

# The Northwood Lair

Story Mode prologue 1 of 2

(Please note: this will contain some R-18 erotic language, as the original author was inspired by adult literature.)

Harlow Thorne and his henchmen took their seats in the auction house. He always chose to sit by the door opposite of the stage, a place with a favorable viewing angle above everyone else and secured in the corner. As if a shadow cast on the wall, he always sat still with his arms

crossed quietly. Half way through the show, Harlow was bored and unimpressed. The auction house always saved the best for last, Harlow wished they would skip to

the good part. Just as he was about to give up, he saw her.

She was an absolutely beautiful girl with shiny long sky blue hair, big blue eyes and pale, perfect skin. Her slave clothes did her no justice. Harlow wanted her. Even if it was to just give her some cute clothes to wear.

Mesmerized by her beauty and consumed by his lust, Harlow hadn't even realized the bidding had commenced. He snapped himself out of it. He didn't know what the bid was at and threw out some crazy high bidding number. Everyone's attention was turned to Harlow, but the only pair of eyes he saw were the big blue ones on stage. She looked up at him in surprise and fear. He gave her a big, wicked smirk. Without anyone else able to match or surpass his bid, she was his.

The girl was brought up to him by the staff, and since he knew he wasn't interested in anything else, Harlow and his Henchmen left the auction house, his treasure walking behind him on the other end of the chain he was holding. The girl looked down at her handcuffs solemnly. She was past tears. The first month of slavery was the denial stage for her, but after the third month she accepted it and told herself she would try and make the best of her new life.

She wasn't walking fast enough for Harlow's taste. He turned around to face her. She didn't notice he stopped and continued walking until she bumped into him. She gasped and blushed losing her balance as she stumbled backwards. He put his hand on her back to support her. She looked up at him wide-eyed, hoping she didn't do something wrong already. He looked down at her, she came up to his chest in

height and it almost made Harlow want to laugh. She looked so weak and a bit malnourished. Harlow took the key to her handcuffs out of his pocket. He grabbed the handcuffs, touching them made him feel weird, weak, he felt himself losing his powers. He ripped his hand away from the cuffs like he had just touched a hot stove. She was wearing powerful magical handcuffs that he had failed to realize. He wondered if it was because she had some kind of hidden powers or because the auction house simply took some extra precautions.

He calmly returned the key to his pocket and grabbed the end of the chain again. She looked up at him quizzically. He glared at her and she dropped her head, looking at the ground. He pulled on her chain hard and her small frame fast walked behind him. She made a note to herself to try her best not to make her new master angry. She wondered why he suddenly had second thoughts about taking off her handcuffs. She hoped this wouldn't make her treatment any worse.

At the edge of town, Harlow held up his hand and summoned a small, horse-mounted convoy that arrived before them, an elegant carriage fit for a noble stopped before them. The convoy's riders were heavily armored with gear that glistened in the moonlight. Harlow led Miku up into the carriage and boarded behind her as the convoy started for home.

She didn't look up again until she stepped off his carriage inside what felt like a fortress. She looked around curiously. There were muscle-bound armored soldiers everywhere that sneered and made off-color remarks as she passed, but no indication what allegiances they held was displayed. She was a slave to someone truly powerful.

"What's your name, slave?" Harlow asked. "Miku," the girl replied softly. Harlow introduced himself and his henchmen, "I am the leader of these men and this realm, Harlow Thorne, but you will call me Master." Miku nodded, "Yes, Master."

Harlow opened a door and she followed him inside. The hall was colorless and dark, lit only by a few lights on the walls, but her eyes adjusted quickly. They passed 4 or 5 rooms. Some of the rooms she could tell right away what they were used for, like the kitchen. But there were rooms with jars filled with floating objects and this one room with a chair with straps to hold someone down and all kinds of devices. Miku didn't want to ever have to know what those rooms were for or what those devices did.

Finally, the two stopped at a room. Harlow opened the door and pointed for Miku to go inside. It was a small room with a large canopy-draped bed, a table, a chair and a dresser. Harlow opened the dresser and handed Miku clothes then he accepted a plate of food from a member of his henchmen outside the door, he put the plate of food on the table. Harlow took the key out of his pocket and unlocked Miku's handcuffs, being careful not to touch them. Miku felt better already.

"Eat, you're going to need your strength for what I'm going to put you through." Harlow said. Miku's hunger outweighed her fear. She sat down at the table and ate her food quickly. She couldn't remember the last time she had a warm meal and she hadn't eaten anything in a while. Harlow watched her eat patiently. "Don't forget

about the clothes," he reminded her gently. Miku looked at the clothes on the bed. There wasn't much to them. They left very little to the imagination.

Miku got up from the table after finishing her food and walked two steps to the bed. She held up a very short skirt and looked over at Harlow. "Don't look," she blushed. Harlow smirked, "I bought you, I can do whatever I want." Miku's heart raced. She got undressed and dressed again as quickly as she could, turning away from Harlow.

There was a mirror over the dresser. It looked like her breasts would fall out of her small black bandeau top at any moment, she could see the bottom of her breasts showing. Harlow smiled, very pleased with the outcome, "Make sure that top stays on, because if any of my henchmen see that, they might not be able to contain themselves," he mocked. Miku blushed and glared at Harlow.

Miku shyly tugged downward on her skirt front to hide her uncovered private area underneath. "P-please! Give me a cover up!" she begged, her face red with embarrassment. Harlow sighed, "fine," he opened the dresser and pulled out a black kimono cover up. She took it from him and put it on. It barely covered her bottom but at least her breasts weren't showing much through the sheer material. Miku smiled, content with her outfit.

"You won't need that for very long, your training starts soon. If you're going to stay here, you'll need training."

Miku almost laughed, 'if she was going to stay here'? He said it like it was an option, no, an honor to be here. She was a slave, she had no choice but to be here.

"What kind of training Master?" she asked.

"You will see," Harlow smiled.

Harlow told Miku to follow him and they went down the same hall they came through earlier. Harlow stopped at the room with the chair. Miku's heart sank and her stomach started doing somersaults.

"Sit down and take off the cover up," Harlow ordered.

Miku whimpered in fear, but obeyed, removing the covering. Harlow started fastening the straps on the chair. "How is this training me?" Miku protested.

"When you speak to me, address me as Master," Harlow sternly reminded her.

Miku gasped in fear. "How is this training me, Master?" she repeated timidly.

"I'm going to train you both mentally and physically. Inside and outside." Harlow said seductively stroking her midriff. Miku squirmed. She tried to calm herself, she wanted to get on the good side of her Master. She forced herself to keep her breathing even as she watched Harlow preparing for who knew what. Maybe it was torture, Miku thought. She hadn't been properly tortured yet. She had been slapped, hit and whipped by her captors before she was put up for sale at the auction house, but that was nothing like this. Miku felt like she was going to cry. Was this a good time to tell him she wasn't good at handling pain? Or is it too late? Would he even care? It will all be over soon, Miku kept telling herself. Nothing lasts forever. Nothing.

Except, perhaps being a slave.

Miku's hands began to tremble and she had started to uncontrollably whimper softly. Harlow stopped what he was doing to turn around and study her. Her face was white as a sheet, her eyes were wide open and threatening tears, her expression was extremely tense. He gave her a smirk. "Already assuming the worst?" He said placing his hand on her cheek and stroking it slowly with his thumb. Her little whimpers fed Harlow's ego like nothing else. Miku wanted so badly to beg him not to hurt her, but she was so terrified she couldn't form words to speak. Harlow pulled his fingers through her long, soft hair, "Don't worry, I will take good care of you." He ran his finger across her bottom lip, it was so soft and plump. "I am your keeper, after all." Harlow said turning away from her.

Miku could still feel his warm hand on her cheek. She liked his touch, it had calmed her down a bit. She was lucky, her Master was very handsome. Miku thought she would get stuck being mistreated by an

ugly, rich noble for the rest of her life. But a powerful and mysterious leader, that sounded exciting. Her optimism brought some color back to her face. She could even muster a soft smile.

Harlow undressed her, refastening the chair straps as needed. She couldn't help but be embarrassed as Harlow looked over her naked body. This wasn't the first time a man looked over her naked body. When she was first taken prisoner the first thing they did was cut off her clothes to see how much she would be worth. She had just about died. She never wanted to feel that low again. Then it happened twice more. Once when she was handed over to another man in exchange for a huge amount of money, and again just before the auction began. But she hadn't felt like she belonged to any of those men. She belonged to Harlow, he was right, he could do anything he wanted to her.

Harlow had put on a pair of black leather gloves and was holding a small tool with a black handle and a spinning silver wheel on the end. The wheel was covered in small spikes. It almost looked like a small, spikey pizza cutter. Miku went back into panic mode as the object came closer to her skin. "Wha-what's that for?" Miku managed to mutter. When she noticed Harlow ignore her she added, "Master?!" Harlow still didn't look impressed with her. "You don't trust me?" Harlow said and Miku blushed. She was silent. She watched the blades of the pinwheel tool come in contact with her skin, right between her breasts. He gently rolled it across her skin, and it didn't feel bad. It only hurt a little, but it felt good. Almost like a massage. He was so careful and precise with the spikey blade in his hand that it didn't hurt.

Miku definitely believed he was a well-experienced man, his hands were practiced. Miku watched as the blade rolled up her breast and across her little pink nipple that had become hard from the cold air in the room. She gasped, it felt good. Harlow smiled at her reaction. He continued to roll the blade across her breasts until she started to squirm.

"Hold still or I'll cut you," he warned her. Miku blushed hard, bit down on her bottom lip and forced herself to be still. Her heart raced as Harlow rolled the blade down her stomach and across the bondage until he reached her hips.

Her legs were spread open slightly and Harlow could clearly see the puddle that dripped from Miku's pussy and onto his bondage chair. He took a finger and swiped it through the puddle taking care not to touch Miku. "What's this?" Harlow showed Miku and she whimpered still biting her lip. "I'm sorry, master," she said. Did she do something wrong?

Harlow put his finger in front of Miku's face. Miku looked at him, confused. "Open your mouth, slave," he said irritated. She obeyed and Harlow wiped her wetness off into her mouth.

Miku had never tasted herself before, it was different from anything she had ever had. It was sweet. She wondered if this was what everyone tasted like. Harlow slowly ran his tool up and down her inner thighs, watching Miku's juices drip out of her. Miku's breathing became heavy and her little whimpers were louder and more frequent. She even moaned a few times. Miku squirmed, and just as Harlow had promised, she received a small cut on her inner thigh. Miku yelped. "I told you to hold still, but you just won't listen will you?" Harlow said admiring the small amount fresh blood on the spikes of his tool.

Miku mentally chastised herself. But she couldn't help it, it felt really good. She didn't want to admit it but it made her ache to be touched by something, anything. Her pussy throbbed as she squirmed beneath her bondage. She moaned in defeat. She was at his mercy. But she was way too embarrassed to ask Harlow to do anything about it. Even though she secretly wished he would.

Miku continued to squirm as Harlow ran the spikey blade across her thighs until her arousal was at its peak. Harlow put his tool down and stepped back to admire his work. Miku's face was stained with tears. It wasn't so much the pain, but how badly she wanted his attention to be directed to a different part of her body, like the part in between her legs. She had been right, this was torture. It was painful. He would touch any part of her body, except her pussy. Miku had never had sex or anything like that with a man, but she knew where this was going.

'You're getting all worked up over nothing.' Harlow said. "How do you expect to stay in my Lair if you can't handle this?" Miku felt so weak and embarrassed. He was certainly unimpressed with her. Would he give her away if she weren't good enough for him? She didn't want to think about it. Her situation could be a lot worse than this. She didn't want to go back to the auction house; she didn't think she could handle another night there. "I'm fine, Master, please continue," Miku said with courage. Harlow smirked. "Very well then my slave." Harlow really liked this girl; this was the most fun he's had in a while.

He turned around and came back to Miku with a feather. Just a single long, thick feather. Miku cocked her head to the side looking at it in exhaustion. Harlow ran the tip of the feather across her dry lips, it felt really good. She licked her lips from the tingling sensation. The feather trailed across her beautiful jaw, down her neck, across her collarbone and between and under her breasts. Miku smiled, she was ticklish. Harlow dragged the feather across her nipple and Miku arched her back the best she could against the chair straps. "Mmmm," she moaned softly. Harlow skipped her stomach and brushed the feather against the crevasses between her legs and pussy.

Miku stopped herself from squirming then she remembered that this wasn't the spikey pinwheel, it was a feather. She wiggled her hips around with each of his

motions. It felt amazing. Harlow dragged the feather across Miku's small cut.

She moaned in pain, it stung. Harlow walked over to the counter behind her and

opened a drawer. Miku could hear the clinking of metal and then Harlow returned

with a shiny, red-balled ball gag. He held it up to show Miku, "Because you're not good at handling pain, I wanted to give you something to suck on," he smirked. But Miku didn't know what it was.

Harlow fastened the gag behind her head and Miku coughed trying to get used to it. She looked up at him with big, beautiful, innocent eyes as she chocked on her gag.

She was so cute with her mouth wide open, Harlow thought. He imagined his dick

in place of the gag, but pushed the thought out of his head. Not yet, he reminded himself.

He removed one of the gloves off his hand and she watched as he pinched one of her nipples between his pointer and middle finger. She moaned or maybe screamed loudly but it was muffled by the ball in her mouth. A trail of drool worked its way down her chin as he squeezed her breast. Harlow removed the other glove off his hand and cupped her other breast, clamping her other nipple between his fingers. She whimpered and her drool dripped off her chin, running down her chest. With the tip of his tongue, he licked the drool off Miku's chin. He barely licked the corner of her lip but it was enough to make her pussy throb in agony.

This was the most complicated feeling Miku had ever experienced. She wasn't sure whether she wanted Harlow, hated him, loved him, feared him or respected him. Maybe it was a little of everything.

Harlow took the feather and ran it across Miku's nipples again. They hurt so badly she wished he would just leave them alone. Harlow took two fingers and scooped up

some more of Miku's wetness from the puddle on the chair, still avoiding her skin. He lubricated his fingers and rubbed Miku's nipples. Miku screamed in delight. Her gag caused her to drool so much that the drool had made it to her hips.

Harlow brought his lips to Miku's ear, "Do you want something slave?" He asked in a low seductive tone. Miku moaned and nodded her head, "Mhmmm," she replied, looking up at him intently. His voice and hot moist breath in her ear sent shivers up and down her spine. Harlow took off Miku's ball gag, her

saliva still clung to it as it pulled it away from her face, set on the table next to her. Her mouth and lips were very wet. Miku breathed heavily out of her mouth. "Tell me what you want from me, slave." Harlow said searching her eyes, keeping his face close to hers.

Miku blushed, but she was past pride, she knew exactly what she wanted and she didn't feel afraid or ashamed to admit it. "I want you to touch my pussy, Master," Miku begged. "Oh? Is that all?" Harlow smirked. He took his finger and ran it up in between Miku's pussy lips. She moaned and her eyes crossed, rolling to the top of her eyelids in instant relief. Harlow put his finger in Miku's open mouth and she licked her wetness off suggestively. "Anything else?" Harlow teased. "More... more please, Master. Please don't stop!" she begged him and Harlow chuckled.

Miku wiggled in the chair a bit, opening her legs and preparing for what Harlow would give her. Harlow ran his finger up Miku's pussy, it felt so smooth, soft and

absolutely frictionless. Miku gasped loudly in satisfaction, she had never wanted

something more than she wanted this right now. To think that yesterday she didn't know Harlow at all and today she was completely, hopelessly at his mercy. Harlow stroked up and down in between her pussy lips with his finger watching Miku's eyes roll into the back of her head and her legs quake. "I will give you exactly what you want, Miku," Harlow said. Miku blushed, he used her name instead of calling her slave. "But," Harlow added, "you must ask my permission to cum and you are not allowed to cum until you have it. Do you understand?" Miku didn't understand what cumming was but she nodded her head quickly, "Yes Master, I understand." Harlow smiled, "Good girl."

Harlow spread open Miku's little pink pussy and rubbed her clit in slow circles. Miku

moaned and started grinding her hips against Harlow's finger. Harlow rubbed faster and used two fingers, Miku started to feel very hot. She felt like something was going to happen, was this what her Master was talking about? She looked up at Harlow and he could tell by her expression that she was very close. "Master, may I cum... from your fingers?" Miku asked shyly.

"No," Harlow said plainly.

"Master?" she asked, puzzled. Miku could feel it, she was so close. "Yes, slave?" Harlow replied. "How do you not cum?" Miku asked. Harlow smirked, "Relax your body and your mind."

Miku closed her eyes and let her body go limp as Harlow took his index finger and drew circles around Miku's pussy opening, then he slowly slid it inside her, she was



so warm. Miku gasped. She started breathing heavy again. Harlow pulled his finger in and out of her slowly Miku took deep breaths, trying to relax again. Just when Miku was sure she could handle it, Harlow picked up the pace and re-added his middle finger.

Miku moaned and whimpered, "Master, please... may I cum now?" she begged shakily. "No, not yet," He said. He moved his fingers inside her, harder and faster until she begged him again, "Please, I'm going to...! I can't...!" she whimpered, "Please Master!" Miku cried. "Please what?" Harlow asked. "Please, Master, may I cum now?" she asked again. Harlow chuckled and nodded, slowly increasing the speed of his fingers. She screamed and moaned loudly. Harlow could feel her pussy tightening around his fingers. And then Miku went limp. Her eyes closed, her mouth open slightly still breathing heavily. She whimpered a few more times and then she was unconscious. Harlow pulled his fingers out of her and sucked her love juices off of them. He took the straps off the chair so she could breathe more easily.

He went through a drawer and pulled out some medical ointment while she slept. He rubbed a small amount on her thigh so her small cut would heal quickly. He

didn't want to physically break her.

He wrapped the cover up around her and carried her back to the room, opened the door and laid her gently on the bed. Then he threw the cover up on the floor and pulled the blanket over her naked body.

He sat down on the bed next to her, putting his hand around her neck, feeling her pulse against his fingers. It felt strong, good, she's recovering quickly he thought.

He didn't understand how they wouldn't take better care of their slaves at the auction house. No one wanted a sickly slave.

Harlow pulled her covers down and opened her legs to check her small cut, but it was gone. Nothing was left of them. No scab no uneven skin. He ran his fingers up and down her thighs, it was completely smooth.

Harlow walked out of the room and locked her door. He ordered a nearby henchman to clean and sterilize the bondage room, and then he left deeper into the lair.

-End part 1-