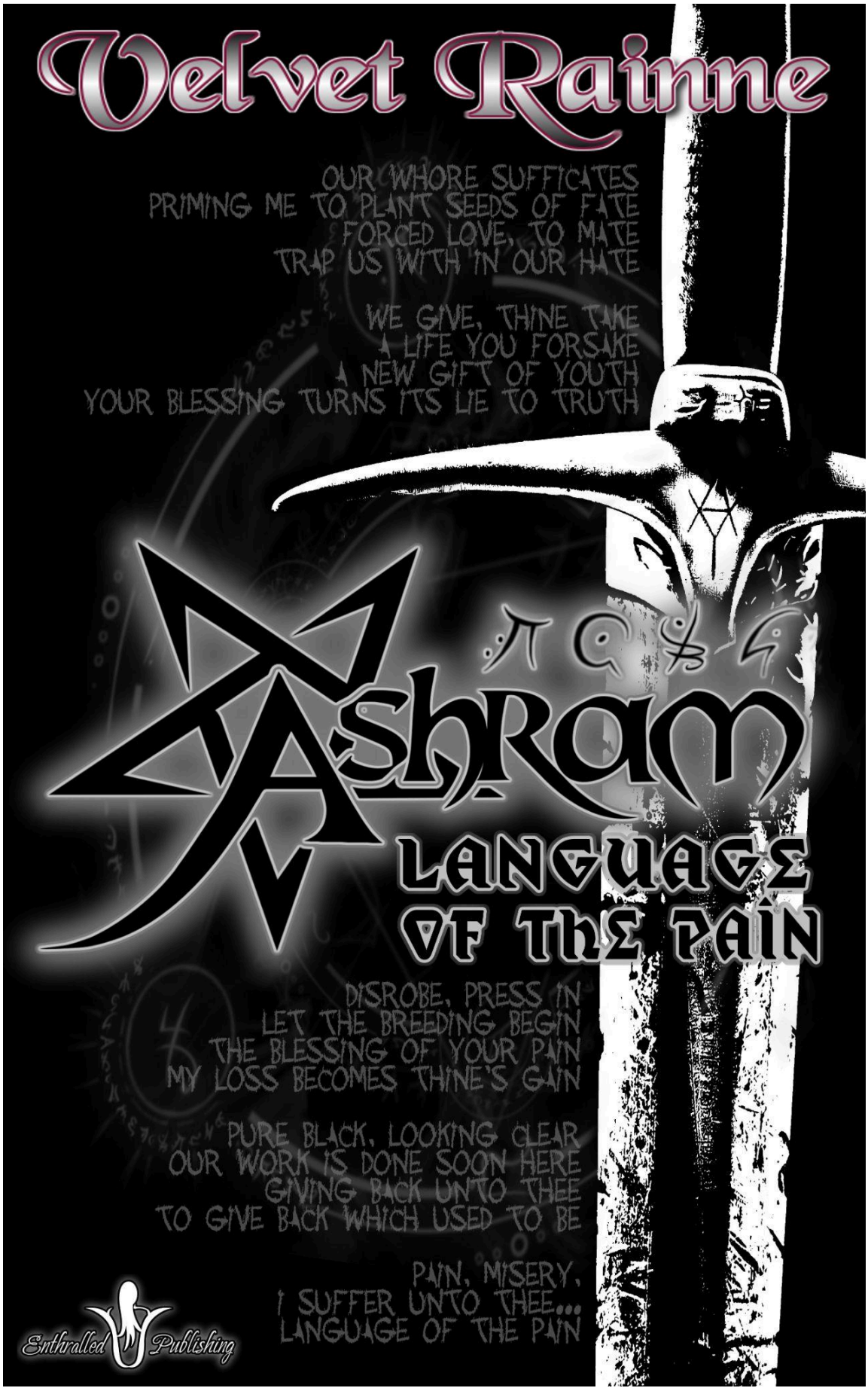
Velvet Rainne
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I SUFFER UNTO THEE...
LANGUAGE OF THE PAIN
Enthralled Publishing

Ashram

Language of the Pain

By

Velvet Rainne

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A slave screamed.

Ashram jolted up from his slumber and cocked his head left toward the sound he just heard. The whore sleeping next to him turned over quietly onto her side. He glanced right over to the nightstand and brushed his long black hair away from his face. Contract, his reliable longsword was scabbarded, belt attached and resting against the small table. He quickly rose from the bed in his baggy pantaloons. The dim light from a nearby lantern faintly illuminated the top half of his built warrior body. Tall, pale, incredibly handsome, and squared by two broad shoulders. Ashram donned his leather boots, quickly grabbed his sword, and walked to the door of the humble dwelling. He buckled Contract to his hip and grabbed the lantern. Shirtless, he opened the door to the air of the night.

The port was busy with activity tonight. Thousands of lanterns and torches lit the docks, illuminating a massive slave labor force of orcs, half breeds, and humans building ships. The masts of massive galleons and caravels stretched up to the stars. Dock cranes lifted stacks of lumber and tools into the dry docks to workers noisily driving nails and sawing boards. The foremen had the slaves working in split shifts, one day and one night. All able-bodied slaves needed to be working to fulfill the project's time line. Ashram would make sure of that.

He was given title of overseer of this project by Monsoon, his lord king. His duty: to plan, manage and execute the building of a fleet of ships for the lord's army. Ashram was entrusted with four thousand slaves to work the dry docks in the port of Blackfire on the northern coast of Modrock. He had also commissioned hundreds more commoners, craftsmen of various trades and foreman for the effort. The schedule was strictly adhered to and the king's order was being followed to Ashram's letter.

He had heard his share of screaming slaves in his time but this one was different. Not a scream of frustration or fatigue, but one of pain. Not just from one lash but several. It was normal to lash a slave if they were falling behind. A quick crack and the slave would be back in line. Sometimes an unbroken would need several as punishment to learn their place. However, this workforce was broken. These slaves had been working these docks for scores of nights. They wouldn't piss a drop until you told them they could. The lash that caused this scream one was out of contempt. Ashram knew it was, why else would he have awakened?

Ashram walked down the dock in haste, ducking under a stack of lumber as a dock crane swung it over his head. He hurried past the busy smiths, journeymen, and shipwrights to the staircase that led to the dry dock where the scream had sounded. As he scaled the steps, Ashram quickly realized this was the row foreman Curve was assigned to.

Once he had ascended the steps, Ashram heard once again the crack of the foreman's whip. He looked over and as expected saw Curve, whip in hand, standing over a half orc slave. Curve was a Clymyrian man in his thirties, average height, and a stocky build. He wore foremen leathers and furs for protection against the ocean winds. His skin was tan from the suns of Clymyr's clear skies.

Curve had sailed here from their shared hometown of Quelsh on the southern border or Clymyr to work on the fleet building project. Curve was willing to break the law of Clymyr, forbidding the citizens to come to the monster filled island of Modrock, just for the sole promise of earning more coin. Ashram took this into consideration while taking quick inventory of what he knew about this man's ethics. Unlawful border crossing may be a lesser citation. However, excessive use of a master's force was more than just an infraction to Ashram. It was a breach of slaver's code.

The green half breed laid face first on the ground below him, a broken mallet rested several paces away. He was still breathing but with multiple lash marks seeping blood seeping from them. Ashram quickly counted the lashes, eight total. Two too many.

That is why he woke up. The slaver master's code had been broken. One can only lash a broken slave up to six times. Any beyond that number is counterproductive and calls for dismissal or removal of the slave, usually by death. Ashram's faith in his savior would demand that this breach of contract be righted. It was written in his god's sacred texts. Specifically, the Chants of the Damned. In a chapter titled 'Happiness in Slavery'.

"Return to your duties horc!" Curve hatefully yelled at the defeated slave. The half orc, exhausted, didn't move. His only movement was the rise and fall of his chest.

'Horc' was a racial slur. Usually said in a bitter and spiteful tone. A shortening of Half orc. Mostly used by bigots and extremist full blood orcs to heinously describe the half breeds, but mostly to announce one's hatred for the race. Half orcs were commonly the target of prejudice throughout Thayrune. In almost all cases, they were the product of violent rape and orcish perversion.

Ashram's feet landed on the platform. "Explain the punishment Curve." Ashram asked.

"Overseer Ashram," Curve spoke. If he was surprised his tone hid the fact. "I thought you were resting." He paused briefly, "This horc has drove several stakes and nails incorrectly." Curve harshly continued. "He mis-cut several planks so that they are unusable. Furthermore, his productivity is stagnant."

The half breed pulled his arms beneath his chest, placed his hands on the wood beneath him and pushed himself into a kneel. Ashram stepped in front Curve, positioning himself between the two, setting the lantern down on a nearby crate. Curve's whip hand lowered.

"Was he given the proper tools to perform this task effectively?" Ashram asked.

"Of course. Mallets, drills, saws, planers. All available." Curve said. "With," He paused. "Supervision, my supervision."

The half breed slightly shook his head. Ashram noticed, but acted as if he didn't.

“Good.” Ashram replied. “Was this slave given the proper training of the tools and equipment?”

Curve scoffed. “Training to do grunts work?”

“Yes.” Ashram said. “A slave can only be as good as his master. A good master will select the proper slave for the proper task.”

Curve’s brow furrowed. Obviously insulted. Ashram knew he would not act upon his rage.

“Why didn’t you have a saw mill worker or lumberjack cut the planks?” Ashram asked.

“Lord Ashram, tis a simple job, any child can cut a plank with a saw.” Curse retorted back.

“Who measured the planks for cut?’ Ashram pressed.

“I did!” The volume of Curves voice rose sharply. “What’s the point of these questions overseer?”

“You see Foreman,” Ashram said confidently, stepping towards the slave. “To have a successful project, one must be set up for success. One must have a plan. One must have rules and abide by them.” Ashram drew Contact from his scabbard. The sound of steel scraping on steel was heard as the blade emerged from the locket.

“Curve.” Ashram went on. “Are you aware of Modeus’ ‘Happiness in Slavery’?” Ashram looked back at Curve.

Curve nodded. But the look in his eyes was confused.

“Then how many lashings before dismissal or removal of the slave?”

Curves eyes darted around the slave quickly counting the lash marks. “Eight.” He quickly blurted out.

Ashram knew Curve was lying. Not about the number of lashings rendered but about his knowledge of the Modeus law.

Ashram raised Contract above his head, added his off hand for more power and velocity for impending strike. I’m doing this slave a favor, Ashram thought.

“Six!” Ashram proclaimed boldly.

With perfect form and posture, Contract came down toward the slave’s neck. It met the flesh with a loud crack as it sheared through bone of the spine. The slave's head rolled a few feet

away as hot blood poured and sputtered from the opening that had just held it. The half breeds green shirtless body flattened onto the platform. The eyes of the head seemed to twitch and look at its own body with a look of terror and grief.

Ashram wiped the blade clean on the Half Orc's pants then turned calmly and walked to Curve, sheathed Contract, and reached out with his off hand and clasped the whip hand of Curve. He clenched onto a pressure point of the forearm. With a grunt, Curve released the whip into Ashrams awaiting palm.

"It be important for you to have knowledge of the relationship of master and slave." Ashram said coldly, pushing Curve down into the slave's fresh slick of blood.

Curve tried resisting but Ashram was far stronger. Curve caught himself by putting his two hands out. His right hand slipped in the pool of blood as his knee stopped his fall. A jet of blood from the headless body shot over curves chest and face.

"Now, I shall review with you, to give you the prospective you need to complete our project." Ashram declared. "Our divine lord Modeus demands this of us."

The ritual needed to be administered. A master had broken code and Ashram was chosen by his god to dispense punishment. He would stop at nothing to make sure Modeus was pleased. His divine lord was the reason for his existence and Ashram would give up everything for his blessing. The "Passage of Happiness" must be recited, the rite must be completed if Modeus were to see Ashram favorably.

"A master shall not make his slave scream more than six. Any more is unnecessary, excessive and will break contract of master and slave. Seven lashes display no respect for the slave code of our lord Modeus. If slave continues to reject the wishes of the master than a quick death shall become him. A break of this code and the master must undergo the rite of perspective." Ashram said. His voice struck terror into Curve.

"The soul belongs to that of the master, the slave shall not care for its soul. The master shall alleviate the slave's misfortune. The master is responsible for the condition, physical, mental, and otherwise of his slave. This order has been made by Modeus and has ever been so. And therefore, forevermore."

With full strength, Ashram cocked the whip back and lashed it forward. The loud crack thundered and filled the air of the night as the leather rope moved faster than the sound itself. Curve screamed as the whips popper struck his neck. His body collapsed onto the wood below, his arms failed to hold him up as the whip stung. A quick smell of burnt skin filled the air but was gone just as quick as it came.

"A slave shall scream when it does not listen."

Ashram cocked the whip back and forward a second time. Crack! Curve winced and screamed.

“A slave shall scream when it when it chooses for itself.”

Crack! Curve flinched and yelled in agony.

“A slave shall scream when it does not submit.”

For a third time the whip lashed out and snapped. Crack! Another scream this one twice as loud as the last.

“A slave shall scream if it is incompetent.”

Crack it went again. An anguished scream resonated onto the platform.

“A slave shall scream if it fails contract.”

Crack! Curves body cringed and shook on the wood deck. He belted out a miserable scream, but his voice started to rasp towards the end.

“A slave shall scream if it wants dominion over its own soul.”

A final loud crack sounded and a pathetic tired scream came soon after. Curves voice had started to lose volume and began to rasp more and more with every cry. It would take a few days for it to return to a healthy, normal tone.

The foreman lay bloodied, broken. With a disciplined and solemn look on his face Ashram dropped the whip to the ground and approached Curve. He reached out a hand and slowly forced up the man’s chin to look him the eye.

“When you regain your strength, you will bury the half breed slave in their cemetery. You will then read, review, and study the passage in ‘Chants of the Damned’ about slaver code for three nights. Chaplin Krone will provide you the volume since you do not own one.” Ashram paused briefly. “Do I make myself clear foreman Curve?”

The foreman weakly nodded, too weak to move otherwise. His voice was lost to him from the screaming from the lashes.

“Good.” Ashram acknowledged. “Also, I want you to understand what has just happened. The pain you feel, let it empower you. Let it help you recognize the things that you can change and those that are beyond your ability to control. The things you can control, let the pain strengthen your resolve. Do not let it turn you into a pessimist. Embrace it, own it. And nothing will be able to you it against you.”

Ashram rose up. Eyes still fixated on Curve.

“Modeus be with you.” Ashram said. But also at the same time a voice came from beside him saying the same words at the same moment. A feminine voice. One that he had heard many times before. An accent of that of a dark elf, given away by the way they mix the s sound with a double z. It reminded him of snakes.

Ashram turned toward the voice. It had come from edge of the platform to his right near where he had put the lantern. Rested against the supply crates was the dark elf sell-sword Avicia. She seemed to blend perfectly with her surroundings. If she wouldn’t have made her presence known, Ashram may have never seen her. The way she postured her body and clothing with the surrounding shadows would somehow meld with the pile of crates behind her.

She was shorter, slender, and a bit frailer than her surface elf kin. She had slightly longer ears, but otherwise physically similar to the common elf you may see in the forests of Elvaine. She had black skin, long stark white hair held away from her face and onto her left shoulder with a tiny, curvy knife shaped clip. Her eyes glowed green and would flicker when she blinked. An odd feature of her race, as most dark elves had red eyes. She wore black stained leathers that shaped tightly along her ample breasts and long sweeping legs. The pin on her cloak matched that of one affixed to her hair and held a long dark cloak embroidered with wicked green designs around the edges that matched her eyes.

Although she was related to the wood elves of the surface, the Drow are vicious and wicked sisters at best. The dark elves lurk in the bleak, lightless caverns and tunnels of the underworld. Living in massive subterranean cities that were ruled through fear, repression, and might. It was also well known they worshiped the spider god Lothe and practiced slavery. These facts made the Drow the most fearsome race of the underdark to the common surface world. However, Avicia did not belong in the depths of the underdark, she dwelled here in Modrock, and she is an exceptional assassin pledged to their shared lord Monsoon.

There was one fact about them that led to much mystery about their race, their physical weakness to sunlight. The most contact a surface dweller would have would be zero. Any recounts of interaction would usually be just mere story. The Drow hated the sunlight for it would burn their skin, hamper their innate abilities, but most of all, cause incapacitating pain. But for Avicia, she had gone through the torture of becoming used to the light of sun, letting her walk freely about the surface of Thayrune.

“Overzeer Azzhram.” Avicia said provocatively. She approached him and looked down at Curve. “I hope I did not interrupt your punishment in the name of Modeuz. In fact, I would love you to continue. You know juzt how much it turnzz me on to zee you half naked with a whip in your hand.”

She was serious, Ashram thought. And she was right. Modeus was his divine king. The god of pride, contracts, and slavery. Ashram even named his blade after his sacred texts. The god speaks to him in his dreams and has seen Ashram through from being a commoner son of an apothecary in Quelsh to being the hand of the best swordsmen and true king of Solice. Modeus

had graced him with his holy powers and Ashram has used those powers to instill order in every aspect of his life. And as the popular Modeus saying went – *strength through discipline, power through order*.

"Avicia," Ashram turned away from Curve towards her. "Your presence here is unexpected."

The last time Ashram had heard of Avicia's whereabouts was that she had been sent on mission of high importance by Tolkriss, an advisor to Monsoon whom practiced dark arts. Ashram could only assume that it involved murder or theft. That's what she and her troupe of criminals was good at. Ashram didn't particularly like the fact they waited in the shadows for the perfect opportunity to strike their foe. He preferred a more direct approach or even diplomacy.

"Well I couldn't zet foot on Modrock without zeeing you. Itz been too long zince I had the pleazzure of your company." She lifted a hand to Ashram's arm and ran a finger along it, up to the curve of his shoulder. She only stood up to the middle of his rib cage.

There was no tone of sarcasm in her voice. But he was not surprised. Avicia had taken a liking to him since they were introduced months ago by Monsoon. While he may not like her approach to accomplishing certain tasks, she was still beautiful and exotic. He had even laid with her twice. And would do so again. He wondered once why she liked him. She probably just liked handsome men in a powerful position. He didn't care to ask as long he reaped the bounty of that tight body.

"How did your journey fare?" Ashram asked

"It wazz a pleazzurable…." She walked around behind him, dragging her finger across his naked back. "…vacation" she paused for a moment, "but not nearly as pleazzurable az being in your ztrong armz.

She might as well have a forked tongue Ashram thought. While Avicia's methods may be deceiving, they were definitely effective.

"I'm sure you enjoyed whatever Monsoon asked of you." Ashram turn quickly to keep his eyes on her, she let her hand trace his side as he turned. There was part of him that didn't trust her and wondered what her true motives were. "Shouldn't you report to Monsoon?"

"Well I could make the journey to Banez Rezzt, but it'd be better to juzt meet our grace here." She moved her finger up his stomach to the tattoo over his heart of Modeus' holy symbol. She traced the upside-down star and started to grin seductively. "Pluzz, I get the added bonuz of having time to kill with you. And you know I can warm your bed better than the whore who iz likely zleeping in it."

She was right again. Not just about the bed but their lord Monsoon would be here in half a fortnight.

“Very well, let us make use of the time then.” Ashram responded.

He quickly dispatched some orders to have another overseer woken and take up the supervision of the project. They walked together back to Ashram’s quarters. Once there, the pair entered and stood in the doorway, Avicia moved around behind him, wrapping her arms around his midsection and caressing his pecks. Ashram looked upon the brown-haired whore still sleeping in his bed. Her body sprawled on top of the bed that he needed to make proper use of.

“GET OUT!” He shouted at the whore. She immediately was startled awake. The whore rose out of the bed quickly and grabbed her clothes and sandals.

“Yes, my lord.” She whispered apologetically as she passed him and Avicia. She didn’t even bother to put her dress on, just used it to cover her breasts and stepped out into the night, closing the door behind her.

“Now that we’re alone…” Avicia said, circling around to his front, her pointy fingers and long fingernails grazing his skin. “I’m going to be needing zomething of yourz.”

She slid her hand down over his abs and into his trowsers. She reached for his cock and grasped it with her small slender hands. She squeezed him briefly before he swelled to size and then began fisting him in his pantaloons. Ashram let her hands work him, standing still and nonchalant. If he was enjoying it, the only thing that let her know was the ever-increasing size of his cock as it flexed in her hand. Avicia looked him in his eyes with a look of longing but even more so of conviction.

“I didn’t juzt come here to fuck Azzhram.” She said candidly, keeping eye contact. Her free hand yanked off his pants and his hard cock sprang free to the open air.

“Is that so?” He replied, his gaze stone cold.

“Why yezzz,” She replied. “I want your seed Lord Azzhram… I want you to sire me a child…”

“You know what the requires of me.” He stated. “Do you realize the weight of such a request upon myself and my god?”

Ashram was more than willing to father a child, but because of his holy status he would have ask for Modeus’ blessing. This would be a different than any encounter with a common whore. He would have to pray during the act, administer a sacred rite. Ashram had been endowed with many powers from Modeus for his sworn devotion. One of which gave him the ability to share physical pain with subjects that commit to verbal contract with him. A ritual called “language of the pain.” Usually Ashram would use the rite to bolster his vitality in battle, spreading his wounds amongst his followers. The blessing he was going to ask for was a variation in this ritual, meant to bless the woman for being a willing vessel for Modeus’ devout subject’s children. However, instead of sharing pain, this specific version would take Ashram’s

pleasure and transfer it *all* to the woman. In return, any satisfaction Ashram had would be replaced with pain. This pain was meant to be a test to Modeus' devout. If they couldn't bear through the pain, they were not worthy of bearing children. Ashram was no stranger to pain and he would be honored to administer the rite in the name of his god.

"Yezz…" She said, answering his question, affirming that she was prepared. Whether she was or not didn't matter. The only thing that did was her confirmation of entering into verbal contract with Ashram and his god.

She kissed along his chest while her hand still stroked away. She knelt down in front in front of Ashram and held his cock straight up and flicked her tongue at his balls. Avicia licked them slowly with the thick part of her tongue before working up to the base of his cock. She cupped her mouth along the side of his shaft and rocked her head back and forth. She extended her tongue and slid it along his length until she reached the crown. Ashram watched on in the dim lantern light of the room as the dark elf slowly licked his head, encircling it, and getting it wet with her saliva.

"I know thiz izz the starting pozition for the woman for Modeus' blezzing." She affirmed with Ashram before she slid her lips over the head and engulfed Ashram's cock in her mouth, twisting her head slightly as he descended, the girth of his cock stretching her tiny mouth as her lips glided down the smooth shaft. Ashram restricted his pleasure, keeping his stern composure as Avicia's head moved up and down slowly on his cock. Her mouth must have filled with saliva making the shaft extremely wet as her head continued to bob and suck on him.

"Why, yes this is where it can start." He replied, letting the hot little elf nurse his cock. "But it doesn't truly begin until I will it so."

Avicia slid her lips off of his cock and looked up at him.

"Please begin my lord." She asked.

And with that Ashram began the ritual, springing into action. His hand quickly came down on the back of Avicia's scalp. He was certain to use the hand that had a tattoo on the palm that match the one on his chest. However, this tattoo was lined in silver flake. He remembered receiving the tattoo after accepting Modeus as his god and lord. It was a painful day, but it was the best day of his life.

The sudden movement surprised her and she flinched instinctively. Ashram was too strong however and caught her before she could attempt moving away. With a strong solid grip on her hair he forced Avicia down on his cock. Her mouth opened just in the knick of time to accept his cock into her mouth. She whimpered slightly as his swiftly cock disappeared from view, pressing against the back of her mouth and against her throat. Ashram didn't stop there and continued to press into her throat. Avicia looked up at him, her eyes wide in surprise, it was obvious she didn't know the first step of the rite or else she would have been prepared to choke. He buried his member deep into her throat and held her head there with her lips pressed up

against the very base of his cock. Avicia began to choke on him and snorted out her nose. Her gag reflex began to trigger as a tear strayed from her opened eyes. She began to struggle and try to pull away but Ashram held her in place easily. She whimpered and coughed as his cock filled her throat uncomfortably. The tear from her eye ran down cheek and fell to the floor. Now the breeding ritual of language of the pain could begin.

"My whore suffocates…" Ashram said solemnly, his voice the tone of prayer. The upside star of Modeus tattooed on his chest and hand began to glow crimson with divine power. He continued to hold her down on his cock until he completed the first stanza. "priming me to plant seeds of fate. Forced love, to mate... I beg thee Modeus, trap us within our hate."

He released his grip and let the drow fall away from his hard cock. She gasped for air and began to cough violently. He stood above her, at attention, as the air began to fill her lungs, bringing her back to a semi-normal state. She had made it through the hardest part of the ritual for the female. Not choking and passing out was a sign of an acceptable vessel for Modeus. Ashram reached down and grabbed Avicia just above the elbow and pulled her to her feet and began undressing her, untying the cords that held her leathers tightly to her body. She tried to assist him but he quickly waved her hands away. It was important to the ritual that his glowing hand disrobe the vessel. The rite needed to be performed correctly, meticulously to Modean law, or else the blessing will not take.

"We give, thine take." Ashram continued his disciplined chanting as he methodically removed her leathers. Wisps of black and red smoke began emanating from the glow of his tattooed holy symbols as his spell began to swell with power. His tattoos began to tingle from a devilish heat. A pain that he welcomed wholeheartedly.

"A life you forsake!" He shouted his voice raising to a demanding shout. He pushed the dark elf down to his bed. She submissively fell down on top of it, resting the top of her body on her elbows at the edge of the bed. She spread her legs enticingly for Ashram, showing her luscious bare pussy, ripe for the taking. He stepped in closer to the foot of the bed, his hard cock lengthened in from of him as he postured himself between her legs.

"A new gift of youth…" Ashram continued, his voice returning to a normal chant. He grabbed her legs just above the knees, spreading them wider. "Your blessing turns its lie to truth."

As he finished the verse, his tattoos erupted from a glow to a fiery fury. The pain he felt increased, but he didn't seem to mind, letting the pain empower his resolve. This was but a mere fragment of the power of this spell, he wasn't even halfway through the ritual. With discipline, he guided his cock to the lips of her pussy, pausing at her opening.

"Disrobed, press in!" Ashram shouted as he leaned in and slowly pressured into her pussy. He slid in past her lips and met a little resistance. As he did so, Avicia yelped in surprise. Normally she would have grimaced in pain as the walls of her pussy stretched to accommodate

his massive girth. But instead this pain was transferred to Ashram, his spell replacing any of her discomfort with pleasure. Avicia hooked her legs around his waist forcing him inside until he buried his stiff cock into her welcoming cunt. Her tight pussy began to tremble around his thick shaft, accommodating his penis until she was completely filled by him. The ritual doubled her pleasure, a gift from Modeus for being a willing vessel. She moaned out uncontrollably as the increased pleasure washed through her. She couldn't contain it and shivered abruptly. Only mere seconds after he filled her an orgasm was taking hold of her body. She felt the power of the climax wash over her, savoring the moment as it swept through her.

Ashram watched his whore trembled below him, her body spasming around his cock. While she was lost in ecstasy, the pain from the spell increased for him. He felt burning in his tattoos and a cold stinging all along his skin. His mind clouded briefly as the pain washed through him, constricting his thought. With sheer discipline Ashram powered through, turning the familiar sting into something real, his god would expect nothing less. He turned the pain back on itself and dispersed the cloud of doubt. Replacing with a strength that made him feel alive.

"Let the breeding begin!" Ashram recited.

It was time to give her what she and Modeus desired. He backed his cock out until just his head was lodged inside her opening, and with a vigorous thrust, he buried his stiff cock all the way into Avicia's pussy. He began to fuck her steadily, rocking his cock back and forth inside of her. Her hands grabbed at her hair as she moaned in extreme pleasure. Ashram grip fastened just above her knees, securing his dominance. He was allowed to only touch her with his cock and hold her in place. Any other showing of affection was forbidden, that was Modeus' job. The wisping smoke from his holy symbols filled the air, drifting around Avicia. The smoke seemed to take a form of its own, organizing into two long slender appendages that wrapped around her breasts and rubbed slowly at her nipples with divine force. Ashram quickened his pace, pistoning his cock into her hungry cunt. Avicia continued to moan, her breath becoming short, her voice rising in pitch until it became a piercing shriek.

"The blessing of your pain…" He continued. The pain in his tattoos and body was immense, but he did not care. It was just mere assurance from his divine lord that he was vindicated in his actions. "...my loss becomes thine's gain!"

Acivia looked down toward her pussy, marveling at his cock pumping in and out of her pussy. "YES! Fuck me! FUCK my pussy!"

The tentacles of red smoke pressed her back roughly onto the bed as Ashram began driving into her with earnest, gripping her legs for more leverage. She pressed her heels into his ass to lend to his thrusts. He fucked her briskly as one of the trails of smoke discontinued it assault on her breast and began smoothing over her clit. Every time Ashram pressed in, he felt a sharp stab of pain. He welcomed it, thrusting deeper to increase it, for the shock empowered him further to invoke the will of his lord and master. A smile spread across his face as he focused the pain, twisting it into pleasure of successful accomplishment.

“Ugh uh uh UH OHHH!” Avicia cried in ecstasy. The sensations were too much and her body began to rise again to climax. "OH FUCK MY LORD, I'M CUMMING!"

She screamed and she bucked her head upward, her ass and pussy shuddering against his shaft as it impaled her. He buried every thrust all the way inside her as her second orgasm seized her body, her pussy bursting around his cock as she trembled through waves of pleasure. Her eyes rolled into the back of her skull as she panted and gasped as Ashram continued to pound her hard from above. Her clit was peering out from her hood as the smoked rubbed wildly around it, increasing the uncontrollable quaking of her hips, sending her into a third orgasm almost immediately after the second.

“UGHHHHHHHHHHHH!” Avicia screamed out with the full force of her lungs.

She was overwhelmed with Modeus’ gifts and Ashram knew that she may pass out soon from the intensity of the increased pleasure. He needed to make haste and plant his faithful seed before she did or the ritual would botch. Ashram’s vision began to fade to black from the pain shooting through every limb of his body, giving him the sign to complete the final stanza of the prayer.

“Pure black, looking clear.” He chanted, the dark cloud of the pain cleared from his mind. As it did his cock began to swell within Avicia’s gripping cunt, sending him closer to the edge. He pressed in with his hard penis, filling her with his girth. He pounded her tiny pussy below with savage abandon, she pressed back onto him slamming her body on his hard rod. His breathing became rapid and Ashram' balls began to churn. The smoke exuding from his holy symbols quickly crept into Avicia’s mouth and pussy, and soon after her eyes began to haze to with same color as the mist. Her body lurched forward, spasming as the will of Ashram’s divine lord filled her with its mist, spreading to her nerves and sending waves pleasure through every vein in her body. The smoke seemed to fill every crevice inside her, sending a bright tingle throughout her pussy, preparing her womb for Ashram’s seed.

“Our work is done soon here, giving back unto thee. To give back which used to be.” He groaned as his balls tensed and his cock swelled inside her. Ashram couldn't hold it back any longer, the ritual was sending him over the edge and finally, he buried his cock to the hilt and released. The will of Modeus replaced any pleasure of climax with a sting that shackled Ashram’s body. A pain so huge it could only be warded off by reciting the final lines of the hymn.

“Pain! Misery! I suffer unto thee!” He shouted out, revoking his pain, distributing amongst his body, and recycling it back to empower his will. “...Language... of the... Pain!”

He straightened his body in discipline and pumped spurt after spurt of his blessed seed inside her as she continued to writhe in pleasure beneath from the pleasurable onslaught of the red mist. Avicia bucked her head as he sent a massive hot jet of cum splashing against her cervix. Her pussy caressed his shaft as he spent his seed, filling every fold within her completely.

“OHH YES MY LORD!” Avicia screamed. “I can feel you cumming in me! Ughhh!”

Ashram continued firing hot pulses of semen inside her. Avicia’s hips shivered over his cock as his balls emptied, finally they were spent. She collapsed on top of the bed, her head rolling to the side, not having the strength to hold herself up. The mist in her eyes fades as her mouth fell open, the red smoke of Modeus escaped slowly as she exhaled, dispersing into the air. Her eyes closed quietly as she rolled over and immediately fell asleep. Ashram noticed that no mist escaped from her pussy lips, for whatever had entered, intended to stay within her for the next nine months.

With his ritual complete, Ashram slid his cock out of her. He used his grip on her legs to press them shut, closing them in front of him as he stepped away. The ordeal had gone as expected, successful. He knew deep inside of his mind that Modeus’ favor glowed brightly, Ashrams sacrifice of pleasure had not gone unnoticed.

He collapsed in exhaustion next to his elf. He had passed the test of Modeus’ holy rite, but he wondered what his lord’s plans were for him. Why would Modeus want to bring his child into Thayrune at such a dark time? Would Avicia’s womb even be able harbor his child safely? War was about break out across the southern coasts of Clymyr and Avicia would be needed behind enemy lines. This was a new complication, but it was the will of his god. All questions may be unanswered for now. As Ashram’s eyes closed and drifted to sleep, he knew whatever his god’s plans were, they would be explained eventually.