

# Right where she wants him:

an Evie story by KatieD

**Part 1 of 2**

Ranger Edition

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# Chapter 1: An Illicit Tryst

“THWACK!” The wide flat tendrils of the flogger slapped across the lush bottom of the dark-haired woman and wrapped around her hip into her inner thigh. The sound was accompanied by a gasp, then a low moan from her gagged mouth--exactly as the last eighteen strokes of the flogger had. Red stripes from the tendrils criss-crossed her rear on both sides.

The dusky-bronze skinned woman stood between two posts in the bedroom of her male partner, with her wrists tied apart with red cord to the tops of the two posts, and her ankles tied apart to the bottoms. She did not, however, appear to be in distress--rather, she seemed to be enjoying herself immensely. A sheen of perspiration made her naked skin shine in the candlelight, and her face showed determination as she braced for the next stroke--but her eyes were alive with passion.

Rithian High Councilman Percival Goldwain let his eyes rove over the rear view he had of the woman strung up in his bedroom. She was tall and muscular, but had generous curves that appealed to his fondness for voluptuous women. Her exotic beauty made her even more alluring to him, and her foreign accent and mannerisms made her much more interesting than the typical young Rithian women he entertained in his private chambers.

He surveyed her reddening behind as he swished the flogger in a circle, noting how the muscles of her legs and back tensed for the final stroke. A sinister smile crossed Percival's face as he altered the trajectory of his swings and brought the flogger up directly between her legs.

Her squeal of surprise and the way she danced on her toes as she absorbed the blow made Percival's smile broader, and his naked manhood noticeably stiffer. He dropped the flogger and positioned himself standing behind her, hands on her waist, and pressed himself against the folds between her legs. Her readiness for him meant there was no resistance to his probing, and he was able to thrust deep inside her on his first attempt.

Her low moan of pleasure urged him on, and he swiftly took care of his needs, gripping and groping her body as he did so--both for the purposes of leverage for his thrusts, and to satisfy his craving for her curvy flesh. Percival wasn't known for being the most consid-

erate lover despite his talent for kinkiness, so it didn't take long for him to get his satisfaction. As soon as he finished, he withdrew and proceeded to untie her.

The woman, a native of the land of [Sypharia](#), looked at him incredulously as he released her from the red cords. Was he really going to leave her unsatisfied? She had begun the evening by first pleasuring him with her mouth, had done everything he had demanded, happily endured everything he had done to her. He had quite obviously come inside her...but she had not come!

When he finally removed her gag, she looked at him with pleading eyes, asking, "Why is it we are done? Did not I satisfy you?"

"Oh yes, dear, you satisfied me quite completely, thank you," Percival said, oblivious to her frustration. "I'd love to enjoy your wonderful body some more tonight, but I have a very, very important meeting in the morning."

Since she seemed somewhat unimpressed, Percival continued: "I have a meeting with the Joint Chiefs of the Military about our national security. It seems the Orks have detected a weakness in our border defenses." He puffed out his chest noticeably. "I have a plan to keep the Orks at bay." His proud tone suggested he alone would be standing in the gap in defense of her and the entire nation.

The woman feigned admiration for his self-importance and powerful position, hiding her own disappointment at how the evening was ending. As she hurriedly dressed, she asked him several more questions about his important job and his important meeting, trying to feed his insatiable ego. If there was one thing he enjoyed more than sex with her, she had learned, it was talking about himself.

Percival, of course, loved showing off for this beauty who was so obviously in awe of him. Coming from such a primitive land, she had little perspective for his world, he thought, and so it was very easy to impress her and keep her hanging on his every word. It was almost a pity he had to usher her out the door so quickly. But after all, he did need sleep to be sharp for his very important meeting.

# Chapter 2: A new assignment

“Evie! Come have a seat. I have an interesting assignment for you.”

I took a seat across the table from the woman with the blue-gray eyes and listened intently to every word she said. Cassandra was my mentor and handler, and was also the senior spymaster for the [Codex Cryptae](#), a secret classification within the Rithian military. Cassandra had a way with words and a penchant for details, and every word was important. If one wasn't paying attention, it would be easy to miss a nuance that could have critical significance later.

Cassandra began outlining my next assignment. Apparently, one of the senior members of the Governing Council of Rith had been compromised by a foreign spy. Worse, Percival Goldwain was also on the Borderlands Security committee, and had access to sensitive information. He needed to be removed from his position, but in Rithian society, one was presumed innocent until proven--or admitted--guilty. Because Percival was in a prominent and powerful position, my assignment was to obtain a confession. Evidence alone would not be enough.

Cassandra outlined an intervention strategy approved by the Codex Cryptae leadership. As a senior member of the Cryptae leadership and ranking officer on the Strategic Forces committee of the Rithian government, Cassandra rarely had difficulty getting her plans approved.

She described how Councilman Goldwain had a penchant for binding and tormenting pretty young women. I was to initiate an encounter with the councilman, intrigue him, and obtain an indecent proposal from him. Exposing his scandal would help bring him down.

“But wanting to tie up pretty girls is hardly a high crime,” I interjected. “Embarrassing, perhaps, but not criminal. If it was, we'd have to lock up every councilman, artist, writer, and role-playing gamer in the country. Including some dear friends of mine!”

Cassandra snickered. “Well that's true, Evie. Truth be told, I'd be among the first against the wall,” she said with a sly wink. “But his blind enthusiasm for his fetish has led him to be indiscreet, and sharing his bed with a foreign spy is inexcusable. Especially because of his role in Rithian Security. The scandal of his fetish and being compromised by indiscretion will be enough to bring him down--IF you force a confession.”

I nodded. “Understood, ma’am. How do we expose the foreign spy element?”

“Good question, Evie, that is a first step in this operation. The woman is a Sypharian national, having come to Rith as a university student, and living in this area.” She handed me a couple documents: a map of a rough neighborhood, and a simple drawing of a face.

“A Sypharian! I can’t imagine a Sypharian woman letting a man bind her, and definitely not sleeping with him afterward! They only use men to procreate, and then kill them.”

“Evie, you should know better than most, that in our line of work we often have to perform tasks that are...unpleasant.” Cassandra turned her head to look more directly at me and leaned in. “This Sypharian’s natural tendencies mean that you are more capable of engaging her than any of your male peers, yes?”

I gave up the slightest wry grin. “Yes, ma’am, I suppose I am.”

“Good, make her disappear quickly so the councilman is unattached. Then there is a unique opportunity in two days. A grand diplomatic ball to celebrate Rith’s alliance with Varala. Ambassador Francis, who you collaborated with in Vardengard, will be there. He can facilitate an introduction to Councilman Goldwain. I know that you can dance very well, I’ve seen you. Do you have a dress appropriate for the occasion?”

My eyes brightened and I perked up. “Yes, ma’am, I have a beautiful cardinal-red formal dress that a..special friend...designed for me. I’ve been waiting for an opportunity to wear it.”

Cassandra acted indifferent. “Yes, yes, I’m sure it’s very nice. Very well, then. Any more questions?” I sensed that Cassandra hated acting callous sometimes, and that she was trying to keep me focused. There were times she let her guard down a little with me, but never in the middle of a mission briefing.

“No, ma’am. I won’t let you down,” I said, slightly chagrined.

“I know you won’t, Evie. I don’t say this often, but you are my proudest accomplishment. The perfect outcome after years of mediocre performers. You will be my legacy here long after I’m gone, perhaps even my replacement someday.”

I knew better than to visibly react to Cassandra’s praise, but Holy One, did my mentor know how to give a pep talk! “Yes, ma’am. Thank you for your faith in me.”

Cassandra nodded in dismissal, and turned to a stack of other documents. I stood and left the room without another word between us.

# Chapter 3: Making an impression

I actually knew the streets of the ‘rough’ neighborhood quite well, having grown up on crime infested streets much like them, and not far away from them. When I was still a pre-teen, I was considered part of the infestation. Before Cassandra and the Cryptae got me off the streets and gave me a purpose.

In this neighborhood, there were really only two options for locals at night: lock your doors and windows and hope the evening revelry didn’t crash through them, or join the revelry at the Devil’s Due, the sleaziest bar in all of Rith. I figured that a Sypharian woman living in a strange land would choose the latter, so I headed there after chatting with a few contacts.

The Devil’s Due was relatively calm for a Thursday night, but it was early, barely 11pm. A dozen or so regulars and another dozen travelers, and a skeleton crew of staff. But the talented gnome with the red hair was performing tonight, so the night was likely to devolve into chaos and debauchery at some point.

I scanned the room slowly, taking in every detail as I’ve been trained. First assessing threats: nothing more serious than the threat of a few drunks getting handsy. Then assessing opportunities: a few sources I recognized and might chat up for a bit. Those that owed me favors or money pretended not to notice me.

Then I spotted my target, sitting at a strategic spot where the bar turned 90 degrees. That way she had good visibility of both doors and could watch down the length of the bar. And all the patrons along the length of the bar could get a good look at her, too. Which most of them were currently doing.

I tried to make my gaze wander over the top of her as if I hadn’t noticed her. Impossible. Long raven colored hair, sultry wide eyes, and a sapphire blue dress with a neckline plunging well out of sight of the bar surface. An untrained eye would have never guessed she was at least ten years older than me. No wonder Councilman Goldwain was smitten with her. I think I was, too.

I headed to the center of the bar, and squeezed between two locals I knew. I turned to the more handsome one to my left. “Reginald, how are you doing?”

He took a half step back. “Evie. Hey. I don’t want no trouble. My wrist just healed from last time.”

“No trouble, Reggie, don’t worry. I need a favor from you.” I pressed a few coins in his hand. “Go take a couple drinks to the woman at the end of the bar.”

“She’s Sypharian. She don’t want no men. She’d want you.”

“I know,” I smiled sweetly. “I’m going to rescue her from you. Don’t forget to tense your gut before I punch you.”

He groaned. “No, not again, Evie!”

I sighed and gave him two more gold coins. “I’ll go easier this time, I promise. Just do it. Make it look good.” I softened my gaze, let my features flow into a seductive look. I always had to suppress a grin when I watched his resistance melt away.

He grunted in dismay, took a couple drinks from the bartender and turned to make his way down the bar looking glum. “Smile!” I hissed at him.

I ordered my own drink and watched out the corner of my eye as he approached the dark haired beauty. She looked coldly at him and shook her head ‘no.’

Fortunately, Reggie knew what I expected, and he pressed on. I waited another moment, then made my way toward them.

“I don’t think the lady is interested in buying what you’re selling, buddy.”

“Shove off, blondie. The lady and I are negotiating.” He reached his hand toward the woman’s face.

I shot my hand out and grabbed Reggie’s wrist (yes, the one I had broken before). I twisted it and raised it up toward his shoulder, and he yelped in real pain, standing up straight. As he leaned back, I fired my other fist into his belly. He grunted, and bent over forward.

I decided to go easy on Reggie, since he had cooperated so nicely. I put my palm on the crown of his head, and shoved him backward into an empty table. He shot me a “what the hell, Evie” look as he slinked away.

I turned back to the Sypharian woman with a smile. I picked up the two drinks Reggie had brought over and offered her one. “I don’t think he will mind if we enjoy these.”

“Especially since you bought them.” She winked at me.

Very observant, I thought to myself. As a spy should be. I would have to watch myself with her. “You noticed that, hmmm? Well, I like to make an impression when I meet a new...friend.” I winked back, then softened my features for her, too. She melted just the slightest. Tough one.

“Consider me impressed...friend.” She held out her hand. “Vyndra. I can’t say another woman has ever gone to such lengths for an introduction. I think you actually hurt your friend, there.”

“Oh, Reggie will be fine, he can’t stay mad at me,” I replied, shaking her hand. “I’m Evangeline. Evie. And it is a pleasure to meet you...not too many beautiful women venture into this place. Even fewer come out unscathed.”

“Then I am fortunate to have such a gorgeous friend to protect me.” She glanced subtly at my outfit. “You are a ranger, yes? That is an unusual uniform you wear. And very flattering, I might add.” She smiled, with one eyebrow raised, and made a point of looking me up and down again.

“Thank you. I am a ranger, yes, in the Strategic Forces.”

“A spy?”

‘Why does everyone assume that??’ I wondered. “Not exactly. I mostly do research and analysis.” I made a point of looking her up and down as well. “And that is a beautiful dress. You are Sypharian, I believe?”

“Yes,” she replied. “I came here to university. I wish to learn commerce and culture and help modernize my land. And to hopefully meet...a partner.”

“And have you met a...partner yet?” I asked quietly, realizing the men around us were listening in intently. Pervs.

“None that intrigued me for more than a moment,” she replied. She smiled coyly, “But things are looking better now. May I buy you another drink?”

“Yes, please,” I replied, returning her smile. I watched as she signaled the bartender for two more drinks. As she took the glasses from the bartender, I noticed a few grains of powder fall from her fingernail into my glass. She apparently was not as far under my seductive influence as I thought. A worthy adversary. Finally!



I took the drink and raised it in salute, maintaining eye contact. I could tell she was watching my eyes for any sign I had noticed. As the glass passed my nose, I caught a whiff of roasted chestnut. ‘Kola nut extract,’ I thought, ‘from her homeland.’

I quickly considered the ramifications. Through conditioning, I’ve been desensitized to all nut-based poisons. This one will make me a little light-headed, but nothing I can’t handle. She will expect me to get very woozy within a minute as if I’m tipsy, then continue to act intoxicated until I pass out cold in 30-45 minutes. ‘I got this,’ I thought.

“To new friends,” I toasted, flickering my eyelids to make my eyes dance in the candlelight.

“To potential partners,” she replied softly, her eyes sparkling as well, as she clinked my glass.

As we both downed our drinks, I noticed most of the men around us also taking drinks in a shared toast. Apparently they approved of our burgeoning relationship.

“Woo! That’s strong!” I said, draining the last drops from my glass. I waited a moment, then let my eyes start to glaze and fluttered my eyelids. I adopted a silly grin. “Damn, you’re beautiful,” I gushed quietly toward Vyndra. And I wasn’t having to act about that part.

“Why don’t I get us a room upstairs, Evie.” Her soft voice contained a subtle undertone that reduced inhibitions in the recipient’s mind. A good trick. A trick I myself used often.

I took on a silly schoolgirl grin. “Sounds lovely, Vyndra.”

The bartender had apparently been listening in on our conversation, because he didn’t wait to be asked. Or to be paid. He placed a key on the bar in front of Vyndra. “Room sixty-nine,” he said. Then he paused...“I mean six. Room six,” he mumbled sheepishly.

Vyndra winked, and picked up the key. “If I’m lucky, we’ll make it room sixty-nine” she said to him.

I smiled at him too, then made a show of being wobbly as I stood. “She’s gonna get lucky!” I told the bartender in an overly loud whisper.

Vyndra slipped an arm around me, and we walked arm in arm the length of the bar toward the stairs. Every eye in the place followed our journey until we were out of sight, and we pretended not to hear the catcalls and raucous laughter as we disappeared.

# Chapter 4: A lot of action, but no action

Once upstairs, Vyndra was all too happy to take charge as I appeared to struggle to stay awake. She barely concealed her interest in the design of my light armor and bodysuit as she peeled it off me. She even took an extra second to examine how my gear packs were integrated before setting them aside. She eased me into a sitting position on the bed while she removed my boots and pulled the bodysuit from my legs, then helped me ease out of my panties, too.

I reached forward and slipped her dress upward over her hips, up to her breasts. I tried to stand to pull it the rest of the way over her head, but wobbled badly on my feet.

“There, there Evie,” she cooed as she helped me back to sitting on the bed. Vyndra removed her dress the rest of the way, and I watched with wonder as she removed her bra and slipped out of her panties, too. I looked up at her with an adoring look in my eyes, with a glazed look that suggested I wasn’t thinking of anything but her body at the moment. And in truth, I wasn’t thinking of much else.

The sapphire dress was beautiful and showed Vyndra’s assets well, but she was one of those women who looked just as amazing naked as in a sexy dress or lingerie. Heavy yet firm breasts adorned a body well-toned from regular exercise; a flat tummy led between rounded hips and strong legs...she had the typical warrior body of her people, but with soft curves that underscored her femininity. It was a pity we were not destined to be partners. But for now...

I reached out and put both hands on her hips, tugging her closer, showing urgency in my desire for her. To fit in with Rithian women, she had removed all hair below her neck, and her smooth skin showed no apparent lines of sun-tan. I leaned forward and nuzzled between her legs, using first just soft kisses and lip-nibbles before probing tentatively with my tongue.

Vyndra made no move to stop me. Whatever her plans were, she was going to indulge in a little pleasure before making her move. I made sure to pretend my moves were becoming sluggish and dulled, which was frustrating because I really wanted to bring all my skills to bear on her.

I listened closely as Vyndra began making soft sounds of enjoyment, and the little twitches of her thighs told me I was having the desired effect. I felt her rest her hands on the back of my head, then gently work her fingertips into my hair. When I increased my tempo and pressure, I felt her clench her fingertips against my scalp. And then, I did my favorite little trick. My trademark move, so to speak. I felt her fingernails dig into my scalp as she cried out in joy.

“Oh, Goddesses, Evie!” she called out as she shuddered, and her stance faltered as she squeezed her thighs together.

I could have sworn I heard some barely suppressed snorts of laughter from the hallway.

I looked up at her again, a look on my face of lust and pride and drug induced delirium. Only one of the three was faked. I acted as if I was looking for her approval, and wanting more. She returned my gaze with a look of genuine passion and excitement. She leaned down to kiss me passionately.

“Goodness, Evie, that was amazing. Your turn, little one.” Vyndra eased me onto my back on the bed, and helped scoot me into the middle of it, sliding one pillow under my head. She pulled the pillow case from another, and began tearing it into long strips.

I broke into a wide grin, showing anticipation. Like a young woman eager for adventure, I followed her movements as she tied one of my wrists to a bedpost with the torn pillow-case. She tightened down on the knots of fabric to the point that even I would have difficulty getting them undone on my own. “Oooh, so tight!” I exclaimed, giggling, so she didn’t make them worse.

Once my other wrist was also tied, she crawled across the bed and knelt between my legs. She studied my face for a moment, checking to make sure that I was really as incapacitated as I was acting. I just kept giggling and squirming, and looking at her with unbribed lust. “What are you going to do to me?” I asked coyly.

“Oh, Evie, I’m going to torture you.” she said without breaking her smile. “First I’m going to lick you to within an inch of your life. Then I’m going to start asking questions about why you came looking for me. So you start thinking about your answers while I get to work on this little kitty of yours.”

“Ok, sounds nice” I giggled and snorted. I kept giggling until her tongue made contact with me. Then I suddenly took a sharp intake of breath and cried out, “Oh, Vyndra! Oh my!” She was extremely talented with her tongue as well. Maybe even better than I was.

I knew it was time for me spring into action, but...damn, she was as good at sex as she was beautiful.

I found myself lamenting the fact I would have to soon break things off. Lamenting we had to be adversaries, and that we couldn't spend a whole weekend in this bed. But then I reminded myself that she DID drug me, and likely was planning to kill me. That kinda ruined the mood.

"Oh, Vyndra, that is so damn good..." I moaned. "You should have tied my ankles, too..."

"Oh that's ok, little one, you can go ahead and squirm your legs for me."

My voice suddenly returned to its normal tone. "No, really, you should have tied my ankles, Vyndra." I waited for the moment of realization, and when it came, she snapped her head upward.

"Oh, fuck." Vyndra's face went pale as she saw the grim look on my face. She started to push back with her hands.

"Not tonight, dear, you have a headache," I said as I lifted both my legs and caught her neck and head between my thighs. I squeezed tight. I could have twisted and snapped her neck right then and there, but I had other plans.

Instead, I kept squeezing and smothering, hoping I was pressing against the arteries in her neck hard enough. I didn't know if I could grip her long enough for her to run out of air, I needed her to pass out from lack of blood first. She flailed at my legs and belly with her fists, and I could feel her trying to bite my legs--but I could see her weakening, felt the lack of tension in her neck, and then she was still.

I held for a few more seconds before I let go and let my legs collapse. I gave myself a moment to calm myself and slow my breathing. As the room became still, I again heard noise out in the hallway.

"Reggie!" I called out. "Reggie! Get your ass in here!"

There was an awkward silence outside the door. Then the knob turned tentatively and the door creaked open. Half a familiar face appeared at the door. "Evie? I...um..."

"Funny, I didn't hear you come up the stairs just then," I said with overt sarcasm. "Get in here, I need you." Reggie opened the door wide and stepped in, his eyes as wide as plates. Several other faces out in the hallway held the same look. "And shut the damn door, Reggie!"

“Damn, Evie, did you kill her?” Reggie’s voice was a mixture of awe and fear.

“No, and she’s not going to be out long. A minute or less. Grab that pillow case, tear off a strip, and tie her hands behind her back. Ankles, too. Make it tight.” Reggie kept looking from my naked body to Vyndra’s and back; still, he shuffled over to the pillow case and followed my directions.

“Good, now stuff a strip in her mouth and tie another strip over that around her head. We don’t need any more commotion.” Again, Reggie followed commands but struggled to keep his eyes focused on his task. When finished, he dragged her onto the floor and leaned her against the wall at the foot of the bed.

He stood and looked my way again, but avoided eye contact. He was clearly uncomfortable seeing me naked and tied up. Yet I could also see him trying to hide the fact his trousers were a little tighter than usual.

“Come on, don’t be shy, it’s just me. This is no big deal, you’re only seeing a little more of me than in my uniform.”

I could see him grin and nod at that, and he visibly relaxed. He even stole a look down at my body again as he walked around the bed to retrieve my stiletto and use it to release my wrists. Any temptation he had to take advantage of my situation he kept in check.

“Reggie, thank you. I knew I could count on you.” As I sat up on the bed, I looked up at him and smiled. “How’s your wrist?”

His grin disappeared. “It hurts, dammit! Evie, I adore you, but I’m kind of getting tired of you using me all the time.” It was an unusual reaction from Reggie. But I knew he had a point.

“I do appreciate you. And you did something important tonight. She’s a spy. She’s an assignment. You helped me capture her.”

He glanced back at Vyndra, and I could see the corners of his mouth turn up slightly as he felt a little pride. He wasn’t over his frustration yet, though. “That’s great, but that doesn’t help when I can’t work tomorrow because my wrist is messed up.”

“I know, I’m really sorry, sweetie.” I started to give him my seductive look to pacify him when a pang of guilt made me stop. It wasn’t fair to Reggie. He was more than just an asset, he was fiercely loyal and reliable. And I couldn’t bear to use his feelings for me to manipulate him. He deserved better.

I got to my feet and stood before him, looking him in the eye with a genuine gaze, with no manipulation whatsoever. Reggie tensed as I approached, so I gave him a sincere smile. I reached both hands out and grasped his, wrapping my smaller hands over his fingers.

“You are important to me, and one of the few people in this neighborhood I trust. I didn’t call for just anyone to come through that door and untie me, I called for you.” I paused, looking up at him in earnest. I knew I was getting through to him because he was holding my gaze instead of looking intimidated. Also to his credit, he was resisting looking down.

“Next time I need you, I will try to ask ahead of time. And I’ll try to remember to use your other wrist.” I gave him a wink and a soft laugh, then stood on my tiptoes to give him a quick peck on the cheek and gave his hands a squeeze. I eased back down to my feet quickly before he got any further ideas.

“Thanks, I uh...” His surprise wore off and he grinned. “Anytime, Evie.” This time he helped himself to a long look down my naked form. I gave him a few more seconds before I let go of his hands.

“Help yourself to any of her valuables,” I told Reggie, nodding my head in Vyndra’s direction. “That beautiful blue dress should be worth ten gold alone.”

“Really? Thanks!”

I turned away and began to gather my gear from the floor. “Did you notice the two bald guys with long beards at the corner table downstairs?”

“Hard to miss.”

“Will you please go down and let them know their package is ready for pickup?”

“Sure,” he replied, but I didn’t hear him make a move to leave. I looked over my shoulder to see him standing where I had left him, enjoying a rear view of me he’d not seen before.

I couldn’t resist. I reached to pick up my black bodysuit, deliberately bending from my hips instead of my knees, stretching one leg back onto a toe for balance as I extended my arm.

“Or are you going to stay and watch me get dressed?” I asked with mock indignation.

“Huh? Oh! Yeah...I’ll...I’ll be right back.” he stammered, and quickly disappeared.

I glanced down the end of the bed to see a now-awake Vyndra looking at me incredulously.

“Shut up, Vyndra,” I said. “You’re in no position to judge.” She grunted something in reply.

I began dressing and affixing my gear. Soon Reggie returned from downstairs with the two contacts I had arranged to meet me here. They were ‘recruiters’ for [Crazy Stepan’s](#) brothels and taverns, and they had agreed to make Vyndra ‘disappear.’

When the two entered the room, they immediately showed their appreciation for the beautiful, naked and bound Sypharian in the corner. “Damn...” one muttered as they dragged her to her feet. “Stepan’s gonna love dat azz...”

They bundled up Vyndra in the rest of the bedding, wrapping her completely, and then carried her down the back stairs to the ‘Alley of no Return,’ as it was commonly known. I almost felt badly for Vyndra, as I knew she had a rough life ahead of her, largely devoid of female contact. Then I remembered she might have had a much shorter rough life planned for me.

After retrieving a few bits of evidence from Vyndra’s purse, I handed the rest of her belongings to Reggie and reminded him that he couldn’t tell anyone specific details about Vyndra’s profession, or what happened to her.

And I threatened him with castration with a rusty spoon if he told anyone that he’d gotten that chaste kiss while I was so casually naked. Not because I was ashamed of it, but because if word got out, I’d soon be overrun with locals trying to do ‘favors’ for me.

I paused, alone in the room, to gather my thoughts. The first part of my mission had technically been a success. Not exactly the way it was drawn up in textbooks, but I achieved my goals. All except for one. I was so damn horny now.

It was a shame I had to stop Vyndra’s talented tongue before I could get any satisfaction there. And even Reggie’s unabashed stares left me wanting a little more physical contact.

Holy one, I needed a drink. Fortunately that meant simply heading back downstairs. Unfortunately, that meant facing all the patrons who watched me go up those stairs with Vyndra. Reggie would have already spread some vague gossip about her fate. That would instill some fear that would work to my advantage.

I put on my best ‘sullen’ face that dared anyone to make a smart remark, and headed downstairs.

## Chapter 5: A new friend

The tavern was much livelier and more crowded than before. The red-haired bard was really winding up the crowd now, hopping from table to table while playing her fiddle and telling of her latest alleged adventure. It wouldn't be long before the bawdy tales incited a riot of some degree. Her green-haired companion sat at a nearby table, keeping an eye on the crowd, waiting to take down anyone who might get too close to her friend.

A few of the regulars who knew me well raised mugs in salute. I nodded in thanks and headed to the bar. The bartender greeted me with my regular drink, and named a price ten times the usual. "You owe me a full set of bedding," he said in explanation.

"You've forgotten I've felt that moth-eaten sandpaper you call bedding, Bruce. You didn't pay more than two gold for all the bedding in this place." I gave him three gold and turned my back.

I was surprised to see a fellow ranger in the bar, a petite and pretty blonde I'd seen around the academy. She was sitting at another table, trying to enjoy the gnome's current bawdy song, while a local who was twice her age was trying to chat her up, oblivious to the annoyed look on her face. I strolled over and stood beside her, causing the local to back away briskly, bumping other patrons as he did. The ranger watched him disappear, then looked up at me.

"Thanks! That's worth an invitation to sit," she grinned.

I took the seat next to her, facing the bard, and introduced myself. "I'm Evangeline...friends call me Evie. I've seen you around the academy before."

"Alynnya," she said, with a genuine smile. "You look familiar, too. I'm glad to see another ranger in here."

"Alynnya...Alynnya...I know that name...wait! You're Alynnya Slatefire??" My voice rose in pitch as my eyes widened.

"Yes..." she said warily. "That's me...I'm afraid to ask how you've heard of me."



“I befriended Lawrence Lucksworth while on assignment in Aydenholt a while back. He wouldn’t stop talking about you and some adventure you shared.”

Alynnya’s face turned a bright red, across both cheeks right under her eyes.

“Ummm....Lawrence talked about me?” She subconsciously straightened her hair, pulling it back over her ear.

I laughed gently. “Not just talked. He wanted me to do some VERY kinky things with him, because of you. I think you changed his life. In a good way.”

Alynnya’s blushing intensified, somehow. But whatever embarrassment was offset by happiness knowing Lawrence still thought of her. “Do you two still...um...”

“No, no,” I cut her off. “We were just friends with benefits...until one day he got the idea to meet YOU at Port Blackrock, and off he went with barely a goodbye. Haven’t talked to him since.”

“Oh..” she said, looking a little crestfallen. “I haven’t seen him in a while. Or my other friends from that adventure.” She got a faraway look in her eyes.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to bring you down,” I consoled her. She had such a fresh, honest look about her. She wore all her emotions right across her face, unfiltered. It was a vulnerability I’d never allow myself...but it suited her. Adorably.

“That’s ok...I just miss them. I’ve been stuck here a while. I need an adventure like that again.” She looked at me then. “I bet you have some adventures in the Strategic Forces. I heard about...” she glanced toward the upstairs area, then back at me, curiosity in her eyes.

“I DO have some tales too ticklish to tell,” I smiled back, then leaned in. “Is it true you were captured by goblins once?”

“Once? Ha!” she snorted and nearly choked on her drink. She calmed herself. “Actually more than once. Also tales too ticklish to tell.” she laughed. Her blushing seemed almost a constant state. Also adorable.

She leaned in toward me, and whispered conspiringly, “Is it true you have to sometimes...seduce an assignment of yours?” She bit her lip while waiting for a reply.

“Sometimes,” I said. I looked her in the eyes intently, then softened my gaze, then turned on the full force of my seductive arts training. When I saw her eyes soften and glaze in re-

sponse, I snapped my fingers and returned to my normal 'resting bitch face.' "Sometimes," I repeated.

Alynnya blinked twice, then gave her head a little shake. I saw her squirming in her seat like something uncomfortable had happened, then she crossed her legs. Her blush had extended to her neck and chest, and she fanned herself. "Holy...that was so freakin' hot!!" She looked at me in admiration, and perhaps a little residual arousal. "You HAVE to teach me how to do that!"

I laughed along with her. "Alynnya Slatefire, I think we're going to be friends." I clinked her glass with mine.

"I'd like that, Evie," she said, clinking my glass right back. "To friends!" We tossed back our drinks. "But please, call me Aly. Everyone else does."

Just as I was about to suggest another round of drinks, a commotion broke out. Predictably, in the vicinity of the flame-haired bard. A patron had gotten a little too close to the performance for the comfort of the green-haired warrior gnome, and she had knocked him back on his rear. Of course, he had spilled another patron's drink in the process and that led to threats and punches, and soon a ripple of drunken violence moved outward from there.

Alynnya looked at me, her eyes alight. "Well, we either need to get out of here quickly, or be prepared to join in...any thoughts?" Her hand on her sword hilt told me which she wanted.

I sighed. "You have no idea how much I want to enjoy a good riot after the day I've had...but I have to be up early, and..." I winked at her. "It's been a pleasure meeting you, Aly."

"I hope we meet again soon, Evie," she said and gave me a sweet smile. Then she waded off into the crowd to defend the two gnomes, punching and knocking heads together as she went.

I watched her go for a moment, impressed by her impulsive nature and fighting skill. Something about that woman intrigued me. Confident fighter one moment, uncertain girl the next. I knew I'd see her again. I got up to leave, sighing deeply again. It seemed my destiny to perpetually go home alone, and to be perpetually horny...

**TO BE CONTINUED...PART 2 PUBLISHED SOON!**

## Glossary:

*(references from "The World of Rith" by WeAreAllMadHere)*

**Sypharia:** Nestled in Soudoron's jungles is the realm of Sypharia, a land ruled by formidable amazon warriors. They have little use for men in their society, save for basic procreative needs. They are known for their ferocity in battle. Female captives are often brought back to serve the pleasures of the Sypharian amazon warriors that extend beyond simple procreation.

**Codex Cryptae:** The Codex Cryptae is the intelligence arm of the Rithian military, reporting through the Strategic Forces division. Officially a 'secret' organization, the ambiguity around its purpose and activity enhances its reputation. Members are hand-selected from Ranger and Knight cadets while in the academy, and often they have been scouted for years before.

**'Crazy' Stepan:** A sleazy slaver with an odd parrot named Hellno that only ever says "Fuckyes". Likes his women to have a nice "azz". Is known to have his grabby and sleazy fingers in many businesses, including brothels, slaver markets, and pirate crews.

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