

The Garden agent would usually clean herself before she returned home after a mission. It was far easier to clean fresh blood from her weapons than dry, but it would be dangerous to try and clean such sharp and deadly weapons with her footing rocking back and forth so unsteadily. All the decorum that had not been nailed down was falling off and clattering to the ground before being tossed around even more.

The waves were so bad that Yor was nearly sea sick at this point even with her inhuman levels of endurance. Dark and choppy waves hurdled against the luscious yacht, the deafening sounds accompanied by the pelting rain and roaring thunder. Her attempts to radio for assistance took a nose dive when a bolt of lightning struck the ship's antenna, now all she could do was ride out the storm. After that, she'd be able to steer it back to the mainland, driving a boat shouldn't be that different from a car... Well, she hoped so at least.

Not able to see more than a few feet outside the Bridge window, Yor was caught off guard when a sense of weightlessness overtook her and everything started to spin. In the fraction of a second it took for her to realize that she was capsizing, Yor could barely respond with an "Oh" before she crashed head first into a control panel and the world went black.

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Mission Report:

Agent: Thorn Princess

Name: Yor Briar

Age: 25

Designation: **XXXXXXXXXX**

Status: Missing in Action.

Notes: Last seen before her assignment to **XXXXXXXXXX**.

No contact has been made since a tropical storm veered off course and intercepted the Thorn Princess' ship five days ago.

Remains of the ship and anyone onboard have yet to be discovered. It is likely the Thorn Princess died as well.

A cover story will be given to Yuri Briar, the brother, and The Garden shall prune any record of Yor Briar from the agency.

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Drifting into the endless void, the only thing she could feel was pain. The world around her didn't exist anymore, the last vestiges of her being could barely stay afloat in the inky darkness that nearly swallowed her whole. She didn't want to just give in, but there was nothing more she could do.

Alone in the darkness, she could no longer continue holding on.

It was at that moment that something shot through her chest. A burning that started brought light to the desolate shadows that surrounded her, pulling her free from the weight that held her down. It was as if she could fly.

Then her eyes fluttered open. The sun was harshly shining down, but she was more focused on the man above her. His lips parted from hers and Yor Briar felt like screaming in embarrassment, but all that came past her lips was seawater.

Coughing out the water in her lungs, the man beside her placed a hand on her shoulder. *“Are you alright? Wait, no, of course you’re not. Great question, Xeran.”* He bopped his head at his self-response before placing his hand on the mysterious woman’s back and trying to support her. *“Sorry for the weird first meeting, I had to perform CPR, it seems like your pulse was-”*

His words continued, but Yor couldn’t hear any of them, one thought plagued her mind on repeat without end. *‘A stranger stole my first kiss.’* That thought alone kept her from realizing how painful a state her body was in, or the fact that she had found dry land after clinging to wreckage for the past few days.

Her mind only changed when she was pulled up in a bridal carry, her body pressed against his muscles, her face inches away from his. His mouth kept moving, but Yor could only take in his looks with a blush on her face. The ‘man’ who saved her was in reality a boy, a cuteness highlighting his olive skin and wild mane of hair, he even seemed to be a few inches shorter than Yor herself.

She tried to speak, but her throat was too hoarse for words.

“Don’t talk, I’ll get you to the Doc in no time, she can patch you up.” Xeran spoke with a look of reassurance on his face... it was just a shame that they weren’t speaking English at the moment. Leaving Yor even more worried about what a some shirtless stranger would be doing as he whisked away her away in such a weakened state. The rampant thoughts and exhaustion mixed in the worst of cocktails, leaving Yor to pass out with a steaming face and leaving Xeran crying in fear.

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This awakening was far less chaotic, the shining sunrise outside the window lighting up the small doctor’s office she found herself in. The terrible dryness that sealed her throat was gone, an IV hooked up to her arm suspended against the wall.

Getting up, Yor unsteadily placed her bare feet on the ground-- her heels having been washed away in her days adrift-- she made her way to the window to see where exactly she was. The

landscape was unfamiliar beaches and unknown architecture. The people wore clothes she'd never seen before. Even the birds and plants didn't look like any of the ones she'd studied to be within Ostania.

The sound of the door opening made Yor's nerve stand on edge, her first instinct being to pull out her thorns, but those had washed away too. Though when she saw who walked through, she was glad to have stayed calm, it was the boy from yesterday, and an older woman in a white coat with graying hair and the same complexion. "Oh good, you're awake. Any longer and I'd be worried." The woman spoke clearly. "You must have countless questions, do you know where you are?"

"Don't worry, I already filled her in when I was bringing her over." The boy puffed his chest out in pride.

"Xeran, did you remember to speak in English when talking to a mainlander?" The Doctor didn't even bother looking up from the clipboard.

Color drained from the boy as the realization settled in.

"I would very much like to know where I am, yes." Yor gently spoke up as her savior languished in his failure.

"You're on Ionisla, we're a small island very far from any continents. You were one of those people on that Ostanian boat that got caught in that recent storm, right?"

"You can tell that easily?"

"Your dress and appearance aren't from any of our neighbors." She casually moved her pencil up and down to gesture at the ragged black dress that Yor still had on after all this time.

"Well, if you know that, then do you have a way to send messages out to the continent?"

"Sorry, but we only got that news from the ferry, and they left a day before you washed up." This time the answer came from the shirtless boy, his English tinged with an accent. "Plenty of us head to the mainland for experience, knowledge, and cash before coming back during the next voyage, so I'm sure they'd be glad to help you get back too."

"Really?" A smile crossed Yor's face. "When will they return?"

"Just short of three months." Xeran was blind to Yor's saddened expression.

Slapping his head with her clipboard, the doctor spoke up. "Apologies for the kid, he's a right idiot."

“Stop it with the ‘Kid’ junk! I turned twenty last week!”

“Maybe when you stop acting like a kid, kid.” The doctor turned her attention back to her patient. “In the time you’re stuck here, Xeran offered to give you shelter, and I have some old clothes you can try out. Your dress is more rags than clothing at this point.”

“Oh. You two don’t have to be so hospitable to me, I can hole myself up in a hotel and buy my own change of clothes.” Yor blushed and placed her hands up defensively.

“Girl, stop looking a gift horse in the mouth.” The doctor just placed a hand on her head and sighed. “You think a town with a few hundred people and no tourism has any hotels? And as your doctor, I’m telling you that you shouldn’t be doing anything but resting. I’m honestly shocked that you’re able to stay on your feet after all you suffered while adrift for days.”

“But it isn’t right for me to impose so much.” It was embarrassing to have people try and give her so much.

“Wow, you’re giving Doc a run for the most stubborn person on the island.” Xeran didn’t flinch at the clipboard smacking the back of his head. “But if you want to earn your keep that much, then what about, after you rest up, you do what you think is fair.” He shrugged, unsure about his suggestion. “We just wanna help someone in hard times, but we can’t keep you from doing whatever you end up doing.”

“I’m sorry if my response to your acts is rude.” Yor replied. “I just... I’ve not been raised in a place where someone can just get handouts like this.”

“Don’t worry about it, Jane Doe, you’ll be back to your world before you know it!” He gave her two thumbs up.

“Jane Doe?” Yor cocked her head.

“That’s what the Doc has on your chart.”

Clenching her eyes shut and taking a breath, the doctor opened them shortly after. “Forgive him, he means well, but I think all the diving he does killed a few brain cells.” She ignored his cries of indignation. “But since he brought it up, do you remember your name?”

“Yes, it’s-”

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“Yor, you doing alright today?”

"I'm fine Neras, tell Jokasta that I said good morning." The assassin waved in hello and goodbye as she passed the islanders that she had become acquaintances with. In such a small community, it was impossible to not know of the Ostanian that washed ashore. But four weeks in, only a few of the locals had let their guard down around her. That was mostly the curious children that tried to stare at the 'strange pale woman' through the window of her room, and the stall owners that she chatted with while buying supplies for Xeran's home.

While the assassin looked for any alternative ways off the island when Xeran gave her a tour of the whole town, there really was nothing she could do but wait. So she chose to make the most of it. Yor had never left Ostania before, so she took in the new sights and delicacies and treated her polite stay as a not-so-little vacation that she never got to take.

After collecting everything she had on her list and paying with the currency Xeran gave her, Yor enjoyed walking around the cozy coastal town. Watching everything with rapt attention; the locals sitting at the docks to fish, the small sailboats collecting their crab traps out in the horizon, the children playing games and climbing trees for fun, all of it made the red eyed woman smile at the serenity and peace. If only living in Ostania gave her the same peace of mind.

Arriving at her temporary house, Yor put everything away where it belonged and did what she usually did now that she could move without issue: Clean.

Despite the fact that her daily cleaning left no dust after it was over, Yor chose to fix up the house every day to help repay Xeran for his hospitality. She had tried to do the same thing to her kind-hearted doctor, but was forbidden from cleaning the clinic anymore after she left a hole in the wall when killing a single mosquito. Who knew stone was so penetrable?

Even her own room was kept as tidy as possible, the bed made to look as if it was brand new, and the walls and shelves as bare as when she first arrived. Apparently it had belonged to one of Xeran's siblings that chose to stay off island because they found a girl. Despite the fact that they weren't going to return, Yor still felt it would be disrespectful if she made herself at home here. Even the single box tucked under the bed that contained a collection of shells and novelties made Yor feel a smidge of guilt.

When she finished, there wasn't a surface in the house that didn't gleam in cleanliness. Usually, she'd leave the house once more and try to talk with the locals with Xeran busy diving and doing odd jobs for trade until dinner came around, but today was different. Setting the table for three on a beautifully colored table cloth and lighting candles for their nice aroma, Yor finished just in time for the others to arrive.

The Doctor entered wearing a nice blue dress that had pant legs and a bottle of alcohol in hand. And Xeran followed, shockingly enough, the free spirit had on more than just shorts this time. A sea green button up with dark trousers that the two in attendance could easily see made the boy wriggle in discomfort. Yor tried her best to not laugh at the bizarre faces and movements her

host made as he moved to the kitchen with a bag in his hands; the fish he had caught specifically for today.

“So, how’ve you been adapting?” The doctor sat herself down at the end of the table, sitting beside her patient.

“Well, it’s certainly taken some time for me to get used to the constant sounds of the ocean and birds, and the cold winds keep catching me by surprise, but this island is the most beautiful place I’ve ever visited.” Yor smiled, leaving out the fact that she’d never visited any place outside of Ostania before.

“That’s good,” The doctor pulled up two glasses and filled both. “Now what say we enjoy the end of your first month like proper adults.”

“Oh, well you see, me and alcohol-” Yor tried to explain herself as the glass was pushed in her hands.

“Here’s to your first leg of the journey done!” The doctor started downing her glass, while even Xeran gave a cheer from the kitchen as the smell of his cooking started to waft in the house.

“Well, just a sip couldn’t hurt. I’m sure I can stop myself before I go too far.”

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“And then there’s this terrible lady at my office who keeps rubbing it in that she has a boyfriend.” Yor let out a groan of annoyance just at the memory. “Dominic this, Dominic that, well, I can find someone out there for me, Camilla, but maybe I’m just too busy for one! You ever think about that?!”

“Preach, Sister.” Doc filled up Yor’s 6th glass of her fruity booze in only twenty minutes, a heavy red blush on her face as she told stories and vented about her life as a clerk. “Plus with a girl as pretty as you, there’s no way you don’t have men at your feet begging for more than just a date.”

Somehow, Yor’s face turned even redder as her booze-addled brain put together what that comment meant. “Well-I’ve not- it’s that-”

“I’m sure you’d even find those types of guys here as well.” The older women didn’t seem to notice Yor’s reaction. “Hell, Xeran saving you from a wreckage with a kiss? Sounds like a crappy romance novel I’d read.” She took another sip of her drink. “Just a shame he’s too much of a kid to do anything but run around outside all day.”

“I can still hear you!” The boy cried out in indignation from the kitchen.

“Oh you can? I figured with how many times I’ve patched you up and you ran back out to do the exact same thing that you’d gone deaf at this point.”

Coming from the kitchen with the fish and sides finished, Xeran’s uncomfortable expression was topped off with a blush of his own. “I’ve only gone to see you twice this week.” He grumbled under his breath.

“Normal people only check in twice a year.” With that final burn, Xeran had to concede to protect what little pride he still had.

The dinner was fantastic, Yor never had access to seafood as fresh as this in her city, let alone the unique spices and cooking styles of Ionisla. Having fun with the friends she made in a very peculiar situation and letting herself feel what life was like in this little slice of heaven.

But as Doc and Xeran had a conversation among themselves, Yor ran her finger along the rim of her glass in contemplation. She was already 25 and she’d never even slept in the same house with a man until now, not counting her adorable brother, Yuri. Maybe she was acting like a kid too, putting up excuses to not try and go for anyone... but she was also a secret assassin for The Garden. If only dating could be easy.

Waving goodbye to Doc, Yor was hugging the bottle as she watched the four copies of her friend exit out of the spinning door.

Seeing Xeran pick up the dirty dishes to place in the sink, Yor furrowed her brow, she should be helping clean up as a guest in this house.

Walking on unsteady feet, Yor tried to grab at the plates, but they kept moving on the table, shifting around to evade her hands.

“Yor, mind if I take you to bed? I think you’re very... I always forget the English word, *drunk*.” Xeran tried to gently pull his guest’s wobbling hands away from the sharp metal and fragile glass.

Seeing the red eyed woman become stiff as a board, the young native feared he said something offensive. In reality, something much worse was afoot.

He was completely right.

Yor had men on her mind and booze in her blood, a terrifying combination when the usually couth woman had heard her cute savior ask to take her to bed and call her something in his exotic language.

Swallowing the lump in her throat, Yor looked over her shoulder to see the young man’s green eyes stare into her very soul. She threw caution to the wind and made her decision.

Trying to lean in to kiss Xeran, the diver pulled back, but when Yor continued to follow him, the pair managed to tangle their legs and collapse in a heap.

Now with his guest's big butt pressing against his crotch, her soft hands dancing across his arms, and his hands unable to find any place he could grab without trying to make things worse, Xeran was equal parts terrified and aroused.

"Yor, you're very *drunk*. I don't think I've ever seen someone as *drunk* as you."

"Oh you flatterer." Yor laughed at his beautiful words as she spun herself around and now had her constrained breasts pressing against his chest. "Here, let me help you." Grabbing the collar of Xeran's shirt, the buttons flew off and exposed his tanned skin and toned body to the woman that had never even heard of smut books.

With a beautiful woman ripping his clothes off, Xeran couldn't believe this was really happening until she held his head and shoved her fruity tongue into his mouth.

Both virgins had no experience with the other sex until this moment, letting every awkward motion and unsure response seem like what veterans of the craft would do.

Yor let her hands explore all the muscles on the diver's body, while Xeran felt every dip and rise of the assassin's gorgeous body through the dress she wore.

Hungry for more than just a kiss, Yor pulled herself back and stood up. Picking Xeran up in a bridal carry, she kicked down the door in a rain of splinters in her walk to his room. The man went from blushing, to terrified, to blushing again when Yor threw him on the bed and pulled at her dress.

In the low light of the room, with her pale skin and dark underwear and flowing hair, she looked godly. And when she stared him down with those red eyes, she held the aura of an apex predator.

Kicking his pants off as fast as possible, Xeran was not going to disappoint his guest. Although he hesitated with his underwear, seeing Yor undo her bra nearly made his tent break through the fabric.

With the two virgins both now naked, their eyes were stuck on what the other was hiding, feeling a sense of nervousness that was overcome by a sheer want of the other.

Straddling Xeran's waist, Yor was worried if she could fit all of it inside her, but there was no other way to know than by trying.

She forgot how to breathe when she lowered herself, new and great sensations she'd never experienced before overwhelmed her mind, only remembering when she gasped in surprise at Xeran holding her body. One of his hands landed on her waist while the other gently touched her breasts, the two moving slowly and carefully. Xeran to make Yor not regret her choice, and Yor to make sure she didn't accidentally break the boy in two.

When they finally had things moving at a proper pace, Yor's mewling voice passed her lips, the feelings coursing through her body was something incredible. The way something so hot and thick made its way so deep inside her body, it made her knees weak. Made only more mind numbing by Xeran's hands and mouth, caressing her curves, holding her close, kissing her neck, nibbling on her collarbone, Yor couldn't get enough of it.

Pulling the man closer, his face was trapped between her heavy twins while Yor's pumps started to turn into thrusts and her mewls into growls. Every time her ass clapped against his crotch, the bed banged against the wall, shaking the pictures and shelves.

Getting the ride of his life, Xeran enjoyed his new spot to the fullest, sucking on the pale woman's pink nipples and digging his hands into her ass. Despite going only on instinct, Yor seemed to enjoy it just as much as he did from the sounds she made.

Trying to do his best to keep up with the dark haired beauty, the islander felt that he wouldn't last much longer, but there was no way he'd give in that easily.

With his arms wrapped around her body, it was easy to roll on the bed and change positions. Now that Yor was under him, he was ready to show that these muscles weren't for show. The power behind his thrusts left Yor throwing her head back. He was reaching even deeper than before and she loved every second of it.

Unable to control herself, Yor's nails tore through the bed sheets as she held on for dear life. When she finally managed to regain control again, she grabbed his head and pulled him into another sloppy, drunk kiss. Her grinding hips finally sent him over the edge with his cock buried inside her tight, wet cunt.

At the feeling of his hot spunk shooting its way inside of her, Yor's toes curled as she wrapped her legs around his waist and pulled him in as tight as she could. Crying out in her own climax, their moans were swallowed by their kiss, but how her pussy tried to milk every last drop from the native man's incredible dick was being burned into her mind.

Only when the cum stopped coming did Yor finally let her legs fall back to the sides. Xeran pulled out and was left panting with sweat dripping off his body. He was content and exhausted after having his first sexual experience, and could have just collapsed there.

It was then that Yor sat herself back on his lap, the look of hunger in her red eyes, a beast having been let loose from its cage.

Xeran really was biting off more than he could chew, but he would have to survive the night if he even wanted to think about regretting his actions.

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At the sounds of the bird songs in the morning light, Yor woke up from bed feeling refreshed and well rested, not even a headache from all that she had to drink the night before.

Stretching her arms above her head, the blanket fell off the kind woman's body and revealed to the lightweight that she was naked. "Oh!" She always slept with pajamas on, why was she naked?

Pulling up the blanket to cover herself again, Yor got her answer when she uncovered Xeran, unconscious on the bed, looking as if his soul itself was barely hanging on to this world.

Then she remembered what she did last night. "Oh."