



REFLECTIVE DECEPTION

Sir Arinbjorn was the latest member of a lance detachment sent to explore and weed out a subterranean fortress no doubt constructed by the foreign invaders who had been brave enough to set up camp near the border separating the two lands. A daring provocation and clear sign of nefarious intent on their part, something the King had taken in stride. Refusing to back down against what he could only see as an insult with the immediate deployment of his finest to handle the situation. A situation far more complex and dangerous than any of them could have predicted.

With the impossibility of fitting more than one man inside the strange structure's narrow corridors and compact chambers thanks to their bulky armor and lengthy weapons, the group had resorted to sending in one man at a time, beginning with the lankiest amongst them in the hopes of setting up some kind of forward position for the rest of the lance they would signal to come through next via the pull of a rope. One that had gone slack four times when the first knights they had sent in vanished one after the other. Leaving it up to Arinbjorn to carry on in their stead considering the man's innate talents for scouting and plotting out a safe path when it came to foreign territory both natural and man-made. Especially treacherous ones like the underground fortress he was currently inching his way carefully through, making his own way with rope tied securely around his waist after following a set of footprints in the dusty sandstone floor that must've been left by one of the four missing knights as they wound their way through the confusing network of copy-pasted corridors that must've been built to confuse intruders...

And if his suspicions were right, then that meant there must either be an alternative entrance someplace else leading to the true heart of this unsuspectingly immense subterranean complex, or the makers must've had high expectations for those serving under them to recognize the entire layout and take it to memory lest they lose their way like Arinbjorn and the others had through narrow passageways lined with lit scones that made sense to the suffocated knight, considering how this place had been built for their enemies who preferred a lighter choice of dressing that granted them mobility at the cost of reliable defense. A risky yet honorable decision that made the few fighters he had fought in the not-so distant past a fearsome yet easy enemy to overcome once he had gotten used to their nimble footwork and dance-like fighting style.

Odd admiration for the enemy aside, there was one other thing that bothered Arinbjorn to no end when he had first heard of the mission details. An enemy stronghold? Built so close to a frontier settlement that they had sent word via messenger of its appearance...but not a lick about its construction beforehand? And for something this massive? They should've known about this months ago judging by the sturdy construction of the passageways and how vast it seemed to stretch for an indeterminate length deeper and deeper underground. So either their early alert network had more than a few purposeful holes riddling its length, or something else was afoot here, something that could cost them dearly if they didn't figure it out sooner.

REFLECTIVE DECEPTION

Embroiled in thought while the monotony of the endless trek through repetitive walls and floors begins to eat away at his focus, Arinbjorn would never notice when a step forward depresses a hidden pressure plate hidden away beneath untouched sand he had been the first to disturb in what must've been days or even weeks for that much to accumulate into a layer so fine.

And no sooner had he done so would the passageway he was in suddenly come apart, disassembling itself with a mighty roar from the very earth itself as tumultuous quakes around the construct destabilize the knight's footing. Drowning out a startled yell from Arinbjorn as a tumble down a hastily formed slope sends the man into a zig-zagging pit. Knocked around like an armored ragdoll at every turn while a cascade of rocks serves to disarm the man once a wayward chunk slams the tightly held sword out of his grip. Vanishing the thing out of sight once enough twists and turns had rendered the man insensate and incapable of retrieving his longsword, just doing what he could to protect himself from injury until the inevitable crash at the very end. Knocking the air out of his lungs once a sturdy chestplate and some nifty smith work takes the brunt of an impact capable of robbing a man of his life, denting with a horrible sound followed after by the pinging of pebbles and chips ricocheting off of metal. Leaving the limp form of Arinbjorn to lie until hours later while the distant sound of scraping stone signaled a closure of the chasm that had dumped him, where the imperiled knight would awaken with an ache racking his entire being alongside an exceptional sting to his chest and left wrist where the large stone had struck. Alone and dismayed to realize the lifeline rope had snapped from all the stress it had to endure, leaving him trapped even deeper in the belly of the figurative beast he had sought to invade.

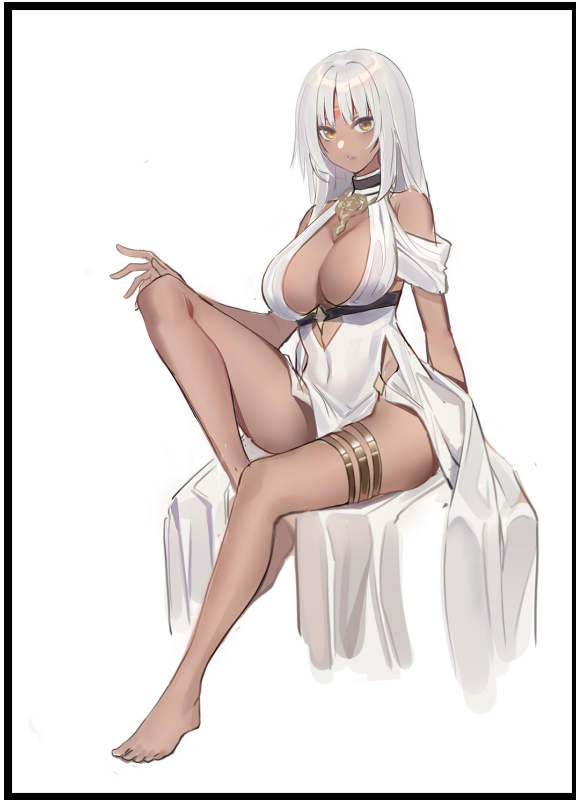
With his sword lost in the fall and his physical condition teetering on the edge, Arinbjorn had been left with no other choice but to continue on his way inch by inch once he realized no help would be coming. Hoping to evade any guards who would no doubt be livid after discovering he had survived what should've been a fatal trap, something he could only assume his companions had fallen prey to before him.

But with each haggard breath and painful step forward, what Arinbjorn had assumed was the heart of the enemy stronghold had turned out to be nothing more than a spacious expansion of the same thing he had experienced up above; nothing but dead silence with the added exception of ruined armor clanking alongside pained grunts...that, and the environment had become more decorated than the unkempt external passageways were; without a speck of sand to be seen save for the mess left by the chute that had deposited the lost knight within an immaculate hallway lined with gilded hieroglyphics and strange structural additions that didn't seem to fit the practicality required of a military installation. It was like navigating the passageway of a palace built for royalty even if the stiff and angular qualities of this particular construct looked nothing like the ornate roundness he was familiar with back behind safe castle walls. But a place where royalty resided would usually demand an ample staffing of guards to protect the place and it's master's, except as far as Arinbjorn could tell, the place was completely devoid of life save for himself and hopefully the four other unfortunates who had gone in before him. A hope that

REFLECTIVE DECEPTION

would carry the injured knight onward until the tell-tale signs of dancing flames refracting off the polished floor catches the attention of weary eyes. Drawing him down the leftmost path of a crossroads he would never take note of thanks to how dark his immediate surroundings were save for this one illuminated path forward.

And as he comes out through the other side, Arinbjorn could not help but gawk at the towering impossibility before him; a massive spire framed by stairs and shelves of a precarious design, standing tall with barely a hint of support struts to hold up the assembly. Leaving him with the impression of a slightest breeze being capable of knocking it all down...and yet, there it was, a breeze that shakes the strange luminescent bulbs ...this far underground. Marvel after marvel that renders the knight momentarily insensate through sheer awe while giddy footsteps continued to carry him deeper into the hexagonal chamber lined with many a mysterious artifact besides the monolithic shelves housing the scholar's equivalent of a treasure trove...but such a prize only served to leave Arinbjorn even more baffled than he already was, enough to glimpse an oddity occurring just outside the corner of his eyes. One that leaves the intruder stumped at the sight of his reflection in a wide sheet of polished glass embedded into the wall, lining up nicely with three other well placed installations that would end up reflecting the image of those who strode into the chamber from four separate angles.



Except something about his mirror self seemed 'off' to the knight, something minute yet concerning enough to warrant the feeling of being creeped out by the reflection as curious caution urges him forward...before yet another burst of movement...no, a flicker, catches his attention once more. Turning to come face to face with yet another copy of himself by the far corner of the room. None the wiser to how the image of himself he had come to neglect blinks in the instant the mirror leaves his eyes for another, replaced by a sensual reflection that nonetheless replicates Arinbjorn's movements and posture to the letter with a flutter of ashen locks reaching long enough to tease the rolling hills of a fine derriere. A rather gratuitous showing as fine silks forming teasing raiments and gilded accessories secured tightly around tantalizing meat brings the gaze of an absent audience toward the curvaceous length of barefoot legs befitting a goddess wrapped nicely in cocoa tinted hide. Nothing like the

herculean pillars sheathed in sturdy boots barely holding Arinbjorn up as he turns to face his other self with a frown upon his pale visage after realizing the eerie feeling he could not let go of was related in

REFLECTIVE DECEPTION

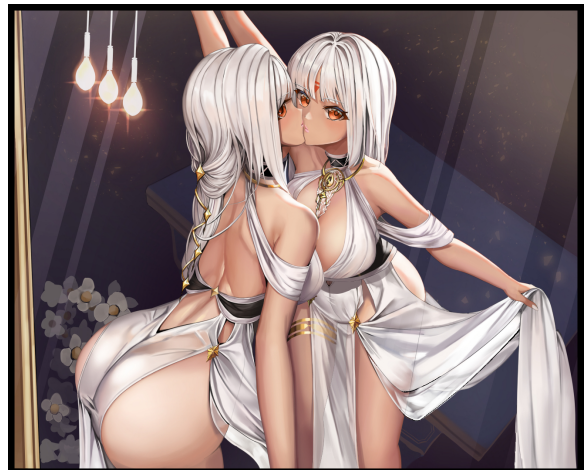
some way to the oddity he just couldn't get a hold of. Repeating itself once more as if attempting to goad the troubled knight into catching 'it' before it would vanish again, a tease that works to the favor of unseen forces at work in this subterranean construct Arinbjorn was beginning to grow frustrated of as he comes to face the third clone. Again, missing out on another alteration and a more alarming change as the second reflection blinks just like the first. Only this time, she would refuse her original's movements, standing to face the panicking knight's back instead of following suit to display a pair of fine, buoyant teats to match a heavenly rump jutting out the front of a tight, curvy torso given shape by a wasp's waist and burgeoned hips beckoning for a man's touch. Replacing the scarred abdominals of a blooded knight with the motherly warmth of a maiden's cushioned core, the indents of which were likewise teased by the semi-transparent make of a fine dress whose purpose was evidently not to conceal and accentuate the modesty of the wearer but to tease and show off if the plentiful gaps between ornate clasps and loose strands were anything to judge by. Something that makes the face of the foreign woman reflected in the Englishman's place break into a knowing smile shared by a third replica who comes to life frozen midway through a stunning twirl that showcases flexibility and grace just as a fourth flicker draws a desperate Arinbjorn toward the last accursed mirror with a rabid howl. Ignorant to the silent changes reflected in all the other reflective panels he had visited with his unknowing gaze, seeing only himself in the last but remaining none the wiser to how three different angles of another individual altogether were staring him down in turn.

As if to end off in climactic fashion, the fourth and last does not wait for the stunned knight to look away. Changing right then and there in open view as dented armor melts and dissipates into nothingness, catching Arinbjorn's unwavering attention once his naked self follows suit with the changes made by the invisible dabbing of an artist's brush, affecting changes in the blink of an eye until a completely animate rendition of the desert maiden stands in his place. Nubile body shrouded in enticing silk that leaves her enticing form exposed enough to capture the knight's singular focus, dragging his mind to a place from which there was no returning from as his body begins to react to the attractive beauty that had subsumed his reflection, finding himself compelled to move toward her once good reason and the need to vacate the chamber were both lost to Arinbjorn's taken mind. Consumed by a base human instinct, a desire every man but the most chaste and tested would fall prey to. And once he had, a rejuvenating energy from sources unknown would begin to flood into Arinbjorn's being. Filling him with life and vigor the likes of which he had never felt before to coax a stronger pep into each step taken toward the alluring butterfly performing for him. A ritualist dance of iniquitous origin that blinds the addled knight to everything else but the woman in front of him whilst filling a compromised head with the overwhelming need to get close. Enough so that he could touch and revel in her presence no matter the cost, even if said cost involved the forced rejection of all he was in favor of something he wasn't. Usurping the knightly values he had been taught and hardened to uphold at all times. Replacing mastered techniques over sword and shield for something less. Removing loyalties to king and country for undying obedience to one who would rule all...*overwriting Sir Arinbjorn, changing the man he once was into someone else altogether...*

REFLECTIVE DECEPTION

With his entire being laid to kneel before the mirror's seductive influence, the knight's rigid flesh and blood form in the real world would open itself in turn. Accepting change affected by whatever magics ran wild in the underground domain as broken armor begins to flake and flay, extending into graceful flaps that evolve further into the same racy dress just in time to encase a body that could no longer be called that of a warrior, much less a man's. Not when a magnum dong carefully nurtured over the years but had yet to see use had quickly retreated into the moistened folds of a fertile woman's vulva. Fattened to attest to the plentiful years of muscle memory seeding itself into newly formed innards spanning the lower bits of a cushioned tummy as new glans and flexing muscles align themselves to a format guaranteed to make any man writhe in mind melting bliss should they find themselves lucky enough to find their girth plugging the juicy depths of the newborn lady's vagina. Completing a swift transition from bruised and battered knight to graceful seductress in one final step that ends on the mellowed soles of waifish feet freed from unwieldy boots and rank iron, complete with a bounce from milk-laden breasts once the twin growths free themselves from vaporized armor. Eager to be held by flimsy straps extending from a collar piece that binds itself around a fragile neck cleansed of a furry beard and scabbed calluses, erasing the last signs of an Adam's Apple from existence once the choker secures itself. Forcing a melodious sigh to escape from glistening suckers in place of the husky baritone once sported by a man that no longer existed once the last traces of pasty beige skin are washed away under a cleansing deluge of soothing tan. Leaving only a musky crop of brunette fluff atop a compacted cranium. A fading vestige of a bygone individual that lasts for no longer than a second before an explosive release ends in a cascading fall of wispy strands that composed a lustrous mane. Glittery threads of platinum extending from atop a veritable lady's head just as narrow eyes widen and slant into exotic slits while cyan blue haze clears for exuberant mahogany in renewed irises. Heralding the emergence of an entirely new psyche to go with an unrecognizable body by the time swelling nubs and waiting lips make contact with chilled glass while bated breath condenses, a quiet giggle fades in the wind and four perfect reflections of the one and only woman left alone and untended in the middle of the room. A perfect portrayal of Sir Arinbjorn's utter erasure.

No longer was there loyalty to a kingdom and its people she couldn't recall the slightest bit about. Instead, eternal servitude and the continued entertainment of a certain *Master* was all that remained inside the silver tanned beauty's simplistic mind now that all the pesky memories and values of an independent being subdued by a higher authority had been warped beyond measure. Resulting in an unwavering degree of allegiance bordering on maddening love that had done a great deal in ensuring the worry once felt for four other bygone souls were redirected toward the man who now meant the world to *Euceletta*. A maiden of the sands who saw the arid dunes not as an inhospitable wasteland but rather, the hardened home she had been born and raised



REFLECTIVE DECEPTION

in as a little girl. Nurturing her into the fine woman she now knew herself as all for the purpose of serving the one she had come to adore as the only man who could leash her around the neck. The only individual whose orders she would perform without question. And the man for whom one day she would bear many a child with. Parting lips with her mirror images in perfect sync now that Euceletta's identity had been affirmed forevermore with a jiggle to pert breasts and a sway to handlebar hips, accompanied by a subtle jingle as sonorous accessories resonated against one another while knocking against the contours of her alluring physique. Made so when stringy muscle had become pliable fat while wiry limbs were rendered lengthy and fair...a thorough makeover that leaves the reborn knight wanting and ready just as the distant sound of approaching footsteps catches Euceletta's attention, turning her head on a swivel with a twitch to hardening nipples while a trained snatch lubricates itself with a quick spurt of vaginal grool oozing out of a puckered urethra in preparation for the rigorous activity she knew was soon to come just from the rhythm of her Master's approaching footfalls; ignoble excitement masked behind a veil of patience and care only *she* could tell after years of experience had seared itself into Euceletta's very being to better aid in her new position in life. A position she would gladly assume as an ochre skinned man with a slender frame shrouded in resplendent attire following after their people's culture enters the chamber, inhuman eyes formed of darkened sclera and animalistic pupils locked and focused on his waiting prize. Posed in such delightfully provocative fashion that he felt no need to ascertain the loyalty of his latest subject.

Because only a dancer of the sands, born and raised in a commune most loving would know the subtlety behind showcasing seduction and flair like Euceletta now did; displaying herself like a goddess bearing sexual depravity behind each graceful movement, a predator he would gladly entertain just like she would him. Exchanging lustful gazes as a dashing look scans over his concubine's blessed assets while half lidded eyes linger over a powerful erection that only served to make a horribly dry womb scream in need even more than it already was, nodding in silent apology once her Master's analytical look breaks into a knowing smile at the sight of euphoric overload dribbling down from between plump thighs and firm calves. Fine features he would push to the extreme if she so desired, doing so as a firm hand cups the fine contours of the bashful maiden's sleek chin to draw her into a longing kiss, exchanging oral fluids as excited tongues entwined around each other...before a throaty moan exuding wanton desire fills the air alongside a gloating chuckle once eager digits from another hand could no longer wait; fiddling with a heavy right breast he could not help but savor, met with a reward in the form of a moist release from hardened nipples. Spooning honeyed lactation up to fill Euceletta's obedient mouth, latching her lips firmly around the Master's massive index and middle fingers. Savoring in the sweetness of her fluids for another moment before a firm push ends with her landing on her back, legs spread wide, arms held gently by the sides...before yelping in ecstasy once the sensation of Master's tip poking at her labia registers in Euceletta's mind before it escalates further. Sighing as its head pushes past into her vulva, causing it to bulge...finally throwing her head back with a loving cry after an unwavering thrust spears her right to the core...

REFLECTIVE DECEPTION

The remaining members of the lance above would never again see a lick of Sir Arinbjorn or the four other lost souls that had vanished after braving the depths of the unknown installation that had suddenly sunk itself into the sands following the fifth slack rope signaling the scout's disappearance. Leaving the remnants to blockade the area once suspicions began to shift about who or what was behind the underground trap's sudden appearance and equally swift departure, a debate that would still continue by the time Euceletta's toned stomach had grown heavy with life; a child she would raise with tender care alongside his or her future siblings alongside a father who, after such a worthy catch, would lie dormant in his domain for the next few millennia or so.

And as for the others? What happened to them was a story for next time...

THE END

SOURCE GLOSSARY

Image 1 by ECHJ : <https://www.pixiv.net/en/users/4192236>

Image 2 by Solaris : <https://www.pixiv.net/en/users/12312001>