Tempering was so… temporary these days. Aether was a natural part of every vibrant, vigorous thing — living or otherwise. It was a part of nature. It stood to reason that *un*naturally shifting the balance of one’s Aether to align with attributes closely related to a creature of air and darkness, a Primal, could be undone. Up to a point. It was an objectively good thing, too. Mental domination by these spirits led to catastrophe and heartache for thousands.

Still, Y’shtola Rhul couldn’t help but feel the least bit disappointed. It was a fascinating phenomenon — one that could unlock untold secrets about the living mind and spirit. She would get far, far fewer chances to study its effects as her compatriots rightly cured the condition across the land. Now that a cure *had* been found.

That disappointment had led her to Ul’dah. Specifically to the Quicksand. The sand-swept tavern was not one of her usual haunts, but she was known there just the same as most Scions of the Seventh Dawn had grown to be over time. Its diminutive proprietress, Momodi, was like most of her fellow citizens. She knew a good business opportunity when she saw one. Even if she didn’t *always* take advantage of it just because she could.

Today was one such occasion. Perhaps sensing Y’shtola’s pensiveness, she did not use the “great hero’s” arrival to flag down extra customers and would-be adventurers. As such the Quicksand was mostly empty save for the owner and its catlike patron. The pair watched the occasional pedestrian pass by on the street below the open air establishment, but did not speak much, except when Y’shtola required a rare refill of wine.

The lazy amiability was broken by a newcomer. She seemed *very*new, in fact: to the tavern, to the city, to her profession, and possibly to walking.

The flustered conjurer dropped her wooden staff — a sacred focus for channel Aether, the lifeblood of magic and nature found in all things not totally inert — onto the floor. Twice. It clattered into the dust the second she would take her eyes off it. Though the sight of her bending to reclaim it was quite fetching, Y’shtola couldn’t help but notice…

The woman’s high, tall ears and slightly upturned nose marked her as a Viera. The leporine “bunny girls” weren’t so common as cat-eared Miqo’te, like Y’shtola, but were still notably less rare than their male counterparts. Y’shtola had sometimes wondered about that particular dimorphism.

She was taller than Y’shtola. Her deep brown skin was just a touch darker while her hair was the color of midnight to Y’shtola’s moonlight. Part of what made her so fascinating to watch was, like many Viera fresh to Eorzea, she did not wear much. Her legs were draped in an ornate loincloth that hung low between her otherwise bare thighs, leaving just a little to the imagination. Her impressive breasts were similarly cradled in luscious fabric — a shoulderless wrap of gold frills — that split off to hug her lower biceps. Her face was similarly framed with small, gold spectacles. Y’shtola was dressed much more plainly by comparison (and compared to her usually elaborate garb) in a simple, belted tunic of blue.

“Thank you so much,” she wheezed. “It was such an awfully long walk here!”

Momodi had given the girl something pink to drink after she finally managed to order, both hands clutched to her instrument in exasperation. Sweat did indeed dapple her shoulders and throat.

“Of course dear,” the tiny bar owner piped. “You just catch your breath and we can talk later.”

“Talk about what?” Y’shtola asked with disinterest she did not entirely feel.

“This girl here is going to be an adventurer,” Momodi said with only a sparkle of humor. “A future White Mage, supporting those in need.”

She introduced herself as Lezla over her drink, which she gripped in two sets of perfectly painted sharp nails. Y’shtola gracefully stepped to herself and caught the conjurer’s rod just as it was slipping back to the floor.

“Oh gods,” Lezla cooed. “Thank you so much!”

“Think nothing of it,” Y’shtola responded. “I’ve been something of a conjurer myself. It’d be a shame to see such a fine weapon damaged.”

Lezla choked on her beverage: “W-Weapon!? No, No, no. I don’t fight… so good. That’s why I’m to train as a White Mage. But it’s my lifelong dream to be an adventurer. It sounds oh so exciting!”

“Even those in the back lines need to fight to support their friends,” Y’shtola argued, but immediately changed the subject. “You seem quite new to the city.”

“Yes! I’ve just arrived from my home village. It was quite a long trek, and costly, but being an adventurer is my true calling!”

Y’shtola placed a single finger to steady the staff slipping against the table yet again.

“I see. You must be traveling with a party,”

“Oh, no.”

“Ah, then you’re meeting someone.”

“Um… no.”

“So you don’t know how to fight, came to the largest city in the alliance on your own, and nobody even knows you’re here?”

“Um… yes?” The girl looked suddenly uncertain, it no less dauntless.

“You know,” Momodi broke in. “Y’shtola here is *quite*the adventurer herself.

“Momodi…” she warned. Momodi chose not to hear her.

“She’s one of the *Scions of the Seventh Dawn*I told you about. She could probably take care of y- Er, show you the ropes!”

Momodi actually winked. Y’shtola winced. Lezla failed to notice either. Her eyes had gone wide with the admiration of a child meeting her fictional hero. Only this wasn’t a story: she was in very real danger left to her own devices. Momodi knew that, of course, and was passing the buck to her favorite “celebrity.”

“That’s incredible,” Lezla cooed. “I’ve heard so much about you! Well, Momodi has told me a story or two, but they sounded amazing. *You*sound amazing! Have you ever fought a Primal? I hear the Garleans are just absolutely *dreadful*. Then there’s that Warrior of Light everyone mentions. What was their name again? Anyway, they seem just as amazing. Could you introduce us?”

Y’shtola brushed the endless praise and queries aside as best she could. Her irritation grew as the day’s quietude eroded.

“Listen to me,” the Miqo’te finally snapped. “I suppose… I suppose I can give you a few, oh I’m not sure, pointers?”

She looked back to Momodi: “Is it alright if I take Lezla back to my room?”

The Lalafell said that it was. At least in the privacy of her local quarters no one *else* would notice them and add to the din. Y’shtola would be in complete control: just as she liked it.

Not to mention… The shadow of an idea flitted behind her pale eyes while the incorrigible chatty girl made an increasingly inescapable nuisance of herself.

The interrogation didn’t stop even after they reached Y’shtola’s private chambers. The warm, mostly wooden room was mostly bare but for the dozens of tomes the Scion had littered it with over the previous few days. Her researcher’s fugue had produced many interesting new theories… and done nothing to quell her guilty frustration over the tempering phenomenon.

Lezla, however, presented more than a headache. She might just be a useful… analytical aid. Yes! That was the perfect term for it. Y’shtola smiled to herself before taking a much deeper pull of wine from a decanter she kept at her desk. It helped steel her nerves and cement her courage. She offered a glass to the Viera, if only to give her something else to do with her mouth besides talk.

“Yes, thank you!” Lezla took the wine gratefully, still apparently parched from the day’s exercise. “Um… Where should I sit?”

The room wasn’t replete with chairs — just the uncomfortable one Y’shtola kept by the desk.

“You may sit on the bed, darling. You might as well get comfortable.”

Y’shtola felt a good deal more comfortable herself. She spoke with the more authoritative tone she was accustomed to when *not* in a public drinking establishment.

Lezla gulped. Her face flushed red, first with uncertainty and then probably from the *very* deep pull of alcohol she took to steel *her* nerves. Unfortunately — incredibly — getting nervously tipsy only made her talk more.

“Oh, that’s- Yes, okay! I suppose that’s fine. I mean, you’re a Scion of the Seventh Dawn. I would be honored to sleep with you. See where you sleep, I mean! There’s so much I can learn about a hero based on what they’re like at rest. Do Scions get vacations? You certainly seem to read a lot, but maybe that’s part of your job.”

But she sipped some more and finally sat on one corner of the only bed. For someone who barely covered herself and said the most *ridiculous* things, she was surprisingly easy to embarrass.

Well, Y’shtola could fix that. The parts she wanted to, anyway. Maybe.

The wicked thought was meant to be a private joke to herself, but something inside her stirred at the fermenting idea.

She refilled her own wine. Her free hand reached into a desk drawer, returning with a simple contraption she had fashioned from descriptions in several of the nearby books. It was a single, ten-gil coin: roughly round with a hole punched through the center. Through that void Y’shtola had tied a thin leather band, as if she intended to wear it as a necklace.

From one sharp fingernail she dangled the coin in front of Lezla. The girl finally took a breath, only to ask with more than a wisp of slurring: “Whazzat?”

“Eorzeans are quite obsessed with Aether,” Y’shtola began explaining. “It’s essential to our magic, necessary for crops and livestock, and can be used to manipulate the mind or body in truly… unorthodox ways.”

However, that fixation often blinds us to the possibilities of other sciences. Several ancient civilizations fomented a field of study known as ‘psychology,’ which was the study of the sapient *mind*without the shortcut of direct Aetherical manipulation of the physical *brain*.”

“Oh...” Lezla offered. “Is that what the ring thingy is for?”

“In a sense,” Y’shtola continued patiently. “One subsection of this psychology purported to help soothe individuals — to aid them in discarded unwanted personality traits, such as nervousness or bad habits.”

“Ooo!” Leza burbled, her black ears visible perking up at the thought. “That sounds… super amazing.”

“Doesn’t it just? So why don’t you relax a bit more deeply for me while we try it?”

“Wha- Me!?” Lezla took another long pull, but the wine glass was empty before she seemed to notice. “But I dunno the firs’ thing ‘bout these… psycho-logistries!”

“All the better,” Y’shtola purred. “The process apparently works best with a calm, clear mind. The less you think about what’s happening the better.”

Lezla rubbed one temple with the heel of her hand. Her cheeks were terribly red — her wits serendipitously slowed by the wine.

“Um… I guezz… y’know what you’re doin’…”

“That’s right,” Y’shtola agreed, beginning to swing the glittering coin before the Viera’s dazzled eyes. “And what I know is that you should take a deep breath. Now let it out slowly…”

“R’you suuure thiz is okaaay?” Lezla asked, letting out one deep breath after another as her eyes instinctively followed the gold piece, back and forth, “I just azk cuz… cuzzz I think-“

“Shhh,” Y’shtola instructed, placing a finger to the girl’s unstoppable lips. Her stomach fluttered more than ever at the contact — a familiar stiffening followed at the tips of her breasts, her fluffy tail, and the space between her legs. “I told you not to think, dear.”

Lezla finally, mercifully took the hint. That or she was too absorbed in the sway of the pendulum to argue it *wasn’t*a good idea.

For her part, Y’shtola was too committed — too excited — to back out now. Her body thrummed with a sense of power that had nothing to do with magic.

“Feel the tension just melt away, starting with the tips of your ears, then down to your shoulders, below your stomach, and finally the ends of your weary toes. Let it drain into the floor; your head grows light in its place and your weightless eyes can’t help but get caught in the sway of the coin.”

Lezla whimpered breezily. Her posture changed and she seemed to relax a hundredfold, almost unrecognizable as the wound-up wannabe hero from before. Her eyes fluttered but did not lose their target. She was transfixed.

Y’shtola realized she had never removed her finger from the pair of glistening lips. She tensed to do so, but stopped herself, changing the motion to trace the girl’s bottom cushion gently. Another soft sound followed. The eyes, however, remained blankly obsessed with the gold.

“The more you stare the more you feel yourself sinking into a soft, comfortable place. Maybe it’s your bed back home. Maybe it’s mine…”

Regardless, you’re falling deeper, and deeper, and deeper still, Lezla. It’s getting harder to move. Harder to think. Easier still to simply let my words direct you. Let them fill you. The more you listen, the more enjoyable it becomes. The more you wish you could just sleep and let my voice fill you full to bursting.”

The fluttering eyelids intensified.

“But don’t close your eyes just get, Lezla.” “Y’shtola hooked a claw into her subject’s mouth and gently pulled the bottom lip loose. The mouth hung slightly, unprotestingly open. “First I’m going to count backwards from five.”

The young Viera had barely drunk enough to tipple a flea. Y’shtola, on the other hand, felt her legs shake with wine, anticipation, and a growing lack of blood to certain extremities. She shifted herself to share the bed with Lezla. Heat blossomed in *her* cheeks, then, but amidst it all the Miqo’te kept the swinging coin in full view of her charge.

“When I reach one,” she whispered up into Lezla’s drooping ears “you’ll drop into a potent, comfortable, submissive trance. You’ll hear and obey my every command as if it were your own idea, risen up from the depths of your desires. Nod twice if you understand, Lezla.”

The blank expression tilted down, then up again, the down once more, and up a final time.

On the second return a thin drop of saliva that had been building up in the girl’s slack moth tipped over the side of her lowered lip. Y’shtola imagined it as the girl’s limited, liquefied thoughts drizzling out of her. She shivered.

“Five,” she started with some desperation. “My voice is expanding to fill your consciousness.”

Lezla made another pleasant sound. Perhaps she could literally *feel*her instructor’s words as a physical mass within her. If so, she seemed to enjoy the sensation of being so pumped full.

It really was a *fascinating*phenomenon. Maybe enough so that it could brighten Y’shtola’s gloom *without*what she was planning next.

“Four,” she continued. “My voice is carrying you to a deep, happy sleep.”

“Three. You have no will but my will. My instructions are your desires. Everything else is drifting, drifting, drifting away with the coin as you sink deeper, deeper, deeper into submission.”

“Two. You wouldn’t want it to stop now even if it could. Nothing makes you happier than being a docile little bunny for me. Once you fall completely, you won’t be able to imagine life *without*being under my spell.”

“One. Sleeeeep…”

As she intoned then last two words, Y’shtola slipped a free finger into Lezla’s curls, pressing it at the base of her skull. She discharged the tiniest shock of electrical Aether there — just something to stimulate the mind at that last command. It was a bit of a cheat, really, but she was having far too much fun to take chances now.

The zap and the command sent Lezla’s head lolling forward, deeply asleep. Y’shtola caught it and turned the motion into soft, rolling circles as she encouraged Lezla to fall deeper and deeper still.

Finally satisfied, she asked: “Can you hear me Lezla?”

“Yes,” came the dreamy reply.

“How do you feel then?”

“Wonderful… Relaxed… Sub… missive…”

“And what would you like to do for me?”

“Anything you wish, Y’shtola.”

“Mmm,” Y’shtola hummed, licking a dry tongue quickly past her fangs. “That won’t do at all. How about you call me… mistress?”

“Yes, mistress.”

The catgirl almost let out a feline yelp of surprise. The process was actually *working*. Just a few more tests.

“Now stick out your tongue.”

Lezla obliged. Her drool followed ahead of the muscle, spilling down to touch her cleavage.

It was Y’shtola’s turn to take deep breaths as she watched the senseless girl react not in the slightest. The heat and stiffness beneath her clothes, the longing in the pit of her stomach, it all intensified as if *she*was the one being ordered to feel a certain way.

“I’m going to snap my fingers,” Y’shtola added calmly. “When I do, your eyes will open and you will be happy, refreshed, and utterly unaware that anything strange has happened.”

“Yes, mistress. Nothing… strange…”

“However, you’ll happily continue to obey my every desire — just as we discussed — as if they were your own. Anything I tell you is your new, absolute truth. Nothing makes you happier. Nothing makes you… makes you more *aroused.*”

“Yes, mistress. Happy. Obedient. Aroused…”

“Finally, whenever I tap you on the head like so and instruct you to sleep, you’ll instantly return to this deep, open place in your mind. A trance.”

“Yes, mistress. Anything…”

Y’shtola snapped. Lezla blinked. Then she yawned and wiped the drool from her chin without comment before looking at Y’shtola with a dizzy smile.

“That’s so odd,” she murmured. “How did you get over here, mistress? Weren’t you by the desk.”

“My dear,” Y’shtola countered, one hand still tangled in the taller woman’s hair. “There’s nothing strange about a teacher sitting beside her pupil.”

Lezla’s expression dulled.

“Nothing… strange…” she agreed before snapping back to her effervescent smile. “That’s right! It’s your bed anyway. Nothing strange at all.”

“You seem dazed, dear. Do you remember what we were talking about?”

“Umm,” the Viera replied. “N-Not really. I’m sorry, mistress! Can you tell me what to do again?”

“You were just about to show me your breasts,” Y’shtola tittered. “Please go ahead.”

“Oh! Mkay!”

Lezla tugged the front of her strapless top down to her ribs. Two brown orbs bounced out softly, like rabbits, and settled against her chest.

Without even asking, Y’shtola clutched one appraisingly. Lezla gasped. Her thighs snapped together off the side of the bed.

“M-Mistress… Shoukd you really… really be… touching them?”

“Of course,” Y’shtola explained. “It feels good, doesn’t it?”

“Y-Yes, but that’s no- Aaaahhh!”

Y’shtola was clutching both tits now — two delicate thumbs twirling around two delicate buds. Lezla panted.

“There’s nothing strange about me examining your body. It’s common sense for an instructor to know her pupil’s most sensitive points.”

“It… It is? Uh, yesss… Nothing strange… Common sense…”

The “instructor” continued to dare herself forward, dropping her head slightly to bring her mouth to one nipple. There was quite a lot to squeeze, so she squished firmly into the soft meat to bring the tip of the teat towards *herself*rather than stick her tongue to *it*.

She teased and tickled and suckled the chocolate-colored nipple, relishing the sense of total control over this woman easily half a yalm larger than her.

Lezla did not protest again. Instead she drove both hands to her loincloth, covering the space between her legs as if her genitals were a wild beast she had to (or could) cage.

Y’shtola let her free with a satisfying “pop” and looked up at the woman. Lezla showed some relief as she visibly quaked every few seconds or so with leftover sensation.

“It’s just as I feared,” the Miqo’te mused.

“What? What is it, mistress?”

“You’re much, much too excitable darling.”

“Ex-Excitable?” Lezla panted. Y’shtola hadn’t stopped kneading the sensitive utters before her. That was completely normal, of course, but made it hard to concentrate on her mistress’s meaning.

“Lascivious. Sex-crazed, even. You rushed headlong into the private chambers of a woman you hardly know and all but threw yourself into her bed. You can barely think straight after the simplest of touches. You’re an absolute nymphomaniac, aren’t you Lezla.”

It wasn’t a question; it was undeniable truth. Lezla squirmed and bit her lip under Y’shtola’s incessant squeezing. The girl’s hands still covered her crotch, but Y’shtola noticed several of the fingers there had begun absentmindedly stroking through the fabric.

“Yesss,” Lezla admitted. “Mmmistress...”

“I can’t in good conscience let you go adventuring like this. You’d swap to wanton whoring within a week.”

“I… I would?”

“Of course! Adventurers are a virile, seductive lot prone to all manner of exotic clothing that would put even the costumes a harlot like you prefers to shame.”

That much, at least, was mostly true. Even the vaunted “Warrior of Light” Y’shtola so admired and depended on wore the most *ridiculous*outfits.

“You’ll be on your back, bent up against alley walls, giddily oozing with cum from every orifice. They’d breed you like the animal in heat that you are, passing you from one party to the next as a plaything into which they could empty their tensions. Until they got bored of you or you became too much of a liability. That’s what you’ve always actually desired most, after all.”

Lezla did her best to picture it. It did sound heavenly: to be traded around, fucked silly, and… What had her mistress called it? *Bred*. She wanted to be used like a sex toy until she was too knocked up to bring into danger. The more her mistress insisted on it, the more she realized it was exactly what she wanted.

She was so transfixed by the images flitting through her imagination she didn’t notice her tongue loll like a thirsty mutt.

“W-What should I, mmm, do?” she mewled, knowing full well what she *planned* to do the instant she left this room and encountered the first group of strapping young heroes she could find. “It’s my lifelong dream to be… to be a whore. It sounds so, ahh, exciting.”

“Calm yourself,” Y’shtola soothed. Lezla hadn’t been worried about the direction her life was taking, exactly, but felt a fresh wave of relaxation wash over her just the same. “You’re lucky I found you. I’ve already determined you’re too far gone to become anything but a pretty, brainless fuckdoll.”

That was true. It *felt* true, which was basically the same thing. Lezla nodded eagerly in confirmation.

“We simply need to expedite the process.”

“Mistress...?” Lezla was genuinely confused. She really was brainless! “Is that… what you want?”

Y’shtola took the girl’s free hand (its twin was rubbing away without a care and Y’shtola saw no reason to interrupt it).

“It’s not about what I want. It’s what *you* want. It’s your dream to be nothing more than a hot, willing set of wet holes on legs. As your mistress, it’s my job to make sure you’re the *best* empty-headed cocksleeve you can be. Not to mention that you do it safely.”

It was a lot to take in. Lezla felt a rush of joy at her famous mistress taking such an interest in her ambition — in helping her support smart, fetching travelers the best way an aspiring fuck slave could. On the other hand, it didn’t seem like something a Scion of the Seventh Dawn should be supporting. Wasn’t indiscriminate public sex generally frowned upon? And didn’t heroes usually work to resolve those sorts of things?

“Mistress…” she started. “That’s… I don’t really know-”

“Sleep,” Y’shtola instructed. As she did she tapped the Viera between both eyes, letting loose the minutest dose of stimulating energy.

Lezla made half of a surprised sound. It turned into a sigh as her eyes rolled up briefly, then followed their lids back down into a vacant, hooded stare.

“Can you still hear me, dear?”

“Yes, mistress.”

“How are you feeling?”

“Wonderful, mistress.”

“Good. And down here?”

Y’shtola slid her hand down the girl’s bare belly. She traced the navel before plunging four fingers behind the fabric hanging below her hips. There the Scion found a sopping wet heap of soft petals, twitching in anticipation.

“Ah! Sooo wet…!”

“Now that *is*surprising,” Y’shtola mused. “I had a theory about why we see so few male Viera leave your conclaves. I considered that certain identities might be considered taboo, as they are still in isolated parts of the wider world, and that only the… less traditional females were ostracized or exiled.”

“Mistress?”

“I’m going to show you something,” Y’shtola offered by way of explanation. “Something you’re going to enjoy a great, great deal. When you see it, you’ll consider it to be one of the most beautiful, worshipful objects you’ve ever seen — the very thing a whore like you needs to fill her every waking thought.”

“Of course, mistress…”

Y’shtola lifted up her tunic below the belt, then, sharing the intense stiffness that had been growing there for the better part of an hour with her guest. The member pointed directly up at Lezla’s unfocused eyes, which began to bulge to take in the glorious sight.

“Would you like to touch it?” Y’shtola asked.

“Yesss… Touch it. Suck it. Lick it. Let it fill me like a whore…”

“Very good.”

Y’shtola circled to the front of the larger woman. She wrapped her legs around Lezla’s waist and let the freed cock rest hotly against her stomach. The slut gasped in excitement.

“This is where we’ll focus all those pesky fantasies of yours, my dear. You will be the biggest, most foolish, most cum-hungry doxy in the alliance. You will be so for me and me alone — unless I command you to direct your considerable libido towards another of my choosing. In which case you will behave towards them with the same zeal you show me: as an effervescent, stupid, happy-go-lucky amusement with no desire but to be the best sex cattle your limited mind can imagine.”

The words swirled and sloshed through Lezla’s head. Some of them (the ones with more syllables) grew fuzzy indistinct even as she absorbed them. But the flashing images returned: her imagination filling in the gaps where words failed her.

A guileless grin spread across the concubine’s face as she dreamed up lots and lots of fun ways to try and fulfill her mistress’s wishes. Her head ticked left to right with the half-remembered rhythm of the pretty pendant, instinctively engrained on these new ideas.

“Now lie down, my dear.”

“Yes, mis-”

Y’shtola was done letting her creature speak without permission. She drew the larger figure down into a deep kiss. Lezla’s bare, brown hillocks squashed into Y’shtola’s throat on the way down. Lezla fell backward as Y’shtola fell upon her.

The sloshing milk jugs gave Y’shtola an idea. Though she presented it with her usual calm, collected tone that didn’t match the spur of the moment decision. Not that it mattered at this point. Whether she had meant it or not at the time, Lezla really *was* too far gone now. Y’shtola could sense it.

She scooted her bare bottom up the woman’s unprotesting body. The hardon slid between two, terrific breasts with ease, swallowed up by their softness. Y’shtola sighed this time, letting her heat leak into the mass beneath her.

That wasn’t all that leaked, of course. A single, sticky drop of precum oozed from her poker and dropped into the crook of Lezla’s throat.

“I’m going to fuck your tits,” Y’shtola said plainly, dangling the coin above Lezla’s upturned eyes for good measure. “You’re going to help. And as you squeeze and stroke and lick, you’ll be milking out a bit more of your tiny mind, until only the gooey pink whore beneath remains.”

The poor girl replied with a weak gurgle. Y’shtola took it (and the delightful way she pressed her breasts together to swallow Y’shtola’s cock) as assent.

The instructor retook the lead, then, leaning back and steadying herself with three fingers deep in Lezla’s snatch. She pumped her shaft through the inviting upper canyon and used her free hand to match the rhythm with her pendulum.

The Viera did an admirable job of catching the shy tip of dick when it breached her springy, burning pyramids. But her gaze was too distracted by the swaying coin. Just as often as she caught the cock to lick, kiss, and suck its pungent juices away, the long rod simply jabbed or slapped her cheeks, leaving trails of what was yet to come in much greater volume.

Speaking of which, Y’shtola found herself moaning much sooner than she anticipated. The sight of the flexible simpleton beneath her — spectacles askew on her precum-streaked face, tall ears curling at the edges, lost mouth questing for Y’shtola’s member and hers alone — filled her with yet new yearnings.

The entire sequence had been one rolling series of last-second choices. This girl she had only meant to teach a lesson, or perhaps persuade to abandon her senseless goal, now adored her with weak-kneed desire. Y’shtola reveled in it: in the lack of her own self-control *granting* her control over this silly little idiot. She really *would*have been a danger to herself if left to her own devices. And it really *was* fascinating to see how far the effects of her latest research could be pushed. But it was also just really, very *hot*.

The moment was upon her almost before Y’shtola could complete the thought. Her sticky, overstimulated shaft tingled at the ready.

“I-I’m going to… count b-b-backwards from five…” she managed. “Wh-When I c-cum on your ffface, it will be the most erotic sensation you’ve- Ah…! You’ve ever felt. And you’ll know you’ve been mmmm-marked… as my personal pet.”

“Yes, mistress! Cum on your pet, mistress! Wanna feel it! Wanna taste it! Wanna drink it!”

“Five…” Y’shtola counted. She knew she had little time for more preamble. Her penis twitched in the folds of welcoming flesh more with each squelching poke.

“Four… Y-You will bask in the ssscent! Yooouuu, oh! You… will.... Haaa… Let the taste and texture seeearrr itself into your freshly empty head!”

Lezla moaned, mouth opening wide to receive this liquid reward.

“Three… Oh, gods. Oh, fuck. Ffffuuuck!! Three, two, one!”

Y’shtola snapped her fingers quickly, dropping her handmade jewelry on the bed in the process. She doubled over Lezla in the same motion, gripping the woman’s shoulders as she grinted her teeth and grunted into space.

Blessed, white ribbons of spunk squirted forward. The bunny girl did as she was bade: catching as much of the life-making batter as she could manage. More fell on her chin, cheeks, and glasses before beginning to ooze into her long hair splayed out on the sheets.

The Miqo’te suddenly felt very, very small on top of her target as she continued to empty herself. She wanted to curl up into the big woman and hold onto her sudden sense of mindless orgasm forever. The sensation did *not* match how much she came. Creamy aftershocks gusseted the smiling brown face beneath her. Judging by Lezla’s expression, she had cum too, and Y’shtola suddenly remembered she had been fingering her pet nearly the entire time. It was tough to tell who got the more enjoyable end of the bargain in the short-term.

“I’m, like, so completely yours, mistress…” Lezla sighed. “Your yummy cum is the most tastiest stuff I’ve had since, like… I dunno!”

A following giggle showed that Lezla was the first to catch her breath at least.

“Of course,” Y’shtola wheezed with more composure than she felt. “You can have as much of my… yummy cum… as you like, my dear. That way we can, ahem, keep those pesky urges of yours focused. You’d much rather be my… personal relief assistant — the *best* cum receptacle — than a *common*one, wouldn’t you?”

“I…” Lezla licked a line of thin cream from her upper lip and shivered. “Mmm, absolutely, mistress!”

“You’ll need to do something for me in exchange, of course.”

“Ooh, anything mistress! But, um, like what?”

“You’re in no condition to be anyone’s personal sex slave,” Y’shtola cooed with mock concern. “Much less to great heroes of the realm.”

“I’m… I’m not!?” Lezla glanced nervously at her luscious thighs sweating onto sheets beneath them, then quizzically at her exposed tits still snugly cradling the cooling cock. She seemed on the verge of tears. “Like, what am s’posed to do, mistress? I’m, like, so super sorry if I’m not pretty enough!”

“You’re quite beautiful, darling, but the greatest cock slut in all the land will need to be a cut above the rest. Luckily, you have everything you need right here.”

Y’shtola guided her slave’s sharp fingers to fondle Lezla’s own breasts.

“My boobies? But, like, are they good enough?”

“Not yet my bumbling little bimbo,” Y’shtola agreed. “But more intelligent women like myself have a solution.”

“Really!?”

“Oh, yes. I don’t suppose you would have understood rapid cellular regeneration even before I reduced your brain to mush.” Even Y’shtola grew tired of talking in circles sometimes; she banked on Lezla being far and away too stupid to understand or care about what had been done to her.

“Suck-ular… re-jiggle-ation?” Lezla giggled hopelessly like a student being called upon in the wrong class. “I dunno, mistress, but it sounds so funny!”

“I thought as much,” Y’shtola chided. “Suffice it to say the same healing magic you *should* remember, a little, when applied to healthy tissue, will encourage it to develop.”

“Huh?”

“Cast your little healing spell on your boobies, darling, and they’ll get much prettier.”

“Ooh,” she acknowledged. “‘Kay!”

With some relief at receiving direct instructions, Lezla began channeling Aether into the already considerably supple sacks. The telltale glow of magic — like liquid light pouring from her fingertips — was shortly followed by the groan of tenderness Y’shtola had once made when redressing herself for the wider world.

Her own bosom was nicely natural, just as she had sculpted it all those years ago. She untied the top of her tunic and let it fall free. Lezla didn’t even notice. Focusing on one task appeared difficult for her now. She screwed up her face and breathed heavily as waves of tenderness flowed through her illuminated udders. That kept her busy while Y’shtola made further adjustments.

She pushed herself down the length of the woman and, knowing this would take some time, amused herself with Lezla’s pussy. Y’shtola teased the tip of her feminine, half-hard prick to the girl’s sopping lower lips.”

“Aaahhh! M-Mistress..”

“Don’t stop, slut.” Y’shtola warned.

To emphasize her point she began channeling a bit of her own Aether into Lezla’s hips. Far more practiced with the technique, she noticed results almost immediately. The Viera’s already voluptuous brown curves gradually blossomed outwards. Her expanding rump raised the girl’s crotch up to meet Y’shtola’s, well, meat. Which was already back to full strength. The tingling tip soothed her sex doll’s snatch before the full firmness of her pecker glided into her.

“Ooohhh!!”

Lezla squirmed, but Y’shtola held firm, continuing to sculpt the bottom half of her brood mare to fit the part. Her thighs, hips, and waist expanded into a mockery of an hourglass figure. All the while, Y’shtola slid slippery in and out — in and out of the — of the writhing mass. Her cummed-up cock was quickly washed by the clearer juices lubricating Lezla’s sensitive, swelling pocket.

Upstairs, Y’shtola saw her slave was still dutifully obeying. Her breasts had ballooned considerably; Y’shtola could just barely see Lezla’s crossed eyes beyond the new peaks, but it was getting harder.

Devilish competitiveness percolated in her chest. The Scion couldn’t help but seize them at this point — didn’t want to stop herself. She picked up the pace of her hips, arching her back to fill the innermost parts of her incurably cock-starved toy.

Lezla shrieked, but Y’shtola couldn’t see her lips pout around the sound. The girl’s fingers were swallowed up in doughy titflesh and her expression fully hidden.

Y’shtola, groaning, redoubled her efforts again. The gratifying sucking sound of their sealed skin was taking its toll on her. But Lezla caved first — trembling with an even stronger orgasm that ripped her hands from their oversized cushions. She gripped the sheets as her ass jiggled you to meet her new owner.

Satisfied, Y’shtola finally relaxed enough to release herself into the waiting womb. Having already emptied herself once, there wasn’t nearly as much essence to fill her vessel’s lower hole. But Lezla still greedily pressed her cooch in place to let herself be bred like the livestock she knew herself to be.

The Miqo’te outright collapsed this time, her cheek smushing into the yielding belly beneath. She really did go blank then… for a moment. They both did. Goo slopped out of Lezla as Y’shtola’s member softened to reveal it. They let it. The sheets were well past saving by then anyway.

Y’shtola recovered first this time. Or rather she defiantly dragged herself up the considerable length of her new favorite plaything against her better judgment. She had one last adjustment to make.

Climbing over the comical knockers was the tricky part. The enormous naturals wobbled under her. Y’shtola eventually opted to wrap her thighs to either side of them and simply lean toward the girl’s face, kneeling over the peaks as best she could.

Lezla’s face was a feeble mess. Her eyes fluttered uselessly. Her hair was disheveled. More drool had begun to spill from her lips, off to the side and down her cheek this time.

That was Y’shtola’s target. She wordlessly thumbed the damp orifice and hooked a few fingers into black hair. She let her hand glow with power. The regenerative magic expanded Lezla’s lips into luscious, light cushions. The midnight curls grew even more voluminous — bangs drooping down to almost cover the nymphomaniac’s empty eyes.

Finally spent of Aether and willpower, Y’shtola dropped her face into Lezla’s warm teats and rested.

Later, when the two were both awake (Y’shtola in a perky, much brightened mood and Lezla devotedly smiling and giggling) they stood before the room’s single Glamour Dresser.

Y’shtola never had much use for the device: a magicked contraption that allowed one to “apply” any garment within to its user. She mostly filled it with unwanted equipment, the occasional disguise, and any outfit she received as one of the many odd rewards her heroism often produced.

Lezla, however, needed *something*to wear. What she had worn on the way in no longer fit (even if it hadn’t been soaked with sweat, jizz, and juices).

“I’m sure I have something for you,” Y’shtola said, her composure returning. She was also naked now — lighter brown skin cleaned by a mixture of sheets and her servant’s tongue. “Let’s see…”

Her tail twitched idly as she sorted through the drawers. Lezla swayed, grinning, her hands cupping the unfamiliar weight at her front. She didn’t entirely understand what was happening just inches away from her funbags, but her mistress obviously had everything well in hand.

Y’shtola chuckled: “Oh yes. This is perfect. Hold still, pet.”

Lezla obeyed. She*loved* to obey. It made her wet. Everything made her wet… But the moisture was covered by tight material that suddenly covered her body in a low flash.

The outfit was, appropriately enough, called a “bunnysuit” and had been given out at the Manderville Gold Saucer for… something. Y’shtola couldn’t remember. She had stuffed it in the dresser without much thought. Save for a tiny, quiet voice at the back of her mind telling her not to throw it out completely.

The blue corset cradled Lezla from below, riding into her derrière without actually covering much of the meat there. It couldn’t. Even with magic, the garment had its limits. Its triangular cups couldn’t even completely cover Lezla’s nipples — much less stop the flesh from spilling out and over.

Her thighs were equally squeezed in two fishnet stockings that made great dips in her skin at the garters. The thick, formal choker at her throat felt comfortable by comparison: like a collar fit for a fuckable, breedable cow.

Only this cow looked just like a bunny with Lezla’s natural ears and button nose. Bunnies loved to fuck and breed, too, though, so Lezla thought that was alright.

She giggled. She was doing that a lot today. It was silly to worry if something was “alright.” Her beautiful, wonderful mistress with her beautiful, fat cock would tell her if it wasn’t. Lezla just needed to obey! Obeying made her wet… More giggles bubbled up.

“Yes,” Y’shtola mused, applying a fresh tunic to her form. “That’s a much more agreeable sound than your constant babbling about adventuring.”

“Venturing?” Lezla asked. “Oh no, mistress. That’s, like, way too hard for a dumb whore like me!”

Her attention started to wander at the mention of “hard.” The swell of her mistress’s tunic caught her attention and she darted a tongue over her cocksucking lips. Y’shtola brought her back.

“That’s right. You’re just an empty set of holes waiting to be filled. But when we’re in public…?”

“I gots to be, like, supple about it!” Lezla could feel her twat itch as she dutifully recited Y’shtola’s script — obeying her instructions. “No fucking, or sucking, or licking, or rubbing, or… Mmm, what was I saying?”

“Being *subtle*, dear.” Y’shtola corrected. “At least until I get you back to the Rising Stones. I have some friends I’d like to introduce you to.”

“And then I fuck them?”

“Eventually,” Y’shtola ceded. “I might need to… persuade some of them.”

She hooked her ten-Gil coin over her neck as she spoke. Then she took her escort’s hand to lead her out of the tavern as quietly as possible.

“What in hells!?” a shocked voice asked from somewhere as they trundled through the empty establishment.

Momodi. Y’shtola had forgotten about Momodi… The proprietress wore a shocker expression behind her bar and glanced at Lezla, then at Y’shtola, then back to Lezla.

“What happened? Was it… Was it some kind of attack? Did Ascians do this? But why would they-“

“It’s okay, Momodi!” Y’shtola soothed. “Let me explain. This is completely normal.”

“It… It is?” Suspicion and possible anger flickered over the tiny woman’s face. “How is it normal exactly?”

“Like this,” Y’shtola explained, dropping the gold coin before the tavernkeep’s eyes. It didn’t hurt to practice a bit more, she supposed…

A few minutes later, Momodi was happily waving the pair off.

“Thanks for clearing that up, Y’shtola. I had no idea Lezla was a stupid, obedient sex toy, Thanks… for taking care of her.”

“It’s my pleasure,” said Y’shtola. “Just keep it under your hat, of course. Wouldn’t want to embarrass the poor thing.”

“Of course,” Momodi agreed dreamily.

“And that other topic we discussed?”

“I will introduce you to all pretty and handsome new adventurers that come through. I will contact you and ask them to wait, alone, in your quarters. That’s… perfectly normal.”

“Right you are,” Y’shtola added.

She dug her fingers into one of Lezla’s prodigious buttocks then, letting a finger half-subtly slide under the giddy slave’s garment. The witness their was exquisite, and her plaything deserved a treat for patiently standing watch as Y’shtola… persuaded Momodi. Though she had mostly “watched” the mesmerizing display herself.

“Come, dear.”

Lezla stifled a squeak and twitched.

“I… meant to the Aetheryte Plaza, but good girl.”

Y’shtola steered the girl by her well-squeezed ass to the location in question, where they would teleport to The Rising Stones together. She wanted to be home before her friend returned. She would have a *wonderful* present waiting for them in the Warrior of Light’s own chamber. Until then, of course, she would hold the line.