

# The New Guard

t'Sade



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Curious Cabbit Press

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

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# Jack: The New Guard

# 1

A black, shimmering slime dripped off the wall, burning a path down ancient, scored walls before splashing into a pool of acrid vomit. A shape, one that long since forgotten it's human form, reached out from the darkness to dip a cigarette into the black, still shifting, pool. The pale stick was pierced on a thin, cruel blade that disappeared into the darkness. The tip of the cigarette flared for a second, then bellowed out black clouds of noxious fumes before the figure drew it back into the darkness.

Bringing it up to it's mouth, it drew in one long breath, igniting the tip into green embers and highlighting it's face. It was long, a strange mix of reptile and bird. The flat black eyes held no humor, no love, not even compassion. Instead, there was just the flat finality that never changed.

The shadowed form sucked on its cigarette a few times before casting it aside with a flick of one blade-like hand. It's flat eyes peered around in the darkness, glancing down an alley toward a street filled with humanity. Thousands of people passed with the roar of thousands more. Most of them looked around with fear and loathing, avoiding shadows and darkness. Some of them caught sight of the creature standing in the shadows and screamed, trying to push their way away from the alley; the people around them shoved them back brutally, not giving them an escape.

The creature ignored them and just watched.

Then, with a sigh that sounded like a cat being ripped from it's skin, it turned away from the life and noise and shuffled deeper into the alley, ignoring piles of garbage and bodies. It's feet were short,

almost squat, but powerful as it strode through the garbage and bodies.

The creature's arms, each one ending in a large blade, easily pushed aside the heavier bodies: an elephant man with his trunk shoved into his ear and out the other, a cat woman with her intestines stretched around her ribs into some horrible parody of a stringed instrument, and a cat man whose arms and legs were shattered when someone shoved him off a fifty-story building, probably trying to see if they always land on their feet.

The noises of the street faded, then disappeared. The creature pushed deeper into the alley, his blade-hands easily cutting apart the thick mass of corpses that filled it from end to end.

Stopping for no apparent reason, the creature straightened up and looked around with his black eyes. They locked on a corpse, barely twitching; the tiny movements were imperceptible in the darkness, but the flat eyes caught every movement. The body was of a pale-colored wolf man, filled with muscles and anger, even in death. The face was innocent, almost childish, but the bullet holes in his chest spoke of a more violent past.

The moving body stopped for a second, a pause. Then something pushed out from inside the chest; the sound of cracking bone and splitting muscle filled the dimly-lit area. A muted scream of pure anger and hate shoved out of the bulging skin before something burst out in a shower of old blood. The wolf male stood up and stepped outside of his own corpse, ignoring the ground as he gasped for air. Blood and guts dripped down his chest and side with a slick squishing sound before splashing on the ground.

Unseeing eyes, the pupils only tiny pinpricks in a field of white, looked around as the wolf clenched his paws into fists. Corded muscles shook violently as the wolf brought his fists to his chest and moved them above his head.

"Damn!"

The wolf's voice was clear and filled with a growl of excitement. Even as his pupils began to grow, he brushed off the guts and blood. His eyes finally focused on his surroundings, seeing them for the first time.

"What the hell..."

Faint confusion boiled in the wolf-man's eyes, but it faded as he looked around again, staring at each body, trying to identify them. Between his legs, a bulge began to grow as a grin spread out across his face, lustful and cruel.

When he spoke, it was a wistful growl that barely brushed against the bodies surrounding him, "I've died and gone to heaven!"

The wolf-man started to reach for a naked bird woman when a deep growl, the rasp of something living being thrown into a grinder, slithered out from the darkness.

"You got half of it, Jinus."

Stopping in mid-motion, the wolf-man growled and backed away from the noise. His teeth shone almost brilliantly as his hands tightened into tight, powerful fists.

"Who are you!? Show yourself!"

The blade-armed creature stepped forward into the dim light. The wolf-man stepped back, his lip curling back as he prepared to strike. Then, when the creature did nothing but stare back, the wolf stood up straight and looked over the creature, a sneer growing on his face.

"What the fuck are you?"

The blade-armed creature stared back with flat, emotionless eyes, "Something not to fuck with, Jinus. Break that rule and I'll rip your heart out through your ass," he lifted one of his arms, "Using one of these."

Bravado poured into the wolf and he stood up straighter, his hands still clenched into fists, "Try me, ugly. And who the hell is Jinus?"

Flat black eyes barely glanced over the wolf-man before the creature began to shuffle it's way back toward the entrance, a mere glimmer of light in the press of bodies.

"Come along, Jinus."

"Who the hell is Jinus!?" came a roar from the young wolf.

Flat black eyes glanced back at him devoid of any sense of compassion or joy. The voice that issued out of the darkness was even flatter.

"You are."

There was a brief pause as the wolf processed the words, then a roar as he bounded after the creature, his teeth still bared in anger.

“What the hell do you mean, I am. My name is Jo-”

He never finished the word as the creature lashed back with one arm, an almost casual wave except for the immense muscles behind it, and slammed the entire length of his blade arm into the wolf man's chest and out the other side. The creature yanked it out and showed off the faint glaze of blood.

Jinus, the wolf, stared at it with a puzzled look. Then a foul wheeze slipped out of his throat and he collapsed to the ground, a gurgle rumbling in his chest. The pupils faded slowly, leaving only white eyes behind. Jinus' head slumped against the ground as the life fled out of him.

The creature sighed, the screeching noise echoing against the walls. The blade of it's right arm seemed to bend for a moment, then there was another cigarette impaled on the tip. Dipping it between the legs of a insect-woman's corpse, he sighed again. When he pulled it back, the tip was glowing a sick green.

“Damn kids, never learn.”

The creature took a deep drag and waited. The muted noises of the street were barely audible as he continued to smoke his cigarette until only a small green glow was left.

At it's feet, the wolf body suddenly spasmed. A whimper of terror shuddered through the wolf's body and he spasmed again. The creature looked down into the panicked eyes before picking up his foot from the wolf's chest. Shuffling along, he waited for the wolf to stop screaming.

Convulsions after convulsions wracked the furred form until Jinus slumped against on the ground, his fur soaked with blood-streaked sweat. Taking a deep breath, the wolf looked up at the creature.

“Jesus! That hurt!”

The creature looked down with a shrug. It's voice growled out as it flicked the last of it's cigarette away, “I told you, boy. Break the first rule and I'll rip your heart out.”

Sullen, the wolf scrambled to his feet, moving back a few feet from the pale-skinned creature. His right hand bunched up into a fist, to last out, but he resisted at the last moment. Taking a deep breath, he closed his eyes until the shakes finally stopped shaking through taunt muscles.



When he opened his eyes, the dull yellow glare would send a shiver down any spine of a living creature.

The creature died a long time ago and wasn't affected by the look. He pulled out another cigarette and lit it with a flick of his hand.

"Going to attack again, Jinus?"

The wolf slowly shook his head, "No. You'll just kill me again."

"You learn fast. You obviously have questions and I have a few moments before I kill you again."

"Fine. Where the hell am I?"

"Where in hell, you mean."

"Where in hel... you mean I went to hell?"

A faint nod and another drag of black smoke. Emotions flashed across the wolf's face, but never was there fear or terror. It finally stopped on happiness, a howl echoed through the alley as he threw back his head and released his emotions.

"No fucking way!"

His head surrounded in a cloud of black smoke, the creature nodded again. Jinus jumped slightly, "No fucking way!"

Excited, he jumped on the half opened chest of some victim and howled again, the harsh noise easily filling the tiny space. The creature sighed and shuffled back toward the street. His voice, a low rasp of annoyance brushed against the press of corpses. For the first time, there was a faint sense of amusement in the rasping voice, but it was almost as flat as the black eyes, "Didn't even consider he might be in hell for a reason... yeah, he'll do."

The wolf stopped bouncing around and jumped after the creature, "So, what do I get to do? Rape someone? Kill someone?"

Flat, black eyes stared at him, "Do you even wonder why you're here?"

A shrug and a scoff, "No, why?"

"Do you remember how you died?"

"Yeah, so? I was taking my time with this cute little girl, she was about twelve. Her mother didn't last very long, so I figured I'd get my fun out of her."

"Did that bother you at all?"

The wolf nodded, his teeth pulling back, "Yeah. Her mother should have lasted longer. I got too... excited and broke her spine. Guess I should have used less rope."

“What happened then?”

“Having my fun and her daddy showed up. Someone he managed to survive me shooting off both of his feet and right hand and got me instead. Six bullets in the chest before I managed to crush his throat with an ax. And now I’m here.”

“And now you’re here. The powers that be decided there was no salvation for you, no hope for anything good inside that tiny little head of yours.”

The wolf chuckled, “They’re right.”

The creature shrugged and the wolf stared at it for a long count before speaking again.

“So, now what?”

“Well, you didn’t qualify to replace one of the Sins, not that any of them are ready.”

“Sins? What ar-”

“So, you get to become one of us. A hell guard. Sentenced to spend the rest of your life killing, raping, murder, torturing an endless supply of women, men, and children all sentenced to hell.”

The wolf started to say something, then paused as he cocked his head, “Endless?”

“Endless.”

A smile began to grow across the wolf’s face again, “What the hell is bad about that?”

“It will never end, Jinus. Ever. Those people you are going to be killing, raping? Eventually, they get to leave. But, you get to stay here with me. Never dying for long enough, never staying a corpse for more than a few hours. Sometimes Drip gets you and, frankly, you’ll wish you could die.”

Jinus shrugged, “So what? I can take anyone, even this... Drip.”

For the first time, a chuckle of amusement vibrated out of the creature’s throat, “Yeah, you could take Drip. He’d fit.”

The wolf frowned, “He’ll fit? What the hell does that-”

Waving off the question, the white creature, “Don’t worry, the betting board says you’ll make it three days before one of the Sins gets you.”

“Why would that matter?”

“You’ll see.”

Growling softly, Jinus started to back up to attack, but the creature gestured to the packed streets on the edge of the alley.

“See that? Anyone you want. Want to rip someone open, go ahead. See someone you want to rape? Won’t stop you. Just a few minor rules you’ll probably want to pay attention to.”

“Like?”

“If you see anyone who isn’t scare of you, avoid them. If you see a kid running around who is happy as can be, do not ever touch him.”

“Why?”

“Because... he’s protected.”

The wolf scoffed, “Shouldn’t be hard to remember. Don’t mess with the kid; if they aren’t scared, avoid them. I get everyone else.”

A heartless chuckle rewarded him, “You got the rules. Just one more. Tell my your name.”

The wolf paused for a moment, confused, before responding, “What the hell does that matter. It’s John.”

“Don’t recall calling you that.”

“You mean, Jinus? Why would I want to be called Jinus?”

“Because if you don’t, I’m going to kill you again and rape your ass with that fist over there,” the dead-panned voice echoed against the corpses as the creature pointed to a skeletal fist tipped with nasty-looking claws. As he watched, it waved to him briefly and the wolf swallowed hard.

The creature looked back, “What did you say your name was?”

John stared at it for a moment, the first twinges of fear crossing his eyes. The yellow grew for a second, then moved over to the dark creature in front of him, waiting for an answer.

“Jinus?”

“I didn’t ask you to question it. What is your name? Next time, it’ll be the fist.”

John gulped and growled out, his temper already beginning to flare, “My name is Jinus.”

The noises of the street silenced as every corpse surrounding Jinus opened their eyes. Their mouths stretched open in silent screams, but the only noise was the one that ripped out of the wolf’s throat, a long, harrowing noise that echoed almost shrilly off the walls.

Flames of black and red burst out from his joints, curling his fur. The flames continued to burst out from his joints until his entire skin was a sheet of fire and pain. His hands want to hold his head, but the flesh melted off, leaving only a skeleton standing in a pool of his own internal fluids. The noise in his throat died off as his vocal cords dissolved and ran down his chest.

Jinus pulled his claws back, staring at them with amazement as he examined himself, a living skeleton starting at itself. The flames flickered out, leaving charred bone behind.

Then, his skeleton began to melt, stretching up against gravity to form a new skin, new flesh. His hand stretched out, the bones fusing together into two curved blades. Joints ran together, forming a creature almost identical to the first one: long, blade-like claws; short, squat feet; and a narrow face with empty sockets for eyes.

Around him, the dark shadows seemed gather, boiling in the deepest of darkness until they writhed with an unnatural fluidity. Then, with a crack of unnatural thunder, the darkness plunged into the empty eye sockets of the new hell guard, filling him with heat, anger, and power. The eyes began to fill up with a flat darkness, like a cloud, as a wail of pain and suffering filled the air.

As soon as it started, the suffering ended for Jinus and he found himself looking at his new body. The mouth worked silently for a few moments before his voice, now a dull rasp of metal on bone, screeched out.

“No! No! My name is John! It’s John!”

Falling to his, now it’s feet, Jinus pressed the flats of his blades against its face, “John... it’s John, not that... it’s John.”

The first creature chuckled, the second time in the same day where there was true humor in the screeching voice, “Not anymore, Jinus. Not anymore.”

Stepping out into the press of crowds, the first creature looked at the new hell guard with flat, black eyes.

“Welcome to the job from hell.”

# 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.

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# About the Publisher

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