



Ви Корс

The Mist and the Lightning

Part 11

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НЕЦЕНЗУРНУЮ
БРАНЬ

18+

Ви Корс The Mist and the Lightning. Part 11

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Аннотация

The next series of the acclaimed series of books. Small world of Nikto he created for himself didn't had the sky, it looked like a vertical pipe going into the depths, lower and lower into completely alien worlds of unclean beings. Содержит нецензурную брань.

Вн Копс

The Mist and the Lightning. Part 11

Chapter one

The limit

Desolation reigned in the witch's cave, mice darted underfoot. Nikto, looking at the witch's paraphernalia, suddenly laughed, turned to Karina, who was tensely standing next to Lis and Arel:

“To whom did she address? Well, when you tried to drive me out and free your brother.”

“She was referring to some more powerful Demon, as she said. He should have ordered you to leave,” Karina shyly looked down.

“How did she address him? His name?”

“I don't remember... something long and incomprehensible...”

“It says here: Ran-hma-nap-hchi. Was she referring to the Demon Ranhmanaphchi?”

“Yes,” Karina barely uttered. The memories of that evening were terrible.

“Is it your acquaintance?” Lis grimaced skeptically.

“There is no such Demon, he is not real,” Nikto answered.

“But she had results,” Karina said. “So he helped her, whatever

he was?”

“I don’t know how to explain to you,” Nikto thought. “You won’t understand at all, there is nothing even similar in your world.”

“Well, of course, how can we have it,” Lis grunted knowingly.

“Lis, this is a Demon, he is not alive, he is well, like... like a toy. Demons created him, he's not real. Well... like a complex mechanism. Only not alive anyway. He is an artificially created Demon. Not real. He can answer some questions like a talking toy.”

“Artificial Demon?” Lis asked.

“Yes,” Nikto laughed, “it's funny that she talked to him like to a real person, in all seriousness.”

“Well, why was it necessary to create him?”

“Just to help, well, and why not, if it’s possible.”

“And you?” asked Lis. “Can you create such a Demon?”

“Me – not.”

“Why?”

“This task is not included in my mission.”

“Tasks, tasks, only tasks, but is there something for yourself, not for a task, can you do it?”

“I can,” Nikto snapped, “I'm remaking Arel for myself.”

“However, she was able to send you away, expel you from my brother's body,” said Karina.

“Yes. But not for long. And I came back.”

“And the Demon who created this Rah... could he expel you

forever?” Lis asked. “Wait, let me answer myself. This was not part of his mission.”

“Why am I telling you this at all!”

“I’m interested,” said Karina. “And what is this?”

“Her altar, I think so. She addressed the four elements of nature. You see, there are charred pieces of wood here – this is a fire zone, and there was water in the bowl until it evaporated, feathers meant air, and stone – earth. By the way, she correctly positioned them to the cardinal points. She has a good altar, you can cast magic on it.”

Karina looked cautiously at the empty sandbox.

“And here she used to have two snakes, I wonder where they are? And what if they escaped and crawl around here?”

“Don't worry,” Nikto stood in the center of the room. “Come all over here.”

Arel, Lis, Karina and Verniy approached him. Nikto opened a portal to go to his own world, created by him in the unclean limit as an outlet.

Small world of Nikto he created for himself didn't had the sky, it looked like a vertical pipe going into the depths, lower and lower into completely alien worlds of unclean beings. There were portals on each tier.

Through them, the unclean ones, taking advantage of the owner's invitation, entered his world and went back, descending to the level they needed. The human world was like the top floor on this tower. It consisted of many rooms and corridors;

many unclean friends of Nikto lived and worked there. His slaves and female slaves lived there. Claire lived here, whom Karina perfectly remembered, but now didn't want to communicate with her.

Karina liked the small artificial garden with trees, flowers, birds flying and several animals walking. There was even a small pond in the garden. Karina didn't know what was on the other floors and didn't want to go down there at all, and, fortunately, Nikto didn't insist on it. He kept his word and didn't touch her. The room he put Karina in was very comfortable and had a balcony. You could go out on it and admire the light gray valley lying far below and framed by mountains, the same pale gray sky hung above it. Everything was very similar to the scenery in a theater – not real, but still beautiful. A fresh breeze was blowing from the valley. That was the only relatively large space in his limited world. Nikto came to check how she settled down, whether she was doing well. At his limit, he was a little different, without a scar. His face was clean. He smiled at Karina, apparently understanding her gaze perfectly.

“It's just an illusion, sometimes I also want to look normal, not like a disfigured cripple. But this is the same mask. And it only works here, inside my world,” he approached Karina, she stood on the balcony, leaning on a stone balustrade. “Do you like it?”

“Yes. It's very beautiful. Is this all real? Or is it an illusion too?”

“It's real.”

“Why did you create this space?”

“Just for fun.”

“Is it possible to go down? Walk around this field?”

“Yes. And you can ride a horse there if you want.”

“Who lives there?”

“Nobody.”

“I saw last night far, far away near the mountains, the lights flickered, as if a fire was burning there.”

“Ah... this... yes, some small insect-like unclean ones started up.”

“How?!”

“Simply, they crept into my space and now, they took root. They are primitive and not dangerous.”

“But why don't you drive them away?!”

“Let them live until they bother me, if they multiply too much, then I'll have to go down and remove them.”

But Karina didn't want to ride a horse there anymore.

“Rest, my servants are at your disposal. Eat, drink, walk in the garden, stroke the animals, sleep, gain strength. If you get bored, come to my slaves, they are happy to wait for you. Claire speaks good black, she'll chat with you. Nobody will touch you.”

“And Lis?”

“I will return Lis to you after a while. Don't worry about him like that, I won't do anything bad to him. And you can live here together when I leave with Arel for below.”

Lis looked around nervously, confused by the half-human

height cages against the wall, but they were empty. Nikto and an unclean master named Marg paid no attention to him, completely absorbed in conversation. Arel stood in front of them naked, and the master touched him, twisted, turned, looking at him as a thing, as an object that the customer had brought and which needed to be decorated better. Nikto said something to him in unclean language quickly, Lis was nervous and didn't understand. He saw that they were driving their fingers along Arel's back, from shoulder blade to shoulder blade, along the buttocks. They planned where and how to tattoo the prince, but he stood motionless, his eyes downcast, and only sometimes flinched a little when Marg or Nikto poked him too much with their clawed hands. When they finished discussing the back, they moved on to his chest, belly, and cock. Finally finished, Nikto turned to Lis:

“Lis, come here,” he called in black.

Lis approached them resignedly. Nikto handed him a sheet of paper with a very beautifully drawn fox, it was as if it were alive – bright eyes and fluffy fur, cunning and predatory expression of the muzzle.

“Do you like it?”

“Yes,” said Lis, the drawing was really excellent, it seemed that the fox was about to jump from a flat sheet to the floor.

“Marg will make you this fox on your chest, it's a pity that not on the shoulder because of your scarring. Take off your clothes, let him look.”

Lis obediently, like Arel, completely undressed. His collarbones, too, were ornately decorated with patterns of red, but there was plenty of room below on his chest. The master shook his head. And Lis realized that he said to Nikto: "It's a pity, there is not enough space, but I will do, I will draw the fox in, and these patterns will be like a frame on top." Marg with curiosity began to examine the body scarred according to the tradition of the red warriors, apparently, he was impressed and liked it. He smiled at Lis, nodding his head:

"Very good. Very beautiful."

Lis was silent. The prospect of being tattooed with a fox on his chest didn't scare him. It was really very beautiful, and if the master transferred this image to his body, it would even be great. He smiled at Nikto:

"Thanks."

"Do you really like it?" Nikto was delighted.

"Well, yes," Lis replied, quite sincerely.

And Nikto shook his bright head with content.

"What will you do to Arel?"

"Wings on the back!"

"Ah, well, yes, because he is an eagle."

"Yes," Nikto agreed. "It will be very beautiful too, they will be like living!"

When Lis came to the tattoo artist the next time, he saw an unclean in one of the cages, he was sitting tied and waiting for the master to finish with Lis and return to work with him. Lis then

always saw one or two unclean slaves in the cages. The owners seemed to hand them over to the master for a while, the master tattooed them and after a while returned the already decorated slave to the owners.

Nikto never left them with Marg, he always took them away. In general, Lis himself negotiated with him, he came and went. It took three times to make the fox, but Lis often came with Nikto just for the company, sat on a soft sofa, sipping alcohol, smoking and watching Arel tattooed. Or Nikto. The master corrected all the damaged tattoos for him, made, as Nikto said, "restoration". And some, very old and damaged by ulcers, he first lightened with the help of a special tool and then covered with a new, more beautiful and clear pattern. And once, having also come with Nikto and Arel, Lis saw in the cage not an unclean one as usual, but a man. Absolutely human, not even a half-breed. A young guy. He looked deeply unhappy, hunted, but when he also saw people, he, without realizing it, rushed to the bars of the lattice. In the cage he could only move on all fours, it was too low to stand up to full height.

"Help," he whispered, looking at Lis with mad eyes full of fear and despair: "Help."

Lis looked at Nikto:

"Where are the other people here from?"

Nikto asked Marg.

"He says he was caught deep in a cave in the Western Mountains a few days ago."

“But what should he do in the mountains, so far away?!”

Nikto shrugged his shoulders:

“I don’t know. An escaped slave or a criminal.” He sat down in a chair and put his hand on a special armrest. Marg began to mend the barely healed demonic beast eye on his hand.

But Lis couldn’t calm down, his gaze returned to the cage, and the guy, clinging to the bars, also looked at him.

“Nik... he is very young, he is a human.”

“Lis, the unclean have a lot of people as slaves, get used to it.”

“But he doesn't look like a criminal or a slave.”

“Fuck, talk to him yourself, if you're so interested!”

Lis went to the cage, squatted down:

“Who the hell are you?!”

“My name is Marcus.”

“And what were you doing so far in the mountains, Marcus?”

“I'm a traveler. I explore different places, in the North and in the South. I am a researcher.”

“What? What the fuck are you talking about? Researcher?!”

“Yes! I am a scientist, I study the nature and features of our world! I discovered in the north such fat birds that cannot fly, but can live in the cold! These are rare unknown species of flora and fauna. And also plants and minerals, in this cave I discovered a unique colony of stone flowers... my notes, my notebooks with notes...” When he spoke it quickly, choking with words to be in time, his eyes lit up.

“Are you out of your mind? What flowers?!”

“Unique stone flowers that exist only in our world! They glow! Nowhere else are there such ones!”

“Have you been fucked by the unclean?” Lis asked.

And Marcus wilted, froze. Then he pulled back from the bars, head down.

“Do you understand WHAT they will do to you?”

“Help me!” Marcus looked at Lis again with eyes full of despair and hope.

“How can I help you?! I am also a slave, just like you!”

“You are a slave? But you don't look like a slave! Who are you? Warrior?”

“Yes. How did you guess?”

“It's easy to understand, your posture, such a face.”

“Yes, I am a military commander.”

“How did you get into slavery? How could they capture you?!”

Lis smiled sadly:

“I gave up myself.”

“What do you mean yourself?”

“I sold myself in exchange for power.”

Marcus stumbled back, leaning his head against the side wall of the cage.

“Clear. War, murder, any cost justifies victory. You won't help me.”

“I won't help you,” Lis stepped back from the cage, “no one will help you.”

When Lis came back to the master a few days later, he saw that

Marcus was still there. He lay crumpled on the floor, and when he raised himself to the noise, Lis saw that on Marcus' cheek from the ear to the corner of his mouth a dick was tattooed, as realistic as a real one, with an aroused head. And, apparently, the face of Lis at that moment, when he saw it, spoke for itself. Marcus cringed, crawling into the far corner, hiding his disfigured face. But Lis approached him.

“Marcus?”

He didn't answer.

“Marcus?”

“You won't help me, no one will help me,” Marcus finally answered, “and now it's too late.”

“But what about your northern birds and stone flowers, which are not found anywhere else?”

“Nobody gives a shit,” Marcus said.

And Lis shook his head:

“I'll try to help you, maybe buy you back or exchange you, I don't know how yet.”

Lis told Nikto everything about Marcus.

“Marg says that his master prepares slaves, then resells them,” Nikto explained.

“Is it really possible to buy him? How much will he cost?”

“Do you want a young boy as your slave?”

“I don't want to fuck him! He is a scientist!”

“Who?”

“Do you need a scientist? An explorer of this world?”

“Ha-ha, no, of course!”

Nikto spoke to Marg again.

“You can't buy him. He is not for sale.”

“But why?!”

“Why are you looking at me like that? Am I to blame that he is already being customized? You see, the master tattoos him the way the customer wanted. He has already been purchased!”

“Do something! Buy him out! I was in your limit, I was not yet your slave, and you paired me with Aika, and my child is here.”

“I didn't forcibly pair you with a slave, as you put it! You wanted it yourself! You fucked Aika of your own free will.”

Lis grabbed his head:

“Well, why cannot you agree!”

“Why should I fulfill your whims?”

“You gave Arel the best horse, but you can't give me an unfortunate boy?! I'll give three reds for him! What do they want? For breeding and selection?”

“Do you have them?”

“When we take the Fort, I will!”

“Well, then we'll talk.”

“By this time they will disfigure him so that it will be easier to just kill him! Ask for a loan! As a pledge, I don't know how you make the deals here!”

“Lis, you know, fuck off! If we ransom every person, no money will be enough! There's a plenty of people here, do I need to show you? Do you want to save everyone?”

“I am begging you! After all, my child is here.”

“Your child is here, and your children are also in a heap of places, in this and even the Upper world. From those peasants whom you raped, seizing their villages, from various whores and slaves! You shit on them, and it doesn't matter what they eat, drink or what they wear.”

Lis was silent, discouraged by this answer.

“I'll figure it out later,” he said finally, shaking his head as if to drive away the obsession.

“Well, of course!”

“Nik, help me buy Marcus out. I'm asking you!”

Nikto sighed:

“Well, why do I always allow you everything, Lis?”

“Will you agree?!”

“I'll try. But I don't promise you anything.”

Nikto returned Lis to Karina. He himself, along with decorated Arel, went below.

“What did Nikto make you do?” Karina asked, looking at his new tattoo on his chest.

“Nothing special. Everything as usual. He decorates Arel, in his opinion, deals with him all the time. Drags him down to his unclean friends. Shows them his slave. He drags Arel, not me.”

“Have you been there?”

“I was a little lower last time, a couple of tiers, no more. There is something like a throne room and many lounges. They all gather there.”

“Nikto has some kind of a palace here.”

“Yes. But I don't want to go down there anymore.”

“As well as me.”

“Let him drag Arel, he definitely dragged him across all the worlds. These are the prince's problems. Let them have fun as they want.”

“And how did he decorate him?”

“Shitty. I don't even want to talk about it.”

“But I will see it later.”

“Well, yes, I don't think he will fix it.”

“What?”

“Fuck, I don't want to remember this.”

“Li-i-is, what did he do to the prince?”

“In general, nothing special, he put a chastity belt on him, so hard, of course, with a metal tube inside the dick, now Arel can cum or piss only when Nikto opens the tap. On the side where Arel had a brand on his cheek, he pulled out all of his side teeth below and above and cut a hole in his cheek.”

“What for?” Karina whispered, her eyes widened.

“Now he can shove his dick into Arel's mouth through the hole in the cheek.”

“Oh Gods!” And Karina began to cry.

And Lis got angry:

“Why are you crying? Do you feel sorry for him? Do you still like him?! Did you like how he fucked you? Especially with Nikto, I guess? When they two fucked you, simultaneously in all

holes. Did you like it, huh? Arel treated you badly, cut your hair off, and you whine over him!”

“I have no grudge against him, and the hair will grow back. It's just hair,” Karina tried to wipe away her tears. “He's like that because he saw only cruelty in his life. He was never treated well. Therefore, he didn't learn to be good.”

“What are you saying? Why do you always remember only Arel? Always, when it comes to how someone was unjustly beaten and humiliated, everyone always remembers Prince Arel!”

Lis lit a cigarette, and his face turned angry:

“You remember how his father beat him in childhood, how he was bullied in prison, how unfairly he was treated. But if we compare all the facts, they mocked me no less, and I had to endure a lot of humiliations too! But for some reason it seems to everyone that everything is always in order with Lis! And only the handsome prince endured incredible suffering! Arel had a strict father who beat him and raised him. Well, I didn't have a father at all! And I was not a noble master, but an illegitimate half-breed, do you think I was not humiliated? Didn't they tease me? Didn't they mock at my hair color, freckles? Arel knew from childhood that he was a prince, the chosen one. I also realized very early that I was worse than others, a waste. He was taught by the best masters of military affairs, I was simply taken into the army. And there the commanders were not ceremonious with me, as I was second class, I remained. Why is Arel justified by the fact that his

father was too cruel to him and therefore nothing good came of Arel? Why did it come out of me then? Arel became a criminal, and I, the red-headed half-breed, became the commander. Why? Was it somehow easier for me? Was it?”

Karina was silent.

“Good. Then he was bullied in prison for a year, this, of course, is an unpleasant fact. But I also sat in the Reds' prison and they mocked me too, I was not raped, however, who needed me, I'm not so handsome. But they beat me, they kept me in a tight shackle as a very dangerous criminal, on bread and water. Then in a cramped cage. They cut off my finger! Does anyone ever remember this? Everyone remembers that, fuck it, they painted Arel's face with gray paint and cut off his hair! Disgraced the noble gentleman! Fuck it!”

Lis extended his hand to Karina, which was missing a little finger:

“Do you see this?! Nobody ever remembers this! I couldn't move in my shackles, immobilized in complete darkness, my vision didn't fully recover after that, I began to see worse and can no longer shoot as aimed as before. Nobody gives a shit! Because Arel was raped, and he ate shit.”

“Lis, please don't...”

“Let's go further! What other humiliations I went through while I was wandering around restless, okay, let's skip it. I got to Arel, he reigned, and no one mocked him at that time. On the contrary, he mocked others as he wanted. He whipped them.

Toby slit his mouth open. He also humiliated me, everyone knows that he put a strip of jester on me, although I was not guilty of anything, but Arel just wanted to. I still have a scar from it, all over my face! Nobody ever remembers this, although it is visible! What difference does it make? Make fun of the red-headed half-breed, throw a stone in the head! He humiliated me in the castle as he wanted, he was not touched. Now, very recent events: Arel again was raped in prison. He was beaten and fucked again. And... damn it, me too! They beat me every day, knocked out all of my teeth, broke all the ribs and all the fingers and toes. Before the court everything was corrected, and even then, that half of the face, which was turned into a mess, didn't fully recover. And even at the trial it was clear that I was beaten. And they raped me. Not a king with lords as a prince. Just dirty criminals and soldiers. And they pissed on my head too. The only thing is that I didn't eat shit, and thanks for that! They were not so snazzy and, apparently, rarely shit. Therefore, the Gods had mercy. But Arel has been stuffed with shit a couple of times in his entire life, and shit has been pouring on me forever since birth! In front of me, no one bowed, didn't breathe out: "Prince! Prince, how handsome he is! Descendant of the royal family!" It's not a pity to swallow a couple of pieces of shit for such words! And I was just fucked. Everyone humiliated me all my life! And Arel again humiliated me, painted me like a clown, I resigned myself, you saw that he, and then Nikto made a jester out of me. Arel now wears a nose ring, think about it! I wore bells, I wear the

same shit! Nikto humiliates and torments me the same way. Is not it so? I suck and I get fucked whenever they want. How am I better than Arel? Why does it seem to everyone that Arel is being bullied, but not me? Wasn't I even more bullied? Isn't my life the same series of bullying? But you can't see it from me, right? I don't look humiliated and pathetic, even when painted like a jester. Everyone feels sorry for Arel, but not for me. What difference does it make to me what else they make me wear, take in my mouth. Anything! You are welcome! The prince is a true descendant of the black ancestors – this is victory, success! Half-blood red is a shame, a failure.”

“Please, please stop! Arel for this title, by order of the king, was made sterile,” Karina tried to object somehow, so that it would not seem to Lis that all the bad things happened only to him. “He paid dearly for his nobility.”

“Well, yes,” Lis threw down a cigarette, out of habit, immediately lighting up the next one from her. “But I have a lot of children, according to Nikto, and all from whores and slaves!”

“But you yourself are to blame, you play very hard, you yourself understand it. You yell at Nikto, you call him names. You are very cocky. So you get it,” Karina decided not to develop the topic about his children.

“My wonderful good life made me so, and I will remain so!”

“Stop smoking.”

Karina hugged him, and he didn't pull away.

“I love you for that! You will become king!”

“And Arel will become a Demon!”

“Well, Lis, well enough. Stop being jealous of him.”

Lis covered his face with his palms:

“That’s all. Sorry. I won't anymore.”

After a while, Nikto brought everyone back. They again stood in the center of the room in the old witch’s cave. And Nikto clumsily sank to the floor and groaned:

“Oh, damn...”

The difference between the way he was in his limit, and what he was again was too obvious. They got used to him fast, strong, without a scar, with a clean beautiful face. And now his face was disfigured again because of Karina's brother. Nikto covered it with his hands. He sat hunched over, not moving, as if coming to his senses, getting used to the limitations of a crippled human body.”

“I can’t, I don’t want...”

“Nik,” Lis asked cautiously, “are you now a human or a Demon?”

Nikto removed his hands from his face and looked at Lis:

“I'm now a Demon in a fucking human body and a human face with this fucking scar!”

He ran his fingers over his scarred cheek.

“How I got sick!”

“You just whine and talk like Karina’s brother usually talks.”

“He used to talks so even when he was a Demon,” Arel inserted carefully, the prince’s cheek was sealed in several layers

with a black plaster, “he often said so.”

Nikto looked up:

“Don't look at me like that! Don't!”

He stood up heavily, continuing to quietly pronounce curses in unclean language.

“But you yourself created humans so imperfect,” said Lis.

“I didn't create people, they were created by the Supreme Demons and the God of the upper ones.”

“The one who was then crucified, as Lila says?”

“Of course not!”

“They crucified, it seems, the son of the god of the upper ones,” Arel said, “and Nikto is the son of the Devil.”

“And he was badly dented too,” said Lis. “Did this son of God also carry out missions among people in a human body?”

“You don't understand anything in this, don't meddle! You have your Black Gods, they are given to you, don't meddle in the world of dark and light.”

“Well, yes, we are mice. We don't understand the life of higher beings,” said Lis. “Did you create us just to fuck? Well, then you could have made more holes! Or is it just your personal orientation to fuck people, while others, over there, create artificial demons?”

“Yes,” Nikto snapped, “sing, mice, dance, amuse me! Do you see, Lis, that I have not done anything to you, as I promised, neither to you, nor to Karina, you will no longer be afraid to enter my limit?”

“Maybe you erased our memory,” objected Lis, “you always do that. We don’t know how much time has passed, and where we really were and what we were doing. We are not supposed to know this!”

“You are alive, well, say thank you for that too.”

“Thank you.”

“Let’s go to the Estate. Only one day has passed here.”

Pulling his lame leg, Nikto walked slowly towards the exit, and his “mice” followed him...

Chapter two

After the Limit

Lis entered the room saturated with the acrid smell of all kinds of “restoratives” and saw Nikto sitting by the mirror. In the twilight and in some kind of stupor, he, looking at his reflection, was concentrately pricking a strange sign on his forehead.

“What are you doing! What the fuck!” Lis literally threw Nikto away from the mirror, black paint flowed down the bridge of Nikto’s nose. On his forehead was a symbol that Lis couldn’t understand.

“This is the edge,” Lis groaned, “my strength is gone!” He looked at dumb Nikto, whose eyes were completely blank.

“What are you doing, who have you become, you are insane! Call your khabir, let him put you in order!”

“What for?” Nikto drawled.

“What for?!”

“My only desire, Lis, is to get stoned with all sorts of trash, then pass out, and when I wake up, get stoned again.”

“That scares me,” said Lis. “You look like Squint-Eye now, in your self-destruction. Fuck, you have such great abilities!”

“Abilities? What do you know about my abilities?! They took everything from me, I have nothing!”

“Nik, please,” asked Arel plaintively, who was sitting on the floor, “let me console you, let me touch you.”

“O-oh!” Lis drawled. “Another madman. You're scaring me, this has gone too far. You will die before we make any attempt to go east! You, Nikto, don't want, and this one,” he looked contemptuously at Arel, “this one I even don't mention!”

“I will do everything Lis, I don't want, but I will do everything,” Nikto said wearily.

“Damn, at least put yourself in order to begin with,” Lis snapped displeased. “You're already swollen from the endless drugs. Take care of your body a little!”

Instead of answering, Nikto pulled the chain, allowing Arel to climb onto the bed.

“I didn't allow you to talk,” he said, and several times, briefly, but tangibly, hit Arel on the face, head and ribs with his fist. Arel wheezed, barely holding back.

“He's already blue, stop it!” Lis shouted.

Nikto didn't react, but instead took the rope, thrust it into Arel's mouth, passing it between the remaining teeth, tightened

it with all his might, tying it at the back so that the rope dug into his face and didn't allow him to close his mouth. Arel groaned, trying to crawl away, the wide steel collar didn't let him to bend his head properly, digging into the skin under his chin.

"Send him back to your limit," Lis couldn't resist, "let him wait for you there! He distracts you."

"No," Nikto said.

"Nik, pull yourself together! Are you a Demon or who?!"

"I am nobody," Nikto said slowly in syllables, "I don't want anything, Lis. Hush, hush," he winced, "just don't start yelling, I will do everything."

"You can do it already now, you can do more and better! You do the minimum, in a slipshod manner. Without soul. Get out of the body then, I'll do it faster with Karina's brother than with you. It seems to me that he will really be more useful now!" Lis gripped his stomach, wincing. "Fuck, my stomach will die from endless nerves now."

"You have holes in your stomach," Nikto said.

Pale Lis was holding his stomach with both hands, waiting for the attack to pass.

"Go away for the sake of your gods," he whispered, "leave the human, we will do everything ourselves."

"He's blind," Nikto retorted.

"You're no more sighted," Lis looked skeptically at the swollen eye of Nikto on the side of the inflamed scar.

"For the sake of your gods," Nikto mimicked him. "I am

your God!" He tried to laugh, but coughed hoarsely: "Unclean warriors will not listen to you yet, Fox, only to me. You are not yet an authority for them."

"Well, what for do I have it?!" Lis groaned, he let go of his stomach and grabbed his head. "Why am I always unlucky?!"

"I'll do everything, Lis," Nikto drawled, "just fuck off now, okay?" He with some unhealthy expression on his face pulled Arel by the chain.

"No!" Lis shouted. "Enough! I'll take him from you, this damn prince has made you crazy. You don't want to think of anything but him."

Nikto buried Arel's face in his crotch.

"Fuck, unhook from him!" Fox couldn't resist.

"Ver! Ver!" He shouted, and Verniy, oddly enough, appeared on the threshold.

"Ver, I ask you, if you truly love your master, help him get out of this state," Lis pleaded.

Ver gazed dispassionately at the stoned Nikto, as if he had not seen his sunken dull eyes, festering scar and tangled hair.

"He, along the way, can't wait for you to die," said Lis disappointedly, "only I don't like it. Only I am worried about you."

"Ver," said Nikto aloud, "stir up something from the stomach for Lis. He's bleeding inside there."

"Fuck," drawled Lis. Nikto knocked Arel over on his back, lay down on top of him with his whole body, kissing with cracked

lips, Arel was moaning, arching towards him.

“Animals, you are animals!” Lis stood up. “I’m leaving. I’ll be back tomorrow morning.”

“Ver will bring you the medicine,” Nikto said without turning around.

“Nik, I ask you...” began Lis.

Nikto put his fingers into Arel's tight mouth, making him moan in pain.

Lis went out.

When he returned to the room the next morning, he saw that nothing had changed. The shutters were still tightly closed, a candle barely glowed in the twilight, the sharp chemical smell of drugs tickled his nose so that his eyes began to water. Nikto was lying prone on the bed, his blond hair sweeping away. Arel sat tied by his wrists to the headboard, the rope still gripping his mouth. He opened his eyelids hard, looking at Lis with a dull look.

“You motherfuckers!” Lis opened the shutters and the window with a crash, bright light and fresh wind burst into the room. Lis, confidently walking up to the bed, untied Arel and cut the rope that tightened his mouth from behind. He didn’t even try to untie the knots which Nikto made. On the prince's face, where the rope cut into the skin, a dark purple stripe from ear to ear remained.

Nikto got up:

“What?” He barely uttered.

“Come to your senses, Kors is coming!”

“No,” Nikto murmured, “I know when. Not today.”

“Get up, let's go to the river. You need to refresh yourself. You need a brainwash!”

“Did the medicine help you?”

“Yes, thanks, get up, Arel!”

“Not on a horse,” he murmured in horror, “no, no,” he whined.

“Get it out, get it out of him!” Lis said in an orderly tone and turned to Nikto.

“No, “ he threw sharply, still rising from the bed.

“Pull it out, you will play with him at the waterfalls, drown him there to hell!”

This idea seemed to interest Nikto.

“Ver,” he called, “bring the mask, Arel's clothes, dress him.”

“Dress him up and get the bump out of his ass, I don't want him to whine on the way,” said Lis.

“He will ride with me on the same horse.”

“Damn, you don't unstuck even for a second!”

Ver returned to the room with a bunch of some kind of leather harness, treating Arel like a big doll, and began to busily tighten his body, black with bruises, with belts. Nikto nevertheless pulled out a large ribbed dildo from Arel.

“I'll put on him a mask myself,” he said to Ver with unhealthy passion and love in his eyes, covering Arel's face with a crust of hard black skin.

“And don't forget to put on a mask onto yourself,” said Lis gloomily. “How I hate you, you are burnt out, Nikto!”

“I won't forget,” Nikto said, and Lis watched with disgust as he tightened all the belts on his beloved Arel for a long time and thoroughly.

Covered with leather clothing like with a shell, Arel moved stiffly, he was shaking. Ver covered his hair with a hood.

“Dress your second slave soon,” urged Lis. And Nikto dressed and covered his face with a black mask too. “Don't you also want to shove anything into yourself?” Lis grimaced, seeing that completely collected Nikto and Arel differed little from each other, except for the color of their hair. “Two slaves of the Demon,” Lis said caustically.

“Lis, you are my slave too. Don't forget it!” Nikto answered sharply.

And Lis silently grinned angrily.

“Want a bell in your nose? Fuck, you will get it instead of the throne!”

“I already somehow don't even doubt,” Lis snapped again, “it looks like this is all you can do!”

Nikto, a moment ago so lethargic, suddenly came up sharply to Lis and grabbed him by the hair from behind, squeezing with a death grip, lifting his face up.

“Can't you see the limits, Lis?!” He hissed and threw Lis away from him with such force that he, flying half the room, slammed sideways into the wall, slid down, instinctively covering his head with his hands.

“I'm sorry, I'm sorry,” Lis hastened to say, “now I see the

Demon.”

“What a fool.”

“Sorry.”

“I'll break your head off, Lis, I'll print your fucking redhead into the wall if you don't shut up.”

Lis knelt down.

“Do you want me to order Ver to piss in your mouth now for your words? And you will swallow, I swear I will train you!”

“I'm sorry, I'm sorry, don't,” Lis was tense. “I have understood everything, I will no longer say that, please.”

“Come on,” Nikto passed him, “for the last time, Lis, I don't touch you. Remember. There won't be a second time.”

They drove to the river, and Nikto put Arel on the Unclean Power in front of him, hugging all the way. Khabir Verniy stayed behind to guard the path, and they, leaving their horses, went down through the grotto to the lake. Lis told Nikto that he had already drowned the prince.

“Do you know how his ass shrinks when he starts to choke?!” He laughed.

And in the eyes of Arel, whom Nikto freed from the mask, a sincere fear was reflected and he began to whisper:

“No, no, please...”

But, of course, his pleas, like all the previous ones before, were completely in vain. And at first they mocked him for a long time, forcing him to walk along the water's edge on all fours. Nikto drove him back and forth like a dog by the chain in his

nose, sometimes faster, sometimes slower. Then he blindfolded Arel with a leather bandage. And having allowed him to get up, he transferred him to the opposite bank of the creek. There they began to dip Arel into the water and fucked him in turns. While one fucked, the other kept the prince's head under the water, lowered. Several times the poor man choked, and Nikto rudely brought him to his senses, pressing on the chest with his knee. Arel vomited water and was in a semi-faint state. With threats, they forced him to try to hold his breath as long as possible. And if he began to sip water too quickly, earlier than needed, as they thought, they pulled him to the beach and kicked him a little, but perceptibly, rolling on the sand. They poked his face in the sand. Then, at last, they played enough, nearly drowning the poor prince four times. Returning to the grass, they sat down to eat. Nikto gave a piece of bread with cheese in Arel's hand:

“Eat!”

He watched with satisfaction as Arel awkwardly held the sandwich with his hand in a wet leather glove, how he tried to eat, how helplessly he turned his head to the voice of Nikto. Blind, wet, submissive.

“Drink some wine too,” Nikto thrust a glass into his hands, “refresh yourself.”

He finally untied the tight bandage that held Arel's head and allowed him to open his eyes. Arel blinked often, squinting, his eyes were watering from the daylight. Nikto was clearly in a blissful mood:

“Tell me, slave, what do you want to ask? Ask!”

Arel in fright almost choked on a piece of bread and barely uttered:

“Can I please give a pee?”

Nikto, smiling, nodded and, holding out his hand, opened the faucet in Arel's chastity belt.

“Just step away, over there to the bushes. But so that I can see you! He and Lis watched as Arel was awkwardly trying to cope with a small need: so that urine from the small hole in his chastity belt didn't flow down his legs, he had to squat down.

“He can't pee standing now, Nikto, what are you doing to him?” Lis laughed. Arel returned to them, sat down without looking up.

Nikto reached out and stroked his nose ring:

“Look at me!” He ordered.

Arel immediately looked up, frightened and resigned. Nikto looked at him, not looking up, intently, while continuing to play with the ring with his fingers, then sipping it from side to side, then clicking on it:

“I allow you to cum!” Nikto suddenly said very clearly.

And Arel began to thrash, tremble, Nikto continued to firmly hold him by the ring hanging from his nose, forcing Arel slightly lifting his head up, wriggle, writhe in his hands, making whining, completely inhuman sounds. White liquid spurted from the hole in the chastity belt.

“I've never seen anything more disgusting!” Lis said, turning

away.

And when Arel's body finally stopped contracting convulsively, Nikto let go of the ring, and Arel immediately fell on its side. With his gloved hands, he began to scratch the metal chastity belt, as if trying to rip it off, not realizing that this was a pointless attempt. Nikto watched as Arel, in a hopeless fit, tried to tear off his belt and leather straps, digging into the body.

“In the morning I'll give you to Ver,” he said, “it's time to heal you.”

Nikto pulled Arel to him and turned off the tap. Arel howled in frustration and pain. Nikto fastened the chain to the nose ring and pulled on it again.

“Calm down, calm down,” he ordered, “if you try to take something off, rip off or at least weaken, I will cut off your fucking hands! All the same, they are unnecessary to you.” Arel looked at him with such indescribable horror that Nikto laughed. “Calm down, I'm kidding, it amuses me how you scratch yourself and you still can't do anything. Are the straps too tight? Everything hurts, right? Ver will heal you. Because things still need to be done here!” He nodded at Lis. “There, he's sitting, worried. So I'll release you soon.”

Arel leaned towards Nikto, trying to kiss his hands.

“Stop it already!” Lis couldn't stand it.

“Stop standing over me like a brood hen and clucking,” Nikto said to Lis.

“We will not have time to do anything!”

“We will have time for everything.”

Towards evening, they returned to the Estate and continued.

“I’m tired, please,” Arel barely whispered, and his tear-filled eyes glittered.

“I’ll let you rest, but later. I said in the morning,” Nikto answered.

“Why are you even letting him open his mouth for nothing,” said Lis. “Come on, fasten his tongue, and let him hum.” Lis grinned and snapped hard on the metal ring sticking out in the corner of Arel’s lips. He twitched, clinking chains, shrank:

“Please give me a little rest! Get these rings out of my mouth, please, at least for a little while!”

“They are small,” Nikto was sincerely surprised, “how can they bother you? What, Lis, do you like the way he whines?”

“I like it,” agreed Lis, “let him whine, as you say, let him plead.”

Arel closed his eyes. Nikto unhooked his hands from the headboard, and Arel awkwardly covered his mouth with numb hands.

“Yes, you’re right,” Lis smiled, “he twitches funny. I didn’t think he would beg after what you did to him.”

“He doesn’t remember much and is really tired,” Nikto explained, “and he begs from time to time, I like it. I allow him to do it sometimes. Now I keep him in chains for a long time and rarely let him cum. He can get relief now only after I give permission and utter the necessary words. He was exhausted.”

Lis looked at Arel's solid steel chastity belt.

“When was the last time he touched his cock?”

“It doesn't matter now,” Nikto shrugged. “It doesn't matter. His cock no longer belongs to him. He no longer has a cock.”

“Arel, do you feel this tube that Nikto put into your cock?”

Arel raised his bright brown eyes, outlined in black tattoo, at him.

“Yes, get it out, at least for a while! Get some rest! Nik, get it out, please! It's tearing me apart!”

“He asks to get everything out today,” said Lis.

Nikto again fixed Arel's hands, lifting them strongly up and twisting them a little. Now, any movement caused Arel pain in the twisted joints.

“Please, stop!”

“Calm down!” Lis shouted at him. “Be patient, since he himself wanted it! All of us were in chains for some periods of our lives.”

“Arel, on the whole, withstands movement restrictions very well,” said Nikto. “I'll weaken you in the morning, maybe not for long. Now, slave, don't even hope! But you can still beg! I love listening to your pleas. The way I bind you, and you pray for the relaxation of trials. Pray to me, Arel, as to your gods, and maybe I will be more merciful. Or maybe I'll make it even more painful so that your current position seems to you happiness. And you begged for it back to you. I can do better, or I can do even worse!”

“You are my God! You are my God!” Arel whispered,

crucified on the bed. “I beg you, give me a little rest! Let me breathe a little free.”

“I’ll let you rest tomorrow morning! And now you will stay tied up and keep whining how it hurts! Even kids prefer toys that squeak.”

Lis laughed.

“And yet, Arel, remember, if a man did it with you, it would be bad! But I am not a man – I am your God! And that means everything that I do with you is good! Good for you!”

Chapter three

The guest

Nikto still forced himself to return to business. They had to travel a little to the east, to the nearest river, in order to find a good, not deep place for the army to cross the river.

“Will you comb me?” Nikto asked Karina. “Ver doesn't know how to braid all those kinds of braids.”

Karina smiled:

“Do you like them?”

“Well, they get tangled less and you don't need to comb it for a long time.”

“Ah,” Karina held out and took the comb handed to her.

“And I will thank you,” Nikto promised.

“How?”

“Do you want me to fuck you?”

At these words of Nikto, Arel, who was sitting on the floor by the bed, raised his head and looked at Karina with a look full of jealousy.

“No, thanks,” Karina answered quickly and tried to concentrate on untangling the old braids at the temples of Nikto. “Let's do without gratitude.”

“Why?”

“I don't want it.”

“You want it,” Nikto smiled.

“Why do you think so? I love Lis.”

“So what?”

“I want to marry him!”

Nikto laughed:

“All girls are different, but they always want the same thing! You are already the third in my memory.”

Karina thought about Dony, who helped Nikto, and then married successfully. Did she ask the Demon for this?

“Are you talking about Dony? And who else?”

“Never mind. I have understood you.”

“I was joking!” Karina was scared. “I hope you won't order him?!”

“No, don't worry. And think about my first proposal, you liked it before.”

Karina's cheeks flushed:

“Is Arel not enough for you? Can you explain to me your relationship? You touch him and do what you want with him,

but he doesn't. What is the pleasure of such a relationship? That you won't even let him touch you. He doesn't hug you, doesn't stroke you, doesn't kiss you. Only you do everything. Don't you want him to hug you, stroke you with his hands without gloves? And you don't even let him touch you with gloves on. Shouldn't pleasure be mutual?"

"You don't understand anything," Nikto said, "hug and kiss Lis as long as you like."

"But this is a manifestation of love! Did you do the same with your girlfriend?"

"Who are you talking about now?"

"About Rosa."

"Oh! You have found a worthy one to remember!" Nikto chuckled. "She's your brother's girlfriend, not mine."

"If you, if you would really find a way to go into your world..."

"I will find it!" Nikto reacted too harshly. And Karina, frightened, tried to calm him down and somehow smooth out her unpleasant words:

"I believe it! I sincerely believe in this, which is why I say when you leave for your world."

"Well, then?" He pulled himself together.

"And if you left my brother's body, I would hire the best doctors," Karina said, "including doctor Balthazar."

"What?! Don't remind me of that old asshole!"

"Sorry. He's a good doctor in fact, it just didn't work out for you. And he would have cured my brother. We would find Rosa

and they would be happy.”

“What?! You're nuts! Your brother is blind and dumb. What Rosa? How much time has passed?”

“Well, not so much, in fact,” Karina objected, “you know, I haven't seen Lis for many years either. And when we met again, it was as if those years had never happened.”

“Do you think she is still sitting and waiting for him at the portal?”

“For some reason I believe in it. And besides, it's so easy to check.”

“No!” Nikto answered. “When I leave, do what you want with your crazy brother. But only if I can leave. Look for Rosa. I won't care anymore.”

“Can he open a portal to the Upper World without your help?”

“He can, and he opened it. Only he won't, I'm sure. After all that he did to himself. Why does she need a cripple, Karina? Your fantasies will kill me!”

“Me and the doctors, we will cure him!”

“Nonsense!”

“Is it impossible to restore the ligaments? Well? Answer the truth.”

“Maybe. Would you get the tattoos off him too?”

“Yes!”

Nikto laughed:

“How long will you have to mess around! And the scar?”

“We'll come up with something! And in the Upper World,

doctors work miracles!”

“She’s just the forester’s daughter.”

“Yes, she is. But I’ll become a queen! Do you think I won’t write out the best red, and white, if necessary, doctors for my beloved brother?”

“And he will become as good as new and then open the portal, and Rosa will be sitting there and waiting, huh?” Nikto finished for Karina.

“Yes,” said Karina, “she is waiting for him. I believe it! And my brother, so handsome, healthy, without tattoos and scars, and sighted. He will embrace her, they will hold each other, and he will say, “I promised I wouldn’t leave you and would come back!” And she will cry with happiness. And she will say, “Could you? The demon is no longer in you?” And she will run her fingers over the barely visible scar on his face.”

“And he will say: “My sister Karina helped me! My savior! I couldn't have done it without her!” Nikto said. “Karina, just don't cry, okay?”

“I won’t cry, you can scoff as much as you want!”

“And they will live happily, there, in the forest hut. Quiet and secluded. Well, and you, you will live happily in the palace, be a queen. You're crazy?”

“Say what you want! Only she is a quiet and modest daughter of a forester, and she is twenty-five years old, and every day she sits at the portal and waits and believes. And I believe! And you! You know it!”

“No,” Nikto shook his head, “I don't know it. The Upper world is not in my power.”

“If my brother managed to escape then, he would be free,” Karina said.

“But he failed.”

“At least he managed to save his Rosa. Poor, poor brother of mine. I will help him!”

“Arel, what will you say?” Nikto tugged slightly on the chain, fastened with one side to the ring in the prince's nose, the other end was wrapped around Nikto's wrist.

“She will forget about her brother as soon as she drives into the Red Royal Palace,” Arel said, “then it would be safer to leave him to my idiot Vil Luvén. He will really take care of the cripple.”

“Do you hear?” Nikto tried to turn his head to Karina.

“You say as if I hadn't taken you out of prison!” She said indignantly, and she really wanted to pull his hair with force.

“Wow! Yes! It was a real feat!”

“Are you kidding? I won't comb your hair again then!”

“Yes, come on really, get finished, I'm tired of it. And it's time to go.”

Valentine, who timidly entered the room, froze on the threshold, the lower part of his face was covered with an iron strip of the muzzle, but the frightened eyes spoke for themselves.

“Is everything ready?” Lis asked sharply, he finished the wine from the glass in a couple of sips and got up from the table.

“I... yes... there...” Valentine began to stutter, trembling.

“What the fuck is it?!” Lis swore.

“A sir has come to you... he said that his name was V... Vitor... Kors!”

“WHAT?!”

Karina jumped up:

“Father?!”

“Damn it,” Lis shouted in annoyance, “he came when we need to leave! We didn't have enough time!”

He jabbed his finger towards Nikto:

“I said that we would not be in time!” Lis began to swear.

“Calm down!” Nikto payed back in his own coin. “We will have time for everything!”

“We didn't make it in time because of your pranks and that,” Lis nodded contemptuously at Arel.

“Close your mouth!” Nikto swore too hard.

Their conversation in a raised voice sounded something like this:

“Damn, we're going to fuck it all up because of you! Instead of shoving your dick in the ass of this goner...”

“Lis, shut up your fucking mouth...”

And at that moment Vitor Kors entered the room.

“Good evening,” he said. And they fell silent, staring blankly at him.

“I realized that I couldn't wait for your servant to take me into the house and introduce me officially. I don't want to offend anyone, but he looked somewhat mentally retarded, so I had the

courage to go in myself, as it's cold outside. And I thought that not observing official decency in your hospitable home would not be perceived as a violation of etiquette or disrespect.”

“Wh ... wh... What?” Lis barely uttered, starting to stutter the same way as Valentine. And Karina rushed to her father.

“Father!” She hugged him. “I am insanely glad for your arrival!”

In response, he also hugged her tightly, and then pushed her aside, looking at her:

“I'm glad you're alive,” he said quietly.

“Everything is fine with me!” She assured him fervently, realizing that he was looking at her short hair that barely reached her shoulders.

“Sit down, Vitor Kors,” said Nikto at last. “Yes, you're right, everything is simple with us.” Because of the mask, the expression of his face was not visible.

They sat down at the table, silently and with some tension, looking at each other. The pause dragged on.

“Hm,” Kors cleared his throat, “I see you are packed, there are saddled horses in the yard, were you going somewhere? Am I in the way?”

“Did you come alone?” Lis answered impatiently with a question.

“Yes.” And seeing the obvious disappointment and annoyance in the eyes of the Fox, Kors smiled with a token smile and added: “I left my people in the town near the fair.”

“And you were not afraid to come here like this? Alone?” Lis grimaced.

“I have told you,” Kors stressed the last word, “I left a regiment of my soldiers in the town.”

“How many?! A regiment?!” Lis shook his head, as if driving away the obsession. He could not hide his emotions.

“Three battalions of three hundred men each, not counting the servicemen.”

“Where did you get so many warriors?” Lis was stunned.

And Kors laughed:

“Well... I'm pretty rich, Lis. Lis? Is that what I should call you? We never communicated closely, unfortunately, the military department for some reason believed that you were in their competence.”

“Indeed, unfortunately,” Lis smiled his trademark grin, he looked pleased and no longer so dumbfounded. “But no matter what is being done, everything is for the best! But now, I'm sure we'll make wonderful friends.”

Kors raised an eyebrow.

“I thought so too. And so I came alone, as if I were visiting friends.” He turned his gaze to Nikto and Arel.

“Make yourself at home!” Nikto said.

And Karina looked at him gratefully.

“Valentine,” Nikto ordered, “bring food and wine for our guest.”

Kors relaxed a little.

“Let's forget the old times!”

“Yes of course!”

Nikto raised a glass:

“Let's drink to the meeting!”

“For the meeting!” Kors agreed, and they drank wine.

Everyone, except for Arel, who still didn't know how to eat and drink, without removing the mask, but lifting only its lower part.

Kors noticed this: “You don't take off your masks? I would like to chat with you, Nikto, seeing your face.”

“I beg your pardon,” Nikto said, and it was clear that this was not for real, “but, unfortunately, I can't take it off now, since we were going on the road, and I glue it along the edge to my face and now you fucking won't pull it off... that is... it is no longer possible to take off.”

“Yes! I'm delaying you!” Kors stood up.

“No, no, not at all,” Lis also jumped up, “we were just going to get to the river and find a good place for crossing.”

“So far?”

“Yes.”

“But why?”

“To go further.”

“Further, as far as I know, is the village of Riverside, the territory of the Reds and the border fortress.”

“Exactly. We're going to take this fortress.”

“I saw that you have soldiers, but are they enough?”

“Yes, there are few of them, but why not try?”

“I’m afraid that this is too tough nut to crack, and maybe it was worth training your army,” Kors chuckled, at these words, “on smaller goals at first?”

Nikto turned to Lis:

“Lis, show him the map and tell everything.”

Lis spread a map of the area on the table and began to explain. He very quickly, competently and clearly outlined all positions and cleared areas.

And Kors was impressed, the grin left his face. Karina, watching her father, saw this and was proud of Lis. He was a born warrior and now he was in his element, communication with Nikto and Arel clearly led him to degradation, and now he seemed to have perked up.

“I’m impressed,” Kors said. “It’s fair. Handsomely. No unnecessary movements, everything is very economical and at the same time productive.”

“Yes, we are not as stupid as you thought,” Nikto answered, and Lis looked at him condemningly, just as before, Arel always looked at Tol when he blurted out something out of place.

“I beg your pardon, I probably just judged the people of the prince by their master,” Kors answered with his own coin, and poor Arel, who had not said a word during all this time, again remained silent.

Kors no longer looked at him and at Nikto either, he asked Lis a few clarifying questions and received comprehensive answers. Karina saw that her father and her fiancé clearly found a common

language, meanwhile as two warriors, but still.

“So how many soldiers do you have now? I didn't understand how you separate them, to be honest, you have non-standard platoons and squads.”

“Lis divided Arel's militiamen into the red manner,” said Nikto, “the red ones form the units a little differently, you should know, Kors?”

“Yes, I know, of course, it's just that it's black.”

“Well, they are black, and our commander is red, and he is more used to it.”

“It's more convenient for me to command,” said Lis. “I'm used to the scheme of reds. What difference does it make that they are black?”

“I see,” it was obvious that Kors was a little stunned by such a blatant disposition, “and the unclean ones?”

“The unclean ones are mine,” and Nikto named the number of the unclean ones, and how they were divided.

“Are you joking? Such inconsistency?! If I bring my warriors, who are formed according to the classical scheme and the rules of the black army, how will we bring all this to a common denominator?”

“Let's figure it out,” Lis smiled, “I also know the charter of blacks.”

“So, if you don't go into details, you have two detachments of militias, a little more than a hundred people. And about three hundred unclean half-bloods, which are divided into three

companies, and in one company there are fifty unclean, and in the other more than a hundred, and each with its own commander.”

“Yes,” Nikto answered him, “Nija has few soldiers, and Zaf has more. I cannot divide them equally and give Zaf's warriors under the command of Nija or Tazh.”

“That is, each commander has his own soldiers as property, this is not a very suitable alignment. Soldiers should be assigned depending on the task at hand, and not on who their commander is.”

Nikto shrugged his shoulders:

“Nothing can be done here, they are unclean.”

“You also have red ones, I noticed, in the yard?”

“Yes, the red warriors who went over to our side. There are sixty of them.”

“But they are red!”

“Every warrior is dear to us. They went over to our side.”

“But they will betray as soon as the opportunity presents itself!”

“Let them try, and half of them are former deserters of the Red Army who fled from the Red order. Ordinary guys in bad circumstances will come in handy,” Lis interjected.

“And many people know and remember Lis, have heard about him and want to be in the army of the legendary Sigmer.”

“Come on, Nik,” Lis was a little embarrassed, “they just like the local peasant women.”

“What are you doing?! Why do you mix black with red, however... more on that later... and you really count every warrior.”

“Father, reds are people too!” Karina intervened, fearing that now talk about the purity of blood, race and human waste might begin. It's a good thing that they didn't say that soon several half-breeds will be born from the red and unclean!

“Yes,” Kors shook his head, “let's leave this topic, you are not noble blacks and just don't understand the meaning of the true code of purity. Let's go back to the territories. This area would also be worth checking out,” he said, bending over the map,

“Yes, but it is on the maps and it will be possible to draw up a plan here, focusing on them and not wasting time on exploration. Not to attract the attention of the enemy,” answered Lis, and Karina noticed with relief that he didn't attach any importance to the hints that were offensive to every black, and as if nothing had happened continued the conversation. “How is he used to all this pretentious husk of blacks,” Karina thought with some regret, “he doesn't react at all and doesn't hear. How many times have they said this to him?” Nikto didn't react either. Poor half-breeds, they are so accustomed that they don't even hear that they are being insulted. And Karina, for the umpteenth time, mentally thanked the Gods for being born with dark eyes and hair, like all black ones.

“We will drive only to the crossing and will return within a couple of days.”

“Yes, yes, of course. I don't want to detain you now, you could go, and I would stay with my daughter and wait for you,” said Kors.

“We cannot leave Karina,” Nikto objected, “she knows the river well, since she was already there. But I would be glad if you stayed and waited for us. We will leave you all the maps of the area and leave Prince Arel, he will give you all the materials you want. Is it possible?”

“All right,” said Kors, “I'll wait for you. You are planning a very risky business, and I want to understand better and decide everything for myself. And I also want to talk on your return without masks, seriously and in a more frank manner.”

Chapter four

Kors and Arel

Vitor Kors knocked on the door of the prince's room and entered it. Arel raised his face, still covered with a mask, from the sheet of paper lying on the table in front of him. Kors looked around the room with some surprise. It was perfectly cleaned: the bed was neatly covered with a fur blanket made from the skins of the fluffy gray foxes that were found at the North Sea and here in the South were a rarity, sheer luxury. There were scraper marks on the clean wooden floor, not a single drop of wax. In the far corner of the room, on a chair, was khabir Verniy, he was without a mask, and perhaps this confused Kors. Verniy was

sitting on a chair, bent over an iron bucket, in one paw he held a shiny, ornate candlestick for seven candles, but now empty, in the other – a thick wax candle. The candle burned brightly, and Ver led the flame along the curls of the candlestick. Wax adhered to complex patterns melted from the fire and dripped into the bucket. Thus, the candlestick was quickly cleared. All that was left was to wipe it down with a cloth, and it glittered again like new with gold. The second candlestick, perfectly cleaned, was already standing on the bedside table. Verniy only raised his eyes and again began to slowly move the candle over the candlestick.

“What do you need?” Arel asked first, his brown eyes shining brightly from the narrow slits of the mask.

Kors shuddered, as if with difficulty breaking away from the bewitching action, averted his eyes, from the unclean economic dog, looked at Arel:

“You don’t take off your mask at all now,” he said more caustically than questioningly, “just like your Nikto?”

“Do you need anything?” Arel repeated. “Nik said that you can address me if you need something. Only on business.”

“Yes, of course, I came on business,” threw Kors irritated, “do you really think that I came to you just to chat? I need a map of the village, if there is one, of course. And the surroundings. All surroundings.”

Kors went to the table at which Arel was sitting, and bent down, examining the book lying in front of the prince. The book was open.

“You are reading?!” Kors’ surprise knew no bounds, and now he looked very sincere. “Prince Arel, are you reading?! What is it? A textbook?”

Kors reached out and took the book, Arel didn’t stop him, and Ver, too, silently continued his meaningless, short-lived work.

“Everything is clear,” Kors chuckled, looking at the cover. “It’s unclean language. You are studying unclean. All’s clear! Does Nikto make you do it? Well, how are you doing?” He put the textbook in place and took the sheet on which Arel tried to write in unclean.

Kors read aloud:

“My Demon Nik. We are together. I, Prince Arel and my Demon Nik, we love each other with love.”

And Kors laughed:

“We love each other with love?! This is cool, Arel! It seems that you can’t master unclean the same way as all other sciences.”

Arel turned away, standing up. His long dark hair covered his back, and when it was not visible that faceless black leather of a mask was on his face, he was again the same Prince Arel. Tall, thin, graceful, he walked over to the closet and took out a bunch of keys from a drawer. And then he turned around, and the magic disappeared, the mask that covered his handsome face spoiled everything, depriving the main thing for which he was nicknamed the handsome prince. And Kors lowered his gaze, he didn’t mock anymore, seeing that Arel didn’t react.

“Here are the keys,” Arel said, “my servant Valentine will take

you to my father's office. I don't know exactly what is there. See what you want if you don't have enough of what Nik left you.”

Verniy began to polish the candlestick slightly smoked with a candle.

Kors went out.

A few hours later, closer to the evening, he again disturbed the prince. There were now three candles burning in the room in shining candlesticks, wax dripping again onto the freshly cleaned surface. Arel was lying on the bed on top of the covers on his side, he got up when he saw Kors again. Verniy thundered with basins in the adjoining room.

“Prince Arel, I apologize for disturbing you,” Kors began.

“Yes?” Arel straightened the hair that fell on his face, obscuring the anyway narrow slits for his eyes.

“I found a little new in the office, really. Apparently, your Nikto or Lis have already searched everything and got what you need. But I still wanted to look at some of the maps, but they are closed in tubes and I need a key. Key-seal to open the tube,” Kors lifted the metal cylinder he had brought with him, beautifully engraved.

“Hm...” Arel drawled in confusion, “I don't remember where it is. Nik opened something with them, yes...”

“I hope he didn't take it with him?”

“I don't think so... probably, it is somewhere here,” Arel looked around in confusion.

“You don't take off your mask at all now, Arel? Do you even

sleep in it?" Kors asked again. He took a few steps towards the prince, and Verniy appeared on the threshold of the room. Ver only glanced at frozen Kors, and walked past him, carrying a bucket of water in his hands. He put the bucket in the corner of the room.

"I'll look for it," Arel said, "and..."

"Okay," Kors looked a little nervously at the unclean man who was now standing behind him, "when you find it, bring it to me, please. I don't want to see this one again!"

He backed towards the door. Verniy poured water on the floor and took a rag.

"Here, I brought it," Arel said hesitantly and handed Kors a box with a key-seal in it.

In the room where Vitor Kors stayed there were several bottles of wine and a heap of papers on the table. He himself was sitting in an armchair, looking at the plan of the Riverside village. But when he saw Arel, he jumped up sharply, and in two steps approached the prince who was frozen on the threshold, snatched the box from his hand, while the other simultaneously slammed the door behind Arel.

"Let's talk without your dog, eh, prince?" He said quickly and angrily. "I've been waiting for this all day!" And he hit Arel in the stomach with all his power, forcing him to bend over.

"Kors, no!" Arel wheezed, not trying to fight back. It was as if it was not at his Estate, but in the office of the King's Security Chief.

“No?!” Kors hit him in the jaw, with a bang tore off the shield, which additionally closed the gap in the mask, made especially for the ring. Arel grabbed his face, covering the mask with his palms, closing the ring.

“Did you mock my daughter here? I know you very well! Did you cut off her hair?! What else did you do with her?”

Kors continued, although Arel still didn't answer him, didn't resist. Sitting on the floor and pressing his back against the wall, at some point under a hail of professional blows, he was forced to peel his palms off his face, but tried to cover his head with his hands.

Kors saw the ring:

“What the hell is that?!” He immediately reacted, tried to grab hold of him, but Arel managed to dodge.

“Kors, Nik will learn about this!” He cried in despair with anguish. “What should I do, Nik?! What should I do?”

And Kors stopped.

“Again you behave like a madman! Gods! You are completely sick, how could I forget! Get out!”

He opened the door, pushing Arel out, who didn't even have time to get up. He slammed the door behind him. Throwing out the prince, Kors squeezed his temples in his hands and collapsed into a chair. He was shaking.

On stiff legs, Arel limped to his room. He entered like a somnambulist, without looking at Verniy, sat down on the bed. The shield from his mask remained at Kors. And Ver saw that

Arel came without it, and his hair was tousled, and the buckle on his jacket was torn out with the roots and dangled on a piece of leather rag. The prince glanced at the unclean guiltily, looked away.

“Brush your hair,” Ver said to him in unclean language and pointed to the comb. Arel understood him, he obediently went to the mirror and sat down in front of it. He grabbed a hairbrush to smooth the tousled strands.

“Take off your jacket, it has to be sewn up,” Ver pointed to the jacket.

Arel uncomplainingly took off his jacket.

“Do you hear the owner? In your head? Do you hear him?” Ver knocked on his dog's head, trying to convey to the prince the meaning of the question.

“No, I don't hear him,” Arel barely whispered, “I don't hear you, Nik, forgive me.”

Ver went up to him to take the jacket, and Arel handed it to him. And Ver put the key on the table in front of Arel. It was the key to the part of the mask that covered his perforated cheek. Having opened the lock at the temple with the key, it was necessary to unfasten the buckle and remove the flap that covered the lacing.

By unlacing the slit in the mask, the hole could be opened. Arel raised his head in horror:

“No! No,” he whispered, “Nik, no.”

Ver, without another word, stepped away from the table.

Sitting down in his place in the corner, he began to mend Arel's jacket. With trembling fingers, Prince Arel took the key, there were tears in his eyes.

“Yes?” Kors distracted himself from the map, which he took out of the cylinder, using the seal. “Who's there? Valentine, is it you?”

And since there was silence outside the door, he swore and, coming up, sharply opened it.

Arel stood on the threshold, without a jacket, undressed to the waist, and Kors froze, a little dumbfounded, but quickly pulled himself together.

“Oh,” a pause followed, “do you want more, prince? Well, come in.”

Kors didn't take his eyes off the thick ring protruding into the slit of the mask cut specially for it.

“Come in, come in.”

Arel took a step into the room, as if with an effort, his eyes were empty.

“Can't you forget our time with you?” Kors grinned, slapped Arel on the cheek so that his head dangled to the side.

“Well?” Kors looked expectantly. “Why are you only half undressed? Take everything off. As it should be.”

Arel clumsily began to pull down his pants with fingers clumsy like wooden, revealing a metal chastity belt.

Kors saw it. He saw his body covered in tattoos:

“Beautiful,” he said, “nothing can be said, it suits you. And

what's that? A hole through which you can only pee? Oh, poor thing! So your lover chained you, was he afraid that you would cheat on him? Yes, you can. You are a slut of noble blood. You can't be left alone for a minute, right, Arel?"

Arel was silent.

"Well? You came so that I could put something in you, as you love. And where to? Wait," Kors laughed, "or, judging by the way you stand, there is already something in your ass. You moron!"

Kors screamed and suddenly, going up to the table, knocked it over with a crash. Arel jumped to the side, but Kors had already grabbed him, pulled his hand:

"Where are you going? Stay, once you've come!"

He grabbed Arel, dragging him to the table, pushing on its leg, throwing his own leg over it. Arel tried to break free.

"Sit! Sit!" Kors shouted, and Arel froze. He stood with his back resting on the bottom of the countertop and with his hands back a little, clutching the edge of it. Between his legs was now a table leg, a massive four-sided one. And Arel almost lifted himself on his toes so that this wooden edge was as far away from his crotch as possible.

"Sit, I have said!" Kors sharply pressed on his shoulders, and Arel sat down with a swing, the table leg's sharp rib bit into him, pressed on the chastity belt. The stick inserted inside the prince went even deeper from the push, and since it happened unexpectedly, Arel, unable to restrain himself, cried out, immediately tried to get up and pull himself up on his hands.

Kors slapped his arms.

“Hands removed! And legs! Lift them up!”

He grabbed Arel by the ankles, tying them together with his pants. Forcing him to tear his feet off the floor and bend his knees, he tied them to the table leg behind the prince's back. Arel arched up, heaving himself up, helping himself with his hands, but Kors finished and again unhooked his fingers from the tabletop by tying his wrists there, behind his back.

“Sit, Arel, sit! Make yourself comfortable.”

Arel endured and allowed him to do all this, until, finally, Kors shook him several times, lifting and lowering him on the table leg, and only then, unable to bear it, Arel shouted:

“No! No! Don't do it!”

“So I'm right, and there, in the ass, you have something. Hop, Arel! You see, he can close you from head to toe, but I'll still figure out how to fuck you!”

Arel looked at Kors with some horror:

“Please, Kors, let go... I have to...” he closed his eyes in pain, his breathing was interrupted, “not this way...”

“Not this way?” Kors grinned and stretching out his hand patted the prince's ring. Arel again tried to arch, dodge. Any movement hurt him. He sat on the edge of a four-sided leg and couldn't move, the stick inserted into him dug deeper and deeper into his insides.

“This mask and this ring suit you. It is threaded through your nose, I hope? Was it painful?”

“Nik... he will see everything, no...” Arel barely uttered these words.

“See your ripped ass and wonder how I did it, despite the chastity belt? Do you think I'm afraid of him? For God's sake! I'll leave a message for him myself, right on you! There is still some space left.”

And taking a pencil with a rod soaked in black dye, Kors wrote on Arel's chest: “Before my name was a stupid handsome prince, now I am a thing of a demon named Nikto.”

“Let him read it, he will like it.”

“Kors, the key is in my pants pocket, you can open the mask, Ver gave it... Nik allowed... let me go... in another way...” Arel's voice was hoarse, “I will give you pleasure in another way.”

“The key? He allowed? You will give me pleasure? Gods, how done you are, and I still felt sorry for you, you idiot!”

But Kors nevertheless untied the prince, and he, on stiff legs, got off the table leg. Behind him, blood oozed from under the leather and metal of his chastity belt.

“Well, I'm letting you go, although I planned to leave you like that for the night, so that you howl. I want to see how you decided to please me,” Kors smiled.

Arel straightened his crumpled trousers, took a key from his pocket and handed it to Kors. The prince's hand trembled a little from the tension he had just experienced.

“What should I do with it?” Kors asked.

Arel went to the platform on which the bed stood, knelt down

sideways to Kors, bowed his head:

“Open the lock, unfasten the buckle and pull out the laces,” he said.

Kors rolled his eyes, shaking his head, but nevertheless walked over and inserted the key into the padlock.

“Well, come on, I'm wondering what you came up with,” he opened the lock, buckle and pulled out a tight lacing.

“Wait,” Arel turned, pulling his pants off Kors, touching his cock, and Kors let him do it. He stood and watched Arel stroking his cock with his gloved hands, and waited for what would happen next.

“I understand that you want to suck me off, but I don't understand how you're going to do it,” said Kors, and his cock became erect.

Seeing that his actions had achieved the desired result, Arel turned sideways again, directed Kors' cock straight into the slit of the leather mask and further into the hole. Kors, obviously not expecting that he would not meet any resistance of his cheek, lost his balance, leaning on Arel, and Arel made several movements with his head here and there.

And Kors shouted:

“You motherfucker!” He shied away from Arel, pulling out his cock, pushing the leather of the mask sideways with his hands, already understanding everything.

“No!” He grabbed his throat with his hand as if he was about to vomit. There was no trace of the former fun on his face.

“What a disgust,” Kors barely uttered and rushed, bent over, into the next room. Arel didn’t move and sat in the same position, waiting for Kors to vomit, come to his senses and return.

Finally he returned to the room.

“Are you still here?!” he asked in surprise when he saw that Arel was still sitting on the platform, without changing his posture.

“Go away, Arel! Get your clothes, all your keys and locks, and get out!” Unable to bear it, Kors shouted. And then he said more calmly: “Go away before I strangled you out of pity, in order to finish your torment!”

And Prince Arel, without looking up, quickly gathered his things and left the hospitable room.

He returned to his room and sat rigidly on the bed while Ver busily laced up his mask again. When Ver was closing the lock, they suddenly heard a noise in the courtyard. There were hooves and Valentine’s shouting. Ver froze for a moment, and then said:

“Kors has left the building.”

Chapter five

Arel’s story

Returning, Nikto, Lis and Karina were unpleasantly surprised. Lis and Karina sincerely couldn’t understand what had happened and why Kors left.

“What’s going on?!” Lis shouted. “He has brought almost a

thousand selected warriors! Has he changed his mind?! Won't he give them to us now?!"

Karina stood bewildered, seeing how upset Lis was, in what confusion he was, tears flowed from her eyes.

"Arel, why has Kors left?!" Lis tried to learn, but the prince stood like a statue. And he barely managed to pronounce:

"I don't know..."

"No use from you!" Lis waved aside. "You moron!" He flung the chair away from him with force. "Kors brought the army and now changed his mind?! We are left with an army of less than five hundred units?! Are we going to storm the fortress with the help of rednecks and half-bloods?! We will not be able to carry out a tactical maneuver and will have to bluntly hit in the forehead! We will be overturned!!!"

"Please, stop," Karina shouted, she tried to hug him, reassuring him, but he roughly threw her away and swore in the harshest curse.

Lis turned over all the chairs and only then calmed down a little.

"What should we do? I need these soldiers! We will not make it out, Nik, no matter what the hell of a Demon you are! Moreover, you have your endless degrees of freedom, permissions and prohibitions!"

"I will go to my father and return him!" Karina sobbed. Nikto nodded.

"Okay, try it. And I will think now, too, what can be done."

Lis clasped his head in his hands, continuing to curse in an undertone in red and black languages at the same time.

“How could this happen? What didn't he like?”

“Lis, I need to get stoned now, we'll talk later,” said Nikto.

“Get stoned, fuck you! As always, at the wrong time!”

Nikto took Arel and went upstairs with him, locking the room.

“I know everything,” he said, “you have done everything right. You followed my order. I provoked Kors very strongly, if Lis finds out, he won't forgive me.”

“I won't tell anyone,” Arel stammered.

“You won't. But tell me something else.”

“What?”

“Sit down.”

Arel immediately obediently knelt down, Nikto sat on the bed opposite. He looked with satisfaction and tenderness at his prince-slave, unable to bear it, reached out with his hand to the ring, tugging at it. Then, as if with an effort, he pulled his fingers away:

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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