

"I may have given you the wrong impression Lia, I did not mean to insinuate that you would need to use magic to fulfill your duties as I am perfectly confident in your abilities as a rider and as a Tamer. Nature magic could also be used to communicate with creatures. It could be used to create and harvest food, make flowers bloom, and overall it could be used to improve the quality of life of not just yourself and the animals around you, but the people surrounding you as well. If you don't want to use magic that is perfectly acceptable, but if you ever desire to improve I have some books in my study regarding the subject. Once Arrow feels more acclimated to her new role perhaps she can help you find these books. I will not order you to read them, but I'd be happy if you could take a peak at your own leisure." Theodore responded happily to Lia's rebuttal, he knew that she was proud of her own skills, but he also had a desire to see not just her, but all of his slaves improve upon their natural talents and abilities while in his care.

Watching the conversation between Mari and Celeste had caused the Master's cheeks to redden by just a fraction. He wasn't so oblivious that he wouldn't be able to pick up on Celeste's hints that himself and Feya were not quite in their affairs, and the reaction of the young and impressionable Mari drove that point home. From now on he knew that he would have to be a little more quiet about their evening affairs, or at least try hard to not sow the seeds of jealousy between the other slaves. He reflected on this as Mari rambled on about the aging of elves that wasn't so dissimilar from that of his own race, but he would not bring that up just yet, Thinking that he may spoil the mood by boasting about himself. He continued to eat rather quietly when Celeste replied to his proposal. He was getting ready to respond before Mari cut in with her own presumptions, A sly sadistic grin crossing his lips as he leaned in so that she in particular could hear him well, yet he spoke loudly enough to make sure that everyone else could hear him. "It is not favoritism young Mari, Feya is the #1 slave. You may not respect it but there IS a hierarchy here, and had it not been for her It is likely that I would not have saved the rest of you. You should at the very least feel thankful towards Feya for saving you from a worse fate than a home cooked meal and Secretarial duties. You are still a young maiden, so I will let your attempts to rile everyone else up slide. Favoritism is not the reason that Feya has been given the special privilege to sleep in today. It is a much more simple matter. You see, the task that Feya had to attend to last night was very exhausting for her, and unless you are volunteering to take her place then I recommend that you be thankful that she is sleeping in so late, but don't worry, your time will come~" Theodore said rather ravenously and seductively for a change as he told her exactly where she stood, and his demeanor softened as he sat up and looked over towards Celeste. "That would not be necessary Celeste, I'd rather Feya continue to rest, because she will have something more strenuous to endure later on this evening. I'd like you to accompany If you wouldn't mind accompanying your master?" He said cheerfully, cleaning off the rest of his plate of breakfast before slowly walking over and dumping it into the sink. Once finished doing his own dishes he would return to his seat and look over towards Celeste, awaiting an answer from the sisterly looking brown haired elf.

Feya Bryne

BOT

— 03/10/2022 17:43

As willing as Celeste was to go with him, she was much aware of the fact that it should be Feya by his side and not she. Was merely a maid, meant to stay in her place and stick to cleaning and cooking should she be requested. Yet Feya had even stolen that role from her, the Master quite seemed to

enjoy her cooking from the other day. Celeste took a deep breath and shook her head. "I believe that is not correct." She said softly, standing to her feet after taking a sip of her drink. "I am sure that Feya would be more than willing to attend to the markets and shops with you, after all, it is within her duties to be by your side." She nodded promptly. Celeste thoroughly believed in following your given roles within life. While this role was less than she would like, she also understood that it was what she was given and that she would have to make the most of it if she could.

After promptly assisting the girls with cleaning up, she would walk upstairs to the room in which Feya was sleeping in. She knocked on the door sternly and peeked in. "Feya, it is time to wake up. You are not a Princess any longer, you aren't to lounge around any longer." She said coldly, walking over to the girl and pulling her blanket from her roughly. She seemed just a tad surprised when she found that Feya was undressed still, her body covered in plenty of markings from the night before. "I see the first night treated you well." She noted, her gaze falling along Feya's wounds.

Feya winced and sat up, her gaze soft and tired as she looked at Celeste. "Cold..." She shivered, gripping at what she could of the blanket. "I'll get up... just... give me a second, okay?" She said softly, her gaze shifting over to the pajamas that Theo had left for her. She paused and frowned, looking towards Celeste who was still urging her up. Celeste sighed and motioned for her to go get changed. "I'm sure he has other clothing prepared for you. You will be going to the market to day. Make haste already. You do

not want to leave him waiting." She would note before walking to the door.

It was merely 15 minutes later that Feya stepped out of the room. She had pulled her hair back into two small braids that connected at the back of her hair, the rest of her hair loosely falling down her back. She was wearing a simple dress that he had prepared for her, the green coloring fitting her well. She stepped up to him and took a deep breath, it was clear that she was very sore, her body not enjoying moving despite the fact that she was forcing it forwards. "Apologies for the wait." She said softly, her gaze falling down.

@TheRedBear (mind pinging me - otherwise I may lose track of responses)

Theodore Gordon

BOT

— 04/10/2022 02:42

"Thank you for being so considerate towards the others Celeste, Perhaps some other time then? Perhaps we can think of another activity that you might be able to find more enjoyable? I do want to get to know you a little bit better when you feel up to it." Theodore said with a slight pout donning his lips as Celeste denied his invitation, deep down he understood that she had likely made the right decision and that he should be more careful in establishing Feya as his number one slave, but he still felt that he wanted to reward her for already doing such splendid work. He thought about different ways of accomplishing this as she ushered the girls away to fulfill their various tasks, finally excusing himself from the kitchen table after everyone else had left for their morning business.

In the approximate 20 minutes that it took Celeste to rouse the house's sleeping former princess, Theodore had begun to pick up his pace so that they could be ready for their shopping date, freshening himself up and casting magic to make himself smell like the earthy and forest-like scents that she was used to rather than his more natural scent of dark wood, wanting to give the princess even the slightest bit of extra comfort while she was with him. He then went outside to the stables where Lia had begun her work in earnest, and before Feya even descended the stairs to meet him he had Lia help him in setting up the carriage that himself and Feya would be taking into the city. He then finished his preparations by going into the house's armory, and pulling out one of his more ornate yet powerful looking swords, wanting to ensure that they were reasonably protected before they began their travels. Even if he was a Noble, Theodore was not the type of person to let his arrogance get the better of him, and he wanted to make sure that he could at least protect the lives of the people who were now in his care.

As Feya began to descend the stairs Theodore, was just re-entering the hall after f

inishing his own preparations, and his face lit up as he gazed upon Feya. Even with the rather simplistic dress, hand-me-down garments from the old maids who had lived in this noble estate before Theodore had moved in, Feya looked absolutely stunning. Her large beautiful green eyes looked practically radiant when combined with the foresty green color of her dress, and her hair looked elegant when tied up in the two small neat braids. When she finally stepped up to him, Theodore could not help but to notice, perhaps for the first time, just how small the former princess was when compared to himself, her head only came up to about the base of his chest. Despite this rather small stature she definitely possessed the presence and the elegance of a princess, and as she cutely looked down and offered her apology his cheeks turned a slightly pinkish-red color as he was briefly taken aback by her beauty. He paused for a brief few moments before gently putting his hand out and gently lifting her chin with his fingers, wanting those beautiful emerald green eyes of her to meet his own Sapphire blue eyes. "You need not apologize Feya. First of all good morning! I somewhat apologize for waking you up at all, I know that you are likely quite sore, but I can only trust you with this matter." Theo said genuinely, and rather thoughtfully for a change.

Theodore Gordon

BOT

— 04/10/2022 02:49

I know that I briefly mentioned this to you yesterday, about the need to shop, to get supplies not only for our travels, but also clothes and other necessities for yourself as well as for the others. I know that there will be times where they have completed all of their work, and wish to do more enjoyable things, and perhaps as princess you know them all the best? I need your knowledge in picking out weapons, magic books, accessories, things that can help return the smiles of these girls. I know that you all have been through a lot, and that the slavers that you met before me were all ruthless brutes. I don't claim to be soft. you've seen first hand that I can be a little... difficult, but I truly do want what's best for you all. Do you mind helping me out a bit today?" Theo asked directly, yet quietly, wanting to be sure to not disturb any of the others if they had begun their work within the mansion, his hand gently caressed her cheek before glowing a charming white color, and within a matter of a few seconds most of the pain and soreness that had been plaguing Feya's body should

have begun to dissipate, only a slight bit of soreness lingering, that being the proof of their previous lustful all-night affair.

@ shae 3 3+°.

Feya Bryne

BOT

— 06/10/2022 02:50

Weakness was not to be shown.

It may have been one of the first lessons her mother and father had taught her. Feya's mother had always been ill when she was growing up. While Elves were known to have long lives, occasional illness still struck. While rare, the Queen had always had a poor constitution and was often in bed to stop herself from overworking herself. Yet no matter how tired she was, she always made an effort to visit the people within the village and was aware of making a constant effect on the people so that they would not be concerned for her illness. It was one of the things that she thoroughly believed in. Royalty must not let their people worry about them. For even if they are on their death bed, they are a symbol of the nation more powerful than most.

While Feya may no longer be considered a Princess or royalty at all, she still had several of her people to remain a symbol for. After all, she had a reputation to live up to and she certainly would not let them know that her body was aching with each and every step. Yet there was much that was impossible to hide. The flurry of bruises around her neck and shoulders included in such. Unfortunately it was hard to hide unless she healed it, and due to the nature of how much time she had taken to get ready, she hadn't had a moment to do so. She paused and looked at him, her cheeks reddening as she walked up to him. Feya was well aware of the difference in their stature, her petite frame much more delicate in comparison to his strong broad stature. She looked up at him as he lifted her chin up, her gaze meeting with his softly as he wished her a good morning.

"O-Of course...Master. I'm quite alright... It is not a problem in the slightest." She said softly, not even wanting to admit her pain to him as he thoughtfully admitted and acknowledged that she was most likely feeling a little soreness. She paused and nodded, "Yes Sir... I do remember." She smiled softly, glad that she was able to help with suc

h a task. "I would not mind at all.... anything you wish for, Sir..." Feya softly and sweetly spoke, her cheek reddening as he brushed against her cheek, caressing it and healing her so that she would no longer feel such pain. She let out a soft sigh and nearly nuzzled into his hand as he did so, not even seeming aware as she leaned her head into his hand, clearly feeling much better now that he had done so.

@TheRedBear

Theodore Gordon

BOT

— 06/10/2022 03:12

His smile deepened as she subtly nuzzled her cheek into his warm and loving caress. He was happy that she was willing to return even the smallest amounts of affection after their rough yet loving all night affair. To him, this was all of the proof that he needed to confirm that he had not ruined his relationship with his new royal slave. He did not call attention to the nuzzles that she returned though, afraid that if he mentioned it that it may spoil the cute and romantic moment that they were sharing. Even when his magic had finished, his soft manly fingers continued to gently caress the cheek that he had applied magic upon. Even with his healing spell some of the deeper bruises and markings of his still showed on her neck and shoulders, but her soft silk elven styled dress did wonders to cover most of these markings. While gazing at these markings, Theodore had begun to think about the gazes that the pair of them would garner when they entered the shopping district. A noble man as large as himself would generally attract some looks of their own, but with Feya by his side he was guaranteed to garner even more. This fact was partly due to the scarcity of elves in this region. Feya had mentioned that her kingdom of elves was located somewhere far to the East of this land, and she wasn't incorrect. The farther that you traveled westward from the Eastern Elven empire, the more rare that it was to see an elf. Spotting a noble elven beauty such as Feya was already considered a once in a lifetime blessing, and he was more than elated to show her off as his own. With these somewhat selfish and proud desires in mind, his hands moved away from her cheeks and down the magical slave collar around her neck, his hands glowing once more as he applied magic to the seal that locked the slave collar to her neck, the tight thin silver band making a soft clicking noise as it separated, and freeing her beautiful bruised elven skin from its restraints. "Consider this a show of good

faith then Feya. I wish to enjoy today's festivities, and the most enjoyment that I will find will be in ensuring that you have a good time. Today I will have you accompany me as my woman, as my princess, and if you are willing to stay by my side then I see no reason to bind you." Theodore said softly as he gently lowered his hands down to enclose her own, clasping them very gently, waiting for just a few moments before beginning to move to open the door.

@ shae 3+°.

Feya Bryne

BOT

— 11/10/2022 16:03

Feya hardly recognized the way that she was nuzzling into his hand, her gaze softening as he relieved the pain from her body with his powers. She had the power to do it herself but with her mind so distracted, she had hardly thought of doing so. She smiled softly as she relaxed, feeling much better now that he was taking care of her in such a soft and tender way. A gentle breath pushed through her lips as he caressed her cheek, her gaze lifting as he had finished healing her. "Thank you." She stood up a little straighter, her cheeks slightly red from recognizing that she was probably making a slight fool of herself in front of the other girls. She fixed her dress a bit, taking a deep breath and preparing herself mentally for their outing.

She was sure that she would be sure to catch the attention of many eyes. Outside of her being rather visually attractive, she was elven which was in itself quite rare to see so far from home. She paused and lifted her gaze as he brought his hand down to the collar that was locked around her neck. She

had simply assumed he would be attaching a leash of sorts to it yet she seemed surprised as it clicked and released her from it's restraint. She blushed and looked up at him, her lips parting to speak when he started to explain that he wanted to have her accompany as his woman and not as his slave. "Y-Yes Sir... I mean Master..I will not let you down." She said softly, stumbling over her words just ever so slightly as it was evident that she was excited for the potential to feel herself again. She looked at him and gently took his hand, letting her fingers intertwine with his as they headed out.

@TheRedBear

Feya Bryne

BOT

— 18/10/2022 17:42

@TheRedBear hope you're doing well! Let me know if you need anything)

Feya Bryne

BOT

— 25/10/2022 21:16

@TheRedBear just checkin in fren)

Theodore Gordon

BOT

— 25/10/2022 22:06

@ shae ʘ ʘ+.° . (answer my dmmmmmmmmmm)

Theodore Gordon

BOT

— 26/10/2022 02:57

His eyes widened slightly but noticeably as she took his hand into her own. The nobleman was quite used to being the aggressor in these kinds of situations, and he had grown used to touching her, grabbing her, and caressing her as he pleased, but having any kind of affection returned to him, even something as subtle to this was enough to make his heart waver. His hand was warm and soft, and as she intertwined her fingers with his own she'd be able to notice the very slight trembling that had taken over, but despite this and the slight red blush covering his cheek, Theodore had done well to keep his composure. He also sensed some of her own anxiety and nerves, and gently brought a hand up to her cheek, very gently and loving rubbing it while smiling at her own stumbling words. "Very good then Feya, but you don't need to be too nervous. Today is about showing you to a good time more than anything else. I know that you have been through a lot, and that humanity has not been the most kind to you, but my hope is that I will be able to show you some of the more positive aspects of humanity, and to maybe help you relax a little bit after having experienced so much so quickly. I plan to cherish my time with you, and if the stares become too much of a bother then I can simply make them disappear."

\*He spoke joyfully as he took a breath and gently guided her over to the carriage that he and Lia had prepared, gently lifting her up first so that she could sit in comfort before climbing up beside her. One of the other servants acted as the chauffeur for this date, and once they were completely settled inside of the carriage he'd gently lift up the steering lines and the horses would begin their pleasant outing into the city. The city itself was about 3 miles away from Theo's estate, so the pair would have quite a bit of time to talk about various things. If Feya had anything to discuss with Theodore, or any questions for the Archduke of this kingdom, this would have been an e

xcellent time to run to discuss with him.\* @TheRedBear 3+°.

Feya Bryne

BOT

— 29/10/2022 00:15

Perhaps there was growth between them.

Of course, it wasn't happening quickly, but as time went on it was clear that there was indeed a chance that Feya may grow closer and more willing of a participant in the Romance he was hoping to bolster between them. Looking up at him, Feya took a deep breath, blushing as he told her she didn't need to be nervous. Perhaps it had seemed that way from the fact that she had stumbled over her words. In truth, Feya wasn't nervous. Amongst the variety of emotions she was feeling, nervous was not one at the moment. She was excited and honestly she was curious about how the day would go. Was there a chance that if he enjoyed the day he would allow her to relinquish her title and to no longer be a slave? She was not sure but she was eager to believe that maybe she had such a chance.

She paused and nodded, "I... I look forward to it." She nodded, squeezing his hand a little bit as he noted that if the stares were bothering her that he would make everyone stop looking. It was reassuring that she had someone like him by her side, even if it wasn't originally willing. He was able to protect her and perhaps he could prove her beliefs about mankind wrong. As their carriage took off, Feya let her gaze soften out the window, watching as they got on their way. After a few moments, she let her gaze wander to him, her eyes curiously taking him in. "Were you raised in that building, Master?" She asked, wondering what his childhood was like and how he was brought up. It was important to understand so that she could empathize with him.

@TheRedBear

Theodore Gordon

BOT

— 09/11/2022 02:38

Theo mulled over her question for more than a couple of minutes. It was a simple, innocent question by all accounts, but it was one that forced the normally suave and confident man to pause for a moment. In this nation having royal blood was not something that made somebody unfit to become a noble, but there was a sense of elitism among the nobility of this country nonetheless. If not for his

power and outstanding military achievements, a man of Theodore's birth would not normally be able to ascend to such a high ranking within the country, and knowing of Feya's own noble birthing certainly did not make things any easier. This feeling of discomfort and worry lasted for only a few moments, and he took in a deep breathe as he finally collected both his words and his thoughts. "No, I was not raised in that house... I do not have many memories of my early childhood if I am being honest. I have vague memories of being orphaned, I know that the kingdom that I originally hailed from resided somewhere to the far north of here. A vast icy tundra of a country, plagued by blizzards and frequently ravaged by wars and conflicts between many small states. I remember very, very little of my original parents. I remember my father being a devilishly handsome man, cunning and charming, capable of schmoozing people into getting just about anything that he wanted. My mother was perhaps nobility? I remember not having to struggle much during these times. My early years were... Pleasant, but around the time that I was four years old, an intense war broke out between our kingdom and another. My parents were killed during this conflict, and they had threatened to kidnap myself, as well as any other members of my mother's bloodline. Perhaps this was for means of extortion, or perhaps they had intended to sell me into slavery as your lot were. Either way, through some sort of sheer luck I had managed to escape, and I roamed the country side for years. Surviving as best as I could until I w

as taken in by a kind old elven man. This man taught me many important things, How to hunt, how to fight, how to take care of myself, how to deal with slavers, we traveled together for a few years, and he taught me so many valuable lessons, and I don't think that I will ever be able to repay him. I don't know if he is alive today, we lost contact many years ago, but I credit that man for turning me into the person that you see before you today. Once I came to this kingdom, I was tired of traveling, and not having some place to return to, so I dedicated myself to this nation's military. This country is not without it's fault, but it is neutral in a great many things. It is an important trade hub for quite a few different nations, and it isn't too aggressive when it comes to starting wars, normally only acting when they are directly under threat, or if there is a great need to do so. I deemed this place to be... worth protecting. I moved into that building rather recently however. "A token for your good service" Is what the higher-ups called it. I had only just begun moving into that house when I came upon you lot. It is why a lot of the servant's outfits and other stuff that you have seen is still there. I had not had a chance to properly look over everything, but I feel very fortunate to be able to share my home with you as well as the others. A house is not worth anything if it is not lively, and you all have made being a noble in this land a lot less stressful and lonely. thank you for that Feya." Theo whispered, flashing Feya a gentle grin as his slight ramblings came to an end, seemingly happy to get that off of his chest. In truth, his past was not something that he had to bring up all of that often. Due to his large size and intimidating presence most people did not bother asking him about such details, it felt refreshing to have someone taking interest in him on such a personal level @ shae 3 3+°.

Feya Bryne

BOT

— 11/11/2022 10:20

It was strange.

Feya wanted to understand him. To understand how he had become the man that he was today so that she could better get along wit him. She knew it wouldn't be easy, yet she knew that getting along with him as her Master was clearly a must. She paused and listened, softly putting her hand on his as he mulled softly though the thoughts. "That's okay..." She said as he admitted to not having



memories of the beginning. She paused, her eyes gentle and soft as he began to explain the life that he had lead.

It was very much different than her own, which had been predominantly peaceful until the day came that it was not. And that had been by no fault of their own. She paused and nodded softly, scooting just slightly closer to him as he smiled gently at her. "Thank you for sharing that..." She said softly, leaning into him so that she could affectionately put her hand on his. She knew it was hard to open up about such things, the reason why she hadn't spoken of the attack yet, the memories too traumatic to put into words.

She paused and softly let out a gentle sigh, leaning her head up against his shoulder. "Can I call you Theo?..." She asked softly, her gaze now lost forwards, green eyes held on her hands. "I understand that you're my Master....but... can I call you Theo sometimes?" She asked, lifting her gaze upwards to him. If she was to be his bride, she wondered if he would allow her such intimacy with him, her gaze curious as to what he would allow her to do.

@TheRedBear

Feya Bryne

BOT

— 17/11/2022 12:24

@TheRedBear hope you're doing alright )

Theodore Gordon

BOT

— 22/11/2022 19:18

(doing great will respond later today, sorry for the wait I've been on vacation ❤️)

Feya Bryne

BOT

— 08/12/2022 13:09

@TheRedBear hope you're okay fren)

Theodore Gordon

BOT

— 09/12/2022 03:55

"I don't mind it if you call me Theo. As long as you promise to call me Master in the bedroom at least~" Theo dryly chuckled before relaxing a little bit more inside of the slightly tight confines of the carriage, a hand reached up to gently stroke her lovely blonde hair while he enjoyed to gentle intimacy that was shared between them. "I know that it is difficult to talk about the circumstances

regarding your kingdom and regarding your capture. It is not something that we have to discuss right now either. I just want you to know that in time, and when you have come to trust me, that I will be here if you wish to speak. I will always be here if you need anything, and I will be putting that same faith in you to be there when I am in need. Do you have any preferred nicknames Feya? or perhaps I should make one up~" The noble asked with a charming smile as he tried to steer the conversation back to more pleasant topics, his hand resting atop hers as she gazed towards him, his glance noticeably softened compared to the somewhat harsh and stern mannerisms he had been forced to show her previously.

Theodore Gordon

BOT

— 09/12/2022 04:13

@ shae ʘ ʘ•°.

Feya Bryne

BOT

— 14/12/2022 11:36

Her cheeks reddened at his comment, her green eyes shifting as he stroked her hair. "Y-Yes Sir..." She sheepishly said, clearly flustered by the fact that he had brought up such a fact so casually. She knew that their relationship was strange but Feya was working her hardest to get past that. To see him in a light where he was perhaps more than just her master and perhaps where she could imagine herself not a slave to him.

As he spoke, her eyes softened. She didn't know how to speak of it, her hands still shaking at the mere thought of the trauma that she endured that night. Feya was sure the other girls felt the same way. There was a fear that very much still dwelled in their hearts and perhaps it would go away with time and perhaps it would remain by their sides for the rest of their lives.

She paused and looked down as he asked if she had any nicknames. "Oh uhm... not necessarily..." She thought, her gaze shifting towards the window as his hand placed atop of hers. "I suppose my name is too short for most nicknames..." She admitted, her voice coming soft as she thought aloud. "Would you like to give me one?" She asked him, lifting her gaze to him curiously.

@TheRedBear

Theodore Gordon

BOT

— 15/12/2022 00:29

"Hmmm I suppose that princess might a bit much, too on the nose, even if I plan to treat you like the finest of royalty going forward, giving you that sort of name would only leave you feeling saddened I'd suppose." Theo murmured unintentionally under his breathe while musing the options. Genuinely

trying to be considerate of the beautiful blonde haired elf looking up at him with an almost expectant gaze. his hand that had been gently brushing and rubbing her hair gently moved down and to the side of her head, his fingers gently rubbing and tracing the outlines of those gorgeously long pointed ears. He would then show her a sly and playful grin before bringing his lips directly to her ears, in that moment spent admiring her outstanding beauty, Theo thought that he had found a perfect nickname for her "Perhaps mîrë would be a good nickname? what do you think?" He whispered in a sultry tone, it would likely be obvious to Feya, who had spent the vast majority of her life immersed in the elvish language, that the elven language was not something that Theodore practiced often. He had done his best to enunciate the word correctly, but perhaps it was the slight hiccup with his pronunciation combined with the sweet attempt to speak a language that wasn't rightly his that made the gesture feel all the more wholesome and sincere.

In Elvish, mîrë meant Beautiful, it meant something precious, a word meant to describe the most precious things that one could possibly think of. For Theo, there was not a single word in the common language that could describe the wellspring of feelings that he had for Feya, but he knew for certain that his desire to truly treasure Feya outweighed many of those other feelings. It was also evident that even he could feel embarrassment, his cheeks slightly reddening once he realized his own minor mistake, pulling away from her beautiful elven ears while the cart came to a gentle stop near the middle shopping district

Theodore Gordon

BOT

— 15/12/2022 00:44

@ shae 𐌸 𐌺𐌰𐌶𐌰.

Feya Bryne

BOT

— 17/12/2022 13:00

Princess.

It had practically been her nickname her entire life if you wanted to consider a nickname at that. She personally didn't consider it so, it just happened to be a title. Yet Theo was right, and to call her Princess after she was enslaved was slightly cruel, even if he claimed he wanted to treat her well. She paused and looked at him, green eyes lifted up to him, wondering what he would go with quietly, not saying anything at all in response as she waited. As his fingers gently found their way to ears, Feya felt her cheeks grow hot, her own gaze falling as he leaned forwards to press his lips to her sensitive ears. She softly bit her lip and looked away, shyly feeling her heart begin to pound simply at the feeling of his hot breath on her ears.

Mîrë

She blushed at the word, her cheeks growing redder in color as he attempted to say the word in her mother tongue. She swallowed and looked down, hair slipping in her face as she grew flustered. "Y-Yes..." She said softly, her heart seeming to flutter a bit as she spoke. "I would like that..." She smiled, soft and sweet as she attempted to conceal the fact that he had actually made her feel rather girlish for a moment. "I would like that a lot." She whispered the last bit, biting her lip as they pulled to the district, the stop of the cart surprising her as she felt her body shift forwards. "O-Oh... it looks like we're here." She noted, looking to him intently to get out.

@TheRedBear

Theodore Gordon

BOT

— 20/12/2022 03:28

"I-i'm glad that you liked it." Theodore whispered softly, his lips formed into a warm and slightly bashful smile as they shared that sweet and tender moment inside of the cart. The sudden jerk of the cart as it came to an abrupt stop was enough to snap him out of the love-drunk stupor that he had suddenly found himself in. his cheeks dyed a slight tinge of pink as he did his best to regain his composure, slowly standing up and moving to the entrance of the cart, exiting it first, then offering a hand to help Feya down, doing his best to maintain his gentlemanly tact even with the number of eyes that had managed to gather upon them due to the fancy nature of the cart that they had arrived in. Upon exiting they would hear the soft murmurs of whispers and gossip. The people of this country were not used to the sight of the newly ascended noble, and even if they were used to the sight of him, it was unusual to see him with anybody else. Especially somebody as beautiful and elegant as the former princess of the elven kingdom. Simple onlookers with nothing better to do, Theodore kindly called out to the newly formed small crowd to carry on about their business. He did not wish for them to draw any more attention to themselves by forcefully demanding that the crowd disperse, so he thought that being kind and polite would yield more positive results. Once they were steady and on the ground, Theo pointed out to the various shops that littered the area. Currently they were in the market district, various Clothing stores, supply shops, Blacksmiths, armorers, restaurants, and all sorts of street vendors littered the streets. "You obviously know your homelands a lot better than I do, and I think that it would be best to stock up on things that will make our journey there a lot easier. Staves, equipment, food supplies, magic items, anything that you think that we might need before setting out on our journey. I will leave those decisions up to you, perhaps while we're here we

could stop at one of those restaurants, or find a nice spot to have a picnic as well. I'm really excited to spend the day with you, I look forward to getting to know you better as well." Theodore rambled on, perhaps a little too much, but he just couldn't help himself. His excitement to spend the day with his Mírë was as obvious as the smile on his face

@ shae ʘ ʘ.

Feya Bryne

BOT

— 21/12/2022 14:49

Feya had felt her heart flutter.

A feeling that she had never expected to feel for the man who had enslaved her.

She paused and looked down, her cheeks hot and red as he stood and moved away from her before offering his hand to her. She swallowed, biting her lip as she stood and walked out of the cart, taking his hand softly. Whispers filled her ears as she stepped out, her gaze casting down. Their language was different from her own and yet she knew it well, understood the words that they whispered in hushed tones to one another. It made her feel anxious, her gaze shifting to Theo with a slight uneasiness as she moved closer to him. Her hand shyly wrapped around his as he dispersed the crowd, fingers intertwining with his.

She paused as he spoke, her gaze wandering around the town as he explained of all the things that they might need and shops where they could get such. It was hard to take it all in, admittedly, Feya was a bit overwhelmed. Outside of being in an entirely foreign country, she was going to be setting out on a journey of which she knew so little about. She squeezed his hand slightly and paused, "Perhaps some magic items... weapons as well.... Just in case." She noted, knowing that they would likely face struggle during their time on the road. She looked at him, "Where would be a good shop to get such?" She asked him, her gaze curious.

@TheRedBear

Feya Bryne

BOT

— 28/12/2022 20:32

@TheRedBear hope you had a wonderful holiday)

Feya Bryne

BOT

— 30/12/2022 13:44

@TheRedBear hopefully you're doing okay >.< )

Theodore Gordon

BOT

— 31/12/2022 03:02

\*Sensing Feya's underlying emotions was not something that Theodore was doing purposefully. Though it may have been his fault for choosing to withhold some of the more detailed information regarding his own background. She had chosen to not pry too much further into his history for now, and this was something that he felt somewhat relieved about. The truth was that Theodore was in fact, half-incubus. Half-demon, the small flashes of emotions that he showed, the slight displays of magic that he would use to manipulate the average people around them to get a more favorable

outcome, perhaps even some of the natural charm and bravado that he displayed was something that he felt that he probably owed to his lineage. He could sense the wellspring of emotions fluttering about within her, but not the cause. He could feel the spikes of nervousness when momentarily surrounded by the crowd, the feelings of anxiety, curiosity, and wonder that naturally came when discussing their impending journey that they would be undergoing in the near future. He could even feel the slight shyness that she had felt when he took her hand into his own. Could the actions that he had taken towards the humans caused her to feel wary of him? Had he accidentally done too much? He knew of human's trepidations about Demonkin, and that was why he had normally chosen to keep his true origins hidden, but with elves he had not even the faintest of ideas. For now he would choose to play it cautiously. Perhaps he could find a way to bring it up in conversation naturally, or perhaps an opportunity would present itself where he could talk to her about it, but for the time being he chose to keep this part of his identity a secret. As they walked side by side and took in the calming sights of the city Theodore would begin to relax a little bit more. "Sorry to bring the idea of going on a journey up so suddenly. I had just naturally assumed that you would eventually want to return to the Elven Empire. We have to

liberate the rest of your kin that fell into slavery anyway right? If we are going to go that far, then it is only right that we see this all of the way through and eliminate the rest of the violent mercenaries occupying your territory. For our kingdom the Elven Empire is a long trusted ally, a crucial trading partner, and most importantly they are your friends, family, and your closest loved ones. As your future husband it is my job to love you, protect you, support you, and ensure that you can stand proudly beside me. I know that sort of guilt, and it is a kind of guilt that I would never ever expect you to endure. I apologize if my decision seems rash, but it is one that I have thought over slowly and carefully ever since I took you from the other slavers." Theodore explained stopping and listening to her suggestions. Her feelings of apprehension were quite clear, and he knew as well that the road to the elven kingdom would be fraught with danger. Taking all of that into account, he pointed to one of the buildings that they had scanned on the way into the city, a large sign looming over the top of a relatively small brick building. On the large wooden sign was a crest of Two large hammers, formed neatly into the shape of an X tucked behind an Anvil. The words "Granite Breaker Family Weapons Emporium" written into the crest sloppily in Dwarvish. If one wasn't looking for it, it would be very easy to miss. "That one doesn't seem like a bad place to start." Theodore said cheerfully, his grip on her hand finally softening a little bit. He was gentle before, but it would have been obvious that the people around them and with this being their first true public outing that even he was feeling a little bit nervous, but now he was beginning to get into the spirit of the date, his smile radiant as he took in all of the different sights and smells that the town had to offer.

(the Description of the crest probably came out Jank so visual reference!)

Image

@ shae 3+.

Feya Bryne

BOT

— 03/01/2023 00:15

Feya couldn't help it.

Perhaps it was due to the fact that she wasn't used to being around mankind, but she suddenly felt incredibly foreign.

She felt as if she didn't belong and that made her feel a wave of anxiety that she certainly wasn't ready for. Feya had been raised in a nation where everyone had known her name and face. She was a household celebrity and nearly everyone in the area very much looked up to her. Those who didn't look up for her wished that she was their daughter or hoped that their children would have a chance as her partner. She wasn't used to the way that people looked at her in this nation and something about it made her a tad uneasy.

Feeling his hand interlock with her own seemed to wash away some of her anxiety.

She pushed closer to him, wrapping her free arm around his and hugging it to her as she began to follow his lead and walk with him. Her gaze remained low as she walked, her heart pounding as he led her throughout the city slowly. "Yes... I understand... We have a lot to do." She smiled softly, her gaze remaining downcast. "I... am sure it isn't going to be an easy journey." She lifted her gaze, ever so slightly glad that she were not to make it alone. She at least had him by her side. "I understand... and you are not at fault. I do not want to waste time lingering either. I would like to make haste and find them as soon as possible. Before anything else bad could happen to any of them."

She paused as he stopped and brought her towards a large weapons shop, bringing her inside with a bright smile as he seemed to relax ever so slightly. "Have you been here before?" She asked, looking around the dwarven shop with curiosity as they stepped inside.

@TheRedBear

Theodore Gordon

BOT

— 09/01/2023 16:35

"I have been here a time or two, but it has been quite some time since I last shopped here. The crafters that run this place are perhaps a little eccentric, but I can guarantee that the quality of their work is top notch." Theo replied assuringly

Upon entering the weapons shop properly, Theo too would begin to curiously look around the shop. to the right of the couple upon entering there were barrels filled with all sorts swords, maces, pole-arms and other assorted melee weaponry, stands lined with different variations of armors, as they walked further inside of the shop there were more shelves filled with smaller, more simple weapons such as daggers, spears, sickles, and items that were generally considered easy to pick up and use. As they looked along the left hand areas of the shop they would find various ranged and magical equipment. Bows, Staves, Minor magical trinkets and even the occasional flintlock rifle or Blunderbuss. The quality of the weapons on display varied, but it was readily evident that the crafters had put plenty of heart and soul into each product. Behind the counter stood a small dwarf with a red, but slightly greying beard, he had raised his head to acknowledge the couple as they had entered the store, but instead of calling out to them he chose to quietly observe them, waiting to see what items they would look, or to offer Assistance if need be.

Image

Feya Bryne

BOT

— 19/01/2023 00:13

As they stepped inside, Feya found herself enveloped into a culture that reminded her more akin to her own. Dwarves were more reclusive creatures just as the elven people were. They preferred to keep to themselves and often only came out for trade or other diplomatic terms with the other nations. In this case, it was obvious that they had come for trade. The elves and dwarves had ups and downs. In some eras, they had fought like cats and dogs, unable to find peace amongst themselves. Yet in the current times, the elves and dwarves were on closer terms than ever. Well, that was until the elven nation had been taken over and sold into slavery. At this point Feya still knew not what the elven nation had fallen to and whether any had survived and were picking up the pieces at this point.

She paused and nodded, "I've met many dwarves." She noted softly, "My father was close with a dwarven blacksmith who made all blades within our army." She looked down, seeming a little sad to be in the shop. It reminded her of what she had lost. She hated for a dwarf to see what had come of the elven people. After all, just like the dwarves, the elves were a proud race that was well known for being rather strong and swift. It stung to think that they had been so easily taken over. She paused and looked down, her gaze falling on a bow and arrow that she recognized well. The woodwork on it had been carved by elves, it's designwork evident as her fingers reached towards it. She paused and looked towards the red haired dwarf, but hesitated before looking back to Theo hesitantly, not saying anything and yet her eyes seemed to say enough.

@TheRedBear (don't forget to ping meeee or else I won't know to respond)

Feya Bryne

BOT

— 30/01/2023 13:27

@TheRedBear I hope you're doing okay))