

Improving Morale

t'Sade

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1

Bitter Fist of the Rocks walked down the front line of her wing, looking over her loyal men. They looked back at her through bandages, dirt, and exhaustion. Weary eyes followed her movements as she felt a pang of defeat deep inside. She could almost feel every pain in their bodies, the ache and burn in their limbs. Even the haunted look that stared back at her filled her with a sorrow she could not describe.

It started three days before, when the dragon she was attached too was attacked by the front wave of a barbarian horde. Twisted and mutilated by the Wyld, the insane warriors rushed them, cutting into the ranks like a burning jade daiklave. Her commander, a Fire Dragon-Blooded in his sixties, panicked at the wrong time and took a spear in his throat. She and the other wing lord took over, barely pulling together the survivors and withdrawing, a fancy word for fleeing, from the fight. The bulk of the horde followed after them, but thousands of barbarians take much longer to move than five hundred.

Three days.

Three days of fighting and running. In the middle of the night, they had to defend against arrows and rocks. Two days ago, two barbarians tried to break through the ranks in the middle of the night. They fought with a ferocity that startled everyone, they died trying to pour poison into their dinner. That was nothing compared to the second attack that night when they lost the other wing commander, an up and coming Dragon-Blooded that used to fawn over her, when he was much younger. She wiped back a tear and

looked around the remains of her dragon, slightly over a wing's worth of men stared back at her.

They were in a large clearing. To the west, she could see cities and towns dotting the horizon, easily two more days of marching. Two days her men simply didn't have. Her eyes focused on the brilliant flame of one of the outlying keeps. There were at least two dragons worth of soldiers there, more than enough to defend the Realm, or at least some part that pays lip service to the Blessed Isle.

Slowly, she turned back to her men. Taking a deep breath, she tried to come up with a speech. When none came, she just started to speak.

"I know you are tired. I know that you hurt. I know that the last three days are probably the most miserable days of your entire life."

From the back, one of the foot soldiers called out, "Except for my marriage!"

There was only a faint ripple of amusement. It took too much energy to laugh.

"I also know that we are hungry, terrified, and we've lost too many friends to these fiends."

A mutter of agreement.

"I don't..." she choked on her words, "I don't know... I don't know what to do."

Three hundred men stared at her in silence.

"All I know is that we have to get back. We have to warn the keeps of this horde. These monsters can never, ever" she almost screamed out the word, "spoil Creation again!"

Her men, her battered men, raised their fists as one. She raised her hand herself, wincing at the pain from a recent scar.

"Death to the barbarians!"

"Death to the barbarians!"

The fists came down and Bitter Fist looked over them again.

"We'll send out another set of runners tonight and pray they make it. I want volunteers only, you know what might happen."

She tried not to think of the two groups she sent out before. Their bodies were staked out before they even got twenty miles. Shaking her head, she kept on speaking.

"I know that it seems the darkest night we've ever had, my men. I know that your morale is so low you'd probably be able to raise the

dead with it. We lost so many and we are so far. But, I know we'll survive. And when we do, I promise you that our names will be written on the very streets of Yu-Shan, even if I have to break down the gates itself and carve them out myself!"

They cheered at that. Raising their swords up in the one salute that a commander only dreamed of. As one, three hundred swords came crashing down into their sheathes. She looked around into their eyes, feeling their desperation like a burning cloak against her skin. Spinning around, she leveled a gaze that took in every tired, hungry warrior.

"And I promise you this, survive this and I will do everything in my power to give you the world. You deserve more than just your paycheck for this. This is beyond the call of duty, beyond what any soldier should ever have to live through. This is more than loyalty to the Blessed Isle, more than pride in your country, in your gods. This is the will and valor to fight for what is right, for the people who may never know our name, but still survive one more day because we fight here and we fight now!"

As one, they cheered her. Then silence. Feeling drained, Bitter Fist dismissed them with the same thing she's said since that first night.

"Sleep well and guard well, for tomorrow we may die."

—

The barbarians caught them mid-morning, almost a thousand men bursting out of the woods behind her wing. Their mutilated faces were twisted into grotesque images as they slammed hard against the hastily formed ranks. The fighting was brutal and violent and blood flowed like the river Oblivion as the fight drew into the afternoon. Bitter Fist was among them, right in the front ranks, hacking away at any tattooed or twisted body that came into view. Her sword, a custom-made chopping sword of good-quality steel, sliced through flesh and bone. Around her, a pile of bodies grew quickly.

It felt like forever when a horn rose up through the din of battle. Three long blasts and two short ones. Bitter Fist looked up as the barbarians began to withdraw, grinning as they backed up. Panting, Bitter Fist didn't have the energy or the drive to follow them. She also suspected a trap. Instead, she wiped the blood and gore from

her face and then wiped her sword on the fur of a corpse before returning it to her sheath.

Still panting, she turned to face her troops. For hours of fighting, there were more than she half-feared would be standing. Many were injured, but it was obvious to her that those who fell, never got up. She groaned and stepped over the corpses. The soldiers parted away from her, giving her a path into the center.

“Rat!?”

The sarcastic voice from the night before called up, “Yeah, I survived.”

“Front and center, bring the map.”

“Yes, my lord.”

She took the long way, trying to meet up with every standing warrior. Looking out into the battlefield made her sick, but she had to look out there, had to look at the damage. Bodies littered the entire clearing, but the living barbarians had withdrawn out of sight. But, not out of hearing. She could hear the drums beating out, the cheering and roaring. She spat in annoyance, they were toying with them.

She met with Rat in the center of her knot of soldiers. Rat was dark-haired and in his twenties. For a mortal, he was remarkably talented with the sword and was already the leader of his own talon. Not that most of them survived with the running battle, but the others followed him just as well. He smiled, blood and mud smeared across his face.

“Glad you survived, my lady.”

He was always cheerful, that part Bitter Fist could do without.

“Got the map?”

He produced it and spread it across a short length of log. She peered down at it, frowning. Her finger smeared a distance of gore across the map as she measured the distance to the first keep.

“At our current speed, we won’t... it will be two days of this. We can’t handle this constant fighting.”

Rat nodded, “Somewhere else?”

Bitter Fist peered along the map and sighed sadly.

“Fuck, we’re screwed.”

She bit her lip as a ripple of noise went through the troops, all of them peering over their shoulders. She looked up at them.

“Well?”

Almost as one, they shrugged and went back to looking at the map. Rat pointed to a spot, off to the side.

“How about here, that’s a cliff range, right?”

Bitter Fist frowned deeply as she peered at it.

“Yeah.”

“And this pass, we might be able to hold up there.”

“Yeah, but there is nothing beyond that.”

“Not true, my brother’s sister said there was an abandoned palace or something in that direction. She,” he paused, “I think she said she heard it from a scavenger lord. They looted it a month or so back, so it would be fairly safe. At least from the traps.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, she was quite adamant while she was showing off her new fripperies.”

“Fripperies?”

“Yeah, new dress and jewelery. There are advantages of being a prostitute, you know.”

He paused, a grin on his lips, “Well, you might not, but some of us have helped with buying fripperies.”

A ripple of laughter.

Bitter Fist stared at the map. Rat’s advice was the best they heard. She looked back toward the keep, not wanting to risk something based on rumor.

“Malfeas, Rat, send someone to find out how bad those warriors are.”

He saluted, “Yes, sir!”

They got an answer some minutes later. The young woman, a second year from appearances, came up breathless, her blond hair matted to her armor.

“There is... two... two thousand, madam.”

Bitter Fist swore loudly. When she calmed down, she grabbed the young woman.

“Okay, tell me what you saw.”

The report along darkened her day. When the blond finished, she shook her head.

“A force that big has only one purpose to it. They are going to be punching through into the towns.”

A murmur of agreement surrounded her.

"I think... our only choice is to head toward the cliff. If we can lead them off, it might give people a bit more time to prepare for themselves. If they don't, we try to find this ruins and see if there is something there that we can use to alert the towns. If we head straight for the keeps and towns, we are just going to get slaughtered and they'll go skipping right past our corpses."

Another ripple of noise. She stood up, taking a deep breath.

"I'm not going to lie. We are putting ourself into the line of fire." She turned to take in all the men.

"And that is after a good three hours march to the cliff. Anyone who has a better plan, speak now before I do something stupid."

Except for soft coughing and sounds of the injured. Bitter Fist hoped, prayed to the Dragons, that someone would come up with a new plan, but no one did. After a second, she addressed them again as their commander.

"Okay, we move fast and hard. If you can't keep up..." she sniffed, "keep up. Don't bother with the track, these bastards can nail us any time they want. Instead, let's get to the cliffs as fast as possible and hope that if they are really playing with us, they'll give us a chance to at least get a good night's sleep."

They gave her one short cheer and prepared to run. Less than a few minutes, they were marching as fast as their exhaustion would let them. Bitter Fist prayed they would make it, moving among them, talking to them as she drew on her elemental nature, the enduring rock. It was hard work, tasking both her stamina and her leadership. Every moment, she felt like a horde of barbarians would burst out behind them to strike the final blow.

When the cliffs came into view, she almost gave a sob of relief. Others in the wing did, crying out with joy as they found it. Bitter Fist sent a wave of runners ahead, to find protective spots and the pass between the cliff. The cliff itself was only a hundred feet in height, but she felt hope growing in her breast with every step closer. The cliff went easily miles in each direction, fading out of view beyond the trees. Almost a perfect spot to hold themselves, depending on the pass.

An hour later, they managed to find the pass and a spot half way up the path. There was wide and expansive, but fifty men could hold

it. Her legs were aching, though, by the time they climbed up. Rat came up with a grin.

“We lucked out, captain. There is a spot we can set up a few tents and get some of these guys treated. The rest can fan out. I had the runners gathering up logs so we’ll have hot food for once.”

She smiled and patted him on the shoulder, “Good job.”

“We’ll set up your tent over there, its the best spot.”

“My tent? Did we even bring one for me?”

Rat grinned at her, “No, but we still have one. If we are going to have a massive battle, our commander better be well rested.”

“What would I do without you, Rat?”

“Probably be ignoring the advances of some other mortal.”

She shook her head and started to give orders.

—

Night came hard and fast. Bitter Fist remained up, eating the thin gruel with the others, the entire campsite almost in silence. In the darkness, they could see the crescent of the barbarians, they were camping a few miles out in the woods, surrounding them. Everyone was on edge, knowing that the next morning may finally be the end of their flight. She wanted to say out, to say something, but they were too tired. Rat discreetly ushered her into her tent. To her surprise, the inside was well arranged. They actually managed to form a bed out of leaves and pines and her packs were rested along one edge. The tent itself was large enough for a dozen men, with the bed in the middle. She frowned at that, but spotting a bucket with water and rag, she had other thoughts in mind.

Feeling guilty, she stripped off her chain mail and used a wet rag to clean herself out. They only found one spring and they needed for fresh water. Her eyes glanced back at the tent, the flaps were secured, but she still felt guilty as she soaked off the caked mud, blood, and gore from four days of fighting. Her hand shook slightly as she sopped it across her breasts, fingering the nipple for just a moment before letting the water drip off her heavy mounds. She cleaned across her hard stomach and thighs, barely giving the triangle between her legs a swipe. She stopped and spread her legs more, sitting on the edge, to stroke along both sides of her labia, watching the droplets of water dance between the almost black curls of hair.

For a moment, she could almost imagine it was back when they first started this campaign, part of a legion going out near the Wyld, searching for some army they never found. Then, a brief scream ripped through the camp as the doctor set a bone. The moment evaporated and she finished wiping down again before fishing out her least dirty outfit. Pulling it over her aching body, she cleaned off her chair armor as best she could and slipped it on. After the last attack in the night, she didn't dare sleep without armor.

She stood up, ready to go back out, but then stopped. Weariness sapped at her strength and she slowly turned back to the bed. Even the makeshift bed was better than what she slept in recently and she could almost feel it calling to her. Giving the front of her tent one last look, she crawled into the blankets and fell asleep almost instantly.

—

Bitter Fist woke up almost instantly, dagger in her hand. The feeling of being surprised crawled down her spine as she glared into her tent. A shadowy figure knelt in front of her, revealing a candle in his hand. She stared up in the face of Rat, her pounding heart slowing down as she felt a growing sense of unease inside her chest.

“Rat? What's wrong?”

Rat sat down, cross-legged, in front of her and set the candle down to his right.

“Nothing, I guess... I need to talk to you.”

She yawned powerfully, then stretched slightly, sitting up into position. Her eyes glanced around and she could feel that there were others outside of the tent.

“What is it?”

“We... um,” she frowned as Rat stumbled over his words. She had never known the dark-haired man to ever hesitate when he spoke.

“We were talking, Bitter Fist, me and the others.”

Wary, she asked the obvious question.

“About what?”

“Well, about our odds. I mean, there are probably ten times as many of us. You said they were playing, but if we hole up here, they'll pick us out eventually.”

He took a deep breath, twisting some dirt in his hands, “Well, do you honestly think we'll survive?”

Bitter Fist started to say something, but the hard pleading in his eyes halted her. It took all the strength in her body to say the next word.

“No.”

A long silence passed. Then Rat cleared his throat.

“We thought so.”

Bitter Fist felt frustrating rising, “Then why did you follow me?”

“Because, you never gave up. Even when the dragon got hit, you were the only one who didn’t panic. Well, for the most of them. I was just following you for your ass.”

She glared at him for a second, then sighed.

“It wasn’t suppose to happen this way.”

Rat laughed, “It is never suppose to be this way. But think of this, whatever we do, someone will be talking about it a century later.”

She let a ghost of a smile cross her lips.

“Smart-ass.”

“My best feature, so said my wife.”

Bitter Fist chuckled and smoothed down the planet. The sharp edge of her exhaustion was gone and she felt more awake and aware than ever before. Her eyes slid over to the entrance of the tent, where she spotted more than a few sets of eyes reflecting the candlelight.

“And what are they waiting for?”

Rat chuckled nervously, “Well, that kind of leads into our next question.”

She let her gaze return to him. “What?”

“You know that speech you gave earlier? About giving us the world?”

Frowning, she said, “Yes...”

“Well, since we might not make it... well, the boys would like to maybe cash in on that promise.”

Her stomach did a slow twist to the left and Bitter Fist was suddenly aware of every square inch of her body. Her eyes went back to the tent, then back to Rat.

“What do you have in mind?”

“Well, seeing that we are all... well, mortal, and you are a Dragon-Blooded, there were a few of the guys... who...”

Bitter Fist spoke sharply, “Spit it out.”

“Well...”

“Rat...”

“... well, they would like to have you.”

The world started to spin around her, violently spin and she clutched the blankets for balance.

“Have... me...?”

“You know, like a lover.”

She glared at Rat, “This was your idea?”

Rat held up his hands, “Oh no! I’m married, you know that. I just talk more, so they said I had to ask.”

Outrage exploded inside her and she slapped her hands down on her bed, “You have to be kidding!”

Rat shrugged, “Well, you said give them the world.”

Bitter Fist rose up on her knees to surged to her feet. Her head brushed against the top of the tent.

“You think just because we are going to die that I’ll just roll over and let you fuck me!?”

Rat shrugged, so she turned to the tent entrance and repeated herself, her voice going shrill. Eyes disappeared from the entrance. Shocked and enraged, she tore open the tent and stood out, her eyes quickly adjusting to the dim light and the dozen men who were trying to sneak away.

“You!”

They froze, slowly turning to face her. Her hands shook as she balled them into fists. As one, her loyal men slowly turned away from her, walking back to their bedrolls and campfires. There was no words, nothing, but she saw the sorrow in their eyes.

Behind her, Rat slipped out of the tent and stood up next to her.

“That was inappropriate, Rat.”

Rat sighed, “I know. But, I had to ask.”

“Why?”

“Because... we are going to die tomorrow.”

It was a simple, hard fact and one she could not deny.

“And that’s why you asked?”

Rat gave her a hard gaze, “Death doesn’t know position, rank, or Dragon-Blooded.”

She sighed, then watched as he walked away from her, toward the sullen fire. She watched him and her mind burned with

memories and images. Then, the effort to gain the courage to speak her next words.

“Rat.”

He turned, his eyes glittering in the darkness.

“I’ll do it.”

There was a hush over the entire campsite. In the distance, drums pounded the air and she felt the rapid thudding matching her heart. She forced herself to repeat her words.

“I’ll do it.”

He came back, a faint smile on his lips. He stopped in front of her and pressed his hands around her own. Then, in complete disregard for rank and position, he kissed her lightly on the lips.

“Thank you.”

Butterflies fluttered in her stomach as she backed up into her tent, followed by Rat. Seconds later, others were slipping inside until there were at least six other men in her tent. She looked around, feeling the butterflies rising up in her stomach.

“Okay... this is new to me.”

Rat chuckled, “New for us.”

She toyed with the bottom of her chain shirt. One of her ax men jumped forward, blushing as he reached out for her. His hand, scared and rough, pressed up against her hip, pushing aside her hand to curl his fingers around the bottom of her chain shirt. She held her breath as he looked at her, then slowly drew the bottom of the shirt up. Her heart pounded in her chest as a sword man came up to her other hand, trembling as he pulled it up. She gasped as she lifted her arms, the two men slipping her chain shirt off. They passed it aside as another soldier, this time a woman, sheepishly smiled as she stepped up, spreading her hands out. She pressed them against Bitter Fist’s stomach, but the Dragon-Blooded could only stare in shock.

“Jezel?”

Jezel, the female warrior, smiled and pulled up the shirt, baring her leader’s tight stomach. Her hands were warm against Bitter Fist’s body, the knuckles trailing up and sending the butterflies bursting in her stomach. She shivered, feeling her skin burning as her female subordinate drew the shirt up even more, pulling it over her head. Then, with another grin, she let her hands to drop down

to Bitter Fist's breasts. The commander gasped in shock at the sensation of hot hands against her body and her nipples were growing harder against the smooth palm.

Stroking gently, Jezel explored the sensitive nubs of her body. Around her, Bitter Fist heard her warriors stripping off their clothes, quickly kicking the clothes to the edge of the tent as they stood there, naked and hard. She trembled as she stared at the throbbing lengths, then down at Jezel as the young woman trailed her finger slower. A slow whimper escaped Bitter Fist's throat as the finger brushed through her darker hair, then up against the soft, delicate fold of her labia.

Jezel almost purred as she looked up into her commander's eyes.

"You are so beautiful, my commander."

Bitter Fist's knees started to tremble and she lowered herself. Hands reached out to grab her, to ease her down to the makeshift bed. More hands reached out, hesitantly at first, then bolder as fingers caressed her arms, stomach, and breasts. The commander moaned, leaning back as they surrounded her, cocks hard and hands stroking. She jumped as she felt someone spreading her leg, then the sudden sensation of something slick pressing up against her.

She tried to jump up, to claim she wasn't ready, but the feeling of the tongue parting her body halted her. Her mouth opened up in shock and flooded sensations as Jezel lapped delicately between her legs. She slumped down on the bed, feeling the hands across her breasts, her stomach, even ones holding her legs apart. And that maddening tongue between her legs, so soft and slick, a sensation she had never felt before. It teased up against the edge of her pleasure, then sent a bolt of pleasure up through her spine.

Bitter Fist gasped, arching her back. Her soldiers took the chance to press their mouths up against her nipples, sucking on them lightly and she was almost lost in the sensations. Someone took her hand and lifted it. She felt something hot and hard pressed against her palm and she curled her fingers around it, feeling the hairy balled against the edge of her hand. She stroked it slowly, then gasped again from a renewed pleasure that coursed through her. Another cock was pressed against her other hand. She cried out as another tiny orgasm rippled through her, then watched as Jezel rose up beyond the bodies, her face glistening with juices. Another man,

an archer who used to be in a different dragon, took her place, his cock hard.

She tensed up as he knelt between her legs. Her eyes closed as she imagined his position. At the first touch of his cock against her slicked lips, she gasped out again, her body tensing up. He pushed inside her, slow and steady. Her lubricated entrance only resisted for a second as she felt the hot, hardness sliding into her, filling her up. Her body pushed at the intruder, squeezing around it as she felt the butterflies rising up into her throat, choking off her words.

He sank into her, impaling her with his rock-hard cock. She moaned loudly, her lips parted with the growing ecstasy. The mouths and hands against her body, the hardness between her legs and in her fingers, she almost lost herself into the pleasures. One of the cocks in her hand surged suddenly, the owner wrapping his fingers around hers and jerking it hard a few times. She felt it swell in her hands, then hot liquid splattered against her face. It slide down near her eye and she felt it burn.

Rat's voice spoke up, "Aw, keep that stuff out of her eyes, it burns. My sister said so."

The cool rag she washed herself off was wiped across her face and she smiled up at Rat, who was still dressed. Her eyes rolled back for a moment as she felt the archer start to come inside her, another naked cock pressed into her cum-soaked hand. She felt every pulse inside her, his juices splattering against her inner walls and she felt an answering ripple of pleasure fill her.

Rat finished wiping off her face and leaned down.

"Commander? I'm going to put something over your eyes. It isn't to blind you, just to keep that stuff out. Are you okay with that?"

She saw the concern in his eyes but the flutters rose with the idea of being blinded. Then, she felt another man kneeling between her legs, the archer gone. His cock was thicker, but shorter as it pushed inside, easily sliding back her lips and filling her tunnel. She moaned and nodded. She pumped at the cocks in her hand and felt both of them start to come, hot splatters scoring across her face and throat. One of the guys grumbled and pulled away from her breasts. A few more splatters hit the spot he vacated and she felt an orgasm growing deep inside her body. It wasn't fast, a smoldering flame that started to fire up so deep she couldn't even think of it.

The man between her legs slipped out and more hands pressed against her lips, playing briefly with the cum dripping out of her slit. She felt fingers, large fingers, pushing up inside her, then slipping out as another cock took its place, shoving deep and hard inside her. She jumped at the feeling, marveling how each one was different but also losing her place as he started to thrust hard and fast. More hands were stroking her breast, pushing through the wet slickness, tweaking her nipples. It felt like everything was connected by a line of fire, her nipples and clitoris, the depths of her very soul, and even the fingers in her hand.

Cloth pressed against her head, soft and gentle. It felt like a medical bandage and she lifted her head just slightly to let Rat tie it behind her head. The sensation of being blind exploded in her, feeling the cock between her legs and the uncountable mouths and fingers touching every square inch of her body. To her surprise, she felt someone pressing the bottom of her foot against their cock and she worried that she didn't clean them enough, but soon the slick sensations of someone fucking her foot added even more to the heaping rising of pleasure burning through her senses.

She gasped, arching her back and neck even more. Everything felt on fire. Then, something pressed against her lips. She started to back away from it, but kind hands held her head, holding it firmly as she felt a cock head pressing up against her lips. She remembered some of the images she saw growing open and opened her mouth further, letting it slide in there. It was strange, having something living and hot in her mouth, but she concentrated on breathing as it pushed further back, filling her mouth. She tasted him on her tongue, but soon he was thrusting slowly in and out. The man between her legs joined him, sliding in as the man in her mouth slipped out, then pulling out as the cock pushed back into her mouth. It felt like being spitted, but the hot, liquid pleasure of being filled was too much as she felt a searing pleasure slam into her.

Someone else came on her and she felt it score across her body, slowly sliding down. The cock in her mouth surged and she felt his balls slap against her nose as he jammed into her throat, salty cum flooding her mouth. Bitter Fist swallowed hard and fast to avoid choking. She barely had enough time to explore the taste when the cock slipped out. Seconds later, she felt someone else kneeling over

her head and another cock being pressed up against her mouth. She moaned this time, opening her lips willingly and sucking on the shaft as it slid in.

Bitter Fist moaned deeply as she was fucked from both sides, filling her and leaving her, pumping in and out as hands and fingers and mouths caressed her. They avoided the wet areas, the mouths, but hands pushed through them with a sexual curiosity that left her aching for more. More men came on her, splattering her and adding to the slick sensations across her skin as another of her men came inside her pussy, flooding her with his juices and sliding out. Dribbles of cum oozed out of her slit, but another man was there to plug it, to shove it back in along with his own aching hardness.

She moaned around the shaft, then felt someone come in her hands. It was hot and slick and warm as it oozed down her wrists and quickly replaced by another. The cock in her mouth came, flooding hard and fast. It slipped out and was replaced. Bitter Fist moaned and writhed as man after man took her. She wondered how six could take her so much, then realized that more were coming into the tent, a line of men eager to pleasure her. She was lost in the thoughts of being pleased when the cock in her mouth finished coming and slipped out. She opened her mouth to accept the next one, almost craving it. But hands took her head, easing the arch. She frowned for a second, then felt the press of a woman's sex against her mouth. A deeper playful voice filled her senses.

“Pardon the captain, but us girls get to play also.”

A brief cheer from the men and Bitter Fist's mouth and nose were pressed up against the warrior's pussy. She quickly realized what she needed, the grinding clit and slick juices flooding her. Never performing this before, she lapped gingerly at first, then harder against the clit. Soft “ohs” of pleasure vibrated through her body as she sucked and licked, her body shaking with the harder thrusts of the cock between her legs. The man at her feet came, soaking them before another replaced him. She was lost in the soft pleasures of man and woman as more took her, filling her with their seed.

The woman on her face came hard, soaking her face with a torrent of juices before slipping off.

“Oh, you are good.” Then, hands bent her back and another cock was pressed against her mouth. She took it in, enjoying every ounce

of pleasure as she was filled once again with hardness. She lost track of how long it took, or how many men, but soon she was coated in their juices, her body slick and hot as she bucked up against a large cock filling her hard and fast.

Rat's voice spoke up, commanding, "Turn her over... be gentle."

Hands took her, cradling her. She didn't even have to twist as she was turned around, brought to her hands and knees. Almost automatically, her legs spread and she could feel cum dripping from her slit. A man knelt between her, pushing his shaft into her soaked sex. It felt different, intense as he started to thrust. In her blindness, she felt the touch of skin as someone presented themselves in front of her. She reached forward, only pausing for a second when her lips found labia instead of hardness, but the thrusts from behind slapped her mouth into the pussy and she was soon lapping as hard and fast as she could, no time for grace as another man took her. He came hard inside her, a flood of juices oozing out even before he pulled out.

Someone else took his place, chuckling as he rammed his cock inside. She gasped and kept on lapping until she satisfied her lover. She slipped away but no one replaced it as the grunting hardness came harder and faster.

She wondered if she was done, then the man pulled out. There was nothing for a moment, then the hot slick cock pressed up against the tight ring of her ass. Her eyes widened underneath the blind, her fingers clutching tightly against the sheets. Her mouth opened to cry out, but Rat's voice interrupted.

"Be gentle, I suspect she's never done that."

The man grunted as hands reached down, holding her still. She whimpered loudly as she felt the pressure building, the ring of her back entrance resisting with every mote of its being. But, unlike her elemental nature, it started to give way as his cum-soaked cock forced its way into her channel, forcing it open as the heated hardness started to spear inside.

"Oh... Malfeas!"

It was hot and burning as it slide in, an intruder she could not resist. She tried to squeeze him out, tighten the right around the thick intruder, but it kept on sliding in, forcing its way into her tunnel. She wanted to whimper, but the slick poker easily

penetrated her. Then, she felt him coming inside her, adding silky white juices to her virgin opening. He slipped out and she gasped. A cock was pressed against her lips and she sucked in it. Behind her, another man came behind her, his cock aiming for her abused ass. It didn't hurt as much this time and she groaned into the cock as it slide into her depths, pumping in and out with slow, steady strokes. It was a sign to start over again as man after man started to take her rear channel, thrusting hard and deep until the pain was gone and only slick pleasures. The burning deep inside continued to rise, a forge of pleasure as they took her—some in her pussy, some in her anal passage. It was just pleasure, along with the frequent splatters of men coming on her body. Some would thrust hard and fast, then pull out to soak her backside with their juices.

Something changed when she was lifted slightly and she felt someone lying down on the bed. Gentle, strong hands positioned her, pressing his hard cock up against her pussy. She sank down on it, gasping as she arched her back. Then, hands slid up against her shoulders as another cock was pressed up against her ass. She let out a tiny whimper, then a long moan as she felt two cocks enter her, one in each tunnel. The intensity, the tightness was too much and she almost blacked out as she felt them sliding in and out, only a thin layer of flesh between the rods of hardness.

They fucked her, letting her body adjust until soon she was rocking back and forth on the two shafts. A pussy was pressed up against her mouth and she reached out, holding it hungrily to her lips as she lapped and sucked, the moans of her warrior filling her ears. She smiled into it, losing herself in the ecstasy that built and built.

They filled her until it almost consumed her. Her body accepted them and she swallowed everything they gave her. As they rode her faster and harder, grunting and groaning with every thrust, she felt cum dripping from every curve of her body. She stroked her hands against her breasts, enjoying the slick sensations that dripped off her aching nipples, the swells of her body. In her blindness, she was perfect and she could feel their love filling her with every thrust.

She felt both men flooding her pussy and ass, slipping out and leaving her feeling like a void inside. The man underneath her was replaced by another, a thickly muscled man who reached up to grab

her breasts, squeezing them through the slick lubrication. His cock was large and filled her up, sinking to the very depths of her womb. Another body pressed up against her, but it felt different, smoother. The cock that pressed up against her ass was different, it was harder and shaped, a dildo. Then, she felt herself being fucking by another woman, thrusting hard and fast, a strange and different angle that sent her in a fury of an orgasm without tapping the growing burning deep inside her soul. It went on for long strokes that drove her fires, then her female lover slipped out, to be replaced by another man. His shaft was thinner but still felt wonderful as it took her.

Then, to her surprise, he slipped out after a few strokes. She wondered what was happening, her mind half distracted by the cocks in her mouth, hands, feet, and pussy. Then, she felt it sliding back in, but it was too low. Her labia stretched around it as he worked it into the same hole as the man below her. She froze, feeling herself being stuffed to her very limits. The man underneath her squeezed her breasts tightly, the soft flesh slipping out from her fingers.

“Feels damn good, doesn’t it, Fray?”

From behind, Fray grunted and bottomed out in her pussy. Her body spasmed with the intensity of her sensations, being filled to her very limits. Then they started to fuck her. At first, it was back and forth, but soon they were stroking in counterpoint, stuffing and unstuffing, pounding into her as her body struggled to stay sane with her senses on fire.

She screamed out into the cock in her mouth, enjoying every second as the two men rode her with hard and pleasure. They slipped out as one as she was lifted up to replace the man below. It went one further, hour after hour, her body rolling with every thrust.

Then, it finally reached the end. She felt them slowing, her bodies shaking as the tent grew more silent with every passing second. A cock slipped out of her mouth and she held her lips opening, hungry for more. But, none came. Then, she felt the men coming in her ass, his juices adding the flood already there. He slipped out and she was rolled over, the man below going with her to take a few hard thrusts before coming himself.

He sputtered thanks before standing up and there was no one. She felt relaxed, floating in a world of her own. A smile crossed her lips as she spread out, feeling juices dripping down every inch of her body.

A hand, a gentle hand, brushed through the slime on her face and pushed back the blindfold. She blinked twice, her eyes slowly focusing on Rat's face. He smiled.

"Thank you, commander."

He helped her to sit up. She did, staring down in shock of her body. It was coated, from head to toe, in cum. White sheets dripped down her breasts, splashing down to pool into her matted hair. Her blankets were soaked, a puddle forming when the fabric lost its ability to soak in any more.

Bitter Fist chuckled. Then chuckled again.

"Wow... that... was new."

Rat grinned, "And you have never looked more beautiful."

She held out her hands, "I'm coated!"

Then she noticed he was still dressed. Her eyes narrowed, "So... were you the only one who didn't partake?"

Rat shrugged, "As I said, I'm married, but yes."

"Even the women?"

"Oh, specially the woman. Apparently you are very talented in all matters of pleasure, my lady."

She felt a grin cross her lips.

"You did this, didn't you?"

Rat shrugged, "Well... I will admit, the idea came to be during your speech."

"And you set up the tent."

It was a statement and Rat nodded.

"Yeah... it was me."

Her lips parted slightly, "Then come here."

"But... I'm married."

"And you are going to die, and I'll be damned if I'm not going to raise every one of my troop's morale tonight."

Rat hesitated for a moment, then started to remove this clothes.

"I assume this is an order."

She leaned back, "Yes."

He came to her, kneeling between her legs. She squished as he pressed his lightly hairy body against hers, but he didn't seem to mind as he slide his rock hardness into her body, filling her up. She gasped and wrapped her arms and legs around her, guiding him deeper inside her. He obeyed, as a good soldier should, thrusting up into her with long, powerful strokes.

Compared to the almost mindless sex, Bitter Fist stared into Rat's eyes as they made love, in the puddles and the soaked blankets, her body shaking violently. Then, the inferno building up inside her depths finally exploded as he kissed her, as a soldier should never do, and she was consumed by an orgasm that shook the very foundations of the Underworld.

—

A week later, an archer at the top of the Keep of Quam spotted movement to the east. He sounded the horn as someone staggered out of the woods. A scale of horse riders came out, lances ready for fight. They started to slow when they realized that it was one of their own, a warrior from the Blessed Isle. Her injuries were more than serious. Her right arm was shattered in multiple places, her left hand was sliced off and a cloth wrapped tightly around it. One rib stuck out of her armor, the end broken and she looked up with one swollen eye. The other was ruined by a barbarian's ax, never to see again.

They rushed her to the keep captain. He spotted her uniform and identified her rank quickly through the mud and gore.

"Oh my... captain, are you okay?"

Bitter Fist choked on her words, her throat cracked and broken.

"We... won."

"Won what? You've been missing for weeks!"

"Three days... follow... my trail. The barbarian... horde..."

She started to cough violently and the captain summoned his doctors. Bitter Fist shook her head.

"Give... them... the world."

"Please... be silent. I'll get a doctor."

Bitter Fist shook her head slowly, "I'm going back... they are my men."

The keep captain stood up, "We'll get you back, I promise."

But, Bitter Fist was already dead, a fierce smile on her broken lips.

—

In Yu-Shan, one of the many bureaucratic spirits slipped down a side street, near the edge of the city, in annoyed hurry. He was more obsessed with making sure his clouds were scheduled for the right time that he tripped over a young body kneeling on the streets. He almost stumbled past, then stopped as he heard a hammer hitting a chisel.

Slowly, he returned to the boy, who was carving names on the bricks.

“What is this? Who authorized this!?”

The boy, a newly formed spirit, looked up with sad eyes.

“Her denial.”

His fingers brushed against a name carved on the cobblestone.

“Bitter Fist of the Rocks.”

—

A dragon was sent out to investigate Bitter Fist’s final words. They found the battlefield, an orgy of blood and death spread out around a cliff-side pass. Two thousand barbarians were dead, without even a sign of survivors. The bodies remained untouched, not even the carrion eaters entered in the circle of death that surrounded the pass.

Over two thousand barbarians were found, each one killed by sturdy sword and bow. And two hundred and third-one warriors of the Blessed Isle were found among them, each one with terrible wounds that no mortal or Exalted could survive. It was a fight they couldn’t win, but it was a fight they could stop the horde from winning.

Years later, the battle became known as “The Denial of Bitter Fist,” a strange battle because no survivors would ever tell of how the battle ended. The history lost with the spirits of the men and women who died there. The major question remained, in schoolbooks and bitter debate, was how Bitter Fist fought against all odds and inspired her warriors to fight to the last man and defeat an army ten times their size.

t'Sade

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. 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 or possibly at your favorite retailer.