

Herald 221

Chapter 221 Council Meeting (Part-2)

Alexander's foresight regarding this incident would help him gain much political capital four years later when his governance would extend over a much greater area, with more lords under him, with all the veteran lords saying 'The lord can think of things in seconds that we can't think of in years.'

But all these were future events as for now Alexander turned to the next topic of the day, something that was in the department of Grahtos.

"Grahtos, how is Laykash?" He first asked about the brave boy that basically got him the city and thus his position,

"By the grace of the pasha, he is recovering well." Grahtos knew Alexander had a special liking for the boy and so he had always kept a close eye on him, regularly checking up on his health.

He further added, "His bandages are regularly changed to prevent any infection as you commanded and the doctors are confident that he will be able to walk in another month and ride in another further one to two."

Alexander had attached the medical clinic to the army and because Cambyses or Mean could not always be there, put a freed slave woman by the name of Jupetus and her husband Hiperteom as the chief physicians, with special instructions to look that the Sycarian boy.

"Good, tell him that I hope he recovers by spring. I have a special job for him." Alexander enigmatically smiled as he said such, drawing many curious and thoughtful faces.

Not giving them much else to go on, Alexander then went back to a topic he had eluded to, as turned to Menes and said, "Remember the five hundred Sycarian horsemen that I told you to transform into infantry? Well, they will be used in a different theatre and so that order will have to be rescinded."

Alexander had come to this decision after yesterday's talk with Camius and decided to use these men as special forces.

'So that's where the thirteen hundred number came from! No, it's more than that because Alex took some for his palace guards.' Menes did the math in his head after Alexander's explanation and found the manpower shortage irritating.

When Alexander brought up the matter of horsemen, Grahtos could not help but ask, "My lord, when will we get to see the new cavalry tactics you have been eluding to?"

'Calm down mate! I only said it yesterday,' Alexander grumbled inside his heart, though he couldn't fault Grahtos for his passion.

Instead of giving a direct answer, Alexander gave a light smile to Harun and Krishok who he had put in charge of the new equipment and these men apologetically said, "Sorry, my lord. Harun is making the bronze pieces for the blowers and Krishok the leather."

"So, the thing you called the stirrups, the huge horse armor, and the special armor with the hook will be delayed by at least two weeks."

This answer deflated the cavalry captain a bit, as he was eager to know what these things were and how they operated, while Alexander consoled, "Good things come to those with patience."

Alexander felt like he had addressed everything that needed to be done regarding the military and then decided to move on the civilian matters.

Here he was told everything was going well which pleased him and then instructed, "Jazum, Uzak, the women that are in the streets selling their bodies for a pittance. Employ all of them by this week. Have them make bricks and dig ditched instead of wasting their days doing such useless things."

"Yes, my lord," The men replied in a chorus.

Alexander had given them similar instructions just yesterday and they were still implementing them.

"Also," Alexander was not finished, as he turned to Jazum, "Jazum, employ the children. Have them do physically less intensive work like cleaning the dirt and molding the bricks. We don't have the luxury to allow them to just play all day."

According to Alexander's estimation, the demand for bricks will become enormous in the very near future, as they would be needed for all the construction projects, from the huge residential buildings to the large aqueducts, to the sewage systems to the huge road network and unless Alexander wanted to become supply constrained, he needed to build up a huge stockpile now, no matter the method used.

"As you command, pasha," The man in charge of the brick manufacturing nodded at the order.

While many might complain that Alexander was employing child labor while in fairness he was, it was common for this time period and even more so when it was such desperate times where Alexander need every able pair of hands to pick up the slack.

Pleased with the thought that brick manufacturing will speed up, Alexander then instructed Harun, "Mister Harun, please remember to look out for coal mines within our land. It is vital for our national interest."

Alexander said this because he would need coal to make coke which was vital for iron smelting in the blast furnace and though if he was left with no other choice he could use charcoal in extreme situations, the resultant product will be very poor, requiring much more refinement and so he was quite worried whether they would have it or not.

In fact, this was one of the primary reasons he choose Zanzan as his city of choice as he hoped the mineral-rich hills will contain this elusive black diamond and he hoped day and night that lady luck would smile on him.

And Alexander would know within one or two weeks if the goddess would.

"I will send as many people as I can to look for them," Harun promised Alexander that if minable coal existed within his lands, he will get them.

"Okay, I think that's all for today." Alexander felt he had finished everything he wanted to talk about today and with a, 'Hope you have a good day, gentlemen,' he ended the meeting.

And soon the men left, save one, who like yesterday, was told to stay behind, Theocles.

"So, how goes the temple hunting?" Alexander smiled as he asked about his temple's situation.

And with a large smile, indicating success, Theocles replied, "By the grace of the goddess and my lord we have indeed chosen a manor suitable to call our temple. And by the guidance of Gaia, its location is also just as your excellency wanted, close to the city center."

He further detailed, "The manor belonged to one Jamidar(Earl) Harkiv who controls the planes of Limaq which is three hundred kilometers from us, around the edge of the province."

Then focusing on the building, Theocles said, "The building is a huge two stories high manor, with high ceiling, a large number of rooms and ample space. And I have already made plans to renovate the lower floor to fit the altar, the goddess's statue, and to make place for the congregation."

At last, Theocles sent a charming smile to Alexander as he pleaded, "My lord, after the renovations are complete, I pray your magnificence will grace our little place of worship with his divine presence."

"That's only natural," Alexander promised while waving his palms as a gesture to blow away such concerns.

He further assured, "The goddess's statue will be completed as soon as cement production starts in earnest. And once the demand for cement falls, we will start work on an ultimate grand temple for the goddess that will put the main temple of Ramuh to shame."

This claim made Theocles's eyes burn with religious fanaticism, as he gazed at Alexander with utmost reverence, not a shred of doubt in his mind about Alexander's claim.

Alexander did not doubt if he were to stab Theocles with a sword right now, he would ask him to please do it again.

'Having loyal fanatics sure is nice,' Alexander would not deny the immense personal gratification he got from having such blind followers at his beck and call.

But snapping himself out of such tangential thoughts he got to the point of why he had asked Theocles to stay.

"Theocles, as the pope, I made you the archpriest. And I have decided to make a slave of mine called Tayin my sacred priestess." Alexander informed his man.

And then turning to the door, he loudly called out, "Enter."

And immediately afterward, the door was pushed open, and the long-haired beautiful silhouette of a girl came into both man's view.

It was naturally Ophenia, wearing a gorgeous, golden, full-sleeved one-piece with a full matching set of exquisite golden jewelry, her hair bundled up into a bun and encrusted with golden chains that looked like heavenly floating clouds, her ankles bound by anklets, and her feet raised off the ground with a luxurious pair of golden high heels.

She made her way to her master with her hips swaying in the breeze seductively, the long dress trailing behind her, making the two men too stunned to be momentarily lost for words.

Chapter 222 Ophenia And Theocles (Part 1)

Alexander had always considered Ophenia to be the most beautiful woman in his harem and she had always proved such by looking breathe taking in whatever she wore.

But now that she had actually decided to doll herself up, Alexander understood to just what extent her beauty truly went when Ophenia put in some actual effort.

Looking at her perfect, heart-shaped face, with a tiara on her forehead, Alexander was taken back by the beauty that he had rarely ever come across in both his lifetimes as he was once again reminded why even one of the powerhouse of Theos wanted her badly and had schemed to lay their claws on her.

'I wonder how beautiful she would look if she wore the dress with her blonde hair,' Alexander pondered as he laid his eyes on the dyed black hair, realizing Ophenia could become even more beautiful.

And so, he tried to imagine just that, substituting the black dye with the same color he had once seen in that tent two months ago.

But he failed to do a good superimposition as he had seen the hair under candlelight and the colors were not so vivid then.

While Alexander was in his thoughts, Theocles too was in his, though he only commented, 'Only someone blessed like my lord deserves such a beautiful woman.'

"Good morning, master," Ophenia performed a perfect bow, letting Alexander have a good look at her luscious, milky flesh and the deep cleavage that held a tiny pendant snugly housed between them.

Ophenia's melodious voice finally broke Alexander out of his stupor and he said with a wide grin, "Tayin! Were you waiting long?"

He had asked Ophenia to finish her breakfast and then wait for his call outside the hall room door.

"No, I just got here," Ophenia politely hid the innocent truth.

In fact, she had gotten here just after Alexander had started his meeting because she was mortified at the thought of Alexander calling her name and her not being present.

As a matter of fact, she was so early that Hemicus had gotten his mistress a chair to wait until Alexander finished his council meeting.

"Good, good." Alexander did not pry into such insignificant detail and gestured, "Please, sit, sit."

And once Ophenia took the sit right next to Alexander, even shuffling the chair to get a bit close to Alexander, he introduced the two.

"Tayin, this is Theocles, our archpriest and your senior," Alexander gestured with his palms, causing Ophenia to give a light smile and a tiny nod toward her fellow believer.

And then Alexander introduced Ophenia. "Theocles this is Tayin. The goddess has chosen her as the sacred priestess and designated her as my slave."

After Alexander finished his piece, it was Ophenia who initiated the conversation, "I will depend on your guidance, your eminence. Please correct any mistakes I might make," Ophenia politely addressed the as-yet-unfamiliar man.

"Hohoho, Your Sacred Holiness, is being too polite. I don't dare to dictate a favored chosen by the goddess herself and under the protection of the divine son himself," Theocles courteously returned Ophenia's greeting, adding, "But I will be available anytime for any advice if your holiness should ever wish to consult with me."

"Have to two ever met?" Alexander made general, small talk.

"I had seen the sacred priestess in the clinic at our old camp once or twice in passing before. But, we have never been officially introduced till now," Theocles answered with a light smile.

"I'm sorry for not remembering you, Your Eminence," Ophenia had not really paid attention to Theocles until today.

"Um, Tayin here is very special. And as my archpriest, I believe you should know about her," Alexander didn't think it would be wise to hide Ophenia's past from Theocles, both because he felt otherwise Theocles might underestimate the girl who was less than half his age but made almost equal to him and because if Theocles ever found out about Ophenia's past in the future, he might feel bitter about Alexander hiding it from him.

And thus he gave a short and very concise summary about the girl, leaving most of the personal details and only saying that she was taken into the Temple of Shiva to be their prioresses and taught all their scriptures but managed to escape with the marching Cantagenan army due to her father Agapios.

"*Sigh*, your father was a good man, my lady. He didn't deserve to go like that." Hearing she was Agapios's daughter, Theocles could not help but give a sigh and reminisce how the general had died, not on the battlefield fighting valiantly but by a freak accident.

For a warrior, this was such a tragedy.

"Thank you, your eminence," Ophenia lightly thanked, her voice calm and composed.

The death of her father was more of a boon than a curse for her.

Even in the alternate best-case scenario, Ophenia would not have the kind of freedom she was enjoying right now.

Theocels then exclaimed about the temple that Ophenia had 'graduated' from, "But still, the temple of Shiva is a huge organization. So to have one of their priests join us just goes to show how powerful our goddess Gaia is. She really is the strongest god in the pantheon."

Theocles looked admiringly at Ophenia, finding her to be competent enough to be his colleague.

'At first, I was surprised by her youth, but as expected, the goddess favors whom she chooses.' Theocles warned himself in his heart never to question Gaia's will or ever have similar blasphemous thoughts.

"I'm really not as great as you are making me out to be Eminence Theocels, I'm very young and I look forward to your guidance," Ophenia had certainly learned how to butter up her superior.

And although she could have been as bossy as she wanted with Alexander's support, the girl wanted a harmonious relationship with her counterpart.

After all, they were of the same mind, pursuing the same goal of propagating the faith of Gaia, so there was no need for internal division.

"Your Holiness flatters me. I was only once a small priest in the small Temple of Hellsfa, before I was excommunicated for marrying my wife." Since Ophenia had told her past, Theocles felt he needed to reveal some of his too.

Then humbly added, "So, in terms of theological knowledge, it is I who look forward to your guidance."

Alexander was pleased to see the two get along with such civility, at the very least on the surface for now.

Done with the pleasantries, Alexander then instructed Theocles, "Please show Tayin to our temple and help her recruit the priestesses."

"That goes without saying, my lord," Theocles quickly and eagerly replied.

"And also Tayin has the secret formulae of the famous medicine made by the Temple of Shiva." The moment Alexander said this, Theocles felt he had gone deaf as he was shocked to the point he questioned his hearing.

'Wha...what did I hear?' Theocles incoherently mumbled as he wondered if what Alexander was referring to was the same legendary medicine Theocles was thinking about.

The medicine made by the temple of Shiva was legendary across Thesos and Theocles couldn't believe that Alexander was claiming to have it in his possession, gifted by the young girl sitting next to him.

"Truly the sacred priestess is chosen by the goddess. This old man is humbled," Realizing the significance of the drug and what it would mean for Alexander's faith, Theocles then performed a perfect bow at Ophenia, his respect, and reverence for the girl genuine and palpable.

He didn't ask how Ophenia had gotten the formulae.

For Theocles, the explanation was simple, 'By the grace of god'.

Nor did wonder if it was real or not.

Because since Alexander had said such, then it must be true.

"Eminence Theocles is overreacting. It was all due to the guidance of the goddess and her son. All praise belongs to the goddess and her son." Seeing the bow, Ophenia heaped all her success on Alexander and his as-yet imaginary forces.

And Theocles too believed such, as he chanted, "All praise belongs to the goddess and her son."

'*Sigh*, Am I the leader of a cult?' Alexander wondered as he observed the convoluted reasoning of these two.

Then, because he didn't want to witness even more bizarre happenings he quickly inserted, "To hide the existence of the medicine for now, Tayin will run a brothel at night. I hope you can lend her any assistance she might require," Alexander left the actual details for Ophenia to delineate to Theocles later.

"Of course, of course. Anything and anytime," Theocles grinned the reply, not asking any further questions.

He had agreed to Alexander's request without thinking too deeply about things like how these two, seemingly opposite institutions were related, mostly because he didn't care.

'Since Lord Alexander has deemed such, then it must be for a reason.' Theocles reasoned with himself.

Such was the power to convince oneself, which was unique to a zealot.

Chapter 223 Ophenia And Theocles (Part-2)

Theocles's thoughts about Ophenia were complicated.

At first, he thought the girl to be just a pretty face that managed to somehow win Alexander's favor.

Of course, he didn't think it was in any way inappropriate to do such, as being beautiful was perhaps the most criterion for a sacred priestess after piety.

But then his worldview was shattered, not once but consecutively twice.

First, he was surprised to know that they had a potential successor to the Temple of Shiva as a convert.

Although Alexander had made Ophenia's escape seem trivial and easy, being an ex-priests he knew very well that it was anything but.

And though he was eager to know the details, he knew not to pry into such personal information.

But this first surprise seemed innocent and trivial compared to the second.

Even now, even with his utmost faith in Alexander, Theocles was having a hard time believing they had the formulae to the legendary Shiva drug.

Any decent Thesian knew of its fabled properties which went from near realistic ones like being able to let a man enjoy for a whole night without wilting, to fantastical claims that it could make any woman fall madly in love with any man using it.

And Theocles was certainly interested to know in what spectrum of truth did those claims lie.

But what he was more interested to know was how Ophenia had managed to get her hands on the stuff.

'*Sigh*, beaten by a girl,' Theocles lampooned in his heart, as he clearly knew the significance of the drug and its would-be effect on the new faith.

And this produced a bittersweet feeling inside him, happy that fellow followers will soon flock to the new belief and also bitter that he was not the one that bought Alexander the miracle drug.

'I can't lose to a junior, much less a girl.' Theocles' heart burned with a competitive zeal.

Alexander was not aware of the complex thoughts of Theocles, and neither would he care as he always believed a healthy bit of competition was always good.

Rather, Alexander raised another important factor, in fact, it was in many's eyes the critical factor- Money!

"The operations of the temple will require a lot of money, so do my two spiritual leaders have any idea on how to collect it?" Alexander probingly asked.

Theocles was the first to give his answer, "My lord, temples usually gain money from donations, patronage from very wealthy devotees, and the land that it owns."

"But for now we have nothing." He said with a rueful smile.

Then he lowered his head and in a pleading voice asked, "So, we must shamelessly ask the pasha to pay patronage to us a bit longer."

"Umm, my new business might be able to chip in a bit..oh.. but" Ophenia's hopeful octave turned lower and lower as she said her answer, even she understanding mid-way her answer that the plan she was proposing was full of holes.

Her establishment alone will never be able to cover both its expenses and the temple.

'That's why I asked master to combine the two,' Ophenia pouted a bit in her heart at Alexander's refusal.

Seeing the man and woman stuck, Alexander then promised them a way out, "I will give two very lucrative businesses to you to handle. Something that will enable the temple to ride on a wave of gold till the next century."

The bold words drew the interested stares of Theocles and Ophenia, who then heard Alexander say, "What they are you will know later, but know that you must guard their manufacturing secret with your life, at least for the next few years. And if they somehow get out too soon, then don't bother coming to me to apologize. Just commit suicide!"

Alexander's grave words and ultimate warning made the man and woman involuntarily sit up straight with a serious expressions and they both swore, "We will guard them even more closely than we guard our hearts."

"Umm, good." Alexander nodded pleased, and then proposed, "The profits from the two businesses will be divided into such- Twenty percent (20%) to me personally

Twenty percent (20%) to my house

Fifty percent (50%) to the temple

Five percent (5%) as taxes to the state

And the last five percent (5%) as dividends among all the priests and priestesses as year-end bonuses."

"Are the dividends to your liking?" Alexander then asked mainly Theocles if there was anything he wanted to add.

"My lord, the temple and everything in it belongs to you and the goddess. We do not have any demands, and will feel blessed regardless of the way you proportion the money." Theocles had a cordial smile as he said such, finding no faults or giving no additional advice to the distribution.

Ophenia too had no problem, though, unlike Theocle, she was brave enough to make an inquiry, "Master, what's the difference between you and the house? Aren't they the same?" She asked curiously to learn the subtle difference because to her they felt the same.

"Um, good," Alexander liked being asked questions as it meant the opposite party was actively trying to engage with him, of course, providing they were relevant questions.

And he gave the answer, "'I' refers to me 'Alexander' personally," He said this by pointing his right index to his chest, adding, "which in this context means the money is for my personal use and I can use it any way I want and after my death, I can will it to anyone I desire."

Then he explained what the house meant, "And the house refers to my post as the Pasha of Zanzan. Hence this part of the money will belong not to me Alexander the man but to Alexander the pasha. And once my successor takes the fief it will belong to him and so on to every pasha of Zanzan afterward."

The other three were self-explanatory.

Hearing Alexander's detailed breakdown, Theocles could not help but let out a sigh of admiration, "My lord is far-sighted, too far-sighted."

He was amazed that Alexander was already thinking about succession rules even though he had taken the fief literally two weeks ago.

And he was only eighteen!

'Oh! What great deed did I do in my last life to get such a great master?' Theocles exclaimed in glee in his heart.

Ophenia too shared such thoughts though she asked another question politely, "Master, why are you taxing yourself?"

She was of course referring to the five percent (5%) temple tax that Alexander had voluntarily imposed upon himself.

'Nobles did not pay taxes' was almost an ironclad maxim in not just Adhania but virtually all over the world and so not just Ophenia, even Theocles was interested to know the reason, though the latter didn't think it was necessary to question the blessed.

Alexander gave a very simple answer, "Because a leader should lead by example. The shordars (barons) under me are paying taxes and so should the temple."

This statement of self-sacrifice would eventually make its way all the way into the ears of all his advisors, who would remark sincerely and genuinely in their hearts, 'Alexander isn't a hypocrite. As long as I'm loyal to him, he will not leave me out to dry.'

Alexander felt he had addressed the money for now, and then promised them again that he will provide them with food for the opening of the soup kitchens and enough money to cover all initial start-up costs.

This was said to urge Theocle and Ophenia to hasten their recruitment drive so that they could have enough men to run these programs.

Afterward, remembering an important thing. Alexander asked Thecoles, "Oh, I have also shown Ophenia some ritual procedures about how to pray and do absolutions that you should collect."

"Yes, my lord," Theocles readily nodded.

"Mmm, and I have also told Tayin to help you write the book. She has read a lot of religious scripture and I believe she will be of great inspiration to you." Alexander in addition ordered the collaboration.

This suited Theocles fine as he addressed Ophenia, "Your sacred holiness, this unlettered blind will be under your guide."

Due to his lack of in-depth scriptural knowledge, Theocles humbly called himself blind and illiterate in this endeavor.

"Your eminence, this junior's textual knowledge is simply pebbles compared to the knowledge you have gained throughout your life. It is I who must ask you to guide me," Ophenia was not to be outdone in politeness.

'I hope you two will actually write the book instead of engaging in such empty words when I'm not around,' Alexander lampooned at the exchange.

And then to break this monotonous exchange up gave Theocles his last instruction of the day, "Also remember the marriage policy we decided on today, Theocles? Announce that anyone of our faith who gets married will get five hundred ropals as a gift from me."

"As you command my lord. And I will write the marriage rituals and sayings as soon as possible," Theocles promised.

"Excellent." Alexander approved.

These were everything that Alexander felt he had to address the two about now and so after a few last small talks, concluded the meeting.

Chapter 224 Ophenia's Seduction

Theocles was the first one to excuse himself, saying he needed to go oversee the temple renovations.

"Your sacred holiness, I will certainly invite you to the temple, once we are finished with the remodeling," Theocles promised Ophenia as he made his way out.

And so soon, the girl and her master were the only ones left all alone in the giant room.

"What may I do for you, Tayin?" Alexander wondered if Ophenia had stayed behind for any more inquiries.

And he was right.

Because Ophenia did have more inquiries, though not the kind of ones Alexander thought she would have.

"Master, I got up even before dawn to prepare my dress," Ophenia said in a sultry voice, moving her lips closer to Alexander's ears as she then whispered, "Do you like them?"

Alexander's body tingled and shivered at the husky, moist breath that hit his ears and as he moved his eyes to the heavily embroidered, golden dress and felt the sweet, perfumed smell coming from Ophenia, he gulped and said dryly, "Very."

"Hehehe," Ophenia let out a string of pearly giggles at Alexander's answer, the single word containing an infinite amount of praise, admiration, and lust.

"Does master like me more with clothes or without clothes?" She hotly breathed into Alexander's ears as she slowly moved her hands over Alexander's groin, waking his little brother up.

She had been denied her ultimate prize by Cambyses yesterday and had to spend the rest of the night in frustration as she found to her dismay that the trusty dainty fingers that had always worked before could never replace Alexander's fat weapon.

And so she was determined to scratch that itch right here and now.

Ophenia's question of 'with or without clothes' put Alexander in a dilemma.

Both had their charms, but right now the image of a gorgeously dressed Ophenia with just her boobs out and her lower part exposed certainly tickled Alexander's heart.

He even imagined laying Ophenia on the very table in front of them, spreading her high-heeled legs and pounding her, as her mountain peaks swayed under the thrust, the tiara on her forehead gently swaying under the lustful moans of its mistress.

"Tayin, have I told you that you are the most beautiful woman in my harem? The other three combined can't compete with you in charm," Alexander was now gently rubbing his hands over Ophenia's clothed breast, finding Ophenia's physical allure irresistible.

Alexander truly meant what he said, in terms of sheer physical charm and attractiveness, Ophenia was not just beautiful, she was earth shatteringly beautiful.

This was not to say the other three girls were ugly, of course not as they all had their own, unique charms.

But Ophenia was really in a league of her own.

Even if one were to make discounts on the fact that the other three were working women who were constantly exposed to the sun, rain, and snow, Ophenia would still win out.

"Hehehe, master, aren't you afraid of mistress hearing of this?" Ophenia teased with a wide grin, though the happiness in her voice was unmistakable, her eyes twinkling in delight.

And then to reward Alexander for saying the correct thing, she expertly untied the small knots on the fly of his trousers and brought out his awakened little brother.

"Hehe, Cambyses doesn't need to know everything, now does she?" Though Cambyses had even own charms, but Alexander knew better than to praise another girl in front of the one he was already with.

One should always tell the girl one was with as being the prettiest, even when it might be slightly bending the truth, just as Alexander wished to be called the best lover even if that was doubtful.

"Hehe, master, is such a womanizer, always knowing that to say and unsay," Ophenia was now slowly pumping Alexander up and down as a kind of reward for the right answer, skillfully moving her finger over the shaft like she was playing the flute, squeezing him, massaging him and caressing him.

Then to tease Alexander even more she purred into Alexander's ears, "You know, master, back in the temple, whenever there would be a big, long meeting, we would be made to do under the table and pleasure the priests and priestesses so they would not become bored."

Ophenia then sped up the pumping as she sultrily continued, "Master, just imagine, all the high priests and priestesses, both men and women, all seriously sitting around the table and talking about hugely important things, while underneath, they are bare, with their legs spread wide as both girls and boys serviced their genitalia, licking them, sucking them, kissing them and producing a dull, humming *suck*, *suck*, sound in the process, unmistakable to even a child about what was going below!"

Ophenia was by now squeezing out the Cowper fluid from Alexander's hot rod, scooping them in her palms and then slathering it along the shaft like a lotion, giving the white shaft a glossy sheen.

"And oftentimes, we would have to please them for hours, our tongue and cheeks sore with all the sucking and licking, And many times these priests and priestesses would not just release their white fluids but also their yellow fluids, which we would be required to drink without fail or be severely punished. Worse, sometimes the meeting would go on for so long and there would be multiple helpings for us to devour."

Ophenia then sent her tongue snaking into Alexander's ears causing him to moan excitedly as she then continued, "And last of all, once the meeting finished, we would all be put on the table and fucked with multiple cocks till our brains fried."

Finished with describing such a lewd scenario, she then enticed Alexander, "Master wants to do that right? To eagle spread me on the table and pound to heaven. To dye me in his exclusive color, washing away even the tiniest evidence that another man had ever touched me, right?"

At the end of her speech, Ophenia with a lewd grin, gave a strong pinch to Alexander's frenulum, the most sensitive part of his cock, making Alexander almost release his seed.

'Damm succubus, she really knows what buttons to press,' Alexander shouted in his heart, feeling like a puppet under Ophenia's hypnotic voice, dancing to the tunes of this siren.

Ophenia would regularly recount her experiences with the temple during their intimate moments, knowing such words would spur the jealous and competitive Alexander to pleasure her even more in an effort to prove himself better than the men that had her before.

She had discovered this on the very first day of their intimacy, and from then now Ophenia would mix her true experiences with some of her own imagination to tell events that would tease and spurn Alexander in the bed.

Alexander too suspected this, but the events described were always just that bit believable to prevent him from outright dismissing them.

One great example would be the story Ophenia just said.

Alexander was pretty sure it was made up as he felt that there was no way someone could be simultaneously pleased and still have the mental capacity to pay attention to the meeting, think, and propose new things.

But even then, there was a nagging feeling in Alexander's heart that though such a thing was not very plausible, it was certainly possible.

"You dirty girl, you want your master to punish you so badly?" Alexander gritted his teeth as strongly grabbed the giggling girl and then bent her over the table.

"Ahhh...master...nooo," Ophenia gave a very exaggerated fake cry of reluctance while her butt shook in excitement.

Alexander quickly flipped up the long gown, removing the curtain that hid Ophenia's most precious spots and laying his eyes upon them.

"*Smack*, naughty girl, why are you bare? *Smack* And why do you have a buttplug there? " Alexander spanked the smooth, almost like freshly peeled boiled eggs butt on both cheeks as he observed the red-heart-shaped jewel embedded in her buttock, her drooling cave, and her clit piercing.

Ophenia wore nothing under her cloth, letting her curves spill out of the dress while her clit piercing swung in the empty air below, sending a tingling sensation every time Ophenia walked or moved, causing her lower half to be eternally wet.

And Ophenia preferred it this way, one because if she stopped wearing the piercing for any length of a period of time the piercings could close and two, more importantly, she wanted to be always ready for Alexander any place, any time.

"Ahh...master." Ophenia lustfully moaned at Alexander's strike and then answer, That...that's because my buttock is your's to uncork."

"Then let me uncork it and punish the dirty hole, *plop*" With a nasty, wet sound, Alexander quickly took out the plug and aimed his spear for the invasion.

When suddenly, "*Knock*, *knock*, Master, lord Camius is here!"

Came Hemicus's robotic report.

"Fuck.. yesterday was mistress. And now is that idiot motormouth. Cockblocked twice in less than twenty-four hours, fuck..." Came a sound Alexander never knew ever existed.

It was Ophenia's!

Chapter 225 Talks With Mikaya (Part-1)

Alexander had always known Ophenia to be his most gentle girl, always soft-spoken and obedient.

She loved to act spoilt when she was alone with Alexander, but Alexander had never seen her ever raise her voice, much less get angry.

And hence Ophenia's outburst right now made Alexander gape in disbelief.

The way she called Camius motormouth and with the amount of cuss she said the word 'fuck' was something Alexander never thought was possible from Ophenia and he could not help but let out a guffaw, "Hahaha, so even my dear Tayin has such a side."

Ophenia was in a really bad mood as she felt that the universe was conspiring to prevent her from getting laid and it took the last shreds of her rationality to not just shout at Hemicus and say, 'Tell Camius to come back later. We are busy.'

Hearing Camius was waiting, Alexander with great reluctance pulled up his pants and then ruefully said, "Come on girl, get up and get decent. We have work to do,"

He then helped pull down the uplifted long gown from Ophenia's hips and pulled up the bent-over girl, her stiff body showing Ophenia's implicit resistance to the command.

And after giving Ophenia a moment to straighten her clothes, Alexander called, "Come in,"

Thus for the next hour, Camius gave his intelligence report while also having some fruits and wine with Alexander, much to the irritation of Ophenia who wanted the man out of her sight as soon as possible and so she sent daggers at the clueless Camius who wondered what he had done to piss off this gentle girl.

"Remember to be careful about tonight. Fucking it up will not be good for us," Alexander again emphasized to Camius.

"I have already scouted the temple personally yesterday. And even now I have men keeping an eye on it. So, please rest assured, doc." Camius used his previous term of endearment for Alexander to placate the paranoid man.

"Um, okay. Just be careful," Alexander dreaded to think the kind of shit show it will be if Camius bulged the job.

Then after a bit of idle chat, Camius was excused.

"Masterrr..." The moment Camius closed the door behind him, Ophenia tried to jump on Alexander.

But Alexander ruefully said, "Sorry, now is too late and I have some urgent things to do. I will make it up tonight."

And then seeing Ophenia fidget and cutely pout, he pinched her soft cheeks and cooed, "You also have a lot of work to do. Now be a good girl and go."

"Yes master," Ophenia really did have a lot of work, particularly she had to set up a way to attract beautiful girls to apply for her establishment and so she bowed and went out to find the relevant personnel to help her with that.

Alexander too exited his room, and made his way towards the study, while taking the time to look at the scenery outside and see the time.

'Close to midday already,' Alexander murmured after looking at the sun.

From his study, he retrieved a stack of papyrus, cut into small, neat rectangular pieces with pictures, symbols, and numbers that any modern person could recognize as being from playing cards, and put them inside a small leather bag.

Alexander had made them five stacks of the fifty-two cards when he was on the ship to Zanzan and now they only needed to be colored, something he was unable to do because the ship he was in didn't make any usable paint.

But now conveniently there was a famous painter staying in his house at the moment.

'I really don't want to meet her,' Alexander said to himself as he was not looking forward to dealing with Mikaya, someone he found to be very belligerent towards him for reasons unknown to him.

But still chose to do so as she was Pasha Farzah's most favored daughter and he wanted to maintain if not a cordial, then at least a neutral relationship with this guest.

And he felt getting her to color these cards would be a good way to build a rapport.

And with those hopeful, eager thoughts to mend their relationship he made towards this young lady's room in the guest wing of the house.

"*Knock*, *knock*, Lady Mikaya, I was wondering if I may have a bit of your free time!" Alexander politely knocked on the heavy wooden door once he reached his destination.

And within a few moments later, a slow, languid voice reached out, "Ohh Pasha Alexander! Please come in, the door is not locked."

This act of not locking the door was not really anything special, after all, which servant would have the guts to enter a noble's room without permission?

In fact, it would sometimes prove to be a boon as sometimes a noble could injure himself in his own room and be unable to get help.

So, an unlocked door would then mean a faster response time.

Receiving his permission, Alexander gently pushed open the door and peered inside, and was surprised that he did not immediately see its inhabitants.

"My lord, I'm sunbathing on the balcony. Please come," Hearing Alexander enter the room, Mikaya's melodious voice further invited him in.

'What's she up to now?' Alexander groaned as he gently laid down the leather bag on a nearby table and craned his head to look inside the balcony.

And, 'Fuck!' was Alexander's chosen curse at the sight that greeted him, his eyes fixated on the fair, beautiful woman that he had come to meet.

Of course, it was not as bad that the scene in Adhan, Alexander didn't believe there could be a scene as bad as that scene, but still, the sight made Alexander a bit uncomfortable.

Because right in front of him, in the open for all to see, there was Mikaya, lying on her belly over a soft blanket, with a fluffy pillow under her chin, being fully nude.

On either side of her were her two maids, also wearing nothing as they diligently rubbed olive oil on their mistress, giving her skin a beautiful, glossy shine, which sparkled under the gentle sunlight.

'Well it's just sunbathing this time,' Alexander remarked half-relieved.

He had no problem with this innocent act, as in his previous life, even he too had done so in his private home, away from any eyes.

Mikaya's little recreational act especially was not a problem when her room was intentionally chosen by Alexander to be in a somewhat remote of the guest wing, him rightfully fearing the promiscuous nature of this woman.

And so all that her room overlooked were the rolling hills and wide, green meadows, too far to be seen or recognized by anybody.

"Oh! It seems the great pasha is pleased to see me. I'm honored," Mikaya smirked as she turned her head to look at Alexander, paying particular attention to the tent he was pitching.

"Haha, any man who doesn't feel excited seeing such a beauty like Lady Mikaya in all her glory is either blind or impotent," Alexander chuckled the reply, not bothering to hide his natural reaction.

He was not at all embarrassed by this, instead, he would have been far more concerned if he did not have a reaction after seeing an absolute stunner of a woman, lying fully nude all lubed up in front of him.

Mikaya had her silky, silvery hair tied up in a bun, letting Alexander see her slim, flawless nape with a cute mole on it, while the two maids, paid no attention to Alexander as they concentrated on kneading, and massaging their mistress's beautiful, lush, large butt, slathering it with olive oil and turning the porcelain-like skin into a healthy glowing red.

The hedonistic display was certainly very pleasing to look at and Alexander even commented inside, 'If she was not such a nympho, I wouldn't have objected to marrying her.'

"Hehe, why thank you!" Mikaya curved her eyes into gleeful slits as she accepted Alexander's empty praise with a titter, and then simply uttered, "Tajia, Nafia."

Hearing their mistress's command, the two maids immediately understood what it meant, and so with practiced movements, one sister spread Mikaya's cheeks, letting Alexander see Mikaya's most hidden hole as it shone under the sunlight, while the other sister took a large dollop of the oil on her two fingers

and started lubing her up, sensually moving her fingers up and down the two holes, sometimes even going inside them for a bit.

"Ahhhh...yes," Mikaya moaned sultrily in approval, making the sisters curl their lips up and continue their ministrations.

Alexander watched this display not with lust-filled eyes, but with cold detached disdain.

This was Mikaya's way of insulting him as no self-respecting human would do this in front of anyone they had the modicum of respect for.

'Coming here was a mistake,' Alexander blamed himself for being too nice and felt like storming out.

Chapter 226 Talks With Mikaya (Part-2)

Alexander had come to Mikaya with genuine goodwill in his heart.

He could empathize with the feeling of the girl who had been forced by her father to come to a place she never knew about, with a man she had never met and with no friends or family.

So he wanted to make her life here a bit more bearable.

But what Mikaya was doing, showing such blatant disrespect greatly irked him.

But still in the end Alexander managed to keep his cool, his logical brain overriding his emotional heart and telling him, 'You need Mikaya more than Mikaya needs you.'

This was very true as whatever Mikaya wrote in her monthly letter to Pasha Farzah would greatly affect his standing with his only ally.

And because he didn't want to fall out with this great power unless absolutely necessary, he could only suck it up and watch Mikaya climax herself in front of him.

"Ahh...faster, yes...coming..ohhh," With one last great moan, Mikaya bent her ass up as both of the maids worked each of her holes, fingering her with zeal and practiced efficiency, and finally made her squirt a pleased stream.

Alexander watched Mikaya's body quiver after the release and her hole twitch in joy with indifferent nonchalance, finding the entire performance demeaning towards him.

"I'm glad Lady Mikaya is finding the weather of Zanzan to her liking," Alexander made a snarky reference to how she was doing such things right in the open, and got an equally biting reply,

"Yess. It's the only good thing in this place."

Matrak was a cold, damp province, in the northern hinterlands of the country, with the sun rarely shining on its inhabitants for more than three months a year and so Mikaya loved to sunbathe whenever she got the chance.

After Mikaya recovered from her blissful stupor, she decided to tease Alexander even more as she then turned over to show Alexander her front side, letting him marvel at the huge, firm knockers with their delicate perky nipples her smooth belly with a cute piercing on her bellybutton and her shaved pubes as her maids got to work once again rubbing oil on the beautiful body.

"Haha, yes, there is little to do here as compared to other places." Alexander didn't seem to mind the curt reply or gave any attention to the new revelation of her assets.

And then got to the issue of why he was here, "And so I was thinking of developing some new games to relieve the boredom."

"Oh? Games?" Mikaya had thought Alexander had simply come to chat or even chastise her in private.

So this out-of-the-blue turn of conversation interested her as for the first time since Alexander had entered her view she looked at him seriously.

"How's it played?" Mikaya asked with a tingle of curiosity in her voice, though internally she told herself, 'Well I wouldn't be interested anyway. The only game I want to play is the farming game where men plow my fields and sow seeds in them,"

"It's a brand new game that I plan to show to everyone tonight," Alexander said with a smile.

"And you want to invite me?" Mikaya tried to guess Alexander's intention.

"Yes, that too," Alexander nodded at the partially correct guess, and then revealed, "But more importantly I was thinking my lady would be able to help me paint some of the accessories for the games."

"After all, Lady Mikaya's painting skills are legendary throughout Adhania," Alexander applied a thick coating of flattering.

"Ohhh?" Came a long drawn-out tone thick with intrigue.

Mikaya felt her curiosity about the new games truly tickled when Alexander said this and she was truly interested in knowing more about them.

But the moment this thought surfaced, along with it came Alexander's hateful face.

'I don't want to help this detestable man,' Mikaya swore with spite at the man she deemed responsible for robbing her fun.

So, to tease Alexander even more she deliberately spreads her legs wide open to give Alexander a good view of her perfect slit while at the same time sending a signal to her maids.

Mikaya had done this very same thing loads of times before where she would excite a man she disliked by doing this, with the intention of blue-balling him.

And after getting their mistress's signal, the maids went to work to do just that, as, like they did it with her butt, one of the maids pried open the pink slit while the other maid rubbed oil on and even inside the drooling hole, intentionally making a wet *squelch*, *squelch* sound as she worked the shivering, lewd quim.

"Ahhh...Pasha Alexander...I'm honored that...ahhh...you thought of me. But....mmnn... as you can see....oh yes, pinch my dirty clit...can see I really don't have the...arghhh coming." Mikaya didn't even bother giving Alexander a decent rejection as she was more focused on getting another orgasm and squirted another stream of fluids.

"I see. Then, I will not disturb you any longer. Please take care not to over-exert yourself, my lady," Alexander did not show any signs of dejection or rage even after being insulted so thoroughly as he sent only her a professional smile and a slight bow.

Then sprouting that uncomfortable tent, he turned around and made his way towards the door, thinking, 'Welp! I tried. Anything that happens later happens.'

Any goodwill that Alexander might have had for Mikaya had been turned to dust after this display and he swore never to bother himself with this unmannered girl.

But just when Alexander was about to grab the door handle and see himself out, a slightly high-pitched voice, with a bit of panic in them called out to him, "My lord, great pasha, please wait."

This was an unfamiliar voice, and when Alexander turned to look at the woman to which it belonged, he found it to be one of Mikaya's maids- a fair, silvered beauty with a cute oval face, modest breasts, and bushy pubes, with very nice, healthy thighs.

Seeing the characteristic silver hair on her, he remembered that Mikaya had once introduced the maid as sisters who were distant cousins of hers, their father being a shordar(baron) of Matrak.

This sister was called Nafia and was hastily making her way to Alexander, her twin bunnies bouncing excitedly as she did so.

"My lord, please let me apologize for my mistress's rude behavior. She's not usually like this," Nafia bowed her head a full ninety degrees as she got close to Alexander, her body shaking slightly in fear.

'Why is mistress picking a fight with the pasha even after he expressed such goodwill,' Nafia lampooned at her mercurial master, afterward swearing, 'Looks like yesterday's chastising was not enough. I will need to report this to the Queen mother before mistress brings a bigger danger upon herself.'

"Haha, don't worry, don't worry. I too was once a servant and I know firsthand just how difficult it can be to serve a master, especially one as demanding as your mistress." Alexander laughed off Nafia's apology with a gentle chuckle, consoling the girl to not think too much.

To many Alexander's cordial attitudes might indicate that he truly did not take the incident to heart.

But not to Nafia, her frayed nerves were not at all soothed by Alexander's gentle demeanor.

As a matter of fact, Alexander's reply only managed to aggravate it, as the clever, experienced Nafia instantly picked out that Alexander had not in fact accepted her apology,

If Alexander had said things along the lines of, 'Don't worry, I understand' or 'I didn't take anything to heart', Nafia would not be so distressed.

But instead, he had only talked about her and her troubles, while treating the issue about the Matrak princess like he had never heard it.

'*Sigh*', of course even the gentle pasha will be angry after what mistress has done. Even I would have been angry.' Nafia thought Alexander had much better self-control than her as she knew she would be livid if this was done to her.

"My lord, I will admit Mikaya has been spoiled too much by the pasha. And this has made the brat think she can get away with anything and everything does." Nafia dropped the patronizing tone about her mistress and addressed the issue openly.

Alexander was about to walk off regardless of what the maid was going to say but this manner of address stopped him.

'It look's like Mikaya's maids are not her mindless puppets. Interesting,' Alexander felt it was worth his time staying a bit longer and listen to what this nude, bunny had to say.

"Pasha Alexander, what I am about to say is not necessarily a secret, but I still would appreciate it if you kept it to yourself," Nafia pleaded.

And then revealed, "Actually you see my lord, due to reasons I will explain now, Pasha Farzah has really sent mistress here as a kind of punishment!"

Chapter 227 Mikaya's Past

Nafia's words made Alexander quite curious.

He knew next to nothing about Mikaya and so was curious to know why Pasha Farzah would want to punish the pearl of his heart.

The aged, silver-bearded man seemed like a sentimental person who doted on his kin and so Alexander guessed that Mikaya had to have pissed off her father royally for him to do this.

As Alexander was considering this, Mikaya's impatient voice called out, "Nafia, what are you doing back there?" as she found her maid's absence irksome.

To this Nafia loudly ordered her younger sister, "Tajia, entertain the mistress properly, girl."

Then turning her scowling face to Alexander, the frowning face immediately dissolved to form a differential one as she elaborated on why Mikaya was being punished.

Nafia began with a bit of history lesson, "Pasha Alexander, as you probably know, mistress being master's last child was always doted on by him. And that doting turned to especially spoiling her when eldest mistress, Azira and Azura's mother..died."

"Master was heartbroken over not just the eldest mistress's death but also by how she was killed. And so to soothe his aching heart, he indulged mistress too much." Nafia had a tingle of sadness in her voice as she said this.

"And for the most part, mistress lived up to master's expectation. She is extremely smart, cunning, and has a good business sense. Not to mention her fame as one of Adhania's best painters." Nafia had a proud tone as she listed her mistress's noble qualities.

Then immediately her voice went a bit downcast, "But all this changed after master introduced her to Lady Inayah as her Bliss trainer, eight years ago. And thus mistress, who didn't know anything about sex suddenly got a taste of the pleasures of the flesh and she immediately fell in love with it. She became completely obsessed with it."

Nafia then quickly added, "Of course, I'm not blaming Lady Inayah. I don't dare to. Her family is renowned throughout Adhania and no one else has become like the mistress."

She then returned to the topic, "Anyway, after completing her course with Lady Inayah, my mistress seemed almost like a different person. It made me think as if somehow the previous beautiful, innocent angel Mikaya had been somehow body switched with a devilish, lewd succubus." Nafia reminisced with fear and disapproval.

"Then," Nafia described, "My mistress, who was already considered the most beautiful maiden in Matrak, started to use her charms and skills she had learned to bed different men."

"At first, it was nothing serious, just a little making out here, a quickie there, and an innocent little tussle under the sheets. Nothing uncommon within the circles of nobility." Nafia lightly brushed off the acts.

Her voice then suddenly turned a bit high-pitched, "But, slowly and slowly mistress began to push the boundaries. She slowly moved from her usual men of choice- second and third sons of low-level nobles like shordars (barons), who had little social standing and opportunities in life, to men of higher and higher standings, sons of very rich merchants, men next in line successors to various houses and even to some actual incumbent nobles!" Nafia had a hint of fear in her voice as she said so.

"And not only that, but she also started experimenting with not just having one partner at a time, but multiples. And this degradation continued for multiple years, gradually turning the small, innocent act into a regular massive orgy gathering." Nafia revealed.

She then with a slightly bitter tone continued, "What was worse she had managed to form a little group of fellow-minded young and even married ladies, who would then attend secret balls hosted by successor nobles or even by the nobles themselves, where she and her friends would be passed around like cheap whores, penetrated in all three holes by men they barely knew and showered with liters of cum." Nafia said with a small scowl on her face.

"And although at first, it was all hush and hush, in recent years, this particular activity has picked in frequency a lot. In fact, it has increased so much that it even drew the attention of the pasha, who until then had been largely unaware of his daughter's nighttime activities, thinking them to be just his little princess making a bit of harmless fun." Nafia had a regretful tone as she said this, lamenting the fact that if Pasha Farzah had detected this sooner, maybe things would not have gone so far.

'Hmmm, even the most shrewd man will have his blindspots,' Alexander felt he could not really fault pasha Fazah for this oversight, as he likely never even imagined such a thing could ever happen.

And because Pasha Farzah never thought of that possibility, he naturally paid little attention to it, letting the danger fester and grow.

Nafia further continued, "Master first came to know about this when he was looking for a suitable groom for my mistress and one of the suitors accidentally let slip that he had already slept with his potential to-be bride, along with several other men in a giant orgy." Nafia produced a rueful smile after she said this, while Alexander could barely hold off his urge to laugh out loud.

'Hahaha, good, good. What goes around, comes around.' Alexander felt his heart vent after hearing that Mikaya had gotten her just comeuppance, while also wiping a cold sweat from his eyebrow thinking, 'Fuck! And to think that once I considered taking her as my bride!' as he reminisced about the offer Pasha Farzah had made.

And it was only now that he understood just what kind of pitfall the shrewd man had laid for him then and appreciated just how lucky he was to avoid it by chance, 'Maybe I'm really blessed by the gods.' he thanked the heavens.

Nafia ignored Alexander's gleeful and relieved expression and continued in a flat, robotic voice, "Master was of course furious when he learned what was going on. In fact, master was furious after knowing just the abridged, toned down, cut out version, something that the mistress came up with the help of all other nobles that were trying to save each other's hide."

'Hmmm, I doubt any ramshackle story those nobles could have come up with would have held up to that brilliant man's scrutiny. Maybe it did because Farzah wanted it to.' Alexander came up with his own guess.

And afterward, he quickly returned his attention to Nafia, who said, "And that was when the rebellion happened. And then, by many twists of fate, master was made the honorable prime minister. And it was then master feared the kind of excesses mistress might get up to even if he could not be around to curb her activities. And the great pasha is aware of everything else succeeding that."

Nafia, at last, finished her very long recount, looking apologetically at Alexander with her, large, brown eyes.

"So, what does that have to do anything with me?" Alexander found the story intriguing but utterly irreverent to him and unmoved by the naked lady's pleading gaze.

"Ahem" Nafia gave a small, awkward cough and then, feeling confident that she had built enough groundwork for the thing she was about to say, picked up the courage and said, "Great pasha, as I said, my mistress is addicted to sex. And suddenly being deprived of it has made her irritable and grumpy. And this, coupled with the great plans she had as a result of her father no longer being in Matrak to restrict her ruined, my lady is particularly hostile to you, blaming you for all her frustrations."

"So..." Nafia's said the last word with a long drawn-out breath while moving her eyes skittishly.

"So, you want me to fuck her!" Alexander was unimpressed.

"Yes," Nafia turned a tinge red as she made the suggestion, making her look dazzling under the gentle winter sunlight.

'Farzah's family sure has some good genes.' Alexander couldn't help but comment inside.

But then his thoughts returned to what Nafia had suggested, which produced an almost spontaneous disgust and a resounding answer in his heart, 'No!'

Returning to the real world, suddenly a small glint caught Alexander's eyes, which caused him to smirk, "And what about you? Do you want to get some too?"

He said this because he noticed a thin, stream of lewd water running down the meaty things of the girl, clearly showing just how excited the girl had become recounting her mistress's story.

Nafia became flushed as Alexander pointed this out, she being not as quite shameless as her mistress as she muttered an excuse while avoiding direct eye contact, "That...we have been mistress's childhood ...so...umm..it's just."

The reasoning was simple, as Mikaya's friend and maid, she too had been roped into their mistress's misadventures and when Nafia had recounted the story, naturally the memories of those parties she had mentioned Mikaya and thus by extension her attending those had floated to her mind.

'Birds of a feather flock together,' Alexander only coldly looked at the slut pretending to be a saint.

He wanted no part of this filthy group.

Chapter 228 Alexander's Thoughts About Mikaya

Alexander had mixed feeling about the concept of 'Bliss trainers'.

On one hand, he felt that sexual education was certainly very important.

Without it, things would develop like they did in the European middle ages, where the nobles, who were especially sheltered from such things in childhood due to Christianity's emphasis on modesty and chastity, would have almost no idea of sex until marriage.

Sometimes they would be so sheltered that even men would be unaware of something as common as male masturbation.

And for the women, due to the oppressive societal structure of the time, some would even consider masturbation to be in the realm of fantasy.

Thus, the secrecy regarding such a normal and almost critical act of life gave rise to many problems and many bizarre traditions, like the wedding ceremony where close friends and family might witness the consummation of the couple's marriage, both as a way to make the marriage legal as women were supposed to give their chastity to only their husband and as a way for older, more experienced members to give tips to the two virgins.

As a matter of fact, in Europe, using the guise of Christianity, sex was vilified to the point that it was seen only as an act done for procreation, and doing it for any other purpose other than that, doing it because one enjoyed it and wanted to take pleasure in this act was seen as sinful.

And the consequences of all this can be seen with one great, historical example involving one of the most famous couples in history - The French king Louis XVI and his bride, the famous Marie Antoinette.

In that case, the couple had been married for seven whole years without any children, causing great chaos in court.

Hearing this, at last. Marie Antoinette's brother Joseph, the Emperor of Austria, came to investigate.

He chatted with the king and discovered the source of the issue as he wrote in his diary later. "Louis has strong erections, he inserts his member, remains there for perhaps two minutes without moving, withdraws without ejaculating, and while still erect, bids good night. He's satisfied, saying he does it only out of a sense of duty but has no desire for it."

And, so Joseph, older and more experienced than the adolescent king, explained the mechanics of sex to Louis.

And voila!

Within a year of Joseph's visit, Marie was pregnant.

Louis XVI would comment soon after, "I delight in the pleasure, and I regret that I wasn't aware of it for so long".

While Marie Antoinette described her experience of a "most fundamental pleasure" in a letter she wrote to her mother.

So, using this example, one could see the backward of Christian Europe regarding sex, whereas the Islamic Middle East was comparatively much more progressive about it, viewing it not as a tool but as a means for a healthy marriage and so not only wrote many books about it but even translated famous ones like the Indian Kamasutra from Sanskrit to their own languages.

And thus, Alexander did not find the very concept of what the Adhanian nobility was doing distasteful.

In fact, he even approved the core concept of it.

But that was where his agreements ended.

Because he vehemently loathed what they were doing next.

To teach and make girls do those kinds of things, things which Lady Inayah had only eluded to and barely touched the surface of, even such vague descriptions made Alexander's skin crawl in disgust.

He believed that even the Scandinavian countries, who were the most free about sex and nudity in his previous world, with a very strong and open sex education program and with most children having seen their parents, relatives, and even many strangers naked by their teenage years, even them would find the kind of practices going on with the Adhanian nobles very objectionable.

Because although Adhanians called the bliss trainers sex educators, they were anything but.

They did not teach about safe, enjoyable, consensual sex, but turned girls into meat puppets, depraved sluts with no shame or modesty, used only to entertain and pleasure lustful men and be devoured by them.

And from Nafia's description, it seemed like that was the case with Mikaya, where Lady Inayah's teachings had twisted the girl into something else, a girl who could not understand the significance of sex and took part in recklessly, and by the time she grew up enough to fully appreciate the gravity of her situation, it was already too late.

She was in too deep.

'That's why child sex laws are so important,' Alexander found a real-life example of a victim of unrestricted, unsupervised sexual content.

But this did not mean his heart bled for Mikaya.

He did feel some pity but Mikaya's responsibility lay with her and more importantly her father.

Yes, Alexander felt that Pasha Farzah, for all his achievements had failed in this particular test of life, though Alexander did not really fault him.

As a pasha, he had a huge number of responsibilities to take care of, from managing the land to overseeing the nobles under him to keeping up with recent events.

And besides, in Pasha Farzah's mind, this was something everyone was doing, his forefathers had done so, he had so and many of his children before had done so.

So, why should Mikaya turn out any different?

And then there was also the fact that Mikaya wasn't his only child.

So, naturally, as the father and even grandfather to many, his attention was split across a lot of people, making it impossible to keep his daughter under his ever-watchful eyes every second of the day.

Also, Mikaya was still her own person, with her own thoughts and capacity to differentiate between right and wrong.

She was as much, if not more at fault for going astray than anyone else.

And thus Alexander, though he understood Mikaya's position, did not feel any goodwill towards her.

In fact, though he did not show it externally, he was furious with Mikaya, and if she did not have such a critical position in Adhanian politics, Alexander would have made her life very miserable.

Something as simple as making the room she was in a bit less windproof or giving her damp firewood or changing the beds to a bit harder and more uncomfortable was child's play for Alexander.

But he could not really retaliate in such a way and the girl likely knew it, which was likely why she did such things.

And Nafia's little sob story did nothing to change his feelings.

In fact, on the contrary, it only managed to increase the disdain he had for Mikaya as well as associate the same feeling for her two maids, who Alexander had previously some sympathy for.

And although Nafia had not said it explicitly, Alexander figured out that they, being not only Mikaya's chambermaids but noble ladies too, had likely attended Lady Inayah's course with their mistress, which means they were at the very least silent witnesses to their mistress's gradual corruption.

And from how Nafia was leaking like an open faucet down there, Alexander would bet his money they were more than just innocent, oppressed observers who were cowed by the forceful Mikaya to join her in her misadventures.

And Alexander was right in his assumption as while Nafia recounted her mistress's misdeeds, her own accompanying carnal memories came with it, memories of activities like getting rammed by multiple cocks in the same hole, memories of activities like being made to drink questionable fluids, memories of activities like being teased and whipped in from a jeering crowd to release her fluids and the memories

of activities like being having cum slathered all across her body like a lotion, giving her skin a nasty dull sheen that reeked of a musky, fishy odor.

Looking at Nafia portray Mikaya as just an errant child gone a bit astray while making it seem like she was just a victim of the higher noble class privileges, Alexander only sneered in his heart, 'If you were so concerned about the moral degradation of your mistress, then what stopped you from tattling about it to Pasha Farzah before everything went to shit? You have that 'holier than thou' attitude, yet, in truth, you have the same level of pruriency as Mikaya don't you?'

Nafia reminded Alexander of a proverb that literally translated to English as, 'Prim and proper on the outside, like the harbor on the inside,' referring to the harbor as such places were traditionally muddy and dirty and chaotic.

And so the proverb described something or someone that looked very nice and presentable on the outside, but that just a little scrutiny would reveal it to be full of flaws.

And with how muddy Nafia's lower half was, Alexander felt that proverb was made to just describe this woman.

'As if I would ever want to have anything to do with you whores,' Alexander rolled his eyes inside his head at Nafia's request again.

Chapter 229 Talks With Mikaya (Part-3)

Mikaya's example would be a very good lesson for Alexander to learn.

It would teach him that children were not cookie-cutter copy-paste of one another, but unique, individual people who had their own quirks.

This was why Mikaya turned twisted while no others did.

But Alexander kept these thoughts to himself and instead turned his attention to Nafia, who he saw little point in humiliating for just some venting.

And he really could not care less to whom these immoral women lent their holes to as long as it did not affect him in any way.

And with this thought, he was about to reject Nafia, when suddenly the words got stuck in his throat.

'As if I would ever want to have anything to do with you whores.'

This was the thought that came to Alexander and this sentence had one word that was of particular interest to Alexander.

And that specific word was- 'whore'.

The moment this word came to Alexander's mind, it mysteriously made a connection to a completely unrelated conversation Alexander recently had with a completely unrelated person.

Yes, he was thinking about Ophenia and her little establishments.

'Wait. I need whores. And if I could get these three.....' Alexander's eyes flashed a cunning glow as they burnt green with greed at the bold, very bold thought that suddenly formed inside his head.

Alexander knew that the girls Ophenia could likely recruit would likely be skinny, malnourished, and cadaverous skin and bones, courtesy of the city of Zanzan being a starving hellhole for the last two years.

But, if he could Mikaya and her maids...Alexander's thoughts ran wild.

The three girls' faces, figures, and demeanors were nothing the common peasant could ever come across and this was not to even mention their techniques and experience.

And from what Nafia had described and what Alexander himself had tasted firsthand if Mikaya's maid were even half as good as her, the amount of money and fame his establishment could gain what Alexander's heart beat wildly with anticipation.

"Let me talk to your mistress," After a long time of silence, Alexander replied to Nafia's initial request.

This made Nafia produce a dazzlingly big grin that seemed to make Alexander think that the sunlight in the room had become brighter as she bowed, "Thank you, great pasha. Ohhh, thank you, I will never forget your generosity."

This made Alexander who was planning to do the exact thing Nafia had complained to him about, darkly chuckled in his heart, 'Haha, oh I'm sure you won't'.

And with these intentions, Alexander returned to the balcony and the first thing he saw was Tajia massaging Mikaya's thick, flawless thighs.

"So, did you enjoy Nafia's story?" Mikaya had a cold, detached tone to her voice as she asked.

Naturally with the conversation taking place inside one room, she had heard every single word of it.

"She is just looking out for you, you know," Alexander crossed his arms as he said such, the fake courtesy he had shown before nowhere to be found.

"Hmmp, she flaps her mouth too much," Mikaya was very angry that Nafia had shared her such close, personal history with a complete stranger, even if Nafia had done so with the best of intentions in her mind.

And to show her disapproval, Mikaya snarled, "If you think you will get to touch a hair on me, think again!" finding intimacy with Alexander absolutely detestable.

"That's right, that's right. Sister stepped too out of bounds this time," Tajia too joined her mistress in support of her decision, shaking her head vigorously to emphasize the point.

'Woman, I could not touch that dirty coochie of yours with a ten-foot pole,' Alexander rolled his eyes inside his head.

"Haha, my lady seems to be misunderstanding," Alexander smiled the reply, and then said this real piece, "The reason I came here was not to fuck you but to propose a way for others to fuck you."

Alexander intentionally made the offer as crass and vulgar as possible, making Mikaya produce a look of confusion after hearing this.

"What?" Mikaya fiercely turned her head and barked in a short, high-pitched voice.

'This brat's nerve!' Mikaya shouted inside her head.

Alexander was not daunted by this little overreaction, instead calmly said, "I'm opening a high-class, primarily male-focused entertainment business and I was thinking if you would be interested in being one of the girls there?"

"Pasha Alexander, have you gone mad?" This was Nafia, who squealed in abject horror and disbelief.

Her mind felt numb just thinking about what Alexander was suggesting, and in desperation, she even tried to think of alternative meanings as she refused to consider that a pasha would suggest that a daughter of another pasha, moreover an ally pasha, to engage in such businesses under him.

But only one word kept flashing inside her mind- whorehouse.

And this was the same thought train that went inside the other two's minds as they came to the conclusion that after coming with the intention to bang Mikaya and being harshly rejected by her, Alexander was now venting and cursing at her, a retaliation to what Mikaya had done to him before.

'Heh, plebian!' Mikaya smirked triumphantly in her heart, that one single, simple word containing an endless amount of disdain and derision, as she congratulated herself for accomplishing what she had set out to do, that was to make Alexander furious.

Mikaya would not have even minded if Alexander had raised his hands on her, as it would have given her more content to attack Alexander within her letters.

"Pasha Alexander, how dare you suggest such a thing? We demand an apology or the pasha will hear about this!" Tajia bellowed at Alexander with her threat, glaring at him like an enraged lioness.

"Nafia, see the pasha out. Clearly, the sun is messing with his head," Mikaya languidly waved her palm and slowly turned her forward, indicating this conversation was done.

Mikaya might be a nympho, but she was a true, blue-blooded nympho.

And no peasant scum was going to ever touch her, much less do anything more.

Yes, Mikaya did occasionally enjoy herself with slaves, like the time with Lady Inayah in Adhan, but those were not the norm, as Lady Inayah's slaves were a special breed of their own.

And besides, according to her, slaves were at best dildoes that ate and breathed.

They were not human and so they did not count.

But for Alexander to suggest that she copulated with the common rabble, those sub-humans, irked Mikaya just as much she had irked Alexander.

Though Mikaya seemed like she was done with Alexander was not done with Mikaya.

He understood that the trio had assumed he was just cursing and insulting Mikaya in retaliation and not actually making a real offer.

And so he repeated, "Lady Mikaya may have misunderstood. When I made the offer I was not insulting or demeaning you, but making a real, genuine, sincere offer!"

"....." A long silence followed following Alexander's statement.

His explanation did not manage to thaw the tense atmosphere.

On the contrary, it caused the freezing atmosphere to become even colder.

Because to the girls, it looked like Alexander was not just cursing Mikaya but insisting that she really was what he was cursing her to be.

This would be like if someone threw the curse, 'Son of a bitch' and then tried to explain it was not a slang because that man's mother was really a female dog.

Anyone who heard it would feel like that person was double cursing his opponent.

"Alexander, you lowly slave pleb. Don't think just because you got a scrap of land that's worth less than shit, you are something impressive. You have no idea what Pasha Farzah is capable of. Now get out of mistress's face," Nafia blew her top as if a super volcano had blown inside her head, as she threw her right hand towards the door to indicate that Alexander shows himself out, her eyes shooting fires out of them as if trying to burn Alexander to cinders.

She originally had a pretty good impression of Alexander before, not discriminating against him because of his background and even finding him handsome and charming.

This was because Alexander was completely different from all the rest of the nobles Nafia had met or mated with, with him being so young, gentle, and always very well-mannered.

She even had a little crush on the up-and-coming great lord, hoping to snatch a golden goose for herself as for a daughter of a shordar(baron) to catch the eye of a pasha was like landing on the moon with a single jump.

But with Alexander's little stunt, this had all now been nuked out of existence, with all the admiration and adoration replaced with hatred and disgust.

Ironically, this was also the exact route that Alexander had traveled with regard to his feelings about Nafia, albeit minus the crush part.

And if Alexander could read Nafia's exact thoughts he thought have said, 'The feeling is mutual babe.'

Chapter 230 Corrupting Mikaya (Part-1)

Alexander calmly glanced at the blazing girl with venomous hatred coming out of her eyes with the most tranquil expression Nafia had ever seen and spoke in a mild, aged voice, "Youngsters these days are so impatient."

The way Alexander said this and the vicissitudes of time and experience that this sentence seemed to contain caught Nafia off-guard whose magma-spewing eyes faltered in their job of showing the utmost hostility to Alexander.

To Nafia, who was bearing the brunt of Alexander's calm, cool, collected gaze, it felt like she was a little girl being glared at by her father.

"*Sigh*" Giving a very audible heavy sigh, Alexander again sincerely looked towards Mikaya who still had her head turned away from him, and said, "Lady Mikaya, I was very serious when I made that offer. And I will say it again, I want you to work as a whore in my brothel. What do you say?"

"....." Another round of uncomfortable silence followed, Mikaya disdaining to even respond to such an absurd offer.

'I will have to tell father that the man he privately so praised is a raving lunatic,' Mikaya made her decision.

But Alexander was not done yet as he started throwing his net to catch the rare, exquisite fish called Mikaya.

He first began, "Ahem, Lady Mikaya might find it beneath herself to even entertain such a thought, but please. I implore you to just give the thought a moment's time."

He glanced to see Mikaya, unmoved and uncensored, her eyes closed as if she was asleep.

But undaunted, Alexander continued, "As Lady Nafia has informed me, you are very... free with your sex life. And from what I am told you were sent her as a punishment for that."

He then pointedly asked, "But what was your crime? What grave crime did you commit that made your loving father exile you to this place with no friends or family or loved ones?"

Then in a gentle voice gave his own reply, "The answer is nothing. You did nothing wrong. You simply enjoyed an act that gave you and your participants pleasure. And just because of this, just for the fault of being happy, you were punished!"

The moment Alexander said these honeyed words, these poisonous, honeyed words, Mikaya snapped open her eyes and fiercely turned to look at Alexander, now gazing at him not with even a shred of the previous hostility, but with a twinkle in her eyes, feeling great interest towards what Alexander was saying.

Alexander did not miss this gaze, as he sneered in his scheming heart. 'Hook, line and sinker,'

Feeling that the fish had bitten, now he had to be careful to not lose it as he slowly reeled in the catch.

"N..no, you're wrong." Nafia, the most sensible of the three, plucked up all her courage and stammered a reply in an attempt to oppose Alexander as she seemed to somewhat smell his schemes.

She of course could not know the true extent of Alexander's almost malicious intentions but her experience of dealing with a lot of people told her that Alexander was attempting to lead Mikaya towards a very bad road and so she tried to save her mistress, "Mis...mistress is not...not being punished for her being happy. Master only wants mistress to lead a happy, normal life," Nafia reasoned.

"Normal!" Alexander sneered, as he unnaturally felt incensed after hearing that word.

After learning of the revolting cultures of Adhanian nobility, Alexander knew nothing that a married noblewoman was made to do was normal.

And he posed this exact question to the maid with a snigger, "Is your definition of normal being made to stand nude with your hands behind your back and being beaten with a crop in front of a group of men till you entertain them with a golden shower? Where is your sense of modesty and chastity then?" Alexander spat.

"That...that's for married woman. That's not immoral!" Nafia's voice rose up a few octaves as she very strongly stated her reasoning, convinced in her rebuttal.

Alexander could not hold back his laughter at this risible argument.

"Hahaha, what does marriage have to do with anything?" Alexander laughed loudly as he brushed off the argument, saying, "The only thing marriage does is force a woman to fuck men her husband wants her to, rather than to allow her to fuck men she wants to!"

Hearing Alexander's answer, Nafia's mouth went agape and her eyes wanted to bulge out of their sockets.

This frank and brutal answer had dealt critical damage to Nafia who went into a minor shock as she processed what Alexander had said.

And though she racked her brain to give a good rebuttal, she came up blank.

"Hahahaha,...My, my, it seems I was dead wrong about you, my dear Alex," Mikaya by now had sat up and looked at Alexander grinning like a Cheshire cat, lipping her lips and gazing at him like he was the most precious treasure in the world.

'Finally, someone who gets me,' Mikaya screamed jubilantly in her heart, feeling that her long, arduous search had ended.

She had, at last, found the one.

The one who shared the same worldview as her.

Because these were the same thoughts she had harbored deep inside her but whenever she had revealed even a tiny fraction of them, even to her most trusted friends and relatives, they would either simply outright laugh, attempt to divert the topic, or if they were really polite, just smile and nod without commenting.

Even her doting father had refused to understand and chose to chastise her for a harmless act.

No, he didn't just chastise her, he essentially exiled her for a few years.

All for the crime of sleeping around, a harmless act by any stretch of the definition.

She did not rob anyone, she did not kill anyone, she did not rape anyone, she did not coerce anyone and no one was harmed while sleeping with her.

Yet she was punished for this entirely consensual act by her own, dear father.

And so imagine Mikaya's glee when she finally found a kindred spirit, here of all places, and moreover, it being not a woman, but a man!

'Ahhh, is this what love feels like?' Mikaya felt herself getting wet just thinking about it.

"Nafia, shut up!" Mikaya then gave a curt, biting command to her maid who seemed to be gearing up for another argument.

And then producing a coy smile as she licked her lips, she said, "Now, Alex, what was that offer you were saying about?"

This was the second time Mikaya had addressed Alexander using that abbreviated name that only his women were allowed to do, the sound of which was so soft and mellifluous that, instead of getting angry, Alexander felt his bones turn to butter.

'Succubus. A Tayin level succubus,' Alexander cursed himself for being smitten at this loose woman.

But at the same time could not help but appreciate the amount of charm and appeal that this silver-haired gorgeous bombshell could emit at will.

'She will be my greatest whore,' Alexander's heart burned with desire, the desire to reduce this loose woman into only a living meat.

It was an evil thought, but it was not like Mikaya was any saint either.

And besides, whatever pruriency Mikaya would get herself involved with will be purely consensual.

Alexander would never use his power or influence to force any girl to perform any kind of sexual acts on anyone whatsoever.

The mere thought of raping a girl or enabling others to do so disgusted Alexander and he vowed to always stay away from such immoral and illegal acts.

And with those thoughts in mind to soothe his guilty conscience, Alexander laid out his trap.

He started, "Miss Mikaya, from Nafia's recount, I'm told that you had grand plans planned in Matrak now that your father is not around. And although Nafia has not delineated the details of those plans to me, I can make a reasonable guess and say that it would have involved a lot of men and women and a whole lot of fucking."

"Yes, that's right, Most of all I planned to try and break my own record of whoring myself out for three days and three nights." Mikaya had a slight pout in her voice as she said so, and then with a lascivious grin, voluntarily revealed even more parts of her planned depraved misadventures, "The party would have had so many things I dreamed of doing. There would have been timed competitions like who can suck the most cock in an hour, who can drink the most cum without spilling it, who can fuck the longest, who can remember the smell of the most number of cocks and so many, many more." Mikaya almost had a drooling face by the time she finished listing off all her desires.

And at last, she said with a giggle, "Of course, the winners of each of the competing would get more pounding, hehe."

Alexander's lips twitched looking at this nympho and swore, 'She might be overqualified,'.