

# Slave Knights

t'Sade



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# Dragon Pink: Slave Knights

# 1

“Hatsuka, I don’t think we should be in here.”

Aki’s echoed against the rough walls of the cavern. Her bright brown eyes peered past the flickering torch she was carrying and into a stone hallway carved out of the very rock of the cavern. Behind her, the blue cast of shadows faded into darkness, with only a pinprick of light giving her one last hope of the summer day outside. She felt her heart tapping against her ribs and she swallowed to ease the tightness of her dry throat. Her outfit was the same she always adventured in, leather armor and soft boots appropriate for her skills as a rogue. Her armor strained slightly around her breasts and hips, but it gave her the movement she needed in the arms and legs. Her bared stomach was a vanity thing, but fortunately, none of her opponents have aimed directly for it. Her gloves creaked softly as she squeezed the wooden torch.

Normally, her adventuring armor was overly hot, but now she only feel coldness seeping in through the joints, sapping at her strength. Fear grew inside her and she returned her gaze back to the outside.

“Come on, Hatsuka, let’s come back later.”

Her friend stopped at the edge of the hallway and stood up from her crouching position. Her steel armor hung on her shoulders, smooth plates of protection without any spikes or decorations. Instead of spikes, it was painted a deep red with her family symbol, a black spiral surrounding a yellow lotus, on each shoulder. Below, Aki could see the chain armor tightly clinging to her body, the lines of the fabric holding Hatsuka’s large breasts visible through the links. Aki’s eyes dipped down briefly to see large nipples tenting a

few chains, then looked away quickly. They had frequently compared the size of their breasts, frequently while drunk on some adventure. Her eyes dipped down to her own, held tightly in leather. The large swells of her own body felt heavy and sensitive, the cool air tenting the leather almost as much as Hatsuka. She lifted her hand up, brushing her wrist against them and lifting them. Releasing her wrist, she felt it sink down back into place. In their frequent drunken comparisons, the closets they could get is calling themselves twins, their breasts were almost identical except for the shade of the skin.

Hatsuka turned around to face Aki and Aki followed the movement of the shimmering blade with her eyes. Like Hatsuka's armor, it was painted a deep red with the yellow lotus glowing softly even in the flickering light of the torch. The oiled blade glistened like liquid flame as it hovered in an every ready position, poised to slay any monster than surprised them. Aki smiled, feeling safe knowing that Hatsuka would defend her.

Her friend looked around warily before focusing on Aki.

"We can't, you know that. Aki, we have to find out where all these women were taken."

Aki shivered at the sudden thought of the dozen letters they found in the local tavern, of families begging for their daughters and wives to be returned to them. She felt tears in her eyes as compassion rose up, but then a cold wave crept into her bones and she closed them tightly to fight off the shivering pain.

"I-I don't like it here, Hatsuka."

Her friend looked longingly back at the tunnel.

"Just one more. The last three tunnels we found here were empty, remember?"

Aki shivered again, "But, none of them felt like--"

Her voice froze as she thought she heard a whimpering moan echoing down the hallway. She shivered, then looked at Hatsuka who spun around, cocking her head to listen to down the hall. A very faint moaning rose up, like mist off a frozen river and Aki shivered again.

"Hatsuka..."

"Come on."

Hatsuka's steps rang out as she set down her armored boot on the neatly cut blocks that made up the hallway floor. Aki frowned in discomfort, but followed as her friend crouched forward, moving with infinite slowness. Aki slip out her own blade, a narrow stiletto that felt suddenly clumsy in her hands. She shifted the blade to her left hand and sighed as it settled into place. While her weapon did not have the enchantments that made it intelligent, she still felt that it had a personality that expressed itself.

And she and her stiletto both wanted to go home.

Hatsuka continued to walk forward down the hall, her blade in ready position. Aki stared at her back, the red painted armor flickering dark shadows as they moved. She sighed, resigning herself to pushing back the feelings of dread and follower her companion of many years.

She followed Hatsuka through a few narrow hallways. The gentle clinking of her friend's armor calmed her down. When they found no sign of the missing women, she felt the first flickering of a smile crossing her lips.

Then she spotted a thin dark line in the shadows of her torch. She stepped forward, then hissed loudly.

"Hatsuka, stop!"

Years of trust froze the warrior's foot, centimeters above the line. Aki crept forward and knelt down in the dust, cupping her friend's foot and gently guiding it back. Hatsuka let out her breath with a gasp.

"Thanks."

Aki beamed and knelt forward to inspect the line. With a gentle breath, she blew dust away from a thin line in the stonework. Moving on her hands and knees, her ass up in the air, she followed it around, finding a square opening almost the entire width of the hall.

"Something here, Hatsuka, a pit trap maybe."

"Can we get around it?"

Hatsuka danced from foot to foot, her voice brimming with excitement. Aki felt it reflecting inside her and she beamed as she nodded. Fishing out a few strips of metal from a belt pouch, she eased it into the crack around the top of the pit, jamming them into

place. Once she finished, she gingerly crawled out on her hands and knees, feeling the top shudder but not give in.

Hatsuka whispered, "Careful."

Not feeling the need to snap back, Aki crawled across the pit and took a long deep breath before standing up. Hatsuka uncoiled her rope and tossed one end across. Aki grabbed it and braced it against a small pillar nearby. Hatsuka carefully stepped over it, the top of the pit shaking violently from her weight. At the first cracking noise, Hatsuka launched herself as the pit gave way. Aki let out a tiny shriek and yanked on the rope, barely dragging Hatsuka to safety before the top of the pit slammed open. They both watched as the tiny bits of metal and foil fluttered down into the darkness. The pit closed again with a loud click.

Hatsuka clutches Aki, panting.

"Well, next time, jam it a bit harder."

Aki giggled. The humor broke the darkness of the hallway and Aki relaxed just a bit more. Flipping her stiletto to her right back, she frowned as her good mood evaporated. It felt hard in her hand, not a friend but only cold steel. Hatsuka looked down at her and sighed.

"Don't worry, Aki, nothing is going-"

Her blade snapped around as Hatsuka dropped into a fighting position. Aki spun around herself, her blade coming up as something clattered in the darkness ahead. Automatically, Hatsuka stepped sideways, to give herself room to swing her sword as a pool of light formed on a wall ten paces ahead of them.

The clatter of metal and something else filled the hallway as the pool of light grew larger before a shadow of some armored figure stretched out across the wall. Aki looked around, taking in her environment as she prepared for a fight. The armored figure clattered loudly as it stepped around the corner, the flickering light of its torch casting its own body in a hellish glow. Aki could see a bright red enameled helm that obscured the bearer in deep shadows. Matching red gauntlets and boots gave the creature a powerful, hulking appearance, but it had a wasp waist that gave Aki a pause. She frowned, furrows crossing her brow, as she peered through the flickering light of both of their torches at the brighter colored center of the creature.



Her eyes widened as she focused on naked bones of a giant skeleton, but it wasn't the curved blade in its hand or the matching buckler the side of her chest that gave her a fright. It was the naked woman that made up the creature's spine.

Hatsuka's voice filled the hall, "By the Lord of Seven Flies..."

The eyes flashed of the skeleton as it stood up in the center of the hall, brandishing its weapon.

"Do you like my pretty?"

As it spoke, two motes of light flashed inside the dark helm. Aki got a better look at the woman, she was stretched spread-eagle, her hands disappearing into the shadows of the skeleton's shoulder and each leg disappearing into the tops of the boots. Droplets of sweat dripped down her naked skin, following the curves of her large breasts and down along the tightly stretched stomach. Aki felt a tiny flush rising up as a few droplets continued further down, clinging to the hairless lips of the woman's exposed labia, splashing down on the dusty ground with a distinct dripping sound.

Her heart began to pound in her chest as the skeletal creature flexed ones, the woman trapped inside its body moving even as a flash of pain crossed her face. The creature stepped forward, its heavy metal boots shuddering the ground.

"None shall pass beyond this point."

Its voice shook the walls. Hatsuka snarled and launched forward. Her oiled blade shimmered in the light but the skeleton snapped its own blade up to block it with a deafening ring. The skeleton punched its shield arm forward, catching Hatsuka in the side and throwing her aside. Aki swore to herself and darted forward, her dagger point reaching up to catch the creature right in the helm. It moved with supernatural speed back and Aki watched at the point of the dagger sped toward the soft woman inside the creature. The look of terror on her face, the few strands of blue hair clinging to her face, froze Aki and she wrenched herself out of the way. Her stiletto scraped against stone as she rolled into the blow, narrowly avoiding a sword blow that shattered rock centimeters from her prior position.

Hatsuka's blade arched through the air and the skeleton stepped back, lifting its sword and shield up into the air. It would have been

a fatal blow, except that Hatsuka would have buried her blade into the naked woman at the creature's core.

The woman gasped out in fear, "No!"

Hatsuka stumbled as she pulled back her blow, the sharp point narrowly avoiding the whimpering woman. The skeleton laughed loudly, its eyes flashing violently. It brought the shield down on Hatsuka's head. Aki winced at the wet sound as her companion crumpled to the ground.

"Hatsuka!"

Aki's stiletto snapped out, aiming to stab into the back of the skeleton's neck. It scraped as she barely missed the joint. The skeleton spun around, its shield slamming toward Aki. The rogue shrieked and dove out of the way, barely avoiding it again. Her roll came to a painful halt as she crashed into the skeleton's sword as it slammed into the ground. A few strands of her brunette hair were sliced in half by the sharp blade. Panting desperately, she scrambled to her feet, backing up from the creature.

"W-What are you?"

The skeleton laughed, "I am a Slave-Knight and you shall suffer my wrath."

It stepped over the prone form of Hatsuka and menaced Aki with its sword. Aki shook her head.

"Never!"

It laughed again, stretching up as it bared the naked belly of the woman caught inside it.

"Then strike."

Aki gripped her dagger tightly, trying to find the valor to attack. The woman inside looked at her, her lips working at tears splashed down her face.

"P-Please, help me."

Aki steeled herself.

"I-I'm sorry."

She lunged forward, her dagger aimed for the hand joint of the skeleton. Even as she swore she would attack, even if he placed his victim in her path, she felt herself faltering. The skeleton twisted in front of her, bringing the helpless back of the woman caught inside it to the front. Aki tried to force herself, but even the ideal of killing the helpless woman halted her blade and she skidded to a halt.

The creature laughed and his shield came up. Aki tried to avoid it, but it caught her right in the chest, crushing her breasts before it throw her back down the hallway. She managed to hold her stiletto as she slammed into the ground. With a flash, she jumped to her feet, ready to strike again.

To her surprise, the skeleton didn't advance. She frowned, crouching down in preparation to attack. She flipped her dagger to her other hand, ready for an attack.

Then, a loud click.

She looked down to see the gaping darkness opening underneath her. The creature had thrown her back on the pit trap. Swearing, she screamed out as she plummeted into the darkness.

—

Aki woke up in pain. She let out a scream as she tried to identify it, her eyes blurring from tears in her eyes. She tried to clutch the back of her head, which felt sore, but they were unable to move. She looked up to see her wrists bound above her head, on a rope leading far up into the darkness of some massive chamber. Panting, she snapped her head down, looking around her.

She was in a great hall of some sort. She spotted the rope coming down dozens of meters away, tied to a post on the edge of a huge pillar. She twisted and looked down to see her feet dangling over a circle carved into the stone. Right below her, she could see a pile of bones and armor. For a moment, she thought it was the creature that attacked, but then she realized that the armor was green, the color of grass.

A small measure of relief flooded through her, but her dire position left her wary. She looked up, her hands already twisting in the rope as she struggled to loosen the tight knots.

“That is very rude.”

A hissing voice startled her and Aki looked around for the source. She kicked her feet to spin her around. Her body twisted helplessly in the air. Her spinning brought her back into position when she spotted the shadow of a woman coming closer. The sensual movement brought a prickle of worry to her as the woman slithered out into the light.

It was a naga, the top of a woman but it ended in a long dark shape of a snake. Aki gasped with fear, feeling her stomach clenching tightly as she peered at the woman.

“It wouldn’t be appropriate for you to escape so soon.”

The naga slithered even closer, her body rising up above Aki as she looked down at the helpless thief with yellowed eyes. A sea-green green flickered from her forehead. Aki whimpered as she looked at the sharp, black nails from the naga as her captor reached up to grab the rope, rotating Aki around so she was fulling facing her.

“And you are such a lovely catch.”

“W-What are you doing?”

A smirk crossed the dark lips. The clawed hand stroked along Aki’s gloves. Aki shivered from the feeling. She looked away but the only thing she could look at are the two large, bare breasts of the naga. The creature was wearing a leather top, but it didn’t nothing to hold the dark-tipped nipples. They were already hard with excitement and the cool air and Aki felt a sickness in her stomach.

“Are you a lesbian then?”

Aki had a flash of memory, of the one and only time she and Hatsuka had experimented. She shook her head against the flush and memory of it. The naga let out a low, knowing chuckle. Her hand stroked further down, spreading out to cup Aki’s breast.

The thief whimpered as she looked up into the cruel, yellow eyes. She felt the claws digging into the leather, tearing it open.

“No!”

The naga laughed and ripped her hand away, scoring Aki’s skin but tearing open the leather armor as easily as paper. Aki let out a scream of fear, but the naga wasn’t not done. She reached up with her other hand, grabbing Aki’s breast and mauling it through the leather. The material stretched and tore as the naga ripped it open, tearing it down until it parted from the supernatural strength of the creature. Aki felt tears burning in her eyes as she tried to twist away from the woman.

Cold air teased her nipples, reminding her of her nakedness. The naga released the rope and grabbed her breasts with each hand, squeezing tightly.

“A shame that this skin will not be marked.”

“W-Wait, what?”

The naga brought her face closer, still holding Aki by her breasts, the cool fingers warming up from the rapid pulse that pounded through her veins.

“I need you for my guardians.”

Aki kept on trying to shy away from her. She closed her eyes tightly, but the naga twisted hard until she opened them with a gasp.

“Do you want to see?”

The thief shook her head, but she spotted a flash of movement to her side. Unwilling, she focused on it as the red armored skeleton stepped out of the shadows. The woman inside had tears dripping down her face. Aki felt horror growing inside her, but then another figure stepped out. It was another skeleton creature, with bright blue armor.

The woman inside was the last woman Aki ever wanted to see inside the supernatural creature.

“Hatsuka!”

Hatsuka jerked in her bounds, her body trembling as the blue skeleton stepped forward. Aki’s companion was held tightly apart, her body spread eagle and bound by the unnatural forces of the slave-knight. Hatsuka’s head looked up, red-rimmed with fear.

“Aki!”

Aki jerked, lashing out with her foot. It slammed into the solid mass of the naga who hissed loudly in annoyance. One hand released her breast. The sound of the naga’s slap resonated in the air as Aki was torn away from her other hand, spinning around wildly.

“How dare you!”

Claws flashed and Aki screamed out as she felt her clothes being shredded. Metal and leather tumbled to the ground as the cold air bit at Aki’s body. The thief gasped for air as her spinning came to a halt, then pressed her legs tightly together as she felt the first stirrings of the air against her delicate folds. Her skin felt like fire as she stared up at the naga with fear.

The snake woman chuckled, looking over her as if she was nothing but meat.

“You are perfect for my guardians, Aki was it?”

Aki whimpered. The naga flicked her nipple with one claw, then slashed at the air above Aki. The thief screamed out in shock, but the attack was for the rope holding her, not her. Her body was wrenched down as gravity grabbed her. Her scream filled the hall as her naked form plummeted toward the ground and the pile of bones.

The bones suddenly shot up into the air with a clatter of bone and steel. She felt them slamming into her as something grabbed her arms, tearing the rope binding them together apart and stretching them out as far as her shoulders could suffer. More forces grabbed her ankles, yanking them apart until she redoubled her scream in pain. She stopped in mid-air as bones spun around her, assembling around her body as her wrists were locked into place by bone joints. Plates of armor settled into place, forming the broad shoulders of a slave-knight around her. Aki screamed out shrilly as her legs were dragged down, heavy metal boots coming up as bones slammed around her ankles, sealing them into place.

Aki tried to squeeze her legs apart, but the incredible force holding her apart prevented any movement. She tried to comprehend the rapid movements as the slave-knight fully formed around her. She tried to yank her wrists out, twisting them in a manner that always escaped cuffs, but the joints sealed down even tighter, pinning them powerfully. The skeleton landed on the ground and she felt the impact of its weight traveling through her body.

Her muscles trembled with her efforts to pull herself free, but nothing would move. She sobbed with the effort, twisting and pulling but her naked body remained caught inside the bones of the skeleton. Aki screamed out again, then again as she yanked at her wrists, willing to suffer even pain. Despite her best efforts, she couldn't free her hands nor was there enough freedom in her wrists to even allow her to hurt herself.

That didn't stop her from trying.

She continued to yank and pull until a shadow stopped her. She looked up at the naga towering over her with a gasp of shock.

"Let me go!"

The naga shook her head, lowering herself almost even with the trapped thief. The other slave-knights came closer. Aki glanced at

them and the woman trapped inside. Hatsuka had the same look of her on her face, her body dripping with the effort of trying to free herself.

The naga chuckled, then reached down for something. She pulled up a strange-looking snake, with a bulbous head. Clear oil dripped from the cracks around the rounded head and the naga rubbed her fingers until they dripped with the oil. With a smile, she reached down between Aki's thigh. The thief tried to squeeze them shut, bearing all her strength down on pulling them together, but no force in her body could prevent the naga from sliding the dripping fingers from her asshole to her clitoris. Aki whimpered with the intensity of her helplessness. The naga just smiled cruelly at her, then did the same with Hatsuka, letting her fingers linger on the warrior's pleasure for a moment. Hatsuka sobbed and turned her head away.

The naga backed up, "The poison of the Dildo Cobra is very dangerous, but such a mild dose will only break your spirit."

She laughed as the circular platform cracked open, sliding apart to reveal a pit filled with hissing snakes. Aki tried to twist out of place, her movements growing more frantic as she felt a flush of heat rising up from between her legs, like an invisible smoke filling her body. The naga blew both of them a kiss before slipping into the pit. The snakes parted around her as she slithered into a coil and the covering over the pit slid back into place.

Aki screamed out, "Let me go!"

A voice above her filled her ears and her head, speaking directly into her mind as much as her body.

"You are mine!"

She whimpered, trying to twist out of place. The heat between her legs was growing, forcing sensations of pleasure to ripple through her helpless body.

Hatsuka whimpered, "Aki!"

Aki looked over as the slave-knight holding her friend stepped forward. Hatsuka writhed in her bounds, the smell of excitement rising up as she fought.

"Aki... please stop this!"

All three of the slave-knights laughed loudly. The red one reached down and poked the woman who let out a soft, broken shriek.

“Go on, tell them, Rokuku, tell them of their fate.”

The blue-haired woman closed her eyes tightly from the tears. The red armored one poked her again. Slowly, Rokuku opened her eyes and spoke in a broken whisper, the sound of someone who screamed too much and had just recovered her voice.

“T-They won’t let you, they can’t.”

Hatsuka gasped, shuddering as her nipples grew hard from the poison.

“Can’t what?”

“Escape, once they have you, there is no freedom.”

Rokuku let out a sob and Aki felt sorrow fill her. It was pushed back by the flowing pleasure that filled her, an ache for something to fill her body rising up sharply. She gasped again, trying to bring her hand down to relieve the growing ache of pleasure. The green slave-knight laughed and didn’t move. Instead, he stretched up, forcing Aki to stretch with his movements. His sword glittered into the air before he began to walk into the darkness. Behind her, the blue and red slave-knights followed, forcing their own victims to move to their will.

Aki struggled, fighting against the poison and the irresistible force of the slave-knight walking down a hallway. Her breasts heaved with her pants as she fought against the movement, but the binding magics forced her movements against her will.

She sobbed, still trying to bring her hands down, looking around for anything to fill the growing hunger in her loins. The twisting evil of the poison drew her to thinking about her former lovers, trying to dredge up the memories of cock buried inside her but nothing would help the growing passion.

Aki writhed, “Please, make it stop!”

The slave-knights laughed and Rokuku spoke.

“It never stops. There is no end, no relief.”

Aki sobbed, “No,” even as she felt the edge of an orgasm rising up, but her body refused to make that last hint of pleasure to push it over. Instead, it danced on her edge maddeningly, teasing her even as she felt her juices dribbling down her inner thighs.



Rokuku whispered as she sobbed, "It never ends..."

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True to her word, the pleasurable pain never ended. As the poison coursed through her system, she found herself dripping with sweat, begging for release from the pleasure and bounds. Hours passed, passed in the whimpers of Hatsuka and Aki and then even Rokuku. The slave-knights made a round of the hallways, then returned to the naga. The Slave Queen, as she found out, dipped her fingers back around her cobra and slide the terrible poison back up between their legs, sending a new wave of pleasurable torment through them as the slave-knights continued another round.

Aki's life became nothing but torture and pleasure, her nightmares of constant, unreachable sex. Only once did the slave-knight offer to give her relief. She begged for it, begged for days for a relief from the pleasure. He slammed the tip of his sword against the ground and brought her aching pussy up to the rounded end of the weapon. Aki sobbed with anticipation, finally free of the pleasure, but then the slave-knight picked up his sword and continued on his way, laughing loudly.

Aki lost track of the days until she no longer tried to close her legs. She grew used to the cold air teasing her sex, the feeling of her juices soaking her inner thighs, even the feeling of the slave-knight's movement on her breasts. Her nipples were on fire, burning constantly with a need for someone to suck on them, but she lost all hope.

Her friend, Hatsuka showed the same surrender to the slave-knight, her screams fading into whimpers as she ceased to struggle against her bounds. Her head slumped down, suffering as the poison ravaged her body.

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She had long since lost track of time when the slave-knights froze, hearing movement. The Queen's voice called to them, summoning them to a hallway that Aki knew as the one with the pit. The knight's obeyed, walking quickly with powerful movements. Aki's legs pumped as her knight walked behinds Rokuku's. She realized that she never heard a name for the knight, but then she let her thoughts drift down through the poison that ravaged her.

Something was different.

They stepped around the corner to see two people. The first was short woman with purple hair and pointed ears. An elf. She had large breasts barely contained in her breasts and her hands were bare. Next to her, a huge man stood there, brimming with muscles and holding a powerful, two-handed ax. Aki felt her attention perking up, staring at the man with a faint hope. He would have something to finally extinguish the flares of pleasure that tore through her body.

The red slave-knight spoke loudly.

“None shall pass beyond this point.”

The ax man hefted his ax as the elf prepared some sort of mystical gesture. The knights stepped forward. Rokuku stirred from her entrapment.

“Please, help me!”

Both of them looked shocked. The purple-haired elf exclaimed, “She’s still conscious!”

The man shook his head, “Can we...?”

Laughing, the red slave-knight spoke out in his booming voice, “You can’t touch us, can you?”

He arched his back, thrusting Rokuku’s body forward and her breasts up in the air. Rokuku let out a tiny whimper of pain from the movement, her naked body presented to the two shocked strangers.

The red slave-knight pulled back with his sword and Rokuku screamed out in fright as he launched an attack in a long sweep down toward his lower left. The large man jumped back, landing heavily on the ground a few meters back.

At the same time, the blue-slave knight slashed out at the elf.

“Die!”

She didn’t die. Instead, she ducked underneath the blade and then jumped back as Aki’s knight launched himself forward. The rouge let out a shriek as she felt the power coursing through her, stealing her strength for the knight as he jumped up into the air for a powerful strike down. Aki closed her eyes tightly, trying stop the knight’s movement. He landed with his legs spread wide, Aki let out a shudder of pain as she felt her own legs spread apart, helpless to resist as her exposed pussy was spread so wide that she could feel the air filling her depths.

“Die!”

The green knight's voice resonated in her head and in the wall, but the blade missed the large man narrowly. Rokuku's knight blurred forward, launching a blistering attack at the elf who ducked and weaved around the blade, trying to attack with a short knife but always coming up short right before the blade touched the unprotected body of Rokuku.

The three slave-knights continued to fight against the two strangers. Every time, a blow would hit the slave-knight, the skeleton would step back and present their prisoner. Aki winched every time, just knowing that sooner or later, she would feel the terrible pain of being attacked.

Neither the barbarian or the elf struck any of the captured women. They continued to pull their blows and defend against the attacks until they were panting for breath and shuddering from the exhaustion.

The red slave-knight pulled back to strike a blow at the weakened barbarian.

"This is the end!"

The barbarian scowled and yanked at the end of his ax. The haft extended into the length of a pole arm, then he jumped up to attack Red as he attacked. The skeleton twisted his body around, using Rokuku's body as a shield, but to Aki's horror, the ax punched through the armor and Rokuku, spraying blood everywhere as the head buried itself into the ground.

Aki gasped in shock as the Hatsuka's knight bellowed loudly in surprise.

"What!?"

Rokuku screamed out loudly as her body split in two, collapsing to the ground as the red skeleton crumbled around her. Aki screamed out, matched by Hatsuka's as they watched the girl die before their eyes.

Their scream was short-lived as the blue armored knight spoke loudly.

"He'd kill the hostage too?"

The barbarian sighed sadly, "I'm not about to die myself, you know."

Next to him, the elf spoke sharply, "That's right! And neither will I!"

Aki trembled in shock, her mouth opening as she felt her mortality coming close. Even the pleasurable pains that ravaged her body was nothing compare to the fear of feeling that blade cutting into her unprotected skin. Tears began to drip down her face, both dreading the pain and hoping for freedom.

The elf held out her hands in preparation of a spell.

“But I promise you, you won’t suffer.”

Aki let out a single prayer of thanks as Hatsuka’s knight screamed out, “Stop them!”

They were helpless as they attacked, the immense blades of the skeletons flashing in the air. The elf didn’t even twitch as she screamed out a powerful spell.

“Ener-Psy-Burst!”

Aki’s world exploded into white burning light. She felt her body searing away from the force of the magic spell and with her last shred of consciousness, she silently thanked the strange elf and barbarian for her freedom from her torments.

# About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, [tsade.com](http://tsade.com). Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

*t'Sade*

# About the Publisher

Curious Cabbit Press is a small erotic press located in the heart of the United States. They can be found at [curiouscabbit.com](http://curiouscabbit.com) or possibly at your favorite retailer.