

Artemis Kistelanthia (Uses Kist for short).

Now, my sweet, a quick prayer to Calistria, and a beautiful sting and we will end this beautiful charade...

Don't get me wrong, you are an incredibly beautiful woman, and under normal circumstances, I'd be more than happy with what we've done, after all you were beautiful, and I, well I was amazing... I know you're scared, you should be, but you won't be able to run until my goddess releases her grip on you, and for you that will be far too late, by the time you can move again your husband will be bursting into this chamber, expecting to see you with your lover. Oh he knows about us, he found out before I took you to this chamber tonight. No, he will find you here, tied here, bound and gagged by silk soft enough to break free, had my curse not been laid upon you. He will find you with your lover having just fled, but with his warm seed still fresh on your thigh as a testament to your crime, what happens to you then is up to him, but given his reputation, I don't hold much hope for you...

Why? Well, let me explain about myself, I was born between worlds, but my story is not typical of my few and wretched kind. You see, my father was a mercenary, an adventurer, but not one who plundered dungeons. He was interested in gold, wealth and power, and there were easier ways of getting it than fighting dragons or beholders.

The leader of a group of devoted mercenaries, he led them in a raid against a remote elven outpost. Now I'm sure that you've heard the tales of a thousand bastard half elves created by war and rape, but my tale is not that pathetic. You see my father, Artemis, yes I was named after him. It should be obvious by now that the name I gave you was a lie... You see my father, he was intelligent. Slaughter and pleasures of the temporary flesh had their rewards, but there are sweeter treasures for the patient, pleasures such as those we have shared, and more. He took the outpost for his own, kept the elves captive, as hostages for ransom, and demanded quite a payment from the elves for the safe return of their own. The Elves are simple creatures for the most part, and their dislike for bloodshed except when completely necessary, my father knew that they would deal, at least at first.

My mother was the prize in his haul, her husband was high ranking in the elven world, his position does not really matter, as he died quickly trying to defend the outpost on my father's own blade. My mother tells me he was hopelessly outmatched, and in his pride refused the offered surrender that would have saved him, a lesson he learnt far too late. She told me later that she was impressed with my father's honour, his skill with a blade, and his ruthlessness. She also despised his callousness at the deaths he caused, and the intelligence in the pain he used as his ally. As the highest ranking of those remaining she became spokesperson for her captive people, and was forced to deal with him on a regular basis.

As the siege wore on, she became more captivated by him, by the command he had over his men, how he allowed them only a short limit on their lusts, realising that while the elves were his captives, they would resist if their captors took too many liberties. However despite his control over his men, apparently he did not extend the control unto himself. Is that not often our ways? No, indeed, he took my mother several times, apparently the first few by force, but as she admits, she submitted to him, and in the end sought out his advances, sometimes antagonising him into action against her. Lust is a powerful weapon, as I'm sure you're just beginning to realise.

The siege lasted for a while, and my father's treasure trove grew as he exchanged hostages for treasures that would make him and his men rich beyond the dreams of normal men. All went well till one of his men got greedy, seeing him with his elven prize, and wanting his own. He ambushed my father, stating his intentions on taking my mother for his own prize. A little known fact about the elves, all of them are warriors in their own way, and my mother, content to be a hostage to my father, would not be a prize for this foul swine of a man. She was trained in an ancient elven combat form known as Su-Izui and using those deadly and beautiful skills she attacked him, tearing the eye from his head before he escaped. During in the conflict however, her own people discovered her lust for my father, and escaped. They led a force of elven warriors back seeking their treasures and vengeance upon the mercenaries, but they found only my mother, abandoned by the one she had defended, his men separated along with their treasures and all fled back into human lands.

I was born in the elven city of xxx, my mother's disgrace a constant. Not only had she allowed her immortal blood to be sullied with that of the lesser races, one who was an enemy and a butcher of her own husband, but she did so willingly, even defending him against others as low as himself. My mother was proud, and she defended her lusts, seeking no forgiveness, nor receiving any. She taught me her arts, and told me my true heritage, viewing me as a living trophy of the time she spent with my father.

For the most part however, I was raised with my cousins, but they all took great pride in telling me my mother's shame, how lust had poisoned her, and how weak, diseased blood ran through my veins. I was bullied, but I grew different than the elves I was raised with, I matured quicker, I had my human temper. My bullies where soon dealt with, bloodied eyes and noses did little to ingrate me to my contemporaries however. My human lusts also developed faster and my first was still a child in their eyes. I had proved again how my own impure blood was poisonous, dangerous and undesired.

Various options where talked about, but it was clear that due to these impurities I would not be welcome in the company of my mother's people. Hearing my plight, my mother was convinced to venture from her own chambers for the first time in nearly ten years. She gathered me up, and we left, barely a word to any others.

I pine often for the home I left. Is that strange, a place where I was despised and hated, bullied and disgusted those who I called family? I still look back to those lands and people with a smile, despite their hatred for me.

My mother upon leaving enacted her own plan, not consulting me, and I for love of her followed her blindly, not knowing that her love for my father had twisted over the years, becoming a thorny vine around her heart, my father now something in her heart that no mortal or immortal being could live up to. We spent years searching human lands before we found him.

No longer the leader of a band of mercenaries, he owned his own city now, an army of men at his call, and his queen beside him. Old, his youth long gone, he was still unbroken and I could see in him the man that had taken my mother's heart with contemptuous ease. I also saw the truth behind that relationship, you see, while my mother had loved him, in her own dark way, he had only ever considered her a conquest, a prize taken in a war long ago.

To be fair to my father, he took us in when others would have turned us away, as broken as my mother was by the discovery that her love was worthless, she was still a prize for him. He took interest in me as well, an interesting diversion perhaps, but I learnt of my human heritage. How my line had been from conquerors, kings, warriors and deviants.

Ah I hear the beating on the doorway below, I had best finish my tale quickly hadn't I my dear, let's see...

I learnt much from my father, how to combine his skill with a blade, along with the skills my mother passed on to me. I learnt how lust and greed can be used to build empires and take vengeance upon your enemies. My mother, her heart broken refused to eat, drink or do anything for herself, and slowly wasted away. I for my part, despite my love for her, now seeing her weakness for what it was, found my patience with her and my kind fading.

It was around this time that I discovered the love of my goddess; you see true love is something that is granted by the gods only rarely, and indiscriminately. It's amazing how often you pathetic people waste that love, or worse still, mistake the truth of lust for what it really is. My goddess realises this, she plays with that truth, and her followers use it to control the destiny of those around us in her honour. Your husband for example, he really does love you, in his way. He might be a slave selling parasite on this world but the gods granted him with true love to you. The sad truth of the matter is you do not share this love, otherwise, we would not have spent these last few months together, would we my dear. I do wonder how he will react not only to finding you this way, but how he will react to those beautiful letters you sent me.

His men downstairs do not sound happy do they? But we have a few seconds left before they discover the trapdoor up to here.

My father has his faults, we need not go into here, his queen was easy to pry away from him, the least I could do to honour my dear departed mother. While that did make him quite mad, you my dear are my last paid debt to him. You are the token with which I buy my freedom, your father is long dead true, but blood still cries for punishment. He betrayed my father, and while my mother took his eye, his blood ruined not one, not two but three lives, a debt I have now seen paid in full. I take back the necklace he stole from her, and now your fate is now your own. I would be interested to see how it ends, but my goddess has duties for me and the window, the night and a world full of fallen lovers all call to me. I would wish you luck with your fate, but honestly, it will be amazing if you lasted the night. Goodbye, my pathetic lover, it was fun.