

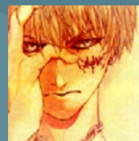
Vexing Vex

A Critical Role Story



*Season 1
Episode 8*

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Season 1, Episode 8 – Berin in her Soul

Vex stood to her Lord Berin's side, obscenely displayed, and he paid her no attention at all. Naked, shaven, cleaned, she stood with her mouth open and tongue exposed, her hands at her sides, palms out, legs slightly parted. She looked like she was waiting for something to happen but nothing did; her entire being was there for her Darling's pleasure.

He'd unbound her leash from the wall, using some method she did not see and would not have wanted to, not as far gone as she was. She followed his lead and allowed herself to be bound to the table and now simply waited, hoping that he might make use of her.

Instead, he ignored and attended to matters of state.

When Elly came to bring him lunch, he put his papers to one side and sighed, looking up at Vex.

"Would you like something to eat, pet?" he asked. She fell to her knees, leaning forward on her fingers, lifting her head and staring into his eyes, pleading. He hadn't broken her fast when he entered that day. She did not know how long it had been since she'd eaten anything. "You know what you want to do."

She did.

She wanted this more than she had ever wanted anything in her little life.

Leaning forward, she unbuckled his belt. He let her shift his breeches down, freeing his manhood from under the fine clothe. She stood, straddled him, resting her hands on his shoulders as she sank onto his manhood, the sopping wet hole between her legs devouring him whole. She was panting, already losing herself as she bounced her ass off his thighs, whining, showering him with kisses as he groped her back and ass, letting her do all the work, she the wanton slut he had made her.

She came before he did, screaming and thoughtless, almost falling off his lap, but he held her down by the waist and let her quiver on his cock to a second orgasm and a third. Her eyes rolled and she lost track of herself, collapsing onto his chest while he stroked her hair.

"Good girl," he whispered, stroking her long hair like the animal she was. "Good little pet."

She nodded, offering him small kisses as he let her fall off him, as she clung to his knees and kissed her way up his leg to his cock. She licked her juices off of him, hardening him again, and then took him into her mouth, swirled him along her tongue, enjoying the sounds he made as she pulled another orgasm out of him, swallowing his seed.

"Show me how a good girl thanks her betters," her Lord Berin said, and she licked the last of herself off him and fell to her knees, putting her head low to the ground, prostrating herself before him. His foot was on her head, on her back, pushing her lower, onto her belly.

She offered no resistance.

"Do you remember when we first met, pet?" he asked. She did. She was ashamed to think of it now, the way she had treated him. He could be so kind but she had pushed him to cruelty. "You were so proud, then."

"I'm sorry, Darling," she said. His boot left her back and his hand was in her hair, pulling her up. She scrambled to her knees, feeling a terrible heavy thirst stir between her legs as her Lord looked down on her.

"I, please, please don't do this," Vex begged, clutching onto his ankle. "Please don't make me do this. I'll do anything. I'll suck your cock. You can fuck me in the ass. I'll be yours forever. Please, please, don't make me..."

He whispered soothingly to her, pulled her up into his lap and stroked her hair, let her weep for what she had lost. When she had stopped sobbing his kissed her neck, nuzzling her, and whispered:

"What else were you proud of?"

"My magic," she whispered.

"ᐇᐃᖅᑦᑕᑦᑕᑦ ᑦᑕᐇ ᑦᑕᐇᐃᐃᐃ ᑦᑕᐇᐅᐅ ᑐᑦᐃᑦᑕᑦ. ᑦᐃ ᑦᐅ ᐃᑦᑕᑦᑕᑦᑕᑦ ᐃᑦᑕᑦᑕ ᑦᑕᑦᑕ ᑐᑦᑕᑦᑕ," her Lord whispered, kissing her neck as she clung to him, her whole body tense as the scroll glowed and she glowed and

When she was young she had found she could heal people with a touch. She'd saved her own life, her brother's life, the lives of so many people with the magic that was in her. She'd learned to breathe with her prey, to see how their muscles extended, to see how to most quickly and painlessly end a life, to follow her prey until her prey was hers. And, sometimes, she spoke with and understood animals, giggling at the silly things they said, learning so much from how they saw the world. It all came from an understanding of the world and how it worked but as the glow settled she could feel her magic dim, the understanding the words buried somewhere inside her.

Her magic.

Gone.

"Why are you doing this to me?" she sobbed, holding him, hoping he would stop and knowing that he would not.

"Why does a pet need to know any of these things?" he asked her, stroking her hair, his hand moving down her back as she wept. "She doesn't. You don't. A good girl knows only what her Lord lets her know. You want to be a good girl, right?"

She nodded.

"Then tell me what else were you proud of," he said.

"My knowledge of dragons."

"Good gods, why?"

"A dragon killed my mother," whispered Vex. He was groping her chest as she revealed the core trauma of her life.

"And you thought you were going to avenge her?" he chuckled, shaking his head. "ᐇᐃᖅᑦᑕᑦᑕᑦ ᑦᑕᐇᐅᐅ ᑐᑦᑕᑦᑕ ᑦᑕᐇᐅᐅ ᐃᑦᑕᑦᑕ ᐃᑦᑕᑦᑕ ᐃᑦᑕᑦᑕ ᐃᑦᑕᑦᑕ ᐃᑦᑕᑦᑕ ᑐᑦᑕᑦᑕ."

People know about dragons, but the things they knew weren't real. Vex knew this because she'd become an expert. She knew the draconic tongue, knew more about dragons than any living person she had met – even in Syngorn, the elves had been startled by the breadth and depth of her knowledge. She had never stopped searching, knowing the names of dragons, their preferred habitats and weaknesses, even uncovering the name of the dragon that had reduced Byroden to ashes and cinders.

She had known all this, and now that knowledge had been taken from her.

She wailed, a child, every last thing that had made her who she was stolen by her Lord Berin, who

saw her only as an animal to be tamed.

“I can be good,” she said. “I know you can be kind. Please, please leave me something...”

He looked deep into her eyes, brushed her cheek with his knuckles.

“No,” he said, and smiled. “Is there anything else you were proud of?”

“One more thing,” she said, her voice very small. “My awareness of the world.”

“Well, I think we might let you keep that, pet,” he said, and she hugged him with all her might. She was so grateful. “We need you to know what I expect from you, don’t we?”

“Yes, Darling,” she said, pathetic and thankful. She kissed him, kissed him again, loved him for leaving her this one part of herself. He pushed her off of him and stood, straightening his coat.

“Stand up,” he demanded, and she stood as she had been taught: legs shoulder width apart, hands behind her head, small chest thrust out. All of her open, all of her his, now and forever. “Now, pet, there are other things you can and should be proud of. Do you know what they are?”

She shook her head. She wanted so badly not to anger him.

“᠘ᠡᠳᠦᠰᠢᠭᠢᠰᠦ ᠲᠢ ᠤᠯᠤ ᠵᠤ ᠪᠦᠭᠦᠨᠢᠨᠳᠦ ᠰᠤᠨ ᠲᠡᠭᠡ ᠲᠦᠨᠠᠭᠦᠰᠡᠲᠦᠨ,” he said, touching her. “ᠲᠦᠨ ᠲᠦᠨ ᠠᠵᠢᠨᠠᠵᠢᠨ ᠠᠲᠦᠨ ᠵᠦᠨᠲᠦᠨ.”

She didn't understand the words, but she pushed herself into his touch. His skin felt so good against hers, like she had been made for him, like everything she had ever been had led her to this. If he was getting rid of things she no longer needed, well, he had to be right about that. She was his, after all, a tamed animal, a piece of property to be used as he saw fit.

“᠘ᠡᠳᠦᠰᠢᠭᠢᠰᠦ ᠲᠢ ᠤᠯᠤ ᠵᠤ ᠵᠦᠳᠦᠰᠦ ᠠᠨᠤ ᠰᠤᠨ ᠲᠡᠭᠡ ᠲᠦᠨᠠᠭᠦᠰᠡᠲᠦᠨ,” he said, groping her, hands moving lower as she gasped. “ᠲᠦᠨ ᠲᠦᠨ ᠠᠵᠢᠨᠠᠵᠢᠨ ᠠᠲᠦᠨ ᠵᠦᠨᠲᠦᠨ.”

She was panting now, wanting him inside her. She felt empty, hollow, hot and itchy and knew that only he could give her the release she sought. She would do anything he wanted, anything he asked of her, anything at all if he would just fuck her into oblivion. She whined, her hips drawn towards him, her nipples painful and taut. She needed him so badly. How had she ever not realized this?

His knuckle grazed against her clit and she shuddered, held back from orgasm; she would not cum without permission. All her pleasures belonged to him, and he knew how to use her better than she did.

She was so lucky to be his.

“᠘ᠡᠳᠦᠰᠢᠭᠢᠰᠦ ᠲᠢ ᠤᠯᠤ ᠵᠤ ᠪᠦᠭᠦᠨᠢᠨᠳᠦ ᠰᠤᠨ ᠲᠡᠭᠡ ᠲᠦᠨᠠᠭᠦᠰᠡᠲᠦᠨ,” he said, leaning in and kissing her. She was breathless, wanton, a little slut for him. “ᠲᠦᠨ ᠲᠦᠨ ᠠᠵᠢᠨᠠᠵᠢᠨ ᠠᠲᠦᠨ ᠵᠦᠨᠲᠦᠨ.”

She would dance for him, perform for him. She would satisfy his every want and smile as she was passed to his friends to serve them any way they liked. She would entice them into wanting her and would do nothing to defend herself as her Darling Lord Berin handed her off to be played with, toyed with, a puppet for the amusement of her betters.

She could be proud of this, covered in their cum.

“᠘ᠡᠳᠦᠰᠢᠭᠢᠰᠦ ᠲᠢ ᠤᠯᠤ ᠵᠤ ᠠᠵᠢᠨᠠᠵᠢᠨ ᠰᠤᠨ ᠲᠡᠭᠡ ᠲᠦᠨᠠᠭᠦᠰᠡᠲᠦᠨ,” he said, sitting down, kicking her legs apart so that she straddled his thigh. He let her grind herself into his breeches, gasping and moaning, so very

thirsty. “ཁྱེད་ཀྱི་སྤྲོ་བྱུང་དུ་བྱོལ་ནེད།”

She would be proud that her Lord Darling Berin would parade her in front of his friends. Her taming was a sign of his power, her presence a sign of what he could offer his peers. She was his signet ring, a sign of his power, a trophy so that others would know how great he was and what he could offer. And if he offered her tight little body for so long as she lived, she would be proud to offer herself to anyone he wanted to take her.

Proud to be a little fuck doll, a pet, a trophy.

“ཕྱི་ལོ་ལྟ་བུར་ བྱུང་བའི་ རྒྱུ་བྱེད་ རྒྱུ་བྱེད་ རྒྱུ་བྱེད་,” he said, twisting a nipple, the pain giving way to pleasure almost instantly. “ཁྱེད་ཀྱི་སྤྲོ་བྱུང་དུ་བྱོལ་ནེད།”

And she knew he had been right from the very beginning, that she had always been an animal in need of taming. He had tamed her, turned her from a wild creature into his pet, and she had to be and would be grateful for all of her living days. She would sleep by his bed and crawl at his feet, she would comfort him whenever and however she could. This was her lot in life. This was her destiny; to be the pet he had named her from the very start.

“Are you proud of what you have become, pet?” he asked. She gasped, nodded, grinding harder into his thigh. “If you are proud of being my pet, if this is all you are and all you will ever be, then cum for me.”

She did.

After, she thanked him for his kindness.



The third month Vex was missing, the priests prayed to their Gods.

Their faith did not protect them.