



Treasured Silence

By Victor Waite

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A Patreon Poll Story

On the hunt for a lost civilization, Andi journeys to a far-off mountain to see if her investigations have paid off. She manages to find the entrance to their hidden city, though her fortune changes when she reaches an impassable gate. How will she get through, and what waits for her on the other side?

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and contains A Female Arcanine, a Female Noivern, Exploration and Mystery, Wardrobe Malfunctions, Light Bondage, Voodoo Magic, Liquid Inflation, and Dom/Sub Elements

Crisp spring sunlight filtered through the lush canopy, scattering dark outlines of leaves across the underbrush. Vines and shrubs strained to reach each rare patch of sunlight, desperately chasing them as the sun arced across the sky. Birds fluttered and sang their songs between the ancient trunks, filling the verdant voids between with natural ambiance. The soft rustle of branches joined the chorus as mountain winds stirred, blowing a chill breeze through the halls of clearings. The atmosphere faded with the breeze into reverent silence, until the sharp snapping of twigs and crunch of fallen leaves tarnished the silence. Animals fell quiet scattered as the clatter wandered through the ancient wood, circling over itself until the source exhausted itself with a huff of frustration. Andi threw her head back and growled as she stomped past the same tree for the third time, then dropped her pack to the earth and took a seat at its base. The arcanine muttered curses to herself and dug through her canvas pack, scattering her tools and supplies across the grass until she found her notebook. A final burst of miscellany tumbled through the dirt as she ripped it free, and the fluttering of pages filled the modest clearing as she thumbed through its contents. Her expression softened when she found the right page, and her gaze turned to the sky and found her bearings.

Thought a gap in the trees, she spotted a peak, then another and another, roughly revealing her location. Her fluffy tail swished through the grasses and her spirits lifted with the proximity of her prize. Andi produced a compass from her pocket and held it aloft, then twisted and turned until she found her course. With restored vigor, she sprung up from the bench of a root and slung her bag over her shoulder, then rushed off in a mad dash. Grasses crunched under her feet and bushes parted against her fluff as she charged, dead set on proving her theory correct. She could practically smell the long-lost civilization as she dodged through trees, and her heart fluttered at the wealth of knowledge it no doubt contained. The rumored unfathomable riches would make a nice bonus too. Her pace slowed when she burst into a clearing more substantial than the rest, broken only by a boulder in its center. The canine's heart skipped a beat as she stepped into its shadow, where she referred to her notes once again. She decoded her own mad scrawlings and found the desired passage, describing the hypothesized sign post carved hundreds of years ago. Concentration furrowed her brow as she held the tattered book up and compared her sketch to the suspected monument, and her eyes glittered with impending success. Time had not been kind to the weathered stone, but the shape of its base and surviving marked banished any doubt regarding its identity.

Andi's joyous shouts rang through the clearing, until her desire to press on eclipsed her need to celebrate. She bit back a gout of victorious flame as she turned her attention back to her notebook, then flipped through its pages until she found the details of her next step. A crude drawing of the clearing occupied the double-page spread, roughly matching the surrounding circle of shrubs and trees. It provided a rough bearing, though the precise path forward remained obscured in the drawing's rough edges. Her most substantial clue involved a riddle that had been solved some time ago, though still presented an issue. The arcanine's ears flattened when she reread the passage, which required her to wait until sundown on a specific day, then use the formation as a sundial. She double checked her translation in the slim hopes of saving herself a great deal of trouble, only to confirm it was

the only way forward. The canine bristled at the idea of waiting a few short days, and instead decided to try her luck with brute force. Her muzzle tipped to the sky as she placed the sun, then looked down to her watch. From there, she crunched some rough numbers and ran loose calculation, then gathered her belongings and wandered off in her estimated direction.

The explorer stoked her inner fire and literally blazed a path, burning away the pesky underbrush and cauterizing her way through the ancient woods. She only looked back to gage the straightness of her work and adjusted for accidental wandering, a task that eased with progress until her stamina flagged. Andi puffed and heaved with continued exertion as crackling wake grew, until her signpost vanished from sight and her endurance waned entirely. Wisps of fire puffed from her muzzle as she coughed and sputtered, unable to muster so much as an ember. Her balance wavered as fatigue crashed upon her, and she plopped down on an exposed rock to recover. The rustling of supplies filled the softly crackling air as she reached into her bag and fetched a condensed meal, then husked its wrapper and stuffed it into her muzzle. The compressed flavors of a full meal filled her cheeks as she chewed the high-density trail ration, unleashing its complex cache of calories. The explorer swallowed and let out a sigh as it settled in her middle, subtly swelling her paunch and rekindling her drive. She allowed herself a moment to rest before resuming, though as she moved to get up, her perch shifted and stole her balance.

Her rocky perch sank into the earth as she stumbled and fell atop it, unleashing an earth-shaking rumble that tremmored through the entire mountainside. Birds took flight and critters scurried as the land rumbled and thundered, and Andi considered doing the same as branches dropped from fearful heights. The dirt beneath her feet trembled as the quake's epicenter raced beneath her, overwriting her panic with a surge of curiosity. She sprinted the after the drifting source to a modest cliff face, and her instincts paid off as the earth split before her. A pair of pillars rose from the ground as a sinkhole yawned open, revealing a gaping passage into the ground. A wide set of weathered stairs descended into the darkness, and a cool breath of air rushed by Andi as the path bore into the side of the mountain. For a lengthy moment, the arcanine simply stood there, stunned, before a second rush of victory washed over her. The zealous canine struck a pose and spouted a flamethrower high into the air, filling the forest with a deep rumble of celebration. A blush warmed her cheeks when she cut it short, realizing it would be best to conserve her energy. She barely mustered the restraint to double check her supplies and equipment, then eagerly flipped to a blank section in her notebook and descended into the echoing chasm.

The soft scribble of her pencil accompanied her resonating footsteps, sketching and marking down every minute detail etched into the walls. Most of the murals and carvings had lost their battle to time, leaving them as little more than faint ridges and indentations, though some survived the gentle temporal onslaught. Lengthy passages of faded texts likely contextualized the remaining images, though the script meant little to her in its native state. Instead of pausing her venture and attempting to decipher them, however, she unrolled vast sheets of thin paper from her pack and took down rubbings as she went. Her heavy footfalls yielded to obnoxious crinkling and shuffling, until supply of paper dwindled

to the point of concern. Though there was still much to take down, Andi resolved to save some for the chambers beyond. Her attention to the symbols and carvings diminished as she charged forward, sprinting and leaping down several steps at a time. She kindled a flame in the back of her throat and opened her mouth to light the way, allowing her to rush with uncompromising speed. The passage's natural acoustics amplified her mad dash until it echoed from entrance to exit, filling the passage with signs of life for the first time in ages. Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, no one saw fit to meet her at the bottom of the stairs. A colossal, silent stone door comprised her entire greeting party, which proved more than enough for the eager canine.

The arcanine approached the carved gate with reverent awe and a slight hint of irritation. As impressive and significant as the barrier was, it still presented itself as an obstacle to be overcome. Andi flipped through her notebook and scanned for any references or snippets relevant to circumventing it, and wisps of flame danced from her muzzle when she came up empty. She sketched out a rough diagram of the gate before stuffing her notebook back in her pack, then searched the small chamber for clues or details. The explorer had little hope of finding anything useful in her illiteracy, and she could only imagine the history staring her in the face. The relatively pristine carvings presented scenes not found in the tunnel, but as far as she could tell, had little to do with the door. Unwilling to abandon her efforts and return later and better equipped, she sought a more immediately gratifying option. Her impatient foot taps echoed through the modest room while she searched for weakness or exposed mechanisms, reverberating in the smothering shadows until she found a promising lead. Andi crouched and cleared the rubble from what looked to be cracked stone plate embedded in the wall. The arcanine dug her claws into its faults and pried with effort, only to discover how firmly it resisted her efforts. Still, it was her most promising possibility, and instead of seeking out another, resorted to her nuclear option.

Andi backed away from her target and set her stance, then shut her eyes and stoked her inner fire. Shimmering heat waves radiated from her figure as she pooled her energy, digging up her most potent attack for the unfortunate piece of engineering. Burning light back-lit her pelt and singed her clothing as the ball of flame in the back of her throat ballooned, and embers swirled and danced around her red-hot figure. Her glowing light crept from red to yellow to white as her clothing burst into flames, and her smoking pack fell to the ground as she stepped forward and unleashed her blast burn. A booming roar thundered through her chest as her inferno erupted forth, filling the chamber with a torrent of fire. Blackened soot tore through the room on super-heated winds as explosion after explosion slammed into the walls, shaking bits and pieces of the chamber loose. Rubble fell from the ceiling and shards of stone splintered from carvings, marring centuries-old history in mere seconds. The explorer fed the blaze as much as her stamina allowed, but after a few, eternally long seconds, the crackling maelstrom waned and weakened. Her fire fizzled and smoldered in the absence of fuel, leaving only glowing walls in their wake. Despite the cataclysmic attack, both the door and weakness remained intact, but the same could not be said of Andi's clothes. Her exposed fur steamed and smoked as she dropped to her knees in defeat and exhaustion, bested by the remarkably sturdy gate.

While the echoes of her calamitous, ineffective blast resonated and dissipated, a faint rumbling filled the sweltering room. Andi failed to sense the tremors through her own trembling as the ominous sound intensified, finally culminating in the sharp crack of stone. Her ears twitched at the noise and she looked up with hopeful optimism, only to find the gate just as intact and closed as ever. Puzzled, she struggled to pick herself up and investigate, distantly entertaining the notion she may need to make a hasty exit. Her fears eased as silence returned and the roof remained overhead, and she held a hand to her chest while her pulse eased. A solid thud put her back on edge in an instant, however, and she nearly jumped from her hide when she turned to face the source. The arcanine's confidence withered under the towering golem, who bore into her gleaming, glowing eyes. She caught her breath and searched for words while a moment of inaction hung between them, though the golurk ended negotiations before they began. Andi flinched as it raised a colossal fist high into the air, then closed her eyes and braced for a painful impact. To her relief, the blow never came. The explorer peeked over her arm to find the guardian frozen in place, until it lurched into action and slammed its chest and released a low, deafening tone. The clear sound reverberated in the arcanine's chest with enough force to scramble her breath, and what little strength she retained faded as the sound bounced through her bones. Another strike of the golurk's ringing torso reinforced the standing waves, lulling the canine toward unconsciousness. Her arms faltered and she fell to her chest with a third tone, and she dropped to the ground and tumbled into unconsciousness.

A faint, persistent ringing resonated between Andi ear's as her consciousness returned, and soreness crept through her muscles as she rubbed her head. She dared not risk opening her eyes, and instead rubbed her temples and nursed her throbbing head. She whimpered to herself and soothed her pounding temples, diminishing the lingering noise until perfect silence remained. The arcanine froze with apprehension when she realized the complete lack of ambiance, then finally resolved to restore her sight. She hesitantly cracked her eyes, expecting a blinding rush of light that to her relief never came. Instead, a soft, blue glow illuminated a vast cavern. Vast columns supported a ceiling hidden in the void above, and aside from homes carved into the rock, there wasn't a wall in sight. The explorer forgot her possible peril as the vast grandeur of the space captured her imagination, and her heart fluttered with academic validation. A second wind bolstered her stamina as she leapt to her feet, only for bindings around her ankles to send her into a stumble. A short bark of surprise tumbled from her muzzle as the ground rushed to meet her, earning a pained gasp from her observer. Andi turned her gaze up from the floor once she recovered, where she locked eyes with a noble-looking figure.

A chubby noivern glared into the prone adventurer, ensuring her disdain was palpable before launching into a string of furious signs. Her ample figure jiggled while she gestured and symbolized with articulate anger, though the finer details of her rant escaped the arcanine. Confusion filled Andi's face while she puzzled over the rapid sequence, completely bewildered by the depth of the language barrier between them. Still, the

explorer doubted she'd be any better off trying to decipher a verbal language. The queen's anger softened once she realized the complete communication breakdown, then sighed to herself and folded her arms. The arcanine tilted her head while the regal noivern scoured her memories and cleared her throat, dredging up a broken common tongue that would hopefully fare better. Even it was centuries outdated.

When she finally spoke, her voice came as little more than a whisper. "You're the one that's been stomping around my mountain?"

Andi's ears flickered and swiveled toward the noivern, only just picking up her murmurs. "I wouldn't call it that, but yes."

The noivern waved her hands furiously in a command for quiet. "I hope you appreciate the trouble you've caused," she rasped. "You've sent my people into a panic, and I can't let that go unpunished."

The arcanine lowered her voice as much as she could. "Sorry. I've been trying to find this place for as long as I can remember, and I guess I got a little carried away."

"Did it ever occur to you that we may have hidden ourselves for a reason? That we might not want to be found?"

"I guess not," the arcanine sheepishly admitted. "I can make it worth your while though. You don't know what you're missing cooped up in here. If you just let me go, I ca-

"Bold of you to think you're getting out of this," Rolegur interrupted. "You're the first outsider here in ages, and look at what you've already done." She gestured to the eerily empty cave. "I can't let you expose us to the world."

It took the arcanine a moment to decide she'd heard the queen properly. "Wait! What if I promise not to tell anyone? You can seal the tunnel back up, and I won't breathe a word of any of this."

"That's a risk I can't take," she answered. "We've worked and lived here too long to be forced out."

The arcanine feigned submission and plotted her next move. Escaping the queen in a one-on-one situation felt plausible, especially given her sensitivity to sound. She resolved her choice to act, then breathed deep and let out a bellowing roar.

Or at least, she tried to.

The noivern read her like a book, and before Andi could let her battle cry loose, clamped her muzzle shut with a magical force. Confusion played across the canine's face, which gave way to dread when as she shamefully looked up.

The noivern smirked with devious satisfaction and presented a voodoo doll, crafted from Andi's shed fluff and neatly bound in thread. "You didn't really think it'd be that easy, did you," she whispered. "Now allow me to make an argument for why you should stay and behave yourself."

The plump noivern produced a second figurine from her sash, a small, intricate sculpture of a pot. She twirled the figurine in her fingers and filled it with her will, lighting its decorative runes with a soft blue glow. The faint light bathed the area and glittered in the noivern's jewelery, intensifying until its center blazed with pure white. The explorer watched with equal parts dread and confusion as the queen made a show of bringing it to doll's lips, which inspired a sympathetic sensation in Andi's. A muffled sound of confusion filled her cheeks when the queen let it linger, which jumped to a startled yelp when she pinched the doll's cheeks. A phantom presence slid into her mouth as the noivern aligned the pot's spout with her captive's throat, then squeezed. The arcanine jumped with shock as a jet of luminous liquid shot down her gullet, fostering a faint, glowing light in her middle. Her eyes snapped to the queen with a silent plea, which she promptly ignored. The regal noivern refilled the miniature vessel with a grin, paused to make her impending action abundantly clear, then shot another jet of fluid into the arcanine's belly.

Bound by queen's mystic hold, Andi could do little more than endure her slow filling. All things considered, her punishment wasn't as harsh as she expected. The ooze carried the consistency of honey and sat pleasantly in her middle, and its flavor was more than favorable. She adjusted her tongue to catch the third burst as Rolegur exacted her justice, letting a moan slip as its faintly sweet taste suffused her senses. Her struggles waned as she acquired a taste for the ooze, and she found herself anticipating the next shot. The queen softly laughed to herself and tittered something about Andi fitting right in, kindling a blush in the canine's cheeks before another serving chipped at her shame. The glow in her middle brightened and shimmered through her otherwise dark coat, and intensified as her belly inched over her lap. The stripes of her thighs disappeared ever so slightly more with every gulp, and her bare breasts crept toward her chin on the growing swell of her stomach. The luminous ball in her middle gently spread as her stomach let out an echoing gurgle, readily metabolizing and processing the ooze. A soft layer of flab padded her figure while her belly expanded, masking the juice's more subtle properties as her stretching hide sparked with bliss.

The explorer's eyes glossed over as a unique chemical suffused her system, dulling her thoughts and eliminating her inhibitions. A shameless heat kindled in her cheeks as her mental resistances collapsed and her libido sprung to fill the resulting vacuum, filling her with a pleasure that increased with every swallow. She wiggled her hips in a needy daze and rubbed her thighs together while the queen sauntered to her side, holding her doll and vessel in one hand while stroking the canine's middle with the other. Andi shivered and moaned in open need as the noivern gently raked her claws over lightning-like stretch marks, sparking her with a kick of rapture with every touch. The explorer's mounting need buried any desire to escape, and she leaned into the queen's delightful in complete

surrender. The queen laughed to herself and patted the reformed adventurer's belly, then pulled the pot away from the voodoo doll. Andi's restraints remained, though the flow of delectable nectar ended with startling abruptness. A needy whine resonated in her chest as she demanded more, which the queen quickly hushed down.

"No more of that now," she whispered. "Your voice is as lovely as it is loud, but it has no place here. You will learn to speak with your hands as the rest of us. Understand?"

Andi vigorously nodded.

"Excellent. Here is your first lesson." The queen brought her hand to her face and gestured.

The arcanine struggled to pull her paw away from her sensitive belly, but easily replicated the sign on success.

"It seems you're a fast learner with the right motivation," the queen chuckled. "Memorize it well, because it means 'more.'"

Andi frantically repeated the sign and sloshed, earning a titer from her mentor.

"More what? I'm many things, but a mind reader is not one of them. Try this." She gestured again, and the canine promptly repeated. "That doesn't translate well, but that's what we call what you've been eating."

Without instruction, Andi joined the two signs together and chipped away at their language barrier.

Good, Rolegur gestured. I'll teach you a few more today, then grant you your reward.

A brief burst of confusion crossed the arcanine's face, but dissipated when the queen produced a second vessel with clear intent. A faintly familiar set of runes and symbols adorned its surface, and it dwarfed its counterpart by a considerable margin. The arcanine wagged her tail in anticipation as the noivern drew it teasingly close to her tiny counterpart's lips, and then came blissful contact.

Drink deep from our vessel of knowledge.

Whatever meaning the noble noivern attempted to convey flew over the explorer's head in both a lack of understanding and her fixation on the vessel. Rolegur's chest fluttered with silent laughter as her magic and wisdom flowed between the two figurines. A phantom force wedged Andi's jaws apart and a phantom funnel depressed her tongue, leaving her unable to resist the following flood of fluid. Despite its torrential force, the canine gulped the luminous liquid down with gusto and ease, and her stomach steadily rounded with audible sloshes. Her belly eclipsed her lap and rolled over her knees, bathing the ground in her intensifying glow. Her thighs parted beneath her middle's growing bulk, and a shiver ran up

her spine as it spread across the chilly stone. The canine's inner light seeped through the rest of her as she crept toward immobility, gathering in her thighs and breasts before rushing to her forehead. The mystic mask swirled across her face and back-lit her features, rekindling the fire in her eyes before seeping inward. The canine gasped as the whole of their ancient language opened before her, imparting insightful fragments in bursts of luminous rays. Rolegur subtle gestures and body language took on sudden and obvious meaning, as did the hundreds of carvings and decorations surrounding them. Even the murals covering the entrance tunnel gained a new dimension, and a sense of sheepishness tinted her wonder. Had she known they were warnings and requests for quiet, she would have reconsidered her enthusiastic entry.

At the same time, however, she hardly regretted the consequences.

The lexicon's crystal clarity fogged as Andi approached her mental limits, and she struggled to stay aloft in its light. Her concentration soon frayed, however, and she plummeted headlong back into her carnal being. The arcanine's head swam with the ephemeral impact, and she regained her wits to find the queen standing over her once again. The hostility in her posture gave way to curiosity, which she promptly gave form.

Do you still wish to leave, she queried.

The arcanine's brain fuzzed as swaths of her newly acquired vocabulary evaporated, but after a moment of concentration, she managed to bring her sentiments into motion. *No, I want to stay and learn.*

Rolegur's expression softened further. *You are welcome to join our society, but you must contribute. I can think of a role you might quite enjoy, if you would prefer me to demonstrate.*

Andi nodded and signed emphatically.

Then brace yourself~

Before the arcanine could think to brace herself, the royal noivern produced a final figurine from her sash and pressed it to the doll. It shared a similar design and pattern of runes to the others, though it stood apart in its palm-filling scale. A rush of phantom fluid flooded over the explorer's tongue and swirled down her throat, filling swelling her middle at an alarming pace. The sloshing dome spilled across the floor and tugged her forward, threatening her balance and swelling out and up with luminous fluid. Her inner glow shown through her thinning pelt with increasing ease as its upper curve squished her breasts to her chin and soon rose above even them. Andi disappeared behind her belly shortly after, rendering her more water balloon than pokemon. Her elastic hide pulled tight and jiggled with every subtle current beneath her pelt, an effect that seeped into her limbs as she processed the luminescent ocean. Soft, rolling curves juxtaposed against her tightening belly, tinged her fur teal and muting her natural markings. Andi squeezed her eyes shut in mixed pain and pleasure as the sensations blurred, and new paths of bliss

blazed through her nerves as the former tipped toward the latter. The constant rush of liquid muffled her rapturous cries to quiet gurgles, which the queen found oddly satisfying. The fear of bursting rose in the back of the explorer's mind as her expansion tapered off, and she managed to deplete the vessel's charge before her strained pelt gave way.

A carnal haze clouded her her senses, leaving her oblivious to Rolegur's approach until she drug a soft claw across her sensitive hide. The obscenely bloated arcanine quivered under her touch and leaned into her attention as much as she could, which proved to be only a few degrees. The queen accepted her submission, however, then continued her tour across her pet's form. Every brush and rake of her blunted claw sparked a trembling pleasure in the arcanine's core, building and resonated until she wanted nothing but more. Andi softly whimpered and lashed her tail when the queen pulled away, and she nearly broke her silence to beg. Fortunately, Andi learned her mistress's previous lesson well, and she resorted to needy signing instead. Rolegur smiled and patted herself on the back for teaching prowess, then rewarded the former explorer for her progress. Light gathered in her nail as she drew upon her will, charging the tip of her finger before tracing a pattern across the voodoo doll. A bright trail followed in her wake, then mirrored itself upon the canine as their metaphysical connection thrummed. The arcanine covered mouth and muffled a sharp squeal as the sigil seared itself into her form, endowing her with the capacity for her mistress's full attention. She struggled to contain herself as the queen repeated the gesture again and again, marking her thighs and arms with her emblem until the canine tumbled over the precipice of climax.

Every fiber of her being trembled with relieved lust, fueled by many month's build up. Not just the queen's surprisingly pleasurable rigors, but the long days and nights of planing her expedition of discovery. Every long meeting and rocky negotiation paid off in spades and fueled her momentary climax, launching her to peaks of pleasure she never realized existed. The bubble of glowing liquid in her belly wobbled and quivered along with her, rekindling and restarting her release again and again, until it eventually dwindled. Her plush arms and legs became more so as the luminous orb gradually shrank, breaking its resonance and allowing her to finally descend from her high. Her belly still dominated her figure and pinned her to the floor as afterglow set in, though in her dreamy haze, she hardly cared. Andi's consciousness fluttered in the wake of her all-consuming release, though with the queen's assistance, she recovered quickly. An arcane mist circled her voodoo doll as the noivern restored her stamina, granting her the strength to stumble and wobble to her feet. Andi's belly sloshed and sagged well below her knees with her reclaimed balance, and after a moment of experimentation, found herself moving with surprising ease. Her knees trembled with aftershocks of bliss as he approached the queen, who welcomed her as a citizen.

Find your strength, she signaled. I'll show you to your station, then get you a room and bed so you can recover. You've proven yourself worthy of your role, and you'll be starting early tomorrow.

Andi was visibly puzzled. *What exactly is it I'll be doing?*

This. The queen reached over and patted the arcanine's belly. You're a natural at containing our energy without absorbing it on the spot, and you have the strength to stay on your feet. You'll make a fine vessel.

A shiver ran down the length of her spine and fluffed out her tail. Does that mean I'll get to do this every day?

Yes, but you won't always be this big. Sometimes you'll be bigger.

Andi shivered and quivered at the thought. I can hardly wait.

Rolegur helped her to her feet. Excellent. For now, lets get you settled and introduced to your brothers and sisters in service.

