

## ***The Witches Bound: Kingu***

The depths of the Western Redoubt of the Knights Templar echoed with the dying screams of its last inhabitants. A troop of armored ghosts broke through the doors to the war room in the Redoubt's depths, as Sylvaen, the Witch of Kingu, strode through to face her prey. A pair of Templar chaplains began to chant spells of control, and Sylvaen flicked her fingers, sending iron chains to punch through them, pulling out their souls as they fell dead to the ground.

Sylvaen was from the southwest isles, a moderately tall, sun-tanned and freckled woman appearing to be in her early thirties, with wavy locks of red hair and muscles toned by a mixture of exercise and magic. She was wearing her ceremonial black and silver armor, carefully sculpted to accentuate every curve of her large breasts and rear, with the arms and lower legs bare and a long black cape fluttering in a conjured breeze behind her. In a fair fight, it would be worse than useless; the curves would cause blades to slide *towards* vulnerable spots, and the silver was too thin to stop a determined thrust. But Sylvaen had not lived for nearly a hundred and fifty years by fighting fair.

Across from Sylvaen, Claudia Felice stood from her chair in front of a large, ornate table with a map of Rabshekah laid out on it. Aside from the now-dead chaplains, the Divine Commander of the Western Company was alone in the room, an older woman with grey streaks in her brown hair, wearing simple, functional armor; the only concession to her rank was the gold collar inlaid around her suit's neck. "So this is it, then."

"This is it," Sylvaen agreed. "You seem to have inconvenienced Carena and Marius, but their spirits are things of indirect power, chaos and disease. I am a far different beast." She raised her hand, and fifty armored ghosts manifested behind her. "Ready to join your friends?"

"You summoned the ghosts of the Templars you killed ten years ago to kill us again."

"Yes, and when I'm done here, I'll be using you to hunt down and destroy the rest of your order, and then I'll force you to serve me however I want." Sylvaen's smile was cruel. "You should have killed yourself before I arrived, Commander. Now you've lost."

"That was the problem," Claudia said. "Your spirit is a creature of war, of power. You draw your arcana directly from your victims, denying them even the comfort of death." As she took a step around the table, Sylvaen yawned dramatically and clenched her fist. The Commander let out a garbled sound of agony as her armor was crushed by an invisible fist, crumpling to the floor.

Sylvaen shook her head, turning to go. She closed her eyes, focusing for a moment, and nodded. "And that's the last of the rats," she said with satisfaction.

“To bind a witch,” Claudia’s voice came from behind her, “you have to block them from the source of their power.”

Sylvaen spun around, raising her hands to cast another spell. But the Templar was still lying dead on the ground. “What is this?” she hissed.

A pair of cold hands reached out from behind, brushing against her skin as they passed through the sides of her breastplate, undoing the clasps in the process. Skeletal fingers dug into her sides, and Sylvaen shrieked in surprise as she twitched away. She spun around, blasting the intruder with her full power. It took more energy than she’d expected; whoever had hidden the attacker among her ghosts had given it the same wards against dissolution she armored her slaves with.

“That was a mistake,” she hissed as her soldiers closed ranks around her. “You had one opening, and you wasted it on games.”

Something sharp pressed through her cloak, cutting her armor straps at the shoulders. Before she could process it, human nails were running lightly down her back, drawing another shriek as her body spasmed against her will. Sylvaen didn’t even turn this time. She channeled all of her power to obliterate the intruder as her breastplate clattered to the floor, then reached out to place a shield around the area and ensure that only her own ghosts could remain within. Then she reached out a hand towards the nearest Templar ghost; her energies were running low, but that was nothing that absorbing his soul couldn’t solve.

Instead of being absorbed, the Templar reached out in return, grabbing Sylvaen by the wrist with one hand and using his other to tickle her exposed forearm.

Before she could parse the realization, the other Templars were on her. Two ghosts grabbed each of her arms, hauling her backwards. Two more descended on each leg, lifting her into the air. Sylvaen reached for another spell, which collapsed as another ghost stepped through his fellows, reaching down to run his sharp nails up and down her thighs. “How dare you!” she roared, desperate not to lose her composure as she felt a giggle welling up inside her.

“In your case,” Claudia’s voice came again, “the source of your power was very literal. To stop you, you had to be made powerless.” Sylvaen looked over as the Templar’s ghost rose out of her broken flesh, walking across the room.

“I’ll destroy your soul!” Sylvaen roared. She clenched her teeth, gathering the last scraps of her power, but the spell scattered as the ghosts holding her strode backwards, slamming her down across the map table. The Templars didn’t even let go; they simply walked through the table, the ones holding her arms pulling them above her head and

bending them back over the table's edge, while those at her legs pulled them spread-eagle along the opposite side.

Claudia's smile could have matched hers for cruelty. "Are you afraid?" the Templar asked, leaning forwards. She reached down, pulling off Sylvaen's left boot, and tossed it to one side.

"I'm not afraid of anything!"

"You're afraid of one thing." Claudia knelt at the foot of the table, looking up at Sylvaen. "You're afraid of your own weakness." One hand grabbed Sylvaen's foot, pulling back the toes as the other dug into her sensitive arch. Sylvaen screeched. She tried to pull away, but more ghosts were surrounding her, grabbing her arms and legs, holding her fast, stripping away her armor one piece at a time, tearing gashes in her beautiful cape and pulling apart her light quilted shirt. "Such a simple torment," Claudia mused, her fingers running spiderlike up and down Sylvaen's foot. "A child's cruelty. And you're powerless to stop it."

"NOOAHAAHAHHH!!!" Sylvaen was screaming in earnest now, crimson locks flashing back and forth as she threw her head from side to side. She could see the Templars looking down on her with a mixture of contempt and amusement. "I'LL BUR-HR-HR-NN YO-HOHO-OUR SOULS T-T-T-AHAHAHAH!"

There was a pause, and the probing fingers retreated. "One hand," Claudia said with a grin. "I expected a fight, Witch of Kingu. I thought that we would break you slowly, our ghosts began ground to dust against your resolve. I thought we would need a hundred or more to bring you to justice." She looked down at her foe. "We could have done it with a dozen. But at least this means we're all here to watch you suffer."

Sylvaen twisted against the table as the Templar ghosts pulled off her other boot. There were six hands pulling her arms painfully upwards, six more holding each of her legs against the table. She could feel hands grabbing locks of her hair, pulling her head down. Her armor was scattered on the floor around her, leaving her wearing nothing but a thin undershirt and panties, both already soaked through with sweat.

Sylvaen looked up at the faces of dozens of Templar ghosts surrounding her. She tried desperately to re-establish her control over them, but it felt like trying to push through a stone wall. "How are you doing this?" she gasped.

"We poisoned you," Claudia said, leaning down. Her hands ran over the top of Sylvaen's shirt, pressing it down against her breasts. "We worked a ritual to corrupt our souls, knowing that you would chain them to yourself. And the corruption spread into every ghost you brought with you. You were so arrogant, you never even glanced at our spirits to see if they were safe to consume." She reached down, and her spectral fingers tore

down the front of the thin silk. Sylvean's breasts poured out of their confinement, and Claudia began running her nails across Sylvean's nipples, chasing her as they swung from side to side, watching as her victim tried desperately to keep the Templars from seeing her laugh again. "You were so *weak*," Claudia snarled.

The ghostly Templar gestured, and a set of eight quill pens sitting to one side of the table floated through the air. "And the more powerless you become," she added, "the more of your power is ours."

The quills descended towards Sylvean, who bucked and pulled at the merciless hands pressing her against the table. Two of them flipped lazily as they dropped towards her nipples, the plumes swaying back and forth as they dropped, inch by unbearable inch. At the same time, two more quills drifted to Sylvean's feet, taking position just above her vulnerable arches, and the last two stopped at her stomach, hovering menacingly. Sylvean looked up into Claudia's pitiless eyes and clenched her teeth. She could withstand this. She could gather the scraps of her energy and escape. She could –

The quills descended, and Sylvean realized that she couldn't do anything.

The nibs digging into her feet caused her to spasm as laughter spilled out of her, any attempt at composure lost instantly. Moments later, the feathers on her breasts provided a counter-point, a gentle, insistent sensation that drove her wild and caused a heat to build inside her. And her belly, the scratching across her belly as the quills wrote some invisible penalty, it was more than she could bear. Sylvean's laughter was a desperate, wordless scream, the sensations overwhelming her, hands keeping her from pulling away even an inch from her torment. Everywhere she looked, all she could see was the smug satisfaction of her torturers.

As the torment continued, Sylvean's tormented screams were interspersed by gasps, desperate attempts to gather air between moments. She could feel blackness gathering at the corners of her eyes. She welcomed it, tried to sink into blissful unconsciousness. Instead, she felt the feathers pull away, and a jolt of something powerful pass through it. A moment later, she was awake, lying on the table, sweating and panting for breath. "You don't get to pass out," Claudia purred. "Not now, not ever. Your magic will keep you awake and healthy forever." She leaned down, running a finger over Sylvean's pussy. The witch whimpered and tried to pull back, feeling the rush of sensation, and Claudia chuckled again. "Even your pleasure isn't yours to control any more," Claudia added, and the quills went to work again.

This time, they were cautious, careful. The feathers at her breasts continued their maddening work, curling around the outside of her nipples and gently stroking them. Another quill slipped down to her pussy, the sharp nib finding her clit and alternating between stroking and poking it, playing with it mercilessly. A Templar was at her ear, ghostly tongue licking lightly at the sensitive place just behind it, and a moan slipped out

from between Sylvaen's clenched lips. She closed her eyes, trying to force the sensations away, and then they shot open as Claudia's tongue licked her pussy, her thighs clenching against the hands holding them still as the Templar commander had her way with her. Sylvaen groaned and twisted and pulled, but the teasing was as relentless as the tickling had been. Overstimulated, exhausted, she felt an orgasm building inside her. "Noooo...." she moaned, trying to force it down.

"Yes," Claudia said softly, "show us your surrender."

It was all too much. Sylvaen's back arched as she came, letting out a scream that echoed through the room. As she did, one of the Templars pushed the tightly rolled-up bundle of her ruined clothing underneath her back, forcing her back to stay arched as the orgasm rolled through her. She collapsed against it, panting, feeling the eyes on her, a blush of shame and arousal hiding her freckles.

"There," Claudia said. "Do you see? It's so easy to give up. And, of course, after such a lovely moment you are so sensitive..."

Sylvaen's eyes shot open as the threat penetrated, but it was too late.

Every inch of Sylvaen's body was attacking by probing fingers. Hands ran up and down her sides like spiders, digging in to find the most sensitive points to assault. More dug into her armpits, rhythmically pulling. Every toe was pulled back by a different Templar, whose other hand dug into the spots in between. Someone was underneath her, running their fingers around her ass, hand poking through the thing fabric between her and the table. The Templar ghosts had full control over whether they passed through objects or could manipulate them, and they took full advantage, layering on each other to reach more spots that Sylvaen could have imagined.

Her world dissolved into overwhelming sensation. Her eyes were unfocused, as she screamed laughter without the ability to even form words. Everywhere she looked, a Templar's face was looking back at her, grinning with cruel mockery. She tried to squeeze her eyes closed and someone reached up and pulled back her eyelids, pushing her head down to force her to watch what was being done with her. The edges of her vision were black, she was gasping for breath between peals of tortured laughter, but every time she felt her consciousness start to slip the power of her magic pulled her back to full awareness. There were just so many of them, so many points of agony, nothing that she could do...

And then it all stopped. Sylvaen gasped for breath, held fast against the table, and looked up at Claudia through tear-filled eyes. "I can release you," she begged between breaths. "I can send you all on. You don't have to be trapped here. You can reach your heaven."

“This is our heaven,” Claudia said. “Acting as the wardens of your hell. None of your servants know the location of this redoubt. If any explorers find it, our patrols will deal with them. You will remain here, with us, forever.”

Sylvaen’s only response was frenzied laughter as the Templars went back to work, her desperation and surrender echoing through the halls of the redoubt, fading away long before it reached the surface.