

Daughter of Justice

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Curious Cabbit Press

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This story contains characters under the age of eighteen (18) years engaged in, witnessing, or thinking about sexual acts.

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Version 1.0.0

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In fall, Franome City is filled with cool air, crisp winds, and more than the occasional storm of leaves and rain. The immense tree stretched out over the entire city shakes slightly with every wind, but the meter-long leaves, thankfully, never plummeted to the ground. Not that the Royal Guards would let anyone near it if they did.

At night, the fall becomes darker, a violent howling of wind that sends tornadoes of dust and leaves rampaging through the streets, rapping at windows and yanking the litter from the curbs. The occasional fool who ventured out into the darkness was ripped from all sides, their clothes clawed at by the endless windows that invaded the city.

In the Suban district, justice was being dealt out with a harsh hand. One building glowed with the light of magical torches, protected by six city guards. Each one carried a spear and a short sword. Their cloaks snapped in the wind, except for one guard who stepped on the end to protect his shins. Split in half on each side of a massive set of double doors, the guards watched the world with half-closed eyes which did nothing to protect them from the wind.

Without warning, the front doors snapped open in the wind. One shook against the wind before closing again, but the other slammed open, pounding into the three guards. All three were thrown to the ground, their bodies twisting to avoid the sharp edges of the spear and the edge of a stone staircase.

From the door, a young man in his early twenties was kicking and screaming, held by two city guards. His wrists were in handcuffs,

but that did nothing to prevent him from lashing out at the door, kicking it again as he yelled with rage and frustration.

“I didn’t know! She said she was eighteen! I swear! I swear-”

One of the standing guards interrupted him by stepping around the door and punching the man in the stomach. The mailed fist drove a strangled gurgling from his throat before his eyes widened in pain and surprise. Flexing his fingers, the guard chuckled as the young man collapsed on the ground and stopped moving.

“Who is this?”

One of the guards who was dragging the man out wiped the sweat from his forehead and winched as his wrist brushed against his bruised nose. A dark bruise was already spreading underneath, but he just sighed.

“Doggan. Rape, sent to Abbinkey for a hundred years.”

The first guard looked down and shook his head, “He’ll be an old man when he gets out.” He chuckled again, a dry tone that held no sympathy, “Stupid bastard. Who did he rape?”

“One of the judge’s daughters.”

The guard’s eyes widened, “A daughter? And he only got a hundred?”

Leaning down to pick up the whimpering man, the second guard grunted.

“No more death or torture, remember? All we can do is shove them into that sardine can. At least justice is fast and this didn’t linger for months like it does in Carium.”

Nodding, the first guard yanked Doggan to his feet and glared at him until the young man’s eyes focused on his scowl.

“I hope you find someone nice and warm to take care of you, Doggan. Because you’ll never leave that place.”

Doggan whimpered and shook his head, his mouth trying to work but no noise coming out. After a few seconds, the first guard punched him again. Doggan let loose with a strangled noise, but the guards prevented him from falling down. Rubbing his wrist, the first guard chuckled.

“Oh, that felt good. I assume the wagon is on the way?”

A nod from the second guard. The first motioned for Doggan to be dragged down the stairs and the two guards did, ignoring the howling wind that snapped past them. Rain began to splatter down,

crashing into the stone stairs with an endless drumming in a matter of seconds.

Long, painful minutes later, a wooden wagon pulled up, drawn by two black horses. A city guard drove the wagon, his body covered in a heavy oiled cloak against the wind. The guards dragged Doggan and threw him into the back of the wagon, chaining him to the large iron bolts embedded in the floor.

As the first guard watched the wagon pulled away, he took the special effort to wave.

“I hope you rot in hell, bastard!”

Some of the other guards called out to Doggan as he disappeared into the rain.

Rain continued to drum down, pounding into the heavy roof of the courthouse and sending tiny vibrations through everything. The wind rattled at the windows, wrapping the magically enforced glass against the steel bars. In one room, a young girl was sitting on the edge of a table, crying.

She was beautiful, with pale skin and an angelic face. Long eyelashes lined darkly around her startling blue eyes. Pools of tears shimmered in the lashes before dripping down in a long, graceful movement. One shoulder was bared, exposing the smooth, flawless skin the harsh light of the lantern near the door. Her breasts were small, held down by a long strip of cloth wrapped around them. The fabric strained already, hinting to swells larger than the soft mounds barely visible. Her dress was impeccable, except for a long rip along one side, where a knife or sharp blade cut at it. The opening gave a tiny glimpse of the cloth around her chest and at the simple underwear underneath. Her entire body was posed on the desk, a slender sensuality with wide open innocence.

Looking up, she wiped at the tears in her eyes. Trembling eyes stared at the only door into the room, then she burst into tears again. A few moments later, the door opened and an older man, well into his fifties, pushed himself in. Wearing a neat, jet-black suit, he moved with the stumbling grace of someone twice his age.

His eyes marked him as a judge: milky white and without any circles. It was from the use of a magical blindness, to prevent the judge’s “corruption” of outside influences from the court. While inside the building, a judge was granted their full senses, but as soon

as they stepped outside, they lost the ability to see. A servant is assigned to them to make their day-to-day lives easier, but only retirement freed them to enjoy their lives once again.

The judge muttered to himself softly before closing the door behind him. Staring at the girl with a mixture of frustration and uncertainty, he fumbled in his pocket for a handkerchief. Finding one, he pulled it out and shuffled to the girl, holding it out for her.

“Don’t worry, Kiba. It’s all over.”

His voice rumbled with concern as he patted the brown hair on her head. Kiba sobbed a few more times, rubbing the offered fabric against her face before blinking. Her voice was delicate, tinged with fear and tears as she spoke to him.

“But... he said he was going to hurt me.”

Anger flashed across the old man’s face, “Don’t worry. He isn’t going to hurt anyone, he is at Abbinkey now.”

“Are... you sure?”

A grim nod, “Yes. By tomorrow, he’ll be in prison for the next century.”

Kiba sobbed again, “He hurt me, Judge Icelake, he hurt me a lot,” she sobbed, the fear almost pouring out of her heart. His face tightened as he held her gingerly, unwilling to move. Kiba sobbed again.

“He hurt me... deep inside.”

“I know. And he won’t do it again.”

She suddenly hugged him tightly, squeezing around his waist as she buried her face into his side. Sobs tore at her body and he could do nothing, his hands hovering in the air for a moment before resting against her back.

When the tears finally slowed, he stepped back, “Now, I’ll have a guard take you home and I’ll be over in the morning.”

Kiba wiped the tears at her eyes, “Please, let me tell my father?”

The judge thought for a moment, then nodded, “Okay. I still need to be over tomorrow, but you should tell him soon. A man should know when his daughter has been attacked.”

She sniffed and wiped more tears from her eyelashes, “I-I will. And thank you.”

Judge Icelake nodded and guided the young girl out. Closing the door behind her, he drifted back to the table and sat down on one of the hard chairs.

“She was only thirteen. What kind of monster would do that to her?”

Kiba slowly opened the door to her home. The front entry hall, lined with stone and wood, was dark and quiet. Behind her, a guard woman peered down both directions of the street, her hand on her sword. Dog ears peeked out from her cloak as did the tightly pressed snout that peek out from the hood pressed against her face. The canine guard watched as Kiba entered the door before bowing and staring down the street.

Closing the door quietly, Kiba looked down at a bag in her hand. It was a heavy brown paper bag, dripping with the rain from outside. Handling it gingerly, she pulled off her shoes and crept up the stairs. The rest of the building was plunged in silence. As she reached the top, she smiled down at the bag again and started down the hallway.

Just as she past one dark door, it opened quickly and a women in her late twenties stepped out.

“Kiba! Where have you been?”

The young girl snapped back, “None of your business, Doreen.”

Doreen shoved back her hair and stared down at the young teenager.

“We’ll see what your father has to say about that.”

Kiba glared back, “Going to wake him up? Going to interrupt his sleep, slut?”

Snarling, Doreen stepped back and slammed the door shut. Kiba grinned and continued on her way. As she passed the next door, she heard a deep breathing inside. Without giving it another pause, she slipped past and entered the third and final door, her room.

Inside was a fairly large room, larger than some poor people’s living rooms. It was draped in pink and dominated by a large, canopy bed in the middle. Stuffed animals lined one wall, surrounding a large mirrored dresser. At the other end, a closet led to her clothes.

Sighing happily, she stripped her coat and left it on the floor. Padding over to the mirror, she dug into the bag and pulled out a

stuffed bear. With a grin, she shook off a few droplets of water and peered at it. The lifeless brown eyes stared back at her.

A soft giggle drifted from her as she hugged it tightly.

“I’m going to name you... Doggan.”

Still giggling, she set Doggan the bear on the dresser and stripped off her clothes. A few moments later, she was completely naked and dancing in the center of the room.

Even at the age of thirteen, she had more than a few curves. Her breasts were firm, standing up and tipped with pink nipples. Her hips already started to grow out, giving her a faint hourglass shape that was accented by her long, slender legs. Her hair, a cascade of brown, dripped down her back as she spun around, still giggling.

Swooping the bear off her dresser, Kiba threw herself into the bed. Legs flashing, she crawled into the center and flopped down on her back. Panting softly, she peered back at the bear.

“Where are you now, Doggan? In a wagon? In the rain? Or are you already in prison?”

A long, pleasurable sigh escaped her lips as she closed her eyes, thinking about Doggan’s face when she last saw it. The judge had just declared his sentence of one hundred years and it looked like all of life drained from his face. At the memory of his white, pale expression, Kiba’s hand drifted downward, still holding the bear. The plush fur teased against her stomach until one foot trailed down between her legs.

With a soft moan, she spread her legs, exposing the pink folds of her sex to the bear’s foot. Still dreaming about his terror-stricken face, she pushed the bear down, tracing the line of her slit with the soft toe.

“Oh... Doggan...”

Kiba’s fingers wrapped around the bear’s head, squeezing it as she brought it down to her sex. The hard nub of a nose began to work its way past the outer folds, to find the tiny point of pleasure that always brought a gasp to her lips. It brushed against it and she moaned again, her thin legs spreading as far as possible. With tiny circles, she rubbed the nose against her clitoris, moving slowly faster as her hips lifted and dropped against the bed.

Still holding the bear, she forced the nose further down until it brushed against the tiny opening of her body. Thoughts of Doggan

rushed past her, of his expression when he was pounding into her body, his thick and hot cock sending so many wonderful pleasures through it. In mockery of the remembrance, she started to thrust the nose into her, pushing it in and out until it was soaked with her juices.

Soft moans ripped from her body as she arched her back, thrusting the bear's head harder and harder against her sex. Soft sucking noises filled the room as she whimpered out Doggan's name with every thrust. Soon, her movements grew more frantic. Thrusting harder, she started to force the bear's head into her sex, stretching it out as the soaked head plunged in and out. As the stuffed animal's head finally popped into her sex, one hand snapped up to grab one of her breasts, squeezing the nipples as spasms exploded inside her.

A long wail of pleasure, half muted from behind clenched teeth, filled the room as the orgasm crashed into her. One hand continued to plunge the bear head back and forth in her wet sex, sucking up her juices with every movement.

Then, with a rush, the pleasure dripped out of her and she collapsed on the bed. Panting, she looked down at the bear's body, its head buried inside her body, filling it up.

"Oh, Doggan, you were just as good as before."

With a sigh, she eased the head out and tossed it into a corner. Crawling underneath the blankets, she gestured for the lights to turn off and fell asleep quickly.

A few nights later found Kiba in the belly of a dance club. She was made up this time, wearing a low cut blouse that left a crevice between her breasts. The fabric clung to her soft mounds, stretching around the swells until they threatened to rip. Unbound, her breasts were small, but not much smaller than the far older women dancing around her. Her hips were almost bare, except for a low-hanging shorts that barely clung to her curves. Her eyes, made up with dark lashes, framed an innocence that barely reached the clear blue of her gaze. Her brown hair was teased up, giving her more of an impression of height as she snapped her body in time with the pounding beat of the band in the corner.

Kiba danced along for the first part, her body moving lithely from one dance to another. Heat pressed down on her, but she stared she

invoked sent deeper waves of heat pouring into her sex. Sweet and her own juices coated her inner thighs, unseen by anyone except the occasional hand that gingerly teased.

Smiling warmly, she continued to follow the rhythm, shaking from one end of the dance floor another another, watching everyone without appearing to do so. Her shirt soaked with sweat from her efforts, but it did nothing more than enhance the firm breasts that heaved with every pant. Around her, women looked older, slower, and less sexual as she danced for everyone and no one at the same time.

When the music slowed into a slow dance, Kiba scoffed and slipped off the floor. Around her, stared bore into her skin, sending a tiny tingle of pleasure to ignite the fires deep inside her. Sighing happily, she skipped to the bar and held out an identification badge. The bartender glared at it for a moment.

“You don’t look seventeen.”

Panting, Kiba shrugged, “And you don’t look fifty, your point?”

Shaking his head, he poured her a cold beer and pushed it toward her. Kiba dug into her cleavage and pulled out a small pouch. Counting out five purple coins, she dropped them on the bar and smiled at him. The bartender scowled at her and gathered up the coins.

“There are fifty marks, this a tab?”

Kiba favored him with a sweet smile, “No, a tip. For the night.”

Shoving the coins into his pocket, the bartender shook his head, “Go hunting somewhere else.”

Kiba leaned over the bar, her eyes turning hard and unfriendly in a second. Her tight whisper didn’t carry over the music, but it sent a pale shudder through the bartender’s face.

“And do you really want me to forget our deal?”

Frustration and anger burned in his eyes, but he shook his head. She gave him an another smile and leaned back. Draining her beer, she set it down heavily and peered around the club. Behind her, the bartender took the glass and refilled it.

Kiba’s eyes probed at everyone, until she focused on a young-looking man in his early twenties or late teens. Standing in a corner, he had the look of a designated driver and someone not enjoying themselves. Kiba licked her lips as she grabbed her beer and slipped

into the crowds, moving slickly through them as she circled around her new victim.

He was handsome, in a way. Dark, short hair cut into a mane of spikes. His eyes appeared to be the color of the sea, except where the dark brows framed his bored expression. His chest, rippling with muscles, stretched out his white shirt. With a hungry growl, Kiba slipped past a couple making out and let her eyes drift down. Wearing jeans, like most dock or farm workers, his legs almost bulged with strength and power. There was an obvious bulge at his crotch, a half-hard shaft buried underneath layers of fabric.

At the sight of his body, Kiba's heat spiked inside her. Slipping out, she slowly made her way toward him. As she stepped into view, she watched as his eyes scan past her, then slowly return, following her movement as she stepped up to him.

"Hi."

She favored him with her best smile; it grew wider as he began to blush. His eyes trailed down, staring into the shadows of her breasts. Pressing up against him, she repeated her statement.

"Hi!"

"Uh... hi."

"Wanna fuck?"

He blinked at her in surprise, his hands dropping to his side as he leaned over her. Shock and confusion blazed across his face as he spoke loudly over the pounding beat.

"E-Excuse me?"

Kiba brushed her lips against his ear, "I said, wanna dance?"

A grin crossed his face and he nodded. She took his hand, enjoying the feel of his rough palm against her smooth one. With a slide of her hips, she tugged him toward the dance floor.

The basement of the dance club pounded with muted beats, shaking tiny streamers of dust from the ceiling. Below, in the darkness, hundreds of boxes and barrels rested with careless ease, organized by the employee's demands more than any sane form of order. A few magical lights, encased in glass and far away from the potentially explosive barrels, lit the entire basement with a flickering, half-light that just revealed enough to avoid tripping.

Just as the frenzy above grew into a steady drumming on the ceiling, the door slammed open and Kiba and her lover slipped in.

Their lips sought each other, kissing frantically as he managed to kick the door shut behind them. Hands strokes, he pushed his fingers into her blouse and worked at the buttons, alternating between the soft mounds of her breasts and the buttons that refused to move. Kiba reached down and yanked open her blouse, snapping open buttons and exposing her body to his questing fingers. A soft moan of pleasure ripped from her body as they continued to trail down the creaking stairs.

Reaching the bottom, her fingers dove into his pants, pulling them open and freeing the already hard cock from its place. With a purr of hunger, she lowered her mouth onto his shaft, pulling it into the heated depths in a single stroke. He moaned loudly, his hands dropping to her head as he thrust forward with hips.

“Oh... god. Oh...” His voice trailed off in a long moan as Kiba slurped along his entire lengths, then let it release with a pop from her tiny mouth. He looked down with shock and surprise.

“Wow.”

Kiba rocked her hips, wiggling her breasts back and forth, and favored him with a wide grin.

“Wait until you see what is next.”

“Ho-How old are you, anyways?”

Giving him another smile, Kiba stroked her hands down, wrapping around his dripping cock and stroking up and down slowly. Her lips parted slightly as she purred.

“Eighteen.”

He paused, as if not sure, but Kiba stepped forward, nestling his cock between her breasts. Pressing tighter against him, she stroked up and down on his length until he was once again moaning. With hungry movements, she pulled off his jeans and underwear, then pressed him against one of the boxes. Moving with her direction, he was soon on his back, with Kiba crawling over his body. She managed to raise her skirt, baring the bare slit already drooling with excitement.

Heated breath brushed against her breasts and nipples until they ached with excitement. Her body trembled with growing pleasure and Kiba rocked her hips forward, until the tip of his slick, hot shaft teased her opening. Her own fires surged inside her and Kiba

impaled herself on his cock, plunging it into the tight heat until her lips pressed against his balls.

Both of them moaned in pleasure, then the young girl began to lift and lower her body, impaling herself repeatedly on the throbbing shaft. It took very little time before they were both panting with effort, him thrusting up into her as she rose his throbbing hardness to the base. Deep inside, she felt the infernos of pleasure building up quickly, teasing her senses until every part felt in flames.

Kiba's mind drifted to the future, to her imagination of the future. As her lithe body smacked down on his cock, riding each wave of pleasure, her thoughts focused on an image of him a courtroom, hearing his fate for "raping" her. The tiny thought sparked a hell storm of pleasure deep inside. As it raced through her veins with the power of an exploding volcano, she threw out her arms, arched her back, and screamed with the intensity of the exploding orgasm.

Inside, she could barely feel his own orgasm, a splattering of liquid deep inside, but her mind was buffeted by the thoughts of his face, her pleasure, and the heat exploding around her. Every muscle in her body tensed up with a rock-like hardness, refusing to release even a tiny iota of the pleasure coursing through her veins.

Then, a voice cut through her thoughts, slashing away at the explosions of ecstasy.

"So, it was true."

Filled with sadness and pain, Kiba knew the owner almost immediately: Judge Icelake. Panic surged through her thoughts as she froze, unable to move as her mind furiously tried to plan out what to say, what to do. Finding the words, she started to relax, to closer her eyes and take a deep breath. The speech was already forming in her words as she bore down to find some place to bring out a false sorrow.

But her body refused to move.

Fear and terror spiked again inside her as she tried to pull herself off, to bring her arms down, or even close her mouth. Instead, her body refused to move, or even twitch. If felt numb, as if her muscles refused to work, except she could feel drops of sweat as they trailed down the lines of her breasts. She felt a sparkling coldness dribbling

down her spine as she tried again and again to move, but her body refused to move, locked in peak of her orgasm.

“Wondering why you can’t move, Kiba?”

Kiba felt numb and uncomfortable at the same time. Underneath her straddling legs, she could feel her lover moving, twisting in fear of his own. His own shaft had shrunk in the passing moments and slipped out of her. With torturous agony, she felt his cum dripping out of her still-gaping sex, each drop sending a wave of pleasure that she could not refuse.

Below her, her lover spasmed as a long wail ripped out from his throat. Kiba couldn’t move to see it but she could hear the pain and terror in his voice that was mirror his own. A brush of air against her side told her someone was moving and then she heard the judge’s voice below her chin, as if he was looking down at her lover.

“What is your name, boy?”

Panic filled the room before the judge got a response. “Uh... Jacin... sir?”

“Well, Jacin, I bet you are wondering why a Franome judge is talking to you.”

“Uh... yes?”

A dry, humorless chuckle. “Do you know how old this girl is?”

“She said she was eighteen.”

A faint pause. “No, I said do you know how old she is?”

“Seventeen?”

“Try thirteen. And the daughter of... someone important.”

Fear exploded in Jacin’s voice. “Oh god...”

Judge Icelake’s voice continued to speak in a dry tone, “And do you know the crime for sex with someone under the age of consent?”

Jacin sobbed and she felt his body moving, as if he was nodding while shaking. His leg lifted slightly, caressing her body but Kiba could do nothing as she felt every touch.

“Y-Yes, sir.”

“Prison... for twenty to a hundred years.”

Jacin sobbed again, his body shaking violently. The judge paused for a moment before speaking slowly.

“But, I want to make you a deal, Jacin. You leave here and never remember this, and I mean never,” he empathized the word,

“remember or speak of this. You were never seduced by this girl and you never saw her in your life.”

Kiba prayed that he would refused, a growing fear latching onto the judge’s conditions. But, she wasn’t surprised with Jacin’s response.

“Yes! Yes, anything!”

“Good. And remember, if you tell anyone, you will find yourself in Abbinkey for this and your next life.”

“N-No sir, I won’t tell anyone. I won’t remember anything!”

Responding to some signal she couldn’t see, Kiba felt two sets of hands wrap around her thighs, near her sex but with no sexual intent. They wrapped around her limbs, sending sensations of being squeezed painfully, before her entire body lifted. In front of her, she saw the ceiling bob and move as her unmoving form was pulled away from Jacin. Kiba tried to panic again, tried to thrash her limbs, but the refused to move from the numb state.

She saw a flash of fabric, Jacin’s clothes, as he pulled them on, then the rapid report of his feet snapping up the stairs. The door swung open, sending the powerful beat from outside into the room, then slammed shut again. The music faded slightly, but still pounded the ceiling with heavy beats. A thin streamer of dust cascaded down, splashing against her fast and sticking.

Judge Icelake’s voice cut through her senses as she felt his bare hand rest against her elbow.

“Kiba, I know you can hear me. Master Foffso ensures me you will be aware through everything. Do you know why I’m doing this?”

Kiba tried to scream, tried to shake, tried to do anything. She even tried to shake her head, her mind refusing to acknowledge her frozen position. The judge continued after a few seconds, his voice filled with dry sadness.

“My spies told me that you were seducing people. But, I didn’t listen to them when I sent that poor boy, Doggan, to Abbinkey. You were the daughter of a judge, and one of my best friends. There was no way you, of all people, would violate the laws to the degree my men told me you did. So, I sent him to prison again.”

He paused and she heard him slowly moving around her, “But, when you came to this dance club, I had a doubt. So, I sent a few of my men to watch you and now I find you here, naked and having sex

with a man. A man, that I now have no doubt, that you will later claimed to have raped you.”

Kiba’s thoughts lashed out at her prison, to deny his claim or to even escape. The ice-cold sensations were pooling deep at the base of her spine, sending the painful sensations through her skin. The judge, unaware of her terror or response, continued.

“And now I, as your father’s friend, am in a position that I wouldn’t enforce on my enemies. His daughter falsely claimed rape, an innocent man sent to prison, and I ignored the facts and followed my heart instead. If anyone found out about this, both your father’s and my professional life would be destroyed.”

Unable to sob or even respond, Kiba was forced to listen to his voice.

“So, I think it would be best if you would disappear.”

Shock slammed into Kiba, the judge’s words sinking in with painful clarity. The tears she could not shed filled her thoughts, fogging them with fear and terror as she strained to move her body.

The hand left her elbow as the judge spoke his final words to her.

“I’m sorry, Kiba. But you brought this on yourself by violating my trust.”

Kiba tried to call out as she heard his shuffling footsteps move up the stairs, guided by his servant. The door opened again and closed, leaving her alone with an unknown group of people. A new voice, one cracked with age and seriousness, broke through her sorrow.

“Now, girl, we need to make you pretty. Pick her up and let’s get out of here.”

She felt the hands again, picking her up by her inner thighs. The skin, numb as it was, could feel almost every ridge of their palms as they easily lifted her from the ground. The new voice started to speak in guttural words, each one sending an uncomfortable tinge along her skin. The words grew louder and more blurred, until it was a wash of noise.

To her surprise, the ceiling above her began to swirl. Unable to look around, she was forced to stare up at it with unblinking fear as it faded away. When light returned to her, she was staring at a warehouse roof, steel beams stretched out as far as she could see. The anonymous hands set her down on a cold, hard surface.

Then, the cracked voice returned, streaked with exhaustion.

“Where are my manners? I’m Dr. Foffso, a professor of... rather unique gifts. The lovely judge, who never bothered giving me his name, requested that I make you into something that will remind your father of you.”

Confusion sparkled through her mind, but the ice sensations continued to grow inside her. Foffso continued as she heard him circling around her. From her vantage point on the ground, she could see his face, ragged and weathered. He was a balding man with filmy green eyes. He gave her a smile as he looked down at her.

“Hello! You are probably wondering why you can’t move, right?” He paused as if he expected her to answer.

“Its a spell, one that turns your body into a hard, rock-like substance. It does the same for your insides too.” To make a point, he shoved his fingers into her mouth, caressing the insides and even stretching them down into her throat. Kiba felt the urge to gag build inside her, but her body refused to move. With her growing fear, she felt every touch of his fingers as he swirled them around her dry mouth then pulled them out. Looking at them, he chuckled.

“But, we have to make a few changes. So, you are going to feel your insides get all soft again, but it will start to hurt.”

His head started to pull away, but stopped, Leaning back over her, he leaned down with a grin, “Even though your body is hard, you can and will feel everything.”

Kiba felt his fingers caress her hard nipples, erect from her long-lost orgasm. Foffso chuckled again and pulled away, his fingers leaving her breasts as his footsteps faded. After a horrible number of minutes, feeling like days for the frozen girl, he returned. Setting down what sounded like a large tray of tools, he peered back over her head. She desperately tried to blink or pull away, but her numb body continues to refuse to move.

“Don’t worry, its going to take a day or two to get you ready. Your mind will sleep when it can, but you might feel like you are losing your mind. When you start seeing things, like flying dragons or that you are flying, it just means you need to sleep. Sooner or later, you’ll adjust to this and it will be fine.”

Pulling away, he continued to speak, “Fine for years in fact. With this spell, you should have at least a hundred or even two hundred years of this before it fades. That should give...”

Kiba stopped paying attention to his voice as her mind began to scream loudly. Fear, terror, and panic exploded inside her thoughts, cutting through everything as she tried everything she could think of to escape her prison.

Fingers at her sex ripped her incoherent thoughts away, leaving her with the stark realization that she was exposed to the old man's every whim. He chuckled, his voice muted slightly from her position.

"Shame, you do have a pretty body. But I have so many more and the judge did pay me top dollar."

His fingers pushed in further, exploring her insides. She could feel the tips against her inner walls, teasing the opening left by Jacin. In her frozen state, her lips and opening refused to close, leaving a gaping hole that felt every breeze, every touch.

It felt like forever for her as he finished, then drifted his fingers down to the ultra-sensitive opening of her ass. Hard fingers trail a circle around her harder opening, then she felt a sick twisting sensation underneath.

A twitch of movement, then other. Kiba latched on to the sensation of movement, even if it was just the ring of her ass. With a desperate fear, she clenched down on it, trying to force the finger that was pressing inside.

"Oh! Feels like you are still upset, huh? Don't resist, girl, otherwise this might hurt."

Kiba continued to bear down against the pain as he forced his finger inside her ass. Stroking it in and out for a moment, it pulled out and she felt something hard press up against it. Even as she clenched down on the only moving part of her body, she felt the lubricated end of something cold force its way into her stone colon.

As if to increase her torture, the doctor started to explain what he was doing. "Now, this is a hose. It has a liquid that partially releases the spell on your body. But, since it is only going to touch your insides, only your insides are going to get soft."

Shoving it painfully deeper, Kiba felt something swell around the base, expanding it until it felt like her entire ass was stuffed with a thick sausage. The doctor's voice, in a dry chuckle, continued his torturous explanations.

“This is going to pump it into you. Fill you up really good. Of course, as soon as it fills you up, its going to move deeper into you, softening as it goes. It will hurt for a while, until your body finally relaxes. You’ll know when it ends when you feel it in your throat... I’m going to clean you completely out. It will take a while for everything to open up, but I don’t envy the sensations.”

Then, the cold object in her ass began to throb. A wet liquid, heated and hot, began to bubbling inside her, splashing against her hard, spell-frozen inner walls of her colon. Kiba’s mind screamed at the sensations, of being violated by the thick liquid. Pressure built up quickly, filling something inside her until it began to hurt her insides. With disgusting and terrifying clarity, she began to feel her insides softening, stretching with the thick magical liquid as it tried to force itself higher.

Pain quickly built until she was screaming in her mind, thrashing at the mental boundaries that her body refused to acknowledge. It spiked deep inside her, almost to the point of rupture, when she felt a powerful squirt further up inside her. It was followed by a second, then a third as the liquid began to bubble even deeper inside her body. Her hard insides softened as the slime built up pressure in the new part of her body.

Foffso’s head appeared above her, peering down with a smile that held just a faint hint of sympathy.

“I’m sorry, but this will hurt for a while. Soft organs don’t like being filled this way, but I need to clean you out properly for your gift.”

His hands pressed something against her mouth, pushing it down with a stick. The outside felt sticky and she could taste something acidic as it pressed against her mouth. The doctor worked at her mouth for a while, forcing it deep past her frozen gag reflex and down the tunnel of her throat.

“Can’t have your lungs or mouth growing soft, that would ruin everything. This will prevent that and also prevent you from tasting your insides.”

He gave her a grimace to make his point, then resumed ramming his stick and the protective fabric down her throat. The sensations of her throat being unmoving, a solid mass that rang against the jamming stick, left her feeling dizzy, even though her body was still

mostly frozen. After a few moments, he pulled away and lifted the half-meter rod from her throat. Tossing it aside, he leaned down and gave her a kiss on the forehead.

“I’ll be back in a couple hours, to see that you are all cleaned out.”

Then, to her dismay, he left. Inside, the pressure was building again, as if it was pressing against another gateway deep inside her body. Her insides churned with the liquid, cramping around them as they were slowly brought to life. Her anus and inner walls clenched tightly, but that movement only increased the pressure against the walls. Feeling the sob trying to move along a frozen throat, Kiba could do nothing as she felt it burrow deeper inside her body.

After hours of torturous pain and agony, she felt the liquid rising up in her throat. It bubbled out, hot and thick and splashed down her sides. Thankfully, she couldn’t see it, but she could feel it cooling against her skin. Her entire insides quivered and shook against the intrusion, but the pressure continued to build inside her, increasing the flow of slime and liquid from her throat. Kiba could feel her insides trying to clench, try to close the gateways deep inside, but the thick slime prevented it.

Many more torturous hours the doctor returned. Splashing along the ground, he chuckled happily.

“Oh, perfect. You opened up very nicely. Perfect!”

Kiba tried to sob again as she felt the metal pump being pulled out of her ass. With a rush, her abused opening disgorged its pressure, squirting out in a long, powerful stream of slime. It was almost a relief to feel the pressure fading away, leaving her feeling strangely hollow and open inside. She could feel the cold air brushing against her quivering opening, gaping from the many hours of being stuffed with the metal pump. The same cold breeze brushed across her frozen labia, teasing.

Foffso fumbled with something and she felt another metal plug pushed up into her ass. It tiredly tried to force it out, but it also expanded, forcing itself to stay inside. Kiba tried to understand why he replaced it, but a new feeling began to bubble up inside her. It was burning hot, a splashing liquid that almost seared her insides. The metal pump forced liters of it into her, rushing through her cleaned out channel with a brutal efficiency.

Kiba tried to scream at the sensations, but the burning around her ass faded, from her insides turning hard and immobile again. The burning rush plunged deep inside her body, outlining every curve and swell of her insides. Long, painful minutes later, it exploded out of her mouth, sending an arch of blood-red liquid high into the air and splashing down on her face. Her insides twisted slightly and hardened, leaving her once again numb.

Terror drove her to try moving her body, to lunge away or to fight, but nothing moved. Even the tears she felt in her mind refused to come, but the splashing against her face almost made the substitution. After a few more minutes, the flow stopped and she felt the metal plug being deflated and pulled out. Another rush of liquid, one she felt with terrible clarity, exploded from her body but soon drained, leaving tiny pools in the twists of her insides.

The doctor's head reappeared and he shoved his fingers into her throat, pulling at the fabric. It burned at it peeled away from her body, leaving the acidic taste in her mouth. She saw it as he pulled it out of her, ragged and gaping as if acid burned it away.

Answering her unasked question, the doctor gave her a grin, "The red stuff burns away the liquid. This way, your mouth and lungs are never softened, but the glue is melted away."

Kiba's mind reeled with the tortures she felt. Every thought seemed to ring in her head as she felt the liquid dripping off her insides, slowly running down through endless bends and twists. She watched with unblinking eyes as the doctor turned to someone and called out.

"Good! Bring the water pumps here. If we hurry up, she should be done by tonight."

Confusion grew along with the fear. The doctor's eyes turned back to her and he gave her a dry chuckle.

"You know, for the lovely fountain you'll make."

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Fall turned to winter and then into fall. The now former Judge Juth, Kiba's father, stepped out from his front door. His tired eyes looked across the garden that stretched out over his front yard, protected by a high wall from outsiders. His eyes, the color of river mud, focused on a fountain in the center of it.

His daughter.

Missing since fall, the fountain was the last image he had of her youth and her beauty. With a sigh, he stepped down and padded over, his shoes tapping against the stone pathway. He stopped at the fountain, his eyes staring at the stone image of his daughter. Even as he tried to resist, he found himself staring at the perked swells of her breasts, the expression of lust and passion in her eyes, and even the detailed clench of muscles, as if she was just thrusting down in some movement she would never duplicate.

“She was beautiful, sir.”

Doggan’s voice cut through his thoughts and he turned around. Doggan stood there, leaning on a rake as he gestured to the fountain.

“Your daughter. She was beautiful.”

Sadly, he nodded, “Yes. She is.”

The young man picked up the rake, “Still hope to find her, sir?”

Shaking his head, the former judge sighed heavily.

“No, not after this time. But I won’t stop looking.”

Silence stretched between them, as both men stared at the woman who invaded their lives. A former judge and a former innocent man. A spring shower began to darken the walk and Doggan cleared his throat.

“I... just want to thank you.”

Without letting his eyes leave his daughter’s image, the father answered.

“For what?”

“For pardoning me. Even if it was...”

He felt the tears forming in his eyes, but the spring rain that splashed down on his face swept them away.

“It wasn’t your fault, Doggan. She did... something so terrible that even I couldn’t forgive her.”

“But you still love her?”

“With all my heart.”

A brief silence, then a wave of thunder rolled over the city. Doggan pulled out his hat and shoved it on his head.

“You best be getting back inside, the rain will be here a while.”

Sniffing, the former judge returned back to his home. He stopped at the door and turned around. Doggan was staring back at the

fountain, a strange look of remorse in his eyes. Raising his voice, the man called to him.

“Doggan?”

“Yes, sir?”

“Thank you for forgiving me.”

Doggan gave him a faint smile, filled with a strange sense of sorrow.

“And thank you for giving me a job.”

The judge found he didn’t have any more words and pushed his way into his empty house. The door swung shut and plunged his life back into darkness. Tears rolled down his cheek and he moved further into darkness.

Inside the fountain, Kiba screamed out in the hollow of her mind. She could feel the water rushed through her insides, every centimeter of bubbling sensation before it exploded from her mouth. Splatters struck her face before dribbling down her skin. Every drop, every rivulet, and even every whisper of wind branded her skin. Millions of sensations, some of them pleasurable and some of them uncomfortable tore at her mind.

And her sex rose as the source of most of her tortures. Still gaping open from her frozen passion, a small family of birds created a nest out of her inner walls. Damp feathers and the brush of wings sent constant pangs of pleasure and agony rippling through her thoughts as they fluttered to and from their simple, uncomplicated life. And deep inside, against her innermost nerves, three eggs rested warmly, ready to be born.

And Kiba screamed.

And no one heard.

t'Sade

About the Author

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

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, tsade.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

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About the Publisher

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