

Just a Message

t'Sade

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Curious Cabbit Press

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All characters engaged in, witnessing, considering, or thinking about sexual acts are eighteen (18) years or older.

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The Mask of Winters was in a bad mood. It wasn't because he was deep inside the Palace of Ultimate Despair, parked right near the center of Thorns. It was his grand monument to the near-infinite power that he, a Deathlord, had over creation. It was even more impressive than the Palace of Nearly Perfect Despair next door, which in turn was better than the Palace of Pretty Acceptable Despair. He wasn't even upset that his first palace, the Palace of Genuine Despair was the prime center of the city, smack in the middle.

He was in the type of mood where he was planning his next Palace.

“The Palace of Infinite Despair!”

Around him, his court looked up from their chains and gin rummy games and gazed at him in confusion. He sat up straighter in his throne (it was black) and flexed the massive armor that he wore even on really hot days (it was also black). His eyes (they were black) scraped along the people until he shoved them back into his head, blinking a few times to get the darkness back into his vision. His fingernails (yep, black) tapped against the black arm of his black throne. He was feeling pretty black, but that was okay, because even in his best mood, he would get almost up to dark charcoal. Like the day he first moved into his place.

“The next palace, it shall be called the Palace of Infinite Despair.”

He announced to the room in the grand manner appropriate for a Deathlord.

They went back to their card games. Never again would he host a Yu-Gi-Oh tournament again. They refused to give him their rare

cards and he lost in the first round. In a black sulk, he returned to his throne and watched the rest of his minions playing. He idly considering killing the winner, splashing their blood on the ground in a cold, hard reminder that he should never lose that fast.

But, that would clash with the black mood, black throne, and even his black mail. He considered the bright red blood dripping from his feet. They were always dripping, like some cracked pipe that refused to go. At his feet was a large puddle. It dripped down the impressive black stairs and pooled in the center of the room.

It also smelled really bad.

Since he moved into the Palace of Ultimate Despair, he realized that he needed gutters in the throne room just to handle the constantly weeping of Creation and his despoiling of said Creation. The disharmony of his underworld self with Creation was a source of constant irritation to both sides. Creation kept leaving crumbs in his underwear, rust on his mail, and he still hasn't figured out why people liked sushi. But, he could feel that he was beginning to create some toll on Creation. Already, the post service was running three months late, almost a full three days longer than before he ripped his way into Creation.

His greatest achievement in his invasion of Creation had to be the taking of Thorns.

If Thorns was any example, he would be commanding Creation by the end of the decade.

However, even to this day, he was still worried when they already had a "So you are taking Thorns" packet for him. It even had a PowerPoint presentation, complete with a swag bag filled with stuff the various stores. According to the pamphlet in the bag, it was "stunning examples of the expansive services you'll be commanding." He was still looking for the "Hidden Finish Massage Parlor." He tried following the clues, but he kept getting lost in the Red Light district. Since it wasn't black, he really couldn't stand the Red Light district.

He dug in the ratty remains of his "Taking Thorns" bag, but his fingers only found the bottom. Pouting, he peered down inside. Instead of a bundle of delicious apples coated in peanut butter, he only found a plastic model of Luna, complete with "Once you go

Lunar, you'll want a few more" slogan. Snarling, he threw the bag aside and looked back around his black throne room.

They were ignoring him.

He found a different, dramatic pose on the throne.

They kept ignoring him.

He tried again.

They kept doing it.

Finally, he announced to the room.

"The next palace shall be called the Palace of Infinite Despair."

Next to him, a snotty ten year old who was winning the tournament spoke up, half distracted by his game. The Mask of Winters didn't think the boy was paying even half attention to him, since no one in their right mind would ever talk like that to him. Of course, the boy was a card game player, so he wasn't in his right mind. But, that didn't improve Mask's mood.

"You already said that."

"Well, it will!"

"Aren't you going to finish the Palace of Endless Despair?"

The Mask of Winters tapped his fingers (still black) on his (still black) arm.

"No, no. They started the Palace of Crushing Despair after I realized I needed to have bathrooms."

"And the Palace of Gruesome Despair?"

"It stank of cats."

"You did say you wanted the cats in the bricks."

"Well... it was a bad idea."

He glowered. Mask of Winters was really good and glowering. He was so good, that the boy's ghost realized he was just disqualified from the card game and flicked off the Deathlord. Storming to the other side of the room, he joined in the Recently Killed side of the tournament. At the beginning of the day, there was no one on that side, but now there was at least three dozen people. Mostly people who beat Mask of Winters at Yo-Gi-Oh. It seemed to happen a lot... at least in the last couple of hours. The currently winning player sobbed as he took the boy's place and did his best not to look at the Deathlord playing with his (still black) fingernails.

"My lord!"

A servant came in and bowed deeply, kneeling down in the squishy pool of blood on the floor. Everyone in the room winced as the slurping noises as the servant remained there. The Mask perked up, finding an appropriate pose and gestured for his servant to come closer. He did, shaking in his boots. Mask ordered him to take the vibrator out of there and the servant did.

He felt good then, someone actually obeying his orders. Unlike the people not paying him attention.

“What is it?”

“A message came for you, my lord.”

Gesturing impressively, the Mask commanded his servant to read it.

“Servant, read it.”

The servant shook for a moment.

“I-I can’t, my lord.”

“Why not?”

“It says for your eyes only.”

“Read it anyways!”

“I can’t, my lord!”

What followed was a comical skit of epic proportions that left the Mask of Winters putting his eyes back in and ignoring the (now) blind servant who begged for own his eyes back. The Mask ignored him, tapping them on his (black) fingernails and rolling them across his (very black) lap. He frowned.

“Who gave you this message?”

The (blind) servant sobbed, “I don’t remember.”

Frowning, the Mask of Winters concentrated and saw threads of brilliant essence tying the man, blurring his memories. More essence shone from the letter and he could see instantly that only he could read it. However, he really didn’t want to read it.

Snarling, he handed it to the current winner of the Yu-Gi-Oh tournament.

“Read this!”

The man tried, his hands shaking as he looked at the blurry words.

“I can’t!”

The Mask of Winters handed the letter to the next winner, “Read this!”

“It’s blurry, I can’t make out the words, my l-”

The next winner wasn’t much better. Neither was the one after that. The third one started speaking even as he sat on the piles of former winners, watching the ghosts moving to the other side of the room.

“Please, my lord, please just read it. I can’t!”

He grumbled as the next person in line got on the pile of former winners. This girl never won a single game here, and yet she was currently the reigning champion of the tournament.

“I can’t.”

The girl looked up with those innocent, but slightly stupid, eyes.

“Why?”

He told her replacement, in a growl, “I just can’t!”

And then killed them because it made him feel better.

It didn’t really, but neither did the next dozen. It wasn’t until the last person, an old man who never won anything in his life. In fact, he wasn’t even in the tournament. Instead, they just grabbed him as he walked in front of the palace and pressed him into playing. As the old man slumped down, dead of course, and walked across the (black) throne room, the Mask of Winters sat back heavily in his (black) throne and let his (still black) mood take in the room.

“Damn it, you all know I can’t read.”

One of the ghosts, the smart-ass kid who was winning the Recently Dead games, spoke up.

“Even I can-”

He joined the Soon to be Oblivion card tournament and the Mask of Winters threw the golden letter into the pool of blood in the center of the room. If he could read it, he would have realized it only said a few short words, the simple type of words like you send to a best friend after surgery, or in this case, taking over Thorns.

“Mask of Winters, can you read this now? The Unconquered Sun.”

Of course, the Mask of Winters couldn’t read. In fact, despite the fact he took over an entire city (well, it was handed to him) and he was actually wearing a bright (pink) silk thong under his (black) armor on his (black) throne, he still was unable to learn even the simple skill of putting a few letters together. It didn’t matter that he was thousands of years old, carved from the beating bitter heart of

some Solar who felt the entire universe betrayed him. He just couldn't read. In fact, his palace in the underworld had to have pictures to identify the bathrooms otherwise he'd just get lost.

But, as one of the most powerful entities in Creation at the moment, he still didn't know what happened to Jane. Or Curious George. Back in his (black) mood with (pink) panties, he made one of his random declarations to the room.

"That's it. The Palace of Indescribable Despair won't allow mail, it will have gutters, windows, even a door in the front! And it will be last palace I build in Thorns?"

"What about the bathrooms?"

"Fine, it will have a bathroom too. And if anyone asks me to read ANYTHING, his soul shall float in the River Styx for the rest of eterni-"

"A letter for you, my lord!"

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.

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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.