

Spoils of War

Grand Duchy of Traleigh
388 SE

The fall of Traleigh had been swift and merciless.

Hanna walked through the city at the head of a small squad of soldiers. Traleigh was well-fortified, its central palace surrounded by thick, stone walls covered in centuries of wards. The walls were impenetrable, couldn't be teleported through or flow over, and extended ten feet down into the earth below. They had made the Duchess of Traleigh feel invulnerable, and when her feud with the neighboring nation of Bowdenmore had spiraled out of control she had lured its baron into a siege that she believed would ruin his lands long before her defenses cracked.

She hadn't counted on Bowdenmore's secret ties to a local mercenary band. The Grim Hand hadn't needed to breach the walls at all; their leader had simply walked invisibly up to the fortress in the middle of the night, taken mental control of the guards, and forced them to open the gates. The Hand had occupied the walls within minutes, and the forces of Bowdenmore simply marched into the city as death rained down on its defenders from above. Now all that was left was to parcel out the spoils.

Hanna led her troopss into the royal castle, turning down the hall to what had been the Grand Duchess's private audience chambers. She presented herself to the guards at the doors, saluting. "Report from the gates."

"Go on in," the Bowdenmore soldier said. "He's not with anyone at the moment."

Hanna nodded and stepped through the door to the audience chamber, with her soldiers just behind her. It was a stark, stone-walled place, a single window overlooking the courtyard where enemy soldiers had been rounded up and shackled to posts awaiting their release or sale. Baron Dellan was sitting in the throne at one end of the room, alone aside from his captive and his warlord.

The former Grand Duchess of Traleigh was standing perfectly still on one side of the room. She was a tall, stiff woman with lightly copper skin and dark hair tied

back in a braid that ran down to her waist, her features sharp and her body lithe. Earlier in the day, Baron Dellan had received her surrender. His soldiers had forcibly stripped her naked in her grand hall, then forced her to her knees and pierced her nipples with his mercenary's spells, creating a pair of small silver rings that were sealed shut and dangling a pair of bells from them. The Duchess had then been commanded to put on an iron collar, which had sealed itself closed around her neck, permanently marking her as a slave with no name. The collar simply bore the inscription 'Duchess', a cruel reminder of the power she had once wielded. Her braid had been undone and rewoven into two long pigtails, hanging down behind her.

With his slave secured, Baron Dellan had marched her through the halls, her former servants bearing witness to her humiliation, and taken her to the small audience chamber where he was providing pardons, taking oaths of fealty, and punishing would-be escapees. She was now kneeling on the floor next to him, head down and arms crossed behind her back, body quivering as she listened to her kingdom being taken from her piece by piece.

Anaya Grimm, architect of Duchess's downfall, was sitting on a chair in the corner of the room, clearly watching the prisoner and barely seeming to pay attention to the proceedings. The sorcerer was clad from head to toe in black leather, eyes sparkling with mischief as she toyed with a pair of ruby rings on her fingers, gently stroking them like lovers. Only Hanna noticed that each stroke caused Duchess's eyes to widen slightly, and her breath to catch. The sorcerer had tied the rings to Duchess's tits, letting her feel each stroke like a lover, and used her magic to keep Duchess from being able to react in any way.

"Report," the Baron said.

"The city is secure, and the last holdouts have surrendered," Hanna said. "We caught some of the landowners trying to sneak out of the city with their families, and have them under guard."

"Good. We'll give their lands to the most heroic of the soldiers who saved the day," Dellan said thoughtfully. "And those soldiers will choose whether to keep the cowards as slaves, or sentence them to hard labor for trying to evade their oaths of vassalage." He gestured to the other soldiers. "Go and report the situation. I have another mission for Hanna."

“Yes, my lord!” Hanna’s squad saluted as one, hurrying out of the room. Hanna felt something prickle down her spine. Dellan shouldn’t be giving her orders while the *actual* head of the mercenaries was in the room, and the soldiers should have questioned it. But she had a suspicion that she knew why they hadn’t.

With their departure, the room was left empty save for Hanna, the Baron, Duchess and Anaya Grimm. As the doors swung shut behind them, Anaya waved a hand lazily. The Baron stiffened, eyes going blank as he leaned back against the throne. “Well,” Anaya said to her subordinate, “this was fun.”

“Yes, meister,” Hanna said, bowing low. “It was an impressive feat.”

The Duchess’s eyes darted between the other three, brow furrowing in confusion. Seeing it, Anaya smiled more broadly and beckoned her over. Hannah watched as the Duchess, straining to fight the compulsion, began to crawl across the floor towards her new meister, bells jingling lightly as she stopped at the sorcerer’s feet. Anaya leaned back in her chair, placing her boots squarely on the Duchess’s back, and her features began to change. Within moments, Hanna was once again facing Genma, the Witch of Arihelm, their latest disguise cast off.

“Ehn,” Genma said. “If those idiots had maintained the wards on this place, it would have been impressive. You can’t just protect the walls, you need to protect the people in them. Alys wouldn’t have made that mistake. But it netted me a new toy.” They pressed down on the Duchess’s back, and she pressed her head subserviently into the floor, face screwed up in rage and fear. “I think I’ll take her with me when I go.”

“Are we leaving, then?” Hanna asked.

Over the past six years, she’d seen campaigns like this slowly grow. At first, Genma’s faked-up mercenary company had fought small engagements, protecting caravans or raiding neighbours. They’d given themselves permission to use a handful of spells - transformation spells to increase their power, some basic wound-knitting abilities, and most importantly the power to compel actions from enemies. Altogether, it made them appear to be a notable foreign mage, one worth tracking but not one who was invulnerable.

The company had grown, as well. Of the original eleven deserters, the only ones left were Hanna and Franz. Four others had fallen in battle, a pair had tried to run away together and had been captured and buried alive together, and three had

betrayed or failed Genma and been made examples of, the witch transforming them into treasures that had in turn been sold to hire more soldiers, their buyers unaware of the souls suffering within. In their place, the company was now made up of dozens of soldiers, none of whom knew Genma's secret. They only knew that "Anaya" was powerful, whimsical, lustful, and cruel, but that a tour of service with her was a perfect path to retirement in some petty lord's guards. Bowdenmore was merely the latest of these; Genma had clouded his mind, convincing him to hire the Grim Hand despite his kingdom's lack of funds. They found it entertaining to toy with his favorite servants in front of him, wiping their memories of the events afterwards, and to encourage his already-prodigious domineering nature.

Now, however, Genma was looking thoughtful. They sat back, and Duchess quickly stood, walking over to the table and pouring a glass of her finest wine for her captor. She walked back to kneel and offer the glass to Genma, who took it. "No, I think we're done, actually," Genma said.

"I'm not sure I understand." Hanna felt her breath quicken, and she looked down at the rings on Genma's hand.

Genma idly stroked the small ruby in the centre of the ring, listening to Duchess whimper softly. "This has been a lot of fun, Hanna. More fun than I expected, to be honest." They looked down at the panting, resentful face of Duchess, running a hand over her hair like a pet. "Restricting my magic, building up a proper mercenary company, and unravelling the local peace reminded me what I loved about being a witch. I never cared much for ruling people. It was conquering them that I enjoyed. Finding proud bastards like these two and bringing them to heel." The Baron didn't respond to the taunt, but Hanna saw the flush of shame on Duchess's face.

"Then why...?" Hanna started.

"Because I don't want to get too big. We're making waves and taking names," Genma explained. "I've trained a couple of apprentices in the basics, but we brought down a kingdom. Not much of a kingdom, but still a kingdom. If we go any bigger, we're going to be coming up against the Church pretty soon. I think I'm ready to call this one a win and start over. The company will keep going, of course, but Anaya Grimm is going to tragically die of wounds sustained in the fighting. And next time, none of my people will know who I really am. Duchess here will, but she's never going to speak again, and once I'm bored I'll turn her

into a little suffering memento.” She stroked Duchess’s cheek, watching the dawning horror in her eyes. “Would you like that, babe? Turned into a little slutty statue begging for release, sitting on my shelf gathering dust? Maybe I’ll take away your sight and hearing, so the only thing you can feel is this...” She stroked the ring and Duchess gasped from the surge of pleasure. “Or maybe I’ll let you see me play with new toys. I haven’t decided yet.”

Genma turned their attention back to Hanna. “Anyway, like I said. The fun part is conquering, and being underestimated, so I’ll shift up the tools I let myself use and start over on another part of the continent.”

Hanna saluted. “Yes, meister,” she said. “Am I coming with you, or staying with the troops?”

Genma chuckled. They stood, leaving the Duchess kneeling behind them, and looked Hanna up and down. “Always a clever one, aren’t you?” they said. “Clever tactics, clever words, even clever in bed.” Their smile grew predatory. “I suppose we could say that you’re staying with the troops, yes.”

Hanna swallowed. She dropped to one knee. “Meister...” she started.

The words died in her throat, and Hanna began to gasp, breasts heaving as she tried to breathe around the sudden obstruction. “The thing about this game I’m playing,” Genma explained casually as her subordinate fell to both knees, “is that it has certain failure states. One of them is if the Church realizes that I’m alive and uses their old tricks against me. So you can imagine that having *anyone* know who I really am isn’t ideal. I’ve been able to space out your comrades’ fates, make sure that no one ran, and now it’s time to finish the job. I’m afraid that Franz is dying downstairs right now; I transformed him to look like me, gave him a few incurable wounds, and put him in a coma. He’ll be dead within the hour, and no one will question where Anaya went. I also made sure that no one but you saw me in here, so you don’t have to worry about the other soldiers telling tales.”

That was the absolute last thing that Hanna was worried about. She tried to gasp out a plea, but Genma’s magic was tight around her throat. As soon as she tried to speak, her air was cut off again, and she clawed helplessly at the floor.

“Which leaves us with you. Clever, clever you. I really wasn’t quite sure what to do with you. I thought of transforming you and bringing you along as an object.” Genma snapped their fingers, and Hanna was pulled up by an invisible hand, arms

and legs splayed out spread-eagle in the air. Her uniform unravelled in front of her, reforming into thin iron chains that hung in the air around her. “But then it occurred to me that I need two bodies.”

Hanna felt the uncomfortable sensation of her skin and bones stretching, and looked down to see that her hands were taking on the same copper hue as Duchess’s. Her hair unfurled and exploded down her back, tying itself into braids, as she felt her muscles melt away to be replaced by the lean body of the slave in front of her. She’d seen this trick before, from the outside, but she’d never experienced it. It left her skin flushed and tingling and her body aching faintly.

She stared at Genma helplessly, trapped in her meister’s grasp, as the chains hanging around her began to press back down. They wrapped around her arms, pulling them into a tight V behind her back, and Hanna gave out a silent scream of pain as she felt her shoulders strain under the weight. More chains wrapped around her chest, above and below her now much larger breasts, and a pair of rings pressed down on her nipples, which twisted themselves to form bloodless piercings for her. An iron collar pressed down on her throat, and her pigtails formed on either side of her, hanging down past her waist. Finally, the chains wrapped around her legs, leaving her in a splayed frogie on the ground, breasts thrust out and recently-shaved pussy on display.

“Now,” Genma said, “Baron Dellan will have *his* Duchess, and I will have mine. I’ll be taking this one; she’s still full of fire and resentment, and I’m looking forward to seeing what it takes to tame her. You can stay here and enjoy your new life as the Baron’s slave.”

With the transformation complete, Hanna collapsed to the ground, feeling the strain of the iron holding her and the residual sensitivity of the spell. She looked up helplessly as her former meister, who looked down at her with a cruel smile. Hanna opened her mouth to beg, but all that came out was a quiet groan.

Genma’s smile grew. “I’ve been working on this spell for some time. It’s stripped language from you. You can understand it, but you can’t speak, can’t write, will never be able to tell anyone anything. Which is fine. Dellan doesn’t want you for your words, and I’ve included a subtle compulsion within him not to question how you’ve lost your voice.”

As she spoke, Dellan stood from the throne. He walked down towards Hanna, staring down at her with lust in his eyes.. “Guards,” he called out, and the guards

at the door came in. They ignored Genma and Duchess, staring down at Dellan and his false captive. "I'm finished with sentencing for the day," Dellan said. "I believe that Duchess here needs to apologize to the soldiers she led to failure. Drag her out to the yard, and have every own of the captives we took force her to apologize with her body. Any soldier that does so will be allowed to go free, and any that does not will be sold to the Marengi markets. I will watch from above." He stared down at Hanna with cold eyes. "You should have thought twice before you began burning my farms, Duchess. I will make sure that you spend *years* paying for it."

"There you go!" Genma said brightly, as the guards reached down, one grabbing each of her pigtails. "We're each going to start a new game. I'll be leaving to found a new mercenary company, and you'll be working your way back up from being a publicly used slave. But I'm merciful. I'll stop by in five years, and if you're still here I'll take you to my new operations. You just have to hold out until then. Doesn't that sound like fun?"

Hanna opened her mouth. "Uuuuhhh." She moaned helplessly as the guards began to walk out of the room, her moan turning into a yelp of pain as they pulled on her hair, toppling over on her back as she was slowly dragged from the room. Dellan followed along behind, watching her struggle against her restraints as she was taken towards the yard.

Left behind, Genma stroked the hair of the real Duchess, looking down into her fear-filled eyes. "Time for us to go, my little wench," they said. They reached down, tapping the collar, and the name on it changed from DUCHESS to WENCH. Long strands of black fabric swirled around the slave, covering her in a ribboned skirt that covered her genitals, and a corset that pushed up her bare breasts, leaving them on display for the world. "I'm not going to bother changing how you look, but we should do something about this..."

Genma snapped her fingers, and Duchess's hair fell off, cascading down around her and leaving her with a short pixie cut. The former aristocrat sobbed softly, seeing the last vestige of her pride stolen away, and Genma patted her on the head. "I like my pets to have less hair than me," they said. "Now come along. You'll be carrying my supplies, and I'll be sure to give you some treats if you don't drop anything."

They led their new pet out the back, as the sounds of jeering began to rise from the courtyard. All in all, Genma thought, this was a good decision. They couldn't wait to see what came next.