

## 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.

**[continue...]**

## PART 2

While in the Marshal's office:

— we can't just continue to hope for the best aunt Tianna, she isn't going to change! — Garen explains, distressed. — She slanders the law. Someday she'll say the wrong thing to the wrong person... or worse!

— Hmm... — Tianna murmurs as she savors a glass of wine.

— Eventually, the light of Demacia will find her... flaws. And I won't be able to protect her. — Garen says sadly.

— So make sure the light can't come anywhere near her. – The aunt says, cunningly. — I hear your friend; the prince may be looking to marry...

— Prince Jarvan? Is going to wed?! I don't... how did I not know this?!

— The crown enjoys a privacy... an exemption from scrutiny not afforded anyone else in the kingdom

— And if Jarvan were to marry Lux... she'd be untouchable!

— None would dare accuse her of anything! — Tianna advises her nephew.

— Thank you, aunt Tianna. I will go to the palace at daybreak!

— Oh, and one more thing, Garen...

— Yes, aunt? — Garen stops by the door and turns his face towards her.

— Don't show too much sympathy for your new servant. These afflicted don't deserve any benevolence from us! I'm sure your sister thinks otherwise, and you **must warn her!** That's all. — The woman turns to gaze at the panoramic view of the city.

[...]

I had already cleaned up the mess in the room and, despite still holding a lot of resentment towards the Cronwguard family, I eagerly awaited the paladin's return. There wasn't much for me to do in the room, and the door was locked. Suddenly, I hear a female voice:

— Garen, are you in there? Then the door opens, and I see a young blonde woman. — Oh, hi! You must be the mage they told me about. Welcome to our family!

— Family?! Ha... what a joke, lady. I was separated from my family since my childhood and still don't know what happened to them nowadays.

— I'm sorry to hear that. — She says, seeming sincere.

I shrug and let out a sarcastic laugh:

— Of course you are...

— Can I tell you a secret? — She moves closer.

— Hmm... sure, why not?!

— Today, I met a mage. You must know him, Syllas is his name... Syllas of Dregbourne.

— Of course. All of "us" know him and know what he did... and also what Demacia has been doing to him all these years. But I guess no one has time to feel sorry for him since all of "us" have our own share of suffering!

— I... I'm so sorry. I had no idea how Demacia treated people like us, I mean... you. — She says with a deep sadness in her eyes.

I think her sympathy for mages is genuine, but so what? She couldn't possibly understand what it's like to have to hide who you truly are, living in fear of your true-born power being discovered.

— Yeah... unfortunately, I don't think that's going to change anytime soon. — I stare at the petricite bracelets on my wrists.

— I promise, one day, I'll make Demacia see the truth! — She wraps her hand around my right hand and smiles. — Know that I'm here if you need a friend. You don't have to live a solitary life here.

— I don't know what to say.

— What's your name?

— Name is Marino, what's yours?

— My name is Luxanna, but you can call me...

— LUX?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY ROOM?! — The bedroom door opens, and Garen enters abruptly.

— Oh, brother, huh... I was just getting to know the new family member.

— Oh, really? And how's going your job at the Illuminators?

— You know... — Lux gives a nervous smile, walking towards the door evasively. — I've been busy helping the afflicted children. Well, then, I'll be going. I still have a lot of work to do. It was nice to meet you, Marino.

With that, Lux sneaks out of the room under Garen's watchful eye. As soon as the door closes, Garen's gaze turns to me.

— Garen, I was waiting for you so we could finish, huh... "that".

Garen seems somewhat hesitant, and I can see a confused look on his face.

— Don't know what you're talking about.

— What do you mean?! Garen, I-I...

— In the future, address me as master or sir.

— But... — I say, not understanding why he was acting like this.

— Now leave. The pantry is a mess and requires your attention. I want everything in order before my aunt arrives. That will be all! — He says indifferently, without looking at me.

— So that's how it's going to be?! — I ask angrily.

— I SAID... THAT WILL BE ALL! — He said louder.

As angry as I felt at that moment, I was afraid to defy him. So, I hurriedly left the room when he interrupted me.

— Wait!

— What is it? — I turn around, expecting some sort of apology from him for being such a jerk. I see his hand coming towards me, and reflexively, I cover my face, but he grabs my arms.

— You can't roam freely as you please! — He attaches my chains to the device on the wall. — Now, go!

He enters the room and slams the door in my face. I huff in response and leave, muttering curses about the pompous idiot he was. Just a while ago, he seemed like a prince charming... all it took was a conversation with his old witch aunt, and turned into a jerk! Well, that's fine. At least now I know that I don't need to expect anything from him!

[...]

In the pantry, I begin to dust off the shelves, grumbling with each swipe on that filthy surface.

— Damn... idiot! — “The pantry needs your attention”, fucking bastard... I'll show him where I'm going to shove my attention! — I say imitating and mocking Garen. — “My name is Garen Dumbguard! How noble and brave I am!” Well... I'd like to see how brave you'd be... WITHOUT YOUR DAMN STATUS!

— WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

I jump at the harsh voice behind me. I turned around to see who it was and yeah... unfortunately, it was her: Garen's aunt, the witch.

— N-nothing, ma'am... I-I was just cleaning the pantry! Your nephew, huh... I mean, Master Garen asked me to...

— LOOK AT WHAT YOU'RE DOING! SPREADING DUST ALL OVER THE FOOD! — She shouts.

— I-I... I... — I stutter.

— SUCH INCOMPETENCE! GET OUT OF MY SIGHT NOW AND GO TO YOUR ROOM! — She points out of the room.

I quickly leave the pantry without thinking twice and head to my room. I feel her gaze burning into my back, so I hurry and don't stop to see if she's kept staring at me.

[...]

Now lying in my room (which more resembled a cubicle), I try to sleep and get used to the idea that this would be my new life from now on. I was just drifting off to sleep when I heard a knock on the door.

— Marino, are you still awake? — It was the familiar voice of that idiot with his childish and syrupy tone.

I don't respond. I turn my head to the side on the pillow and pretend to be asleep, but he enters the room anyway.

— I know you're not asleep. I just wanted to apologize for my behavior earlier. I know I was a jerk to you, but you have to understand that someone in my position...

— Oh, sure, "MASTER GAREN," I completely understand your position. What about you... can you understand mine?! — I interrupt his pathetic apologies.

He walks over to my bed and sits beside me, making the bed creak and threaten to collapse under the weight of that giant. I create some space between us. If he thinks he can treat me like trash, then come with that abandoned puppy face and think everything will be resolved, he's very mistaken!

— Do you like me? — He looks into my eyes.

— I-I... huh?! W-what do you mean? Why you... — I feel my cheeks blush, and my voice trembles.

He wraps his arms around my shoulders with his enormous hands and leans his face closer to mine. Then I feel his lips meet mine.

I'm startled by that sudden gesture. I stand up and try to move away, but he also gets up, and his strong hands pull me towards him. I tried to hold onto all the anger and hatred I felt for him, but that man had a supernatural power over me. Soon, I feel my body succumb to his strength, and I finally give in.

I close my eyes, put my hands on his face, and return the kiss. I move closer, and he embraces my back with his right arm, while with his left hand, he grips the back of my neck, preventing me from moving away.

The intensity of his kiss increases, and I feel the pressure of that giant on me. His lips were so warm, and his mouth was so soft. He kissed me as if he were going to devour me... and oddly, I wouldn't mind if he did!

I feel his hot tongue invade my mouth, and he starts leaning over me. Before he could crush me with the weight of his body, I pushed him back a bit and indicated that I wanted to remove his clothes. He understands and stands up, but he still doesn't let go of me – as if he's afraid I'll run away.

He continues kissing me as I lift the hem of his shirt over his head, revealing his chiseled abs and perfectly sculpted chest. He raises his muscular arms to let me take off his shirt, revealing his armpits... they had brown hair, slightly wet. I had to stand on my tiptoes to remove his shirt, which was already soaked with sweat.

There's a brief pause between the kiss when the shirt covers his face. In that moment, he grabs the shirt and rips it off, throwing it aside, and resumes the kiss, passionately. I smile nervously, and he goes back to kissing me as if he were going to swallow me whole.

— Ga-Garen... — He seemed like an endless source of pleasure. Every cell in my body craved more of his dominance. He held me tightly, and I couldn't hold back my moans any longer. — Wait... — I pleaded, but he ignored me. — STOP!!!

I push him away, though he barely moves. He opens his eyes and gazes at me with desire:

— What's wrong? Don't you want this?

— Of course, I want this... it's just that... — I'm hesitant to continue and mess everything up, but I feel I need to ask: — How long is this going to last? When are you going to turn your back on me again and treat me like trash when your aunt whispers something in your ear? How am I going to sleep knowing that we'll never work out...? How do I know you're not just using me to relieve all the pressure that Demacia puts on you and then go back to treating me like an "afflicted" servant?

— Marino, I... — Garen reaches for my face, but I turn my head away, avoiding his touch. He sighs and responds: — To be honest, I don't know how this is going to work, but I know I like you, and you like me too. So...

— So you're going to treat me specially and pretend others don't exist? — I speak sarcastically without looking him in the eyes.

— NO! You're not the only mage I protect! — Garen speaks firmly. — You don't know the things I have to do to protect her... — "Her"? Is he talking about the blonde girl who talked to me earlier today?

“— What I've done and continue to do is to prevent chaos and a rebellion! — He seems like he wants to cry, and my heart tightens.”

— And are you happy like this? There will come a moment when you won't be able to hide this person and also won't be able to seek comfort here with me. What then?!

— Marino, let's just... — He tries to hold my face again, and with both hands, I gently hold his robust hand just inches from my cheek.

— Promise me... — I turn and look into his blue eyes. — Promise me you'll find a way to make this work! As much as I love you, I don't want to be the mage you only play with from time to time!

— I-I... — I can hear fear and hesitation in his voice. — I promise!

With that, I press his strong hand against my face, and almost simultaneously, we both move in, and he kisses me fiercely. I run my hand down his muscular abdomen, stopping at his strong and powerful chest, my palm resting on his nipple, which I squeeze tightly. He breathes heavily and grips my throat with his other hand, wrapping it around with ease.

I feel the pressure of his hand increasing, but my arousal doesn't diminish. Imagining that he could easily snap my neck like a dry twig... but no, I was there in the hands of that giant... that unstoppable force that had exterminated thousands of mages, but for some reason, had decided to spare me and even let me enjoy his greatness and immeasurable strength! Strange, but I loved feeling fragile and defenseless before his size 14 like an insect in front of a giant. I wanted him to crush me!

I was panting heavily with all the pleasure that mountain of muscles provided me. He bit my neck, and I rolled my eyes in pleasure, and he covered my mouth with his huge hand. I felt like I could cum at any moment just from his savage kisses... him too. Because he was much taller than me, I could feel the enormous bulge in his pants rubbing against my belly.

He sucked on my neck voraciously while squeezing me, and I moaned. All that pressure on me only reminded me of the scene I had imagined earlier today of being crushed under those giant feet... *mmpppffff*... Garen's feet!!!

I manage to free myself from his arms and begin to descend towards the ground.

Garen pauses for a moment, watching each of my moves attentively. I glide across his entire body, feeling my face sink into his strong and smooth chest... the smell of sweat invades my nostrils as I slide down and delve into the anatomy of that perfect body.

I reached the level of his abdomen and started licking six-packs, savoring the taste of that hard and undulating surface while I kept sliding toward the ground. I feel his hand behind my head... I know what he was thinking! But before that could continue, I lowered even more because what I desired most at that moment was much further below!

I look up and see Garen, amid heavy breaths, looking at me somewhat confused. I get up in one swift motion and then push him onto the bed; he starts to laugh. The massive body collapses on the bed, which creaks and threatens to collapse. I grab both of his feet, still clad in boots and place them on each of my shoulders.

How I longed to see those delights again. In order to avoid further delays, I unbutton the buckles of his boots! How I craved to see his massive feet again! But this time, the boots seemed reluctant to come off.

Seeing my desperation, Garen, with a mischievous smile, decides to help me this time:

He hooked the heel of his left boot on my shoulder and placed his right foot on my chest. Then he started applying pressure with his right foot on me while pulling his left leg. I feel the armor-plated leather sole of his boot sinks into my chest, hurting me a bit. And of course... I loved every second of that delicious pain!

Finally, the boot comes off with a damp, muffled sound, and then I hear it fall behind me. Garen had been watching me the entire time with a soft mischievous smile. I slowly turn my face to the side, and all I see is that massive and my world disappears beneath that pile of pleasure.

My stomach drop and my guts churn. My body screamed with desire as I touched his wrinkled... rough... hot and sweaty skin! The stench I smelled was much more intense than what I had felt earlier today. Maybe it happened because he sweated a lot while we were kissing feverishly or because patrolled all day, or walked a lot... don't know! All I know is just that the intensity of that strong stench almost made me lose consciousness as if I were drunkenly intoxicated or under a spell by his foot odor.

The sour smell invaded my nostrils wildly, and my eyes rolled back with pleasure at that addictive, manly aroma.

Garen removed his sole from my face and placed his foot back on my shoulder, leaving me looking like a child whose favorite candy had been taken away. He laughed a bit at my expression and then I felt pressure on my left shoulder:

He wedged the heel of his left boot against my shoulder and pulled his leg back, repeating the same process, and then the boot slid off, and I heard it fall to the floor with a thud. At that moment, Garen fully embraced his dominant position and began to smother me with his gigantic, sweaty, and stinky soles.

Tenderly, he began to rub his feet on my face, suffocating me slowly in that sea of pleasure, while I started whimpering in agony almost crying horny. It was like I was in a cycle of orgasms... one with each touch of his feet!

Garen seemed to know exactly what he was doing: he held my nape with the instep of his left foot and used his huge size 14 right foot to step on my face so that my nose was firmly pressed into the middle of his sole for several seconds, forcing me to breathe heavily in search of oxygen amid his masculine and delicious foot odor.

At other times, Garen simply massaged my face with his feet, which, without exaggeration, could completely cover my head with no problem at all.

He ran his long toes over my mouth, pulling my lips between his toes, leaving a salty taste on them. My hair and face were already covered in the sweat from his feet, and my mouth was watering, thirsty to bite and taste the flavor of those delicious soles.

Smirking like an incubus, Garen looks at me and nods his head, giving his permission. Then I began to worship him with all the devotion that the god he was deserved.

I stick my tongue out and start sliding it over the entire surface of the sole of his foot. There were miles of sweaty skin that seemed endless. A journey from his toes to his heel felt like an eternity. It was impossible to completely lick that big foot without wetting my tongue inside my mouth again because the salty sweat would dry and merge with it. But the otherworldly, vinegary, and salty flavor that filled my mouth made every second I covered those soles with my own saliva worth it.

From time to time, Garen felt sadistic enough to slap my face using his soles, leaving my cheeks burning and my underwear dripping. Seeing how I was delighting myself and completely surrendering to him, Garen bites his lips and began to remove his pants, leaving only in white underwear, which seemed about to burst given the volume hidden inside it.

**WARNING: THIS PART CONTAINS EXPLICIT CONTENT. IF YOU'RE NOT COMFORTABLE, PLEASE SKIP TO THE END!**

Although both of us were consumed by desire, I didn't expect what happened next. Garen pulls out his enormous penis! Veins bulged along the length of his member until it reached his throbbing, pink head. Then he started stroking himself while moaning in pleasure.

I decided to stimulate my master while he was having his moment by giving gentle kisses all over his soles and bathing his feet with my tongue passionately lapping away every droplet of sweat from that tender meaty surface.

To my surprise, Garen seemed determined to give me the same pleasure he was experiencing while vigorously stroking himself.

Garen momentarily stops his pleasure and slides his right foot toward my pants.

— Oh, my God... *mmpff...* Garen, wha-... I try to speak while moaning in ecstasy.

— Shut up and lie down! — Garen orders.

— Shit! Oh, my... G-Garen, what if someone hears us?!

Impatient with my questions, Garen stepped on my face with his left foot and began to push it to the side until I was completely lying down with my head sandwiched between the marble floor and his hot, sweaty sole!

I tried to say something, but all that escaped the small space of my lips munched by Garen's heavy foot were whimpers.

Then Garen's right foot invades my underwear, and I feel his long and thick fingers wrapping around my penis! His foot was so large that I could almost feel my member disappearing between his big toe and second toe.

My first big explosion of orgasms happened when he grabbed my cock firmly between his toes and began gently moving it up and down while he ran his left foot over my stretched tongue.

Garen masturbated forcefully while watching me die of pleasure at his feet. He positioned his foot so that my nose was in the space between his toes, where the foot odor was the strongest! I couldn't resist and began licking between each of his delicious toes, removing "gallons" of salty sweat deposited between those wonderful digits.

Garen synchronized the exhilarating movement of his hands with that of his big foot on my penis. I bit my lips because I didn't know how much more of this delight I could take. Garen increased the speed of his own masturbation, as well as the force he applied to my face and the grip on my penis... it was too much, I COULDN'T RESIST THE POWER OF THOSE FINGERS!

— I... Ahh... — I moaned softly; my voice almost hoarse as my body locked in a sharp position while I felt the warm liquid gush forcefully from me.

I felt my penis explode in the most intense orgasm of my life. As soon as Garen felt my cum dripping between the toes of his foot, his penis erupted, spraying a large jet of hot cum all around.

I don't know why... this had never occurred to me before, but with him, it felt different. I sat on the floor, still weak from having just cum; my penis still trapped between his long and strong fingers. I bent down and started licking the semen off his groin.

He seemed a bit reluctant at the idea, but he didn't stop me. Since both of us had just climaxed, our skins were very sensitive to touch... and as my tongue moved over his groin, Garen let out soft moans of pleasure, even though his expression seemed concerned.

He started moving his sticky toes on the top of my sensitive penis, and I rolled my eyes to my skull inside in ecstasy and agony.

I felt his large, heavy, but incredibly soft hand on my face. He lifted my chin until I was looking into his eyes, and then he gave me a tender kiss while caressing my face with the backs of his fingers.

**[...]**

Our lips parted. Garen, with a sexy smile, wiped his cum-covered foot on my clothes and then pulled up his underwear, hiding his member. I did the same. We cleaned up the mess and threw the sticky rags in the corner (most likely, I would have to wash everything later).

For the rest of the night, we lay in that tiny bed in the cubicle of my room, covered by a thin white sheet that covered our bodies. Well, not all of our bodies... Garen was too big for my bed, so his feet stuck out from the edge.

Garen had his hands clasped behind his head as he gazed at the ceiling with a thoughtful smile, while I rested my head on his chest and admired the man beside me, contemplating my luck. Then, after all the adrenaline, I felt the consequences of all that effort catching up in the form of exhaustion, and I drifted off to sleep without realizing it...

**[To be continued...]**

## Parte Final

— Queria que as coisas fossem assim pra sempre... – digo me aconchegando.

— Marino... eu... nós não podemos ficar juntos. Você sabe né?! – Garen diz com pesar em sua voz.

— Só porque você é um nobre e eu não?! – Pergunto.

— Porque você é um mago! – Ele responde e fico em silêncio por um momento.

— ... então, vai ser assim?! Você me usa quando estiver com vontade e me joga em algum canto como sua cueca melada? – Ele se levanta e senta na cama.

— E—eu... preciso ir... arrume essa bagunça e...

— Haha... que clássico! Sim, meu mestre... vou arrumar essa bagunça e esperar até que você sinta minha falta novamente. – Digo colocando todo meu sarcasmo em minha voz.

— Marino... também não precisa ser assim...

— Mestre, por favor... saia! – Digo encarando a parede.

Ouçõ a porta se fechar e caio no chora em minha cama e durmo após um tempo.

## PARTE 3

Eu já estava quase pegando no sono quando ouço uma discussão.

— No que foi que você se meteu Lux? – Era voz de Garen.

— NÃO É DA SUA CONTA! – Lux grita.

— É TUDO DA NOSSA CONTA! SEMPRE QUE VOCÊ FAZ ALGUMA BESTEIRA, É DA CONTA DE TODA NOSSA FAMÍLIA! – Garen responde a altura.

— Do que você está falando.

— Andei conversando com o príncipe Javan IV e o rei quer arranjar um casamento entre vocês dois.

— O QUE?! COMO OUSA? —Lux grita indignada.

— Eu só quero protege—la irmã...

— Eu não preciso da sua proteção! Eu vou falar com a mamãe e...

— Ela já sabe de tudo e a tia Tianna também! Sua cerimônia de noivado será amanhã de manhã. — Garen corta Lux e fala num tom seco.

Lux fica calada, então ouço passos pesados se afastando, provavelmente os de Garen.

#### Roteiro

Conhecer a lux – ajudar garen (1,85) tirar armadura – lavar os pés deles tamanho 46 – Rotina passar dos dias – conversar com lux sobre sylas e magia — Fuga de Demacia — Sylas