

Herald 121

Chapter 121 Ptolomy's Family

The ladies looked curiously at the differently colored armored soldiers rounding the guards wearing the familiar palace armor and then turned around to spot a man, clad in unblemished golden, armor staring back at them.

This was Alexander who was half eager to meet the family of his 'temporary' liege and see what the roulette wheel of natural selection could produce when Ptolomy's genes were mixed with likely a beauty.

But before he could get even a cursory look, a terrified shrill of a young girl rang that was addressed to him, "Ahhh, the king! Why is he here?"

This made Alexander let out an involuntary chuckle, as he remembered he still hadn't taken off Amenheraft's golden armor.

So, he took his helmet and walked up to the ladies, addressing them with a bow, "Greetings, Your Imperial Highnesses. My name is Alexander and it pleases me to the utmost that you are safe."

This was translated for the ladies who were very confused seeing a complete stranger wearing the unmistakable armor of Amenheraft, speaking Thesian and bowing to them.

Stunned at this new development all the ladies didn't know how to react and so only stared wide-eyed at the man, no boy!

'Who's this boy impersonating Amenheraft,' Ptolomy's wife thought, while the one Ptolomy called queen mother turned her head to give Ptolomy a deep look and then scanned Alexander up and down.

Alexander too stared back and was a bit taken aback by the five beauties standing in front of them.

Even in the dim lighting, Alexander could tell each of the women were all city-destroying beauties, the very best the gods could produce, and thus fit to serve the Adhanian royal family.

In the lead was a mature, busty, lady in a full, ornamental dress who looked like the older, adult version of Hellma, with bulging breasts, and full, thick red hair that reached her waists.

Alexander guessed this was the woman Hellma cried 'Mother' and appeared in her early thirties, with adult charm oozing out of her body.

A bit behind her was a fair brunette with long curly hair upto her shoulders, she too dressed in luxurious clothing, though the fabric seemed to have become dull due to her captivity.

Alexander presumed this was Ptolomy's wife as surrounding her, hugging her sexy waists were her most precious possessions, three cute kittens that looked at Alexander wearily.

These triplets, who looked the spitting image of their mother, only a bit younger were the ones that caught Alexander's attention the most.

'Twins and triplets, you guys sure are busy.' Alexander made a light joke in his heart at both Ptolomy and Amenheraft having identical children of their own.

"This is commander Alexander. He saved my life, and has helped me retake the city," Ptolomy gave a concise introduction.

"Thank you commander for saving my husband and our family." Ptolomy's wife gave a slight bow, and hearing her voice, Alexander could not match it with the cold, haughty voice of earlier and thus designated that voice to Hellma's mother.

'Will she be a problem?' Alexander remunerated.

But Alexander outwardly displayed only cordiality and humbleness as he yelped in fake surprise, "Your Highness, please, please. I do not dare accept any bow from a royal. I am a lowly mercenary. I do not dare accept such praise."

'You don't dare accept a queen's bow, but you dare to hit a king. Heh, hypocrite much?' Ptolomy felt he was beginning to understand Alexander's mercurial side by a tiny bit and couldn't decide if he should be scared of this mercenary commander or if he should be happy that he is on his side.

Maybe a bit of both.

Alexander's humbleness pleased the queen and even Hellma's mother's icy looks seemed to have thawed a little, while the three princesses looked at Alexander now with less hostility and more curiosity.

"Azura, Azira, what are you doing here?" The redhead suddenly noticed the unmistakable silver hair around the back and sped toward the twins.

"Oh, yea, I forgot to ask, why are my nieces here? Shouldn't they be in the temple? Or better yet, with their father?" Ptolomy asked Alexander lightly.

"Hehe, Amenheraft left them behind. And would you feel safe leaving these beauties at the temple? With all those men around?" Alexander gave a dark chuckle.

"....." Ptolomy didn't know if these two falling into Alexander's clutches was a better or worse fate.

"What! Has anything happened to the temple, daddy?" One of Ptolomy's daughters asked in an innocent that managed to draw a rueful smile on Ptolomy's face.

What happened at the temple, how he was coerced to kill Barzan- the uncle of his wife and the queen mother's caretaker, were all events that would shake his family to the core.

But his thoughts were broken by a mature, terrified voice who shouted in concern, "Azira, Azura, what's wrong? It's your queen mother. Why aren't you talking?"

The mature beauty's distressed calls echoed in the empty chamber and this made Ptolomy look at Alexander inquisitively asking for an explanation.

'Hmm I have heard of people sometimes going mute after they experience something particularly traumatic, but this is the first time I have heard time I have seen it myself.' Alexander thought to himself as he stared at the almost soulless, blank, zombie-like eyes of the black beauties.

Alexander only returned a smirk to Ptolomy's questioning look and said, "My king, please escort your family to their quarters. I am sure they are exhausted after their terrifying ordeal and require rest."

This was Alexander's way of saying to fuck off and Ptolomy had at least that much IQ.

"Azura, Azira, come with me," Hellma's mother tugged at the girls and under Alexander's silent nod was allowed to.

As the group was leaving, Alexander picked by a side bit of information due to the echoey nature of the dungeons, when Ptolomy asked, "How come your cell doors were open?" and his wife was heard answering, "One of the guards opened the cell door and attempted to, but one big scolding from queen mother made the soldier realize who we were and they fled without locking the door."

Then Hellma's mother added an addendum, "We thought of running out. But when we got out of our cell, we saw the dungeon crawling with guards who were killing, raping, and violating everyone in the cells. We feared in the darkness, those brutes would not be able to recognize us, So, we closed our cell doors and waited for an opportunity once the soldiers left."

'Smart woman! Looks like that Hellma inherited the brains of her mother,' Alexander made a note.

Alexander then continued overseeing the round-up of the palace guard, as his two hundred men made quick work of the guards, capturing most of them and securely putting them behind bars.

Then they started escorting the noble ladies and a few men that were still alive upstairs, while the dead were planned to be bought up and properly buried with a funeral later.

Alexander too soon exited the dungeons, leaving just a few of his men to guard the captured soldiers.

He then made his way to the outer grand hall, where Menes and Grahtos were both seen ordering the men to clean up the palace, moving the 'injured' women to the servant quarters, and burying the dead in the backyard.

"Captain Grahtos, excellent job in securing the palace. You and your men have performed immaculately." Alexander congratulated Grahtos with a huge smile.

He was not naïve enough to discard reality and chide him for the atrocities his soldiers and Alexander would bet any money even he committed.

He accomplished his mission and Alexander only cared about that.

"Thank you, commander," Grahtos had a large smile, but then his tone turned a bit sad as he shook his head, "Unfortunately, we found no traces of the king."

This time it was Alexander's turn to be sad as he drew a rueful smile, "It's not your fault that the king has run away. It's mine."

This produced surprised stares among all the soldiers and captains present and after Alexander had finished explaining how he let the king slip between his fingers, almost everyone drew sighs of regret.

"*Sigh*, if we could have killed him, this war would have been over," Menes said with remorse.

"To be able to escape from death so many times, even changing his armor, what luck! Maybe he is really blessed!" Grahtos was a superstitious man.

"Well, maybe not that blessed. He did lose his most precious city after all," Alexander joked which drew hearty waves of laughter from his men, driving away the slight regret they were feeling.

"Haha, commander is right. Under his command, we have done the impossible," The soldiers congratulated him.

"Oh, commander, I just remembered. Our camp has arrived and is making their way to the palace even as we speak." Grahtos told him of the good news.

"Oh, that's good. That's very good." Alexander was uncharacteristically a bit too enthused, though in his defense he was just a bit eager to show off his newly acquired toy- the city of Adhan to his beloved.

Chapter 122 Thomas Splint

Alexander had in the past eight to ten hours put himself repeatedly in danger, sometimes even under situations where he was all alone in the front leading a cavalry charge where just a stray arrow or a lucky spear strike could have ended him.

But he still did it, one- because it needed to be done and two- because the adrenaline was flowing right through him and he let his body make many decisions, not the brain.

But now his head was colling down and exhaustion taking over and he wanted the warmth of his lover to comfort him who was likely near.

This filled Alexander's heart with warmth.

Alexander then looked around and soon gave Grahtos instructions where to house the thousands of servants, "Tell the servants to occupy the servant quarters. If there is not enough space, then move them to the many empty rooms in the palace. Nobody is using them and leaving them empty is a waste. And even if that's not enough, relocate some of them to the barracks."

"As you command."

Grahtos then seemed to have remembered a piece of information, "Oh, commander, that boy- Laykash. We have brought him. He is over there," he then pointed to a side of the grand hall.

"Um, I will call you when I treat him," Alexander smiled a reply.

Then as if a light bulb had gone off inside Alexander's head, he made a strange request, "Grahtos, remember the blonde man that disguised himself as the king. Bring his body to me. I have use for it."

'Does the commander practice necromancy?' Grahtos made an absurd assumption but chose to follow it anyway as he ordered a few men to bring back the corpse.

With this done, Alexander then ordered Menes who was beside Grahtos, "The eight hundred that were sent to escort the camp. Call them back right now. Feed them lunch and then send them to the barracks to sleep. They have the night watch and they need to sleep as soon as possible."

The war had started at around five o'clock and because clocks hadn't been invented yet, Alexander estimated that it was around two o'clock now, meaning even if the soldiers were to be fed as soon as possible, these men would have at best around four-six hours of sleep in their fate.

"I'm on it," Menes then quickly ran out of the palace to gather the men.

"So, you are alive!" As Menes was leaving a sharp, soft voice addressed Alexander, and the silhouette of two girls, one short and rectangular, the other with a ponytail perched high above her head presented themselves against the white backdrop of the outside palace.

"Cam!" Alexander immediately produced a huge grin as he bolted to meet her.

"Hmmp, so have all your limbs attached. And here I was looking forward to getting a new husband," Cambyses was unusually acidic to Alexander in their first meeting, which caught him a bit off guard.

Fortunately, Mean was there to provide some commentary, "Alex, mistress was overjoyed when she heard of your accomplishment, She was so happy she had lost her voice for a few hours."

"But when she got to know the danger you put yourself in, she almost wanted to grab a sword and follow after you. Please don't worry us like that!" Mean pleaded pitifully.

"I..." Alexander was about to defend himself when suddenly he was hugged by Cambyses who sobbed and sniffed, "I was so worried, so worried. *sniff*."

Alexander could only soothe the girl by rubbing her back.

But Alexander's eyes suddenly caught sight of the man that had made it all possible- Laykash and knew the boy needed treatment right away.

He thus let go of Cambyses and asked her. "Cam, get me a few pieces of bamboo, rags, ropes, and a few sticks. They should be among the things we keep at the back of the medical clinic. I am gonna make something to help a soldier. He's injured."

This something was a 'Thomas Splint.'

Alexander in his previous had been forced to wear one, when due to a crane malfunction, a few rods fell down and a stray piece of rod bounced off against his left thigh, snapping the femur cleanly in half, and making his thigh have two white horns poking out of them, one at the front and one at the back.

The pain had been excruciation and he had to live with that splint and the abominable cast for months.

But he had lived, whereas just a hundred years ago, without this simple contraception, he would have died eighty percent of the time.

Cambyes soon got him these and Alexander gave her instructions to help him.

"Cam take these and make them into a ring of 'eh' size," Alexander made the size with his hand and Cambyes took the thin pieces of bamboo, and used ropes to tie the ends together, all while not bothering to ask questions.

Alexander too started making a ring, much larger than the size he had shown Cambyes, and the couple was soon done, having obtained a large ring bigger than Alexander's head and a smaller ring about the size of Alexander's legs.

Alexander then took two strong pieces of wood, about an inch thick and a meter long, and attached the two rings to each other via the two sticks, tying one at the top of the wooden stick and the other at the bottom, holding them in place using sturdy ropes.

Thus a rudimentary 'Thomas Splint' was formed.

Alexander then heavily padded the upper ring with soft fabric to make the splint feel soft and comfortable as it rested against the thigh, and then marveled at his 'own' thirty-minute invention with sparkles in his eyes and grinning at Cambyses.

Cambyses only looked at Alexander curiously, trying hard to think of a way this could be used to save anyone.

Alexander could almost hear Cambyses think but knowing it was unlikely that the girl could be able to figure it out on her own and noticing a curious crowd which even included Grahtos gathering around him to see this new contraception, Alexander gestured, "Come, I will explain it in front of the patient."

Alexander found Laykash asleep on the floor, a thin blanket separating him and the cold marble floor, with his thigh tightly bandaged, panting and huffing as the boy clung on to dear life.

Alexander then turned to face the crowd and held up the wooden contraption, "This is called the 'Splint' and is used to treat femur injuries.

Then he started his explanation, "The reason why femur injuries are so deadly is because when the bones snap, the strong muscles of the thighs contract and pull the broken pieces towards them. So the upper thigh muscles pull the broken lower bone up and the lower thigh muscles pull the broken upper bone down, crisscrossing the bones," Alexander formed a cross with his hands to show the alignment of the broken two parts.

"This pulling force is sometimes so strong that the bones can even sometimes pierce the thick flesh and come out the other side, sticking out into the air, like this," Alexander pointed to the protrusion on Laykashe's thigh that was sticking out even through the bandage.

"Now to fix that, what you do is this," Alexander held up the splint to show it to everyone.

"You put your broken leg through it like this," Alexander then put his leg through the larger top ring "You fully stretch your leg, which will hurt like hell but it's better than dying, and then you tie your leg to the bottom ring so that the thigh muscles can't pull themselves back."

The people there noticed that the lower ring extended much further down his feet and they had been confused by that.

"So, the bones are now set in place like this," Alexander then showed the bone's new position by connecting his knuckled fist while keeping his arms perfectly horizontal, and said, "and the bone can then heal by itself."

"Amazing, commander, amazing!" Grahtos was the first to praise Alexander and then many others followed.

"Only a blessed of Gaia can be so erudite of the human body," Many cheered while Alexander only lightly smiled.

But one person that was strangely absent from making much noise was Cambyses.

But not because she was unimpressed but because this was Alexander after all, and making impressive things was his thing.

Cambyses had long stopped being surprised by his creations and even felt that if Alexander one day made a carriage and said it could take them to the moon, she would most likely calmly get inside it and spend the entire journey listening to Alexander explain how the craft actually works.

'There's no need to squeal like a little girl at every one of his creations. He might think I am easy to please,' Cambyses smirked a little in her mind.

Alexander finished with his lecture, then proceeded to carry out the treatment.

First, he tightly bandaged Laykash's thighs and then added thick padding to the sides.

Then the boy was then fed strong spirits to dull the pain and a small alcohol-soaked cloth was placed inside his mouth to stop himself from biting out his tongue.

After that came the screaming part, as several people kept him pinned down and his leg was slowly stretched and straightened by Alexander, while the splint was quickly put over the leg by Cambyses and then hurriedly tied to the bottom with stings.

Laykash had been delirious the entire time and the pain just now had tipped over his consciousness and his groans and pained grunts quickly died down, to be replaced by a low snoring, as he temporarily left this painful world to the world of dreams.

Chapter 123 Lunch With The Royals (Part-1)[Bonus]

The one most moved by Alexander's 'new' creation was not Laykash or even Alexander but Grahtos.

He did not have the time to praise Alexander because Alexander had quickly moved on to treat Laykash but Grahtos understood the significance of this invention, particularly for horsemen

His own brother had died from a femur injury and that was how he had come to know firsthand why femur injuries were considered basically death sentences, but now knowing that such a simple cure existed, he felt the future of all horsemen had become brighter.

'I will join the commander's group,' Grahtos made a fateful decision, truly believing that Alexander's future was limitless.

The man that occupied Grahtos's mind had finished securing the injured leg with the splint and then checked the boy's temperature, only to find it scorching hot.

Laykash was running a terrible fever.

"Put a wet towel on his head, And get someone to feed him thin gruel," Alexander ordered of the medical personnel who had come to listen to Alexander's lecture.

As soon as he was finished, Alexander noticed a waiting soldier whisper something to Grahtos and soon Alexander was informed that the body of the blonde man was here.

Alexander then followed Grahtos to observe the corpse and as he laid his eyes on the dusty, dirty blonde man wearing a gorgeous tunic, his wound by now turning black and producing small amounts of pus, Alexander asked, "Does Ptolomy know this guy?"

He asked this because he was curious about the identity of the slain man, as he assumed it had to be someone pretty high up the chain of command, someone who had Amenheraft's absolute trust and confidence and was willing to put himself in the striking armor and draw all aggro towards him just to save his king.

Alexander certainly admired such bravery and hoped one day to gather a group such fiercely loyal to him.

"I'm sorry, commander. But I wasn't there when King Ptolomy entered the city." Grahtos said with a lowered head, reminding Alexander.

"Oh yeah! I forgot you were at the palace." Alexander fixed his mistake with a light smile.

Then he asked Grahtos, "Please put the corpse in a cold, dry place. I will display it to the public the day after tomorrow and so it can't be allowed to spoil."

"Display it to the public?" Grahtos repeated Alexander's words.

But when quickly complied as he pointed out. "Commander, how about the dungeon? It's cool there."

'It's also damp there,' Alexander commented to himself.

But he soon thought of a workaround and gave the order, "Tie the body very tightly with dry clothes. Use multiple layers so no moisture can enter. And then put the body on the bed in an empty cell."

"I will do it personally," Grahtos reassured.

Alexander was pleased by this and then he issued a different command, "Grahtos, before you do that, take half my bodyguards to replace the current guards. Those guys are tired so feed them and then order them to sleep. They will have the night shift."

"Yes, commander!" Grahtos saluted.

"And order the outer city gate to be closed immediately. Under no circumstances is it to be opened again. I don't care if Ramuh himself comes in person to demand the gates be opened. Before tomorrow morning, before they receive explicit orders from me and me only, the gates will remain closed. If a messenger comes, tell him to either send the letter under the door or wait till I wake up."

"If the gate is opened at night, the guards there will be personally judged by me." Alexander threatened some grave consequences and then let Grahtos leave,

With all this done, Alexander decided it was time to have lunch.

He invited Cambyses and a few of the leaders who were not too busy, and with each of them carrying their own rations of bread, cheese, and meat, along with some wine from Agapios's personal collection, made their way to the royal dining room.

As they pushed open the door, here the assemblage ran into a bit of an awkward situation as they had seemingly caught the royal family having their lunch.

Alexander, the leader of the group found out the eight ladies had cleaned themselves up and changed out of their old, dirty clothes, which made their elegance truly flourish.

Like how the dust covering jewel can be washed away to reveal the pristine shine below, these head-turning beauties were now in their most glorious bloom and they were a stunning sight to behold.

There was Hellma's mother- the queen mother with her adult charms, wearing a white strapless one-piece that snugly bound her bountiful breasts.

Ptolomy's wife wore a black conservative full-sleeve dress, with only her neck and beautiful collarbones being allowed to enjoy the light, while she let her long curly hairs drape over her shoulders.

Her three daughters all wore matching outfits- a gorgeously decorated white gown with beautiful red rubies studded on them, and their raven black hair tied up in a bun with an ornate silver hairpin holding it in place.

Hellma wore a similar one-piece like her mother, with her red hair being styled straight with a simple hairpin at the back, while her mother's fluffy red hair decorated her head and shoulders.

And at last, there were the twins, who had changed to a pure white chiton with black onyx pearls embroidered on them, that seemed to make their unblemished, chocolate skin glow in contrast and make it appear even more prominent.

Seeing such a concentration of beauties in one place, momentarily, knocked Alexander's concentration out as he became momentarily dazed.

But he regained it just a moment later, as he flashed a charming smile, "Your Majesty, it is quite the fortune that he can meet under these auspicious circumstances. We will likely be working closely together for a very long, and what better way is there to deepen our relationship than to have a meal together."

Finished saying this, Alexander then promptly plopped down on a chair and gestured his followers to follow, without any permission from anyone.

This blatant disregard for royal etiquette was a power play from Alexander, designed to display to the royal family the change in the power structure that had occurred and to destroy the innate haughtiness of the royal family, thus making them treat him as one of his equals."

To achieve this, Alexander committed grave crimes such as entering the dining room while the royal family was eating, interrupting the royal family's meal, sitting at the same table as them without permission, and inviting guests to join them without their consent, just to name a few.

And although this caused a frown to form on all but one man's face, who had learned his lesson when Alexander hit him, because the man of the house- the king had not said anything about his table being shared with uncultured brutes, the ladies, although very angry, chose to keep their mouth shut.

They had also been told the full story of how the man, no the boy, had managed to steal the city right under Amenheraft's nose and knew he had the muscle to do anything he wanted here, at least for the time being.

Alexander relished at the sight of these snobbish pricks wanting to curse at him, but being forced to hold their tongue and decided to poke them a bit, "Your Majesty, I heard Adhania was experiencing a dreadful drought and its people were dying like flies. But seeing the type of food on your plate, I am relieved to know that is not the case."

The lunch these royals were having consisted of full roasted chicken, large thick pieces of fish, soft, luxurious white bread, and many types of vegetables, all likely cooked in butter or lard or something similar by the smell of it.

'And this guy says he is fighting for the people. What crap!' Alexander sneered in disdain.

Alexander such openly mocking him right in front of his family both embarrassed and angered Ptolomy and his family, but had no choice but to grow a thick skin and smile shamelessly, "Hehe, commander, this is just an exception. They had been locked up in their cells for days without any food and this is for them to recover their energy."

'Bullshit! The only meal they missed might have been today's breakfast.' Alexander scolded the king in his head as he could clearly see the ladies were although a bit exhausted but mostly fine.

Spending days inside that damp, cold, and moist place with no food can't produce the rosy cheeks Alexander could clearly see.

And as Alexander guessed, everything Ptolomy said was untrue as though Amenheraft had captured the women for rebelling against the crown, he had taken special care to make sure even in captivity, these women's basic necessities such as good food, nice beds, and proper clothes were met.

They were royals after all and treating them as common criminals would tarnish the reputation of the royal family itself.

And this was why Ptolomy had found the women in relatively healthy condition with even their attire being quite gorgeous.

"Haha, my apologies, my apologies." Alexander let out a loud laugh at Ptolomy's shabby excuse.

And then got to the core of the issue. "It is vital for the royal family to eat and be healthy. After all, Amenhearaft will be attacking the city in about a month. And we will need the royal family to lead us to battle against him."

By the end sentence, Alexander's eyes had turned into a crescent as he sent a penetrative reminder of the imminent danger to Ptolomy.

Chapter 124 Lunch With The Royals (Part 2)

Ptolomy was feeling incensed.

He didn't much care when Alexander disrespected him in private, as he knew he had no army, no money, and few loyal followers and thus was utterly dependent on the mercenaries and Cantagenans for protection.

But Alexander so blatantly insulting him, the king, right in front of his family finally managed to form a frown on the middle-aged's man forehead.

"Alexander, I would appreciate it if you could give our family some private time," Ptolomy asked Alexander, though the hard, frosty voice he said it with made it sound more like a command.

"Hehe," But Alexander only chuckled and said, "Your Majesty, I remember you promising me making me your most trusted general if I could get you Adhan. If that offer stands then it is natural our families should get to know each other."

After that, Alexander let out a sly smile and asked, "So, tell me, does your still offer stand?"

'Bullshit! You think I don't remember how you mocked my offer?' Ptolomy had the urge to lash out.

But could only give an awkward smile and promise, "Of course, you are. That's why I am depending on you to save my city from that rebel."

Both of them knew this promise was hollow and Alexander wondered how long would it be before Ptolomy found his replacement.

'I gotta make the most of the current circumstances,' Alexander promised himself.

"Are we sure Amenheraft is going to attack us? Maybe he is still in the city?" The mature, regal voice of the queen mother asked Alexander, still holding on to an imaginary thread of hope that the battle can be avoided.

"They can answer that," Alexander replied succinctly, only pointing at the twins who were glaringly at him hatefully.

This caused an awkward bit of silence at the dinner table as the six looked at the twins who helped the man they wanted to kill escape and now was coming to kill them.

The twins were also in the same uncomfortable position as the people they were sharing a meal with wanted to kill their father.

This strangeness could have been noticed by anyone with a modicum of social skills but only someone as crass and insensitive as Alexander could have called it out so openly.

"Haha, this is quite the unusual gathering I should say, Your Majesty why don't you formally introduce us," Alexander was genuinely interested to know how these people who should despise each other on paper were, at least, on the surface so cordial.

"Commander Alexander, this is my wife- Nanazin, and these are my three daughters- Afsarah, Afsanah. Afsahah." Ptolomy introduced the women Alexander had already guessed as his immediate family.

'Do both you brothers name your children by rhymes?' Alexander lampooned at the very similar names of the triplets and the twins.

Ptolomy then pointed his right hand and said, "This is the Queen mother, and next to her is my half-sister- Hellma. And you have already met my two nieces- Azura and Azira."

Ptolomy seemed content giving this concise introduction but Alexander wanting juicy gossip, dug deeper.

"It is my greatest honor to have a chance to meet such esteemed royals. Again, I am a humble mercenary named Alexander." He stated humbly.

Then he started asking the real questions, "Your Majesty, what's a queen mother?"

"It means the favorite consort of the previous king. Queen mother has..had served my father for twenty-one years." Ptolomy proudly claimed.

"Ohh? Shouldn't the preceding queen be the queen mother? How come the title belongs to a consort?" Alexander cleverly pointed out.

"The previous queen is dead." Hellma's mother had a sweet smile on her face as she said this.

"Oh! Did you kill her like you killed the previous king?" Alexander very lightly made a very serious accusation as he sent a small smile toward the redhead.

The reason for this bold assumption was Alexander believed this was likely the biggest reason she was locked up with the others for treason.

"Alexandeeerrr..." This slander instantly incensed Ptolomy, who stood up and roared in a full burst of fury so loud that his daughters even yelped in surprise, while the solid wooden table shook under the intense jolt.

But although the six women around Ptolomy showed some kind of shock and fear at Ptolomy's ebullition, one woman barely stirred- The Queen Mother.

Instead, she simply turned to gaze directly into Alexander's mirthful azure eyes with her bold matt-brown ones and then produced a soul-stirring smile, "Yes."

She confessed to double regicide so lightly that seemed like she was exhaling air.

Alexander was a bit surprised by the light tone the queen used to give the reply.

'Not twitching a single nerve at either the accusation or the confession. A fearsome woman.' Alexander determined as killing a king, who was seen as a god was a big taboo at the time.

"Mother..that's," Hellma quickly spoke up in shock, not at the act her mother had done but at how she had so easily and so openly confessed her grave crimes.

"Hehe, what's wrong with speaking the truth? As commander Alexander said, we will be working together for a long time and should treat each other like family. And there shouldn't be any lies between families," The queen mother even sent a flirtatious smile towards Alexander as she said this.

'Heh. Is this the famous honeypot? Does she think I am stupid enough to touch her with a ten-foot pole after she just confessed to killing a king and queen?' The smile only produced fear at the fearless woman in Alexander's heart, though he was also impressed by this woman's boldness.

"Haha, His Majesty told me the kind of animal his father was. Him dying is a boon for the human race. Please accept this cup in honor of your bravery." Alexander then raised and took a big gulp from his cup.

The queen mother had expected Alexander to further humiliate and mock her and Ptolomy for killing their kin.

So this 'kind' gesture caught the experienced, scheming woman a bit off guard.

'Fearless cub,' The queen mother judged Alexander, as few had the guts to toast a regicide so openly.

"Commander Alexander is open-minded and clear of the facts," The experienced vixen nodded appreciatively.

Alexander then sprung the trap, "But, I remember His Majesty saying that Agnirat city lord Inayah slowly poisoned the previous king that drove him mad. So was he mad or was he driven mad?" Alexander had a big smile that was not really a smile on his face.

And finally, this earth-shattering information managed to produce a bit of reaction from a veteran of court intrigue, not to mention the others' reactions, which ranged from pale white with terror to dark fury in indignation.

Hellma's mother sent a deathly glare toward Ptolomy as her face went stonecold, but only for a moment.

Not to insult Alexander's intelligence by outright lying, the woman quickly decided to spin the accusation, "Commander, Ptolomy is young to politics and doesn't know all the facts accurately. Yes, miss Inayah, I and Pasha Farzah poisoned the previous king." Not knowing what else Ptolomy had babbled about, the queen mother decided to reveal some genuine, shocking truth so as not to discredit her credibility in front of Alexander and appear like a fool.

"But our poisoning didn't cause the madness. We only started the poisoning because the king had gone mad." She claimed, which Alexander had no way to verify.

'Clever women, clever, clever, woman.' Alexander praised her for so easily escaping his trap.

"I see, I see. Yes, that makes sense," Alexander nodded and smiled.

Then asked, "Please send a sample of the poison to me as soon as possible. If you don't have it, I presume Lady Inayah should have some in stock."

"I will send it by tomorrow," The Queen mother agreed, being smart enough to understand that Alexander wanted it so that they couldn't pull the same trick on him.

"Excellent! I knew the Queen Mother was a woman of infinite virtues the moment I laid upon your grand magnificence." Alexander flattered.

"After all, few would have the guts to keep poisoning a king for years at the risk of being caught any day. Tell me, was it really out of fear for your life or just spite?"

"Spite of the moment you were sold as a slave to the royal palace!" Alexander's eyes turned into a thin crescent as he poked at the reverse scale of the woman.

This remark made her face turn so frosty that Alexander suspected even seven hells might have frozen over.

This revelation of dark history also snapped the other women who were still absorbing the shock of how their previous king might have been manipulated to become mad out of their thoughts and glare at Alexander for saying such a rude comment.

"Uncultured brute," Hellma burst out in anger.

But Alexander ignored the scowls and curses, and instead pressed on, as he was determined to show them his fangs so they would not backstab him the moment a chance appeared.

He chuckled and said, "I mean, you were sold as a slave right? Your skin tone is not from Adhania!"

Chapter 125 Lunch With The Royals (Part 3)

Seelima- the queen mother could not remember the last time she had been so angry.

Even when she was captured by Amenheraft, he had been cordial and respectful, at least on the surface.

But now a lowly mercenary, a brat, was openly mocking her, her skin, her race, her people, her pride.

She had suffered countless abuse from jealous ladies of the haram and from many in the court because of her exotic skin tone that made her stand out.

She was seen as nothing more than a toy the king would get soon tired of after playing with her for a few days and many were eager to make the twelve-year-old know her place.

But she proved those jeerers wrong, as she did stay under the king's favor for a long time, slowly winding her finger around the king, and over twenty-one long years gained power in the shadows step by step, slowly and methodically gaining allies and influence to the point she could do such things as kill the king and queen.

And along the way she had not spared those who had spurned her, making them die hideously, either by her hand or by the king's under her manipulation.

And thus, she had thought she had escaped the fate of being judged by her skin.

But now, a street urchin who didn't know up from the down was insulting her just because he had some men under him.

"*Screech*," Seelima stood up with a mighty push of the chair, making an ear-crushing noise, and seemed ready to storm out.

Ptolomy too followed as he addressed his family, "Let's go."

But Alexander was not finished with his talks and commanded a single word, "Sit."

And with strong, muscular men guarding the entrance, the royal family saw no way to leave and could only reluctantly return to their seats, though their relations with Alexander seemed to have reached a freezing point.

Alexander turned to smile at the frosty faces and said, "There seems to be a misunderstanding. When I said the Queen mother was likely a slave because of her skin tone, I didn't mean it as being derogatory or an insult."

"I meant it as praise because I was a slave as well," Alexander frankly disclosed.

This reveal had an immediate reaction as the frosty face melted to form glaciers of surprise and intrigue.

"You..you were a slave?" Seelima asked incredulously.

Ptolomy had told her of Alexander's accomplishments and his eloquence and she couldn't believe such a person was a slave.

Seelima had presumed Alexander to be likely a noble whose home city had been destroyed and the mercenary group he belonged to be made up of soldiers that were once his family's guards.

Such stories were rare but not unheard of.

But now the man... the boy was himself claiming to be a slave?

How?

Alexander quite enjoyed seeing the surprised looks on people's faces when he told them he was a slave.

It made him feel vindicated that the last ten years of his struggle were not in vain.

In reply to Seelima's question, Alexander chortled, "Yes, I was a slave until four days ago when my master Nestoras was killed in battle with the Adhanians."

"My ownership was then passed on to my mistress," Alexander then gestured to Cambyses who was silently enjoying her lunch along with the others while enjoying this delightful show.

"And she was kind enough to give me my freedom and well....the rest is history," Alexander lightly explained the story of his emancipation.

"He has always been an unruly slave. Though now I do regret a bit setting him free," Cambyses softly said her first words, while taking a big swing of her cup to hide her playful smile.

'Darn woman, just because I haven't spanked you one day you let your ego swell so much?' Alexander sent a glare to Cambyses.

'Heh, if you don't like that, come discipline me,' Cambyses's mirthful eyes sent flirtatious looks toward Alexander.

This little subtle teasing play went under the radar of most people as they were more stunned by the revelation of his former slave status.

Even Ptolomy, who knew Alexander was a slave didn't know for how long he was a slave and had assumed the boy was a freedman for a few years.

And thus was left speechless after knowing he was a slave just five days ago.

"Battle...which battle?" Ptolomy's wife Nanazin still seemed confused about the time frame.

"The battle where Amenhearaft destroyed us just five days ago. To be more precise, my master died at the second battle that occurred at dusk." Alexander clarified.

"And I gave him his freedom the next morning, four days from today," Cambyses helped the noble woman do the math.

Alexander then cheerfully recounted the events of the past few days.

"Oh, how fickle fate is."

"Just five days ago, Amenhearft was flying in the clouds thinking his capital was safe and the rebellion was over."

"Just five days ago, I was a mere slave, worth less than a stone on the road."

"Just five days ago, we were dejected and wrapped in grief about our loss."

"Just five days ago, Your Majesty was running for his life."

"And now, just five days after, we control Adhan, Amenheraft has run away with his tail tucked between his tail, and a mere slave is dining as equals to gods in human form."

Alexander then couldn't stop him from quoting Vladimir Lenin, "Sometimes there are decades where nothing happens. Sometimes there are days where decades happen."

This deep quote drew astonished and shocked looks from everyone, even his own people as many were sent into their own thoughts and started recalling what they were doing and how their lives were different just five days ago.

And the answer they all came up with was that it was vastly different from the situation they were in now.

So different that even if they were to be told of the things about to happen today yesterday night, they still would not have believed them.

Alexander then finished his reasoning, "So, you see, with me being a slave, I can empathize with the kind of struggle and intelligence one needs to possess to survive and thrive in a royal haram for twenty-seven years."

"For that, you have my respect." Alexander then downed another gulp of wine.

This show of respect softened Seelima's heart a bit and she decided not to appear outright hostile to Alexander.

Instead, her hostility was replaced with both curiosity and a bit of dread and she made up her mind to grill Ptolomy for more information about Alexander.

Alexander then asked Ptolomy raising his eyebrow, "Your Majesty, how come you took Princess Hellma with you and left your family behind when you escaped?"

Ptolomy flushed at this question but his wife quickly saved him, "Because I told him to. Husband's mother died young and he was basically raised by the Queen mother, who looked after him like a real son."

"So, when we thought the rebellion was lost and only one person could go with him, we unanimously chose it to be Hellma, so Queen Mother's bloodline wouldn't die." Nanazin said, though to Alexander it seemed the woman was speaking so quickly to hide something.

'Heh, I bet the real reason is because he's in love with his half-sister, but is too ashamed to say it. Hmm, he probably loves her more than her family,' Alexander sensed a weird tension between Hellma and Nanazin but decided to keep quiet about this useful information for now.

Instead, he asked, "Oh, yeah, weren't the royal ladies captured by Amenhearft? How did your royal highnesses survive?"

"*Sigh*, we don't know. We were caught immediately after Amenheraft entered the palace and was thrown into the dungeon. As to why he didn't immediately execute us, only he can say." Nanazin was still having traumatic flashes about spending her days in that cold, dark place with no sunlight.

"Perhaps he wanted to use us hostages or bargaining chips. Or get confessions. Or maybe publicly execute us. Who knows." Seelima gave a whole bunch of reasons.

"Well, I am very glad the royal ladies are safe." Alexander only lightly smiled.

"And that leaves just these two," Alexander pointed to Azura and Azira, "And what's their story?"

Ptolomy felt a headache coming as he struggled to come up with a way to explain Azura and Azira's backstory and why they were allowed to eat lunch at the same table as them and not locked up.

"Azura and Azira are priestesses and apolitical." Seelima gave an on-the-surface reasonable answer.

But Alexander only sniggered, "The king is the head of the temple. The king is also the head of politics. How can a princess priestess be apolitical?"

Ptolomy knew someone as sharp as Alexander could never be duped by such shallow lies and decided to come clean about Azura and Azira, knowing he will likely soon come across it anyway, "Queen mother and Lady Inayah wanted to kill the king because he was unpredictable and could kill them at his whimsy."

"But you will remember the poison used by Lady Inayah being made by Pasha Farzah. One of the reasons he wanted to kill the king was because the previous king had killed his daughter, Amenheraft's previous wife, andtheir mother!" Ptolomy sent a sad look at the downcast twins.

"They were just eight!" Seelima said, choking a bit.

'*Whistle*looks the king was really mad before the positioning!' Alexander whistled in his heart.

"Amenheraft did not have any desire to avenge his wife. And so Pasha Farzah turned to husband," Nanazin gave the motivation behind the shadowy man's obsession.

"You royal families sure are messy," Alexander lampooned loudly on the complicated, hodgepodge of a relationship.

Chapter 126 Lunch With The Royals (Part 4)

Alexander sighed in heart as he felt a headache coming knowing he would have to deal with more such bullshit if he wished to become a part of the Adhanian upper class.

Messy familiar relations were part and parcel of the upper class and Alexander knew he had little chance of avoiding them.

But then Alexander suddenly looked at Nanazin's claim from a different angle.

"Don't tell me Amenheraft left his daughters in the hopes the soldiers attacking the temple would violate them, and help form a permanent schism between Pasha Farzah and Your Majesty!" Alexander's loud deduction sent chills down everyone's heart.

"Father..Royal father would never do that!" This was the first time the twins opened their mouths since they handed the coins to Alexander.

"That's right....brother...Amenheraft and I may have our differences. But he would never use his daughters in such a way." Ptolomy spoke up to defend his half-brother.

"Hehe, what does the queen mother think?" Alexander passed the question to the most intelligent person in the room.

"The commander's thoughts are good as mine," She sent a flat smile to Alexander, neither confirming or defending the claim.

"Grandma..." Azira spookily trailed off.

"Tell me, your highnesses. When did your royal father last seriously listen to your request? Why didn't he forcefully board you into his boat even when bloodthirsty soldiers were just a few hundred meters beside you? Was he unaware of the harm that could befall upon you two?" Alexander tried to show them the real picture.

"That...that..." Azira stammered.

"Clearly Amenheraft didn't expect you to harm even the priests!" Ptolomy naively commented.

'Heh, if your brother was this naive, things would have become a lot simpler,' Alexander mocked in his heart.

"Speaking of expectation, how do you expect to beat Amenheraft?" Alexander decided to switch topic.

"That...we will raise an army," Ptolomy said as if it was as easy as saying 'Abracadabra' and an army would appear.

"Oh...how?" Alexander was happy to let Ptolomy dig deeper.

"Umm...well,... as my general I leave that upto you," Ptolomy quickly designated the vital task of recruiting the army to an outsider.

Before his preferred commander would have been Barzan, but he was now a bit...predisposed.

"Good, how many do you want?" Alexander asked for a number.

"Um..as much as possible," Ptolomy gave a vague answer.

"Well, how much population does the city have? How many men, women, and children?" Alexander wanted to know the potential pool of people he could pull soldiers from.

"Um...the city had a million men before the drought. But now...perhaps less than half. Some died, and many moved to the countryside where there was more foliage." Amenheraft tried his very best to recall some of the reports he had gotten.

Alexander had still not gotten how big of an army he was supposed to make and so asked, "Who are your advisors?"

"That..most are dead and the few ones I have mostly held low positions," Ptolomy by now had started avoiding eye contact with Alexander, a clear tell that he was getting nervous.

"Then, how much is Amenheraft's force? I heard it was a hundred thousand strong." Alexander hoped the rebel at least knew the strength of the people he was rebelling against.

And here Alexander, at last, had some luck, as Ptolomy gave him some concrete numbers.

"The hundred thousand strong is just something we say to scare our enemies. It was once a hundred thousand strong, but over the last two years, hunger, desertion, and multiple plagues coupled with battlefield losses have reduced that army to a skeleton of his former self."

"Even with reinforcements and replacements, my spies in the army told me that it was about eighty thousand strong. But this is not counting the fact that we have lost most of our most experienced troops in the past two years or how the troops are exhausted and malnourished." Ptolomy who appeared totally incompetent at civilian matters seemed at least to know something about the military.

Ptolomy further gave Alexander some good news, "But the total army will not be eighty thousand. Amenheraft had used his fifteen thousand horses to reinforce his army with fifteen thousand Rakushan slingers. So, his army will not have any cavalry and be numbering around sixty to seventy thousand."

"Not having to deal with cavalry is good news," Alexander nodded.

Then he asked, "How long will it take till they get here, any idea?"

Because it was vital for Alexander to know how long he had to prepare.

"The last report said they were about six hundred kilometers away. So around three weeks." Ptolomy set the deadline.

"Is the plan still to use the city walls to repel Amenheraft?" Alexander asked how the king planned to deal with the incoming attack.

"Yes! Given the walls are properly manned, we can repel a million men for a thousand years," Ptolomy exaggeratedly said with gusto.

'Fool,' Alexander said in his heart in disdain and decided to teach the naive king a lesson.

"Do you remember how I mocked you for having good food while the rest of the city starved? You all looked at me like was jealous. Well, I wasn't."

Alexander was speaking the truth as, even as a civilian, he had feasted on delicacies these royals could not even dream of.

Though the people in the room did not believe him, thinking he was just calling the grapes sour.

But Alexander did not waste time trying to convince them.

Instead, he continued, "I simply wanted to remind you that the food we have might not be enough."

"Commander, is being too paranoid, I have checked the pantry myself and we have lots of food," Seelima reassured Alexander in a comforting tone.

'Well, at least she is half competent,' Alexander couldn't really fault the queen mother for only taking into account the royal family's consumption, instead of the whole army or even the whole city.

Bolstered by Seelima's claim and eager to prove himself right Ptolomy too chimed in, excitedly saying, "Yes, the original plan was to use the walls and starve the army out. In preparation for that, we had stockpiled a lot of food."

Alexander here decided to remind the fool of something, "Yes, your original plan was that. The plan also involved not burning all three granaries."

Alexander revealed Ptolomy's dark secret, while intentionally choosing to hide the fact that only two were actually burnt.

"That....." Ptolomy's excitement was brutally punctured by Alexander's barbed retort as the king sat down, flushed and deflated.

The other ladies also looked at their king with a mixture of anger, disappointment, and surprise, and feeling their accusatory gazes, Ptolomy only meekly peeped out, "It was a way to slow down Amenheraft and hopefully cause a riot."

"Well, congratulation, now you can have the honor of hosting the riot yourself," Alexander gave a sarcastic reply, which caused Ptolomy to deflate even more.

Right then, the Queen mother's stern, sharp voice addressed Alexander, "There will be no riot here. That's why you are here commander Alexander, right? With your troops?"

"In normal times, yes," Alexander replied with a slow nod.

"But when Amenheraft sieges the city, my men will have to deal with constant ladder rushes and siege towers. If the starving people then start rioting and somehow open the gates, it will be game over." Alexander prophesied a grim picture.

"That...then what do you propose," Ptolomy was getting a bit scared.

"When Vizivan was besieged while I was there, Pasha Ankut had round out all the street gangs and miscreants and executed them." The queen mother offered a solution.

But this was promptly shot down by Alexander, "My men do not know any of these street rats. And most that did, are either dead or hiding. And they are unlikely to come out of hiding anytime soon."

"That...commander just capture a few random peasants and make an example out of them." Seelima heartlessly commanded.

'*Sigh*', there's the woman that uttered those haughty words in the dungeon,' Alexander wanted to remind Seelima that she too was once a mere slave.

"My men will not go to the streets randomly murdering people." Alexander unequivocally shut the queen mother down.

"Even if we don't consider the moral implications of it, our army will be made of mostly men from the city. And if we go randomly killing civilians, many of them who might be the next of kin to the soldiers we are planning to recruit, Amenheraft will not need to attack the city. The peasants will put out heads on a spike and hand over the city to him like a nicely wrapped present." Alexander exposed the flaws in the queen mother's suggestion.

"Well, what do you suggest then commander?" Seelima asked in an exasperated tone after being shut down.

"Don't know. Still thinking." Alexander only mysteriously smiled.

Then he quickly changed the topic, "Your Majesty, do you know the man that changed armor with Amenheraft?"

"His name is...was Kefka, Amenheraft's spymaster." Ptolomy informed Alexander, telling him that he had managed to kill a big fish, a very big fish."

"Hmm, looks like we managed to hurt Amenheraft a bit even if we couldn't kill him," Alexander sighed and comforted himself, though it would be years from now when Alexander would truly understand just how significant the blonde man's death was.

Chapter 127 Foes And Allies

Kefka was Amenheraft's eyes and ears, seeing what the king could not observe, hearing what the king could not perceive, and then letting the master of the nation know what was going on in the shadows, behind his back and out of the light.

He was a genius spy, able to form a complete picture of the situation from bits and pieces individual spies would feed him and had built an intricate web of relations all over the country and even abroad, using bribes, cohesion, blackmail, and even intimidation to get the information he wanted.

His intelligence web was massive and other than him, no one really knew the true extent of his reach or the total number of people under him.

For example, he was the mastermind behind the Agapios incident twenty years ago, where he was able to organize, infiltrate and smoothly exfiltrate one of the most secure houses in one of the most secure neighborhoods in the world of the time, which was in no way a small feat.

And if Amenheraft had listened to Kefka's intelligence report, the rebellion wouldn't or more accurately couldn't have happened.

But now, with him dead and most of his men either killed or scattered, this precious, almost priceless spy network structure was doomed to shatter into pieces and disappear into the dark recesses of history, with not even leaving a single piece of official document behind to verify its existence.

The spies would soon stop receiving orders, their pay would disappear and the contacts would never meet anyone with matching secret passcodes.

And so these gold mines of information will remain forever untapped and will slowly fade into obscurity, making Amenheraft if not fully blind, but at least partially so.

But Alexander did not know such things at least yet, instead, he had plans to use Kefka's body to accomplish something and tried seeing if Ptolomy could come up with the same answer as him.

"Your Majesty, I remember hearing of Adhan's famed immortal- loyal, undead soldiers who would die and then again raise from the dead at night," Alexander smiled questioningly at Ptolomy.

"Haha, commander, you don't still believe in children's stories do you? That's only what mothers tell to lull their children of sleep," Ptolomy laughed at Alexander, both because of the outlandish claims made by Alexander and also a bit relieved that this formidable man was not perfect.

'He's still a boy in many ways,' Ptolomy gleefully thought he had found Alexander's weakness- a superstitious nature,

Alexander returned the laugh with a grin and shook his head as he said. "No, no I do not believe such fairy tales. But the people in the city might."

This confused everyone, even Seelima, so Alexander spoon-fed them, "How does this rumor sound, 'The king in his golden armor was slain at the city gates in front of all the soldiers. But the gods decided it not to be so. Hence they revived him like the immortals, and sent him an army so that he can take back the city from the heathens.'"

Ptolomy and the other five literally went pale white in fright hearing this potentially devastating rumor and the weak-willed king even began to shake and quake in fear.

"That...is there such a rumor?" For the first time now, Alexander could clearly detect fear and panic in the mature woman's voice.

"No,... but if Amenheraft declares this with his army in front of the gates, the Adhanians in my army would likely mutiny. And Amenheraft is only three weeks ago. I don't have the time to drill loyalty to the soldiers for King Ptolomy in such a short time." Alexander pointed out a large gap in their defenses.

"....., then,,,,then we can only pray and hope that he doesn't say it," The Queen mother said in a helpless tone with clenched fists.

'Heh, if prayers and hopes were the 'be all end all' of things, then the world would have been ruled by priests and pastors.' Alexander sneered at the mentality of just giving up after a bit of trying.

His evaluation of the threat the Queen Mother posed also dropped, as an enemy prone to giving up was no real enemy.

Alexander then raised the issue of allies, "Your Majesty, are we to fight alone? Didn't you claim that many nobles supported you? Where are they and their armies in your time of mortal need?"

This was a part that genuinely stumped Alexander, as, if Ptolomy's claims that the nobles were fed up with the king were true, he should at least have a decent-sized army with him.

But Ptolomy had zilch.

Ptolomy had an embarrassed look on his face as Alexander hit him in his soft spot and he mumbled almost incoherently, "The nobles that supported me have suffered too much from the drought and are currently unable to provide me with any significant help."

"You mean they ditched you when they determined Amenheraft had regained heaven's favor by defeating us twice." Alexander sneered and tore off any shred of civility.

"Yes, that's part of it. But also because it's really true and more importantly they are scattered all across Adhania and many will have to cross territories of nobles loyal to Amenhearft to reinforce us. And the time they would take is simply too long." This time it seemed Alexander was partly wrong in his assumption as the Queen mother pointed out.

She then quickly accepted her side as the weaker one, trying to spare Ptolomy from further humiliation at the hands of a commoner as she pleaded, "And that's why we have turned to you, commander Alexander."

Alexander for a moment felt a bit awkward as he thought that he had let his bold thinking get the better of him and did not keep his tongue in check.

But this lasted only for an ephemeral moment as he quickly asked, "Then what about that Pasha Farzah?"

He did not believe that man would capitulate too and was eager to know his excuse.

"That... Pasha Farzah's territory is all the way up north and his army is already busy defending it from any potential attack by the neighboring two provinces. Also by this time of the year, the water in his ports starts to freeze so shipping becomes difficult."

He, at last, added, "This is also why we asked Cantagena for help, and then you guys landed at Acme."

The mention of Acme reminded Alexander of something as he asked,

"Oh yea, what was up with Acme? When he landed near it, we fought a small skirmish, and then, as we approached the city, its gates were suddenly opened and we walked right inside it, after which we sacked it." Alexander asked with a raised eyebrow, finding the situation a bit strange in hindsight.

"I don't know much about that thing." Ptolomy shook his head in denial.

"It was all planned by Tibias. I heard the plan was to bribe the city guards with food and have a contingent of Tibias spies infiltrate the watchtowers and take control of the gate mechanisms. But, only they can tell you the real details," Ptolomy subtly hinted to Alexander that he was unlikely to know how Acme was sabotaged.

Alexander sighed with heavy regret, as he still didn't understand the strategic significance of sacking that city and wasting valuable time when their true goal was to reinforce Ptolomy as soon as possible.

And it was likely like Ptolomy said, he would probably never know the truth as all the higher-ups of the time- Agapios, Samaras, and Damious were dead, while the lower mercenary leader only knew the order, not the reason.

Perhaps the general let greed blind him, perhaps he needed supplies or perhaps he had simply lost control of the army.

Whatever the case, it resulted in the killing of close to seventy thousand men, women, and children, a massacre Alexander had been forced to be a part of, lest he disobeyed military orders and increased the casualties from seventy thousand to seventy thousand and one.

But Alexander did not let these unpleasant memories bog him down.

He had done those acts under duress, under the threat of steel, and under the threat of death.

He had done what he had to do to survive and if gods really do exist and they find him guilty of trying to survive by murdering innocent people, then so be it.

Alexander would enter hell with his head raised up high.

Alexander snapped himself out of the unpleasant quagmire and then asked Ptolomy about Agrinat, "What about Lady Inayah? Can she provide men?"

Ptolomy again produced the same awkward look and said, "That... I will ask. But Agrinat is a small city of just thirty thousand men. And that was before the drought."

Thus Alexander understood that he was basically alone against the god-king.

Chapter 128 Conclusion Of Lunch

By this point, everyone had finished with their meals long, long ago, and were only waiting for Alexander to finish his chat.

Which Alexander seemed rather unwilling to finish as he raised another topic.

"Your Majesty is it possible to get the nearby nobles to bring him to your side now that you have Adhan?" Alexander asked.

"That ...is unlikely. Most will think Amenheraft can retake the city as I have no army and very little time to raise one." Ptolomy exposed his vulnerable position.

'*Sigh*', I wanted to send some of the temple loot to the nobles to convince them to capitulate. But there's probably not enough time to send it far away and the nearby nobles might not care for it as they believe Amenheraft will be the ultimate victor. Looks like this will have to wait after I win,' Alexander reanalyzed and readjusted his plan.

He kept these plans a secret for now but asked, "Do you know if the forces Pasha Farzah smuggled in or some of the forces of nobles sympathetic to you are still present?"

Alexander here was searching for experienced lower and mid-level commanders that could lead troops.

But such optimistic hopes were soon dashed, "When we were in that ambush, one of the spies gloated saying that that the first thing Amenheraft had done was purge the city of all forces loyal to me. The

nobles were acquitted but their soldiers had been sacrificed to Ramuh. If not, the army and the city guards you would have had to face would have been much greater."

Understanding he was all alone in this, Alexander contemplated ditching Ptolomy and running.

But the rewards he could swindle off Ptolomy if he won made him stay and reconsider.

If he could win, he could shave off years, if not decades from achieving his dream.

The upsides were too much, and Alexander felt good about his chances of winning.

In his mind, it wouldn't be easy, but nothing significant in life was.

So Alexander first reassured Ptolomy, "Your Majesty, I can easily raise a seventy thousand army in two weeks. Do not worry. I took the city with fifteen hundred men, I can hold it against even fifteen hundred thousand."

Alexander's over-the-top claim soothed the king a bit but such relief was fleeting as Alexander poked with another problem. "My liege, the nobles that we rescued from the dungeons. Many were killed and humiliated. What does Your Majesty wish to do about that?"

"Obviously kill the bastards who did it and hang their bodies in the city square for all to see," Ptolomy was shaking with anger and disgust as he thought back on the horrific scenery he had come across.

Then he sent an accusatory look at Alexander and sulkily said, "But, you seem to be against killing them."

This made Alexander chuckle, as he enigmatically said. "I am not protecting them. They have their uses."

"What uses?" Ptolomy could not hold back his curiosity.

"You will soon find out soon," Came the mysterious reply.

Alexander then continued, "And you seem to have misunderstood, I did not mean what you were going to do with people who committed the crimes, but to the people who were affected. What do you intend to do to the nobles?" Alexander clarified his question.

But Ptolomy seemed a bit confused by this, "What do you mean by that? Why should I do anything to those nobles? They support me and are die-hards."

'Is he going to force me to kill them too? Like Barzan? No, I have to resist this time. I can't let myself get pushed around by him like this. I am the king!" Ptolomy produced a steely resolve in his heart.

This was promptly shattered by Alexander's next statement, "The nobles that have been killed and raped by the palace guards. And the nobles that are being...having their food collected by the soldiers. Do you think when other nobles hear of these, they will be able to distinguish which party committed which crimes? Or do you think they will believe it was done by the invading force? A narrative far suited to the influential Amenheraft."

By this point Ptolomy was feeling faint at the myriad of problems Alexander was throwing at him, many problems he had never even imagined could exist.

So, he only dispiritedly asked, "What does the commander suggest?"

But Alexander gave no concrete answer, instead saying, "Perhaps the king can discuss with his other counselors and advisors to come up with a solution. Say by tomorrow."

'He's testing him.' Ptolomy was not smart enough to notice how Alexander was basically giving him homework, but Seelima could, who chose to stay silent and decided to gauge the capabilities of the two men.

"Good, then I will try to find a solution by tomorrow," Ptolomy, unwittingly, happily took the challenge.

And then Alexander, at last, raised the issue of farming, "Your Majesty, this is the last topic. Have you thought about how to restart cultivation? The farmlands will need to be tilled and planted as soon as possible if we want to have any food next year. But...."

"If we pull too many men from the farmlands into the military, we will starve next year," The queen mother was quick to catch onto what Alexander was asking.

"That...hmmm, prioritize the army. If we lose the city there will be no next year for us." Ptolomy made up his mind.

"As you command, Your Majesty," Alexander nodded in agreement and then excused himself and his men by saying, "Well, we have taken a lot of your time, Your Majesty and it's time we showed ourselves out. Please enjoy your time with your family."

Alexander, Cambyses, and the few other captains along with all the guards performed a bow and then exited the royal dining room, freeing the privacy of the royal family.

"*Sigh*, how old is he?" The queen mother was the first to break the silence, letting out an exasperated sigh.

"They say less than twenty." Ptolomy quickly answered.

"He does not talk like a slave," Nanazin pointed out.

"He does not talk like a commoner either," Seelima voiced out.

"He talks like he is our equal," This time it was Hellma.

"If that was all, then it would have been alright. But sometimes he talks to us like he is our superior," Ptolomy made a rueful, helpless smile on his face as he said this.

The others turned to look at him at this statement, and seeing the purple bruise underneath his jawline, couldn't help but agree.

"The soldiers say he is Blessed of Gaia." Azira squeaked out the words.

"Hmmp, the delusions of the peasant rabble. The fools will believe anything," Seelima snorted in disdain.

"But he has not the slightest bit of fear when he talks to us," Nanazin told everyone what she had observed,

"And I have heard only a few talk as elegantly as him," Ptolomy now had a slight frown on his face

"Right, he talks like grandpa," Azura said with an enthusiastic nod, referring to Pasha Farzah.

This comparison, to one of the best schemers in the kingdom, ticked Seelima a bit off, who slapped the table and said, "All of you are giving the boy too much. Anyone can behave like that when there are ten thousand men under you, and the opponent has zero."

"But did those ten thousand men also teach him to talk like that?" It was Hellma who now confronted her mother.

"That saying, 'There are decades where nothing happens. And there are days where decades happen' is still ringing in my ear," Nanazin praised in adoration.

Provided with such 'hard' evidence, Seelima found it hard to refute Alexander and so chose to acknowledge some of it, "He certainly has demonstrated very impressive qualities. Far far surpassing anyone close to his age."

Then she downplayed the accomplishment, "But it's not right to jump to conclusions. There is an explanation to how a slave is so erudite and we will find it."

"Perhaps the explanation is he is Blessed by Gaia," Hellma chirped at her mother, but only got a very big glare for her efforts.

Ptolomy could see Seelima being biased against Alexander and felt a headache coming.

Before this exchange, he would have believed that the queen mother could have used her vast court experience and the royal family's political leverage to keep Alexander in check as Ptolomy believed Alexander to be a very good mercenary with little social skills.

But that myth had been squarely shattered as Alexander revealed himself to be a supremely and in Ptolomy's eyes almost omnipotent city governor, able to pick up problems he did not think existed.

"*Sigh*, queen mother, he has told us of hidden problems such as a risk of a riot, how Amenheraft might incite the crowds, the nobles' reactions, and many more. Also, this is the first time I saw you lose to a battle of words other than with Pasha Farzah. Why are you being hostile to him?"

Ptolomy sincerely wished for these two to get along.

The claim of Ptolomy that she lost a battle of wits with a mere commoner made Seelima quite angry and she shouted, "Hostile? You are asking me why I am hostile when he killed Uncle Barzah!"

At the mention of Barzah, Ptolomy's face hardened and he said, "Barzah was killed by me because he was a traitor. As the king, I advise you not to defend that turncoat!"

Ptolomy's tone was unusually imperious, lacking the usually respectful tone towards the queen mother.

They had this conversation before and Ptolomy was getting tired of it.

"Fool, he is just using you. The boy is greedier than the demons and trickier than the devils." Seelima shouted angrily and stormed out of the room in rage.

A fissure had thus been created in the harmonious family courtesy of Alexander's handiwork.

Chapter 129 Ophenia's Outfit

Alexander was not yet privy to the schism caused by his manipulation yet.

He also did not yet know just who Barzan really was, other than the fact that he seemed very loyal to Ptolomy.

And Alexander will only find out in the future that if the old man hadn't made himself a target at such an opportune moment that Alexander boldly capitalized on, it would have been very hard to kill the man later.

But fortunes favored the brave, and although he hadn't realized it yet, he had removed a major obstacle to making Ptolomy into a puppet.

At the moment, Alexander was blank to such consequences, and instead was looking at the dark skyline from his balcony on the third floor, as he had finished for the day.

After ordering the servants and a part of the soldiers to bed, organizing patrol routes for guards, taking a bath, and finishing his supper, he could finally relax, soaking in the monumental day he had.

From planning for a war to winning it, to capturing a city, to stealing billions of roubles, to having lunch with royalty, as Alexander gazed at his surrounding it all felt surreal.

The room he was in was one of Ptolomy's recommendations- the royal guest room, which was usually reserved exclusively for Pashas and their families, who were the European equivalent of dukes.

And the room was decorated luxuriously to justify its high status- lush white fluffy carpet draped the aged oaked floor, rich red tapestry embroidered with golden threads hugged the walls decorated with magnificent mosaics, large ornate lit candle stands stood on all sides of the room, driving away all the darkness of the night to bring divine illumination.

Furniture such as cupboards, beds, tables, and chairs, all made of the most expensive wood with the highest level of human craftsmanship filled the royal suite, giving the room a heavy, noble feeling.

The huge four-poster bed at the back of the room was made of fir and padded with layers of soft, smooth mattresses stuffed with light, goose feathers, and covered in velvet furs.

The bed was raised almost a meter high and the inhabitants of it could hide from outside eyes using the thick, smooth, white curtains attached to the posters.

A huge, ornate mahogany table was next to the balcony, marvelously crafted with golden drawer handles and complimented with exquisite chairs of matching carving.

The soft cushions of the chair were made using soft bird feathers and covered in red linen embroidered with golden intricate designs to match the tapestry.

The cushions were so soft that anything on it sunk and the chair's lumber and back support were comparable to some of the best chairs Alexander had sat on in his previous life.

The table also had silver trays containing ornate jugs and cups of gold and silver, filled with the highest grade of wine, which Alexander was tasting as he overlooked the slightly burning city, while the cool, wintry breeze from the Life sea prickled at his skin, brushing off against his warm body and cooling his head.

It was already night and the city would have long gone to slumber by now normally, but tonight was not normal.

Even from here, Alexander could pick up the joyous roars of the soldier as thin plumbs of smoke could be seen against the backdrop of the dark sky.

"What are you doing out there in the cold?" Cambyses, in a black peplos with her chestnut hair in a ponytail, entered the suit with a creak of the door and Alexander was surprised to see she was accompanied by Ophenia.

"I was thinking about what I was doing yesterday right about now. And could have I ever imagined that in twelve-fifteen hours I could be here." Alexander said, approaching Cambyses after closing the door to the balcony.

Alexander's utterance made Cambyses also look around the room and comment, "These royals are really something else, huh? How much do you think all these costs?"

"It's alright," Alexander flatly replied, nothing here really impressing him.

Yes, the wood carvings and furniture would have earned quite a bit even in Alexander's original timeline, but it was nothing special and the amenities in the room were sorely lacking.

To start with there was no bathroom.

Instead, it was substituted with a wooden screen, behind which was a chamber pot which was just a clay jar to do your business in.

There was a small mirror, but it was hazy and cloudy as clear, transparent glass hadn't been invented yet.

And last, of all, there was no fireplace and so no internal heating, making the room become chilly at night.

"Hmmp, I hope you can show me better!" Alexander's unenthusiastic reply made Cambyses think he was being just snobbish and she spat out a bit sulking.

Alexander only make a light smile and then turned to look at Ophenia, "Tayin, is there something I can help you with?"

"Hehe, she is here to show you her appreciation," Cambyses answered for her.

"Appreciation?" Alexander was confused as he turned to look at Ophenia's navy blue eyes swimming in glee.

When did he do anything for her?

"Hehe, you will understand soon," Cambyes giggled in a mysterious tone.

Then she turned to Ophenia and ordered, "Tayin, strip."

Cambyes gave the girl the exact command Alexander had given her a day before.

And like that day, Ophenia wordless dropped her white chilton and became nude.

Though not quite so as her body was not completely bare this time.

Instead, she was decorated with lewd chains, ornaments, and large piercings that made her look like the goddess Shiva on earth.

Both her nipples had a large golden ring, connected to each other by a pearly, golden chain.

From each ring, held by silver chains hung a large teardrop sapphire, ocean blue and glinting and sparkling, they swung to and fro with the rhythm of her chest, drawing all eyes to her huge, magnificent melons.

Below her breast, her midriff was also decorated.

Her navel was encrusted with a giant, round, crimson-red ruby, from which extended golden chains, embedded with gems of various shapes and colors.

The top chain, wrapped around her willow waist from both sides, each link of the chain decorated with small diamond-shaped sapphires.

The lower chain hugged her wide, sexy hips, accentuating her curves, as large oval sapphires hung off them like heavenly fruits.

And there were two chains from the very bottom of the red ruby that traveled further down, passing her shaved pubes, fencing her lower mouth between them, and then going up her delicious butt, finally ending on the lower chain at her back.

But the true masterpiece of the entire outfit were not these, but the divine fruit that was hung from her lower mouth, a large dazzling azure sapphire swaying in the breeze, flaunting to the world to look at it.

Seeing this lewd dress, Alexander immediately got a hard-on as he felt his rod bulge and his breath fasten.

Alexander had never expected such a sight to actually exist outside a porno.

"Hehe, look like your master like what he sees slave," Cambyses noticing the large protrusion coming out of Alexander's pants chuckled and then strongly grabbed his family jewels, claspings them in her palms and rolling them around.

"Ahhh, Cam," Alexander moaned at the sudden stimulus.

"Sssh, bad boy! We are not done with the show," Cambyses immediately shut Alexander up with a strong squeeze down there.

Her dirty vocabulary was rapidly increasing day by day and she was starting to take charge in initiating their intimate moments.

Seeing Alexander obediently become quiet, she gave another squeeze as a reward and cooed next to Alexander's ears, with a silky, musky voice, "Good boy."

Shen then turned to Ophenoa and gave the next order, "Tayin, turn and show that,"

Hearing this, in an act even more daring than the former, Ophenia turned and bent over, and forgetting all shame, used her hands to part her twin ivory cheeks, exposing both her secret holes to Alexander in all its glory.

Well strictly, Alexander could see only her cave hole, as her pink, wrinkled hole was blocked by a huge heart-shaped ruby, plugged in snugly, glistening, and reflecting the candlelight out of her butt as if she was a firefly.

And as Ophenia was turned around and bent over her knees, Alexander's eyes bulged because he could now clearly see the place where the large sapphire swinging around her cave was attached to.

"That...is your clit pierced?" Alexander asked incredulously, amazed that the temple would have a girl go through such a painful procedure.

Most women in his previous world only pierced the outer hood.

"Yes, is it," Ophenia spoke up from that position.

"Tayin, get up and face your master," Cambyses ordered, even as she continued to tease Alexander..

And after she complied, Alexander asked, "But didn't your father make the temple promise not to do such things?"

"The temple didn't break their words. As my father asked, they neither initiated me, nor did they make me take part in their rituals, But they did train me." Ophenia's body involuntarily shook when she said the word 'train'.

Given the state she was currently in, with even the most sensitive part of her body pierced and violated, Alexander could not even imagine the things they made her do.

Chapter 130 Two In One (Part-1) (R-18)

Looking at Ophenia's sinful body pierced and decorated with jewels and ornaments, and thinking of the brutal things she must have suffered through, Alexander could not help but lampoon, 'Looks like Agapios was lacking in the negotiation skills department,'

Was Agapios a bit more of a shrewd negotiator, perhaps his adopted daughter would not have suffered so much,

Alexander then asked Cambyzes, "So, why is she dressed like that?"

"This is to show my gratitude and submission to master," Ophenia answered in Cambyzes's stead and bowed.

"Explain," Alexander grunted out as Cambyzes had turned on the teasing by now.

"Yes! I am grateful to master for killing and ousting the devils that harmed my mother and brother and for getting revenge for my father, finally letting his soul rest in peace in Elysium." The happiness she felt when she heard that Adhan had been captured and Amenhearft was dethroned was nothing like she had ever experienced as she felt the colossal amount of resentment she had built over years being slowly washed away.

She had blamed them for all the abuse and scorn she had to suffer in her life and now finally these animals were facing judgment.

"Umm, no problem. They were my enemies ..urgh..enemies too," Alexander was having a hard time keeping his attention under Cambyzes's skillful caresses.

But Ophenia didn't pay attention to this.

"Also, I heard master order the killing of Kefka. He is likely the one who got my mother pregnant given he was present that day and was the only one with blonde hair. Finally, that scum is dead." The hate when she uttered the word Kefka was palpable in the air.

This new information made Alexander look at Ophenia and try to link the dead blonde man's hair to Ophenias's he had seen two days ago.

And Alexander found it remarkably similar.

"But, Tayin, the one who killed Kefka was a soldier named Laykash." Alexander did not steal another's credit.

"Yes, the soldiers under master..." Ophenia reasoned.

For Ophenia it was far more easier to let Alexander take the claim than some unknown peasant.

"And that's why she wants to show her appreciation," Cambyes giggled beside Alexander's ears.

"That is right, master," Ophenia nodded with enthusiasm.

"You see, this was what I was wearing underneath when father visited me at the temple last time. He had made the visit so suddenly I didn't get the chance to change and when he switched me, I bought them with me."

She then told him about the outfit, "This outfit is worn exclusively by the successor of the Sacred Priestess and is said to be blessed by the goddess herself."

"Each of the jewels are of the highest grade in terms of cut, clarity, color, and carat and have been placed on their gold prongs with immaculate craftsmanship."

"And this divine artifact set can only be used to serve master, who is blessed himself." Ophenia was utterly convinced by the fact that Alexander could take Adhan and that he is the blessed of Gaia.

She then fully prostrated in front of Alexander and said from that position, "I pray the divine son will accept my humble offering."

Seeing such a head-turning beauty being so submissive toward him turned Alexander even more and he groaned out, "Okay, do what you want."

Cambyes had certainly planned this and Alexander was honestly looking forwards to it all.

Getting Alexander's permission made Ophenia instantly turn her face up in magnificent glee and soon the pearly laughter of Cambyes echoed, "Well, quickly take off your master's clothes, Tayin."

And so Alexander was soon unclothed and then led by the now naked Cambyses to the bed.

On the way, Alexander was mesmerized by the curvy, swaying buttocks of this young girl and resisted the urge to pin her down and have his way then and there.

"Hubby, you have fought all day and must be tired. So just lie down and let us do all the work," Cambyses strongly kissed Alexander as she pushed him onto the bed, laying on top of him and letting their bodies melt.

"*Chump*....*Mnnhn*.." The couple strongly sucked, tasted, and devoured each other.

Cambyses felt she could never get enough of Alexander's manly, musky taste, but for now, reluctantly decided to separate their lips.

She then turned to Ophenia and said, "Tayin, your master is lonely there. Please him."

"Yes, mistress," Ophenia quickly climbed onto the bed and under Alexander's curious gaze bought her lips to his engrossed cock.

"*Chup*," She landed a hot smooch on the covered head, slobbering it with her hot saliva and making Alexander groan at the hot display.

"Haha, Tayin, looks like your master is enjoying it," Cambyses had by now put Alexander's head on her lap, allowing her man to better observe the sensual service.

Pleased by the praise, Ophenia lightly smiled and in a silky voice purred, "Master, let this slave show off her technique!"

Alexander distinctly felt Ophenia's servile, obedient tone change to a lusty, predatory one as if her switch was flipped and this silent whisper sent a shiver of excitement towards Alexander's spine.

Ophenia boldly and firmly took a hold of his large balls, rolling and squeezing them while she blew on his penis, "Don't worry little master. I'll suck all the bad things right out of these painful swollen balls and make you feel all better soon enough. *Chuuuuu*."

She was not talking to Alexander but directly to his cock as she placed another warm kiss directly on his head, coating her lips with Alexander's clear fluids.

And the dissonance between her caring, soothing, motherly tone and the lewd play made Alexander's penis twitch in anticipation.

"Haaa..haa..hurry," Alexander had been relentlessly teased by Cambyses for a while and now Ophenia's slow stimulation was driving Alexander almost insane.

"Hehe, no need to be so hasty. The more master holds it in, the better you'll feel when you let it all out." Ophenia's seductive voice calmed Alexander down.

But he still couldn't find a way to connect this lusty, voracious succubus to the quiet, servile girl of before.

'Who's the real Ophenia,' Alexander wondered.

"*Sniff*" Ophenia pasted her cute small nostrils on the hard shaft of the huge cock, and ran her entire face up and down across it, making loud breathing noises and making it look like she was playing the harmonica.

"Ahhh, master's smell. Ahh, so thick and manly. Ahh, what a fabulous aroma," Ophenia lasciviously sang.

Then in her lust-filled stupor, Ophenia directly put her nostrils on Alexander's urethra and started strongly inhaling the clear fluid, like she was sniffing cocaine, coating her lovely small nose in the glistening turbid fluid, while screaming, "Ahhh, master..., smells so good, *sniff*...ohhh"

"*Splurt...splurt...splurt.* This otherworldly lewd display was enough to send Alexander over the edge with a grunt, as his rod, stimulated by Ophenia's hot, moist breath directly entering his hole, spewed out white hot magma into Ophenia's beautiful face, painting her ivory skin a creamy, milky white.

"Ahhh, master's essence. So rich and creamy. Ahh.. master's gracious divine essence," Instead of being put off or even surprised, Ophenia only rejoiced in jubilation, taking in the smell and letting the white goo coat her angelic face, making her appear devilishly erotic.

"Hehe, too much?" It was Cambyses who sniggered at Alexander, gazing down at Alexander in mock disdain.

Alexander went beet red at Cambyses's accusation of him being a quick shot and could only avoid the sexy woman's mirthful eyes.

Ophenia too joined in the fun, as she unsheathed Alexander's bulbous red head from his foreskin and started to gently scratch it using her long, sharp nails.

"That's no good little master! We have so much fun left to do!" Ophenia said the last words at the same she scratched the head with enough force to leave an indentation, making Alexander's little brother stand in attention in no time.

Alexander felt like Ophenia had turned into a lustful fiend.

"Show no mercy, Tayin. We gotta train that bad cock." Cambyses playful mocked Alexander, even softly smacking Alexander's erect member and making it hit Ophenia's face.

"*Smirk*, yes mistress!" Ophenia sniggered in a licentious way Alexander didn't know was possible.

Then in a husky, raunchy voice, which made warning lights go off in Alexander, said."Master, brace yourself."

Ophenia opened her mouth and, like a lascivious serpent, swallowed the entire huge member in one smooth gulp, taking the whole thing down her throat and making her wet, sticky nose kiss his pubic region.

She had started the blowjob with a deep throat!

"Mnnnmm," Alexander moaned in ecstasy.

"Hehe, you squeal like a girl," Cambyses giggled seeing Alexander's distress.

Then suddenly a cruel, chilling light, imperceptible to anyone flashed in Cambyses's eyes and she whispered to Alexander, "Say, Alex. You had a lot of fun teasing me that day with my nipples, didn't you?"

"Cam...that," Alexander had a bad feeling looking at the concupiscent, grinning face.

"Hehe, I wonder if men are as sensitive there as women," Cambyses's smile only widened, and then, "Argh," Alexander moaned in pleasure as Cambyses strongly pinched his left nipple.

Alexander's sweet and agonizing night had just begun.