

The Winterfest Auction

Novus Peregrine

Alyassa tingled with anticipation. Of the *many* events involved in the All-Stories Winter Festival, the Sentient Charity Auction was one that she'd never, until now, worked up the courage to participate in. She'd attended the festival several times since she first left her home plane of Telianl. It was always a spectacle. A massive, multiplanar affair held once a year when the floating interdimensional hub-city of Cygril made the change over from warm weather to cold. It would last almost three weeks, as the city was eased through the temperature changes to prevent any of their more exotic residents from suffering under too quick a change. Somehow, what had started centuries ago as a small festival to raise awareness of the changeover, had mutated into something...considerably more out of the ordinary. A human from some tech world she'd met during her first festival had likened it to something called 'Burning Man,' only 'safer and with a lot more actual magic.' She still didn't know what 'Burning Man' was, but she remembered her wild fling with that human quite fondly. It had been quite a fun celebration of getting away from her own, rather prudish, people.

Yet, for all her willingness to delve into the casual use of exotic recreational drugs and equally casual liaisons with a dozen species she didn't even have names for...Alyassa hadn't ever worked up the courage for the Sentient Charity Auction. Not until this festival...and she was a bundle of excitement and nerves as she awaited her turn on the block.

The Auction was one of the very first events of the festival by necessity. Just two days after the official start, the Auction began, with participants having those first two days to register themselves as either buyers...or merchandise. Buyers were exactly what they sounded like. Wealthy patrons that would bid on the 'merchandise,' with the money involved going to whichever charities the Auction supported that particular year. Usually, it was various disaster relief efforts and free healing clinics, with the occasional refugee crisis thrown in if it was big enough to be news on Cygril. Technically, Alyassa herself was rich enough she could have registered as a buyer, despite the high qualifying sums needed for that. But the thought didn't appeal to her. No, ever since first finding out about the Auction...Alyassa had wanted to try being 'merchandise.'

Smiling at the thought, she reached up to run a finger along the enchanted collar locked around her throat, the chains linking her shackled wrists together clinking as she did. That collar marked her as a 'merchandise' participant. When her turn came up, in just a few minutes from the sound of the crowd's bidding war slowing down, Alyassa would be auctioned off to the highest bidder! For the remaining duration of the three-week festival, the winner of her auction would enjoy Alyassa's...everything, really. While there were a rare few buyers that just wanted companionship...the vast majority were essentially purchasing a volunteer sex-slave for three weeks. The collar insured that the 'merchandise' had to obey the buyer, within reason...and also served as protection for the volunteer slaves. They were the work of an *incredibly* powerful female archmagi...who trusted herself to them every festival, usually being one of the most sought-after bits of 'merchandise' herself. They offered certain physical and magical protections...including preventing someone from simply kidnapping you off of Cygril.

Even more importantly to the Auction's ability to draw in volunteers, the collar also enforced whatever limits the volunteer slaves set for their use. Physical beauty was only one of the things that would drive bids up or down for each man or woman auctioned. The limits they set on their own use were the other side of the coin. Every buyer had a catalog which displayed those limits, alongside a projection of the slave and a simple bit of background...as well as a listing of any exceptional sexual skills or special traits.

One of the few things Alyassa *wasn't* worried about was any blow to her ego by people bidding low. As a moon elf, and one of noble lineage at that, Alyassa had an ethereal beauty that appealed to nearly every humanoid race...and quite a few non-humanoids at that. Her bluish-silver skin would literally glow under the moonlight spell that would be set on the stage for her showing...and she was well aware she had a body that even many of her own kind would cheerfully murder for. Striking violet eyes, unique to only noble lines, a classically beautiful face...and considerably larger of a bust than was typical for her race. Those were just a few of her standout features, ones that had seen her with plenty of attention on every visit to the festival. The fact that she had placed *very* few limits on herself would only add additional fervor to the bidding...though *that* part she was slightly nervous about. She hadn't been reckless, she really was okay with each individual thing she'd agreed to...but some of them would be more than a little intense to do with a *total stranger*.

Alyassa's wandering mind was snapped back into focus as she heard the bidding for the woman before her, a rather striking minotaress that had apparently started a bit of a bidding war, come to an end. Several agonizing minutes of final waiting as the stage was switched over to best show her off...and then Alyassa was called forward. With a deep breath, she stepped out onto the stage, putting as much of a regal saunter into her step as she could with shackled and chained wrists and ankles. She shuddered internally as all eyes fixed on her body, naked save for a tiny thong and her chains. Coming to a halt at precisely the right spot, she languidly raised her arms, making it look entirely like her own idea that she was raising them above her head to be fastened to the bondage frame. She couldn't quite manage the same when she had to spread her legs for them to fasten each ankle to opposite sides of the simple frame...but the effect of the moonlight spell hitting her a moment later certainly took away from that slight imperfection. With her naked skin glowing it's ethereal bluish-silver, she looked every inch the elvish queen bound for the buying.

Which was only fair, she supposed, given that she technically *was* a princess. Even if one that was so far from the throne no one had given a damn when she'd gone and fucked entirely off the plane of existence her kingdom resided on. She grinned at the thought...again...and the delighted expression on her face at the memory only seemed to rile up the crowd as the bidding was finally declared open.

The bidding had been an exhilarating experience! Alyassa had know she would do well...but she admittedly hadn't realized just *how* well. Bidding had started absurdly high and skyrocketed from there. It was more than a little flattering to realize that, despite the considerable wealth she'd amassed over her years of adventuring, Alyassa literally wouldn't have been able to afford *herself*. Of course, that *did* leave her more than a little curious about just who *had* been able to spend such hilariously exorbitant sums for just three weeks with her. Nearly all of the bidders that had made it to the end were from the exclusive private booths, screened from view by magical means. That fact *did* leave her a little anxious as she waited for her new 'owner,' given that it meant she had no idea what to expect! Thankfully, she

didn't have to wait long, the door she'd been told her buyer would come through opening only a few minutes after she'd been led into the richly appointed waiting room.

Her first thought when she saw the woman was that she was *tall*. Admittedly, Alyassa had been kneeling submissively, waiting for her owner...but she had to look up...and up...and up some more. It was only as, in the process of almost-unintentionally raking the body of her temporary owner over, that her second thought wiped away pretty much any chance of more than two. Though, to be fair, it was more of a realization, really. Specifically...it was the realization that the light dusting of scales visible here and there, accompanied by slitted pupils, neatly folded wings, and *horns on her head*, meant that her buyer was a **dragon**. A **red** dragon, given her hair and scales. And an *old* one if she was capable of shapeshifting into a humanoid form.

A throaty chuckle broke her from her trance. Something of her sudden mix of awe and trepidation must have shown on her face, as her new mistress lowered the long pipe she'd been holding in one lightly scaled hand. She exhaled a tiny bit of spicy smelling smoke from her nostrils, then spoke with a smooth contralto that sent shivers of desire down Alyassa's spine.

"Relax, little one. I'm not going to eat you. Or, rather, I almost certainly will as some point, but it will be the fun kind of eating you instead of the unfortunate death variety."

Alyassa shook herself, gathering her courage.

"Yes, mistress."

The tall woman, she had to be eight foot if she was an inch, raised one eyebrow in clear amusement.

"Oh? This seems quite promising. It took *days* before the woman I purchased last year could push past her fear. But, then, part of why I was willing to bid so high for you was that you have the air of a fairly powerful adventurer about you. A spellsword of some variety, I think?"

Alyassa nodded mutely. It wasn't exactly hard information to find. Nor anything particularly unusual. Certainly, it was an odd choice for her people, who tended toward being priestesses rather than spellcasters, but in the greater planar community spellswords were a silver for a dozen. Not ones as powerful as Alyassa, of course...but that was another matter. And utterly irrelevant in the face of what had to be at least an Elder Red Dragon.

"I thought as much. But, that's really beside the point for the next few weeks, now isn't it? For the time being, you're my little toy...though I promise you that I intend for you to have quite a bit of fun."

A nonchalant sway of one finger gave rise to a leash made out of pure energy forming from the dragon woman's free hand. It snaked through the air and latched onto the ring in Alyassa's collar. A gentle tug brought Alyassa instinctively to her feet and she quickly followed after her new mistress as the woman sauntered toward an exit. Without her even looking back, more magic flowed down the leash and over Alyassa. Her shackles shifted to pure silver even as the chains between them simply vanished, along with the tiny thong that had been preserving her last bit of modesty. Within a matter of another three steps a crisscross of equally silvery leather formed and wrapped itself around Alyassa in a sort of harness. Thin leather straps shaped her breasts perfectly, crossing them only once each with

slightly thicker straps that just barely covered her largish nipples. Other straps wound down her body, with one more of the slightly thicker variety weaving seamlessly between her legs. Alyassa groaned unconsciously, her step hitching just slightly, as that last strap pressed firmly into her drooling lower lips. The result was her pussy just *barely* being covered, with the strap thinning and running up between her cheeks to meet the web woven around her torso and hips.

She was, *technically*, covered in all the key places just as her new owner led her out onto the cobbled streets of Cygril, sinfully comfortable boots forming around each foot just before they touched down onto the rough street. Her new mistress finally looked back, smiling broadly.

“My name, little one, is Pyrrirae the Cataslym. But you, for simplicity sake, may call me either Mistress or Lady Pyrrirae. I believe you and I will have *quite* a bit of fun together~!”

Alyassa gulped, but quickly pushed her recognition of that name far to the back of her mind. Lady Pyrrirae seemed to appreciate her *not* being in quivering terror of an Ancient Dragon known to have ‘pruned’ at least three entire planes of existence and an uncouneted number of worlds, after all...

Alyassa’s cheek were flushing purple against her blue-silver skin with a heady mixture of embarrassment, arousal, and the chill as she jogged lightly through the streets, pulling her mistress’s sleigh behind her. Her outfit was the primary source of her embarrassment, of course. She was harnessed in silver again...but this time her breasts were entirely exposed to the gawking of passerby, extra attention being drawn to them by the jingling of the sleigh-bell nipple piercings she’d been fitted with. Add an equally silver chastity belt that she’d been stuck in for three days, a butt plug reindeer tail, and a set of polymorphed antlers...and the costume she was pulling her mistress’s sleigh in was more than a little bit embarrassing.

Of course, that was also part of what was causing her arousal. Lady Pyrrirae had quickly realized Alyassa had an exhibitionist streak...and had been ruthlessly using it to tease her with. Every eye on her was making her squirm with far more than embarrassment...and the arousal those eyes were generating was being amplified by every motion-induced shifting of the plug and swinging pull of the jingling bell piercings. Add in the occasional light switch to her exposed buttocks, making her moan around the bit-gag between her teeth, and Alyassa wasn’t sure if she was in some sort of heaven or a different sort of hell. Particularly as she hadn’t been allowed to cum since her first night with Lady Pyrrirae, having been informed that the first one was free...but that she’d have to work hard to earn each orgasm after that.

Of course, that was the bright spot of her current...employment. So long as she made the winter-fest deliveries Lady Pyrrirae had signed them up for *on time*, her Mistress had promised she would get to cum again tonight! With that thought in mind, Alyassa redoubled her efforts, pumping a tiny bit more magic into the Strength and Haste buffs that her Mistress had allowed her for this task. She *would* make those deliveries on time!

Alyassa whimpered, shuddering helplessly as her mistress mischievously conducted a little mini-orchestra of magically conjured instruments through a cheerful wintertime children’s song. Every note from each instrument floated through the room...and caused a reaction in the magical seals that Lady

Pyrrirae had drawn all over Alyassa's body. Somehow, the dragon woman had known every sensitive bit of skin, even ones Alyassa herself had possessed no knowledge of. And the larger woman had taken *hours* to painstakingly paint magical seals with a special reactive ink around every one of those spots. Her skin was covered in such little sigils, around her nipples, the hollow and nape of her neck, her earlobes, belly button, and even a single spot right under a tiny childhood scar barely visible above her left eyebrow.

Splayed out in midair, held up by transparent magical shackles and completely vulnerable, Alyassa had had no choice but the moan and plead for more as the agonizing strokes of the brush teased her every sensitive bit in sequence. Every sensitive bit, that was, except her sex. There were none of the special sigils around her pussy. Not on her lips, not drawn around her clit. No matter how she'd begged, the brush had never wondered there. And then...when the brush had stopped...the *real* teasing had begun. For those little sigils were a wonderful, horrible, delightfully evil little bit of mischief.

The little sigils did something that Alyassa had never known was possible. Had never even thought of. Which, to be fair, was probably normal...as normally, it would be little more than a parlor trick. Each one of them responded to *sound*. Different notes, different frequencies, each sigil had its own...but they all did the same thing *with* that sound. They turned each note into a gently tickling sort of vibration...that just happened to currently be rolling at random over *nearly* every sensitive spot on Alyassa's body. It was wonderful...and horrifying. It felt *marvelous*...but it *wasn't enough for Alyassa to cum*. Not with the specific exclusions that Lady Pyrrirae had made. By the third cheerful winter classic, something upbeat about a snow golem that some children had made with a stolen hat, Alyassa had run out of comprehensible words to beg with. Whimpers, wheezes, and moans were all that remained of her ability to vocalize.

Just when she thought her mind was about to snap, the music shifted, becoming less guided and more rote. The change was enough to draw Alyassa's shattered attention just slightly...and she discovered her now-naked mistress kneeling between her legs with a grin.

"Hmmm, I *did* say I was going to do the fun kind of eating you, didn't I?"

Understanding had barely blossomed in Alyassa's mind when a long prehensile tongue flickered out from her Mistress's mouth, drawing a long furrow up the sopping line of Alyassa's slit. As it twisted in an inhuman motion around her clit, Alyassa's mind blanked, her vision nearly whiting out as she arched in midair, hoarse voice crying out her release. Alyassa's consciousness started to fade...

And then her mind crashed back from its shatterpoint as a bit of mental healing magic flowed through her body. Her wide eyes found those of her Mistress, the usually intimidating woman smiling in delight.

"Now, now. I want a *proper* taste."

And then all Alyassa could do was moan as the Cataclysm of Worlds dove into eating her out with great enthusiasm...

Alyassa was practically purring in contentment as she basked in Lady Pyrrirae's warmth, the dragon woman half curled around her as both of them stared out over the city's increasingly festive goings on. Two weeks into her little adventure as a volunteer sex slave and the much older woman was *still* surprising her. She had *not*, for example, expected Pyrrirae, the Catalysm of Worlds, to be a *cuddler*. Yet, the larger woman unquestionably and unabashedly was. And the fact that she both naturally radiated heat and was half again Alyassa's own size just made her the *absolutely champion of all cuddles*.

Other, equally pleasant, surprises had come in the form of the older being seeming content to conform to forms of playtime that she discovered Alyassa enjoyed. Alyassa had been well aware of her own submissive tendencies. Of course she had. She'd have never signed up for the Auction if she hadn't been. And the Auction had appealed *specifically* because her greatest kinks were all about control exchange. The teasing torture as her Mistress held her on the edge of climax for hours, or demanded she embarrass herself by delivering festival gifts dressed up as a sexy beast of burden. Those and many other such similar encounters were *exactly* the sort of thing that turned Alyassa on the most.

When she'd finally gotten up the courage to ask why Lady Pyrrirae wasn't doing whatever *she* wanted, she'd been shocked to discover that she *was*. Apparently, when you got as old as Pyrrirae was, there was little new under the sun. There was virtually nothing that she hadn't done a thousand times before with a dozen different lovers. She'd, rather wistfully, explained that her own greatest enjoyment came mostly from the unique *reactions* that new lovers had. She wanted to see all their secret expressions, wanted to blow their minds and rewrite their definitions of pleasure. And the best way to do that...was simply to build on what already existed. To take their existing kinks and dial the experience up to eleven.

It had been an eye-opening revelation. One that had her asking a stream of tiny little questions that Lady Pyrrirae answered without seeming to care at all. Questions that started to reveal the actual nature of The Cataclysm of Worlds. A nature that, to Alyassa's immense shock, wasn't actually evil. Oh, she knew not all Chromatic dragons were evil. The only rule that stood across the various planes was that Chromatic dragons were *chaotic*. Good or evil tended to depend on the specific plane of existence. And even the chaotic 'rule' was rumored to be less that absolute if you traveled far enough away from the local planar cluster Cygril was a hub for.

Instead of being some unfathomable evil, Lady Pyrrirae seemed to be some sort of...self-appointed safety valve. She pruned worlds, or even entire planes of existence, not out of malice...but when someone or something on those planes and worlds did something that would endanger the entire cluster. Summoned eldritch beings that were from beyond time and space physically into reality. Created a plague of undeath that spread through magic itself. Founding a blood thirsty empire whose god-emperor was so evil and xenophobic that he'd planned to destroy every plane of existence but his own. All had similar doomsday themes. The results, all the innocent deaths, were still horrible...but Lady Pyrrirae was a self-appointed final protection from such things spreading too far when local heroes failed their grand quests. It was...enlightening to say the least. A sobering reminder that the heroes had to get it right *every time*, while the monsters and villains only had to get *lucky once*.

A moment later, her hazy thoughts on the subject were interrupted by the feel of something rising between her legs. Her chastity belt had been removed earlier, as she had earned herself a reward...and that meant that the large dragonkin cock that was slowly shifting into place over her

Mistress's pussy was pressing firmly into Alyassa's own lower lips. Strong, talon-tipped hands gently lifted her off the warm, naked breasts she'd been reclining on, Lady Pyrrirae's slightly sleepy gaze sharpening slowly as she lowered Alyassa's sex to grind against the rough tip of that knotty monster.

"Hmmm, I don't think we've done this yet. And I sense that you're craving something a bit more *alive* than a strapon, little one. I do hope you enjoy the cock I've so carefully crafted with my shapeshifting over the ages...it's got quite a few interesting little tricks..."

Any higher thoughts were lost to Alyassa a moment later as the dragon woman pulled her down onto the monster that had been grinding into her sex. She gasped as a dozen little textures and unusually curves overloaded her mind as she was pulled firmly down all twelve inches. And then, as the powerful dragon lady physically manhandling her like a child began to raise and lower her on that thick rod...all Alyassa could do was moan...

Her mistress stood with Alyassa, both overlooking the city from the vantage point of the high balcony the dragon woman owned. It was the very last day, the last few moments in fact, of the All Stories Winter Festival. The display of magic lights had just wound down with a spectacular finale as the two of them watched, drinking a rich red wine Alyssa was pretty sure was older than she was. The evening had been...relaxed. Though her Lady had seemed almost melancholy, having dismissed the chastity belt that had been a near-constant companion for Alyassa these last few weeks. Instead of a last romp, Pyrrirae had simply shared a meal with her, a home cooked one that could rival any royal feast Alyassa had ever had. Somehow, despite all the insights she'd gotten into her mistress since that first day...she'd still been surprised to discover Pyrrirae was a cook to shame virtually any Alyassa had ever encountered. Though the use of a high-level necromancy spell to perfectly age the meat dish had been genuinely *bizarre* to watch.

As the final minutes to midnight ticked down, her mistress moved to Alyassa's side, staring forlornly at her collar. As Alyassa's collar faded away moments later, its magic spent, Lady Pyrrirae raised her hand to cup Alyassa's face with a sad smile.

"You have been a joy, little one. It has been an age or two, I think, since anyone bothered to be more than terrified of me. Let along to ask so many questions...and believe me when I gave the answers that went agaisnt their understanding."

Pyrrirae chuckled at the expression of Alyassa's face. Apparently, she hand't been quite as subtle as she thought. Well, at least the Ancient didn't seem offended...if anything...

"I do believe you've made this the best Winter Festival I've experienced in centuries. Perhaps you'll put yourself up for auction again next year?"

There was a note of genuine longing in the Dragon's voice as her hand lowered. And it drove Alyassa to say something she'd been contemplating, but hadn't thought she'd actually have the courage to voice, when the moment to do so came.

"Milady...you need not wait that long, if you don't want to?"

A spark of surprise lit in old eyes as Alyassa continued on.

"I do want to continue living my life. I'm not even close to being done having adventures! But...I would very much like to see you again. Maybe I could...visit? And it could be just like these last few weeks..."

Pyrrirae stared for long, disbelieving moments.

"You would...trust me? Outside the safety of Cygril and the collar?"

Alyassa actually laughed lightly at that.

"Milady, as skilled an Archmage Theodosia is...I somehow doubt her work could have prevented *you*, of all beings, from absconding with me if you so choose. I was always at your mercy."

That statement brought an amused smirk to Lady Pyrrirae's wine-red lips.

"That *is* true. And...I would very much like it if you did visit. Perhaps in a month or two? For a few weeks?"

"That sounds marvelous, mistress. And like quite a bit of fun besides!"

Pyrrirae the Cataclysm shook her head in obvious wonder. Then, she reached to tap the hollow of Alyassa's throat with one talon-tipped finger. A brief moment of magical burn, not painful so much as intense, followed. And the dragon smiled hopefully.

"When you are free from your next adventure, just channel some magic into that mark, and I will do the rest..."

"Yes, Mistress!"

With one last caress of taloned fingers on her cheek, Pyrrirae was gone...and Alyassa was left coming down from the adrenaline rush of what had just happened. That could have gone *very* wrong. But...she'd come to understand Pyrrirae somewhat in the last few weeks. Her mistress was not the terrifying evil that others thought of her as...just a lonely soul with a heavy burden she'd taken on willingly. Alyassa wanted to be there for her. And, besides, the sex had been *fantastic*...

It had been her best Winter Festival yet. And, somehow, she didn't think next years would disappoint either. Not if her Mistress would still have her for another year...

<The End>