

The Prince and the Soldier

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The Prince and the Soldier

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Summary

Azazek kissed his little one's cheek happily. Though his pet was quite rude, he was quite happy to have a quite lively one. All the other pets he had always did what he wanted and bored him easily. This one would be fun to tame. "It's been a long time since I've had such a wild pet, pretty Kepi. Taming you will be a challenge I've been needed."

Notes

Hey guys, this is CelestialStars with my first story on ao3! This one has to be my personal favorite original story that I've started so far and I really hope that you enjoy this. If any of you guys are on deviantart or fanfiction.net, my username is kbomb909 and kbomb234 respectively. I am beginning to shift my stories from fanfiction to the ao3 community and I hope you guys will like my style so far. So, if you couldn't tell from the tags, this is a darker tale that I have up with. I am begging anyone who is easily triggered by any of the warnings I have posted to not read it. Thank you and have fun!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

A young woman strode into the bar, presence authoritative but graceful. She was quite pretty for such an odd-looking female. The men inside followed her with their eyes, curious about the stranger. She had spiky neck-length periwinkle hair with a black bandanna tied onto her head. Her skin was the color of rich cocoa with black tribal markings dancing up and down the visible bits of her body. A single black line carefully curved from the the left side of her hairline to her right cheek and roughly zigzagged to the smooth neck. Two stark symbols, a stylised moon and star, appeared to the right of the simple line. A brightly colored sun tattoo graced her bare midriff. Her figure was nothing that would cause a man to spring an automatic hard-on, but she was still quite attractive with a tiny waist. The only real novelty about the girl's body was the fact that she was very short.

Her clothes were very strange for a woman. She wore baggy camouflage pants tucked into black combat boots. The waist of her pants dipped dangerously low around her hips but a high pair of black shorts kept her modest up to just below her belly button. Over a black midriff tank top, a camouflage vest riddled with pockets and zippers sat casually unzipped. Sturdy black fingerless gloves covered her small hands. Barmaids gave her several scathing once-overs in their bursting bodices and low necklines, obviously thinking themselves better than this stranger in a man's clothes. A wry smirk came over her lips. Skipping the tables, the woman jostled her way in between the men at the bar. One man glared at her, but she simply tipped her head back. She grinned wickedly, the challenge clear in her face. The man backed down; he was not a fool and knew to avoid those with that manic gleam in their eyes. The bartender sighed, but addressed the woman.

"What'll it be, miss?" he growled.

"A shot o' y'strongest drank, sah," she drawled. The tender snorted.

"Yer a woman, girlie. There's no way ya can stand t'down straight Shiner. A whiff o'this stuff makes all the other uppity women that come 'round here drunk as fuck. What makes you so special?"

The girl's eyes widened in shock. Her head bowed, shoulders heaving and choked noises escaping bitten lips. The bartender suddenly found himself at the mercy of several menacing glares. Bitchy or not, the stranger was still a lady. One of the burlier men loomed at the one behind the counter but a loud chuckle stopped him short. Heads turned in confusion. The woman was laughing heartily, her eyes dancing with mischief. She leaned over the bar, suddenly serious.

"What makes meh diff'rent? Ah've killed men fo' lookin' at me mates funny. Ah could kill ya seven different ways wit' th'rag in y'hands. Listen pal; Ah'm not like any o' th'other girls dat are lookin' fo' a thrill. Ah'm a former soldiah an' Ah won' sit 'ere an' take yer shit. Give me th'damn drank."

Shaky hands poured the shot as the girl pulled out a small dagger and toyed with it. Those around her edged away in mild trepidation. Bad enough the stranger was unpredictable, now she was armed *and* drinking. With a slightly scornful sniff of the contents, the girl knocked

back the shot glass. It was sweeter than how she normally liked it, she mused, but the intense burn at the back of her throat was definitely worth the sugary taste. Wiping her lips with the back of her wrist, she roughly clanged the tumbler on the counter.

“Ah’ll take anothah,” was the calm declaration. An expectant eyebrow was patiently arched at the server. The man nervously poured another shot. She nodded at him and nursed the sweet drink instead of tossing it down like before. It was quiet, the lull of hushed conversations and clinking glassware a pleasant source of background noise. She decided she liked this bar. It was a pleasant surprise to have people genuinely terrified of her personality than her weaponry and experiences. Her blade spun in her hands as she grinned sardonically at it. Well, at least they didn’t know the extent of her experiences-

“OI, MAGGOTS!” An obnoxious voice burst through her reverie. Damnit, and it had been turning out to be a lovely night... “Show some respect for your Crown Prince!”

The girl looked left and right, periwinkle eyebrow raised incredulously. Everyone around her had turned to face the door with his or her head bowed in reverence. Shrugging her shoulders, she sheathed her dagger and returned to her glass.

“Ey, you! The bitch in the camo! Bow to your betters!” the voice sneered. The woman ignored him, sipping her Shiner. Angry footsteps sounded behind her. Timing carefully, she placed her alcohol down just as a rough hand buried itself in her hair and yanked her head back.

“Bitch! When I say show the prince respect, I *mean* show some goddamned respect!” bellowed the man. The woman arched an appraising eyebrow. He was tall (but everyone was tall compared to her under five-foot status), appearing to be no more than six foot two. He had bright gold locks that curled around his sneering facial features and light skin. His eyes were hard granite as he cruelly arched her neck even further back. Eh, he looked like one of those pretty boy bullies. It wouldn’t take much to take him down.

“Do ya really think Ah’m gonna show def’rence t’a bully like ya?” she dryly stated. His eyes flashed, but she was ready. She kicked her chair from under her and rolled roughly beneath the counter.

“Damn bitch!” the man swore roughly. Unsheathing her little weapon, said bitch stabbed the noble jackass in the thigh, dragging her blade in a straight line to his knee. The cry of mingled shock and anger made her smirk. This was why she was one of the best killers in her squad. No one who ever saw her ever believed she could take down a man three times her size. The woman crawled from her hiding place, standing proud with a manic grin painting her features.

“Toldja Ah wasn’t showin’ no respect to ya, asshole,” she sneered. Kneeling, she carefully cut off the rich shirt, being careful to keep the cloth in a cylindrical state. Rolling her eyes at the spitting fury in the noble’s blustering words, the girl roughly hauled the shirt off his body. She cut the cloth into a single long bandage in front of his eyes. She wanted to show this excuse of a person that being a conceited jackass to others of lower status was no way to be strong. Obviously, the idiot trying to be tough had never been in a real battle. In true warfare, there is no time for politics. Either you help your comrades or you take responsibility for the

death of your entire crew. This was a lesson this one needed to learn. Ass or not, the man was probably going to die if she did not treat that wound. For now, a simple field dressing would be beneficial for him. Lifting his leg, the woman bound his thigh tightly with the makeshift tourniquet. Hopefully, the bleeding would be stopped until a doctor could get to him.

“Mercy ain’t weakness an’ bullyin’ ain’t strength. Try any o’that goddamn ‘nobility’ shit on a battlefield an’ ya’ve killed ev’ry man on y’squad,” she sternly lectured. Thanking God for the brute strength the army beat into her, the girl hauled the man onto one of the tables, keeping weight off his injured thigh. Returning to the bar, she downed the last of her drink, tossed a few coins on the table, and strode towards the exit. Before she left, she turned to face the struggling noble. “If’n ya wanna settle th’score in a friendly fight, ask ‘round for Kepi an’ Ah’ll be happy t’face ya!”

Stepping outside the doors, Kepi took only three steps before a strong body slammed her against a wall, the face shrouded in shadows. Damn it all! Did her only night out in months have to end like this? “Listen, jackass. Ah’m in no fuckin’ mood t’get in anotha damn brawl, but Ah will defend mahself. Back th’fuck off!”

“You are a strange one, little girl,” a dark voice cooed. Snarling, Kepi punched the speaker (indisputably a man) in the nose. Or rather, tried to punch the man in the nose. He intercepted her fist with ease and even caught her other hand before she could counter his block. She felt a chill down her spine. This man was neither an ordinary drunk (hell, not even drunk at all) nor a common street brawler. He knew what he was doing and that was one of the worst fighters to face. A pale hand traced itself down her dark face, the muscular fingers easily cupping the full extent of her head. Whoever this guy was, two things were certain. One, he was very tall; two, the man was very strong. The sheer fact that he seemed to be easily holding her against the wall with only one hand for all of her struggling was completely disorienting. Not for the first time, Kepi cursed her height. The presence of the man was absolutely overwhelming, even for a battle-hardened soldier. A few inches would definitely help with this dizzying instinct to run and hide.

“Yes, such a pretty girl, though odd,” continued the man. “I think I’ll keep you. You will be fun to add to my collection.”

“Wait, what th’hell do ya mean ‘c’llection’?” Kepi snapped. He chuckled lowly and pinched her cheek. That’s it, this guy was insane. Kepi may have lost it, but this person here never had it to begin with. “Just who th’fuck are ya?”

She still couldn’t see the man’s face, but the hairs on the back of her neck rose at the silence. She knew he wore a mad grin. Leaning down, he placed his face mere inches from hers, revealing a pair of glittering mismatched eyes, one deep violet, the other pale yellow. “I am Azazek, Crown Prince of Ranmyaku and you are my new pet!” Her eyes widened in horror at the happy glint of white teeth. He smashed their lips together, seeming eager to claim his “pet’s” lips. The former soldier’s breath was violently stolen away by the aggressive kiss. She could feel herself drown, the kiss seeming to cement the prince’s terrifying hold over her body. Kepi let out a frustrated whine at her inability to fight back the unwanted advances. Azazek smirked into the kiss, the smug bastard. Revulsion rose like bile in her throat, a deep growl shaking her body. He quickly drew back, baring his teeth viciously.

“None of that now, pet,” he snapped. The once caressing hand drew back and returned in a vicious knockout punch. Lights exploded in her eyes and Kepi slumped, unconscious. Azazek kissed his little one’s cheek happily. Though his pet was quite rude, he was quite happy to have a quite lively one. All the other pets he had always did what he wanted and bored him easily. This one would be fun to tame. “It’s been a long time since I’ve had such a wild pet, pretty Kepi. Taming you will be a challenge I’ve been needed.”

The prince and the soldier disappeared into the night, the darkness swallowing away the evidence of the kidnapping.

Throbbing pain spiked through Kepi’s head as she floated back to consciousness. She clamped her teeth into her bottom lip, the hurt overwhelming her senses. Her thoughts were scattered; every desperate effort to think clearly shattered by the brutal tattoo bashed into her skull. A sob of utter agony slipped from her bitten lips. The only thought that was able to slip through the overwhelming ache was, *‘Assess the situation, this is no hangover!’*

Gritting her teeth, Kepi forced her eyes open, hiss of pain falling short. The ceiling in the (thankfully) dimly lit room was unfamiliar she mused. Shock had numbed her head. Tastefully painted a dark grey with white accents, her curiosity arose in her demanding to know where she was. She propped herself up onto her forearms and stared around in wonder, quietly noting she was still in the same outfit she wore last night. The bed she was in was composed of luxuriously soft oversized pillows colored with rich purples and bright gold set on the floor, the colors reminiscent of something but it still hurt to think purposefully. A light coverlet dyed the palest of violets swathed her body. To Kepi’s immediate right, a glorious canopy bed several times the size of her old pallet (tailored to fit her size) loomed. The curtains were ominous black, gold ivy twining around the edges. The bed frame as well was deep ebony.

While the room was all quite lovely, Kepi wanted to get out, preferably sooner than later. She tried to stand up, but fell flat on her back in the attempt. Spidery chills crawled down her spine as she looked at her right wrist. A spiked golden shackle padded with soft lilac silk gleamed in the dim light at her. She quickly shifted her glance to see its twin merrily glinting on her left wrist. Horror rose in her throat as she followed the chain with her eyes. It snaked atop the cushions and hooked securely onto the upper left leg of the bed.

‘Oh Gods,’ she thought, head spinning. The events of the previous night crashed into her memory, a pair of mismatched eyes seared into everything that had happened last night. Repressing her urge to panic, Kepi viciously scrubbed her gloved hand over her lips.

‘That sonuva fuckin’ bitch!’ her mind snarled. *‘Crown prince or not, th’ bastard ‘ad no right t’kidnap meh! When Ah get mah hands on ‘im, castration’ll look like a goddamn walk in th’ fuckin’ park!’*

Kepi shook her head violently. Now was not the time for empty threats. Her priority was getting her hands free and finding a way out of her situation. She gave an experimental tug at her bonds to test their strength. She had to give her regards (and her utter distaste) to the man

who crafted the chains. They were sturdy, refusing to bend or snap under her sharp yanks. These were not the frilly ornamental shackles given to ordinary slave girls. She supposed the show in the bar the night before had tipped him to her unusual strength.

“That sonuva bitch,” she murmured aloud. The door flew open with a harsh bang, startling Kepi. By the time the flurry of maids had entered, chattering like a flock of sparrows, she had hidden herself. While hiding behind the curtains of the canopy bed was not the safest place, it was a hell of a lot better than standing in the open.

“Oh Gods,” one of them moaned. “She’s escaped. He’s going to have our heads!”

“It’s your own damn fault, Chastity. If you hadn’t spent so much time doing your fucking hair, we would have had the master’s new pet ready for him an hour ago!” A harsh voice snapped.

“Don’t you forget that I determine your pay,” the first voice bitched back, a note of ice in her vapid tone. “I could let it slip that it was your fault that the king’s silver soup spoon was not polished.”

Silence reigned in the bedroom.

Kepi took careful note of these proceedings. One, this Chastity was one of the worst types of leader; the one who was pretty as well as somewhat smart and knew it. Those under her rule were likely to be beaten down and cowed, fear of being thrown out into the streets driving their submission. The maid would be easy to charm or bribe because of the utter vanity that consumed her. Two, the prince and the king had explosive tempers. The fact that forgetting to polish a single piece of silver brought such an unspoken threat of violence was deeply disturbing. The prince’s reaction to her slight protest was also a sign of his fluctuating moods. Kepi would have to tread carefully around both men. Three, there was no way she was going to escape within hours, days, or even weeks. The temper combined with the personality she had a taste of the previous evening tipped her off to the fact that she would be in chains and watched until proven tamed. Four, Kepi’s most important task was to discover the rules of the game that she was undisputedly a pawn. Accent and soldier background aside, she was no fool only useful for taking orders. The game likened to a complicated form of chess, a game she had loved to play in her youth. She would have to use a combination of observation, stubbornness, submissiveness, and (the worst possible one) pure luck. Nevertheless, just like chess, a pawn can become a queen. She would need to spend the next few days studying the habits of these courtiers. Five-

“You do realize that they are probably going to find you within moments, Kepi-pretty?” A sleep-rough voice husked, accompanied by a pair of muscular arms wrapped securely around her body. The only thing keeping the screech of surprise lodged in her throat was the strict silence training she had undergone. Her teeth sank into her bottom lip. See, this jackass reminded Kepi why she hated authority figures. At least in the army, her commanders had proven themselves to be worthy of respect on the battlefields. However, political morons like the idiot cuddling her raised her ire. The only credentials they had were a disgustingly influential or rich (almost synonymous, but occasionally not quite) family. Prince Azazek was the fucking poster boy for leaders (and people) she hated.

“Leave meh th'fuck alone,” she spat, irritation too strong to suppress.

“Little Kepi,” he purred. “You are my pet. I have every right to sweep you up and hold you. Never forget that.”

Smug grin revoltingly wide, the man lifted Kepi into his lap with ease. She crossed her arms but leaned back against the broad chest. Azazek chuckled, genuinely amused at his little one's temper. Dropping his head, he nuzzled his nose into the crook of her neck. She stiffened in his arms, body ready for battle.

“Relax, pretty Kepi. You are much safer in here than you are in your little room,” he breathed into his pet's neck. She swore under her breath, ignoring the shudders that wracked her body. Of course, the bastard knew where she lived. A gentle tongue began drawing curlicues and other random patterns on the skin allotted to it. The noise locked in her throat escaped as a muffled squeak. “I know you, pretty. I know that it is hard for you to find a job that isn't menial or prostituting yourself. I know the markings you bear are only for the men of your tribe. I also know that you are a fierce warrior who is not afraid to attack anyone who comes to hurt you.”

Kepi swore under her breath as the soft tongue continued to lave at her pulse point. This was a bad situation. The vampire wannabe attached to her neck knew her past, current economic problems, and her abilities. She had no edge whatsoever. The despair of the situation just made the scared little girl in her wail in distress. But the soldier that had dominated her life lifted its chin and squared its shoulders. He would never control her. Sure, she would be molested and assaulted, but he would never make her do anything that she did not want to do. Azazek could feel the stiff resolve in his girl's spine. He bit down on the curve of the neck that he was sucking, reveling on the shudder that shook the body beneath him. He could sense that the little one was over-thinking. It simply would not do. His pet was to be pampered and be free from any worries. Of course, she would have to be trained, but her submission would be rewarded by happiness that he could provide. Yes, little Kepi would be very happy with him.

Said pet yelped as his hands wandered to much more private areas. Anger colored her world deep red, the colors swirling acrid and bitter. She lashed out violently and clipped the man in the chin. Instincts flaring, Kepi twisted out of the firm grip. Unfortunately, she did not account for her surroundings. The bed was like a cloud and the sheets were very smooth and soft. So for a moment, she sank into the plush mattress, but her thrashing caused her to slide on the slick cloth. Her body slipped from the bed and she landed with a brutal thud in front of the panicking maids.

“There you are!” a pretty blond snapped, copper eyes irritated. “We do not have all day! Get your lazy ass from off the floor and come with me.”

Kepi's eyes flashed. She stood to her full height, not very impressive but her personality made up for the lost inches. “Ah dun wanna be in this situation anymore than y'do, bitch. Slave Ah may be, but Ah've got th'Prince's ear on mah side now. Ah dun wanna make any enemies, but if'n ya treat meh like dirt, Ah ain't afraid t'make ya suffer fo'it.” Never let it be

said that Kepi wasn't one to use her position to her advantage.

Chastity was visibly shaken. The clumsy little fool in front of her was no pushover. A crazy tinge had set over the glittering green eyes as the sneering periwinkle-head waited for her answer. Trying to save face, she pushed past the shocked maids. "Well, what are you lot staring at? We have to make this women presentable to our prince! Let's go!"

Dutifully ignoring the smothered laughter that bled from the canopy bed, Kepi strode forward, slightly grin on her face. That bastard would see, they would all see that they made a grave mistake capturing a former soldier. They didn't call her Deadly Nightshade for nothing.

End Notes

Reviews are the lifeblood of this story. I would love to hear, and converse, about anything in the story that you like, dislike, or are confused about. Grammar/spelling suggestions are always welcome!

~CelestialStars out, peeps!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!