

# **Alynnya and The Coterie: A thrall's training**

A saucy tale of vampires, bondage, domination and submission

-----

Art by CallMePlissken

Words by We're All Mad Here

Based on ideas submitted by patrons

[patreon.com/callmeplissken](https://patreon.com/callmeplissken)

Drawn live at [picarto.tv/callmeplissken](https://picarto.tv/callmeplissken)

Join the Rangers and unlock 900+ posts including 150+ Adventures of Alynnya Slatefire comic pages at [patreon.com/callmeplissken](https://patreon.com/callmeplissken) | Follow at [picarto.tv/callmeplissken](https://picarto.tv/callmeplissken) for live stream notifications



I woke in a large bed to the feel of silken sheets caressing my naked skin.

Well, at least my back. My wrists and ankles felt silk as well, but those were in the form of bonds keeping me spread-eagle on the large bed. A silken scarf gagged me. A second covered my eyes. I could feel soft bodies on either side of me. Doubtless they were Veronica and Gabriella, sleeping the day's light away. A part of me wondered if Samuel had slept the day away in his velvet-lined seat, watching, or if he had slept elsewhere.

I also wondered if anyone was going to at least take my blindfold off. It would be nice to appreciate the view if I'm not going anywhere.

I was then aware of motion. Then there was sensation. Fingernails tracing along my naked flesh. I could feel goosebumps along my skin, heat deeper inside me. Something soft and wet teased my breasts. A tongue, tormenting me in the sexiest way possible. My breath caught in my throat as something sharp nipped at... um... my nipples. Not enough to break the skin, but enough to get a squeal through my gag-stopped lips.

That must've been Veronica.

"Wakey-wakey pet."

The blindfold was removed from my eyes. Yup. Veronica stared down at me with a malicious smile. Gabriella didn't look up. She was working her way down my body, teasing me still with her fingernails and tongue.

"Are we feeling rested?" Veronica's voice held a hint of malicious glee. "I hope so, my dear. Time to learn what it means to be a thrall."

Why was I letting this happen again?

Gabriella's teasing settled between my bound legs.

*Oh yeah.... That!*

~~~

They unbound me from the bed after Gabriella gave me one of the more pleasant wake-ups I've had in awhile. Before I had a chance to move, Gabriella had my wrists bound behind me with a length of silk.

[Join the Rangers and unlock 900+ posts including 150+ Adventures of Alynnya Slatefire comic pages at patreon.com/callmeplissken](https://patreon.com/callmeplissken) | [Follow at picarto.tv/callmeplissken](https://picarto.tv/callmeplissken) for live stream notifications



The leather collar and leash remained around my neck. The gag and blindfold were cast aside.

“Our little thrall enjoyed your wake-up,” Veronica’s seductive voice caused goosebumps to raise on my skin.

“I should hope so,” Gabriella’s sultry voice was in my ear. “I’ve had a bit of practice over the centuries.”

As they spoke, the two vampiresses caressed my naked skin.

“This is *so* hot!”

I didn’t realize I’d uttered the words until the caressing stopped. Veronica’s smirk grew sharper as her fingers drifted between my splayed open legs. I moaned involuntarily.

“Oh yes, our little toy is quite enjoying herself,” Veronica laughed. “She will need that energy and strength.”

Caught up in yet another pending orgasm, I really wasn’t paying attention to her words.





~~~~

I was allowed a quick meal that Veronica made me eat out of a bowl as though I was a pet. I was then washed (mostly by Gabriella). I have to say, she was very *attentive* to making sure I was *thoroughly* brushed and clean absolutely *everywhere*.

[Join the Rangers and unlock 900+ posts including 150+ Adventures of Alynnya Slatefire comic pages at patreon.com/callmeplissken](https://patreon.com/callmeplissken) | [Follow at picarto.tv/callmeplissken](https://picarto.tv/callmeplissken) for live stream notifications



She nearly had me cum three times. On the third, I suspect she might have let me had Veronica not stopped her.

The bitch.

Though, in fairness, Veronica did nearly have me there a few times herself. It's the "*nearly*" that really defines Veronica's special brand of cruelty.

"Sweet Aly," Gabriella had purred. "We need to dress her appropriately. Oh, and do something with her hair."

"Yes," Veronica had mused. "Something to make it easier to grip."

Gabriella rolled her eyes. "You can be *such* a bitch sometimes, my dear."

Veronica's answering smirk was, I have to admit, ridiculously sexy.

"Don't you forget it, my dear," she replied. "So pigtails for our dear thrall it is. Pick something out for her to wear, will you? Something... uncomplicated."

So they dressed me up and then I was brought before Samuel. They put me in a sheer white dress that may as well have been invisible, no panties, and stockings with garters.

I was marched down the stairs, my arms set out to the sides in a yoke with cuffs on posts extending from a collar about my neck. In either hand, I held a tray with each holding a single goblet of, well, let's call it wine. It's probably not wine, but we're all happier thinking of it as wine, right?

"That's a good pet," Gabriella purred. "A pretty thrall keeps a good posture."

That good posture was being challenged constantly by Veronica, who insisted on swatting my bum with a flogger and riding crop, as her sadistic mood took her.

Oh, and did I mention the high heels?

I'm a Rithian Ranger. I wear boots. I fight in boots (unless they've been taken from me with the rest of



my clothes. Then I fight barefoot). I don't have a lot of experience with high heels.

So of *course* they put me in high heels. And there's stairs. Couple that with the, um, "wine" (I really hope it's wine) I'm not allowed to spill while a flogger and a crop smacks my bum and, well I'm not exactly having an easy time of it.

And of course this is turning me on something fierce.

I was prodded forward in a sheer, white outfit, in addition to the heels. White, thigh-high stockings with garters that connected around my waist. And the sheer skirt-top thing that really didn't do much to cover me. If my outfit had included panties, they'd be soaked through. Holy One, this was embarrassing!

Damn, they picked a sexy outfit!

And both Veronica and Gabriella clearly knew sexy outfits. Gabriella wore a variation of my own outfit, though in black whereas mine was white. She eschewed stockings, leaving those glorious legs of hers bare. Veronica wore some skimpy thing that was little more than ribbons hugging her body selectively.

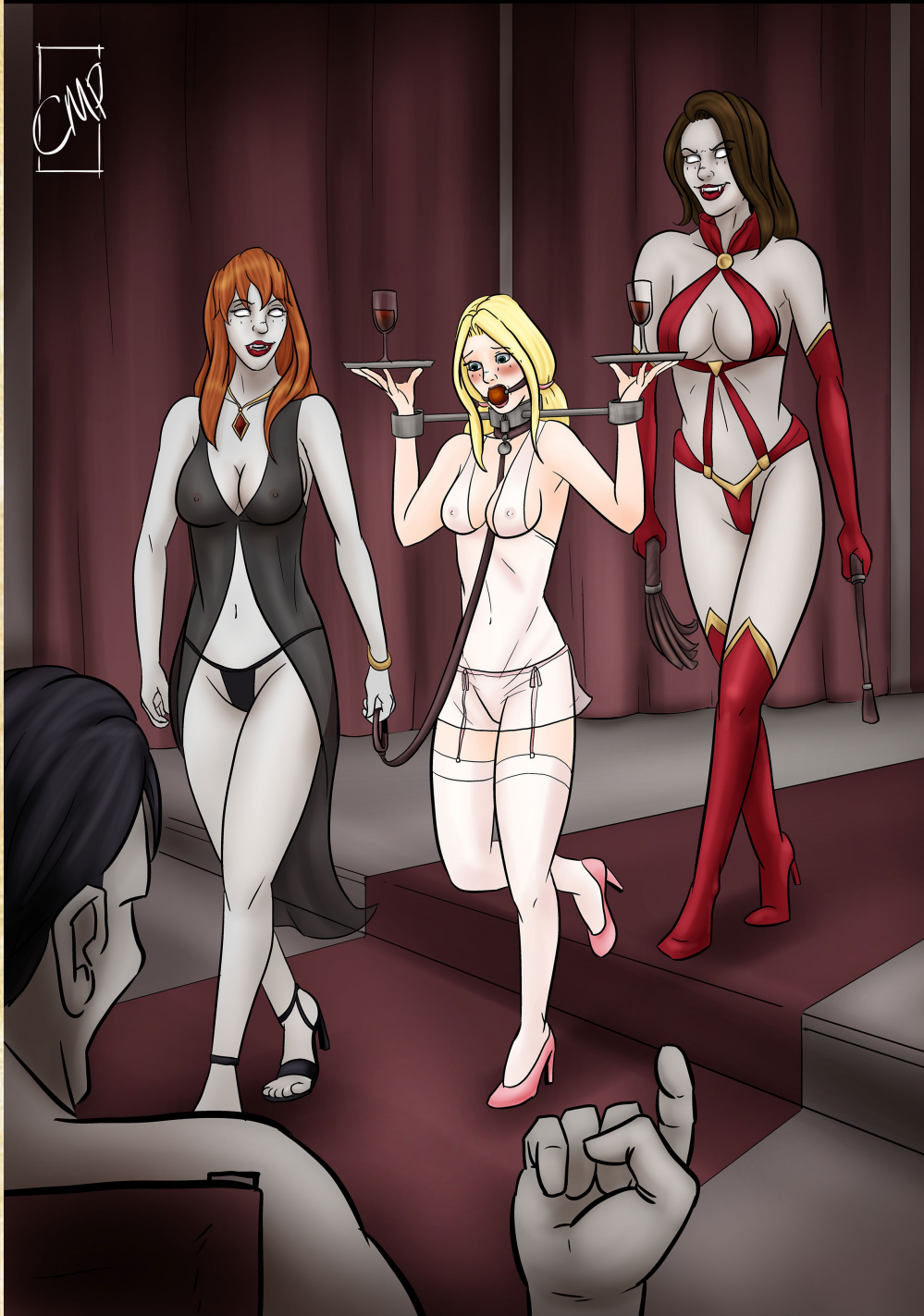
It *really* worked for her! She looked *ridiculously* hot!

Samuel sat in a cushioned chair, like a king upon a velvet throne, and regarded me with those measuring, piercing eyes of his. I felt myself shiver. Why did this feel turn me on so?

"Well, don't you just look good enough to eat," he said, licking his lips.

I really hoped he meant that figuratively.





COMMISSION PRICES ARE ON A QUOTE BASIS I.E. COMPLICATED PICTURES WITH LOTS OF CHARACTERS MAY COST MORE. PAYMENTS TAKEN VIA PAYPAL AND IN GBP ONLY. EMAIL THEYCALLMEPLISSKEN@GMAIL.COM FOR A QUOTE!

\*\*\*

I was put through the paces after that. “Thrall training”, they called it. With encouragement from Gabriella (in the form of teasing touches) and Veronica (in the form of the flogger and the riding crop), I was taught how I was expected to walk.

[Join the Rangers and unlock 900+ posts including 150+ Adventures of Alynnya Slatefire comic pages at patreon.com/callmeplissken](https://patreon.com/callmeplissken) | [Follow at picarto.tv/callmeplissken](https://picarto.tv/callmeplissken) for live stream notifications



When my yelps of pain got to annoy Veronica, a ballgag was stuffed in my mouth and the lessons started again from scratch.

I was taught posture, pose, and pace. I was walked through the paces to deliver drinks in narrow, precarious glasses between Gabriella and Veronica. Even spilling a drop was punished by my bending over and Veronica swatting away on my bum. On the third try, my success was rewarded by them allowing me to fall on my knees. I was ungagged and orally pleased them both.

It was *so* hot!

Wow, I say that a lot.

Gabriella makes a certain type of moan when the pleasure overtakes her. She gets a smile that could bring sweat to a statue. And Veronica, well she doesn't change expression from her cold smirk, but she does this thing where she starts to play with her tits and then I know I'm successfully getting to her.

After they were satisfied with that bit of "training", they then took me to their twitchy manservant and had me kneel before him.

"Well, pet," Gabriella purred. "Our dear Fenrield was *terribly* polite to you when he greeted you. He deserves thanks, don't you think?"

I, of course, knew what she meant. Fenrield was kind enough to loosen his trousers, seeing my arms were a bit restrained.

I blinked. For a twitchy, skinny-necked sort, he was shockingly well-endowed.

"Less staring, more thanking," Veronica snapped, slapping the side of my tit with the riding crop.

Obediently, I opened my mouth and set to work. It wasn't my first time, but I have to admit I found giving a blowjob to Fenrield to be one of the more disconcerting experiences I'd had in a while. He kept looking around at things, like I was barely there, though his body was responding normally enough.

And then there was his giggling. He had a *really* weird giggle. And it only got worse as he got more.. uh... excited.

[Join the Rangers and unlock 900+ posts including 150+ Adventures of Alynnya Slatefire comic pages at patreon.com/callmeplissken](https://patreon.com/callmeplissken) | [Follow at picarto.tv/callmeplissken](https://picarto.tv/callmeplissken) for live stream notifications



Finally the twitchy manservant all but exploded in my mouth. With a disturbingly-peaceful smile, his eyes rolled back in his head and he slid down on the floor in a contented sleep.

“Well, that’s troubling,” Veronica sighed. “You’ll have to do the dusting and cleaning for a bit, then.”

And so I spent an hour with a feather duster in each hand. Veronica, never one to let things rest at merely inconvenient, put a feather duster on the end of a massive dildo and set that in my mouth.

“One must learn efficiency,” she sneered, slapping my buttocks with the flogger.

Gabriella, in the meantime, found a fourth feather duster and used it to tickle and tease me as I was put to work.

~~~

Finally, the cleaning seemed done to a point that satisfied even Veronica.

“Time for a break,” Gabriella chirped, taking the feather dusters from my hands.

I was led to a bed where I was instructed to lie down (still in the yoke). Gabriella tied my ankles to opposite bedposts while Veronica stripped out of her barely-there strappy outfit thing. She then pulled the dildo-feather-duster from my mouth and straddled me.

I paused a moment and was rewarded with the biting thwack of a riding crop on my tit. Without further invitation, I set to work on her as she pretty much sat on my face. My tongue slipped inside her as she rocked back and forth. I was aware of someone else straddling me and the sound of kissing.

“Ooohhh yessss!” Veronica sounded satisfied.

“My turn,” I heard Gabriella say.

The slender vampiress slid off my face and Gabriella’s rounder form replaced it. Without waiting for instruction, I set to work on her. I was aware dimly that Veronica had straddled me across my belly and the two had returned to making out. Veronica would only pause to occasionally swat me or tweak my nipples through my sheer dress.



My body betrayed me and I felt myself getting wet again.

~~~

Finally, Veronica and Gabriella marched me to the lounge where Samuel waited. His smile was something a wolf wears before pouncing on something young and tender.

Why did that image pop into my head?

“And how is our thrall performing?” he asked.

I assumed he wasn’t asking me. The ballgag was back between my teeth. I’ve found that few can understand witty discourse spoken through a ballgag.

I have to admit that it’s an unusual skill. Not many people are in a position to put a lot of time and effort into learning how to do that.

“Adequately.” Veronica’s voice snapped me out of my reverie.

“Oh, be kind.” Gabriella’s hand toyed with one of my nipples through the sheer white dress.

I tried not to moan too loudly.

“She’s been able to perform *all* her tasks,” the curvy vampire continued.

“Well then,” Samuel mused. “Let us test our thrall’s abilities, shall we? Gabriella, pour me a drink, my dear. The thrall will serve it. Veronica, find the island totem, will you?”

*Island totem?*

Gabriella chuckled and poured a glass of red... um... I’m going to assume it’s wine. She put it on a silver tray and placed the tray on my splayed out fingers.

Oh yes. This was going to be fun.

I barely noticed Veronica rummage through a chest and pull out something long and stubby. When my



eyes focused on it, they widened.

Damn Goblin lust totems!

“On your knees,” Veronica ordered.

I complied. What else would I do?

Veronica took the Goblin lust totem and immediately slipped it into my already wet pussy. I nearly rocked forward as the invasive little bastard did its thing.

“Careful now,” Gabriella said in mock concern. “Don’t want to spill a drop. Wouldn’t want to disappoint Master Samuel, would we?”

“Nmph mmph!!” I insisted through the ballgag.

“Hm,” Veronica mused. “It’s like a waterfall down there. I suppose I’ll have to take precautions.”

I didn’t see where they found the belt for the lust totem. Honestly, I was focused so on keeping the glass from spilling, I barely paid attention as a belt was secured about my waist (beneath the sheer dress) that kept my little tormenting invader in place.

“Now,” Gabriella breathed in my ear (an impressive feat for someone undead). “Best serve Master Samuel. He’s grown thirsty.”

A flogger smacked my buttocks. On my knees still, my cheeks crimson in embarrassment, I worked my way forward to deliver Master Samuel his drink.

This was hard enough on my knees with a sadistic vampiress swatting my buttocks and breasts with a riding crop and flogger. Add in the devious bit of Goblin craftsmanship and it was all I could do not to fall over right there and scream relief into my gag.

But that would have been a very bad idea.

It felt like a year and a day, but I crossed the room to the feet of Samuel. The bastard took his sweet time before plucking the glass from the tray. I swear he timed it to *just* before the totem redoubled its



assault on me.

He sat there and nursed the drink as Veronica hissed in my ear.

“A thrall does not cum until the master says. Best heed that lesson, little one. I *really* want to show you what the punishment is for failure.”

Cheeks crimson, I struggled to obey. Sweat soaked the dress to me so it clung to my body tightly. I was starting to wonder if it was worth it for me to continue to resist giving in. What’s the worst Veronica could do anyway?

*Immortal bitch*, a little voice inside me whispered. *Lots of practice.*

Yeah, okay. Maybe I could hold out a *little* while longer...

Master Samuel nodded to Gabriella and Veronica. Gabriella obediently undid my gag. Veronica knelt and hissed in my ear.

“A thrall should entertain his master while he drinks.”

I didn’t see when Samuel’s trousers had been lowered, but the vampire sat with a huge erection. Obediently, I shuffled forward, trying to suppress yet another orgasm. My mouth opened and I took Master Samuel’s manhood again, working my tongue and mouth on his undead shaft as he casually sipped the ruby liquid from the glass.

I worked on him for an age, the Goblin invader tormenting me.

“Yes, I think she’s ready,” Samuel chuckled, finishing the glass.

He plucked me from the floor with an effortless display of strength. My dress was ripped from my body and discarded as though it were (damp, sweat-soaked) tissue. Oh, and of course I still wore the yoke. And with that, the leather collar and leash that had been my one consistent garment.





COMMISSION PRICES ARE ON A QUOTE BASIS I.E. COMPLICATED PICTURES WITH LOTS OF CHARACTERS MAY COST MORE. PAYMENTS TAKEN VIA PAYPAL AND IN GBP ONLY. EMAIL [THEYCALLMEPLISSKEN@GMAIL.COM](mailto:THEYCALLMEPLISSKEN@GMAIL.COM) FOR A QUOTE!



He picked me up effortlessly, as though I were a child's toy, and suddenly I was impaled upon his erect vampire cock. He bounced me up and down his shaft and I felt moans escape my lips.

"Is my thrall trying to cum without permission?" Samuel asked.

"N-no s-sir!" I managed.

"Does my thrall *want* to cum?"

"Yes sir!" I pleaded.

"And what will you do to cum?"

"This one is confused, sir," I managed as he rocked into me. "I already obey. What more can I do?"

"The right answer," Samuel held me about the waist. "Very well pet. This time."

And I came. Oh Holy One, did I cum!

I think I screamed a bit too.

He wasn't done yet, though. Vampire stamina is truly superhuman. Samuel was already driving into me again. And Veronica and Gabriella started to get involved. Gabriella had stripped away her outfit. Veronica guided Gabriella's head down, adding her devious tongue to tease me as I rode on Samuel's erect manhood. Veronica, in an oddly-tender gesture, toyed with a lock of my hair that kept getting in my face.

I couldn't help myself. I found I was thrashing about in throes of ecstasy.

Who says "throes of ecstasy", anyway? Hmph.

Samuel pretty much fucked me senseless while Gabriella's tongue drove me to the edge of utter madness. My moans were a dim sound in the background of my mind. I know they got louder, but honestly, I was so lost in a haze, I couldn't tell you if I was shouting words or just incoherent babble.



Okay, it was incoherent babble. Thanks, brain.

In a hot flash of release, I orgasmed again, this time even harder. I think I might have screamed again, or maybe shouted. Is there a difference?

I sagged in Samuel's grasp, naked, soaked in perspiration, and feeling very, very good.

"Yes, she *is* ready," Samuel's smile was hungry.

Blinking, I saw Veronica and Gabriella also looking at me hungrily. I gulped.

"Are... are you going to turn me into a vampire?" I managed.

The question seemed to catch them off guard. They all looked at me blankly, then laughed deeply.

Gabriella reached up to touch my cheek. "Oh sweet thing. *Turn* you? Not at all."

"You are here for a different reason," Veronica's smile returned, cruel as always.

I felt a cold pit in my stomach. This sexy adventure was all fine and well, but suddenly I remembered that these were vampires.

Samuel's chuckle caught my attention.

"Fear starts to flavor her blood. Good, good. But do not fear *too* much, little thrall. We are not wasteful. The centuries give us perspective, and the patience to appreciate the finer things."

I pondered what he was talking about when he closed in...

~~~

I woke in a large bed to the feel of silken sheets caressing my naked skin. A weird feeling of *deja vu* settled in. I sat up. Wait, that can't be right. I looked around. I was alone in the bed and not all tied up (for a change). A wave of lightheaded dizziness hit me.

My hand went to my neck. I felt bumps there. There were small bumps, little welts really, in several

[Join the Rangers and unlock 900+ posts including 150+ Adventures of Alynnya Slatefire comic pages at patreon.com/callmeplissken](https://www.patreon.com/callmeplissken) | [Follow at picarto.tv/callmeplissken](https://www.picarto.tv/callmeplissken) for live stream notifications



places on my body. Memories, dim and hazy, flooded back of three vampires biting as they again teased me and, well, pretty much fucked me senseless.

I looked around. There was a bottle on a side table by the bed and a goblet next to it. Beneath was a piece of parchment. I pulled the parchment out and read the writing on it.

*Dearest thrall,*

*You have brought us pleasure and satisfaction. Some of the best we've had in centuries. We shall remember this for a long time to come.*

*You will need to move slowly today and recover. It was a close thing not to feed too much of such sweet delight. You will notice the effects of some of the healing unguent upon your body. In a day or two, even the marks will fade to leave only memory. Drink of the elixir in the bottle. This will speed your recovery.*

*You are ours now, little thrall. We shall expect you to be ready to serve, when we find you again.*

*Master Samuel*

*Mistress Veronica*

*Mistress Gabriella*

I glanced over at the bottle then poured myself some of the elixir. A little thrill went down my spine. As I drank, I thought of the future and smiled.



*Afterword by CallMePlissken*

-----

I want to give a huge shoutout and thank you to everybody who participated in this little side adventure for Alynnya. I received a lot of ideas and requests from patrons for the images which was amazing. Thank you to everybody who signed up at [patreon.com/callmeplissken](https://patreon.com/callmeplissken) or sent tips to [ko-fi.com/callmeplissken](https://ko-fi.com/callmeplissken) to contribute to the goal of commissioning We're All Mad Here to write the story that links the images. I'd also like to thank Ranger Squad (the stream viewers) for being great fun and good company during the epic 4.5 hour stream it took to complete the first and third pictures in the series. It was a **late** night for my fellow Europeans (I think we finished around 4 am) but it was a blast.

We're All Mad Here and I hope you enjoyed this little collaborative experiment and here's hoping it'll be the first of many.

– CMP

-----



Adventures of Alynnya Slatefire updates every Wednesday.

Join the Rangers now and unlock 8 full comics including 150+ Adventures of Alynnya Slatefire pages, your chance to win a colour commission every month, vote on what happens in the comics, regular live streams, request art and so, so much more!

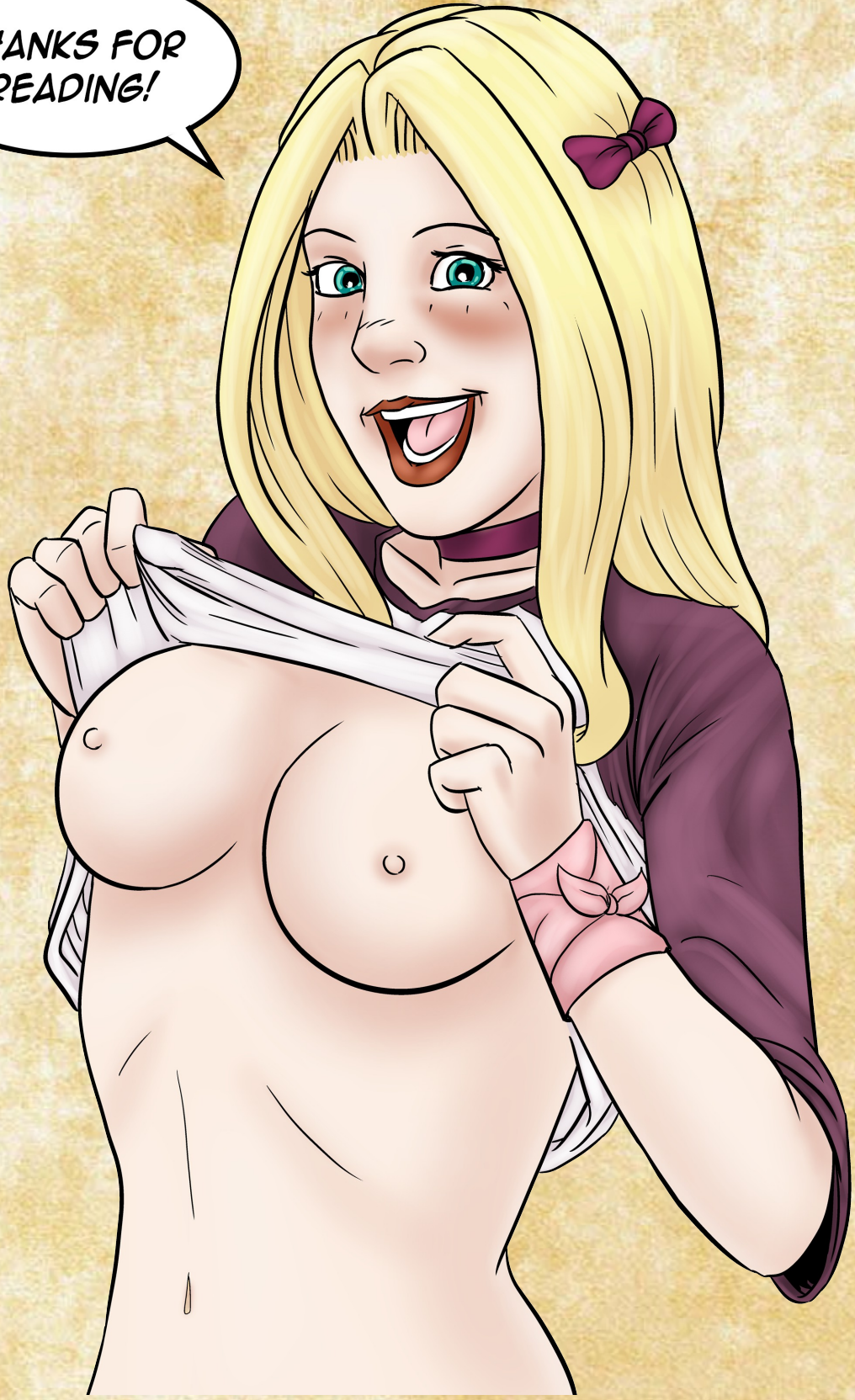
[patreon.com/callmeplissken](https://patreon.com/callmeplissken)

[picarto.tv/callmeplissken](https://picarto.tv/callmeplissken)

[Join the Rangers and unlock 900+ posts including 150+ Adventures of Alynnya Slatefire comic pages at patreon.com/callmeplissken](https://patreon.com/callmeplissken) | [Follow at picarto.tv/callmeplissken](https://picarto.tv/callmeplissken) for live stream notifications



THANKS FOR  
READING!



[Join the Rangers and unlock 900+ posts including 150+ Adventures of Alynnya Slatefire comic pages at patreon.com/callmeplissken](https://patreon.com/callmeplissken) | [Follow at picarto.tv/callmeplissken](https://picarto.tv/callmeplissken) for live stream notifications