

Season 1, Episode 5 – Berin Shines

The chain at her neck had been lengthened – she could lie on the floor now. A blanket had been provided, a soft thing that was of better quality than anything she had felt since leaving her father's home in Syngorn. It was large enough to wrap herself in if she tucked her legs against her chest, so she did, shivering in the cold and dark as she waited for her tormentor to return.

The burning of her clothes had hurt her, the break of her bow hurt her more. The fact that he had made her do both was infuriating, but she blamed him more than herself; he was using magic to make her do things. In a way, this was just another kind of combat, just not one she was used to.

“Beautiful,” Lord Berin sometimes called her, running his hands through her hair after he'd used magic to make her do something unconscionable. He could see how uneasy the word made her and she thought, at first, that was why he did it. More and more, however, she could see the lust in his eyes and knew that this was something he truly believed.

She knew he was sick – *no healthy person would do what he was doing to her* – but she thought that a man of his pretensions would know a thing or two about beauty.

It made her flush and cuddle into herself.

The elves at Syngorn had been perfectly willing to tell her what they thought of her physical appearance outside her father's earshot. She knew she wasn't ugly, per se, but she was never comfortable with the idea of her self being pretty, never mind beautiful. Her body was a tool and she enjoyed it, sure, but...

Beautiful, he said, wiping his cum off her face, letting her lick it off his fingers.

Beautiful.

She hated him and had never hated anymore more, not even her father.

She felt the lights brighten outside her cocoon and winced, pulling the blanket tighter around herself.

“Rise and shine, pet,” he said. The unspoken *or else* was clear. He could take the blanket away, or make her hand it over, or make her destroy it. She groaned but did as he instructed and as he expected, sitting up, kneeling, spreading her legs and clasping her hands behind her back. It was degrading. It was profane. He circled her like a piece of meat, like a piece of art. His eyes devoured her and she felt her cheeks flush as her eyes dropped down to his gift.

Elly entered after him, padding behind him with her soft footsteps. Vex felt the other haf-elf's eyes on her, too, measuring, considering. She wondered which if them Lord Berin favored and hated herself for the thought.

“Beautiful,” he said, and she felt a treacherous swell of pride run through her. She pushed her shoulders back, thrusting out her breasts a little more. One of his fingers touched her shoulder and she gasped, raising her head to let his hand circle her neck, raise up her chin, cup her cheek. She wasn't sure if he had made the room hotter or if she was feeling flush. “How are we feeling today, pet?”

She was never sure how to answer him, wasn't sure what she felt anymore. Hate, certainly. The hate was still strong, but... she'd lost count of the time he'd held her. How long had it been? Had Catha made a full journey around Exandria yet? She had no idea. Where was her brother? Why hadn't he saved her yet? Where was Vax?

altered the arc of her throw at the last second. The blade clattered in a corner and fell to the ground.

Why did I-- she started to think, but Berin was flipping the coin again and she watched it rise and arc and fall, the most beautiful thing in the world, the sort of beautiful that Berin meant when he spoke of her, and she swallowed.

Backing away slowly, never taking her eyes off the coin, she moved into the corner the knife had fallen and felt around for it. She cut herself claiming the blade but never took her eyes from the coin. The knife was in her hand again and she was moving forward, towards Lord Berin, towards the door, but-

-but she couldn't leave the coin behind. She'd have to take it from him.

The fight was not her best. Her eyes should have been on him but she couldn't look away from the coin – he flicked it up and her eyes followed. She tried to stab blindly and he caught her wrist, flipped the coin up again and took it from her. She tried to struggle free but up went the coin and he slapped her face and she saw stars, saw the floor, struggled to find her balance and see where the coin was.

He was holding it in his hand. She saw it, reached for it, and when it went up he punched her in the stomach and all the air went out of her lungs. She collapsed, gasping and sputtering, hugging her belly as she tried to remember how to breathe so she could see where the coin had gone. He kicked her and she spun on her back, legs and arms falling away, the coin hovering in the air as he kicked her again and a third time, making her ribs hurt, making her cry out, but she did her best to keep her eyes on the coin.

Elly limped over and held it above her as he sat on her, tearing the clothing he had given her off her body. She gasped when he bunched a fist in her hair with one hand and slapped her cheek hard with the other, tears blurring her vision and making it hard to see the coin. He got off her, let her try to stand and stumble after the coin, but his hand was still in her hair. She tried to break free but couldn't, couldn't fight him when she couldn't take her eyes off the coin.

He pushed her back down and she cried and struggled, trying to break free so she could look at the coin. Berin had her flat on the ground now, her breasts on the cold stone. Elly held the coin in her eyeline and she whimpered, stopped struggling as Lord Berin hauled her ass into the air.

"If you ask me to fuck you I'll give you the coin," he said.

"Please please please"

"Please what, pet?"

"Please fuck me, darling, please, just let me-" her words died in a strangled gargle as he pushed his cock deep inside her, his hips slapping her ass. She kept her eyes open and focused on the coin as he pulled out and thrust into her, again and again, her whimpered pleadings sounding sluttish even to herself.

"Pet, you need to fuck me back if you want the coin," he said, and she let out a long groan.

"Promise?" she managed.

"Promise."

On her knees, face and belly bruised, she started impaling herself on him, caught between the beauty of the coin and the pleasure he was allowing her. She took as much control as she could,

pleasuring herself, her hands finding her nipples and clit as she continued to ride his manhood until it ached inside her.

She screamed when she came, her eyes closed to the sight of the coin, her whole everything trembling as he grabbed her hips and continued to fuck her. Her post orgasm body suffered from heightened sensitivity and he used that against her, fucking her to another orgasm and then making her fuck herself to a third and a fourth. He came inside her and she fell to the ground, senseless, focused on the coin and not on the cock in her mouth, she cleaning him with her tongue.

It didn't matter. He would give her the coin. He had promised.

He had promised.

Lord Berin slapped her face with his cock, oozing cum into her eye. She groaned, tried to make her body work through the quivering bliss. He was standing, his toes at her feet.

When was he going to give her the coin?

"Pet," he said,, nudging her face with his foot. It wasn't gentle. He was stepping on her, his heel on her cheek. "Are you still in there?"

She moaned. Her tongue wouldn't work properly. He kicked her and she rolled over onto her back, facing the ceiling. He had the coin in his hand again.

"Pet, would you rather have the coin or your freedom?" he asked. She sobbed, trying to get her hand to move up towards the coin. "Are you sure you wouldn't rather be free? I can have Elly help you out the door."

She simpered, wondering if he could have Elly help her reach the coin.

"If you want the coin, you'll have to let Elly collar you again," he said. "Are you sure you want to be collared?"

She managed to shake her head, *yes*.

"Are you sure you wouldn't rather be free?"

She managed to shake her head, *no*.

"Then what do you have to do, pet?"

She stared up at him. She'd tried force already; she only had once chance to get the coin. She closed her eyes and bit her lip and cried. It took minutes for her to roll onto her belly. The blanket was so far away. Berin and Elly encouraged her by kicking her, and she inched her way like a worm towards the blanket and the collar, dressed in torn rags and cooling cum.

By the time she reached the blanket she collapsed, her body an aching bruise from the beating she'd taken, her every breath agony through bruised lungs. She managed to huddle into herself and wept and they let her, let her cry.

"Hey, pet, look," he said, and she did. He was holding the coin. She felt a fresh batch of tears; it was so beautiful. "Are you sure you wouldn't rather be free?"

"N-n," she whimpered.

"What do you need to ask for, pet?" he asked. Vex tried to speak but her throat was too dry from screaming.

"I think she needs some moisture," Elly whispered. "I can help her, if you let me."

"Go ahead."

Vex's eyes were on the coin when Elly hiked up her skirts and sat down, her sopping cunt enveloping Vex's face. She needed the moisture to ease her throat, to try and talk so she could get the coin. She lapped at the flesh above her until Elly's knees tightening around her head and a hand mauled her left tit hard enough to bruise, and then the other half-elf was gone and Vex could breathe and see the coin again.

"Please, please Elly, can you lock the collar around my throat?" Vex pleaded.

"Of course," Elly said. She helped Vex sit up, her touch gentle as she steadied Vex and made certain she could sit. Berin was crouched down, staring at her. Vex lifted her head, let Elly fit the collar around her neck, offered no resistance as it closed around her neck.

"One last time, Vex'ahlia," he said. "Wouldn't you rather be free?"

She looked at the door, or tried to. The coin was so beautiful. This was the only way to get it. There would be other chances to escape, she thought, other moments.

She struggled but managed to pull her hair out of the way of the collar.

It fastened with a satisfying click.

"Hold out your hands," Berin ordered. Eager, Vex did as she was instructed. He put the coin in her palms, letting her feel the weight of it, the cut of it. Under the gleam and glow, she was beginning to see it for what it was.

"Figuring it out, pet?" Berin asked. He was standing, her and Elly moving away from her. They were standing in the door now, leaving her with the coin in her hands. "You just sold me your freedom for one copper piece."

He closed the door, leaving her alone in the darkness.



The first month Vex was missing, the City Watch pulled back.

The City Watch was destroyed.