**Chapter Eighty-Six**

Cinder stared at me. “You *really* meant we’re having a picnic.”

I paused, looking at her, dressed myself in jeans and a button-down shirt Pyrrha had picked out for me, the golden Arc symbol emblazoned over it, having unslung my backpack and unfolded a blanket for us to sit on. “. . . yes?”

I’d met up with the Agent of Salem at the edge of Beacon, the woman wearing green pants with green kneepads, fingerless gloves, brown leather high-heeled boots and a similarly made vest that was left open, her chest covered in strips of cloth that in *no* way bound her breasts, with similar strips peeking over her belt and thus likely serving as underwear.

After a little small-talk, of the ‘you’re looking good’, ‘so are you’ variety, we’d set off, the evil woman keeping surprisingly quiet, and while I’d *normally* pick up the conversation, that didn’t really ‘jive’ with the tough, bad Dragon image I was going for. I’d almost been *relieved* when a Beowulf had, growling, leapt out from behind a tree, and, with a single burst of condensed prismatic Flame, had *evaporated* the weak Grimm’s head completely.

*. . . whups,* I’d thought, knowing the woman was watching me carefully, so instead of calling it back to me, I’d let the remaining Flame slowly dissipate into the air. “Sorry, reflex,” I’d smiled, when I glanced back, the gaze of the ‘seductress’ firmly upon me. “You can have the next one.”

“How. . . *considerate,”* she smiled, sashaying past me with an almost exaggerated swing of her hips that. . . honestly did nothing for me. *Objectively* I noted it was sexy, but the entire ‘evil traitorous genocidal psychopath’ thing *really* killed the mood.

Less than a minute later, another Beowulf came loping out of the woods, and with a flick of the girl’s wrist a black bow appeared in one hand, an obsidian arrow in the other, with just the faintest stirrings of *Magic* coming from her. Casually, she aimed and fired, the barbed bolt sinking into the creature’s eye, the Grimm going boneless as it instantly died, rag dolling into a roll towards the woman.

With an arch look my way, she stepped out of the way of the creature’s corpse, and asked, “Well, you coming?”

***Sticky Fingers*** pinged at that moment, giving me the optimal ‘sexy’ response, so, as I walked past her, I slapped the woman on the ass, replying, “We *both* will be.”

From the corner of my eye, I had seen her *glare* at me, but according to my **Lure** I had been doing the *right* thing, so I’d just leaned into it, striding deeper into the Emerald Forest. Keeping my senses open, I’d been able to sense the woman follow me, not able to paint a *perfect* picture of what she was doing, but I’d still gotten an idea of where her limbs were.

More than that, though, from what I’d been able to tell we were *alone,* which was a little surprising. I’d expected to have to worry about Emerald, *again,* but the dark-skinned girl had apparently realized that *Mind Tricks don’t work on me, only morals*.

A currency that team CMEN was *completely* lacking in.

Soon enough, we’d gotten a good bit in, the Grimm density pretty low, only having to deal with a dozen or so, and I burned the last one, an Ursa, down to nothing rather than have to deal with its *stink*, at which point I’d started to set things out, prompting her question.

As the Agent of Evil watched me reach into the expanded space and pull out a thermos and two glasses, the cruel seductress commented scornfully, “Don’t tell me you made *sandwiches.*”

“Okay, I won’t. Chicken or beef?” I questioned cheekily, as the woman stared at me in disbelief. I knew, on one hand, it didn’t *completely* jive with the image I was going for, but I’d not remembered that when I’d been planning this, doing the kind of thing I had for when *Pyrrha* and I had had a picnic, except I turned **Faerie Feast** up to *right* before it became physically addicting, as I’d worried, *rightly,* that Pyrrha would snag a few, and while she had the mental **Defenses** to handle it, it was just good practice.

So, if I was going for ‘devil may care’, I figured I might as well lean into the position of ‘I don’t give two shits what you think, I’m gonna have a *sammich*.’

“Chicken it is,” I told her, when she didn’t respond, tossing the wrapped package up to her, the woman reflexively catching it as I poured out two cups of ice-cold sweet tea, plopping down on the blanket, and gesturing for her to do the same.

The woman considered my suggestion, then tried to sit down, *sultrily,* only she wasn’t actually *that* good at it, asking, “You cook?”

“Of course I do. What *kind* of weakling requires someone *else* to make their food for them,” I shot back as she unwrapped the sandwich. “Also, you wouldn’t *believe* how easy it is to poison someone that way.”

Cinder paused, just starting to take a bite, as I unwrapped my own lunch, and she stared at me, clearly trying to guess what I *really* meant. “Actually, beef sounds better,” she remarked, right before I took a bit myself.

Shrugging, I offered her mine, which she accepted, handing me the chicken. “Thought you’d say that,” I remarked, taking a bite before she could say anything else, and she watched me carefully. After I didn’t, I don’t know, start *foaming at the mouth*, the woman took a bite herself, and froze, eyes widening.

Cinder stared at what was almost *certainly* the best thing she’d *ever* eaten her life, then back to me, before she took another cautious bite, eyes fluttering slightly, *completely* unprepared for it. Slowly finishing her mouthful of food, she took what was *clearly* a centering breath, and slowly asked, “What *is* this?”

“A *properly made* roast beef sandwich,” I smiled, taking a bite out of my chipotle chicken, the heat properly smoky with *just* enough sweetness to enhance the flavor without taking precedence. “Would you like some tea?”

The psychopath was taken off guard, her ‘femme fatale’ mask cracked, and she hesitantly picked up the glass, taking a cautious sip, her eyes closing at the taste. The woman seemed to remember herself a moment later, shooting me a hostile look, but I just smiled, toasted her with my own glass, and took a sip as well.

Cinder’s demeanor was still guarded, but I didn’t say a word, leaning back and enjoying my food, flaring my wings into existence, which caused her to stiffen, only to relax a little once I directed them downwards, posting them to make a backrest as I ate, seemingly unconcerned. In reality, I was paying attention to both her *and* our surroundings, on the off-chance her lackies had decided to follow at a distance.

It was actually oddly amusing, as the woman *tried* to ‘eat sexily’, while constantly getting distracted by *what* she was eating, in a way that, oddly enough, was rather *endearing*, and in a way I didn’t expect. It was, for lack of a better term, *honest*, and spoke of the *very* kind of abusive childhood I’d assumed she’d suffered. Finishing one sandwich, I caught her glancing towards the pack, and prompted, “If you want another, I made four. Just hand me the other one. Red is beef.”

Which presented her with *another* dilemma, and, from her look, she knew I knew I was handing her a dilemma, which, sadly, seemed to help center her, the mask going back on as she considered the options, handing me another chicken, which I was fine with, because that shit was *delicious*.

I accepted it, and we continued to eat, in peace in the way that only good food can create, after which we just kind of. . . *relaxed.* “You are *not* what I expected,” Cinder finally remarked, as I lounged, enjoying the warmth of the sun on my partially scaled skin.

Opening one half-closed eye, I cast my slit-pupiled gaze in her direction. “And what did you expect?”

“Big strong man like you? I expected you to push me down and *take* what you wanted,” she purred, giving me a very obvious up and down.

Running my response past **Sticky Fingers**, she *was* taunting me, but my response of, “Well, I wanted to eat, and you sat, so there was no *need* to push you down,” was acceptable, as I turned slightly, giving *her* an obvious up-and-down look in return at its urging. “Now that we have, you want to burn off some of those calories?”

Cinder leaned back, a stirring of Magic out of place in the still glade, putting me on edge, as she smirked, as she mused, “I could burn a bit.”

Which is when she threw a throwing knife at my head.

It was black, the same flash-forged method she used for her bow, and her arrows, and, lifting a hand, I used my claws to catch the blade, only for it to come apart and pelt me with razor sharp obsidian shards, the not-stinging sensation of my Aura dropping *maybe* one percent more annoying than anything else.

Shooting the woman a flat look, she shrugged in a ‘what can you do’ manner.

So I listened to **Sticky Fingers’** suggestion.

And spat a fireball at *her* head.

The woman’s eyes widened, and she rolled out of the way, the prismatic Flames passing over her face as she ducked down before leaping up, more daggers flash created and sent flying in my direction.

Mirroring her, I leapt to *my* feet, dodging the obsidian blades, leaving my sword and shield on the ground, breathing Fire into my hands and, forming daggers from them while leaving a bit left around my wrists as ‘reserve’, then tossing those at *her*.

Cinder’s eyes narrowed, the woman twisting to let my Flames pass by her, clearly *not* understanding that I could make them explode at will, so I let them miss, the fact that my ‘how to sex good’ power was both active *and* providing combat suggestions telling me this counted as *foreplay* for this psychopath.

It was that instinct that suggested copying her, and I leaned into it, the **Lure** oddly enough enhancing my own *combat* abilities, while **Martial Talent** sat back and took metaphorical notes. Following it, I leapt forward, charging the woman, forming another pair of daggers, letting it guide my hand as, instead of going for the *smart* tactics, like I’d learned from Pyrrha, I met Cinder, blade for blade, using my own strength to overpower her, letting her score a few glancing blows as I still set the pace of combat, but didn’t press my advantage.

As we clashed, again and again, I had to admit it got the blood flowing, in direct contrast to the peaceful serenity of a few moments ago, but, while I *was* learning some dual wielding fighting techniques, Cinder my superior in this style if it weren’t for the fact that *she* wasn’t really trying and *I* was a cheating bastard, I didn’t really see the point. To be honest, half of the glancing blows were *because* she was pulling her shots, going more for ‘pain’ strikes than damaging ones, and my *own* attacks were the same, blades cutting sideways, to slice, instead of head on, to chop.

“*This* more your style?” I teased, parroting the lines given to me, my attack catching her on the shoulder, as a momentary flash of anger crossed her features, smothered under a façade of sensuous confidence.

“What can I say,” she shrugged, slicing forward, and while I blocked the blade, she twisted it, sliding it over my own flaming knife to cut the top of my hand, my Aura easily taking the damage as the not-pain raced up my arm, “I like things *hot.”*

Dropping my Flame-knives, dismissing them, I lunged forward, accepting a stab to the heart that bounced off my Aura, and grabbed her wrists, twisting them painfully to make her drop her weapons, the woman lashing up with a kick that I blocked, turning and flinging the psychopath towards a tree, and, while she tried to twist about to recover, she was no *Yang*.

Following her with a wingbeat, I tackled the Agent of Salem, slamming her into the slightly-burned tree, growling, *“Enough play, lets have some* ***fun.****”*

Cinder struggled, as some part of me cringed at how. . . *just not okay* this entire thing was, but I had **Sticky Fingers** telling me that this was *exactly* what she wanted, so. . . sure?

I was *well* aware that this shit was *exactly* what I’d broken up with Yang over, as I grabbed both her wrists in one hand, holding them above her head, and, with swift fingers, flipped open her belt. The difference is, if I thought it wouldn’t drop a shitstorm on top of my head, *I’d kill this bitch here and now.*

That would normally make any kind of amorous activity fall flat, but, again, my **Lure** made it so that *I* could perform as well, which was good, as that would be rather unfortante for my attempts at a ‘bad boy’ persona.

“*You think you can handle me*?” Cinder demanded, the only strain in her voice the effort required as she aimed a kick for my side, but she didn’t enhance it with Aura, and her leverage was *shit*, so other than a slight shift to take it on my ribs instead of my *kidneys*, just to lessen the Aura cost, it might as well have been a love-tap.

*“What do you think I’m doing?”* I shot back scornfully, slipping open the button of her pants, as, despite my instinct to just *rip them off,* something I could tell did *not* come from my **Lure**, but from something else entirely, making her walk back to Beacon *that* way would just be mean, and I wasn’t *trying* to be mea-

From the woman’s hands, fire *erupted,* in a magical blast that swept over me, eating away at my Aura, but more than that, I *flinched,* remembering ***pain***, making me let go of Salem’s Agent, arms reflexively held off to ward away the attack as I stumbled away.

Smirking, the woman slowly lowered her hands, pouting as she kicked off her shoes, slipping off her half-removed pants. “Oh, what’s wrong?” she cooed. “*Little Lizard* can’t handle a little *fire*? Or are you all *bark* and no *bite?*”

. . . Oh, hey, and *there* went my misgivings, along with what felt like an *tenth* of my Aura.

*Launching* myself at the woman, she sent another magical blast of fire my way, but I felt it coming, and a bit of my *own* countered her, as I could *feel* the Cinder’s will behind it, and I *crushed* it with my own, the look of ill-hidden surprise on her face *priceless.* Tearing through the attack, I grabbed onto her, slamming a clawed fist into her gut, *folding* the psychopath over and sending her barreling back *through* the tree *I’d* just pinned her to, the wood shattering in an instant.

Even as she tried to recover, I was on her, shoving her face-first into the grass, clawed hands ripping into the strips of cloth covering her ass, and with a *growl*, ripping them free, exposing her, and finding that the Agent of Salem, even as she tried to launch another wave of fire in my direction, was *dripping wet.*

Because of *course* she was.

With a gesture, I undid my own pants, yanking them down, and freeing myself, slapping my length *right* into the cleft of her raised ass, as, she snarled, twisting her head to glare at me.

“Playing *rough* are we-*uhh!”* she moaned throatily, as, with a single motion, I pulled back and slammed myself *deep* into the writhing woman’s *cunt*, so *ready* for me there was practically no resistance.

I focused on her, the sensation. . . *different.* Cinder was *fever-*hot, soaking wet, and *very* tight, as I let my movements be controlled by my grafted instincts, not giving her *any* time to adjust before I pulled back and slammed forward again, *and again.*

“*You Bast-ahh!”* she gasped, as I moved *just* so, hitting *every* spot she had, taloned fingers digging deep into her pert ass, *past* the point of injury.

*“I’m sorry, I thought you were* ***strong****,”* I growled, burying myself in her spasming sex again and again, my movements dictated through my **Lure**, as were my words. “*But as soon as you get some decent dick, you turn into a mewling* ***mess****. How* ***pathetic****.”*

Shaking, she threw a hand back at me, full of ill-formed magical fire, but I contemptuously slapped it aside, the burning energies flying to the side, setting several trees alight, as my instinctive flinch was subsumed by the directions I was following.

*“Not-ahh! Path-uhh!”* she groaned, as I didn’t let up. Pulled out violently, she gasped, seeming instinctually, *“No! More!”*

Hooking a hand, I flipped her over, dropping the woman back-first into the ground, as I sneered, “*Oh we’re just starting.”* Leaning forward, my hands hit the grass on either side of her head, as I buried myself in her once again, her face screwing up, and, with a cry, she *came*, and came ***hard****.*

It was a full-body orgasm, as she desperately gripped my arms, a scream of pleasure ripping out of her throat as she spasmed around my length, any veneer of control gone as she lost herself to it, and *damn* did this feel good, in more ways than one, both the physical sensations of her losing control in a way that Pyrrha *rarely* did, and the fact that I’d *wrecked* this haughty bitch on my dick.

An odd thought surfaced, something about training against pain but not pleasure, and how such things could backfire, but I was seeing *first hand* how that worked, as, following my **Lure**’s prompting, I didn’t let her enjoy it, but started fucking her once again, the pain she was used to just making it better for her. Reaching out one hand, I grabbed her by the throat, not tight enough to choke, but enough to *threaten* it, as my other hand came up, claws cutting through the wrapping across her chest, and *ripped*, freeing her breasts.

Cinder flailed, trying *something*, Magic sparking, but she couldn’t concentrate enough to do it, as I *mauled* her, ***just*** the way she wanted me to, clawed fingers digging into full breasts, claws teasing hardened nipples with phantom pain, as I was directed to *laugh.*

“You thought you were *tough shit*, didn’t you?” I questioned scornfully, not stopping, thrusting with violent force, my grip on her neck keeping her in place, even helping me slam her back down onto my dick. “You think your *Semblance* is enough? Think it makes you *strong*? I’m a fucking *Dragon*, you idiotic bitch, and you’re just a *stupid little girl.”*

She started to scream in anger, only to be cut short as another orgasm ripped through her, fingers twisted like claws flaring open uncontrollably. Once more she spasmed around me, her sex chaotically working my shaft with random bouts of crushing tightness, but my **Lure** kept me centered, not coming until it was *right* to do so, as leaning back a little, I easily picked up the pale girl by her throat, and started bouncing her on my cock like a psychopathic fleshlight.

“At least you’re good for *this,* I suppose,” I commented, sounding almost bored. “You can *serve* me, even *if* I have to do most of the work.”

Which, for some reason, set her off *again*, as the girl started to *actually cry*, shaking, and it was only my following of my **Lure**, and Pyrrha’s advice to go full in on this, that made me not call a halt to things right then and there, because this was getting *downright hurtful*.

And, weirdly enough, while burning her to a crisp was fine, this. . . *wasn’t.*

*“I’m, gah, I’m not!”* she cried, and it was an *ugly* cry, tears streaming down her face, makeup leaving dark streaks down her cheeks, her arms latching onto me as I didn’t stop slamming her up and down, her sex clinging to me, not wanting to let ago, in the few moments before she started coming again, and lost all control once more.

“Not *what?*” I questioned, **Sticky Fingers** leading me to sound disdainfully amused, as I idly, played with her breasts with my free hand, leaving sparking orange trails from her Aura, the levels of which she had left I was somehow aware of in a way I *normally* wouldn’t be in a fight.

*“N-uhh!”* Cinder tried to argue, spasming once more, gasping for breath, while I was barely winded. “*Not! Serve!”* she yelled in my face, a flash of pure *rage* on her features, before she lost herself once again to the pleasure I was inflicting on her.

I merely snorted. “Then maybe *try*, instead of making *me* do everything myself? If you’re even *capable*,” I challenged, and let go of her neck, leaning back, *waiting.*

With a yell of primal *fury*, Cinder latched onto me, trying to grab *my* neck, but having to slide her hands to my broad shoulders instead to get the leverage she needed, as she, legs shaking, the woman lifted herself up, almost until I was out, then *dropped* herself down onto me completely, as I filled her, slamming into he back of sex painfully, but not only did she not care, *she was into that shit.*

The psychopath went at me like she was possessed, heating up even *more*, hair matted with sweat, one eye sparking with magical flames, with a strength that *wasn’t* Aura-born, thrusting herself upon me again and again, as I flexed my hips enough to make sure I hit her *just* right each time, the woman fighting through her own pleasure, screaming as she shook, determined to *not lose.*

But she didn’t have a chance.

“Not bad!” I crowed, using my wings to surge to my feet, holding her up by our conjoined sex, as I gripped her by the hips and added my own efforts, twisting her slightly on each thrust *just so,* sending her off into one orgasm after the next, flames igniting around us as the Magic whipped through the clearing.

She snarled, hands gripping my shoulders as she yelled, *“No! No-uhh! Not Done!”*

“You’re not *that* good, ***Ella***,” I taunted, taking quick strides, bouncing her on each one, “But you’re good enough for me, *for now.* How ‘bout we *finish this?”*

The lost, angry, defiant look Cinder gave me, *again,* made me want to stop, because this had gone *beyond* roleplaying and into. . . *I didn’t know, I didn’t like it, but I couldn’t stop now.* Heading to one of the *less* on fire trees, I slammed the girl, back first into it, and went *even harder.*

The tree groaned underneath us, bark breaking, as I leaned forward, glad I *hadn’t* taken *that* upgrade as I growled in her ear, *“You’ll find, Ella, that I* ***definitely*** *have a bite,*” before latching down on her neck possessively, hard enough to drain Aura, as she came again, and *again,* and ***again,*** shaking and shuddering, wood cracking, and all that was left was to slam deep and *fill her wom-*

***No.***

Fighting against *two* sets of instincts, Ilet go of Cinder’s neck to smother the girl in a deep, possessive kiss as I buried myself in her hot, *needy* sex one last time, then pulled out, slamming our bodies together as the tree broke apart, and I *came*, pulling back, leaving her splayed out over the stump as I *covered* her with the seed she wasn’t good enough for me to give her where she most wanted it.

Stumbling backwards, having to take *direct* control of myself, and shaking a little, I looked around the clearing, which, *yes*, was still on fire, and then to Cinder, who was both *thoroughly* glazed, and *completely* unconscious, having come so hard at the end she’d *passed out*.

“. . . whups.”