

Nyte's Toy

a tale from *Endaeria Chronicles*



THIS STORY TAKES PLACE AFTER KING GARRAS CALLS UPON THE SHADOW COMMUNION; ASSASSINS LOANED FROM THE ASSASSINS GUILD TO SERVE THE ROYAL FAMILY AND ACT AS DEADLY SHADOWS. KING GARRAS MUST STOP THE CORRUPT DEMONS FROM POISONING THE MINDS OF HIS PEOPLE AND KILLING INNOCENT DAEMONS AND PAEGANS IN AN ATTEMPT TO SWAY THE POPULACE OF KALÖT AGAINST ITS KING.

The stale meat was attracting too many flies and swatting them became too much of a chore. The wench that doubles as Hekto's barmaid knew it was stale before she threw it on the fire pit, but because it was served to a daemon, she knew they could stomach it. That's how it was in most taverns. Endaerian mortals are of soft delicate flesh, easy to tear with sharp talons and easy to make ill, while the T'Nebræ are thick skinned, almost never ill from mortal ailments, so meat and stored foods are served to them even when gone bad according to mortal taste. At first it seemed insulting

and the merchants who hated their kind hoped to sway them from frequenting their establishments, until it was discovered, that was the preferred way to eat it, besides being freshly cut from the prey.

"The flies 'er too many Hekto, set the smokers to drive 'em out." A daemon swats, and swears to his Dark Godren, one last time.

"By the Vile Godren, I'm headed to 'ma room, send 'yer barmaid up with ma food." He rises, shifts his sword belt into place, takes one last chunk of meat, flies and all, into his mouth and washes it down with his last sip of Dragon's Breath.

As he begins to climb the steps at the back end of the large room, now almost empty save for a few stragglers after a slow night for business, he pauses.

“Hekto, tell the wench I want to play.” He smiles a sadistic toothy smile and continues to his room down the darkened hall.

Hunting is always fun, especially when you get to toy with the prey before the kill. The remaining tavern’s visitors start to finish off the last of their Dragon’s Breath ale the tavern is famous for, just as the barmaids transform into savory delights to satisfy more carnal appetites. The drunken men and women laugh and take pleasure in the room as their actions are obscured by the smokers used to keep bugs and other pest out. Hekto tosses a dirty rag over his shoulder and slaps the barmaid on her rump as she passes by him carrying a tray.

“Get your pretty ass over there and tidy up those tables lass, you haven’t got all night. That daemon’s waiting in his room for his bisque and some service, and he’s not a patient one.

The girl looks over her shoulder giving the tavern keep a teasing and seductive wink. “Maybe I’m hoping to spend tonight servicing you Hekto.” Her smile and dark eyes, intensified by her dark curly hair held up in a high ponytail.

Hekto, aged and once a seasoned soldier, now content with his life serving adventurers and fighters much younger than he when he ventured out, rather enjoys hearing stories told to him as he once told in his youth to the old tavern keep he acquired the place from. Feeling

flattered at the thought, he knows she jests. But an old man can hope. He can hope that one day he meets a woman who wants him, simply because he is Hekto and not the well to do owner of a tavern. His graying beard and balding head masks his bashfulness that makes his boyish charm apparent. Masked from many with an untrained eye, but not the shadowed figure sitting in the corner since early evening. A shadowed figure that has eyed the barmaid since the start of her shift as well as the tables she has served.

As the barwench removes her apron and adjust her bodice to show more skin and the ample breasts she boast, Hekto watches her intently. Almost sadly. When she climbs the steps at the back end of the large room and smiles a quick smile at him, he feigns a guilty smile.

A soft knock is greeted with a gruff voice as she opens the door meekly to a darkened room.

“Come, I waited long ‘enuff fer ‘ya wench. What cha think, I’d wait ‘ere all night.”

With no other furniture adorning the room save for a chair facing the bed and the food table, the dark colors of the sheets and dimly lit candle in the middle of the room would have obscured her view of the daemon on the bed. Almost.

“I have your bisque, and it’s still very hot.” She puts the tray of bisque on the table. “We can play while it cools.”

“Git over ‘ere and strip, I wanta see ‘yer body ‘fore I offer ‘ye any compensate.” The daemon spit out some crumbs as he speaks.

The barmaid moves with enough

DRAGON’S BREATH - The legendary frothy ale. Said to be made of dragons blood and the lifefluids of willing virgins. Or so the story is told.
ENDAERIA CHRONICLES

sultriness to get the daemon to sit up in the bed as she unties her bodice. Smiling shyly she sashays between the bed and chair, using the arm of the chair for support to lean over and give him a good view of her body. Moving her hips in a snakelike motion she slips out of her bodice and shimmies out of the gray frock she wears. Her naked body continues her dance of enticement as she looks over her shoulder.

“Do I please you?”

With only a smile as confirmation she faces the chair and lifts her right legs slowly resting it on the seat of the chair. Arching her back and leaning forward, she causes her rump to be accentuated in the dim light. Slowly bending over far enough to look between her parted legs, she rubs her hands up and down her legs and rump as she coils her back and shoulders enticingly to the soft sounds of music coming from the tavern below.

“Yer one ‘o dem harlots that got skills. What’s yer name. I want ya next time I come ‘ere.”

She laughs and turns to face the daemon as she releases her dark curly hair from the ribbons and pins holding it up. Her locks fall short just above her firm breasts giving a nice frame to her nipples, hard from the cool night air.

“I am called Nyte.” She glides gracefully toward the bed her arms tucked behind her back pushing her chest forward.

The daemon pushes forward to greet her at the foot of the bed where he sits up letting her stand in front of him.

“I will serve you, however you wish.”

He looks over her body as his burly hands move across her skin.

He grabs her ass in both hands and pulls her forward into his face, inhaling deeply, as he sits on the edge of the bed.

“Smells nice too.” He licks her stomach from her navel up and over her left breast, stopping to take her nipple in his mouth. He does not see her face as she looks up at the dark ceiling with disgust, swallowing what anger is building in her.

The daemon grabs her arms fiercely and pins them behind her back, twisting her and tossing her on the bed forcibly, causing her to shriek in surprise.

“Sweet”. He dives into her body, again holding her down licking her breast and biting her skin.

The girl screams and struggles under the daemon. “Wait, I’m going to give you what you want, you don’t...” Her protest is silenced by a slap across the mouth and heavy hands tightening fingers around her neck. She gasps for several seconds, then realizing air has stop coming, she lifts her leg slightly bending them at the knees to get her footing on the bed. Raising her hips she presses against the daemons crotch as he straddles her, and she feels him, hard with his crazed lust. Like an arrow slipping through a chink in armor, she accurately slips her hands between his forearms breaking his chokehold. Caught off guard, the drunken daemon responds too slowly to stop her from twisting her body with feline grace to flip onto her stomach. Pushing off the headboard, Nyte slides down the bed between his legs with exercised proficiency to come up behind him.

“I wasn’t gon ta hurt ya. Much” He says as he spins around to reach for another grab.

He is met only by the gleam in

front of his face caused by the candle reflecting on the blade. His throat feels cool from the night air and then he feels warm liquid flow down his bare chest. His throat constricts and he finds it hard to talk. His head bobs back and forth from the blur of his vision. He reaches out his hands grasping at her as her beautiful, naked sweet smelling body backs up. The taste of her flesh on his tongue is now mixed with another taste. One he knows too well. One he would have tasted had he the chance to sink teeth into flesh like he had done with so many other women before her.

“You would have killed me.” Picking up her frock and wiping her blade efficiently, Nyte confesses with her back to him. “You would have killed me and feasted on my flesh like you did with the others. Demon.”

Nyte turns to face him. “Your kind is why the mortals hate us. You eat flesh like the savages our people once were. The Storms sent you, didn’t they demonspawn?”

The demon clutches his throat gurgling. Looking around the room like a caged animal as his life seeps onto the dark sheets, the anger in his eyes burns, causing the bloodrage to take hold.

“Your bloodrage will not help you, demon. The blade is tainted. The poison is enhanced to weaken.” She sits in the chair watching him with trained tenacity.

“Bloodrage is of the old ways, the strength you gain is that of a corruption and foulness. Not welcome here in Kalöt. Captain di Airr forbade it.” Her pagan eyes shift as the door to the room opens slightly and a shadowy figure slips into the room.

The figure stands in the shadows

at the doorway silent when he sees the demon still alive, now slumped and twitching.

“He’s almost gone. I wasn’t able to play with this one. Tried to choke me before he raped me.” Nyte says rising from the chair, bending slightly to look into the demon’s eyes as his final breaths are fought for. “I would have shown you a great time before I gutted you. You ruined it for both of us, demonspawn.”

“Come brother, I’m done here. Let’s report.” Reaching out as the shadowy figure hands her a cloak, Nyte wraps herself, shrugging off the chill air.

“Nyte, you can’t toy with the prey before you kill it.”

“Nyte, we have an assignment for you. A simple task, but fun. Your brother will accompany you.”

~ Captain di Airr

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