



Ви Корс

The Mist and the Lightning

Part 14

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БРАНЬ

18+

Ви Корс The Mist and the Lightning. Part 14

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Аннотация

The next series of the acclaimed series of books. Kors shook his head, he wanted to sit on the chair, but it was covered in sticky stains from wine. Kors walked over to the trash in the corner and took a crumpled and half-torn sheet to cover the dirty seat. Smoothing the paper, he saw that a portrait of Prince Arel was painted on it. Содержит нецензурную брань.

Вн Кopc

The Mist and the Lightning. Part 14

Dedicated to A.S. Kuzhelev from Pokrovskiy

14

Angel

Peace is always preferable to war.

The walls of the Fort, once so strong and unapproachable, built of dark burgundy, almost black mountain stone, so beloved by red architects, gaped holes with ragged edges. The dying defenders of the Fort writhed among the devastation in death agony, explosions tore off their limbs, many were buried alive under the rubble. Everything captured by them was destroyed and covered with the blood of the wounded and killed, as if something had now taken away its percentage for their past luck.

In the dense blackness of the smoky clouds, it was no longer possible to distinguish between day or night, only fiery flashes for a moment snatched the darkness and exploded it with sheaves of burning sparks, illuminating everything around.

It seemed that Death itself was present there, as an honored

guest invited to a wild feast, it danced, circling, among the burning ruins, as at a ball, with each flash, snatching out life after life.

The force that ignites rage in the chest, fills the gaze with determination and a desperate desire to get out of the stone trap to freedom, was extinguishing in the hearts of the defenders.

Marmer with several soldiers from his squad, until the very last time was shooting from the cannon, not paying attention to the fiery boulders flying at him, and the fact that the cannon was red-hot. He shouted hoarsely:

“Fire! Fire!”

And he himself took heavy cannonballs, pushing them into the cannon with burnt hands, until a blazing fiery projectile, fired from a throwing weapon, blew the cannon and part of the wall on which they were to the devil.

Anya ran out of arrows, and there was no one with a full quiver nearby, and she, seeing through the loophole the guns of the reds, shrank in a low arch of still intact wall, as in her little shelter, and wept bitterly. Tears streamed down her cheeks, leaving light streaks on her dusty face. Preparing for the inevitable, Anya stubbornly clenched a gold pendant in her fist, an award from Atley Alis for bravery, as if this decoration could help her in some way.

Mercenaries and unclean ones thrown from the wall tried to find shelter from burning cannonballs and pieces of masonry that were falling from everywhere. Shrad with his last strength

managed to drag away fallen Zagpeace Gezaria, he was unconscious, and the brave peasant from the Estate of Prince Arel literally covered the commander with his body.

In front of Tazh's eyes, a fiery projectile literally tore into pieces Tarl and several warriors from the Skull clan, who were fighting next to him, crushed them into the ground, leaving only a puddle of bloody mess.

The fort was burning, and the unclean horse of Nikto knocked out the stable doors with his hooves. The horses broke the reins and galloped into the opening of the destroyed wall. And only a few of the most stupid and tightly tied to the stalls remained, they whinnied pitifully, and Karina's beloved horse suffocated.

The rear gate was blown out by a battering ram, and that section of the wall near the menagerie, which was selflessly defended by the unclean and young warriors from the school of Daniel Crassus for so many days, was destroyed, and there was no one else to protect it, and there was no way to do it.

What was the use of saving the back gate if the iron-wrought main gate had been torn down, and Lis once thought it was impenetrable.

The defenders of the Fort rushed about in its walls like rats in a labyrinth and didn't know where to get away from the fiery stones and the reds who soon appeared in the breaches of the wall and were simply finishing off the crumbling army of Atley Alis.

Those who could still stand and hold weapons lined up in the main square, defending themselves and waiting for the main

forces of the reds to rush through the main gate to them, realizing that now they would unleash all their fury and power on them.

And it wouldn't take more than five minutes.

They prepared to fight to the last.

The reds rushed to the attack, and it was a real bloody massacre. There was no exit. All that remained was to fight, and the blacks and the unclean ones did it with the despair of the doomed, with their last strength, realizing that this was the end and they lost.

Lis fought like a man possessed, in the forefront, as if he wanted to die. And this moment was about to come, when suddenly the reds were confused. Their dense ranks parted, something pressed against them from behind. The attackers began to turn around and stopped attacking.

“What's happening?! What's going on, Nik?” Shouted Lis, “I don't understand!”

Nikto didn't had time to answer. Tol and his soldiers, whom he had brought with him from the Black City, burst into the main gate, crushing the reds, and there were many of them. The reds were not ready for this turn of events, they rushed about, and confusion began. But it didn't last long – the fresh forces of Tol, striking from the rear, quickly crushed the enemy, and the defenders rejoiced.

“We have won! We have won!”

“Al!” Tol shouted.

And on the exhausted face of Lis sincere joy was reflected:

“Tol! Tol, damn you! Where are you from here?!”

“We followed in your footsteps,” Tol smiled, “you got so far!”

He looked around: everything around him was on fire, walls in many places were collapsed.

“What a beautiful fortress!” Tol said absolutely sincerely. He dismounted, heading for Lis, and he rushed to meet him, embracing him. They hugged each other tightly, like two friends and warriors. Finally, Tol, pulling back, patted Lis on the shoulder.

“Al, you sly ass, where did you get in?!”

He looked at Arel:

“Orel! How glad I am!”

And Arel, looking at him, smiled at him too:

“I am no longer Prince Orel from the family of Eagle, Tol,” he said, “now everyone calls me just Arel.”

Tol happily hugged him, not paying any attention to these words and the slightly surprised look that Lis, Kors and everyone else around had, because they completely lost the habit that Arel could speak, forgot his voice. And he said it to Tol so simply, and, as was his habit, drawing out his words a little lazily, and his beautiful low velvety timbre of voice, from which common people usually fell into a reverent trance, hadn't changed at all.

“Nik!” Tol shouted, no doubt recognizing Nikto despite the mask. And they also hugged tightly.

“Karina!”

“Eh, no, Tol, I won't hug you!” She laughed. Her face was

stained with gunpowder soot, very successfully hiding traces from the whip on her cheeks.

“You motherfucker, I don’t believe, we have won!” Lis said. Walls and buildings were almost destroyed, but Death, though reluctantly, retreated, remembering this place and wanting to return here to finally finish his dance.

“We have won, just as you said, Nik!” Lis shouted happily.

And Nikto put a finger to his mask, indicating a smile.

Kors stood and watched as the captive red warriors, who were lined up in the square, bowed their heads and knelt before Atley Alis, thus demonstrating their submission and loyalty to him. Now they would fight on their side. Lis approached each and asked for the name and rank, and his adjutant entered everything in a journal.

Kors saw Alis walk over to the red one, whose face was completely wrapped in dirty bloody strips of cloth that replaced his bandages. The warrior, like the others, when his turn came, bowed down to Lis and knelt down.

Kors watched them with bated breath, he perfectly understood who it was, but from his place he couldn’t hear their conversation. He only saw that Lis asked the red one something and then waved his hand to the side, to where the wounded prisoners were taken, they lay and sat a little to the side. The soldier, disfigured by Kors, stumbled to the other wounded. He didn’t look at Kors and didn’t see him, and Kors for some reason involuntarily smiled, he himself didn’t understand why, but he felt pleased. And Lis,

no longer paying attention to the unfortunate red, continued and stopped at the next captured warrior.

The unclean survivors of Nikto and black mercenaries, several peasants from the militia of Prince Arel and several people of Marmer began to restore Crimson Rock. The soldiers Tol brought with him immediately became actively involved in the life of the Fort, and helped them. Since the confrontation with the Black Bey ended, and Bey himself perished in the village of swamp inhabitants, there was no longer a need to defend the territories in the Black City, so Tol, no doubt, brought with him almost all the warriors of Prince Arel. Borgan stayed in Lower to keep order, but Nikto sent almost a thousand unclean ones. The red prisoners were also involved in the work, and they tried very hard.

Lis once again had an army, bigger and better than the old one! And everyone rejoiced, not doubting that the Ore town with its Diamond Mines would soon be in their hands.

The main tower suffered least of all. The servants cleaned up rooms of Karina and Lis: they put everything in its place again, collected fragments of broken dishes and glass.

Now there were no glass in their windows, however, as in the whole tower. But the weather was very warm, and it was quite possible to do without them if an incense burner for driving away insects was burning.

Karina was more upset by the broken water pipe. The black and red warriors tried to fix it, but they didn't figure out how

to supply warm water to the rooms upstairs. Karina stood and watched as a pitiful trickle of cold water barely flowed from the tap when she heard loud screams and noise below in the square. She ran to the window and saw that Tol was entering the main gate, and Lila was sitting sideways in the saddle next to him. Tol, unlike Lis, didn't hesitate and wasted no time, he organized a ferry and crossed the river to Riverside village, transported the servants, cooks, gunsmiths and everyone he left there, including his new wife. He also took a few of the prince's people from those who didn't die of hunger and typhus. And now Lila was sitting, huddled up to him, as tiny as a figurine in a beautiful dress and cape. The black mercenaries of Kors recognized her. They began to greet Lila. Karina heard their admiring cries and exclamations:

“It's Lila! Royal theater actress!”

One of the black warriors was already running across the square with a bouquet of flowers, where did they come from? Karina was shivering: “I will kill this bitch,” she thought in all seriousness. “Lis killed Tol's first wife, and I will kill the second!” At the same time, she couldn't take her eyes off what was happening, and now Lis was in a hurry to them, helping Lila to get off the horse. And the unclean ones, those who were repairing the gate at that moment, literally froze in a stupor. They have abandoned all their affairs and stand as bewitched. As well as Karina, frozen at the window. Lila seemed to be embarrassed by such attention to her person, or rather, at first, she accepted the flowers with a smile, and then, looking around and seeing

the glances of the uncleans directed at her, she changed her expression. As if frightened, she quickly adjusted the cape on her hair and covered her face with the edge of the fabric.

“Bitch! Bitch! Bitch!” Karina saw exactly how at that moment Lis raised his head and looked up at their windows. He saw Karina, and his eyes... he seemed to say to her: “You see how decent girls behave?”

Karina drew back from the window, tears gushed from her eyes.

“What a bitch! Fuck! Lis will now bring Tol and his bitch to us!”

Karina rushed to her long-suffering burgundy dress, to her bag, where she kept her pearl earrings. “Heck! Heck! Heck!”

15

The fiend

Don't fall prey to your own fears.

Karina put on a burgundy dress and pearl earrings, pulled her hair up, styling it into a beautiful hairstyle with hairpins. She put on her makeup, borrowing a box of cosmetics from a slave who lived here before: she hid the traces of beatings under the tonal dye, beautifully emphasized the shape of her eyebrows with black and painted her eyes, making them even more expressive, and painted her lips with dark cherry lipstick to match the dress. She

hadn't done makeup for so long, but as it turned out, she hadn't forgotten anything.

Satisfied, she looked at her reflection – she was a real beauty and noble lady, in this form it would not be shameful to go to a ball at the palace. When Lis entered the room, Karina, who was sitting in front of the mirror, turned to him with a slight smile. And seeing her, Lis froze. He seemed speechless, and it was so unlike him. Karina looked a little condescendingly at his admiring face and adjusted her hair with a casual gesture:

“Why are you looking at me so?”

“Karina, how beautiful you are, Gods!”

“Do you like me?”

“Yes. Very much.”

Lis continued to stand on the threshold, blocking the doorway, and the servant behind him, holding a heavy tray with drinks and snacks, impatiently shifted from foot to foot, not understanding the hitch, but not daring to move the master aside and go into the room, to finally free himself from a heavy burden. Finally Lis noticed him and awkwardly walked away, he looked confused.

And Karina's heart rejoiced:

“Isn't it bad that I painted my lips?”

“No.”

“Isn't the lipstick too bright?”

“No.”

“Not sluttish?”

“Karina,” Lis swallowed, “it suits you very much.”

Karina looked at the tray full of treats.

“And where are Tol and Lila? Have you called them to us?”

“Yes. Now they will come.”

Karina snorted dismissively:

“Ah, got it.”

And as Lis continued to look at her, she got up and carefully took several steps in high-heeled shoes, trying to fully straighten her knees. She spun in front of him:

“Am I better than this actress?”

“Who?”

“Lila! What's wrong with you?”

“Lila? She's just a city crazy!”

“A-ha-ha, so you don't like her at all?”

“Of course not! She is an ordinary commoner, cheap, don't be jealous of me for her. This is silly. And you even insult me with this, now.”

Karina's face immediately ceased to be relaxed:

“Sorry, I just said so.”

He walked over and hugged her:

“You're my queen!”

“No! Don't kiss me! Lipstick smudges!”

And Lis obediently pulled back

Lis laughed, throwing his head back, so sincerely, absolutely relaxed, with his so bright red hair untied in a ponytail, disheveled. He laughed, and Tol hugged him and shouted:

“Al, brother! Don't be stupid! Let's drink quickly! Al, you

are my soul! Don't be slow, brotherly! Do you remember how we... and you know how frightened I was for you, when, do you remember, they cut off your Necker's legs, and you fell off your horse straight to Bey under the sword! Remember?!"

"I remember," Lis smiled, "you saved my life then."

They drank and smoked everything that was at hand. Tol happily and actively shared news from the Black City, while not forgetting to lean on snacks from the Fort's storerooms: meat ham, smoked fish and all kinds of sausages and cheeses. For dear guests, Lis ordered to bake fresh pies and rolls. Tol was on fire, today was his finest hour, because his usually haughty friend listened to him with interest and didn't interrupt him. Karina was bored, Tol, as always, constantly bragged and attributed all the achievements to himself.

"And I ordered to plant trees in Lower and on the Market Square, in the very center, to plant an oak! So that it grows huge! And we'll make a nest there, and put an eagle there! It will be so beautiful! Yes, Al?!"

And Lis laughed and nodded.

"How lonely my Lis was in the Black City, if this one became his best friend..." Karina thought bitterly: "They are like heaven and earth. To what despair and loneliness you need to go to make friends with Tol! My poor Lis."

Tol enthusiastically said about how they had restored the Lower City destroyed by the confrontation with Bey, and Lila intervened in the conversation and inserted remarks, echoing Tol

with her, as it seemed to Karina, disgusting squeaky and cutesy voice. Lila got drunk and interrupted Tol more and more often, adding even more meaningless and unnecessary details to his already stupid story. But Tol didn't get angry with her, even if she cut him off in mid-sentence, pressed him to him with tenderness and didn't shut her mouth. Moreover, from time to time she tugged at him and intervened simply so that he poured wine or served her a pie. And Tol was interrupted, distracted and did what she asked, while losing the thread of his already chaotic narrative.

They moved to the large bed of Lis and Karina, and Karina, leaning against the pillows at the head, drank wine and, looking at the capricious Lila, upset she thought that she would never dare to behave like that with her husband. Lis was now sitting next to her very cheerful, he listened to Tol's ramblings without any irritation and even with some pleasure and smoked cigarette after cigarette, shaking off the ashes into an empty bowl, where before that there was bread.

Tol and Lila sat opposite them. Tol hugged Lila with one hand, and in the other he held a cup, sipping from it, and didn't shut up for a minute, describing what a fine fellow he was. Tol was very tall and big, and Lila was so small and fragile that this difference was immediately apparent and they looked funny together.

Lila seemed very happy, oppressing Karina with this, who involuntarily continued to compare the relationship in their couples and saw that Lila didn't follow what she said and did. And

Tol never even pulled her back or raised his voice at her. Karina understood that she could never be like this with Lis, and how relaxed Lila was! And Karina was tense and watched her actions and words, while still, at any moment, expecting an outbreak of discontent from her beloved. The only thing that made her happy was that Lis didn't turn to Lila at all. During all this time, he didn't say a word to her and didn't comment on any of her phrases. Lila was absolutely uninteresting to him, and Karina was reassured. But at the same time, she was very offended that Tol was so delighted with his fool, and she was so fondled by him.

Lila, apparently, understood Karina's views in her own way, she reached out to her, clearly wanting to hug and kiss:

"Karina, you have such a beautiful hairstyle, can you do it yourself or is it a maid's work? Are there any good maids who can do hair?"

Karina not rudely, but clearly expressing her intentions, pushed her away:

"Lila, go to hell!"

"No, Karina, don't send me to hell," Lila stretched capriciously, "better say 'fuck you'!"

"You'll do without it," Karina laughed, "if I say fuck you all the time, there will be no cocks left!"

Lila, Tol and Lis laughed. Lis opened another bottle and poured wine for everyone.

"I don't go to Upper," Tol continued to chat, "the moron Vil pisses me off, he runs the Castle there. I just don't like him!"

“Me too,” agreed Lis, and Tol was delighted.

“Do you know who he is with now?!”

“No.”

“Oh! I'll tell you now, you sit here, you don't know anything! And here such things are happening! Vil has found himself a woman again! A dancer again! A rotten whore who dances naked in a diner in Lower. Imagine? Why is he always with some dancers? They are all whores, I always said that! And her name is Zara.”

“Yes, he wrote about it in a letter, I have completely forgotten.”

“Well!” And Tol was a little upset that his news was not new. And Karina remembered:

A small poor room on the border of Lower and Upper and Zara, with a mug of some cheap booze in her hand:

“Well, so which of my friends did you come to talk about? I have nothing to hide.”

“Do you know Atley Alis?”

“Mmm...”

“He is calles Lis,”

“Ah! Lis! He's a scum! But charming! No. He is not my friend! And not even a buddy. He dropped in a couple of times, gave a long song and dance. He promised that he would promote me and make me the King's mistress. He said he had influential friends in the palace, everything was a complete chatter! Where is all his

promised?! Chatterbox! There's only one benefit from him – at least he fucks well. Beautifully takes a woman...

“He beautifully takes a woman,” Karina whispered.

But Lis, who was sitting next to her, heard that and looked at her, stunned:

“How do you know?!”

“I know.”

“But from where?!”

“I visited her once on the occasion. So she told you so too?!”

“A-ha-ha, Zara! What a fool!” Lis laughed. “She told me this when I fucked her, so surprised: “How beautifully you take a woman.” What an idiot!”

“And I say!” Tol intervened happily in their conversation again. “She's a whore!”

“She is Nik's girlfriend since the “Farm” of slaves,” said Lis.

“And you happily fucked her,” Karina made a displeased face, “and at that moment you were not embarrassed that she was a whore. And a former slave who twirls her bare ass in a diner in Lower.”

“No,” said Lis.

And seeing the expression on Karina's face, he laughed and at the same time covered himself with his hands:

“Stop!” He said through laughter.

“I'll kill you!”

He quickly pulled her to him, hugging and kissing. Karina enjoyed the moment and the fact that Lis was kind and cheerful

with the guests. Tol and Lila looked at them with affection.

“Al, let's swap wives!” Tol made a proposal.

“Come on,” Lis agreed, and neither Lila nor Karina objected to them. Lis pulled Lila out of the bed, dragging her to the carpet, pulling off her dress. She began to moan, in Karina's opinion, too loud and feigned.

Knocking on the door, Nikto entered their room, and his gaze was presented with the following picture: Karina and Tol were sitting on the bed, they watched how Lis fucked Lila, standing on all fours, without letting go of the cigarette, and there was an ashtray on Lila's back.

Nikto laughed:

“Ah, you are having fun, okay!”

“Nik!” Shouted Tol. “Come in! Join us! We have a lot of fun here!”

Nikto looked at Karina so strangely, she noticed this look, she was very pleased. Everyone admired her today.

“No,” as if with an effort said Nikto, averting his eyes from beautiful Karina, “I won't bother you. Lis, if anything, I'm with the unclean ones.”

“Yeah,” said Lis, squinting at the smoke that got into his eyes, he never stopped the intercourse.

Nikto left, and Tol turned to Karina and so in a simple way fell on her, crushing her under him. Karina allowed.

Tol was very heavy, he literally pushed Karina into bed, under his body she couldn't take a breath. But she wanted to try

this bully. “Lila is even smaller than me and somehow she can withstand it,” thought Karina. Tol lifted the hem of her dress, lifting it up, Karina helped him, pulled herself, raising her hands, removing it. Tol immediately saw her body covered with traces of beatings, all in purple and burgundy stripes. But he didn’t say anything and didn’t even stop for a moment in his inclinations. Tol had known his friend for a long time. He and Lis fucked a bunch of women together. Tol adored group sex with several girls at the same time, and Lis often accepted his invitation to have sex with a couple of whores. And Tol knew perfectly well how he usually treated them.

It seemed to Karina that a bottle of wine was thrust between her legs, and not a genital organ. Despite his bulkiness, Tol moved at a fast pace and was not bad at all. He bent over her, kissing on the lips, and then Karina dodged away, because Tol was kissing badly, he had too much saliva in his mouth and the kisses were slobbering.

Later, Lis and Lila returned to their bed. And Tol’s wife looked at Karina’s body all with bruises and marks from a whip so that it seemed to Karina that Lila could barely restrain her exclamation, turned away, changing her face, and Karina quickly put on a dress. Lila’s reaction didn’t embarrass her or upset her. What was wrong? Sometimes it happened. Her husband was like that. He was a strict commander, and Karina had nothing to be ashamed of. This was their personal family life, Lis loved her, and these were just traces of the manifestation of his love and

passion.

And Tol noticed the scars on Lis' thigh:

"Hey bro, what is it? What happened to you?"

"Never mind," said Lis.

But Tol continued to stare at three even, maroon stripes:

"But how? Where did you get in again, sly beast?"

"Tol, tell me better, how did you find us? You are whom I didn't expect to see here!"

"You sent me a letter!"

"Have you started to read letters?"

"Yeah," Tol grinned contentedly, not noticing Lis' trick and forgetting the previous topic of conversation about his scars.

"We arrived at the Prince's Estate," Tol smiled slyly and looked like a contented cat, "but you were no longer there. There was no one there at all! And we decided to go after you. We followed in your footsteps."

"But why so long!" Lis couldn't resist.

"Why? We got lost! Lost a lot, buddy. At first we walked right up to the crossing. There your footbridge remained and everything that you did there. The carts left deep ruts... there were remnants of fire pit. It was easy to go. But after the crossing, the weather turned bad, fuck it! It rained for several days. And the river overflowed, and everything in the area was washed away, it became a continuous mess. It was not clear where to go. We went to the wrong field. Then we realized that we were going in the wrong direction and returned to the crossing. We couldn't

understand where to go. The land was large, fields and hills, even if you walk along it for a week, you will not find the right road. And there is no one to ask.”

“Oh, Gods, Tol! And the map?”

“Which map?”

“Maybe you should have looked for maps of the area in the Estate?”

“What for? Did you draw where you went?”

“Okay... How did you find us?”

Tol made a conspiratorial look:

“And, brother, death helped us three times.”

“What?!”

“We accidentally stumbled upon a corpse. We got desperate and that was it... it was Dick Coal. He kept thinking and thinking. He recalled his childhood in these parts. How the reds attacked, how they burned down his house. How he saved Lila, and he almost burned out himself. He noticed a crow. And he said: “Since the crows fly there, there is something there.” We went there and saw a grave dug by animals. Not deep. And there was a dead man. Slave. The collar was tight on his neck, the skin was swollen around, it was horrible. And he himself was thin as a skeleton. We realized that he died of hunger, apparently, you dug him in. You know how happy we were! We found the right trail! We found our way. So they began to search the ground, and after a couple of days we found a new dead man, it was a red. You captured the red, we decided so. He still had some crap on

his face. Broken. Dick said these were glasses, he saw, they red ones wear it from blindness. When they don't see, but clothe, they begin to see through this glass. We were even more delighted when this blind man was found. At this point we completely understood that we were on the right track. And for sure! We passed the blind man, and there was a third, a girl. Beautiful. Only badly beaten, broken bones, they scoffed at her great, it seems. And her hair was cut off to her shoulders, and you know what her hair was?! I've never seen this! Pink like flowers! She was just lying in the ditch. Why did you kill her?"

"This was a slave of the unclean," said Lis, he sat in thought, his head bowed.

"That's how we found you in three deaths, Al! Well, what about you? So what about your leg? What are these scars from? Who hurt you like that?"

Lis looked at the three scars on his thigh:

"I cut myself by accident. Tol, this is all nonsense. Irrelevant! The main thing is you found us! And we won!"

"Yes!"

"Now I'm sure we will capture Ore too! Do you need diamonds, Tol?"

"Nope..."

"Hey? What are you saying, dear!" Lila interrupted him indignantly. "We need them! We will build a Theater! Big, luxurious Theater! On Asa Street!"

Tol's face darkened:

“I pity Asa, but I have forgiven you long, long ago, my friend.”

“Sorry,” said Lis, “I didn't mean to. But she provoked me.”

“Yes, she was a bad woman, but when her wish was fulfilled, and Borgan forced me to marry her for a gambling debt, she completely lost her head.”

“Have you forgiven me?”

“Yes, brother.”

And Karina's head suddenly came up with a distinct picture:

The prince's estate, and Nikto asks Karina to comb him.

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

“Do you like them?”

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

“Ah.”

“And I will thank you.”

“How?”

“Do you want me to fuck you?”

“No, thanks. Let's do without gratitude.”

“Why?”

“I don't want it.”

“You want it.”

“Why do you think so? I love Lis.”

“So what?”

“I want to marry him!”

“All girls are different, but they always want the same thing!”

You are already the third in my memory.”

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

“Never mind. I have understood you.”

“All girls are different, but they dream about the same thing. You are already the third in my memory.” Here it is! First was Asa! First was Asa! She married Tol, who, unfortunately, lost at cards, her wish was fulfilled, but she was not happy for long. By an absurd accident due to a silly quarrel, Lis killed her. And the second, second was Nikto’s girlfriend, Dony. Dony, of course Dony, because she also married some rich landowner by the sea.

Father ordered Karina to go to Dony, literally forced her, Karina remembered how she didn’t want to do this then, to find out who had hit Dony on the head, she didn’t give a shit. Now, she already knew that her beloved and best husband did it. She didn’t give a damn about it then, and even more so now.

Dony, in a hurry, is packing up her things, her fiancé should come for her at any minute.

“Maybe you should, nevertheless, return to your female destiny, Karina, it seems to me that what you are doing doesn’t suit you at all. Before it’s too late! Love someone in the end, and stop shaming!”

And Dony nervously knocks a puff with powder on her face and looks at Karina with open contempt.

“Lila!”

“Yes?”

“Why don’t you want to build your own theater? You don’t play at Dony’s Theater anymore.”

“No,” Lila shook her head, “and there is no Theater.”

“How is Dony doing? She got married and abandoned her theater? Yes?”

Lila’s face stretched out, she turned pale, and Karina froze, feeling bad.

“You don’t know?” Lila asked.

“No.”

“They said lady Dony died in childbirth. I don’t know the details...”

Karina felt cold inside: “You are the third in my memory, and everyone wants the same thing.” And they die! It wasn’t long after that conversation with Nikto at the Estate, and Karina married Lis. She is the third! No!

The cell in the prison dungeon, and Nikto sits in front of Karina on the dirty straw, chained to the wall.

“Yes. Yes! It’s my fault that he became so evil!”

“You’d better have killed him then?”

“No, no, no!”

“Then what do you want?”

“You ask as if you were fulfilling wishes!”

“But what if it so? You know how the unclean say: “Do not want much, otherwise you won’t have enough strength to pay!”

“And people say: “Be careful in your desires, because they can be fulfilled!”

“Right!”

“But my desire was to become a queen! Gods! I married Lis, but I wanted to be queen! I'm not the queen yet. So I will live on!”

“Karina, you will help me to deal with your water supply,” Lila interrupted her thoughts, “I want to do ablution.”

“Lila, wash your pussy,” Tol laughed.

Karina got up and led Lila into the bathroom, her thoughts were now far from here, inside was shaking from the patterns that had opened to her, and Karina was scared. “Lis will kill me, he will kill me sooner or later. Nik asked him to file his teeth again, he will bite my neck like he did then!” Karina involuntarily grabbed the scars on her neck with her hand.

“Karina,” Lila stood next to her and gently and gently pulled her forearm, “Karina?”

“Here you twist, and water will flow. But now there is only cold water.”

“Yes, wait...”

Lila began to rummage in her small, beaded purse, handed Karina a small faceted bottle of dark green glass:

“Here. Take it.”

“What is it? Perfume?”

“No,” and Lila looked seriously at Karina, “it's a sleeping remedy. Very good... tasteless and odorless. When Tol gets very drunk and starts to brawl, he cannot be laid down. A couple of drops of this remedy and he falls asleep calmly.”

“Thank you,” said Karina and took the bottle.

Half an hour later, she poured at least a third of the bottle into a jug of wine. Lis, Lila and Tol, in picturesque poses, passed out on the bed.

Barefoot, in a dress on a naked body, covered with a cape for disguise, Karina ran along the dark corridors of the tower to the left side of the Fort, where the unclean were. Where Nija was.

She was very drunk, and this state gave her courage and swept aside all sound thoughts and fears. She had a poor idea of the further development of events and didn't think about it. Karina wanted to see him, nothing else mattered. And yet she was very frightened and even screamed, sobering up for a minute, when from around the corner and the unlit hole of the arch someone bumped into her, grabbing and pressing her against the wall.

“Hush, it's me,” said Nija, and they threw themselves into each other's arms, kissing greedily, as if trying to make up for the lost time during all these days of separation. For a long time they couldn't break the kiss, Karina hugged him and stroked him, clung to his long dreadlocks with her fingers. Finally Nija easily grabbed her in his arms, she grabbed his neck, hugging. Nija brought her to his room and sat her on the bed. Candles were burning there, and in the lighted room, they finally looked at each other. He was still the same handsome, charming, with such a charming smile. He looked at her with slyness and a mischievous glint in his eyes.

But he didn't immediately knock her down on the bed, but

he was looking at her, as if he couldn't believe that this had happened, and she was there, in his room. A slave came to them, bowing, put on the table in front of Karina a plate with unclean sweets and a jug of wine. Karina noticed that the red-haired girl looked at her dress very carefully and clearly recognized it. Karina didn't care, she didn't understand what was happening. She took the candy in confusion. "Why doesn't he continue? Risking everything, did I come here to eat chocolates?" Karina sober up, and the courage left her: "We need to return. It was a stupid idea." But as soon as she wanted to get up, Nija, as if having caught her thoughts, pounced on her, grabbed her and threw her onto the bed. He was very strong, they started kissing again, Karina felt demonic energy emanating from him, almost the same as coming from Nikto. Nija undressed her and, seeing the body, froze. His face changed, Karina was frightened by the way he clenched his teeth and fists, he literally shook. She grabbed him by the neck with both hands, drawing him to her again, throwing him over herself, not giving him any more opportunity to look. He gave in without saying anything and they continued.

"It's time for me to leave."

"I'll show you."

"No. What are you saying! I remember the way."

They couldn't stop kissing, but Karina pulled herself away from him with an effort of will and ran back. Returning to her room, she was relieved to see that Lis, Tol and Lila were still

sleeping peacefully on their bed. Karina lay down next to Lis, hugged him with all her love, burying her face in his slightly curly hair. In her crotch, she still felt the jolts: one, two, three, as if her heart were beating there.

“I followed her,” Zanmar said. “She reached the room, and everyone is asleep there.”

“I love her,” Nija said.

“You are at great risk.”

“She has “heard” me.”

“I’m not surprised,” Zanmar replied, “because she is a slave to the White Lord and is used to us.”

Nija looked at his friend very seriously:

“I’ll steal her and take her to our world,” and he, in an unconscious gesture, rubbed his cheekbone, which had been branded earlier.

16

Destruction

Great misfortunes are preceded by signs and omens that we try not to notice. It is better to give up the dilapidated house before it collapses completely. Castles in the air are destroyed at the first wind.

Kors returned to his room. Even here, at the top of the tower, the noise of the celebration was heard.

Nobody called him.

Nobody came to him.

And what should he do?

Kors felt completely alone, and with some bitterness, he felt deceived and left in a stupid position. He was deprived of support and abandoned.

Where the hell is Nikto?

He doesn't come for him and doesn't call him.

He doesn't need him!

He is tired of it. He played with Kors, turned him inside out and threw him away.

"I opened up to him, believed him, but he... He forgot about me! He didn't give a shit. Probably he is getting stoned (as Alis says) now with his Arel and doesn't even think what it is like for me!"

And Kors was left alone.

Previously, he would happily go to his friends, feeling the unity with them, the strength of their team, but now how could he go? Who would accept him? With a gray face, pitiful, humiliated, asking them to take him back, and still feeling their condescension?

And Kamiel Varah was his friend, they have been friends with him all these years. Varah knew a lot about him and talked a lot about himself. They were so close, so what? Varah stayed there, together with Peace, and never came. He deleted Kors from his life, so easily, as if there had not been all these years of such close

friendship. He was having fun there with everyone, rejoiced, and thought that everything was going on well, and according to the plan. Diamonds of the Ore town were just around the corner, he didn't even think about Kors.

“What about our friendship?! You shared everything with me! What things we did together! You said: “I will break any throat for Vitor!” Where is it all? How quickly you forgot everything! Traitor!”

And Kors was sitting alone, and Kamiel was somewhere out there having fun with everyone.

And Salafael. He also didn't come. In general, no one came to him and no one called him!

Kors covered his face with his hands. How did it happen that they banished him?! He was so cool! “You spread in front of me and prayed for me! You ate from my plate! What have I done wrong to you? After all, I have not done anything bad to you personally and have never betrayed you all these years! And how many times have I supported you!”

And Kors was covered with a great wave of hatred for them. “I treated you with you with all my heart, and you behaved like that?! Don't do that, don't communicate with that, what's the difference to you?! I didn't do them badly! I'll kill them all!” thought Kors, “Everyone! Varah and Zagpeace, and rascal Ariel!” Salafael didn't evoke such emotions in him. Why did he do this? Why did he agree? What should he do now? How to live with this shameful face make-up that makes him an outcast?

There is no way back to the noble blacks, and the unclean ones don't need him, they have their own lives. I'll hang myself now, Kors thought. "I ruined everything and they didn't support me. They threw me out right there, seeing that I was lost. They consider me an idiot. But I will have my revenge! If you think that I will forget everything, you are very mistaken! I won't forget, I won't forgive and I will take revenge! You don't know me well!"

Such confusion was going on in his head, emotions were off scale. "Where is Alis? Lis is with no one and at the same time with everyone. He is everywhere welcomed, and doesn't come close to anyone, he is cunning. And the Demon promotes him well, loves him. And Kors is abandoned. And where is his Mission? Where is my Mission?! Lis is probably with Tol and my daughter is there all well," Kors thought about Karina: "What is she doing? Is Lis hitting her again? Or is she kissing the unclean Nija, congratulating each other on the victory?" And just thinking about it, Kors suddenly "heard" them! Nija and Karina, as well as he "heard" before the thoughts and emotions of Prince Arel about her, but only brighter, because it was not in the past. It was now, at the very minute when Kors was worried about his daughter, she was fucking with Nija. He saw them, as if he was standing next to them, and suddenly he very clearly felt that demonic energy, which he already knew well, and which came from Nikto. Nija also had it! And his daughter, obviously, also felt it, she sat on top of Nija and with moans bent, rising and falling on his cock. Kors saw the marks of the whip on her body,

everything that happened became such a revelation for him that he even forgot about his grievances for a minute.

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