

PART 1

I hate this place more than anything... I hate Demacia! What a joke... to be condemned to live inside this cursed cell in a filthy, cold, and dark dungeon. And all of it, just for being born this way: a mage!

I never thought I would hate having powers or wish to be just an ordinary person. Can you believe it?!

Down here, there are hundreds of mages, men and women, women and children... all of them forced to drink petricite elixir – a disgusting potion made from petricite tree shards, a tree that absorbs magic — to suppress us and keep us "peaceful."

Each sip of this drink is like swallowing dry sand, and suddenly you feel immense weakness. Now, imagine doing this since you were born. I've been receiving this treatment since childhood when I was brought here while my family tried to escape to the forests around Demacia.

Since then, I've never seen my mother and sisters again. I am condemned and judged every day of my life for the mistakes of dark sorcerers who lived hundreds of years ago, responsible for the horrors and devastation of the Rune War.

All of this happened way before I even existed, even before this cursed city was even built! Yet, somehow, we mages are hated for the crimes of people from the past. People with no relation to who we are in the present!

Anyway, I want to tell another story. Even amid this nightmare, I managed to find my first love in the most unlikely place and with the most unlikely person. I want to tell you how I met a member of the royal guard, Garen Crownguard.

[...]

Since I was captured by Demacian soldiers, I've been locked down here. Now I'm 17 years old, and thanks to my "exemplary behavior," I've been selected to serve (in an

almost experimental way) the Crownguard family — one of the most prestigious families in Demacia, consisting of generations of royal guards.

What a delight... from that tiny cell to being the newest lackey of a bunch of royal boot-lickers of King Jarvan III — the scoundrel responsible for my people's suffering!

This isn't the scenario I had in mind, but being out of that dark and cold hell is a start.

At least I don't have to drink that nasty petricite sludge anymore, but, of course, they wouldn't let a little mage serve an elite Demacian family without taking proper precautions: now I have petricite bracelets chained to my wrists, serving the same purpose as petricite elixir; I am prevented from trying anything.

When I stepped out onto the streets for the first time (chained and surrounded by guards), I felt the warmth of the sun and the breeze on my face for the first time in a long while. I was almost blinded by all that sunlight at once in my eyes that I hadn't seen directly for years.

When I finally adjusted to the brightness, I opened my eyes and saw the enormous figure of a man in armor in front of me.

He was tall, standing about 6'4", with short trimmed brown hair, a well-defined strong jawline, and an imposing posture, but still... he had a gentle face.

I felt my heart race, and it's a bit embarrassing to admit, but he was handsome... even for a Demacian pig!

— The prisoner is ready to be taken, sir! — One of the guards speaks loudly, addressing the huge armored man.

— All right, soldier! I'll take it from here! — The knight says with his strong and imposing voice.

— Sir... are you sure you don't prefer to let the guards handle the escorting of the prisoner?

— I've dealt with many dangers already, soldier. Escorting a mage incapable of using magic tricks is nothing. Don't worry, I've taken all the necessary precautions to receive him. — The knight says, taking the chains attached to my bracelets into his hands.

Without resistance, I follow the man to his steed.

— Here... get on! — He says and helps me onto the horse.

— I don't see your horse. — I say in a dry tone.

— This is my horse.

— So that means... — The knight gets on the horse, and I feel his enormous presence settle behind me. — WE'RE GOING TO RIDE THE SAME HORSE?! — I ask, annoyed.

— What's wrong?! Would you prefer to be transported in a cage like an animal or walk the whole way on foot? If you want, I can arrange that.

— That's not what I... urgh, forget it! — I look ahead and stare at the ground, annoyed.

— Don't worry, it'll be faster this way than mobilizing a bunch of men to take care of transporting a simple mage. Also, I thought maybe this would be more comfortable for you. — He says, sounding a kinda of shy.

— Oh, really?! How kind of you... — I say sarcastically.

— I hope you don't act like this in front of my aunt, or she'll send you back to the hole you came from. — I shudder at the thought of my cell. — By the way, my name is Garen... Sword-

— Yeah... — I interrupt his pompous introduction —, I know who you are, Garen Crownguard, Sword-Captain of the Dauntless Vanguard!

— Hmm... — The big armored guy mumbles, looking a bit unsettled. — What about you, what's your name?

— Humph... as if you care.

— I can just call you “servant” if you prefer. It's easier anyway! – He gives a sarcastic smile.

— Tsc, fine... my name is Marino. – I reluctantly reply.

— Marino, huh?! Nice name. – He says in a friendly tone and smiles.

I feel my cheeks warm up at that dumb smile, so I turn forward, trying to hide the blushing.

— Whatever!

It doesn't matter if he's cute or tries to push friendly chit-chat on me. This bastard has my people's blood on his hands, and it's thanks to him that those dungeons are full of mages!

[...]

Arriving at the mansion, I'm stunned by the size of the place. I couldn't see much because the giant mountain that was Garen was behind me, pushing me all the time, saying there was no time to waste and that everything had to be in perfect order when his aunt arrived.

The interior was huge, with several rooms, halls, and bedrooms. I spend some time studying the environment when I feel my arms being pulled.

— Hey, what are you doing?! – I ask.

— Didn't you think you would wander around freely without any security measures, did you?! – Garen says, taking the chains to the wall. With a firm gesture, he attaches them to a small sliding mechanism fixed on the wall, moving it along a track that runs through the entire house.

— Fuck... this can't be serious!

— Don't worry. You can still move around the house, except in some places, like our rooms. I mean, you can... when you have permission to clean them, and only that.

— Great! — I say, rolling my eyes.

— You'll get used to it. Here, you have some privileges that no other prisoner has: real food, no need to drink petricite elixir as long as you're always wearing those bracelets, and you'll even have your own room. — He looks at me as if he's expecting me to thank him.

There's a moment of silence, and he seems taken aback.

— What?! Should I be grateful? Did you expect me to kneel and kiss your feet?!
— I say ironically.

Now, Garen's demeanor appears to grow more somber, and his tone takes on a different quality:

— I don't think you understand your position yet! You're just a prisoner chosen to serve Crownguard house. If you don't behave, you'll go back to prison! Is that what you want?!

I cross my arms and look away.

— Y-you... aren't you going to say nothing?!

— Humph... — I huff, showing my disdain.

— So that's how it's going to be, huh?! Maybe this will teach you some manners!
— He removes the chains from the wall device and, with a rough tug, almost makes me fly from where I was. He pulls the chains through the house, leading me somewhere.

— What are you doing?! — I ask, frightened; he doesn't respond. — What are you going to do to me?!

He looks at me for a moment with a stern face but doesn't say anything. Garen takes me to what seemed to be his room.

— I'm sorry, I'll behave! I promise mast... master Garen! — I say reluctantly, hating myself for being so scared that I stooped so low to refer to him as "master."

He stops for a moment, his gaze a mixture of uncertainty. He seems to hesitate for a moment but then appears to make up his mind.

— Too late for that. Here... come! — He pulls me.

Garen sits on the edge of his bed and asks me to kneel in front of him. I was terrified of what he would do to me, but at the same time, I felt he wouldn't harm me.

— Take off my boots! — He orders me.

This time, I obeyed without protesting. He extends his right leg, positioning his boot in front of my face. His feet must be huge... I'd say size 13 if I had to guess, without any exaggeration. That foot was ridiculously larger than my head. I guess being stepped on by this guy shouldn't be a pleasant situation.

I needed to use both hands on that boot to be able to remove it; it seemed stuck. Garen didn't make any effort to help, but I could see a smirk on the corner of his mouth.

In an attempt to remove the enormous footwear, I wrap the boot under my right arm and, with the help of my other hand, force it backward. It seemed stuck, and then suddenly it loosened, and I fell on my back with the giant boot in my hands.

Garen chuckles a bit.

— Enjoying yourself?! — I ask, annoyed.

— Pretty much. — He replies and then picks up his foot and extends his left foot in my direction. The tense atmosphere seems to ease a bit. — Now do the other one.

I crawl to him and repeat that ordeal again. He just watches that pathetic scene as if he's having the time of his life.

— Why don't you try to release the buckle first? — Garen says kindly.

I hadn't noticed that buckle there. I undo it, and the boot slides off easily into my hands. I feel my face flush with embarrassment at my foolishness for overlooking such a simple detail.

— Oh... I didn't see that. — I respond, embarrassed.

Finally, when I remove the footwear completely, I'm stunned by the sight in front of me. Garen had impressively stunning feet. His huge soles had a fiery red tonality and a wet sheen (probably from sweat, I imagine). His toes were long and thick.

I didn't expect this from a soldier, but surprisingly, his soles looked soft, and his nails were well-trimmed, completely different from what I imagined a soldier's feet to be. The insteps of his feet were pale and had bulging veins.

I stand still for a moment, holding that monument in my hands, contemplating that gargantuan foot right in front of me. The appearance was just a part of the appeal. The heat emanating from it hit my face with sudden impact, along with that supernatural smell... Yes, his foot odor was oddly attractive and arousing.

There was a mix of stuffy leather, damp, and musky sourness in the air. I didn't know what was happening, I just knew I needed the air that sole was emitting inside me so badly!

I close my eyes for a few seconds and take a deep breath of the hot scent from that magnificent surface.

— Huh... are you okay?! — Garen asks with a slight expression of disgust on the corner of his mouth and a raised eyebrow.

— I-I... I, huh... just felt a bit dizzy. — I say, stumbling over hastily invented excuses. — Yeah, that's it! But it's cool now! — How embarrassing, what an annoyance! I can't believe that smelling this idiot's foot stench got me like this.

— For a moment I thought you were...

— NO!!! I just felt a bit weak! — I cut him off before he could finish the sentence.

— Huh... okay then. Could you release my foot now?

I was so distracted by all this mess that I even forgot about the heavy weight of his foot I was holding in my hands.

— Oh, so sorry! I got distracted by... never mind. — I feel my cheeks blush.

Garen chuckled, he seemed to be enjoying himself. Then he removes his foot from my hands.

— How about you wash my feet now? — He says in a suggestive tone, almost like a question.

I remained silent looking to the ground in embarrassment.

— There's a basin and warm water over there. — He points with his head.

— Sure, I'll get it then.

I don't know why, but now I can't stop imagining what it must be like to be stepped on by this handsome dumb soldier's massive feet. I feel a huge tightness in my chest and a strange anticipation just thinking about the scene.

I kneel on the floor before the paladin, place the basin in front of his feet, and fill it with warm water from a jug. I rolled up the cuffs of his pants (I didn't want them to get wet) revealing his firm and muscular calves.