

THE DUKE AND THE THIEF

PART 4

By TROGDOR297

Bryn sat alone, perched on a stool leaning on the bar top. Around her people talked, laughed, sang, and argued. This was far from the rowdiest bar in the King's City, but it certainly wasn't quiet either. Bryn didn't care; she hadn't picked the spot. She just sipped at her stiff drink while she waited for the stranger who *had* picked it to show up.

It was summertime in the capital, and that meant more people than normal were out enjoying a night on the town, the warm evenings an invitation for all to extend their bedtimes, and loosen their purse strings. The mood in the bar was joyful, though that cheeriness stopped when it reached Bryn. Joy wasn't something she felt much these days.

Bryn's life had been tumultuous over the past year, though it seemed to be finally settling down. She'd gone from living on the streets, to being seated at the right hand of high lords, and then back again. As a rule, Bryn tried to think as little about the events of the previous winter as she could. The entire ordeal had done nothing but left her bitter and painful. The only positive outcome from her time with Duke Fenrod was that she'd made off with a good chunk of coin.

After leaving Lord Angus's keep, she'd headed south. North in those winter months would've just been colder and more miserable. East was the Duke's lands, and it'd be a frosty day in hell before she willingly set foot back in his territory. That left the south, a land of more moderate winters and new beginnings. It also held perhaps the greatest opportunity for a thief; the King's City, at the southernmost point of the continent.

At the first town she'd stopped at she'd sold the sword and the overcoat. Both were far too large for her, and far too gaudy. She wanted to keep a low profile and these luxurious items drew too much attention. The locals had been more than willing to take them off her hands, eyes bugging out of their skulls at the masterwork goods she was willing to part with. She handed them off eagerly; both were reminders of the Duke and so separating them from herself brought her zero regret.

In return she'd gotten supplies for the road, a new set of clothes for herself—black leather like she used to prefer— and a pair of elegant daggers, as well as a hefty bag of gold left over.

She'd continued her journey south, not staying long at each town. It was her fourth stop when she'd found the first wanted poster, with her description listed. Clearly Fenrod wasn't pleased with her sudden departure and was eager to have her returned to him. She'd sneered at the first one she saw, tearing it off the wall she'd found it on.

After the third town in a row with such a poster present, she decided that a change of appearance was necessary. From the local shop she purchased heavy make-up and hair dye. From then on, she kept her hair dyed pure black, with heavy eye liner and lipstick to match. No one would recognize her as the "Pale beauty with flaming red hair" as described in the wanted poster.

When she arrived at the King's City she sold the horse after a tearful goodbye. The beast had been given to her by Lord Angus in repayment for freeing him from the sorcerer Hemfort's curse. It had been her salvation, spiriting her away from the Duke, allowing her to leave that life behind. She was sad to part with it, but she had no use for it in the city, and so it had to go.

With the departure of the horse, she'd gotten rid of the last artifact of her old life...all but one. Underneath her leather top the Dimeritum Amulet still rested upon her chest. That she would never part with. No magic man would ever pray upon her ever again.

After arriving at the capital, it didn't take long for her to make a name for herself...a new name. "The Raven" was the moniker she'd adopted, fitting for her new all black appearance. She'd succeeded in stealing from places that local thieving crews had been stumped by for years. The places with the best loot typically relied on magic of some sort to protect them. Having her amulet to nullify those defenses allowed her to succeed where others had all failed.

With her new reputation had come a new world of criminality. Higher class jobs that paid far better, though were far riskier. No more sticking up random nobles on forest trails. She was better than that now.

It was one such job that had brought her to this tavern. Her fence had informed her that someone was looking for a specialist, and that they were to meet at the bar at exactly sundown. And so here she was, waiting.

Beside her a young woman laughed as her beau kissed at her neck. Bryn looked over at her and rolled her eyes. The laughter was a beauty alright, curly blonde hair, big full lips, gorgeous eyes. Her dress was low cut exposing a fair bit of cleavage. Her breasts were...well they were there, but after what Bryn had seen she wouldn't call them big. No, *she* had had big tits, not like these little handfuls that this girl proudly displayed. She imagined the young man who was completely focused upon the blonde seeing Bryn when she'd been at her biggest, breasts down to her waist, with nipples larger than shot glasses. She smirked to herself; he likely would've fainted on the spot.

The humor fading, she grunted and took another drink. She'd been doing it again; thinking about those times. Reminiscing on those days would do nothing but bring her pain, and so she turned away from the couple to focus her attention elsewhere. Luckily for her the perfect distraction came long.

A bald man in a long coat sat down beside her on her other side. Odd choice of clothing for summer, unless of course you had something to hide. This must be her contact.

"You the Raven?" He said, his voice barely audible over the hubbub of the bar. She nodded, not looking at him.

"After ten seconds, follow me" Then the man stood up and stalked off toward the rear exit. Bryn waited the agreed upon amount of time then stood up and casually walked away from the bar, leaving a coin on the countertop as payment for her drink. She exited the rear and easily spotted the bald man walking down the street. Bryn sighed as she began to tail him. These damn noble criminals and their superstitions. What difference did it really make if she walked with him? He wasn't fooling anyone; in his ridiculous get-up he was the most conspicuous thief she'd ever seen.

She followed him down the dark streets of the King's City. Unlike the small towns where the buildings were all wooden and spread out, here everything was stone, and packed together. The houses all pressed up against each other, and were taller, as if they'd been squeezed so tight, they'd shot up another floor.

At last, the man turned down an alley, although calling it an alley would be generous. It was a foot wide gap between two houses, just enough space for a thin person to walk through sideways. Bryn slid in to the crevice and made her way forward. She smiled to herself as she pushed her way through the dark. *Definitely couldn't have fit in here when I had tits...Dammit! Stop thinking about it!* Twice in a day? What had gotten into her.

She emerged from the gap to find the bald man waiting. They stood in a tiny courtyard, barely eight feet square. In the floor before them was a small wood hatch. "Meetings in there" he said, nodding towards the hatch. Bryn walked past him and lifted the wooden hatch. Below was only darkness. With a frustrated sigh, she lowered herself in.

Bryn stood in the darkness, waiting. Her hands idly gripped the hilts of her knives. She'd gotten very quick with them. If someone was going to try something, he'd find himself with two new airways in his neck.

Then a familiar voice echoed in the darkness. "Over here, Raven" A torch on the wall lit on its own bringing a small table with an empty chair before it into view. Across the table a hooded figure sat, his face in shadows.

Bryn slinked over, looking around cautiously. "There's no else here, just you and I" The hooded shadow reassured her. After agreeing with his assessment after a thorough scanning of her own, she sat down before him.

"Welcome, Raven." Bryn's mind itched at the familiarity. She knew that voice, but from where?!

"I don't deal with shadows" she said. "Either show yourself or I'm out"

"But of course," The voice replied. Then underneath the hood two lights appeared: eyes of gray flames. Bryn quickly stifled a gasp. She did know that voice, it belonged to Hemfort the sorcerer.

Hemfort was an incredibly powerful magic wielder, who had trained Duke Fenrod, and then recently also tried to have him murdered. From what she'd heard from local gossip and heralds, his campaign of violence had not stopped, leaving a bloody trail of minor noble corpses across the countryside. His motives were still a mystery, to high lord and peasant alike.

Bryn worked hard to keep her breathing steady. Though she wore her Dimeritium Amulet she was still afraid. Though he didn't have a reputation for it, but Bryn knew him to be incredibly dangerous. If Duke Fenrod was wary of someone, they were worth being wary of.

What she was *more* afraid of though, was would he recognize her? She looked dramatically different from when she'd first met him all those months ago. Different hair, different makeup, different body. Still, she feared it wouldn't be enough and he'd identify her as one of the people that had interrupted his plot involving the psychic puppetry of Lord Angus.

The grey flames of his eyes lit his face. He was still as old and as wizened as she remembered. A gentle smile rested on his lips, causing wrinkles to appear around his eyes and on his forehead.

"Thank you for coming. Please, relax, you have nothing to fear from me, Raven...or should I say, Lady Brynnifer"

Bryn sucked in a sharp breath, her heart pounding in her chest. Well, that answered that question for her. "How did you know?" She demanded.

Hemfort's smile didn't falter as he spoke "I've had someone tailing you ever since you left Lord Angus's keep. I figured you may still have some part to play, and I believe I may be right"

Bryn gritted her teeth. "Does he know?"

Hemfort shook his head "The Duke? Oh, heavens no, nor do I think he cares. I do believe your old lover has moved on. Last I heard he'd brought on two or three new consorts!"

Bryn let his words wash over her. What the Duke did was of no concern to her, she didn't care about him anymore. "What do you want?" She demanded.

Hemfort stroked his long beard with one of his hands. "From you? Or just in general?"

Bryn tightened her grip on her daggers as she clenched her teeth tighter. "From Me"

The old sorcerer grinned, though with his face only lit by the light of his eyes, it was not a comforting image. "Oh, nothing much. I just thought you could help me do what I failed to do all those months ago..."

Bryn leaned forward, ready to lunge "Which is?"

Hemfort rested a hand upon the table, leaning forward as well. "Why, kill the Duke of course!"

Bryn felt a chill run down her spine. She'd expected as much from Hemfort, but hearing it outright still shocked her.

Bryn glared at the man "Tell me why I shouldn't run you through right now?" With one of her hands, she fished the amulet out of her collar, its dark purple crystal flashing in the torchlight.

"Ah!" Hemfort said, clasping his hands together "I was wondering where that had ended up. I made that for Angus when we'd heard the news that his Assassins had failed. Which I now suspect you also had some involvement with?"

Bryn nodded, a satisfied smile on her face.

Hemfort nodded back "Very impressive, my dear. Well to answer your question, I pose another question. Why would you want to kill me?"

Bryn eyes twitched at the question. "What? Because you're murdering people?!"

Hemfort nodded "Murdering nobles, yes. Are you a noble?"

Bryn shook her head "No, of course not, but..."

"And do you feel that the nobility in our land is aloof, uncaring, greedy...?"

Bryn's mouth moved but she said nothing. She'd made that exact assessment of the nobles in a conversation she'd shared with Fenrod months ago. She simply nodded.

Hemfort interlaced his fingers and rested his hands upon the table. "Then I don't see what the problem is! Don't think of me as a murderer, Bryn, think of me as an exterminator. The nobles have grown complacent and cruel and I feel that it's time for a change"

Bryn gawked at his brazenness. "And so, you're just going to kill every single noble! And then what? Then who will lead?!"

Hemfort shrugged "Why me of course! I practically built this country over a century ago and then I handed it over to the Royal family because I entrusted them to be good. They've not held up their end of the bargain, and so I've come to take back my half"

It was so obvious when he explained it like that. And he'd made a valid point; what did she care if he slaughtered the greedy nobility who'd ruled like tyrants. Would life be better under the rule of Hemfort? She couldn't say, but it would be difficult for things to be worse.

Bryn sheathed her daggers. "Fine. I won't kill you...for now. Why the Duke? Why me?"

Hemfort leaned back into his seat "After hundreds of years on this plane you would think that I've learned patience, but sadly no. I wish to move forward with my plan, but I know if I come out into the open, the Duke will arise to oppose me. He's the only man alive that would have a chance to stop me, and so he must be eliminated." He held his hands palm up to either side, a gesture of 'it is what it is'.

"As for you..." He smiled his wicked smile again "My old pupil has been a rather tough nut to crack. His mastery of defensive spells is quite remarkable. It took me months to figure out how to disable his hollowmen, and now he's reinforced them, and locked the place down with wards. It's practically impenetrable. But...perhaps not for the infamous Raven!"

Bryn said nothing, her mouth a thin line as she contemplated what he said.

Hemfort continued "You've been inside his keep. Worked there, *lived* there. Surely there's a weakness that a thief like yourself would've noticed?"

Bryn nodded "There is. The Duke is smart, and thorough, but he is honorable. He's a warrior and thinks like one. A frontal assault of any nature, regardless of how skilled or how stealthy, would end in death."

Hemfort smirked "My, my, if I didn't know any better, I'd say you still admire the man!"

Bryn sneered at him "Don't be fooled. I just simply understand who we're working against. He is powerful and dangerous, but he doesn't think like a thief. There is a way in, he doesn't know"

Hemfort's smile widened "Do Tell?"

"The plumbing. The Duke's magic sucks water from the nearby lake through underground pipes into two separate rooms; the kitchen, and one of the laundry rooms. The pipes to the kitchen are only a few inches wide. But the laundry room...that pipe is quite large. The two laundry maids don't like having to wait for water, so the Duke made the pipe large enough to fill a cauldron almost instantly. You'd have to enter the pipe through the lake and hold your breath long enough to make it to the keep. It wouldn't be easy, but that's the way I'd go"

Hemfort was silent for a moment, then he clapped his hands, slowly. "Your reputation is not unwarranted, Lady Brynnifer. So, shall I count on you to lead my crew?"

"Your crew?" She asked, raising an eyebrow.

Hemfort nodded "Two men from overseas. Highly skilled...highly lethal."

Bryn frowned at that. She didn't like working with other people anymore, but for a job like this it was probably necessary.

"So? What do you say?" He prompted her once more.

"What's in it for me?" She asked, voice low.

Hemfort spread his arms wide "Take your pick my dear! Money? Status? All yours! I will be King and you can sit by my right hand, or you can fuck off with a literal ton of gold to live out your days wherever you please. I will be king and will have it in my power to grant you whatever you wish. And if that's not enough, how about simple revenge? With how swiftly you abandoned him I can only assume your fling ended...poorly."

Bryn was silent, then she nodded. "Fine, I'll do it. If anything, just to remove his looming shadow from my life"

"Splendid" Hemfort said. "There will be a carriage waiting outside your room in the morning. Pleasure doing business with you" And with that he closed his eyes, the grey flames vanishing, dousing his features in shadow. He retreated backward out of the light of the torch, disappearing from view. Bryn snatched the torch from its holder and waved it about. He was gone.

With a sigh Bryn stood and walked back to the ladder that led to the wooden hatch. When she emerged into the warm night air, the bald man was gone. Mind racing, she returned to her room to prepare for the job ahead.

Days later Bryn found herself back in a place where she'd swore she'd never set foot in again. Looking to the east she could see the top of the Duke's castle emerging from above the treeline. It was mid-day, as the two men she'd come with sat underneath the shade of the trees and sharpened their weapons. She'd met them at the border to the Duke's lands where they'd carried forward on foot, staying off the main roads.

Neither had given her their name, or barely spoken for that matter. Their skin was a deep copper colour, their hair bright white and set in thick dreadlocks that reached their shoulders. Each of them was covered in tattoos, various symbols and swirls that were meaningless to her, but they certainly made them look intimidating. Their skills were without question, nor was their loyalty. They'd listened to her every command without question, and had executed it with lethal efficiency. 'Go Find Food': they'd return in 20 minutes with a slaughtered deer. 'Set up camp': they erected the tents and gear in perfect silence. She didn't know where Hemfort had found them, but she respected their discipline.

A short distance away the sound of water lapping against the shore could be heard. They'd arrived by the lake that fed the Duke's plumbing the previous evening. Tonight, they would strike.

As she stood in silence she ran through the plan in her mind. This evening they would dive in the lake and infiltrate the Duke's castle. When she'd met them the two men had provided her with a small tonic prepared by Hemfort. The note that had been given with it promised that it would allow her to survive the long voyage up through the water supply line.

After that it was simply a matter of sneaking through the castle to the Duke's quarters. Entering after hours would minimize the number of encounters with staff. The hollowmen could simply be avoided. She knew where the motionless sentinels were posted, and had mapped out a route in her mind accordingly. The Duke's magic would be powerless to stop them; each of the two men bore an amulet similar to her own. Hemfort's note had also explained that after the Duke was dead his magic would die with him. The hollowmen would collapse into useless piles of metal, and she and her two men could waltz out the front door.

She sighed, as she leaned against a birch tree. The past few days had felt so surreal to her. It wasn't until she'd seen the stone towers of his castle that the reality had hit her. She was going to kill him. Hemfort was right, the nobles in this land needed to be cleansed, and that included Fenrod.

Of course, that wasn't the only reason why she was doing it. Hemfort had been right, she did want revenge. The Duke had toyed with her, used her, *hurt* her. Nobody did that to Bryn and got away with it.

She hadn't let it show, but the news that he'd just replaced her with more consorts had infuriated her to her core. He truly never cared for her like she thought he did. Even now she still felt the cold hollowness inside that his betrayal had carved within her soul. Part of her knew she could never rest while this business was unfinished. And so, she was here to finish it.

Twilight came and went. Bryn waited until the stars began to show in the sky before she gave the signal to begin. Dressed in her black leathers, her daggers sheathed at each side, she waded into the water. Fishing the small bottle filled with tonic out of her pouch, she nodded at each man, then uncorked it and swallowed. Taking a deep breath, she dove in.

The potion had delivered on its promise. The chill of the water didn't affect her as she swam deeper into the lake. Her vision was improved in the darkness, letting her make out the details on the lake's rocky bottom. And her air was endless; after swimming for a minute, she barely felt any pressure on her lungs whatsoever.

The three of them swam toward the far side of the lake, closest to the Duke's castle. As they neared, the current of the water shifted, a definitive flow of water heading toward the far shore. Following the movement of water, they found the intake pipes set into the rocky bottom of the lake. As she'd hoped, the pipe leading to the laundry room was large enough for them to enter. Gripping the rim, she pulled herself in.

The pipe was tight, and the current slowed to nothing not long into the pipes length so she had to rely on her legs kicking to achieve forward progress. As the minutes rolled by, she was thankful for Hemfort's potion, she would've drowned long ago if she'd try to accomplish this on her own.

Suddenly her head knocked against a hard surface. Reaching forward she felt a solid metal wall before her. *What? What is...oh, shit...* She'd made a critical error in her plan. The intake pipe had a valve to control the flow of water, otherwise it'd flood the castle with a constant flow into the laundry room. The only way through was for someone to turn the release wheel in the laundry room above. They were stuck.

Dammit, why didn't I think of this! Bryn cursed herself. She turned back to try and motion to the two men she was with, when a stroke of dumb luck was bestowed upon her. With a sound of metal grinding against metal she felt the current increase as the surface before her rolled away. Not hesitating, she kicked hard, sliding up through the pipe. She didn't know who was doing laundry at this hour, but thank goodness for them. She just hoped her two co-conspirators would make it through as well.

With a heavy thud she fell out of the faucet into the cauldron that had been place below it to catch the water. Her impact knocked it off balance sending water spilling across the floor. As she blinked her eyes to adjust to the light, she heard two more thumps behind her. Her men had made it through.

"Holy shit!! What the fuck?!" Bryn heard a female voice cry out in shock. Wiping her eyes Bryn stood up, water dripping from her leathers. Checking that her daggers were still in place, she looked up to see who had mistakenly let them in.

Vantica stood before them on the other end of the room, face white with fear, though it was not Vantica as Bryn remembered. Apparently, she'd followed through on her and Sashy's plan to ask the Duke to let them grow.

Her breasts dominated her form, completely covering her from collarbone to thigh. Each had maintained the spherical shape that Bryn had remembered her friend having, but they were just so much bigger now. Her bust projected nearly horizontal from her chest, before they curved away to the front edge which rested two feet from her body. The tops of her breasts bulged up, squeezed together by the dress, which was supposed to be enchanted to fit any size, but was apparently having difficulty containing her. Her previously large areola had grown with her; the light pink pebbly texture of each formed two little sunrises, each half the size of a dinner plate, where they extended over the edge of her neckline.

Vantica's eyes were wide open with fear, until she laid eyes upon Bryn. It took her a moment to recognize her, with her new hair and makeup. "Bryn? Is...is that you?" She asked, voice trembling with fear.

Bryn wiped her wet hair out of her face, and met her friend's eyes with a sad smile. "Hey, V"

Vantica gasped with joy. "Oh my God, Bryn!" She rushed forward, arms outstretched. Bryn let her friend envelop her, her massive breasts pressing against her as her arms barely reached Bryn to hug her. Bryn hugged her back letting out a mournful sigh.

Vantica pulled back tears forming in her eyes. "Oh Bryn, we've missed you so much! When you didn't come back with the Duke...we didn't know what happened, he told no one anything. Sashy thought you'd died! I knew better...and...and here you are! Not dead! But what are you doing here? And how did you come in through the water pipe?! What's going on?! Who are they?!?!"

Giving her friend a sad expression she turned to address the two men who waited silently behind her. "Don't hurt her. Just tie her up and gag her"

Vantica's face fell as fear returned to her "What? What?! Bryn what's going on?! What are you-MMF" Her panicked babbling was silenced as one of the men wrapped a thick cloth around her mouth. The two men efficiently bound her arms and legs, and left her crying on the floor.

As they left Bryn looked back and met her friend's eyes that bore tears flowing from confusion and terror. "Mmf...mmmf!" Vantica tried to cry out through the gag.

Bryn shook her head "I'm Sorry, V. I have to do this" Then she closed the door, leaving her friend on the floor.

Silently they crept through the hallways of the castle. Bryn led them through the path she'd imprinted in her mind, completely dodging any further resistance. She felt bad about what she'd had to do to Vantica, but she couldn't have her raising the alarms. Sashy would find her in the morning, and by then Bryn would be long gone.

Soon they stood before the large doors that led to the Duke's chambers. Bryn took a deep breath. The time had come. Turning to each man she instructed them. "Even without magic, the Duke is dangerous. Keep him distracted, and I will deliver the final blow. No one kills him but me. Understand?" Each man nodded wordlessly. Bryn nodded back then pushed open the doors.

The two men entered before her, drawing their own daggers from their belts. The Duke was seated at his desk, back to them. As usual he wore his plain black pants and white shirt. He was bent over studying something. Bryn pointed to either end of the room and the men moved obediently, sliding around the Duke's table to flank him.

Bryn watched as they approached, knives held out. They were mere feet from the Duke when he moved. He spun in his seat a sword clutched in his hand. His arm swung out sending the blade in a horizontal arc traveling directly through where the two men stood. Lesser men would've been gutted by the Duke's attack, but these were not lesser men. They danced back effortlessly, the blades tip missing them entirely.

The Duke stood, and looked between the two men. His glasses were off, and so his flaming eyes were in view, the tongues of fire shifting from blue to red. Bryn still hid near the door not wanting to blow her advantage.

The Duke's face was like stone. "I'm surprised it took so long for the old fool to try something again." He said, his voice hard as granite. The two men exchanged glances then approached at once.

The Duke launched into motion, his blade a blur as he spun about to deflect the attacks of the two men. Neither got too close, fearing the damage his sword could do, but they also didn't retreat. The Duke was pinned between them, which was exactly what Bryn wanted.

Bryn slid her daggers from her belt, then sensing the opportune moment, she bolted. She kept herself low to the floor as she ran straight at the table. Then carrying her momentum forward, she vaulted forward with her hands planted on the table top, sending her flying feet first towards the Duke. The Duke whirled to face her, but it was too late. Her boots struck him square in the chest, knocking him to the floor. He landed hard on his back with a thud. Bryn sprang into action after landing, leaping atop him straddling his chest, both blades of her daggers held to his neck.

They laid there in silence, her atop him, both breathing heavily. Bryn glared at him, teeth bared. The Duke's mouth was wide in shock. His flaming eyes softened from red to pink. And then...tears formed at their corners, sizzling into steam as his flames kissed them.

A joyful smile broke his face. More tears welled in his eyes as he looked up at her. "Bryn..." He whispered softly. "You came back..."

Bryn's heart beat wildly in her chest. Her blades rested against his skin; she clenched her teeth, but didn't move. Her own eyes began to fill with tears, streaming down her cheeks, leaving long dark trails as they ruined her makeup.

The Duke's smile hadn't left his face as he gazed up at her lovingly. "I never thought I'd see you again" He said, his voice cracking "Oh gods, I've missed you". Bryn felt his arms wrap around her back and embrace her, and in an instant she broke.

She couldn't do it. How could she? Crouched above him face to face, the truth she'd tried to hide encompassed her. She loved this man. Loved him from the deepest wells of her heart. Staring at him now, as he looked up at her, she knew she would never not love him. Inside her the hollowness that she'd carved in her very soul flooded full with all the feelings that she'd repressed. She let out a quiet sob as more tears dripped down her cheek.

The Duke nodded to her, face still smiling "It's okay, Bryn. Do what you have to. I'm just...I'm just glad I got to see you again before I died"

Bryn was frozen, her soul in turmoil. This man had brought nothing but confusing pain and sorrow to her life. He would never give her what she wanted. And yet she loved him, like the fool that she was. Around her she heard the two foreigners she'd brought with her shift their stances uncertainly.

"Damn you, Duke Fenrod." She whispered as her flowing tears dripped from her cheek onto his. "Damn you to hell" The blades of her daggers dug into his skin, the slightest movement would slit him open.

The Duke nodded at her again “It’s okay...It’s okay...I love you, Bryn. I love you...” Then he laid his head back and closed his eyes, accepting his fate.

Bryn let out a pained moan that escalated into a wild scream. She squeezed her eyes tight and swung her arms, daggers slicing.

The Duke gasped, eyes flying open with shock.

But he was unharmed.

Bryn had thrown both daggers with deadly precision at the man to her right. Despite the shock of her betrayal, his training and incredible reaction time had allowed him to deflect one blade, but the other had embedded itself in his neck. With a low gurgle, his body crumpled to the floor.

Bryn turned back to look at the Duke, a smile blooming on her face as she looked down at him. “I love you too” She whispered. The Duke’s smile returned to his face, as he reached up to dry the tears from her eyes. As he did she leaned in, grabbing his face with both hands and kissed him.

Bryn’s heart exploded with love as his lips locked with hers. But with her mind spinning from the emotional release, she didn’t hear the running footsteps of the other assassin as he lunged towards them with both daggers out.

The Duke’s eyes shot open; he was ready. With both arms on her waist he pushed, throwing her off to the side, his hands flying back to catch the wrists of the foreigner. Bryn tumbled to the side, stopping on her back beside the corpse of the other man. Rolling up onto her shoulders, she kicked up, grabbing the knife out of the dead man’s neck after she landed.

Bracing his feet against the ground, the final assailant ripped his hands from the Duke’s grip flipping backwards towards the fireplace. The Duke rose steadily, grabbing his sword from where it had fallen underneath the desk. His eyes had returned to their steady sky blue, as he approached the assassin. Bryn rounded the table to approach him from the other side.

The man held his daggers up defensively. He’d shown no emotion throughout their journey here, but now Bryn saw a snarl of feral rage twist his face. She didn’t know if the two had any relation, but with how this one reacted she’d guessed they were likely brothers.

“Tray-tor” He spat, his voice thick with a heavy accent.

Bryn just smiled, as she held both hands up, knife held in a reverse grip in her right hand. Catching Fenrod’s eye she nodded, and together they advanced on him.

Hemfort had chosen his men well, this foreign stranger was indeed highly skilled. Both Bryn and the Duke came at him, sword and dagger flying at him from different angles, but the man spun catching both blades with each of his daggers, and flicked them away. Then he leapt straight up into the air, legs kicking out in each direction, catching them both square in the chest.

Both Bryn and the Duke stumbled back, barely maintaining their footing. The man stood motionless between them, waiting for their next attempt.

Twice more they approached with deft moves and precise slashes, and twice more they were repelled with ease. This final time he'd caught them both with a nick of his blade, on Bryn's shoulder and the Duke's forearm. Bryn hissed with pain as she backed away.

Bryn's mouth tightened into a thin line as she held a hand against the cut. The man's skill was clearly superior, they would not beat him in a fair fight. *Time to make it unfair.*

Bryn reached up and grabbed the Dimeritium Amulet and jerked, breaking the chain. She tossed it away behind her, well out of reach. The killer in the center eyed her, face taking on a hint of confusion. Catching the Duke's eye, she sprinted towards the man, and then leapt toward him, dagger extended. The arc of her jump would have her fall just short of the man, and he knew it. With daggers in each hand, he lowered himself and lunged forward, swinging his daggers around into the space that she was about to land into.

But she never did. Unnaturally her body kept rising through the air, while his Daggers slammed into empty air. The assassin looked up eyes wide with surprise as her body sailed over his. Across the room the Duke held his hand up, his movements delicate as he guided her motion through the air.

Bryn's dagger flew towards the stranger's heart, so the man twisted with his preternatural speed, dodging the blow. But that had never been Bryn's target, her other hand reached out and gripped the amulet around his neck. Her momentum carried her over his head, the chain ripping free as she pulled the amulet with her. Flipping over she landed lightly on her feet beside the Duke, Dimeritium in hand.

The man looked at them, eyes determined, not realizing what she'd done. His face grim, the Duke lifted his hand, eyes locked on the man. It was then that the assassin noticed the missing weight on his chest...and the amulet clutched in Bryn's fist. His face took on a mask of terror, as his body was lifted off the ground, his arms and legs twisting into a rigid line.

The Duke nodded to Bryn. Wordlessly she stepped forward, and with a smooth swing slit the man's throat. Fenrod let the body fall to the ground as it twitched, the last vestiges of life escaping it.

Bryn let the dagger fall from her hand, thudding point down into the wood floor. She turned to face the Duke who only smiled at her.

She ran to him, throwing herself into his arms. She pressed her face against his chest, arms wrapping around him and up his back, holding him tight. His arms wrapped around her neck, cradling her head against him.

Bryn began to cry once more as she breathed in his scent, felt his flesh against hers. "I'm sorry" She sobbed "Oh gods, Fenrod, I'm so sorry"

He bent his head down and rested his lips on her forehead. His voice was soft and gentle "Hush, my love. You have nothing, and I mean nothing to be sorry about."

Bryn pulled her head back and looked up at him. "I...I tried to kill you!"

He smiled down at her. "Not the first time, I'll remind you"

Bryn laughed through her tears, and pressed her head against him once more squeezing him tight.

Multiple footsteps echoed behind them. Bryn kept her face pressed into the Duke's chest; she didn't care who it was, she just wanted to be with him.

"What the fuck happened in here!?" Came a gruff male voice that she recognized. Bryn finally released her hold on the Duke, and turned around to see who had come. Four people stood before them, two men and two women, stepping their way in through the double doors.

The voice had come from the man in the lead, a face she recognized. Lord Angus stood in loose pyjamas, a sword brandished in his hand. Seeing that no danger was afoot, he returned it to the sheath that he'd hastily tied around his waist.

The woman beside him was a ravishing beauty, with long black hair. She wore a flowing red silk nightgown, that struggled to hide her impressive bust, and the even more impressive mass of her wide ass. Each cheek was easily as big as Bryn's had been, and perhaps even larger. "Fenrod, is everything alright?" She asked.

At the sound of her voice sudden recognition kicked in for Bryn, as she looked more closely at the woman's face. "Heronia?" She asked.

The woman turned to look at Bryn, her own face lighting up with surprise. "Bryn?! Is that you?! Goodness girl, that's an interesting look on you. I must say, leave the black hair to the professionals" She ran a hand through her own flowing locks "You looked much better as a redhead."

"She's a thief, Heronia" The other woman said "Her red hair would stick out like a sore thumb!"

Bryn turned to face the other woman. "Ophene!" Ophene nodded her head to her "At your service, my lady"

Ophene stood holding the hand of the fourth man, who Bryn didn't recognize. She also looked considerably different than the last time Bryn had seen her. Her golden hair still was tied into a braid that reached the floor. She wore a black satin robe tied tight across her chest, the sash tucked underneath her breasts. Each was firm and round, slightly larger than her head. Her nipples were still massive, poking through the fabric refusing to be ignored. Beneath her breasts was the biggest change. The front of her robe extended out away from her, covering a large round mass; her belly, swollen to a taut round orb the size of a cauldron.

"Ophene, are you...?" Bryn asked.

Ophene laughed "Oh no, my dear, just magic." She looked to the tall wiry man whose hand she held. "Just the way, My Lord prefers it" She said with a smile, as she got up on her tiptoes to kiss him on the cheek.

Bryn turned to him "So that would make you...Lord Jentu?"

He gave her a warm smile. His face was leathery, skin ragged from years of the cold, but he was ruggedly handsome in his own way. His hair was mostly grey, cut short almost to his scalp. "Pleasure to meet you, My Lady" He turned to Fenrod "So this is her?"

The Duke nodded looking down at Bryn. "Yes, this is her."

Bryn looked back at him. "What? What do you mean this is her?"

Angus grunted in annoyance "He means this is the woman that he's nearly imploded his empire over! We're trying to prepare for war, and all this fool can do is mope about all day!"

Bryn's eyebrows lifted in surprise. The Duke's cheeks went slightly pink, but he said nothing in his defense.

"I don't understand!" She said heart racing. "I...I'd heard you'd moved on! I stopped seeing posters."

Angus snorted "Because my spies who were placing them kept getting killed. Eventually they just refused to go at all"

Bryn shook her head "I was told...that you'd gotten 2 new consorts!"

Ophene walked over towards Bryn, reaching across the mass of her belly to take Bryn's hand in hers. "My Lady. The Duke no longer has any consorts"

Bryn gasped in shock "What! Then...then what are you and Heronia doing here?"

Heronia smiled devilishly at her. "The Duke had High Lord friends who needed wives. We were happy to volunteer. Nothing shores up an alliance like a good marriage!"

Bryn turned back to face the Duke "Is...is this true?"

His mouth curled into a gentle smile, and he nodded. "Yes. All of it. After I returned from the west I was distraught. I didn't leave my chambers for a month. I tried to find you so I could apologize, but you were gone, lost to the wind."

"But what changed?" She asked "Before I left you just wanted me to be another Consort?"

The Duke stepped closer, taking her hands in his. "I know. It's difficult to explain... I think it'll help if I explain why I've only kept Consorts, why I've never married"

She nodded "Please do"

The Duke took a deep breath, then began "My father...was a powerful man. Not like me, but powerful in his own way. A fighter of unmatched skill, as tall as a tree and as strong as an ox.

Many men tried to kill him over the years, and they all met the same fate; the grave. My father was untouchable, so his enemies...they got creative...they found someone they could touch”

Bryn gasped at the realization. “...You?”

The Duke shook his head “Not at first. First was my mother, then my sister. Both tortured and then slaughtered, in an effort to make my father bend to their will. He never did. So, they came for me. I would’ve died as well, if the trauma hadn’t unleashed my latent magical powers.”

“Good god, man” Angus said face aghast. “You told me you got your powers when you fell off a boat!”

The Duke shrugged “Sorry for the lie.” Angus shook his head “No need, Fenrod. I understand”

The Duke turned back to Bryn “I erased those men from existence, but it wouldn’t bring my Mother or Sister back. I returned to my father and told him what happened. All he said was ‘Good work, Son’. The bastard. That was my mother, his wife, and that’s all he had to say”

Bryn squeezed the Duke’s hands. “Oh Fenrod, that’s awful. I’m so sorry”

The Duke nodded “My Father died a few years after that. Food poisoning from some poorly cooked fish. So, then I became Duke, and I did what I had been taught to do. I became strong, I became hard like my father. But I knew that strong men would always have enemies, so I refused to do what my father had. I would not have someone I loved killed so that they could be used against me. That’s why I’ve never married. As a young man I had needs, and so I began to collect consorts, to try and fill the hole inside me. But it wasn’t enough, not until I met you”

Across the room Heronia snorted, voice haughty “You’re welcome for the best years of my life”

The Duke looked up and nodded “I am sorry, that I couldn’t be for you what you needed. I hope you can forgive me”

Heronia wilted slightly at his sudden sincerity. Angus turned and rested a hand on her shoulder reassuringly. She looked at him with a smile then back at the Duke. “Of course, Fenrod. I can’t solely lay the blame on you. Hitching me up with this beefcake certainly helps!”

The Duke looked back to Bryn “After you left I felt like my life was crashing down. Everything I’d known, all of my principles, all of it came into question. I realized that I’d been living my life as a coward. That’s not being strong. Being strong is taking a risk to be with the one you love. And I do love you. That became clear above all else. I truly, deeply, madly, love you. I just hope... that you can forgive me”

Bryn wiped away tears and nodded “Always, my love.”

The Duke smiled “Then there’s just one more thing to do” Before her, the Duke lowered himself, getting down on one knee. Looking up at her with a look of love and hope he spoke. “Bryn, will you marry me?”

Bryn let out a cry of delight, as she nodded. “Yes! Yes, yes, yes! A thousand times yes!”

The Duke stood, wrapping his arms around her waist and lifting her up into the air, as their lips met.

Across the room, the two women 'Awwed' while the men clapped and cheered. As their cheers faded, the Duke and Bryn's embrace only increased in passion and intensity.

"Uhh...let's...give them some privacy" Angus said, resting a hand on Heronia's waist and leading her out of the room.

"Agreed" Jentu said, taking Ophene by the hand as they left. The doors swung shut and they were alone once again.

At last Bryn pulled away, looking down at her Duke. "I love you" She whispered.

"I love you too" He replied with a broad grin.

"My Lord" She said, voice growing husky, as she rested her arms around his shoulders "I want...to be everything for you. Change me...make me how you want me. Anything and everything you desire, I will give to you"

The Duke's flaming eyes turned a soft shade of pink. His face softened as he squeezed her tight to him "No, my love. I will never impose my will upon you, or others. Instead, I give my gift to you"

His eyes flared bright, and his jaw clenched with effort. Sweat beaded on his brow as he grunted with exertion. "Fenrod?!" Bryn cried with concern. Her concern was quickly drowned as an electric tingle rocked her body, making her eyes squeeze shut. With a moan her head was thrown back, as her eyes opened wide. When she did her eyes lit the room around them, as they glowed with golden flames.

Bryn felt the Duke's arms release her as he stumbled away from her, falling back against his desk. Bryn remained where she was, levitating in the air. She moved toward him, effortlessly swooping through the air. "My love! What have you done?!" She demanded.

The Duke eased himself to his feet, opening his eyes once more. The flames had returned to their sky blue glow, though their intensity had lessened. "I...I gave you half of my power. I didn't honestly know if I could, but I had to try." Bryn hovered before him, head level with his own.

"You've weakened yourself" She said with a pout, holding his face with both hands.

He reached up and laid a hand across the back of one of hers. "No, my love. You bring me nothing but strength. Now...to mark ourselves."

The Duke grabbed the hem of his shirt and lifted it over his head. Then he tapped his bare chest at the sternum.

Instantly black marks formed on his chest as symbols blotted into view. His sigil, the vipers fang surrounded by 4 moons. Bryn watched in silent confusion as more marks were added on either side. When the shapes solidified they formed a pair of black feathered wings, flanking either side of the fang.

"Are those...?" She asked, eyes lighting up with understanding.

He nodded "Raven's wings. A sigil for both of us. Your turn"

Bryn undid the clasps of her leather top and removed it, exposing her chest. Then with a finger she tapped her skin in between her breasts. Their combined sigils formed on her chest, marking her same as him.

He crossed his arms with an approving nod "Good. Now try it out"

Lowering herself until she stood on the floor once more, she closed her eyes and focused. She could feel his magic, coursing like a flood beneath her skin, it was just a matter of harnessing it.

From ahead of her she heard the Duke's voice. "It helps if you picture it in your mind"

Bryn nodded, eyes still shut tight. She would start small. She lifted her hand and gently twirled it. She felt a wave of tingles across her scalp, as a wave of magic passed over her, turning her hair from black back to bright red.

Bryn opened her eyes and gasped, looking at him excitedly "I did it!"

"Very good!" He praised her. "Now perhaps something a little more... substantial"

Bryn smiled coyly at him, catching his meaning. Carefully she undid the leather ties of her pants, removing them so she was standing nude before him. The Duke undressed as well, preparing for the fun they were about to have.

"If I remember correctly" She purred "My lord, prefers women with a little bit more up top" Biting her lip she closed her eyes and focused, letting the magic flow through her. She felt a familiar warm tingling spread across her chest, but now she was in control. With her mind she gently pushed at the tingling, and her body responded.

"Mmmm" She moaned as she felt herself begin to grow faster and faster. Her breasts exploded from her, skin stretching as pound after pound was added to her bust. In less than 10 seconds she'd grown to as big as she'd been before she'd left, her bust reaching her waist, and projecting over a foot from her body. Each tit still had the round oblong shape that she'd grown to love, with her swollen nips resting at their tips. With the sudden wave of stimulation, each nub quivered and stiffened with excitement.

Bryn nearly fell over from the sudden shift in weight and the pleasurable sensations. "Oh! Oh my goodness" She panted.

The Duke stood before her eyebrows raised in shock. "You alright?"

Bryn was bent over at the waist, panting from exertion. She nodded as she righted herself "Yeah...yeah I'm ok. That was...a lot"

The Duke smiled, nodding "Yes it was. You'll have to work on your control, I don't want you hurting yourself"

She wagged a finger at him "Too late to worry about me now, my love! Should've thought of that before you gave me all this...power" She closed her eyes as she spoke this last word. The Duke could only watch as the woman he loved changed herself before his eyes. She'd gotten more ambitious this time, implementing multiple changes in a row.

She groaned as she could feel her body morph. First her legs extended, bones shifting and muscles lengthening. When she opened her eyes, her gaze was level with Fenrod's who watched her with open mouth. She looked down at her newly lengthened legs, taking up a large percentage of her height now. She stepped from side to side, inspecting them "Mmm they look a little scrawny" She teased "My lord deserves a woman with a nice thick rear end."

Releasing a soft sigh from her lips, the magic continued to flow, as fat and muscle began to plump up her behind. Thicker and wider it grew, each cheek getting round and deeper, curving further away from her body. Her hips sloped majestically away from her waist, supporting her newly massive behind. She'd made herself bigger than she'd been previously, her longer legs capable of supporting greater mass. Each ass cheek was two feet wide, and jiggled wildly with every move she made.

She turned around to let him get a good look at it. With both hands on her incredibly narrow waist she swayed her hips from side to side, letting each cheek bounce off one another. She lifted one hand and swung it around, smacking the center of one wobbling mass, further sending it into uncontrollable shaking.

"Oh...and can't forget the hair of course" She said flashing him a dazzling smile over her shoulder. The Duke just watched in silent awe, his cock erect and straining with lust. Bryn eyed it and licked her lips "Soon, my little friend...Although I guess he's not so little" She teased.

Turning her head back away from him, she ran her hands through her hair. As she did the end of her locks began to fall away from her head, quickly cascading down her back, and over her massive rump. The curtain of red hair that flowed from her head was sleek and shiny, only stopping when it reached her ankles. She spun back around to face him, hair whipping out wildly around her as she did. She stepped toward him, the tips of her nips caressing his chest. "Do I please you, My Mord?" She asked, lifting one eyebrow as her eyes of golden flames met his of blue.

He nodded with a smile. "Oh yes, my lady. That you do"

She leaned forward, pressing her chest against his, until their lips met. His chest hair tickled the skin on her breasts. "Show me" She whispered as she pulled away.

"Hold on" He commanded. Obediently she grabbed onto his shoulders. Before her the Duke bent down, and wrapped his arms around her, each grabbing hold of one of her massive cheeks. Then with a grunt of exertion, he lifted her up. Bryn squealed with glee as he manhandled her, wrapping her legs around his back as he shifted her into position. After a few

moments his tip rested against the moist entrance of her pussy. With her held up like this, her breasts rested on his shoulders almost completely smothering him. "Hurry up, my love" She moaned, leaning down and kissing him on the head. The Duke complied, half lowering her, and half thrusting up.

Bryn clenched her teeth, letting out an involuntary throaty moan, as she felt him enter her. The one thing that had never left her mind all these months they'd been apart was this feeling; his massive cock dominating her poor little pussy. "Hng..Hngh...guh...hgn" Were all the only sounds she could make, each one elicited as he thrust into her. Her hands gripped the back of his neck, pulling him deep into her cleavage. His hands gripped tighter, sinking into the pillowy mounds of her ass, as he thrust into her with power.

His thrusting stopped for a moment, and Bryn caught her breath. They were moving, she realized, where were they going? Then she felt the cool touch of stone on the back of her ass, followed by a similar sensation on her back and shoulders. He'd brought her over to the nearby wall, and now was pinning her against it.

"Come on, really fuck me" She demanded, her nails scratching the skin on the back of his shoulders. He smiled, as he shifted his grip. He moved his hands from her ass, to underneath her kneecaps. His body holding hers against the wall, he lifted, bringing her legs up towards her shoulders, folding her in half. This left her pussy fully exposed, ready to take him.

"Oh shit" She murmured as he readied himself to enter her once more. This time he didn't hesitate and plunged his cock into her. With her body folded in this way, the stimulation from his cock was intensified as he pushed every inch he could into her quivering wetness. Bryn saw stars as her body bobbed in place against the wall, bouncing up with each impact of his meat. "Ah!...Ah!...Ah!...Ah!" She cried loudly each time he filled her, her walls stretched to their breaking point by his girth.

After a few minutes of this he set her down, though he immediately had to catch her, as her trembling legs couldn't support her weight. "Heavens above" She exhaled, as she tried to recompose herself.

Holding her hand to help her up, the Duke smiled. "Tell me, my lady, did I 'Really Fuck you'?"

She slapped his chest playfully. "Don't tease me, Duke Fenrod! I'm to be your wife, and should be treated with respect"

He laughed "Of course my lady, my apologies" The Duke breathed in sharply, as Bryn unexpectedly reached out and grasped his shaft with her hand. Her finger tips barely touched her thumb when she wrapped her hand around it just beneath its head. "Mmm" She purred, sliding her hand up and down its smooth hardness. "I'm going to have a lot of fun with this, I think"

Gesturing to him that she was ok to stand, she stepped forward and turned to face him, both her breasts and ass taking a moment to return to stillness after she spun. Cupping her hands underneath her breasts she pulled them slightly apart. "Come my lord" She beckoned. "Let me give your cock a comfy home"

He lifted an eyebrow and smirked at her. "I don't know, Bryn, I don't think they're big enough to contain him"

Bryn gasped with delight as she felt a tingle erupt in her breasts. She'd been in fully control of her growth up to this point; she'd forgotten that the Duke himself could also do it. Pleasurable waves of warmth rocked through her bust, as it slowly crept forward, each breast growing fuller deeper, rounder. When they stopped they reached the middle of her thighs, resting upon them then curving forward almost three feet to where they then sloped the long, long way back up to her chest. Her nipples hung off the ends, long and fleshy. Bryn moaned at the sensations flooding her mind, each breast a well of pleasure that seemed to be unending.

The Duke stepped forward, and slid his cock in between them, gently thrusting between their pillowy masses. Reaching down he grabbed each nipple and pulled towards the center, making each massive breast press against his cock from each side. Bryn let out a deep moan of delight as his hands held firm around her nubs.

"There" He said, holding each breast tight against the other. His cock was fully enveloped by her breasts as their warm soft masses pressed against his body.

Bryn's hands traced the expanse of her tits that she could reach, her head bent forward in ecstasy. Lifting her head slightly she looked at him through lidded eyes. "No, my lord, you were right. They weren't big enough"

Fenrod looked at her with confusion, when he let out a gasp of shock. Bryn's magic flowed into him, altering his own body. In between her breasts she could feel his cock growing, sliding deeper in between her breasts, and getting thicker. After a few seconds the tip of his cock emerged from within her cleavage. The skin on his glans was bright pink as his cock throbbed. The head of his cock was the size of a man's fist, and rested against her chest, just below her collar bone.

"Gods above" He said, dumbstruck "I've...I've never had that done to me"

Bryn smiled up at him. "That's too bad, my lord. It suits you" She bent her head down and stuck out her tongue, running it up and down the underside of his glans. The massive head of his cock jumped as she teased it. "Ah, ah, hold still!" She said with a laugh. Pressing her hands into the side of each of her breasts she squeezed them together against his enlarged shaft, to keep it from moving. Then she continued playfully licking the head of his cock, running her tongue over every inch of smooth pink skin she could reach.

The Duke fell to his knees, his mind going haywire from the overwhelming stimulation racing through him from the multitude of nerves that Bryn teased with her tongue. As his body lowered his cock slipped back down into her cleavage. Bryn pouted at him "Oh no, you're not getting away so easy!" With a furrow of her brow she infused him with more growth, and his cock once again emerged from between her breasts. "Mmm, thats better" She moaned as she returned to servicing him.

Soon she felt his cock twitch more insistently, and she knew the time was near. Speeding up the pace of her tongue, she squeezed hard around his shaft with her breasts, rubbing the back and forth as much as she could; difficult due to her massive size. Finally, she heard him cry out in ecstasy. His shaft tensed between her breasts, and reacting quickly, she clamped her lips

down over his tip. Burst after burst of his warm seed pumped into her mouth, which she swallowed greedily, moaning against the head of his cock. At last he finished, and she felt him begin to soften.

With a deep breath, Bryn closed her eyes and focused. Slowly she bid the magic to undo itself, the growth reverting bit by bit. The Duke lay on the floor, half conscious, as he felt his cock slither back to its normal size. Before him he watched Bryn shrink back to her normal height. She didn't reverse all the growth though, instead choosing to mold herself back into the body that she'd had when she and the Duke had visited Lord Angus. Full round breasts that reached her waist, and thick juicy ass, each cheek plump and massive. Her hair she kept long, and with a wave of her hands, braided it into a large complex bun that sat on the back of her head.

Bryn opened her eyes once more, the soft golden glow of her flames resting upon the Duke. He slowly pushed himself up, his body still trembling. "You're a natural" He said.

She curtsied before him, the motion making her breasts bounce and her ass wobble. "Thank you, My Lord. Though I think perhaps you also gave me some of your skill"

He rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Hmm, maybe. I've only read about sharing magic like that in books, so it's really hard to fathom"

Bryn stumbled, a sudden strong wave of fatigue hitting her. "Oh my...I didn't realize how tired I am." Now standing, the Duke moved forward and scooped her up into his arms. Bryn let herself be lifted, resting her head against his shoulder.

"Magic drains your energy" He explained as he carried her towards his bed. "Even more so now that I've split my power. You'll feel better in the morning" Bryn let out a loud yawn as he set her into bed. The last thing she remembered was him tucking her into his large bed, and kissing her on the forehead, before she drifted away into a deep dreamless sleep.

Bryn woke with a start, gasping for air. The room was dark, the only sound the light patter of rain on the shingles above. Where was she? Was she really back, or had it all just been a dream?

She sat up in bed, and felt a familiar weight on her chest, as her breasts slumped forward on to her lap. Beside her she heard the slow rhythmic breathing of the Duke, asleep next to her. She let out a deep sigh. Yes, she was really here. She laid back down into the soft sheets, resting her head on her pillow.

Nearby the Duke rustled, then rolled over. A muscular arm, reached out and gently grabbed her waist, pulling her in against him, naked bodies together as one. Bryn closed her eyes and let out a coo of contentment, as his breath tickled the back of her neck.

Then Bryn's eyes shot wide open with realization. "Oh gods!" She cried. The Duke sat up at once, alert. "What is it? What's wrong?"

Bryn moved to get out of bed "Vantica! I left her tied up in the laundry room! Oh gods, I hope she's ok!"

The Duke grabbed her shoulder and pulled her back to bed. "Lady Vantica is fine, My Love. She was found shortly after you fell asleep. She's safe in her room with Lady Sashy."

Bryn pushed herself away from his grip. "I still need to see her. I have to apologize." She stood up and walked to the door, then stopped. She looked back at Fenrod, her cheeks tinting with colour. "I...don't have any clothes" she said embarrassed.

With a snap of his fingers an elegant nightgown and wrap formed itself about her. "Thank you!" she said, rushing back to kiss him deeply before she padded over to the door. She opened it, stopping just for a moment to turn back to him "I'm sorry I have to go. It's a little rude of me to leave on our first night together"

The Duke nodded from where he sat in bed "Some would say it is. But I know you, and I know your actions come from a place of love. Go. I'll still be here when you get back. We have an entire lifetime to spend together"

She returned his nod with a gentle smile, then left. She hurried through the halls of the keep down to the servant's quarters. The stone passageways were all so familiar, and yet they felt different. There was a tension in the air that was palpable. Hemfort. He was still out there. The Duke had wisely summoned his allies to his keep so he could protect them, but that didn't stop the mad old sorcerer from continuing his reign of terror.

It could wait for tomorrow. Tonight was a night of happy reconciliations. And she owed two special women a very big apology.

Bryn pushed the door to the servant's quarters open, stepping in quietly. It was just as she remembered it, the room she'd lived in for a month and a half last winter. In the opposite wall the fire crackled low, as it burned the last of its fuel. Both girls were asleep soundly in their beds. Vantica had ended up pushing two of the beds together to sleep on, her enormous breasts no longer capable of fitting on the single bed. From what Bryn could tell Sashy had grown as well, though nowhere nearly as dramatically.

Bryn crept around and knelt next to Vantica. Gently she reached out and shook her friend's shoulder. "V! It's me" She whispered.

Sleepily Vantica opened her eyes. Recognition, then fear tainting her face. "Bryn?" She said meekly.

Tears began to well at Bryn's eyes. "Oh, V, I'm so sorry. I was...I was in a bad place. There's no excuse for how I acted, I just hope you can forgive me"

Vantica said nothing. Then she extended her arms and wrapped them around Bryn, pulling her into a tight hug. "Of course I forgive you, Bryn. But what happened! Look at your eyes?!"

Bryn hugged her friend back. "It's a long story"

Vantica slid over on the bed to make room. With both hands she grabbed her breast closest to Bryn and lifted it out of the way. Bryn got into bed beside her, her own assets pressing into Vantica's. The brunette let go of her breast, letting it fall back down to her side, half covering Bryn.

“Ha ha! It’s like a blanket” Bryn teased.

Vantica laughed as well as her friend snuggled in closer. “So,” Vantica asked quietly. “Tell me what happened!”

“I could ask you the same question!” Bryn said, reaching out to pat the massive round hill of Vantica’s bust that towered before them. Even lying down they were impressively round, their domes reaching two feet in the air.

“Oh, that’s not much of a story” Vantica said, resting her own hand upon them. “We, Sashy and I, just took a leaf out of your book. We asked the Duke if he could make us bigger. He was very much against it, claiming he was a ‘changed man’, but we practically begged him. He couldn’t refuse that”

“Mmm...wha...what’s going on?” They heard Sashy speak from across the room as she awoke.

“You’re missing out on the cuddles” Bryn teased.

“Bryn!? Oh, you bitch!” The sound of sheets being ripped away and then bare feet on stone could be heard. Then before she could react Sashy was on Bryn’s other side pushing her way into the bed.

Bryn turned to speak “Sashy, I’m Sorry...”

Sashy put a finger on her lips to shush her, as she slid on to the mattress. “Save it. I know you’re sorry. Just don’t ever scare us like that again”

Bryn nodded, kissing the blonde on the cheek.

“So, tell us what happened!” Vantica asked impatiently.

“What did the Duke say? Was he happy to see you? What am I saying, of course he was” Sashy chimed in.

Bryn blushed with a tight-lipped smile.

“What?” The other two asked in unison.

Bryn couldn’t hold it in, her smile opening into a broad grin. “We’re getting Married!!!”

The two maids shrieked with delight, legs kicking excitedly. They both wrapped their arms around Bryn and shook her. The effect caused a great commotion as three separate masses of breast flesh shook and bounced at once.

“Ok, tell us everything!” Vantica demanded.

Over the next hour Bryn recounted the full tale to her friends, from the very beginning. Her plan to win the Duke’s favor by playing hard to get. The journey to Lord Angus’s keep as well as the

reveal of Hemfort's plot. The heartbreak of the Duke's emotional betrayal. Her days in the King's city as The Raven. The assassination attempt on the Duke, which turned into an impromptu proposal. And finally, the Duke gifting her some of his own magic.

Her friends listened in wide eyed silence, only asking a few questions along the way. Bryn's story was gripping, and they wanted to know every bit. Bryn tried to leave out some of the details of the spicier parts of the tale, but Sashy pushed her, wanting to know exactly how good the Duke really was in bed. Vantica teared up at the part when Bryn left the Duke at Angus' keep.

"I know you guys end up together" She had said wiping away tears "But it's still sad!"

When she finished her story, the sun was peeking through the window. Together the three of them lay, entangled together. The two other girls had kept their hands to themselves, but as they sat in silence their fingers began to creep towards Bryn and her sensitive areas, both having the same idea.

Their heads turned and both began to kiss Bryn's ears and neck. "We hope you'll still play with us after you get married" Sashy whispered in her ear.

Bryn squirmed underneath their tickling touches. "Try and stop me." Bryn lifted her hands and swished them both in the air. Upon the other girl's chests, two black wings appeared on either side of their sigil. "Though if you think I'm going to let you double team me again, you're mistaken"

With each hand held upright she extended her index and middle fingers together. Her golden eyes flashed, and light emanated from her finger tips. Gently she began to rub her fingers in the air in small circles.

The effect was immediate on Sashy and Vantica, their heads pulling away from Bryn as they let out moans of surprise sexual satisfaction. The motions Bryn made with her fingers was being replicated directly upon each girl's clit, but amplified.

Both girls squeezed their eyes tight, their breathing intensifying, as Bryn applied unrelenting stimulation upon each one's pussy. Bryn's eyes flared again, and soon the moans increased in volume. Bryn had made each of their genitals engorge, lips growing thick and swollen, clit pumping up larger and larger. The new nerve endings and increased sensitivity sent both girls into a frenzy, as Bryn sped up her finger motions.

"Bryn!" Sashy cried "Please! Ohhhhhhhh. Please, it's too much!"

Bryn ignored her friend's pleas, a devilish smile on her face, her fingers continuing to spin rapid circles in the air. On her left Vantica came first, her hips raising several inches off the bed, as her leg muscles spasmed. Her eyes were rolled back in her head, jaw agape as she let out deep guttural moans, her body unable to cope with the pleasure.

With the brunette taken care of, Bryn focused her attention on the blonde. Furrowing her brow she refocused the magic, bringing both of her phantom hands into contact with Sashy. She continued to circle and rub her clit, but now with her second hand she plunged two fingers into her pussy, pulling them up to stimulate her G-spot.

“Oh gooooooooood” Sashy groaned loudly with the added stimulation.

Within seconds she too found her release, whole body trembling as a storm of orgasmic waves whirled within her. Gently Bryn leant over and kissed them both upon their temples. Neither girl reacted, their eyes lidded, mouths ajar, as they struggled to breathe.

Bryn extricated herself from the bed, leaving her friends to recover. With a twist of her hands, she undid her magic, returning their pussies to normal size “I’ll see you later ladies, I’ve got to get back to My Lord” she said with a smile as she left the room.

Bryn grinned as she walked, a bounce in her step. From a life on the streets to a future duchess. Though the path had been rocky, she’d succeeded. Things like a war or an evil sorcerer all seemed so inconsequential now. She felt that now that she was by Fenrod’s side, they could accomplish anything together.

She re-entered the Duke’s chamber feeling excited. “My love!” She called. “Did you miss me?”

There was no answer.

Bryn pouted. “My Love? Surely, you’re not ignoring me!”

Still no answer.

“Fenrod!” She yelled as she stomped over to the door the bedroom “Are you really this childi-”

The room was empty. Duke Fenrod was not there. She looked around face aghast. Something terrible had occurred here. The sheets were on the floor, torn and strewn about. There were scorch marks on the stone walls. The Duke’s black glasses laid discarded on the floor, one of the lenses was cracked.

She rushed into the room looking for any sort of clue that could help her. She spotted it at once, a simple parchment note left on the small table beside the bed. She snatched it up and began to read the familiar florid script.

Lady Bryn,

Your betrayal was regrettable, but not unexpected. Perhaps you thought robbing me of those two men and their talents would greatly impact my plans. You would be mistaken, they were but two of many.

More likely I assume that your feelings for the Duke were more amorous than I expected. If that was indeed the case, then I apologize for ending that budding romance before it could begin.

Though I wish our partnership hadn’t been tainted by your treachery, I still applaud you for achieving the intended result. I don’t know what you did to weaken the Duke’s magic, but I thank you for it. Piercing his defenses was as easy as poking a needle through cloth.

Now with the Duke in my care I can proceed as discussed. I've decided to not kill him for the moment. Having Angus under my control was quite a boon for my endeavors...I expect controlling Fenrod will bear even greater fruit.

Feel free to stop by the King's City for your reward at your leisure. I couldn't have done it without you.

-Hemfort

Bryn felt numb as she slumped against the stone wall, falling to the floor as she read the parchment in her hands. Her tears left spots on the page, blurring the ink. Fenrod was gone, and it was all her fault. Her tears turned to sobs, turned to wailing shrieks, as the pain of losing the love she'd finally found ripped her soul to pieces.

END OF PART 4