

Stephen typed in his username and password to log into his game account. It had been a long while since he last played Guild Wars 2. Logging in after all this time brought back a fond nostalgia he had with this game. Out of all the MMORPGs he had played in the past this was the one he had the most fun playing. Of course he had stopped playing it some time after he began working at his current job. Just didn't have time for a game like this anymore. He wasn't even sure why he was playing it again after so long. Perhaps it had something to do with the disappearance of a young man who spontaneously vanished with no trace of him even leaving his room. In the report it was stated that his PC was on and was Guild Wars 2 was running on it. The victim's friend/roommate even mentioned that two of his characters were missing from his profile. Honestly, the whole news story was weird and played out like a story off of Deviantart. But perhaps it was enough to spark Stephen's interest in the game, perhaps out of nostalgia or perhaps out of the mystery surrounding the disappearance of that young man and this game.

As soon as he logged in he was greeted by the familiar sight of his old characters, one of each race. He considered starting over from scratch, deleting all his old characters and making new ones. But he decided to start up the game on his main character, a female charr elemental named Mehlaphuse, first for old times sake. He leaned back as his character loaded in, wondering how much was changed since he last logged in. He didn't have to wait long as soon his character was in the world standing in the middle of the game's main city, Lion's Arch. There had been some aesthetic changes since he had last seen the location but it was still recognizable. He was going to explore further but then he noticed the letter icon flashing on his screen. He had received an in-game note. He went to check it, figuring it was an automated message for logging after so long or messages about various he likely missed. His guess turned out to be accurate for the most part with a fair amount of messages littering his inbox involving various things he didn't really care about. Without hesitation Stephen began clearing out his inbox until he came across an unlabeled message with no source listed. This made him pause as normally an in-game message couldn't be sent without some identifiable source. Curious, he opened the message only to find no text at all. The only thing attached to the message was an item labeled "Mist Fragment" by the game. What was stranger was that it had no item value and its only descriptive text was "bound to your soul upon pick up".

"That's weird." Stephen said to himself. "Must be a more RPish way of saying character bound. Still seems kind of silly, though."

He shrugged and accepted the item into his inventory before deleting the blank message. He then opened up his inventory to take a look at the item again.

"Wonder what this item is for anyways. Hmm... Huh?" Stephen blinked and rubbed his eyes. When his cursor scrolled over the Mist Fragment item again new text had appeared reading "Use: enter the mists".

"Well, this is getting more interesting. Could have sworn it didn't have a use function when I got it." Stephen eyed the item a bit longer before double clicking it to activate it, curious as to what the item did.

The moment he pressed the mouse key a second time he was blinded by his computer monitor as the screen flashed white, causing him to turn his head away, pushing his wheeled desk chair away from his desk. His ears heard the sound of crackling coming from his computer.

"Fuck! That better not have been some hacked item that fucked up my computer in some way!"

Stephen opened his eyes but was not prepared for the sight that laid before him. Where his desk and computer sat was instead a swirling violet vortex made of mist and cackling energy. The young man didn't get a chance to even comprehend the portal before him before a force suddenly pulled him out of his chair, barely managing a cry for help before he was sucked into the portal, the entrance closing behind him.

All he could see was mist swirling around him as he tumbled. It was like he was falling and yet he felt no force pulling him in any direction. It was making him dizzy, his thoughts becoming hazy as the turmoil surrounding him was becoming too much to comprehend. This wasn't the only affect the mists were having on him for as he spun about through the violet void his body began to change. It started with his skin, the hairs on his body growing thicker and beginning to cover more of his body, taking on a golden colour along most of his body save for his chest white began to sprout a soft white pelt. He felt itchy but was too disoriented to focus on the itch or the other strange sensations as his bones shifted and grew, body becoming bulkier as muscles grew and yet his body was also becoming a tad slender, more feminine looking. His fingers and toes twitched, nails growing longer and sharper, socks tearing as his feet grew longer, the largest toe on each foot shrinking and moving up his foot towards his heel, his stance shifting from plantigrade stance to a digitigrade one.

Stephen's eyes fluttered as the changes continued, feeling oddly pleased by what was happening to him despite not being fully aware. The mist was having a profound effect on his mind as well as his body. Images flashed through his mind as his face grew itchy, golden fur spreading across his face. The imagery contained voices as well, like watching snippets of a movie. Everything he was seeing felt nostalgic to him, faces and voices familiar, but he didn't know why. So lost was he in these 'memories' that he failed to notice his face pushing out into a feline muzzle, his ears lengthening and splitting in two, or the large horns growing out from under his shedding human hair, a few more growing out from his cheeks. His eyes were slowly turning from blue to green, from human to feline, as more memories filled his mind. It was becoming increasingly harder for him to remember who he was or even what he was. His body wasn't even human anymore as the mist continued to alter his body. In his daze he felt his guts churn and move about in his lower abdomen, his groin burning with a pleasurable heat as something shifted down

there. His spine stretched and a tail pushed out from his backsides, tearing through his pants which were already falling apart as his body grew more, his shirt following the same ruinous path. Soon his clothes tore away from his body completely, the mists consuming the fabric, exposing 'her' feline and feminine body. Stephen felt her consciousness slipping as the mists threatened to consume her as well, barely noticing a figure moving towards her through the mists brandishing a burning sword.

"GRAAH!" Mehlaphuse woke up with a start, panting heavily. She looked around herself in a panic, fearing where she was. A sigh of relief came to her as she started to recognize the rusted metal walls surrounding her. She wasn't sure how she got here but she was happy to see and hear the familiar surroundings of the Black Citadel. Still, she wasn't fully relaxed. Images were still floating in her mind, images of being human and male while trapped in some strange land. Was it just a dream? Or did her entrapment in the Mists affect her more than she realized.

"Aha! I thought I heard you wake. Was starting to wonder if you were going to sleep forever."

Mehl turned her head towards the entrance to the room she was in. She didn't recognize his face but she recognized colours of the Iron Legion armor he wore.

"Perhaps I still am. I have still to determine whether or not this is real or if I'm still tumbling through The Mists." Mehl said, snarling a little as she rubbed her head. Her voice had a bit of a growl to it like all charr but it was also gentle, at least while she was calm.

"Well, you better believe this is real. You are very lucky, soldier. We all thought you had died within the fractals. Heard that you fell into The Mists and the asura couldn't recover you."

Mehl rubbed her head softly. "Yes... I remember falling. I... don't remember much after that. Or even before."

"Those asura and human doctors said your brain might have gotten a little scrambled while floating about in The Mists. Said it'll pass in time. Didn't think you'd remember anything, to be honest with how long you've been in there. Do you know where you are now?"

"Yes, I'm in the Black Citadel and..." She looked around herself. "This is my room in my quarters within the Iron Legion barracks. I have to ask... just how long was I gone?"

The soldier went silent for a moment, scratching the back of his head. "5 years...."

Mehl sat there in her bed, staring at the soldier in shock. 5 years of her life gone. How much has changed since she was gone? Was her guild still together? How many of her comrades were still alive?

"Look, I hate to do this to ya but I was ordered to let you know as soon as you awoke to speak to Tribune Brimstone in his personal chambers as soon as you are physically capable. He wishes to speak with you. And, if I may be frank, I would suggest thanking him for saving your tail." With his message delivered the soldier left her chambers, leaving Mehl to her troubled thoughts.

She quickly put on her clothes and slung her staff onto her back. While she was safe enough in the citadel that she could leave her staff behind her training taught her that the enemy could strike anywhere at anytime, and for an elementalists to be without her catalyst at such a time would leave her dead at the enemies hands. She then rushed off on all fours towards the heart of the citadel. While being ordered to speak to Rytlock in his personal quarters wasn't exactly protocol she couldn't ignore the summons of the Blood Legion tribune regardless of being the leader of a different legion than her own. She rushed up the stairs and stood in front of the iron doors to his quarters but froze when she went to knock. Her heart pounded and she trembled slightly. It had been so long since she last spoke to Rytlock. Far longer than 5 years due to battling the elder dragons and their spawn. Still, even now after all this time she still had feelings for him. Feelings which she doubted would ever be returned. And yet.... he saved her from The Mists. Why? Why was he even there? Surely it wasn't for her. Shaking her head and working up her charr courage she knocked on his door.

The door opened and before her stood the same brown furred charr she had worked with and served years passed, albeit with a few more battle scars. This was the first time seeing him outside of his proud legion armor, wearing simple yet noble clothes for someone of his rank, red like his legion's colours. Just seeing the strong, war battered leader again sent a chill down her spine. She kept her composure though, not wanting to look vulnerable and weak before her superior.

"Legionnaire, good to see you standing again. Please, come on in."

"Thank you, Tribune." Mehl saluted and stepped on inside. Rytlock's chamber was fairly large but too much larger than hers. Her eyes looked across the walls, admiring the war trophies the Tribune had amassed over the years.

"You are probably wondering why I summoned you so I am not going keep you waiting. Truth be told I wasn't expecting to find you in The Mists. We all thought you had perished in the fractals."

"I thank you for saving me sir. Though if I may ask, why were you in The Mists?"

He pointed at his blade, Sohothin. "In my last battle Sohothin was lost to The Mists. I had to get it back as it is the only way we'll be rid of the ghosts outside our wall for good. So I followed it, knowing that I could be lost forever myself."

"Well, then I count my blessings then that you found me too, sir," Mehl said, feeling a little disappointed that she wasn't really a concern in the grand scheme of things. But she didn't let it show cause in the end she was just a soldier of the legions, in the end there were far more concerning matters than her life.

Rytlock smiled a little. "Yes...it was certainly a blessing when I found you."

Mehl raised an eyebrow, a little confused. "Sir? I'm not sure I follow."

Rytlock sighed and growled lowly. "Mehl...we have been through a lot together in the past. From the battle within the Citadel of Flame to the destruction of Zhaitan. And in that time I had grown fond of your company. You are a very capable warrior for an elemental. And I had grown fond of our company." He walked up to Mehl slowly, Mehl's heart beating harder with each step. "Mehl, when I heard you were lost in The Mists it pained me greatly that I couldn't go searching for you. There was much I wanted to tell you and I wasn't able to. And then when I found you...well, I just couldn't believe it. And now you are here, where I can now show you how I feel about you in person." He grinned and reached out to Mehl, softly scratching under her cheek.

Mehl's heart fluttered. She couldn't believe what she was hearing. A part of her felt she was still in The Mists, that this was some sort of illusion. But her heart told her that this was real. And yet she found herself stepping away from her dream lover's advances. She wanted to be with him and yet he was a Tribune while she was just a soldier, great as her past achievements were. "Tribune... are you sure about this? I mean you are the leader of your legion. Surely there are more worthy females than me."

"I have never been more sure in my life. And if anyone disagrees with my choice I will rip their throats out with my bare claws." He growled and smiled toothily, walking towards Mehl again and pulling her against his body. "The only female I wish to have right now is you, Mehl. And what I want I will have. You may be Iron Legion, but will you accept being the mate of the leader of the Blood Legion?"

Mehl almost fainted, her heart pounding so heavily it felt like it was going to explode. However, she kept firm. After all, she had to keep strong for her Tribune. She grinned toothily herself. "I'll only accept you as my mate if you can conquer me, oh Rytlock. Do you have what it takes to claim me?"

Rytlock growled with approval of this challenge. "Your fire has as much strength in your heart as well as in battle. I accept your challenge!"

With that he shoved Mehl onto his bed and began to disrobe. Mehl growled at her lover lustfully but made no attempt to remove her clothes herself. She wasn't about to let him at her so easily. Once naked as he was born, Rytlock pounced upon his prey and pinned her under his weight, tearing off her robes and underclothing with an almost savage fervor. No words were needed right now as he positioned himself over her, his arousal in full sight and pressing against her moist sex. She mrowled softly in pleasure as he ground against her, teasing her entrance. He then pulled back and plunged in hard into his mate, causing her to cry out passionately. Rytlock grunted as he pushed in deeper into Mehl's tight pussy. He gripped her shoulders tightly as he kept pushing until he couldn't go no farther, pulling partially out and beginning to thrust rhythmically. Mehl was lost in pure bliss, her claws digging into the mattress under her. All she wanted right now was for Rytlock to pound her hard, to show her his strenght. And show his strength he did as the bed rocked underneath them, his thrusts heavy and deep.

Rytlock let one of his hands glide across Mehl's chest, her fur soft to the touch. His fingers dug under her fur to tease her feline nipples, causing her to growl louder for him, arching her back as the pleasure made her eyes shut tight. She let out another cry as she felt herself clench, climaxing for the first time of their mating. But Rytlock wasn't done with her. His pace increased, going faster now. He leaned in and clamped his powerful jaws around her neck, not piercing the flesh but holding her firmly, claiming her as his. He panted hard, his feline cock throbbing hard inside her, his balls slapping against her body. He thrust even harder, trying to push deeper into his conquest. Soon the pleasure became too much for both of them, Rytlock releasing Mehl's neck and both of them ROARing to the heavens. His shaft penetrated her cervix and pumped his seed into her womb. The two lovers road out their joint climaxes together for almost a minute before Rytlock collapsed on top of Mehl. The two purred and he licked across her neck while she embraced him lovingly.

"Rytlock....you have succeeded in your conquest. I am yours..." Mehl smiled and purred deeply, softly stroking Rytlock's back.

"As it was meant to be." Rytlock growled and lifted his head to gaze into his mate's eyes before kissing her deeply. The two would have another romp together before finally quieting down to sleep in a lovers embrace.

A couple months later Rytlock and Mehlahphuse were bound together as mates following a Charr mating ceremony. Mehl took up her role as Rytlock's mate with great pride, though she still kept up her service to the Iron Legion as well. A few more months later she birthed Rytlock a son whom they named Logan to honor a close human ally and friend of Rytlock's. Another year she gave him a daughter, Aethis. They were raised with tough love but with a strong amount of compassion as well. Logan later joined the Blood Legion as one of their strongest guardians and later leaving to join The Vigil, a band of warriors of all species whose goal was to fight the elder dragons and beat them through

strength in unity. Meanwhile Aethis followed her mother's footsteps and became a powerful elementalist of the Iron Legions, using her power of fire to burn down their enemies and the strength of earth to bolster their defences. And both parents were proud of their children, fighting alongside their children till age took their strength away and eventually passed in peace knowing the charr were in good hands with their progeny leading them to victory.