

# Sylvie's Salvare

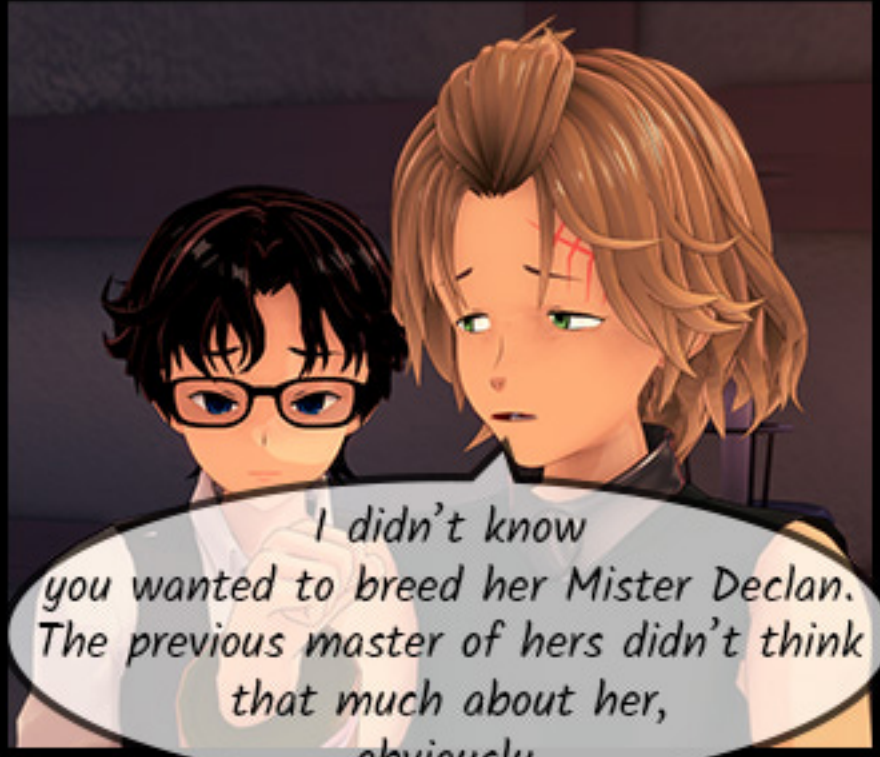


Some strange man in a trenchcoat left her here with me. I know you have certain... proclivities for collecting rare items, Mister Declan, and since she's damaged goods I can give you a fair price...

...If not, I have another buyer in mind.

Woodland elves...; rare and beautiful creatures that have all but been hunted to extinction. Any remaining populations have hidden in woodland areas, far from the eyes of man, or any other race. After only ever seeing one in my life, I always wished to wed such beauty... but buying one seems-





I didn't know you wanted to breed her Mister Declan. The previous master of hers didn't think that much about her, obviously.



I'm... unsure about this... Don't female elves choose their 'life partners'? You can't have offspring with them either...



Well, would you look at that! I haven't seen her move since being here and she looks right at you! Maybe she **has** chosen you Mister Declan.

I'll take her! Can you tell no-one the circumstance in which I procured her?

'Discretion' is my middle name sir... let me get her papers...



How

can someone so  
far mentally gone care for  
themselves? I'll have to  
feed her...



After purchasing  
the elf, I learned  
that her  
previous master  
hadn't named  
her. I named her  
'Sylvie', a  
common elven  
name, but soon  
realised  
something....



Erm, Sylvie,  
say 'ahhh'...



This is  
going to be  
tougher than  
I thought...



\*Spill\*







Sylvie...  
I'm not going  
to hurt  
you...

I suppose she  
doesn't know  
that...



Sylvie, I  
need to-

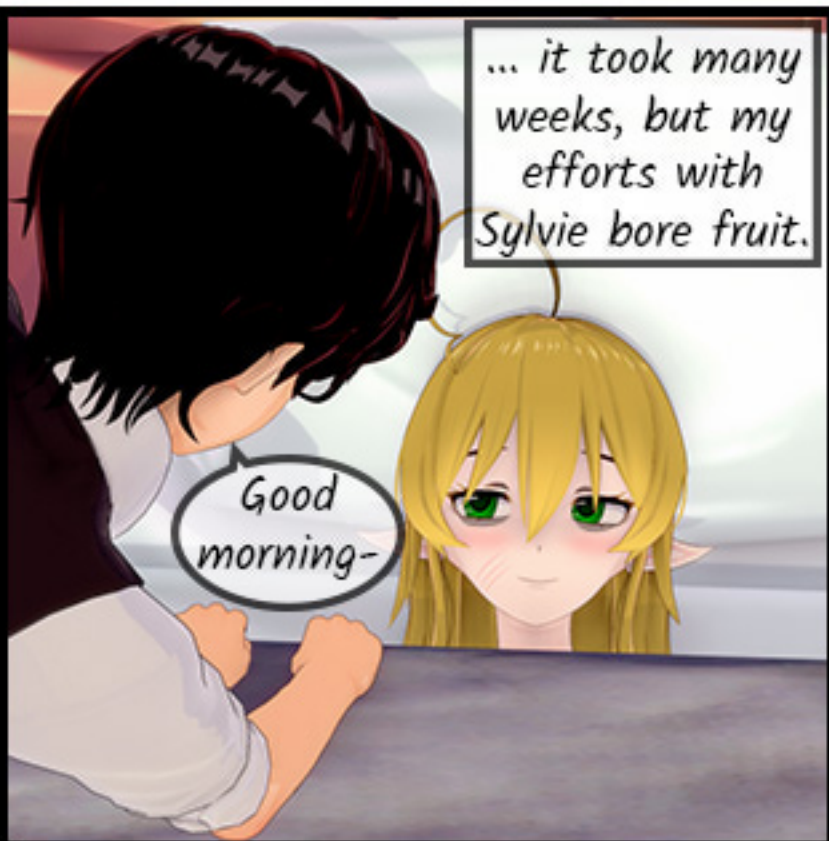
It was  
difficult  
moving Sylvie,  
and removing  
her rags was  
out of the  
question...



Her skin  
is so soft...



I'm going  
to wash you, is  
that alright  
Sylvie?



... it took many  
weeks, but my  
efforts with  
Sylvie bore fruit.

Good  
morning-



Another day  
finished Sylvie.  
Make sure to get  
some rest.

I cared for  
Sylvie night and  
day, tending to  
her every need...

After this event Sylvie recovered quickly. She never remembered her old name, nor the name of her previous master, but that didn't bother her. I spent vast sums of money on Sylvie...



Sylvie... you.... smiled.



Does it look good Master?

... It does.

... getting rid of her rags. Unfortunately, as per town laws any slave must wear their assigned dress code, for Sylvie this was a maid's dress. She was ecstatic to receive it, as opposed to me, who felt very conflicted about the garb she had to wear...



... and paid for her education, on how to act in society, on how to be a maid and in no time at all...





*Sylvie became a very charming woman, one that any man would be proud to have in their house. However...*



*... over time I noticed some confusing looks aimed my way. Whether this was just respect was unclear, but I was happy just with Sylvie's company and we had many happy days together.*



*Such happiness rarely lasts...*



Ha, yeah. Bad news... I gotta take the elf back.

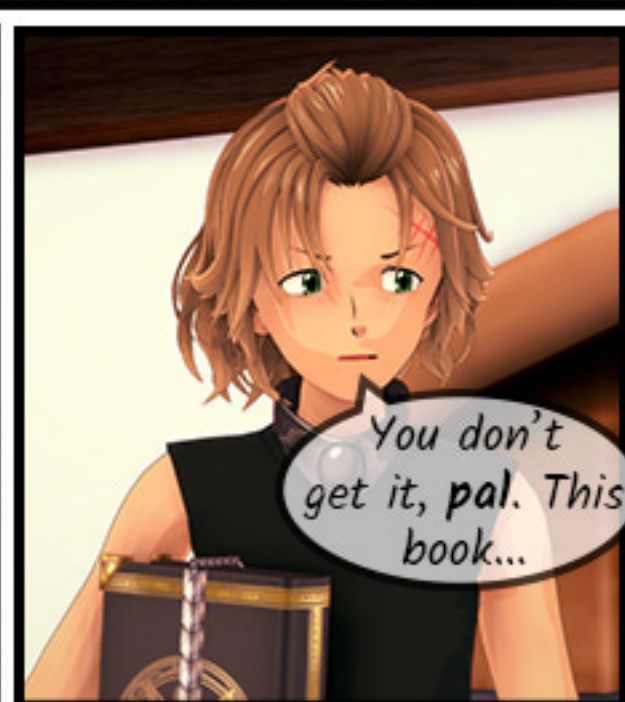
Oh... it's you. To what do I owe this pleasure?



\*KNOCK\*  
\*KNOCK\*



... it tells of how to get immortality but you need blood- elven blood.



You don't get it, pal. This book...



Sylvie?  
Out of the question! She's happily living here with me.



\*Stab\*

\*THUMP\*



I had hoped we could come to some arrangement...

Even if that was true I would not let Sylvie come to harm for such a goal. Now leave.





ARGGGHHH!!!



Take...  
that... \*cough\* ...  
bastard.



\*Slideeee\*



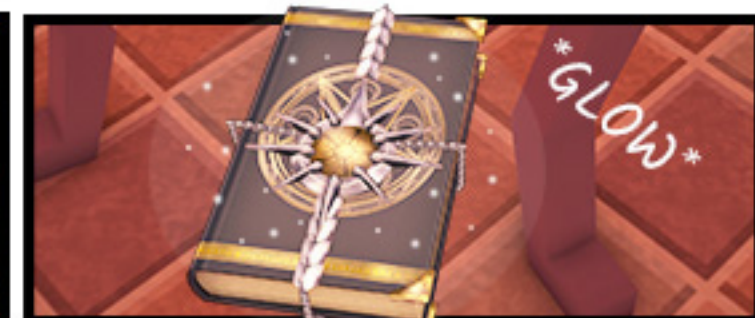
I had to  
protect you Sylvie... he  
was talking about elven  
blood and immortality...  
he had a book...

Are you...  
unhurt Sylvie?



MASTER!







Huh?  
Sylvie?

Thou art  
awake child.



Master, you cannot leave me!

You are my destined one...

I love you!



Who's  
there?

I am certain  
I heard someone  
then... Actually, where  
the devil am  
I?

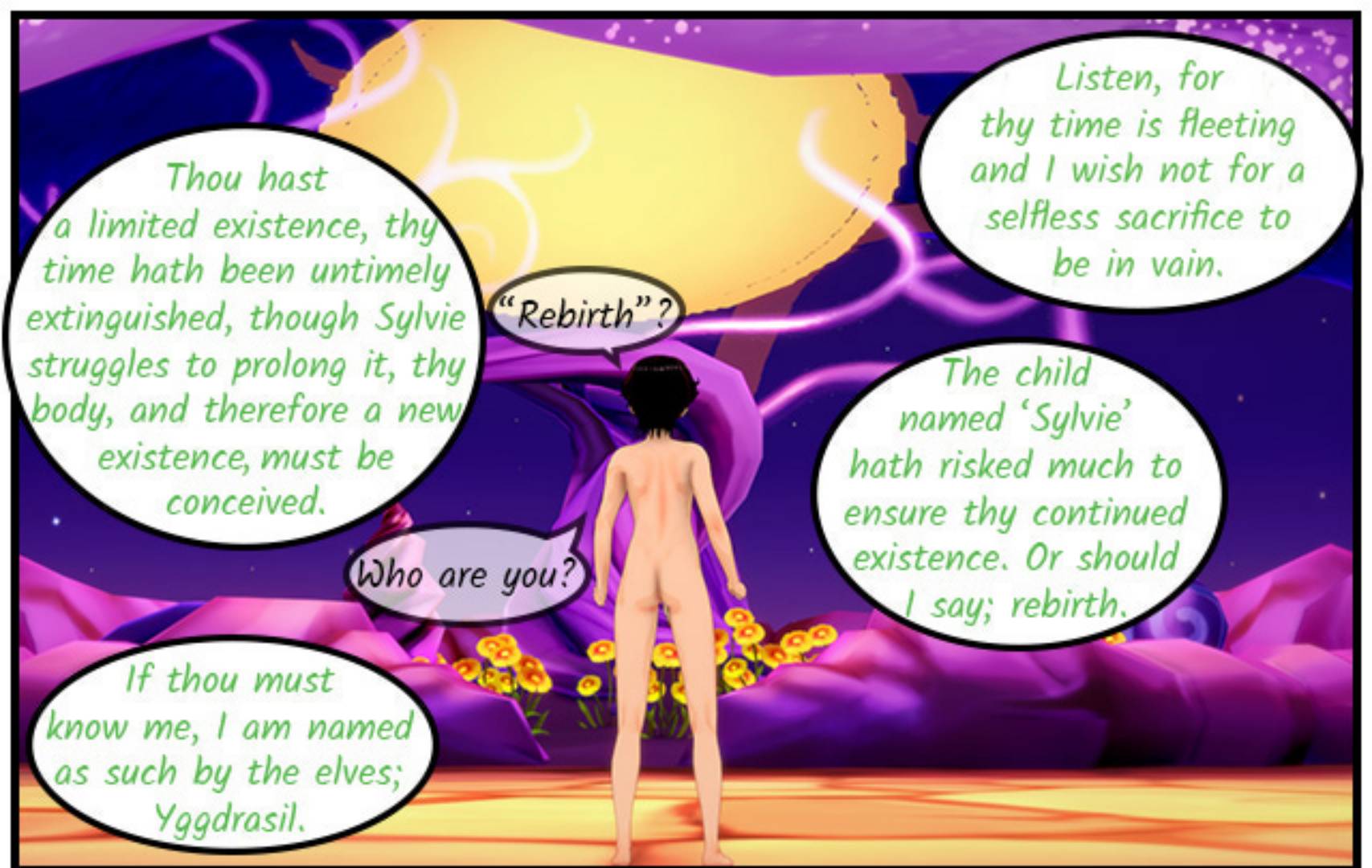


Who said  
that? Show  
yourself!

Speak and know  
thy body has little  
time...



It seems  
I'm without  
clothes  
too...



Thou hast a limited existence, thy time hath been untimely extinguished, though Sylvie struggles to prolong it, thy body, and therefore a new existence, must be conceived.


Listen, for thy time is fleeting and I wish not for a selfless sacrifice to be in vain.

"Rebirth"?

The child named 'Sylvie' hath risked much to ensure thy continued existence. Or should I say; rebirth.

Who are you?

If thou must know me, I am named as such by the elves; Yggdrasil.




Will this harm Sylvie?

Sylvie hast sacrificed. Doth ye accept the gift?


But-

Enough talk. Sylvie has sacrificed for you, you must either accept or deny this gift. Make thy choice.



The elven life tree?!

The very same.



I cannot abandon Sylvie I'll take the gift to see her again.

What is thy choice?



If Sylvie has already sacrificed... I can't leave her; she needs me.




Sylvie's  
blood shall change  
thy form...

An acceptable  
choice. Thy body  
shall be altered; a  
new seed of mine  
to grow...



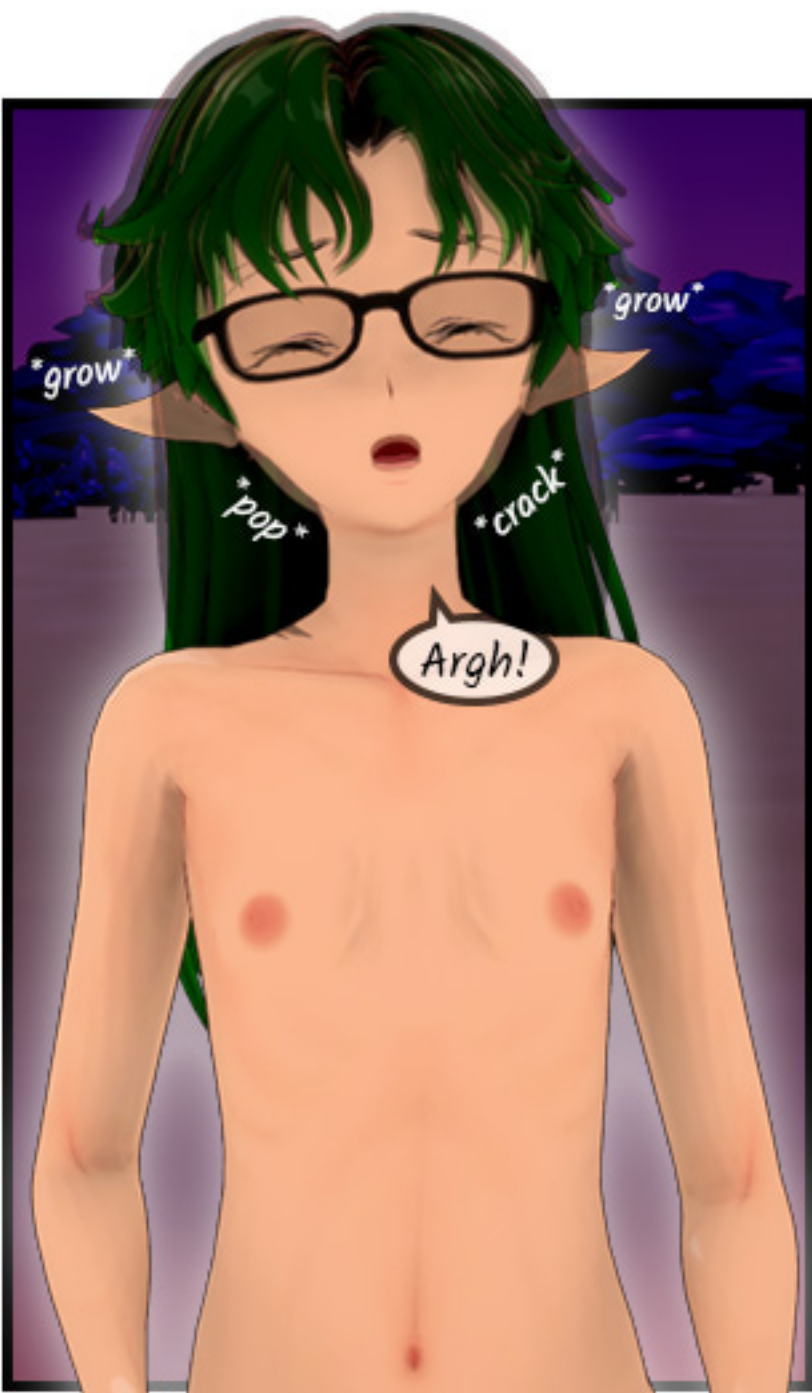
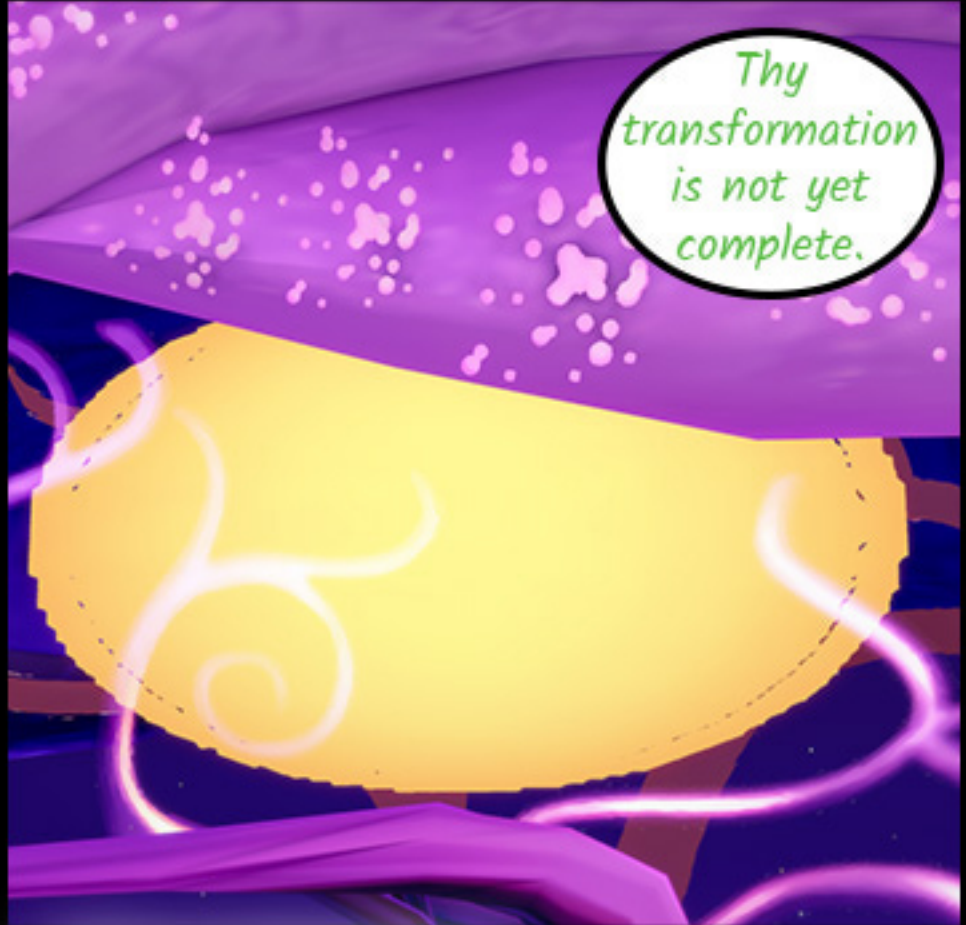
Silence now,  
thy changes are  
occurring....

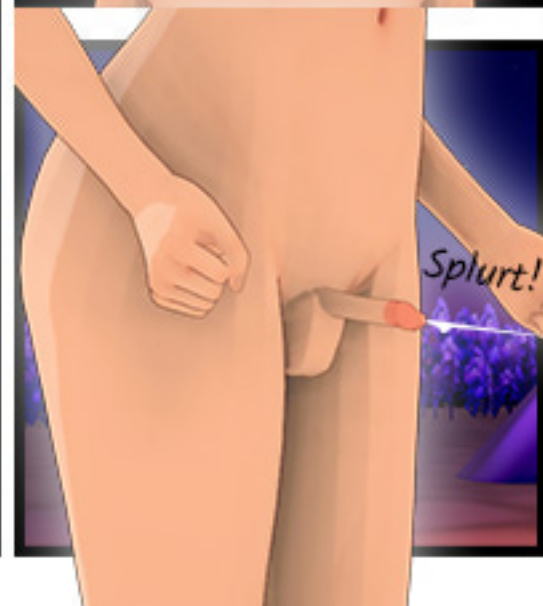
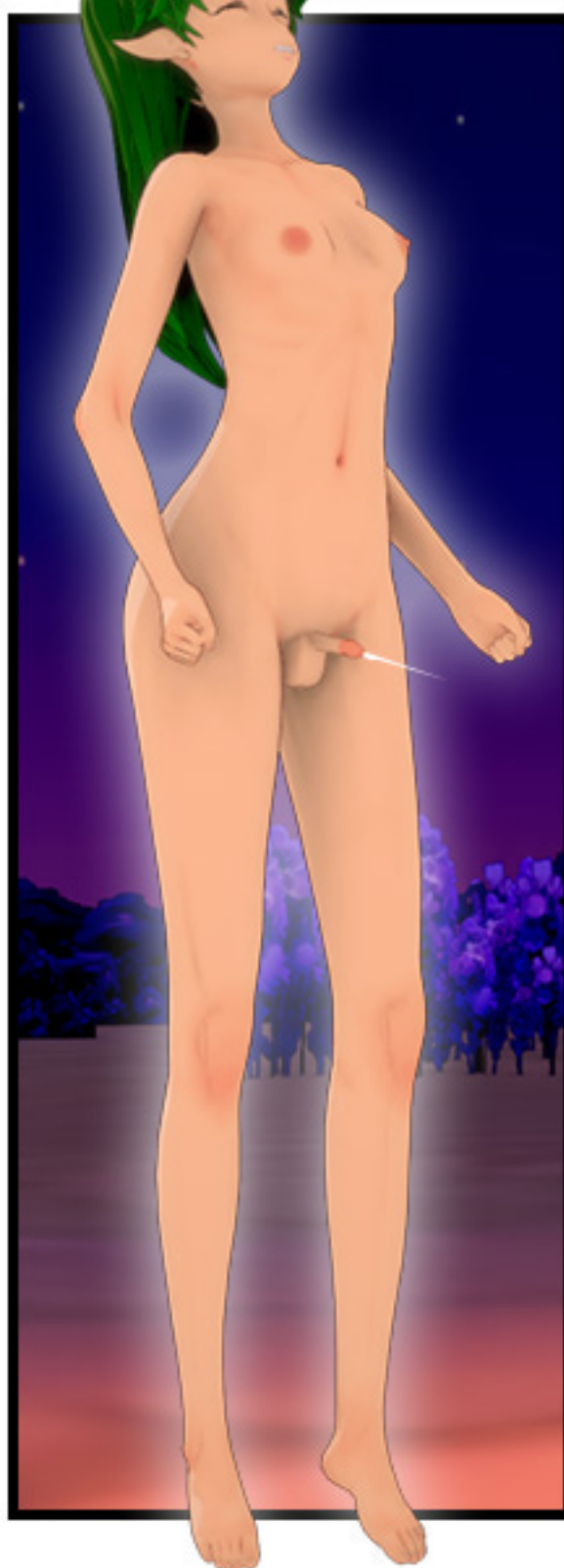
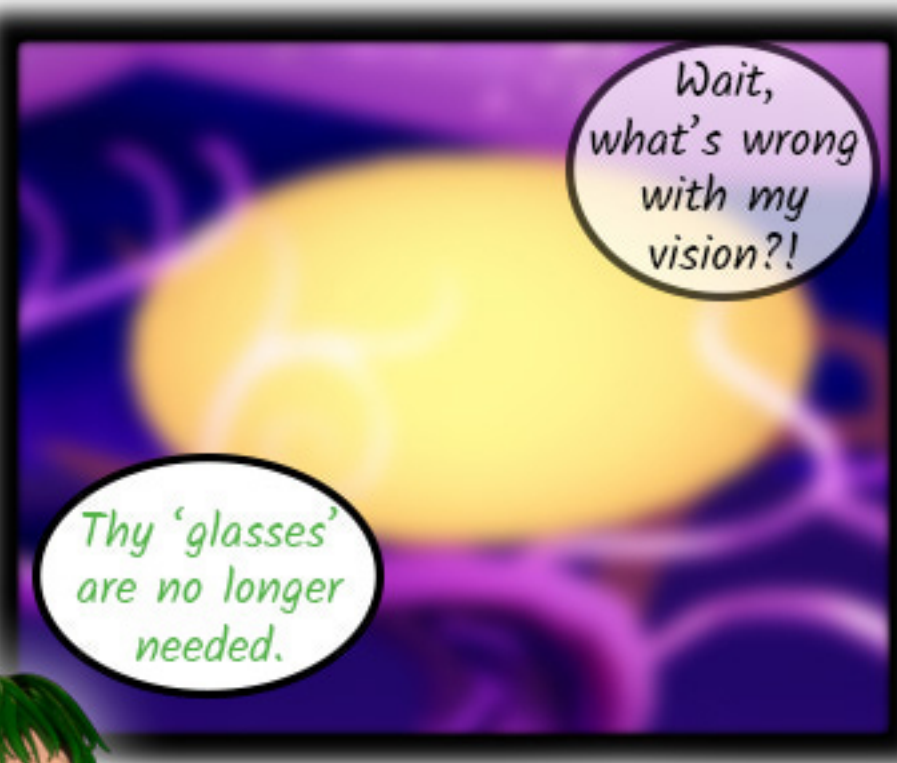
It...  
tingles. I cannot  
help but worry about  
Sylvie, I hope she  
hasn't hurt  
herself...



Blood?!  
What has she  
done?!











Now go,  
child of  
Yggdrasil...

Thy  
changes are  
incomplete... yet  
Sylvie only just  
hangs to life.  
Return to her...  
repay her in  
kind.

To be continued...

