. She didn't need to hear Honda's reply to know she'd agree without hesitation; she'd do *anything* to please Saki. This trip had proven it.