

The Guild Innocent

“Well, hello, there. You must be our newest Innocent.”

“Excuse me?” The woman who walked through the door was a tall, willowy human with dark skin and long, black hair. Eja looked her up and down thoughtfully, as she stood defiantly in the doorway, masking fear and doubt with bluster.

Eja chuckled gently, slithering over to the woman. “Sorry. It’s our term for our new members, the ones who haven’t been marked yet. I’m Eja. I work as the receptionist here, and cover some healing duties.” Eja lifted the chart she was holding. “I’ll be gathering information about your capabilities, and your limits.”

The woman let Eja take her hand. Eja could feel her shiver slightly, in equal parts fear and excitement. “My name is Remedy.”

“Nice to meet you, Remedy. Now strip, and lie down on the table.”

Remedy looked like she was considering arguing, but she nodded and pulled off her gown. Underneath her skin was unmarked, muscles detailed but far from pronounced, with large breasts and hips. She walked up to the table, took a deep breath, and laid down on it, lining her head up with the small pillow. “Why do you need this?”

Eja gave her a smile, making a few notes in the behavioral section of the chart. “The Guild of Chains has... particular requirements of its adventurers. You know this, I’m sure. But you may not *understand* it. That is why we need this.” Eja slithered around the table smoothly. “Arms above your head.”

Remedy reached up, and Eja grabbed her wrists and wrapped them tightly in a silk binding, which she stretched out to a pole a foot away. “Will it hurt?” she asked.

“Do you want it to?”

Remedy swallowed. “I don’t know,” she whispered.

“Good. Then we’ll learn together.” Eja returned to the base of the table, tying Remedy’s ankles together the same as her wrists had been. When she was done, the woman was stretched out on the table, muscles taut as she craned her neck to

try and track the little naga. “Try to pull your arms in,” she said, twisting a lever. “Tell me if it’s too much.”

Remedy groaned as the silk ropes began to pull even tighter. She pulled back, straining against her bonds, sweat beading on her brow. Eja made a few more notes. “Why did you come to the Guild of Chains?” she asked. “There are many guilds, and many Emissaries.”

“Everyone thinks I’m a wilting flower,” Remedy gasped, a whimper slipping out between words. “I want to be a warrior, but the Guild of Hunters said I should study the art of the gatekeeper, or the nightblade. They think they know my - aah!”

Eja flicked the lever again, and the ropes loosened by a half-inch. “Not too much?” she asked archly.

“Maybe... just about right...” Remedy gasped out, breathing heavily.

“Then we’ll try the next step.” Eja leaned over, looking down into the other woman’s eyes. As she did, her tail slipped under the table, softly curving around. “So, you want physical prowess, and you think we’ll provide it.”

“They say that *everyone* at the Guild of Chains is... resolute. They laugh at wounds, dance with pain, and ahahahah!!” Remedy’s words dissolved into a scream of laughter as Eja’s tail rose up on her other side, dancing across her armpit. “Whahaahaa aaare yooou-hoo-hooooo heeee!!” Her entire body twisted back and forth, dancing away from the offending tail, but the ropes hold her kept her from doing more than curving a couple inches towards Eja.

Eja’s tail slid up and down Remedy’s side, as the naga ruthlessly took notes on her chart. “There are many sorts of suffering,” she said with a smile. “And an Innocent needs to experience them all to know what they want to become.” Her tail slid across Remedy’s stomach, and the woman twisted again, managing to flop onto her side as she tried to cover herself.

“Ca-ahhahah-an I fi-hi-hi-hiiight it??”

“Of course! Fight all that you want. And remember, *tell me if it’s too much.*”

“Ne-heh-ehehehever!” Remedy wailed, tears pouring from her eyes as Eja’s tail dipped down, running across the sensitive skin over her ass. She’d been tickled before, plenty of times. Held down by cousins who teased her, told her that only a little girl would give in to tickling and it showed how weak she was. This was different. Eja didn’t sound cruel. She didn’t seem like she was trying to *make* Remedy give up. She just *wanted to know*.

Somehow, that made it feel different. Intimate. Remedy gave in to the tickling, screaming out with laughter as she twisted back and forth helplessly on the table, knowing that at any moment she could give in and no one would judge her, and losing herself in laughter instead.

And then Eja’s focus shifted. As Remedy closed her eyes, trying to breathe through the feeling of that scaly tail squirming up and down her body, running through her toes and across her soles, she felt a pair of hands touch her thighs, running gently up towards her most sensitive parts. “Remember,” Eja said, voice firm, “it’s always alright to say that it’s too much. This is an examination, after all, not a test.” Her fingers found Remedy’s pussy, and the woman’s strangled laughter dissolved into gasps of pleasure as Eja’s nimble fingers began to tease her. “You’re here to learn what your limits are. What you fear, and what you *need*. Do you need this?”

Remedy moaned softly. This was nothing like the clumsy lovers she’d taken back in her small farming village. “I need this,” she admitted.

The tail returned, and she shrieked with laughter as Eja scraped across her toes. “Can you take it? Even screaming, gasping for breath? Can you steal pleasure from torment, little innocent?”

“I ca-ha-haaaaaaaaaaa!!!!” The answer Remedy had been straining for came in a single torrent, as Eja’s fingers pressed deep inside her. The ticklish sensations sweeping over her combined with the pleasure, every fiber of her being narrowing to a single point of desire, the naga’s words drilling down into her soul as she erupted in an orgasm like nothing she’d ever experienced.

For a moment, she blacked out. When her vision returned, she could feel Eja stroking her cheek, looking down at her approvingly. “Did I pass?” she murmured.

“I told you, it’s not a test. But I liked the results.” Eja grinned, wiping her hands on a cloth before writing a few more things down. “We’ll give you a few minutes to cool off, and then we’ll move on to the next stages.”

“How many stages are there?”

“You’ve covered sensitivity. There’s physical pain of a few sorts, deprivation, endurance.” Eja grinned wickedly. “You’ve got a long day ahead of you. But just between the two of us, I think you’re going to fit in *just fine*.”

Remedy smiled shyly. “Then bring it on,” she said, bracing herself for whatever came next. She was still nervous, but she agreed with Eja. This guild was exactly what she needed.