

Rained started pouring even before dawn. It was a cold morning the priestesses rarely endured in this region. Mist shrouded the gorge in which the temple stood. A few herons hooted, waking Oscar up. Lala and Opal already left to attend to their early tasks. He washed himself quickly and got dressed up before leaving his room. He made sure to leave the enchanted sword behind, still feeling confused by what he heard the day before. Walking down in the main hall, he saw Yatika heading out. She nodded, seeming both polite and uncomfortable. Oscar sat by the fire, thinking about how he would manage a handful of unrelated people, with quirks and nothing bonding them together despite resentment and suspicions.

An hour passed, as well as many priestesses and servants. He heard songs echoing from the chapel and a nice smell started filling the air, coming from the kitchens. As he was about to go out for a walk, Priscilla entered the hall and greeted him.

- Seems like you were about to leave, she said.
- I could use some company.
- Lead the way, then.

They left the courtyard and ventured toward the river. The herons Oscar heard earlier flew away as they reached the shore. A deer on the northern bank rose its head, but not feeling any danger at this distance, the majestic animal got back to its business. The rain almost stopped as they reached the bridge they crossed when they arrived from Mistcastle.

- What happened, Priscilla ? the man finally asked.
- Why did I loose you ?
- That, and how... You changed.

Priscilla sighed. She did not know where to start, as indeed, she went through a lot of trials no one would guess. She decided to be quick about it.

- We got separated by my fault. I swore to your mother I would protect you, and I lost you so easily, but you remember about that of course. I tried to find you for so long. I search among the survivors, asked about you. You were gone. I hoped you would find me if I could not. But I think we looked in opposite directions until we were too far away to meet again.
- That is likely, indeed. I went west after the attacks on Gatova, when we lost each other. I was running from the Gray elves and thought you would do the same.
- You did good. Dehest destroyed everything and I barely escaped myself. I guess I was a few days behind you, and a few miles south too.

Priscilla turned and put her hands on the man's shoulders. She smiles, despited the tears forming on her eyelids.

- I am so grateful that you survived all these years. Shame is still weighting on my heart, as I failed you so deeply. However, it feels like a blessing to watch your face again.
- I survived, whispered Oscar. You did too, and that is wonderful to see. I missed you.

He hugged her gently. Priscilla sobbed, as much with joy as with guilt, pressing him against her. She felt a warm wave in her core, pushing away some of her fears. They kept walking turning around to go through the woods. Sun was still out of sight.

— What about your magic ? Oscar continued.

— This is a long story, but I owe you that. It was not part of my intentions, in fact I thought I would die instead of what really happened. Thought, before telling you more about this, I have to go back and explain where it happened, and how I ended up there. Months after your disappearance, I crossed path with soldiers near Dallengrad, in Laaria. They were about to leave for the front. They should have done so immediately, instead, the sergeant decided to be stupid. He grabbed the innkeeper's girl by the arm. She resisted and started screaming. He claimed that she could spread her legs for him as he and his men were about to save their lives. He pushed her on the floor and ripped her dress as the other guys stood there, behind him like nothing was happening. I stepped in. I would not let that filthy piece of shit rape a poor girl again. It happened to my own daughter years before... Never again. I did not mean to kill him though. The fight took a different turn and... I cut his throat. It was an accident, his men recognized it. They were probably less stupid than their officer, knowing that he was wrong in this. Though, they could not let me go as nothing happened. I was sent to the Prison-fortress.

— By the Gods... I heard no one ever left this island.

— For good reason. I mean, before the war it could have been true, but now, the situation is even worse than you think. I lost track of time quickly in the dark. The constant screams and the horrid smell became all I could feel about the world. Traitors, spies, thieves, assassins... They were here to die after giving out anything they were holding on to. That is when she appeared. A woman in rags, bruised, scarred and tattooed. She looked like a witch. Well, I guess she was one. She was a prisoner too, and suffered several hours of torture. I do not think I would I survived what she endured. Nevertheless, she did and things started to change. She poisoned the minds of the jailers, and soon, the prisoners' too. Soon, all became mad and riots rose. She took over the fortress.

— You did not loose your mind though, right ?

— That is the point. She noticed it too. I mean, I had nightmarish hallucinations. Voices started tearing my mind apart and I was on the brink of death, but my resistance did not go unnoticed. She took me out and did... things to me. What she was looking for is a mystery.

— She wanted to know how you resisted her.

— Probably, yes. One day though, she left. The fortress was in ruin and haunted by husks of men who fell under her witchcraft. It is then I started to notice a spark in me. I am sure it was not her intent, but I felt her magic in my flesh, I was able to use it. I managed to control others to guide me outside of the prison and down to the docks. They even left behind to protect me from other ill-minded victims as I was rowing back to the continent.

— You left them behind.

— They were lost. They had no humanity left inside them, they helped me because I commanded them to do so by magic.

— Right. This is a lot to take in. I am glad you made it back though. Thank you for telling me what happened to you. You truly did went through so much.

They remain quiet for some time, wandering the forest near the temple. However, Oscar started to feel his wounds aching again. They came back inside. A servant guided the man to the underground hot springs and left him alone to rest and recover. He removed his armor and entered the smoking pond. Candle lights sparkled on the water as he sat on a polished stone slab, his back against the wall. He had no idea how much time went by when the door opened again. Being hidden behind hanging sheets, he did not see who was entering the room. There were at least six springs down in the underground, so it was likely that other people would come and go.

Oscar closed his eyes back, just before the other visitor slid in the same pond as he was in. Surprised, he looked around. It was Priscilla again, wrapped in a long embroidered gown. She smiled and sat on the opposite side and pushed her hair away from her already moist neck. Water made her dress stick to her voluptuous body. Then, he felt something against his thigh. Her feet, she ran her feet against his leg. He kept looking up at the ceiling, wondering what he wanted. Not perceiving any reaction, the woman gently pressed on his balls with the tip of her toes. She felt his cock against her skin and bit her lip. Oscar had to look at her, at least to make her speak her mind. The act was obvious, but he wanted to know why she wanted this to happen. She smiled again, this time though, a lustful gaze on her face. Priscilla still seemed nervous. She was holding back.

The ball of her feet then caressed his hardening shaft. She opened her mouth, letting a slight moan out. Oscar did not hear it, though he clearly saw the desire rushing to her cheeks. He always thought she was a gorgeous lady, despite her age. Gray hair suited her perfectly, and she wore nobility on her face. However, he never thought about her in that way, only as a mentor, or at least a woman with precious wisdom. She was a dear friend of his family after all. His mother knew her better than he did. While he was in his mind, Priscilla stood up and let go of her drenched gown. She exposed her skin, glittering under the candle lights. She hid her nipples behind one arm, pressing her heavy breasts together, while her other hand slid on her slightly chubby belly to stop in front of her crotch. She walked closer, swaying her large hips and thick thighs under the man's gaze. She crouched, hiding her soft body under the water and lift her eyes towards him.

— I missed you too, she whispered.

— Priscilla, I... We are friends for a long time now.

— And ?

— This is...

— See it as my way to prepare you for what is to come.

Her hands immediately wrapped around his shaft as she fixed her gaze on him. Oscar opened his mouth without making a sound. Priscilla went closer as she

started stroking him.

— You are a man now, I did not expected you to be that big.

The warrior remained silent, unsure of what was happening. He looked back at her as she stopped between his legs. She lifted her bust up a bit, making the top of her chest pop out of the water. She grabbed his glans in one hand, massaging it while the other fondled his sack. Oscar's heartbeat quickened as she played with his dickhole, pressing a finger on the opening. She bit her lip again when she resumed the stroking with more pressure. Feeling the urge to cum sooner than ever, Oscar stepped back, sitting on the upper slab, just above the water. Priscilla followed him and this time sat on his now his stretched leg. She stopped touching him, wanting to make the moment longer and decided to grab on his waist. She began to move her hips, rubbing her puffy mound on his leg. A long and shy moan filtered through her lips as she upped the pace.

Oscar's cock was still pulsating, clapping on the pond surface and letting precum spilling out. The man was about to speak when the door opened again. Priscilla kept pressing her clit against him, tightening her grip on his muscular sides. A tiny voice echoed in the cave.

— Is everything alright, My lord ? the servant asked.

— Don't worry, it is.

— I can bring some oils if you want, restorative balms. Soothing for the mind too.

At the girl finished her sentence, Priscilla bent over and sucked Oscar's tip in. He held back a gasp, clenching his teeth.

— My lord ?

— That is very kind. It will not be necessary though.

— Very well, she added in a warm voice. I put them on the shelf near your clothes then.

— Alright, ah...

Priscilla bobbed her head down, letting a few inches of his cock rub on her tongue.

— Did anyone came in before me ? The door was slightly open.

— Hum no, I don't think so, I might have fell asleep for a bit thought so...

— I see. Well, I an done bothering you, My lord, take care of yourself.

She left swiftly. Oscar sighed, holding firmly on the edge of the pond. The noblewoman let go of his wet shaft and looked at him.

— She was nice, she smirked.

— Indeed, she was.

— Should I keep going ?

— J-just...

He did not finished his sentence, putting a hand behind Priscilla's head to push her back down. Her plump lips wrapped again around his rod. Her tongue started to caress him as she hollowed her cheeks. She moaned as she kept rubbing her pussy on him and sucking him harder. Oscar stopped pushing her head and hold her hair instead. She was really beautiful, and her wanting gaze enhanced that fairness to his eyes. Feeling him pulsing in her mouth, she tried harder to take his

whole length down her throat. Each attempt made it more difficult for him to hold back, but she finally managed to go around her gag reflex. Her nose came pressing against his pelvis as he let a load of thick cum out on her gullet. She did not even spasm as she gulped every drop of hot semen. However, she was not done.

She straightened her back, letting Oscar's shaft pop out of her sticky mouth in a provocative smile. The noblewoman lifted his softening cock up and ran her tongue under it to gather the remaining drops of cum. Oscar arched his head back, catching his breath for a while.

— You taste amazing, she panted. Do not move though, I wanted to give you another treat.

She lifted her huge orbs and placed them gently on each side of Oscar's meat. He chuckled before looking at the magnificent scene.

— You made me cum hard, Priscilla, I think I am done for now.

— I have all day, my dear.

— Fuck...

She pushed her hands on her tits, pressing them together. They were big enough to hide his cock entirely. Then, she spat in her cleavage and started to move up and down. Oscar sighed, leaning back against the smooth rock edge. She switched moves from time to time, though never slowed down. She was not going fast, just at a steady, confident pace, aiming to make him go hard again. The sight of her heavy breasts bouncing on his hips and her large pierced nipples was as pleasurable as the feeling of his already drained dick stuck against her bust. She kept at it for a while, moaning and panting, spitting and biting her lip, until Oscar's blood came back rushing. She felt him hardening again and soon, his tip appeared above her damp pressed flesh orbs. She giggled like a young girl this time, happy to see that her treatment bore fruit, but also in anticipation of the reward she longed for.

Once he was back in full force again, she took some time to marvel at his virility resting on her sternum. Precum was already making sticky strands between their flesh, something she lusted over for a few seconds. Oscar on the other hand gazed at her huge tits spilling out from her torso. His hands could not resist any longer and reach for them with passion. He lifted them, grasping her flesh, plunging his fingers in, pressing them hard. She gasped and chuckled again, letting him play with her body. She even pressed her arms to make her breasts pop out even more.

A loud moan echoed in the cave when he pinched her nipples et twisted the piercings. Oscar stood up, lust filling his veins, Priscilla did the same, but, standing on the bottom of the pond, she was still at perfect height for a wonderful titfuck. The man's pressed her massive orbs around his rock hard cock and began thrusting in vigorously. Priscilla held still, smiling while looking at his glans popping in and out of her cleavage. She wrapped her hands around his forearms. Feeling his balls stroking her abdomen made her enjoy the moment even more.

Oscar pressed harder on her tits and thrust faster too. Finally he came a second time. Jets of semen covered Priscilla's neck, ran on her tits and stuck to her chin. She jumped in delight when a thick burst splattered her mouth. She took it in and played a bit with it, offering her filled open mouth to the man's view. Oscar pulled his cock out of the noblewoman's cleavage and rubbed it in the semen sticking to her neck before presenting it to her full and wanting lips. She sucked it clean while letting lustful moans out. She bobbed her head side to side to let her tongue reach all of the spilled goodness she craved for.

— Enough for today, she panted. I need to rest too, and you are not helping. She smiled and winked before diving in the water to clean herself from the remaining cum. When she came up, she still had some drops at the corner of her lips. Oscar smirked and joined her. Her grabbed her neck and licked her lips to catch his own cum. His fingers then slid inside her mouth to open it wide. He spat the sticky mix on her tongue, almost making her fall for a third round.

- I am going out, stay here, he then said.
- I need some sleep.
- What just happened was...
- See you later, my dear, before I ask for more.

The servant brought lunch for all the guests. They did not eat all together, some did not even come. Oscar ate with Sadora, and Aëlyss only. Tiara and Priscilla arrived when they finished. The noblewoman glanced at him with a playful look in her eyes. Oscar grin before heading back out. Wind pushed away some clouds, making space for a few welcomed sun rays. The man talked a bit with some curious servants, and crossed Lala again. She stayed a bit, barely hiding her flirtatious behavior. Oscar did not see Elise much. She was deep into her experimentations and note writing about all the extraordinary ingredients she gathered from Alhuia's vault. Oscar had the chance to spend some time with Judith, the matriarch. She shared some precious information about the temple, the priestesses and their magic. Then, she got back to her tasks, letting him venture out the walls again.

He saw Yatika a second time for the day. She was away, training, probably trying to cope and recover from her terrible wound. He did not know why, but he felt nervous about her. Was she intimidating him ? No. But he felt something unique about her, something all the priestesses shared but that she was radiating even more. His knowledge about the Immaterial was limited, so he simply put that feeling down to something magic related and moved on.

His steps led him back to the cave Alhuia guided him in, the first time they met. Thoughts about the sword rushed back in his mind and some kind of fear rose. Was the sword in safety ? He left it in his room. What if anyone came in. What if

someone tried to take it from him ? Pain surged in his mind.

— You made him even stronger...

— What is that ? Oscar shouted.

Immediately, Alhuia stepped out of the cave. She looked worried. Oscar did not know she was here, and he stepped back when she came closer. The distress in his eyes did not help calm the elf. She kept walking towards him until being at reach to put her hands on his face. She made him look at her, despite his fleeting eyes.

— I know what is haunting you, she whispered.

— It is the sword, no doubt about that.

— Indeed. Its magic is strong, but it has to be used carefully. It will be a challenge to wield it, on unlike anything you came across before this day.

— The others...

— They will help you.

— I don't think they can do much about it.

— You cannot do it alone, and even if they cannot use the sword, they have so much more to offer.

Oscar was about to reply, but the soothing attitude of the elf washed away his anguish. He soon came back to his mind, almost noticing she was right there for a second time. The sword truly had a heavy impact on his clarity, something he could only realize after the effects were gone.

— She speaks to me, he added.

— You will learn to harness her power over you. You will learn to use it before it is too late.

— How can you be so sure ?

— I have unwavering faith in you, Oscar. The prophet, even if did not intend to manifest such a terrible spell, moved the Immaterial in a way that is rarely seen. That did not happen for you to be consumed by his legacy. You inherited a heavy quest, but at the same time, the power to endure its challenges. This is the way of prophecies.

Oscar grabbed Alhuia's hands, still on his cheeks. She smiled as he pulled them down gently. She knew how much doubts and questions were still weighting on his mind, even though he remained silent after that. She wanted to tell him more about her, about the past. That revelation would have to come at some point anyway. He had to know. She had to make it happen for him to be able to take on his journey across Mirh. She knew where to start, even though saying it felt so painful.

Her heart skipped a beat and she stepped back, pulling her hands back from his and crossing them on her chest. She felt her own emotions rising back to the surface after so much time spent burying them down inside her core. The sun managed to take a peek between clouds, embracing the forest in his warm arms. Oscar remained still in front of the elf, unable to ask anything more about her. He

noticed that her dress was not the usual black one, uniform of the temple's Watchers, as she was not one of them anymore. This one blue and more loose, with silver embroideries and pearls weaved into it. She had delicate rings on her fingers and earrings with blue gems. hanging on each side of her fair face.

She looked at him again and sighed. It felt like guilt to Oscar. Why ? He burned to ask her what was consuming her like that since they met. He stepped forward. This time, she did the same. His hands landed on her waist as hers wrapped around his back. They kissed passionately, glancing at each other before closing back their eyes and loose themselves in the moment. Her lips tasted like mint, something only altered by the tears rolling down her cheeks.

— I love you, Oscar, she sobbed.

— Alhuia...

— Please, do not say it back. You... You cannot

— I cannot understand. At least I get that from you.

She contained her desire to burst into tears by kissing him again, with much more ardor. Oscar's hold on her waist tighten, she gasped and bit his lip, her nails dug red trails on the back of his neck. The warrior pushed Alhuia until her feet touched an old tree trunk. Then, she brushed her dress off her shoulders. Oscar kissed her neck while his hand glided under her lace bra. She gasped for air, pulling down her panties. The man's other hand pressed on her swollen labias as the elf plunged her tongue in his mouth.

— Let us do it now, take me right here.

— Turn over, Oscar growled.

She nodded in want and obeyed, a shy smile on her lips. As soon as she pressed her back against him, Oscar bent her over the tree trunk. She held onto it while spreading her legs for him. The warrior pulled his cock out, slapping it between her butt cheeks. She wiggled her hips, begging him to penetrate her as he pleased. Without a word, he slid his meat in her pussy, stretching her tight hole. Her scream turned into a long whine, as pain and pleasure ripped her mind apart. She was barely able to withstand Oscar's heavy pounding. He began to pant with each thrust, feeling her insides pressing on his swollen tip. As Alhuia was tilting under his ramming, he grabbed her hips to hold them in place. His pelvis produced loud sounds when hitting her wet cheeks, but it was nothing compared to the elf's high pitched moans.

Oscar fucked her harder and harder as the urge to cum rose. She felt his cock twitching between each thrust, making her lust even more intense. Her walls spasmed too as she edged to orgasm. She opened her asshole by spreading it with two fingers, turning devouring eyes towards Oscar.

— I'm so close, cum in my ass please.

Sweat dripping from his nose, Oscar nodded. Pulling his dick out almost made them both orgasm. Thick strands of their mixed fluids stretched from her pussy to his pulsating shaft and Oscar did not let them drop to the ground. He gathered

the sticky mess with one hand and spread it on her other hole before shoving his cock deep down inside. Alhuïa almost fell forward. Oscar came closer to ensure he could thrust his entire length in her insides. He grabbed her by the shoulders and began ramming into her hips. The elf chuckled between each pant, saliva dripping from her trembling lips. It was not long before they came. Cum formed a thick foam around her hole and dripped on her pink mound. Oscar remained down her ass, releasing several bursts of semen. His balls shrunk as he filled her tightening sheath, almost to a point of pain. He felt her ass sucking him deeper in, if possible at all and started to thrust again. To their delight, he remained hard despite the load he spilled. A flow of foamy skunk covered her inner thighs, filling her high boots, and bubbled out of her ass as it slightly turned inside out under the relentless pounding.

— Alhuïa, I'm cumming again.

— Do it on my back !

Oscar pulled back just in time to slather the elf pale skin with his juice. She grabbed her hair and bent the head down as a second orgasm took hold of her core. She whined, feeling the strands touching her waist, her back and even her neck. Oscar let his dick rub on Alhuïa's butt cheeks, spreading even more mess on her shivering body.

He let go, contemplating his twitching dick covered thick fluids. The elf fell on her knees, still catching her breath. She got her share, though, she was craving for something more. The sight of her exposed and glazed pussy proved enough for the man to come closer. Without any word, he gripped her rump, spreading her sticky pussy open and dived his tongue in. The woman jumped as pleasure slammed into her mind. Oscar licked his cum from her crack to spit it down her velvety hole. The elf was about to pass out in bliss, holding on the tree trunk in a last hope to remain conscious of such depraved moment.

Oscar kept eating her ass and pussy, licking, spitting and sucking on her sensitive parts as long as he had to to make her come once more. She squirted in spasms, drowning her thighs and boots in her own juice as Oscar's tongue explored her gaping ass.

— S-stop, love. I.. It's too sensitive it is almost painful.

Oscar wiped his face and caught his breath while Alhuïa slipped on her side, covering her face in her arms. Sweat ran down her supple pale body animated by subtle shivers.

— As much as I would like to put my dress back on and keep that mess on me just for the excitement of it, we should take a bath.

— That would be preferable indeed.

— Let us go to the river.

— It is freezing cold.

— I will keep you warm.

Alhuïa guided Oscar further down the river, after the bridge. There, isolated, they undressed fully and dived into the glacial water. Oscar felt his heart pounding

behind his temples but when Alhuïa joined him and put her arms around him, a soothing warmth filled his body. No doubt her magic was involved. She rested her head on his chest for a moment, letting the current washed their body clean. Then, she giggled and glanced at him in a playful way.

– What you did with your tongue ? Would you do it again ?

– Now ?

– Mhmmm...

Oscar smirked and lay on the shore. Alhuïa put a leg on each side of his face, facing at his large chest. She lowered herself until her folds met his mouth. She moaned and began swaying her hips in rhythm with his tongue. The fury of passion was put out this time, and she enjoyed the more quiet pleasure of the act, closing her eyes and feeling every kiss and lick of her lover. She bent over, wanting to offer him the same joy. Her hands ended up on his sack, gently embracing it as she took his tip in her mouth. She remained gentle and graceful, licking every inch, kissing the shaft on all sides and sucking on the cock like she feared to hurt him.

They licked and sucked each other for long minutes, trying to make it last forever, the elf's magic preserving them from the biting cold. Alhuïa drooled all over Oscar's cock forming large bubbles she popped one after the other with gleeful kissed. Oscar focused on her clit, as he felt her holes were still too sensitive. He licked and sucked on her bud as he swelled minute over time. The elf's hips moved in the most sensual manner on his face, making him abandon himself to her erotic dance.

With each bob of her head, Alhuïa sucked the man's cock further down the base, without trying to reach it though. She knew he was about to cum without needing him to have his length down her throat. She just wanted his tongue on her pussy and his load in her mouth. She came before him, a surge of pleasure tightening her whole body. In a loud gasp, she fell flat on his body, pressing her large breasts on his abs, just the time to finish to suck him dry. Hollowing her cheeks around his glans while stroking his long shaft, it came quickly after her, releasing a mouthful of semen on the elf's tongue. She kept the load in her mouth a bit. Stay turned away from him, she played with the sticky juice with her tongue, closing her eyes to enjoy the taste before gulping it all down. Oscar panted heavily and chuckled, his hands covering his eyes.

Alhuïa knew she was not the first woman to drain him today. At least one had her share too, and more the days before. She turned around and kissed his neck, her warm magic still doing wonders.

– You have to know that the erotic desires of women around you are reacting to you.

– Is that a very complex way to say that you like me ?

– No, she laughed. I mean, I like you, that is the least I can say. What I mean is that, the power of the prophecy is affecting the arousal you cause in women.

– That is very specific, and pretty confusing to be honest.

— It does not mean that women not attracted in you would change their mind, it is just amplifying it. I studied the lives of people chosen by prophecies over the years, and this is something you all have in common for some reason. This time though, the magic contained inside the sword is also increasing the magnitude of this... gift.

— Why ?

— I guess it has something to do with the origin of it, but... I do not have much to say about that. One thing that seems common though, is the rejuvenating effect it has on everyone involved. Should I call it a very unique current of healing magic ? I do not know.

They finished washing themselves in the river and get dressed again before heading back to the temple. The day went by quietly, with talks, a nice fire, food and the safety of the temple.