

Chimerical

Episode 8: Full Circle

With little effort, they reach the road. Fjorn looks over the map for a moment before turning left, heading south.

“You are sure this time, yes?” Jo’dehki asks.

“Completely... I think...” Fjorn replies.

They walk along the road, heading south. Fjorn, Nish and Jo’dehki begin to recognize some of the scenery. Veera stays buried under Nish’s arm, as though she were far too comfortable to pull away. The sun slowly shifts in the sky, creeping ever closer to the horizon. In mid-afternoon, they reach the port town of Seyda Neen. Veera looks around nervously, as does Fjorn, though Jo’dehki and Nish do a much better job of maintaining their calm, collected composure. They see a ship moored at the dock.

Approaching the docks, they find that it is the same ship that they had originally arrived on. They recognize a few of the deckhands, and the grizzled captain, who watches his men unloading fresh cargo. He sees the unique band, waving to them.

“I didn’t expect to see you so soon!” The captain calls out. “And the Imperial found himself a souvenir.” He chuckles.

Veera’s expression changes, a somewhat pleasant smile shifting into a perturbed frown. Nish takes offense, even before he turns to her.

“Mind your tongue, Dunmer.” He growls.

“Alright. Easy now... I didn’t mean anything by it.” He apologizes, holding up a hand.

“We’d like to barter passage off Vvardenfell.” Fjorn chimes in.

“That can be arranged. Same cost as before, for each of you. We’ll be leaving as soon as the goods are unloaded.” He replies.

The men pay their share of drakes, though Nish pays double for Veera. Eager to leave, and worried about potential capture, Nish offers to help the few stevedores unloading the ship. Fjorn joins in, along with Jo’delki, though Veera heads below deck. With the help of the three passengers, the ship is unloaded and ready to sail, over an hour earlier than expected. The captain and his men prepare the ship to leave port, pulling in the ropes and raising the anchor as the dock workers pull back the gangplank.

Fjorn leans over the rails, preparing himself for the relatively short trip back to the mainland. Jo'dehki heads below deck, but Nish stays behind. He turns to Fjorn, watching him for a moment. He approaches his long-time travel companion, standing beside him.

"Ready to sail for the last time?" Nish asks.

"Not in the least, but I don't have a choice... I'm sorry we didn't get to see Gnosis or Sadrith Mora. I know how badly you wanted to see them." Fjorn apologizes.

"It's alright." Nish sighs.

"But that was half of the reason to go to Vvardenfell in the first place." Fjorn retorts.

"Don't worry about it. Helping Veera made up for it. Actually, I think she is far more appealing than either city could ever be." Nish grins.

"That's a matter of opinion." Fjorn snickers.

Nish pats the Nord on the back before he turns from the rails and heads below deck. Jo'dehki is nowhere to be found, but Nish continues, heading for the passenger quarters. It's obvious to him that he and his three companions are the only travelers aboard the vessel. He enters the quarters where he finds Veera alone. She lies down on the lower left rope net hammock. She has her legs crossed at the knees, her hands resting behind her head. She sways a foot as she looks up at the same iron caged lantern that Nish was looking at when he first arrived.

“You know, that was the same hammock I slept on when I came here on this very ship.” Nish says.

She turns her eyes to look at him, shifting her head slightly. Nish takes off his pack and bedroll, setting them underneath the hammock, as he had the first time. He removes his belt, taking off his weapons and placing them beside his pack. She smiles at him.

“You know, I would much rather be looking up at your backside, instead of the ceiling.” Nish winks.

“Funny... I was thinking the same thing.” She winks back.

“Fair enough.” He chuckles.

He carefully climbs up into the hammock above her. He imitates her position, crossing his legs at the knees and resting his hands behind his head. Veera looks up at the Imperial, grinning as she watches him, regularly looking him over.

“I like this... .. I never spent real quality time with a free Khajiit before. I like being here with my kind.” Veera comments, gently swinging the hammock.

“Jo’dehki isn’t here.” Nish replies.

“I know...” She says.

“Did... Did you just call me a Khajiit?” He asks.

“Yes. Your body may be Imperial, but your heart is Khajiit, and the heart is what is most important. You are Khajiit to me.” Veera answers.

“That’s rather poetic of you.” He comments.

Nish is thankful that she can’t see him blushing, as he feels his face almost burning red. Shortly after the two become comfortable, Fjorn and Jo’dehki eventually arrive, and claim their bunks. Even though Fjorn struggles with seasickness, he manages to fall asleep, along with his three companions. The ship sails through calm seas until nightfall, entering port as the passengers rest their tired eyes and feet. They are roused from their rest by the same hoarse-voiced deckhand.

The band collects their belongings, quickly departing the ship in the dead of night. They set foot in the port city of Ebonheart, the very city that Nish, Fjorn and Jo’dehki had originally left from only a few days prior. Having spent the night there previously, the men know of a sizeable inn not far from the docks. They lead their Khajiiti allies to the inn, entering to find it quite devoid of life. An empty hall is presided over by a lone innkeeper who sits behind the counter. He turns his eyes over to the group, but seems uninterested in them. Nish approaches the counter, Veera following close behind.

“Pardon me sir, but how many room do you have available?” Nish asks politely.

“Eh, we’re mostly vacant. It’s been slow the last few days.” The innkeeper replies.

“You don’t say... Well, I’d like to rent three rooms for-”

“Two!” Veera interrupts him, gripping his arm tightly.

“... A night...” Nish turns to her.

“Heh... Two rooms, coming up.” The innkeeper chuckles.

“Wait, I said three!” Nish exclaims.

“Sure you did... Here you go.”

The Innkeeper passes them two room keys. Veera grins wide, taking one of the two keys and leaving the other behind. Jo’delhi and Fjorn both raise brows at the scene.

“I suppose that means I’m bunking with him?” Fjorn points a thumb to Jo’delhi.

“I hope that doesn’t bother you.” Nish replies.

“This one does not snore. You will sleep well.” Jo’delhi assures the Nord.

Fjorn shrugs and takes the remaining key in his hand.

“I’m hungry. Are you hungry?” Nish turns to Veera.

She silently nods, and they each quickly place an order of grilled white fish. Fjorn and Jo’delhi order simple dishes

as well. The innkeeper gets to work as the four leave the counter. Veera steers Nish away from the others, taking him over to a table on the opposite side of the room. He doesn't pull away, or question her; he is eager to follow the attractive Khajiit. Fjorn and Jo'dehki look over to the Imperial and his female Suthay-Raht companion.

"I hope this is alright. I thought that we could speak more privately." She sheepishly tells him.

"That's fine. Honestly, I'm glad. I actually prefer this." He smiles.

Fjorn and Jo'dehki share drinks on the opposite end of the room, willingly giving the pair their space. Soon, the innkeeper approaches them with their meals, serving the male Imperial and female Khajiit first.

"This one would feel less awkward if you were a woman." Jo'dehki comments.

"Well then keep drinking. That will solve everything." Fjorn facetiously remarks.

Fjorn eats his steak, but Jo'dehki seems distracted. He watches as Ra'kanishu and Veera eat their meals across the room and talk. Although the room is empty, aside from the four travelers and the bored looking innkeeper, Nish and Veera aren't speaking loudly enough for him to hear what they are saying. Nish's back faces Jo'dehki, but Veera

faces his direction, and she seems very intrigued by their conversation.

At their table, Nish shares his background with his companion. He complies with her every request and answers every question without hesitation. He reveals his personal background to her, which only seems to make her more interested in him. She is especially curious about him being raised by Khajiiti parents, and expresses a desire to learn Ta'agra. and explore her own culture, something she had never experienced before. He never asks anything of her, though he is curious; he doesn't want to press her.

In turn, Veera shares a few short stories about her life as a slave, earning Nish's sympathy and support. As they talk, she seems to feed off his attention, becoming more forward with every passing moment. After they finish their dinner, Nish pays the innkeeper. He follows Veera, who takes him into their room.

"This one wonders what they are doing together in that room..." Jo'dehki comments.

"Yes... Whatever would a Khajiit-loving Imperial and his freed Khajiiti slave girl do when left alone in a bedroom?" Fjorn sarcastically remarks.

"Jo'dehki was asking a rhetorical question." He murmurs.

Inside their room, Veera claims a bed near the door. Nish sits on the opposite bed, removing his gear and weapon belt before stretching out and lying back. Veera sits on the edge, looking over to him. Her tail sways as she grins, gazing at him.

“Nish...” She begins.

“Yeah?” He turns his head to her.

“I’m glad that you helped me... For everything you’ve done for me... You’ve been such a warm and generous man. It means so much to me.” She says in a soft voice.

“It’s alright. I wanted to help you. You know, you really didn’t need the knife that first time.” He tells her.

“You don’t understand... I’ve never had a male of any race treat me kindly without wanting something from me.” She continues.

She reaches over her chest and grabs her arm. A frown spreads across her face as she turns her head away from him. She takes a deep breath and sighs, the air trembling as she seems as though she may cry. Nish sits up, clearly worried about her. He rises from his bed and moves over to her, sitting beside her on her bed. He gently rests a hand on her back, rubbing her fur softly with his fingertips.

“I’m so very sorry to hear that, but that time has passed.” He speaks softly.

She seems to purr as he touches her. She turns back, looking at him with sad eyes. She rests her head on his shoulder and places a hand on his thigh. Her claws scratch him gently. He slips his arm around her back, resting his hand on her upper arm. She purrs even louder as he gently strokes her arm, trying to comfort her. After a moment, she pulls back and looks up at him.

“The young master... The son of the man who bought me and my family... He named me Golden-Hands, because he used to use me... He enjoyed making me give him full body massages, in private. He wasn't happy until I touched every part of him. Before he named me Golden-Hands, everyone kept calling me 'kitten', well into adulthood. Soon, he grew bored and wanted more than the use of my hands. He wanted to use my mouth too, so he did...” She speaks, her voice occasionally trembling.

“Veera...” Nish's eyes water.

“Soon, he grew bored of that too. He had saved me for years because he did not believe that us slaves would consort with each other, but we had. I had chosen to mate with another slave he owned. I was no longer pure for him to soil. When he finally decided to use the rest of me, to explore my body as he saw fit, I fought back. He was not pleased, so I struck him and ran. I was so afraid that the young master would discover that I was no longer virginal, and complain to his father, who would torture or kill me. Striking him guaranteed that, so I had no choice but to flee.” She continues.

She stops for a moment as she begins to cry, struggling to prevent a single tear from rolling down her cheek and around her snout.

“Losing my purity to that slave boy was the only thing that I ever felt I had a control over. Even my own escape was not really a choice; I had to flee or be killed, as I would not allow myself to be raped. I am only glad that I hadn’t been soiled by the young master.”

Ra’kanishu leans closer and holds onto Veera tightly. He gently strokes her back as she begins to cry, no longer willing or able to hold back. He comforts her as best he can, keeping her in a tight but loving embrace.

“Veera, you won’t have to do anything that you don’t want to do ever again. You’re free to go wherever you want, be with whoever you want, and to love whomever you want. You aren’t property.” He speaks to her in a gentle voice.

She snuffles, resting her hands on his back. He can feel her coiling her fingers, her sharp claws scratching the back of his tunic.

“I like having choices...” She says, scooting even closer to him.

She pulls back, gazing at him. He reaches out and gently wipes away her tears with his thumbs, smiling

warmly at her. She leans closer, tilting her head down as she rests her forehead against his. He gently strokes her face as she begins to purr again. She slides her hands away from his back, resting them on his upper arms. She touches him very gently, scraping his bare flesh with her claws. The pair bond with each other in that moment. She turns her eyes up to look at him.

“Your eyes are like emeralds... They’re beautiful.”
Veera says to him.

“That’s my line.” Nish grins.

She chuckles, smiling back at him. She pulls back, tilting her head back up to him. Their eyes lock and they stare at one another. Their faces move closer as their noses gently touch. Their breathing hastens, her mouth gently dropping open. They lean in simultaneously and kiss, pressing their lips together. His arms still wrapped around her, he pulls her even closer. Her claws dig into the flesh of his arms as she holds him tightly.

Her arms quickly wrap back around him. They embrace each other tightly, sharing several more kisses. She moves her lips around his face and down to his neck, nuzzling him as her tail swishes rapidly from side to side. She presses into him, pushing him back as the Suthay-Raht climbs atop the Imperial. She plants her hands over his shoulders as she lays over him, a knee between his legs, with the other opposite it. She licks and kisses his neck as he grips her back, quickly becoming aroused.

He scratches at her over her rather worn tunic. He quickly slips his hands up and underneath to touch her fur. She purrs loudly and growls as she dominates him, nuzzling his neck with her snout. Suddenly, Ra'kanishu grabs onto her, pushing hard as he shoves her over to the side. She falls over and he climbs atop her. He slips a hand up and underneath her tunic, feeling her breasts as he leans in, necking her back. She rests a hand on the back of his neck. Her hands grip the underside of his tunic and begin to pull it off him, before Nish suddenly stops.

"Wait... Is this really what you want?" He asks her.

She nods her head, smiling as she slips her fingertips just behind the top of his breeches.

"Good. It's what I want too." Nish grins.