

The Divine Physician

By NecrosisBob for "The Red Sister: Surfacing". Edited by Etaski, 2015

Etaski's note: I consider this to be canon for the story series since I imagined something very much like this happening just after Chapter 21 ended. NecrosisBob felt the itch to write it, and he did a fine job. He has my sincere appreciation for the contribution.

The three Maknuuts lumbered into the chamber, dragging Kreshel Divigna's still form. They moved fearfully and quickly to place the Hellhound Commander's fresh corpse onto the awaiting stone altar. Parallel to it was another such altar, and another massive Ma'ab male lay still upon it, his chest rising and falling too slow to sustain an active mind. Several masked acolytes moved to cleanse the body of some alchemical slurry under the unblinking gaze of the Divine Physician.

Their task done, the Maknuuts bowed and nearly crawled backwards to leave. The Divine Physician hadn't looked at or acknowledged them but with a casual wave of her hand, the Neverborn guarding the door descended on the slum necromancers, killing them quickly and efficiently.

There would be no loose tongues about Kreshel's condition. It was already enough of a travesty that the army had been forced to retreat—those initial reports had been alarming. One of the enemy Greylords had descended with their forces and assassins on both sides at Manalar? Impossible to believe! Having the death of the 'Undying' Hellhound leak out would further complicate things.

Kreshel would be able to tell her so much more than those headless officers now scuttling back north. Just what had happened following the defeat at the city? Who was responsible for killing Vo'Reye and Vo'Kyahn and their commanders? Who was responsible for slaying the Hellhounds left behind? She had many theories but needed memories. Kreshel's memories.

The acolytes finished with the unnamed Ma'ab and retreated to the fringe of the chamber, kneeling in specific circles and lighting their censers of incense; then they began a low droning chant. Power quickly spread across the room and the Divine Physician breathed it in effortlessly. She discarded her white silken robes, revealing the pale form beneath, black tattoos clasping each curve of her alabaster skin. Red gems were inset into her very flesh.

As she stepped to the unnamed male, her skeletal companion moved to Divigna's corpse. She straddled the comatose body, and her favored 'tool' mirrored the motion,

straddling the Hellhound. She studied the living male beneath her as she tapped into the gems which passed for eyes in the sockets of her gilded Skeleton. With ease she whispered words of power and drew out the unnamed sacrifice's soul.

His form shuddered beneath her even as her long, delicate fingers slowly stroked aside the bones and flesh of his chest. His heart quivered beneath her gaze, flattering now as she devoured the spirit. She was not interested in preserving a nameless, noble wretch. His body was the only thing of value; it had been decided long ago, and thus they had preserved it like many before him.

Her Skeleton cut and pulled aside armor, cracking and ripping the flesh in the way. Someone had caused the implanted gem to burst in the Hellhound Commander's chest. It had been there to help him control or dismiss undead when absolutely necessary but certainly would explode—just as it had—should he turn on his leaders. How had this happened?

Kreshel's heart remained intact, thank the ancestors, and the Skeleton drew it out now. The Kor Nigram. A curious organ, seemingly formed of obsidian, and a one-of-a-kind artifact. Kreshel was the only Hellhound ever to survive the process.

The Divine Physician in her turn removed the living male's fleshy heart with little effort, taking a bite of the tough and rather unappetizing meat before discarding it and reaching for the Kor Nigram from the Skeleton beside her. She smiled as she saw the light of Kreshel's spirit still beating strongly within it. He could not die; they would not let him. Of course this also meant that they had to fully revive him to question him, for his spirit could not be reached otherwise.

Power swelled as she placed the crystalline organ into the new chest and she whispered the words to reknit the flesh, breathing out the freshly-consumed life force of the unnamed male to close the wounds and attune body with soul. Kreshel's new eyes snapped open, black as ever, as subtle shifts of his features rolled across partially paralyzed muscle.

This was the moment the Divine Physician loved most. All those raw emotions playing on his face before that tired, cold mask slid into place. She felt his manhood harden between her thighs, a natural response to coming so close to death and being returned. This reaction she enjoyed, too, especially knowing how helpless Kreshel was to do anything in this moment, except listen to her.

"Your spirit is seated in its new home, oh Favored Champion. Welcome back. We still haven't found a painless solution to the seizing of the limbs when we preserve your new bodies. As usual the only option is cutting away and reforming the flesh until you can move

again. I look forward to reaching your tongue, as always. All in good time."

She so enjoyed the shiver he couldn't quite control as her skeletal servant climbed off the worthless shell and moved to stand beside her, offering an array of blades and other tools. She began cutting even as she rose up to press his length inside herself. Such long hours of agony ahead, why not mix it in with pleasure? Of course, for her it was all pleasure.

She barely stifled the chuckle that wished to bubble up past her lips.