

-The Ravishing of Tolkeen-

No soldier of the Coalition expected an easy fight when it came to sieging Tolkeen, and even the reappearance of the legendary hero, Jericho Holmes, did little more than allow them to steel their resolve, knowing that the average foot soldier was in for a grim, brutal slog through Tolkeen's streets and alleyways. Of all the armies, the Coalition's Eastern Army was faced with the most brutal fight, having to contend with Tolkeen's fiercest. Fortunately, the replacement of Drogue as commander of the east led to breakthrough, and after a clever stratagem involving acrobatic SAMAS attacks and a Skull-Spider Walker laden with demolitions, the Great Arch finally fell, and with it, hundreds upon hundreds of Coalition forces swarmed in, seeking to finally fell the Kingdom of Magic, and the inhuman scum once and for all.

Raising his C-10 rifle, Dickers quickly squeezed the trigger, a burst of laser fire tore into the D-bee mage in front of him, dropping the horned filth to the floor with a wordless collapse. Tolkeen's Eastern Quadrant was ablaze from missile barrages and salvos, and the sizzle of laser impacts, explosive booms and the sharp crack of deadly spells filled the air. Running south for cover in the urban rubble, he gritted his teeth as shots of ion energy, unlike any Coalition weapon shot overhead, and poured as much strength as he could into his legs, hoping to make into a large, rounded structure with thick walls, just ahead. A salvo of magical bolts quickly sped his way, and Dickers threw himself into a slide, sleek armor slipping along the ground into cover, narrowly missing sharpened lances of ice that whizzed right through where his head was a moment ago. Picking himself, Dickers tapped his comms, hoping to hear from his fellow teammates.

"Fireteam Rondel, respond!" A pause. Nothing but the sounds of a pitched battle outside. He barked into his comms once more. "Fireteam Rondel, this is Private Dickers. Any available units, sound off!" Suddenly, a crack of lightning pierced through the roof, and Dickers swore, the blast mere feet from his current spot. Pressing into the abandoned building, the sounds of spellfire began to echo through the abandoned halls, and a drip of fear began to crawl down his neck. He was the last one alive. Taking a deep breath, he attempted to swallow the fear creeping up on him, and took stock of his equipment. He was certainly pinned, but he wasn't dead yet. He muttered to himself, regaining his composure as he plucked some grenades off his belt.

"Alright, you D-Bee sonsofbitches. You want a fight? You've got one."

Quickly pacing deeper into the ruins, he pulled some utility cord from his belt, and set up some hasty tripwires among the more crumbled parts of the building. Then, grabbing the back-up radio from his belt, he looked around. The trick he was considering needed a particular set-up, but the noises echoing down the hallways told him he didn't have much time to plan. Scanning the large room he entered, Dickers flipped the volume to max on the radio, and chucked it behind a solid, human-sized piece of cover, then ducked across the room, quickly scrambling up a busted wall to gain a height advantage. Overhead, the rays of sunlight from the day slowly started to dim, and the color in his armor began to fade. Dickers took a deep breath, and

listened to the world around him, sorting through the gunfire and screeching flights overhead to focus on the building around him, taking in the echoes. Mutters. A group of footsteps. The sharp whizz of a spell, followed by a shattering noise--no doubt a mage blind-firing and hoping for the best. Then suddenly, an explosion rocked the building, shaking dust from the ceiling, and Dickers smiled as he heard a feminine scream tear through the building. He got at least one. Activating his helmet comms, he broadcasted to the radio he snuck behind cover, letting drops of desperation sink into his voice.

"To any Coalition forces, this is Private Dickers. I am pinned down and in need of assistance. I repeat, I am pinned down and need assistance urgently!"

The footsteps in the building grew louder, and Dickers broadcasted again.

"This is the last member of Fireteam Rondel. I need back-up, asap!"

From the entry to the large room, some scaly D-bee rushed in, followed by a woman dressed in plated, hooded robes, the tubes and mask of a Ley-Line walker obscuring her face. The enemy had bit, now was time to set the hook.

"They're on me! I need those reinforcements now!" He whispered into his comms, but it sounded off from the radio, clear as day, and the scaly D-Bee raised an ion pistol and began unloading into the fallen stone. Dickers exhaled, training his rifle's laser targeting on the D-bee's unprotected head, thankful that ugly, lizard-like jaw prevented it from wearing conventional helmets. With a click, the trigger snapped back, and silent as a whisper, the laser sprung into flight. Simultaneously, several icebolts slammed into Dicker's armor, throwing him off the rubble of the second floor, and the D-Bee jerked it's head his way. The bolt managed to pierce it's neck, burning through flesh, and the D-Bee staggered, clutching it's bleeding throat, but Dicker had no time to curse his luck, for numerous icebolts were being thrown his way, as thick and furious as the hail that battered the Chi-Town Burbs in the dark of winter. Advancing to cover behind a sturdy pillar, Dickers fired several blind shots around the corner, and was rewarded by a pause in the fusillade of spells. Then to Dicker's surprise, both his helmet comms and his back-up radio lit up.

"Fireteam Rondel? This is Major Kira Lansport, With CS Eastern Army Taskforce 5. Do you copy?"

Before he could respond, the half-dead D-Bee unloaded his ion pistol Dicker's way, half-screaming, half-gurgling through the blood quickly filling his charred throat. "Lyrt, run! The Coalition cannot be allowed to gain our communication stone!" Dickers hunkered down, avoiding the onslaught, and took a quick glance the Ley-Line Walker's way. Her hands were moving in some sort of obscene magic ritual, and he attempted to aim at her, but several more ion shots pulled him away, and he flung himself back. The D-Bee screamed something incomprehensible at him spraying blue-black blood, and Dickers fired off several quick shots before repositioning himself across the strewn rubble, rifle clicking dry just as he reached cover.

A glow of energy caught his eye, and he watched as the Ley-Line Walker faded out of existence. Breathing a sigh of relief, Dickers dropped his rifle, and drew his C-18 pistol. Several more ion shots rang out, riddling the doorframe right next to him, but Dickers simply waited for a pause, and in a single smooth motion, sprang out of cover, pointed at the D-Bee's head and fired. The scaly monstrosity managed to fire a single ion shot, pounding into his chestplate, but Dickers watched as the beam tore into the creature's flesh and kept on shooting, stepping closer to the thing with every shot. It was not until he found himself over the deceased D-bee, an empty laser pistol pointed and the gory remains of a head, that he came back to his senses. His radios chirped once more.

"Fireteam Rondel? Are you there? I repeat, Rondel? Call in, over."

Kicking at the D-bee's corpse for good measure, Dickers activated his helmet comms. "This is Private Dickers, last of Fireteam Rondel. Receiving, over."

The voice immediately chirped back. "Good fight, soldier. Once again, this is Major Kira Lansport, With CS Eastern Army Taskforce 5. I'm planning to send a platoon of Skelebots your way. Map data indicates your location is ideal to hold supply drop. Drop a flare on the roof to help their navigation software hone in on your location, and keep me updated, over."

Now that he had time to pause, he could make out the voice more distinctly. Certainly strict like an officer, there was a soft tinge of female grace to it. "Roger that." Looking skyward, Dickers carefully began to maneuver up, crawling up pillars, scrambling up ledges, until he found himself on the Roof, overlooking Tolkeen. The sun had begun to set, but fires all around casted enough light to bathe the city in orange. Dragging a flare out of his belt and lighting it, he took in the sight of Coalition SAMAS pilots and Rocket Cycles racing overhead, engaged in deadly dogfights with strange Techno-Wizard flyers. Spider-Skull Walkers and Slayer Carriers bulldozed through the city, fighting with large, inhuman D-Bees. Blinking back as his visor adjusted to the flare in his hand, Dickers dropped it on a roof ledge, and went back down into the ruins to gather his weapons and check for any other intruders.

The scaly D-bee was as dead as a nail, and going to where he set the tripwires, he found half of a furred body and scraps of armor--clearly not enough to protect the creature from the force of two grenades going off at once. Then, heavy, pounding footsteps, far too many to be rogue defenders of Tolkeen, and far too monotonous to be human. Stepping outside, Dickers walked into a robot, skull-faced solder, who immediately jerked the heavy railgun in it's hands upwards. The Skelebot brought the rail-gun to rest, stared at Dickers, optical sensors glowing, then intoned over radio channels. "All is well."

Dickers spoke over comms, patting the lead robot, who paid him no mind. "Major Lansport? The cavalry has just arrived." The robots moved like water around Dickers, ignoring his presence as they took up defensive posts in the abandoned building

Her voice, calm and soft, reached back. "Don't rest your feet yet, Private Dickers, I have another task for you."

He stiffened his upper lip, and unconsciously, threw up a salute, though no one could see. A Coalition Grunt's work was never done. "Receiving."

"There's an opera house, about half a klick from your location. Tolkeen remnants have fortified the location, impeding our efforts to take King's Tower, the heart of Tolkeen. Your job is to scout the location for an imminent Skelebot assault, and in the conflict, and secure a prisoner for information that may help in this Siege. Understood?"

"Loud and clear." Dickers took a moment to check his weapons, reloading them with e-clips from his utility belt, and looked southwards. One building, larger than the rest, still stood strong, and every now and again, bolts of magical energy would lance out from the roof. That had to be his destination. Keeping a wary eye out, he began to prowl that direction, sticking to the shadows and heavy rubble, keeping quiet around small firefights between Coalition troops and Tolkeen soldiers, until he stood before the opera house, observing from the ruins of a demolished house.

Certainly an impressive structure, giant statues of robed singers flanked two pillars, leading to a massive door. Several D-bees stood at the ready, laser rifles slung close. The lower windows were blocked with debris to stop incoming fire, and the glimmer of lights inside revealed several defenders inside, peeking out from windows. Atop the roof, the glow of a campfire lit up two robed figures, who would occasionally raise a wand or staff, taking a potshot at a Jet Cycle or flying transport overhead. Taking care to not be spotted, Dickers circled around the building, looking for a blindspot. The western walls had lots of windows, and keen-eyes shooters, so he kept on moving, and saw that the south side had only two sentries, standing by a small backdoor with a camera swiveling overhead. It was when Dickers circled around that he found the hole in their defenses. Rough brickwork along the eastern wall, jagged enough to climb, and bottom windows blocked by so much debris no one could see in or out, and windowless surface on the next three floor. A vulnerability. He began a small report for the Major. "I'll be infiltrating by roof, Major Lansport. Main doors on the north have too many eyes, but I like the backdoor to the south. Camera's there, but it won't matter when you send a horde of bots." He resumed his watch of the building, and for a moment, thought he caught the sight of a familiar Ley-Line Walker through a window, but the chirp of his comms interrupted the thought.

She responded quickly. "Understood. Sending Skelebots your way. One more order, Private Dickers." Her voice trembled for a moment, then picked up its officer's professionalism once more. "Stay alive. Skelebots are primarily programmed to destroy, so you're our best hope of getting information out there."

Dickers nodded. "Heard, Major Lansport." Watching the spellcasters on the roof, he waited until another SAMAS flew by overhead, drawing their attention, and broke out of cover to the eastern side of the opera house, throwing himself onto the rough, pockmarked brickwork, throwing hand after hand upwards to haul himself up the side. Finally, as he approached the top, Dickers balanced his feet on a small ledge, and dared a peek over. Two men of magic, holding wooden instruments--no doubt the power source for their arcane trickery. No cameras on them, Dickers

paused, waiting for the perfect moment to strike. For a few scant minutes, nothing. Then, a terrific explosion resounded to the northwest, and Dickers saw a Death's Head transport laying down an extreme amount of firepower and weaponry against a dragon, knocking the accursed creature out of the sky.

More importantly, he saw the two magic-men turn to gape, and without a moment to spare, hauled himself over the roof ledge, and unsheathed the vibro-knives at his waist. Lunging forward at the two, he plunged the knives deep into their backs, and simultaneously, ripped both knives vertically, vibro-knives cutting through flesh like butter as he sliced up into their throats, preventing any chance of a last-minute scream. They gurgled and collapsed, breathless whispers and sobs escaping their ruined, mangled bodies. Dickers merely wiped the knives on their clothing, and looked around for a roof hatch, carefully popping it open to see what was underneath. A single sentry sat in a chair, rifle sweeping the view of the window below. Dickers flung the hatch open, pouncing on the man below, sinking the vibro-knives into his lungs, the bloody hiss of air escaping granting him silence.

Dickers looked around, and found himself in the attic of the opera house, filled with dusty crates and old furniture. Just then, another defender, this one human, poked his head around the door. Dickers whipped one of his knives at the man, and the blade plunged deep into his exposed leg, practically ripping it off his body, but in his dying throes, the man raised a pump pistol, and fired. The ensuing shot went right into the roof and exploded, opening the attic up to the nighttime sky, and activating a ruckus of activity below. Dickers kicked the pistol out of the dead man's hand, furious, sheathed his knives then shouldered his laser rifle, flipping the firing settings to burst. The time for subtlety was gone. Rushing out the attic exit, he fled down a flight of stairs, ducking into a restroom as two armored Tolkeen defenders advanced down the hallway. Leaning back to avoid the heated blast of lasers, Dickers chanced two rapid blasts knocking away just enough armor to down one of the defenders. The other, however, yelled something in a foreign, D-Bee tongue, and charged Dicker's way, nimble enough to avoid the spray of laser from his C-10 rifle, drawing two thin glowing swords from his belt. His rifle clicked dry, and Dickers drew his knives once more, bracing for a melee assault. As the defender drew close, blades lashing out, Dickers noted pointed ears and an elegant face. An elf, no doubt, and elves were dangerous in many ways. Try as he might, Dickers had difficulties fending off the elf's whirlwind assault, and the enchanted smallswords cut sharp gashes into his armor plates. With a shoulder bash, Dickers managed close in, and plunged his blades into the elf's helmet repeatedly, blades chipping away at the visor. With one final blow, he smashed through the lens, but the elf quickly danced away, grinning. "You're my kill, Dead-Boy. In your ignorance, your kind have ignored the greater world. and I-"

The elf lashed out, faster than a falcon, and Dicker's armor received two heavy gashes. The elf continued its speech. "I have studied the sword arts of a dozen cultures, and dueled countless swordsmen to the brutal end. My culture has taught me many things, Dead-Boy--" With a contemptuous flick, one of the smallswords cut into Dicker's left gauntlet, disarming him of his Vibro-knife, and the elf raised the blade to Dicker's throat, sneering. -"What has your culture taught you?"

Dicker's response was to press forward, letting the blade scrape at the armor around his neck, and slide to the left, avoiding the fatal thrust. With his knife hand, he cut at the elf's helmet, tearing the last pieces away, and swung his gauntleted hand repeatedly into its face, smashing that aquiline nose and bloodying that ivory skin. The elf cried out in pain, and Dickers pounded away, each vicious punch greeted with a satisfying, bone-gnashing crunch. After several futile swings, the smallswords fell from the elf's hands, and Dicker finished with a wind-up punch, hitching his shoulder back to get full power as he fired the fist forward, smashing the elf into the ground. Panting, he took a few deep breaths of blessed oxygen, grateful to be alive, then kicked the elf on the floor. "We...We learned how to box, you D-bee bitch." Dickers took another deep breath, and turned his ear outside. There was still a ruckus, but it seemed to be coming from the lower floors. "Lansport, I got a prisoner in the upper bathrooms. Managed to knock them out, tying them up as we speak. I assume the noise below means the Skelebots have arrived?" He knelt down, and began to bind the elf to a stall with a utility cord, then exited the hallway, reloading his rifle as he scoped out the connecting hallways.

"Dickers! Excellent service. We've sent a platoon of Skelebots to your location, and they've gotten inside the building. They're clearing out the wings as we speak. Carry on." Major Lansport almost sounded relieved, but Dickers didn't want to point it out. Instead he continued his patrol, and found doors that led to the grand opera hall. Carefully, he slid one open and crept inside, wondering what lay within. The hum of magic made his hair stand on end, even under the body armor, and carefully, Dickers took a peek at the stage. There was that Ley-Line Walker from before, chanting something in the middle of some giant circle, and above her, glowing lines of energy that pulsed, each pulse beginning to tear into the fabric of reality. Behind her, a young spellcaster was fiddling with some engine, no doubt of magic origin, pulling tools out of a satchel.

"Lansport, We've got an issue."

"Receiving. What's going on? The Skelebots are mopping up the remnants as we speak."

"There's a spellcaster here, on the opera stage. The one who was chasing me earlier. Not only is she powering up some big spell, apparently she has something called a communication stone. Might be worth taking alive." Dickers looked at the stage, but the two hadn't noticed him yet.

Major Lansport suddenly came on comm, sharp and to-the-point. "Secure that mage alive. By any means necessary. I'll tell the Skelebots to hold the perimeter outside the hall."

Scanning the room, Dickers noticed a catwalk that ran the length of the opera, ending right above the two on-stage. Sneaking back the way he came, he pulled several small carabiners from his belt, linking them up to a length of utility cord connecting back into the harness loops for his armor. He made his way to the other end of the catwalk, passing through the soundbooth, thick walls muffling his noises as he climbed up. The catwalk was a simple metal and wire affair, but after taking a single step, the heavy clink of his body armor against the steel

grating gave Dickers pause. He rested his rifle against the catwalk railing, and considered his options. If he attempted to sneak over, the noise would no doubt alert the two on-stage. But the pulsing ley-lines above the Walker were growing stronger, and Dickers didn't want to brawl with whatever came out of that. Grasping the cord and carabiner resolutely, he threw caution to the wind, and sprinted down the catwalk, carabiner ready. When he reached the end, Dickers hooked it around one of the catwalk railings, and jumped over, drawing his knife and pistol as well. Swinging into the mage by the engine, the utility cord absorbed the shock of the fall, allowing him to turn the fall into a swing, kicking the woman away from the engine. He followed up with several quick shots from his pistol, hammering her torso, and cut the cord attached to him, nimbly dropping onto the floor. Whipping around to the Ley-Line Walker, he noticed their eyes glow, and quickly rushed in to stop the spell. Kneeing them in the gut, Dickers grabbed their back as they doubled over, flipping them over his leg. Following them Down, he wasted no time grabbing their throat with his free hand, dropping his heavy-armored legs on their arms to prevent any magical gestures. This close to her, Dickers could feel soft flesh under the armor chestplate he sat on, and something primeval arose in him.

Dickers raised his vibro-knife to the Ley-Line Walker's mask, and gently guided the knife under the breathing mask straps. "Let's see what you look like underneath this thing. He grinned beneath his helmet, and with a flick of a knife, disarmed her of the mask. Two blue eyes, filled with rage, stared back at him, filled with an angry heat that didn't match those rosy cheeks and soft lips. For a moment, his hand loosened around her throat, and she puffed her cheeks and spat at him derisively. He growled, re-tightening his grip on her neck, and talked through his comms. "Ley-Line Walker secured. Requesting permission to begin interrogation."

In the background of her radio response, Dickers could hear the sounds of helicopter blades being spun up."Permission granted, Dickers. I'll be headed your way to secure the prisoner. And Dickers, time is of the essence. The right scrap of info now could save hundreds of soldiers down the line later."

"What do you mean?"

Lansport responded in a cold, neutral tone. "It's not enough to brutalize her. I want you to break her. Over and out."

Dickers thumbed at his helmet latch, and tossed it to the side. He inhaled deeply, taking in the scent of air untouched by the filters. Sweaty, close-cropped hair caught the cool breeze passing through the theater, and he looked back down on the walker, pushing back the hood on her head. Voluminous red hair spread out, matching her ginger eyebrows. Without his helmet, Dickers was picking up something from her. Sweat, to be sure, but something gentle, likely a perfume. He dropped his head in close, rubbing his nose along the contours of her body, paying no attention to how she wriggled and squirmed underneath him. Each futile push only made him hungry for something carnal, feeling her body push against the armored fabric of his legs. Releasing the chokehold, he snapped the hand up to her jaw, pinching it close, then drew his lips closer to hers. He could feel her soft, struggling exhalations, and the heat from her skin.

Hungrily, he pulled her jaw close, mashing his lips against hers, savoring the sensation of her soft pucker. He body writhed even harder, but Dickers started to grind down, straddling her and bringing his crotch into contact with hers. He let go of her jaw, and she responded with a sharp bite. Dickers leaned back tearing his now-bloodied lips away, and throat unburdened, she started to curse at him. "You Coalition scum are animals! Disgusting, savage, animals--"

Dickers used his free hand to yank her arm about, pinning one over her head. He licked his lips, tasting the blood and glared down upon her, his face forming a bestial grin. "Keep on resisting. I love it when my victims put up a struggle." She writhed with a fury, attempting to loose herself from Dicker's grasp, but he raised his vibro-knife threateningly, and she went still. Asserting his power, he flicked his hips forward, just once, into her crotch, feeling the squirm of her hips and thighs, fearful of the implied action. He noticed the way her eyes took him in fearfully, and he leaned in close, dropping his voice to a coarse, primitive whisper as he breathed into her ear. "We won't start with that. Not just yet."

Her voice was ragged, filled with panic. "W-What do you want?"

"Oh, we'll get to that." Dickers grinned, and lowered the knife to her armored robes, balancing it carefully between her breasts. "But for now, there's only one thing I want from you."

Her voice dropped. "What's that?" She looked down fearfully, watching the humming vibro-knife so close to her chest.

"Terror." With that, Dickers pressed the knife a fraction of an inch down, and cut a line through the straps on her chestplate. The Walker let forth an involuntary yelp, and Dickers leveled the knife under sundered armor plates, flipping her robes open. Pale, soft breasts spilled out, pink nipples erect out of fear. While on the smaller side, Dickers licked at them like they were gems, and put his vibro-knife to the side, cupping them in his hand. Skin as soft as flower petals, he relished the sensation, feeling the curve under his fingers, her nipples rubbing against his palm. What's more he could feel her heartbeat, pounding and erratic, and squeezed, a moan escaping his lips as well as hers. "Oh, you liked that, huh?" He looked at her face, staring in her eyes, and noticed the welling of tears in her eyes as she stammered out an answer. "N-n-no..."

"You fucking liar." He squeezed her breast again, and another moan escaped her lips, eyes quickly welling up. "I'll have to continue with punishment if you keep on lying to me."

She began to beg, chest heaving, breasts shaking as she gasped out a response, face starting to flush red. "J-just t-t-tell me what you want to know. I'll tell you anything."

Dickers leaned back, letting go of her hands. This close, and this distressed, there was no way she could cast a spell. Besides, with all of his weight on her, she wouldn't go anywhere anytime soon. "Anything?"

"Yes...please, just don't h-h-hurt me." Her body shook with fear underneath him, and Dickers relished the feeling each time her body rubbed against his.

With a swathe of arrogance, Dickers merely snapped his fingers, watching her face flinch from the sound. "Now I remember. Your name's Lyrta, right?" She nodded again, tears beginning to flow, breast shaking with every ragged breath. "Well, Lyrta..." Dickers hammered his fist on the floor next to her head, and listened in satisfaction as she cried out involuntarily. He brought his head close, bit down on her ear, pressing her down as she shakily started to struggle again beneath him. Her breath was hot and steaming, and he could feel her skin start to heat up. "...I don't believe you."

"No!" She protested, but it was too late. Sheathing his knife, Dickers ran both his hands along the contours of her body, feeling up her tender belly, shapely hips, before picking her up by her firm butt and marching her over to the wall, slamming her against it. The fear was palpable as Lyrta's body trembled in his arms, but Dickers pinned his body against hers, holding her in place. Yanking her hair to the side, he forced his lips against hers once more, and this time, there was no bite, only the soft, sensuous feeling as she pressed her lips against his, hoping to satisfy Dickers' hunger. He pulled back, taking in her blue eyes, her red hair, and flushed, heated skin, so close he could devour it. There was certainly terror, but the walls were beginning to break. Running his hands down her lips, he found her waist belt and unbuckled it. Lyrta gasped, but did nothing to resist as he threw it down, admiring her slender legs with firm thighs, as well as those sensuous hips, leading to her fuzzy crotch.

"Well, well, well. Looks like you're a natural redhead after all." Lyrta blushed, and Dickers began to layer kiss after kiss along her neck, each one accompanied by a little lick or nibble. Her breathing grew heavy, no longer holding back, and as she moaned in his ear, Dickers grabbed her by the thighs and hoisted them around his waist. Lyrta squeezed tight, the bare flesh of her vagina rubbing against his groin, and he could feel himself harden, groin straining against the armored fabrics. "You want me to believe you, Lyrta?"

"Yes." Her voice was soft, fearful.

"Yes what?"

"Yes...sir." Lyrta says the second word after some hesitation, but with another flick of her hips, indicates her willingness to do anything. Dickers thrusts back, and she begins to moan in pleasure, but just as suddenly, he disentangles from her legs and slams her against the floor.

"Then tell me about this communication stone." He growls savagely, and her eyes well up once more, cutting wet streaks down her cheeks. She points to the satchel by the magical engine.

"It's there! the oval stone, inside the bag. Speak into it, and it sends those messages to the Communications Network Tower."

Sinking his hand into her curly red hair, Dickers dragged her with him as he went to inspect the satchel. Tears flowed freely down her face, but he paid them no mind as he rooted around the bag. Several strange tools emerged, but pawing along the bottom, he found an oval-shaped stone the size and length of two fingers. Three dots were on one side of the stone. Throwing her to the ground, he held the stone up. "You'll do anything I say, right?"

Lyrta trembled where she was on the ground, half-naked, boobs and ass exposed, jiggling with the fear that wracked her body. "Yes, sir. Anything." Her eyes were cast downward, and tears splattered against the floor, but Dickers just grinned, and began to undo his armored pants. Immediately his cock sprung out, unhindered by armored fabric, and he sat on the engine. He stared down at her trembling frame, half-naked, afraid, and looking at her delicate skin curving along her boobs and thighs, found his lower member stiffening even more. Confidently, he leaned back and barked an order at her.

"Gag yourself. You know how." Lyrta began to stand, but quick as a whip, Dickers drew his pistol, and shot the floor by her hand. "No, you fucking magic-spitting witch bitch. Only humans walk. Animals like you crawl. Now crawl over here and gag yourself."

Lyrta nods, defeated, and stumbles over, ass jiggling with every move as she brings her head to Dicker's throbbing shaft. Bleary-tear filled eyes gaze at his as she tightens her lips around it, tongue bouncing in and out, teasing his foreskin and working his cockhead. Drool begins to drip from her mouth and down her body, running between her perky tits and pink nipples, flowing through the orange fuzzy mess at her crotch and running along her pink, moistening pussylips. Then, she coughs and removes her head, spitting and inhaling sharply, deprived of air. She attempts to place her hands on his cock, gently stroking, but Dickers immediately stood up, throwing her off, and she falls backwards, legs spread, exposed. "Who told you to stop?"

She cries, "I'm sorry! I just needed to breathe, and I-"

He hisses at her. "You'll breathe through your nose." Grabbing Lyrta by hair, Dickers forces his way into her mouth, working her head back and forward like a sex toy. Each thrust brings tears to her eyes, but her hands uselessly cling to Dicker's legs, unable to push him away. Her body jiggles, a delight to the senses, and Dicker begins to feel the pleasure in his member rise as he fucks her face, closing his eyes, the sensation of her lips and throat enveloping his cock, each movement of her head bringing a sinful delight. Waves of pleasure wash over him, and the feeling of her trembling tits pressing against him is so distracting, he misses the sound of helicopter blades touching down. It is not until the opera hall doors slam open on the far side, that Dickers snaps his eyes open. A blonde woman, a bit younger than Dickers, with a tightly-fit major's uniform that shows off her ample assets, walked in. Grinning confidently, Dickers continues to work Lyrta's head, driving it back and forth along his cock. "You must be Major Kira Lansport."

She runs an eye up and down, examining him and his prisoner, and ascends the steps onto the stage, Coalition boots clicking nicely against the opera floors, her rotund butt bouncing with

each step. Without hesitation, she pushes Dicker's hands away from Lyrta's head, and grabbing her hair, begins to work her head along his member, gently bringing her other hand on his shoulder. "You're such a good soldier, aren't you, Dickers? Where's the stone?"

Producing the oval stone, Dickers thrusts his hips forward, overwhelming Lyrta's mouth, but Lansport yanks her hair, pulling the mage's head into the base of his shaft, forcing her to wriggle and struggle. Dickers continues. "Apparently it links up to a tower in the city. All you have to do is press it to your mouth and speak."

Major Lansport's voice is gentle, almost as if she was unaware of the lewd actions she was forcing the mage to commit. She takes the stone from Dickers and holds for a moment, examining it from all angles, resuming the back-and-forth motion of Lyrta's head along his dick. He groans, and Lansport suddenly rips Lyrta back, throwing her to the floor. The mage is sobbing, tears and spit smeared all over her nubile body, but Lansport pays her no mind. Instead, she pulls an elastic band out of her pocket, loops it around the stone, and stands over Lyrta. "Open wide," she snarls, and shoves the stone into her mouth, quickly pulling the elastic band around her head. Giving her another shove, Lyrta moans, stone gagging her words, and Lansporte steps away from her, gesturing to her naked, scared body. "Rape her, Dickers. If that stone works, we'll broadcast send these Tolkeen scum live audio of her breaking."

"With pleasure, Major." Lyrta's eyes widen as she processes the conversation, and she attempts to squirm away, but Dickers forcefully grabs hold of her by the leg, dragging her to him, spreading open her pussy. She attempts to turn around, crying, chests and breasts heaving, but Dickers descends upon her, grabbing her plump thighs and forcing them open. Rubbing his dick against her moist gash and ginger crotch, he exhales, as she shudders, slit rubbing up and down his body. Though the stone is in her mouth, Lyrta has let little sound escape from her mouth.

"Trying to play quiet, huh? I can fix that," Dickers brags Lyrta shakes her head fearfully, but Dickers grabs her breasts and a small whimper escapes. Pressing his advantage, Dickers gives the breasts one more squeeze, and running his hands down, pressed on her hips and thrust in, piercing Lyrta's pussy lips, reveling at the warmth inside. A gasp escaped from her mouth, and he brought his hand along her vulva, feeling for her clitoris, flicking it with every thrust he gave. Whimpers gave way to moans, and Dickers brought his mouth to her tits, biting and tugging at them, basking in each sound he could make escape past those pink lips.

Along the side, Major Lansport sat on the engine, and as Dickers fucked the Ley-Line Walker, the sight of Lyrta's redhead body being ravaged, breasts devoured, pussy used as a tool for satisfaction inspired heated feeling in her, and she unbuttoned her top and bottom, sneaking a hand into each, rubbing herself and caressing her own large breasts, feeling her erect nipples under the uniform top. Quickly, her fingers grew wet with liquid as Lansport rubbed and penetrated her own self, watching the soldier in front of her pleasure this enemy, heat rising as each moan from the mage leaked out.

With each thrust, Lyrta could feel her mind growing weaker, and each movement of Dicker's brought another wave of lusty heat surging through her body, his rough thrusts and bites overloading her mind. Sweat began to drip off her red hair and steamy skin. With the stone in her mouth, she knew each sound was being broadcasted across Tolkeen and tears filled her eyes. Between the waves of pleasure, she tried to speak out. "Plea-please...st-stop..."

At those words Dickers looked over to Major Lansport, who made no effort of hiding her masturbation to the soldier. Instead, the Major kicked off her uniform pants and spread her legs wider, increased the tempo of her rubbing, moisture dripping and spat out two words. "Keep going."

"Yes, ma'am!" Dickers withdrew from Lyrta, and yanked her up by the hair, pulling the Ley-Line Walker to her feet. Rotating Lyrta around so she faced Major Lansport, he then grabbed both her hands, pulling them back, and mounted her from the back, penetrating into her warmth once more. The thrusts were rough and savage, flesh clapping as each thrust set her breasts jiggling, body slick with sweat and flushed with heat. He snarled at Lyrta once more. "You want me to stop? Say you're a whore for the Coalition."

"I-I'm a whore for the Coa...Coalition..." she sobbed into the communication stone, body wracked by pleasure, skin, aching and burning hot. She could feel a pressure building inside her, collecting heat and tingling her nerves.

"Louder!"

"I'm a whore for the Coalition!" she shouted. The pleasure was almost too much to bear, and when Dickers let go of her hands and pulled her torso go, cupping her breasts, the moans from the Major in front of her, as well as his steady, rhythmic pounding, only brought ecstasy, pushing back any thoughts of resistance.

"One. Last. Time." Dickers gasped, timing the words with each thrust, and Lyrta, overwhelmed with pleasure, gyrated against his cock, taking her hands and laying them over his, sinking into his heat and her body, as the heat within her finally exploded, and she unconsciously thrust her hips into his, wanting to him to be as deep as possible when she quivered and pulsed down below.

"I'M A WHORE FOR THE COALITION!" She moaned at the top of her lungs, horny pleasure spreading to every inch of her body. muscles tensing as she climaxed upon his member, sweaty skin turning rosy red with heat, her hands squeezing his tight, pussy sinking all the way to the depths of his shaft as Dickers moaned and released into her. Resistance gone, she held firm, letting his fluids seep into her body, autumn hair sweaty. She exhaled deeply, and as Dickers withdrew from her, staggering backwards, she felt that precious fluid leak out. Immediately, Lyrta dropped to her knees, ripping the communication stone out of her mouth, and began licking at the floor, muttering to herself. "I'm a Coalition whore...Coalition whore...whore..."

Dickers staggered back, drained and exhausted. His member was throbbing, almost painfully, and he stood there slack-jawed, as Lyrta dropped to the floor and began licking up his fluids. Immediately, Major Lansport strode over, still fingering herself, and squatted in front of him, removing the hand on her tits to stroke his cock. Dickers began to groan, but she removed her hand, and made a shushing gesture.

"Someone needs to help you clean your weapon, Corporal." And with that, Lansport drops her head onto his cock, quickly tonguing out and cleaning his foreskin.

"But my current rank is private, Major Lansport." Dickers retorts, and the Major pulls her head back, enjoying the little gasp as her tongue darts off his member. Leaning in, she sucks the seat off his ballsack. Then, she stands up slowly, dragging her soft, large breasts against his cock, before turning around, rubbing her ample butt against his groin, rocking back and forth softly. She speaks calmly, looking at the redheaded mage on the floor, dragging one of his hands over her tits, and bringing the other down to her pussy.

"I offer you a promotion and reassignment, Dickers. As the siege continues, I will need a bodyguard. Someone I can tolerate in proximity. Very close proximity." She grinds against him once more, then quickly pulls away. "I won't take no for an answer, Corporal."

He nods, then walks over to his discarded leggings, beginning to pull them back on. "Then I await your next orders, Major."

The Major, who has already begun redressing herself, and nods Lyrta's way, holding up the communication stone. "Escort her to the chopper outside. We'll bring her to my encampment, and have another broadcast. Maybe her, maybe one of her friends around here. That should shake Tolkeen."

"Done and done." Dickers grabs Lyrta, who offers no resistance, and together with the Major, walks out of the door of the opera house, passing numerous Skelebots. The night sky shines overhead, and as they board into the combat helicopter, Major Lansport taps Dickers' shoulder. He looks over questioningly.

"After you've recuperated, I'd like to see you demonstrate your interrogation techniques. Personally." She smiles, licking her lips.

Dickers returns the smile, and fastens his helmet back on. A Coalition Grunt's work was never done.