



Ви Корс

The Mist and the Lightning

Part 11

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НЕЦЕНЗУРНУЮ  
БРАНЬ

18+

# Ви Корс The Mist and the Lightning. Part 12

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## **Аннотация**

Karina, realizing that the situation was getting out of control, rushed to the box. With trembling hands, she grabbed the first gold chain with a pendant that came across and held out to Lis. Содержит нецензурную брань.

# **Вн Копс**

## **The Mist and the Lightning. Part 12**

*“I live the life of those whom I paint...”*

*Nadya Rusheva*

### **Chapter one**

#### **In the Fort**

Following an elaborate plan of Lis, they managed to capture the Fort.

Lis with Karina and Nikto descended the steep steps into the dungeon of the main tower.

“You can faster!” Lis was in a hurry and swore at Nikto in red and black at the same time.

-“No! I can’t!” Nikto swore too, only in unclear – he tried to go down the narrow steps of the stairs, and he did very badly.

“In short, come on sharper, eh?”

“Ladders are not what I like! Especially if downstairs!”

Lis held out his hand:

“Do I have to drag you on me?!”

“Damn, I’m coming!”

They went down to the dungeon of the Fort, and Niktosaw the Portal. Near it, the black mercenaries of Kors held the commander of the garrison. This red tried toescape, but didn’t have time.

“Sigmer, let me go!” He cried in despair when he saw Lis. “For our past friendship! You were sitting at my table! Sigmer! I treated you like an honored guest, we shared bread together, drank wine!”

Lis, as if not hearing his words, came up and silently punched his former friend in the jaw. The red fell to the floor, blood flowed from his smashed mouth. The black ones raised him again, holding him on bothsides: tightly bound, he couldn’t even move. The commander glanced at Lis with hatred and spat on the floor with his broken teeth along with blood.

Lis turned to Nikto:

“Is he suitable for the unclean? Can we trade him for Marcus? Or is he too old?”

“It will do,” said Nikto. “He is educated, it will come in handy.”

“Good!” Lis was delighted.

And at that moment, the floor under their feet vibrated, and the Portal opened like a door. They saw a very bright blue sky, brown rocks covered with tufts of hanging emerald green vines, and a beautiful city in the distance. The domed roofs gleamed like gold. Multi-colored: yellow, orange, red, purple – twisted spiers of the towers aimed upward. Everyone froze.

“What is it?” Karina whispered.

“It looks like this is the city of the reds in the Upper World,” Nikto said. “This is the Upper World.”

“He wanted to escape to the Upper World?” Lis was surprised.

“Apparently, yes.”

“How beautiful!” Admired Karina. She admired the

picturesque landscape and city.

Lis narrowed his eyes slightly:

“Is this the Upper World? My eyes will burst now, how bright everything is! It’s like I took acid!”

The portal closed smoothly and silently. Nikto began to look at him, something was drawn on the floor, indicated by strange symbols and signs that he didn’t understand.

“What a strange Port they have,” he said thoughtfully, “it is as if the main points where you can get are already set. These are all red cities. It is tuned in, focused on them. Well, how can I orient it to my Limit?”

“Deal with it, Nik,” said Lis impatiently. “I need Marcus.”

“Your Marcus can wait! I don’t understand anything! Here you need to demolish all these settings, reset them to zero first. Oh!”

“Nik, figure it out!”

“Then all get out of here!”

Verniy took the most luxurious apartments of the commander

of the garrison for his master, and Lis with Karina and Vitor Kors settled down nearby, occupying no less rich rooms of his associates.

Lis placed in front of Karina a beautiful fur vest made from the skins of fluffy white foxes living by the North Sea. Karina, seeing the fur, laughed happily. Lis smiled a little shyly at her too:

“Here, take it,” he put on top a large box full of precious jewelry.

Karina took earrings with teardrop-shaped mother-of-pearls:

“Do you think they will match my dark hair? Will it be beautiful?”

“Yes. Very beautiful.”

She embraced him impulsively:

“Thank you! Thank you! I love you so much! There's such a great bathroom here! And hot water! As soon as I climb in there, I will never get out!”

Lis smiled contentedly:

“Choose some piece of jewelry as a present for Anya. She fought very bravely.”

“What?!”

“Karina...” Lis’ voice became icy, “There’s a plenty here. Don't be a bitch and give something to Anya!”

Tears gushed from Karina's eyes:

“I'm not a bitch!”

“Then don't act like that!”

“Take it! Give her everything!” Karina threw the box at him.

“You will get lit up now! I am not kidding!” Lis raised his hand, and Karina, quickly dodging, jumped back.

“I'll go and take Anya and fuck her in all the holes in front of your eyes! Do you want it? Since you regret the fucking ring or chain for her, I will reward her in my own way, she will like it! She will brag to everyone about how the commander fucked her, and his stupid chick looked at it and cried!”

Karina’s face twisted in horror:

“I won’t forgive you!”

“And what will you do? Will you run to Nija?”

Karina, realizing that the situation was getting out of control, rushed to the box. With trembling hands, she grabbed the first gold chain with a pendant that came across and held out to Lis:

“Here, take it, please. Forgive me. I don’t mind anything, you misunderstood a little...”

Lis didn’t take the decoration:

“Then we’ll talk. Nik is waiting for me. Take your bath.”  
He went down the stairs to the living room.

“I opened the Port,” Nikto said.

“Should I go with you?”

“Well no...”

“If you need me, I’ll go.”

“Do you want?”

“Of course not!”

“Then stay. I'll do everything with Verniy.”

“Thank you.”

“Tell me, besides the commander of the garrison, did you choose two more?”

“No. Take from the prisoners whoever you see fit. You know better which reds your unclean... friends will like. For breeding or for fucking. I don't know what for.”

“Okay,” said Nikto, “for breeding they need purebred red.”

“They screwed up with me and Aika, right?”

“I told Javarg and Nurkh that you are not a purebred red, they didn't believe. You thought I was just cheating because I didn't want to sell you.”

Lis at these words of Nikto looked at him like that:

“Is it possible not to pronounce these names?”

“Lis! I wasn't going to sell you!”

“Let's never bring this up again!”

“Fuck, you yourself constantly raise it.”

“Because it weighs on me that the unclean now have my child!”

“Really? Let me take her. She has dark hair and doesn't look like red at all. She is not suitable for breeding.”

“She? Is that a girl?”

“Yes. Apparently, she looks like your mother. Was your mother a purebred black?”

“Yes. But an ordinary commoner.”

“So what? Should I pick her up now too? Together with Marcus?”

“And what will I do with the child?”

“I have no idea. Let Karina take care of her.”

“Are you kidding?!”

Nikto smiled:

“Yes.”

“She'll fuck up if I bring her a child.”

“But it ‘weights on you’.”

“Okay, if everything is all right with her, let her stay for now. I'll decide later.”

“They are doing well with Aika.”

“Bring me only Marcus then.”

“Agreed,” said Nikto, “I also want to take some red ones to the Limit. Reds are rare, expensive slaves. The unclean ones have very few of them.”

“Is that why they are trying to breed them?”

“Yes.”

Nikto turned to Arel, who was standing next to him, his face

lit up:

“I have the rarest and most expensive. Which no one else has!”

Due to the fact that Arel participated in hostilities, he was freed from all the attributes of a slave. He was not wearing an uncomfortable collar and the nose ring that got in his way. He could speak.

“Arel, you will stay here with Lis and wait for me. Lis is your master in my absence. Obey him!”

Arel glanced quickly at Nikto with undisguised excitement.

“Don't worry so much,” Nikto chuckled, “I'll be back very soon. Not a whole hour will pass in your world.” He patted the prince like a dog on the top of his head, stroked his completely disheveled braid:

“Arel, is that all? There's February in your eyes, have you lost your mom? Don't spoil my blood with your suffering.”

When Nikto and Verniy left, Lis looked at Arel, standing in complete confusion, and even some pity flashed in his gaze:

“You can sit on a chair.”

Arel, silently, apparently, the habit of being deprived of the opportunity to speak all the time, sat down at the table. Lis poured him some wine and placed a bottle next to him:

“You can drink. That’s your favorite.”

But Arel didn't want to.

After a while, Kors came down to them, he greeted Lis.

“Yeah, the Reds lived here on a grand scale,” Kors remarked contentedly. “I really liked the rooms! There are so many antiques.”

“Sit down, Kors,” Lis gestured to a chair. “Have a drink with us.”

Kors sat down and poured himself wine into a beautiful crystal glass:

“And their wine is very good.”

“Yes,” agreed Lis. “They make everything generally better than blacks.”

Kors grimaced in displeasure, clearly not wanting to continue this non-patriotic theme, and asked:

“Where is Karina?”

“Just like you, he enjoys a chic environment. She’s taking a bath, it seems. There is running water and warm water here.”

“Yes. I also took advantage of this. That’s very comfortable!”

“Women do it longer, you probably know.”

“Of course. Let her put herself in order.”

They were silent for a while, and Kors, while resting, drank wine with pleasure.

“Are you going to gather everyone in the courtyard on the square?” He finally asked Lis.

“I will, a little later. I want to wait for Nik and then gather everyone. There’s no rush, let them come to their senses too.”

“They will collect the corpses...”

“Yes,” the face of Lis didn’t reflect a single drop of pity for

the dead.

Kors handed him his glass:

“For the victory, Alis!”

Lis smiled rather indifferently, he was not at all euphoric that they had captured the Fort. And so much time and effort was spent on preparation, so much excitement and hardship endured. But he still held out his cup to Kors, and only Prince Arel didn't participate in their conversation and didn't raise his goblet.

“You seem to be not very happy?” Remarked Kors.

“No, I'm glad,” Lis disagreed. “Kors, I'm not a boy to jump for joy, and this is not my first victory. I have had many other victories. I'm used to it.”

Kors studied him carefully.

“I am thinking now about Karina, about my daughter. Why did she fall in love with you?”

“Well?”

“And I can even understand her to some extent,” said Kors.

“You are not stupid, you are cunning. Without a doubt, there is some charisma in you. And this all together makes you interesting, despite the appearance.”

Lis who drank the wine literally choked:

“Here it begins...” he drawled.

“Sorry, Alis, but you are dirty, infinitely dirty. Unfortunately, you have combined the most unrepresentative features of both races. The ugliest combination I've ever seen, and believe me, I've seen a lot of reds and their half-bloods,” Kors raised his glass of dark red wine and looked thoughtfully at Lis through the glass. “Red hair often has a burgundy shade, it's beautiful, like the color of expensive wine, your hair is lighter. Your eyes are not as beautiful as they should be. I will not say anything about the nose. Surely it has been restored countless times and inaccurately, because I see, in addition to the scar on the bridge of the nose, there is generally a curvature. But, however, your dirty appearance doesn't surprise me, because your mother was a whore, and before your red father conceived you, at least a hundred peasants and soldiers had already cum into her. How could something worthy appear from this cesspool?”

“What?!” Lis looked at Kors with wide eyes, as if he couldn't fully understand what he had just said. “Don't you dare insult my

mother!” Finally, he barely squeezed out of himself.

“As a noble sir, I have the right to do so – your mother is a commoner and a whore!”

“Shut up! Have you overdrank wine or something?”

“It is noble that you protect her, though not very fiercely, rather, within the bounds of decency. After all, you yourself understand everything, but...” Kors threw up his hands, “you observe the norms of behavior, this is normal, Alis, and moreover, this is correct.”

“I am sick of your arguments about the nobility and purity of blood! You consider me a subhuman, but why did you breed a half-blood yourself? Karina is a half-blood just like me!”

“Her mother was a virgin, and Karina absorbed the best of the features of the Supreme White and noble Black race.”

“And what about Nik then? Why so bad? Why hasn't he absorbed the best?”

“He has perfect facial features!”

“Noble sirs are taller, and he is a march! What would you do?”

Killed him without thinking? Got rid of tribalflaw?"

"He is not a march, and you know that very well, all his flaws are marks of the Devil. And he is shorter in stature because of poor living conditions, he simply didn't have enough resources to grow tall. He survived."

"So your half-blood children are noble, and I am not? My father is a noble member of the Superior Race of the Reds!"

"Yes, but there is nothing of him in you, since your mother was a commoner, polluted before him by a hundred other commoners of the same kind."

"Ah well! Well, look what we dirty commoners will do with you noble sirs!" Lis got up abruptly and, going up to Arel, began to unbutton his fly, Arel shrank in fear, glancing at him from under his brows. Lis dipped his budding cock in his goblet of wine:

"Do you like sweet wine, Arel? Take a sip, suck on the sweet wine."

And Lis forcibly opened Arel's mouth with his fingers, pushing the head of his cock inside. Arel, without raising his eyes, took Lis' cock. Lis turned to Kors, who winced as if in pain

as he looked at it.

“This is what we, dirty, wrong and conceived in garbage dumps, will do with you, purebred elite. Look, Kors! See?”

Holding the back of Arel’s head, Lis pushed Arel several times with his cock in the inner part of the cheek, so that Kors could clearly see these pushes. Then Lis pulled out his cock and hit Arel lightly with his hand, slapping him in the face. Arel endured everything in silence, his hair was dispersed, hiding his face, he bent down to the tabletop, allowing Lis to demonstrate his superiority. Lis jerked off his cock, sprinkling a little into Arel’s goblet, and walked away from him.

“Drink!” He ordered. “Drink, true black!”

But Kors, getting up from his seat, walked over to Arel and, pulling the goblet out of his hand, threw the contents onto the floor. Then he took Arel by the forearm, forcing him to stand up, and led him along.

“Arel is ill, he has problems with his head,” he said, and sat the prince next to him.

“Doesn’t he has problems with his head, because his ancestors too closely followed the purity of blood and mated with each

other until they degenerated? You are obsessed with nobility and appearance, like all blacks, and I don't care, Kors! I have the wrong hair, the wrong eyes, and the scars too, you can't figure out how your daughter could love such a freak?"

"No, I can. I told you that you are smart, cunning and quite intelligent."

"Really? What an honor to hear such praise from a noble black! I led armies, Kors, which you never dreamed of. Well of course I'm pretty smart, thanks for noticing! I am a thousand times higher in rank than you! And I, unlike other people, many times went very far beyond the line and always returned. I took "black water" and jumped off, I was in the Unclean Limits with Nikto, and I kept my sanity, unlike Arel, who disappeared. The Demon chose me to make king, not you! I wonder why he chose such a filthy half-blood? Not one of you?"

"Yes, your mental abilities are worthy of respect, undoubtedly, and you are fighting very bravely, I don't argue, and therefore I don't interfere with your communication with my daughter."

"Thank you, father! Can I call you father?" And seeing how Kors' face was distorted, Lis smiled with satisfaction:

"End your ravings about the superiority of true blacks, this is

the last time I listened to all this shit.”

“But you should start behaving more decently, Alis! This is killing me! The way you move sharply, constantly smoke, how you freak out and swear with obscene words. You're going to be king. On the throne, will you behave like that too? When they report to you something not very pleasant, you will also twitch, grab a cigarette and say: “Fuck, motherfuckers, what the fuck?”

Lis laughed.

“I can look and speak noble, don't you believe?”

And at that moment Nikto entered the room.

Then, in the Limit, Nikto nevertheless went to meet Lis and agreed with the unclean masters of Marcus to give him on bail. He handed over his two slaves to the unclean for a while, with an agreement that Lis would soon give three red warriors for Marcus, and then the unclean ones would return the girls and take the red ones. And Marcus would be completely at the disposal of Nikto and Lis. Nikto took Marcus from his World, where time was running too slowly, and sent him to Amba's house in the unclean district of the Black City. There, in a small basement closet, in darkness and loneliness, chained so that he couldn't harm himself, barely able to move from a thin straw mat that served as his bed to a hole in the floor to meet his natural needs,

on a meager ration, Marcus spent all this time, waiting for his fate to be decided. And now Nikto led him into the room on a chain. Marcus was completely naked. Naked, trembling, shaved bald, he moved on all fours, as befits a Demon's slave. And he was wearing the attributes of slaves: gloves with heavy bracelets screwed on his wrists, a wide iron collar with a chain, and a mask closed with a lock at the back of his head.

But Lis recognized him right away. Maybe because he saw him crawling in the same way, unable to stand up to his full height, in a low cage near Marg.

"Marcus!" He said happily, quickly approaching them. He couldn't see Marcus's face and his eyes, because the slits in the mask were literally a couple of millimeters wide. "Marcus! Do you remember me?"

"Answer me," Nikto ordered.

And Marcus answered, barely audible, with fear in his voice:

"Yes, my master, I remember you. You are a warrior, a commander."

"Yes," Lis wrinkled his forehead. "He's broken. You broke him, Nik."

Nikto just snorted:

"He's a slave."

"Take off his mask."

Nikto took out the key, unbuttoned the lock, removing the slave mask from Marcus. Marcus didn't look up, the shameful tattoo was still prominent on his haggard face. And Kors, seeing

what was painted on Marcus' cheek, widened his eyes.

"Here," Nikto said, "your boy is fine. He was no longer disfigured as you feared," he handed the chain to Lis. "Hold on, play, I don't really understand why you need it, and even for such a price, but if you want so much..."

Lis looked at Marcus, and his face was no longer happy:

"Couldn't you have treated him more carefully?"

"He is alive, Lis, he is a slave. What more do you want from me now? I didn't touch him! He was not beaten or fucked! They kept him in a shackle just so that he would not lay hands on himself, and he was waiting for you."

"Like a toy in a box," Lis said quietly.

"What?"

"Thank you, sir. Thanks for this gift."

Nikto grinned, content:

"Like this."

The three of them looked at Marcus, because his too realistic, in the smallest detail, tattoo involuntarily attracted the eye, even if there was no desire to look at it. The cock was like a real one, and his head seemed to be pressed against the corner of Marcus' lips. And Marcus, apparently realizing what they were looking at, shrank even tighter, his eyes filled with tears – to be sure, the unclean ones made fun of him. And its former owner clearly had some sense of humor.

"Can this be removed?" Lis finally asked.

"What for? In my opinion, it's beautiful," Nikto answered,

barely holding back a laugh.

“He is a scientist!”

“And what will he study here?”

“He studies the flora and fauna of our world.”

“What's this? Can he stir up drugs?”

“Flora are plants and fauna are animals,” Kors interjected with an explanation.

“So what? Will he study animals?”

“And were they caught? Have you got the bear?” Kors asked.

“Yes,” Nikto nodded. “The unclean ones caught everyone, and put them in cages again. The unclean ones easily found them, they seem to smell them.”

“Well, that's understandable,” said Kors.

“So what are you going to do with the bear?” Nikto continued, looking at Lis. “Why study it? To train? If it doesn't work out with the throne, will you be a wandering artist, driving around cities with a trained bear? Will you arrange performances?”

Nikto looked at Lis with a grin, expecting his reaction, and he froze for a second, trying to cope with it, and then answered calmly:

“Yes, of course, I will lose the army, I will command the bear. I'll paint my face like a jester, I'm no stranger, and I'll be a wandering artist. Can you borrow a bell into the nose?”

“Lis...” Nikto hesitated. “If we don't win, it seems to be useful to me. Excuse me for screwing you up.”

“It's all right,” said Lis.

Kors looked at them very seriously: both Lis and Nikto looked somehow unkempt, tortured. Lis was a little over thirty, and Nikto was even less, but the expression of their faces... Both of them were very scarred, broken, it was clear that they had gone through a lot – with a clear imprint of fatigue, they evoked ambiguous feelings. Lis would probably say they looked fucked up. Kors thought that this obscene word, unfortunately, fit perfectly there. He himself, although he was older, but his tongue didn't turn to say that he "could be their father" – so impeccable Kors looked, well-groomed, taking care of himself and his appearance, a worthy representative of the true black race. A beautiful, clean face, without a single scar. The prideful posture of the born master was complemented by obviously tastefully selected expensive clothes.

"What kind of mood are you in?" He said. "If we don't win... but what should I do then?"

"You will teach the bear decency," Lis smiled sadly.

"It would be better if you take less of your... hmmm... "restoratives" and alcohol, it's scary to look at you."

"Kors, I said to teach the bear, not us!" Lis coughed.

"Alis, are you sick? What happened to you? Do you have tuberculosis?"

Lis looked up at him gloomily, and this look explained everything without words.

Kors' face twisted.

"I suspected all this time, but didn't want to believe. This

cough of yours... what's with Karina?!”

“Nik said, I can't infect anyone yet. And he will heal me. So fuck off.”

“He should have cured himself for a start! I'll talk to my doctor, find some good medicines for you!”

“He cannot be given medicine,” Nikto intervened, “then bleeding will begin in the stomach so much that you cannot stop it.”

“Yes...” Kors could hardly restrain himself from cursing. “What's with the stomach?”

“That's really fucked up there,” said Nikto.

“And hepatitis? It too?”

“What's this? Kors, you just throw in the names of diseases, I don't know the names, especially in black,” said Nikto displeased.

“This is what you and the prince had. I cured Arel in the Prison Hospital.”

“I seem to have infected him again,” Nikto said. “If you mean it.”

“I don't have it,” said Lis. “I always use only my syringe, and I don't give it to anyone.”

“I injected Arel with my syringe,” said Nikto.

“Are you crazy?” Kors looked at him with undisguised horror.

“I'll cure everyone. What are you afraid of? You're not going to inject yourself with my syringe. Otherwise, you will not get infected, only through blood.”

“Do you think I'll take drugs with you?”

“Yes.”

“Demon, are yourself?”

“Not really,” Nikto laughed. “Not myself. I am in your son.”

“Damn, I am now afraid to sit next to you! What was I just thinking about!”

“Kors, don't be silly. Lis is not contagious. And Karina. Only through a syringe can you get infected from me, and even then I'm not sure. Don't bitch out so openly.”

“This is not fear, but common sense.”

“I'll cure everyone. You are behaving like a child!”

“Although...” Kors thought. “There is some logic in this, you are a Demon. Dead people, dangerous addictions. It's not for you to grow flowers, in fact...”

Nikto looked at Marcus, who was still kneeling in front of them, and it was clear that he couldn't bear it all, hear all this, and he was completely crushed and disoriented.

“By the way! This fauna,” said Nikto, “is it all kinds of plants? And the mushrooms? Can he grow mushrooms?”

“Fuck you mushrooms!” Lis remarked irritably.

“Fooljumpers.”

“Nik, take off his gloves.”

“He's a slave.”

“Nik, he can't make drugs with gloves!”

“He can't do them anyway!” Nikto grunted.

“He will make gunpowder, he will read the books of the reds,

figure out the proportions and make us gunpowder and all sorts of fiery lighters that explode.”

“What?”

“What you have heard!”

“Is it flora or fauna?”

“Free him! I need him for the war!”

Kors looked at Lis with some respect.

“Let him do it first,” Nikto remarked skeptically.

“Why are you such noble sirs and Higher Powers, motherfuckers! You demand the devil knows what, but you only limit yourself! You are surprised that everyone except you is so stupid, and you don’t allow yourself to develop. He is a simple man, let him breathe freely, support, and don’t interfere! And you will get a hundred times more!”

“Lis, he doesn’t want to do anything, doesn’t want to make you gunpowder, weapons, he is not grateful to you. He wants to commit suicide as soon as you leave him alone. It’s always the same! Tie him up, that’s my advice to you. Put on the mask, handcuffs, fix, so that he doesn’t injure himself. Don't repeat my mistakes. Call Arel, Arel knows how to handle slaves. He will train him in a couple of lessons. Give him unbearable pain. He must understand that he cannot commit suicide, he cannot die. And he has only two choices: either endure unbearable torment, or obey unquestioningly, and then his life will become a little better.”

Lis was silent:

“I’ll figure it out myself,” he said finally. “Gather your unclean ones better in the square.”

“Okay.”

Lis turned to Arel:

“Prince Arel, will you make a speech?”

“And to whom should I speak it?” Arel said. And despite all the horror of his position, his completely slave existence in the cruel hands of Nikto-Demon, in Arel’s voice one could still very clearly hear, albeit quiet, but some kind of patronizing intonation, the way he seemed to lazily stretch out the words a little. The intonations of a born lord, prince, characteristic of a person accustomed to order, command, dispose. And it was hard to say how much time and humiliation it would take for them to disappear, and whether it would ever happen.

“To whom should I make a speech?” He repeated. “Before the unclean? Congratulate them on their victory after seeing me naked and crawling on my knees at the feet of their White Lord? I was exactly like Marcus now. Or praise the noble black of Kors for their bravery? This would be very appropriate, especially considering that for them I am a fallen prince, a painted hole. Ah-ah, you probably mean my people, my peasant militias? How many were there? More than two hundred, and they fought bravely. And who should I congratulate? They all died.”

“Not all,” Lis replied quietly. “About ten left.”

“That’s lovely! I don’t have people anymore, Lis. You made warriors out of my peasants. And now there are no warriors or

peasants. The land is not cultivated and there will be no harvest. Those remaining in the Estate will starve to death. You have robbed me of all my subjects. You, Lis, threw my people into the red meat grinder.”

“What was left for me? To send there the noble black Kors?”

“I don’t know,” Arel shrugged, “you are a genius of strategy. Not me.”

“Forgive me, prince,” said Lis seriously. “Sorry, nothing personal.”

Arel looked at him indifferently:

“I don’t care. Spit on it. Lis, don't bother yourself.”

“Lis used the tactics of reds,” said Kors. “Reds worship fire, for them people are like matches. And people are still not matches to burn with boxes! I was against it from the very beginning!”

And Lis couldn’t resist:

“What is it! Whatever I do, I will never be your equal! You treat me like shit! The demon perceives me as shit, Kors is true black, you perceive me as shit, aren’t you nuts?! I do everything! And thanks to my plan, you are here! Do it better! Why didn't you do?! You enjoy the fruits of my labor, bathe in warm baths and shit on my head!”

“I don’t shit on your head,” Nikto said.

“And I too,” Kors didn’t keep himself waiting, “we are grateful to you.”

“Fuck you!”

“Lis, I will order everyone to gather in the square so that you, our most important and beloved military leader, congratulate everyone on the victory. Yes?” Nikto asked.

“Yes!” Lis snapped. “Gather them. I’ll take Marcus off and come.” He pulled the chain:

“Marcus, get up and follow me.”

“Tie him! And put on a mask,” Nikto shouted after him, but Lis didn’t answer and didn’t turn around.

“We’re going downstairs,” Nikto said when Lis left. “We need to call Karina. Valene! Call Karina, quickly.”

And Valentine rushed to carry out, but either he was still poorly oriented in the new environment, or he was in a great hurry, when suddenly, not fitting into the doorway, he bumped into the doorframe, hitting it at full speed. Only the muzzle rang. Valentine was literally knocked over on his back. He fell and lay motionless.

“Oh-oh-oh, you motherfucker!” Nikto said. Kors approached the boy, bending over him. Valentine groaned softly, shaking his head weakly from side to side, stirred and slowly sat down. Stunned by the blow, he clearly didn’t understand anything.

“I think I’ll go get my daughter myself,” said Kors.

Lis led Marcus into a basement room filled with massive wardrobes stuffed with old folios and expensively bound books. On the table were stacks of plump notebooks.

“Look,” said Lis, “the scientist of the Reds conducted his experiments here, invented all sorts of exploding things. He was

very good at it until his arms were blown off. Here he wrote down everything he did. Proportions, some formulas. Do you know red language?”

Lis turned to Marcus, he stood naked in front of him, embarrassedly covering his genitals with his hands, and looked at Lis in complete bewilderment and even with some kind of horror. Lis shook his head.

“Hey?”

“I know it a little, I learned it at school,” Marcus said barely.

“Well, the numbers are the same in all languages. You will understand,” Lis looked at him carefully. “What's the matter, Marcus? All the bad things are over. Come to your senses!”

But Marcus didn't answer, he looked away. And Lis' face became hard:

“Don't disappoint me, don't make me regret my kindness! Are you really going to commit suicide? Is Nikto right? So the Demon is right?!”

“No... no... but I can't make gunpowder!”

“Sit and learn!”

“Why all this? To kill as many people as possible?”

“Marcus!”

“Why are you doing it?”

“Do you want to return to the unclean?!”

“No!”

“Then what's the meaning of this question?”

“Sorry, sorry.”

“Go here! Sit down!” Lis opened the notebook in front of him.

“Do you understand anything?”

Marcus glanced at the pages dotted with numbers and even seemed a little interested:

“It's chemistry.”

“Do you understand it?”

“Now, wait a minute, please.”

“Make it out clear. I have no time to wait, I will come to you later. You can watch everything here, touch it. Explore. This is your world now, study it, scientist!”

“A-ah? Will I stay like this... without clothes? Naked?”  
Marcus shivered.

“Do something, show what you can do. And the Demon will give you clothes, allow you to take off your mask and gloves.”

“Will you put the mask on me again? I don't see anything in it.”

“Marcus, you are not a human now. A person has a face and clothes. You haven't got it yet. And I can't do anything about it, I also obey. You have heard. I am your master, but he is mine. I am a slave to the Demon.”

“You have to be crazy to do this voluntarily,” Marcus whispered, looking at Lis with such fear in his eyes that Lis didn't even consider it necessary to answer.

“Will you make gunpowder?” He just asked again.

“Did you save me because of this? When I said that I was a scientist, did you decide that I would make you gunpowder?”

“No. I pulled you out of there because I felt very sorry for you. About gunpowder it occurred to me later. And now I regret that I succumbed to emotions then!”

“No, don't be sorry! I will do!”

“Let's see,” Lis handed him a mask. “Put it on.”

And Marcus, unable to restrain himself any longer, wept bitterly:

“I can't do this... all this... my whole life... it was as if it was crossed out, on the day they grabbed me there, in the cave...”

“Well, why the hell are you going there alone, and even so far away? You entered their territory.”

“I studied stone flowers,” Marcus looked at the cabinet, inside which behind glass doors, interspersed with all sorts of artifacts, there were several stone flowers. “This... Nikto needs drugs? A stone flower is suitable for this. You just need to dry it and crush it. Or if you are sorry to ruin completely, cut slightly and collect the juice.”

“Marcus, you got me sick with your fauna!”

“Flora.”

“Stop shedding tears, it has already happened! And it was foolish to think that the unclean would chat with you, listen to your lecture on stone flowers and let you go. Your naivety has ruined you.”

“Yes,” Marcus agreed bitterly, awkwardly smearing tears across his face, trying to wipe them away, but he couldn't, because they continued to flow from his eyes, and he was unable

to calm down. "But what you did to me, you... you look at me... everyone was laughing. Why aren't you laughing?"

"There's nothing funny at all, dry your tears. If you shed tears in a mask, everything inside will be wet and very unpleasant."

"I know," Marcus sobbed convulsively.

"You can't help yourself with tears."

"They... they got me dirty, not only my face, touched me, and inside too... they got all dirty, I can't forget it!"

"Stop your hysteria," said Lis sternly. "The importance of it is not great. You shouldn't attach such great importance to this. It's just a body, the main thing is that your brains aren't spoiled. Everything else is fixable. Feel less sorry for yourself."

Lis looked at Marcus very seriously.

"Don't betray me," he said again. "Don't make me believe the Demon is right."

And, without putting on a mask on Marcus, he went out, closing the door behind him with a key.

He went down to the courtyard, where on the square lined with slabs Nikto and Kors gathered all their soldiers and were already waiting for him. And as soon as Lis came out, both the unclean and the mercenaries of Kors, the noble black ones, cried out:

"Hurray!"

They loudly, joyfully greeting their commander. The servant let the horse down. Lis jumped straight into the saddle, without even inserting his leg into the stirrup, the horse danced under him, now and then rearing up, Lis seemed not to notice this,

prancing in front of his army:

“I congratulate you on our victory!”

## **Chapter two**

### **The holiday**

Even without having even gathered and buried all the killed, both their own and the reds, immediately after the inspiring congratulations of the commander Atley Alis, they began to drink. There was a lot of space in the Fort, furniture, utensils and supplies too. The unclean ones couldn't be stopped, however, no one tried to do this. The warriors of Zaf and the remaining ones of Tazh settled in the left wing, but the tables were pulled out to the square, and they immediately began playing music, took several red maids and slaves. All women found in the Fort were spontaneously divided equally between the unclean and mercenaries. There were very few women in the Fort, literally a dozen maids and the same number of slaves. But the unclean were still satisfied with this, although the maids were frankly so-so. The mercenaries of Kors were located in the central part and annexes to the right. They remained about two-thirds of the original strength, and thus, Vitor Kors still had the largest number of soldiers. The black and the unclean, no matter how they fenced them off from each other, nevertheless, willy-nilly intersected, and in the limited space of the Fort it was simply impossible to do anything about it, so this question was also allowed to

flow. Now, drunk with victory and a joint assault, the people and the unclean got along. Although most of the blacks held their celebration in the right wing, many went out to the square, mixed with the unclean. In the main hall, tables were set for the elite: commanders and those who distinguished themselves during the assault. Here were all the surviving militias of the prince, their commander Shrad, and between him and Seamus sat satisfied Anya, a gold chain glittered on her neck, a beautiful pendant lay between her lush breasts. There sat also a noseless boy, the one who, during the storming of their first Fort, far from the border, was frightened by the “shooting sticks” of the reds and fled from the battlefield, for which he was severely punished by the lynching of the militia. This time he fought desperately, was not afraid for his life and, under a hail of arrows, made a fire in time, giving a sign to the warriors of Tazh and Tarl. Now, sitting at the table, he was already pretty drunk, and his face, tied with a wide strip of black cloth covering the severed nose, was joyful. There was also a chef from the transporters, who was dressed up in the clothes of a warrior and put to Tazh’s detachment for “extras”, but this no longer young man entered his role so much that he fought on a par with others and even managed to kill several reds. Marmer, who had been wounded, and several of his remaining soldiers were also there. Everyone ate and drank and enjoyed themselves.

Holding a bowl filled with food from the holiday table, Lis came to Marcus. Seeing him, Marcus jumped up from his chair,

his face was still the same bewildered and frightened:

“Forgive me for what I was talking then, I was not myself...”

He began to say.

“Have you done anything?” Lis asked, and it was clear that he was only worried about this.

“Yes.”

“Show me.”

Marcus poured powder on the tip of a knife into a wide stone mortar, very little, literally a few grains, and set it on fire with a thin wick, dropping it into the bowl. The powder flared brightly, a loud bang was heard, and the room was clouded with smoke. Lis looked at Marcus, as if he could not understand how such a small amount of powder made such a fire:

“You did better than the reds,” he said, dumbfounded.

“Thank you,” Marcus shyly dropped his eyes.

Lis seemed to come to his senses and, grabbing a bowl of food, quickly shoved it to Marcus:

“Here, eat!”

“Thank you. Do you have a holiday? Congratulations on your victory,” Marcus said sadly. He turned to the window, located almost under the very ceiling of the low room, from there music, shouts and loud laughter could be heard. Lis also glanced at the window: the silhouettes of the celebrating warriors flashed through the dusty glass.

“Reds suck! The unclean ones decide!” Zaf's warriors shouted loudly.

“Yes. A holiday,” said Lis, suddenly clearly seeing Karina outside the window, her new white sheepskin coat couldn’t be confused with anything, and Nija, and the way their silhouettes approached each other. Lis froze, and then, as if coming to his senses, rushed out of the room, without even closing it, leaving Marcus in complete bewilderment.

Quite mellow Daniel Crassus, so in a simple, familiar way, slapped Nikto on the shoulder. Apparently, Nikto, in his understanding and according to the teaching habit, remained a commoner boy, whom he, like Lis, chased in school all his life, and this patronizing attitude had already become a feature of his character.

“Son of the Devil,” he smiled, looking at Nikto in a fatherly manner, like a wise mentor at a good student. “When you fight, this nickname suits you. You fight very well. How you and I smashed that fucking back gate of theirs!”

Nikto smiled too:

“Yeah...”

Crassus looked at Arel sitting next to Nikto:

“To give credit, Prince Arel fights better than anyone! You a little miss the speed, and he is very fast and powerful. His technique at an incredible level, I've never seen anything like this!”

“He was taught by the finest teachers of the Royal Academy, and then he fought for many years, every day. He's been at war without a break for more than ten years, do you think this will

be noticeable?”

“Yeah,” Crassus looked at Arel with delight. He remained completely indifferent to these flattering words and praise, his handsome face didn't express anything, as if Crassus was not talking about him at all, and Arel didn't answer Crassus. And Crassus looked at the prince's face, slightly arrogant in his indifference, only slightly shaking his head:

“After I saw him in battle, I consider the cruel punishment that our King applied to him to be unfair. To make such a good warrior an outcast!” And Crassus thought for a while, but quickly cheered up again, turning to Nikto:

“Well, what about you?! Tell me why do you look so girlish?!”

“Crassus!” Vitor Kors, who was sitting next to him, threw a glance at him of not eyes, but lightning.

Nikto, having heard such a comparison, at first was a little taken aback, but didn't get angry at all, and then laughed sincerely:

“Because I am a white half-blood.”

Crassus laughed contentedly too:

“Was your mother white?”

“Yes. Mother is white, father is black,” Nikto answered, he looked at Kors, barely holding back a laugh. Kors suffered with the last bit of strength.

“Was she a slave?” Crassus asked. “All whites are slaves. Are you the son of a white slave and a black master?”

“I don't know for sure, I'm an orphan.”

“Why are you called the Son of the Devil? What is devilish about you?”

“My adoptive mother was a witch.”

“Come on! What was her name? When I was young, I had an affair with a young witch, oh... I still can't forget her!”

“Crassus!” Kors couldn't restrain himself.

“What's wrong, Vitor? It's just a friendly conversation! Son of the Devil, you are like a girl, but do you have a girl?”

“I have a wife.”

“Come on! What about children?”

“I've got everything,” Nikto smiled.

And Vitor Kors looked at him, widening his eyes in surprise:

“I beg your pardon,” he said hastily, “I need to go out for a while...” And Kors got up and headed towards the stairs to the second floor, while in his thoughts he very clearly repeated the request that Nikto should come to him. Kors climbed the stairs to the gallery and looked down at the celebration. After a while, Nikto got up and left the hall, but it was clear that he heard Kors and would now approach him.

When Nikto left the table, Arel turned after him, following him with a gaze, Nikto saw that Daniel Crassus asked his prince about something, although according to the rules of the noble blacks, he couldn't do this under any circumstances. But he did it in front of everyone, Kamiel Varah was sitting next to him, he didn't interfere in anything, but watched everyone with obvious disapproval. Arel answered Crassus, giving the name of

his teacher from the Academy. It was clear that Daniel Crassus, as a mentor, was interested in who taught Arel so well. But this was a violation of the rules and decency, and Crassus, in front of other true noble blacks, did not care about their laws.

Having made a circle around the gallery, Nikto approached Kors:

“And will you often give me mental orders now? It's hard for me to climb the stairs.”

“It was not an order.”

“Really? It sounded very similar.”

“Why didn't you tell me that you have a wife?”

“You didn't ask.”

“So is it true?”

“Yes.”

“And who is she? Well, tell me?”

“Unclean Amba.”

And Kors swore very softly and briefly.

“Ko-o-rs, don't say such words, you're not allowed to do it!”

“Hearing this, I can do anything. I won't even ask about children! I see you and Crassus have made friends?”

“Well, you yourself put him to me to hammer the gate. Cripples and old men below. Have you forgotten?”

“I didn't call you a cripple, it's he who put it that way, and after that you communicate with him as if nothing had happened! And he continues to humiliate you, saying that you look like a girl!”

“He doesn't humiliate me. He is quite simple to communicate,

not as pretentious as the others. And he really talks to commoners.”

“He says you are crippled and look like a girl! Is this not enough?”

“He's just kind, he just jokes a little mocks at me without any second thought, in a fatherly way.”

“Fatherly?!”

“A-ha-ha, you should have seen your face! Are you jealous? I really like Crassus.”

“And his stupid jokes?!”

“Yes.”

“I think Alis correctly called him an asshole!”

“Ko-o-ors, Daniel Crassus is your old friend!”

“Not anymore! After he called my son a cripple!”

“He talks with Arel in front of other black sirs, and this is ignominy for him. Your friend Kamiel Varah doesn't speak to us and looks very disapprovingly. And now he understood our maneuver with you. You, Kors, would not have communicated better with me in front of them, because I am also ignominious.”

“Do you, Demon, like humiliating my son? And when is he humiliated by others?”

“Kors, don't be like that...” Nikto began, but both he and Kors were involuntarily distracted from the conversation, seeing how Lis quickly entered the hall, and he led Karina next to him, somehow suspiciously squeezing her by the forearm, roughly threw into place at the table and hit. Karina shielded herself with

her hands, bending over, slightly moving away from him further. But she made no attempt either to evade or to fight back.

Kors literally changed his face:

“What does he allow himself!”

Nikto grabbed Kors by the hand, not letting him go:

“Don't, don't interfere.”

“She's my daughter!”

“She's his wife!”

“And did he do that to her often?!”

“Everything is within the limits of your decency, Kors, calm down. Trust me, if Lis wanted to harm her, he would hit her differently.”

“Excellent! Maybe I should go thank him?! Why did I bless them! I had to come not to put up with you, but to bring the army to the Estate, take your daughter and leave!”

“What about Nik? Your son? Don't you need him anymore?”

“Gods, I need him, of course! But I still want to talk to this redhead!”

“It's useless! Don't touch Lis, don't provoke him.”

“What's the matter? You yourself seem to be afraid of him! Prince Arel obeys him, you will not make another remark, you let him get away with everything!”

“Because he won't listen anyway! He's out of control. Do you understand?”

“And you, Demon, can't put him in the frame?!”

“I can, but then I'll just break it! I don't need a broken Fox,

I just need a broken Arel.

“I’ll go and tell him anyway!”

“He will send you to hell, Kors, and that’s it. He doesn’t hit undeservedly, Lis is fair in his own way.”

“Doesn’t he hit undeservedly? And, that is, she deserved it?!”

“Well yes! She is as cocky and uncontrollable as he is. Since she didn’t give him back, then she herself understands what she received. She doesn’t need your protection.”

But Kors couldn’t leave it that way. He came down from the gallery and went to Lis:

“We need to talk. Let’s step aside?”

Lis glanced quickly at Kors with his sharp eyes, and his mouth twisted in a haughty half-smile, it was obvious that he understood everything:

“Okay...”

They went into the room that Lis had occupied for himself. Karina already ruled here with her feminine hand: lace napkins and embroidered bedspreads were beautifully laid out on all surfaces, all sorts of figurines and beautiful dishes were placed. Skillfully made lifeless flowers stuck in vases. The room didn’t at all resemble the dwelling of a daring military leader.

Lis turned to Kors.

“I’m listening to you.”

“I demand to stop beating my daughter, especially in front of everyone!”

“Beating in front of everyone? Is it possible without witnesses?”

What a hypocrite you are, Kors.”

“Don’t cling to words. How did she deserve this treatment?!”

“That’s none of your business!”

“Explain to me? I know that she has not great character, perhaps I will find at least some excuse for your act.”

“The last thing for me is to complain to you! This is ridiculous.”

Karina ran into the room:

“Father, leave him alone!”

“He beats you, and you protect him!”

“That’s my fault!”

“What have you done? He doesn’t speak. He covers you. I hope this is something really awful, otherwise I see no excuse.”

“I sucked with Nija.”

Kors shook his head, trying to understand her phrase:

“W-w-what were you doing?”

“I kissed with Nija! We congratulated each other on the victory, somehow wrong...”

“Nija?” Said Kors in confusion.

“Reconnaissance commander.”

“Is this the one with the least number of soldiers in the squad? And on the head instead of hair tangled long sticks? But, he’s unclean!”

“So what?!”

“Are you out of your mind?!”

Kors looked at Lis, who, as usual, made a contemptuous

displeased face, his trademark mask.

“And...” Kors seemed to gather his strength. “Well, why did you choose the poorest? After the storming of the Fort, he had no soldiers left. I would choose this one... how is he... Tazh. Oh, yes, he already has a boyfriend. Well, then Zaf, whoever has enough warriors left, and such precious stones in his nose. It is immediately obvious that he is rich. Why did you choose the most worthless?”

“Father, leave me alone,” Karina said, and her voice was icy.

“You know what,” said Kors, “you really are worth each other!”

He left, slamming the door loudly.

He returned to Nikto.

“She says she kissed one of your unclean ones. Have you fucked her all up here? My daughter is a whore and Alis is an idiot.”

“I told you not to touch them.”

“But I didn't even imagine...” Kors was depressed. “She's the same as you. She is drunk now or on drugs, or she, as you say, is dull. Did she sleep with you? And with the prince? How could Alis agree to marry her! And I also demanded,” Kors chuckled, “as if she was a decent girl. And she is a drug addict and a slut who sucks, as she put it, with unclean ones. She said it so calmly in front of him. Your Lis is probably just crazy. Although his mother was the same, apparently he got used to it.”

“Stop it, Kors! Karina is a warrior and a very nice girl. You

should be proud of her! We all love each other very much, we are one loving family!”

“And they will stay together after this?”

“Well, of course! Don't worry, Lis won't disgrace your daughter, he won't kick her out.”

“And I would have kicked her out!”

Karina and Lis stayed in the room together.

“Why did you tell him? You disgraced me!”

“Fuck him!” Said Karina. “Forgive me.”

“Everyone has already understood that I am used to endured. And now your father too.”

“Well, send me then to hell, if their opinion is important to you! I'll leave, and everyone will say that you are cool!”

“And... will you leave?”

“Yes!”

“I cannot drive you away!”

“Why? I shame you. Drive me away, restore your honor in front of them, and I will go and throw myself off the wall!”

“You have lost your mind!” Lis grabbed her. “I love you! I don't give a fuck about their opinion!”

He pulled her to him, pressing his lips to hers, kissing her greedily, but at the same time without making any sudden movements, Karina went limp in his arms, feeling how tightly he squeezed her, for sure bruises would remain from his fingers again, well, let it be! The sensation of his forked tongue alone drove her crazy, making her gasp in a pre-orgasmic state.

He pulled back:

“Well? Is it better with me? Or with Nija?”

“Stop it! You are welcome! Stop it, you're the best!”

“My tongue is crippled, but his is normal,” Lis sat down on the bed, he looked very sad now, depressed, somehow discouraged. On very rare occasions, she saw him like this. Lis who didn't build anything of himself. Lis without his eternal mask of cynical indifference, his usual impudent coolness. And these moments of his vulnerability, defenselessness frightened her and at the same time covered her with a wave of indescribable tenderness. Even she rarely saw such real Lis, the protective expression on his face was so familiar to him. It didn't change, no matter what happened to him. Poor Lis, always hiding behind the insolent grin of a slightly raised contemptuous corner of his lips. And now he was so discouraged, unsettled by her act, that he even got lost.

“Don't say that. You are the best!”

He grimaced, regaining control of the situation. He slightly poked the tip of the forked tongue out of his mouth and moved separately, first with one part, and then with the other:

“Do you like it?”

“Stop doing that!” She screamed in despair, and he grinned bitterly and evilly. Karina rushed to him, hugging, kissing, rolling him backwards. He immediately turned her over to be on top. In fact, Kors found the last educational surge of Lis, and before that, taking her away from the square, he dragged her around in the corridor, just without extra eyes and witnesses.

Lis pulled back and looked at her thoughtfully:

“Should I break your face, or something...”

“No, no, please forgive me,” Karina, scared, twitched under him, trying to slip out, but Lis only squeezed her harder.

“It’s all going to end badly,” he said very seriously. “I’m barely holding back so as not to cripple you, do you understand that?”

“Yes. Yes. My beloved...”

“Shut up,” he again dug into her mouth with his lips, Karina responded to the kiss with all passion, inside without relaxing, realizing that he had not yet completely calmed down and that she still would get it, and he had not finished and can beat and fuck her now long. If only he didn't touch her face, as he always did, he didn't spoil her beautiful face. And as if confirming her fears, or rather, she simply already knew him too well, he, without stopping kissing her, briefly punched his fist below and slightly on the side of her abdomen, forcing her to twitch under him and feeling this jerk of her lips, the way she twitched into kiss, trying to open it, Lis didn't let her go. She didn't resist anymore, and only then he pulled back. Karina hugged him, hugging him lovingly, looking at his face covered with thin, barely visible streaks of scars. He looked at her too, and now there was no more confusion in his gaze. Slightly moving down, he began to kiss her neck, which in the past, when his teeth were still sharply filed, he ruined, leaving marks forever. The fox began to undress her, he no longer hit, and Karina relaxed a little. He kissed, going down lower and lower, chest, stomach, and Karina realized what

he wanted to do, and froze with fear and delight at the same time, that was the best!

Although Kors returned to the festive table, his mood was no longer festive. Drunk Anya, throwing her crossed legs on the table, leaned back strongly in her chair and fell backwards with a crash. Everyone started laughing, but Kors didn't even smile.

He couldn't find a place for himself and after a while, unable to resist, got up and, without saying a word to anyone, went back to the Lis' room. He worried about Karina, despite her unforgivable behavior. But approaching their door, while still in the corridor, Kors heard such loud and pleasure moans of his daughter that he stopped dead. His face twisted, and Kors rushed back.

“I remember how I made Atley Alis stick a needle in his hand between his thumb and forefinger,” flushed from the drink, Crassus continued to communicate with Nikto as if nothing had happened, indulging in memories. Unlike Varah, who looked at Nikto with undisguised superiority and even some kind of contemptuous grin, Crassus, it seems, was not embarrassed by either Nikto's gray face, or eyes outlined in black, or hands black from tattoos. He perceived Nikto and Prince Arel as warriors and didn't judge people by their appearance, like other noble blacks.

“All the boys whined and shook, they were so afraid of this punishment! And he endured! All classes, for several hours, he walked with a needle in hand, in silence! Even then I realized that a good deal would come out of this half-blood. He endlessly

did push-ups, pulled himself up and held his sword in his outstretched arms like a cute one. Oh, others howled when their hands were taken away to hold and it hurt. And he did everything in silence. As a young wild animal, really!”

“They called him Lis then?” Nikto asked, trying not to meet his eyes with the mocking look of Kamiel Varah, from which he felt uneasy.

“After all, he was like a little red fox. Everyone began to call him that. His surname also combined well, so they called him Alis-Lis. And when he hit the first line, I was so proud of him! Not only did he survive almost one of all the recruits, he also distinguished himself! I wanted to put him on the list of those presented for the award for courage, but in the next battle he was captured, I was so upset, because I had invested so much in him!”

“Did you beat up the boys in your school?” Nikto asked, smiling. And Daniel Crassus also grinned content, clearly not feeling any remorse:

“How could it be otherwise! How much I beat and tortured them! They flew from me!”

Kamiel Varah shook his head accusingly and left the table.

“Crassus, did you make Lis wear the signs of half-blood?”

“These are the rules, how many orders he received from me out of turn and sat in the punishment cell, he still pulled them out! He so annoyed me that I waved my hand at that! I forced him only when the higher authorities came for a review. Damn, he is like my own son!”

Kors returned to the table.

“Well, doesn't he hit her? You have such a face,” Nikto asked him, since Daniel Crassus lagged behind him for a while and went out to freshen up.

“No, he's fucking her!”

“What?! Kors, what did you say?” Nikto began to laugh. “A-ha-ha.”

“Yeah...” Kors looked embarrassed.

“Is it possible for noble sirs to say that?”

“Well, I've already degraded here with you. With whom you lead, from that you will gain.”

“Come on, I will let your son go for a little while. Do what you want with him. Maybe this will comfort you a little?”

“Yes,” Kors replied sadly. “Thank you.”

## **Chapter three**

### **Verniy**

Nikto entered the luxurious toilet room in which his Verniy now lived. Everything here was not at all as modest as in the Prince's Estate. Khabir was sitting on a low satin sofa, leaning against the back, he was without his helmet, covering his head, and stripped to the waist. Valentine was sitting on Verniy's lap, hugging him. In his hands he held a glass with a healthy drink of unclean ones and drank it through a metal tube, with the help of which he could only quench his thirst, slipping it from

below under the muzzle. Valentine drank slowly, with pleasure, the drink was sweet, and, unlike Arel, the unfortunate guy liked it very much, because Valentine loved sweets and tried very few of them in his life. And Verniy, pampering him, diluted the necessary ingredients, making the drink for the slave boy sweeter than necessary. Therefore, now Valentine, pressing the back of his head against the fur-covered chest of the unclean dog, and covering his almost blind eyes, was resting, enjoying the moment of peace. And Verniy hugged him affectionately, so small, thin, not really grown in his almost sixteen years. Nikto, seeing this picture, grunted, said aloud in the unclean:

“Ver, don't get attached to him. Arel often kills his slaves, and he will kill Valene will sooner or later.”

Ver pressed the boy closer to him:

“Master, don't let him!”

“Ver, he'll just hit him unsuccessfully and that's it, my order won't save you.”

“Don't let him beat him!”

“I treated Valene, forbade hitting him in the eyes, is that not enough? Valene... tine is the property of the prince. Do you want me to take away his only toy from Arel? Kors took the horse away from him and will not give it back now. He pranks on Arel's hundred thousand coins horse and believes that it should be so! And Lis left him without people. I'll take Valene too, right? I love Arel!”

“Even too much!”

“I love you too! Don't be jealous! Choose whoever you want, I'll give it to you.”

“I like this!”

“Fuck you! You are like children, in fact, everyone needs his particular toy and no other! I won't take him from Arel. This is not up for discussion!”

“Order him to remove his muzzle at least.”

“So that he put him in a deaf helmet, like yours? No! And let him do what he wants with him! Play with Valene when the prince is not up to him, I don't forbid!”

“Thank you, master, forgive me if I asked too much.”

“Fuck, damn it, Ver, you know how I feel about you and how I love you!” Nikto came close to them, Ver took off his knees almost asleep, warm like a puppy Valentine, quickly knelt down in front of Nikto, bowing his head low and kissing his boots. Valentine, waking up and seeing this, immediately fell to his knees too. Nikto smiled contentedly, bending over and embracing Verniy, lifting him from his knees, seating him back on the sofa, pressing him to himself, stroking his head, so that the ears of the unclean sticking up upwards spread.

“Reds have a lot of slaves, well, choose whoever you want, a girl.”

“I don't want. I love Claire!”

“But what to do with you ?! We'll go to the Limit soon.”

“Can I take Valentine with me?”

“You can! Just don't spoil him too much!”

“Can I remove the muzzle from him in the Limit? It is difficult for him to eat because of it. He suffers in this iron.”

“Aren't you suffering in a helmet? Your head is completely closed, and he has only part of his face closed.”

“But you let me take it off from time to time, when I'm in your room, and he should never take it off! I will return everything back later, they will chain everything as it was, Arel will not notice.”

“No! He will notice. And Valene will only feel worse. Anything that Arel put on him can't be removed! Valene belongs to the prince, he is his thing! His! Would you be pleased if something was done with your thing, changed without your knowledge? Don't set your rules here!”

And seeing how sad the face of his unclean dog became, Nikto hugged him, hugged him and, probably, if Arel saw them now, sitting like this, squeezing each other in arms, he would be jealous, and very much. Because something in this was not just kind, friendly, and not just a good attitude of the master to the slave. There was something else here, something that Arel would prefer not to think about.

Nikto pulled away from Verniy a little:

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