

Season 1, Episode 10 – Berin End (Bad)

Vax'ildan stepped out of the shadows of the room.

He was ragged, blood-coated, scarred, furious. There had been a smile ghosting him for every day that Vex had known him but now that smile was gone, replaced with a quiet fury that frightened even her.

She didn't see the moment then knife left his hand, only heard it enter flesh and a small gasp. Elly fell off the bed.

“Vex, come to me,” he said, and she scurried behind him while her Darling Lord cowered.

“I'm sure we can-” her Lord started to say, but another dagger left Vax, settling in her Lord's palm. Her Lord screamed and bled.

“Do you know how many people I've had to kill because of you?” Vax hissed. “The watch, the guilds, the clasp – I have burned this city to ashes and for what? Because you wanted to turn my sister into your pet?”

He stepped forward, utterly focused on her Lord.

“Let me,” whispered Vex.

Vax nodded, handing her the knife.

Vex stabbed him.

It was clumsy, but it was enough. Her Lord's guards ran into the room. Vax had always been more sneaky than tough. They swarmed him, beat him. He killed half of them before they brought him down.

“Don't kill him,” her Darling Lord said, touching Elly's cooling body. “I need a new half-elf.”



Lord Berin told her that male half-elves always broke before their female counterparts.

She wasn't sure how she was supposed to feel about that.



Both she and her twin were bisexual. Berin was not, but there were other people he could find to come fuck Vax. He did not make the twins fuck one another, but he did let her comfort him. She was grateful for that.

Her Darling Lord could be so kind.



He did not replace Elly.

A year into their captivity, their Darling Lord allowed them to regain some of what they were, but only in service to him. Lord Berin used them to rebuild Westruun in his own image, his two half-elf pets – the Raven and the Bear.

Those that he could not kill, he might bribe by offering the services of one twin or the other. Sometimes they were sent to kill. Sometimes, they were sent to entertain. Regardless, anyone they were sent to fell in line.

Sooner than later, everyone became what their Darling Lord wanted them to be.

Ar night, Vex slept in her Lord Darling's arms. Vax slept in the shadows and kept watch over them. Their city was theirs.



Lord Berin kidnapped and trained other half-elves. Some he let the twins play with, or involved them in the breaking and taming. Dozens of half-elves came and went from the Abenard Estate, increasing their Darling Lord's power and influence.

But then, in the K'tawl Swamps, some half-elves went missing.

Lord Berin and his two pets went to investigate. Their Darling Lord introduced them to a dragonborn sorcerer, a gnomish bard, a goliath barbarian, and a half-elf druid. By combining their resources, they were able to clear up the trade route and do some other things that their Darling Lord had no interest in.

At night, when Vex was suckling Lord Berin's cock, Vax gathered information. The people they had met were powerful individuals and their Darling Lord took an interest in all of them.

Their Darling Lord took a special interest in the druid.



The goliath was kidnapped. A gnome cleric joined their small band. A human noble and inventor of a strange new weapon joined their band.

Things progressed much they should have done, save that the twins were under the control of one Lord Berin Abenard. The lives they might have made lighter were not, and the adventuring party that Lord Berin led was monstrous in a way Vox Machina would never have been.



When the human noble retook Whitestone, Lord Berin traded Vex to him in exchange for an alliance. It strengthened both Whitestone and Westruun. None of the others ever learned what

the relationship between Lord Berin and the twins was, and this allowed their Darling Lord to manipulate politics on a national level.

Through Vex, Lord Berin Abenard controlled Whitestone. Through the group, he had pull in what was left of Emon and the Tal'Dorei Council. Through the cleric he had some small pull in Vassalheim itself.

Eventually, he joined the Tal'Dorei Council, a small price to pay for one pretty half-elf.

He did, however, need a replacement for her.



She didn't sleep, not really. They took the bench she'd sat on away and let her dangle, the chain too short for her to sit or lie down. The best she could do was a sort of crouch, her knees and back aching from the effort to maintain the position. Every time she nodded off the collar caught her and choked her back into sputtering consciousness, flecks of drool pooling at her feet.

A door opened and she turned bleary eyes in the direction of the light, blinking in the glare.

“Good morning, Keylith.”