

Alynnya and The Coterie

A saucy tale of vampires, bondage, domination and submission

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Based on ideas submitted by patrons

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“So...” I gave a little flip of the hem of my skirt, biting my lip. “What are you going to do to me?”

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“What a sweet thing you are...” the curvaceous dish in the red purred as she wound a length of cord around my wrists. “I’m so happy you came calling.” She cinched the ropes tight and gathered a handful of my hair, drawing it aside to expose the back of my neck. The miniscule hairs on my skin rose as one and oriented themselves in her direction. “Most of our guests aren’t so...accommodating.”

“We’ll see how accommodating she can be, won’t we?” her companion in blue intoned slyly. She sauntered up to me, hips swaying. “Are you going to be a good girl?” she slipped a finger under my jaw and nudged my chin upward to look her in the face. “Or are you going to be naughty? I do hope it’s the latter...”



“Now now,” The masculine voice from behind arrested the three of us. The one in the blue had slipped behind me; she paused in her progress of sliding the straps of my dress down over my shoulders. “Don’t let’s get carried away too soon, ladies. The night’s still young, and dinner hasn’t even been served yet...”

But I thought we already ate... I wondered in mild confusion.

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“Oh of course, Samuel,” the woman purred. I felt a click between my shoulder blades as the back of my bra was deftly released. “I’m just fixing a few issues. Who wears underthings with a backless dress, anyhow?” she chuckled. With that, I felt a sudden jerk, and the straps snapped like thin strings, leaving little welts on my flesh. “There now, isn’t that much better?”

It’s what you gave me! I protested silently, as she tossed the flimsy piece of lingerie aside with a flick of her wrist. I felt my nipples pucker under the thin silk of my dress, their protection stripped away.

“Well see that you don’t get carried away before it’s time,” the male voice receded, punctuated with departing footsteps. “I’ll be in the study. Bring her in once she’s been well prepared. And don’t let me find that you’ve sampled the sweets too soon...”

Let me back things up a little bit. It started a few days ago, with a solicitation I ran across on the noticeboard in the town centre. I wonder how many misadventures begin that way, after all? “I saw posted solicitation and one thing led to another,” and so on. Well that’s exactly how this one happened. “Wanted:” it read. “Guest for society dinner party. Must be polite, mannered and well-blooded.” Well that was different. You saw this sort of thing here and there, some wealthy lordling or rich old pervert who is hosting a boring dinner party for a group of other stuffed shirts, and wants some pretty young thing to sit next to him and pretend to enjoy his company -- laughing at his jokes, batting her eyelashes and not swatting him when his hand inevitably finds its way to her knee -- it’s always a girl they want, they don’t even need to say so in the ad. It all sounds like a tremendous headache, you say. Well you wouldn’t be wrong. So what was it about this ad that piqued my interest? Well for starters, these things usually pay fairly well. I’ve heard you can walk away with a heavy purse of gold for your trouble, if you act the part well enough. And I won’t lie, that wouldn’t go amiss right about now. Seeking magic artifacts to rescue your sister is the noblest sort of quest (at least I like to think so!), but there’s not a lot of money in it. After all, even a Rithian Ranger

gets tired of sleeping on pine needles every once in awhile. And there was that caveat at the end: "Well-blooded." Wasn't that an interesting little nugget, I thought, as I rifled through the small trunk of clothes in my rented room. If I wanted to stay here past tonight, I'd have to get my hands on some more copper -- I'd spent my last on the incredible luxury of a roof and a straw pallet. Well. I had precisely one dress, and it was all wrinkled and wadded-up, but it was what I had, along with one set of matching underwear I was partial to. I hoped it would do. And it had a little pocket just under the waistline which was perfect for hiding things. Things like a 10-inch wooden stake, whittled to a keen point at the end, in case my hunch was correct...

I was greeted at the door by a funny fellow in a starched black waistcoat and cravat, who looked constantly ready to crawl out of his skin. His head constantly twitched on his stalk of a neck, and his eyes always darted this way and that, as if he saw interesting things that I didn't. I was about to introduce myself and state that I was replying to an advertisement and was I in the right place and I hoped I was dressed appropriately...but before I could open my mouth, he took one look at me and uttered five words: "You'll do. This way please." With that, he swept an about-face and scuttled off. I was left blinking for a moment with my mouth agape, when I heard his voice echo back down the hall "Step lively now, they're waiting!" I shut my jaw and trotted after him.

The place was enormous. It was a grand old manor house located just out of town, on a broad estate. Everything on the grounds was manicured to perfection, not a blade of grass out of place. I was shown to a boudoir, complete with a bath already drawn, and smelling of lavender. It turned out I needn't have worried about the dress after all. The cringing little fellow briskly ordered me to strip -- my answer was crossed arms and a glare. No way in all five hells was I baring all to this fellow. He huffed in reply, and turned aside with hardly a second glance and trotted off, to my relief. I allowed myself that moment to relax, and then practically threw myself into the marble tub. Only afterward did I discover that he had somehow slunk back unbeknownst to me and whisked away with my shed garments -- and

the wooden stake bundled up inside them. Well dragon danglies, I thought. If my hunch was correct, then I was now short one weapon. But, I reasoned, if I was correct, then they probably would have been prepared for that anyway. Oh well, I resigned myself, as I scrubbed up and towelled off. The shifty butler had left a dress for me, a flippy flirty bit of nothing, with a neckline that plunged about as low as it was possible to go, and a hemline that climbed about as high as it was possible to go. It left my back bare as well. Lovely, I thought. Even if I still had the stake, there'd be nowhere I could possibly hide it. What the hell were you thinking, Alynnya? As I would learn, that would be far from the last time I would ask myself that question...

WHAP!

“Ow!” I complained, wincing from my vantage point on the floor. I twisted my neck to look up. “What the hell was that f--”

WHAP! Another lick cut me off with a yelp, marking my left buttock with what I imagined was a red mark equally as pretty as the one decorating my right. “Naughty pet,” the silky voice purred somewhere above me. “Only speak when spoken to.”

The one who had just swatted me with the leather crop was Veronica. She was lithe, sinuous, legs that seemed to go on forever.

“Raise your ass higher, pet, the way I told you. And there’s a fresh one for you if you speak out of turn again.”

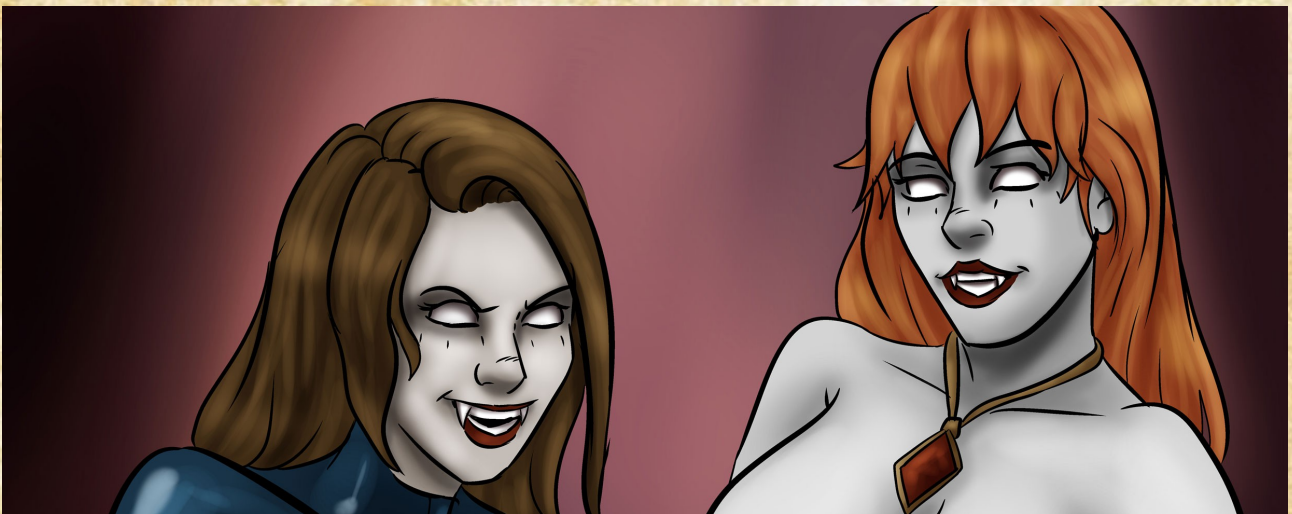
Oh, and did I mention that she was an absolute bitch?

“Now now Ver, what sort of treatment is that? The poor dear did what you asked...”

That one was Gabriella. Where Veronica was sharp angles and edges, she was curves and fullness. Her voice was like satin sheets against the skin, velvet on the ears and inside the head. Veronica’s presence made my skin prickle; Gabriella’s made my head swim, like a glass of port wine.

“Yes, I suppose she did,” I heard the sneer in Veronica’s voice from where I crouched on my hands and knees. “But I like the noises she makes.”

“Oh, me too,” Gabriella answered, drifting around me like a cloud borne on the wind. “But you mustn’t go so hard on her so soon,” she bent down toward me, and I felt the ends of her hair trailing across my bare shoulders. “It won’t do to break our toys, after all. At least...” I shivered as two fingers took a slow walk down the line of my back. “...not before we’ve had our fun with her.”



“Look,” I began, swallowing nervously in my throat. “Could I at least get a cushion or something? My knees are a little...”

“Tut-tut,” I stiffened at the feel of the end of the crop on my skin. It traced a line around the

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curve of my arse and tapped playfully at the cleft between, causing my body to jerk in reflex. "It's such a demanding little thing, isn't it?" Veronica remarked, as the tip of her fiendish toy tap-tapped its way up my spine, to cross paths with Gabriella's fingers. "You'd think a pet would know its place by now."

"Oh, but we haven't been proper caretakers, Ver!" Gabriella answered in mock dismay. "Why the poor creature's got nothing to wear!"

"I did a minute ago..." I muttered ruefully, eyeing the tatters of the red dress they'd loaned me, scattered about me like rose petals. I apparently hadn't disrobed quickly enough for Veronica's taste, and she'd taken the initiative on herself. I looked longingly at the remains of my panties. She'd taken especial pleasure in shredding those, cutting them off of me with a small nail-knife. Hard to get them off, with my knees tied together, you know. I'd liked those panties.

"Nonsense," Gabriella flapped a dismissive hand. "That little bit of frippery cost no more than a napkin. Ah!" She swept aside toward a nearby nightstand. "I've just the thing for a frisky pet. It'll look splendid on you..."

Oh holy one, what now... I wondered...

So that was how I found myself after dinner: on hands and knees on the polished marble floor, wrists lashed together and as nude as a grape, while my hosts clucked and cooed over me like a pair of pigeons. Dinner itself had been a brief affair; to tell you the truth I couldn't tell you what had been served if I tried. Something involving...meat. And, um, salad, I guess. My mind just wasn't on the meal.

One thing I do recall: I was the only one eating. The rest were drinking. There were three of them, lounging on couches and eyeing me the way a dog eyes a rare cut of tenderloin at the

butcher's. Oh, and that hunch of mine? Spot on. If only I'd kept the stake...

"Here pet, I'm sure you're tired of the crop by now..." Veronica knelt down in front of me. I stiffened at the feel of her running her fingers through my hair. "Look what we've brought you." Her nails grazed my scalp. "Isn't it pretty?"

I turned my head in the direction she indicated. "Oh, very clever," I rolled my eyes at the leather trace dangling from Gabriella's outstretched hand. "You're just going to use a whip now, is that it? Listen, if you wanted to make me scream, you could have just..."

"Oh no no, silly girl," Veronica laughed merrily, lightly raking her nails down the line of my back. "That's not it at all. You talk entirely too much for a pet, and we just thought you ought to be shown your place. Do be a dear and hold still now..." At that, she drew my hair into a bundle in her hands and harshly forced my head downward.

"Hey! Watch it!" I cried indignantly. "Why don't you go take your damned crop and stick it where--"

My protest abruptly cut off at the feel of slick supple leather. Gabriella's hands were deft as they slid the collar around my throat and buckled it at the nape of my neck. "Oh," I quietly trailed off. "Oh..."

"Mmm, there now," she purred, tracing a nail lightly around the edges of the collar. "Isn't that much much better?"

"I..." I swallowed, goosebumps rashing out across the upper part of my chest at her touch. "...better..."

“Delightful,” I heard the smirk in Veronica’s voice. As one, the two released me and drew away. “Let’s have a look, shall we? Why don’t you get up for us, pretty?”

What is it about collars? Don’t ask me why, but they just...do something to me. This one sat snugly at the base of my throat, not tight enough to choke, but enough to give me a certain sense of confinement. I felt something slowly melt inside me and dribble out like candle wax as I pushed myself up off of the floor with my arms. I rose upright and settled onto my haunches; somehow it didn’t quite feel right to climb to my feet. Well that, and the tight ropes transfixing my ankles to my thighs. Elegant. I glanced from Gabriella to Veronica, standing at two and ten o’clock and felt heat suffuse me.

“Oh, isn’t that just precious!” Gabriella exclaimed, clasping her hands. “Have you ever seen a girl blush quite like that, Ver?”

“Mmm, no darling,” Veronica shook her head, a shark-like grin crawling across her face. “I think this one appreciates a collar, wouldn’t you agree?”

“Oh, of course,” Gabriella agreed. “Why she takes to it like a kitten to milk. What do you say, kitten?” She swayed up to me and traced a finger around the line of my jaw. “Are you going to behave for us now?”

“Yes ma’am...” I murmured automatically. Her eyes were a deep amber. I felt sweat prickle at my temples.

“She was such a shy thing a moment ago,” Veronica remarked at Gabriella’s shoulder. “But just look at her now...” her eyes were an ice-blue. I felt them travel down my body and back up, like a teasing finger. “Be a dear and...touch yourself for us, kitten...”

My eyes drifted from one gaze to another; warm and inviting to cold, with the promise of

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harsh pleasures. What to do? What would make them happy? I raised my bound hands up and cupped my right over a breast, halfway wishing it was one of their hands instead. On an impulse, I took my nipple between thumb and forefinger. "Like this, ma'am?" I asked in a small voice, turning the nub lightly.

"Yes, just like that," honey dripped from Veronica's words. "Only...harder."

"Mhmm," I winced, pinching. Gods, my nipples were hard as diamonds! Fresh heat flowed through me at the realization, surging up my back and blooming in my cheeks. "What else would you like me to do, ma'am?"

"Ma'am," she imitated. "How sweet. What do you say, Gabriella?" She turned to her companion.

"I think that's enough of that. She's got enough marks on her already. Why don't you show us how you like to be touched, kitten?"

But I already am! I silently remarked. But her meaning was clear. I dropped my hands, and they automatically found their way south, tucking themselves between my thighs. The middle and ring finger on my left curled and slipped inside...oh holy one! How had I not realized how wet I was??

Well *they* had. They chuckled together as I worked my fingers in and out of my sopping cleft, the heat rising and intensifying throughout my body. I arched my back in response to my own self-ministrations, my breasts pressed together by my upper arms; I felt the slickness of sweat between them, mirroring what was down below. While my left hand mined me from within, the fingers of my right teased about at the crest, describing little circles around my pulsing bud. My vision began to swim as I fucked myself in front of these two women, my breath beginning to speed. I dimly wondered what they would do if I were to come in front of them.

Would they want to lap it up, the way they drank...

"What do you say, Ver?" Gabriella smiled oh-so sweetly down at me. "Do you think she's ready?"

"Oh, I dare say," The statuesque red-clad figure sauntered closer and knelt down next to me. "Why you can just smell it, can't you?"

"Mmm, yes," Gabriella joined her on my opposite side. "Don't stop, pet," she whispered in my ear, brushing my hair back from my neck. "This may sting just a little..."

"*Nnn...*" A little quaver escaped my throat at the feel of slow breath wafting over the skin of my neck. And then a tongue; wet, warm, tasting and testing. Its tip ran up the path of my jugular, which must have been pulsing like lightning by now. Lips softly batted over it, suckling gently.

"Yes, *quite* ready," Veronica smirked, grazing the other side of my neck with her pointed nails. "And so ripe!" She glanced downward. "Keep going, pet. I want it timed just right..."

I did. I plunged into my soaking slit with two fingers, fucking myself desperately and feeling something sharp indent the tender skin of my throat. *Well...* a thought dimly registered in my besotted brain. *So much for that stake.* As if I'd actually planned to use it. I gave a sigh and arched my head back...

"Oh enough of that. Are you going to make me wait all day??"

The call echoed into the dining chamber from down the hall, harsh as a raven's cry. It had the effect of a dash of cold water. Veronica and Gabriella jerked back in unison, as though yanked

by a pair of strings. I could have cried.

“Dammit!” Veronica hissed. “I thought he was busy...reading or something! He’s been locked away in that study of his for hours.”

“We’d better not keep him waiting,” Gabriella shrugged. “You know how he gets...”

“Oh...” Veronica glowered. “Oh all right.” She uncoiled from her position on the floor and tugged at my leash. “Come on pet, you’re wanted.”

Ulp! I pitched forward, barely able to catch myself on my bound hands. “Wha...what?” I managed, the red haze still swirling around in my brain. “Where are we going...?”

“Oh, you’ll see,” Gabriella was all smiles and sweetness now. “I fear we got a little ahead of ourselves, that’s all. Come along now, it won’t do to make him wait...”

Why? I wondered, but there was no time to ask. Veronica jerked on my leash once again, and we were off.

“You and your collars, Gabriella...” the masculine voice tut-tutted. “I suppose she wears it well enough.”

Samuel was male -- rather obviously male, at that. He lounged in an enormous wooden armchair, ornately carved and probably several hundred years old -- these kinds of things always are, and made out of the wood of some ancient tree from...somewhere that’s not

important. Anyway. He was naked, and quite happy to see me. I hadn't noticed before, the particular grey cast to their skin. Well that would make sense after all, being what they were.

"Do you like her? We took the liberty of getting her ready for you," Gabriella preened coyly.

"You don't mind, do you?"

"I really ought to strip both of your hides for this, you know," he strolled over and hunkered over me like a hyena over a kill he had stolen from someone else. "Thinking you could taste this little piece of meat before I had mine..." He smelled of leather and smoke. "But I'll forgive you this once." Holy One, he might as well have been drooling over me! "Tell me ladies: what sort of noises does she make?"

"Noises, you say?" Veronica grinned her shark-smile again. She knelt in front of me on the divan I was stretched out on. "Oh, *such* noises. Just wait until you hear them!"

We had transitioned from the dining hall into a cavernous study. High shelves lined the wall, from floor to vaulted ceiling, bearing row upon row of bound volumes. The place had that smell that all libraries seem to have -- musty paper and old leather. The air bore a hint of sandalwood as well though. "Look," I croaked nervously, briefly glancing up from the enormous studded rod jutting out from Veronica's hips. She had buckled on the false cock slowly and deliberately, teasing me with it and promising me all manner of wicked things with her smile. I hadn't been able to take my eyes off of it since then. "The three of you obviously have some kind of arrangement going on, and I don't want to get in the *URK...!!*" My interjection cut short with an inelegantly choked cry, at the feel of something cold and blunt at my nethers. Its round head parted me and jammed its way inside without grace or hesitation, smashing its way in as though it were kicking down a door. "Fuh...!!" I yelped in shock, my body arching like a scalded cat.

"Oh, do pardon dear, was it cold?" Gabriella sounded truly apologetic behind me. "I did my best to warm it up for you, but, that sort of thing is a little difficult for us, you know..." Oh god,

it felt like the trunk of a tree! “Do try and stay focused though, you’ve more to do.”

My answer was a sort of keening mewl, as the thing pushed its way even deeper into me. I felt as if I was being split open like a piece of kindling.

“Ahh, you weren’t lying, my love!” The fellow grinned over me. “Such lovely noises, yes.” His voice was deep and dry, like fine sand. “Let me hear more.”



Noises he wanted, noises he got. I made rather a wide variety as the two female vampires made a pig-roast of me. I gave a few ragged cries as Gabriella drove through me, but Veronica strangled them off into inarticulate gurgles when she clamped her mouth onto mine in a vicious kiss. My eyes rolled into the back of my head as her tongue plundered my mouth...and I almost wept as she withdrew, a gleaming thread of saliva connecting our lips...and then I made a noise of actual strangulation, as her own false cock rammed its way past my teeth and

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down my throat. And there I was, spitted like a roast pheasant. Gabriella's implement should have torn me to ribbons. I could feel its ribbed texture, like a spiral staircase. Veronica's eyes danced in cruel glee, visible in my own growing haze as my lungs scrubbed every last trace of oxygen out of my bloodstream...but oh Holy One, I was as wet as April rain. I couldn't help myself. Somewhere in back of the barrage of sensations, I imagine there must have been a miniature version of myself that was screaming at me in shocked outrage, there usually is. But that little me was like an ant trying to make itself heard over a hurricane just now. Now the only thing that mattered were the sensations; the phalluses stretching me to my limits, the sweet cruel things they said about me, the cold clawed fingers grasping me by the ass, by the hair...and now there came a whisper in my ear.

"This little capon appears done to perfection," Samuel hissed. His breath was as cold as a corpse, and made the tiny hairs on the back of my neck stand erect. I groaned around my hard mouthful. "Why don't I take the first bite..." With that, equally cold fingers brushed my hair back from my neck, and I felt the proximity of a body cover mine. An arm wrapped about my torso from behind, an icy hand cupping my hanging breast, nails digging harshly in. I felt soft lips at the tender junction between my neck and shoulder. And then there was a silvery pierce. It lanced its way into my flesh, sharper than any razor and infinitely fine, like a high note, nearly too shrill for human ears to hear. If I had been floating on a pink haze just now, this exquisite pain shooed it away like lightning in a cloud. My eyes flew open, and I would have screamed around the false cock blocking my gullet...but my throat seemed not to be working just now. I couldn't move at all; my body seemed to have locked down, every nerve clenching tightly. I felt the barest sensation of something being drawn out of me through a tiny breach, a hole made in my armor. Something warm was coaxed to the surface by insistent pressure, suffusing my skin with a deep flush, and then it trickled out, sap from a bored maple tree. My head swam in a hot bath, even as I felt cold prickles chase their way over my exposed skin. My eyelids fluttered...and then just as suddenly, it was gone.

"Lovely. Quite piquant, with just a hint of sweet viand," Samuel's voice filtered down, a sommelier swirling the latest batch of cabernet in his glass. "But...it's not all...there, yet. Something's lacking."

"Glaugh?!" I exclaimed around the rubber cock at the back of my throat. *"Wha' ou' eahn??"*

"Yes, yes, it's quite a young vintage, not entirely ripe," Samuel nodded. "It wants further stoking before it's quite ready." Out of the corner of my eye I saw his tongue slide out of his mouth to lap up a trickle of crimson at the corner. *That's mine!* I thought helplessly.

"Oh," Gabriella's voice was crestfallen behind me. "Then are we to have nothing tonight?"

"Oh, don't be ridiculous, my love," Samuel chuckled. "The night has only just begun. This child only needs a bit more...coaxing. We feast soon, don't worry..."

Coaxing? My addled brain wondered. But I needn't have done so.

"Go on, get those ridiculous things out of her." Samuel commanded, peevishly.

"Aughhh!" I gagged, as Veronica extracted her toy from my throat. Good god, it looked a mile long from here, how had she managed to fit the whole thing in? I was interrupted by the rather unique sensation of Gabriella pulling her own smooth length out of my aching cunny; I gave a little groan at that. The word please formed itself on my lips...please what? Please no more? Please put it back in me? Please don't stop...? But I didn't have time to wonder which. *"Ulp!"* There was a yank at the leash at my throat, jerking my forward. I very nearly tumbled off of the divan, barely catching myself with my bound hands.

"Yes, that's right," Veronica sneered as I began to gather my shaky legs underneath me. "Sluts belong on the floor." A pointed heel planted itself on the curve of my ass and shoved, and I sprawled full length, my limbs suddenly having forgot how to work.

"Yes ma'am," I mumbled weakly. How much blood had Samuel taken out of me? I tried to guess, based on how long I had felt his lips, trying to calculate the volume he could have sucked through what felt like a tiny pinprick.

"Oh, not much at all, don't fear. Just a tiny taste."

I blinked. Had I been thinking out loud?

"No, you didn't say a word," Samuel chuckled in answer, dabbing at the corner of his mouth with a silken handkerchief. "But you might as well have." He tapped his temple with a finger. "One taste, and I can hear everything. Everything."

Oh. Oh holy one...

"No, there's no Holy One here," the vampire laughed. "He can't hear you, child. But I can. And soon..." he gestured to his companions. "So will they." They both purred in unison as he crossed over to that high-backed chair of his and sank down. "Come here now," he hooked a finger.

There was nothing else I could do. I had to obey. I just... *had* to. There was no question. I crawled forward, awkwardly half-hopping with my bound wrists and stiling on my knees up to the foot of his throne. Gabriella and Veronica flanked me, the latter holding my leash loosely in one hand. I couldn't see her mocking smile, but I could damn well feel it.

"My loves, we have here a rare gem," Samuel intoned. "I've seen the inside of her thoughts, and what I've found is exquisite," he leaned forward. "Tell me child...what do you think of the leash you wear?" His eyes flashed. "And don't lie, or I'll know, and you'll suffer for it."

"I..." I licked my lips. My tongue felt like a ball of cotton-down. "I like it."

"Yes," he nodded. "It makes you feel good, doesn't it." I nodded back. "It makes you want to crawl and beg, yes..." I nodded again, swallowing in my throat. "Yes," he leaned back with a triumphant grin. "Why we don't even need to break this one. She wishes to be used and violated." He leaned forward again. "Don't you, girl? You want to be an obedient little fuck-toy, one who does what she's told and takes what she's given, and says thank you for everything. Don't you."

No! That's bullshit! I screamed inside my head. *Fuck you, you lying snake!* But what I actually choked out was "Yes. Yes I do."

"Tell me what you want to do, child..."

"I want to please you!" The words tumbled out of me like a stack of books off of a shelf. There didn't seem to be any way to stop it. "I want to suck your cock and lick their pussies! I want you to make me your slut-toy and use me however you want! I like it! It gets me off!"

"Well, I think we ought to oblige our guest," Samuel winked to his companions. "And once she's had her fill, and her blood is singing just the right tune...then so shall we. You may begin now, pet..."

The vampire motioned me forward, and I scooted closer on my knees. His cock was full and throbbing before my face, waiting for me. I guess his meaning was clear. I felt another blush heat my skin. Ignoring it, I leaned forward and wet my lips.

"It's in the blood, you see," Samuel drawled to nobody in particular, as I parted my lips and ran my tongue in a circle around the tip of his upthrust organ. "A sweet spice, only to be found when the bitch is gasping in her heat." I drew in and closed my lips around the head of him.

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“It’s always best at the crescendo, but I think we’re not nearly there yet. What say you, my loves? I think we’ve far to go with this one...”

Far to go indeed, I admitted ruefully, and bent obediently to my task.



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Afterword by CallMePlissken

I want to give a huge shoutout and thank you to everybody who participated in this little side adventure for Alynnya. I received a lot of ideas and requests from patrons for the images which was amazing. Thank you to everybody who signed up at patreon.com/callmeplissken or sent tips to ko-fi.com/callmeplissken to contribute to the goal of paying Timothy to write the story that links the images. I'd also like to thank Ranger Squad (the stream viewers) for being great fun and good company during the epic 4.5 hour stream it took to complete the first and third pictures in the series. It was a *late* night for my fellow Europeans (I think we finished around 4 am) but it was a blast.

Magnussen and I hope you enjoyed this little collaborative experiment and here's hoping it'll be the first of many.

– CMP



Adventures of Alynnya Slatefire updates every Wednesday.

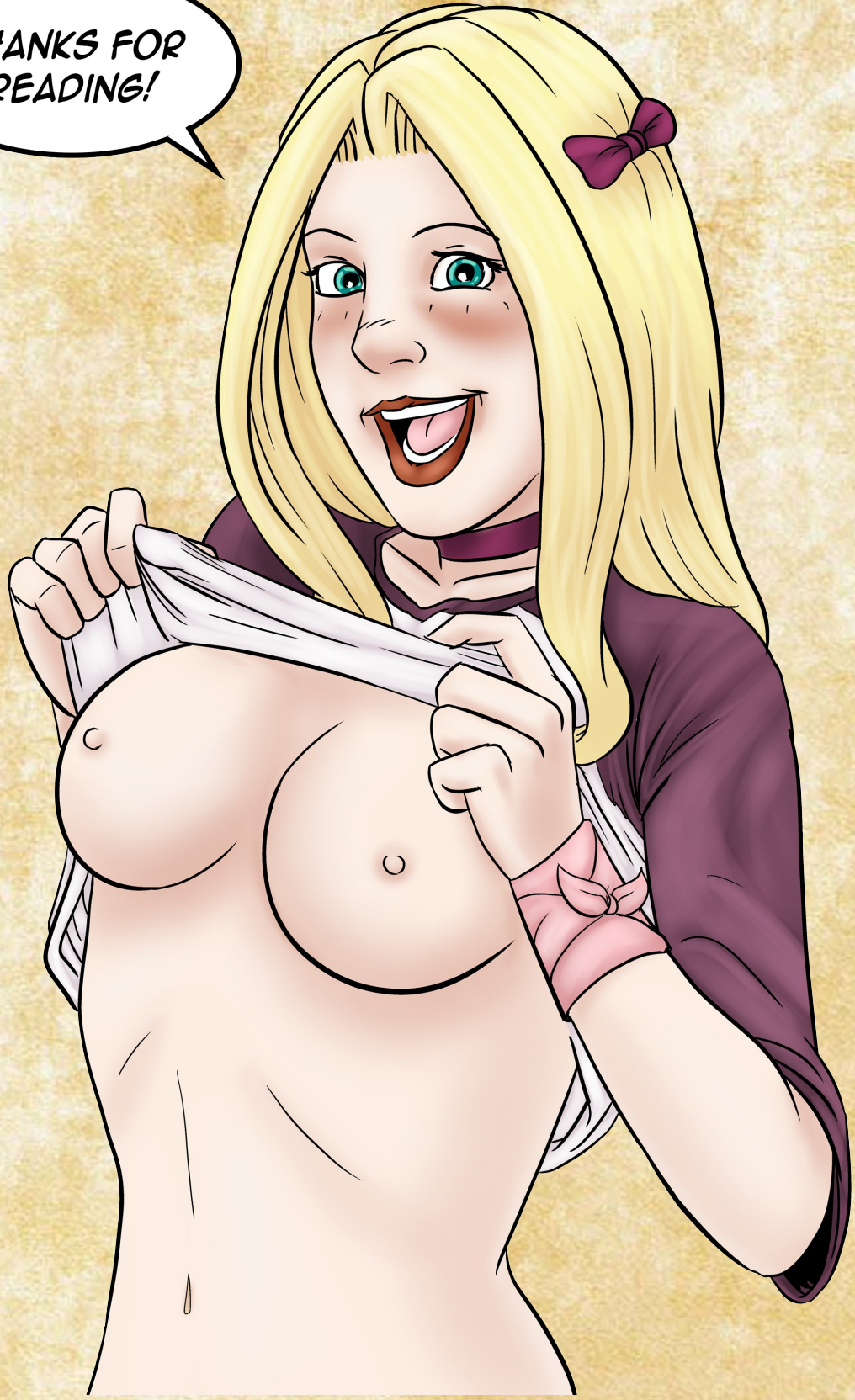
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