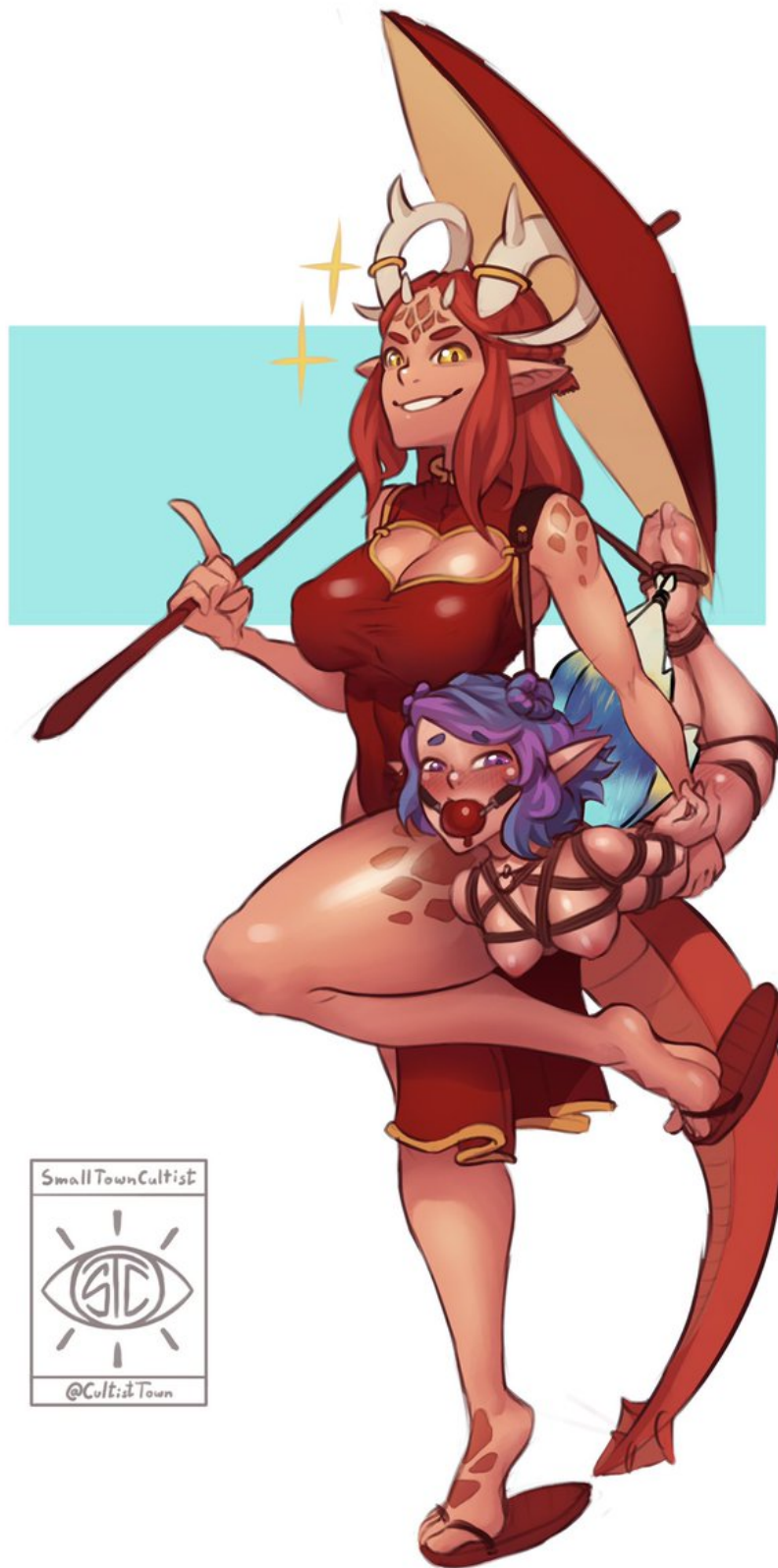


Commission for: TruedoubleJ
-Navara makes a new friend-



“Aye’ knife ear! You deaf? I said no mutts in the tavern and I wuddent’ lyin’, little bitch can stay in the kennels with the rest of em’!” The guard’s gruff voice carried an eclectic accent Navara could only assume was acquired from years of illiteracy and time spent doing menial labor in a dismal little village like Bleakbridge. The flys buzzed lazily around the portly dwarves’ dingy, dreadlocked hair and long unkempt beard in search of the leftovers from his last feast that still clung to his chin. He pointed his pudgy finger to the small human girl with life like canine paws and a leather muzzle that knelt in the dirt between them, cocking his head to the side as he looked over the pups pointy ears and wagging tail and registered nothing but an animal.

What a pig, poor little Trinket will have to spend a night in the kennels. Saves me a coin anyway. Probably be filthy and stinking by the morning though. The half dragon elf thought to herself for a moment as she kicked the mud from her boots outside the tavern door, eager to rest her tired body after the long journey she and her party had endured. She let out a small sigh as she looked down at her little magical bondage clad puppygirl, if she hadn’t burned all her spells on the way she might have been able to charm her way out of it for the pups sake but it looked like tonight the Canis Cleric was going to have to sleep with some company in the kennels. At least it was a warm night.

Navara pushed a piece of her flowing, shoulder length, crimson hair behind her ear and raised her chin so that her horns gave her a solid hand or so of height on the aging dwarf before she spoke so she could be sure she was looking down at him. She puffed out her chest just slightly to display the intricate golden trimming that decorated her Purpled steel chestplate and tassets, attempting to assert her authority over the situation by flaunting the fact that she had more money on her chest than the pathetic man made in 5 years.

Navaras eyes glinted in the moonlight as she peered down at him, a devilish smirk spreading across her face as she spoke again. “Yeah yeah yeah, I heard you fine old man. Racist pigs like you are fine in the tavern, dogs aren’t. Just make sure you feed her and dont mess with any of her gear. If you hurt my pet ill make sure its you whos little prick it is I come cut off first.” She giggled to herself as she handed the little puppy girl’s leash over to the bouncer, patting the girl on the head a few times as she slipped the pup one last small, bone shaped treat and followed her party into the dimly lit tavern without another word to the brutish guard.

The Air inside the tavern was as stuffy and thick as any other she had been granted the displeasure of needing a room in, ripe with the stench of sweat and other unpleasantries that wafted from the unwashed townsfolk. “Hope this whole shithole isn’t brimming with these racist old pigs. Doesn’t seem like too many foreigners come through there by the looks of it does it luv?” Navara smiled at one of her party members, Maxine, a spunky, redheaded human thief girl she had met a while back and grown fond of after they had shared some nice fireside chats while traveling.

Maxine replied with her usual sweet slightly northern accent, she and the three other members of her motley crew of adventurers slipping into the chairs around a small table in a quiet corner

of the tavern and finally resting their feet after the long journey. "If anyone makes any problems Sweets, I'll make sure to help myself to a coin from their purse for every sly glance one of these shitheads gives us. We're only here for the night, tomorrow we will be back to civilization and it won't matter. Besides, we're celebrating! That little mutt of yours scored us the heist of a lifetime by getting that vault open. You'd have never caught me dead trying to fit that gigantic perverted relic in me snatch just to open a door, but your little pup seemed to take it in stride. Gonna be like tossing a sausage down a well for you boys next time."

Navara smirked a devilish grin, thinking about the adventure they had just been on and just how kinky it had all been for having been an actual job. The artifact that had sealed the door to the vault they had been raiding was the sculpted gemstone of some enormous monster's erect cock, the inscription on the door inciting a female user to ensure that the relic was all the way inside them for the magic to unlock the vault. She certainly wasn't going to do it either, but luckily the clerical order of the bitch goddess Canis had been training their little nymphomaniac puppy girl priestesses for just such a task for centuries and she had managed to get her hands on one for herself.

"She's on a holy mission Maxine, she will do whatever I say to please that little goddess of hers. What are you jealous she better at following commands than you luv? If you like im sure she would be happy to teach you how so you can take my strap better." Them men at the table burst into laughter as she continued. "Be happy their church practices monetary humility and we don't have to pay her for her services, her sacrifice means more food in your belly. Speaking of paying, I should be a bottle of wine deep by this time in the evening." Navara looks to the bar, spotting the barkeep and the selection of bottles behind him and rising to order drinks. "The usual mead for you max? The rest of you can get your own drinks, you're grown men." Maxine nodded yes and Navara made her way to the bar, swinging her hips and tail side to side behind her as she strode through the dimly lit tavern.

The bar was filled with the usual weather worn faces of townsfolk drinking off their worries after long days in the fields and markets that places like these held, without much diversity when it came to the clientele Navara felt as if she were sticking out like a sore thumb. That was of course until another of the bar's patrons caught her eye, one much less common than even a half elf like her. Sitting on the bar counter surrounded by a small group of seemingly adoring onlookers was a small woman, elven in appearance save for her halfling sized body and the set of shimmering, moth-like wings that sprouted from her back. The fairy's hair was the same blended combination of blues and violet that made up her wings, small magic sparkles forming at the tips and disappearing into the air every so often as she spoke.

The dress she wore was gorgeous and showed off her full bust, the black and crimson fabric clung tightly to the girl's slender figure and accented a seamless silver collar that glistened in the lamplight as she moved. She spoke with a sweet tone, sarcastic, but sweet. Her calm demeanor and brightly coloured hair and wings contrasted the clothing she wore drastically, her dress was certainly still more cutesy than revealing and displaying more than a few extra frilly bits of lace

and bows that would make it look almost doll-like with the petticoat and stockings she wore were it not for its dark color palette and the girls many spiked accessories.

A fairy this far south of the feywild? And in a dump like this? Navara thought to herself as the barkeep snapped her attention back to the task at hand, the man's tired voice conveying the boring repetition that was tending a keep like this day in and day out. "And what can I get for ya little lady? Got a sweet white on sale I just got in a few days ago. Maybe it could strike your fancy? 5 silver a bottle. One gold a night for room, two for a room with breakfast."

Before she could respond another voice broke the conversation and caught her off guard, sweet and whimsical save for an air of intoxication that clearly clung to her voice. It was the fairy, gesturing to the barkeep as Navaras eyes finally met hers and the girl shot her a cheeky wink. "Aye Bron, you're not gonna drown her in that sweet piss are ya? Can't you see the girl has taste? Get her a Taldore red and quit being a stiff you old codger." The fairy gestured for the two boorish adventurers that had been chatting her up to leave as well, turning her attention to drink in Navara more fully.

Navarra watched as the barkeep shot the two of them a look of dissatisfaction, pausing a moment as he looked back to Navara begrudgingly for confirmation. Navara butted in finally, forcing a more playful tone to try and keep things civil, she still needed to buy a room from the man before the fairy crossed him on her behalf. "Taldore Red is a fine wine, and ill be needing two rooms with meal and a tankard of mead if you have it luv." With that Navara would pull a platinum from her belt and slide it across the bar to the man, his eyes instantly going wide as he snatched it up and disappeared to gather her things.

Navara smirks as she catches the fairies eye again, noticing a similar playfulness on the girl's face and matching the tone with her usual flirtatious teasing. "I see we share that expensive taste luv." She gestures to the half-drunk bottle of wine in the fairy's lap, the women's small size and sitting position making the bottle seem much bigger than it really was when she occasionally used both arms to lift it to her lips. "Did you pick it up in Taldore yourself or do you just fancy bottles of wine from before you were born? Its a long flight all the way from the Feywild for a little cutie like you just to drink expensive wine in a shitthole like this don't you think?"

To Navaras relief the fairy grinned visibly when she had been called cute, a slight hint of crimson highlighting the milky white skin of her cheeks. It was clear to her by the girls clothing that she tried to portray a darker persona than her colorful hair and wings would initially denote, but Navara had trained her eyes for years to spot and take advantage of the subtle signals people gave off and had pinned the fairy for a flirtatious submissive the moment they had locked eyes. Now that the two were close she made a point of eyeing the fairy's silver collar again, this time long enough for her to see. Its permanent nature and obvious frontal leash ring reminded her greatly of the collar her little pup wore, reinforcing more and more that the fairy was her type of person; kinky.

The fairy spoke again, her voice ever so slightly softer and more sweet than it had been before. "The owner of this shithole happens to owe me money, but by the looks of it I won't be getting very much. I'm sure that plat is already tucked away so far up the only place he knows I won't look that the poor thing might never see the light of day again. I hope the bastard is rooting through his muk pot for weeks looking for it. If i'm honest though Miss, an expensive bottle of wine is an expensive bottle of wine, but a free room whenever I pass by is good to have. My name is Tuls' Laeh by the way, Its a pleasure to be in your service. I hate to disappoint already but no Ma'am, I'm not actually from the feywild." The small winged girl did a mock curtsy by lifting the corners of her dress, extending her delicate hand toward Navara to shake while maintaining an almost uncomfortable amount of eye contact and a pleasant smile.

Navara giggled somewhat seditiously at the fairy's crude joke to humor her, narrowing her eyes inquisitively for a moment as the girl spoke of not being from the feywild. *In my service? Did this little slut just call me Ma'am? Am I getting better or do these little sluts get easier and easier? A fairy not from a place of fey ancestry? Perhaps that's why she dresses how she does. Maybe I will find something interesting in this shithole afterall.* The half dragon thought to herself as she continued, maintaining the eye contact the fairy had started and taking the girl's hand into her own to shake politely but with a firm grip to maintain her subtle dominance over the girl.

"The pleasure is all mine Tuls' Laeh, I am Lady Navara. No disappointments Luv, quite the opposite really. Some friends of mine and I are passing through on our way to the city of High Meadow for a bath and some fresh clothes and the last thing I expected to find in a place like this was something as adorable as those little wings of yours. Who knows you might make my night tolerable after all. Not often you see any fey this far south, certainly not many who hang around dreary old common folk in a place like this. You simply must come join my table and tell me about it."

The two women kept their eyes and pleasant smiles upon one another with a pleasant conversation for a few minutes until the innkeeper finally returned with the things navara had requested, tossing her bottle of wine and tankard of mead down on the counter with a loud thud. Equally hastily he would produce two brass keyrings from his pocket and dangle them in Navara's face, his filthy hands coming close enough to her face that they granted her a disgusting whiff of the grime that covered them. "Here you go little miss, two rooms at the top are yours. Last two in the house." He emphasized his last words, staring directly down at the fairy with a look of spiteful arrogance.

Without missing a beat the fairy would turn up her nose to the barkeep with a roll of her eyes, fixating back on Navara and ignoring him completely. "Looks like its only a bottle of wine ill be getting after all, make sure to tell me if my name is still carved in the bookshelf upstairs or if I need to re-do it." She chuckled half heartedly, clearly Navara had been given the room Tuls' Laeh had intended to sleep in. She didn't seem to mind though, more like she was making a point to intimidate the bartender by ignoring his authority. "I was hoping I wouldn't have to take this bastard's money while he wasn't looking but, maybe you could leave the window open for me so its bit easier?" The fairy's eyes stayed locked on Navara's.

The loud thud of the barkeep throwing his fist down on the counter split the room with a crack, his now thundering voice loud enough to make a scene. Navara noticed even her compatriots now looking over to see what was going on. He shouted down at the little fairy with a deep hatred, but the girl held her amused smirk at merely having angered the man. "Thieving little bitch! If there is so much as a hair missing from any of these fine men's heads in the morning i'll have the whole village storm that little camp of yours and string you up by those pretty little wings. Am I clear?"

Navara interjected, tucking the bottle of wine under her arm and snatching the keys from the barkeep's hand with a forced smile to pull his attention off of the fairy. "I don't think that will be necessary, you have my word that she will be well supervised in my company. Isn't that right Tuls' laeh? It just so happens I have an extra leash and some rope of my own in case anyone needs any tying up." Navara turned on her devilish smile and dominant tone, her sickly sweet words resonating more as a command for the girl's compliance than a question. She narrowed her gaze, back onto the girl; the fairy's face now red from embarrassment.

Both the bartender and the fairy looked speechless, the fairy much more embarrassedly so. Navara had met many bratty submissives like Tuls' laeh in her travels, hell she was even prone to lighthearted disobedience when someone dominant took control of her but she knew when to turn on the dommy voice to diffuse a situation. Most of the time she found they would learn from their arrogance and correct their behavior in lue of a reward, but sometimes she came across those like the fairy who seemed to push their luck and actively try to get others into trouble with them. This she did not tolerate.

"Yes Miss." The fairy replied somewhat begrudgingly as her eyes darted to the floor in a soft shame, a timid softness present in her voice now. The bartender's stern tone quickly faded to a chuckle as he too saw the embarrassment on the fairies face, giving Navara one final shit eating grin before returning to his duties with a huff. The general rabble of the tavern returned as the eyes finally faded from the two women again, the devilish smile still clinging to Navaras face as she looked down at the girl with sadistic amusement.

Navara let out a few hearty chuckles as she thought about how easy it had been to put the little fairy in her place, the little thing had probably enjoyed it. She gestured the girl toward the table where her friends sat, Max and the others tossing her inquisitive looks about what was taking her so long. "Come now, be a good girl and grab that mead for me and ill see about letting you be sure your delinquance is still carved into the bookshelf upstairs. Maybe if you behave I won't even have to use my leash on that little collar of yours. Unless that's what you like."