



Ви Корс

The Mist and the Lightning

Part 13

СОДЕРЖИТ  
НЕЦЕНЗУРНУЮ  
БРАНЬ

18+

**Ви Корс**  
**The Mist and the**  
**Lightning. Part 13**

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**Аннотация**

The next series of the acclaimed series of books. At some point, they still managed to throw the reds behind the wall, there was a short pause as a respite. Содержит нецензурную брань.

# **Вн Кopc**

## **The Mist and the Lightning. Part 13**

**Dedicated to Nameless from Pokrovskiy**

**0**  
**Joker**

**1**  
**Madness and control**

*When action is required, willpower is needed to accomplish it.  
Cast aside all hesitation, boldly follow a new path.*

The expression on the face of their commander Atley Alis was confident and firm, there was not a drop of fear or doubt, not even any excitement. And it was very much felt that Lis was not playing, and this was not a pretense, not a mask of confidence, put on the face of an inside frightened and confused person, but a real inner strength that came from the depths and involuntarily reflected on his face. Both the commanders and the mercenary soldiers: the unclean and black, seeing such Lis, perked up, calmed down and also with joyful excitement, casting

aside doubts and fear, rushed to carry out his quick and clear orders. And, if at first, perhaps, they were a little confused, now there is no trace of their confusion.

Marcus was standing at the top of the fortress wall, his head bare, on which dark hair had grown slightly. His face, under the very eyes, so as to hide the shameful tattoo, was covered with a black mask-shield.

“Fast! Explain how to proceed!” Lis nodded a little nervously towards the box. They used the reds’ supplies and poured the “mixture” that Marcus made into their stock. Marcus began to show, he set fire to the fuse himself, which was surprising, because he was a scientist, not a warrior, threw the ball far down from the wall into the enemy crowd. There was a deafening roar, fire broke out and smoke poured out. From the explosion, the reds scattered like chips in different directions. Kors’ mercenaries grabbed the balls: they understood everything. Marcus looked at what he had done with a crazy, unseeing look; even through the roar, the screams of the wounded and crippled people were heard. He turned to Lis, and he bared his teeth in satisfaction:

“Run, do more! More is needed!” Lis turned to the black warriors. “Help him fill up the gunpowder and bring it here! Faster!”

“Yes, sir!” Marcus shouted, and as if not realizing that he had killed or maimed several people with his own hand, he rushed down the stairs to his workshop. Marcus was in euphoria, some

kind of frenzy and wanted to fight like everyone else, and only later he would be able to soberly think about it.

Kors found Nikto on the left side of the Fort near the bear cage. He had no doubts that Nikto would be here, with his unclean ones, and it was hard not to recognize his blond hair. The reds managed to break through a small section of the old wall near the menagerie. They stormed this weak point of the Fort just as Lis' warriors once did, and the unclean ones held the defense with all their might, not letting the enemy pass.

Kors saw at what a frantic pace his Nik, Prince Arel and the unclean ones were fighting, not allowing the reds to enter the Fort through the rift in the wall. Kors, without a second thought, rushed to them. Nikto saw him, he was distracted for a moment, turned around:

“Kors?! What are you doing here?”

“I'm with you!” Kors shouted, trying to make Nikto hear him through the roar of fire-shooting “sticks of reds” and “lighters” of Marcus. He didn't see his face and couldn't understand how Nikto reacted to it.

Nikto didn't say anything to him, and there was no time for that, the red ones climbed through the gap made in the wall, and they had to fight back. Kors himself was not up to talking, as he was immediately attacked, and he was distracted by the red warrior who had attacked him from the side. Kors managed to dodge and block the blow, immediately responding with a counterattack and despite the noise surrounding him, it seemed

to him that he very clearly heard a gurgling sound escaping from the throat of the red when he fell choking on his own blood.

The roar of explosions, screams, the glitter and clink of swords, the crunch of breaking bones and the groans of the dying – Kors “heard” everything at the same time. He caught this crazy drive, and some other strange union with the unclean, as if he was now connected with them. Zaf, Nija and the others were all here. And Kors saw that they were fighting as one. Prince Arel paired with Nikto guessed his actions several moves ahead. Nikto gave him any orders, but Arel acted as if he were part of him, an extra hand.

And Kors even became a little jealous, because as far as he understood, Arel didn’t hear the Demon as well as Kors could hear him. Nikto said then about Kors: “He hears whole sentences at once, and not just single phrases” and was impressed by this. And Kors, proceeding from these words, concluded that Arel hears mental orders worse, probably only the simplest ones.

But when they fought now, Arel seemed not to hear the Demon, but to become a Demon himself. And Kors also understood what Daniel Crassus had in mind when he said that Nikto lacked speed. Yes, despite the pace at which they had to fight back, he was really slower than necessary, performed some series of blows and from this he risked getting faster in response.

Kors’ hearts literally sank at the sight of these dangerous moments, he felt sorry for Nikto, involuntarily forced to take such a risk. And at the same time, Kors was amazed at how his

Nik, despite his physical limitations and lack of stability due to lameness, compensated for his disability, and his technique was really very good and not at all primitive, as one might think. His moves were difficult to predict. He, as they say, “led the enemy under pressure,” literally “twisting”, thereby increasing the possibility that he, sooner or later, would make a mistake.

Prince Arel insured his master and managed to attack along the way. He beat the opponent with force in the legs and then in the head. He knocked down the helmet, dissecting the forehead and the vessels above the eyes, so that the blood flooded the face and interfered with the view. Without giving the enemy time to recover, he beat the stunned red on the arm, breaking a bone and knocking the sword out of his hands. If the red warrior, losing his weapon, tried to cover himself with a shield, Arel quickly bypassed him and beat in the neck area, breaking the spinal column. The fighter lost his orientation in space and couldn't keep his balance, with a strong kick of the leg Arel knocked over the red one, completing his attack with a thrust blow to the face or neck, where there was no defense. All this often lasted less than thirty seconds. Arel did it reflexively, automatically, with practiced movements at maximum breakneck speed, immediately switching from the fallen disabled enemy to the next one, which took the place of the killed one. At the same time, he managed in a couple of seconds to hit the red one, who was trying to get around him or Nikto from the side.

At some point, they still managed to throw the reds behind the wall, there was a short pause as a respite. The unclean quickly moved, putting on the first line those who were previously on the second. It was necessary to have time to rest a little and take a breath. Kors, breathing heavily, bending over, leaned his back against the bars of the cage with the bear, without even noticing it. Nikto grabbed him abruptly by the shoulder and pulled him back:

“What are you doing! Don't lean against it, there's a barla!” He shouted, calling the bear as the unclean called it.

Kors turned and saw the beast rushing about the cage. Nikto's shoulders trembled, apparently he laughed, because of the noise Kors didn't hear it, and on Nikto's face was his deaf, faceless mask and the slits for the eyes were obscured by black glass. Kors knew, and Nikto had told him before, that daylight and especially the “fiery lighters” of the reds blinded him greatly. No longer able to restrain his emotions, Kors rushed to him, dragging him into some kind of broken arch in the wall and ripping off the mask from his face. He remembered that in the morning, after Lis announced to them about the attack of the reds and the attack on the Fort, Nikto immediately rushed to dress and to his weapons.

He didn't have enough time to stick the mask to his face, Kors was sure of this and was not mistaken, – the mask gave in, and Nikto looked at Kors with his bright eyes:

“What are you doing, Kors?! I will stop seeing now!” Nikto

shouted, however, quite good-naturedly.

And Kors leaned towards him, rushed, no worse than Arel, his face was tense, with excitement, doubt – what would Nik-Demon do him now? Would he give him a cold shower of indifference, or...

But Nikto was all towards him, embracing, hugging him.

“I missed you, I missed you terribly,” whispered Kors, seeing that Nikto was in tune with him, and reciprocated, “I love you, I love you!”

Nikto gently pressed a hand to his forehead and the white strand that had been knocked out during the fight, and Kors’ body was pierced by a convulsion: demonic energy filled with pleasure that didn’t belong to this mortal world. Kors groaned, arching and cumming right in his pants. Nikto kissed him on the lips, and Kors answered him feverishly with all his passion.

“Kors, you get stoned with me,” Nikto laughed, “you are the same as Arel. No wonder you got along and were lovers for so long.”

“Yes, let me get stoned, let... my Demon...”

Nikto pulled away:

“Be patient a little, now is not up to this, you see.”

Kors didn't care, he had been alone for too long, tired of being alone and now he wanted to be near this creature and feel pleasure. Nikto put on the mask again. They came out of the arch, and Kors saw Arel’s grim gaze. He stood nearby, but didn’t interfere.

The unclean warriors divided into three lines of defense in order to repulse the attacks of the reds in turn, since it was clear that the attack could last for several more hours at least, and it would not be possible to withstand it, without the opportunity to catch their breath and recover.

The sky was covered with smoke, and it was already impossible to determine whether it was sunny or not. Kors didn't feel his hand, and his pace slowed noticeably. Incessant flashes from the reds' weapons hit the eyes, their feet slipped into a mess of blood and mud. Nikto, and oddly enough, Prince Arel, insured him, and Kors was very pleased by it. The unclean ones fought as if they were wound up, and Kors was already beginning to doubt that they were flesh and blood creatures, not machines. All around was littered with corpses. Fortunately, the reds were also tired, slowed down, and by the evening it became noticeably quieter.

Lis rode up to them on horseback. He apparently decided to bypass the positions. His horse squinted with his eyes and constantly strove to stand on its hind legs, emitting a nervous whinnying, there was foam on its face, the incessant roar and red lighters finished off the poor animal, but Lis didn't pay attention to the almost distraught animal.

Atley Alis' face, stained with soot, was focused, and at the same time somehow strangely joyful:

“How are you?!”

“We are coping!”

“On our right wing, they retreated.”

“Here too.”

“Now they will retreat over the moat and start at dawn. Close up the wall, faster!”

## 2

### **Protection**

*Trust your own capabilities, increase them with knowledge and experience. Trust your intuition and let it grow into effective action.*

Lis decided to urgently gather all the commanders to discuss the situation:

“Have you called me?” He asked, and Kors nodded.

“Yes. In half an hour, everyone will come. Emil Gabriel died on the defensive.”

“Brother of your former lackey?”

“Hmm... Yes.”

“That’s already your second officer, Kors.”

“Menerhis was subordinate to Prince Ariel Riel.”

“They came with you.”

“They came for the wealth of the reds, there is nothing to be done, this is a war. And I heard rumors that Emil was leaking information about our actions to the Black City to his brother, and Clive Gabriel was reporting everything to Leonardo.”

Lis shook his head, he looked upset and gloomy, lit a cigarette

as usual. Kors noticed that Lis' face was still dirty, streaks of soot smeared across his cheeks. He didn't wash or clean himself up after the fight. Before the meeting, he laid out Fort's plan on the table and made notes in pencil, but didn't take a minute to simply wipe the dirt off his face with just a wet towel. Lis was so preoccupied with his war that apparently he didn't even think about it, it seemed he didn't think about anything at all except the war. And Kors bitterly concluded that this attitude towards himself and seemingly trifles gave up Lis as a commoner, a poor man, accustomed to do without water and walk dirty, without discomfort. Kors moistened a napkin on the table with water from a jug and handed it to Lis:

“Alis, wipe your face, please.”

“What?” Lis looked up from the Fort's plan. He looked at Kors a little questioningly, as if trying to understand what he wanted from him.

“Wipe your face, please, you're black with soot.”

“Kors, don't bother me with any bullshit now, okay?” But Lis took the napkin and wiped his face. Kors felt relieved from his heart, now his noble friends would not think anything bad about his son-in-law. Lis lit a new cigarette, his pensive glance back at the plan. Nikto and Arel entered the room.

“Nik, have you called your commanders?” Lis asked quickly.

“Yes. Zaf, Nija and Tazh will come now.”

“Whose commander is Nija?” Kors remarked skeptically. “Of five unclean ones?”

“Kors, I need him,” said Lis, “I also can't stand him, believe me, but now I need him,” he glanced at Karina. She averted her eyes. She didn't open her face, because her lips had not yet fully healed and Karina didn't want her father to see that Lis was beating her. Moreover, Lis told her that she could only be with an open face in their rooms. And he forbade her taking off the scarf. Therefore, Karina, obeying his orders, remained with a black silk scarf on her face.

“Send Karina away,” said Kors, “she has nothing to do at the meeting. Let her rest in the room.”

“She fought on a par with everyone else,” Lis objected. He turned to Karina:

“If you want to rest, you can go to the room. If you want to stay by my side, you can stay.”

“Can I stay with you?” Asked Karina, pleadingly looking at Lis with her expressive eyes.

“Yes, you can.”

And Karina, right in front of her father, fell on her knees before Lis, bending over to his boots:

“Thank you...”

And Nikto, smiling under his mask, made Kors feel what Lis felt now, when such a beauty as Karina, with her noble black father, humiliating herself, crawled at his feet. And Kors went up inside with indignation. Lis lifted Karina, again placing him on the chair next to him.

“You yourself, Alis, run into trouble, at first you drag her

everywhere you go, where some men are, and then she kisses others,” said Kors.

“She will not do it anymore,” Lis smiled.

“Maybe you will also wrap my daughter in a cape?!”

“If I want, I will close her completely with a cape.”

“She is not a slave, but a noble lady!”

“She is my wife, and if I so want, she will wear what I command,” Lis seemed to enjoy teasing Kors.

“My wiff,” whispered Kors, he, like many black ones, was infuriated by the red accent of Lis, “put a bag on her head!” With annoyance, he reached for his gold cigarette case, decorated along the edge with blue stones.

Lis just grinned, flashing in a half-smile that looked more like a grin, the edges of his even white teeth, and again bent over the drawings.

Karina didn't look at her father, she silently adjusted the scarf on her face so that it reached her eyes and put a hood on her head, covering her hair tied in a ponytail.

Kors mentally addressed Nikto: “What is he doing?! He plays with her as with a living doll, covers her face and still flaunts her!”

“Lis likes it when she sits next to him, admires and admires him, looks with loving eyes,” Nikto also mentally answered him.

Kors just shook his head, opened his cigarette case in frustration and saw that, on top of that, his favorite cigarettes had run out, and he hadn't even noticed it. Kors feared smoking

cigarettes of Nikto, expecting to find there something else besides tobacco.

“Alis, give me a cigarette.”

Without looking, Lis handed him his pack.

Kors inhaled nervously.

“How strong, you motherfucker! Alis, what strong cigarettes you smoke, one after another! Are you crazy?!”

“What I need, I smoke,” answered Lis, not taking his eyes off the plan. “I’ll have to shit, I will shit. You are not a decree to me.”

“Alis!”

The noble blacks of Kors entered the living room.

All the remaining mercenary commanders came. Initially, there were eight of them, including Vitor Kors himself. There were now six left.

Daniel Crassus, despite his advanced age, looked cheerful, fought well and established himself as an experienced and dangerous warrior. And also, he was a great mentor for his young soldiers, whom he brought with him from training. Kamiel Varah, despite all his pretentiousness and arrogance, also showed himself from the best side. Salafael Mirt arrived, and two more remaining commanders: Zagpeace Gezaria and Ariel Riel. The unclean ones came: Zaf, Nija and Tazh, as well as Shrad, the head of Price’s militia, and the red warrior Marmer. When everyone was seated at the table, Lis began:

“First of all, I want to thank you all. You are excellent warriors and commanders. The reds got a kick out of it today if they

thought to crush us in a couple of hours! But let's get back to business now, because the situation is critical and we don't have much time to discuss a plan to defend the Fort. They will probably start the assault again at dawn. Does everyone already understand black? Zaf, Tazh, Marmer, do you understand black more or less? I don't have time to repeat the same thing a hundred times.”

“I understand,” Marmer said.

“Well, you understand, you communicate a lot with Shrad and other militias,” said Lis, “Zaf? Tazh?”

“I understand,” Tazh said with such a terrifying accent that at that moment it was necessary to see the faces of the noble blacks of Kors. And Zaf was silent and he looked at Nikto, who at the last meeting translated the words of Lis for them. Lis noticed this:

“Zaf, you know black!”

But Zaf didn't answer, the flame of the candles was reflected in his precious plugs, and the stones in the deformed nostrils shone brightly, iridescent. Lis took a breath and let it out with a noise, slightly protruding his lower lip, as if barely holding himself back, and thus trying to calm down:

“Okay, let's go! We have a pain point, a broken wall. I want Daniel again to put you with your squad to Nik, now not to hammer, but to protect the back gate and a section of the wall near the menagerie.”

“Yes of course!” Said Daniel Crassus cheerfully.

“You performed well last time, let's return to the proven scheme. Consider the fact that the inner wall is almost destroyed in this area.”

“No problem, Atley Alis, it's even better for us,” replied Daniel Crassus.

“Nik, you and your unclean ones are here.”

“Yes.”

“Then you will explain things to Zaf.”

“He has understood everything,” Nikto answered.

“I see.”

Lis began to move his pencil around Fort's plan, quickly and clearly outlining the situation:

“Here we have a weak point and here. This is where I put you, Peace.”

“Yes, well,” said an officer named Zagpeace Gezaria, whom everyone called Peace, shortening his name, although it was not long. At the same time, for an unknown reason, the black ones always pronounced the name of Salafael in full, and only the unclean abbreviated it, calling him Salaf among themselves.

Listening to Lis, Kors caught himself thinking that now, like the others, he was looking at him with respect and some admiration for his military abilities. Imbued with this universal love. Either Atley Alis really had an undeniable charisma, or it was the enchantment of Nikto who fulfilled his Mission with Lis and supports him with magic in such a way that people are fascinated by what is essentially nothing of a crude half-blood.

Kors remembered, how before, Nikto had argued that Alis was a bad commander, who kept everything on fear. Now he no longer thought so, because both the unclean and his mercenaries really respected Lis as a commander and loved him, especially after the victorious capture of Fort. Kors himself admired him now and how quickly and clearly Lis spoke.

was is his feature and his habit in conversation to very quickly and briefly blurt out a whole sentence at once, as if never wondering which word to choose without any: “uh, mmm, eh”. And always so clear, and often even funny, if not rude. All these curses and sayings of commoners, which he poured, as if without thinking at all. Kors liked all this now. And Lis at the meeting spoke quickly, but without obscene expressions, and his eternal: “fuck, in nature, motherfucker.”

“We don’t have the ability to hold the defense along the entire perimeter of the Fort, here the places are strong – we will leave them, the reds will hammer at weak points.”

“And they won't guess that there are unprotected sections of the wall?” Crassus asked.

“They will. But not at once. Therefore, Nija and his warriors will control the wall. As soon as you see where they are still going to climb, immediately report to me and Nik. Our task is to react quickly to changes in the environment.”

“They go there, and we go there,” nodded Nija.

“And if it’s hot here too,” Varah shook his head, “from what position are we going to shoot people? From the back gate? From

the walls?”

“Not much from everywhere, the main thing is that the information arrives quickly and speed is important to us.”

“Who is at the main gate?”

“Maximum five people only on the cannon. The main gate is already strong. Here you are, Marmer. You know about red guns.”

“Yes,” nodded Marmer.

“There are enough cannon balls. Shoot, don’t regret, as soon as they poke their heads. The reds should get the impression that there are many of you there.”

“Clear.”

“Tazh, you and your warriors are here,” Lis indicated a point, which he marked with a pencil on the plan and signed with the name of Tazh.

Tazh leaned forward, examining the spot Lis pointed to:

“The task is clear.”

“Nik with Zaf, Crassus, you are here. I am upstairs with your mercenaries, Kors, we annihilate them from above with Marcus’ lighters. You don’t allow from below to break through as well as today. How many times have you thrown them back against the wall?”

“Ha, we lost count,” smiled Kors, recalling the madness that happened this morning and kiss of Nikto.

“Barla needs to be taken to the basement, it will be a pity if he is wounded,” said Zaf in unclean language.

“Eh, he is already going through the second assault,” Lis answered him in the unclean one too and grinned.

Lis put everyone in points in his plan and explained who would be where and how to act.

“The sewer drain is walled up, but I'm sure they will try to undermine it, you are standing on the wall at the top, Ariel, and your people, don't allow them to do it.”

“Yes, it is clear.”

“Nik,” Lis turned to Nikto, “what about the Portal?”

“I have blocked it,” Nikto answered. He didn't take off his mask and was at the meeting in it. He didn't even pull out the black glass that obscured his eyes, although the room was dim, and only a few candles were burning on the table. But Kors didn't care what his commanders would think, yes, his Nik looked shameful, but now Kors even liked it and it gave him perverse pleasure.

“Does he pose a threat?”

“I put a block long ago and during this time they tried to break through from Horn twice, but could not.”

“And from the Ore town?”

“No. Well... I knocked down all the landmarks, this Port is no longer visible in our World, is not visible from Ore town. For the Upper World I couldn't do that. I just blocked it.”

“Great!”

“Do you understand the action of the Portal?!” Asked Prince Ariel Riel in surprise, and unlike Prince Arel, he really was the

king's nephew.

“Ariel, then read the “Upper Messenger” at your leisure, there everything is written,” the Fox cut him off sharply, – now we are discussing the current situation and the defense of the Fort.

“I've read it,” said Prince Ariel.

“Then all the more, what the questions?”

Ariel said nothing.

And Kors again admired Lis and how impudently he stopped the push on Nikto, despite Ariel's high position.

“If, nevertheless, they from Upper or from Horn manage to break through, Nik?” Lis didn't care about titles.

“I hope it won't happen,” Nikto replied, he didn't react at all to Ariel's words.

“The door is locked, even if they unlock, they will not leave the basement,” said Nija, “we have closed all the doors and holes in the basements tightly. All the cracks. You cannot leave the Fort and you cannot enter it.”

“Like a rock, exactly,” whispered Shrad quietly, “even if you want, you can't get out.”

“Who could have tried to reach us from Horn?” Lis said thoughtfully. “Do they care about the frontier Fort?”

“I had an assumption,” said Kors, “that the chief of the garrison had a woman in Upper World. He went there a couple of times a month. Maybe she is worried and looking for him? I assume he has a woman or a family there.”

“I don't know anything about his family, he never mentioned

her,” said Lis. “Marmer, what do you say? Did Digmer have a family?”

“He is from here, from our World,” Marmer shook his head, “No, Digmer was definitely born here. He is from Ore town. I knew people who knew him, I don't know about his family. But I heard about Horn that there is no more beautiful city! It is a rich city and filled with jewels. They drink from golden cups, eat from golden dishes,” as the story progressed, the eyes of the former marauder flared up with an increasingly unhealthy, greedy gleam, and he spread his arms to the sides, as if to show wealth. The noble commanders of Kors listened to him with a haughty, slightly condescending grin.

“And they have many, many beautiful things, and watches and pictures!”

“And there are many of them in our rooms,” said Salafael Myrtle, “and pictures and things. Did they steal jewelry from the Horn? And here they hid it. Who would guess to look here? Everything is packed with this shit in the main tower.”

“Oh!”

“Okay,” said Lis, “then we'll figure it out.”

“If it's stolen,” Nija said, “they will come for it and try to break through and take their jewelry in any way! Can we enter into negotiations with them?”

“That's the last thing,” objected Zagpeace Gesaria, “to enter into negotiations with thieves!”

“Let's defend the Fort first,” Lis interrupted them, “and then

we'll decide how to sell the stolen goods.”

And the unclean ones, Shrad and Marmer and Lis himself laughed.

### 3

#### **New life**

*Value friendships. Try to understand your partner and he will understand you. Understanding will help restore what was destroyed and overcome any obstacles.*

Kors returned to his room. He had several hours to clean himself up and sleep, but he could not. He wanted to be with Nikto and listened nonstop to his thoughts. What if suddenly the Demon would call him? But Kors didn't hear him. Kors wanted Nikto to call him, he wanted to hear his voice in his head and immediately run to him.

But he didn't hear anything. Nikto wasn't calling him. And Kors couldn't do anything, not even just fall asleep, although he was very tired. The tension kept him from relaxing. Why wasn't the Demon calling him?

Jealousy began to gnaw at Kors, he began to imagine that Nikto, instead of calling him, caressed and kissed his prince Arel. Shitty, fucking crazy Arel, whom the Demon not clearly because of what loved so much. All these thoughts drove Kors crazy, it seemed to him that a whole eternity had passed, but

looking at his watch, he realized that he was tormented for no more than half an hour. Maybe Nikto would call him a little later?

But Kors couldn't wait any longer. Unable to bear it, he decided to go to them without an invitation.

He knocked on the door.

“Come in, it's not locked,” Kors heard the voice of Nikto.

He entered.

The room smelled strongly of chemistry and blood from weapons and ammunition. Kors was relieved to see that Nikto was not lying with Arel, but was sitting at the table and giving himself an injection. Prince Arel was sitting on the bed undressed to the waist, and Verniy gave him an injection too. They didn't fuck, but injected themselves, and Kors felt a relief from his heart. In his room, Nikto was finally without a mask, he looked at Kors and raised the syringe:

“Will you?”

“Yes,” Kors replied, not believing what he was saying, “I cannot sleep.”

“Now Ver will stir up something for you, sit down,” Nikto responded, he didn't react at all to the words of Kors, he was not surprised. Everything was somehow ordinary, as if nothing had happened, as if Kors was not his slave now, and as if Kors had always done this – coming and taking drugs with them.

Kors sat down on the edge of the bed and looked at the prince, with a sealed cheek and without a ring in his nose he looked very dignified. Arel didn't show any aggression towards him, looked

indifferently and turned away.

“Did you free his tongue?” Kors asked Nikto. Maybe Arel was silent because he was still limited.

“Yes. It is difficult to fight with this decoration in the mouth. I freed him,” Nikto answered, “I always release Arel so he can fight.”

“So he can talk?”

“Nope,” Nikto shook his head, “He has been wearing the braces for too long.”

“What?! And he will remain dumb now?”

“It takes time for the tongue to recover.”

Kors even felt a little sorry for Arel, this metal instrument of torture, which he had to carry in his mouth, and which Nikto called “jewelry”, was really rigid:

“By the time it recovers, we’ll take the Fort back and you’ll decorate it again,” he said.

“Maybe,” Nikto answered.

Verniy approached Kors and handed him a filled syringe, drops of the “restorative” were dripping from the tip of the needle. Kors looked at the unclean one with some dismay:

“I’m not very good at injecting drugs into a vein,” he said, embarrassed.

“Ah-ah-ah, noble blacks who don’t know how to do anything themselves, I completely forgot,” Nikto said. He got up from the table and, going up to the bed, took the syringe from Verniy, looked at Kors:

“Better take off your jacket.”

Kors began to unfasten the buckles. His fingers didn't obey him, and he so awkwardly tried to hang the jacket over the back of the chair that his gold cigarette case slipped out of his inner pocket, clinking loudly on the floor, only the blue stones gleamed. The cigarette case opened from the blow, it was still empty. Kors didn't pick it up, but rolled up the sleeve of his shirt strongly. And Nikto just turned his head to Verniy, looked at him and nodded. Verniy silently wrapped the black cord around Kors' forearm and tightened it tightly. This action scared Kors more than the syringe in the Demon's hand. He involuntarily recoiled from the unclean one.

“Don't tremble, give me your hand,” said Nikto.

Kors swallowed hard.

“What will I feel? Hot pots and pans on which devils fry sinners, or whatever you have in Hell?”

“There will be no hallucinations,” Nikto smiled, “this is a good drug, relax.

“Good drug,” Kors whispered and shook his head.

He stretched out his hand, seeing that from the cord, on the inner side of the elbow, blue paths of the veins clearly manifested. Kors continued to have a nervous shiver. He didn't understand what he was doing and what he allowed to do with himself. Kors looked at the concentrated face of Nikto: now he didn't seem handsome to him at all – under sunken eyes there were dark circles, he was too pale, with too sunken cheeks and

black inscriptions on the cheekbones further emphasized the unhealthy thinness. Living Dead.

“It will be good,” Nikto so inhumanly “smiled”, exposing the edges of the fangs, bent to Kors’ hand holding a filled syringe in his black fingers and slightly at an angle putting the needle to the white clean skin. He carefully punctured skin, piercing it with the sharp end of the needle and damaging the wall of the blood vessel. Bright scarlet blood swirled behind the glass, mixing with the substance. Nikto slowly pushed on the piston, injecting a foreign mixture into Kors’ blood. Verniy relaxed the cord. From the fact that the unclean one touched him with his furry paw, Kors involuntarily shrank. The demon and his dog touched him and performed unacceptable actions with his body. Kors felt defiled and already regretted letting them do it.

But suddenly everything passed, and he was released. This difference between the previous nervous state, full of tension and fatigue, and the current one, was so palpable, as if Nikto had not a syringe in his hands, but a magic wand and he waved it and – wow! Just a moment ago Kors felt so dreary and bad, but now he felt so good! Kors didn’t expect such a sharp transition, for some reason he thought that he had to wait and maybe after a while he would feel some slight relief. But not that it would be like this! Fast, magical, wonderful! And Nikto, seeing his face, laughed:

“Well? Does it hurt?”

“No. Only very slightly at the beginning when you pierced.”

Kors felt relieved, nervous exhaustion was gone, and interest

in life reappeared. Yes, that was truly a “restorative”! Verniy walked away from them, he took the bloody sword of Nikto and went with him to the adjacent room.

“Is your sword the sword of the unclean?”

“Yes.”

“Where did you get it here? Have the unclean ones brought it?”

“Yes. When Wolf arrested me in Lower, they disarmed me and threw everything away. Arel handed over Power and my weapon to the unclean Borgan, and he then passed them on to Zaf.”

“It is beautiful, it is clear that it is expensive. Does your sword have a name?”

“No, no, I'm bad with coming up with names.”

“However, you named your horse and habir beautifully.”

“Really?” Nikto was surprised.

“Yes. A bit pompous, but in general beautiful.”

“But I have more than one sword, actually. I happen to call a weapon in conversation by the name of the one who made it. The sword of Lumin or Ridiger for example.”

“So many say.”

“I don't invent separate names.”

“I was amazed today by how you managed to compensate for your disability.”

“What?”

“You got used to it. You fight very well. Sometimes you let

the enemy get too close, but in general...”

Nikto just chuckled. Kors watched as he quickly wrapped a wide strip of black fabric around his wrist and put a high leather bracelet on top, how easily he worked with his left hand, tightening the lacing.

“I remember now your steel bracelets,” said Kors.

“Yes. You didn't return them to me. And the rings. And hairpins. All my jewelry has been fucked up by you, Kors.”

“I took off your rings because I wanted you to see the tattoos on your fingers.”

“Do you think I didn't understand it?”

“I have everything, all your things. Also the chain with the ring.”

“Well, this is the ring of your Iness, keep it to yourself.”

“Thank you. I will leave the ring, and I will give the rest to you when we return to the Black City.”

“Your guards took off my earrings,” Nikto said a little upset, “now you won't find them.”

“Earrings?”

“My earrings, Enriki called them rat tails.”

Kors remembered the silver earrings of Nikto, which hung down to his shoulders and really resembled rat tails in shape and length:

“Exactly! I remembered! I didn't take them off you, you were in the throne room with them.”

“In the throne room,” Nikto shook his head slightly, “I was

in a cage, and not in the throne room, your Nolan or how is his name took them off after, apparently he liked them, and others as well.”

“But you found a replacement and decorated your ears even uglier.”

Kors pushed his hair a little to the side, examining the lobe stretched out by the iron tunnels:

“Two fingers come in.”

Nikto shook his head slightly, dodging Kors, forcing him to pull his fingers out of the tunnel:

“Enough of fiddling with me like with a toy, really! Why are you looking at me like that again?”

“Strange movements, how strange you are moving, I cannot get used to it. When you want to turn your head, you turn your whole body. Where you can just turn your head, you turn your shoulders.”

“This is a habit from the collar, it restricted me.”

Kors ran his fingers over the obvious calluses, the hard, hardened skin on the neck of Nikto:

“I’m guilty, because of me they put it on you. Everything that has happened to you since birth is all because of me. Your appearance, your paralysis, your scars.”

Nikto was silent.

“Where is it now?”

“What?!”

“Your collar.”

“It stayed at the blacksmith’s, in Arel’s Estate.”

“Why didn't you take it off earlier?”

“Everyone liked it. The prince liked it.”

“Did you really obey Prince Arel?”

“In the beginning, yes.”

“Did he humiliate you?”

“Yes.”

“Same as I did?”

Nikto thought for a minute:

“No, stronger, and at the same time no... less. He exhausted me more physically, and you press hard with words.”

“Exhausted physically, that sounds great!”

“He beat hard, broke my nose, knocked out my front teeth, almost broke my jaw, ah-ah, also the knee...”

“Enough! Why did you let him?!”

“I knocked out his eye.”

“Are you crazy?!”

“I liked it myself. I liked his games.”

Kors looked at Prince Arel, who was still sitting on the bed without changing his posture and listening to their conversation with a slightly condescending expression on his face. Arel noticed Kors' gaze, and a slight haughty smile touched his beautiful lips.

“No matter how you humiliate him, he remains a master,” Kors was amazed, “he still feels his superiority over mere mortals, I “hear” him! Tell me, did he tell you the same as I did, about his superiority? That he is true black?”

“Well, of course! “I am a prince, no one is equal to me, only Demons”, Nikto grinned, “well and all that. He is the same as you, noble blacks, in fact, well, maybe just now just a little less freaking out.”

“You slept with Lis. And you were with other people of the prince too?”

“Yes. Arel let me be gang raped.”

“I cannot believe it! And Enriki Galas? I had not noticed anything about him like this before.”

“No, I just sucked Enriki.”

“Fuck! Is there anyone you haven't fucked with?!”

Nikto laughed:

“Of course there is! There are many of your black mercenaries.”

“That is, with your unclean ones, have you already rested with every one of them?”

“Are you excited by such conversations?”

“Simply, simply, such, uh ... free morals reign in your midst ... and ... and ... I worry about my daughter. For Karina, – got out Kors. – Did you rape her? Also let in a circle? And don't say it isn't! Everybody fucked her here.

“No, not like this. Kors, I swear to you, it was all voluntary.”

“Well, you may not, but Prince Arel for sure! I know him very well!”

And Kors “heard” suddenly how Arel thought a little contemptuously: “It is very necessary, she wanted me herself

and came to my Castle, she was wet from me.” Kors caught the echo of Arel’s emotions when he thought of Karin. He seemed to have become a prince himself and felt his sex with Karina in the Castle. Her moans under him, her such passionate embrace, sheer desire and excitement. Karina really was wet from the prince, Kors didn’t expect such love of her daughter for the utter pervert Arel.

“Oh no! Cash me out! I don't want to catch it!” He shouted.

“I do nothing, you catch them yourself,” said Nikto, “you are very perceptive.”

“Yes, the specifics of my work taught me to see through people, to see even what they want to hide,” agreed Kors. “But I didn't see you.”

“I'm not quite a human, and, probably, my, as you put it, “shameful appearance” confused you. You looked at my tattoos and jewelry and didn’t see me behind them.”

“You are right as always. And why didn’t I send you your other things along with the mask! I should have sent you everything, not just the mask and the family ring. Somehow it turned out ugly.”

“You probably haven't thought about it.”

“I haven’t, honestly, I even forgot about them.”

“You simply didn’t perceive me as a person yet.”

“But I sent a mask as a sign of reconciliation! And... my own ring.”

“Yes, a mask, on the one hand, as a sign of reconciliation,

but on the other, knowing now how you feel about those who wear a mask... For you, this is a sign of a slave, being in a mask is shameful and humiliating. You wanted to make up, but you humiliated me again: you sent neither my ring, nor jewelry, but a mask. My shameful mask, so that I could cover my shameful face with it.”

“Forgive me, please.”

“Come on, I’m kidding! In fact, I was very happy when you sent it to me. It was really difficult for me without it. This muzzle posed a terrible rub on the bridge of the nose.”

“Your mask is not lighter. I held it in my hands, it seemed very heavy to me, it surprised me. There are some metal inserts inside to protect the face, if I understand correctly.”

“Yes.”

Kors involuntarily glanced at the mask of Nikto, which was lying on the floor by the bed:

“How is it normal to breathe in it, and even during the battle?”

Nikto followed his gaze and also looked at his discarded mask, to where the outlines of the nose were slightly indicated on it with the more convex part.

“There are holes under the nose down there.”

“But they are very small, and often, during the battle, you want to catch your breath.”

“You can slightly raise the lower part.”

“But it's inconvenient.”

“No, it’s normal. I got used to it. You might think that noble

sirs never put on a mask, that you never put on a mask.”

“They put it on,” agreed Kors, “but only when it becomes necessary to go down to the Lower City. They put on a mask to protect their identity.”

“And to come off in brothels and pubs,” added Nikto.

Kors pursed his lips, clearly not wanting to develop this theme further, and tried to change it:

“Why have you thrown it on the floor?” He looked again at the lying mask. “Nik, and then you put it on your face.”

“So what?” Nikto answered indifferently. “After all, my face is not cleaner than the floor.”

“Enough! Enough, Nik! How can I make amends for all the troubles that I have caused you? Do you want me to give you some jewelry? You love jewelry,” Kors touched his ear, “do you want me to give you my earrings? They are very expensive. This is a sign of belonging to the elite.”

“Kors, I am forbidden to wear gold, only black ones wear gold. My sign of belonging are half-blood rings.”

“Lis doesn't wear them. And he has gold earrings and rings, and such an expensive signet on his finger.”

“Yes, Lis doesn't give a shit about anything, all the restrictions and rules, he does not set walls.”

“Frames,” corrected Kors, “Nik, I want more, inject me more.”

“Too little time has passed. It's too early.”

“No, I want it,” Kors leaned back, he felt very good, as if he

was basking in a warm gentle bath. Bliss enveloped his body, and it seemed that if he didn't add the drug, everything would end. It was necessary to urgently add so as not to lose these magical sensations.

Responding to the mental order of Nikto, Verniy entered the room again.

Kors got up from the bed in the room of Nikto and Arel.

He suddenly decided that he had to go and find out how Karina was there, because he was worried about his daughter.

Kors walked to the door past a large painting of a winter forest. The bear on it, slightly turning its head, followed him with a gaze of burning hungry eyes and, seeing this, Kors froze, realizing that this was a hallucination and he caught glitches. He turned away from the picture with a hungry bear and quickly left, literally floated out into the corridor, and just as easily hovering above the floor, reached the room of Lis and Karina. He opened the door. They turned to him. Both Karina and Lis were completely naked.

But Lis didn't resemble a man much, rather he looked like habir Verniy: he covered with fur and had clawed paws, and a dark red withers on a slightly stooped back. On the head were erect fox ears. The difference from the unclean servant of Nikto was only that Lis had a very beautiful huge and fluffy red tail, floor-length with white fur at the tip, the skin was reddish, and the facial features of the muzzle were slightly more human than the ones of the unclean. From the head of Lis grew strange bony shoots, sharp and resembling horns, they circled

his head like a crown. Some of the teeth cut through more and grew larger, others were a little smaller, and on them lumps of gradually peeling flesh still dangled. Kors looked with disgust at the “crown” of Lis, then turned his gaze down to Karina, who was kneeling at the feet of her master. On her head, like a strange hat or helmet, sat some disgusting creature like a huge tick. Dirty-flesh-colored with gray-pink bald patches, pulsating with its soft inflated body, with numerous tentacles, it stuck into her head and the cranium apparently was not an obstacle for this demonic entity. The tick completely covered Karina’s head and upper part of her face, digging deep into the bridge of her nose with its proboscis and obscuring her eyes with its disgusting swollen body. Thin bloody trickles streamed down Karina’s cheeks as she turned to her father. Both she and Lis wore wide iron collars, and a chain from one to the other connected them. The same chain was attached to Lis’ cock and went into Karina’s crotch.

“Karina!” Kors shouted, not recognizing his voice, and his daughter hissed back, her mouth full of small but sharp teeth curved like hooks.

“What happened to you?! Daughter! What's with your eyes?”

“Love is blind,” Karina hissed, turning away and bending to the furry legs-paws of Lis, began to lick them with a long and thin tongue. And Lis barked hoarsely:

“I am the king, you see, Kors?” And he laughed terribly, his head shook, and another piece of bloody flesh fell off his “crown”, revealing a black horn.

Kors gasped with disgust and nausea, backed away and woke up, he opened his eyes, he was really sick.

He didn't remember how he fell asleep the day before, where he was this time, in his room, or... He looked around in confusion and saw that he was still in the bedroom of Nikto and Arel, in his clothes, only the sleeve of his shirt was rolled up strongly and his jacket was lying on the floor. With surprise, Kors realized that Nikto was lying next to him. Nikto was lying on his side, on the still unmade bed, uncovered, fully clothed, he was sleeping peacefully, his eyelids with traces of almost worn-out arrows twitched slightly. Such thick and long dark eyelashes lay on pale skin, he breathed measuredly and calmly in his sleep, and Kors saw now that thick rings inserted into his nose closed his nostrils no worse than Arel's ring. Only it seemed that it didn't interfere with Nikto, unlike with the prince. Arel was lying right behind Nikto on the edge of the bed, hugging him. Arel put his hand on Nikto, and Kors noticed that on his long and thin hand, there were already three phalanges blackened with "rings", on three fingers. And Kors couldn't understand when Nikto had time to make them to him. He didn't remember how he passed out, what happened later. Kors got up heavily, he was shaking, he literally crawled to the bathroom, he felt nauseous, and nausea came to his throat. Fortunately, Verniy was not there, the household dog had apparently already fled somewhere on business. Only in the corner, wrapped in a torn blanket, sat, huddled in a ball, the slave of Prince, Valentine. Hearing Kors'

footsteps, he stirred awkwardly as he crawled out of his cocoon. Naked and covered with whip scars, the boy turned his face towards the front door. One of his eyes was swollen, closed, with a purple hematoma on it. The second, covered with a white albugo, stared blankly at Kors. So Arel beat his boy again, and when he managed to do it, Kors couldn't understand either. He suddenly thought that he had never seen Valentine's face and didn't know what he looked like without an iron muzzle that completely covered his nose and lower part of his face. Kors bent over the bathroom, nauseated, and involuntarily made several convulsive movements, but he never vomited. He tried to put two fingers in his mouth to finally free himself from this debilitating nausea. If the assault began, he would not be able to raise his sword and fight. "The gods will kill me today, I cannot fight," thought Kors, "why did I take this drug, Gods, why? But it was so good!"

"Kors?" Nikto was standing on the threshold of the bathroom, Kors turned around and suddenly jerked convulsively, vomited water and gastric juice on the floor next to the bathroom, and the help of two fingers was not needed.

Nikto, without changing his face, said calmly and even somehow kindly:

"Come on, I'll cure you."

After vomiting, Kors felt a little better, but his head was still dizzy with weakness. They returned to the room, he sat down on the bed. Before his eyes, everything was floating:

“Reds... assault...”

“Not yet. But they will start soon,” Nikto answered and gave him an injection.

And Kors felt released, as if Nikto poured life into him. He felt good, strange where the strength came from.

“Look,” Nikto raised a syringe in front of his face, showing him, “see? It will be yours now. Ver marked it with blue paint. Do you see the blue stripe?”

“I see. Why blue?”

“Well... like your stones,” Nikto looked at Kors’ gold cigarette case lying on the floor. “Isn't your colors blue and gold? Is your banner not blue and gold?”

“Yes. How do you know? You can't distinguish colors.”

“I see your bright blue color,” Nikto smiled and gently stroked Kors on the head, on the gray strand.

“This is the color of our family,” whispered Kors, “sapphire...”

“Yes...”

Nikto approached him, kissing him on the lips, very gently and carefully, but at the same time with pressure, taking his lower lip into his mouth, sticking his tongue into his mouth. And Kors felt the half-blood marks scraping his parched lips. He responded with a kiss, suddenly thinking that Nikto saw how he just vomited in the bathroom, that he didn't brush his teeth, but it seemed that Nikto wasn't embarrassed. And Kors wondered if Nik himself often cleaned himself up. “What am I doing?”

Kors thought again. "I didn't wash, I slept in my clothes, I just lay on the dirty bed with them, without even taking off my boots. And they, too, obviously did not wash or change their clothes, and they are not even going to do this, and there will be no time. They only take the time to get the shot, not brush their teeth or comb their hair, and I do the same. I'm as dirty as they are, mentally and physically now too. He marked me with his filth, his absolute depravity, his body and mouth odor. I smell like him." And disgust from himself and from Nikto's lifestyle was replaced in Kors with a strange courage and delight that he was now the same, in an insane unity with them, devoid of concepts of human rules and laws that threw them away, as if they had already died and everything did not matter, for some reason gave Kors an incomprehensible pleasure and a feeling of freedom. He felt their desperate doom. World with other people was out there somewhere, and were are there. And there was no turning back for them. "There is still for me," thought Kors, "they accepted me into their flock, and now I am one of them, I am at the bottom, I am an animal, but I will not completely lose touch with the world of people, as they did," so thought Kors while still kissing her filthy Demon and enjoying it.

Loud alarm sounds forced them to break the kiss. The illusory peace of their little world, limited by this room, was over, and it was necessary to return to the world of war. But Kors was now ready to fight.

*Take care of your own strength and inner stability. Fortitude will help you overcome problems.*

“How long will this continue?! For two days we have been fighting off a five-thousandth army, look, here are the lists, many have died, there are fewer and fewer of us!” Lis nervously walked around the room from corner to corner, and the weapon with which he was hung tinkled on him.

“And of them too,” Nikto answered him calmly.

“You said we had won!”

“Have we lost? Have we surrendered? Is the fort captured?! Lis?” Nikto raised his voice too.

“Do you perfectly understand what I mean, how long will we last?”

“We have enough reserves.”

“And the soldiers? Do we have enough warriors? The siege will drag on, who will remain? Who are we going to Ore town with?”

“I’ll go along the mouse hole, I’ll come to a high mountain,” Nikto said thoughtfully and as if to himself.

“What?”

“There are many mines and underground passages in Ore town, all the land under Ore has been dug up.”

Lis stopped for a second, as if pondering the words of Nikto:

“Nik, if the siege drags on, there will be two or three hundred of us left. And the red ones will call for help. You understand?!” Unable to bear it, he screamed again. “Or will you lead the unclean ones through the Port?”

“I cannot lead an army through the Port and you know it.”

“How then to act?!”

“Hold the defense, Lis, motherfucker!” Nikto also shouted. He swore in unclean language, insulting Lis, very rudely indicating who he thought he was and what Nikto thought of him. Lis paid with his own coin and swore at Nikto in red and black at the same time, remembering all the Demons in general and him in particular. Lis didn't pay any attention to Kors, and he sat down, realizing that they were really deep in shit.

“Lis! You are a rotten commander! What the panic, damn it, how are you fucking me up with your tantrums!” Nikto hit his forehead with his palm, closing his eyes, and obviously trying to calm down, but he could not succeed. “Fuck, not only are you a noise-head, you have regular tantrums, like girls have their periods! Stable! No wonder you fucked everything up in the past, with your eternal fucking attitude! Do we have people now?!”

“Yes!” Lis snapped.

“We're inside, reds are outside, right?!”

“Yes,” Lis replied grimly.

“Then what? What the fuck is the problem now?! We must hold the defense further! I am not omnipotent! Keep up the

defense! Keep up defense, fuck you, motherfucker! What are you as a commander to do now?!”

“Hold the defense!”

“So hold it! Don't fucking give up like an asshole!”

“I don't give up!”

“Well done! Do what you must and don't panic! Do you understand me, you red-haired bitch?!”

“Well, okay,” said Lis, seeing that Nikto was wounded, and deciding, out of harm's way, to slow down, “I will do everything in my power, and you are responsible for your words.”

“I am responsible! You want to show me now that I am not responsible for my words?!”

“Not now.”

“Then fuck you!”

“Here are the lists for you, I put them on the oak stump!” Lis threw the lists of the dead onto the table. And he left, slamming the door loudly.

Kors shook his head.

“As you speak, it is unacceptable. For Alis it is okay, but don't answer him like that, don't stoop to his level, Demon.”

Nikto just looked at him gloomily.

“Alis is furious, he's going to cripple Karina!” Kors worried.

“He won't. He will get stoned and that's it.”

“She will fall under his hot hand, he will take out all his anger on her.”

“No, she won't fall under his hand, she perfectly knows how

not to shine at such moments. Don't be afraid for her.”

“And you don't be fooled by his provocations, answer him coldly, politely and with contempt.”

“I can't do that. He turns me on.”

“Yes, damn it, you are mirroring what they put into you,” Kors thought, “we need to somehow untie you from him emotionally. Have you and Lis been lovers for a long time?”

“We are together now,” Nikto answered gloomily.

“When do you have time?!”

Nikto was silent.

“You're upset. You let him yell at you, now you sit sad. Maybe I don't understand something? After all, he is also your slave, you just have to order, and your Lis will bend down in front of you.”

“Yes.”

“Why didn't you bend him over now? Didn't show him who is in charge? I don't understand!”

Nikto didn't answer anything.

“Do you, perhaps, love him?!”

“Yes.”

Kors shook his head in disappointment.

“Oh! This redhead drove everyone crazy. Karina, you... He does what he wants, considers himself the coolest, how does he do it?”

“No way. He's really cool.”

“Bullshit! And don't love him, he doesn't deserve it! He doesn't care about you, he uses you, he also demands: “Where

is my victory?" He is completely insolent! He doesn't love you, Demon!"

Nikto was sitting sad and silent, and Kors physically felt how he yearned for Lis, regretting that he was gone. He wanted his love and recognition.

Kors was stunned by it:

"No-no, I won't leave it like that! I promised to help you, and I will put something else in you, the right thing. I'll squeeze out all the shit that Lis put into you. Firstly, it is unacceptable to talk and communicate like that, and I will take care of your upbringing, your culture of speech. And secondly, I will explain to you that you should not love those who don't reciprocate and just use you. This is not the case! Do you agree with that?"

"Yes," answered Nikto indifferently.

"Do you understand that Alis doesn't love you? He probably doesn't love anyone at all!"

"I understand everything," Nikto quickly touched his face with his right hand several times in a row.

"Maybe he only loves himself," Kors continued, "and even then, I doubt it very much, looking at how he fights, this is not even courage, it's some kind of suicide, he doesn't think where he is going."

"He thinks," Nikto tightly grasped his left wrist with his right, trying not to make uncontrolled movements.

And Kors saw it, the way he tried to calm his hand:

"I will help you, Nik, to get rid of this splinter, human

weakness.”

Nikto didn't object, and Kors was inspired:

“You will forget about him, and when we return to the Black City, by this time I will teach you, you will speak normally, because we need this to fulfill my Mission, do I understand correctly? After all, my Mission will clearly be associated with the Upper City, and not with the Lower, of course. What should I do in Lower? This means that you will need to learn to speak the way we, the Supreme Sirs, talk among ourselves, and not the way you, illiterate commoners, talk. I'll teach you, okay?”

“Okay,” Nikto answered.

Kors nodded in satisfaction and took the lists of the dead from the table.

“Oak stump...” He shook his head. “Expressions of the poor, who don't even have a table, but instead of a table there is a wooden stump!”

Nikto was silent. Kors began reading the lists, bitterly recognizing the names of his warriors.

Nikto pulled his mute Arel to him and hugged him to his chest the way an upset child hugs his favorite toy to be comforted. Kors lifted his eyes from the lists and looked at them, it touched him. And he also really liked the fact that Nikto argued with him, and it seemed he didn't mind reaching out for knowledge. Kors thought that the devilish cunning was simultaneously combined in Nikto with some childish naivety and a lack of understanding of what was bad and what was good. This clarity of Nikto in

the seemingly most ordinary questions and concepts surprised Kors: “No, he is still a little mentally retarded,” thought Kors, looking at such a sincerely upset Nikto. “That's really, really, hellishly wrong, wrong combination of Demon and man. Such a crooked, flawed symbiosis, but by the way, it's even cute!” Kors remembered how Nikto talked in a rather primitive way, although he said the right things: “Okay, I'll teach him, he doesn't seem to mind, he probably understands that he needs it.”

Nikto pressed Arel closer to him and kissed him. Arel immediately responded to the kiss, they were sucked in front of Kors that he felt uneasy. He thought that he probably needed to leave and didn't leave, didn't want to leave, continuing to watch Nikto and Arel kissing, how Nikto stroked Arel's face with slightly crooked fingers of his right hand, very tenderly, and Arel hugged him. Kors realized that now their kiss would turn into something more, and jealousy stirred in him, gnawing at him, but he threw those thoughts away. “Nikto is alien to human notions of morality,” thought Kors, thus reassuring himself. “He's not doing this to make me jealous, offend or spite me, no. Nik also loves me, he is kind and affectionate with me. He just wants to be with Arel now, they have been together for a long time, but this doesn't mean anything. Nik listens to me, and reaches out to me, he just doesn't understand now that offends my feelings, and it is indecent to squeeze Arel in front of my eyes. The demon knows no shame, and doesn't understand human concepts. This is the reason for his behavior. And he didn't tell me to leave.

I should not be jealous and offended, Arel is his lover and we are one.” And Kors, explaining to himself everything that was happening, continued to watch how Nikto undressed Arel, began to breathe heavily, pressing against him with groans, and Kors felt that he too was getting up, despite jealousy and resentment. Arel bent over to meet him and clung to his beloved so much, their movements were so complementary to each other, just like in battle, they were one. The action of one smoothly flowed into the movement of the other. Kors now felt not jealousy, but rather envy, realizing how awkward and mediocre his sex with Nikto was. He looked with all his eyes, trying to understand how Arel did this, how such harmony is formed between them. This was beautiful. And one could look at it endlessly, like at fire or flowing water. Nikto fucked Arel for a long time, he moaned, and Kors seemed to be there with them.

He sat at the table, stroking his dick and, swallowing hard saliva, watched how Nikto’s ass smoothly moved back and forth, as he bended over Arel, and he, on the contrary, rose to him, and they sucked again, and blond hair of Nikto mixed with Arel’s dark hair and obscured their faces from Kors. “I fucked him too,” Kors thought. “Our hair was also blended, it's so beautiful.” He tried to hear what they were thinking now and didn’t hear, but not because he could not, but because they weren’t thinking, either one or the other. Kors was amazed at it, their kind of trance and not a single intelligible thought, only a spontaneous flow of pleasure. Kors tried to resonate with them and stop thinking, so

he even shuddered when he clearly heard the thought of Nikto, addressed to Arel: “I allow you to come”, Nikto thought, and Arel groaned, trembling in ecstasy. “Oh, that’s how they…” Kors realized, almost cumming with Arel. He saw now how Nikto, with his knees slightly apart, slowly moved up along Arel’s body, fell on his face and, realizing where Arel’s mouth and lips were, seeing Nikto then sitting on his face harder, then rises, resting his hands on the headboard. And Arel, whose tongue has now been freed from the metal cover, caresses Nikto with it, holding his buttocks with his hands, licking, moving his head back and forth, sticking his tongue deep inside, forcing Nikto to moan, and closing his eyes, threw his head back, gasping for air. “Gods, I want that too! I want this damn prince to do me the same!” Kors thought, seeing how Nikto squeezed his cock and came onto Arel’s forehead, sitting deep on his tongue. And Kors came too.

Karina undressed very slowly, took a bath. She didn’t hear Lis come back into the room because water was noisy coming from the open tap. She lay in the bath for a long time, because she took the “restorative” and was very slow. Then she also slowly got out, began to dry herself off, seeing with bitterness that her whole body was covered with bruises, her legs were just blue. Lis didn’t remove the chastity belt from her, and of course it was very inconvenient to wash in it, as well as to relieve herself. Karina got used to it somehow. When she sat down in the bath, water poured through small holes inside the “belt”, then poured out, flowing down her legs. There was no way to wash properly

with soap, a washcloth or with the hand, the hole in the front was very tiny – round, with sharp jagged edges, and you couldn't stick your finger in, a little more behind, and also with sharp teeth. Karina asked Lis to take off her "belt" in order to go out in great need, usually only in the evening, and to wash up. He opened the lock, she went to the toilet, washed, then returned to his room, he fucked her and locked her up again. Everything suited him. She was uncomfortable. And this day Lis was in such a mood that Karina was afraid to even just approach him. She had not eaten anything for the second day, the piece didn't go down her throat, she only injected and drank wine. During the hike, Karina lost weight again, and in recent days even stronger, and the wide metal belt with a padlock tightened at her waist no longer cut into the skin as at first. Even a finger could be stuck in. Karina slipped in a towel to wipe her belly under the metal. She saw on her waist a purple line of bruising from an iron belt, she knew that she looked thin and pathetic. Today on the wall she didn't cope and made a small misfire in battle, blunt and stupidly substituted herself, distracted Lis, he immediately backed her up, and then just quickly and silently gave her a blow in the eye. Others saw it, they said nothing. She was, of course, to blame. Karina returned to the room. Lis, without moving, was lying on the made bed, she went to the mirror, well, so it was, her lips had not yet had time to heal completely, and now there was a bruise under the eye. Karina tried to paint over it with flesh-colored dye, she seemed to have succeeded a little. She injected

herself again, a dull numbness of fatigue and stress possessed her. Lis was lying on the bed in clothes, in combat ammunition and with a fastened weapon, he didn't even take off his boots, he didn't move, he probably took a drug and passed out. Karina fully dressed and gathered, lay down carefully next to him. As soon as Lis wakes up, she will immediately jump up, only she hasn't put on her boots, this was quick and he would not need to wait for her. Fully collected, she pressed close to him, inhaling the familiar scent of his hair, and couldn't resist kissing his cheek with oblique stripes of old scars. Lis stirred and hugged her half asleep, pressing her to himself. Karina buried her face in his chest, in a hard steel bib and closed her eyes.

After a couple of hours, he rose heavily and woke her up:

"I'm going to the position," he said.

"I'm with you," she quickly grabbed a handkerchief to cover her face, Lis looked at her carefully, at her smeared eye, but said nothing. Karina, already habitually tightened her scarf on her face, tying a knot at the back of her head. Suddenly Lis grabbed her from behind by the neck and squeezed her tightly, pulled her to him, forcing her to fall to the floor. He pulled out his cock, Karina knelt down, and Lis, without removing the scarf from her face, but only lifting its lower part, roughly thrust it into her mouth. She resignedly began to suck, at some point, when he breathed deeper with pleasure, raised her eyes to him. He looked at her, from top to bottom and with such superiority, his face was so smug that Karina realized that now she would get more

from him, just like that, for nothing, just because Lis liked to feel complete power over her. He came in her mouth and kicked her away, but didn't hit, as she was afraid. He tucked his cock into the fly:

“Come on, I've already lost time because of you,” he said.

Karina jumped up quickly. Lis ordered her to always stay one step behind him, not dare to look at anyone and be silent. She tried to fulfill everything.

## 5

### **The Fort**

*Help the weak, be confident and strong, and don't put up with evil.*

This section of the wall was just some kind of curse: the reds didn't calm down for a minute and hammered the dilapidated wall near the menagerie.

Kors was tired, but the attacks didn't stop, and his hand no longer felt the sword. From endless explosions, stone chips flew off the wall and peeled off the skin from his face, sparks scorched his eyebrows, acrid smoke burned his lungs. Kors fought, already just defending himself, without any hope, realizing that even if he managed to fight back and stay alive, too little time would pass and everything would start all over again. The reds pressed, and there was nothing to breathe from their “lighters”. Kors

suffocated in this fiery hell, he lost Nikto and Arel, bumping only into the corpses of his own soldiers and others, and fighting off the attackers purely on instinct. After killing another red, Kors fell to his knees with no strength, next to the prostrate body, bowing his head to the ground and breathing heavily, everything around was covered with blood and he himself was covered in blood, no longer understanding who was the ally and who the enemy.

“Vitor! Vitor!” As in a fog he heard a gentle voice, which seemed to be coming from afar and from somewhere above, Kors raised his head in shock. In the thick smoke, he saw in front of him the silhouette of his dead wife Iness, she seemed to float in the air, her beautiful and gentle face turned to him was framed by long blond hair, they fluttered as if from the wind, and beautiful white wings shone behind her:

“Vitor! Get up!”

But he could not and did not want to, indifference seized his consciousness: “if everything is so, let it be so.”

“Get up!” Iness screamed and suddenly her eyes became black as well as hair and wings behind her back. Kors felt that someone roughly grabbed his forearm, pulled him up:

“Get up!” Nikto shouted, helping him to get up, dragged him to the wall, sitting him in the destroyed arch. “Stay here,” he said and disappeared into the smoke, Kors bent over choking on a cough.

When, closer to the afternoon, exploding lighters and red

warriors stopped pouring into the breaches, Kors no longer believed in good things. Noticing movement near the stable, without hesitation, he immediately jumped up, drawing his sword.

“Hey! Hush! That’s we!” They heard the voice of Lis, and he with several mercenaries of Kors, as if nothing had happened, entered the break of the wall from the side of the enemy. Unclean and soldiers from the training school of Daniel Crassus looked at them with wide eyes.

“Where are you from?!”

Lis laughed.

“We went down from the wall along their own assault tower and just drove the reds across the field.”

“Are you crazy?!”

“Why are you taking such a risk?!” Kors couldn’t resist. He lifted his head up and looked at the wall, seeing that his mercenaries were also looking at them from above. Kors didn’t see his daughter among them: dressed as a man and with a closed face, she merged with the rest of the warriors. But she was probably there and worried about Lis, hoping that he returned to the fortress safe and sound.

“Alis, why are you leaving the outer perimeter?!”

“We wanted to help you, to distract the reds...”

Lis didn’t have time to finish, at that moment, drowning out his words, quite close by, there was a deafening roar, and the ground trembled under their feet.

“Fuck! This is from Ariel's side,” Lis shouted, “they managed to blow up this fucking sewer!”

Unclean ones and people ran to the aid of Ariel Riel. Kors very clearly heard in his head how Nikto called Nija. It was a revelation to him.

“Are you mentally talking to the unclean? Can you hear each other?!”

“Yes,” Nikto answered simply.

“They can communicate mentally, bypassing conversations and unnoticed by people! A whole secret world, and we consider them stupid animals,” thought Kors with horror, “and they turn out to be stronger than us!”

Prince Ariel Riel, stunned and blinded by the explosion, tried his best not to lose his balance and stay on his feet. He was left without his beautiful, precious helmet with a golden mask, blood flowed down his temples, crimson streams framing his pale face, tense with pain. Many of his warriors were killed, thrown from the wall by a blast wave, heaped with stones, shell-shocked, but the survivors didn't retreat. Lis with Kors' mercenaries and the unclean ones quickly came to their aid, and no matter how hard the reds tried, they couldn't get into the Fort. Those gaps that they managed to make in the wall were immediately under enhanced protection. For a day, the reds failed to break through the cracks of the old wall near the menagerie, although at first they threw all their main forces there. This time, deciding not to get involved

with the unclean, since they only suffered losses, and the wall was strengthened even more each time, the red commanders decided to change the plan and try to blow up the sewer. But this tactical maneuver also didn't work. The buried passage was blown out, but it was low and narrow, and the wall around and above it was strong, and it didn't collapse, but only sagged a little, further creating the danger of collapsing on those who would make their way to the Fort along this dubious manhole and bury them under the collapse. When Atley Alis' army of militias, mercenaries and unclean attacked Crimson Rock, the garrison inside consisted of no more than two hundred men. Lis' cunning plan distracted them, and they simply couldn't control and protect all points of the Fort, no matter how Digmer tried. Moreover, his opponent, and a friend in the past, knew all the weak points very well. In fact, only the village militias of Prince Arel suffered heavy losses. Professional warriors, mercenaries and unclean ones didn't suffer so catastrophically.

Things were different now. The Reds outside came from the Ore City and the surrounding area, there were a lot of them, and therefore they dashingly and not really thinking about the strategy, confident in their numerical and military superiority, without any tricks began an assault "head-on" and made a mistake in this, having lost many soldiers wasted. Because Lis had not two hundred fighters like Digmer, but almost a thousand and they were protected by walls, waiting for an attack and preparing for it. They had nowhere to retreat, they were alone

here, and this hopelessness gave them strength. And if you face the truth, the black mercenaries of Kors, and even more so the unclean ones of Nikto, were not only very experienced warriors, but also had certain character traits. Because not everyone would go to fight in enemy territory, and for the sake of ghostly diamonds not everyone would stick themselves in the heat of reds. Thus, at the moment, Lis' army consisted of the best adventurers for such purposes, and in fact reckless scumbags. Both unclean and people, no matter how Kors tried to present his warriors as noble ones.

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