

# **Training the New Abyssal**

t'Sade



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Curious Cabbit Press

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# Training a New Abyssal 1: The Stranger

Whistles and catcalls greeted Irith as she made her way across the broken field. She ignored them as she concentrated on the deep furrows that lined the fields of her family's farm. Her heavy boots, made of yeddim leather, crunched on the dried earth and broken stalks. Carrying two heavy wineskins, she felt the sweat dripping down her back. The heat from the sun bore down on her as the straps dug in. The two wide strips of leather that held the skins criss-crossed underneath her large breasts, pushing them up and accenting her already impressive figure. Her cleavage, a deep shadow between the swells of her mounds, shimmered with sweat that trickled down into her shirt. She smiled, feeling the lustful gazes of the ranch hands on her, knowing they were staring at her breasts and other assets.

Her grin faded as her father came around the group, a sour expression on his face. She looked into the wrinkled, red face and shuddered with the thought of her own body growing old with sun and age. His eyes, a murky green, almost glows as he focused on her. Then, he gestured for her to come closer with two fingers, dust dripping from his fingers as he moved. Giving him a false smile, she quickly covered the remaining distance and held out one of the skins. Her father's strong grip took it and he drank deeply. Water dripping from his lips, he tugged on the leather strap still wrapping around her and set it over her breasts, compressing them. She winced internally at the discomfort, but the reproaching glare silenced her.

As her father turned away, Teri stepped up. He was her father's second-hand man, next to her brother, Samayu. He grinned at her

and she kept her false smile over her lips. Her eyes, the color of green grass kissed with fog, slid over to her father who gave her his own smile of approval. Bringing them back, she felt her cheeks aching as she smiled.

“Good afternoon, Teri.”

“How are you, Irith?”

She shrugged, “I’ve been better. Its been very busy up at the main house, mother is working me like a storm to get everything ready for the party.”

His fingers brushed against the swells of her breasts as he took the skin off her shoulder. She felt her eyes narrowing just let them as he drank deeply, his eyes never leaving hers. Swallowing noisily, he let it dangle from his hands as he held it back to her. Taking it, she slung it back over her shoulders as she turned around. Away from the lustful eyes of the man her father wanted her to marry, she pushed the leather straps back underneath her breasts. Her breasts were once again pushed up into the air, presenting them for the admiring eyes of the men who surrounded her. One of them, one of the older hands on the farm, grinned at her. She shuddered at his missing teeth. Her eyes narrowed as he came closer, holding out his hand for the water. She sighed and handed the heavy skin to him.

“Like what you see, old man?”

He nodded, drinking deeply as his eyes riveted toward her cleavage. She felt a few droplets of sweat, from the heat of the fading season, follow the swells into the darkness. When he finished, she yanked it from his hand. Her voice snapped out cruelly as she pushed past him to the next man.

“And that’s all you’ll get.”

She knew he was glaring at him, but she was smiling, an honest smile, to the next hand. Strong, young, and handsome, he was one of many who vied for her favor, but only informally. His smile, streaked with dirt and sweat, sent a shiver down her spine. She drank in the smell of him as she held out the dripping skin, looking at him through lidded eyes.

“How is your day, Dereke?”

Favoring her with an easy smile, he took it from her hands, his knuckles brushing against her hardening nipples. His eyes sparkled as he swallowed. She felt an answering tremble inside her, in the

space between her legs, as he handed it back. His fingers brushed against her breasts and she felt her breath catching. He slipped away as her father cleared his throat and she moved to the next one. It was another of her informal suitors, the men who focused their attentions on her and she bloomed under their lustful looks. She slowly worked her way through the hands, until the skins were limp against her body.

Once she finished, she hung around watching the hands finish up the harvest. The whistle of the scythes and the grunts of them working heavily. She felt a growing heat filling her. Then, her father noticed her and pointed to the house with a sour expression. Next to him, Teri watched with an unreadable expression on his face. Slowly, she turned around and headed back over the fields. A smile grew when she looked over her shoulder to see at least a dozen men watching her leave.

Back the main house, she watched a handful of older women and younger children set out long tables in the center of the farm proper. It was a clearing of sorts, the space between the five main buildings of the farm: the Ka family house, two barracks, and three barns. Half a dozen silos were scattered around the five buildings. They were used for storing the grains both for the long winter ahead and the once a year visit to the nearest town, sixty miles away. She barely saw the silos, growing up with them faded them into the background of her perceptions. Instead, she threw the empty skins on the porch of the main house and mounted the stairs.

From inside, she could smell a storm of cooking smells. Her mother was barely visible down the hall from the front door. Next to her were a pair of younger girls, both about fifteen. They were only four years younger than her, but it felt like an eternity as she pushed back the memories of when she was in their position. Instead, she pushed the front door opened and head up the stairs to her bedroom.

“Irith!?”

Irith winched and leaned over the stairs, “Yes, mama?”

“Go help the hags outside.”

Irith rolled her eyes at her mother’s name for the three old women who caused trouble for everyone. She barely listened to her mother as she spun on her heels.

“And tell them not to set up the eighth table, we aren’t going to have guests tonight!”

“Yes, mama.”

Herding the three old hags took most of her afternoon. Her throat burned from the effort to speak loudly and slowly to them as the ladies cackles and puttered, shifting stuff across the tables almost as much as they croaked out long-winded tales of the world Irith had completely no interest in. When she saw the crowd of men coming back from the fields, she let out a gasp of relief. Handing the hags over to their husbands, she retreated to her bedroom to change for the party.

It was the end of the growing season. The sweltering heat finally started to break and she could feel it growing slightly colder with the passing of the days. The earth around the farm was hot and dry and she almost missed the rain storms. Her eyes glanced up at the dark orange sky, seeing a bank of storm clouds in the distance. From her estimate, it would be at least a couple of days before the storm gave them some respite from the heat.

Upstairs, she pulled out her favorite summer dress. Light greens and yellows, it was made of a semi-translucent material that always drew the attention of the farm hands. Slipping out of her clothes, she used a wet rag to clean herself off before pulling it on. It took her a bit of effort to work her breasts into the confines of the dress. The soft swells of her breasts were the favorite part of her body, attracting men and attention she craved. She drifted to her dresser and found her favorite perfume right along the curve of her neck. With a moment’s hesitation, she also dabbed a bit between her breasts. Grinning, she placed the perfume bottle back into the carved wooden box. She paused for a moment, trailing her fingers along the edge before she closed it. Her fingers trailed down to open the top drawer of her dresser. Digging into her clothes, she pulled out a large bag that clinked loudly. She eased open the leather thong that sealed it and peered in at the hundreds of silver and jade coins. She let a smile ghost across her face.

“Only a couple more hundred and I’m out of here.”

Dreaming of escaping the farm, she closed the bag once again. Outside, she heard a sudden sound of laughter and bounced toward the window with curiosity. At the sight of nearly naked men at the



far edge of one of the barn, sluicing themselves off with water from the well, she held her breath. The sights of so many muscular men, dripping with water, renewed the fire between her legs, sending a trembling of heat along her most private of privates. Her lips parted slightly as she watched them wrestle. It took almost a quarter of an hour for them to finish and she spent the time in rapt fascination, rubbing her thighs together as she watched. When they scattered to their sleeping areas, she had to take a moment to cool down before padding down the stairs.

Her mother looked at her disapprovingly.

“You look like a slut, Irith.”

Irith felt a flush rising in her cheeks, “What’s wrong with looking good? We only have two of these parties.”

Her mother, an older woman who already lost to the ruinous effects of age and gravity, glared unhappily as she dried her hands on an old towel that smelled musty.

“You know your father already has you planned for Teri.”

Irith sighed loudly.

“I’m not really interested in Teri, mama, you know that.”

Her mother’s voice dripped with ice, “No, young lady, you seem content to be like some farm cat in heat!”

“I might as well enjoy myself!”

“You will not-”

Her mother’s voice rose to a high-pitched scream, then died instantly as she glanced outside the front door. Only a few of the people at the tables were looking at them and Irith felt a blush rising even higher. Her mother leveled a parental stare at her.

“We’ll talk about this tomorrow, Irith.”

Feeling prickly, she just grunted.

“Fine.”

Storming down the stairs, she slapped the screen door open and headed out.

“Irith!”

At the sound of her mother’s voice, she spun around and snapped back.

“What!?”

Her mother stepped through the door and Irith saw a brief flash of actual compassion in her mother's eyes. Sighing, the older woman gently took Irith's hands.

"Listen, baby, I just want to make sure that you are taken care of."

Irith said nothing and her mother spoke after a deep breath.

"And Teri can do that. He has a good head on his shoulder."

Her mother stroked Irith's hair, trailing the auburn hair through her fingers before straightening it.

"And," she swallowed, "I worry about you."

Sullenly, Irith responded. "I'll be fine."

A tender smile. "I know, but just remember, if you need anything, I'll be here."

Irith tried to turn away, but her mother wouldn't release her hands. Pulling her close, the woman who birthed her spoke even softer, looking up with a trembling lip.

"And... if you can't resist, remember I have Maiden's Tea in the second drawer in my bedroom."

She stared at her mother. Maiden's Tea was a contraceptive. It also stopped the pregnancy after a few missed periods, but no more. She felt a shred of surprise at her mother's insight.

"Why, mama?"

"I've noticed your interests a long time ago, baby. Though I'd rather you said no and just settled down with Teri," she gave a sad smile, "I remember your own grandmother playing the field after papa died."

Irith had to grin painfully at that.

"Ew."

Her mother grinned back, "I said the same thing. Just," she took a deep breath and stroked Irith's hair again, "just, be careful."

"I will, mama."

Feeling slightly disturbed by her mother's comments, Irith padded down the stairs. She meandered through the tables, helping with the arrangement of food. As she circled around the tables, she kept an eye on her mother and looked out for the rest of her family. Her father, "Old Man Ka," was talking to Teri and her brother up on the porch. As soon as they were not even remotely looking in her

direction, she slipped out of the area and wandered around the barn.

Silence flooded around her as her boots crunched across the hard ground. As she rounded the corner, she let her hips rock back and forth with her steps. A shadow separated from the darkness.

Dereke.

Grinning, she swayed toward him.

“Hey.”

Dereke straightened out his formal outfit, which was just his cleanest. He stepped forward, his own boots crunching as he stopped right in front of her. She inhaled, watching her breasts rise and fall, her nipples almost touching his chest. They circled slowly. She smiled up into his eyes, watching him lick his lips. He cleared his throat before he spoke.

“I was looking for you.”

He reached out to stroke her cheek. She leaned against it, still smiling.

“I know.”

She let him back her up against the wall of the bar. As the warm wood pressed against her shoulders, she arched her back, pushing her breasts up into the air. He held out his hands near them, hovering over her swells.

“I got paid today.”

“Oh, really?”

She already knew, all the hands got paid right before the party. He nodded sharply and pulled out a small sack. Coins jingled in it and Irith found the urge to yank it out of his hand. Instead, she inhaled deeply and stroked her fingers against his arm.

“What do you want, baby?”

He chuckled, “I want to touch them, you know that.”

Moaning softly, she reached up with her fingers and curled them into her dress. Slowly, she pulled the fabric apart as her breasts rose up. At the first touch of the warm air against her nipples, she bit back another moan herself. Dereke’s hands shook for a moment, then he pressed them against the delicate skin of her breasts, stroking them as he groaned in pleasure himself.

“They are so beautiful.”

She only moaned as he mauled her, stroking and twisting, teasing and touching. Her breath came in short pants as he touched her. She felt the coursing pleasure rising inside her, a pulsating heat growing between her legs. The soft pleasures continued to fill her and she let out a long, gasping moan.

“I-I want to see more.”

She cracked open one eye, looking at him. He gestured down with his chin. She closed it again.

“That will cost more.”

“How much more?”

She thought for a moment, “Thirty dinars.”

He paused, his palms pressed against her hard nipples.

“That’s almost everything. My entire pay for the season.”

She said nothing, already knowing the answer. He hesitated, but his hands never left her breasts. She felt him stroking her nipples with his thumbs. Humming for a moment, she watched as he thought to himself. Then, a nod.

“But, I get to touch.”

She shook her head sharply, “No, you get to look, but I’ll let you suck on my nipples.”

Another moment of thought, then he nodded. She smiled to herself as he bent his head, bringing her left breast up to his mouth. She moaned at the first touch, it was delicate and ginger, sucking on the very end. Her fingers pressed against the rough wood surface of the barn, fingernails digging in as he nibbled lightly on her nipple for a moment, then switched to the other one. She gasped at the pleasurable sensations that coursed through her.

She pushed him away after a few minutes.

“Okay, enough of that.”

“And...?”

She grinned and slowly slid her hands down. Her fingers stroked against her stomach, feeling the muscles underneath. There were no soft people on her father’s farm. Her fingers danced along the bottom of her dress and she began to sensual raise it up. Dereke slowly dropped to his knees, his eyes glittering as they focused on the junction of her tight legs. She teased him as she slowly lifted it, revealing the black lace thong nestled between her legs.

He let out a low moan of pleasure as he stared at her. She pulled up her dress, revealing her tight stomach. Holding the edge of the hem in her mouth, she slid her fingers down along her skin and stroked along each side of the black thong. Below her, Dereke had one hand pressed against his crotch as she slipped her fingers inside the fabric, shivering from the delicious sensations that filled her. She was already wet, the scent of her excitement mixing in with the flavors of dust and wood and farm.

One finger curling past her puffy lips, she started to slowly pleasure herself. Then, they both heard the sound of someone coming closer. Blushing, she released the dress from her lips and pulled her fingers out frantically. As the fabric fluttered to the ground, she pushed herself away from the wood. Dereke stood up straight, clearing his throat.

“T-Thank you.”

She stepped forward, pressing her exposed breasts against him for a moment before pulling the fabric back over her mounds. Safely nestled back in her dress, she dropped her hand and pulled the sack of coins from Dereke’s limp hand. With a smile, she slipped back and continued along her path around the barn. Behind her, Dereke groaned and returned to the party.

Irith had to pause for a moment, to catch her breath. Leaning against the barn again, further down and around the corner, she straightened her outfit and shoved the money into her boot. She looked around at the darkness, the noise of the party muted by the barn and buildings. Spotting another farm hand walking along, she pushed herself away from the barn and prepared to double her money.

It took her almost an hour to return to the party, her boots heavy with coins. Her sex was vibrating with excitement and heat, turning her own even as she felt the stares of hunger from men she teased and those who just wanted her. Sitting next to her brother, she ignored his curious stare and ate. Throughout the meal, she kept rubbing her thighs together, her eyes scanning the crowd for more of the hands who would soon be parted from their money.

At least, until the entire ranch grew as silent as death. Irith closed her mouth slowly, tearing her eyes away from Teri to look around in confusion. The hands were frozen in shock, mugs in their

hands and forks in the air. Even one of them was just sitting down from where he was dancing on the table. She frowned and followed their gaze, to the edge of darkness of their little party.

At first, she thought it was just a trick of the light, but then her eyes began to pick out features of the stranger who stood at the edge of their light. He was dressed in black, it looked like armor of some sort to her, but it refused to reflect the light. Instead, it just drank it up, swallowed it into a black hole of her vision. She felt fear growing inside her stomach, killing the butterflies that Teri was stirring up.

She heard something crunching the sun-dried earth behind her and she tugged at Teri's arm as she turned around. He turned, stepping in front of Irith as they both focused on a man, this one wearing black leather came into the pool of light. She gasped softly as she stared at his sword, a sharp slash of steel that glittered in the flickering light of the lanterns.

Whispering as quietly as she could, she tugged at Teri's arm again.

"Teri, what is going on?"

"I don't know, Ir, but I think... I think you should go into the house."

She nodded and slowly stepped toward the house. Another man appeared on the other side, stepping up on the porch with his own weapon drawn. Irith whimpered softly, her eyes growing wide with fear as she felt its grip her stomach tightly.

Turning around, she saw more armed men coming out of the darkness in all directions. She counted at least two dozen of them, hard men with smiles that left her feeling cold and fearful for her life.

A voice pierced her fear, drawing her attention to the first man, the one in pitch black armor. He continued to step forward into the light, bringing his angular features into the light. His lips were a slash of black against pale skin. A faint scar ran across his nose and cheeks, like some sort of tortured, sad clown.

"I am sorry for what I have done."

She jumped at the voice that sounded hissing and growling at the same time. She clutched at Teri's arm, watching the speaking made while fear choked her into silence.

“Would this, perhaps, be the Lazy Ka Ranch?”

Her fingers gripped harder into Teri’s hand. She watched as her father stepped out in front of the hands.

“Yes, I am Old Man Ka, the owner of the ranch.”

The man stepped forward one more step, but made no effort to come to her father. The stranger kept his hands behind his back as he looked around at the gathered people.

“Good, I was afraid that I would be too late when I arrived.”

Her father frowned before speaking slowly.

“Too late for what?”

The man languishingly brought his gaze back to Irith’s father.

“To warn you.”

“Oh?” Her father’s voice was rumbling with annoyance and she saw him squeeze his hands into fists. She winced and glanced over her shoulder at the soldiers around the edge of light. They were all watching, with the same cruel grins on their faces. The stranger, the apparent leader of the armed men, smiled broadly, his teeth brilliant white in the dim light of the lanterns.

“That a group of men is planning on killing every single living soul on this farm.”

Irith saw a flash of movement in the corner of her eye as the man on the porch leaped off. She screamed as she spun around, narrowly backing away as the warrior behind her slashed down at her. Teri spun around and clocked the man, his powerful fist cracking into the man’s side.

“Irith, run!”

Despite knowing it was the wrong thing to do, Irith froze as she stared in shock and fear as Teri battered at the warrior. The fighter managed to pull him his sword, using it to parry Teri’s fists. She saw blood splashing into the air, splattering her with hot sparks. The world seemed to slow for just a moment as the warrior caught one of Teri’s punches in the shoulder and spun around, his sword flashing in the light. She started to scream out for him as the sword came down, slicing into her potential husband’s knee. Teri let out a scream of his own, high pitched and frantic as the sword sheared through and he dropped. The sword continued its blow, splattering her face with blood.

The hot spray of heat against her face broke her shock. She gasped loudly, feeling the searing pain of the murderer's grin against her skin. Behind her, there were bellows and groans. She heard a body hit the ground and she could almost imagine she felt the vibration rumbling through the packed earth.

Then, her brother yelled out loudly.

"Irith, run! Damn it girl, run!"

She lurched forward. The man in front of her, his sword dripping with crimson blood, lunged at her, his hands clutching the air. She kicked him hard in the kneecap. A look of surprise filled both of them and she sprinted for the darkness. Behind her, she heard the screams of her friends, her family, and everyone else she knew for her entire life. The fear drove her forward, burning away any desire to save them though it tore her heart in two to keep on running into the darkness.

She knew the fields like the back of her hand, growing up eighteen years among them, as she quickly found one of the furrows and followed, speeding along as a cold, wet wind blew up against her. The sounds behind her were growing louder, screams of pain and anguish cutting off almost instantly. She sobbed as she scrambled over the rough cut earth, clods of dirt catching on her feet.

Irith kept on running, running for her life. The sounds behind her grew muted with distance as she found the edge of the field and sprinted along its length. The hard packed trail was used for generations by her family. Searing tears splashed down her cheeks as she fled.

Then, a high-pitched whine filled the air. She felt something flash above her but could not see anything. The sound circled around her, then disappeared behind her. Gritting her teeth, she clamped her jaw on her growing sorrow and fear and poured everything into running as fast as possible. Her legs pumped in the air, her dress flashing darkly. Her boots, low-cut and attractive for Teri, were beginning to send shooting pain along her feet, but she just bore down on them, slamming them into the ground with her need for just an iota of more speed.

Then, she heard the high-pitched whine again. This time, it came hard and fast and she could only pray that it missed her. As it



flashed past her, she gasped out a thanks to whatever gods were listening. She heard it circling around her, even over her panting. She closed her eyes tightly and pushed herself.

Then, the whine exploded in her hearing and she felt a horrible explosion of white-hot pain explode along the back of her ankles. It caught her mid-step as her tendons snapped with a wet wrench and Irith was thrown into the air. She screamed loudly before she hit the ground with a bone-jarring crunch. Light exploded in the back of her eyes as she felt her tendons and muscles curling up inside her legs. She tried to move them, but the nova of pain that radiated from her injures left her helpless.

She felt a trickle of blood dripping down from her head as she tried to move again. Her feet and lower legs refused to move, no matter how much she gritted herself against the pain. The coppery smell of blood, her own blood, was strong against her senses as she clutched the ground, trying to pull herself toward a copse of trees that bordered the fields. Her own legs trailed behind her, limp and helpless as she sobbed.

It was forever until she heard the sound of boots crushing the dried dirt behind her. She bit down on her tongue, blood flooding her mouth, as she huddled against the ground. She found a deep trench and slipped into it, hoping that her stalker would miss her.

“I can see in the dark,” it was the stranger who spoke from before, “young one, and I can see you as clear as day.”

She prayed he was lying, but he stopped right next to her, a shower of dust tickling her nose. She heard him kneeling next to her, the scrape of metal on metal. At the back of her mind, she thought she heard tiny moans rippling from him as the stench of his breath washed over him.

It was blood, old blood. A carrion eater’s breath.

“Now, are you going to keep on fighting or accept what I have in mind with you-”

She started to lash out, but his final word froze her.

“Irith.”

His voice, hissing and evil, echoed in her head as she looked up into the darkness, at the dark gargoyle that loomed above her. She felt the tears splashing down her cheeks and the hard dirt digging into her body as she tried to find some way to escape.

“Fighting me, Irith, would not be fatal, but it will be one of the most painful things you’ll ever experience.”

He spoke as a man with confidence and she realized that he would do whatever he wanted to her. She choked back the fear as he held up a terrible weapon, a long-bladed knife with a strange-looking edge.

“My Sky-Cutter already caught you once. Hamstrung you like the sheep you are.”

His voice grew darker as he drew closer.

“There is nothing that would stop me from cutting your arms and legs off, Irith. Nothing that would prevent me from gutting you right here and now.”

She sobbed, “W-What do you want?”

“Many things, but not as many as my masters have in mind.”

“P-Please don’t hurt me.”

He chuckled dryly, an evil sound if she ever heard. He pressed his weapon against her breast and she felt the sharp cutting edge against the soft mound. She sobbed again, her throat seizing up as she tried to roll away from him. His hand shot out, grabbing her hair and pinning her to the ground. She shook violently as he pressed the sharp point of his weapon up against her stomach.

“Now, listen. You have five seconds to decide your fate. Either you accept me as your master, or you die slowly with your guts spread out across this field!”

He hissed loudly. She sobbed and heard the faint screams from the party, they were quieter now, but just as terrible as they scraped against her nerves. She shook even more violently as she stared up at the dead black eyes, her throat refusing to make a sound.

The stranger grunted, “Five.”

She tried to push him away, but the sharp point of his weapon pushed hard against her stomach and she felt a burning pain blossom right above her belly button as a trickle of blood oozed out.

“Four.”

She sobbed, tears blinding her as she struggled to calm her beating heart. Her looming mortality burned brightly. Her lips worked frantically and she saw a cruel smile stretch across his mirthless face.

“P-Please d-don’t kill me.”

“You know what to do then, in the last three seconds of your life.”

He ground her head into the ground, twisting her hair and planting her face into the dirt. She sputtered, struggling for air as he called off the next second.

“Two.”

Her face was scratched as he ground her face harder into the dirt. Just as he was about to call off the next second, he lifted her just enough for her to gasp her doom.

“Master!”

“One.” It came out as a triumph smile and she shivered at the sound of it. He yanked her head up, twisting her hair as he threw her back against the dirt. She landed hard on her side and rolled on her back as she fell into the plowed ditch. The sharp pains and cuts from the hard earth was nothing compared to the excruciating pain from her ruined legs.

“Well, you do have some spark of life left in you.”

He stood up, his dark form towering over her.

“That earns you another sixty seconds to live.”

“W-What!?” She sobbed and screamed at the same time. Her fingers dug into the dry rock. She barely managed to pull herself out of the ditch, but he slammed his foot into her stomach. The metal boot he was wearing dug into her skin.

“Fifty-nine seconds of your pathetic existence.”

“Please! Please don’t do this, please don’t kill me. I’ll do anything!”

He froze for a second, “Fifty-eight. Anything? You can’t figure out what I want?”

“No,” she shook with her sobs, “please don’t do this.”

“Fine, then strip for me.”

Irith froze, fear of rape exploding in her mind as she stared up at the murderer. He stared back, his face emotionless. His voice whispered after a few seconds.

“Fifty-five.”

She couldn’t believe her ears as she started to hyperventilate, her shaking growing more violently with every passing moment. A ringing filled her ears as she shook her head slowly.

“No... please anything but that.”

“Do you want to live?”

It was a hard question and she nodded.

“Yes, please. Please let me live.”

“Then strip! I loath to repeat myself.”

She felt trapped, the hard boot on her stomach, grinding her into the harvested earth. He snapped at her, hefting his sharp killing weapon in his hand.

“Fifty seconds left.”

Irith’s fingers clutched into the dirt, her lungs burning in her chest. It wasn’t until he called of forty seconds that she started to tug at her dress, gasping with frantic desperation. The pain of her ankles renewed in an explosion of pain as she scraped it against the hard, bitter earth. She tore at the fabric, tearing it open as he released her from the ground. Sobbing loudly, she clawed at her outfit, tearing her top off almost instantly. Her movements, with normally unconscious efforts to balance herself, ignited terrible waves of pains coursing up her legs.

“Thirty seconds.”

Desperately, she yanked at the fabric again and again, her fingers digging into a seam. She felt it tearing, the sound of it drowning out all sounds as she sat up. For a moment, she managed to tear it apart but she shifted against destroyed muscles as she screamed out as she collapsed back on the ground. Her legs were wet and sticky from blood as she yanked the bottom of her dress out from underneath her. She almost passed out from a wave of darkness, but managed to cling to consciousness.

“Fifteen seconds.”

She threw the ruined remains of her dress aside, her breasts heaving in the warm air.

“What? What else-?”

“Ten seconds. Your underwear and boots, do you think I’m stupid? I said I can see in the dark.”

Sobbing loudly, she tore at her underwear as he counted down the remaining seconds of her life.

“Five.”

Her fingers scraped against her skin, tearing out the curls of her pubic hair as she tried to pull them apart. She felt the lace ripping as he spoke the next second.

“Four.”

Tears splashed down anew as she jerked at the fabric. It refused to give. Desperate, she pushed them down, screaming out as the pain of her hamstrung legs pushed her toward darkness once again. She managed to shove her boots off and she ignored the sound of her precious coins spilling out on the ground as she struggled with the underwear that caught on her injuries.

“Two.”

Her fingers accidentally slammed into her wound, a deep cut that went clear to the bone. Everything with sticky and hot and her panties caught on the wound, sending fresh spears of pain through her body. She almost spasmed, her back muscles tearing with the conflict inside her body as she slipped on the slickness of her own body.

“One.”

Her voice giving out, she managed to shove the fabric free of one bloody limb. She slipped trying to push it off the second. Her foot felt foreign to her, a destroyed limb that no longer knew its owner. Only pain remained. She froze as she felt the sharp edge of his weapon against her throat. Sobbing, her shoulders shaking from the effort, she released the thin lace of the fabric.

His voice was triumphant as he hissed loudly.

“Zero.”

She sobbed, struggling to reaching them even as he pushed her onto her back.

“Please. Please. Please, please don’t kill me! I tried!”

“Be quiet.”

Pressing the sharpness against her throat, she felt a trickle of blood oozing out of a shallow cut. She bit back the sobs as he traced the point of his weapon along her breasts, stomach and thighs. She shook violently, feeling more violated than she ever had in her life. She watched as he hooked the delicate little curl of lace and pulled up. Her panties slipped off her toes and lifted up into the air, held by the single point of his murderous weapon.

He sounded disappointed when he spoke, his whisper grating and cutting through her sobs.

“Well, Irith, it looks like you’ve earned yourself another day of life.”

She stared up, her body a storm of pain and emotions. Pounding against her chest, she felt her heart trying to batter her ribs. The agony of even breathing was nothing compared to the searing pain that cut her from foot to thigh, a burning that refused to fade.

“W-Why are you doing this?”

He looked down, his face masked in the shadows.

“Because I can. Because I will. Because they told me too.”

She sobbed, trying to pull herself out of the ditch. She felt more blood dripping from her injuries, soaking into the earth.

“W-We didn’t do anything to you.”

He knelt down next to her, his armor scraping against itself. She heard a faint wailing over the wind, then a scream off in the distance. Her head snapped up, toward the location of her home. The stranger, the murderer, followed her gaze.

“I am doing this because of you, Irith.”

Shock stole her breath away. “Me!?”

“Don’t make me repeat myself. My master believed you actually have some purpose in the world, an opinion,” he leaned over her, his carrion breath choking you, “that I do not share. In fact, I feel that the only purpose you can possibly have is to be bred for the rest of your natural lifespan.”

His hand shot out through the darkness and wrapped around her neck. She gasped as she felt the icy grip squeezing her, cutting off her breath almost instantly.

“In fact, I would have started years ago,” his voice brimmed with disapproval, “but obviously your father has an overblown opinion of your merits.”

He amended himself after a moment, “Something I will ensure he doesn’t forget.”

Irith tried to sob. Her fingers gripped his hand, desperately trying to pry his fingers away from her throat. Her mouth opened with the effort to breath, but no air escaped his deathly grip. Pain rocked her body as she accidentally tried to kick, but her leg only twitched at her hip instead of lashing out as she hoped. She bit back the pain, the tears streaming from her burning eyes.

“In fact,” there was a dark, sinister tone to his voice.

“I plan to rectify your father’s mistakes once and for all.”

She had no clue what he meant until he reached down with his spare hand. Her eyes followed as an icy pit formed in her stomach. She heard the sound of metal and leather, then he released it as she saw a hint of something dropping between his legs. For a moment, she was confused, then her eyes adjusted and she realized she was staring at his manhood. As a farm girl, she had seen her share of erect penis on horses, cattle, and even the occasional farm hand. Irith even saw her mother and father having sex one, in the far fields, but it was nothing compared to the shadowed cudgel that hung in front of her.

For a human, it was as large as she has seen it and just a thick. But, it wasn't the size that stole her breath away, instead of the smooth shaft with bumps and veins, it was a monstrous thing twisted over itself, like a corkscrew but as thick as three of her fingers combined. The head was huge, more like a ragged end of a tree branch instead of the delicate wedge that she knew Teri had. It was a monster, a terrible device of rape and torture.

“Oh... please not that?”

He grunted as he stroked it once, the twisted mass twitching as his touch. She saw that he had three balls, each one almost the size of his fist, but one of them, the middle one, was cleaved in two, like a split apple.

“What? Where you hoping for something like the fuck rod of some knight in golden armor? That pathetic father of yours? Or that brother?”

Fresh tears, searing hot, splashed down on the ground as she tried to crawl away, unable to tear her eyes away from the horrid lump of flesh that threatened her. The murderer laughed, a hissing terrible sound.

“What? Do I frighten you already?”

His laughter, the first that she ever heard, sent a shiver down her spine. She clutched the ground, digging into it with her fingers as she pulled herself her way. Her helpless legs dragged against the ground as he stood up. In the dim light, she couldn't tear her eyes away from his twisted mass as his cruel laughter drowned out all other sounds. He stepped heavily on the ground, tossing his throwing weapon in the air.

“What? Why are you running, little bitch? Afraid I’m going to hurt you with this?”

He held up his cock, which dripped slightly on the ground.

“Please... no, anything but that!”

He laughed loudly and stepped over to her.

“What? Why are you running? Didn’t you say I was your master?”

She shivered at the tone of his voice. When he spoke again, the dark, cruel tone was back.

“Stop running, girl. Otherwise, what you suffer...”

He let his threat hover in the air. Irith managed to crawl a few more inches before she stopped, looking up at him and the dark eyes that held her. Her heart pounded against her ribs as she let out a long wail of terror. He grinned as he came closer. He stopped right between her limp legs and kicked her right away. She let out a tiny scream as the bolt of pain coursed through her, but it redoubled as he kicked the other, forcing her legs apart. Reflexively, she tried to pull them together, but the explosion of pain threw a wave of darkness across her vision.

The ground shook as he dropped to his knees between her legs, his armor letting out a wail as the dust rose up around her. She whimpered, trying to pull herself away, but his hand shot out again and grabbed her ankle. Her whimper turned into a high-pitched scream as he squeezed it tightly, his thumb digging into the sliced open cut. She felt him shoving it deep, through the slick blood and burning agony to press right up into the bones of her leg. His other hand reached down and grabbed her other useless limb, halfway between her injury and her knee. There was an explosion of pain as he wrenched her legs apart, twisting them in the joint. The cusp of her rape throbbed in her heart, a slowly oncoming doom. She felt so vulnerable to the twisted cock of the murderer with her sex spread lewdly below it.

“Now, girl, I’ll teach you what your real purpose in life is.”

With that, he slammed forward. The twisted mutation of his cock slammed into her pussy, tearing it open as he threw his weight into his blow. It was dry, only a tiny hint of lubrication from her time with Teri, but it was enough as she felt her delicate folds being torn open. Something tore inside her as he bore down, forcing her hard



against the painful cutting earth as the thick monster of his cock ripped into her, sliding down into her most treasured places.

Irith let out a scream of almost inhuman volumes as her virginity was tore away, shredded almost instantly as he forced his thickness into her. Her body screamed out in incredible pain of being wrenched part, being raped, and the fingers inside her previous wounds. The intensity of her suffering left her helpless, unable to even breath as he forced his cock into her. When he finally reached the limits of his thrust, he just yanked his shaft out of her. She found herself staring at it, seeing the blood, her own virginal blood, that dripped from the many cracks and twists of his member, but then he slammed it forward again, impaling her as her scream echoed shrilly out over the fields.

Her rapist drove into her, tearing her open until he could thrust his entire length into her delicate channel. She felt him slamming against her cervix, pounding and tearing at her inner walls as he sheathed his inhuman cock into her body. The pain from her depths was only eclipsed by the agony from the steel grip he hand on her injured ankle. She tried to push him away, but he refused to stop, his chest shoving her hands aside as he impaled her, burying his length in her body.

Consumed by a sea of pain, she barely heard him as he grunted.

“If you pass out, breeder, you’ll never wake up again.”

Irith fought against the blackness that threatened her, feeling every iota of pain as it coursed through her body. His cock raped her, tearing her open and she realized she would never feel whole again. The feeling of violation gripped her heart and squeezed her lungs and she could only flail against his inhuman strength and suffer the twisted pain of his cock.

She thought it would never end. The horrid pain violating her, the grunts as he thrust hard, grinding her into the earth with the force of his blow. But, after an eternity of agony, he bellowed loudly as he slammed into her, burying his entire twisted length inside her clutching. She felt her inner walls clutching to his roughness as his cock swelled inside her.

Then, the most horrible feeling in her life as searing hot, wet splattered started to flood her insides. She let out a long wail of terror, one that carried over the rough earth and echoed against

trees and buildings with the sound of a broken woman. Her rapist held himself there and she felt every pulse of his cock, every surge of cum that soaked her insides.

Her wail ended in a sob as the last of his cum soaked her insides. Her rapist held his cock there, still hard and gnarled as before.

“Now, this is your real position in life, girl. To have your belly swollen with my seed, to produce more men for the world.’

Irith sobbed, her body slumped against the ground. She felt broken and violated, like her body was no longer her own will. But, deep inside, she also felt a growing rage for this monster who hurt her and her family. He slipped out and sent another wave of pain through her body as he stood above her, his cock dripping with his juices and her blood. Unconcerned, he shoved it into his pants and replaced his armor. She tried to pull away, but he just reached down and grabbed her ankle. Irith screamed out as he pulled on it, dragging her back to the farm by the most painful way possible.

It felt like an hour passed as she was dragged across the hard ground, the clumps of dried earth tearing into her naked body. She felt every cut on her body. The agony grew from her position, being dragged by a useless limb, but her other leg trailed behind her, threatening to tear itself from her hip as her body scraped against the ground.

She was barely conscious when they returned to the lantern-lit clearing of the square. She could see blood everywhere, soaking into the ground and covering everything. The hands were stripped naked, tied up along the bars. She couldn't see her family or Teri, but her rapist didn't stop. Instead, he walked up to the porch, dragging her up the wooden stairs. She remembered bounding up them just hours before, but now... now everything felt like it was ripped out of reality. She tried to lift herself up the stairs, but the strength had left her and she felt the steps tearing open the wounds on her back as he dragged her into the house.

With the same calloused heartlessness, he dragged her up the stairs and into her own room. For a brief moment, she wondered how he knew, but he was already picking her up by her ankle and throwing her on the bed. She landed on the straw-filled mattress heavily, and gasped from the pain that filled her.

He stopped.

“You remained awake through that?”

Irith didn't know how to response, so she nodded. He frowned, his face lit up by the lights outside. He fingered the weapon in his hand for a moment, then shrugged.

“I guess you'll live for the night.”

She sobbed as he turned and left the room. She heard his boots on the floor outside, but they slowed at the top of the stairs. Then, she heard him turning around and coming into the room. Grunting, he went to the foot of the bed and grabbed her ankles. She screamed out as he pulled them straight, fresh blood soaking her blankets and sheets.

“Silence!”

She had to grab and pillow and clamp it down over her face as he twisted her ankle. Then, she felt his hands grow hot. The temperature rose until it felt like they were on fire, and she was being consumed by them. With terrible clarity, she felt the ragged wounds exploding in a fire that she could only feel. She almost passed out again, both from the pillow clamped across her face and the indescribable agony that consumed her.

It ended after only a few short seconds. She was soaked with sweat, her body shuddering as if she ran ten thousand miles. A hard hand grabbed the pillow from her face, yanking it off. Her rapist leaned over her, his carrion breath choking her again.

“Don't die in the night, we have a lot of things planned for the next few days, Irith.”

He stepped away, his boots loud on the ground. This time, she heard him go down the stairs and out the front door, slamming it shut behind her. Outside, there were soft screams of pain and suffering, then a high pitched scream of one of the hands. Desperate not to hear the sound, she buried her face and prayed for sleep.

Too many screams later, it finally came to her in pain-filled dreams of rape and terror.

*t'Sade*

# Training a New Abyssal 2: The Slaughter

Irith woke up screaming. Her hands clutched against her legs, feeling the burning searing along her nerves, paralyzing her. Her shrill voice echoed against the walls of her bedroom. With the pain filling her, she tried to force her mind into some semblance of sanity. Slowly, details of her torture drifted through her thoughts and she realized, despite the apparent calmness of her room, was in more danger than she ever thought possible. Her eyes, wide with fright, snapped back and forth, scanning her room for the dark shadow of her rapist and torturer, the stranger who invaded their party only the night before.

Memories of her rape came violently and she felt a sob choking her. It caught in her throat, her muscles refusing to let it go. Gasping for breath, she forced it out, feeling hot tears splashing down on her naked legs. Her hands stretched out, scratching her dirt-crusted fingernails against the dried blood on her legs. The tears came faster when she finally managed to let out another sob, then another. Her fingers worked at her legs, pushing away dirt and cum-soaked dirt that flaked off and scattered along her virgin wool sheets.

The pain in her legs was intense, but steady. As long as she didn't move, she could almost pretend it was a pulled muscle or another injury from the farm. But as soon as she looked down at her brown-streaked legs, at the two black masses that formed at the back of her ankles, she felt the pain once again. Trembling, she tried to pull her leg up, to bring it closer, but only a burning ache filled her thighs, her legs refused to even twitch. Still sobbing, she tried again, praying for her leg to move.

When it didn't, she buried her hands in her face.

"This isn't fair!"

Fortunately, no one answered her. She glanced across the room, to the gaping opening of her bedroom door. Down the hall, she could see her parent's room, the door shut. Below, she could see where the hallway rug was shoved aside, probably from some warrior stealing from her family's home. Automatically, her eyes focused on her small dresser. Hoping that they never found the cache of jade and silver, she jumped as the muscles in her left leg gave a sudden twinge, sending pain arching down her spine.

Bringing her attention back, she stared down at her useless legs. They refused to twitch or even shift, despite her efforts. Shaking with fear, she reached out and touched her big toe on her right foot. It felt strange, like her limb wasn't even part of her body, but she continued to tap it as she fought the rising pain. Gingerly, she curled her fingers around her foot and pulled it close, fighting the disconnect of her own body and the growing agony. Bringing it closer, she stared down at the gaping wound at the back of her ankle, where her rapist hamstrung her with his gruesome weapon, the Sky-Cutter.

She frowned, staring down at her injury. The edges were purple and red, the gash filled with dried blood. She very gingerly stroked it, jumping slightly at the pain, but she didn't feel a raw gaping cut. Instead, it felt like something weeks old, barely hovering on the edge of infection but it was healing. Surprised and shock, she looked over at her other ankle and saw it was the same, weeks healed though the rest of her body was still injured from the night before.

Carefully, her body shaking from the effort, she started to catalog her scrapes, bruises, and other wounds with her fingertips. She winced at the sore muscles but she continued with her morbid need to focus on her injuries instead of thinking of the more darker thoughts, such as where her rapist was. Her fingers came up between her limp legs and she froze. Closing her eyes tightly, she brought them closer, feeling the scraped skin of her inner thighs and the dried cum that made them sticky. Her throat felt dry and tight as she forced herself to explore deeper. Her questing fingers found her pubic hair, matted with her own blood and her attacker's cum. She squeezed her face as the smell wafted up, reminding her of

her own brutal violation. For a moment, she mourned her virginity being torn away by such a monstrous cock. The image of it, twisted rod of flesh, sent a terrible spasm through her and she forced herself to focus back on her injuries.

Her labia was painful and sore. On her fingers, it felt swollen and broken, the hole into her being still damp with her rape. Slowly, she brought up her fingers and sobbed at the redness of her fingertips. Blood. Her blood. His violation tore her deep inside, ripped her apart even as he destroyed her life.

Tears welled up in her eyes. Pulling her fingers away, she wiped them on her sheets and stared at the reddish smear across the formerly white sheets. For a long time, she refused to move, staring down at the stark reminder of her new reality.

A scream outside ripped through her musing. Her head snapped up to stare at the window of her bedroom as, to her horror, a splash of blood splattered against it. She lurched toward it, then collapsed as her legs refused to move. The burning pain almost doubled inside her when her body tried to compensate, tearing at muscles and tendons no longer connected. A sharp shriek echoed against her walls again as she tightened herself up against the pain. Her fingernails dug into her palms, trying to overpower the agony that coursed through her. Outside, the screams rose into a shrill tone, then abruptly silenced in a short gurgling noise.

Irith turned her head away, unwilling to hear the next sound. It came after a few minutes, a deeper bellow and the sound of struggles. She could hear the roar of laughter as the angry bellows vibrated her window. At the first piercing sound of pain, she buried her head in her pillows, suddenly feeling nauseous. The cries of pain cut through her pillow and she piled her blankets on top of it, huddling in the pain of her body and the agony she felt in her heart with every new scream. It went on forever, or at least it felt like forever, before it ended in another gurgling death. As the last sound echoed in her head, she felt the tears splashing down on the pillow.

With a start, she realized she wasn't crying for them, however. Instead, she was crying for herself. The idea of being out there, in their place, terrified Irith almost as much as the thought of never walking again. For that, she cried.

The next scream sent a bolt of terror in her heart as she heard it. It was one of the younger girls of the ranch. Sobbing, she forced herself out of the blankets.

“No...”

Suffering every movement, Irith started to pull herself across her bed toward the window. Her legs trailed behind her, sending bolts of sensations through her with every twitch. She had to clutch the blankets, dragging herself by her arms. By the time she reached the window, she was gasping for breath and soaked in sweat. The stench of sweat, blood, and dirt flooded her senses while she grabbed the window sill. Letting out a whimper, she pulled herself up to peer through the blood-splattered glass.

They were torturing the girl. Irith sobbed as she watched the young girl being stretched apart by four ropes and a leering man holding a knife over her head. With a slash, he cut through her dress and tore it open. For a brief moment, Irith was terrified they were going to rape the innocent girl. Then, the man jammed his knife into her belly and started to tear it open. The terrified screams, painful in their volume and octave, scraped against Irith's nerves. The frantic begging as the girl's murderer yanked her chest and stomach open and started to pull out steaming coils of innards, tossing them aside with casual cruelty. Irith sobbed loudly, watching the heartless torture of a girl in front of her. She couldn't tear her eyes away though. Instead, she watched with morbid fascination, her fingers digging into the window sill with the profound disturbance she felt.

It took almost a half hour for the girl to die, her screams fading off into wails, then silence. Her torturer continued gutting her, spreading out her organs and body into a large circle of red soaked into the ground. Irith trembled as she stared at it. The circle was almost a hundred feet across, planted in the middle of her family's farm. The tables from the party were shoved to the side, creating an area of sorts. An arena of blood and pain.

Three men went into one of the barns and came out with another ranch hand. It was a younger man, only a few years older than Irith herself. But, at the sight of them forcing him to his knees turned her stomach. She could almost feel the blood squelching on the ground as they stripped him. At the fight sight of the gutting knife, she



turned her head away. His scream of pain terrified her, more so because she could picture exactly what they were doing to him.

His terror haunted her as she pressed herself against the wall underneath her window sill, still sprawled across her bed. Her useless legs were twisted in the sheets, sending occasional bolts of pain in time with the terrified sounds outside.

“Not watching the festivities?”

At the sound of the cracked hissing voice of her rapist, Irith whimpered loudly and tried to crawl into the wall. Her fingernails dug into the plaster as she turned her head toward her bedroom door.

He was standing there, somehow avoiding the spears of light that came through the window. In the day, she could see how he was handsome once, except for the cruelty that glowed in the back of his eyes and the disapproving slash of his mouth. A jet-black plate covered his chest. It looked like the breastplates she saw in her history books, but this one somehow drank in the light to appear darker than night. As she watched, a ghostly face rose up in the glassy surface and she realized she was more frightened than before. Her eyes trailed down, focusing on the black chain armor that covered his arms and legs. They appeared to be of the same material and she hoped she wouldn't see more ghostly apparitions floating in them. He wore solid metal boots and gloves; she shivered as she remembered them pressed against her naked, helpless body.

He cleared his throat, the angry sound ripping into her. With another whimper, she looked up at the humorless face staring down at her.

“I asked question, sow.”

His right glove creaked as he curled into a fist. Irith stared with growing terror, working her lips as she tried to force a word past her suddenly dry throat.

“N-No.”

He moved with a flash, covering the short distance across the room. She let out a scream as his black gloved hands grabbed her shin, yanking them toward the edge of the bed. Her fingernail almost ripped off as he dragged her close to the edge. Then more pain as he squeezed them tightly before lifting her helpless legs up with his powerful strength. She was paralyzed with pain as he

forced her legs back, pressing her knees up against her bruised breasts and filling her with agony. She felt suddenly helpless, looking down at her exposed, violated pussy. The tearing sensation inside shocked her as she felt her torn-open tunnel being once again exposed to her rapist.

He growled at her, "I do not like repeating myself, bitch!"

His words pummeled her as he shoved her ankles into one hand, one metallic finger pressing directly into the gash his weapon left in her. She arched her back, trying to pull her feet away but his strength overwhelmed her as he shoved down, pinning her to the bed. With his free hand, she watched as he reached down and opened up his armor, freeing the twisted staff of his flesh into the air.

Seeing it in the light did nothing for Irith's growing terror. It looked like it was the result of some accident, the length of the huge shaft twisted and bent, with huge bulges out of the side of it. Thick veins, some of them as large as her smallest finger, rose out of the side as the entire thing swelled into full hardness.

"No! No, please! Please don't!"

She heard his snarl as he grabbed her legs with both hands. Pulling back with his hips, she started to scream just as he slammed his cock forward.

It tore into her, ripping apart her pussy and plunging deep into the violated tunnel. She felt every horrible ridge and pulse as he slammed into her, burying almost two thirds of his inhuman cock into her defenseless depths. Her throat seized as he yanked it out, old blood dripping off the endless cracks and crevices. She drew in a long, desperate shred of breath before he speared her again, this time plunging his entire length into her body. She felt the swollen, bulbous hand crashed against her inner walls, feeling like they were tearing her apart.

His growl vibrated down his length as he crushed her chest with her own legs.

"I gave you two orders! Two orders and you can't obey even the first!"

Irith tried to remember the orders, but his cock sawed into her, tearing at her inner walls until it shimmered with her blood and juices. She wanted to sob, cry, or do anything. Her arms refused to

work as he stared into her eyes, tearing his cock into her with hard, brutal strokes. She felt them slammed into her limits, yanking apart her tunnel. Even her labia was yanked apart cruelly as he drove into her with the force of a unnatural storm. Her body was slammed into the wall, forcing her neck into an unnatural position as he rammed into her. There was no pleasure for her, but she could somehow sense that he was enjoying himself raping her as he grunted loudly.

The tearing agony faded slightly as her blood and his juices slicked the violated opening. Slurping noises filled her tiny bedroom as he raped her hard and fast, his cock swelling with every stroke in her formerly virgin body.

Then, he came inside her, soaking her insides with his molten seed. She sobbed at the first searing blast inside her. He grinned down at her, triumphant and heartless, his dark eyes forcing hers to stare into the void of his gaze.

“I’m going to breed you, Irith. I’m going to make your belly swell with my seed. That is the role of women, that is your role in this little drama. Your life... your life is nothing but to produce more men for the world.”

His dark hissing voice sent shivers down her spine. She felt her body squeezing around his twisted cock, trying to force it out, but it just pumped another black of cursed seed into her body, threatening to impregnate her with just his will.

His hands released her ankles, but his metal-clad chest continued to pin her. She felt his gloved hands reached down, fingers wrapping around the junction of her leg and her hip. His other hand forced her leg away as he grabbed her breast, his icy fingers grabbing the soft flesh and squeezing slowly. The hand on her hip tightened also and soon it was sending warning pang of pain that quickly turned into sharp agony. The fingers around her breast dug in, the sharp edge of his fingertips cutting into the soft mound. She whimpered, tears dripping from her eyes.

“I’m going to repeat myself once, sow. Just one more time.”

She forced herself to listen, despite the pain overwhelming her. His eyes glittered darkly as he bore down, his cock surging hotly inside her, swelling again before splattering her insides.

“I am your master. Every question I ask... You. Will. Answer!” He squeezed the joint and Irith screamed out in pain. As she arched her

back, trying to escape it, he twisted her breast, his fingernails digging into the delicate skin.

“And you will answer, ‘master!’”

His bellow drowned out her scream. With one final pound, he crushed her hips with the force of his blow and twisted hard before letting go of her with a jerk.

“Now, sow, I asked you a question!”

He screamed at her as he yanked his cock out powerfully. Irith thought that her insides would be torn out as his dripping cock burst into view. Blood and juices and cum oozed along his twisted length and he glared down at her. Irith felt fear rising up, fear of what to do. She furiously thought back. Her hesitation earned her a glare and a threat to grab her again, so she frantically cried out.

“Master!”

A small smile ghosted across his lips, but he didn't rape or hit her. Instead, he stood up straighter and crossed his arms across his chest.

“Answer the question then.”

Thankful that she figured it out, she spoke softly in a whimper. Her eyes refused to leave the dripping length, the feeling of revulsion rising up in her throat. Her insides felt torn and bleeding but she focused on the present.

“No... master.”

He almost seemed proud, “Good, good. Just remember that I'm your master and you might live until tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow?” At his glare, she amended herself, “Master?”

Her rapist nodded in curt approval. “You have not been trained for your true purpose in the world. Instead, your parents gave you the idea that, somehow, you were free to,” he paused for a moment frowning, “that you actually had the right to go out in the world on your own.”

He leaned forward, his carrion breath gagging her.

“I'm here to remind you that your position is final and nonnegotiable. You and your kind are nothing but devices for producing more men. Just as it is my duty to breed you, it is yours to carry my child into this world.”

She shook at the thought of bearing his child, but the dark, humorless eyes allowed no response. He reached out, his black

mailed hand grabbing her shoulder as he pulled her up into a sitting position. She felt unsteady, her legs refusing to balance her and when she tried, the aching pain shot up her helpless legs. Cum dripped out from between her legs, soaking her sheets. She felt a sob rising in her throat and swallowed hard to stop it.

He stared at her for a long count before speaking.

“Now, you spend the rest of the day watching what we do, it is very important.”

“Why... master?”

He paused for a moment, looking up at the window as a fresh scream rattled against it. When he looked down, there was a scowl of anger and something else that left her fearful for her very life. For a moment, she thought he would attack. To her surprise, he didn't.

“Do you know what a shadowland is, girl?”

Irith didn't have to think back much, the old Immaculate Order monk who came through every year told the children about it. They were lands where the Underworld, the land of the dead, leaked through into Creation. During the Calibration, five days at the end of the year, shadowlands became more than just a stain in the world, the ghosts of the dead walked and preyed on the living. She gasped, her eyes widening in fear. Her rapist held her tightly.

“Normally, it takes a battle or terrible things to create one, but a skilled person, with the right set of victims, can create one in a matter of days. It will only be small and will only last a single Calibration,” he chuckled mirthlessly, “but for my purposes, it will be sufficient.”

“Only one... why are you doing this? Master?”

He released her and she clutched the edge of her bed to regain her balance. He stepped back, his boots loud against the floor of her room.

“You, Irith. Unlike what your parents told you, you weren't born on the first of the new year. You were born at the very end of Calibration. A baby without the blessing of the gods.”

Irith whimpered, tears threatening to form again, “No...”

He grunted angrily, “Do not forget ‘master,’ girl. Irith, you were born during Calibration. And the underworld and my masters plan on having you back in their embrace in six days.”

“You are lying!” She appended herself in quieter tone, “Master.”

He sighed, “I have no reason to lie to you. I have repeatedly stated my opinion of your worth. You are a breeder, good for nothing but carrying children.”

He spat, “So, watch as I torture and kill everyone you ever knew, just so my masters can have their will with your body and soul.”

He spun around and disappeared from sight, his boots no longer making any noise. Only the quiet slam of the front door told her that he left, but she was left standing there, shaking with the revelations and also the growing fear that he had something far worse in mind than gutting or even torture.

Outside, the screams continued. Stirring herself from her horror, Irith obeyed her “master” and pulled herself back to the window. The tears splashed down on her cheeks as she lifted her body and rested on the edge of the bed, peering down as they dragged out a new victim. It was one of the older hands. Irith couldn’t stop crying as she watched him being dismembered, his voice giving out long before he stopped moving. She wanted to tear her eyes away from it, but then she saw her rapist watching the window. Fearful, she forced herself to watch as they killed one man after the other. With the man in black in charge, it would take hours for one to die, sometimes he would have three or more being tortured at the same time, their blood soaking into the hard soil. Rivers of gore and fluids ran along the edges of the bloody circle, pooling into morbid reminders of the ones who died only hours before.

Every time Irith wanted to look away, she caught the eye of the rapist. His dark, impenetrable gaze kept her locked into position. Even as her body started to complain, the need for food and the outhouse rose, she couldn’t find the ability to move away. Instead, it just hurt more and more until it was overshadowing even the pain of her legs.

She never thought she would make it, but as the sun started to color the horizon, she watched as he entered the house. She didn’t know if she should be watching the torture or waiting for him. She decided to focus on his literal words and kept her eyes riveted on the slaughter below. She didn’t hear him, but she felt his icy hand press against her shoulder.

“I see you actually can obey, Irith.”

She shivered, wanting to look away but not.

“Yes, master.”

He rubbed his mailed gauntlet against her shoulder and she cringed at the feeling of the icy metal. His fingers dug into her shoulder for a moment, then she felt him crawling on the bed. Fighting back the tears, she waited for him to stop moving. He did, pulling his hand back to lift her waist up. Her legs, still refusing to move, laid limply as he entered her from behind, forcing his twisted, mutated cock into her body. It was moist between her legs and she closed her eyes tightly against the pain.

He grunted as his shaft bottomed out inside her, forcing her insides to stretch tightly around his knotted mass.

“Soon you’ll learn your place, girl.”

He thrust forward hard and Irith’s head bumped against the window. She planted her palms against it, holding it away from her head but that forced her back on his shaft. Her hips ached from being held up by his mailed gauntlets, but nothing compared to the growing discomfort of needing the outhouse and him driving his twisted cock deep inside her body.

“In fact, once you learn your place, you’ll find the pain will diminish, but never pass.”

He drove into her again and she whimpered from the discomfort. His knots and twists dragged along the folds of her pussy like fingernails, but it no longer felt like he was tearing her apart. She could feel every bump as they grabbed her insides, tugging on them before sliding out.

She let out a shuddering gasp, fogging the window, but he ignored her. His fingers dug deeply into her body as he fucked her, plowing his cock in and out at his own rapid, brutal pace. She felt him come inside her a few moments later, soaking her insides. The idea of one of them seeding her filled her with sorrow, but she knew that it was becoming her position in life, at least from the rapist’s point of view.

He pulled out of her and leaned back. Irith slumped against the window, then down against her blankets, trying to curl up as hot juices dribbled out of her abused opening.

His dark chuckle drew her attention up and she looked at him.

“Already breaking? I thought you’d last a lot longer, girl.”

She started to cry, but he stood up with a sigh, wiping off his cock with her sheet before tucking it back.

“Tears don’t move me, girl. They haven’t in centuries and I have no interest in starting now.”

She shook her head, “No, I... master, I didn’t.”

His eyes narrowed and she felt a rush of fear staring into his eyes. It felt like he was going to hurt her again. His hand snapped out, grabbing her hair and she screamed out briefly.

“Quiet!”

Forcing her jaw to clamp shut, Irith whimpered as he dragged her toward him.

“Do you have to go? Outside?”

The idea of going out into the bloodbath frightened her, but she needed the bathroom badly.

“Y-Yes, master.”

Without asking another question, he turned and dragged her from the bed. She tried to get on her feet, but the screaming agony caused her to slump. She felt her scalp exploding in pain as he dragged her out of her room. Her hands skittered against the ground, trying to find a balance. He didn’t even pause as he dragged her down the stairs bodily, his strength easily scraping her against the ground. Her naked breasts were pinned against the stairs, sending shocks of pain through her body. He continued to drag her outside, through the bloody soil and to the outhouse.

The stench was overwhelming, but being dragged through it was almost more than Irith could bear. By the time he threw her on the outhouse seat, she was sobbing pitifully. He snarled and held her there as she tried to hold her balance. After the second time she almost fell through the hole, she winced and spoke softly.

“Master, could I get some help?”

His eyes were unreadable as he stepped back into the outhouse and held her long enough to finish her business. He even held her as she cleaned herself up, using a wet rag outside of the outhouse to remove some of the blood and dirt that smeared her body.

Lower lip trembling, she thanked her master. He grunted before pulling her off the outhouse seat. Instead of dragging her by her hair, she was surprise when he threw her over his shoulder, so her



head was facing his stomach and her legs laid limply down his back. He stepped across the bloody field and returned her to the room.

Dropping her hard on the bed, he looked down at her. Sprawled across the dirty sheets, she tried to arrange her body. His breath came loudly but slowly as he stared at her. She wondered if he was admiring her or pitying her when he cleared his throat.

“And tonight’s lesson: nothing is for free.”

She looked up, trying to read him. She shivered in fear as she clutched herself.

“What... master?”

“Do not make me repeat myself. Everything I do for you, I will demand something in return.”

The fear peaked inside her. Irith cringed against her blankets, trying to ignore the feeling of the dried dirt and grime underneath her. She felt her breath coming in long shudders as she looked up.

“What... master?”

He thought for a moment, then answered curtly.

“I want you to impale yourself. Take your own destiny in your body.”

She gulped, thinking he was talking about the spits in the barn or something more serious. Her rapist started to drop. His heavy armor floated with ghostly images as he dropped it to the ground. It clanged and soon his chain armor followed. She watched him as he quickly stripped down naked. At the first sight of the hundreds of scars and lines across her body, she gasped loudly. He shrugged.

“I earned my position in life and don’t you forget it, girl.”

He gestured to his body as he finally stripped off the last bit.

“These are the marks of nine guards who caught me when I,” he paused in mid-sentence. Clearing his throat, he started a new statement.

“I tracked down all nine of them when I was able. I killed them, their families, and even their loved ones. It took me almost two decades to do it.”

“Why, master?”

He glared at her, “Because I could. Those who try to kill me better succeed, or I will make sure they never try again.”

She whimpered as she stared at his naked body, the rippling muscles. Around her crotch, she could see that the flesh was twisted

and pulled, scarred like his length that stood throbbing before her eyes. She tried to ask another question, stalling her obvious fate.

“Why did they try to kill you, master?”

He leaned over and pushed her against the wall. Crawling on the bed, he stretched out on his back and looked at her.

“Because I raped seventeen virgins in one night.”

She gasped, holding her hand over her mouth. He chuckled, seeing her response.

“Yes, that is why I’m known as the Rapist of Seventeen Virgins. But now, girl, you have other duties to perform.”

She shivered as her eyes focused on his cock, standing up straight and throbbing. Precum dripped down along the cracks and budes, following the twisted, inhuman length. There was no question of what he wanted her to impale herself on. Her insides clenched up with the thought of being impaled on that, but his hard look allowed for no escape. He made no effort to help her, just stared at her with his black eyes.

Irith licked her lips, feeling her heart pounding against her ribs as she levered herself up against him, moving her body with her arms as she wished her legs would once again function. There was no question what he wanted. She started to bring it to her mouth when he barked sharply.

“No!”

She jumped, looking at him in fear. He snarled.

“My cock goes in only one place in your body. And if it isn’t there in twenty seconds, you’ll find yourself being gutted before the night is over.”

The hard, cruel voice shook her. He started to count down slowly and she frantically dragged herself across his body. It hurt to move her legs but the countdown frightened her more. Her naked body slid across his as she pressed his cock against her stomach. Biting back the pain, she lifted one limp leg across his legs and then positioned it against his. She started to sweat with the effort as he continued to count down slowly, reaching ten by the time she sat back up, his cock standing straight up in front of her. Her legs screamed out in agony as she briefly put her weight on them. She panted with the effort, her body trembling with fear, as she stared at his huge cock, dreading the feeling of her impaling herself.

“Eight.”

She gasped with the effort as she planted her hands on his stomach. She felt his muscle cord underneath her as she leaned forward, dragging the bulbous member along the line of her cleavage and toward her belly. Her panting grew louder as she pressed her breasts against his chest, using her hands to force her hips up as the cruel rod of flesh moved ever so close to her pussy.

“Five.”

Working as fast as she could, she had to strain her muscles to lean forward, balancing up so her hips would rise up into the air. At the sight of her limp legs, she almost lost it, but she managed to keep herself working the cock down until she felt it brush against her labia. The large, thick head pushed against her clitoris and she felt a tiny shimmer of pleasure that was never before.

“Two.”

The tears coming, she forced her hips down, arching her back forward until she felt his cock sliding up in the channel of her body, lining up the thick member against the slicked entrance of her sex. She felt his juices from earlier oozing out of her as he spoke again.

“One.”

With a tiny, inward scream, she dropped herself. His cock caught on her entrance as her full weight fell on it. She let out a tiny whimper as she forced it into her. Then, gravity took over and she felt a rush as she was impaled, his bulbous cock spearing into her, tearing her open as the head slammed against her cervix. To her horror, she realized that an inch still remained outside of her tightly stretched labia. Praying he wouldn't notice, she forced herself to sit up, feeling her body balancing on the cock that filled her. It never felt so big, so huge than at that point where she was helplessly speared on his rod of exalted flesh.

His hands reached up. The icy skin pressed against her nipples, his fingers curling around her large mounds. She gasped as he shoved her up into a sitting position, her body being forced on the cock as her innermost wall screamed out in growing pain. The pressure was increasing and, in a moment, she felt like it would punch through and impale her womb directly. He kept her in a sitting position as the pain sparkled inside her.

“Now, make me cum.”

She gasped, fighting the pain and discomfort. Looking down at his hard eyes, she didn't move as she tried to think how. He squeezed her breasts, digging his fingernails into the delicate flesh. Feeling the pain, she felt her inner walls clutching around his shaft, squeezing around it in a slick vise. He let out a long breath, a smile curling his lips and squeezed even tighter, mauling her breasts.

Irith whimpered loudly and rocked forward. It felt terrible with the hard shaft pushing up inside her guts, her body clenching around it. She wanted to shove it out, but gravity betrayed her and she felt the pressure still increasing. Rocking back, she started to push her body back and forth, rocking the hardened cock inside her body, moving it through the clenching liquid depths of her body. She felt every twist scraping against her insides as the hardness grew larger, swelling inside her.

Her body shook with the effort as she rocked back and forth, moving her body to the limits of her hands. Her legs screamed out in agony, but the fingernails digging into her body were almost worse. She glanced down to see thin trickles of blood well up around the nails and she bit back the flash of pain that filled her. Focusing, she worked her body back and forth, moving around his shaft as it continued to fill her, violate her.

Rapid footsteps came up the stairs and she froze, a blush rising up in her cheeks as a man entered her room. He stopped, staring at her with surprise and hard lust. Rapist of Seventeen Virgins suddenly squeezed her breasts painfully, twisting them until she screamed out.

"I didn't tell you to stop."

Humiliated, Irith forced herself to move her hips again, twisting and pushing with her hands, her fingers digging into his hard belly for balance. His cock surged inside her, stretching her inner walls tight with the unyielding hardness.

Rapist spoke curtly, "What is it?"

"Master, we found a cache of weapons, close to a thousand silver, and two of the girls who ran off."

"Very well, keep the weapons."

He twisted her breasts again and she jerked back, forcing his cock deeper into her abused depths.

“Spread out the silver and bring the girls to the front, have them killed in front of their parents.”

The man saluted and turned to leave. Rapist spoke sharply.

“Stay here.”

The man turned around as her master turned his attention back to her.

“Make me come, now.”

Humiliation burning on her cheeks, Irith rocked her body back and forth, leaning against the fingernails that dug into her soft, delicate flesh and dropping herself on his painful shaft. She felt him swelling even more, almost tearing herself apart. Biting back a sob, she continued to rock and shudder against him.

Then, she felt him come inside her. The wet explosion stole her breath away as he twisted her breasts hard, his fingernails cutting into her and pulling her down. She felt his bulbous head grind against her cervix as hot, wet jets of seed filled her. She shuddered as he filled her, her salty tears splashing down on her bruised breasts.

Rapist finished and nodded to the man. The warrior gulped, glanced at Irith before leaving the house. Irith heard him storm down the stairs and sobbed, her back bowed with the humiliation that tore through her.

“And that, Irith, is your true purpose in the world.”

Shoving her off him, he yanked his cock out of her and stood up. He dressed in silence, ignoring the sobbing girl. Without saying another word, he left. Minutes later, she heard new screams echoing outside. Curling up to the best of her ability, she cried her heart out, trying to ignore the wet slickness oozing out of her pussy.

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In the morning, Rapist of Seventeen Virgins came to her. He took her on the bed, ripping her legs open and slamming his shaft into her. As he filled her with his seed, he said nothing. After that, he carried her down to the outhouse and back again, again demanding she impale herself. She did, surprised that it didn't hurt as much as before but the feeling of violation continued to grow. As she was forced to watch, she felt empty inside. The place where the tears came produced no more as it became a continuum of suffering, torture, and pain. Body after body was dragged into the center, and

they were killed with expertly crafted pain and agony. She sniffed, knowing that Calibration was less than a day away, but there was nothing for her.

The thought of being breed occupied her thoughts as she watched a farm hand being burned alive. She wanted to cry at the idea of carrying his seed, but no tears came. Then, she remembered the Maiden's Tea. In her mother's room. She glanced down the hall, untouched since she woke up the day before. Slowly, she turned her head back and watched the torture. Her hopes rose as she thought about the tea. It wouldn't stop the rape, but it would prevent her from carrying the bastard child of the Exalted rapist.

Her chance came when two men rushed into the circle, slipping on the blood. They called for Rapist of Seventeen Virgins. The murderer turned his head to glance up at Irith, then walked toward them. She watched him leave beyond the barn, chewing on her lip. Taking a deep breath, she prayed that she would be able to sneak away long enough to drown the tea.

Trembling from the effort, Irith dragged herself out of the bed. Digging her fingernails into the floor, she dragged herself along the floor toward her mother's room. The carpet scraped against her body as she drew closer. She felt her arms growing weak, but she had the desperate need to get there. At the door, she had to reach up, despite the pain in her hips and legs, to open the door. The smells of her parents room flooded around her. She focused on the small dresser that had the tea. Biting her lip, she forced herself to drag her body toward it. Her fingers clutched at the drawer until she was close enough to open it. Digging through the undergarments, she found the three small bottles of Maiden's Tea. Grabbing all three, she fumbled with the top of one. The stopper fell off and rolled on the floor. She gasped as she brought it to her lips to drink it.

The soulsteel gauntlet caught her hand, wrapping Rapist's fingers around her entire hand and the bottle. She gasped, icy fear pooling in her stomach as she looked at the black metal hand reaching over her shoulder. A ghostly face of some man, in endless torture, floated to the surface of the metal. In her other hand, she dropped the bottles and heard them rolling across the floor.

She screamed as he picked her up by her hand, his death grip on her hand crushing the bottle. Shards of glass dug into her hand as he spun her around. At the first sigh of his enraged face, she almost lost control of her bowels. Snarling, he yanked her body close to hers, his other hand snaring her free hand and pulling it out until she was stretched tautly between the hand above her and the hand out at her side. She could feel her shoulder screaming out in pain as his rank breath washed over her.

“There are two things in the world I cannot tolerate. The first are women who think they have a chance against me. The second is this.”

He bore down on her hands. She screamed out loudly as she heard bones cracking underneath his powerful grip. A black circle formed in his forehead, dripping blood as he continued to bear down, crushing her hands. Bones snapped and the glass pierced her skin as he utterly broke her hands. Without releasing them, he growled and spun around, her body flying limping. Taking two steps forward, with Irith screaming out in agony, he threw her toward her bedroom. The wind rushed past her, then a bang noise deafened her as she slammed into the window of her bedroom. It shattered, cutting her naked body from head to toe as she felt the outside air rushing past her. She slammed hard against the room of the house, shards of glass puncturing her body from the force of her impact. The air was driven out of her as she slid down the hard, slatted surface, then plunged out over the edge. At the impact with the blood-soaked ground, she felt something cut into her back and punching through her front.

Stars exploded in her vision and she tried to gasp for breath, her lungs refusing to work. She was aware of men coming around her, staring down at her, but she couldn't move her body. Every pulse of her heart sent agony coursing through her veins. She felt the grind of shattered bones in her hands and one of her legs felt like it was on fire.

A dark shadow loomed over her and she saw Rapist reaching down for her. His gauntlet grabbed her by her neck, cutting off her breath as he squeezed down. The thought of him shattering her neck as easily as her hand filled her with panic and terror, she tried

to move, but her ruined hands exploded in agony as they hit his armor.

He pulled her close, his fetid breath hot against her face.

“If you ever do that again, sow, you will never see the light of day because I will rip your eyeballs out and crush them in my fingers.”

His voice was hard and cruel. Irith desperately opened her mouth, trying to breath. Her eyes focused on the bleeding circle on his forehead as he frowned. Searing energy coursed down his arm and into her, tearing her open as she felt electricity and heat killing her. Every inch of her body ignited in pain for a moment before he dropped her back on the ground. She felt a large shard of glass shove deeper into her and looked down to see it sticking out of her side. Slamming his foot against her chest, crushing her left breast, he pinned her to the ground as he yanked the glass out of her.

Irith screamed out in pain, but he just slammed his weight down, his boots cutting into the soft mound before letting it go. Blood spurted up in the air and Irith prayed for a quick death.

But, it didn't come. Instead, the magical energies filled her focused on the wound in her side. She watched as the edges started to heal over, stopping the blood but the scar didn't fade. She realized that he did it before, when he healed her ankles the night of her first rape.

Grinding his foot into her breast, Rapist turned to face the nearest man.

“If she leaves this circle, I will personally kill each and every single one of you. Do you understand?”

The mortal saluted, “Yes, sir.”

Yanking his foot off, the rapist stormed back into the barn for his next victim. Irith couldn't move so she tried to cry. The empty part of her soul remained devoid of tears, so she just curled up in the bloody mud and clutched her ruined hands.

In the hours that followed, she heard the death cries and rattles of too many men. Her breast swelled up with bruises, her nipple disappearing in a sea of black and red. She tried to drown out the sounds of drowning, burning, and gutting, but there was no way to avoid them. They burned themselves into her mind and every moment, Irith prayed for death. Instead, a dead spot appeared in her thoughts, a place where the screams didn't bother her. She fled



into it, drowning her thoughts in a dark mist of apathy. She fled the suffering and struggled to no longer identify the people who were being killed in front of her.

She heard them kill Teri, her father's second-hand man calling out to her even as they poured searing hot water into the gaping wound in his stomach. She just curled up tighter, shaking violently. She managed to return to her dead "spot" by the time his voice ended in a gurgling scream.

More people died well into the night. She couldn't hear the buzz of insects over the screams, but she knew they were there. She embraced the death inside her, the part of her that died with each one and prayed for the icy embrace of Oblivion.

Then her brother was brought out. Rapist forced her to watch as he dismembered her brother, watching him flop helplessly on the blood and mud until he drowned when he couldn't lever his face away. She whimpered softly, the stark cruelty of the scene jarring her from her muteness. She struggled to move, but only managed to increase the pain. She tightened her lip and prayed for it to end. Her eyes saw without seeing and she forced herself to forget her brother, to forget the pain of his death.

Rapist of Seventeen Virgins knelt next to her, his hands holding her by her hair, forcing her to watch as they brought out her father. The man who raised her. The man who took care of her. He stood, broken and sobbing, in the center of the blood and gore. He spoke in the hard, cruel tones from before. Any hope of mercy was burned away when he broke her hands.

"Do you want to save him?"

Her father pleaded with his eyes, unable to speak when they cut out his tongue. Irith forced herself to say nothing, forced herself to not feel the agony she knew she would. Rapist released her to curl up as he tortured her father for hours. Night filled the circle of blood and she watched, mute and broken.

He died still trying to reach her. Irith found that she couldn't care any more about him. Her own pains, her own agony consumed her.

Even when they brought her mother out, she barely twitched. Her eyes stared at the center, where they presented the woman to everyone. It was obvious to Irith that they raped her, but she forced

herself not to identify her mother, not to recognize her own mother. She didn't even hear the pleading words, the begging.

Rapist said nothing, watching her grow divorced from her friends and family with a smile on his lips. He turned on the sobbing woman and proceeded to break every single bone in her bone. The feeling of anticipation rose as he systematically shattered her arms, legs, ribs. Finally, he grabbed her neck and snapped her spine with one hard jerk that ripped the head clear off. Tossing it into Irith's lap, the exalted stood up in the center and roared. His voice took on a cruel, howling sound.

Around her, the world shook and shivered as the magical hours of Calibration finally took over. A cold, wet wind rose up, bringing the scent of death and rain to Irith. She twitched, looking up as the sky darkened above her. The ground trembled as the blood stains darkened, spreading out with an inky blackness as the wound in Creation grew wider, bringing a little piece of the Underworld into her ancestral home.

The men of Rapist stood around, nervous but proud. They watched as the blood red faded into black and the feeling of death fluttered against them. An inhuman heartbeat pounded against the air as Rapist chanted out foreign words of terrible power. His caste mark, the blood circle in his forehead, dripped as it glowed darkly in the air. The foul stench of necromancy choked her and Irith felt the fear rising up.

The first claw pushed up through the ground at Rapist feet. Her eyes widened as she watched it crawl out of the earth, translucent but more solid than anything she had seen. It swiveled its head toward her and she realized that it was Dereke. But, it wasn't. Instead of the playful man she teased, it was a face twisted into cruelty, the insanity of death distorting the man she knew into something more deadly. Dereke had turned into a ghost, a creation of the dead, the tortured dead.

More hands reached out through the ground as she watched the tortured souls of her ranch come back through from the Underworld, standing around Rapist as the necromancer screamed out the words of his foul spell. Man after man stood there, with dripping claws and masts of pain and rage painted on their face.

Their very bodies were already twisted by the foul energies of the Underworld, despite the recent deaths.

The moment passed with a rush as a cool rain started to splash down on the ranch. It passed through the ghosts, splashing on the soaked ground. Rapist started a new spell, his body outlined with the raw forces of necromancy. The rain started to splash on the ghost's body, his spell giving them physical form. Spell after spell was laid down in Creation, cementing the foul energies into the ranch.

Irith felt the fear inside her, but she couldn't move from her position. Rain coursed down her face, soaked her body. She felt all the pains cataloging themselves, flaring up as the waves of energy brushed against her. Next to her, the ghost that was her brother stood close, his claws dancing inches from the side of her face. She gave him a glance and forced herself to look away, to forget the sigh of twisted betrayal that was plain as night across his expression.

It felt like hours until Rapist let his hands down. His boots splashed on the ground as he walked to her, looming over her as he looked down with an expression of hate and anger.

“Now, Irith, your lessons are about to start in earnest.”

*t'Sade*

# Training a New Abyssal 3: The Sessions

Blood and screams filled the night as the angry ghosts tore into the warriors the Rapist brought. A few of them managed to yank their swords out of their sheaths, but the onslaught of claws and teeth tore them from limb to limb. The screams echoed shrilly, bouncing off the walls of the ranch buildings, but the stench of gore and bowels choked Irith. She wanted to cover her mouth, but the shattered bones of her hands only ground together. Biting back a whimper, she forced herself to remain still, watching the massacre of the Rapist's men. The Abyssal himself stood next to Irith, one possessive hand holding her shoulder tightly as he watched.

“Irith, the dead obey any command by the true masters of the Underworld. No matter how much you ask, no matter how much you beg, they are dead to you as is their command.”

His hoarse whisper barely rose up above the screams and wet noises of the ghosts chewing into the bodies of the men. Irith watched with whimpering fear as she saw one ghost cracking into a man's chest, snapping open the ribs and nuzzling into the red chest. It looked up, blood dripping from its jaw and she realized with a start that it was her own brother. He chomped his jaw loudly, spraying blood everywhere before shoving his head back into the gory hole.

She looked up, feeling the horror of it fighting against the numbness that filled her heart.

“Why are you doing this to me?”

He looked down, a scowl etched across his face.

“For that specific reason, Irith.”

She looked up, desperately trying to find hint of mercy in his dark eyes. Finding none, she looked away trying to not thinking about her nakedness, her ruined legs, or even the destroyed bones of her hand. Every inch of her reported constant pain, and she started to retreat back to the dead spot of her heart.

“You actually seem to think you are someone.”

His cold hand grabbed her chin, forcing her head back up until she was staring into his merciless eyes. She tried to close her eyes, not wanting to see it, but he squeezed tightly on her chin until she opened.

“You are no one, girl. You are nothing but a vessel for my seed. You aren’t even worthy of having a name.”

He shoved her chin away as he looked back over the killing field that used to be her home. He watched as the last of his own men were torn apart. The final scream faded underneath the wet noises of the cannibalistic spirits. Rapist of Seventeen Virgins reached out and cracked all of his knuckles, a harsh and bitter sound that scraped against Irith’s hearing.

“We have a few more sessions left, don’t we?”

Irith gasped, looking up, “W-What? What else can you do... to me?”

He looked down, his eyes flashing. Irith felt a surge of fear.

“M-Master!”

His hand snapped out, grabbing her hair and wrenching her up. She felt the pain spiking through her scalp as he lifted her up to the level of his eyes. She whimpered from the pain, twisting in the air. His other mailed hand grabbed her breast, his metal-clad fingers digging into her breast as he drew her closer. She gasped at the pain, but tears refused to come to her eyes.

“You forgot again, never forget I’m your master, sow.”

She tried to nod, but her helpless body was at his mercy.

Rapist had none. Snarling, he released her hand and held her up by the soft, delicate mound of her breast. She felt it starting to tear from her weight before he threw her into the center of the killing field. Her body slammed hard against the ground, splashing up the fresh blood. The bones of her hand ground together from the impact and she let out a shriek that echoed shrilly around her. The dead weight of Calibration bore down on her as she tried to stop the pain

from consuming her. She just curled up tightly on the ground, ignoring the cold slurping on the ground and the terrible pains in her body.

The ground trembled violently as she felt Rapist coming up to her. She whimpered and tried to curl herself up, with her legs lying limply along the ground. She closed her eyes tightly, begging for him to walk away.

His icy-cold hand on the back of her neck sent a bolt of anticipated pain through her. She barely had time to scream out as he picked her up, his incredible strength grinding into the sides of her neck, sending yet a new pain coursing through her body as he picked her completely off the ground. Her legs swung back and forth, sending aches of pain up her spine.

Rapist shook her violently and she screamed out from the pains that tore into her. It only lasted a few seconds, but it felt like forever before he dropped her on the ground. Her legs crumpled underneath her. She wasn't allowed to drop to the ground, instead he held her up in almost a kneeling position. Twisted muscles reported growing pain, but the fear of him choked away any of the minor little agonies.

He leaned over, his carrion breath choking her almost as much as the grinding of his fingers into her neck.

"You are nothing, girl, a slave. Nothing but a sack of flesh and bones. As soon as you realize your position in life, then this pain will lessen."

She almost felt the tears rising up, but a shuffling noise drew her attention away. She looked up, then in front of her as she saw one of the angry ghosts moving toward her. He moved with a deceptive sway, blood dripping from his claws and mouth. Slowly, he opened his mouth and let out a long, rattling hiss.

Her back muscles spasmed as her eyes widened. Her body shook violently as the manifested ghost shuffled in front of her, then stopped. The smell of death clung to its body and she could see where they had disemboweled him. His lifeless eyes slowly rotated down as a long line of bloody slobber reached for the ground.

She whimpered, her eyes locked on the terrible killing claws and teeth. Rapist squeezed tightly on her neck, grinding the bones of her

spine together as he lifted her slightly. She looked down to realized that he was holding her head right at the level of the ghost's crotch.

Responding to some silent command, the ghost's eyes flared red and it shifted into position. Ragged claws smeared bright red blood against his pants as he tore open the fabric from his crotch. A lump of shriveled flesh pushed out of the opening, a pair of swollen balls with a penis barely visible above. Irith let out a long shuddering breath, a whimper resonating from her throat. The cock twitched, glowing a sullen red as it began to grow in front of her. A choking stench rose up from the member as it grew, limping forward, then twitching up as the head began to swell. To her growing horror, she watched as the ghost's cock thickened. The head continued to grow, expanding until it was as thick as a small plum, then even bigger until it was a large swollen plum. The shaft continued to stretch out until it was easily a foot long.

Irith whispered, trying to shake her head in Rapist's unyielding grip.

"No, no, no."

Rapist hissed at her, "Wrong answer."

The ghost's hand reached up for her, the blood sparkling in the light of some torch. Rapist shoved her face into it and she screamed. The claws spread out and grabbed her skull, the claws in the thumb digging into her cheeks as the rest of them squeezed her skull from behind. She tried to scream out as the swollen, unnatural cock shoved forward, slapping against her mouth. Slime coated her lips, the taste and texture of rotted apples. She fought down a sudden wave of revulsion. The ghostly cock drew back and she had to brace herself the best of her ability as it slammed forward, the swollen member slapping hard against her mouth. She felt the impact of the blow into her jaw, trying to force her lips apart. She almost choked against the taste and texture, but the ghost was already trying to ram his cock against her face.

Irith clamped her jaw shut, but then she felt the sharp points of the ghost's thumbs pressing into her jaw. The point slipped down to the junction of her upper and lower jaw, digging into the skin. She felt the pressure forcing her jaw apart and she screamed out in pain through clenched teeth.



Unyielding pressure continued to force her mouth apart as the swollen head of the cock jammed up against her mouth. She tried to keep her mouth clamped shut, but the pressure continued to force them apart until she felt the cock sliding past her teeth. Gasping in pain, she fought with every inch of her body but the ghost levered her jaw part until he could force his cock into her mouth.

She choked on his shaft, but he just rammed it forward, forcing her lips apart as the swollen head slapped hard against the back of her throat. Her eyes burned as the ghost forced her jaw even further apart, until the muscles screamed out in pain. The swollen cock drew out and slammed forward again, painfully punching against the back of her throat.

The claws piercing the skin of the back of her head as the ghost let out a low, wailing gasp and slammed his cock hard into her mouth. She gagged violently on it, the man refused to pull it back. Instead, he bore down, grinding in into her throat and choking her. The bile began to rise up in her throat. Her eyes began to burn with her struggles.

“Looks like we have a few more tears left.”

Rapist horse whisper was filled with amusement. She couldn't see him with her face being pulled harder to the belly of the walking corpse. His swollen cock slipped further down into her, tearing her throat as he forced it into her throat. She wanted to scream but only a tiny whimper came out, vibrating through her body as the swollen head blocked her breath.

She felt it forcing its way down into her throat even as her lungs began to burn. She could not even imagine the power of the ghost as he drove his cock hard into her, slamming his entire length into her mouth and down into her throat. It tore at her teeth until her nose was rammed up against his stomach, her lips tightly stretched around the base of his inhuman shaft.

He barely crushed her face against his stomach before he yanked his cock out of her mouth. Saliva dripped from his length, along with a greenish slime. She coughed violently, unable to tear her eyes away from the cock that just raped her throat. She felt a single tear splashing down her cheek.

In the midst of one coughing fit, he slammed his cock forward again. It punched into her mouth, scraping against the back of her

throat and shoving down into her gullet. The sudden brutality of it tore into her and her face slapped once again against the ghost's face. He ground it into her throat, letting her feel how it stretched her vocal cords and muffled her screams. With a gasp, he yanked it out again. Her teeth caught on his length and she felt his flesh stripping off his swollen length. The bitter taste of it flooded her mouth and she gagged violently, ejecting it. She didn't have enough time to inhale before he rammed his cock back into her mouth, burying it completely in one brutal, violent thrust.

The ghost drove into her, barely giving her a chance to breathe before slamming his cock into her again and again. Her throat felt tore and bruised from the brutal, violent thrusts. She felt her skull being forced back into the claws as her throat was raped. As he yanked out, she could feel blood on her lips.

He slammed into her dozens of more times before he let go with a long, wailing hiss and drove his cock hard into her mouth. She felt it tearing into the back of her throat as her face was ground into the zombie's belly. It pulsed, the first sign of life, but then she felt a cool jet of something pumping into her throat. She tried to sob around it, but her vocal cords were crushed against the inside of her throat by the inhuman shaft. The ghost pulled out as he was coming, splattering her face with the cold, slimy goo. The slime that flooded her mouth started a fresh round of coughing, her lungs aching from the effort to clear the taste from her mouth.

She didn't feel the movements of the angry ghost, but when the second one stood in front of her, the claws transferring her helpless body, she looked up just in time to see a cock slamming to her mouth. She opened her mouth to scream and then choked as the undead cock forced its way deep into her mouth. She felt another tear blurring her vision as the second ghost rode her face, crushing her face against his belly as his thick, swollen balls slapped against her chin. The second one came fast, only a dozen brutal strokes and pumping his inhuman seed directly into her throat, coating it with the sticky fluid. She choked as he yanked out, but a third one was already waiting, his cock swollen and thick. His claws dug into her head, rivulets of blood matting her hair as he drove into her. She wanted to cry as her body was used, pounded into helplessly until her throat was torn and bleeding.

A fourth took her violently, a thick swollen member that stretched her lips so far apart, they began to bleed. His member ripped into her, bruising her throat. Only his shorter length gave her some respite. When he came, the ghost yanked out to splatter his cum all over her face, letting it drip down her face until the piss-warm rain washed it away. Man after man raped her, each one driving his inhumanly large cock into her mouth and throat until she was coughing up blood and green slime. It burned her face and her lungs. The day above her passed in the endless waves of rape, barely registering on her pain-filled mind. Each ghost seemed to find some new torment for her, from keeping the swollen member buried in her throat until black spots formed in her eyes to the one that tore her lips and throat open even wider with every thrust. The only way she could retain her sanity was to retreat to the empty part of her, the place where the pain faded away and she struggled to no longer feel her body.

She couldn't keep track of which ghost took her, but then there was one that had a cock that made the others look puny. It was a long and swollen member, easily the thickness of her wrist. The purplish-black head dwarfed her fist. Below, two huge balls the size of grapefruits hung low. She looked at it and found herself whispering desperately.

"No... no..." she coughed, her eyes tearing up. Behind him, she could see Rapist watching her, amusement burning his darkened face. The new ghost stepped forward, his claws reaching. She tried to pull away, but her legs slumped even further down into the mud and blood. The zombie that just raped her released her and she began to fall to the ground, but the angry ghost's claws blurred forward, grabbing her shoulders. The points of his talons pierced her skin, punching through muscle and bone.

She screamed, despite all of her efforts to prevent it. She felt vulnerable as her mouth opened, unable to clamp down against the pain. His cock blurred just as fast, slamming forward to ram into her mouth. She screamed out as she felt it forcing its way, stretching her jaw further and further part. Her muscles screamed out in agony, trying to resist the dead intruder. Her teeth dug into his head, but the skin was too strong, she felt her teeth cracking from the force as he continued to bear down on her.

Irith wanted to scream, wanted to pull away, but the zombie's muscles flexed powerfully, dragged her ever closer with every passing second. The muscles of her jaw began tear and she screamed out, the last sound she would be able to make before a large crack noise punched through her senses. She felt her jaw popping and the muscles tearing wetly. Then the only thing she could feel was the cock plunging into her, slamming into the back of her throat and completely the horrible destruction of her lower jaw. Her scream choked off suddenly as the ghost's glans gagged her, swelling up to choke off any air. The eyes rolled up in the back of her head, but not before she saw who her rapist was.

It was Teri, the man who her father always wanted to marry, but she despised. The man she scored was now destroying her throat even as he forced his cock down into her throat. She felt it tearing around it, molding around the thick, swollen length. She feared it would burst open her throat, but somehow her flesh managed to keep the raping cock in check. He continued to force it down, the head squeezing into the tight confines of her throat. With a grunt, he jammed it forward, cracking something inside her as another half-foot buried inside. She felt her vocal cords being crushed and torn as it swelled inside her. To her horror, she felt the member tearing open the entrance to her lungs and she started to cry. Her lips, so tightly stretched around his girth, tore even more as hot blood dripped down on her breasts.

Teri finally buried his entire length into her, suffocating her even as she felt her body tearing around it. She only felt a burning pain growing in her lungs. She tried to breath, but nothing would escape the horrible rod that filled her.

To her horror, he kept it inside her, neither thrusting or moving. Black spots began to form in her eyes. Teri began to laugh, a hard cruel gasping that shook his body. She looked up at him, trying to plead with her eyes, but there was no mercy in those ghostly eyes.

The searing in her lungs redoubled as she felt her body beginning to shake. She could see the reflection of her face in Teri's glassy eyes, slowly turning blue, then purple even as the world grew fuzzy.

Then, he came.

His cock swelled up, ripping open her throat as he started to pump his cold, dead seed into her lungs. She spasmed, unable to

cough it out with the thick member choking her. He continued to laugh as she felt every jet with terrible clarity, drowning her on his cock. Fear of death drove her to desperation and she pounding her fists against his chest, ignoring the horrible grating of bones.

And he refusing to release her.

The world grew black, creeping in from the edges. A rushing noise deafened her and even the pain of her broken hands disappeared under the cusp of death. From the very edge of her hearing, she heard whispers. Terrible whispers that promised something she couldn't understand.

“That’s enough.”

Rapist’s words broke through her dying thoughts. Teri squeezed her skull painfully, then ripped out his cock in a shower of blood, saliva, and cum. For a long, lucid moment, she realized that her lungs refused to work, even with the horrible member no longer choking her. More tears splashed down her cheeks as she begged her body to respond.

Then, she spasmed, doubling over from the pain. Her lungs jerked into life, coughing up a shower of cum and blood. It poured out of her mouth, soaking the ground and her body. She coughed violently, her body spasming. Her hands were planted into the ground, the pain of her ruined hands lost with the bliss of sweet, fetid air.

More blood and cum poured out of her mouth until she finally could breath again. She lifted her head, the gore dripping from her chin as she looked up at Rapist with bitter pain of what she just experienced. He watched her with curiosity, then he stepped forward.

She could imagine that he would rape her next, her mouth gaping open with her need to breath, but the Abyssal just walked around her, circling her.

“And what are you?”

Even if she could speak, she couldn't answer him. She drew in one wheezing breath after the other, barely able to keep track of the circling Abyssal. Her face sunk down until she was mere inches from the disgusting ground. She tried to whimper, but no noise came out of her throat. Instead, it was just a broken whisper of noise, tearing at her throat as she exhaled.

Rapist stopped behind her, his hoarse whisper forcing her to listen.

“What are you?”

His knees slammed into the ground behind her, one on each side of her legs. She already knew what would happen next but there were more tears. His own swollen cock pressed up against her pussy. With one hard, brutal thrust, he drove up into her, his twisted and mutated cock forcing its way into her body. She felt every ridge and bump of his body, felt it pumping into her until his head crashed against her cervix. Her body shivered violently and her face splashed against the ground. Irith tasted blood and gore on her mouth, but the icy-cold soulsteel gauntlets grabbed her hips and yanked her back. Her mouth opened in silent pain as he forced his cock even deeper into her pussy. A burning gasp escaped out of her throat. Rapist ignored her as he drove into her, pumping her hard and fast. After days of being raped on his member, her body surprised her by feeling a tiny hint of pleasure as his bumps and twisted length slid in and out, lubricated by her juices and the rain coating her.

Rapist's right hand released her hips, balancing her body on his twisted shaft. His hand snapped forward, grabbing her hair and yanking her head back. He spoke in a brutal whisper, still driving his cock into her body.

“What are you!?”

Her open mouth gaping obscenely as he drove into her, releasing his other hand to grab her hair, using them as reins to pump his cock as powerfully as he could into her. His muscles swelled as black blood welled up from a disk on his forehead. An angry red glow flowed around him with every thrust of his hips. She winced at the pain of him driving his entire length into her, tearing into her cock. She could swear she felt her cervix tearing underneath the ceaseless pounding.

He yelled out as he slammed into her, his cock exploding inside her and soaking her insides with his hot, burning cum. His gauntlets tore her hair as he held himself into her, pumping his seed directly into her womb.

His carrion breath was hot against her ears as he pulled her closer to him.

“You are nothing. Nothing. Not even a life worth saving. You are nothing but a vessel for my seed.”

Irith nodded the best as she could, fighting back at the pain both inside and out of her body. She felt battered by her agonies and retreated into the dead part of her heart, the one inured against the endless death and destruction. He held her for a long moment, then released her to slump down into the mud.

“You understand. You are nothing but my slave, my vessel.”

He pulled out of her. She felt his cum oozing out of her gaping lips and she slumped down. Coughing, she looked up to see it was night again. The second night of her torment. It was the second night of Calibration and already she experience more pain than she could comprehend.

Rapist came around her, naked. His cock dripped with her juices. She was thankful that none of them were blood, even as a strange and uncomfortable tingling filled her depths. She watched him with fear masked with dead eyes.

There were no more tears left, only pain.

He stopped in front of her and she watched a single droplet fall from the tip of his member, splashing down in the rank mud.

“The second lesson is simple. Slaves are silent.”

He chuckled dryly, “I suspect at this point, you’ll learn this lesson simply.”

Kneeling down in front of her, he yanked up her head with her hair.

“So, we will move to the third session.”

He pulled her body closer, dragging her through the mud as her legs trailed behind her. His hot, carrion breath choked her as he drew her within inches of his face.

“A slave’s body is her master’s.”

He grinned humorlessly.

“It doesn’t matter what I want, it doesn’t matter what I do, there is nothing,” he repeated himself, “nothing that you can do to stop me. You have no will if I don’t give it to you.”

He dropped her and she had to catch herself with her elbows to prevent herself from dropping back into the mud. The horrid taste already choked her but no sound came from her ruined throat.

He chuckled, “Time to learn that lesson.”

He stood up and backed away. She didn't understand, not until she felt claws grabbing her hips. Her eyes opened wide as a long, burning gasp escaped her throat. She prepared herself for being raped, but never in her thoughts did she consider what the zombie did. Instead of pressing his thick, swollen head up against her gaping pussy lips, he pressed it against the crack of her ass, sliding down to catch on her still virginal opening. She reflexively clenched down on her suddenly vulnerable anus, knowing beyond a doubt that she was about to experience yet another new pain in her short, tormented life.

Penetration came hard and violent, the necromantic hardness plunging into her tight, clenching opening. Claws dug into her hips for leverage, forcing the slimy shaft deep into her body. She tried to scream out, but only a long wail of gasping pain ripped out of her destroyed throat. The driving force tore open her anus, destroying the ring of the muscle as the hard shaft plunged deep. Beyond the sharp nova of agony, the feeling of her rectum being stuffed with slick cool cock. The tiny opening tore open, an explosion of burning pain wracking her body.

Shocked by the intensity, Irith was barely aware as the manifested ghost began to drive in and out of her body with hard, powerful strokes. Her abused opening, felt wet with her own blood as he jammed it in, stuffing her bowels with every powerful thrust.

Unable to shriek out, Irith concentrated on the quiet place in her heart, the place where she strive to no longer feel the pain. She slipped in as the first ghost came inside her, flooding her screaming insides with his seed before yanking out. She shuddered as the second took his place, pumping hard into her. Despite her eyes being open, she ceased to see anything as the ghosts began to take her. The pain faded away as she buried her thoughts and her very spirit into the dead place of her heart. Concentrating on feeling nothing, she felt she could survive the pain of being anally violated.

It worked, at least to a small amount. Her pain faded as she concentrated but it also diminished as her rectum grew accustomed to the thick, swollen intruders. The ripping, tearing thrusts gave way to slick pounding, the manifested ghost's cum lubricating her entrance. As morning passed, she felt her body shuddering with the first hints of pleasure. Gasping with relief, she actually started to



enjoy the continual thrusting as they drove into her. A hint of an orgasm began to rise up, but it hovered right on the edge of her crest, her body's agonies fighting with the strange, forbidden pleasure.

Hours passed. Endless hours of being thrust into and grabbed, driven and pounded. Even the claws against her hips and buttocks faded between her dead heart and the growing pleasure inside her. Her bowels felt like a sleeve for the tireless lusts of the ghosts. The very thought of her growing to enjoy it choked her. The idea of enjoying her rape was too much for her and she closed her eyes tightly.

When night was finally crashing down on the ranch, Rapist of Seventeen spoke up. His hoarse voice scraped against her senses, barely audible over the wet slurping noises as a ghost thrust into her, filling her to capacity with his swollen sausage before yanking out. She shuddered from the pleasures that rose and conflicted with the burning ring of her entrance and the other horrific injuries that the Abyssal inflicted on her.

“Seems like you actually are enjoying this lesson, girl.”

He didn't sound amused. Her eyes cracked open, her body jerking back and forth. She was pressed down against the mud, her face turned to the side and her breasts crushed against the blood-soaked soil. Her hips were held up by claws, to facilitate their hard, tireless thrusting that filled her and left her. Her eyes started to close, but the ground shuddered as the Rapist knelt down next to her. They snapped open, fear already starting to pool inside her as she looked up at the black eyes.

“Can you speak?”

Her mouth worked silently, her destroyed throat only gasping out air. He nodded, then smiled.

“This is my body, girl. Everything that happens to you, everything that happens to your body, it is because I want it to. Do you understand.”

Shuddering from her rapist, Irith nodded in the mud, shoving the coppery earth with her movement. Rapist looked over again and she nodded her head more violently.

A ghost of a frown crossed his face, a storm of emotions that left her already pulling into the dead of her heart. He sighed.

“I don’t think you really understand.”

His frown deepened. He reached out and pressed his naked, cool hand against her face. Muscles rippled as she felt him pressing down, trying to crush her. Her face drove into the mud, pinning her down for the ghost behind her to rape her even more powerfully.

“Don’t bother trying to give me some empty answer, girl. You can’t possibly understand. I’ve watched you, this is a pleasure for you.”

Irith wanted to shake her head, but he just ground her head further into the mud. Blood and dirt flooded her mouth, reminding her of the pain growing inside it.

“We will revisit this lesson, but to teach you about lying to me...”

His voice trailed off. To her surprise, he released her and let her gasp for breath. She levered herself up with her elbows until only her nipples were dipping into the piss-warm mud. Crouching in front of her, about a meter away, was Teri. The ghost watched her with burning eyes, a dull reddish glow flaring beneath the rotted skin. One hand wrapped around his incredibly large cock, stroking it as a long dribble of undead precum splattered into the ground.

“He is very angry, you know. The type of anger that would have created a ghost here, even without my,” he chuckled, “efforts. His rage is so sweet and you, girl, is the sole focus of his hatred.”

He grinned. Teri looked at her and hissed, slobber and old blood dripping from his fangs onto his swollen shaft. Rapist said nothing for a moment, then turned back to her.

“We will get back to this lesson, girl, but I think I’m going to give you to Teri.”

The ghost perked up and Irith felt a terrible fear shaking through her. The ghost rose up to his feet, chuckling with a wet hissing noise. He purposely started to walk around her as her current rapist yanked out and dropped her. Her hamstrung legs collapsed and she crumbled, splattering against the ground. She was helpless, barely able to lift her head to watch as the angry ghost circled around her.

Anticipation spiked fear in her heart as she felt him reaching down, grabbing her hips. His long bloody claws dug into her hips, piercing flesh as they gripped tightly against her hip bones. If she could scream, she would have. Instead, she just shuddering in revulsion as he lifted her hip, her legs dangling in the mud and her

body folding almost in half. She could feel cum oozing out of her ruined ass, dribbling down her thighs as she tried to gasp for breath. He stood up straight, resting the massive log of his cock against the crack of her ass. She felt hot splatters against her back, each one sending a shock of sensation before the warm rain drove it away.

With terrible clarity, she felt him holding her tightly, lifting her up even as his hips drew back. The thick swollen rod drew back, scraping against the base of her spine. His swollen head felt huge as it rolled over her spine, tracing a line that would end with her ultimate violation. She shook with the anticipation, knowing that the pain would start. The head drew back even further, dropping into the crack of her ass. Her elbows dug into the mud, trying to brace herself as the powerful strength of the ghost held her out. His head dropped to the gaping orifice, dwarfing it despite almost an entire day of rape.

Teri's grating growl formed words.

"This... hurt."

He entered her. Not with the hard, brutal thrust of someone violating, but with a pressure that forced his head into the ring of her ass and continued to build up pressure. It rose steadily, forcing her anal ring apart and renewing the pain she felt from before. He didn't relax at all. He continued to build up more and more pressure, forcing his cock into her body. She tried to resist, her body clenching against the unwanted intruder, but he was too strong. With a wet tearing noise, she felt her body giving way from his pressure. The swollen head lodged itself deeper, stretching out her rectum as it laid a burning length inside her. He was huge, a log rammed up into her ass. She felt her body stretching, desperately trying to constrain the burning rod as it violated her.

Teri chuckled wetly, his claws scraping against her bones as he drew her back. She tried to force him out, using muscles that would never be strong enough. He just laughed louder, tearing further into her. She felt every ridge of his swollen member as it forced deeper into her, pushing up against the ring that led deeper into her body.

She screamed out as he forced his way through that, barreling even deeper as her organs twisted violently in fear and pain. As his swollen, icy length plunged deeper, she felt some angle of her body resisting. The pressure and pain built, spiking for a brief moment of

terrible clarity, then something tore inside her. Organs twisted out of place, rolling inside her stomach as it jumped violently. His cock continue to force deeper into her, the pressure building but it continued to slide in deep, strong, and powerful.

Letting out a sob, she tried to prepare herself for the pain. No tears came, just the awareness of pain. Her organs molded around his cock and she could feel parts of it tearing from the immense girth that stuffed inside her. Gasping for breath, she winced as he jammed in the last few inches, burying his entire length inside her. A searing agony filled her. He pulled back violently, yanking his cock out of her gaping channel. She felt empty, a void of her body before he filled it again, stuffing her full of hate, pain, and cock. As he buried himself in her, his huge balls slapped against her pussy, crushing them for a second before he drew back for a second blow.

Teri pounded into her like a necromantic machine. One stroke after the other, driving into her with full, merciless strokes. She felt her body tearing and molding around him, pain and pleasure growing in a terrible symphony inside her body. His claws parted skin, sending a river of blood down her legs as he bruised and cut her insides, tore her apart with each tireless stroke. She struggled to return her thoughts to her dead place. Every powerful thrust drove her further way, confusing her with pleasure and pain that refused to stop or even slow.

“Trying to come, girl?”

The Rapist crouched down next to her, his naked and mutated cock hanging slow. She looked up, her body flopping on Teri’s rod. The Rapist had a mocking expression on his face.

“You can’t, can you? The pleasure keeps rising, but the pain chains it.”

She said nothing, staring at him even as she tried to deaden her thoughts and senses. He laughed at her, a cold humorless sound that sounded muted from the pouring rain. He looked up at Teri.

“Come.”

The response with remarkable. Teri started to slam into her, pounding harder and faster. He almost cracked her pelvis as he tore his cock deep into her rectum, punching into her bowels with hard, brutal strokes. She tried to scream again, but her throat refused to make any noise. The terrible feelings of her body were nothing

compared to the gurgling wails that finally did escape, muffled by the mud below her.

Teri groaned loudly as he drove up into her, grinding bones as he forced his cock as far as it would go inside her. She felt his hardness impaling her so far that she struggled to breath. He came hard inside her. An icy explosion deep inside her. The flooding grew inside her, and she shuddered with the knowledge of it.

But, he did not pull out. Rapist grunted with another gesture. Strong claws ripped out of her hips with a shower of blood. She winced as her body's weight sunk down on the cock, supporting her on the hardness. Then claws wrapped around her neck, lifting her up and drawing her back. She sunk further down on the shaft, impaled as it shoved up against her diaphragm. Her mouth opened in silent agony. Teri dropped suddenly to her knees. She slid up his shaft slightly before gravity caught her, then she slammed down at the rod impaled her even deeper, tearing into her organs. She could feel the cold liquid of his cum mixing with the hot copper of her blood, sealed up with the immense log that plugged her. Her legs fell on each side of Teri's, her body centering on his pole. He yanked her back, pulling her until her back pressed tightly against his chest.

Irith struggled with the sudden explosion of pain when Rapist stepped up in front of her

“Time for your next lesson, sow.”

Reaching down, he grabbed both of her breasts. Her soft womanly mounds overflowed his hands, her nipples somehow hard in the rain and pleasure and pain. He ground the hard tips into his palms as he caressed them, tracing the various cuts and scrapes and bruises with his fingertips.

“These are the only thing I like about woman.”

He rotated his wrists, cupping her breasts and pushing them up. She stared at him, waiting for the cruelty and destruction. The pole in her ass jerked slightly and she shivered. Rapist's eyes caught hers and she couldn't tear her gaze away. Pleasurable sensations slid along her breasts and she frowned with the sensations. He grinned at her.

“Feels good, doesn't it?”

She wanted to scream out now, but she barely nodded. He grinned even wider, leaning forward. She felt the touch his thumbs

move to caress her erect nipples, sparkling with tiny bolts of pleasure she wanted to deny.

Still stroking, he spoke deeply.

“But, the idea of a son of mine sucking on these teats sickens me.”

Everything ground to a halt as terror exploded in her stomach. Her organs twisted and clenched around Teri’s cock and he groaned in pleasure. She tried to crawl away, shaking her head in denial. He stepped forward, crushing her breasts against his chest.

“Mother’s milk is the milk of the weak. It is the poison of the sickly, and no son of mine...”

His fingers pressed hard against her nipples, pushing them into the soft swells of her breasts. She trembled, her bottom lip shaking. Rapist gave her a long hard stare before stepping back once again.

Holding up his hand, she watched as black motes of energy formed in his hand, calcifying into the terrible cutting weapon of his. A few drops of black blood oozed out of his forehead as he held it above her left breast, the terrible cutting blade just resting against the skin. Irith continued to shake her head, trying to plead with her eyes.

Rapist glared at her, “Who’s body is this?”

Her lips continued to tremble and she tried to pull away from him, her eyes widening with the sight of the cutting blade poised to do one thing. The idea of it cutting deep was too much and another single tear formed in her eyes.

Rapist grabbed her right nipple with his fingers, squeezing them painfully. Her mouth opened in the brief pain; it was nothing compare to the broken hands, hamstrung legs, or even the choking violation that left her speechless. His blade flashed and she shuddered.

When no pain exploded, she looked down with fear and trepidation. At the sight of her breast, with only a red smear where her nipple was, she began to shake violently. Irith’s body clenched in fear as the pain finally exploded. She gasped, the only noise her broken through would make, as she arched her back in pain and agony. Teri grabbed her tightly around the neck, pinning her as she suffered through the first wave of terrible pain.

At the touch of Rapist's fingers against her other nipple, drawing out the pert tip, she snapped her head back, staring at him directly with fear. Her head slowly shook back and forth. Rapist's expression darkened.

"I don't think you understand the question."

He spoke louder, a deep and terrifying sound, "Who's body is this?"

With a start, she realized what he was asking. It took all the willpower she had to force herself from shaking her head. With a heavy heart, she dropped her eyes, almost bowing to the dark man who held her. He chuckled dryly.

"The lesson hasn't sunk it yet, has it?"

Feeling broken, Irith shook her head. Rapist twisted the nipple in his hand, pain and pleasure mixing as he alternated between a hard pinch and a soft caress. She watched as the dusty pink tip swelled in his finger, aching for something she couldn't describe or even comprehend.

Rapist said nothing for a moment. He just played with her breast and nipples. Then he spoke, almost as a side note, but his words sent a shiver down her spine.

"And if I thought I should cut off your other nipple, would you ask for it?"

Terrified, she clamped down on the automatic reaction of shaking her head. Her organs twisted around Teri's cock and he drove up into her, impaling her powerfully as she fought against every thing her body resisted. A tear in her eye, she hesitated before nodding. It was just a whisper of a movement. Rapist pinched her nipple hard.

"Then I think I will."

She closed her eyes tightly as he brought the blade up to the tip. He teased the blade against it, sending shivers of pain through her nerves. Then, he released it. Surprised, she opened her eyes in time to see him cut a cross into her nipple, slicing it into quarters. The very tip of the blade cut deep, blood welling out of the cut.

Biting her tongue, she prepared for the pain. Curling up her thoughts, she braced her mind for it, retreating into the dark place of her soul as it slammed into her. Her unseeing eyes never left the sight of her two ruined nipples, but her mind fled to a world of

misty black. Her senses gradually returned as she blinked, every inch of her body in pain, but the burning agony focused on her ass, her nipples, her throat, and her ankles. She shuddered with it.

Rapist sighed, "But, bodies heal. You... mortals always heal. It may be days, months, or even years, but soon you'll be poisoning my sons."

He stepped back, his voice hardening.

"We can't have that."

Irith looked at him in confusion. He scoffed and turned around. Snapping his fingers, he walked away. His scarred body frightened her, but the sight of a zombie coming up to her scared her more. She watched it with fear pooling in her stomach and twisting her guts. Teri groaned in pleasure as the zombie stepped forward, his cock bobbing with each movement. He stopped right in front of her as Teri adjusted his position. She watched as her right nipple was brought right to the level of his dripping length.

Realization slammed into her with the force of a charging yeddim. She looked at Rapist in fear. He ignored her and she drew her attention back as the pair of claws reached down to grab her right breast, squeezing them painfully. Blood oozed out of her ruined nipple as he brought the very tip of his bulbous against the bloody wound.

The few seconds it took for him to lodge the tip into the wound. Then he grabbed her breast with both hands and began to push into it. She screamed, or tried to scream. Blood flecked her lips as she felt him tearing into the soft mound. Tears speckled her eyelids as he rammed into her, trying to use her breast as a tunnel for his violating cock. The pain grew and redoubled, tearing into her thoughts even as his shaft tore into her breast meat. Sliding back, he plunged it forward again, tearing slightly deeper. She tried to scream again, her body spasming in terror and pain. At the very edge of her senses, she felt Teri coming once again inside her, orgasming from the pain that filled her. She could barely handle the pain as the zombie plunged in and out, coating his cock in burning hot blood.

Her blood.

Soon, he was stroking longer into her body, blood coating his shaft. With each thrust, he managed to force a tiny bit more into



her. He drove deep and hard and she felt the horrible sensation of him tearing through the fatty tissue of her body, his cock head ripping a new orifice. She tried to sob but no more tears came. He grunted as the ghost sheathed his entire length into her breast, his cock head bumping against her ribs. The agony was too much as she passed out.

Rapist's slap slammed into her and she woke up screaming blood. The zombie still raped her breast, tearing her apart as he drove in with bloody thrusts. Teri squeezed around her neck, the points of his talons digging into the delicate skin of her throat. Rapist roared at her.

"You will not sleep this off!"

He stepped back and snapped his finger. A second zombie came up, moving into position of her other breast. She gasped with pain and agony, watching her right breast swelling every time the zombie buried his cock into it. It shrunk as he pulled out, adding to the agony.

The second zombie aimed his cock against her quartered nipple and thrust hard, catching on the edge of the nipple and slipping out. He repositioned and tried again, and again, and again. Endless strokes later, he managed to tear himself a new hole and pumped into her left breast with the same strength as the first. She screamed out, blood oozing out of her lips and her ruined breasts. Claws dug into her breasts as they used them for balance, driving in and out with machine-like power.

The pain continued to rise up, swamping her senses until she started to drown in the agony. Her mouth opened in mute screaming, blood and drool oozing out of the corners of her mouth. She shuddered violently, straining with all her mind to withdraw her thoughts. She managed to flee them until the pain of her violation was only a shadow of the pain. It remained there, a bright star of exquisite pain, but she could shut off the rest.

One zombie finished and a third took its place, driving up into her just as they did for the two days before. She already knew her fate and braced herself against the pain. Every inch of her skin felt like it was on fire, her organs twisting around Teri's cock as the ghosts raped her breasts until they bleed freely.

Irith spent the day struggling to kill her senses, losing herself in the black mist that grew inside her. Whispers of something terrible echoed in the back of her head, the further she fled from the pain, the more they called out to her. They frightened her, but the violation was far worse than mere whispers.

She didn't know how she knew, but the coming of the midnight drew her out of her void. Shuddering against the pain, she let her senses reawaken. Her breasts were on fire, bruised and black. Long cuts covered every square inch, except where the two bloody holes bore a torn opening clear to the base of her most treasured assets. She sobbed, but no tears came out.

Rapist stood in front of her, still naked. He watched her with disgust in his eyes.

"You are nothing, sow. Nothing but meat and a vessel for my son. If it wasn't for the chance of you carrying my child, I would have long since fed you to the ghosts that you betrayed."

She shuddered in pain, watching him. He grinned, looking back.

"Oh, the hate and anger and suffering. I bet all those emotions are brewing in those useless eyes of yours."

With a start, she realized she did hate Rapist, but there was nothing she could do. Her legs were hamstrung, her body impaled on a ghost cock that reached almost up to her lungs, and she couldn't even flex her hands. Everything hurt. From her ruined breasts, she felt a dripping of blood splashing down on her stomach.

His Sky-Cutter appeared in his hand.

"On more day, bitch. One more lesson and then I'm done."

She said nothing, watching him. Fear had faded inside her, too many hours fleeing her senses had dulled them. The constant torture was too much and she found it easier just not to feel.

Rapist snapped his fingers. Teri grabbed her breasts, squeezing them painfully as he lifted up slightly. It was only about a foot, but she settled heavily on the pole in her ass. It felt different, the pain barely there, only the feeling of being "full" that was unlike anything else she ever felt. For a moment, she could imagine she belonged there, but then Rapist moved forward.

His blade sparkled in the light as he hefted it.

"On more thing. Do you own your body."

Listlessly, Irith shook her head.

“Good, good. Do I own your body?”

A nod.

“Do I own your soul?”

She hesitated, but nodded.

“Do you want me to cut your throat?”

Irith looked up. The sweet call of the end of everything drew to her and she nodded, closing her eyes tightly closed. Rapist just chuckled.

“What are you for?”

When she didn't answer, he repeated himself and pressed the tip of his blade against her stomach. She jumped, her body squeezing around the rod inside her, but didn't open her eyes.

Her mouth worked silently, her vocal cords refusing to work. He made no sign if he could hear her response, but she knew she said it.

“I am your vessel... master.”

He cupped her chin, a smile on his lips.

“Yes, yes, you are. You are nothing but someone to carry my son into the world. You will not poison him with your milk nor with your compassion. You will bring him wild and angry into the world, until your blood spills against his throat.”

Her lips worked silently, “Yes, master.”

He drew his eyes down and Irith followed. She focused on the sword tip as it traced lines along her taut stomach, dimpling the skin. She wanted to shudder in pain, but the dullness filled her.

She watched as he spiraled around her belly button, working closer and closer until he pressed the very tip into the dimple. Sharp, the very tip pressed against the wrinkle of skin inside.

Rapist's hoarse voice rose up.

“Do you know what I'm going to do?”

Irith could already picture it in her mind. He was going to have the zombies rape her, one last time. This time, in a place she didn't know if she could survive. The idea of being gutted by cock and sword terrified her, but she just listlessly nodded.

“And you can't stop me.”

It was a statement, not a question. Irith tried so hard to feel the pain, begging for the tears, but they refused to come. Instead, an inky darkness spread out over her thoughts, dulling her senses.

He released his weapon. It shimmered as it fell, disappearing into Elsewhere before hitting the ground. He cupped her chin, looking into her dull eyes.

“Now, you understand.”

Responding to some silent command, Teri released her breasts. His claws trailed down her sides to cup her inner thighs. With powerful strength, he pulled her up off his cock. Irith’s mouth opened in shock as she felt the hardened member slipping out in a flood of cum and blood. The angry ghost dropped her on the ground and she crumbled violently, slapping her face against the soaked mud. She heard Teri step back and twisted her body to watch him. He glared at her, hissing loudly as he moved. He stopped when he was ten paces from her body.

Rapist gestured and they spread out, going into the houses and barns. She watched them, then jumped at the first sight of flames inside the buildings. Twisting her body again, she sloshed in the mud to look up at Rapist. He said nothing, his eyes watching the ghosts as they set fire to every building on the ranch. Soon, the heat flashed against her naked body, baking the mud. She wanted to cry, wanted to whimper, but nothing was left.

She was dead inside.

Rapist barked out a few words of necromantic power. As one, the ghosts raised their heads up to the sky and howled, angry and terrible, as the animating energies that kept them manifested for days of rape and torment faded. They faded also, sinking into the ground in a cloud of rotted flesh and broken memories.

The rain sputtered to a halt as the last of the ghosts faded, leaving only Irith and Rapist on the burning remains of her ranch. Rapist turned back on her, looking down at her crumpled body with cold, torturous amusement.

“I will leave soon myself, but I have time for one more thing. What should it be?”

Irith looked up, her mind spinning with fear and terror and also anticipation. Shivering, she trusted her instincts and twisted her body until she was on her back. Turning around, she maneuvered herself into position. Bracing herself against moving her body, she forced her broken hands between her legs and spread the useless limbs apart, exposing the pink slash of her pussy for him.

He smiled and she shivered with the pleasure of knowing she chose rightly. When he knelt down between her legs, grabbing her hands and crushing them against her inner thighs, she jumped from the pain. Retreating into herself, she forced her body to push away the pain of grinding bones and concentrated on the feeling of his horrible, mutated cock driving into her body. Each twisted bulge ripped into her, driving into her body and she only felt pleasure coursing through her. The pain of being raped had faded with the days of healing and torture. Compared to everything else, there was only pleasure as he buried his length into her. Her pussy clenched around his length, molding to every inch and every niche. She shuddered, her mouth opening in silence as a crest of pleasure rose up.

For the first time since Calibration started, Irith orgasmed. It came hard and fast, an explosion of black across her vision and a dark star of ecstasy that burned through her veins. Her entire body spasmed tightly, squeezing his member as if it wanted to snap it in half. He grunted with surprise, and drove hard into her, his caste mark bleeding as he poured dark essence into forcing his way into her orgasming body.

Rapist took her, driving in and out with his twisted cock. She continued to orgasm, drowning in the dark star of pleasure as he pumped into her for hours, taking his sweet time and enjoying every inch of her pleasure. When he finally came inside her, she sobbed with relief and joy, knowing that soon it was over. He shuddered and came again, soaking her insides and splashing them directly into the entrance of her womb. After a few short strokes, he drew out. she felt the cum oozing out of her slit and slumped down to the ground.

He remained between her legs, kneeling and grinning.

“Now, you truly are a slave.”

Irith nodded mutely. Rapist rocked back and stood up.

“Stay there.”

He walked away. Minutes later, he came back with something in his hand. She watched, still on her back in the cooling mud, watching but not responding. She saw that he had a curved needle in his hand and a long black thread. Her imagination already told

her what would happen next, so she wasn't surprised when he knelt back down between her legs.

"So you don't forget me."

With one hand, he grabbed the folds of her labia, pinching them together. His fingers were slick with cum, but he easily held them tight as he brought the needle to them. Irith retreated into the place in her heart as he began to sew her labia together. She could feel the needles punching through the flesh, the tight line of stitched that worked their way from her perineum up toward her clitoris. She even felt as the needle pierced the hood, then directly into the very nub of her pleasure with only a brief shudder, the actual pain pushed back from the inky void of her retreat. She let her senses returned when he stood up again.

"You will have my child, Irith. And let no other man go between those legs, not if you wish to avoid my wrath."

And then he was gone.

She blinked. Closing her eyes tightly, she opened them again. Her eyes flickered to the left and right, trying to catch sight of the disappeared Exalted. Twisting in the mud, she looked around but failed to find his shadowed form. Even the small pile of soulsteel armor had disappeared. Her eyes rolled up to see the first hint of morning gracing the horizon. The fourth day of Calibration. Her lips trembling, she closed her eyes and let the exhaustion wash away the pain as darkness took her.

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It was morning when she woke up again. For a moment, she thought she just closed her eyes, but the tiny details told her otherwise. The inferno of the ranch buildings were gone and in their place was charred wood and crumbling stone. The bright sun above her pierced the thin layer of clouds over the sky. In the distance, over the popping of wood, the songs of birds drifted across the sky. She groaned. She started to move, then the thousand aches and pains brought up her terrible ordeal. Shuddering, she propped herself up on her elbows, taking her weight. Her breasts, her beautiful breasts, hung down from her chest, swollen and bruised. Dried blood crusted along the opening, but she could feel the empty, violated holes that were bored into her body.

No tears came.

Irith stared at the destroyed buildings and the circle of blood and black. As the sadness started to rise up, she automatically retreated back, snuffing her emotions to contemplate her situation. Her shattered hands shook with pain and her legs spasmed. They faded after a few moments, but she knew they would return in moments. She closed her eyes, picturing the farm. She was sixty miles from the nearest farm, two days by foot when she was in the full of health. She would never make it with legs that refused to move and broken hands. She shook her head, her lips working silently as she tried to swear.

Swearing did nothing to help. She strained to find some shelter, at least until she could recover enough to make the trip. There was only a thin chance, but one look at the devastated buildings gave her no hope for food or shelter.

She remembered a small shrine near the edge of the family ranch. Her father used it to sacrifice to the various family gods, the ones who ensure a good harvest and the ones for healthy animals. During Calibration, they would have a small ceremony for the grandfathers and grandmothers. It was small, barely a few yards across, but it had a door that shut. As a child, she used to pick berries from there, which may be enough to survive. But, it was a half-hour walk in the best of her health. Her chances of survival were growing thinner, but at least she had hope.

Giving one more look at her ancestral home, Irith started to crawl toward the shrine. She felt her body scraping against the hard soil and she felt the pain already rising. Her ruined breasts ground against the sharp edges of earth, but she endured the pain. Behind her, her legs trailed limply across the ground, following the curves of her family grounds.

It took her hours to drag herself across the ground. Behind her, she saw a trail of blood marking her path as old wounds reopened and fresh ones tore open. When the pain grew too much, she retreated into her mind, letting the inky darkness mask the worse of the growing agony.

The mid-day sun beat down on her naked back, burning her as she forced her way over the ruts and furrows of the earth. Her entire body was shaking violently with every bump, even a few inches tall, feeling like it was a mountain to climb. Her elbows were

cracked and bleeding. Finally, she had to stop. The sun cooked her body, the smells of dry soil mixing in with coppery blood and the sweat of a broken women.

She bowed her head, her breath coming in soft pants. Balancing her stomach on the ridge, she could let her breasts heave with the effort to gather her breath. A droplet of sweat dripped off her nose, followed by another and another. She groaned, wondering if she could make it.

Her eyes caught a glint of silver. She blinked against the salty dripping into her eyes and stared at them. Curiosity rose and she crawled a few feet to peer at it.

It was her coins, the silver coins that she put into her boots so long ago. Memories of that first night came rushing back and she had to retreat into her dead place to prevent her from drowning in a sudden bout of sorrow. She gathered up the coins, but then let them slip out of her fingers as she looked around. Her clothes that she desperately stripped out of were not there. Not even a thread of fabric. She could see the heavy boots of Rapist crushing the ground and the blood that clotted the ground. Unable to carry the coins, she left them as she found renewed strength to drag herself to the shrine.

Hours later, night came back for the final night of Calibration. She screamed out mutely as she finally dragged herself along the field and into the small copse of trees that surrounded her shrine. Fresh blood marked her trail and she could imagine the various creatures of Creation following it. It took her enough half hour to reach the shrine.

It was just as she remembered it. Sun-bleached wood that experienced years of weathering. A few fresh planks to replace ones that rotted from the snow and rain. The door was slightly cracked open, the latch never quite working as well as it used to. Whispering a prayer of thanks, she dragged her half-dead body to the shrine and pried it open with her elbow.

Inside, the smell of old blood and earth welcomed her. It was different than the rest of her torture, this was the blood of sacrifice and history. She smiled at the comfort of it, the memories that didn't destroy her. Dragging herself into the shrine, she managed to close the door behind her. Panting from the effort, she crawled over



to the small stone table and leaned against it, her back pressed against the cool granite.

Her head bobbed and she felt the hours of exhausting taking their toll on her body. She twisted her body into position, her hamstrung legs splayed out in front of her, her breasts dripping a trickle of blood down her stomach and her neck just reaching the edge.

Speaking in silence, she began to pray. Her blood-flecked lips worked without noise, her throat no longer able to make even a whisper of noise. Only the soft inhalations and exhalations of her lungs, rattled with coughing, interrupted her silence. Her body shook as she went through every prayer and supplication she could think of. When she finished, she started again, begging for any god to listen to her in her time of need.

No answer came.

She continued to pray until her memories failed her and she lapsed into silence. Darkness flooded the shrine and she felt a pang of fear. She had never been in the shrine in the dark. In the utter darkness, a faint light of moss and fox light brightened up the utter darkness, giving just a shape to the shrine. She looked around, watching as the night passed deeper and deeper into a moonless darkness and the light of the tiny lichen brightened.

It was beautiful, in its own little way.

She looked down in the dim light and saw a darkness pooling around her. Shaking, she brushed her wrist against it and lifted it, watching the cooling blood dripping down her arm. It was hers and she realized why she felt so weak and tired. The prayers died at her lips. Her family's gods had abandoned her and she felt a deep and profound sorrow at that.

Closing her eyes, she slumped back against the shrine. On top, a small bowl used to collect blood of sacrifices rocked back and forth. Next to it, a knife shuddered but didn't move. She rapped her head back against the shrine until the bowl finally rolled off the shrine and cracked on the ground next to her.

She watched as dust rose up from the bowl, lit by the tiny foxfire of her world. She levered up her wrist again, holding it over the bowl as droplets of blood splashed down. A wave of weakness slammed into her and her arm dropped for a moment. She forced

herself to lift it, morbidly curious of watching her own blood dripping to the ground.

The blood slowed and she wanted to curl up and sleep. She found it, retreating her thoughts as she watched the individual droplets fall down in slow, measured...

One droplet froze in mid-air.

It took her a moment to realize it had frozen in air. Frowning, she stared at it, her body barely moving. She pulled back her arm, feeling as if she was moving through sludge. A smear of red remained in the air as the blood came off, held in place. Her heart pounded sluggishly, barely moving along with the rest of her body. Her eyes drifted down to focus on a puff of dust from the sacrifice blow that hung in the air. A few splatters of her life's blood remained in the bowl, shimmering in the dim light.

The ground shook beneath her. She looked up, her eyes widening with surprise and fear. Heavy boots crushed the ground as they came closer. With a startling clarity, she realized that Rapist was back to finish his task. Her left hand dropped between her legs, her wrist pressing against the tight line of stitches that held her sex together.

Darkness gathered beyond the door of the shrine, then soulsteel fingers wrapped around the edge. She braced herself for pain as the door opened with a creak, then cracked as supernatural strength tore the door off the shrine.

It wasn't Rapist. It was someone in heavy plate, but it was the armor of a terrible warrior. Heavy plates of soulsteel wavered with the ghostly faces of hundreds of lives. Gauntlets the size of her head rubbed against each other, pulverizing the remains of the door into dust. Then, the powerful hands reached up and the armored warrior tore the shrine in half. It cracked and splintered as the walls were thrown apart, crashing into tree beyond her darkness. Like a child's toy, he batted away the opening of the shrine. She could see his helm, a massive soulsteel helmet with two eyes burning with the flickering ghostly light of the dead. Her heart almost stopped looking into that terrible light, feeling his gaze stripping away flesh and bone to look at her very soul.

“They say,” he spoke in a deep, rumbling voice that somehow dripping with the very essence of the Underworld, “that at the moment of one’s death, they can live a lifetime”

She jumped at the first sound of it as it grabbed her, wrapping her very mind in the seductive power that overwhelmed her. He sounded like every male in her life, the voice of the punisher, the rapist, and even the father. There was no comfort in his voice, though, just the hard, unyielding power of pure, uncompromising masculinity.

“One could say it is ironic that you would die on the same day you were born.”

Irith struggled with the power of his words. So many emotions filled every syllable of his words. She felt fear and terror, but also the seductive power of domination in his speech. Beneath her wrist, her sex began to glow with a bright heat of sexuality, the very idea of submitting to this warrior from beyond the grave. His very presence ground against her, with a word, he could crush her spirit or rise her to the very heights of ecstasy.

A low growl erupted from his armor and she felt it resonating in her very soul. With a casual strength, he stepped forward and reached out to grab her. Even if she wanted to, Irith couldn’t escape his slow, steady movements. Her heart and lungs felt on power as his presence pinned her.

Instead of grabbing her, he just held out his hand.

“Stand.”

His commanding voice grabbed her. She shook as she reached up with her right hand, the broken bones grinding as she set them down on his massive, icy palm. He closed his fingers over her, trapping her hand without even the hint of pressure. She felt whispers of power curling around her hand, then a ruddy glow began to fill her, lighting up the bones from the inside as it coursed down her arm. Pain slammed into her as the bones in her hand cracked once again, shifting on their own as she felt her hand reassembling. The glow from the inside let her watch as the shadows of her skeleton cracked back into place, the fractures sealing up.

The glow reached her shoulder and spread down and across. She watched as it spread out over her entire body. As it reached her

other hand, it began to crack the bones back into place, grinding them with an explosion of pain as it healed. The red cast along her skin sealed up tiny cuts and scrapes, leaving behind unblemished skin. At her legs, she felt her tendons stretching out with terrible clarity, burning away at her sanity as they healed. She wanted to scream, but her broke throat refused to make noise. Retreating, she fled back to the dead part of her mind, the place of solace through everything. The strange, spectral whisperers rose up, louder and clearer than ever before. They echoed the same ultimate power as the armored figure, but they were beyond him, insanity taking the form of words. She tried to force herself to feel pain, but the whispers would not let her escape. Instead, they started to permeate her thoughts, cementing her into the dead hole of her heart. She would have panicked, but a mask of emotions dropped over her and she began to experience it like her tortures, as something separate from herself.

Her healing finished and she drew her attention back there. Emotions bound in the dark part of her soul, she observed how easily she stood up, her body no longer shaking and the pain fading away. The hand pressed between her legs felt juices oozing out of her tightly sewn slit, hot and liquid as she pulled her wrist away. Looking at in the fading red light, she could see how it glistened. Every inch of thread that bound her send a delicious shiver through her body. Shocked, she reached up to caress her body. Not a single scratch or cut, not even a bruise against her tanned skin. Her roaming hand cupped her breast, feeling the soft mounds standing up against gravity. To her surprise, they were sensitive and she gave a silent thanks.

At least until her fingers pressed against where her nipples use to be. Instead of a pert nub of pleasure, she found only a hole. Surprise and shock faded away almost instantly as she slid a finger around the opening, feeling how the ghosts violated her, used her breast as nothing but a hole. The very edge was moist and she slipped a finger into it, exploring it. She felt a strange sense of pleasure and pain filling her with a tingling heat as she slipped her finger deeper. It slid into the first, then the second knuckle and she still didn't find the bottom. Instead, she felt a resonating pleasure rising up

between her legs. Easing it out of her, she stared at the glistening finger.

She looked up at the armored warrior. Her mouth worked, but her voice refused to make any noise beyond the barest of whispers.

“Why?”

He heard her as clearly as she screamed. His hand continued to hold her hand, but his voice filled her with the terrible presence of his being.

“You are such a beautiful doll.”

Her lips worked silently, “Master.”

There was no question that he could have her. His voice dominated her more powerfully than Rapist of Seventeen Virgins could ever. She could feel the raw power in his voice, his presence crushing her heart with just his masked look beyond the slits of his helm. Juices dripped down between her legs even as her heart pounded in muted terror. Her thoughts barely left the dark pit of her mind and she looked back at him mutely.

The armored figure flexed slightly. She could not even see an inch of his flesh through the armor. Part of her mind got the impression he wasn't really there, but the raw power of his presence overwhelmed that. Her lips worked as she whispered out the words, the sound barely reaching her ears.

“W-What do I do?”

“You have a choice, my doll.”

She stood straighter, her breasts rising in the air as she arched her back. Her hand in his metal palm felt hot and icy at the same time. Her eyes roamed across the powerful armor, watching the faces that rose up in the surface, mute expressions of screaming. She felt her heart pounding, a hungry need for him to dominate her. Her lips moved for a moment, struggling to frame her thoughts. Finally, she whispered to him.

“What, my... master?”

He nodded, his fingers relaxing to release her hand. Despite no physical restraints, she couldn't nor didn't want to pull her hand away. Instead, she stood up straight. The armored figure looked her over, then back into her eyes. She couldn't see his own eyes, but she felt them boring back through her soul.

“You have a choice and the answers are simple. The first answer is to let go of my hand. You will simply fall. The second answer is to give me your name, now and forever.”

She could feel that more rested in her answers. The awesome power of his presence relaxed and she knew she could pull her hand away. She didn't as she stared at it.

“What happens if I fall?”

“You die.”

Such a simple phrase, but one that shook her to the very limits. She glanced around at the tiny shattered shrine, then back at him.

“And my name?”

“You bind your very soul to me and you continue to walk in this world and the next, an Abyssal of such beautiful potential.”

“Y-You mean, like Rapist?”

He spoke with his powerful voice, sending fear and longing through her even as he spoke with his dark voice.

“Yes.”

Irith whimpered as she thought. The enormity of the answer bore down on her, crushing her as she contemplated her very life and death. Tales of the Underworld, the land of the dead, and the knights that came out of the darkest pits. The dark pit of destruction. In the back of her mind, the whispers rose up, promising her power, anger, and destruction. The foul sounds distracted her and she wish they would silence. The answer came, silence would come if she lifted her hand.

Her hand shook as she started to draw it off his palm. She paused with only one fingers lightly touching the metal. Her face hardened for a moment, fighting back the dark whispers in the back of her head.”

“Could I kill him?”

“Rapist of Seventeen Virgins?”

“If I gave you the power to kill him, would you take it?”

“He killed my family.”

“And he tortured you.”

A shudder of memory, “Yes, he did.”

“Give me your name and I will give you the power. It may take you years or even decades until you can use it, but I promise that

you will have a chance to kill him. And if you do, there will be no punishment from me or his master.”

Hatred rose up over her pain and she pressed her finger back down against his palm. She stared at it, slowly drawing it up as she struggled with her thoughts. Then, as her finger danced right on the edge of the metal, only a tiny bit of flesh keeping her alive, she made a choice.

“My name...”

He said nothing and she swallowed, whispering as loud as she could.

“My name is Ka Irith, daughter of Ka Sarin, my father, and Ka Wedilin, my mother.”

She felt something wrapping around her very spirit as she spoke, but she couldn't stop the words from coming.

“Sister to Samayu. I am Ka Irith and...” she hesitated for a moment, “And... I give you my name.”

With a terrible wrench, she felt part of her very soul being ripped out, a spiritual tearing that blurred the very world around her. Shadows rose up, swallowing her body as she tried to struggle with a feeling that she couldn't describe, a pain that would never fade away. In the gaping wound, she could feel something being shoved into it. Sharp and painful, it cut her deeply. Memories of her childhood rose up and were cut apart as... something was rammed into her body. As it settled into place, she felt dark, corrupted energies bleeding out of the wound, sinking into her thoughts with a mix of intoxicating power and memories of lives long since passed. She drowned in the storm of new senses and in the rolling power that filled you. She felt the deadness in her thoughts and the dark whispers comforting her as the pain spread out through every thought and memory, new and old.

She heard the armored figure's voice through the darkness.

“My beautiful doll... my beautiful Doll with Dead Eyes.”

His last words resonated with her, echoing in her head over and over again as she felt the darkness squeezing down on her and plunging her into the inky world, her spirit on the knife's edge of life and death. The echoes imprinted themselves over the wound in her soul, sealing it with her new name.

Doll with Dead Eyes.

*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](http://tsade.com). Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

*t'Sade*

# About the Publisher

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