

## The Threadbinders – Chapter 4 by Corrupting Power (<http://www.patreon.com/CorruptingPower>)

### Chapter 4

They hadn't remained at the enclave long past getting Sophia's things squared away. The woman traveled light, only one small bag of things to her name, and even that wasn't so large that it took up much room in the carriage on the back of Quiesh. The griffon was accustomed to flying with three or four passengers, so for them to have three regularly for the foreseeable future didn't seem to bother the majestic creature in the slightest. In fact, Quiesh seemed to take quite a liking to the woman on first sight, not even having the typical hesitation or caution the griffon usually took to newcomers.

Weesha had been sad to see them go, but Arkady had also spotted a bit of relief that the problem of Sophia was no longer one of her concern. Arkady had known the gnome for a long time, and while Weesha was always happy to take on interesting challenges, she didn't like getting bogged down in them for too long, and would much rather move on to newer and brighter things. She made an excellent teacher because magical students were an endless cavalcade of original and inventive problems.

Before their arrival at the elvish enclave several days ago, the plan had been to head towards the northwest. While Arkady and Yasha had lived lives full of exploration and excitement, neither of them had ever been into the dragon kingdom of Rizo. None of the threads coming off of Sophia headed that direction, however, so they had agreed to put those plans on hold for the time being, while they ran down at least a couple of the other threads that ran off their newest partner.

Sophia had folded into their group with no effort at all, picking up natural rhythms between Arkady and Yasha that the two had cultivated over centuries within hours. She'd also made a point that she would do whatever she could to contribute to the financial stability of the newly formed trio, although Yasha told her that they would easily be able to incorporate her with only minor adaptations.

Of all the threads coming off of Sophia, Arkady had decided to follow the thinnest one first, simply because it meant he would be doing the hardest work upfront, as the cord took more effort to narrow in on than the others did.

The threads having such radically different appearances was another mystery that Arkady hadn't cracked yet. In all the centuries he'd been doing this, threads had only had some minor variations to them, and none this diverse. They were never uniform, but the variance was generally minor, slightly thicker or thinner here or there. Sophia's threads were each strikingly unique, and he hoped that after they met another of her threadbound, perhaps it would make more sense.

The thinnest cord, the one which seemed almost a literal thread instead of the typical rope thickness, headed west, towards the Rebevins Desert and likely beyond, so that was where they were headed, even as much as it displeased their personal sensibilities.

Crossing the Rebevins wasn't pleasant, even in the winter when its bracing heat wasn't as cruel and dominant, but it was still the most direct path along the cord, and with Quiesh putting a bit of a push into her flight pattern, they would be across it within a day or two.

Or they would have had they not come across a distress flag half way through the trek across the barren wastelands.

In their typical trips across the Rebevins, neither of them typically needed to keep much watch as the lands were generally featureless and uninhabited, but there was one structure they had passed by before, one incredibly unlikely to have need of either a Threadbinder *or* a Threatbinder.

Najov.

The Crystal Prison.

Deep in the heart of the Rebevins Desert lay a magical penitentiary known as Najov, but which everyone colloquially referred to as The Crystal Prison, Carved out of a cliffside made of a semi-transparent red crystal known as phonshux, Najov was a designated shared prison for all six surrounding nations to send their worst criminals, a place for the trash to be dumped and forgotten

about, those who considered beyond redemption but too troublesome to just kill on spot. Its phonshux construction meant that breaking in or out was considered nearly impossible, the crystal legendarily difficult to work with. In fact, the prison was believed to be an abandoned castle of a forgotten empire, as even the most dedicated of smiths and craftsmen couldn't find ways to break, shape or manipulate phonshux, meaning the building's layout was immutable, although the warden had made some attempts with internal walls and structures carved out of other things.

Najov was generally where criminals went to disappear from the conversation for all time. Occasionally a Threatbinder would be called to put down some form of internal gang rivalry, but neither Arkady nor Yasha had ever set foot inside of the building. It had only two entrances – one on the ground, behind the heavy main gate, and one on a rooftop terrace, where there was a smaller entrance for airborne mounts, such as Quiesh, with a small stable, and one immense iron door. Also on the terrace was a flagpole, which would allow the prison to run up any of the twenty standard signal flags used across the kingdom.

Currently they were flying the “magical distress” flag, a black flag with a red circle and a white X overlaid atop one another.

As much as Arkady wanted to pretend that he hadn't seen it, to simply progress on by without causing any more difficulty, he was a dwarf of honor, and there was only shame to be had in ignoring a distress flag, even for someplace as loathsome as Najov.

He wasn't worried about his or Yasha's personal safety, but Sophia was still new enough to their little clan that he wasn't sure exactly how strong her defensive capabilities ran, even if she was an expert knife thrower. Performance skills rarely translated to combat under fire. But if they kept her close to them, he felt she would be safe.

Najov's appearance was striking, even from a distant. The structure was four stories tall, all carved out of the red crystal that apparently was fully impervious to the impact of weather and time. The walls weren't entirely opaque, allowing light to permeate into the building without giving much sight as to what was happening on either side. The shape of the castle turned prison could be difficult to make out, with no obvious outline or defining features beyond the steel front gate at the bottom and the dust covered terrace at the top. Arkady suspected that while they cleaned the terrace of sand regularly, the weather was more persistent than whoever was assigned cleaning duties. The red crystal building bled into the side of a mountain, and the dwarf wondered how far into the mountain the prison had grown.

With no way to go out, the only ways to go were in and down, neither of which was blocked by phonshux crystal. Beyond the outer walls, eventually it turned into heavy stone, although Arkady had heard tale that it was only directly out backwards and downwards, the sides still caged in with impenetrable red crystal. A few years ago, he'd spoken with a couple of dwarves who were being brought in to expand the prison by tunneling and carving into the available mountain space. They weren't keen to be surrounded by inmates for months, even years, but had agreed that the amount of money they were being offered for the work was more than worth the risk.

The flag being flown meant it wasn't a prison riot or other such problem, as that would have been indicated by a blue flag with three red triangles on it. The distress flag meant there was a problem of magical sorts that the guards and warden of Najov Prison didn't know how to handle on their own, and it wouldn't be proper not to go and answer it.

It was early in the evening, and the sun hadn't fully set behind the mountains in the distance, so both Sophia and Yasha were well awake as Quiesh brought them down onto the terrace. Whoever was on duty was accustomed to military landing on the terrace, usually on dragonback, but the sight of a griffon was not something they were used to.

There was plenty of room on the terrace for the griffon to land, but somehow Quiesh managed to make the three guards who came out look nervous and spooked. “Who goes there?” one of the guards said, pointing a pike at Quiesh's carriage.

“You flew the flag asking for magical help,” Arkady said as he opened the door of the carriage, kicked out the fold down stairs and walked to meet them. “Unless you'd rather I get back on my friend here and we fly away while you're waiting for someone better?”

“Thank the gods, no Master Threadbinder,” one of the guards said as they all lowered the pikes, a look of relief spreading on their face. “Whatever help you can offer we will gladly take.”

He could see the relief increase a great deal once his wife stepped out as well, her Threatbinder colors proudly on display, so he assumed whatever problems they were facing, they were dangerous, and the guards assumed a Threadbinder would be of little assistance.

It wasn't a common misconception, so Arkady took no offense to the matter. People knew their one thing about Threadbinders and assumed that was all there was to them, so he knew it was actually to his advantage to let them continue thinking him to be utterly defenseless.

“And yours Mistress Threatbinder,” another guard said.

No one said anything to Sophia as she moved out, but a few appreciative nods were offered.

“Please get my friend Quiesh out of the sun and into the shade while we go and talk to the warden about solving your problem for you,” the dwarf told them. “Don't herd her, don't anger her; simply respect her and you'll all be fine, won't they, my friend?” Arkady reached up and patted Quiesh's nuzzling face before turning to follow the one guard leading them deeper into the prison.

“What sort of problem are you having?” Arkady said, as the guard walked them through the gate and down a series of red crystal stairs. The dwarf noticed with some amusement that the guards had probably brought some sand in and scattered it over the floors, to help provide some better definition of where the walls and floors were, not to let the crystalline structure be a complete imposition to everyone and everything. “The mystical distress flag is a rather generic plea for help, and any details we can start gathering early would be appreciated.”

“We've had a couple of... unexplained deaths,” the guard said. “Normally, that wouldn't be anything to bother us much, but it's more of the matter of *how* they died that concerns us.”

The four of them walked down the stairs to a landing and began to move past a series of cells. Despite how difficult the crystalline structure was to work with, they had still managed to ingrain a series of metal bars to form cell after cell, each with a couple of horrific prisoners inside of them, truly the worst among the worst.

“Hey little elf,” a troll sneered at Yasha as they were walking past. “I'll bet that pretty mouth of yours would look great wrapped around my cock.” The gargantuan was at least twice his wife's size, but Arkady suddenly felt very sorry for him, as the troll had dropped his trousers and was waving his dick in their direction. His body was covered in scars and muscles and not much else, clearly a life spent fighting in one war or another. “Why don't you come in here and let me skullfuck you, pretty little elf bitch, and show you what you're missing?”

Yasha stopped, an ice-cold smile on her face, as she turned to look at him through the bars, the troll obviously uneducated as to the Threatbinder attire. “Why don't I show you why you're lucky there's bars between us?” she said, contorting her fingers into one shape, a second, and then a third, as the troll suddenly gasped in sharp pain.

The spell in question had caused a magical rope to form and tie around the base of the troll's cock and was pulling tight, forcing the flesh inward, constricting it until the troll was whimpering in pain, having fallen to his knees. She'd chosen a thicker cord, because anything too thin would have sliced the troll's penis off immediately, like a garrote castrating him instead of choking him.

“If I wanted to,” she said to him through the bars. “I could pull the rope tight enough to pop your useless member off like a pimple. Then I could force you to *eat* that flesh in front of your peers while my husband seared the wound closed so you wouldn't bleed to death. Is that what you think you're missing?”

The troll's face had turned a dark color, both in pain and fear, as he looked like he was about to go into shock. He shook his head, unable to bring forth any words at all. For a moment, Arkady himself

wasn't sure if his wife was going to pop the troll's dick right off, but she eventually flicked her fingers away and the cord vanished as the troll suddenly gasped for air like he'd been drowning.

"Keep in mind, friend," Yasha said to the doubled over troll. "This wasn't even in the top one hundred meanest things I could have done to you. So show a little respect."

The inmates in the nearby cells jeered and laughed at the troll until Yasha turned her gaze upward, and they all fell silent, afraid she would turn her wrath upon them, which made Arkady smirk just a little bit, as they started walking again.

"She can be mean when she wants to," Sophia whispered to him.

"Never unwarranted, though," he replied.

The rest of their walk was unmolested, something Arkady took note of. Word spread fast in this prison, which meant that tales of his wife's confrontation with the brute were already reaching the lowest floor before they'd even arrived at the warden's office.

The warden, it seems, had taken what must have been the master bedroom as his office, as the room itself was large, and contained everything of the warden's in one place – both office and bedroom, as the desk was the most prominent thing in the front of the room, but in the back, a spartan like bed could also be seen. There was more than enough space in the room for all of it, with a high vaulted ceiling, the top of it clearly exposed to the exterior, as light filled the room warmly.

"Ah, mages," the warden said from behind his desk. He was a Rathkin, a large humanoid race of bipedal lizards covered in deep green scales. Those less traveled often mistook them for small dragons upon first sight, but Rathkin had no wings, could not breathe fire and never grew all that much bigger than an ogre or troll. This Rathkin had a pair of spectacles on his face, and was dressed much more formally than the guards, who wore somewhat ramshackle uniforms. "Excellent. Excellent indeed. I hope that your appearance here is in response to the flag we raised?"

"It is, Warden..." his wife said, fishing for the Rathkin's name.

"Warden Ziroh, at your service," he said, standing to offer them a little bow. "And you might be?"

"Threatbinder Yasha Summervale, twelfth rank. This is my husband, Threadbinder Arkady Gormansson, eighth rank. And this is our companion, Sophia Burngrave," Yasha said, finishing their introductions. "We were flying by and saw your flag asking for help. How can we be of service?"

"*Flying* by?" the warden said, seeming a little ruffled. "You don't travel by dragon, do you?"

"Don't be silly," the dwarf laughed. "No no, we have a griffon friend who offers us transportation in exchange for being cared for. It's an arrangement that's suited all parties quite well."

"Ah. Yes. I see. Or, rather, I don't, but it isn't any of my concern," the Rathkin said. "*My* concern is that I have had a couple of prisoners turn up overly dead. Now now, I know what you are going to say, that deaths in a prison are a commonplace occurrence and no reason to be raising flags asking for aid, but it is the manner in which they have been turning up dead that has me concerned. Might I show you one of the corpses?"

"Of course," Yasha told him, as the warden moved to lead them out of the offices and head down a nearby set of stairs. "By couple do you mean actual two, or has there been more?"

"Five, all said and done, and all in the same manor," the Rathkin said, leading them all the way from the top floor of the prison down to the basement. "I have some experience with magical combat, and while I suppose it is possible that the deaths could've been caused by a particular gifted caster, it seems unlikely that they were. For the first couple, I was willing to write them off as nothing more than the cost of doing business, but now, on our fifth corpse, I consider the matter an affront to the way I maintain my prison."

Arkady noticed that there were plenty of guards stationed all around the prison, and that several of them were low-level casters, Fire Flingers or Spark Spartans, but none of them with any real rank of distinction. He suspected that having magical defenses in a hall of monsters and criminals such as this could come in handy.

As they moved into what the dwarf guessed was their morgue, the warden waved to an older looking dwarf sitting high atop a chair, looking down onto a table with a desiccated body resting on it. "They here to fix this mess?" the dwarf said to the warden.

"One would certainly hope so," the warden replied. "Doctor Arvansson, this is Threatbinder Yasha, Threadbinder Arkady and their companion, Sophia." Arkady noted with some small amount of amusement that even though he was being introduced to another dwarf, his wife's profession still took prominence in order of introductions.

"What do you have, Doctor?" Yasha said, walking over towards the bodies.

"Not entirely certain," he said, poking at the corpse in front of him with a thin metal rod. "They've all been like this, completely drained of water, and done so in a very short amount of time. The bodies have shown up only a few hours after the person in question's gone missing, and there does not seem to be any other form of wound or damage on them."

"No bite marks? No scratches?" his wife asked the other dwarf.

"None that I've been able to see, but the lack of hydration means the bodies have contracted significantly, so it means external wounds are much more difficult to spot and identify," the dwarf told them. "No commonality between the victims, either. One male troll, one male ogre, one female human, one female ogre and one female Rathkin, which you see before you."

"Wait, *that's* a Rathkin?" Sophia said. "How can you even tell?"

"There's some scaling here and there that's left, and the body hasn't shrunk nearly as much as, say, the humans have. The human body has a much higher concentration of water in it than the Rathkins do, although not quite as high as an ogre does. Our two ogre fatalities we had to identify on head count, the corpses were so unrecognizable."

"Good gods," Sophia said. "What could do such a thing?"

"I'm not entirely certain," Arkady said.

"I might have an idea," Yasha said, "although if it is, we're lucky you're here, my dear husband. Tell me about the expansion you've been doing to the prison."

The warden looked over in surprise. "I wasn't aware that was common knowledge."

"It isn't," Arkady said, "but the two dwarves you hired to do some of your work ran into me in a bar, and you know that there are no secrets between dwarves over drinks."

Everyone laughed a little at that, and the warden nodded. "Understandable. Yes, well, because we cannot build outward, the only possible way for us to add more to the prison is to go further into the interior of the mountain, so a few years ago, we hired a team of dwarven miners to tunnel and clear out portions of the back walls, giving us room to expand."

"They stumbled into some tunnels, didn't they?"

"How...?" the warden said before stopping. "They did. There were some chambers that had been walled off quite some time ago. The structure had several rooms which the dwarves just discovered while expanding for us, and a couple of them had long and winding tunnels attached to them that run deep into the earth, far below the mountain. We haven't explored them thoroughly yet, as it seems they run for ages, but the dwarves noticed a definite difference between the rooms and the tunnels, in that the rooms themselves seemed more in line with the existing construction of the prison and the tunnels were smoothed and more organic." He paused a little, looking over at the mages questioningly. "Does that mean something to you?"

"It does," Yasha said. "Especially the smooth tunnels. You should know that sign as well, beloved, even if we haven't seen one of these in a long time."

"You think?" Arkady asked his wife. "This isn't their typical environment. They typically prefer much more damp climates. This sort of arid climate is *rather* unlike them."

"We did find a large series of blue crystal cages upon exploration, but it seemed like some of them had been broken open, as they were all empty," the warden told them.

"Were the prisoners unattended in the tunnels at any point?"

The warden nodded. "Our first victim, we think, might have been engaging in a jail break of some kind, as one of the guards at the expansion area was knocked unconscious. He's been reprimanded for his error, naturally."

"Blue crystal?" Sophia asked.

"Are you familiar with gernosh crystal?" Arkady asked her. "I don't see why you would be, but with you, it wouldn't surprise me."

"Isn't that used for keeping food fresh for long travels?"

Arkady smiled a little bit, cocking his head to one side. "I've never heard of it being used for such purposes, but I suppose it could function as food locker. It's a bit like using a griffon to hunt sparrows, however. Typically gernosh crystal is used to put living creatures into a sort of temporal limbo, where their body does not age. It can be used to secure someone in dangerous medical conditions for transportation to medical assistance or to keep troublesome creatures in stasis for relocation. It's a bit rare these days, but the crystal used to be very common place."

"So common, in fact, that in long ago years, they were used to keep zoos and collections by the very wealthy," Yasha said.

The warden groaned. "You mean, the sort of wealth that might've had a castle, much like this one we've taken over. Our escapee broke open someone's ancient zoo, and the creatures are angry and eating my inmates."

"Angry is unlikely. Confused and hungry is much more in line," Yasha said. "We know what this is, and my husband should be able to subdue the creature until you can signal for it to be picked up and relocated."

"What is it?" the warden said.

"The creature is known as a weelay, although they've had loads of names over the years," Arkady said. "We will handle and contain the creature for you, and give you instructions on how to keep it secure until someone can come by and bring the creature to better climates where it won't be as dangerous to thinking creatures. We would transport it away ourselves, but we aren't headed that direction, and I imagine your next influx of prisoners can stand to transport one outward."

"Thank you, Binders," the warden said, bowing a little. "How might we offer payment for your services?"

"Is it true there is some of the phonshux crystal loose?" Yasha asked. "We would ask for three pieces of that, none larger than my thumb, but not smaller than my thumbnail." She held her hand up for the warden to judge.

He nodded. "It is... extremely uncommon for us to allow phonshux crystal to leave the premises, but you aren't asking for crystals of a size large enough to do any serious work or damage with, so if it means we don't lose any more prisoners, then I will agree to that trade."

"Excellent," Arkady said. "Then you should take us down to the tunnels."

"Now?" the warden asked.

"No need to wait," the dwarf said, dusting his hands off. "I would rather handle this and be done with it than losing too much time. Also, I do not think you would like to lose another prisoner or guard, either of which is a possibility. This creature is going to need to feed regularly, so be prepared to sacrifice a large creature to it once every couple of days if you need be."

The warden led them out of the morgue and down a hallway before taking a turn into a more undeveloped part of the prison, a larger room that it was clear they had opened recently, with five cylindrical daises, bits of gernosh crystal on the ground. There was also a smooth circular tunnel leading out through one of the walls, like an organic borehole, heading deeper into the mountain.

"Mmm..." Arkady said. "You're right, my dear. This does seem like it might have been a sort of trophy room, although keeping a weelay alive, even imprisoned in gernosh crystal, seems like it's only inviting disaster." He turned to look at the warden. "You can leave us now. I would rather not put you at risk while we do this."

“Are you unable to protect me?” the warden asked.

“I could, yes, but if it turns out that I have to defend myself from both you *and* it, I'm likely to have problems with one or the other,” Arkady humbly admitted. “I would rather not risk it.”

The warden frowned, then nodded. “Then I will leave you to it.” He turned and walked back and out of the room, the two guards closing the doors behind him, remaining on the outside.

“Ladies, if you would be so kind as to cover your eyes,” Arkady said. “I do not want either of you risking your health either.”

“Of course, my love,” Yasha said, reaching into a pocket to pull out a blindfold, wrapping it around her head, covering her eyes completely.

“You're sure this is necessary?” Sophia asked him.

He smiled softly. “I wish that it was not, but it is.”

“Then I trust you.” She reached into her own pocket, pulling out a blindfold that he suspected she had used during her blade throwing days in the circus, shifting the tie a little to pull it over her eyes. He'd often suspected that the fabric was a little thinner in some parts for some knife throwers, so he was glad to see she was making sure her vision was completely obstructed. “Now what?”

“Now we wait,” Arkady said. “Although perhaps I can hurry it along a little bit.” He dug into his own pocket and pulled out a small dwarven musical instrument called an arclave, a sort of flute with some reeds in it to let him play multitone notes, each blow into it creating full chords rather than individual notes. The dwarf wasn't playing any specific tune, but just sort of jamming on his own, knowing that the unusual sounds would draw the weelay to them.

A few minutes later, he could hear the sound at the edge of the borehole, so he tucked his arclave away and turned his eyes towards the tunnel entrance.

There standing at the edge of it was a form he'd seen before. It was an elvish woman, completely nude, with tan skin and silver eyes, her plump tits on firm display, her black hair swept back over her pointed ears, waterfaling down her back. She was beautiful, almost unbearably so, her form curved and inviting in all the most perfect ways.

“Hello there,” Arkady said, both Sophia and Yasha remaining quiet and still. “Shall we?” he said to the vision of sexuality that was slowly approaching him.

In his mind, Arkady knew that this wasn't the weelay's true form. He knew especially since he'd seen this form dozens, if not hundreds, of times when he was in training to become a Threadbinder. Lust magics were dangerous, chaotic, difficult to control and maintain, and there was always a risk that one could find themselves under the influence of their own magics accidentally.

So trainee Threadbinders were introduced to something his instructor had called a togabbit, which was actually a shortening of 'too good to be true.' Beyond any sentient being's control, there existed that person's ideal sexual partner, a vision of what, exactly, the most attractive being from a physical perspective.

That was a togabbit.

A weelay was a creature that lured in prey by tampering with their visual cortex, projecting their personal togabbit to them, overflowing them with pheromones and lust, shattering their ability to think clearly. But Threadbinders learned how to manage that, even as the creature approached him.

He knew what lay behind the illusion, and how unappealing it would be, but if he allowed his sight to pierce it, the creature would turn and flee from him, which was exactly what he did not need. He needed his excitement and attraction to feel genuine.

The weelay moved closer and closer to him, swaying its body to shake its hips alluringly, one hand reaching up to cup one of her breasts, pinching the nipple to make it stiffen in response, those silver eyes trying to lure him in even more as it was nearly on top of him.

It was good that Yasha had recognized the description of the victims because there was little chance Arkady would've considered the possibility, based on the desert locale.

The form of the woman reached his body, and slowly pushed one of her hands down the front of

his trousers, wrapping her fingertips around his cock, stroking it slowly beneath the fabric, as he smiled a little. By this point, the prey would normally be completely submissive, drinking from the prey's lust until they were exhausted, and they could drink their fluids.

The weelay would have no such luck with him.

He could feel the impression of fingers tugging on his prick, and the weelay, seemingly frustrated that it wasn't placating him, dropped down and yanked his trousers downward, exposing his thick dwarven cock, as he could feel the impression of a mouth wrapping around his shaft, the illusion of the elvish woman starting to bob her head upon his dick, the illusion slipping just a little as he could feel the sensation of multiple tongues against his shaft.

That's when things went south for the weelay.

Arkady cocked his hand to one side, and suddenly the channel of lust was unleashed, as the weelay began to panick a little, trying to decide whether to double down and ride through it or to pull away and run, so Arkady's other hand reached down and grabbed onto whatever he found there, pushing the illusion of the elvish woman's face harder onto his cock, holding it there.

The problem weelays had in feeding on Threadbinders was that there was no bottom to the lust that ran through them, and so once Arkady had opened the floodgates, the amount of lust was simply drowning the weelay in sensations it had no way to stay afloat over.

A moment or so later, the weelay experienced its first orgasm from anything other than its own kind and slumped back onto the floor, completely unconscious, as the illusion faded and the weelay's true form was revealed.

Weelays were humanoid in that they were bipedal, but instead of arms, they had six prehensile tentacles emerging from their back. Their heads were more fishlike than having traditional features, and their bodies were covered in a layer of scales, except for the tentacles, the undersides of which were covered in endless fine hairs that the weelay could use in place of fingers.

"It's safe to unveil your eyes now," he told the ladies, as both Yasha and Sophia uncovered their eyes. "This is quite the senior species. I imagine it went into shock when it realized how long it had been in stasis."

"Are they capable of judging time?" Sophia said.

He tapped his head with a single digit. "They're all part of a telepathic hive mind, but I imagine that mind has changed more than a little over the millennium."

"You've still got quite the weapon there," his newest partner said to him. "Did it leave you all worked up with no release?" She slyly padded over his direction before slowly closing her fingertips around his thick cock. "Let me wash it off then dirty it back up again." She had a pouch of water in her satchel, took it out and poured it over his shaft, cleansing it of a bit of slime that was lingering on his cock before she winked at him. "Just stand there and let me handle it."

Arkady smirked a little bit, arching an eyebrow as Sophia spun around, turning her back to him before pulling her breeches down to her knees, scooting back until she could feel the head of his cock pressed against one of her asscheeks.

She tossed her head back and glanced over her shoulder at him. "Alright, just one bit of help then. Get us in line."

He reached down and pushed his cock down and to the right until the thick head of his cock lined up against her human snatch. She leaned back as soon as she felt it, sliding herself up and onto his dick, as she groaned eagerly.

Yasha grinned, moving over towards them, her hands reaching down to grab Sophia's shoulders, pushing and pulling her as she leaned over her, her tall form giving her space to lean in and kiss her husband. "She's quite the little eager minx, isn't she, love?"

"That she is."

"So give it to her then. We've work to do."

"Are you rushing me, love?" he teased her.

“Not at all,” she purred back, before leaning to whisper into his large ears. “I just like hearing her cum.”

He'd been bucking his hips against Sophia's ass, bouncing her on his cock, the difference in their heights letting him really put some muscle into it. The rhythm was quick and rough, and before he knew it, he could feel himself spewing a hot load inside her human cunt, the blast of his semen setting her spasms off as Sophia orgasmed on cue, as if his own had set hers off.

Yasha held them both up with a wry smile. “Before you sleep tonight, Arkady, I'd better get mine,” she giggled at him.

“Aye, love,” he told her with a soft laugh. “Once we're skyborne. You do love it when the air's thinner.”

“You old romantic,” she whispered.