

**The
Mummy's
Girl**

**The
Mummy's
Girl**

t'Sade

Curious Cabbit Press

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are the product of the author's imagination and are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, and persons, living or dead, is coincidental.

This book contains scenes of graphic and explicit sex in a fantasy context. If you are someone uncomfortable with this, in a place where reading this would be illegal, or a minor in your locality and/or culture, then *do not read it*.

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

Cover and chapter illustrations by mamabliss.com.

Copyright 2003 t'Sade

All rights reserved

t'Sade (<https://tsade.com>)

Curious Cabbit (<https://curiouscabbit.com>)

Version 3.0.0

For Fluffy

Without you, I'd be adrift in a sea of
lives, unable to find my true love.

Whips and Chains

1

Naked, as all slaves were required to be, the woman was not uncomfortable with her nudity. Plastered against her back, her sweat-soaked hair clung to her skin as she strained with the effort not to move. Held above her head, her wrists twisted inside golden chains, trying to break free. They were just tight enough to place a strain on her back, but not enough to hold her off the cold stone ground. Spread out beneath her, her legs quivered slightly with the effort to keep her sweat-soaked knees from sliding on the stone. Between, the naked mound of her womanhood glistened with sweat and fear, and more than a little excitement.

Smoke curled in the air, drifting out of the nostrils of four stone statues; each one was of a powerful-looking, wolf-like creature the size of a brown bear. Locked in time, each statue portrayed some scene of gruesome murder or torture. The stone itself was smooth and ancient, their shapes holding more detail than possible with normal marble.

Standing next to her, just on the edge of her vision, a man stretched briefly on his toes. His appearance was burned into her mind: the master of the temple. He was powerful and dark, his skin tanned from thousands of days under the sun. His hands were coarse, rough from the years he had spent in the fields, working as a slave himself. But Anuset was no longer a slave, except to Akumet; to his god and master, he was still just a slave of over thirty years.

His muscles rippled as he padded around the chained slave, his eyes hard and calculating as he looked her over. Unlike the female slave's nudity, he chose to be stripped bare. His half-erect manhood, a long and thick shaft, bobbed slightly with his heartbeats as he

glided around the whimpering slave. Her eyes caught onto his movement, watching with rapt attention.

His entire body was shaved bare, mainly by his own choice in the humidity and heat of the temple. Only a dark shadow demonstrated that he shaved almost daily to keep his smooth appearance. A couple of beads of sweat trickled down the back of his neck, but he ignored them.

In his hand, he toyed with something. It was a short, black flogger. At one end of the thick handle, there was a smooth, silver sphere about four centimeters in diameter. At the other end, leather strands fountained out of the tip, each one tipped with a tiny, smooth ball of silver. The harsh leather glistened in the torch light of the temple's main room.

As he continued to walk around her, the slave looked at him with pleading eyes. "M-Master... what did I do wrong?"

His dark eyes locked onto hers as he stopped. Leaning forward, he whispered in a deep, bass voice, "Nothing."

Her eyes widened with fear as he gave her a better look at the small whip in his hand, and smiled. Her head started to shake, denying what he said, but he ignored it as he straightened. His cock stirred as the feeling of control over this woman and the sensations teased his senses.

His eyes looked over her again. "Do you know what I'm going to do?"

She nodded. "Yes, Ma."

"What?"

"You are going to whip me, Ma."

"Do you want it?"

She looked up at him, her eyes wide as her mind spun furiously. Every beat of her heart seemed to shake her as she tried to formulate the words to scream out for it, to beg him to hurt her until she saw the look of desire in his eyes. Her lips trembled for a moment before she managed to speak.

"Yes... Ma."

Pacing around her again, he hefted the short whip in his hands to listen to the faint clink of the small balls at the end of each strand.

He stopped briefly behind her, admiring the tension of her buttocks and back. Knowing what was next, the slave closed her eyes and prepared herself for the worst.

His arm pulled back and, with a powerful blow, slashed the strands against her back. Her scream ripped through the silence of the temple room as the leather raised welts across her shoulders. The tiny spheres left circular marks across her side.

She gasped for breath, fighting back the agony, as he walked around her. Leaning forward, he whispered again to her, "I want you to count. Once for each year of your life."

He paused for a second, then smiled. "How old are you, Binis Ji?"

Her eyes widened at her name and title, a construct of her position in this unforgiving temple. "Tw-twenty six years, Anuset Ma."

His eyebrow raised a little, a hint of surprise on his hard face. "You told the truth. I'm... impressed."

Her body relaxed slightly, but only for a second until she caught sight of the whip in his hand.

Anuset nodded. "How many has that been, Ji?"

"O-One, Ma."

He straightened, pulling back his hand. She whimpered, shaking her head again as if it would stop him. His face grew harder as he concentrated on landing another blow against her, lashing the flogger against her breasts and stomach. Her scream, choked off from the pain, echoed shrilly against the stone walls of the temple.

Anuset waited for a moment, letting the strands of the whip slide off her sweat-soaked body. After a second, the slave remembered.

"T-two, Ma."

Anuset's nod was lost as she blinked back the tears. He resumed his pacing around her body, watching her squirm and move against the harsh metal chains.

As he walked around, he occasionally landed a powerful blow against her body, aiming for her chest, back, buttocks. With each blow, she screamed out, then counted out in a choked voice.

The entire process took almost thirty minutes, with the blows coming randomly. By the time he reached twenty-three blows, her body was covered in red welts and she was whimpering for mercy. Her unmarked face was wet with tears as she strained against her

chains. Even as the agony radiated throughout her body, she pulled down to prevent herself from avoiding the flogger's blow.

Anuset's cock was at full mast, a thick sheen of excitement already glistening along the length of his hard shaft. The slave continued to whimper, even as she pushed herself lower on the ground to accept the next blow.

His body glistened with the heat of the temple room as he continued his maddeningly slow pace around her. "How many more, Ji?"

She struggled for air, trying to pull oxygen into her lungs. Her body ached and screamed, but somehow she found the strength to speak.

"Three, Anuset Ma."

He nodded silently and hefted his whip again, admiring the whimpering slave. Most of her body was covered in a thin sheen of blood and sweat, the result of his blows from the flogger. Her breasts heaved with her shuddering breath, but her eyes slid down to the floor to avoid his gaze.

"Spread your legs," he ordered, his voice deep and low.

Binis started to shake her head, not wanting to obey his order. Anuset raised his eyebrow again, watching her. She could feel her legs refusing to obey, as if they were attached to someone else. She bore down with her will, trying to force them apart. Her mind screamed out against her body, trying to fulfill her master's desire, even though she knew that incredible pain that would soon follow.

Slowly, her knees started to slide apart on the slick stone. Trembling, the muscles resisted each movement but she somehow managed to force them apart. She felt exposed and vulnerable as she looked at the whip in fear. Even as the terror coursed through her veins, she felt the stirrings of desire already building into a smoldering heat.

Anuset smiled as he hefted the whip, showing her the glistening leather straps as she fought her own body. As she watched in horror, a few drops of her own blood splashed on the ground from one of the silver spheres. A trail of tears leaked from her eyes and started their slow descent down her cheeks as she felt her knees pulling back together, hiding her shaved sex.

Still pacing, Anuset watched her fight more, trembling with the effort to obey and resist at the same time. He gripped the leather handle tighter, his cock hard with the sensations of power over this young slave.

Finally, her body finally gave out. Her knees slid apart, exposing the pink folds of her womanhood to Anuset's hungry gaze. Her thighs trembled, but she managed to will them apart.

"Good, Binis Ji, good."

Binis whimpered, sweat pouring down her face and chest. Anuset nodded to himself and walked behind her. He pulled back his arm, preparing to strike the defenseless girl.

Her whimpers grew stronger, in anticipation, and Anuset watched her muscles tense in fear. Anuset waited, sweat sliding down his own naked body.

When the blow didn't come, she relaxed slightly. Anuset, waiting for that motion, put all of his strength into the blow he brought up between her legs. Her scream tore through the silence of the temple room as the leather straps slammed their tiny balls into her womanhood, easily slashing her folds and clitoris.

Sharp pain slashed through her, cutting through every thought and every action until there was nothing else. Her breath caught in her chest as her muscles spasmed from the intensity of the sensation; she found herself almost pulling herself up on the chain, trying to escape the suffering.

Immediately, her legs pulled together, capturing the strands between her legs. Her long scream redoubled as Anuset yanked his whip from between her legs.

Binis' scream faded into a long wail of pain and suffering as Anuset walked in front of her. He reached out with his left hand and held her chin. Pulling it up, he forced her to face him.

With a struggle, she opened her brown eyes, looking into his dark, mysterious ones.

Anuset growled his command deeply. "Count."

He watched her struggle for air and sanity before she spoke in a cracked voice, "T-tw-twenty four... Ma."

Her voice dissolved into a sob as she shook her head against the agony. Anuset nodded.

"Spread."

“N-No, please...” She tried to pour as much pleading into her voice as she could, but even as she spoke, she knew he wouldn’t listen. Resolve slowly formed in her eyes, hardening the soft lines in her face as she bore down against the resistance and spread her legs once again.

Anuset smiled, pleased with her reaction, and watched as the blood-streaked sex came into view. He raised his right hand, the leather whip glinting evilly in the torchlight.

With a struggle, she looked him right in the eyes, the firm resolve almost burning inside her. She could feel the desire engulfing her in flame, magnified by the agony that raced through her veins. Something inside her pushed her to submit, pushing her to survive because, eventually, he would reward her submission.

For a moment, he stood there, poised to bear down her once again as she looked him in the eyes, her body relaxed and taut at the same time. A lone tear drifted down her cheeks, curling around her neck and down her throat.

“Twenty-five.” She spoke with a soft hardness, as if accepting her fate.

Anuset’s arm tensed as he slammed his whip back up between her legs. The leather cracked from the intensity of the blow, cutting into her folds and ass as an incredible pain arched through her body.

“Ma!” Her scream, a single word, filled the room as she pulled back from the incredible suffering that seemed to dominate her world. The muscles in her legs twitched as she started to pull her legs together, but she forced them apart, using her will, her desire to please her master.

A few drops of blood splattered against the smooth floor as he pulled back his whip. Along with it came the sweet smell of her excitement, almost surprising to both of them. His dark eyes stayed locked onto hers, watching the thoughts cross her mind. He smiled, a cruel smile that sent shivers through her body.

A few more tears dribbled down her cheek, but she tightened her body and fought the pain. Anuset slowly circled her twice before stopping behind her. His cock, hard and purple, was almost throbbing with his power over her. He could smell a hint of excitement from her, faintly mingled with the temple incense.

From behind, he could see her tensing for the final blow, the last one she would have to suffer. He waited again for her to relax. It took her longer, knowing what awaited her. His cock twitched as a fresh flow of pre-cum started to dribble down it.

Her shoulders relaxed, then tightened immediately, but no blow came. He continued to wait, his eyes admiring her curves, her sweat, and even the red welts across her body.

Again, her body relaxed, then tightened after a second. He waited longer, the smoke curling around him as though he were a statue himself. Finally, she relaxed with a whimper, accepting her fate and the pain that waited.

Anuset chuckled and Binis struggled to keep staring forward, keeping her legs apart. Anuset could sense her suffering, threatening her sanity and her resolve.

The blow never came. Instead, Binis felt a light pressure against her sex, painful and sensual at the same time. She caught her breath from the sharp agony and fear of what came next.

Behind her, the leather whip fell to the ground. The noise sent a bolt of surprise through her as Anuset continued to stroke a light finger along her slit, wet with blood and sweat and her own juices. Sparks of pain sparkled through her body as his fingers brushed against the welts his whip had left just moments before.

Her gasp came as his other hand reached for her back and brushed down her spine, a lover's caress except for the welts his fingers teased. Her gasp turned to a combination of whimper and moan as his finger continued to stroke along her slit, using the blood and sweat as lubricant for his probing finger.

She could feel the heat of her sex around his finger as it slid against her opening and up against her clitoris. The moan became a loud whimper as he slid his finger up and down her slit before pulling apart the folds to the humid air of the temple. He could feel her muscles trembling as he manipulated the bruised labia.

Anuset's finger, almost gently, pushed back slightly, finding the opening of her tunnel; it was hot and wet, almost unexpected with the intensity she had just suffered. His smile grew a little wider as he gently pushed his finger into the slick entrance.

Binis' moan was filled with more than a little desire as her legs parted, this time willingly. He could feel her body's heat double as

she tried to push down on the probing finger. Anuset rewarded her with another finger, squeezed into her tight hole.

Her moan vibrated through her body as the chains above her rattled. Her hands clenched tightly around the metal cuffs as Anuset spread her sex further, plunging two fingers as deeply into the slave's sex as possible.

As he spread the red folds, Binis gasped with the pain that remained from his whipping. Her whimper escaped her lips as he continued to pull her apart painfully, plunging his two fingers again and again into her soaked tunnel.

Her whimper dissolved into a moan, then back into a whimper, as Anuset alternated between focusing on her opening, then on her wounds, moving from ecstasy to agony with a growing intensity.

The noises that escaped her throat blended together, louder and louder, as she lost the ability to distinguish between the suffering from the hands of her master, and the sexual pleasures his fingers wrought from her body.

Her first orgasm was intense, her entire body shaking with the powerful sensations of pleasure and pain that slammed into her. Her scream echoed against the walls; the primal noise had little in common with the screams of suffering just moments before.

As her body shook with pleasure, Anuset continued to tease and pull more sensations from her, one hand stroking her wounds while his other plunged in her tunnel and teased her clitoris and folds.

Eventually, even with the expert manipulations of her master, her orgasm faded in warm waves of pleasure. Anuset teased her, slowly and sensually, until the last surge of ecstasy fled her body, leaving only a dull ache of torture behind.

Binis gasped again, trying to gather her senses enough to respond. Anuset continued to slide his fingers in and out of her sex, almost idly, as he waited.

Finally, she pulled herself back to reality and managed to push out the words, "W-Why, Anuset Ma, why?"

Anuset reached up and grabbed her hair. With a yank, he painfully pulled her head almost back to his. The chains above her rattled for a moment as her body protested from the sudden ache.

He smiled into her face, "I just felt like it."

A flicker of confusion and curiosity crossed her brown eyes, but Anuset ignored it. He released her hair, but she tried to keep her head back, watching her master, waiting for his next action.

Anuset reached down, sliding his rough hands against her inner thighs. His fingers pulled out of her sex as he pressed his thumbs against her, the nails teasing her folds. With the increase of his strong grip, Binis felt a whimper escape her lips as she tried to watch her master over her shoulder.

Anuset paid no attention to her as he buried his thumbs deeper inside, stretching the taut tunnel mercilessly. Binis' whimper of pain seemed to encourage him, as he shoved his thumbs into her sex as far as they would go, then pulled apart.

His slave's whimper turned into another scream as Anuset pulled her apart while drawing her up. His strength lifted her hips off the ground as he pulled her to her feet. Her scream continued to echo while he wiggled his fingers in her stretched tunnel.

Anuset's fingers slid along her buttocks until they brushed against her hips. Using almost all of his strength, he squeezed, pulling her womanhood further apart until he almost crushed her hips.

Binis' scream trailed off into a whimper as she felt the slick head of his cock press against her inner opening, completely avoiding her velvet folds.

The whimper turned into a soft moan of pleasure as Anuset leaned forward, slowly burying his cock into the trembling depths of his slave. Her moan became longer and deeper as he pushed his throbbing manhood deeper into her sex, teasing her inner nerves.

Anuset continued to squeeze and pull her lips apart until he had buried the entire length of his thick shaft into her body. His fingers relaxed as he withdrew slowly, his shaft glistening with the juices of her pain-induced excitement.

Tightening his fingers, he shoved his thick cock back into her sex, burying his entire length into her willing opening. Her chains rattled as she leaned into her arms, moaning with pleasure and agony.

As he pulled out, he relaxed for a moment. Plunging back in, he tightened his fingers, squeezing and pulling her lips apart to bury his length into her. In a few moments, he was pounding his cock in

and out of her body, shoving a moan of mixed emotions from her throat with each powerful thrust.

With each slap of his hips against her buttocks, her whimpers of pleasure grew louder and more insistent. Anuset's body suddenly started to thrust harder, lifting her feet almost off the ground as her arms strained from the force of each powerful movement.

His fingers slid from her wetness to grab her hips, his motions growing faster, harder. Each slurp of his cock inside her filled the room as he continued to slam against her, ramming his length into her depths.

Finally, he slammed his cock as hard as he could into her body, and her own orgasm blew into her. Her final scream, echoing desire and need, filled the smoke-filled temple room as his cock surged, flooding her insides with hot cum.

The tableau held for a moment, as she felt him drain himself inside her, pushing away the last remnant of pain in a final rush of pleasure. He released her, letting her feet catch beneath her before he pulled out with a wet, slurping sound.

Binis caught her breath after a moment, then took another deep breath. She looked over her shoulder at her master, then frowned as he raised an eyebrow.

She thought for a second. "Twenty-six?"

"Good, Binis Ki. You have exceeded my expectations."

She started to correct him, to tell her master he named her wrong, but the words caught in her throat. A joyful expression crossed her face as she realized she had just been promoted.

Her mouth slowly opened in surprise as a strange joy filled her. Anuset smiled and walked out of the temple room, still naked. He reached up and snapped his fingers in the smoky air. The chains that held Binis in the air released, dumping her to the ground.

Cleaning

2

Cold, wet winds snapped around the cliff, scouring at the small, hardy plants living in its crevices. Rain fell from above, then was blown to the side by the powerful winds, adding to its bite. The stone, slick with hours of soaking, stood up against the wind in a losing battle. In the distance, an angry sun slowly sunk below the horizon, leaving a purple bruise across the stormy skies. Between the cliff and the sun, there was a vast channel of ocean; a hint of land was to the northwest. A faint haze of mist teased the flickering surface of the water.

Only one person bothered to watch it from Akumet's temple; only one man had enough time to do whatever he wanted. Anuset, wearing nothing but a loincloth, stood on top of the cliff, feeling the wind tear at his body and the icy-cold water sheet down his muscled chest.

His eyes, darker spots in the growing darkness, were lost in thought. His hands, dangling at his side, seemed to quiver with a life of their own, forgotten by the intelligence that fueled Anuset's pride and darkness.

He stood there for hours, not feeling the rain, wind, or even the chill. He watched the sun's light fade away and darkness sweep over the land. Some time later, a sparkling band of light rose in the east behind him, showing the dark profile of the stone pyramid Anuset called home.

As if on a silent cue, Anuset started to move. He stretched briefly before turning around. With a forceful step, he moved down a muddy path, keeping his balance easily, and toward a small

rectangle of light at the base of his master's temple: Akumet's temple.

As he got closer, the pyramid grew larger in his vision, until he was standing at the base of the massive stone building. His left hand caressed the heavily carved surface of the doorframe, looking up the length of the pyramid. It was over two hundred meters in height: a massive stone building that had no purpose in nature, except to supply the dark god, Akumet, with power.

He smiled for a second, remembering the natives who had lived there, thirty years ago. His smile grew wider as he remembered killing those who wouldn't submit to Akumet's power. Those who did submit, he raped and tortured, leaving only pleasant memory in his mind. For those who survived his passions, there were very few good memories until they slowly crawled up the ranks in Akumet's temple.

He lost himself in memories for only a moment before shaking himself back to the present. Without looking back, he shoved his way into the pyramid and slammed the door behind him.

Inside, he waited for his eyes to adjust to the flickering torchlight. As they did, he looked down the stone corridor, admiring the decades' worth of stonework along the floor, ceiling and walls. The corridor was two meters wide, each tile a meter square. The ceiling was three meters high and also covered with the meter-square slabs.

Each square depicted a scene, showing the domination and surrender of one of Akumet's slaves. Anuset's eyes gazed lightly over the tile that represented his own submission to his dark god; he suppressed a shiver of fear and remembered pain. Even in his sleep, thirty years later, he still had nightmares of that horrible night of pain and humiliation. His eyes quickly shifted away and down the corridor.

Near the middle of the hall, there were two slaves, a male and a female. He frowned as he tried to remember the female; she seemed familiar. The male he remembered - a violent fighter named Corbin Zo. He still called himself Corbin Blackguard, but no-one else used that name.

Corbin looked up as Anuset walked down the hall. Anuset noticed he was a broad man, covered in thick black hair. Massive scars from

years of sword training had left their mark across his arms, chest, and stomach. His left hand shivered slightly, a sign of nerve damage from some terrible, earlier wound. His manhood was tucked between his legs, held tightly between his thighs. The male slave's nudity was obviously new to him, and he looked uncomfortable.

Anuset's eyes narrowed when Corbin didn't look back at his work. The washrag in his hand forgotten, the male slave glared up with hate and anger in his eyes.

The master paced forward until he noticed the female's attention to her duties, even as he continued closer. Her hands clenched the rag tightly as she scrubbed at the ground. Anuset's smile grew wider even as he tried to remember her name.

He stopped in front of both slaves, looked down at them. Corin's upper lip started to curl in barely suppressed emotion, but he did nothing but squeeze the rag a little harder.

Anuset barely looked down at the angry male as he watched the female. Her black hair, pulled into a ponytail, bobbed as she scrubbed at a piece of the stone. He could see she was bruising her hands from moving too hard and fast against the rough stone; the tile she was working on held an image of a man being impaled on a sharp stick, and it obviously distressed her.

After a moment, she realized he was standing there and looked up, almost fearful. Her brown eyes shimmered for a moment with a hint of desire and submission, then she knelt back on her feet, looking up at him.

She was naked: soft curves with a layer of muscle underneath. Like all slaves in Akumet's temple, she was required to work at whatever task needed to be done. The one exception to this rule was Anuset, who only obeyed his dark master, Akumet.

"Binis... Ki." Anuset finally remembered her name. His manhood shifted slightly in memory of her advancement from Ji to Ki, almost a thousand days, a year, before.

She responded in a soft voice, "Yes, Anuset Ma." Setting the washcloth down next to her, she said, "how may I serve you?"

Anuset looked down at his feet, which were covered in the dark mud from the cliff. Binis didn't even wait for the command; instead, she knelt forward. As her lips brushed against the mud on his feet, he watched her lick a clear path on his skin. He could feel her

tongue, soft and gentle, against his body. His smile widened and his cock began to twitch as he watched her tongue-bathing him.

His eyes darted over to Corbin, who was watching in disgust. Corbin's eyes looked up, meeting Anuset's dark ones. The male slave shook his head, refusing to obey the unspoken order: "No way." His voice was rough and angry.

Anuset frowned and concentrated. In the back of his mind, he concentrated on the image of another slave, Corbin and Binis' mistress, Jubi Ki. Locking on her, he sent out a mental summons, and felt her respond.

He came back to his body, where Binis was slowly moving along his thighs, her tongue lapping up the mud as her breasts pressed tightly against him. She moved quickly, but slow enough for him to enjoy her almost delicate movements.

In the corner of Anuset's eye, he saw Corbin still watching in disgust, but he chose to do nothing. His cock twitched as Binis moved closer, her eyes briefly smiling up at him before her lips enveloped one of his testicles.

Jubi Ki arrived as Binis had licked, wiped, and scraped almost all of the mud off Anuset. Her hair and chest were coated in the dark substance as Corbin continued to watch with distaste, coupled with naked disgust. A soft moan escaped her lips as she polished Anuset's cock with her tongue. She swallowed hard, ignoring the taste of the mud, before leaning back on her heels. Her clear, brown eyes looked up into his face, waiting for the next order, silent or otherwise.

Anuset looked up at the newcomer and smiled. Jubi was a powerful-looking woman, with a leather bull whip in one hand. Naked as everyone else, her brown hair cascaded down her back; the soaked strands clung to it as she caressed the worn leather handle of the whip. Her fingertips were bloody from where she had been whipping a slave, just moments before.

Behind her, a tender-looking girl, about eighteen winters of age, looked over Binis and Corbin with blood-red eyes. Her pale hair was short, shaved almost down to the skin, but there was a sense of violence that trembled in the delicate-looking frame.

Jubi stared for a second before turning to the girl who followed her. "Carry on with the whipping, Kineli Ji. Thirty-four more strokes, then make him work the fields."

Kineli nodded and took the offered whip. Her eyes almost glowed with lust as she caressed the whip; an insane fury boiled in them as she skipped away, already planning a poor slave's torture.

Before the cheerful humming faded, Jubi was already striding down the hall, staring at Corbin and Binis. Corbin glanced at her with growing concern, then fear, as a growl vibrated out of Jubi's throat.

Anuset watched Corbin and Binis' mistress storm up before speaking in a deep, almost growling, voice.

"Jubi Ki." Jubi looked up at the sound of his voice. "You should be rewarded for the actions of your slave, as they reflect on your actions -" As he spoke, he motioned toward the mud-covered woman at his feet. "- and punished for the actions of of your other slave," he motioned toward Corbin, who scoffed and smiled in glee at the notion of his so-called mistress being punished.

Without waiting for an answer, Anuset looked around once and walked quickly down the hallway, further into the temple. Jubi watched for a moment, then turned back to her slaves. With a look of anger and disgust, Corbin glared at the kneeling slave, then up at the woman who forced him to call her "mistress".

Jubi looked at him, glaring back. "You. You have shamed me in front of Anuset."

He scoffed as rage began to pour into him. "So? I'm just a slave, here against my will. Nothing I do can ever change that position, and you know it."

He threw the rag on the ground and glared at her.

Jubi was taken aback for a moment, then she snarled as she lunged forward. A series of arcane symbols flashed quickly through the back of her mind as she bent the forces of magic to her will.

She slapped him; the magical force of her spell magnified her strength tenfold and he was thrown down the hallway, slamming into the stone archway leading outside. He slid down the stone, leaving a faint smear of red.

Her scream washed over him, full of rage and the passion of a fanatic. "He is everything. He is our life, our joy, and our master. He obeys Akumet, as my master obeys him. I obey him as you shall obey me!" Her final words were almost incoherent with rage as she stormed down the hall. Each step sent a crackle of energy beating

against the wall, and the male slave felt himself begin to shake with fear.

Corbin struggled to push himself off the stone, blood pouring down his face from a shallow cut. As he managed to shove his chest off the ground, Jubi reached him and kicked him hard in the ribs. There was a muted cracking noise as her magically increased strength broke two ribs.

Corbin gasped in pain as the world seemed to spin around him. He curled up on the ground, clutching his chest and knees to prevent Jubi from hurting him anymore.

Snarling, she reached down and grabbed his hair. Yanking him up, she shoved her face into his and spoke very quietly. "Now, I want you to clean all of the mud from the stone with your tongue."

Corbin was starting to resist, when her other hand snaked out and grabbed his testicles.

She repeated, "I want you to clean all of the mud from the stone, with your tongue."

Corbin nodded, blinded by the pain. "Y-Yes, Mistress."

"Good."

Jubi threw him back to the ground with a sickening crunch. Panting heavily, she stood up, waiting. Slowly, pushing through the pain, Corbin started to gingerly clean the floor next to him with tiny licks; he carefully avoided the smear of his own blood. The expression of distaste was plain on his face, but he did nothing to attract more attention from the woman who had so easily hurt him.

Jubi watched him for a second, "Don't forget the blood... Zo."

Corbin mumbled a response, but she ignored it. With a noticeable effort to make herself relax, she turned her attention to Binis, who had resumed cleaning the floor with a washcloth.

"Binis... stop." Jubi's voice was suddenly soft, almost tender.

Binis stopped slowly, and looked up in fear. Jubi, no longer upset, knelt in front of her slave. Binis blinked, unsure what to do next, her fingers wrapping around the cloth as if it represented safety.

Jubi stroked a finger along Binis' jaw, pushing the dark mud aside to reveal the pale skin underneath. A slight smile filled her face as she looked over the female slave. Under her gaze, Binis' mud-soaked breasts heaved silently.

"Anuset said I was to be rewarded for my actions... your actions."

Her finger slid down the mud-caked throat and along the collarbone. Binis held her breath, nibbling on her lower lip, waiting for the strike.

Jubi smiled, broader this time, "I think I'll take you as a reward."

Binis looked up with surprise in her eyes, the washcloth forgotten. "Mistress?"

Her mistress smiled while sliding her hand through the mud to gently cup her right breast. Her forefinger and thumb reached out to twist the hard nipple slightly. At the same time, she looked into the brown eyes of her favorite slave and smiled.

Her fingers gripped the breast in her hand tightly, digging the nails in. Binis whimpered but Jubi suddenly pulled her closer, pressing the slave's mud-covered body against her own naked flesh.

"I shouldn't have to repeat myself."

"Yes, mistress." Even though the tone was submissive, there was a hint of pleasure caught in the final word.

Jubi smiled, looking down at her body, now splattered with mud. "Good, but it looks like you got mud on me."

Binis looked up with fear and growing desire haunting her eyes. "I'm sorry, mistress."

Jubi smiled. "No, I want more. I want to feel what my slave did to please my master."

The dark-haired slave smiled warmly and pressed herself tighter against her mistress, feeling the heat between the two of them build. Her breast slid wetly against Jubi's faintly scarred skin, coating it in a thin layer of the wet muck. Her mistress' hands stroked Binis' sides, pulling her hips tightly against hers. Her eyes closed as her mouth opened slightly.

Moaning softly, Binis raised her mouth to her lady's, pressing her lips against hers and feeling the dominating tongue as it slid into her mouth. Her hands roamed across her mistress' body, exploring the smooth flesh and enjoying the sensation of her nipples slipping against breast.

A single finger slid down Binis' body, briefly teasing the belly button before slipping further down between mud-slicked lips. The smooth edge of a fingernail briefly brushed against her clitoris before she felt a warm, growing pressure against her opening. A sigh of pleasure escaped the slave's lips as she bowed her head to suck on

one of her mistress's mud-flecked nipples. With each slide of her tongue, Jubi stroked her finger inside the wet folds.

"Oh, mistress!" Binis pressed her mouth tighter against the hard nipple in her mouth, sucking it as her fingers and palms stroked along her mistress's flanks and buttocks. Her mistress added another finger, stretching the tight opening slightly as they plunged inside.

A flood of juices rewarded her as Binis' body shook with a quick, almost functional, orgasm, which rippled through her. She pulled out her fingers, feeling them drip along her length before presenting them to the brown-eyed slave. Without hesitating, Binis opened her mouth and moaned softly as she tasted her own juices on Jubi's fingers. Her tongue flicked out from her smile as she looked up into Jubi's eyes with her own.

Jubi stroked the slave's mouth for a few moments with her fingers, giggling softly as she felt Binis' tongue strain to clean off the last of the clear sweetness and earthy mud from them. Below, she could feel her slave slide her fingers lower, to part her own lips and gently tease the hard nub inside.

The mistress' finger slid down her body again, collecting a small glob of mud as it reached the puffy lips of Binis' sex. With a smile, she pushed it along her slit and slid two fingers into the liquid depths of the slave. Binis moaned and duplicated the movement, pushing her two fingers into the wet tunnel between Jubi's legs. Her other hand reached down to gently stroke and circle the clitoris as her fingers started to slide in and out of her body.

She ignored the mud. It wasn't the first time it had been involved in her duties, and it wouldn't be the last. The dirt around the temple was safe, at least, if you obeyed Anuset.

Jubi chuckled and pulled out her fingers, looking briefly at the mud- and cum-soaked digits before pushing them into Binis' mouth. The slave closed her mouth and sucked obediently, her fingers still plunging in and out of her mistress with a pleasurable force.

As Jubi felt her orgasm began to creep up on her, she stopped the slave and pushed her back. Binis blinked and looked up in expectation. Her mistress gently pushed her down to the cold ground, until her back rested flat on the hard surface.

Automatically, Binis spread her legs, exposing herself to whatever pleasure or torture her mistress had in mind.

The mistress had more pleasure than pain in mind as she got partially to her feet and positioned her body above the slave's mouth. Even before she felt Binis' breasts press against her thighs, she felt the hot mouth sucking on her labia. With a sigh of pleasure, she bore down until most of her weight was on the probing tongue; Binis took a deep breath before her air was cut off and took great effort to please her mistress. Her hands reached up to cup the firm breasts.

Jubi moaned in pleasure, grinding her hips into the mouth as she felt the tongue move more frantically. Below her, she could feel Binis growing out of breath as the pleasure swelled inside her. The hands on her breasts stroked and kneading frantically as time passed, until finally her body exploded into orgasm. Wet torrents of juices flooded Binis' mouth, almost choking her as she strained to breathe through the hot folds.

As the mistress felt the slave beginning to struggle for breath, she stood up, admiring her slave's soaked hair. Binis gasped for air and smiled; she licked her lips for a moment before looking up for more.

Her mistress, Jubi, held out her hand and Binis took it gratefully. As she pulled up her slave, she said in a soft, exhausted voice, "Come, we must clean you up before the Master needs you."

Binis voice was tired but filled with a pleasurable afterglow. "Yes, Mistress."

Corbin watched the naked woman leave the hallway, his cock hard from his own excitement. One hand stroked his shaft as he imagined them in the bathtub, together. As soon as the footsteps faded away, he started to stroke himself more frantically, to orgasm.

Just as he reached his cusp, he felt a presence in the room. With a brief shiver, his cum splattered out on the rock, mixing with the blood and mud. His eyes looked up slowly toward the end of the corridor; fear began to quiver in his eyes.

His mouth opened to say something, but only a shuddering groan came out.

At the end was a girl of eighteen years, Kineli Ji. In one hand, she carried a long leather bull whip. The blood that dripped off it

t'Sade

matched the intense glow of her eyes. When she spoke, Corbin realized he was in a great deal of trouble.

“You will be cleaning that up too... after I’m done with you.”

Merchant Dreams

3

The fat merchant sat on the edge of his chair, shoveling food into his mouth like a starving beggar. Dribbles of gravy and saliva poured down his face, soaking his beard, but he didn't notice. His rich clothes, made of gold and velvet, were stained with grease and wine. Puffy fingers plunged into bowls of food and pulled out their contents with a slobbering gusto associated more with thriban than humans. His eyes scanned the table, seeking out the next victim of his endless hunger. Spying a plate of roasted meats, he clutched at it with the intensity of a dying man. In a matter of wheezing breaths, he stuffed it into his mouth, ignoring the few missing teeth that lined the gaping maw.

A different hunger flashed in his dark eyes as he peered at a naked slave less than a few steps away. The firm breasts juttled out in the air as she stood with her back flat against the stone. His gaze slithered down her sides, admiring her curves until they locked on the juncture of her legs. A slow, malicious grin grew across his face as he slurped nosily from a goblet of gold. The slave ignored him; her attention was fixed on a point in the center of the room.

Five other slaves stood along the walls, half of them male. All were in excellent shape and just as naked as every other slave in the temple. The merchant continued to inhale his food with slobbering gusto, ignoring the naked males, and leered at the females.

A massive stone door to his right opened silently, catching his attention by its movement. With a large hunk of some bird still caught on his maw, he looked over.

Anuset stepped into the room, instantly pulling all attention toward him. His body rippled with powerful muscles as he looked

through the large room with a confident gaze. The six naked slaves looked briefly at him before standing away from the walls.

Obeying some unspoken command, they quietly left the room. Each one bowed to Anuset as they left. The merchant chuckled and wiped his greasy fingers on his expensive shirt. Pushing up his bulk, he managed to sway to his feet as Anuset strode over to him.

“Ah, the priest I’ve been waiting for.”

Anuset shook his head. “I am not a priest, merchant, just a humble slave.”

The merchant looked around the gold-trimmed room and at the massive wooden table that dominated it. He chuckled again as he looked up. “Right.”

Anuset shrugged and padded to the end of the table and sat down. The place in front of him was empty, except for a single golden plate. He reached over and grabbed a few handfuls of bread and meat. Placing them on the table, he looked over the merchant, who resumed shoving food into his mouth.

A week passed as the merchant fed his hunger and Anuset picked at his food. Finally, the fat man belched loudly and wiped his hands against his grease-soaked clothes.

“So, what do you want?”

Anuset looked up, his dark eyes glittering in the torchlight. “Please be patient; I’m waiting for someone.”

“Suit yourself - it’s your money.”

The merchant helped himself to another plate of sweets and started to pop them into his mouth. His nose made a rattling noise as he tried to breathe and eat at the same time.

The door cracked open and Binis slipped into the room as the merchant gasped for breath. Her hair and body was still damp from her recent bath; a flush danced on her cheek and neck as she smiled warmly at Anuset.

Dropping her gaze, she walked quietly over to Anuset and stood next to him. Anuset sniffed and inhaled a brief fragrance of Jubi’s excitement coming from the naked slave. He looked up into her brown eyes and nodded. Binis blushed and looked away, to Anuset’s amusement.

He looked back to see the merchant staring at Binis, a look of lust and hunger burning in his eyes. His hands clenched against a slab of beef, in time with his eyes traveling down her naked body.

The lord of the temple looked at the merchant and cleared his throat. The merchant tore his eyes from the female slave and looked, almost in disgust, at Anuset.

“Now, lord merchant, I can explain what I desire.”

“It’s about time.”

Anuset ignored the merchant’s sullen words and continued, “My lord Akumet seeks a bride, a woman of unsurpassed beauty and poise.”

The merchant’s expression grew darker and he chuckled softly, “That is my job, Anuset.”

Anuset nodded and went on. “Akumet is rather... precise in what he desires, and I was informed you excel at special orders.”

The merchant chuckled and pulled out a grease-stained paper and pen. With a steady hand, he started to mark some notes on the paper in a thick, scrawling script. “What exactly do you want?”

“What Akumet wants.”

A growl: “Fine. What does Akumet want?”

Anuset sighed softly and relaxed. He spoke, as if reciting from memory: “Somewhere between 150 and 170 centimeters, fairly lithe. Large breasts; her tips must not have fallen, though. Good hips, able to handle some girth and childbirth. Blond, with hair at least down to her hips. No defects, no birthmarks. Ideally, never experienced disease or sickness.”

With each requirement, the merchant’s smile grew as he marked down something on the paper. Next to each mark, another column of numbers grew, to a rather large total.

“Is that all you... Akumet wants?”

“No, she must have a fanatic personality: a follower, if you will. And she must be a virgin.”

Not even trying to hide his disbelief, the merchant chuckled, “Anything else?”

“Yes. You must find her within a thousand days, before the last of the crops are brought in.”

“Impossible.”

Anuset’s eyes narrowed. “Don’t say impossible - give me a price.”

The merchant growled and peered down at his paper. His pen marked a few more lines, coming up with a rather sizable total. He tapped on the table a few times before looking up at Anuset. Greed glowed in his eyes.

“Three million.”

Anuset’s eyebrow raised slightly, as he considered the number.

“Five million if you succeed.”

The merchant’s jaw dropped as he looked at the almost naked man in surprise, “Five million?”

Anuset looked up at Binis, who was staring straight ahead, “I will send Binis Ki with you to help with the selection process. She is familiar with Akumet’s desires.”

Lust and hunger burned in the merchant’s eyes as he rubbed the legs of his pants. He nodded while licking his lips; his eyes never left her naked form. With a grunt, he pushed himself away from the table and staggered to his feet.

“Anything else?”

“No. I will send Binis Ki with you as you leave in the morning. Good night.”

Obviously wanting Binis that night, the merchant sighed and waddled out of the room. No one opened the door for him and he grunted as he pulled the stone slab. When there was barely enough room to squeeze his bulk through, the merchant slipped outside. Anuset caught one last, almost spiteful look thrown at him before the merchant’s bulk disappeared from sight.

Without a word being said, Binis walked over to the stone door and closed it slowly. Anuset watched her with a smile and pushed his own chair back. The muscles in her back shifted as she turned away from the door, smiling at her lord and master.

Padding sensually, she walked back to Anuset and knelt next to his chair. Her body shivered slightly as she looked up into his eyes with her own brown ones. Her nipples hardened from the gaze he returned to her, dark and piercing.

“Ahh, Binis Ki. You are quickly becoming one of my favorites. You serve Jubi well.”

A smile flickered across her face as she waited for his next words. Her hands slid down her hand before she pulled them behind her

back. Her hand wrapping around her wrists, she pushed her breasts forward slightly.

Anuset laughed and reached down to stroke the edge of her jaw.

“I want you to watch him. Make sure he doesn’t try to cheat Akumet. It must be a true bride, one our master can truly be happy with. If he deceives us, make sure he doesn’t survive the experience.”

She whispered softly, “Yes, master.”

Her master continued, “I want you to obey him as you would me, but do not sacrifice yourself for him.”

“Yes, master.”

“If he finds a true bride, do everything in your power to deliver her here. If it means sacrificing him or yourself for this purpose, then do so; Akumet wills it so.”

She didn’t even hesitate. “Yes, master.”

Her eyes dropped slightly to his crotch. A soft whimper of pleasure escaped her throat as she saw his manhood began to stir underneath the loincloth he wore. With a noticeable effort, she brought her eyes to look into her master’s.

Anuset smiled, as if reading her mind. “Granted, you are going to spend the next thousand days of your life outside the temple, alone in a world with a violent, greedy man. You will experience pain, suffering, and torture. And it won’t be from the respect you get here.”

Binis shivered in fear and forced her brown eyes to lock onto Anuset’s. “Yes, master... anything for you.”

“For Akumet, Binis Ki.”

Binis nodded but didn’t say anything. For a moment, Anuset frowned at her silence, wondering if there was anything to it. A merest moment passed before his smile returned to his face. A growing need asserted itself and he looked down at his manhood, already pushing up the loincloth with its desire.

Binis’ eyes followed his, watching the shaft as it twitched and pulsed toward its full hardness. Anuset spoke softly, moving his gaze to the breasts that strained under her deep breathing.

“Because you will not feel my hand nor whip in a year, I’ll... allow you to choose your position. For your final night.”

The slave looked up with a fierce burning in her eyes, of love and lust, and said, "Master."

Anuset nodded and the slave reached up with one hand. A sly smile of pleasure crossed her face as she gently, almost tenderly, lifted Anuset's hand from the edge of his chair and pulled it to her breast. He watched, feeling his cock grow hard against the fabric of his loincloth, and enjoyed the sensation her smooth breast gave beneath his palm.

Binis curled his fingers around the soft swell and brought her nipple between two of his fingers. Anuset pinched the hardness softly, rolling it between his finger and thumb.

She moaned softly and spoke in a bare whisper: "Harder, please... master."

Anuset increased the pressure, twisting and squeezing the pink nub until she whimpered in pleasure and pain. As one of her hands held his, encouraging him to hurt her, her other hand reached over the armrest of the chair and stroked his shaft beneath his loincloth.

The soft caress of her fingers sent a surge of lust through his length and he tightened his fingers as he twisted harder. Binis leaned against the pinching fingers on her nipple as she wrapped her fingers around the thickness of his shaft and pushed up.

The cloth rippled over her hand until she pushed it aside, revealing Anuset's cock in its full glory. Her eyes shone as she admired his length—longer than three of her hands. A few thick veins bulged out from the surface as the massive cock twitched with fast heartbeats. The head was slightly thicker than the rest, with a narrow ridge before it led into a fat, spongy wedge, already dripping with a clear, slick fluid. The entire length was turning from red to a deep purple with his excitement as his balls, two massive plums, dangled from beneath the huge shaft.

She gasped, as if seeing it for the first time. "Master!"

He responded by twisting her nipple a little harder, bringing a whimper from her mouth as she stared at the massive rod before her. Licking her lips, she rose to her feet in a smooth, lithe movement. Anuset tugged against the hard flesh between her fingers as she moved forward.

She raised one leg as she turned away from him; it stayed in the air for a moment before coming down on the other side of his lap.

She looked over her shoulder at his face as she straddled his legs. Her hands reached out for the edge of the table, less than half a meter away from Anuset's body, as she centered her sex right above his aching shaft.

Anuset's fingers never left her nipple, but they twisted painfully as she positioned herself. He smiled to himself as she finished moving and gave him a chance to admire her smooth body.

From his position, he could see his length poised to enter the pink folds of her sex. Her heart-shaped ass quivered slightly as she strained to keep on her toes; holding herself above his length forced her to lean forward to prevent impaling herself on the thick rod that twitched below her.

His gaze moved up, along the smooth curves of her back and the line along her spine. Her hair, dark and damp, cascaded wetly down her back, hiding her shoulders except for a single bare spot. Her gaze, smoldering with lust, watched him as she held her position for his attention.

A single drop of her juices gathered on one fold of her labia. He watched it with fascination as it grew then finally released; it splashed hotly against his sex, dripping down along with the flood of pre-cum that preceded it.

The master of the temple looked up at Binis with dark eyes.

"Five strokes only, make them count."

A faint flicker of disappointment crossed her eyes, but quickly faded as she smiled. "Yes, master."

Her muscles shifted and she began to lower herself onto the hard shaft. Anuset watched as the thick head pressed against her opening, shoving aside the delicate folds to lodge tightly in her tunnel. Her muscles strained a little as she pushed her weight from the table, resting only on his shaft.

The hard cock began to burrow its way into her sex, easily sliding inside with the excitement from both of them. Her dusky anus disappeared from view as the slave moaned in pleasure and pushed her hips down along his shaft.

Inside her hot wetness, Anuset could feel her inner folds caress her length. The tight heat almost burned at his shaft, a strong contrast with the cool air outside. Her body slid down, taking as much of his length as possible.

Finally, she reached his base; his entire length was buried deep inside her, filling her with a hot pressure. Binis gasped in pleasure, rocking slightly back and forth before slowly pulling herself up.

Anuset's free hand reached over to hold her buttocks tightly, enjoying the play of muscles underneath her skin as she blissfully pulled her tightness off his shaft. The cold air was intensified by the sheen of her juices that coated his length.

She pulled herself off him completely, letting his manhood bob slightly in the air before impaling herself once again on his length. Her moan of pleasure echoed in the room as she buried his entire cock into her sex once again. Her labia stretched tightly around his girth and she closed her eyes to enjoy the pleasure.

Anuset twisted her nipple when she stopped to rock back and forth on his shaft. Slowly, she responded and pulled up. Anuset watched her lower lips clench at his shaft, stretching out almost white before, regrettably, slipping along his rod. Each ridge brought a new wave of pleasure through her until only the very tip of his manhood hovered inside her tunnel.

Biting her lip slightly, she slammed down, ramming him into her in a single hard movement. Anuset's fingers tightened on her nipple and ass, but he didn't stop her as she leaned back to bury more of his length into her.

Ripping up, she dropped herself again on his shaft for her fourth stroke. His hard length rippled inside her, plunging easily into her vagina and quivering tightly inside her tight sex.

Her fifth stroke brought her up quickly and, just as hard, down. At the base, she threw back her head and screamed a single wordless sound. Squeezing around his length, Anuset felt her body shiver from a short, but intense, ripple of ecstasy. The fingers on her nipples tightened and twisted as she rocked against the pleasure.

Thick juices dribbled off his balls as she writhed on his shaft, rocking back and forth with each tightening of her muscles. Her hands clenched the table in front of her, knuckles white, as she gasped for breath.

With a sigh of regret, she lifted her body off his cock after a moment, leaving its length coated in a pearly fluid. Anuset smiled in pleasure, watching her slide up his length.

His cock head burst into view as she pulled herself off completely. Her lips dripping with juices, she started to pull herself off his lap. Anuset's fingers tightened on her ass and nipple.

"I'm not done."

Binis halted her movement, quivering with the afterglow of her orgasm, and watched her master over her shoulder. Her dark eyes smoldered as he smiled briefly before stroking her body. The fingers torturing her nipple pulled back to slide along her flanks before curling underneath her buttock and gently teasing the wet opening of her sex.

His other hand squeezed and caressed her ass, feeling hard muscles underneath as he moved. Binis moaned softly as a finger slipped inside her sensitive opening.

The fingers teased her for just a second before pulling out. Binis whimpered and continued to look at her master with pleading eyes. Anuset ignored her gaze as he stroked her other buttock, tightening his fingers on her buttocks.

With powerful muscles, he pushed her hips forward slightly, positioning his dripping cock head against the tiny opening of her ass. Binis resisted for a mere heartbeat before surrendering to her master. As the slick tip brushed against her dusky opening, she moaned softly.

"Oh, Master."

More than a little love and passion filled her voice as her lips parted with need. Her body shivered underneath his fingers, begging to be impaled once again on his massive cock. Her anus tightened for a moment as he watched her struggle to relax.

Anuset brought his hands down, dragging her ass with them. He pressed the thick wedge of his cock against the tight opening and continued his downward pressure. His knuckles grew white as his grip tightened; Binis gasped and leaned back, shifting her hips to hold his hardness inside her.

With Binis' help, he easily pushed the thick head against her resisting opening and bore down. She moaned softly, a half whimper of pleasure, as he felt the rings of muscles tighten to prevent the intrusion of his hardness. He bore down, forcing the tip into her body until she gasped with surprise from the intense sensations.

His arms strained for a moment, forcing himself into her until her body twitched and his shaft slipped deeper inside. Binis leaned back against him, her knuckles white on the edge of the table as she closed her eyes to focus. A half-smile remaining on Anuset's face, he nuzzled his cock deeper inside her, forcing the ring of her opening to its limit.

A low wail of pleasure and pain escaped her throat as she pushed back, forcing more of the thick head into her tight opening. Under his hands, Anuset could feel her body protesting every movement, but she bore down until his head popped inside her heated depths.

Anuset didn't wait for her to adjust to him before he started to pull down again, forcing his length into the tight tunnel. Binis gasped again and tightened around him; his strength easily shoved his ridged rod into her sphincter. After a second, he heard her whimper as she tried to relax, his cock plunging deeper into her body. Half of the length disappeared into her, stretching her from the inside.

He continued to bear down, stuffing more into her until she began to whimper louder. The hot sensations of her insides pressing against him sent a surge of heat through his body and he pulled her down tighter.

He pulled her down to the base of his shaft before her pain grew too intense. Her fingers continued to hold the edge of the table as she gasped for breath. Inside her, Anuset could feel her insides caressing him and the feel of her muscles sent more shivers of pleasure through his cock. He resisted the urge to stand and slam into her; instead he let himself enjoy the feeling of tightness around him.

After a moment, she tried to rock forward, but his cock pulled her back and his fingers tightened. He smiled at her, and pushed up slightly. "Continue."

She hesitated for a moment, then managed to take a deep gulp before pushing her feet beneath her. Her body quivered as she pulled herself, letting his hardness slide with delicious pleasure from the tight opening. Anuset watched as each ridge escaped her body, teasing the bright pink folds.

With a moan of expected pleasure, Binis sat back, impaling herself on the massive rod. It easily plunged inside her, filling her

until she almost purred with pleasure. Her inner walls stretched comfortably around his girth and Anuset felt his own pleasure growing.

The base of his shaft barely pressed up against her anal ring before she pulled herself up. Reaching the top, she dropping herself again, letting the thick rod rip inside her.

Binis quickly found a rhythm, lifting and dropping herself in cycles which grew faster and faster. Each one brought more moans of pleasure and each one pushed Anuset closer to his orgasm.

Her moans echoed against the walls with each movement. Anuset's hand remained on her ass, guiding her up and down his cock as he watched it disappear into the white ring. His cock surged with excitement, plunging inside the inferno of her ass. Below, he could feel his balls dripping with her juices as she repeatedly impaled her tight opening on his aching shaft.

Suddenly, he felt a surge of pleasure and he yanked her down hard, slamming his length into her as his cock burst inside her, flooding her insides with burning-hot juices. Binis gasped and tightened her grip; he could see her trying to reach an orgasm, but he was already lost in his own pleasures.

In the back of his mind, magic brightened around him and he felt his cock produce more and more cum, more than any normal human could produce. The magic, a mark of his god Akumet, caressed his senses as he continued to fill his slave until she began to squirm with the pressure building inside her.

Eventually, after more than a few long breaths, his cock stopped. Still hard, he held it against her, holding her down tightly, until his heart stopped pounding.

“Come for me.”

Binis didn't hear Anuset until he repeated himself. Unsure what to do, she dropped one hand from the table to between her legs. Anuset stroked his hands up her sides to wrap around her hair.

“Both hands.”

He tugged on her hair, his fingers sliding through the dark strands, and forced her back to arch and her body to impale itself deeper on his rod. The tight ripple of muscles around him send a brief surge of pleasure through him.

Binis released her other hand and dropped it down to join the first as her fingers rubbed against her clitoris and soaked opening with an almost reckless abandonment.

He grinned as he heard a frustrated sigh and she brought one dripping finger to her nipple and pinched it tightly. Wet sounds of pleasure drifted up from between her legs and he could feel the occasional stroke of her fingers through the thin skin between her vagina and rectum.

She screamed as her entire body tightened on his shaft, squeezing it as she threw back her head and let her entire body convulse on his shaft.

Binis' legs failed her and she fell forward. A flood of white cum poured out of her ass as she slumped to the floor, barely missing the table. Her fingers continued to plunge inside her sex before she opened her eyes slowly, as if waking from a sleep.

Anuset watched as emotions fled across her face, the pleasure fading to a growing fear as she realized she hadn't been given permission to leave his shaft. His smile dropped as she looked up, something in her brown eyes catching his breath for a moment.

Anuset smiled again and looked down at her. She looked up at him and his shaft, in all its magnificent glory. The entire length was coated only in cum; the magics that permeated both Anuset and his temple had prevented anything else from escaping her body.

Fear grew in her voice as she spoke in a shuddering breath, "Master... I-I'm sorry... please?"

Anuset shook his head. "Clean me off, slave; you need to rest soon."

Inwardly, he smiled as she reacted in shock at not being punished. Slowly, a smile grew on her face and she crawled on all fours until her head nuzzled between his legs. Her nose sniffed and she smiled. As she reached up with both hands to slide around his slick shaft, Anuset parted his legs to give her access. Her mouth reached down to lap at his balls, giving him brief sensations of pleasure as she began to clean him.

Her fingers, wrapped around his shaft, stroked up and down his cum-soaked length as her mouth moved to his other testicle. A few drops splattered on her face as she sucked, kissed, and licked the shaft from the base up.

She reached the top in very little time. Her lips and face were coated in Anuset's fluids but his shaft was shiny and clean. Licking her lips, she pressed her mouth against his cock head and pulled it into her mouth; her tongue darted around the hole before exploring the ridges of his glans.

Anuset breathed heavily, enjoying both the sensations and the show. Her mouth enveloped his cock, bobbing up and down on it as she cleaned up the last of his cum. Her fingers stroked his shaft and balls, caressing him gently. She tried to deep-throat his length, but she couldn't force his girth into her throat.

Enjoying the cleaning, Anuset finally tugged at her hair to stop. With a smile in his eyes, he nodded toward the door, "Go, sleep in your own bed for the night. Before first light, go to the merchant and obey him; find me Akumet's bride."

"Yes, Anuset Ma."

t'Sade

Difference of Age

4

A thousand days, a year, had passed.

For many of the slaves, it passed slowly between the tortures, labors, and sex. For others, the simple pleasures spun the days past them in a timeless blur. Many of the slaves worked in the fields, harvesting crops as weather permitted. Even outside, they were naked but unguarded; in Yulim, very few slaves ever ran away into the violent woods that covered the island.

For Anuset, little had changed. A few more wrinkles, but his back and manhood still stood strong and straight. He lost slaves, gained slaves, and continued to forge more glory for his master, Akumet. Many people died in his temple: some by his hand, others by their own masters, and even more by the world that prowled the boundaries of the temple.

It was a simple time for many; hard, but simple.

On the last morning of the harvest, he sat quietly in his bed. The silk sheet was draped over his lap, barely hiding the thick ridge of a half-hard shaft. At his feet, Jubi was curled up, purring softly in her sleep. Spooning her was Corbin Ji; he had finally accepted his position in life and served Jubi with few questions. In the back of Anuset's mind, he could feel the emotional connection between them and how it burned with a strange sense of duty and passion.

Underneath Anuset's right arm, with his fingers idly sliding into her sex, was Kineli Ji. She was now twenty winters and one of Jubi's best torturers. She also moaned in her sleep, gently pawing at her breasts as she gasped in pleasure and dreams. In her mind, he could see a burning passion for Jubi, her mistress.

Anuset watched all three slaves sleep until the sun began to brighten the tiny slit of a window. He thought about many things, but most of his thoughts eventually turned toward Binis and the bride of Akumet. His cock twitched as he thought about Binis' final night and the sensations he had felt as she disappeared from his supernatural senses; every slave was known to him, in mind and body. He couldn't read their minds, but he could experience their emotions as long as they remained within a day's journey of the temple.

Jubi, like him, could sense emotions, but only those of the slaves beneath her. She only had four who called her "Mistress," but those four had slaves of their own: thirty-four to be exact. In his mind, Anuset could sense thousands of emotions boiling up: a massive cloud of anger, pain, ecstasy, and guilt. He had started where she was now, with only a few slaves, but over time he had gradually earned more as he rose through the ranks, until he obeyed Akumet only.

Jubi stirred in her sleep and opened one tired eye. She looked at him and at Kineli. A faint smile crossed her face as she watched Anuset finger the girl gently, the sweet smell of the girl's excitement hanging in the air with a delicate perfume. Then, her eyes moved up to his, watching the dark eyes by the light of a single candle.

"You are thinking of her, Anuset Ma."

Anuset nodded but didn't say anything. Kineli whimpered and moved around in her sleep, squirming on her back as one leg parted over Corbin's shoulder. Her sex was laid bare to Anuset's idle fingers as a fresh flood of her sleep-filled orgasm rippled through her.

Jubi giggled softly. "She is so innocent, even in her sleep."

Anuset looked down at the sleeping girl and grinned. "Simple pleasures, yet she has the promise of a Master Torturer in her heart."

Neither of them said anything as they watched another tiny orgasm ripple through the girl. Corbin groaned and curled up tighter against Jubi. She smiled and rocked her hips against his shaft, but it remained limp in his sleep.

Finally, Anuset interrupted the silence. "Why do I miss her? What is so special about her?"

Jubi knew whom he was talking about; it dominated his dreams at night and kept him up until morning. She was also one of a very select few who knew what haunted her master. Silently, she pushed herself up into a sitting position, letting the sheet slide off her shoulders and pool into her lap. Corbin rolled away, one food dangling off the edge of the bed. A thick groan slid out of him and he curled up against the edge.

Jubi smiled warmly. "She is a good slave. She is submissive to us, dominant to her own. Every action - be it pain, labor, or pleasure - she does with a passion that overwhelms even Kineli's lust for pain."

Anuset sighed. "She is all we could ask for. I think she'll do very well, but..."

The female slave waited for a moment, then said, "Yes, Anuset Ma?"

His eyes narrowed as a mock anger flashed across his face and his words were forgotten. "Don't give me that tone, Jubi Ve."

A soft smile crossed her face as she bowed her head. "Yes, Ma."

They both chuckled for a bit before talking about other topics: dealing with problem slaves, Kineli's education, Corbin's training, the crops, and even Jubi's first submission to Anuset. They avoided the topics of the bride and Binis; Jubi felt Anuset didn't want to talk about it at the moment.

Suddenly, Jubi stopped mid-sentence. Anuset could feel her concentrate for a moment, then a joy spread out from her. He followed the line of her emotion and caught the sweet taste of Binis' emotions as she entered his range of influence.

"She's back."

Slave and master stared at each other for a moment, realizing they had spoken at the same time. Jubi blushed and looked away, frowning after a second.

"There is something wrong. She is excited and..." Her voice trailed off quickly.

Anuset rose an eyebrow, trying to catch the detail of Binis' heart. "Scared?"

Jubi nodded, already sliding her ass to the edge of the bed to stand up. Anuset slipped his fingers out of the young girl and wiped them on her hair. Kineli whimpered and spread her legs further, begging in her sleep for more.

Getting to her feet, Jubi let the silk sheet cascade to the floor. Pushing her loose hair back, she looked back at the master of the temple. "By your will, I'll check on her and the bride as soon as they enter the temple."

Anuset nodded. "Have the merchant meet me in my dining room when they do; the fat pig will probably require food."

She nodded, bowed, and said softly, but with great respect, "Yes, Anuset Ma."

With a spin, she walked out of the room, brimming with confidence and poise, a master to everyone but her own. Anuset watched her, briefly admiring her heart-shaped rear before he pushed himself out of bed. His mind cast out among the emotions, summoning some to his stone office. Around him, the temple began to slowly waken as emotional commands drifted down from his will.

Behind him, he heard Kineli whimper and wake with a start. Her sleepy eyes probed the room until they locked on him. With a smile, he reached over and tapped her on the nose, "Sleep, little one. Your and Corbin's duties are suspended for two weeks, then again in eight. Someone is coming home and I feel that Jubi will need you then."

She nodded and yawned. Her words were lost in the movement but Anuset's eyes smiled briefly. He turned away and picked up his loincloth, the only clothes worn in the temple. Wrapping the soft leather around his waist, he looked back at the half-awake girl and the sleeping warrior. Without a word, he slid through the door and closed it silently behind him.

Kineli stared at the door for a long breath before yawning again. Her hand slid down her naked sides, briefly exploring the sensations of her touch, until her fingers brushed against the bare folds of her womanhood.

Womanhood. It was still hard for her to imagine herself as a woman, but she was. In her own culture, the one she had never known, she would already be working on her second child. Here, her passage was brief and brutal, on the shaft of the warrior at her feet. Her eyes drifted over to Corbin, hanging half off the bed and drooling. A soft, sleepy giggle erupted from her as she saw his expression in his sleep.

Corbin cracked open one eye. His gaze explored the room, searching for Jubi or Anuset. Not spying them, he glared back at Kenali and grumbled, "What do you want, torturer?"

A sly, almost evil, grin flickered across her face. "Come here, old man, or I'll whip you until you scream for mercy."

His eye closed slowly and he mumbled into the blanket, "Try me, I'm three times your age..."

She could see his foot trying to catch on the floor to push himself onto the bed, but Corbin's toes kept slipping on the smooth stone. Another giggle escaped her as she watched for a moment. He gave up after a few tries and curled tighter against the edge of the bed, trying to go back to sleep.

Sensually, Kineli slithered her foot from the sheet and rolled over onto her hands and knees. In imitation of the great cats she had seen in her lesson books, she crawled over to him, purring softly. The noise came out more as a growl than a purr, but it still got his attention.

Corbin opened one eye. He stared into her eyes, barely a few centimeters away as she wiggled her hips slightly. He frowned briefly. "Don't you have someone to torture?"

She tried to purr back, "I am."

Closing her eyes, she leaned forward. Corbin smiled briefly and tilted his head so their lips brushed lightly. With a soft moan of joy, the girl kissed him with an innocent passion for a few moments before pausing for air.

Her red eyes, a fluke of genetics somewhere in her lineage, shone for a moment. "I love you."

With a groan, half in pleasure and half resisting waking, Corbin pushed himself up slightly. "You don't know what love is, girl. Don't claim you know something you are too young to understand."

Her eyes flared for a moment. "Why can't I know love?"

"You are too young."

"What does age have to do with it? I know a thousand ways to cause you pain, one hundred twenty-two places to bring tears to your eyes, sixty-"

"And you know nothing of the brush of the sea, the feel of a man's - not a slave's - touch in the moon, the laughter of true

friends in a bar. There are millions of things you have never even heard of and countless more that you can't even imagine."

She started to deny it but Corbin silenced her with a finger on her lips. "No, little one, you may know and enjoy the pleasures of pain, but you are still a mere girl compared to me."

A sullen expression filled her face as she glared down at him. Corbin watched the emotions for a moment before pulling her down to kiss him again. She resisted for a second, then melted in his grasp.

Soft whimpers of pleasure erupted from her throat as she quickly forgot her sullen anger and pressed her hands against his chest, laying her palms against his scars and muscles.

When they broke the kiss, her eyes once again shone with the burning passion she felt. "I want you, then."

"Why didn't you say so?"

Looking down, the girl could see his manhood already standing erect, with a faint wet spot on the sheets below. Her eyes looked up into his. "Now?"

He nodded and she giggled. Scooting back, she brought her head back onto the pillow Anuset had abandoned and spread her legs to their flexible limits. Corbin, shaking his head of the last of his dreams, gazed at her sexuality with a hungry growl and crawled over to her. His frame, still filled with hard muscles and long-healed wounds, dwarfed her own slender frame as he towered over her.

Her eyes were wide with her own hunger as she wrapped her legs around his waist, pulling him into her.

Corbin refused to move.

Kineli whimpered until he slowly lowered himself onto her, the tip of his manhood brushing against the soaked folds of her sex. Her few sprouting hairs brushed against the thick head, teasing him. Her moan echoed mutely in the room. Her hands brushed against his chest, looking up into his eyes, as she silently begged for him to enter her.

He complied with pleasure, gently easing his narrow length into her wet tunnel. The wedge-shaped head found resistance at first, but soon slipped inside her hot depths, tugging at her inner folds before burrowing slowly into her tight opening. The girl lost herself

in the pleasure, letting his length fill the empty ache that Anuset's fingers had left behind.

His shaft, an average length for most humans, dipped into her until his shaved balls pressed tightly against her hot opening. Inside, it felt like her inner walls were massaging his cock with soft, wet waves of pleasure. Their shared moan of pleasure filled the room as they locked eyes once again.

Kineli held tightly to Corbin, "Hold it there, please?"

He leaned down to kiss her; she had to stretch up to match lips, her frame tiny compared to his. His eyes shone for her, feeling a strange emotion he never wanted to understand.

"My pleasure."

Both lovers held still for a moment, enjoying the sensation of penetrating and being penetrated. Their bodies shivered together as they held each other tightly. Eyes locked together, brown looking into red, until the world faded around them.

At an unvoiced request, Corbin gently eased his hardness out of her sex, tugging at her delicate opening with the slow, sensual pull of pleasure. A soft moan of ecstasy fell from her parted lips as she held on to him tightly.

Corbin only pulled halfway out before gently sliding it back into her, filling her once again with his hardness. He started a slow, tender stroke into her body, his hands holding himself above her as his hips pushed tightly against hers.

Kineli moaned in pleasure, arching her back and pushing up with the same sensual speed. Her clitoris brushed against the flesh above his base with each shaft as he buried it deeply inside her and held it there for a long, ragged breath.

He never thrust faster, but it took very little time before they both orgasmed together. Her body tightened around his shaft as she clutched him tightly; he clung to her as he felt his shaft shudder inside her, filling her with his seed.

Their eyes never left each other.

Their glow hovered around them, drifting through pleased senses slowly as they smiled together. Kineli pushed on one side and they rolled over, his cock still embedded inside her tight sex.

On his back, Corbin looked up at his lover, a girl a third of his age, and saw only love burning in those red eyes. Kineli smiled warmly

and leaned on him, her sex pressed tightly against his base and her head on his chest.

“Thank you.”

He looked down, gently stroking her hair. “Thank you, little one.”

Neither said anything for a long moment. She rested her head on his chest, looking at the wall and letting her thoughts drift. Corbin pushed his hands beneath his head, elbows out, and let his own thoughts come. Between them, both could feel his cock slowly soften and slip out of her sweet sex.

Kineli broke the silence after a time, saying, “Are you happy?”

Corbin shoved himself out of a drowsy resting. “Pardon?”

Kineli lifted her head enough to look at him. “Are you happy?”

He thought for a moment, a frown creasing his forehead. Finally he responded, “I believe so, why?”

She rested her chin on her hands, to prevent him from discomfort. “You came into this life later than me. You had a life outside of the temple for more winters than I’ve been alive, but, lately, you don’t fight it. What was it like outside of the temple?”

He thought for a moment, “Life was... different. Always knew what I wanted to do: have a good childhood, became a farmer, got married, had a girl. But, after my wife and daughter died in the plague, I joined the army to stop the food and plague riots. From there, one thing led to another until I took the assignment to fight against Anuset Ma. You know how that ended, with half my ten-squad killed in a few moments of fighting and me left behind to become a slave.”

“You fought Anuset then; swore you would never submit to his will.”

“I was so angry at him, hurt by those who had abandoned me, and pained by the memories of my old life.”

“But you don’t fight it now.”

Corbin shook his head. “Not anymore. At first I just started listening because Jubi hurt me whenever I disobeyed. I learned quickly that the really nasty punishments are for not obeying - not unlike the army.”

She giggled, but let him continue.

“Then... I started to obey because I wanted to. Jubi Ma is sweet, loving, and caring. I know she sometimes uses me like a workhorse,

but she always makes sure there is something for me afterwards. After a while, I noticed that she never left any permanent scars and I always had a warm bed. I found that there was a reason for everything, even that climb up that cliff, though I don't see how Anuset or Jubi Ma could have planned it."

He stopped for a moment, looking at the ceiling. When he continued, his voice was soft. "I remember when that rock face sheared off from the fire spell. I saw it hanging in the air right above me for a moment before it slammed into me. My shoulder shattered on impact and I was thrown from the cliff like a tossed-aside weapon."

His eyes glazed over slightly in memory. "As I fell, I could hear Jubi's scream for me, her reaching out to me. Without a thought, she grabbed at me, even when she knew she might fall off. Anuset grabbed her and I managed to just crack my head on the stone instead of breaking my bones on the rocks below. No hesitation, no regrets; that is probably what makes them different from me. In my country, no master would risk their life for a slave... ever."

"What happened after that? You never told me."

"Anuset had Jubi stay behind and care for me in a small cave while he led the charge up the cliff to attack the raiders from behind. That's when I found out that Jubi wasn't the nasty bitch I thought she was and maybe I shouldn't resist as much. And... it was the first time she pleased me without pain or screaming."

Kineli smiled. "Always a reason. Do you think he did it on purpose?"

"Yes... no... maybe. To be honest, I don't think I care."

The girl smiled warmly and stretched up to kiss him on the lips. Her hair cascaded onto his chest, washing it with her black mane. His thoughts were forgotten as he lost himself in her embrace, enjoying the feel of her naked body against his.

Between her legs, she could feel his manhood begin to stir again. With a wry smile, she started to shift her body down, trailing kisses along his chest and scars until her body nestled between his legs. In front and slightly below her mouth, his shaft bounced with his heartbeats as they watched in growing fascination.

Kineli looked up. "Do you miss your wife?"

Corbin shook his head. "No, not anymore. That was a long time ago and I have a different lif-"

His voice broke off into a moan as Kineli pulled his shaft into her mouth, letting the wet heat seep into his sides before bobbing her head down the throbbing member. As she moved down, her cheeks puffed out with the width of his shaft. Brushing it against the back of her throat, the girl took his entire length into her mouth and tongued his base before letting go.

Corbin gasped in pleasure as she smiled, a thin line of drool dripping out of her mouth. He looked down with a grin on his face.

"But my wife never did that!"

Kenili brought his hardness back into her mouth and bobbed a few more times on his shaft, bringing him close to an orgasm but always pulling back before he came. After an eternity of oral torture, she looked up again.

"How old would your daughter have been, if she lived?"

"What is this, twenty questions? Why do you keep asking of my life?"

"It's something I don't know. You've done so much and I have barely begun my life... according to you."

Corbin paused for a second then laughed briefly. "About eighteen or so... about your age."

Kenali raised an eyebrow. "So, this is like getting sucked off by your daughter?"

There was a stunned pause, then the warrior reached down and dragged her up, almost painfully. "That's disgusting - you are not my daughter, nor would I ever do such a thing."

She laughed and brought her lips to his, kissing him. Corbin returned the embrace for a moment before breaking it with a laugh. "I'd rather think of you as a woman of this temple and me as a man. And my daughter... as a memory."

Kenali shrugged, not understanding why Corbin needed to make the distinction. "Fair enough," she said, and kissed him passionately. Her hips shifted around, searching for his cock, until he guided it into the steamy slit of her being. Lips still embraced in the kiss, the girl impaled herself on Corbin's shaft with a moan of pleasure.

She moaned into his mouth before breaking the passionate embrace; leaning back, she brought his length into her tight heat. His hands reached up for her tiny breasts, cupping them as his fingers teased her nipples.

Kenali rocked back and forth a little before lifting herself slightly and thrusting down. The wet sucking noises of her sex teased his senses before she started to ride his cock with the passion of her age.

Time slowed for the two, riding the growing pleasure between them.

He came twice inside her but continued to plunge inside the tight tunnel until she screamed with her own pleasure. Her body shivered hard before she collapsed onto him, holding him tightly.

Corbin stroked her hair, enjoying the afterglow of sex with someone he cared deeply for. From his chest, he heard her ask another question.

“Do you trust them?”

“I would do anything for Anuset, Jubi and, especially, you.”

She looked up, love burning in her eyes. “Corbin...”

No more words were needed for a long time.

t'Sade

Golden Locks

5

Within a few moments, Anuset found himself caught up in the normal administrative tasks of the temple. Two slaves were caught trying to steal, and another tried to escape. Anuset delegated some of their punishment to other slaves while he tried to plan the ritual his master required of the bride.

Many hours later, a telepathic flare of concern and rage pushed into his thoughts and interrupted his punishment of one of the thieves. With a sigh, he handed the large, spiked whip to a waiting slave and concentrated on the emotional link. The screams of agony faded from his mind as he focused on the bright flare of Jubi's anger. He was moving before he realized it, leaving the room at a fast, hurried pace. His mind cast out, locating Jubi's location easily: one of the halls near the center of the temple.

A dark expression clouded his face as he stormed toward his meeting hall. He barely noticed the slaves as they dodged out of his way; his expression scared most of them into cowering against the walls and door frames.

As he got closer, he could hear Jubi's harsh words echoing shrilly against the stone walls; her anger and frustration spoke volumes as he stopped outside the great wooden doors. He listened for a moment, hearing not the words but the emotion that vibrated in her voice.

Taking a deep breath, he pulled on the persona of an indifferent master and stepped into the room.

The first thing he saw was the bride.

She dominated the room with her intensity; liquid sensuality poured into human form. Her eyes were dark and smoldering, hints

of gold flickering in the fathomless depths. Even though she had an expression of submission on her face, Anuset noticed that she watched the room with a bored aloofness. Earrings glittered from her ears, almost in hidden the dark mane of black hair that cascaded in loose curls down her back. A few strands were artfully thrown over her shoulder, to frame the large, firm breasts. Pointed nipples stretched out from breasts with almost no sag to them. As she breathed, he noticed her every movement was gentle and graceful. A massive golden necklace glittered in her cleavage, the large emerald sparkling in the torchlight.

Her hips were well-rounded, revealing faint muscles and golden skin that showed a lifetime of pampering and care. Anuset guessed her to be a princess of some sort by her posture, which was poised and regal, even as she feigned submissiveness.

A flimsy cloth draped over her hips, framing the dark patch of black hair trimmed into a neat triangle. Anuset had no doubts that, even between her legs, she would be a sign of perfection, with flawless folds and a tempting opening. Her feet were encased in a pair of leather heels, about ten centimeters in height; he noticed that her feet were poised artfully for presentation.

She was, to say the least, a model of mainland perfection.

Anuset distrusted her immediately. Perfect slaves grew into their position; they were not shown with a flourish. There was a fire in her eyes of a self-assured importance and pride that none of his slaves had.

He turned to Jubi and Binis and stopped in his tracks. A cold anger flooded through his veins as he looked over his favorite slave. With his mystical connection to his slaves, he realized fear washed over him from Jubi and Binis, and that it was focused on him.

They were afraid of him.

He looked closer at Binis, his eyes searching for the full extent of the suffering she had experienced.

Her skin was torn and red; patches of scar tissue covered her breasts, thighs, shoulders, face and throat. Anuset recognized the wounds from fire or acid; they healed slowly without magic. Angry red welts tinged with black and blue covered her entire body. Drying blood filled some of the cuts and a few showed signs of having been freshly opened.

Her hair, the dark cascading strands he remembered, was gone. A rough razor had shaved them off, leaving minor tufts of darkness among shallow cuts and bruises. Even her eyebrows had been removed, with the same, sloppy cuts.

His gaze dropped to her face, exploring the emotions within. Even though she stood straight, he saw only fear pooling in the dark brown eyes. Pain swirled deep inside their depths. His eyes slid away, looking over the rings that ran along her ears, six on each side. Inside her mouth, beyond lips covered in healing scars, he saw the flicker of a stud in her tongue.

His gaze dropped further, his anger growing into a red haze over his vision. Around her neck, a spiked collar almost strangled her; he could see her skin white around the tight black leather.

Anuset continued, cataloging her wounds and scars. Her breasts appeared to be almost completely healing tissue, the nipples drawn in except for where the tarnished silver rings held them out. The soft mounds sagged, signs of weights and torture increasing the age of her body.

Her arms were behind her, but he could see the leather straps that held them together painfully, an arm binder covered in metal spikes. Her shoulders quivered with the strain the torture device inflicted on her body.

Between her legs, he could see more rings sparkling. These appeared to be chained together, as if holding something inside her. Her feet were bare, but Anuset noticed a thin trail of blood trickling from her right foot; the merchant had apparently forced her to walk along the stone roads that crossed the island.

The master of the temple looked back at the bride, noticing neither wound nor injury on her body. His eyes narrowed as he felt a strange, burning anger pierce his heart. Pushing it back, he looked over at the merchant.

The fat man was even fatter, rolls of greasy flesh hanging off his skeleton like a poorly fitted suit. His eyes were almost hidden under puffy eyebrows. In one hand, he held a golden goblet; his movements spilled red against the stone floor and his own outfit, but he didn't seem to care.

Anuset noticed little fear in the merchant's eyes, but mostly brash confidence brimming in the white orbs that rolled in the

rounded face. Anuset pushed his anger away and smiled. He held up a hand against Jubi's attempt to speak as he focused on the obese man in front of him.

"What appears to be the problem?"

Shifting his respect and attention from Jubi and Anuset, the merchant blubbered, "That bitch is upset because of the slave's appearance."

Anuset let his eyes dart over to the fear-filled slave and back again; he ignored Jubi's narrowed eyes and the bitch comment as he spoke. "You appear to have been rather hard on her."

The merchant shrugged. "What are slaves for?"

Anuset smiled, a strange smile that no one in the room had ever seen before. In the corner of his eye, he saw Jubi take a step back as the fear grew. When he spoke, it was almost flippant and whimsical. "Yes, what are they for?"

Jubi stared at him with an expression of pure surprise, but his smile was only for the merchant. The fat slob didn't notice the change in attitude or the tone of his voice.

"I trust there was little trouble?"

Clearing his throat, the fat man rubbed his greasy hands together. "Well, there was some... trouble. My costs doubled."

"Six million?"

Now Anuset saw the fear in his eyes.

"Well, double what you offered actually."

"Ten million?"

He nodded, waiting for the yelling to begin. Anuset sighed softly and looked over the golden girl who was pretending to be a slave. He strode over to her, inspecting her from all sides. Looking into her eyes, he saw her start to say something. Interrupting, his hand snapped out and grabbed the flimsy cloth around her waist. The gold chain holding it together trembled for a moment before his arm yanked down. The chains snapped and the cloth was ripped from her body. A faint line of red started to mark her perfect skin.

Outrage burned in her eyes but Anuset's hand grabbed her throat, squeezing the words out of her. His eyes, dark and violent, caught her own, shoving away the outrage as she experienced, probably for the first time in her life, true fear.

Anuset growled deeply, yanking her face close to his, “Don’t think for a moment, Gizo, that just because we searched for you that you are anything more than a worm in my eyes.”

“G-Gizo?”

Her voice betrayed her position, smooth and cultured. The sounds of her words hung in the air like a golden mist before fading away in memory. Anuset was briefly amazed by her charisma and sensuality, even with her voice filled with fear.

His amazement turned to a growing anger and he tightened his grip on her neck. “Gizo, you don’t even know a master, you are nothing but something my master seeks.”

He could sense her pulling the role of submission around her like a cloak as she spoke with soft words, “I’ll do anything you want. Anything... master.”

Anuset shook his head as his eyes glittered with darkness. “Strip.”

The bride - she had no name, according to him - pointed to the flimsy fabric still in his hands. “I already have... master.”

His hand snapped up, ripping the necklace from her neck with a painful snapping noise. A thick red line appeared around her neck as she gasped with the suddenness of the pain.

“Strip, Gizo.”

She hesitated for a second and he almost roared in response, “Now!”

He could see her resist as she raised her hand to start removing her earrings. Time passed slowly as she gracefully gathered them in her hand and held them out in front of her. Her eyes explored the room, searching for somewhere to place the glittering gold and diamonds.

Anuset shook his head. “Drop them.”

She paused for a second and he smacked her hard. Her body spun around, sending a glittering wave of gold across the room as she crumpled to the ground with a scream of terror and pain.

He stepped over her and reached down to pick her up by her hair. Tears poured down her face as she struggled to pull his hands away from her hair. He pulled her up by her hair, the cold anger of training burning in his eyes as he glared at her.

“Jewels and clothes are useless here. Money cannot buy anything. Your birth, your family, your fame and position are nothing. All your feigned acts of submission just prove that you have no worth in this temple, except as someone to break. You may be desired by Akumet, but that is your only value as of this moment.”

He watched her anger build for a long moment before he threw her back. She skidded on the ground, raising a few scratches on her perfect hands and ass. She glared up at him, ready to strike with words or fist. He matched her gaze, pulling on the violence that burned inside him.

After a few seconds, she turned away. She made no move to stand up and Anuset looked over Binis again. His eyes shifted to Jubi, watching the play of surprise, anger, and rage that screamed in her posture.

“Jubi Ve, take Binis to the merchant’s room; she will spend the night there.”

He felt Binis’ fear spike as the merchant chuckled. He ignored them, as well as the hurt expression in Jubi’s eyes, as he continued, “And take the bride and break her. Do not break her virginity and allow no scars to cover her, but I want to hear her screams from any part of the temple. Until her will is broken, she is nothing.”

From the floor, a scream of utter fear and rage erupted from the golden woman. She surged to her feet, pulling a golden dagger from her hair and lunging for Anuset. He saw both Jubi and Binis jump immediately to his defense as the bride’s dagger plunged toward him.

Anuset said a word, one of terror and pain that slammed into the merchant and the golden woman with a bolt of pure energy. Magic crackled in the air for a moment before fading back into the stone; their screams echoed longer in the room as they crumpled to their knees. Binis and Jubi were untouched by Anuset’s magic as he glared down at the bride.

Jubi kicked the dagger away and picked up the bride. Binis waited behind her, refusing to look at Anuset. The slave gasped for breath as she struggled to get air into her lungs; the aftereffects of Anuset’s spell still tore on her nerves.

Anuset looked down, contempt and anger in his eyes. “It is my right to give you a name.”

She managed to get her voice to protest but Jubi smacked her hard against the ear. Anuset smiled but there was no humor in his expression. "Your old name doesn't matter anymore. Iata is your new name and it will be the only one you will hear in this temple."

He looked at Jubi. "Jubi Ve, take Binis and... Iata away."

Jubi stood up, dragging the gasping woman to her feet. There was a hurt expression in her eyes, but she knew to push it down.

"Yes, Anuset Ma."

Without another word, she left the room with the other two women. Anuset ignored them as he helped the merchant to his feet. The fat man's face was white as he struggled to bring his breath under control. Fear hovered in his eyes and Anuset noticed that the merchant refused to match his gaze.

"I'm sorry about that, lord merchant, I could not protect you from that spell. The pain will fade quickly."

The merchant looked up, his face drawn and sweaty, but he said nothing.

Anuset continued, "I will give you the ten million gladly, though I will require the head of the guard who allowed her a weapon in my presence."

He watched the merchant's mind switch to business, his breath slowing as he stood up straighter. One hand reached out for another goblet and Anuset watched as he poured himself another serving of the dark red liquid.

"And as an apology for my spell, I will give you this night to do what you wish in this temple. One life will be yours to choose and I will leave it in your hands, until the sun rises in the sky, to make that decision."

A stunned expression quickly turned to a smile of pure joy as the merchant started to blubber, "Thank you. Thank you." He calmed down after a second. "Thanks."

Anuset grinned as he saw the merchant began to plan Binis' tortures. He watched the merchant for a moment before continuing.

"For my pleasure, I will also send someone to you. Please take her with my thanks for a job well done, for the rest of your life. You may do what you choose to her, but I recommend you take better care than you did mine."

Quickly, the obese man switched to a respectful mood. "I am honored by your gift, Lord Anuset."

Anuset nodded as if distracted. "Please wait here for her, she'll be along momentarily."

The merchant, elated, sat down and began to pour himself another goblet of wine. Anuset took one last look at him and left the room. Behind him, he knew the merchant was planning on torturing and killing Binis through the night and he wondered how he felt. Finding the right emotion, he pushed it aside to complete his other tasks.

His mind wandered as he moved, a dark mood filling the halls of the temple as he passed them. Silence filled the stone rooms as he passed, as if the slaves could sense his dark emotions.

Anuset's movements brought him to the grand hall. The massive stone room was dark, except for two torches that burned right outside the door. He left the door cracked open as he silently padded into the hall. Even his anger calmed in the silence of the hall, as if respectful of something in the darkness.

His eyes looked into the deepest part of the room, beyond his vision, and he remembered the black statue to his master, Akumet. His eyes drifted to one corner where he remembered Binis' promotion from Ji to Ki; that brought a brief smile to his face.

Anuset padded over to one of the stone statues of the massive wolves. He looked up into the darkness, imagining its snarling expression and the malice that glowed in its eyes.

Bringing his hands in front of him, Anuset began to chant softly. A cruel smile crossed his face as the words slipped past his lips. The words hung in the air for a moment, then flung out into the darkness.

Torches burned into life, throwing the room into flickering illumination. He ignored them as he continued to speak the words, the sounds hovering in the air as he strained to push them out. Braziers of incense flared briefly, then began to pour smoke into the air, where it hung in silent testimony to the arcane energies he wove.

Anuset's eyes burned a golden color as he continued to chant; his right hand began to shake from his intensity but he continued to speak out into the darkness. A golden flare curled around his hands,

gathering in the space between them until they burned brighter than the torches themselves.

The wolf statue's eyes suddenly exploded into light as it shifted slightly. Stone dust fell to the ground as one paw, tipped with bitter claws, stretched.

Anuset continued to chant.

The statue continued to crack and shift, casting dust onto the ground as it moved one ear, then a foot. A few moments later, the statue became fully animated. Its eyes burned bright as it bowed down before him, setting the heavy head against the stone ground as it looked into Anuset's eyes.

He stopped chanting and admired the creature for a moment, before speaking in a growl.

"The merchant needs company for the rest of his life. Make sure he enjoys it until sunrise."

Wordlessly, the creature stood up and padded toward the door. Each movement shook the floor. At the archway of the great hall, it pushed its bulk into the hallway and headed toward the meeting hall where the merchant waited impatiently.

Anuset followed right behind, his bare feet silent compared to the pounding made by the statue. He could see the frightened faces of his slaves as they pressed against the wall to avoid both the stone wolf and the master of the temple.

At one junction, he turned away, heading toward the merchant's assigned quarters. The heavy weight of the statue faded in the distance as he took one set of stairs going down.

Along the way, he stopped one of the slaves and said, "Gather the merchant's men. They will soon lose their master... and their protection in this temple; the promising ones keep, the others throw over the cliff."

The slave spoke softly, his voice harsh from the torture he had experienced as a mainland gallery slave. The time under Anuset had brought less pain and more life into his ancient bones and left a strange trust for Anuset. "Yes, Anuset Ma."

Anuset continued until he stopped in front of the single, wooden door leading into the merchant's suite. Behind it, he knew Binis would be alone and expecting the merchant to show up at any moment.

His hand caressed the door handle for a moment, then he opened it slowly. The wooden frame creaked as a rusty hinge squealed in discomfort. A brief wind of foreign smells brushed past him. He looked inside, curious at the merchant's decorations.

The merchant just arrived that afternoon, so most of his belongings were still in chests of expensive woods. Some of them were cast open, their contents spread out over the floor.

In one corner, a large wooden frame in the shape of an X was resting against the wall. Manacles tipped each end of the cross while three leather straps hung along one side. Anuset looked over the cross for a moment, then let his gaze look over the room. In one corner, in a chest, he saw the largest arrangement of whips, dildoes, and straps he had ever seen outside of the temple.

His nose detected the faint smell of old blood as he continued to look inside the room. His eyes locked on a small form in the middle of the room - Binis.

She was kneeling in the center of the room, her eyes cast down toward the ground. Her arms were still caught behind her, her shoulders trembling from fear and pain. In her mouth, a leather riding crop shook with her movements. Anuset could see her trying not to shift on the hard, cold stone, but her body made tiny adjustments to keep her balance on her toes and knees.

As he watched, he saw a single tear splash on the ground. Surprised, he stepped into the room, careful not to enter her field of vision. The door behind him squeaked painfully closed, shutting off the sounds of the temple and throwing the room into silence. Binis shivered again but kept her eyes on the ground.

Anuset walked quietly over to the dildos and picked one up. It was made of thick black rubber, with metal studs along its entire length. It felt heavy as he measured it briefly in his hand. It was almost twice as wide as his own shaft, but slightly less in length. Something caught his attention and he noticed a few spots of drying blood on the metal rivets. His thumb caressed the metal and he was surprised to feel a slight edge of sharpness.

Shaking his head with disgust, he tossed the black device on the floor. It shrieked as a rivet caught on the floor and it skidded until it came to a stop near the door. Looking over his shoulder, he saw

Binis jump slightly and then bow down even further toward the ground.

Looking back as a dark anger boiled inside him, Anuset continued to sort through the chest of devices. He threw out the ones designed only for pain and cutting, leaving the ones for discomfort behind. He quickly noticed that none of the devices were designed for pleasure; apparently the merchant preferred to cause pain, not pleasure, with his gifts.

He could sense Binis' growing fear as he sorted through the merchant's belongings. After a few moments, he decided to break it.

With a casual movement, he walked over to the door and toed the metal-studded dildo away from the wood. Then with a flourish, he kicked it toward her; it rolled along the ground until it smacked up against her knee.

He watched her hesitate, unsure what to do. In his mind's eye, he could imagine her trying to decide whether dropping the crop or ignoring the dildo was the proper action. He could see her fear and hatred of the rubber and metal—it vibrated in her body as she struggled to look away from the hated black device.

After a second, she obviously decided to keep the riding crop in her mouth and bowed her head once again.

Anuset circled around her, looking over her pierced, shuddering form with a detached gaze. His feet padded silently as his eyes darted from her pierced ears to the scarred breasts to the quivering of her inner knees. Time passed slowly as he drank in her sight and found himself feeling a strange, burning heat inside his chest.

On one revolution, he stopped and leaned over her. Below him, Binis jumped slightly and focused her eyes on the ground before her. Anuset knelt slightly, his knees barely touching her sides.

Binis jumped then struggled not to move. A faint whimper escaped her lips as she strained to keep still for the merchant she thought was behind her.

“Why don't you pick it up?”

Anuset's voice cracked through the silence. Behind it, a stunned silence filled the room as Binis caught her breath and held herself rock still. His hands reached out, gently holding her sides as he leaned forward to brush his lips against one of the rings of her ears.

“Binis Ki? Why didn't you pick it up?”

The shaved girl looked back, utter surprise bare on her face. The riding crop dropped against the ground as she choked out the words around the stud in her tongue: “Anu... Anuset Ma?”

The master of the temple smiled softly and nodded. Elation filled her face as a smile crossed her lips. Her shoulders shook as she tried to twist her back, to see her master better; the leather arm binder caught her, preventing her from turning. A few tears began to gather on her lower lips, trembling with the tiny vibrations of her beating heart.

“Is it... is it real? Are you...?”

Anuset filled in the gaps in her sentence, “Am I curious why I don’t have an answer yet? Yes.”

A blush grew on her cheeks. “I-I’m sorry. I thought... you were... he used...” She looked down. “I’m sorry, master... Ma.”

He shook his head. “It still doesn’t answer the question.”

“I’m sorry, I-I couldn’t pick it up with my arms like this.” She tried to shrug her shoulders but the tight restraints prevented her. After a second, she motioned with her chin to the black leather that cuffed her from her shoulders to her very fingers.

Anuset reached over, still holding her hips between his knees to force her lower half to face away from him. His fingers trailed along the leather straps, feeling the rough leather where the merchant had soaked the threads and allowed them to squeeze her tighter. In her eyes, as she craned her neck to beg him with a pleading look, he could see the pain from the arm-binder that tortured her.

Her hips tried to rotate, but he clamped his knees against her to prevent her from moving. After a second, she waited, poised for action.

His fingers trailed up the smooth leather to the strap and he began to force the dried leather to release its death grip. The leather was tight and resisted him greatly. Finding that her tensed muscles were making his job harder, he looked up at his favorite slave.

“Look forward; relax enough for me to remove it.”

The anger was out of his voice, but he could still feel it burning inside his chest. Every mental image of the merchant sent it flaring up and he wished he could do more to the disgusting man.

In front of him, Binis obeyed without question, her fear blowing away as she waited for Anuset to free her. His fingers resumed their work, tugging at a tight knot as he spoke quietly.

“Tell me.”

She didn't say anything for a moment, then a sob burst from her chest. He could feel the pain and sorrow hang around her as memories flooded into her. She cried for a long time as Anuset fumbled with the dried leather, each sob shaking him to the bone as she struggled for air and peace. Each motion caused her piercings to bump against each other, like tiny bells.

Finally, she found her words and spoke with broken speech, “It was horrible. He raped me, hurt me. He did things...”

Anuset's voice was curious and distracting as his fingers finally released one of the knots and moved down to the next, “Raped you? How did he rape you?”

She sobbed a few more times before continuing. “He hurt me. Whipped me... every night... set part of me on fire with his horrible spells. He pierced my body and sent lightning... through them. He took me as hard as he could and... threw me into that... cage every night.”

She babbled on about her tortures with a flood of tears as Anuset worked on the arm-binder. His knees ached so he leaned back, pulling his body away from her. Binis tried to follow but he kept her sitting up so he could continue to work on the leather restraints.

Finally, her voice faded away and she stared at the floor, feeling drained. Anuset managed to get all but the wrists free, releasing the pain as he watched her skin regain some of its color. As his fingers worked on the final knot, he spoke up again.

“But that is nothing different. Jubi has stuck you in a cage for days; I've tortured and raped you for hours at a time, until you screamed for mercy. You've been put to the whip, the brand, and even the rack. How is that different to what he did?”

She said something softly, even beyond Anuset's normal hearing. His fingers released the final leather and the arm-binder slipped to the ground between them.

“Pardon? I didn't catch that, Ki.”

Her voice was soft, almost at the edge of his hearing. “You never raped me, Anuset Ma.”

Anuset sat back, stunned. A strange look crossed his face as Binis looked over her shoulder at her master. Something glowed in her eyes, a dark primal emotion he didn't and couldn't understand. Her gaze was clear, beyond anything he had ever seen in anyone's eyes, even Kineli's sadistic glare.

"I never raped you?"

Binis shook her head, still keeping her arms behind her back. He could see that one of her fingers and thumb were wrapped around her wrist to keep them together.

"I recall raping you. Taking you against your will, when you screamed for me to stop, to do anything but continue what you did. I remember you begging each man not to mount you, to release you from your bounds. I took you from your bed in the middle of the night and took your virginity right on the stone floor. You screamed and begged the entire time for me to stop. How is that not rape?"

She looked at him with clear brown eyes, a dark liquid gaze that scraped along his spine. "It was never against my will."

The words slammed into him and he almost fell back. One hand grabbed her wrists to hold him up as he stared at her with a mixture of surprise and shock. Her expression, serious, hovered there as he struggled to resume his breathing.

"Are you saying you wanted every bit, every scream, every beg for mercy?"

Binis tried to speak, but tears began to pour from her eyes. She sniffed and managed a weak smile and a nod.

Anuset stared at her and said in a soft voice filled with shock, "Why?"

"You wanted it."

Those three words shook his world more than he could ever imagine. They seemed so simple, yet there was an elegance to them that he could never understand. He finally caught his thoughts and pulled them into order, watching the liquid brown gaze with his heart thudding in his chest.

"You would do anything I wanted, because I wanted it?"

She nodded, her eyes shining in the torchlight. "Yes, Anuset Ma."

"Even if I were to ask you to use that," he pointed to the riveted dildo, "on yourself?"

Her response was to release her wrist and reach down to pick up the massive black rubber. The metallic studs glinted in the torchlight as she pulled it between her legs.

At the same time, she leaned forward until he could see the folds of her sex, glinting with eight silver rings. Two more rings pierced her clitoris and small chains of silver dangled from them. The faint smell of her excitement, slightly sour with the scent of blood, drifted through the room as she positioned the massive black device against her opening. Her fingers rotated and shifted it until it slipped past the pink folds and caressed her very opening.

From his position, he could see the scars of torture, even on her delicate skin. The opposite sides of her sex were scarred open in a straight line, as if the merchant had shoved a knife inside. Her anus had stretch marks, ridges of red skin where something too large had been shoved into her.

Those scars didn't stop her as she eased the black shaft inside her, using the faint lubricant to push it inside her. The first rivets pressed briefly against the pink skin, then disappeared inside her as she pulled almost the entire length of the black device into her body. A faint moan, half of pain and half of pleasure, escaped her lips as she tugged and pushed the black cock inside her.

Anuset watched with fascination, seeing the thickness that stretched her, the glinting of the rings that flickered in the torchlight, and the rivets that caught on her skin before sliding inside. As he watched, Binis' motions grew faster until she was fucking herself on the sharp points of the dildo.

Within a few moments of watching her impale herself on the black toy, he watched her orgasm for him. Her back arched as the first wave of pleasure coursed through her system. Her hand sped up, plunging the riveted dildo hard inside her abused pussy as she screamed one long wail of pleasure. The hand supporting her collapsed beneath her and she fell to the ground; she kept her legs spread apart so Anuset could see every centimeter of the hard toy sliding in and out of her soaked sex.

She continued to pull as much pleasure as she could from the once-hated dildo, then let it slip to the ground as the afterglow hung over her like a warm blanket. The smell of her sex, fragrant and clean, filled the room as her breath slowed and she looked over her

shoulder. Her eyes still held that strange emotion and Anuset felt warmed by their mere touch.

His eyes drifted down and he caught the sight of fresh blood on the dildo, where a sharp piece of metal tore at her insides. He reached forward and pulled her up into a kneeling position, forcing her to look at him.

“Why?”

She spoke softly, as if she practiced it many times in her life, “I would suffer any torture that you inflicted. The feel of your whip, the touch of your skin, even the wounds on my back mean nothing, if you give them to me. For you, I would give my life. I would die for you without asking: no question or even hesitation.”

Anuset sat there, a confused look on his face as he tried to struggle with her words. Even though he understood the individual words, there was something more powerful behind her speech. He knew he didn't understand it, but it felt like the growing heat in his chest. It felt more powerful than anything he had ever experienced.

Binis turned around, still kneeling, and looked straighter into his eyes, “Anuset Ma... I want you to take me. I want you to want, to use this body as a toy, to...” a sob caught her throat, “I want you to be my master... forever.”

He continued to stare at her, stunned and shocked. Still serious, Binis stood up and tugged at his arm. Anuset shook himself into awareness and stood up smoothly. The young slave guided him to the wooden “X.” She turned around and placed her back against the wooden frame, holding up one arm to the manacle dangling from the top.

“Please do this; in those many hours I spent, I imagined it was you here. I only survived because I wished it would be you who took me. I prayed it was you who was beating me.”

He didn't move for a second and a fresh line of tears began to form on her eyelashes as she said, “Please, Ma, please?”

Mechanically at first, Anuset buckled the first manacle. As his hands stroked along her body, he felt his body began to respond. His cock pushed against his loincloth, quickly stretching out to his full length as he buckled the second manacle around her wrist. He noticed that the buckles had two manacles, one thicker than the other.

Binis looked at him with love in her eyes. "Thank you... Ma."

He smiled, a growing desire burning inside him. Kneeling down, he trailed his fingers along her inner thigh, already feeling the faint dampness from her growing excitement.

His strong fingers wrapped around her ankle as he completed the manacle.

Above, Binis spoke softly, "Please."

Anuset looked up for a moment. His eyes caught onto her dark brown ones before he began to pull her ankle up. A soft gasp of pleasure left her as he drew her left ankle up to her left wrist, his muscles straining. Her hips pulled forward as he struggled briefly with the metal ring. In a few seconds, he managed to capture her ankle next to her wrist. His hand trailed down her body, briefly touching the wet folds before drawing her right ankle to her right wrist; her hips hung below her, shifting slightly as she felt her body relax. A few moments later, she smiled softly as she relaxed in her bounds, helpless to stop Anuset or anything he wanted to do.

He had never felt so powerful or cared so much for anyone in his life.

Binis gazed at him with the same liquid look, her breasts heaving as she struggled for breath. Her sex, already dripping, sent sweet scents of her excitement into the room. Anuset admired her for a moment, then padded back to the chest.

She watched for a moment, then gasped as he pulled out a pair of cutters. With an almost apologetic smile, he came back to her and reached for the ring in her right nipple. Bringing the cutters to bear, he snapped the metal ring and pulled it out. She whimpered as a faint drop of blood gathered in the hole, but he was already moving to her other nipple.

It was removed quickly and he moved on to her ears, tongue, and eventually her folds. His fingers were tender, sliding in the wetness of her sex as he manage to avoid cutting her while removing the metal rings he found so distasteful. Each snap brought a gasp to her lips. Each yank of sharp metal sent her muscles to tighten, but she continued to watch him with her dark eyes until he let the last ring fall to the ground.

He looked over her and realized he didn't see the scars, the wounds, or even the blood from his cutting. He saw Binis as he

remembered her, with dark hair and the same look on her face as she watched him over a year ago. He also felt like her master, as if something had been missing in his life for the time she had been gone, and now it had returned.

Binis watched his expression for a moment, then spoke softly. "Please, Ma, please take me. Be my master. My true master."

Anuset wasted no time in removing his loincloth and letting the hot rod of his shaft bounce free in the air. Its head and shaft was already covered in a thick layer of his pre-cum: he could feel it dripping off his balls as he gently stroked his hands along her thighs, teasing the tiny holes along her lips before dipping briefly into the hot liquid of her sex.

She moaned at his touch, begging him to enter her. Anuset stepped forward, resting the slick wedge of his shaft against her opening. His hands reached up, capturing her nipples between strong fingers. Binis moaned again in pleasure, a soft whimper of a sound as Anuset shifted his hips. The massive length of his shaft poised itself to bury into her tight sex; a wave of wet heat seeming to radiate from the splayed opening, as if begging for him to enter her.

Binis looked into his eyes, her arms and legs bound, helpless. The softness of her gaze brought a hunger to him and he pinched one nipple tightly. She whimpered, then begged wordlessly for more. He twisted the hard nub, knowing the vacated hole from the ring was sending pain into her system but something was bringing pleasure to her senses.

With a hard, almost brutal lunge, he shoved forward. His cock rammed its entire length into her sex, crashing up against her cervix in one hard movement. Binis screamed, first in pain, then in pleasure. Anuset kept his fingers tightly twisting her nipples as he drew back and rammed his cock back into the exposed sex of his slave.

He thrust inside her, not caring about her pleasures, striving to reach an orgasm as fast as he could. His hands squeezed her breasts tightly, shoving her knees harder against the wooden cross as his hips rammed hers over and over, the wet slurping noise of her sex barely heard over her scream for more. Each plea for him to fill her

drove him faster and he rammed the entire throbbing length of his cock into the burning, wet opening of her sex.

Even though he was striving for his own orgasm, he could feel Binis come underneath him. He watched her eyes roll back in her head as the wet slurping gave way to a slick dripping that ran down his legs.

Stroke after stroke slammed into her as he twisted her nipples to their limits. Each stroke seemed to drive her to orgasm until her moans of pleasure became almost constant. Her words lost their meaning as she screamed for him, begging for more. Her wrists twisted futilely in the manacles as she gasped in the combined pleasure and pain of her submission and torture.

Anuset finally came, a long, hard orgasm that was almost painful with its intensity. The thick jets of cum that flooded her were lost in her own juices; her soaked pussy massaged his shaft as he felt himself yelling with the sheer power of his orgasm.

His voice trailed off and he pushed himself off the moaning slave. He looked into her eyes and saw the same expression, almost an inferno that touched his heart, in her eyes. Below, he could feel his cum and her juices dripping off his shaft as he stepped back to admire the view.

Binis smiled at him, her brown eyes warm and friendly.

Anuset smiled and stepped over to the center of the room. Leaning down, he picked up the riding crop and showed it to the slave. She looked at him with utter trust and lust.

“Ma.”

t'Sade

Stone Submission

6

The great hall was awash with light from hundreds of torches. Their flickering light cast the room in a warm, orange glow that filled every crevice and cranny. Incense burners poured thin tendrils of smoke out into the air, until a thick haze filled the ceiling of the massive room. The individual smells blended together into a regal mix that hinted of magic. The air was warm but still. Fresh air tufted out of pipes, swirling the incense and smoke as they dissipated into the room.

Iata waited in the back of the room, with no guards or chains. After an endless time of preparation, she was finally ready to meet the creature she was intended for. She could barely remember her own name anymore: the name Iata had been pounded into her until it became hers. Iata, bride of Akumet. The torments came with some benefit, however. Her body felt strong, oiled and smooth. The occasional flashes she caught from the mirrors showed her a woman of incredible beauty, from the artistry of her hair to the smooth mound of her womanhood.

Anuset strode into the room, his eyes half-focused; she knew he was directing the slaves that filled the room to fix, clean, and organize with a brutal efficiency that no voice could ever match. His hands would point and gesture, but no words rang out.

Iata watched as the slaves moved willingly, almost in unison, not resisting or even hesitating. Compared to her father's court, the silent efficiency was terrifying. Her mind steeled itself to resist: she would not become a slave.

He stopped as he reached the center and looked at the dark statue of his master, Akumet. The statue was about 250 centimeters

in height, towering over everyone on its meter-high pedestal. The stone was a smooth black, shaped and polished by three generations of slaves.

From the knees to the shoulders, it appeared to be a naked human. Large cords of muscles were everywhere, carved in exacting detail from images put directly into the artist's mind. A large cock, hanging loosely from between its legs, was larger than Anuset's, and definitely larger than any human woman could comfortably hold inside her. To Iata, who had never felt the touch of a man, it was a terrifying weapon that haunted her dreams.

Below the knees, the human shape was quickly forgotten. Furred paws with dangerous-looking claws supported the body. Beneath the statue, carved into the pedestal, were the shapes of slaves who had been sacrificed to the dark god. The golden bride shuddered as she remembered the screams of a thief who had been pulled into the pedestal among screams of mercy. Anuset had told her he would still be alive, somewhere in those depths, until he died of agony or starved to death. In the back of her mind was a vision of the stone of the pedestal, as if she expected to see the face of the thief.

Above the shoulder, the great wolf head glared out into the depths of the room. Its face was frozen in a permanent snarl, baring brilliant black teeth for the world as it displayed its anger. Around its neck was the only piece of jewelry or clothing the statue wore—a pendant of the purest gold, set with a diamond the size of Anuset's fist.

Except for Anuset and the statue, no other creature wore a shred of cloth or hint of jewelry; naked flesh worked in quiet chatter as they performed their duties willingly. Many of them gave the solitary bride quick glances, as if thankful that it was she who was the focus of the ritual. She shuddered as she realized she didn't want to be there either.

Soon, the slaves began to filter out of the room as they finished their tasks. As they left, each one would give the master of the temple a brief smile or bow before fading away to other parts. Iata's eyes begged them to take her with them, but none of them met her gaze.

The great room grew gradually silent until he and Iata were the only living creatures within it. He glanced over at the wolf statues;

one of them still had the stain of the merchant's blood on its muzzle. His smile grew wider, and then he took a calm breath.

Standing in front of the statue, naked except for his loincloth, Anuset began to chant. Words slipped past his lips and hung in the air, transfixed by the incense as it swirled into magical patterns and formations. Each word filled the room with a heartbeat, a pulsing of power that soon crackled against the walls. His hand began to shake with the intensity of his spell but he continued, filling the room with more power until the doors themselves began to vibrate with the hidden heartbeat of the temple. Iata felt the power along her arms, sending ripples of energy and fear along her skin as she watched in growing fascination.

Suddenly, the energy in the room snapped. With a brutal yank, Iata felt the power suck into the statue, along with the incense and her hearing. Utter silence dominated the room, pressing down on her shoulders as they watched the statue patiently.

One black eye closed smoothly and then opened, exposing the pupil-less eye of the master's master, Akumet. The other eye closed and opened, turning the black stone into a parody of life. A shiver rippled through the statue, as if the wolf head were shaking its fur. Stone flowed like flesh, moving smoothly and without cracking as the statue became animate.

Fear began to surge through Iata as she tried to scream, but found herself unable to move with the pressure that still bore down on her. Her world focused on the statue, a horrible animation that defied her experience. Each ripple of muscle sent a fresh wave of terror through her.

It took a few moments for the statue to stretch, twist, and move its body until every part was as flexible as a living being. Then, the wolf eyes looked down at Anuset.

It spoke with a growl, a deep base note that she felt more than heard in his chest, "Anuset Ama, my most... treasured of servants."

Iata knew that "Ama" stood for "They Are Master," the highest point of the society she had been thrown into but still didn't understand. She tried to frown, but the power held her still as she strained against it.

Anuset pressed his palms together and bowed deeply. "Yes, Akumet Ma?"

“Have you brought her to me?”

“Yes, Akumet Ma.”

The wolf head stared at him, unblinking. The hands, tipped with sharp claws, flexed for a moment before Anuset bowed again. No other word passed between them, but the wolf statue turned slowly, the black eyes scanning the room until they focused their power on the golden bride. Iata felt fear burning inside her and her heart threatened to explode from its intensity.

With a deliberate effort, she stepped forward. Each muscle flexed in place as she glided forward. She could feel her beauty wrap around her like a cloth, with the dual admirations of god and master warming her as she felt a tiny thrill of power.

Then Akumet moved.

Her eyes locked onto the massive stone statue moving and something cracked in her regal pose. A violent shivering slammed into her body as she stared with shock and fear at the enormous creature before her. Akumet grinned, almost a snarl in the wolf head, as he stepped down from the pedestal.

The ground vibrating from the massive weight of the statue broke her poise and she screamed, a loud wailing that vibrated from one end of the room to the other. Anuset smiled to himself as he stepped back to lean against one of the wolf statues.

Iata spun around, her body shimmering in the torchlight, and ran for the back of the temple. Akumet growled deeply and his eyes glowed a terrible gold. The terrified woman felt herself picked up by some force and pulled closer to the creature behind her. Her feet pawed at the air as she tried to escape. The magical force turned her around until she was forced to stare into those horrible glowing eyes. Her fear was beating in her chest until her ribs hurt, but there was nothing she could do but thrash. Her hair swirled around violently as she tried to push away Akumet's magic, to no avail.

Already forgetting the master of the temple, Akumet drew Iata closer to him until the screaming woman was dangling right before his mouth. His golden eyes burned with their terrible glow as he stared at her; she continued to thrash and scream until her voice gave out and her muscles failed her. With a slump, she suddenly stopped and simply looked at the stone statue in terror.

Akumet growled deeply, setting off another round of thrashing as his words hammered against her mind and body. "You are Iata Zo; you are mine forever."

The dark god waited for her body to cease its renewed struggles again before continuing, "You now have a choice. Please me and become my wife. Fail, and you will die more horribly than your worst imagination."

Iata continued to scream for a moment, then stopped suddenly, gasping for breath. Her mind struggled over her body, forcing it to stop thrashing; she could feel her body dripping with oil and sweat as she strained to calm her shuddering breaths. She looked briefly at the golden eyes, then down at the smooth black body before her. In response to his will, the magical force squeezing the golden woman dropped. Her knees took the force of the drop but it did little more than send a brief wince of pain across her face.

She looked briefly at the door, but realized she would never escape. Her mind spun as she forced herself to look back up into those eyes, pulling her self-control around her like a cloak. The immense body of the statue stood above her and she found herself staring at the smooth skin, cock, and chest.

The first stirrings of desire surprised her as she felt a hunger growing inside her. With a start, she realized this statue was the most powerful creature she would ever know, and the thought that he wanted her sent a surge of heat rolling through her body. The hint of power that she might gain fueled the desire as she realized what the dark god wanted from her.

When she spoke, she had regained some of her grace and poise, but her voice was still harsh from screaming. "What must I do... Akumet Ma."

The title stumbled over her tongue and she looked up in fear. Akumet chuckled and set her body to the ground. "Please me and live."

Iata looked over the black statue, then at Anuset. The master of the temple stared back with an impassive face and a slight frown, but he didn't even give a hint of what her next action should be.

She signed and realized it was as obvious as everything else in the temple: pain or pleasure. Her eyes dragged themselves back to the statue, briefly gazing over the black surface until she felt drawn to

the thick cable of the statue's cock. A growing curiosity began to tickle the edges of her mind as she contemplated the massive length entering her virgin sex.

As she stared at it, she saw the member twitch and she realized that she was to give pleasure or die. Fear, desire, and hunger warred inside her as she stared at it, wondering whether something so large could fit inside her body. But the hunger burned brighter inside her, and she realized that in order to gain the power, she must sacrifice herself. Hardened determination grew on her face as she stood up shakily.

Wondering why everything in the temple had to do with sex or pain, she moved forward gingerly. Her hand reached out hesitatingly before it brushed against the cold, hard stone surface of the statue. She looked up, a frown marring her perfect expression, as she tried to push or move the stone. Akumet looked down and moved his leg slightly; she felt the stone muscles shift underneath stone skin. With a growing certainty, she realized she could not move or harm Akumet unless he desired her to do so.

His cock, immense to her view, dominated her attention as she took another step forward. Her height brought her head slightly above the massive cock and she gasped as she realized that it reached from her shoulder almost down to the base of her rib cage. And that in its carved impression of flaccidity.

The black cock twitched again, almost lifelike except for the smooth hardness she knew it possessed. Her eyes glanced back at Anuset, but the bald man gave no response to her silent question.

Taking a deep breath, she reached out with one finger and touched the hard surface of Akumet's cock.. It was cold and smooth; carved stone and lifeless. But even the lightest touch sent another ripple of movement through the stone surface. Her fingers slid easily on the stone, as she stroked her palm along its length. Part of her mind marveled at the expert artistry that had created the statue, while another part screamed at her at the unnatural sensations of touching stone and feeling it respond like flesh.

To her amazement, the black shaft responded easily to her touch, growing thicker and straighter as she gently stroked it with her palm. Iata had to step sideways to let the massive rod curl up over her head in Akumet's growing excitement. Her other hand slid up,

caressing the massive tip as it continued to grow in her hands. Her lips parted slightly as she focused on the hard member between her oiled hands.

Above her, the wolf statue watched with a strange expression on its face. Its eyes never blinked as it watched the golden woman stroke its cock to full hardness. It never panted but it gave the impression of rapt attention.

Between her fingers, the shaft finally reached its full height, a massive black rod that vibrated between her palms. Its length was immense, reaching from her shoulders to well over her head as it hovered there, waiting. She could barely wrap the fingers of one hand around its girth; two hands fared slightly better against the immense shaft. No pre-cum dripped down its length, but she could feel the smooth surface brushing against her skin.

There were no testicles underneath the massive shaft, but her fingers stroked along the hardness where they would be; she'd seen enough naked men since entering the temple to know that this creature was different. Her fingers stroked along the stone, enjoying the sensations as she lost herself in curious fascination.

More thoughts of the incredible hardness inside her flashed through her mind, but she had no clue how it would feel. She bit lightly on her lower lip as she started to prepare herself for whatever was next.

Iata continued to stroke the immense stone cock, using the oil of her breasts, cleavage, and hands to give its entire length a thin glimmer. Her fingers ran easily down the length, enjoying each ridge and bump as it passed through her fingers. She barely noticed that her breath came quickly as she stared with rapt attention at the rod presented to her.

After many long moments, she drew her attention away from the stone cock and looked up into the wolf head above her. The dark face looked down with a snarl, waiting.

She looked up, a question on her face. When her only response was a growl, she found the words caught in her throat. With an effort, she pushed them out: "How, master... Ma?"

Akumet growled deeply, "What do you want?"

She blushed, the golden skin turning almost bronze. "I-I... whatever you want, Ma."

His growl became a deep, violent note that beat against the walls. Some of the torches flickered with the growing emotion of the dark god. Beyond her control, Iata whimpered in fear and stepped back. The white eyes narrowed as Akumet watched her with a snarl.

He spoke slowly, in more of a growl than any actual language. "What... do... you... want?"

A half-choked whimper escaped Iata's lips as she tried to curl up against the ground. With a horrible growl that shook the walls, Akumet lunged forward, his claws stretched out.

Iata screamed in absolute terror as the sharp claws wrapped around her, pinning her naked form to the ground. She could feel the stone crack and shatter from the force as the air was driven out of her lungs. She gasped for air, her chest aching to breathe until she managed to force her body to inhale once again.

Akumet knelt, sending a powerful shudder through the room, and put his weight onto his claws. Iata screamed from the power as it pressed down on her, crushing her against the hard stone; a few shards of stone dug into her sides and back as the wolf head drew closer. Her oiled feet slid helplessly against the stone as she used her one free fist to beat uselessly against the unyielding claw that pinned her.

In the middle of her screams, Akumet growled deeply, "Beg for it."

She didn't respond as she thrashed underneath his grip. He responded by increasing the pressure on her naked body; her scream rose to a higher pitch as the shards of stone pierced her flesh and dribbles of blood began to pool beneath her.

Akumet repeated his command with a roar: "Beg for it!"

The raw noise of his growl shook the walls, tearing torches and incense burners from the wall and shattering them. Half the lights in the room snuffed out in a second as the wolf god's eyes glowed a brilliant gold. She felt the power of the wolf god slam into her ears, stunning her. Her eyes flashed over to Anuset, who was ignoring the thin line of blood coming out of his ear as he watched dispassionately.

The powerful noise managed to halt Iata's thrashing as she looked up in fear and terror. Akumet leaned over until his stone muzzle was centimeters from her throat.

“Not so powerful anymore, are you?”

Iata tried to respond but gave up to shake her head meekly. Akumet continued to growl softly as he spoke. “I know you want something. I know you want to use me.”

The eyes moved to look into hers; when she tried to look away, the pressure increased on her chest until she felt some of her joints begin to pop. The lack of breath, from the statue, somehow added to the fear as he spoke softly in a low growl. “You will earn it, in time.”

Suddenly he slammed his claw harder against her and Iata screamed a single loud wail of pain and suffering. The golden eyes flared as Akumet roared, “Now beg for it!”

Iata’s scream echoed harshly against the walls. It dissolved into incoherent babbling. She tried to form the words, but the terror in her mind mixed them up into a strange mix of tears and sobbing.

Akumet let her sanity slowly pull itself together while keeping the intense pressure on her chest and hips. Underneath, he could feel her growing limp from her efforts.

Finally, her words began to make sense though she continued to thrash feebly beneath his claw.

“Master please take master pl-take my vir-please please please...”

She found a mantra in that simple word and found herself repeating it, “Please... please... please...”

Akumet’s eyes narrowed but continued to glow gold. With most of the torches snuffed out, his eyes were the only bright source of light in the room. She found her eyes locked onto the statue’s as she continued to repeat her mantra, “Please... please...”

The black statue eased up slightly on the pressure, allowing Iata to enjoy shallow breaths. He growled softly, “Please what?”

Some of her will left her as she slumped to the ground, ignoring the sharp stone. When she spoke, it was soft and almost submissive. “Please make love-”

“There is no love!” Akumet’s roar cracked stone and glass, and Iata stopped suddenly. Thoughts flashed across her face before she resumed her submissive voice.

“Please take me... Ma. Please... please...” she whimpered as the statue increased the pressure on her chest, but she continued to speak. “Please take me. Please fuck me. Hurt me, anything. Please?”

Defeat boiled in her eyes as she slumped against the ground, no longer resisting. The need to fight was broken as she struggled to stop the pain and pressure on her body. She knew she would do anything, just to make it end.

And she knew that Akumet knew.

That thought was reflected by the length of his shaft, hard and powerful. It throbbed with a magical heartbeat; the heat beat down against the stone as he watched the woman beg beneath his hand.

The black statue lifted its claw, releasing the slave. Iata resisted the urge to scramble away and run, but it was a hard struggle. She finally stopped and remained on the ground, ignoring the pain as she looked up at the statue towering above her.

Akumet growled deeply, "What do you want?"

She thought quickly, remembering the others in the temple in the few weeks she had wandered the halls. Focusing on the common phrases, she found one she thought was correct: "Your will."

The wolf head smiled. "Good. And what do I want?"

"To... to fuck me."

"Is it going to hurt?"

Iata looked at the immense shaft between the statue's legs and imagined its massive length rammed into her tiny hole. A shiver of expected pain vibrated through her and she nodded.

A growl was her response, and she pushed the words out. "Yes, An.. Akumet Ma."

The statue brought its head closer, the golden eyes mesmerizing her. "Do you want it?"

Inwardly she cringed, but she knew the answer and spoke with only a slight crack in her voice, "Yes, Akumet Ma."

With those three words, her shoulders slumped and part of the fire in her eyes died out. Akumet knew they would burn again, but for today there was only submission in this treasure of a woman. He growled in pleasure and stood up straight, letting his body tower of hers.

"You learn quickly, Iata. Very quickly. Anuset did well to choose you."

Anuset nodded from his position in the side of the room. Then, with a bow, he walked to the massive stone door, pulled it open, and slipped outside before closing it. The shudder of the doors as they

closed broke a little more of Iata as she looked up; there was still fear in her eye, but it was glazed over with her desire to please the wolf statue, if only to end the humiliation and suffering.

“Come here.”

Iata struggled to her feet, letting the shards of stone drop to the ground as she gingerly walked around the shattered part of the floor; the sharp edges tore at her feet, but she tried to ignore them as she focused on the black cock in front of her.

She reached it after stumbling a few times. Her hands pulled up to gently stroke the massive length as she waited for her ordeal.

Akumet watched her for a moment as she fondled the immense cock in front of her. Then, with a low growl, he asked her a question.

“Do you want it?”

She responded in a voice filled with curiosity and submission, a strange mix of quiet softness and growing need.

“Yes, Akumet Ma. Please.”

“If you resist, you will die.”

“Yes, Akumet Ma.”

Even as she spoke the words, she felt the hot dripping of her sex against her inner thighs. With an amazed look crossing her face, she realized the constant switching between terror and submission was fueling a desire stronger than she had ever felt before.

Iata realized she truly wanted Akumet to take her and her virginity. The desire grew inside her as she gasped with the unexpected emotions that slammed into her.

She brought her attention back as she felt his claw reach down for her. She bore all of her willpower into not moving. She felt the claws, larger than her head, wrap around her wonderful mane of hair, and then clench, pulling all the strands. With growing sensations of fear and lust burning inside her, she continued to push her will into not resisting, even as the statue picked her up by her hair. Her hands snapped up, wrapping around the smooth stone to release some of the screaming pain.

Ignoring her whimper, the statue lifted her brutally and pulled her close to his smooth chest. Iata's hand lashed out, slamming against the black stone before she brought it back to support her weight. Her eyes were closed tightly as she focused on pulling herself up.

She felt the tip of the immense black cock being lined up against her wet opening. Her left hand lost its grip and she swung to the right; the hard tip of the statue's cock banged against her inner thigh as she tried to regain her balance.

Akumet lowered her slightly until his cock began to press uncomfortably into the joint of her leg and hip. Not altogether aware of her action, Iata used her dangling hand to slide between her legs and position the thick smooth tip against the pink opening of her sex; in her focused state, it was the only place that didn't hurt.

She realized her action when Akumet dropped her more, forcing the smooth tip a few centimeters into her opening; her eyes opened wide as she felt the wedge of his cock rip slightly into her virgin sex. A low gasp of surprise left her open mouth as she looked up into the black eyes of the statue.

The black statue looked down and growled, "Let go."

Iata was at a crossroads, and that realization rocked against her as she tried to calm her emotions. If she obeyed, submitted to this cruel god's will, she would be impaled on his shaft with brutal efficiency. If she disobeyed, she would die in some horrible manner, probably on the same cock. Below her, the hard shaft was poised to enter her, to claim her, like some spear. It signaled the death of her virginity, but also the beginning of something that would feed the intense desire that had begun to burn in her.

Her hands were already moving before she realized she had made a decision. Her free hand lifted up and away from her as she released her other hand. Stretching her arms out away from her, almost in the form of the cross, she closed her eyes and relaxed.

Akumet let go.

She felt the incredible length and girth of his stone shaft rip into her, stretching her impossibly wide as it tore apart her virginity and plunged deep into the wet depths of her sex. With a sense of surprise, she felt every ridge as it rippled past her stretched labia, past the tight tunnel of her sex, and filled her vagina to its very limits.

With startling clarity, she felt the smooth head punch into her womb, tearing apart the tiny opening with a surge of pain and terror. It continued to rip deeper into her body, tearing her insides

as the shaft plunged up into her. Sensations of pleasure and pain crashed against each other as she felt the hardness deep inside her, against her spine. It continued to impale her until she felt her torn opening slam hard against the base of his shaft.

Iata didn't even have time to cry out.

The world burst into sparkling pain as she tried to scream, but the air was caught in her lungs. Her entire insides felt pressure from the immense shaft as she felt it filling her completely, from sex to chest, with a hardness that terrified her.

Then, curls of pleasure grew from the shaft, spreading out through her body as she felt her insides shifting. Healing magic, more powerful than any she had ever felt before, continued to radiate from the shaft.

Shock and surprise filled her as she looked up at the golden eyes that glowed almost as bright as the sun. In her heart and her mind, she realized that Akumet would not let her die, even with the meter-long shaft impaling her.

With a shuddering breath, she closed her eyes and focused on her insides. She could feel almost every ridge of the immense cock as it filled her. Every pulse shook her body as she felt her legs dangling uselessly on each side of his length. She tried to lean back, but the pressure built inside her as Akumet's cock forced her straight, helpless to her own movements.

Her thoughts turned to Akumet and his power, his incredible power. He could kill her with a thought and keep her alive beyond human limits. The hardness inside her was sending tiny sparks of pleasure throughout her entire body as she felt the last of the healing magics fade from her body.

With the magic, the pain faded, leaving only pleasure. She felt it curling inside her, growing hotter, stronger, and more powerful with every throb of the immense cock that possessed her. A hesitant smile grew across her face as she felt a warm wetness dribbling down her leg - her excitement.

With a start, Iata realized she wasn't paying attention, and focused on looking again. The raw emotions and sensations boiling inside her were distracting her from the words of her master.

Her master.

Iata realized he owned her. And more surprising was that she wanted him; the control and power he had over her sent a sexual frenzy through her thoughts as she tried to shift on the cock inside her; her body ached to feel it moving inside, stuffing her to her limits and drawing out endless pleasures from its ridged length.

She looked up at the statue with pleading eyes.

“Please.”

The statue’s eyes flared a brilliant gold and she felt energy crackling along every centimeter of her skin. It teased her, tugging up on her skin until she felt it lift her off the immense shaft. The slow movement up drew more pleasures through her as she felt her labia cling to every ridge and bump. At the black rod slid out of her body, she heard it dripping with her own juices. More waves of energy trailed over her body, teasing her ass and arms and holding her in the cross-position as it pulled her completely off the spear that had stolen her virginity.

Cold air rushed into the wet depths of her gaping pussy before the energy pushed her back down onto it, shoving the black length into her willing body. Her moan of pleasure vibrated through her entire self as she relaxed against the energy and focused solely on the sensations of the manhood rippling inside her.

Energy prickled against her hard nipples, drawing them out as she felt the statue’s cock settle inside her; her body pressed tightly against his base before the energies flared up again and pulled her off slowly. Her entire body clenched around it, trying to keep the hardness inside her; her entire self shivered as she felt the wetness inside her increase.

The magical force of Akumet lifted and pushed her down on the shaft, plunging the cock into a body not large enough to handle it, but Iata felt no pain, no suffering. Her world had become focused on that black cock as she closed her eyes and surrendered to the intense sensations that drew orgasm after orgasm out of her body.

After a countless time of solid waves of pleasure and sharp bolts of ecstasy, Iata finally wondered if Akumet would ever come. Her body ached, but she still felt every iota of pleasure with her mind. Her body was soaked with sweat and oil and she gasped for breath as she tried to force the tortuous energies to speed up, to claim her faster.

Akumet suddenly growled, a deep tone that sent vibrations through her entire body. Inside her, she felt his cock swell, straining her insides to the very limit.

The first jet of cum burst inside her, filling her almost instantly. She could feel the hot wetness inside her begin to build in pressure; the immense cock stuffed into her opening prevented any escape as he continued to jet hard surge after surge inside her.

The building pressure around the shaft sent her into another orgasm. Her hands strained against the energy as she threw back her head and screamed; pure pleasure raged over her as her master came inside her body.

As the surges continued, Akumet drew out slowly, letting the empty ache fill with his cum until she felt like she was going to explode. With a final jerk, he ripped his shaft out of her sex; her scream of pleasure echoed shrilly against the walls.

Behind the massive shaft, liters of black cum poured out of her sex, splashing on the floor into a pool of darkness. Iata didn't see it, but she felt every drip of the hot cum as it flooded out of her. Even the sensations of releasing the cum sent another smaller orgasm through her.

Finally, it was over.

Iata looked up, her breasts heaving for breath. She caught the golden eyes of the dark lord.

“Akumet Ma.”

For the first time ever, she said it because she meant it.

t'Sade

Rings in Motion

7

Soft hands gently cleaned away the mud splatters on the stone. No polish glinted on the nails, nor did rings tinkle with the soft, steady movements as they scraped out a thin trail of mud from the ridges. Almost caressing, the fingertips brushed along the scene elegantly carved into the rock; the depiction of a woman, in her thirties, spread open for a long line of men, was vibrant both in detail and in depth. Binis continued to smile gently as she used her fingernail to remove a tiny rock from the stone legs before stretching up.

Five years had passed since the night Anuset took her on the wooden cross. In passing, those years had helped heal, but not hide, the marks of the merchant and his tortures. Her scars faded over time, leaving a faint scrollwork that covered almost every centimeter of her body. Her hair had grown back slowly, sending dark waves down to brush the upper edges of her shoulder blades. She still had a slight limp in her right leg, but almost every other sign of her torture had disappeared with time.

Down the hall, barely twelve paces away, Jubi and Corbin were giggling quietly as they splashed some water on the wall; most of it managed to splatter against them as they burst into more laughter. One of Corbin's hands stroked Jubi's side as he scraped the mud from the wall with his other. His eyes sparkled with laughter as he moved with easy strokes; the years had passed quickly for him, once he had accepted his position in the temple.

Jubi giggled softly and made a show of concentrating on the stone beneath her hand. But the roaming hand along her body interrupted her as she curled her fingers over his. "No... no, Corbin, not now. We have much to do before Anuset Ma arrives."

Corbin hesitated for a moment, then pulled his hand back. Even though his expression was submissive, there was a cheerful sparkle in his eyes. With a sigh, he sat back on his heels and looked over the mud-splattered walls of the hallway.

“Jubi Ma, why are we doing this? I thought all of us were beyond this years ago?”

Jubi looked over, a faintly troubled expression on her face. “It reminds us of our place in this temple.”

Corbin watched his mistress as she tried to remove a stubborn stain from the rock. After a few moments, he snorted, “You can’t possibly believe that crap you just said.”

His voice was a low growl, but immediately fear flickered in his eyes. Jubi looked back with the same troubled expression and shook her head. “Sorry, Corbin Ji.”

Sitting down, Jubi turned around to rest her back against the cold stone wall. Her naked breasts heaved slightly as she sighed deeply. She let the wet sponge drop to the ground and looked down the hall. Binis looked up and smiled; she walked over when Jubi beckoned for her.

“Take a break, Binis...” She paused for a moment on the slave’s title, but never finished the sentence. The young woman didn’t seem to notice the sudden troubled expression in her eyes and sat down next to Corbin. She briefly stroked her fingers along his thigh before leaning against his shoulder.

Corbin strokes Binis’ hair, then looked back at his mistress as he said, “Then why are we doing this? Why do we keep getting these jobs?”

Jubi sighed again. “Anuset Ma is very busy and unable-”

Binis interrupted, “...to concentrate on anything other than Iata.”

Corbin spoke up as he pushed mud around on the floor. “You mean her large tits?”

Binis pinched him briefly with a sly smile. “No, silly, her attempts to take over the temple from Anuset while doing everything she can to make sure Akumet doesn’t know.”

There was a stunned silence as her mistress stared at her for a second before saying, “How did you know?”

They both looked at Binis for a moment while the raven-haired girl frowned before speaking. “Isn’t it obvious? She is using her

position as Zo to hide her thoughts from Akumet Ma and Anuset Ma.”

Corbin shook his head. “No, I had no clue it was anything beyond a pair of firm tits and nice ass.”

Jubi poked him. “This is serious, Ji, Iata is threatening the very structure of our temple.”

“How?”

“All slaves are brought up from the lowest ranks, slaves of slaves. As they progress in the temple, they learn what it is to be a slave of a master, then more of a master than a slave. Then, if they are lucky, they become master of all except Akumet Ma.”

“Anuset Ma.”

She nodded. “Anuset spent his entire life serving one master after another until Akumet himself called him into his service.”

Binis patted Corbin on the lap. “On the other hand, the golden bitch was just given control over her slave; she has never been a slave and never submissive.”

Corbin thought for a second before saying, “Kind of like being an officer without going through the ranks.”

Both women giggled and nodded. Corbin chuckled after a second, finally realizing he understood a lot more than he thought.

All three laughed briefly before Binis suddenly stopped and stood up. Her eyes hardened for a second, then twinkled with a playful light. Jubi and Corbin looked up, confusion crossing their faces.

Jubi’s soft voice said, “What is it, Binis?”

The slave’s eyes glittered for a moment before she knelt down briefly. “Where is Kineli studying?”

A frown crossed Jubi’s face. “I don’t see what that-”

The young slave’s voice became more insistent. “Please, Jubi Ma, where is Kineli?”

“Fourth floor, the ring room. Why?”

Binis smiled, a strange smile speaking of an emotion Jubi had never seen before. “Please meet me there in about twenty minutes? After you tell Anuset Ma?”

Jubi nodded and Binis started to head down the hallway quickly. Standing up, her mistress called out, “Tell Anuset Ma? Where are you going?”

Binis looked back over her shoulder, a smoldering lust already burning in her eyes. "To get in trouble, Jubi Ma."

"To get in trouble...?" But Jubi's voice was left alone as Binis disappeared around the corner with a twirl of her black hair. The brown-haired mistress stared for a second before looking down at Corbin; the warrior shrugged and stood up.

"What is going on, Jubi Ma?"

"I don't know, Corbin, I don't know-"

A deep growl from Anuset interrupted her. "Where is she?"

Both slaves spun around to see the glowering form of Anuset. A dark violence boiled in his eyes as he stood in the center of the hall. Taut muscles vibrated in his neck as his hands balled into tight fists.

Jubi blinked, trying to gather her thoughts when Anuset stepped forward; his anger seemed to wash over both of them as they felt the walls begin to press closer. Standing his ground, Corbin cast his eyes down and waited for the blow.

Jubi didn't back down, but pulled a somewhat innocent expression onto her face. When she spoke, it was soft and submissive. "Where is who, Anuset Ma?"

The dark growl came back, "Anuset Jubi Binis Ve." The force of using Binis' full name almost crackled against the walls of the temple.

Still holding the innocent expression across her fear, Jubi responded quietly, "I'm sorry, Ma, she left this hall not less than a minute ago."

Dark eyes narrowed. "Why? Where is she?"

Realization gathered in Jubi's eyes as Binis' words drifted through her mind. When she spoke, there was a tinge of humor in her voice. "I believe she is heading toward the fourth floor, near the ring room."

Anuset's head bobbed slightly as he looked at the mud-splattered hall. "She left without finishing?"

Jubi nodded, feeling the harsh wave of anger brush across her. Next to her, Corbin stood silently. Anuset glared at both of them for a second.

"Meet me in the ring room in twenty minutes. If you see her, bring her along."

Both slaves spoke up to hide their growing confusion. “Yes, Anuset Ma.”

With a spin of his loincloth, Anuset stormed out of the hallway, heading toward the nearest stairs. Corbin watched until he no longer heard Anuset’s pounding feet, then looked at his mistress with confusion.

“Jubi Ma? What is happening?”

Jubi, her eyes still riveted to the opening Anuset had left, spoke softly. “I don’t know, but I have an idea. We need to prepare the ring room.”

“Is he going to torture her?”

Jubi didn’t answer because she knew Corbin already knew the answer.

—

Anuset’s presence beat against the walls of the temple as he stormed down the hallways. Any slave with even a hint of awareness avoided him, fading from stone hallways until he was completely alone. His bare feet smacked against the hard surface as his eyes scanned each crack and crevice for Binis.

Moving around the corner, he saw a soft form moments before crashing into Binis. A large urn of wine shattered between them; the red splash of liquid coated both Binis and Anuset as they caught sight of each other.

Binis looked back, a strange fire of playfulness and submissiveness in her eyes, and Anuset felt his anger blow away like wisps of smoke. The furious words caught in his throat as he found himself lost in her dark brown eyes, which glimmered in the torchlight as she looked up, letting any pretense of fear fade away. Anuset felt his heart and loins react to her look, an aching desire beginning to burn inside him.

“Binis... Ve, why did you... leave?”

All anger had fled. His voice quavered for a second as he struggled with his own emotions.

“Because you need this, Anuset Ma.” Her voice was steady and clear, like her eyes. Anuset felt his world seem to shake in time with his rapidly beating heart.

“Need... what?”

With a slight smile, Binis casually reached around the corner, beyond Anuset's sight, and pulled out a small bottle of wine. A faint white mist still hung around the opening, signs that she had opened it barely seconds before he hit her. With the same expression, she brazenly reached forward and splashed some on his feet and legs.

He stared in disbelief as she emptied almost half the bottle onto him, then drew his eyes up to her. Binis' gaze was almost a perfect mix of taunting and sensuality; her voice was tinged with mock fear as she spoke in a soft whisper.

"Please, Anuset Ma, please don't punish me..."

Her voice was filled with mock horror even as it trailed off, but she made her point as she emptied another quarter of the bottle on his loincloth and chest; his cock began to strain against the soaked fabric as he frowned. With a growl, his hand snapped forward to yank the bottle from her hand.

"Why are you doing this? Do you want to be punished?"

Binis let her eyes cast down as she spoke in a submissive tone, her breasts sparkling with the wine as it dribbled down her curves. "As Anuset Ma wishes."

Thoughts darted across his mind as a slow, incredulous look crossed his face. "You want... you want to be punished?"

"As Anuset Ma wishes."

He glared at her for a moment, trying to break with will behind the strange, playful smile that tweaked her lips. When he spoke, it felt like ten years of emotions had been put into a single word. "Why?"

Binis looked up, her eyes steady. "Because if you found anyone else, you'd hurt them. You are so frustrated inside that you would lash out, and maybe even kill, anyone else."

Anuset's eyes narrowed. "But you know I could never hurt you."

A smile quirked her lips as she said, "I am Ve, one who trusts. You can cause me pain and suffering, but never death. You need this more than me, Anuset Ma, and I would gladly take anyone's place to fill that need."

He felt his cock hardened with the raw sensuality in her eyes, a strange mixture of defiance and submissiveness. He felt his heart skip a beat as he watched her rock her hips slightly, and breathed

deeply. Her lidded eyes looked up at her master as the smile grew on her face.

His gaze softened but Binis shook her head. “No, Anuset Ma, don’t love me.”

Confusion glimmered in his eyes as he pulled his hand away. Binis smiled softly. She whispered softly as she raised her finger to his lips, “Hate me instead, Ma.”

“Hate...?”

“Yes, hate me. Pour your anger into me; strike out at your favorite slave instead.”

Anuset didn’t say anything, just searched her gaze for answers to questions that he didn’t know how to ask. Binis continued to stare into his eyes as she whispered, so softly he could barely hear it, “Hurt me, master. Spare those who cannot take your anger and give it to one who can.”

His heart pounded in his chest as he took a deep breath. His gaze softened for a second, but he pulled his anger around him like a cloak. Dredging from the depths of his emotion, he pulled up every ounce of anger and rage until his chest ached for release.

Binis held her breath as she saw his eyes shine with the intensity of his emotions. A faint smell of her sweet excitement started to drift through the room as she rubbed her thighs together in anticipation.

Pulling hard on his emotions, he stood up straight and glowered down at the insolent slave. Binis dropped her smile and pulled a mask of mock fear across her face.

Resisting the urge to break his mood, he snarled at the insolent slave in front of him, “What should I do to you, slave?”

With a gasp of fear, she cringed slightly. “I don’t... An... Anuset Ma. I don’t know...”

Her voice trailed off as she let some of the wine dribble out of the bottle. Anuset’s hand snapped out, smacking the air next to her ear as he pointed behind her. “Go to the ring room, slave.”

She hesitated for a second and he roared at her, “Now!”

The force of his yell, coupled with the magic that burst out with his anger, slammed against the walls, vibrating deeply against the heavy stone. Binis cringed from the force that beat down on her as

she spun around on the slick floor. Her hands smacked against the walls as she scrambled down the hall.

Watching her disappear around the corner, Anuset's eyes narrowed and he concentrated on the emotional links to the temple. Tendrils of power called out to his slaves, pulling the desire of every man to the ring room. Around the temple, men set down their implements and tools and started to walk toward the fourth floor, called by the power of their master. Even as they walked, they could feel a hungry desire stirring their loins.

With a contented sigh, the pleasure of releasing emotions, he padded forward toward the ring room. His bare feet slapped against the stone as he stepped into the torture room, the room hated by almost every slave in the entire temple, including himself.

The ambiance of the room was one of power and fear. The walls were adorned with precise images of human anatomy. Tools of torture and pleasure hung from the walls, seemingly held up by the grips of the men and women depicted on the stone.

Dominating the center of the room was the ring, a massive circle of silver almost twelve feet in diameter. Nothing held the ring upright except for the raw energy of magic that crackled along its polished surface. More waves of energy pooled in the center of the ring, like a translucent ball of force straining against its invisible bounds.

In their first year, most slaves learned to hate the ring; many still did. Anuset remembered many hours being whipped and raped while caught in its bounds, but he pushed those thoughts aside to concentrate as he looked around. The memories pressed against the walls, but no cleaning could remove the sense of terror that beat in them.

Jubi and Corbin were already standing there, one on each side of Kineli as she forced out the final word of power that would activate the ring. As the word hung in the air, a glowing silver radiance curled up along the metal of the ring, a fire that would burn flesh, not stone. Waves of heat and energy filled the room for a second before the silvery flame was sucked into the center of the ring, into the sphere of power.

Binis stood in front of the ring, her head hanging down as the waves reached out for her naked skin. More crackling of energy

poured against the walls, hinting of magics older than Anuset himself. Waves of silvery energy dripped off the ring and splashed against her back, warming her skin before quickly fading.

Anuset growled softly, his need to lash out beginning to grow, “String her up.”

—

Kineli and Corbin lurched forward, moving to each side of Binis. As the young girl took Binis’ hand, she whispered softly, “Are you sure?”

Binis nodded and mouthed the word, “Please,” before allowing the two slaves to draw her hands above her head. Taut muscles flexed beneath her scarred skin as she held her wrists together. With a deep breath, she stepped into the sphere of almost invisible energy.

Tiny arcs of pain and power coursed through her system, briefly igniting the alcohol splashed on her breasts and curving up to the ring. As the first flickers of silver magic brushed against the smooth ring, there was a subtle change of energy and Binis was drawn up toward them. At the same time, her legs were pulled apart by the same silver energy.

She felt her muscles protest the sudden movement, being pulled in four directions by the power of the ring until she was spreadeagled. Her stomach quivered as the energy tightened, pulling her limbs to their limits; a soft whimper of surprise and pain escaped her lips, but she focused on the stone wall ahead.

In less than a second, the ring had pulled her tightly apart, holding her in the air until every fiber of her body protested with the brief pain. Kineli barked out a short word of power and the tightening stopped; Binis gasped for a moment and she struggled for breath in her position. Her wrists tried to turn, to relax, but the energies held her tightly in place.

Except for a few muscle twitches, Binis found herself helpless in the bounds of energy. Anuset walked forward, to pace around her as he admired her body. The slick skin strained over her muscles as she whimpered softly. His gaze drifted down, to admire the splayed out entrance to her sex and the curve of her taut buttocks. A few stray dribbles of wine curled around her right ass and slid along the crack to tease at the pink opening of her anus.

Anuset smiled, a cruel look that filled the hearts of his slaves with fear. He stopped in front of her, a dark look burning in his eyes.

“Do you remember the last time you were helpless in front of me?”

She gasped, her breath coming in shallow shudders from the strain of her position. “Yes, Anuset Ma.”

His face moved closer until his breath teased her cheek. “You think you know me. You think you know what I want, but you don’t.”

A flicker of amusement filled her eyes, but the fear still hung across her face. “As you wish, Anuset Ma.”

Anuset growled deeply, his body projecting the growing desire of power he felt over her. Binis felt herself warm beneath the energy of his emotions.

He curtly looked over to the young torturer. “Seal her lower openings.”

Kineli bobbed her head and stepped forward. Letting one finger slide down the taut skin, she gently stroked it along the quivering opening of Binis’ anus. Soft words of magic danced from her lips as she gently pressed her finger tighter against the wrinkled opening; it parted slightly under the pressure. The final word of power hung in the air for a moment and Binis felt a strange tightening around the finger. When Kineli pulled her digit back, only a faint sparkling of energy told her the spell was set.

Anuset stepped back as Kineli padded around and ran her finger along the soaked slit of Binis’ sex. As the tied girl moaned, Kineli smiled and slipped one finger along the tiny bump of her clitoris. Another soft moan, almost too quiet for Anuset’s ears, rewarded her as she moved her finger back into the liquid opening, dipping against her inner ridges.

Binis’ neck tightened as she strained against the finger which swirled around inside her womanhood, teasing her senses as the words of power began to slip past Kineli’s lips. The young girl could feel her try to shove her hips forward, but the magical bounds prevented any such movement. Tears of frustration began to pour down her face as the young torturer finished the final word of power. As she withdrew her finger, a faint sparkling of energy remained behind.

When Kineli stepped back, Anuset stepped forward again. “Do you know the purpose of that spell, slave?”

“No, Anuset Ma.”

Anuset eyes glittered dangerously for a moment. “It’s called a seal. It has a more formal name, but its true purpose is obvious enough. Any object, be it finger, cock, or tongue may ravish your tender holes with barrier. But anything else will remain inside, sealed into those tight orifices until the magic is broken.”

He set his words set in as he trailed a finger across the sweat-slicked breast and twisted hard on her erect nipple. A whimper of pain escaped her throat, but she kept her eyes straight ahead on the stone wall. He looked up, letting the cruelty burn in his eyes.

“In your position, twenty men could rape you without trouble. They could fill you with their seed until it felt like it would drip down your legs in violated ecstasy.” He paused for a second, then went on, “But it won’t. Twenty men will fill your emptiness and it will stay inside. Thirty more will come inside and you will begin to fill.”

Binis’ eyes glanced down, a slight fear trembling inside the dark brown depths. Anuset glared and smiled without humor. “Forty will cause you pain, as your insides begin to swell from the pressure of their liquid.”

His voice grew softer as he whispered into her ear, “How many can you take? How much cum can fill your cunt, your ass, until you beg for mercy?”

The whimpered answer, filled with fear, sent a thrill of pleasure through him. He watched a drop of sweat slide along her ear and splash on her shoulder before he spoke again.

“I know you, Ve. I know the tortures I have submitted you to have left you willing, able to take man after man until you pass from exhaustion. But, this time, each man you take will push you that closer to agony. Can you take it, Ve?”

Binis pushed out the words, trembling with fear. “As Anuset Ma wishes.”

“We shall see.”

The master of the temple stepped back and walked around her. He could still hear Binis’ soft gasp for breath and the smell of her sweat as he looked at Corbin. “You start, the others will follow.”

The male slave's cock was already erect as he stared at the naked Binis with rape desire. When he spoke, his voice was harsh, but excited. "Yes, Anuset Ma."

With an almost eager movement, he jumped forward to roughly grab Binis' tightly pulled buttocks. His fingers stroked along the seam of her body, briefly enjoying the feel of hot flesh beneath his touch. Her body sunk slightly as Kineli brought her opening to the height of his straining shaft with the magic of the ring.

Slowly, he brought his hard cock to rest at the entrance of her ass. The wrinkled opening tightened in response to the slick wedge that teased her. His hands gripped her hips tightly as he lunged forward, burying the length of his cock into her tight ass. Her spread legs gave her no way to resist the hard member as it easily disappeared into the buttery heat of her depths.

Binis screamed out in surprise, pain, and pleasure. She knew it was for Anuset, for his pleasure only, and it pleased her to see his cock twitch with excitement. Behind her, Corbin was already thrusting hard inside her, ramming his cock into her strained ass with short, almost impatient strokes. Binis' scream died into a whimper as she let her head roll forward. Her arms and legs strained against the magical bounds as Corbin used her immobility for his greatest pleasure.

It took only a few seconds before he roared out in pleasure and she felt his hot cum pump deep into her ass. She whimpered briefly before Corbin slipped out. The brown ring of her ass puffed out around his shaft, but not a single drop of cum escaped its sparkling embrace.

He looked at his almost dry shaft in amazement, then at the slave's back. His lips against her back, between her shoulder blades, surprised her, but her dark eyes were already staring at the entrance to the ring room.

Filling the entrance to the room were the men Anuset had summoned. The stone entrance almost bulged as they watched in silent anticipation, awaiting the command of their master's master. Corbin could see that almost every man's manhood was erect after watching he and Binis. A faint flush crossed his face as he stepped down and stood next to Jubi.

Anuset's eyes glittered darkly as he looked at the mass of men. His eyes moved to a simple chair in the corner of the room. Pulling his face into a mask of tight anger, he gave the waiting slaves a withering glare.

"Ass and cunt. Take her as much as you want, but be quick about it." He started toward the chair as he finished, "This is for my pleasure, not yours."

A brief chorus of "Yes, Anuset Ma" filled the room before the naked slaves, their cocks eager to fill her body, started to file into the room. Binis kept her eyes focused on Anuset. He sat down heavily and motioned for Kineli and Jubi to join him. They moved quietly and knelt before him, ignoring the hard stone floor as they stared into his eyes.

Binis barely saw the slave in front of her, nor the one behind her as they entered her as one. Her cry of pleasure and pain was soft as she felt the hard shafts easily penetrate her body, plunging up inside her aching depths. Her eyes continued to stare at Anuset. Her legs quivered as she tried to close them, but the magic of the ring flared up to leave a hint of ozone in the air.

A soft sucking noise filled the room as they grabbed onto her breasts and hips and started to thrust. Their shafts, hard and throbbing, easily penetrated her body, stroking and pounding each nerve and opening with a brutal efficiency. Hips and pelvises slapped hard against the bound slave until she began to whimper with the effort. Her body shivered as she felt the man in front of her come inside her, filling her aching depths with his hot cum.

He looked up, a soft man with harsh hands, and smiled. A thankful look crossed his face as he hesitated for a moment before kissing her lightly between the mounds of her breasts.

Binis smiled in hidden amusement, then let the gasp of pleasure loose as the next man entered her roughly. Her voice cried out softly with each stroke as her eyes unfocused, to concentrate on the sensations of two hard shafts plunging in and out of her tight holes.

The smell of their excitement hung in the air around her as the male slave came hard in her ass; his final strokes shook her body from their intensity. Her whimpers of pain were drowned out by the gasps of the slave's efforts and her own moans of pleasure.

With a wet slurping sound, but no liquid, he slipped out of her and kissed her on the back before stepping aside for the next man to enter her roughly. Harsh hands gripped her hips and thighs as the thick shaft slammed into her ass.

By an unspoken command, no slave stepped between Anuset and Binis; whenever her eyes focused on her master, there was no one standing between them. Her eyes focused on his head, his chest, his cock underneath the loincloth as she felt another man enter her hard, ramming his length into her sloshing insides. The look of anger and lust in his eyes pushed her over the edge and she felt the sparkles of an orgasm crash into her body.

The dark-haired slave tried to catch her breath after her orgasm. Already she could feel the hot wetness begin to fill her sex and ass, the slickness allowed thrusting shafts to easily penetrate her body to her very limits. More waves of pleasure built up as the slaves stroked and touched her body. Each one that came inside her kissed her lightly between the breasts or shoulder blades before stepping away.

Each new slave entered her hard. The only lubrication came from their own pre-cum before they entered the slick depths of her body. Each thrust sent hard waves of pleasure to crash against her strained breath and limbs.

Binis' whimpers and moans filled the room as the slaves began to take her two at a time. The ones raping her ass came faster, taking four men for every one that finished inside the wet depths of her womanhood. The wet sensations started to filter into her senses as the men began to fill her with hot slickness.

Jubi and Kineli watched for a second, then saw Anuset's length throb in his loincloth. Silently, they leaned forward to free the massive member from its cloth prison. Binis watched, her mind half-focused on the thrusting slaves and half on the two women. Kineli curled with the flexibility of youth and brought his balls into her mouth as Jubi mouthed the tip of her master's shaft before bobbing down on it.

Anuset's eyes never looked down as she found her gaze caught in his. Each thrust inside her was ignored, the building pressure and pleasure pushed aside as she stared into his eyes, caught in her own

emotions. Her whimpers felt distant as her body shook with each stroke, each thrust, but the ecstasy continued to grow.

Inside Binis' body, she could feel the pressure being to build. Man after man filled her holes with their cum and stepped away with a kiss. Individually, it was slick, but after so many men, the seal began to press on the insides of her rectum and vagina.

A steady glow of pleasure burned inside her, pushing away the ache of her limbs, as another man entered her ass with two hard strokes. His cock plunged into the soaked depths of her body, coming almost immediately. He kissed her gently and stepped away, letting the next man enter her.

Binis moaned in rapture.

It felt like forever before the shafts inside her began to hurt, stretching her inner walls between their hardness and the seed that filled her. Soon, each stroke became a twinge of pain from the pressure.

The hands on her hips held her tightly as they continued to pound into her abused openings, filling the wet tightness with hard shafts, filling her to her limits. Binis screamed in pleasure and pain, straining to fight the bounds that held her tightly apart. Her body shook from the force of her orgasms as she accepted each iota of pain and ecstasy.

But still the men came, entering her two at a time, one in her ass and one in her sex. A faint bulge of her abdomen showed the pressure building, but they continued to penetrate her sore openings until they exploded in their own orgasm.

Binis' loud scream of pain set Anuset off. His hands dropped to Jubi's head, holding her down as his body shook with the effort of his own orgasm. His eyes never left hers as she continued to take man after man.

A thick dribble of cum began to drip out of Jubi's mouth as she strained to swallow his seed as fast as he came. With a start, she realized that each surge of his shaft matched one of her own screams or whimpers almost perfectly. With each jerk of his hips, she saw the anger fading until his face finally relaxed.

Then, he was done. His hand pushed the two slave girls away from him. Binis whimpered as another slave came inside her, filling her almost to the limit. In front of her, the line was shorter as most

of the male slaves finished their part of the torment and left. With part of her mind, she realized Corbin was back in line, for his second, third or maybe even fourth round.

Anuset stood up silently and only Binis and the two female slaves at his feet noticed. Binis strained to hear his words as he looked down at her mistress, Jubi.

“Jubi Ve...”

“Yes, Anuset Ma.”

“Thank you.”

Without another word, he disappeared into the crowd of men and was gone. Jubi looked around at Binis as she took the long, thin shaft of a darker-colored man with a whimper. The smile grew as Binis felt Jubi’s hunger against her soaked skin. The young female slave nestled closer to Jubi, also watching Binis as she felt the thin cock of a dark-skinned man enter her sex with two short strokes.

“Jubi Ma, how long should she be up there?”

“As long as she can. Anuset Ma can still feel her in his heart.”

“Is he...?”

“Yes, just watching her up there took out most of the pain we’ve felt growing inside him.”

“How long will it last?”

“Months, years, forever. I don’t know. As long as Binis is here, we help her when she decides to take his pain.”

“How did she do it? Anuset Ma has been torturing his slaves for weeks, being brutal and vicious, and she manages to fulfill every need in a matter of hours?”

“She... knows what he really needed. What his heart and soul needed, not what his mind thought he needed.”

Binis frowned to herself, trying to understand the words and their meaning. Behind her, a thick cock rammed into her, causing her insides to cramp from the building pressure. She closed her eyes, her master gone, and leaned into the strokes; the ring sparkled with silver energy as she strained again against her bounds.

Words came drifting over the sound of slapping flesh, Kineli’s voice. “You think she is...?”

Jubi nodded and then smiled, “We wait. Until she can’t take it anymore and her scream echoes throughout the temple.”

The thick cock inside her yanked out, already dry from the magics, and another took his place. Binis moaned softly, her voice already hoarse from her torments.

Kineli spoke up again, confusion filling her voice as she said, “Why do they kiss her? Every man has, even the ones who came more than once.”

Jubi responded after a heartbeat. “I think because they know why. I think they know how close many of them came to death, but were saved because she was willing to go through this.”

“I could never do that, Jubi Ma.”

“I know.”

—

Many hours later, Binis was reaching her limits. She no longer felt the cocks inside her, just the steady, growing pain that swamped her senses. Sweat dripped off her body as she screamed one long note of suffering and pain. Everyone could see that she no longer saw things, but that her entire world had become focused on the bulge above her hips. Each movement sent fresh agony through her, but she never asked for mercy. Each plunge of throbbing shaft buried inside an ocean of cum and sex before pulling out dry.

Beyond her awareness, the men slowed down and stopped. They looked at Jubi, the only person of power in the room, and asked their silent question. She nodded and pointed toward the door; they began to leave in silence, to return to their jobs and duties.

The smell of sex and cum filled the air, mixing with the incense, as the girl finally begged for mercy on the ring. Her voice cracked from screaming, but she still managed to whimper as her body cramped from the pressure inside.

Binis heard and felt nothing, her body caught in a constant pulse of pain. Her sex felt like it was straining to rip open, to burst inside her. Each breath sent fresh bolts of pain through her nerves as she struggled to bring oxygen to her brain. Her sex and ass were spread obscenely open, the sparkling of energy the only thing holding back the thick white wave inside her.

Soon, the room was empty except for the three women. Jubi finally stood up and walked toward the ring. Binis’ eyes barely focused on her as she stared out in shock and pain. Her mistress

gently reached up and held Binis' head, forcing her to look into her eyes. Slowly, the dark brown eyes focused on her mistress.

"Binis Ve, you did well."

Binis struggled with the word, but they finally came out in a raspy noise that spoke of hours of screaming, "Did Anuset Ma...?"

"Yes, he did. But you have two more before you're done."

A look of struggle crossed the strained slave's face, a will to survive and fight the pain that dominated her senses. "As... as Anuset Ma wishes."

Jubi smiled and whispered softly, "Not as Jubi Ma wishes?"

A strangled whimper was her response as Binis tried to shake her head. Her body spasmed briefly, almost tearing her muscles as they pulled on the magical force of the ring.

Jubi smiled, a soft smile of acknowledgment, not the anger Binis had half-expected. Her mistress lifted a balled-up fist to Binis' face and waited for the brown eyes to focus through the pain. Slowly, they riveted themselves onto her hand.

With a smile filled with sorrow and other emotions, Jubi opened her hand to reveal a single diamond earring. She spoke in a whisper the words that almost every slave begged to hear sometime in their life.

"From Zo to Ve, we do our master's will. Many fail at Ji or Ki, unable to accept life or death on that will. At each step, each position, we surrender more of our life to our master, letting them dominate us until our very existence is threatened."

Kineli's jaw dropped as Jubi continued in a soft, reverent tone. "Then there is Ama, our greatest of titles. Ama, those who are their own master. They do their own will because it is their master's. They desire with every fiber of their being to live, because they know that, no matter what they do, they are doing their master's will."

With a tender look, she reached up and affixed the earring to Binis' right ear, sliding it into one of the holes that had never healed from the merchant's tortures almost five years before. Tears began to drip from her eyes as she continued.

"We are naked in our master's eyes because we cannot surrender. There is no position but our master. There is no money, treasure, or even faith that surrounds our culture. The only sign of one who has

truly surrendered is a single badge. For your master, Anuset, it is his loincloth. For you, this earring.”

Her voice trailed off for a second but she took a deep breath and continued, “Akumet Anuset Binis Ama, you are no longer my slave. You belong to Akumet Anuset Ama and no one else.”

Kineli gasped, the tears pouring down her face as sorrow and happiness burned in her eyes. The words she spoke were the formal words of release, of transferring a slave from master to master. Binis felt joy surging inside her as she sobbed hard; the pain in her body was overcome by the fierce pleasure that burned in her heart.

Energy crackled in the room, a thick beating of some supernatural heart. The words of the release hung in the air, vibrating with their intensity before exploding silently. All three women gasped from the raw energy that burst from the room, filling the halls with the power of the newest Ama and her release.

Somewhere, Binis found the words, “Thank... thank you, Jubi.”

Humor flickered in her former mistress’ eyes. Jubi grinned. “Ah, but I said there were two more. May I and my slave pleasure you one last time, Binis Ama, before you leave us for Anuset?”

Pain flickered in her eyes, begging to be released as Binis’ body spasmed once again. When she spoke, it was a croak.

“Please.”

Elsewhere in the temple, Anuset looked up from his paperwork and felt a strange joy burst in his heart. A single tear rolled down his face as he closed his eyes in time for the energy of Jubi’s spell to fill the room with a warm presence.

t'Sade

Betrayal

8

Anuset stopped in front of Iata's door with distaste. He gazed icily at the detailed carving on the stone door; Iata had commissioned it almost as soon as she entered the temple, a little over seven years ago. Ever since, she had been a thorn in his side, but there was nothing he could do. The door was a pictorial homage to her body, showing off every curve and seductive gaze that the woman possessed, in excruciating detail.

A feeling of sickness in his stomach flipped over, reminding him of the anger that still haunted his dreams. With a desire to leave as quickly as possible, he knocked hard on the door. His strength barely budged the stone surface as a dull booming cracked through the hall.

After a minute, a sensuous voice called out, strangely clear through the thick stone, "Come in, Anuset."

Snarling, he shoved at the door, forcing it to swing open as he stepped inside. His snarl slowly faded as he gave the room an icy gaze.

Every stone surface was covered in pillows, tapestries, and pictures. Statues of Iata adorned each corner of the massive bed that dominated the room. A thick pile rug, imported from the mainland, reached from wall to wall. Tapestries from her native land, wherever that was, filled the walls.

Anuset hated it. He preferred the clean lines of stone with their delicate carvings. Over the years, his own blood and sweat had gone into building the temple she was desecrating. For almost a decade he had been among the slaves, carrying stone up wooden scaffolds and setting it down. He had lived in the empty walls of this temple

long before he became master of them. His eyes narrowed as he glared at the walls, hating the suffocating sense of the room.

Finally, his gaze focused on the source of his anger, Iata. She was leaning against a statue of herself as she watched him with amusement. Her breasts, still firm after almost a decade, rose and fell with her calm breath. Her fingers idly stroked the stone statue of herself, teasing her double's flanks as she waited. A faint sheen of oil and perfume clung to her body, magnifying the golden appearance.

The master of the temple growled, "What do you want, Iata Zo?"

The sweet reply came back immediately. "It's Iata Ama."

Anuset narrowed his eyes. "No, it's Zo. You do not do Akumet's will. You barely acknowledge him as your master."

A shrug sent ripples of golden flesh along her firm body. "He is not here. Why should I obey a master who never commands me?"

"You are Zo."

With a sinuous movement, Iata glided into the center of the room, toward Anuset. Her hips swayed gently back and forth, framing the delicate pink folds between her legs.

As she reached him, she slid her hands up his chest and looked into his eyes with her own golden brown ones. "Why do you fight?"

Shoving her back a foot, Anuset stepped away from the seductress. "Because you are wrong. I do not understand why Akumet Ma insisted that you be his; you should have been given to a slave, at least for a decade."

A soft smile crossed her face, but her eyes flickered with cruelty. "Ah, I remember. You started to call yourself 'Anuset Ve' because you felt you no longer knew Akumet's will."

Anuset growled deeply, his right hand balling into a fist. "When it comes to you, I don't."

"And yet your slaves still call you Ama."

"And yet your slaves still call you Zo," came back the snarled reply. "Our slaves determine who we are in this culture, not the other way around. You do not chose your title, your position - it is chosen for you."

Iata sighed and stretched, showing off the firm swells of her body. "But what of the need to progress faster? To control those who want to be controlled?"

Anuset had some difficulty keeping his eyes away from her body. The soft curves seemed to magnify a lust that even his anger couldn't burn down. Pushing those thoughts aside, he imagined strangling her before speaking. "There is no place for that here."

"Oh, really?" The wry response hung in the room for a moment while Anuset stared at the golden woman with an icy gaze. Iata glided back to an expensive chest and picked up a crystal bottle.

"Wine?"

Anuset shook his head and stood there, waiting. As Iata poured herself a cup of the blood-red liquid, he growled softly, "What do you want, Zo?"

She didn't respond for a second. "Do you think I am unworthy of Akumet, because I am... Zo?"

"I think you are nothing but a slave who should learn her place from the bottom of our temple, like everyone else."

"Including you?"

Anuset nodded. "I spent three decades of my life earning my position. I'll be dead before I see a Zo destroy everything my predecessors and I have built in the last thousand years."

She paused for a second, as if in thought, before sipping from her glass. "So you think I should start at the bottom, a slave with no slaves?"

"Yes," came the simple response.

She took a deeper drink of her wine, letting the stain briefly taint her lips before licking them. "Why don't you make me?"

Another growl came from the bald master. "You know why. I cannot command someone of equal master; only Akumet can demand your submission."

"But you can ask."

Anuset frowned, trying to understand the direction of the conversation. His mind swirled in thought before he snarled, "What do you want, Iata Zo? I have work."

She set down the crystal lightly and stood so her naked body was presented to his gaze. Anuset's breath sped up as he sized her up briefly, from the large breasts to the curve of her hips. His cock twitched underneath the loincloth even as he struggled to still it.

Iata waited for a moment, allowing her appearance to sink in before whispering softly, "What if I wish to submit to you?"

That stopped Anuset for a second as he stared at her with a shocked expression. He could see her lips straining to hide the smile, and he forced his own thoughts back into his head.

“Then I would look for the trap.”

She sidled closer, her eyes soft as her smile. When she spoke, it was sensual and questioning. “But what if?”

He glared at her and fought his body’s responses, trying to figure out her plan. The smell of her perfume clung to him like spider webs, and he shook his head to clear it.

“Then I would make you a slave with no slave and let you earn your master.”

“Would you take me?”

“No.”

“I meant would you ravish me?” She pressed her naked body up against his. “Would you fuck this body?”

Anuset’s sigh came out as a shuddering gasp. “I know what you meant. No.”

She rested her head against his chest for a moment, feeling the rapid heartbeats behind his ribs. “What if it was the condition?”

His heart skipped a beat. “What condition?”

“What if that was the condition of my submission? To take me as hard as you can, right here and now?”

He stepped back, eyes narrowed. “Since you came here, you have never showed the ability to be submissive, in sex or pain. You only strike out at those who you dislike, you only pleasure for favors. Why would you make it a condition of submission, two things you have refused to do in seven years?”

She looked up through her eyelashes, a faint pout to her lips. “Maybe I was wrong. Maybe I want to do it right, to have a taste of it from you before being cast down from the heights. Is that too much?”

“What is the trick?”

Her sweet response came back, “There is no trick, no deception.”

Anger and hatred came racing through his veins, straining to strike out at the deception he knew was there even as his body screamed to take her. He pushed them down, still trying to find her goal.

“What is the trick?”

She stroked her fingers along the hard muscles of his chest, leaving a faint sheen of oil along the ridges. "There is no trick, Anuset Ma."

"Are you willing to swear that?"

"But of course," came the sweet reply.

"Would you swear on Akumet, on his position as your true master?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

She looked up, a hardness flashing briefly in her eyes before her face softened into her seductive pout. "Because I was wrong."

He peered at her suspiciously. "And you are willing to swear on this?"

She nodded, her eyes brimming with sincerity. "I will swear on any name, any promise you want."

"Do so, but remember: breaking this promise of a master will bring more than just pain; your life becomes forfeit and your soul will become his."

Iata took a deep breath, straightened her body, and said clearly, "I swear on Akumet Ma that I will submit to your every will, your every desire, in exchange for you to take me here and now. There is no trick, there will be no deception; I will submit to your will."

Something filled the room, an intense pressure of magic and energy. Iata's eyes grew wider as Anuset felt the energy curl around his heart and filled his body with a hot, burning sensation. It faded almost immediately, leaving the faint smell of incense hanging in the air.

Gasping with a flush on her cheeks, she looked at Anuset in shock. "What was that?"

His eyes riveted onto her. "A promise, Zo, one that Akumet accepted with his own will."

"That wasn't one of your own spells?"

"No."

The first hint of fear flashed in her eyes. She looked nervously around the room for a second. "Maybe I spoke too -"

Anuset growled and stepped forward, grabbing her tightly around the throat. Leaning forward, he shoved his face into hers, so

it was barely centimeters away, as he said, “Akumet’s will binds you to your promise now, Zo. You best not have lied to me.”

Her eyes flickered around with that hint of fear before he threw her hard against the bed. Her lithe body twisted in the air until she landed hard against the edge of the bed, her knees cracking against the pillowed floor and her hands clutching at the pillows. Anuset could hear her struggle for breath for a moment as he stepped forward fiercely. Her feet pawed at the floor, scattering pillows and small rugs as she tried to struggle to her feet.

Her resistance sent off another wave of rage in the sorely tried master and he growled deeply before slapping his hand down on the center of her back. Iata shrieked and struggled harder; her hands ripped pillows and blankets from her bed.

Anuset frowned briefly as his hand slipped on her oiled body, but he managed to press down enough to prevent her from slipping. Lust burned in his eyes as his cock ached for release, pushing aside the loincloth in its purple glory.

Her hair whipped around wildly as Iata continued to grab at the blankets. Her head turned to the right, to look over her shoulder at the dark-skinned master behind her.

At the sight of his hard shaft, thick and throbbing, she stopped struggling and stared at him with a hungry need. Her golden legs parted, sliding on the floor until her sex was exposed to him.

Anuset stared at her in surprise as her body sunk into the bed. She stretched forward. Her chin rested on her shoulder as a smoldering look of lust burned in her eyes. Anuset looked over her, his hand still holding her down on her back as he admired the curves of her breast, which pushed out from her sides, to the dark eyes half-hidden in her hair.

His cock continued to pulse with heat as he held her hips against the bed, trying to identify the rapid switch from panic to lust. A faint frown of confusion crossed his face as he paused.

Iata took his hesitation differently, moaning softly in need as she whispered, “Please, Ma.”

Anuset locked his mind on his promise. The thought of taking her hard fired a burning lust between his legs; the image of her screams caught his heart and a mask of desire filled his face.

As his hand stroked down, teasing her hips, Iata moaned. As his fingers curled around the tight muscles of her ass, her moan deepened; her eyes flickered as she watched him with rapt desire.

Anuset's cock continued to bob with each heartbeat. He curled his fingers around the firm globes of her ass and gripped tightly. The golden skin parted as his fingers turned white with the pressure. Iata whimpered with need and let a soft "Yes" escape in a whisper.

Encouraged, he pulled her ass apart, revealing the tiny entrance of her ass and the delicate folds of her sex. Pulled apart, the shocking pink entrance was already dripping with perfumed oils and her own juices.

He sniffed deeply, enjoying the smells, and pulled her closer, his fingers squeezing almost painfully into her hips and buttocks.

Iata moaned softly and pushed back against his hands, as if her pain spurred her on. Anuset's cock dripped heavily with pre-cum as he stared with rapt attention at the two tiny openings between his fingers.

As if reading his mind, Iata hissed with pleasure, "Please..."

With a growl, Anuset rammed his hips forward. The massive girth of his cock slammed hard against her, sending a bolt of pain as he caught the skin between her sex and anus. Iata screamed briefly but Anuset was already yanking back to drive forward.

The thick wedge of his shaft almost whistled through the air as it plunged into the tight, wrinkled opening of her ass. Iata's eyes opened in wide shock and she threw her head forward as his cock ripped her open and buried its entire length into her ass. A strangled sound gurgled out of her throat as she shook on the thick hardness that vibrated deep inside her tight rectum.

She tried to lean back, spreading her legs further, to allow her body to adjust to the girth lodged inside her, but Anuset was having nothing of that. His growl deepened as he pulled back hard until his cock left her body with a pop.

As soon as his cock brushed against cool air, he drove forward, ripping the tight opening once again until his balls slapped hard against the slick skin of her labia.

Iata whimpered as she finally found her breath once again. The throbbing shaft easily yanked out of her body and pierced her tight

sphincter once again, yanking it open until it resembled a white ring around his width.

Anuset poured the rage and anger of seven years into his cock, pounding it hard and fast into the slick tightness of her ass. His fingers tightened painfully on her buttocks, his hips shoving forward with incredible power. The bed shook with each blow as he rammed his entire throbbing length into her body until she screamed with pleasure.

The thick spasms of her orgasms shook her body and she screamed for more as the purple rod continued to rip and pound into her sphincter with terrifying intensity.

Her breath came fast and hard, a shallow panting in time with the hard thrusts that shook her body. Anuset strained to make her feel every slam of his hips, but his efforts just sent her into another burst of orgasms.

Iata's voice echoed shrilly off the walls as he rode her ass with the hard strokes; her begging for his hard cock was only interrupted by her frequent orgasms.

After almost an hour of the brutal pace, Anuset yanked out of her with a sigh of frustration. Even though she had come many times, her whimpers and screams for more were preventing him from coming himself.

With another growl, he reached down and yanked her ankle. With a flex of powerful muscles, he threw her ankle up and across, flipping the golden woman over. Before her ass had come to rest on the bed, he mounted her again.

His shaft, a thick purple rod, slipped easily into the tight folds of her sex. Her head threw back as he entered her, burying his length into the sopping depths of her sex with a hard thrust. Iata screamed for more and grabbed him tightly; her back arched as Anuset resumed his hard, powerful thrusts.

Inside her wetness, he could feel the hot folds teasing every centimeter of his cock as it slurped into her body and yanked out. Barely a second passed before he managed to slam his hips against her sex, crushing her labia between their bones before pulling out the hard length from her clinging pussy.

Iata screamed for more, her body shaking from the efforts of another orgasm. Anuset growled and gathered more of his anger,

his frustration into his efforts. Her entire body shook from the force of his blows; his fingers reached up to grab her breasts and squeezed tightly. Her screams were a mixture of pleasure and pain as she screamed for more, curling her legs around his hips as he continued to pound hard into her delicate sex.

Each iota of pain sent more bolts of pleasure against her nerves as she felt the cock continue to thrust hard inside her, crushing against her cervix mercilessly.

Anuset's hand released from her right breast and snapped down to grab her knee. With a growl, he continued to pound her soaked sex as he yanked her knee up until her kneecap pressed painfully against her shoulder.

She continued to scream for more as Anuset curled his back to change the angle of his immense shaft as it easily slammed into her sex with hard, brutal strokes. Her body shook with the force of another orgasm, but Anuset continued to rail against her until his back and legs screamed with the effort.

He yanked her into another position, trying once again to pound her until she screamed in pain. But every pulse of pain sent another wave of pleasure through the golden woman and he could never find the crest of his own pleasure.

Hours passed in a blur as Anuset pounded his cock into her ass, pussy, and mouth with relentless need. He felt the pleasures of her orgasm quiver along his shaft many times, but the growing frustration continued to build inside him until he thought he would scream. The frustration fueled the desire and anger, pushing him to thrust as hard as he could into the golden woman impaled on his shaft; Iata took each pain as pleasure and screamed for more.

Finally, he tore his cock out of her mouth with a frustrated growl and threw himself on the bed. Iata wiped a little drool from the side of her mouth before rising sensually from the floor. A bright smile flickered across her face as she looked away from Anuset. Her foot kicked back some of the pillows to cover the stone before she looked over her shoulder toward Anuset.

His body shook with deep breaths as he glared at her. Iata smiled sensually and spoke quietly, "Does Anuset Ma desire more?"

He panted for breath for a moment and shook his head. "I don't need to prove anything, Zo."

“As you wish, Anuset Ma. But you didn’t come.”

Anuset took a deep breath and rolled over onto his back, resting on the bed as he waited for his heart to slow down. Even though part of him was already planning her proper training as a slave, another part couldn’t help thinking that she had defeated him somehow. Despite his anger and the hardness of his shaft, he had never managed to find some release; the pressure in his balls screamed for it.

With a sensual aggressiveness, she turned and crawled onto the bed. Her firm breasts hung below her, like two golden melons, as she moved next to him. Her eyes peeked through her cascaded hair and she leaned forward to look him directly in the eyes.

“May I please you, Anuset Ma? May this... humble slave bring you to your pleasure?”

The pause before “humble” brought a frown to Anuset, but the soft skin that brushed against him ignited the fires of lust once again. He searched his mind for the anger, but found himself drained. His thoughts spun as he felt Iata start to caress his legs; only Iata and Binis had ever been able to drain his anger, but Iata left him feeling almost violated, instead of filled with the warm love he felt for the dark-haired slave.

The golden bride crawled over him, nestling his cock between the firm mounds of her breasts. With a purr of pleasure, she stroked him between the oiled curves. Anuset felt his shaft twitch and beg for release, but it never came.

After a few moments, Iata moved forward. Her lips parted as she lined a trail of kisses up his chest and along his neck. Anuset could smell the perfumed oil as it left its mark on his skin and her shallow, slow breaths teased his hearing.

She raised herself to her toes, hovering over him before bending at the knees to lower herself. She paused for a second, leaving just enough space for him to see the almost painful erection slip between the soft folds of her sex. The liquid heat burned his cock head as he saw her poise above him, about to impale her body on the thick spear of his sex.

With a sigh of pleasure, she lowered herself slowly on the shaft, enjoying every minute ridge of flesh as it began to burrow into her

slick sex. The ridge of his cock head nuzzled deeper, past the tender lips, and started to sink deeper into the heated depths of her sex.

Anuset moaned silently, throwing his head back as he felt every centimeter of his cock being enveloped by the wet, velvet vice of Iata's pussy. Her inner muscles tightened around his shaft as he bore down. She whispered almost in worship as she struggled to keep the slow, measured movements.

Too soon, Anuset felt her body rest tightly against the base of his shaft; his balls strained under the weight of her tailbone, but he ignored it as he caught his breath.

Sweating, Iata looked down at her master and smiled. "Does this please you, Anuset Ma?"

For a moment, he thought he saw a hardness in the sensual gaze, but it was gone before he could focus on it. Even though he felt a growing fear and distrust, the wet tightness wrapped around his shaft pushed it aside for later concern.

"Continue, Zo."

Still holding herself on her toes and fingers, Iata lifted her body slightly and rocked her hips in a circle. Trapped inside, he felt his throbbing shaft begin to swirl in her liquid core, rubbing against her inner walls with delicious agony.

Anuset closed his eyes and lifted his hips, giving the golden slave above him more hardness to wrap around. Iata moaned in pleasure and rocked back and forth to swirl it harder inside her.

As he felt the liquid heat on his shaft, he allowed himself to relax. In his mind, he made himself a note to search for Iata's deception as soon as she slept.

Iata had other plans.

—

As she thrust and rolled her hips on his shaft, she pressed tightly down on his base; she moaned with the feeling of fullness his cock gave her. She moved slowly, stroking one hand along his chest while the other fumbled silently underneath one of the pillows.

Inside her, she should feel Anuset's cock begin to grow and harden as he relaxed, his suspicion finally breaking beneath the need for her tight body. The slow, wet rocking of her hips was doing more than hours of hard, frantic pounding could.

That thought brought a smile to her lips as she continued to rock back and forth, finding what positions and movements increased the heat of his shaft and which ones brought it down. Slowly, she pressed her breasts against his chest and found her body shivering from a small, measured orgasm.

Anuset moaned and kept his eyes closed, the blind focus on his cock bringing waves of pleasure that hinted at a needed release.

The smile that crossed her face had no humor, just a cruel, calculating hardness that was lost in Anuset's blindness. His hands slid up her inner thighs and along her hips to stroke at her breasts and arms.

When Iata pulled her hand from under the pillow, there was a massive golden dagger in it; her hand was dwarfed by the ruby-tipped hilt. Jagged edges of the blade showed its violent purpose, for death and killing. The origin of the blade came from the same country as her birth, before she had been kidnapped to become Akumet's golden bride.

Anuset saw none of this.

She raised her arms above her head, rocking back and forth on the incredible cock buried inside her; it pulsed, just seconds away from his orgasm.

She closed her eyes, still moving sensually on his hips. Her hands clasped together above her, holding the golden hilt tightly as the smile on her face grew wider. The anticipation of her next action sent a powerful wave of pleasure racing through her body.

As it crested, she yanked down, slamming the dagger into Anuset's chest. The force of the blow, and the magical nature of the dagger, cracked through his rib as she pierced his heart in a single blow.

Anuset's eyes snapped open as a woman's voice screamed throughout the temple, Binis', from the strangled sound. The sudden pain and shock slammed through his body, crashing against the incredible wall of pleasure building inside him. It snapped, sending his body into an orgasm as his muscles began to spasm from the shock.

His cock exploded inside Iata's wet sex, soaking her insides as she felt a single, powerful orgasm slam into her with the force of a hurricane. Her screams of pleasure echoed painfully against the

walls as she felt his cock spasm almost in time with her own crests of pleasure.

Anuset's body twitched and spasmed with his final death throes; Iata rode each motion with a lust-filled anger, enjoying the final movements of her enemy of seven years. As the corpse of Anuset stopped, she giggled softly and leaned forward, staring into the unseeing eyes.

Her lips brushed against his before she spoke in a cruel whisper: "I don't give a shit about you or your god or even this stupid temple, Akumet Anuset Ama."

t'Sade

Hope and Prayers



The ritual room was empty of life. No torches burned, but there was a sickly greenish glow that filled the room. Eight emeralds, the size of fists, sparkled from the corners, the source of the ghoulish glow. Dust hung in the air, sparkling like diamonds as it slowly sank toward the dusty floor.

A thick, suffocating smell filled the empty room, stretching out into all corners until it hung in the air like a fog.

The room was silent. Buried deep beneath the temple, it had one purpose. In a matter of days, it would be used once again for its intended purpose, mummifying the dead.

The walls were covered with statues, each one of the same wolf-headed man, Akumet. Golden green eyes glimmered from the deep eye sockets as they stood against the walls, spiritual defenders against unknown foes.

Something shifted from a corner, kicking up a tiny plume of dust before it struggled to crawl up through the floor. There were a few seconds of silent movement before the whiskers of a mouse burst into the darkness. It twitched its nose for a moment before scampering toward the center of the room; a strange intelligence flickered in its eyes as it avoided almost every table in the room except for the largest one in the center. With an imagined haste, it scrambled up the rough stone legs and ran along the body lying on top of it.

Even wrapped in bandages, the strength of Anuset's body was obvious. The thick shoulders, the hips and muscles. Someone had wrapped him very carefully in almost painfully white strips of cloth.

A lettered strip of cloth hung around the corpse's neck; the golden letters spelled out his name, "Akumet Anuset Ama."

The mouse stopped briefly on the bulge between his legs before running along his chest and halting on his nose. It chattered for a moment, as if waiting for something.

Hours passed slowly in the silent room, but only the mouse was there to observe it. After a while, it closed its eyes and curled up to sleep.

A shuffling noise woke the mouse and it stood up, flicking its whiskers toward the only door in the room, a massive stone and metal affair that weighed almost four times as much as mummified corpse below it. The mouse's glittering eyes peered into the darkness as its feet twitched to run away.

When the first spear of light pushed underneath the dusty door, the mouse squealed and dove off the table to burrow beneath it. Shivering, the only part visible was the tail that hung out of the thick dust and grime.

Below the door, the flickering light of a torch grew stronger until someone stopped in front of the door. A key jingled in the lock for a moment, then was withdrawn carefully. A second key replaced it, but also failed. The third finally unlocked the door with a resisting squeal and Binis slowly pushed it open.

Her eyes were red from crying and a few red lines crossed her chest from recent fighting. A large scar, about three handspans in length, crossed over her left shoulder in a straight line: a sword cut. In one hand, she held a torch that flickered wildly; in the other, a sword that dripped blood on the dusty ground.

Behind her, the faint smell of fresh death hovered with her passing, but slowly faded into the ancient smells of the room.

Stepping into the room, she turned and pushed the door closed, wincing as it squealed shut. Fearfully, she looked across the room with her torch held high.

The room was filled with tables, each holding a mummified corpse. Some were female but most were male. Her eyes locked on the body of Anuset, but she forced them away with a sob. Her hand shook as she examined every part of the room she could see without stepping forward.

Seeing no attacker or spy, she shoved the torch into the dirt and dust, extinguishing it with a hiss. The green glow of the room filled the air as the rest of the room plunged into darkness.

Taking a ragged sigh, she started to pad into the room, her bare feet leaving footprints as she moved. Her free fingers traced the lines along the edges of the tables.

She looked at each body, reading the cloth of strip around their neck that named them. Two tables in, she stopped with another sob. Her lips trembled as she traced along Kineli's name. Judging from the indentation in her chest, someone had cut her almost in half when she fought back. At the very end of her name was her position as a master torturer.

Dropping the sword on the ground, Binis sobbed and pressed her cheek against the wrapped one. "Oh, Kineli."

The voice that whispered into the darkness was harsh and grating and full of sadness. Her hands tried to grab Kineli's, but the cloth wrappings prevented her from doing anything but stroking the back of her hand. The noise also brought out the mouse, who stared at the woman from its hiding place beneath the stone slab.

Even through the tears, she pushed herself up and stepped forward, leaving the sword behind. On the next table, she saw Corbin's body. His hands, feet, and head had been removed from his body when he fought in utter rage over Kineli's death. Someone had replaced them before wrapping him for a proper burial, one that Iata tried to stop with more threats of death. But customs, for now, were still more important than the golden bride. Two other slaves had helped her carry their bodies away in the confusion.

Her sob shook her body as she placed her hand on his chest. "You came to us so late, but you found happiness here, didn't you?"

Nothing answered her question and she burst into tears once again. The mouse under the table watched; its tail flicked with impatience until Binis managed to rouse herself and move toward the center of the room. She didn't look for Jubi's body; she knew where that was. The thought threatened to draw her tears again, but she pushed them back as she reached Anuset's body.

The mouse backed away quickly as Binis' bare foot almost crushed it. It wiggled its whiskers silently as the dark-haired slave

looked over her master's body. Tears ran down her face as she balled her fists helplessly.

Every centimeter of his body was covered in cloth, a formal ritual given only to those who had earned it. Jubi had been captured trying to complete the ritual in the great hall; in her mind, Binis could still hear the screams of rage and suffering as she carried his body into the bowels of the temple. In the five days that had passed, Iata's slaves still couldn't find the missing body.

Memories raged against her, as she remembered completing the ritual alone, in the darkness of the room with nothing but her hands to guide her. She had left after a day of vigil, starving and needing to see once again something not tinted in the ghoulish green glow.

She clasped her hands around the wrapped wrist before she noticed that she had managed to tie his hands and wrists to his hips, in the proper manner. Even though she was amazed that she had managed it in the darkness, she still felt like she had never seen him before. Her fingers caught on the bone of his wrist as a long moan of suffering sobbed past her lips.

They came quickly, deep shuddering noises that wracked her body. The single diamond earring glinted in the green glow, but she was too lost in her sorrow to notice.

Binis' knees collapsed beneath her and she fell to the ground, still sobbing. With a whimper, she curled herself into a fetal position and released her emotions of the last few days. Her bones ached and the wounds from fighting had become infected. She didn't have anyone to heal her, or even to take care of her. Everyone who hadn't surrendered was dead, except for her.

The thought of fleeing the temple crossed her mind briefly, but she knew she could not leave until Anuset was properly laid to rest. She looked at her hands, shaking with exhaustion and hunger, and knew she could never give him the proper burial.

That last thought broke the floodgates and she burst into a wail of sorrow that filled the room. She wrapped her arms around her knees and let the tears flow. Slowly she began to rock back and forth, until she fell into a nightmare-filled sleep.

—

Many hours later, one eye opened, then the other. Her body shook with hunger, waking the mouse sleeping on her shoulder.

With a brief squeak, it jumped off and disappeared into the darkness under the table.

Ignoring the mouse, Binis sniffed and looked around the room. "How long..."

Her cracked voice trailed off as she realized she was alone. Shaking slightly, she pushed herself to her feet and swayed slightly. Grabbing the edge of the table, she looked back at Anuset's wrapped form.

Her right hand slid over to rest against his hip. "What do I do, Anuset Ma? She murdered you and I'm all that is left. Everyone else has joined her or died. Anyone above Ki was killed without question. Akumet..."

Memories caught her for a moment but she looked back down with tears filling her eyes, "She declared Akumet dead; that she was the queen of the temple."

Binis paused for a long breath before continuing. "What do I do, Anuset? I need you. I cannot live without you and I will not leave you alone."

No answer came and she sighed; her fingers never left his side, as if she were afraid to lose him again. She looked at the glowing emerald, blinking away the tears.

"I tried to kill myself, but I couldn't. You keep stopping me, telling me to wait, but I don't know what I'm waiting for."

The mouse crawled up the stone table and worked its way to his chest. Sitting down, its nose wiggled in the air as it waited. Binis caught sight of the mouse and waved it away.

"Shoo."

The mouse didn't move.

Binis tried to wave it away again, but the mouse just moved to Anuset's face, nestling in the indentation of his right eye. Binis started to move toward it, then sighed and shook her head.

"Stay there, if you want, there's nothing you can do."

The mouse just wiggled its whiskers.

Binis looked at Anuset again, her eyes misting with tears. "He loved me, you know. And I him. But I'd rather he be my master than any lover in the world. I would give anything for him to be back. Life is meaningless without Anuset Ma."

The mouse sat down and began to clean its tail.

Binis looked over at the gray creature and smiled. "They say Akumet had an enemy named Hersa, the mouse goddess."

The mouse stopped and looked at her, as if it could really understand the whispered words.

Binis continued, not focusing on anything and speaking in a dream-like voice, "They say she could steal the souls of our warriors and carry them into the dreamlands, never to be seen again. Akumet raged against her for almost three hundred years before they parted ways."

The mouse grabbed its tail to continue licking it. Binis giggled softly, a raw sound that held no humor, only despair.

"If you were me, would you trade? My life for his, my soul for his. This temple needs him more than me. I need him..."

The mouse stared at her for a second, then resumed its cleaning. Binis choked back another sob and held Anuset's hip tightly. Tears began to run down her cheeks as she stared at her master.

"I am Ama. I'm willing to give up my soul to a mouse just to bring back my master."

Her thoughts set off another burst of sobbing and she leaned forward to rest her head against the mummy's hip as she let them wrack her body. In her sorrow, she didn't hear the ripping noise right above her head, but she felt the movement of the fabric underneath her forehead. With a start, she looked up to see the movement between his legs. Gasping, she wiped the tears from her eyes with a sniff.

The mouse jumped off and disappeared into the darkness, but the dark-haired slave ignored it.

The cloth was ripping as his cock began to harden and swell, pushing up into the air. As she watched, the torn ends wrapped themselves around his shaft and fused together, as if someone were re-wrapping his manhood separately right before her.

Binis' jaw dropped as she watched in rapt attention. For a long moment, she watched Anuset's cock grow to full hardness, a length she had felt many times inside her body. The cloth stopped moving. His body was once again covered in the bright fabric.

Her eyes snapped toward the head. "How did...?"

Seeing no mouse, she sighed softly, "Maybe you were Hersa."

With a sigh, she looked back at his cock, the only animated part of her master. “Did I just surrender my soul?”

She reached out and touched his hips. “Anuset? Ma?”

No response.

She tried shaking him harder, trying to wake him. A very faint rise and fall of his chest suggested life, but the rest of his body refused to move.

No response.

She tried to slap him, hit him, even beg him to wake up.

No response.

Her eyes caught on the cock, still hard in the cold air. Her thoughts focused on the hardness as a wry grin finally crossed her face. “I guess Akumet and Anuset are not the only ones obsessed with sex.”

Binis’ fingers reached out hesitantly to touch the cloth-wrapped sex of her master. It was cool and still. Half expecting it to be hot, she sighed.

Her whisper echoed in the room. “I hope this is right, otherwise...”

She didn’t finish her sentence but crawled onto the table, brushing off the dust from her toes before moving to straddle his knees. Shifting forward, she brought herself right below the wrapped shaft, resting it against the bottom of her rib cage as she tried once again to wake her master.

“Anuset Ma? Please wake up.”

No response.

“The only thing that responded... is this.” Her fingers wrapped around the cool shaft and she frowned. “But this appears to be a little dry.”

Her fingers tried to slide up and down, but the firm cloth barely moved. Two fingers caught on the fabric and she tried to pull it off. It slipped out of her grasp and wrapped itself back around his shaft. Frowning, she tried to rip it but the fabric healed itself as soon as she released it, moving almost unnaturally in the still air. After a few attempts she stopped trying to release the mummy’s manhood from its fabric prison.

She was still frowning as she tried to slide her palm up and down the dry surface, the rough texture almost scraping along her sore hand.

Shaking her head, she said, "This will not do. If I'm to... this is too dry."

Her hands pulled away from the shaft and gently slid between her legs, brushing against the thick mass of his legs that held them apart. Holding herself up, she used her fingers to search for the hard nub of her clitoris.

Finding it, she began to swirl her fingers around, trying to bring some dampness to her fingers. At the same time, she focused on her memories of Anuset in his prime, as he took her, the whips and chains, the screams of pleasure. She focused her entire world on every gram of pleasure her master had given her as her fingers teased and rubbed the hard nub.

Slowly, she felt the warmth of her sex increase and the soft glow of pleasure begin to flood through her veins. Soon, she felt her fingers grow damp from her juices. Finding her tight opening, she began to thrust a finger in and out of the wet hole, bringing more juices to coat her thighs as she stroked.

Binis continued to finger herself until she finally pulled them out and wrapped the dripping fingers around his shaft. The cloth absorbed the slick fluids and she returned the hand to between her legs, to bring more juices to the cloth-wrapped cock resting against her.

She knew no crest of pleasure would comfort her, but she continued to finger herself as she thought about her master's pleasure. As soon as her fingers dripped with her juices, she pressed them against the cloth-wrapped shaft in hopes of lubricating it.

Slowly, the fabric-wrapped member began to grow slick from her juices. Her fingers squished slightly as she continued to transfer her own juices onto the shaft, but the dry air and fabric were drying it out almost as fast as she could wet them.

Finally, the cock was as slick as she could make it. Taking a deep breath, she closed her eyes and imagined Anuset alive, beneath her. Her hips lifted as she moved forward, using her senses to guide the fabric-wrapped cock head to her shaved sex. Keeping her eyes

closed, she rotated her hips until she felt the wedge lodge itself into her labia, poised to enter the tight tunnel of her womanhood.

“Please let this be the right thing.” Her whisper echoed in the room, followed by a ragged sigh as she lowered herself onto the mummy’s sex. The fabric scraped against her, clinging to the folds of her labia, but Binis pushed down. She felt the first strip of cloth enter her almost painfully as the mummy’s cock head lodged itself into her opening.

A whimper of fear and pain ripped through her until she drew her love for Anuset around her. With another deep, ragged breath, she shoved all her weight down.

The mummy’s cock ripped into her and her whimper echoed in the room. Swirls of dust shook from the table as she found herself impaled on the cloth rod. Her body shook from the intensity of the new senses that threatened her sanity.

Binis let her hands drop to the fabric on the mummy’s chest, still breathing hard. The shaft inside her was cold and painful, nothing like her lover’s. But once inside, she could feel the shallow breaths of her master vibrating the hardness.

Focusing on the memory of Anuset, she started to pull herself up. As the cloth member pulled out of her, she could feel the edges of each strip tug at her insides, almost cutting her. They clung to her labia and scraped along her insides until she felt the rough edges of the cock head fill her opening.

Her closed eyes streaming tears, she pushed herself down slowly, feeling every length of fabric as it plunged inside her. Each strip seemed to rub its edge against her clitoris and pulled at her inner lips tightly before releasing them for the next wrapping.

Each stroke was painful, but the suffering ache in her heart pushed her on as Binis began to stroke the cloth-wrapped cock into her own living body with slow, careful movements.

Her intense feeling for Anuset was the only thing that kept her going. Her body warmed to the dead intruder, her mind focusing on the hope of a mouse. Slowly, she felt her inner juices soak into the shaft, softening it.

Her naked ass moved faster as the pain began to dissipate. As the last swirl of agony faded, she found herself dropping faster and hard on the rock-hard shaft beneath her. Each fold of the cloth seemed to

touch and tease her insides, brushing against every inner wall and nerve until she felt like her body was on fire.

Then the body twitched.

Binis screamed in shock, but was unable to stop moving as she stared at the body in hope and fear. Even as she continued to slide up and down on the soaked shaft, she saw no more movement in her master.

Inspired by the body's twitching, she felt the warm heat of desire begin to curl once again along her thighs and she lifted her body to impale herself on the mummy's cock. This time, there was more excitement in her movements as she started to ride the hard shaft in hope of another movement.

After a few moments, the body twitched again.

Binis gasped in joy and effort but continued to move, her hands clenching and unclenching on the fabric chest as she rammed the cloth-wrapped rod inside her tender body; her inner walls screamed from the assault of pleasure as they fought with the agony of her legs and back.

Somehow, she managed to keep going.

Even as her breath was coming in ragged gasps, she felt the body began to move underneath her. In time with her thrusts, she whispered in a rasp, "Please, Anuset Ma, make this right."

But the mummy didn't lift its hand or its head.

She continued to ride the cock, pushing against the incredible sensations the cloth was arousing within her. Each fold felt like a magical tongue, licking her from the tender folds of her inner labia to the very back of her vagina, caressing her cervix before wiggling back out.

Her eyes locked on the mummy's eyes, hoping to see something as she continued to pleasure herself on the strips of cloth. Her fingers wrapped around some of the wrapping on the mummy's chest, using them for balance as she poured her heart into each movement.

Pleasure began to fill her, pulsing against her pelvis with the beat of her heart. The shifting body underneath her gave her hope as she continued to ride it. The wrapping continued to tease her clitoris and labia, sending the growing glow of pleasure into a fury inside her.

Binis barely noticed that her breath was growing shallow and painful. A headache started to pierce her mind, but her focus on Anuset's corpse ignored it.

Inside, the glow continued, burning through her veins while a deep, incredible heat grew from inside her sex. Her body still slid up and down on the wrapped shaft, but her world was focused on Anuset's eyes.

She barely knew when her breathing stopped. Knowing she was dying, Binis tried to scream and thrust down on the shaft, trying to reach an orgasm before the end. Something inside her told her she needed to reach that crest for Anuset to live.

Her body sped up, frantic as her mouth gasped silently. The burning glow inside felt hot, almost a raw fire. Its pleasure filled every point of her body, an intense sensation she had never felt before.

Then it happened.

The burning glow inside her body exploded inside her, racing through her veins like magma as she found enough air to scream a single word.

“Ma!”

Her body disappeared in a flash of fire and heat. Black scorch marks spread along the wrappings as if they were on fire. Waves of heat pushed out from the center of the room, shoving aside dust and dirt.

Two points of golden light flared into existence in Anuset's head, where his eyes used to be. The echoes of Binis' final scream still echoed in the room as he sat up.

“Binis?” His voice was a deep rasp, cold and questioning at the same time.

There was no answer.

The mummy looked down at himself. A furrow of fabric showed his frown as he inspected his hands, arms and legs. With a growl, this one almost primal in its intensity, he ripped at the fabric, trying to tear it off his body.

His motions stopped as the wrapping slipped out of his hands and folded themselves against his skin, sealing up the tears until it appeared as before.

The golden points of light, his eyes, glimmered darkly as he inspected the scorch marks around his shaft. Even as he watched, the white fabric was healing itself until soon he was once again wrapped in cloth. The wrappings around his manhood tore and shifted, binding with his stomach until there was just a bulge instead of the bobbing rod.

Anuset started to tear into the wrappings again, but voices filled the room. His head snapped up, looking at the door as another sliver of light began to push underneath it.

Moving heavily, he slid off the table and looked around. The other corpses were ignored as he searched for a weapon or something to use. Spying Binis' bloody sword, he grabbed it and stepped toward the door.

Holding still, he listened carefully. He heard two voices speaking in the hallway beyond.

The first voice was light, a young woman's voice interrupted by the metallic sounds of armor. "The queen says to check here."

The second voice was rough, probably a veteran of some war. "Why would someone want to keep a body?"

"No idea - must be one of those stupid rituals."

"Like rape and torture?"

A chuckle.

The second voice spoke up again. "What about that Binis girl?"

"Queen Iata says to do what we want, but we have to bring her alive to the throne room. Apparently the Jubi bitch -" the voice was spiteful - "didn't give her enough pleasure before dying."

The golden glow in Anuset's eyes flared briefly and he shoved hard on the door. Magic and power swirled suddenly as the metal bent and snapped under the force of his blow. A second slam, from both hands, ripped the door off its hinge and slammed it against the other wall. A cloud of dust filled the room and hall before drifting away in a sudden breeze.

For a brief second, two guards, Zo by Anuset's memory, stared at the impressive bulk before Anuset sped forward, blade in hand. The screams that followed pounded against the walls until they ended in a strangled gurgle.

—

In the great hall, Iata was staring at the two wolf statues. Her body was draped with expensive silks as she wandered around the immense room. Beyond the door, twenty guards, all so-called Zo, stood waiting for Binis. Hundreds of torches fill the huge room with their warm glow. She looked back at the door, as if waiting for Binis to be dragged through it at any second.

She snorted, "Stupid girl. Should have listened when I offered..."

Her ear cocked as she heard a noise beyond the door, but the thick stone prevented any clear identification. A feeling of dread filled her and she looked back at the statue. Her lips moved slightly as she started to whisper words of power, a spell she had found in Anuset's books.

The final words hung in the air and a red glow started to burn in the statue's eyes. With dust pouring out of its joints, it looked down and waited.

Iata gulped and then glared at it. "Protect me, eat anything that tries to kill me."

The massive head nodded as the wolf-bear sat down with a shudder. The entire room shook for a second before stilling. Iata stared at it for an instant before moving on.

Her smile came back as she glided into the center of the room. A trail of incense hung in the air, swirling around the massive statue of Akumet. A snarl curled her lip as she glared up. "Tomorrow, we are going to tear you down, Akumet Ma. And your little temple will become mine."

The hatred in her perfect voice beat against the air, but it was interrupted when the doors to the great room slammed open. The brightly lit torches flared out, plunging the room into darkness except for the two golden points of light at the far end.

Iata shook her head and noticed she had been thrown to the ground. One hand held onto the toes of Akumet, her enemy, and she snatched it away. Her eyes looked blindly into the darkness until she found herself staring at the two points of golden light.

Her voice called out, frightened. "W-Who's there?"

The response came as a chant of power, a spell from a raspy voice. The golden light came closer as the words filled the air, curling around the tendrils of incense. The only light, the golden eyes, seemed to haunt her as more words of power filled the air.

Iata began to crawl backwards until the hard stone surface of Akumet's statue pressed against her shoulders.

"Statue, defend me!"

In response to her frantic voice, the wolf-bear statue's eyes opened, filling the area in front of it with a dark, sickly red glow. The room shuddered as it stepped off its pedestal, but the chanting continued in the same raspy voice.

The chanting grew louder and the golden eyes flared to match. Iata saw a brief shimmering of light as the final word burst into the darkness and hung there. It beat against the walls and stone with the sound of an inhuman heartbeat.

With a snap of wind, it was gone.

Silence poured into the room as Iata stared fearfully at the golden points of light.

Suddenly, there was an inhuman growl and a crack of stone as something powerful slammed into the ground. The golden eyes disappeared, snuffed out in the darkness.

Iata screamed and clung to the statue behind her until one red eye slowly opened. Another one opened and the statue began to slam its way back to its pedestal.

A deep growl filled the room, piercing through the darkness. Iata spun around, throwing herself to the ground as the torches in the great hall flared back to life. She just had time to notice they were burning gold as she looked around.

In front of her, about three meters high, a massive gouge had been ripped into the stone. From her position, she saw where the statue's jaws tore into the floor itself to swallow her enemy whole. A single shred of white cloth was all that was left of her attacker.

An insane joy crackled through her and she laughed, a hysterical sound that echoed shrilling against the walls. "You failed, Binis! I lived!"

Just then, her heart, body, and entire world stopped as a deep, hauntingly familiar voice spoke up from behind her. "It was Anuset Ama, not Binis Ama who died, Akumet Iata Zo."

Shaking, Iata slowly turned to face the now animated statue of Akumet. The wolf head held so much violence she felt her life pass before her eyes. The snarl and claws seemed to strangle her even as she watched it lean over her.

The deep growl sounded again, sending a bolt of fear through her spine as she began to shake in the face of her former master. Akumet's eyes, a golden fire, burned brightly in her eyes, "And... his spell to summon me succeeded."

"A-Anuset? H-How...? How... how did he?"

One claw snapped out, wrapping around her waist as the wolf-god picked her up like a mere toy. "How did he live?"

Iata tried to pry the immense claws from around her waist, but she nodded in response to the question.

"Because even death means nothing to someone who breaks a promise... in my name."

Fear and understanding filled Iata's eyes as she began to shake. Her fists pounded against the unyielding stone as she screamed for help.

Akumet laughed, a cruel sound. "Don't bother, Zo. Even if they lived, they would die soon enough. No one murders my favorite slave, and destroys my temple and lives a long life."

His snapped his other claws between them, the long edges poised to enter her from below. She watched with horrid fascination, knowing the suffering she was about to experience with lucid clarity.

Akumet growled deeply, "Scream for me."

Iata's scream ripped through the very walls themselves as the claws slammed up into her body. The pure terror of it shook the very foundations of the building and ripped into the sanity of the slaves in the temple. The pyramid began to crumble around them, crushing every slave within the building as it disintegrated with unnatural speed.

In the basement, a tiny mouse dodged around the falling rock as it headed back to its hole. In its mouth, the sparkling white light of a soul glimmered brightly before disappearing into the darkness.

t'Sade

Resurrection of Flesh

10

Nothing moved under the rubble of Akumet's temple. Huge piles of rock and stone stood there, silent. A few glitters of gold and broken supplies were all that was left of the once-beautiful temple. The ring, once hated by every slave, was shattered and lying on the bottom of the ocean below the cliff.

Time passed slowly for the deserted area.

Grass and moss grew on the stones, peeking through the cracks. Over the weeks, they continued to grow until they covered the rocks in a thick carpet of green.

One rainy season, the water dribbled through the cracks and soaked into the mud of the cliff. Harsh winds pounded the stone until a loud cracking sound pierced the roar. Then, with a majestic rumble, the cliff crumbled and slid into the oceans.

No one was there to see or hear it.

After the landslide, the shattered remains of the great hall were exposed to the howling wind and rain. Along one side, the broken remains of the wolf statue were smashed into the stone. The largest part, the chest and head, stared helplessly out into the darkness.

More years passed, weathering the harsh lines of stone until they were smoothed over. More cracks formed in the remains of the pyramid and even larger blocks slid into the ocean below.

Still many years passed. Years turned into centuries, but still no one returned to the temple. Inside the statue, Anuset's mind slowly woke. He tried to stretch, but his body didn't respond. Using his mind, he cast out his senses and found himself trapped inside the stone. He could sense his body, caught like a fly in amber, but he didn't have enough strength to break free of his stone prison.

Unable to free himself, he prepared himself to wait until a time when he could regain freedom.

Many centuries passed and Anuset's mind began to erode inside the statue. His anger, at Iata and his entrapment, began to grow. It consumed his thoughts until only dark fury smoldered inside his mind.

Then, something woke him from the dark brooding that had obsessed him for centuries. Movement inside the temple drew his attention and he cast out his senses, trying to identify it. He barely noticed that his magics, the ones he used to sense things, were weaker.

The pirates were a large crew of over thirty. They managed to scale the cliff and were picking through the remains of his once-proud temple. When they found the bits of golden and silver, they cheered and set up camp.

Anuset's mind hardened as he tried to see how these... thieves could free him from his prison. When he sensed no magic, he resigned himself to waiting once again.

Using the remains of his power, he tugged at the pirates' minds, convincing them to take him along. Weak and greedy, they came into the cave that had once been the great hall and saw the remains of the wolf statue. Seeing profits greater than mere gold, they gathered the pieces that survived and threw them into the bottom of their ship.

After looting everything they could, the thieves set sail back for the mainland. In the bottom of the hold, Anuset waited patiently. After over twenty-five centuries, all he had was the need to escape.

On the mainland, the stolen remains of the temple were quickly sold and scattered to the four winds. The pieces of the statue found themselves in the hands of a wealthy collector located in Carium, the ancient city-state.

Anuset's mood grew darker as he waited. The artists and archaeologists employed by the collector did not have the power to resurrect him from his stony tomb. The magics they used to reconstruct the statue were meager and weak, a far cry from what he needed to break from the stone.

He waited.

Their hands delicately reconstructed the statue, reattaching three of the legs and rebuilding the fourth. As they worked, Anuset could feel the stone wolf become whole, but he still couldn't find the energy to free himself.

And still he waited, the dark core of his anger growing stronger.

Then, war came to Carium.

He could feel the sense of fear and excitement growing around him, but he didn't know who the enemy was. His mind began to awaken more and he cast out his power, trying to locate the source of the fear. He found it in the form of a massive army about to ransack the city.

Anuset chuckled mentally as he watched the army destroy the village with the usual tactics: looting, plundering, and rape. Power and magic crackled in the air as combat magics rocked the streets of the city. His thoughts locked onto the screams he heard and he felt freedom coming closer.

By night, the city had fallen. Soon, bonfires roared up around the city and the attacking army began to celebrate.

Anuset's statue was near the edge of the town, in the remains of the collector's mansion. The building was half destroyed, blasted away by powerful magics that melted stone and disintegrated wood.

He waited, feeling his need for freedom beginning to erode once against at his sanity.

Soft laughter pierced the air as two humanoids stepped into the ruins. The one leading was a powerful man, rippling with muscles. On his side, the faint glow of his magical long sword sparkled in the darkness of the night.

Behind the warrior, still giggling, the slender woman picked her way. She was frail, slightly shorter than the warrior leading her. Her body was lithe, but almost frail; her pointed ears flashed in the faint light of the bonfire. A silfae. Her giggles were higher-pitched than normal and musical as she easily picked her way through the rubble.

She called out a question as she stared at the half-crumbled walls. "Are you sure it's safe?"

The warrior nodded and spoke in a gruff voice. "Yes, my men cleared this out a few hours ago."

His speech was slightly slurred by drink, but he walked steadily and kept his hand on his sword pommel.

“Will... they,” she empathized the word, “be interrupting us?”

The warrior chuckled, “They better not. They would rather face what’s left of the rebels than their general’s wrath.”

The elf woman cooed and snuggled closer. “I want to feel the general’s wrath.”

“And so you shall, wench.”

She giggled and let herself be led through the rubble. The general moved purposefully toward his destination, a giant wolf statue the size of a bear—Anuset’s statue. He stopped in front of the stone statue and pointed.

“I saw this thing when I was taking over this part of the town. I remember you liking dogs.”

The elf woman giggled and looked up at it, her mouth slightly open in astonishment.

“It’s... it’s beautiful, my lord. But it’s a wolf, not a dog.”

Miguel shrugged his shoulders. “Wolf, dog, who cares? And you know I don’t mind you calling me Miguel.”

“I do... Miguel Silverson.”

His hand snapped out to grab her wrist. She jumped and giggled, half-heartedly trying to flee.

“Oh, master!”

He drew her into a kiss, pulling her thin body tightly against his. His fingers, rough from years of sword work, snaked up the thin fabric of her tunic and roughly grabbed her right breast. She whimpered slightly, pushing her lips tighter against his mouth; her own hands danced delicately along his tunic until they brushed against the thick bulge between his legs.

This time, her voice was breathy and lustful as she said, “Oh, master!”

Miguel raised his other hand up to her other breast, smashing the tiny mounds between his fingers. The elf moaned and pressed her body against the crushing fingers as she ground her body against his. The faint smell of her excitement, delicate as a flower, curled around them.

She mumbled against his lips as she stroked his hardness through his trousers. His body strained against hers as his thick fingers wrapped into the thin fabric of her tunic. His muscles bulged for a second, then he yanked his hands apart. The fabric tore easily,

exposing her firm breasts to the cool air. The warrior grinned almost manically, admiring the hard nipples and delicate form of the elf. His manhood hardened even more as she looked up demurely, something burning deep in her eyes.

“Master...”

Her soft moan barely filled the darkness. And he held her tightly, pinching her nipple between his calloused fingers. She arched her back, pressing against him as she moaned with desire.

Along the edges of the building, six armed men crept along the shadows, moving from darkness to darkness as they watched the general with hate in their eyes. In their hands, bloodstained weapons glinted mutely in the faint light of the bonfires. All of them moved with a purpose. Their actions showed their knowledge of the area and the buildings they crawled around in.

Miguel and the elf didn't see them, nor did they see the flicker of golden light that burned faintly in the eyes of the wolf statue. Anuset's mind surged against the stone tomb as he felt a source of raw energy just out of reach. The slick power of Miguel's magic sword called him. He strained his mind to reach it, trying to draw it closer.

Near the statue, the warrior finished ripping the tunic off the elf. With a toss, he threw it aside and chuckled. Her belt, the only piece of clothing left, hung loosely around her tiny waist.

Her own hands were busy, unbuckling his weapons belt. Still locking her lips against his, she unwound it from his waist and held it up to him. His hand left her breast reluctantly and reached out to grab his sword by the sheath. With a toss, he threw it against the feet of the stone statue.

Anuset's mind screamed with need and he caught his energies on those of the sword. As fast as he could, he started channeling the sword's power into a spell to shatter the rock surrounding him.

As the leather strap slid down the leg of the statue, the elf was already working on his trousers. Her tiny fingers quickly unbuttoned the opening and snaked inside to wrap around the damp hardness. A soft purr of pleasure vibrated through her throat as she continued to kiss him passionately.

Her fingertips brushed against his soaked tip. She rubbed it between her hands, playing with the slickness as her lips hungered

for his. Miguel snapped her belt apart, casting apart the last of her clothing and leaving her naked. She moaned softly, using her hands to push his trousers off his hips, letting them slip to the ground.

“Master...”

“Don’t call me master, Oakleaf.”

She looked up, lust in her eyes. “Yes, Miguel.”

Along the edges, dark eyes glittered as they watched. Even as they prepared their weapons to attack, the six ambushers paused to watch the couple’s sexual activities below.

Miguel ran his hand down her smooth, delicate skin. The thick finger slipped between her legs, roughly pushing her womanhood apart to rub on the tiny nub below.

Oakleaf moaned softly, raising her right leg to hook it on the bone of his hip. Her hands grabbed his shirt, holding him tightly as his finger rubbed harder. She arched her back as her moan filled the darkness. The rough finger slipped into her tight tunnel, stretching the hot, slick flesh apart.

The elf woman rocked her hips forward, pushing against the finger to thrust it deeper inside her body. Her tiny breasts pressed tightly against his body as she clutched tightly against him.

Cast aside, the flicker of light around Miguel’s sword faded slowly and the golden glow in the statue’s eyes flared brighter. No one noticed, not even the six attackers focused on the lovers below.

Miguel stroked his finger in and out of her steaming depths while her hands stroked his cock, exploring the hard length blindly as she lost herself in his eyes. One of her legs held him tightly to her as she moaned softly.

“Please, Miguel... please, now.”

He pulled his finger from her wet depths and wiped it along her flanks as he stroked her body. She gasped with need, pulling tightly against his shirt. Her lower foot lifted slightly as she strained to lift herself. Miguel responded by curling his fingers underneath her ass, the thick callouses tightening around her buttocks.

She moaned happily, leaning back on the rough hands until he was holding her completely off the ground. Her lips reached for his as she lifted her other foot to wrap it around his waist. His cock, erect and purple, bobbed against her stomach. It left a smear of pre-cum against her delicate skin, but she only had eyes for him.

Miguel turned around and carried his elf until her back pressed tightly against the legs of the wolf statue. She released her hands and leaned back, holding the ridges of the statue as she arched her back. One hand let go of the stone to slide down her body, stroking the swell of her breasts, down her stomach, and around the hardness that pressed against her body.

Sliding along the slick surface, she curled her fingers around the hairy balls, squeezing them gently. Miguel growled lustfully and lowered his mouth to her right nipple. Sucking on the hard nub, he slurped it into his mouth.

She giggled softly and breathed deeply as she watched the warrior lavishing his attention on her lithe body.

Feeling a growing need, Miguel pulled her legs slightly apart until his cock slipped between them and brushed against the hot folds of her sex.

As she felt the hardness present itself to her tiny opening, she moaned softly, "Please, be careful. You are so... so... big..."

Miguel wasn't listening as he rocked his shaft forward, letting the thick head enter the tunnel of her sex. Her words were lost as she pushed down on his shaft, pushing the hardness into her liquid opening. The ridge of his cock head easily speared her and slipped deeper inside.

Oakleaf caught her breath as the rod disappeared into her body. As Miguel buried his length into her, she let it loose with a shuddering gasp. The warrior rocked back and slowly slid his shaft out, then back into her body. His fingers curled tightly against the cleft of her buttocks as he began a slow, stroking motion inside her in time with her soft, almost musical gasps.

The elf girl gasped in pleasure, spreading her legs as far as possible to take the hardness that plunged in and out of her body. Her body shook with pleasure as she grabbed her own breast, twisting the nipple for Miguel.

The warrior thrust quickly, caring less for the fading romance and more for the burning need inside his body. His shaft, purple and hard, plunged in and out of her tight sex, tugging at her tiny lips as he felt himself coming closer to an orgasm.

Oakleaf's hands clutched Miguel as her gasps turned into whimpers. "Oh... I'm coming... I'm going... to..."

Miguel grunted as he came, filling her insides with his hot cum. Oakleaf's whimpers died and he pulled out his shaft, ignoring the dripping fluids from the silfae's sex.

A faint look of disappointment crossed her face as he set her down. Her need slowly faded, but left a brief resentment behind. She opened her mouth to beg to reach her own orgasm.

The first attacker's scream flared out in the darkness. Oakleaf followed with her own scream as the first two attackers burst out into the faint light, their weapons glinting and murder in their eyes.

Miguel stared briefly at them, then dropped the elf. Her back scraped along the stone until her ass slammed painfully against the pedestal. Her scream was cut short as the air was knocked out of her.

The warrior ignored her as he started searching for his weapon. The attackers raced up just as he wrapped his fingers around the pommel of the sword. With a snarl, he spun around, catching the first swing with his sheath. He spun slightly, drawing the sword out to slam into the side of the second attacker. Behind them, he could see the other four attackers jumping down.

Swearing, he yelled out for his men, but he already knew he was lost. The naked elf girl at his feet was ignored as he spun around, slashing at the first attacker while frantically trying to avoid the second's wild swing. He yelled again, but he knew his soldiers would not reach him in time.

Then, the huge wolf statue exploded.

Huge gusts of golden flame spiraled up into the air, sending up a flare that lit the entire sky. The elf felt herself thrown aside by the force of the blow; her scream ended as her body crunched against the stone twelve meters away. The warrior and his attackers were also thrown to the ground, tossed aside like paper from the force of the explosion.

Anuset stretched inside the incredible pillar of golden flame, for the first time in almost three thousand years. His growl of pleasure echoed in the ruins as he forced his might against the stone prison. Stone melted into molten lava before it ran in rivers through the cracks of the ground.

All the attackers scrambled to their feet, but their fight was forgotten as they stared at the mummy inside the pillar of flame.

Anuset's wrappings were untouched by the fire, but they were covered in a thick layer of rock dust that slowly melted off his body. Two golden points of light burned hotly in his eye sockets as he looked around the ruins with a serious expression.

The pillar of golden fire blew out of existence, plunging the ruins into darkness. Only the two points of golden light were visible in the blackness.

Miguel shook his weapon, trying to start up the flickering light, but the weapon had become heavy and non-magical. He resisted the urge to growl as he waited for his eyes to adjust to the utter darkness.

A golden ball of light flared up from Anuset's hand, bathing the entire ruin in its radiance. He tossed it up. It floated about three meters into the air before halting in place. The mummy stared at the seven warriors and the limp form of the elf.

One of the rebels managed to gather his wits and screamed. He charged forward with his blood-soaked sword. Anuset motioned curtly with his hand and the rebel's heart exploded inside his chest. A faint puzzled look crossed the man's face before he collapsed to the ground.

Everyone stared at the corpse for a moment before four of the rebels screamed in their own rage, then charged. Anuset's golden eyes flared as he pulled on the raw anger inside his heart. The rebels barely ran a few meters before they felt their veins turn to molten gold. Their screams pierced the air horribly as they tried to do anything to stop the terrible pain. Their throats gave out as they fell to the ground, melting into gold.

Anuset turned his eyes toward Miguel. The warrior hefted his sword and prepared to fight. He growled at the strange creature in front of him, "Come on! If I don't get you, my men will."

Anuset's raspy voice responded, "I have no intention of killing you, General Miguel."

"How did you know my name?"

"It was on the hearts of those men who did. And in the dreams of those below you."

The point of the weapon moved slightly. Behind him, Miguel could hear the elf stirring as she groaned in pain. She clutched her

head, pushing herself up into a sitting position. Both Miguel and the mummy ignored her as the warrior stared suspiciously at Anuset.

“What do you want, then?”

Anuset growled as he felt the dark anger flare up in his chest, “Same thing you want. To ravish the world and to make it mine. To hear the women’s screams in the air as I crush their men’s hearts beneath my feet.”

A slight smile crossed Miguel’s face. “And why that need?”

“I was betrayed... by a woman.”

Miguel shook his head. “Well, if you can use those magics on my command, I’ll bring you along.”

“Good,” Anuset’s voice growled deeply, and he waited. A few moments later, Miguel’s troops raced into the ruin, their weapons drawn. As they advanced toward Anuset, the general called them off.

“Don’t! He’s on our side... for now.”

Anuset nodded and looked around the ruins. The soldiers still stared at him suspiciously, unable to trust a cloth-wrapped man any further than they could trust unknown magics. But, their general’s order told them to and they fanned out, looking for more rebels.

Miguel sheathed his sword and stepped up to the mummy. He held out his hand, but Anuset didn’t take it.

“Welcome to the Dark Lord’s army. What is your name, stranger?”

“Anuset.”

“Besides rape and torture, what else will you need to be happy?”

Anuset pointed to the naked elf. Miguel looked at her as she stared back in shock. A faint flush crossed her cheeks as Anuset saw fear begin to sparkle in her eyes. His anger grew darker, more violent, as his finger held its position, pointing to the silfae’s heart.

“Miguel! You wouldn’t-”

“Go ahead, take her.”

“WHAT!?” The elven scream bounced back harshly from the walls, but the general shrugged.

“I need him more than I need you. Goodbye, Oakleaf.”

Ignoring her screams, the general quickly walked out of the ruins and back to his camp. Anuset followed quickly, grabbing the elf’s arm as he left. Oakleaf screamed, trying to break the iron grip, but

Anuset carried her along easily. Her screams and struggles floated into the darkness as Anuset joined the Dark Lord's army.

t'Sade

General Assembly

11

Anuset walked through the muddy fields with strength of purpose. In a few short years, he had quickly reached the rank of general within the Dark Lord's army. His cloth-wrapped body was known in fear, both by his enemies and his allies. His brutality struck even more terror in the hearts of those who saw him.

Behind him, a path was cleared from his large tent to his current destination, a quickly assembled fence made of wood. The wooden slats would not stop dogs, much less the four dozen humans huddled inside. Surrounding the fence were close to twenty soldiers, all wearing the Dark Lord's insignia- a black sword on a circle of blue-white. On each of their arms, they had a short series of insignias, starting with the Dark Lord's. Below that, Anuset's insignia was in stark contrast, a golden pyramid on a field of black. Below that, smaller signs of ranks and position were obvious. On Anuset's wrapping, he only had the Dark Lord's badge pinned to his front - not that anyone had any doubt as to the mummy's position.

As he reached closer, he looked over the prisoners. Most of them were wearing elegant clothes, now strewn with mud and grime. None had armor nor the appearance of being fighters: these were nobles and politicians.

The golden points of Anuset's eyes glared as he reached the wooden fence. The soldiers around him snapped in salute, but he ignored them; his eyes were only for the prisoners. Motioning with his hand, one segment of the fence floated aside and he stepped inside. Moving as silently as they could in the mud, two aides joined him, along with a thin line of guards, their faces grim with determination.

Anuset stopped in front of a short, overweight man. The Lord Mayor of Soccur, a city south of Carium, drew himself up to his full height and glared up at the cloth-wrapped general.

“This is an outrage! I will not-”

Anuset’s hand snapped out, slapping the mayor across the face. There was a dull, wet cracking sound as the fat man flew over ten meters before hitting the ground. His neck was twisted in an unnatural position, broken from the force of the blow.

Anuset’s golden eyes glared out over the crowds. The prisoners of war shrank back from the terror that those eyes held. Anuset looked back at the guards, then toward the prisoners.

With a sigh, he stepped forward and grabbed the first one, a mature lady wearing an expensive dress. Her face was drawn with fear. Her frail hands shook in the hands of her husband as she tried to flee the iron grip.

The mummy stared at her for a second before speaking in a dark rasp. “Torture her.”

The old woman screamed in terror but one of the guards was already dragging her away. Her husband called out for her, trying to hold onto his wife as she was dragged away. Anuset motioned to the sobbing man.

“Kill him.”

His wife forgotten, the old man tried to flee. Another guard grinned as he pulled out his sword. The older man made it just a few steps before the sword flashed out, cutting him down in mid-step.

Anuset ignored the screams and sobs and went through the crowd, sentencing them with brutal efficiency.

“Kill her.”

“Torture him.”

“Throw him to the wolves.”

He stopped in front of a fairly young girl, the daughter of a man he had already sentenced to evisceration by stake. He looked at her body, lingering on her large breasts and hips, before going back up to her tear-filled eyes.

“My tent, two hours.”

Compared to the begging for mercy from the others, the utter fear and panic unleashed from the girl was almost a hellish fury. She

screamed and lashed out as she turned to run. People scrambled out of the way of her attacks as she tried to escape.

It was useless.

Two guards knocked her down, careful not to damage her. They dragged her away, kicking and screaming at the top of her lungs. Anuset grinned, his lips moving underneath the cloth wrapping.

Anuset continued on, sentencing each of the prisoners to some horrible end. Then he stopped in front of a middle-aged woman. She shrank back, but there was no one else in the fence to hide behind. Her eyes looked around for someone, but the soldiers watching kept their eyes away.

The golden eyes looked over the woman. She was in her early thirties, with dark brown hair which had red highlights. Her eyes, a warm brown in color, were wide with fear as she looked frantically around. Her mud-streaked outfit was simple - a plain silk blouse and a heavier skirt. Her bare feet had once had heels on, but they had been lost when she had been captured from her home in the middle of the night.

Anuset smiled and spoke in a deep, raspy voice that sent shivers down her spine.

"I already have a... guest for tonight, but you... would be a shame to waste."

The girl slipped on the mud and landed hard with a splash. She tried to sit up, but her hands slipped in the wetness and she landed on her back. Her eyes looked around frantically as she tried to push her hands underneath her.

Anuset looked around, the dark core of his anger still burning inside him. He noticed that none of the guards were watching him; they never were now. His brutality was unquestioned, along with his viciousness, but that core of fury still haunted his dreams.

"You, little flower, I won't send to waste."

The woman looked up with fear, her hair plastered to her face as she stared upwards, shaking. Anuset growled and knelt in front of her, his cloth-wrapping squishing in the mud as he rested his weight.

"You... will spend the rest of your life in prison of sorts." The girl began to shake as the horrible creature in front of her rasped, "I will give you to the Red Dragons."

A few soldiers stifled a gasp; on each of their arms was a patch showing a red dragon ripping apart a building. Anuset ignored them as he continued.

“You will spend the rest of your life serving them. They control your life. If you resist, it is up to them to torture and kill you. No matter what you do or what you say, you belong to them.”

The woman shook with fear as she stared into those terrible golden eyes. Her feet continued to push through the mud, trying to get away from the mummy as he watched her. The mummy shook his head and stood up.

Ignoring the girl, he walked away, heading toward a circle of tents where his commanders were preparing for the formal looting of the city. Behind, two of the Red Dragons walked up to the woman and held out their hands.

Frowning at the unexpected grace, she grabbed them and grunted as they pulled her to her feet. The two guards escorted her beyond the fence before heading toward the edge of the camp.

It took them close to ten minutes to wind their way around the tents. Along the way, they gathered three more Red Dragons, without a word. The woman walked in the middle of them, too sullen and frightened to resist.

When they stopped in front of a large tent, she looked up with a start. On the front flap was the Red Dragon insignia, larger than life. A single soldier stood there, guarding the front with a massive spear in both hands.

Seeing the woman, he grinned and lifted the spear, to let them enter. The guards guided her in gently and closed the flap behind them.

Inside was a fairly comfortable tent. Two lines of bedrolls lined the walls, with a large space in the middle. At the rear of the tent, there was another flap leading into the back third of the tent, the officer's quarters.

Lounging on bedrolls, a few of the soldiers scrambled to their feet as they saw the woman. The commander, a powerful-looking man dressed in a neat uniform, stepped from the officer's quarters and glared at the woman.

“What is this?”

“General Anuset gave her to us. To do with what we want.”

The woman began to shake a little as the commander stepped in front of her. He lifted her chin with one glove and looked into her eyes.

“What is your name?”

“Syl-Sylia Riverblade.”

“Sylia?”

The woman nodded briefly as she looked around frantically. The soldiers around her, numbering almost a dozen now, watched her with growing interest.

“And did General Anuset give you to us?”

She hesitated for a moment, then nodded. The command pointed to the room, at the warriors in the tent.

“And you are afraid of us?”

Another nod.

The command gave a short laugh. “Don’t be. We’re not going to hurt you.”

Sylia looked up with surprise and she stared at the command. The man stretched his neck slightly.

“Do you know what women normally look like when they get here?”

She shook her head, afraid to answer. The command sighed as sadness flashed in his eyes. Sylia saw the same flash of grief in almost all of the soldiers’ eyes as the commander spoke.

“Broken. Lord Anuset is rather... hard on them. When we get them, the only thing we can do is put an end to their misery. Many of them are broken in mind, body, and soul. None of us in Red Dragon find joy in those women.”

The woman finally found the ability to speak. “W-Why?”

The commander sighed. “He is a good fighter, but he is brutal. I have seen him kill hundreds of men with a wave of his hand and not even look back. He tortures men and woman during the night. He doesn’t even seem to sleep anymore, just breaks things and screams out into the night. If there was any love or joy in his heart, it was scoured out long before I ever met him.”

“What... about me?”

“Well, it’s up to you. Most of us have spent the last year in the fields with only the whores to keep us company. None of us, except for Private Jennis, like rape, but we’ve almost broken him of that.”

One of the soldiers blushed and stepped back slightly as a ripple of laughter filled the room. The woman looked away and listened to the commander as he continued to speak.

“We are honorable here. Naturally, you will be given duties here - washing clothes, making food, and the like. Pleasure would be... appreciated, but we won't force you here.”

The woman looked around in surprise and the soldiers smiled shyly. The commander chuckled at her expression.

“There is too much brutality here, too much rape. We do our job of protecting Anuset and we do it well. We might not get empty pleasures, but at least we earned ours with honor.”

Sylia looked at him while she tried to process the short speech. Her eyes looked around and saw agreement in the soldiers surrounding her. As she watched, she saw them sheath their swords and wait for her response. She looked over them, briefly admiring their honor and the hard muscles underneath their chain mail. She briefly looked back at the commander before speaking softly.

“You won't force me to do anything I don't want to?”

“We'll make you do laundry and cooking, but other than that, yes. But, if you flee, we'll happily cut you down and feed you to the fish.”

“If I... please you?”

A ripple of chuckles filtered through the watching soldiers and they danced from foot to foot. The commander grinned and looked around.

“Well, we won't stop you, now will we?”

Noises of disagreement filled the air, but there were more than a few smiles on their faces. Sylia found a smile on her own lips as she looked around again, seeing the tent in a new light. She found herself almost thanking Anuset for sparing her and giving her to the soldiers with the strange honor.

“All of you?”

Another ripple of laughter as one of the guards, a thinner man with scars covering his face and arms, spoke up.

“Well, most of us share everything anyways. They don't pay us that much and sometimes we need to... combine our pay to get a better deal.”

She looked at him and then at his large hands and the obvious bulge beneath his chain. "You even share women?"

He nodded purposely and she felt a blush grow on her cheeks. Her heartbeats quickened as she stared at the men. She noticed that more than a few were staring at her body with rapt attention while they fidgeted slightly.

She brought her eyes back to the commander as she felt a flush of her own.

"Am I safe... from Anuset here?"

The mood darkened a little but the commander shrugged.

"He has never taken back a 'gift' before. But only he and the Dark Lord himself can take you away now; Lord Anuset has proved he's willing to cut down anyone who disobeys him. So, I guess you only have to fear two men. If either wants you, we will not stop them."

He shrugged, and went on, "Sorry, we all like to live."

Sylia nodded slowly and glanced back over the soldiers. A faint smile crossed her lips and she licked them lightly before bring her gaze back to the commander.

Her face took on a shy expression. "Well... it has always been my fantasy to have more than one man at once."

A brief silence filled the room, then a cheer washed from one end of the tent to the other. The commander called for attention as the soldiers began to strip off their clothes. Sylia looked nervously at the speed the uniforms were hitting the ground.

"Attention!"

Slowly, the noise subsided as the soldiers stared at their commander. Some of them were half-dressed. The commander glared at them before speaking.

"Now, this nice lady has agreed, but that doesn't mean you all need to jump on her at once. "

Sylia blushed as the commander continued, "So, why don't we let her get cleaned up and then we'll have our own..." he looked her over, "treats."

The woman smiled shyly, a strange tension in her chest as she contemplated all of the soldiers. Even as she thought about her safety in the tent, she realized she was already warming up to her punishment.

Expecting a washcloth, she was surprised to see two of the soldiers drag out a large tub from the commander's side. Hot water was already steaming from the surface as another brought a sponge and bar of soap.

He grinned as he handed them to her. "If you don't mind? We would love to watch."

Raising an eyebrow, she smiled warmly. "All of you?"

"If you don't mind."

She looked around for the commander, but he was gone. One of the soldiers nodded toward the exit to the tent. "Commander left, leaving us with you. But don't worry, what he said was true."

She nodded and started to strip off her clothes. As the fabric drifted to the floor, she saw the various soldiers standing near the tub staring at her with rapt fascination. She let the last cloth fall to the ground and stretched out in a pose.

A soft sigh of pleasure echoed through the room as they admired her. Even with her older age, she still had large breasts that hung loosely on her chest. Between her legs, a thick thatch of dark hair darkened the puffy folds of her sex. Her thighs, with just a hint of fat, flexed as she gently slipped the sponge and soap from the soldier's hand and padded over to the tub. She smiled over her shoulder at the soldier and he practically ran to his bedroll to grab a small folding stool.

Sylia smiled at the gathered men and stopped on the edge of the tub. One of the soldiers held out his hand and she took it, putting her weight on it so she could step into the steaming liquid. She let loose with a sigh of pleasure as she sunk into the water, the first pleasure she had experienced in almost three days of misery.

She let the water slapping against her shoulders as she soaked her body for a moment. Then she remembered the soldiers and felt a blush rising to her cheek. Sitting up, she peered around the room and ignored the lustful gazes of the men surrounding her.

Spying the folding stool, she pointed to it.

"Please?"

The soldier, a young man, about nineteen, blushed and stood up. He handed it to her after a second, then stood up, covering his hard-on with his hands. Sylia giggled softly and pulled the stool into the water. Setting it down on the bottom, she sat on it; with the stool,

the water lapped at her hips and her breasts were exposed to the hungry view of the soldiers.

She smiled and asked in a soft, sensual voice, "Is this better?"

A wave of consent filled the tent and she looked around.

"Why don't you make yourselves... comfortable? I'm not going anywhere."

She dipped her hands back into the water, rubbing the thick bar of soap in her hands. When she straightened up, everyone in the tent was naked and waiting. A dozen hard cocks stood erect, saluting her.

Sylia giggled softly and soaped up her hands. With a sigh, she dropped the soap into the water and brought her slick fingers to her breasts. Her hard nipples slipped between two fingers as she began to rub herself. Her eyes watched the room, and the soldiers slowly stroking their shafts, as she continued to slide her fingers around the firm mounds, exploring them sensually for the benefit of the men watching.

Slowly, she moved from her breasts to her shoulders and sides, taking great pleasure in teasing the soldiers as her fingers slid along her skin. Trails of soapy bubbles coated her body as she moved her fingers deftly along her stomach to tease her belly button.

Finding herself flushing with excitement, she stood up slightly to sit on the edge of the tub. Moans of desire filled the room as she hooked one foot on the edge of the tub and exposed the dark pink flower of her sex to the waiting men. There was a brief commotion as the ones missing the view shifted to the other side. Almost all of the voyeurs were stroking their cocks, watching her hungrily.

Flushed, the woman reached down to grab the soap bar again. Sitting back up, she used her other foot for balance as she soaped up her hands once again. Soon the slickness on her fingers brought another flush of pleasure as she began to gently stroke her thighs. One finger dipped in between her legs, teasing the dark pink folds until they swelled with excitement.

With a sensual smile, she parted her lower lips for the men and watched them grip their cocks harder. Her fingers teased her pubic hair, tugging at the longer hairs until they were slick with soap.

Her other hand stroked along her thigh as she leaned back slightly, moaning with her own pleasure. Her fingers dipped into

her sex, teasing it with slow movements as she rubbed her clitoris with a soapy thumb.

Her eyes spotted a razor next to one of the bedrolls. As her fingers teased her pubic hair, a thought crossed her mind. Smiling, she pulled her fingers out of her wet opening and pointed to it.

The soldier next to it stared at her blankly, then looked to where she pointed. Frowning, he picked up the razor and brought it to her when she nodded. Taking it from him, she smiled and soaped up her hand again, this time directly along her crotch.

Testing the blade with her thumb, she gingerly lowered between her legs and ran a short sweep against her hairs. They parted easily and fell into the water. The moan from the men inspired her and she began to shave herself, using almost half the bar of soap to do so. In a matter of a few minutes, her sex was bare and smooth. She even managed to pull out each fold of her labia and catch the few remaining hairs.

Two of the dozen soldiers came during her cleaning, but they were already stroking their cocks up to full hardness again. Sylia felt a rush of pleasure over her and looked back at the guard who had given her the stool.

She motioned him with her eyes to come closer. "Please?"

Stumbling, he managed not to fall into the water. His hands shook almost as much as his cock did as he stared at her. She smiled warmly and handed him the bar of soap and the razor.

"Please? I can't get it all."

"A-A... all?"

A faint flurry of laughter brought a blush to his cheeks. Sylia smiled and stood up. Turning around so her back was to him, she bent over sensually, arching her back until he had complete view of her ass. The pink slit of her sex twitched invitingly as she leaned forward.

The young soldier almost dropped the razor as he stared at her. The woman smiled over her shoulder and nodded. He looked down as she slid one soapy hand to her buttock and pulled it apart. Around the rosebud of her anus, he saw a few hairs.

Gulping, he realized what he had to do. He dipped the soap quickly into the water as the soldiers gathered around him. Feeling

nervous, he reached out with a trembling hand to brush the slick hand against her ass.

Sylia moaned softly, encouraging him under her breath as his fingers spread soapy bubbles across her backside. His thumb slid against her ass and she leaned forward, gasping at the surprisingly intense sensations. She pushed back against the thumb, still moaning.

The soldier gently rotated his thumb against the wrinkled opening, then held her carefully as he brought the razor closer. With a gentle movement, he began to shave the remaining hairs from her body until her skin was smooth.

As soon as he was done, he set the razor aside. Another soldier picked it up and returned it to the bedroll it had come from. Sylia murmured gently as she smiled at the watching men.

The hand holding her ass apart slid closer, until her finger brushed against the tight opening of her sex. She moaned softly as she began to worm it into the sphincter, teasing it apart with gentle movements.

A few soldiers moaned and squeezed their cocks tightly to prevent themselves from coming, but it was close. The woman in the center of the tent continued to finger her ass, slowly working the slick digit into the tight opening until they saw the first joint disappear into the dusky opening.

Sliding up between her legs, she brought her other hand up to caress the soft opening of her womanhood. Two of her fingers parted the puffy lips as a third plunged into the pink opening with a moan. The men watching groaned with their own pleasures, watching the woman finger her ass and vagina with obvious pleasure.

She began to move her fingers faster, stroking in and out of her body as she moaned loudly. She leaned forward, exposing more of her delicate openings to the hungry gazes of the men. One of them jumped forward to rest a towel on the edge of the tub, so she could lean her head against it and finger herself even more.

Some of the men came as they watched her plunging her fingers in and out of her body, thrusting harder and harder until her knuckles slapped against her skin.

Others came when she screamed out her own pleasure, her body tensing around the thrusting digits. Even as the waves of pleasure slowed and her leg stopped shaking, she continued to finger herself until the last slider came in his hand.

Panting, she collapsed into the water and looked up, smiling.

“Was that a good start?”

Everyone nodded and she blushed with happiness. One of the guards, after wiping his soaked hand on the towel, ran his fingers through her hair.

“That was wonderful, my lady, but me and the boys are probably going to need five minutes, then we would like to do that ourselves.”

Sylia smiled broadly as she felt a hot desire burning between her legs. Leaning back in the tub, she looked up at the Red Dragons and their growing manhoods.

“I could live with that.”

Future Treasures

12

Anuset, on his way toward a meeting with his commanders, paused for a moment. His feet took him to a cliff that overlooked the sea. Storm clouds boiled above him, threatening to cast down rain and wash out the camp. Wind battered him as he looked out, feeling a strange sense of unhappiness that cracked the dark shell of his anger. A few drops of rain splattered on the broken rock underneath his feet and he watched as the first ray of sunlight peeked out over the horizon.

A fierce grief slammed into him briefly as he remembered himself standing on another cliff, in a different life. Then, the dark wave of anger crashed back into him and he let it go.

The golden points of light that formed his eyes scanned the horizon, watching tiny ships as they fled from the city. Many of them contained only lowly commoners who were running to the next city, but some of them held politicians and nobles. Below, he could see three of his own ships already setting sail to chase them.

One ship caught his eye: a three-sail frigate already disappearing into the mists of the sea. A strange sense of longing filled him for a second and he frowned, the folds of his wrappings bending to display his emotion. He looked over to the soldier next to him, the commander of the Red Dragons.

“Sparitan, can we catch that ship?”

He pointed it out to the commander, who shook his head.

“Sorry, Lord Anuset; we only have three seaworthy vessels and two of them are chasing Lord Havinkin, as per the Dark Lord’s command. The other is hunting down Lady Jinusia, also per the Dark Lord’s command.”

A splatter of annoyance filled him but Anuset just nodded.

“It is not my place to question the Dark Lord’s decree.”

“Yes, my lord.”

Anuset turned away from the cliff, half expecting to see a stone pyramid behind him. He saw only mud and tents and weapons, but he still moved toward the camp with purpose. Commander Sparitan followed silently, briefly giving the ship a questioning look before following.

Catching up, he spoke softly, “My lord?”

“Yes?”

“What’s on that ship?”

“I don’t know... a memory maybe.”

Sensing the mummy did not wish to speak of it, the commander allowed himself to trail behind Anuset and followed the general of the Dark Lord’s army.

—

Far out to sea, the Waterdancer was sliding easily through the waves. Her three sails rippled in the wind as it pushed them easily forward, away from the ravages of the Dark Lord’s army. Its crew consisted of hard sailors, a dour captain and one frightened woman.

Inside, the door to the first mate’s cabin slammed open and the woman was shoved into the room. She landed hard against the wooden floor and scrambled to her feet as a dark man, the captain, pushed his way in. He glared at the woman, staring at her body as if his eyes could melt her skin.

She was fairly short, and not skinny. Her large breasts swung from her chest, the thick fabric of her top preventing them from hanging like two large melons. Her skirt, a ragged affair, showed her status more than anything else—lower class. Her long, blond hair was damp with seawater and sweat as she gasped for breath. The thick braid reached down almost to her shoulder blades before ending in a functional leather strap. Below the edges of the skirt, the captain could see padded ankles and functional shoes.

His face was mottled with rage as he screamed at the girl, “Listen, you little slut. You promised me gold and riches if I hid you on my ship, but you have none!”

“B-But, once we get into Port Ginus, my family will-”

Purple flooded the captain’s face. “No!”

The woman stopped speaking and looked timidly at the captain. A tarnished iron ring rested heavily on her middle finger. The captain made a dismissive motion toward it.

“The bag you shook held nothing but broken stones, not gold as you promised. Besides your body, the only thing of worth is that ring and I doubt I could get more than a few coppers for it.”

Curling her fingers around the ring, she shook her head.

“My family -”

“Your family isn’t here, girl! So you better find a better way to pay for your voyage or you’ll spend the entire time in the brig...”

He spun around and stormed to the door. Then he glared back at her.

“...naked!”

The door slammed hard, shaking the steel bars over the single window. The woman glared at the door for a moment, then burst into tears. Throwing herself onto the tiny bed that dominated the room, she moaned in frustration.

“How did I get into this?”

A soft, sultry response came from behind her, a woman’s voice. “Because you promised everything to escape that city, Kisa Silverbright.”

Shrieking, Kisa sat up and frantically looked around. She didn’t find the source of the voice, just a skinny black cat sitting on the edge of the table. Warily, she pulled herself from the bed and padded over to the cat.

Looking into the feline’s eyes, she caught a brief hint of endless depths before the cat reached up and gently batted her nose. Giggling, the girl sat down heavily on the chair next to the table and sighed.

“I’m losing it. Stuck on a boat and hearing voices. What’s next?”

“A goddess visits you and promises you the world?”

The voice was near and sultry. She felt a sparkle of sensation crawl down her spine as she looked at the cat who spoke.

“G-Goddess...?”

Kisa’s eyes rolled into the back of her head and she collapsed to the floor. The cat meowed once and jumped down. It batted at the girl’s nose, but Kisa only moaned.

Shaking its head, the cat walked toward the door. With each step, its form shimmered and blurred. A shadow of something reached up from the cat and solidified into the body of a beautiful woman with a cat's head; the plush fur on her head, feet, and hands was dark in color.

The cat creature reached the door and set one finger on it. She purred a few words of a spell and turned around.

She was naked, six firm breasts pushing up from her chest. A black tail sprouted from her tailbone and wrapped around her leg. Between her legs, her bare mound hinted at her sexuality as a faint perfume filled the room. Her feline eyes still held the liquid depths of bright blue, but the whiskers shook with silent amusement. Her feet were tipped with claws, mostly retracted, as she padded back to the unconscious woman.

Kneeling down smoothly, she gently pushed Kisa's shoulder. The woman moaned and cracked one eye open. Focusing on the cat goddess, she murmured.

"Who are you?"

"You may call me Basma Ma, or Ma."

"B-Basma?"

"...Ma. The Ma is import-" Basma sighed. "Nevermind. Call me Basma."

Kisa pushed herself up into a sitting position and stared at the woman. She found herself not wanting to see the bare breasts or naked sex, so she focused on the face of the goddess.

"What do you want with me?"

Basma stood up smoothly, guiding Kisa to her feet firmly. She pointed to the bed and the woman sat. Basma sat on the edge of the table, balancing on its very point. She smiled at Kisa, who paled seeing the sharp teeth.

"I want you to do what happens naturally."

"Go to the brig?"

Basma laughed, a short purring sound, but her tail flicked back and forth with annoyance.

"No, I want you to have sex with every man on this boat."

Kisa's face turned pale and she began to shake her head. "Sex? With every man?"

Basma nodded, as if it was the most common thing in the world. Her tail continued to thrash back and forth, narrowly avoiding the pens and pencils on the desk.

“Yes, sex. You do know what that is?”

Blushing, Kisa nodded. Basma grinned, showing her pointed teeth and paling the woman again.

“Great. Have sex with every man and you’ll be fine.”

“But... they have diseases. And I don’t have protection.”

“For you, they won’t. And I don’t want you to have protection. I need you to get pregnant.”

More than a little confused, Kisa looked at the cat woman questioningly. “Why?”

Basma stared back, her expression confused as to why the mortal didn’t understand. “I need you to get pregnant. I’m doing a favor for that little bitch Hersa, and asking me again is going to get you a claw across the throat.”

The cat woman stood up and stomped to the door. Kisa got to her feet and reached out to stop her. Her fingers stopped centimeters from the smooth skin of the cat goddess and she snapped them back, as if burned.

“I-I’m sorry, but...”

Turning around, Basma glared at Kisa, her bottomless eyes boiling as she stepped up to the frightened woman.

“Listen. You got yourself into this, little one. So, either you decide to cooperate with me and enjoy it or I’ll make sure every man alive on this boat rapes you to an inch of your life. If you cooperate, I’ll make sure you’ll never have to lie again, daughter of Kelnac the Horse Thief.”

Kisa gasped and stepped back. The edge of the bed caught her against the back of her knees and she sat down on it heavily.

“How... did you know?”

Her tail lashing with frustration, Basma growled softly, a thick primal sound that straightened the hairs on Kisa’s arm.

“I’m a goddess, stupid.”

The cat goddess pointed to the door. “Now, I have neither the time nor the patience. Either you enjoy it and I make sure you have fun or you fight and I make your life a miserable hell. Regardless, you make your choice before I reach the door.”

Without waiting for a response, Basma spun and walked toward the door quickly. Kisa's mind ran frantically for a moment, then she jumped up.

"Wait!"

But the door was already open.

Shock and growing fear registered on the woman's face as she stared into the eyes of the most perfect boy she had ever seen. He was tall and lithe. His eyes, a warm dark brown that threatened to suck her in, smiled at her; it matched the smile on his lips as he carried in a tray of food. On his right ear, a single earring glittered in the beam of light that burst through the window.

"My lady. Since the captain was in a rage, I figured you'd like some food. Everyone argues less when they're not hungry."

His voice was soft and seductive, a hungry sound that sent thrills through her body as she stared at the boy in front of her. He was about a decade or less than her, which put him around in his late teens or early twenties. Realizing her mouth was open, she closed it with a snap. The boy smiled at her warmly and set the food on the table. He bowed slightly.

"Please, eat."

"Are you on the ship?"

Even as she spoke, Kisa was thrashing herself mentally for sounding stupid. But, the lure of attraction with the boy haunted her. His eyes seemed to bore into her soul and plunge into her heart.

He responded with just a nod.

"Are you... real?"

He chuckled. "If my mother and father lived, then I am real. And on this boat," he finished with a smile. With another bow, he quickly stepped out of the room and shut the door silently. She saw another flash of his smile as the door clicked shut.

She slumped back on the bed, feeling faint. The rapid beating of her heart threatened to bruise her ribs as she stared at the door.

"For him, I would screw the entire boat. For him..."

Her voice trailed off as she realized she hungered for the boy and the food. Sitting up, she reached over and grabbed the tray of food; it contained fish in a wine sauce, potatoes, and a side of oranges. Ravenous, she wolfed down her food as her mind spun frantically.

—

By the time the glowering captain slammed open the door, she had made her decision. The captain snarled as he spoke, even before he looked into the room.

“Okay, Markin said he fed you, so it’s coming out... of... your...”

His voice trailed off as he stared at Kisa in shock. She was sitting in front of the mirror, brushing her hair. She looked back over her shoulder, a sensual smile on her face.

“Captain.”

He caught himself staring at her naked breasts, the hard nipples peeking out beneath a few strands of hair. In the mirror, he could see her padded body and felt his own cock twitch. Her skirt and blouse had been thrown onto the bed and she sat there naked, in front of him.

The captain opened his mouth to speak, but no words came out. Still smiling, Kisa turned back to the mirror and continued to brush her hair. The blond strands cascaded down her shoulders in a golden fountain and he caught himself staring.

Finding his throat, he managed to push out the words.

“What happened?”

“Markin... convinced me.”

“He touched you?” His eyes narrowed. “No, you fancy him, don’t you?”

Another smile. “Yes. But, if I were to have him, it would be reasonable to take you all, wouldn’t it?”

“And you don’t have a problem with that?”

“He’s worth it.”

Around the corner, she heard a tiny gasp before the soft sounds of bare feet padded away. The captain glanced through the open door before he casually reached out to push the door shut.

“Are you saying you are going to pay for your voyage on your back?”

Even as his voice was incredulous, his cock was already straining at his breeches, begging to be freed. Kisa looked into the mirror and nodded. A soft smile brightened her face as she finished brushing her hair. Leaving it unbound, she turned in the chair so the captain could see her in her glory.

She was pushing fat and a few rolls of skin hung over her stomach, but there was a raw sensuality to her that defied

appearance. He could smell the faint perfume of her excitement and wondered how he had missed it as he stormed into the room.

He looked her over. "Are you going to balk on me?"

"No, sir. I want hi... this."

The captain narrowed his eyes. "Prove it."

Nervousness flashed in her eyes, but not fear, as she slowly pushed herself off the chair. Her body swelled into his view and he felt his manhood screaming for attention. With a sensual shake of her hips, she glided over to him and looked into the sea-green eyes. Spying a growing lust in the captain's eyes, she knelt down, still locking her eyes on his.

Blindly, her hand reached out and stroked the hardness beneath the fabric. He gave a groan of surprise as she unbuttoned his front and pulled out the aching hardness.

The captain's shaft was short and narrow; the head came to a point that was already leaking pre-cum. Her fingers wrapped around it and she gently slid them up and down, feeling the satin flesh slipping in her grip.

The captain reached forward and rested his hand on her head. Kisa felt a light pressure and scooted closer until her hot breath brushed against the sensitive organ. His cock was almost painful in its hardness and fresh waves of lubricate dribbled down its length as she continued to pump it between her fingers. As she moved, she stared into his eyes, a deep smoldering look burning inside them as she leaned forward.

Opening her mouth, she felt the captain push his cock into her. It was warm and tasted salty as she squeezed her lips around his shaft and felt the darkness press against her tongue.

The captain moaned and pushed forward, shoving the last few centimeters into her mouth before drawing out slightly. His hand on her head wrapped in her hair as he pushed forward a little harder. His balls, two shriveled plums, rocked against her chin.

Even all the way inside her, he barely filled her mouth, but the newness of the experience was sending tiny shivers of pleasure through her body. Her free hand stroked her breast, enjoying the sensations of her nipples between her fingers as she relaxed to allow the captain to thrust inside her mouth.

He plunged his cock past her lips until he quickly felt his cock surging with heat. Holding it halfway in her mouth, he released it and groaned as he felt the few hot spurts of liquid heat splatter in her mouth.

Kisa choked briefly as her mouth was filled with the salty fluid, but she managed to swallow to prevent from suffocating. More than a little leaked from her lips, but she ignored the hot dripping until the captain withdrew his shaft; it was already growing limp from his efforts. She drew her lips against it, to clean it as it escaped her embrace.

Wiping her mouth and throat clean, she smiled when the captain tossed her a towel.

“Okay. That... was good.” His voice was thick with effort and he was smiling a little more than before. He tucked it back into his pants as he stared at her for a second.

Kisa remained kneeling on the floor and looked up with a smile. The captain felt his cock twitch again, but his need to guide his men was stronger.

“I’m going to tell the others. Is there anything... uncomfortable?”

Kisa blushed. “I’ve never done this before. But... not in the ass?”

He nodded. “Never approved of that anyways, too dirty.”

She made a face and nodded. The captain thought for a moment.

“Care about more than one at a time?”

She frowned, trying to decide if she was comfortable with it. Slowly, she nodded. “Not now? Maybe... later?”

Reaching the door, the captain looked back. “Uh, we don’t have enough protection for the trip.”

She nodded, remembering Basma’s words. “Don’t worry about it.”

He shrugged. “If you’re sure. It’s your body. I’ll send down the next. I figure you’ll probably be a novelty for a couple weeks, then things will settle down.”

He opened the door and stepped through before grumbling again, “And if any of the boys hurt you, call. I’ll take care of them.”

“Yes, sir.”

The older man gave her a brief smile before shutting the door. Kisa looked around the room before she slowly stood up. She rolled

her tongue in her mouth, getting used to her first taste of cum. Finding that she didn't mind it, she smiled and explored the room.

The first mate was a rather simple man and she wondered if this would become her room, or if she would be taken to the crew's quarters, a long thin room lined with hammocks. A soft knocking on the door interrupted her thoughts and she paused briefly to consider dressing.

Deciding it was pointless, she padded over to the door and opened it. The young boy, Markin. She felt a powerful blush cross her cheeks, one that matched his.

"Captain says for me to come down here."

She didn't speak for a moment as she found herself lost in his appearance. His throat bobbed for a moment before she found the words.

"Did he say why?"

"Because I convinced you to stay." He tore his eyes away from her naked breasts and looked into her eyes. "But, I didn't say anything."

A passionate smile crossed her face as she gently took his hand. Drawing him into the room, she kicked the door shut with one bare foot. As she guided him toward the bed, she pressed her body against his and whispered.

"Have you ever... been with a woman before?"

"Yes, madam. Couple whores during shore leave."

"At once?"

He blushed again, "No, madam."

"Call me Kisa."

"Yes, mad-Kisa."

Kisa giggled softly for a moment and let her knee find the edge of the bed. Her hand stroked along his chest, trailing down to the hardness she begged was waiting for her. It almost exploded in her hand as she wrapped it with her fingers; the boy moaned and leaned against the bed.

Leaning closer, Kisa whispered in his ear, "Do you find me attractive?"

"Yes... you are beautiful, madam... Kisa."

Her fingers tugged at his shirt before pushing down into his pants. Feeling the wet heat of his cock pushed her body into a

frenzy. Her other hand frantically ripped at his shirt, opening the buttons quickly. After a moment's hesitation, he joined her and they managed to strip off his clothes until he was standing next to her, as naked as she was.

He had a small triangle of black hair above his cock, a long, narrow rod that brought a hunger to Kisa's lips. It had a well-formed head, rounded and spongy and already soaked in pre-cum.

His hands slid up her side, gently teasing the curves of her body before stroking his thumbs against her nipples. She moaned softly and leaned against him, her hand sliding against his shaft until she could feel the wet heat coating her palms.

Hungry, she pulled him to the bed, forcing him on top of her as she stretched out. His cock brushed against her inner thigh as his mouth slid along the hard nub of her nipples. A moan of pleasure escaped her as she felt the hard shaft questing for her soaked sex. With a twist of her hips, she felt him slide almost to his base in one stroke.

It felt like he had been made for her as her vagina clung to his shaft tightly. She squeezed her muscles and felt him shove in a little harder. Finding a grip on the wooden floor, he rocked his hips back and began a slow, tender motion. Each thrust of the burning shaft sent a brand of pleasure against her spine as she clung to him tightly.

His hands roamed across her body as he entered her again and again; they stroked along the ridges of her padding to her breasts and along her arms. They teased her nipples and tickled her sides but never stayed in one location long enough to be uncomfortable. And all the time, his cock burned a path of lust through her sex.

Her orgasm had little build-up. One moment she was moaning against the more frantic thrusts of the younger man and the next she was screaming in pleasure, her world fading underneath a shower of sparks. She felt the cock inside her cum and the last conscious part of her mind screamed for him to fill her. Then, her orgasm cracked through her mind and she lost herself in the pleasure.

She hugged Markin tightly before he slipped out with an apology. "I'm sorry, but I need..."

Kisa nodded, she had all trip to enjoy him. She sat up enough to help him wipe his cock off with the towel. Between her legs, she felt the wet dripping of his spending oozing out of her sex. As he left and shut the door, she stretched out on the bed, enjoying the intense afterglow.

She realized she was sleeping when she was awoken by a sailor, a muscled man with thick black hair, who eased himself into her sore sex. His cock, a thick bumpy ridge, easily slipped into her cum-soaked sex and she moaned softly. Feeling the sloppy sensations, her eyes opened in fear.

The sailor grinned. "Don't mind me, madam. Got a little lonely and George prefers them wet and juicy. And you are one honey that George would love to poke."

She giggled softly, then arched her back and moaned as he thrust harder inside her, slamming his balls up against her inner thighs. She felt George's hands slid up her legs and grip her ankles, pulling her legs apart as he thrust harder and faster.

The intense sensations boiled through her, but she still noticed another sailor, a short man with gray hair, watching the door with his cock in his hand. Between thrusts, she motioned for him to come.

The shorter man entered and hovered near the edge of the bed. His cock was hard and dripping and she could see he was almost at his own orgasm.

Kisa moaned as George's thrusts got harder and faster, sending his thick rod into her fleshy opening and building up a fire that threatened to consume her. He was pounding her hard now, his hands pulling her legs apart so his thick shaft could easily plunge into the dripping sex.

She reached out and grabbed the shorter man's hands. Pulling him closer, she tried to position his cock into her mouth as the hairy man filled her repeatedly.

The shorter man shook his head, "Captain said one at a-

Kisa shook her head and pulled him into her mouth. His cock, a long narrow slickness, thrust easily inside and she tasted his pre-cum on her tongue; it was nutty. Grabbing his hips, she bent her head back and thrust the shorter man into her mouth. After a few

strokes, he finally got the point and reached down to grab her breasts before starting to fuck her mouth in short, powerful strokes.

The twin sensations of cocks in her mouth and vagina sent Kisa over the edge. She moaned loudly around the shaft and yanked harder on the shorter man, trying to pull him deeper into her mouth.

George let loose with a roar and rammed his manhood hard inside her. Thick jets of cum splattered against her insides as he gave her a few hard thrusts. Panting, he slipped out; Kisa couldn't see him leave as she watched the two testicles bounce against her nose as the shorter man continued his fast strokes.

Another sailor replaced George, thrusting his hardness inside her soaked sex. He positioned himself briefly before beginning a hard series of thrusts that rattled her spine. Each thrust slammed up against her clitoris and she felt another orgasm crash into her.

The cock in her mouth began to leak quickly and she frantically swallowed as she felt him cum inside her. The thick jets quickly filled her mouth and she did everything she could to keep up. At the same time, she could feel the unknown sailor cum inside her, pounding her hard as his cock filled her already filled sex with more cum and heat.

They both slipped out of her at the same time and she gasped for breath. Her thighs felt soaked and some of the cum was dribbling out of her gaping sex and into her ass crack.

She pushed herself up and saw a line of sailors watching. Each one had their cocks out as they waited their turn. Just as two more were moving forward, the captain burst into the room. He snarled at the two as he plunged forward.

“I said one at a time!”

Kisa interrupted before he could continue. “I’m sorry. I asked for it.”

The rage flew out of the older man in an instant. He looked at her with concern, saying, “Are you sure?”

She smiled and wiped off a bit of cum that had caught in her hair. “Please. I want it.”

Nodding slowly toward his men, he shrugged. “Guess she’s the boss. At least for now.” He paused for a moment as the sailors

chuckled. “New rules for the lady: If she says no, don’t do it. If she says yes, go right ahead.”

The men in line muttered their agreement as he spun around and began to walk out. Stopping, he grabbed a man from line and shoved him toward the door.

“It’s not your turn. You’re supposed to be on ship watch!”

“But, she’s going to be-”

The captain glared. “She’s going to be here until the end of the trip, idiot! And if everyone can behave, you’ll get your chance.”

Even as the other men’s faces lit up, the sailor frowned, “But-”

“No buts! Get back to work or I’ll flog you myself!”

The sailor sighed and disappeared into the doorway; he was pulling his pants back into place as he faded from sight. The captain gave her a brief grin and disappeared himself.

Kisa giggled softly, waving to him, then moaned as the next two sailors crawled onto the bed.

Soapy Waters

13

Thirty years passed and the Dark Lord's army continued to wash over the continent of Emberka. Anuset was one of the generals, obeying a talking horse of fire that called himself the son of the Dark Lord himself. Anuset obeyed the horse and easily did the violent things asked of him.

Thirty years of torture and pain. His own army ravished the lands, enslaving the populace and looting everything of worth. Anuset's command of his men, almost unnatural to those not of his homeland, left no room for question. Instead, he quickly became one of the most effective forces in the Dark Lord's army.

Thirty years and he finally took a break.

Anuset sat in the darkness of the bathhouse. His golden eyes glowed faintly as he stared across the waters, lost in his own thoughts. In one hand, he toyed with a magical staff of power and destruction. In his other was a glass of wine he didn't touch.

The dark anger was still inside him, gnawing at his gut and his dreams. He couldn't sleep anymore, the dark nightmares tore at his sanity and no magic laid them to rest. He found it easier to stay awake, letting the cursed magics that kept him alive also keep him aware.

Standing behind him was the Red Dragon's commander, Sparitan. He was now pushing fifty as he stood there proudly. His uniform had been pressed to within an inch of its life and he still held his sword proudly. Over the years, his hair had turned to gray, but Anuset continued to ask for his protection, and that of the Red Dragons.

Anuset ignored him as he stared into the water, at the disturbance in the soap and bubbles.

Misty was a strikingly beautiful woman. Her rounded hips and large breasts hung easily. The neat points of her nipples pushed away from her as she giggled and splashed water. Except for the thick mane of brown hair and her eyebrows, her skin was bare of tattoo or hair. One finger held a wedding band, of a husband long dead but not forgotten.

Splashing water back was Geyn, a shorter girl of barely nineteen years of age. Anuset had kidnapped her from her parents' home when she was younger, but she had never spent the night in his bed, or in his tortures. Her breasts defied gravity as she splashed around her. The soap clung to her curves, teasing the bare folds of her sex as she dodged out of the way of the third woman.

Nissin was a darker beauty, her skin the color of milk chocolate. Her yellow eyes glimmered with amusement as she chased after Geyn. Bouncing, her large breasts almost defied her lithe form but the ripple of muscles showed years of exercise and effort. Except for her hair and eyebrows, she was shaved bare also, but there was a faint stubble where it was growing back.

All three woman giggled and splashed water against each other. Bubbles hung in the air as Misty and Nissin jumped on Geyn, dunking her underwater until she slapped at them. Yanking her back up, Nissin kissed her briefly on the lips before pushing her away.

Geyn blushed briefly before she lunged into the water. Her firm ass sparkled before it slid beneath the surface. She came up next to Misty and grabbed her instead. Wrapping her legs around Misty's waist, she leaned back and pulled the woman back into the bubbles and water. A sputtering of laughter filled the room as Nissin took a running leap and pounced on both of them.

Anuset watched darkly, his hand squeezing the staff slowly as he watched every movement from the corner. The rest of his body was still, his manhood not even visible beneath the dirty white wrappings that covered his body. His mind was distracted, caught on a despair of a thought; he finally found what haunted his dreams.

The three ignored him, lost in their own amusement. Nissin pulled the other two out of the water to find them kissing, their lips frantically slipping against each other as their fingers intertwined between them.

Giving a mock sound of rage, Nissin pushed her way between the two, separating them as she locked her own lips against Geyn's and stroked the tender skin. Geyn moaned softly and wrapped her legs around Nissin's right thigh, holding her close.

Misty floated back a second before she giggled. Taking a deep breath, she dove under the water and curled back toward the others. There was nothing but Geyn's sweet moan before Misty came up beneath them, separating both of them with a splash of soap and water.

Sparitan chuckled as he watched. His own cock was hard, but he ignored it as he alternated between looking around the room and watching the three women tease each other in the bath.

Anuset just watched, no expression on his face or in his golden eyes. The eyes were dim, almost black, as he thought dark thoughts. His hand twitched, but he continued to stare forward, not seeing the three lovers.

Geyn spun around and dove back into the water, her feet flashing up before disappearing into the bubbles. Both women could see her pale body sliding toward Misty when Nissin suddenly reached down and grabbed Geyn's ankle. Yanking up, she pulled the nineteen-year-old girl from the water. Geyn shrieked and gasped for breath.

Grabbing her, Nissin managed to slip her shoulder between Geyn's legs before leaning back, dropping both of them into the water. The girl's shrieks of laughter filled the room as Misty began to circle slowly, her body half hidden in the mound of bubbles that filled the bath.

Nissin drew up with a gasp, still holding Geyn. The darker woman swung the girl around and then dropped her. Geyn lunged forward and wrapped her arms around Nissin's neck, kissing her deeply. Her tiny breasts, firm mounds that defied gravity, pressed tightly against the big chocolate ones. Nissin's hands held Geyn closer as she lost herself in the embrace.

Misty slipped up behind them, wrapping her hands around Nissin and Geyn, pressing her own body up against the chocolate back. Her mouth trailed kisses along Nissin's neck as her hand stroked Geyn's flanks.

The three women kissed for a moment, then slid apart, each disappearing in the bubbles. A moment later, Geyn and Misty

splashed back up, smiling at each other. Not seeing Nissin, they looked through the bubbles.

The darker woman surfaced a few meters away, a playful expression on her face. She quickly moved forward, with just her head above the steaming water. Geyn didn't notice her until she almost bumped into the darker shape, then Nissin mock-growled as she jumped up.

"Surprise!" Nissin's voice was sultry but playful as it echoed against the walls.

Geyn shrieked with joy and dove out the way, but Nissin's strong hand snapped out, grabbing her ankle. The younger girl giggled as she tried to swim away; her foot shook to clear the tight grip on it.

She tried to tell Nissin no, but her voice was interrupted by her own laughter. Misty's smile was warm as she swam up to the Nissin and looked at Geyn with interest. The tight buttocks were flashing in the air as the girl tried to swim away. With her own sly look, she reached out and grabbed the girl's other ankle.

Geyn started to struggle while laughing, her body thrashing in the water as she used her hands to keep her head above water. The other two women were also laughing as Nissin and Misty slowly pulled her legs apart; her pink slit was soon in view of both Anuset and his guard as the girl tried to defy the others.

Misty grinned as she saw the slick lips half hidden in the water and spoke with a slight drawl. "And what do we have here?"

"Nothing! Nothing at all. You can just let me go and not look... at... anything..."

Geyn's higher pitched voice started off playful, but dissolved into a moan as Nissin slid her body between her legs and gently ran a finger down the pink slit.

The chocolate woman raised an eyebrow, one hand still holding Geyn's ankle. "Nothing at all? Feels very nice for nothing."

The girl gasped as Nissin slid her finger against the sensitive folds, pushing down lightly on her clitoris before dancing back up to the curve of her ass.

"No... nothing..." She tried to say more, but another gasp of pleasure interrupted her breath and she had to struggle to keep her head afloat.

Misty switched hands to Geyn's other ankle and moved to her side. Her free hand slipped along the slick skin and gently cupped the tiny breast; her shoulder flexed as she lifted the girl slightly above water as Nissin continued to explore the girl's sex with light, teasing fingers.

Geyn thrashed slowly, her movements interrupted by her frequent moans as Nissin worked one of her fingers between her tight labia and explored the slick opening; the darker woman's smile was directed at Misty as she wiggled her finger inside the girl's sensitive tunnel.

"I think I'll play with... nothing."

Misty nodded, smiling. Her smile dropped slightly as she spied Anuset watching her; memories of what he had done to her still haunted her nightmares. She had been taken as "treasure" almost six months before by the horrible creature and he had tortured her every three nights. Each morning, she woke up healed but sore. Only her memories told her what had really happened.

She had tried to escape three times, but the sheer brutality of his punishment had left her a prisoner without walls. Her hand absently stroked Geyn's breast as she found herself caught in a dark depression.

Nissin and Geyn didn't notice Misty's wandering attention as the young girl writhed around the other's fingers. Nissin managed to slip another finger into the tight opening as her thumb curled around to rub at her clitoris. The soft, gentle motions drew moan after moan from Geyn as she strained to feel more of the wonderful digits inside her. Her hips rocked up and down in the water as she gasped in pleasure.

The chocolate woman saw Misty's eyes dark with despair and bumped her hip against her. Misty drew her focus to the world in front of her and blushed, her hand stroking the hard nipple caught between her fingers.

Nissin's eyes questioned Misty's for a moment, then she silently mouthed the words where Anuset couldn't see them, "Let it go."

Fighting back a tear, Misty nodded and released Geyn's ankle to slip her hand underneath the girl. Geyn looked up, her eyes glazed over with pleasure, and smiled warmly.

Anuset noticed Misty's expression and a faint frown crossed his face. He looked up at Sparitan and saw a sadness in his eyes. The commander's hand fondled a dagger on his sheath and Anuset saw anxiety in his stance. Thinking about it, he looked back at the women.

Misty moved to Geyn's front, lowering herself until her young mouth pressed against her hard nipple. Wrapping one gently hand along her upper back, Misty kept the other on the hard nipple, teasing it gently until Geyn's muffled moan vibrated through her breast.

Geyn's hands reached forward, one resting on Misty's hip for support while the other slipped closer, finding the nub of pleasure between Misty's legs. The older woman moaned in pleasure and looked at Nissin with half-closed eyes.

"This nothing is awfully frisky."

"Oh, really?"

Nissin smiled as she shoved a third finger into Geyn's tight sex, stretching the tender folds apart with a twist of her wrist. Geyn gasped, her mouth pressed tightly against Misty's breast. As her body rocked back and forth, she returned to suckling on the hard nipple while her fingers explore Misty's womanhood with enthusiasm.

Feeling a tad uncomfortable, Misty whispered gently, "Slower... slower... ohh good...."

Geyn obeyed the directions, then found a spot that make Misty's back arch and moan. She gently explored the spot, teasing it as Nissin teased her own sex. Geyn's mind was distracted by the three fingers that wiggled into her sex, exploring her slick insides and their growing pleasure.

In front of Geyn, Misty guided the younger girl's mouth to her other breast as she moved her own hand over. Spreading her legs more, she sunk further into the water to give Geyn better access to her own building desire. Geyn's finger easily slipped into her sex, marveling at the satin texture within; Misty's womanhood was no longer tight, not after Anuset's... attentions.

Geyn slipped a second and third finger into the opening before she felt pressure on her fingers. Thrusting hard in time with Nissin's

plunges, she began to finger-fuck Misty while nuzzling on her breast and looking into her eyes.

Misty moaned softly, her fingers dancing lightly along Geyn's stomach and chest. Her body shook with quiet waves of pleasure and she closed her eyes, partially to get Anuset out of her sight.

Nissin watched both of them, her one hand still holding Geyn's ankle as the other wrapped around her back. She managed to force a fourth finger into the incredibly tight slit in front of her and she gently eased it back and forth, stretching the tiny hole. The bright pink lips clung to her fingers and she spread them, watching Geyn's body jerk with pleasure before pushing them deeper into her slick hole.

The girl was in heaven. The sensations that radiated from her sex were mingling with the pleasures along her stomach. Her fingers plunged in and out of Misty's sex, easily adding a fourth until her thumb rubbed against the woman's clitoris. Her mouth continued to nuzzle, but she was trying to move higher, to Misty's mouth.

Misty felt the girl straining up and lowered herself more until their lips met. The older woman could feel Nissin's thrusts through Geyn's body as she lost herself in the passionate kiss.

Geyn's eyes closed in pleasure as she continued to push her fingers into Misty. She managed to curl her thumb tighter and felt the woman's body shake as her entire hand entered the now-tight opening. Misty's eyes flew open, then close as she moaned in the embrace. Her lips frantically explored Geyn's as their tongues explored each other.

Feeling the wet tightness around her hand, Geyn gently balled it and stretched out Misty's inner walls. Pushing forward, she could feel the inner muscles ripple against her as Misty's body experienced another quiet wave of pleasure.

Behind, Nissin was still rotating and stretching out Geyn's tight body. Her four fingers ached slightly, but she could feel the girl's sex begin to give under the steady pleasure. Her own body ached for release, but her attention was caught on the sight of Geyn's tight lips stretched around her hand.

Curling her hand slightly, she started to push her own thumb into the opening. Geyn moaned loudly and pushed back as she continued to explore Misty's mouth. Nissin found encouragement

and pushed a little harder, rotating in the slick opening until she felt the inner muscles begin to give.

Slowly, the snug opening gave and Nissin sighed in pleasure as she felt her hand slowly slip into Geyn's sex. The heat and wetness around her fingers intensified her own pleasures as she bore down with a steady, gentle pressure.

Geyn's mouth gasped for air as she closed her eyes tightly. The intense pleasure wracked her body and it shook with a building orgasm. The dark woman continued to ease her fingers in, pulling the inner walls tight around her smooth hand.

As Nissin's wrist disappeared into the clenching hole, Geyn's breath caught in her throat. She stared at Misty, unseeing, as her entire world focused on the thick hardness of Nissin's hand buried deep in her sex.

Then Geyn's voice came back as she saw sadness in Misty's eyes. She gave a smile as she whispered, "Don't be sad, Misty."

The older woman looked in surprise, her eyes glancing back at the seated mummy before flicking back to Geyn, "You know what he's going to do to you?"

Wiggling fingers in her depths brought a moan to her lips but she nodded.

"Yes, so make my birthday sweet before I'm sent to Lord Anuset."

Tears formed in Misty's eyes. "Oh, Geyn. You don't know how much he hurts."

Shaking her head, the girl whispered back, "Let it go. I'll either survive or I won't, but I don't want... to lose this."

Misty whispered back in a tear-filled voice, "Happy Birthday, Geyn."

The girl smiled, then moaned as Nissin's fingers found a sensitive spot and assaulted it. Misty blinked back the tear and returned to fondle the girl, a fierce tenderness in her gaze.

Anuset stood up silently and turned toward the Red Dragon commander. His mind was already working hard through his dark thoughts. Behind him, he could hear Geyn's tiny whimpers of pleasure as Nissin began to ease her hand deeper inside her.

"Sparitan."

The commander's eyes focused on Anuset's golden ones. "Sir."

When Misty cried out in pleasure from Geyn shoving her fist deeper into her, his eyes barely shifted. A bead of sweat ran down his chin and Anuset spoke softly.

“I’ve been a monster, haven’t I?”

The raspy voice was almost inaudible below the moans and gasps from the pool, but the commander’s face turned a pale white and he began to shake. Anuset sighed. “I’ll take that as a yes, commander.”

The mummy looked back over the water, as Geyn’s body was pushed against Misty’s until her breasts were against the older woman’s throat. Nissin was pushing harder, her other hand moving up to fondle the tight buttocks as she pushed more of her arm into the girl. Even from his position, he could feel the fierce passion of lovers about to part.

“Sparitan, I... feel that someone is going to kill me.”

“S-Sir? Who?”

Anuset looked back, his golden eyes burning brightly.

“It matters not who, nor would I blame them. I’ve killed, raped, and tortured thousands of men and women in the last thirty years. In the Dark Lord’s name, I’ve ordered the same for tens of thousands more. Sooner or later, someone is going to try.”

The mummy looked back to the bath. Geyn was screaming in pleasure as she shoved the firm mounds of her breasts into Misty’s face. The older woman was fingering herself and Nissin as the darker woman plowed her arm in and out of the girl’s stretched open sex.

Anuset spoke softly. “Even though it would take powerful magics to do it, I feel that someone is going to try. And soon.”

Sparitan’s face was still pale and his hand dropped to his dagger. He fondled it as he stared at Anuset in complete shock. “But, my lord, if you know who it is, why don’t you just order his death?”

Sighing, the mummy didn’t respond for a long time. When he spoke, there was an emotion that Sparitan had never heard before in the raspy voice. “I loved someone once.”

“Sir?”

Turning around, Anuset changed topics. His eyes focused on the ring around the finger which was fondling the dagger.

“How is Sylia?”

The commander pulled his hand away quickly and looked at the simple gold ring on his finger. "Sir? She is good. Still recovering from the honeymoon, though. Some of the boys were a little... excited."

Anuset nodded. "Not often a slave chooses to marry an entire squad. Not often that a squad wants to share the same woman."

An unsteady smile caught on his lips as he said, "She's worth it. And thank you for having the priest marry us."

"All I did was tell him I would be displeased if he didn't."

"My lord, if you pardon my bluntness, your displeasure terrifies most living creatures."

"Does it terrify you, commander?"

Sparitan didn't answer and Anuset nodded slowly.

"I see. You are retiring today?"

"Yes sir. I have... one more thing to do before I join Sylia to head to the farm."

"Good, but I ask you do one more thing before you retire. You can do it before or after your other task."

"Sir?"

"And no one else but you and I is ever to know that I gave this command. I trust you to complete it in my absence."

Sparitan nodded. "Yes, my lord."

Anuset nodded, his eyes a darker golden light, and he moved toward the door. The staff of power rested on the chair, forgotten and ignored. Sparitan followed him, his hand dropping back down to the dagger.

At the door, the commander spoke up, "My lord? What task do you wish?"

Anuset stopped the door as it began to close. His eyes flashed back to the three lovers as Misty held Geyn still and Nissin pumped her fist in and out of the screaming girl. He looked back, staring at the dagger for a moment before moving up to his eyes. He noticed a nervous sadness in the brown eyes of the commander as he chose his words carefully.

"Let them finish, then kill them as painfully as you can. Take as long as you want, commander."

Anuset saw the nervousness disappear from the commander's eyes and a cold fury start to burn. A muscle tightened in the

commander's face before the expression in his eyes faded into a strange mixture of frustration, anger, and sadness. Anuset watched impassively, then let his gaze drop to the dagger in Sparitan's hand; he could feel raw magics swirling around it as the commander fingered the hilt. Golden points of light moved back up the old man's face.

“Before or after your... other task, commander.”

Sparitan saluted, a single tear in his eye as he realized what his lord was saying. His voice was crisp and firm as he said, “Sir!”

Anuset turned away, feeling more than seeing Sparitan, who fondled the dagger once again. On the pommel, he saw a tiny image in relief of a mouse holding something glowing in its mouth.

t'Sade

Innocent Distraction

14

The fair had come to Downer's Grove, a fair-sized city of almost sixty thousand humans. Nestled between two huge forests, the city straddled the river Brightwaters. To the south, a small lake was filled with ships and boats which had set anchor for the week before moving on, either upstream or down.

Downer's Grove was a significant trade route from Franome, the capital city, and Rougan. The city contained a bustling trade and powerful merchant houses. It also had its fair share of thieves, pickpockets and gangs.

The fair was gathered around the north end of the city, in a rocky area that created a natural arena for the wild plays and shows that were performed almost constantly for the ten days the fair ran. Hundreds of merchants set up stalls or sold precious treasures from blankets on the ground. Some of the ships lingered, seeing a chance for additional profits.

Tents were spread out over the rocks, shielding the cool sun from the visitors as large spits roasted meat over larger fires. Nearby, a few merchants were selling ale and beer; for the richer folk, a few stalls carried a fair selection of wines.

The mixture of smells filled the rocky area and the sound of merriment rattled against the stone. Hundreds of teenagers prowled through the crowds, ignoring their duties as they gasped at the strange and unusual. Even more were perched up in the rocks, half-hidden from prying eyes.

Matthew and Grace were hidden in some of the highest rocks. Their giggles were unheard by the roar of the crowd below as they watched a play about Yulim, the country of mummies and pyramids.

The actor, a thin, stringy man with a high voice, was trying to play the role of a powerful, muscle-bound warrior, much to the mirth of the people watching. Their laughter redoubled whenever he blushed and forgot his lines, but Matthew wasn't paying attention.

He was a healthy man, about twenty-seven. He was wearing a dark brown tunic with shorts underneath; a silver pendant of a unicorn hung heavily on his chest. His leather boots were laced up to his calves; the leather was well used and scuffed. His shoulders rippled with muscles as he pushed some rocks aside to create a clearing. The cool fall sun warmed the rock as he stood up. At his side, a sword belt hung comfortably from his waist. His black hair stirred in a faint breeze as he looked around with warm brown eyes.

Grace smiled up at him, her own eyes a clear chocolate color. Her dark hair was brown in the sunlight as she knelt down to throw a heavy rug on the shifting dirt. Pushing at it, she found it comfortable enough to sit on; she straightened her dress around her knees as Matthew carried a basket over between them and sat down himself.

Smiling at each other, they watched the actor for a moment, as he tried to yank the sword out of his own sheath but manage to throw the entire affair into the crowd, which laughed loudly. Offers of help came up from some of the men and women. A few loose rolls of cloth hung around his shoulders in his failed attempt to portray a Yulim mummy.

Matthew's hand eased over the basket and gently settled on Grace's thigh. She smiled and shook her head and, just as gently, set it on the basket. Matthew picked up the heavy basket and moved it aside so he could sit closer.

Blushing shyly, Grace watched him and rested her head on his shoulder. Matthew's hand rested on her thigh and this time she let it stay. They watched the actor for a while before Grace realized that Matthew's hand was between her legs, hanging there innocently.

She looked at him and gave him a mock glare. He pulled on his expression of innocence, one practiced many times in the three years he had known her.

"What?"

She looked down at the hand pointedly. "Why is this here?"

Feigning shock, Matthew shook his head and pulled it back; the dress came up slightly as he set his hand on his lap.

"I don't know - must have slipped."

"Right," Grace drawled slightly and shook her head, chuckling. Matthew paused for a second, then set his hand back on her thigh. She giggled and made an effort to focus on the actor below. His hand gently slid forward to hook on the edge of her dress. His face stared at the crowd below as he began to tug the dress up her leg carefully. Grace pushed the hem down again, trapping it as she stared at the actor.

Neither was paying attention to the play or the actor's antics.

Matthew's hand continued its exploration of the dress, trying to find a way of pulling it up as Grace concentrated steadily on keeping it down. When his fingers curled under it, she slapped them lightly.

"Stop. You know I won't do that until I find the man I love."

"Don't you love me?"

She looked at him. "Of course not."

Matthew pouted and stared back at the play. The cheers and boos from the crowd were finally getting to the actor and he was screaming from on top of one of the chairs. A few people in the crowd threw coppers and food as a city guard scrambled onto the stage.

Suddenly, he turned to her and spoke up.

"Marry me?"

She smiled. "You've been asking me to marry you for three years."

He nodded and grinned. "I know. Marry me?"

"One of these times, you are going to be serious."

Matthew opened the basket and pulled out a ring tipped with a single spark of diamond. He blushed as he handed it to her.

"Marry me, Grace."

She was about to push him off but the diamond caught her eye. Her jaw dropped slowly as she stared at it. Matthew hesitated and gently took her hand. Slipping the ring onto her finger, he looked at her with all the love in the world.

"Marry me?"

Words failing her, she managed to nod. Tears formed in her eyes as she nodded again and again. Matthew smiled and hugged her

tightly. Grace felt herself crying as she held him, trying to control the whirlwind of emotions that raged through her.

She pulled back enough to kiss him. Her lips sought his hungrily and they clutched each other with a fiery passion. Her hands stroked along his body, tugging at his clothes as she felt his body burning against hers.

Her fingers slipped down between them and she brushed against the hardness in his lap. She pulled back with a sob and a giggle.

“Knew this would happen?”

He grinned. “No, just hoped.”

She smiled slyly as her fingers slipped below the edge of his tunic and caressed Matthew’s hardness through his shorts. Her fingers easily found a hole in the shorts and slipped in, to wrap around the throbbing hardness she found there.

“Were you hoping for this?”

Matthew moaned softly, “Yes, and more.”

Grace gently stroked her hand along his shaft before she pulled out enough to unbutton his shorts. She slid her fingers along his waist, pushing down on the shorts until Matthew stood up to push them down his legs.

Grace looked up and saw his hardness, a short curved length, hovering above her as he bent over. She grabbed his shorts and pushed them to the ground. When Matthew stepped out of them, she arched her neck and brushed her lips against his cock, teasing them with her hot mouth.

He gasped in surprise, then moaned in pleasure as his fiancée’s mouth began to suck on the side of his shaft. Her hands reached up to gently massage his balls while she sucked, enjoying the satin feel of his ridges and veins.

Matthew’s hands clenched, unsure of what to do. Without looking, she reached up and found them; her fingers intertwined with his as her mouth found the end of his length. Her lips brushed against the soaked tip before pulling it into her warm mouth.

Sighing in rapture, Matthew clung to her hands as he felt his throbbing length slip into a wet tightness. Grace’s tongue slipped up against the bottom of his ridge, exploring his taste and texture as she felt it ease deeper into her mouth.

The slow, sensual movement brought a shiver of pleasure to Matthew as Grace brought almost his entire length into her mouth. The cock head brushed against the back of her throat and she pulled back slightly to avoid the gagging sensation.

Grace held him in her mouth for a moment, then sucked slowly as she pulled out. She could feel him shiver with pleasure in her mouth and hands as she slipped the warm-tasting hardness out.

She bobbed her head on his shaft until she heard him begin to moan with need. Pulling off with a slurping noise, she looked up and smiled.

“Expecting that?”

He chuckled. “Just hoping.”

Grace, her fingers still intertwined with his, pulled him down to the ground. Matthew chuckled as he knelt in front of her and she pulled her legs around his. He could smell her excitement in the air, a faint perfume that teased his senses.

His cock, hard and throbbing, begged to plunge into her wet sex, but Grace shook her head.

“No, Sir Hopeful. I want you to take your time.”

Sighing, Matthew nodded. Then, he got an idea and leaned forward, his mouth brushing against her neck. Grace shifted her hips to the side until she realized he was moving down. His mouth gently kissed a trail down her shoulder, then along the curve of her breast. Grace moaned softly and arched her back, pressing her body against the warm, soft mouth.

She writhed underneath her lover as she felt his warm mouth soak the dress along the curves of her breast. His hands stroked her flanks, holding her still as his mouth teased her nipples before moving down.

His mouth lipped at the dress along her taut stomach as he shifted down. Grace whimpered with need, feeling his chin brush against her pelvis bone. Her legs spread around his shoulders as his mouth brushed against the mound of her womanhood.

Matthew’s hands slid up her thighs, pushing the flimsy dress up until her white panties were exposed to the light. He smiled warmly, breathing in deep the scent of her excitement.

His fingers slid along the curve of her hips, hooking his fingers underneath the delicate fabric and drawing it down. The short

brown hairs popped up from the fabric and he leaned down to smell them.

The white panties slid off her hips and down her legs. Matthew nuzzled his nose down, sliding it into the heated folds of her sex. His hands drew her underwear to her knees before returning to her inner thighs. Massaging the soft flesh, he brought his mouth to her body, slipping his tongue into her slick opening and tasting her for the first time.

Grace moaned loudly in pleasure, forcing her legs apart and kicking her underwear toward her ankles. Matthew lifted himself and guided the white panties off until they fell to the ground. He positioned himself back between her legs and buried his face forward; his tongue lapped at her sex, bringing forth squeals of pleasure from his lover.

Feeling her own orgasm rushing up, she shook her head.

“No... no, please... wait!”

Matthew’s tongue licked against her body one last time. She felt a snapping sensation as her orgasm crashed into her. Her hands grabbed his head and pressed them tightly against her sex as she screamed in pleasure.

Her scream was lost in the roar of laughter from the crowd below. The actor had managed to get his clothes tangled around his ankles and fallen flat on his face.

Above, Matthew looked up from between her legs and smiled, his chin damp from her juices. Wiping his mouth dry, he grinned.

“Just hoping.”

Grace laughed and Matthew joined in for a second. They enjoyed their laughter for a moment, but both felt a burning desire for the other. Matthew’s hand stroked her thigh, gently exploring the cleft of her sex. She watched with lust burning in her eyes, waiting for him.

“Please now, Matthew.”

He grinned and shook his head. “No condom, my dear.”

“It’s okay, I have a diaphragm.”

Matthew raised an eyebrow. “Just hoping?”

She chuckled and spread her legs. “No, expecting.”

He grinned and knelt between her legs. His cock bobbed with his heartbeats as he embraced Grace. His cock brushed against her

heated slit, sending a quiver of pleasure through her as she dragged his mouth to hers for a passionate kiss.

She whimpered softly as she spread her legs widely. Matthew rocked his hips in circles, pressing his cock head against the nub of her clitoris. She moaned and flatted her back against the blanket, watching Matthew with a hungry look in her eyes.

He slipped his hand between them to grab his cock. With a sly expression, he rubbed against her opening. She panted heavily as the thick cock head slipped over her heated folds. He circled around her opening, teasing her with short thrusts that never penetrated her.

After a few seconds, she was writhing beneath his ministrations, begging for him to enter her. Matthew pushed his cock down until the head lodged itself into the ring of her opening.

Grace moaned as Matthew's eyes focused on her firm breasts. His mouth opened in lust as he pushed her dress up to expose her body. Grace lifted her arms above her and helped her lover strip off her clothes until she was naked underneath his gaze.

He rocked his cock in a circle, the very tip rotating inside the soaked opening of her sex. He pushed in slightly and pulled out, never going more than a centimeter in short, slow movements.

Grace thrashed her head back and forth. "No, don't tease. Please... now!"

Matthew ignored her as he continued to stroke her body and thrust shallowly into her body. Her opening was already dripping wetly between her thighs as she strained to impale herself on the throbbing shaft poised at her opening.

He entered her in one movement, a hard, wet thrust that buried him in her body to his balls. Grace threw back her head and moaned as she felt the heat ripple inside her, plunging into a hole where only her dildo had ever been before.

The intense heat swamped through her, sending bolts of pleasure through her body. Each throb of his heartbeat built the pleasure inside her, setting a fire burning.

She gasped with surprise, spreading her legs to their limits so she could feel every ridge buried inside her wet opening. Her hips rocked back and forth, feeling the cock swirl around inside her. Matthew held his cock still for a moment, then drew it out to push it

back in. It slid in easily, the soaked opening providing almost no resistance as he pushed into her velvet depths.

Matthew shifted his knee slightly before he began to thrust inside her with hard motions which buried his entire length into her wet depths before yanking out with a slurp. His cock head glistened with his juices before he rammed it back into her hungry sex.

Each thrust shook her body, pounding it against the ground as he thrust hard inside her. Her knees bobbed with each thrust and she felt the wetness gathering inside her. A wet slurping noise filled the air as he thrust harder, pounding his cock into her body with hard, short strokes.

She moaned and ran her hands along his chest as Matthew felt his orgasm coming closer. His breath came in fast pants as he thrust harder and faster. Her body shook with need and an orgasm crashed into her. Her scream echoed out against the stone and he slammed his cock deep in her dripping wet hole; his cock head banged against her cervix as he held his shaft tightly inside her.

His cock exploded inside her, splattering his cum against her inner walls until she felt flooded. Matthew groaned with effort, slamming his cock harder inside her as he felt the last spurts of his cum fill her insides.

He stared into her eyes as she trembled with her pleasure. The soft afterglow of their efforts warmed them and Matthew slipped out of her to lie down against her side. Grace curled up against him, hooking her thigh over his knees and resting her head on his chest. A smile washed over her face as she sighed happily.

“Yes.”

From the shadows of a rock, two bright blue eyes caught the sunlight and glittered. Their depths were bottomless as the cat stared at the lovers. A soft sparkle of power surged along the rock, filling the area with the warm pleasure of a subtle spell. Neither human felt it as they kissed each other passionately.

The eyes closed and faded from sight.

Grace lifted her head from Matthew's chest, smiling happily. She lifted her hips and set her knee on his other side, straddling his hips. Her finger slid down to stroke his cock, already growing hard again. She gripped it and lifted herself to aim it toward her wet sex.

With a sigh of pleasure, Grace lowered herself onto the cock. Her eyes rolled back in her head as she felt the throbbing shaft slip into her wet opening and bury deep into her depths.

Lifting her body, she pulled herself off the hard length and pushed down again, moaning as the ridges sent more bolts of pleasure through her veins. Matthew's hand reached up and grabbed her breasts, holding them firmly as she lifted and impaled herself repeatedly on the hard shaft.

Each time she pressed tightly against his balls, she whimpered softly. Soon, her whimpers grew more frequent as she impaled herself faster and faster on the cock, feeling it heat her insides with throbbing need.

Her hands slid up her flanks and she grabbed her own breasts, pinning Matthew's hands against her as she continued to impale herself faster on his cock.

He whispered softly as she impaled herself, "Come for me, Grace. Come for me."

She leaned back and screamed as an incredible bolt of pure pleasure vibrated through her spine. Her vagina tightened around Matthew's cock, squeezing it tightly as she felt him come inside her again. The hot surges of pleasure pumped deep into her body, splattering against the opening of her womb.

Letting loose a shuddering gasp, she collapsed onto him. Her sweat-soaked skin dripped against his as she closed her eyes. She grinned and whispered softly, "Yes."

Their laughter filled the air as the crowd below cheered the failed actor's final retreat from the stage.

t'Sade

Unearthed Pleasures

15

Darkness filled the tomb. It pressed down in utter stillness: no wind, no humidity. A thick layer of dust covered everything - not that anyone could see. A tiny room lost deep underground, nestled between two veins of silver and gold.

Then a silver-green glow formed in one corner, filling the tomb with long-awaited light.

When it had first been made, it was just a hole in the ground, dug hastily in a single night. Its occupant had been tossed in and buried before anyone could see: a victim's death.

But, over the centuries while it waited for light once again, dark magics had worked their will on the loosely packed dirt. Waves of invisible energy hardened the rock into a dense stone, heavier than granite. The tomb itself measured about twelve paces by twenty and was dominated by a huge stone coffin that had been formed almost two centuries before.

The light grew brighter and the corner began to shake, as though something were digging toward it.

A thick layer of dust covered everything, but the hints of the relief engravings on the wall became evident. The brighter light showed hints of detail, of scenes forgotten over the years.

Then, the corner caved in in a pile of slush. The magical energies digging into the ground sputtered out with a sparkle, plunging the tomb back into darkness.

But there was fresh air now.

A faint breeze blew through the tunnel, pushing out the staleness of centuries and bringing a sense of rain, of flowers, and of ozone.

Anything living would have stirred at the sight and smells, but the tomb was still as death.

A dim light flickered into view from the tunnel and grew stronger as it came closer to the tomb. In a few minutes, the tunnel was lit as bright as day, except for the strange silver-green color to the light.

A voice trailed out from the tunnel. "Look, Cale, I think we found something."

The voice was feminine and soft-spoken, even with its undercurrent of excitement.

Then she stepped inside the tomb.

She was a rather plain-looking magician in her early thirties. Her tunic was tightly cut, exposing more than a little of her flat cleavage. Her breasts, barely mounds, were slightly lopsided, with her right almost half a handful larger. Her nose was long with a ridge that reached to her eyebrows, instead of the tiny, pert ones the tomb's dead occupant preferred.

Her tunic was dusty brown, but it wasn't obvious if it was from the dust she was walking in or the intended color. No signs or symbols adorned the outfit, nor the skirt that brushed her knees. Her boots were streaked with mud, covering almost the entire black leather in the same drab brown color.

She looked around, her green eyes almost white in the silver-green glow. The source of the glow came from a point of light that followed her like a puppy.

Quickly looking at the tomb without moving, she called back up the tunnel.

"Cale! It's a tomb or something!"

Her voice echoed a few times, then a sound of excitement rippled back down the tunnel. A quick patter of feet ran down the tunnel and Cale burst into the room.

He was easily into his sixties. His hair was scraggly and white, where there was any. He was wearing nothing but shorts and a tool belt; his heavily tanned skin was almost red in the sunlight and a dark color in the silver-green light. As he stared around the room in growing joy, his voice boomed in the tiny room, "Quin, you're right!"

His excitement echoed off the walls as he almost bounced up and down in joy. Sweat dribbled down his back, ignoring the occasional white hair that sprouted up from it.

Quin blushed slightly and looked around. "Whose do you think this is?"

Cale stepped toward the wall and waved his hand over it while muttering a brief word. The dust shook and fell toward the ground; it fell barely a few centimeters before sparkling out of existence. The old man peered at the scene revealed by the dust.

"Hmm, it's similar to the Yulim artwork in their temples. This appears to be a rather impressive scene of a woman being fucked by a man while she is in chains. And you can see here... looks like a whip."

Quin frowned and stepped next to Cale and stared at the picture. The incredible detail of the stonework caught her breath and she felt a faint twinge of sympathetic pleasure from her own body. Her finger reached up to stroke the stone, examining the curves.

"Look at this detail, Cale, you can see the ridges on this man's... penis. This can't be granite, the detail is too fine."

"I agree, this retains lines closer to fine jade or even Cromlin marble. I've never seen anything like that."

They looked at each other, their eyes liquid in their joy. Finally Cale spoke the words they were both thinking.

"I think we found something."

Quin nodded happily and ran out, to collect their tools. As the light faded into darkness, Cale stood at the entrance and started to chant the words of a spell. The dust around him shook slightly then lifted off the ground, hovering in a cloud around him as he continued to speak the words of the spell. The loose syllables were strangely melodic as they hung in the air.

When he released the power, the entire room shook. Dust poured off the walls and ceiling while the floor lurched up. A huge cloud of ancient dust filled the room, spinning around with arcane fury. The howling wind pulled away from the walls and began to condense in the middle, forming a sphere of raging dust.

Cale continued to speak the words of the spell, guiding it in the melodies of his magic. The dust gathered into a smaller sphere, almost a solid mass. He finished the spell on a high note and the

dust solidified and flew through the air to land in his hand. He grunted from the weight and set it down just outside the tomb, in the tunnel.

When he looked back at the room, he noticed that not a speck of dust or grime covered the walls. Each scene was in almost perfect detail and bared to the returning silver-green light.

Quin burst back into the room and gasped, staring at the images.

“There must be thousands of them.”

Cale nodded and shook his head, his mind drifted toward more erotic thoughts. “Let’s start with the basics. You make a cast of each scene... tile. I’ll work on setting the wards and searching for the hidden stuff.”

Quin nodded, her body already moving toward the first scene to the right of the tunnel. It was of a woman caught in a ring, with a line of men standing up for their turn to take her from the front or from behind. On the other side, she could see a man sitting down, with two women kneeling in front of him. She felt a faint blush cross her cheeks before she focused on her task.

She held out her hand in front of her and concentrated. The silver-green light brightened, then split away from the light following her to send a tiny mote into her palm. Her brow furrowed in concentration as the mote of light grew brighter, then rippled the air. She cupped her palm. The light shimmered slightly, then turned to a green slime. Gently wiping the slime onto the scene, she made sure to cover every square centimeter; the greenish slime clung to the wall without moving.

Once she had covered the entire scene, she frowned and focused. The slime cracked slightly and turned flat in the color. Smiling, she tapped it and a solid sheet of the green translucent material fell into her hands. On the other side was an almost perfect copy of the scene, down to the last detail. Marking the reverse side with her finger, she wrote a few things on it and set it down.

She moved to the next scene, which depicted the same woman embracing another while a man licked the floor clean. She felt her blush deepening as she pulled another mote from the light and concentrated on the next spell.

On the other side of the room, Cale was working on his own. In his hand, he held a solid stick of some grayish metal. He was

humming to himself and tapping the walls lightly, listening to the metal rod before moving to the next part. His eyes looked at the scenes, admiring each one in graphic detail, as he slowly moved around the room. He noticed that every scene showed the same woman, but no words identified her. He also noticed that the same man was in almost all of the scenes, but not every one. Leaving that to Quin to capture, he continued with his work, ignoring the growing ache in his balls from his almost constant hardness.

Both mages worked for almost ten hours before they took a break. They left the room and went back up the tunnel to sleep a short period before they returned six hours later. They repeated this for three days before they finished the room. Cale's cock ached from his hardness and even masturbating didn't help the pressure. Quin had a similar problem, even though her fingers worked between her legs when she was sure Cale wasn't watching.

Finally, they stood in front of the stone coffin, staring at it. Quin had already captured every scene on the surface; they were stacked professionally near the entrance of the tomb.

Unlike the rest of the tomb, the scenes on the coffin were not of sex. They told a story and the mages were studying it, trying to identify the first scene.

Cale finally whistled to draw Quin's attention. The woman blushed and pulled her fingers away from her waist and scrambled over.

"Here, Quin, I think I found it. It goes right to left, spiral pattern. So, what do you think?"

She pulled out her notes and shuffled through them, to organize them in the order Cale indicated.

"This looks like the story of a man. He... was in a statue, trapped maybe. Probably a dog or wolf. Someone came and released her, giving her a girl. He... wow. He really hurt her, you can see where they had to bury her because the body wouldn't burn."

She slowly told the story of Anuset, without names. Finally, she drew near the end of the tale. "And this looks like the important part, along the top. This bastard was watching three women having sex with his guard. They spoke and he left. As he was leaving, the guard stabbed him in the back with a dagger. Then, alone, he dug

out a grave in the middle of the night and buried him. The guard left with the woman who... married... the other guards.”

She finished with more questions but one was at the forefront: “Who is he?”

Cale shrugged. “Dead, I hope. But there was no indication of this tomb. Was it hidden in the scenes, or did it form somehow?”

Quin shrugged in turn. “No idea. I think we should get as much as we can and try to find the origins before we head back to the college.”

Looking around the coffin, Cale said, “Do you think he was around during the Dark Lord’s era?”

Nodding, Quin pointed to the Dark Lord’s insignia. “That’s the lord’s. But this doesn’t indicate where the Dark Lord’s body was. Nor why he was able to wage war over the land. But this implies that this man was like a... general of the Dark Lord’s army.”

“Wow.”

“Yeah.” Quin wiped her forehead and noticed the ache between her legs was growing stronger. Blushing, she excused herself to go to the bathroom. Cale grinned and escorted her outside; he needed to release his own pressure.

The two mages worked quickly for another day, cataloging the stone itself, trying to identify it. They took frequent breaks, both for food and nature, but also to relieve their building sexual urges.

As they were working along the tomb, both mages found themselves looking up from their work and noticing they were within kissing distance of each other.

Quin blushed and they scrambled to their feet. Cale found his eyes sliding left or right, but not looking at his female companion of many months.

“Uhh... Quin?”

The plain-looking woman made a deal of looking at a stone scene, her cheeks still flushed. Cale blushed again and spoke, his thin body almost vibrating as he tried to find the words.

“I noticed we are both having... trouble... with concentration.”

Quin’s head snapped around and she stared at the older man. Even though her hands balled up, she felt herself nodding slowly. Her eyes darted left and right before she spoke.

“I... noticed that.”

Cale grew a little less nervous when she didn't attack him. "Judging by the frequency of our breaks, I believe that our own attempts to regain focus are failing quickly."

Even though she was wary, she already knew where the conversion was going. "And...?"

Cale blushed a bright red. It appeared dark in the silver-green glow of Quin's magical spell. His hands stroked the stone as he formulated the words.

"I know... maybe we could help each other... regain focus."

A tiny smile crept to her lips. "Regain focus?"

Cale nodded, happy he had managed to get the words out. Quin felt her own body quivering with need as she thought for a second.

"I was going to mention the same thing, but what about my husband?"

The old man shook his head. "No, no. I'm not asking for an affair or even romance, just mutual help releasing pressure so we may do our job properly. If... we do this, I'll leave it up to you to inform him or not. I'll swear even against my sigil that I won't tell -" he paused for a second. "I won't tell even if you say no."

Quin stepped forward and set a hand on his elbow. Her smile was warm. "No need. As long as this doesn't become a pattern or an expectation, I would need no danger in allowing it... once."

He bobbed his head, his Adam's apple sliding as he gulped. Quin's fingers reached up and began to tug at the strings that tied her robe together. Cale watched helplessly, his mind spinning with guilt but the aching need between his legs pushing him further. He felt his cock strain against his shorts and reached down to unbutton them.

Quin functionally removed her robe, letting it slide off to reveal a plain-looking body with small, sagging breasts and very little curve to her hips. Cale blushed as he pushed down his shorts and underwear, revealing a throbbing hardness about the width of Quin's palm.

They stared at each other, embarrassed of their own bodies. Quin started to say something, ignoring the thin sheen of moisture between her legs, but stopped.

Cale nodded, as if understanding her attempt, and patted the stone coffin with a questioning look. Quin blushed and stepped on a toolbox enough to sit down on the coffin, her legs pressed firmly

together; the tiny patch of dark hair peeked over the juncture of her hips and legs as she watched with need and fear.

Positioning himself in front of her, he gave her a shaky smile. "I won't hurt."

His hands gently reached down and caressed her knees, sliding his thumbs between her legs as he pushed them apart gently. Quin, staring at him, allowed him to pull her knees apart and reveal the hair-fringed opening of her sex.

It was slick, the pink folds swollen with need. Her clitoris, a large bump peeking into the air, was throbbing almost painfully as she felt his eyes on her, staring.

Cale whispered softly, "Closer to the edge?"

Quin scooted closer to the edge, until the edges of her buttocks were hanging slightly over the air. She whispered back, fearing the need to speak loudly, "No penis, please."

The old man gave her a quick smile. "Of course. I'll leave that to your husband."

She nodded gratefully, then caught her breath as Cale knelt in front of her, his hot breath brushing against her sex. Expecting his fingers, she moaned despite herself when she felt his lips press lightly against her damp mound.

Cale breathed in her scent, a fairly strong smell mixed with sweat, before he nuzzled around the curls of hair. His tongue reached out to taste the moisture on her lips.

Finding it not too strong from the juices which had oozed out of her for days, he pressed the tip of his tongue tighter against her folds. Quin moaned softly, her hands holding herself up as she felt the hot slickness brush against the ache.

The older man ran his tongue up and down her sex, gently pushing in with each stroke until he felt the slick inner lips radiating against his tongue. The very tip curled around the hardness of her clitoris and he began to circle it; as he moved, he began to hum lightly underneath his breath. The tiny vibrations of his throat sent thrills of pleasure through Quin as she gasped with surprise.

Stroking his hands along her thighs, Cale moved down slightly and found the opening of her sex. He continued to hum under his

breath as he pushed his exploring organ into the hole, exploring the ridges and muscles as they clenched and quivered with need.

Hearing her moans above him, he lapped up from her opening to her clitoris, sucking in the thick folds gently as he went. As he reached the top of her sex, he curled his tongue and lapped down, pushing it deeply into the soaked opening.

Quin moaned with need as one of her hands reached up to grab her hard nipple. The vibrating tongue between her legs was building up to an orgasm that shook her body. The waves of pleasure that curled around seemed to fill her veins, building up the need until she thought she would scream.

Cale brought one hand up between her legs, stroking along her inner thigh until his fingers, slightly rough from the stone work, brushed against her splayed-open sex. Quin jumped from the sensation, then moaned softly as she felt one finger slip into her tunnel, satisfying her more than her own fingers could ever do.

The old man sucked lightly on her clitoris, then licked circles around it as his finger slid in and out of the wet opening. Beneath him, he could feel Quin's hips thrusting up against his mouth as her orgasm grew closer.

He added a second finger and jammed them both in, up to the knuckles. At the same time, he locked his lips on the hard nub beneath him and sucked.

Quin's orgasm crashed into her and she let loose a shuddering whimper as her entire body spasmed with need. She felt her back bang against the stone coffin, her head hanging over the other side. A fresh flood of juices soaked Cale's finger as he continued to finger her until he felt the last, orgasmic spasm flee her body.

Pulling away, he casually wiped his mouth and face and watched for a response. After a moment of afterglow, Quin sat up and smiled.

"Thank you, Cale. I think that... did it."

He blushed and held out a hand to help her off the coffin. She took it gratefully and jumped down. With a smile, she patted the place she just left.

"Your turn, then we go back to work."

Nodding, Cale mounted the coffin and sat down on the edge, his manhood already soaked with pre-cum. Quin looked at it nervously before she glanced up.

"It's a... bit bigger than my husband."

Cale nodded, "But still smaller than most men."

She shrugged and moved closer. She drew the toolbox in front of him and knelt on it. Her mouth hovered over the hot organ as she giggled.

"Yes, but it's easier to return the favor than if you were hung like an orc."

"True-"

Cale's words were interrupted as the younger mage took his entire length into her mouth. His voice ended in a strangled whimper as he felt her tongue exploring his ridge and licking along his body. His body shivered as his eyes closed.

Setting his hands tightly on the stone, he thrust his hips slightly. Quin pushed down on his hips as she pulled up and let the cool air brush against his heated shaft. Before he could respond, she took him back into her mouth, sucking on his length until he quivered with need.

Her mouth explored the salty taste of him and she felt his hardness press tightly against her tongue. She pressed her lips firmly against his base and sucked.

Cale shivered with pleasure, feeling the wet heat wrap around his shaft. His balls ached with the need to release as she slid her lips up and down his shaft, teasing the cock head before pressing tightly against his base again.

After all the sexual tortures of the tomb, he didn't last long. His body shook as he felt his cock ache to release.

"I'm... I'm coming..."

Quin pushed down with her head, pulling his entire length into her mouth as she felt him release. Three spurts of cum filled her mouth and she swallowed the best she could.

When no more came, she licked him clean before pulling off and stepping back. Cale noticed her making a face as he jumped off the coffin.

"What?"

Licking her lips, she shook her head. "Sorry, don't like the taste of cum."

"Why did you do it then?"

She grinned. "Didn't want to ruin the stone work."

There was a moment of silence, then both mages burst into laughter. They turned their backs to each other as they dressed, a chuckle still on their lips. After a few moments, they turned back to each other. Their cheeks were still flushed, but the pressing ache was finally gone.

Quin smiled. "I think... that helped."

Cale nodded, slightly embarrassed, and a silence filled the tomb. He frantically looked away then back at the coffin.

"Do you think we should open it?"

Thankful for the change of topic, Quin stepped up to it. "Yes. I want to see what's inside. The... pictures on the outside indicate this was just a hole in the ground, but this tomb shows thousands of hours worth of work."

"Agreed. I didn't detect magic, except for a faint glimmer, but I still have my protections up."

Quin nodded and reached down to grab a crowbar. Handing it to Cale, she examined the edges of the top.

"It appears that the top is a slab, so pushing it off should work."

He nodded and found a crack. Setting the wedge of the crowbar, he pressed his weight against it. As he got into position, he nodded to Quin.

The female mage smiled back and began to concentrate. The light over her shoulder brightened, then a mote darted from it to hover in her hand. She continued to concentrate until the mote grew brighter. The light cast a strange glow over the room as the mote in her hand soon outshone the floating light.

When it had reached the intensity of bright sunlight, she ran her hand along the edge of the slab; a glittering green glow appeared, sparkling with her power. Cale shifted his body so she could crawl beneath him, still running her hand along the stone.

As soon as she had circled the slab, he pushed. The crowbar creaked, but the slab of stone slid off easily. Instead of falling to the ground, it hovered and lowered itself slowly.

Both mages weren't paying attention as it settled down.

They were staring into the coffin, at the cloth-wrapped form of Anuset. A golden dagger was buried in his chest; the hilt was pressing tightly against cloth wrappings. The cloth was smeared dark with dried mud, but there was no dirt in the coffin itself.

After a long time staring, Cale finally spoke up.

“Well, this is... strange.”

“Yes, he’s been mummified like Yulim masters, but this far into Franome? We were never that close to Yulim.”

“Notice the dagger?”

“The mouse on the pommel?”

“No, that it was shoved in after he was mummified. I wonder why?”

“No idea, but we should probably take images before we go much further.”

“Agreed.”

Quin started her spell again, concentrating to produce more of the green slime mold. Cale watched for foul magics.

Both mages had already forgotten their brief moment of passion.

Staged Dreams

16

The fair had returned to Downer's Grove. Almost nine years had passed, and many people had changed, but they all gathered along the stone archways to drift from stall to stall.

Matthew and Grace wandered through the stalls, hand in hand. They shared secret smiles and ignored the press of humanity as they strolled, with only a vague destination in mind.

The years had been good to both of them. Matthew's body still held the muscles of his youth, but there was a refined look to them now. His guard badge sparkled in the air as various city-goers wished him a good day. His hair was still dark and he stood straight as he moved.

Next to him, Grace was in full bloom. Her body curved gracefully as she moved through the crowd. She was wearing a light brown dress that complimented her dark hair and brown eyes. A braided rope belt held the dress against her, hinting at the sensual curves beneath. Over her shoulder, she carried a large bag half-filled with blankets and lunch.

Matthew noticed that Grace got more than a few appraising looks and felt some directed toward him. Even a few men stared at him and he looked away, uncomfortable. But the mood was light and he didn't let anything bother him.

The crowds parted slightly as a tiny girl of eight years burst into view and threw herself at Matthew.

"Daddy!"

Matthew released his wife's hand and scooped up his girl, swinging her above his head before holding her. The people nearby flinched and moved slightly away until the commotion had died

down, then they continued on. The girl, innocent joy on her face, hugged her mother from Matthew's grip and giggled.

"Daddy! I saw the pretty thing! It was cute and blue and had stars and the man said and fuzzy and I could have it and I needed you to get it and I want it please can I have it please?"

Matthew chuckled and set his daughter down. "Sure, Nikki. Lead the way."

The girl grabbed his hand and tried to drag him into the crowd. Matthew allowed himself to be drawn along by the inexhaustible energy of youth and Grace followed more delicately, a broad smile on her face.

The couple and their child moved from place to place and at each one Nikki found something she wanted. Unable to resist her charms, her father bought her candies and toys until she almost staggered under the weight.

Then, she spied someone and screamed with joy. Half-eaten candies flew everywhere as she bolted into the crowd, yelling happily at the top of her lungs. By the time the blue stuffed animal perched on her shoulder had managed to hit the ground, the tiny girl had disappeared from sight.

Giving each other a pained look, Matthew followed the noise of laughter while Grace knelt down to collect the forgotten treats. Shoving his way through the crowd, Nikki's father found her happily talking to a man almost completely wrapped in cloth; an actor's imitation of a mummy.

Finding a grin on his face, he walked up and clapped the actor hard on the shoulder.

"How's life, Reinhalt?"

Focusing his green eyes on Matthew, the actor bobbed his head and grinned.

"Actually, pretty good, Matthew. Spent the winter in Franome itself and have a few new tales that I'm pretty sure they haven't heard here yet."

"You say that every year and every year the Morrjan brothers quote your lines before you do."

A faint blush formed underneath the wrappings, barely visible through the cloth. "Not this year. I actually wrote most of the new stuff and only two other people saw it."

“Ten marks says they will.”

“Twenty says they won’t.”

“Deal.”

Both men grinned and shook hands. Nikki stared up at them, feeling ignored. Reinhalt looked down and smiled. Kneeling, he looked Nikki directly in the eyes.

“Now, if you are good, little one, I might have a place for you right on the stage.”

Nikki’s eyes grew wide and excited and both men could almost see her vibrate. Her eyes darted from her father to the mummy and back again until she looked up at Matthew with pleading eyes.

“Please, daddy? Please? Can I sit on stage?”

Matthew laughed, “Why not? You’re going to end up there by the end of the show anyway.”

The girl gasped and grabbed her father tightly by the thigh. “Thank you thank you thank you thank you thank you...”

She continued to thank him as Matthew caught Reinhalt’s eyes. A dark protective look glimmered in her father’s eye but the mummy just nodded as he took her gently by the hand.

“...thank you thank you thank...”

Reinhalt looked back at her father and said softly, in a serious tone, “I won’t hurt her, I promise. And I’ll keep her where people can see.”

“Thank you.”

The actor guided Nikki gently away, toward a large open-air stage on which he had performed for the last nine years. Grace walked up, Nikki’s toys stuffed in a bag, and looked around.

“Where is she?”

“Reinhalt.”

A faint frown marred her looks. “I wish you wouldn’t leave her alone, even with him.”

Matthew smiled and pulled her into his arms. “Don’t worry. I already knew Nikki wanted to be on or near the stage, so I asked Richard to keep an eye out for her.”

Grace looked up and smiled, her body pressing lightly against his chest. “Well, if Richard is paying attention... I suppose.”

Mischief glittered in Matthew’s eyes. “And I would like to keep an eye on you, thief of my heart.”

She batted her eyes at him. "Well, I guess you're going to have to... restrain me."

"Gladly."

Matthew slipped one arm around her waist and guided her back into the crowds, toward the more adult stalls which held wines and finer foods.

Nikki scrambled onto the stage and waited impatiently for Reinhalt to stagger up. The man wheezed briefly before standing straight; the cloth wrappings were hot, even in the fall breeze. He paused for a second and moved toward a large wooden chest. From the corner of his eye, he could see a guard watching he and Nikki. Glad for Matthew's concern, he waved to the guard and opened the chest where both Nikki and the guard could watch.

"Would you like a role this time, Nikki?"

A breathless response: "Could I? I'll be real good and I'll be the innocent maid that the mummy rescues from the horrible clutches of evil and paladins. And then they eat candy and stay up all night." The last few words were uttered in the innocent-serious tone of youth and Reinhalt felt himself laugh.

"No, not quite. Do you want to be the captured princess, or the warrior who defeats the mummy?"

Nikki didn't even hesitate before she answered, "Princess."

Nodding, Reinhalt pulled out a bright pink conical hat and placed it over her head. The edge slipped over her eyes and she giggled as she pushed it into position. The thin gauze, ragged since he had got it almost two years before, fluttered in the breeze before he draped it over her right ear.

"Okay, you'll have three lines. The first one is when I get up and moan."

"First one when you get out of the coffin or the first one when you raise from being stabbed?"

"Is my show that predictable?"

She nodded happily and Reinhalt found himself grinning.

"First one from the coffin then. I want you to say..."

He spoke to her softly, giving her hints and lines as the crowd gathered slowly around his stage.

Near the back of the crowd, Grace and Matthew were walking through the stone arches, enjoying each other's company. They

found a quiet spot in some shade, close enough to hear Reinhalt's voice but far enough to avoid the worse of the crowds.

Finding a comfortable spot, Grace pulled out a warm blanket from a bag and spread it out over the ground. Matthew grinned and watched her ass, enjoying the curves, until she looked up at him.

"What are you looking at?"

"Your ass."

Grace let loose with a mock gasp of exasperation. "How dare you?"

Matthew shrugged. "Why not? I like how it looks."

A grin. "Come down here."

Dropping himself next to his wife, Matthew took her hand and kissed it.

"We have a few minutes before the show."

"And...?"

His grin grew playful as he slid a finger up her shins and around the curve of her knee. He moved it up her thigh, pushing the dress aside until Grace grabbed his finger.

"Matthew! There are people watching!"

"So?"

She shook her head and looked away, but Matthew didn't miss how she pulled her hand away from his. Looking around to make sure no one was watching, he gently slid two fingers up her thigh, enjoying the soft feel of her sex.

Grace gave him a mock glare, but she was already digging in the bag for another blanket, for when it got cold. Her cheeks and neck were already flushed by the time she managed to get it; Matthew's fingers were gently sliding along the fabric of her underwear, teasing the wet lips underneath.

"Have you no shame?"

Matthew grinned as his finger found the edge of Grace's panties and hooked them. "Nope."

Draping a blanket over her lap, Grace leaned back and watched her lover as his hand tugged the underwear to slide along her heated slit.

"Mmm, feels good."

"Sssh."

Matthew shifted so his elbows were straddling her knees; his hand stroked her sex, teasing the curls of hair and brushing up against the hot slit of her womanhood.

She moaned softly as her eyes kept watch for people looking at them. Her right knee parted more, giving her husband more access to her tender privates. She was rewarded with a finger pressing into her, rubbing against the ring to her vagina. Her smile was soft as she looked down at Matthew.

He smiled and pushed gently in, feeling his finger slip into her snug opening. Rotating it, he gently separated her labia and pulled his other hand up between her legs.

When his other fingers brushed against her clitoris, Grace gasped softly.

“Gently.”

“I’ve been gently for nine years and I trimmed my fingernails.”

She grinned at him, then closed her eyes to fully enjoy the sensations of two fingers stroking along the nerves of her clitoris while his other finger gently pushed into her sex, curling inside her before slowly sliding out.

After a few minutes of slow, pleasurable fingering, Grace opened her eyes.

“Give me something.”

Raising an eyebrow, Matthew curled his body until his hips were almost touching hers. She draped the blanket over him and slid her hand beneath the heavy fabric.

Lightly, her fingertips found the buttons of his trousers and began to fiddle with them. Matthew’s fingers were still teasing her sex; it was already soaked with desire.

Finding the opening, Grace pushed her hand into his pants and wrapped her fingers around the thickness of his cock. She smiled at him.

“Pretty hard. Expecting?”

He smiled back. “Just hoping.”

With a giggle, she began to slowly slide her fist, with his cock inside, up and down. His fingers matched her motions and soon they were both stroking each other to a quiet orgasm.

Matthew felt her sex grow wet as her body shook. His own body released with an explosive sigh, splattering the insides of his

trousers with his own cum. He continued to stroke his wife with his fingers until she gently pushed his arm from between his legs.

Wiping his fingers on the blanket, he watched as his wife made a face of distaste and wiped her dripping fingers on the same blanket. He looked up, feeling the slick hotness of his cum beginning to drip down his thigh; his lower lip pouted slightly. Grace looked at him and shook her head.

“Nice try. Here’s a towel.”

Handing him a towel, she giggled as he wiped himself clean and fixed his uniform. Looking at his crotch, she patted the blanket next to her.

“It’s going to be a while before that dries. Stay with me?”

Tossing the towel to the edge of the blanket, he snuggled closer to his wife and held her hand.

“Gladly.”

Together, they watched Reinhalt’s show, already a few minutes in. The three Morrjan brothers were calling from the back, trying to guess his lines; they were close, but not exact. Nikki was standing there at the edge of the stage, vibrating with her need to speak her lines.

About five minutes into the show, Reinhalt did his “rising from the dead as a mummy” act. People burst into laughter as he tripped and managed to land on his face. Nikki took her cue, even though he was flailing on the ground, to scream out her words. Her voice, clear and brittle, cut easily through the din.

“Oh help me. I am being attacked by a vicious mummy!”

The monotone screaming didn’t help Reinhalt as he finally managed to get to his feet. His rags were half off his body and everyone was rolling with laughter. He grinned foolishly and started to speak his line before he realized it was a few too late. Blushing, he found the right line and managed to belt it out.

The rest of the show went a little better. After his ancient mummy act, Reinhalt managed to show the crowds his acting talent as he told the story of the “Grandmother of Dragons,” a relatively new story that not even the Morrjan brothers knew. His show bounced from serious to amusing with deft skill as he gave the proper flourishes, set to the perfect tone.

Nikki watched from the corner of the stage with rapt attention, her eyes brimming with excitement. Her hands clutched at a thin strip of fabric from Reinhalt's costume, but no one noticed it.

After the show, Matthew and Grace worked their way up to the stage where the town folks were tossing coins onto the stage. Nikki bounced from edge to edge, gathering up the copper and occasional silver, shoving them into a black bag.

Reinhalt saw them and walked over, his face flushed from his efforts. He bowed to both of them.

"Grace, Matthew. Thank you."

Grace smiled. "Thank you for bringing Nikki in. She does worship you."

"Ah, but she also inspires me, though I fail."

Matthew laughed. "I get the impression that you fail on purpose, actor."

Mock rage crossed Reinhalt's face. "How dare you! Just because my buffoonery of the mummy brings in the most laughs, fame, and money is no reason for me...." He chuckled. "Okay, I screw up on purpose. When I started, I tried to do it right, but then I found it more fun to flop around and scream at my own props."

Remembering something, Matthew dug into his pocket and pulled out a handful of coins. He grabbed Reinhalt's hand and dumped the golden coins into the palm.

The actor's face paled as he looked up. "But... there is at least a hundred-"

Grace shook her head. "Friends don't count money when they should say thank you."

Tears in his eyes, the actor hugged Grace tightly. "Thank you."

Nikki bounded up and glared at the tears. She handed Reinhalt the black bag and scrambled down the stairs of the stage.

"Here you go, mummy."

"Reinhalt."

"Mummy."

Sighing, he looked up and saw the amusement in Nikki's parents' eyes. He patted her on the shoulder. Nikki shoved the cloth strip in his face as she spoke quickly.

"Can I keep this I'll take good care of it and feed it and make sure it gets plenty of sleep and lots of timeouts and I..."

Reinhalt chuckled. "Sure. Maybe next year, you'll play the mummy."

Nikki's eye grew wide as plates. "Really?"

Without waiting for a response, the girl threw herself against Matthew's leg, "Can I keep it? Can I? Can I? Can..."

Then she sniffed. "Daddy smell funny."

Blushing fiercely, Matthew pushed Nikki toward her mother. Reinhalt chuckled and crawled back onto the stage. Leading Nikki away, Grace called out over her shoulder.

"Come have dinner with us the night you're leaving."

Reinhalt smiled warmly and nodded before going to pack his props. He barely noticed the young girl who held the strip of cloth as if it were a religious relic; her other presents were forgotten as she stared at the strip of cloth.

t'Sade

Lost Fantasies

17

Years weathered at the rocks that hovered over the old fairground. But, every year, the crowds gathered once again to enjoy the shows and browse the wares. Below, Reinhalt was directing a boy to prepare for the show, his gray hair almost gone with age. There was exhaustion in his voice from almost two decades on the road and nothing to show for it but fond memories and empty pockets.

Above, in the shadows that Grace and Richard had enjoyed almost nineteen years before, another crowd was slowly forming. Already three forms were watching the crowds, their laughter easy as they passed a thick bottle of cheap spirits between them.

Richard Morrjan was dark, about 1.8 meters in height and filled with muscles. His eyes were a dark shade halfway between brown and green and there was a strong set to his jaw. His nose, broken many times by his brothers, was crooked, but he wore it with pride. His brown hair was streaked with red highlights, but it was invisible in the shadows of the rock.

Next to him, with her hand on his leg, was Jennifer. With grace and beauty, the stunning blond was vibrant in the peak of her life. Underneath her light blouse, her breasts pushed up for the world to see; Richard spent most of his time staring at the great mounds as if they were mountains to be conquered. Her brown eyes were lit with laughter as she spoke to the girl next to her.

Melinda was less impressive. She was slightly shorter than Jennifer and had a rounded appearance to her face. She wasn't thin, nor was she fat, but somewhere comfortably between the two. Her dress was cut low enough to afford a generous amount of cleavage and she knew it. Along the side of her face was a light scar, an

accident from many years ago, but it did nothing to hide the shock of red hair that sprouted from her head. Despite her best efforts, the red mane spread out everywhere, including down her back to her shoulder blades. Her eyes were also dark, but had a calm depth compared to Richard's violent darkness.

Richard slammed the bottle down next to him, away from Jennifer's hand, and glared at the crowd below.

"Where are they? We've been waiting for an hour."

Jennifer smiled. "It's been ten minutes. Nikki and Robert should be on their way."

Richard, his voice a harsh grating noise, snarled, "They better be. I'm hungry."

The blond started to turn back to Melinda when Richard's hand snapped out and grabbed her forearm. Pulling her closer, he whispered softly, his eyes glittering, "I said, I'm hungry."

A faint annoyance flashed in Jennifer's eyes, but she pulled her hand away from his and smiled warmly. "Why didn't you say so?"

Richard grabbed her again and pulled her into a crushing embrace, his mouth searching for hers. As soon as he found it, he shoved his tongue into her mouth as his fingers slid along her body.

Jennifer melted in his grasp, enjoying the control he had over her. She felt his fingers go straight for her nipples and moaned softly as he twisted them between his forefinger and thumb.

Melinda watched with a smile on her face. She saw a movement to her right and looked away from the embracing couple to watch Robert and Nikki walk up the narrow path.

Robert was a slow man. Even though he was thin and weak, he had the mannerisms of someone many times his size. Even his speech was soft-spoken and controlled, as if he thought about every word before pushing it out. His hair was brown, like most of the people in the city, but his clear brown eyes had a sense of wisdom to them. His eyes flickered behind him as Nikki stepped into view.

Ten years had passed since Nikki had come here at the age of nine. Her black hair was pulled into a functional braid that reached below her ass. Her eyes were a dark, limitless brown that drew the gaze of almost anyone who looked at her.

She was wearing a simple tunic, belted at the waist by a ratty strip of white cloth. One hand stroked the belt as she carried a large

basket between her and Robert; their easy laughter filled the path as they mounted the last few cracks of rock.

Pushing Jennifer away, Richard growled, "About time, I'm hungry."

Richard pawed through the basket, pulling out a large pile of cheeses and meats and one of the bottles of wine. Slamming the lid shut, Richard shoved the pile of food next to him and sat between Jennifer and his dinner. Grabbing a large handful, he caught Jennifer glaring at him.

"What?"

Shaking her head, Jennifer turned to the basket to find Robert slowly making four plates from the remaining stock. He carefully cut the sausage and cheese into almost perfect squares and set them down, counting each one to make sure they matched. Nikki took hers gratefully and sat near the edge of the cliff, so she could watch Reinhalt's show from her perch.

Melinda grabbed her plate and sat next to Nikki.

"Feeling strange?"

Nikki nodded, not pulling her eyes from the show below. Richard scoffed from his corner, "Why should she feel strange?"

Melinda glared at him. "Because this is the first time she isn't sitting next to the stage."

"So?"

"So, it's something new."

Richard shook his head and grabbed another handful of food. "Whatever."

Robert handed a plate to Jennifer who took it with silent thanks and then moved his own plate next to Melinda. Setting it down on her lap, he sat down beside her heavily and grabbed one cube of cheese from her lap.

The red-haired girl grinned at him. "Getting a little frisky, are we?"

Robert stared at her for a brief moment.

"Yes," he said, his voice soft, almost dreamy, but with a faint sense of purpose to his speech. Melinda rested her hand on his shoulder while she grabbed a cube of sausage.

Moving it until his eyes focused on it, she very carefully dropped the cube into her cleavage, giggling as the cool meat nestled against

her smooth mounds. Robert looked at her, a faint sense of fear growing.

“Don’t worry, it won’t bite.”

Smiling slowly, the boy leaned forward and pressed his head into her cleavage. Melinda held her breath as she felt his tongue explore the soft flesh a moment before he sucked the meat into his mouth. When he pulled up, it was caught in his teeth. Melinda giggled and leaned forward, biting part of the cube from his mouth. She swallowed it and returned for a kiss, tasting the slight pepper on her lover’s lips.

Richard glared from his point. “Well, that didn’t take long.”

Melinda shot back with another glare. “You started.”

The darker boy looked back at Jennifer, then pulled her closer. She barely had time to move to his side before his hands were pawing at her blouse, pulling apart the buttons to slide in against her sensitive breasts. His fingers twisted her nipple as he positioned his other hand against her knee.

Feeling a growing need, Jennifer parted her legs and moaned softly as the rough hand pushed up between her legs to rub against the fabric of her panties. His motions were a little rough, but she could already feel a faint dampness coating his fingers as he fumbled with the edge. Pulling up, Richard shoved two fingers in and found her sex. He barely gave her clitoris a few strokes before pushing down and shoving into her depths.

Jennifer winced slightly, not enjoying the ministrations until her body began to produce a faint sheen of lubricant. From there, she felt the growing pleasure and parted her legs more.

Closer to Nikki, Robert and Melinda were already touching and kissing each other. Compared to Richard’s frantic need, Robert was hesitant and tender. He ran his finger along Melinda’s scar before gently cupping her neck to pull her into a passionate kiss.

Nikki looked back, enjoying the brief sight before her eyes were drawn back to the show. Below, Reinhalt’s acting was worse than normal. He had to take frequent breaks to breathe and his eyes constantly roved over the crowd. From the back, two of the younger Morrjan brothers were insulting him by repeating the lines with a few words changed; very few people laughed at their jokes.

Next to her, she could feel as Robert's hands gently slid along the red-haired girl's flanks and moved to hold her against the small of her back. She giggled softly and nuzzled closer, her mouth exploring his neck as her fingers teased the buttons on his shirt.

Finding a gap, Robert's fingers gently tugged at her dress, pulling the edge of the fabric until the girl's firm breasts spilled out. With a sigh of pleasure, he slowly moved his hands up to cup them, enjoying the satin feel of hot flesh in his hands.

On the other side, half-hidden in the shadows, Richard was ripping off his clothes. His cock was thick and squat, covered in coarse hair. He threw his pants aside and used both hands to almost yank Jennifer's underwear from between her legs. She lifted her lips, allowing him to complete his motion.

Retrieving the flimsy cloth from her, he threw it over the side and ignored the gasp of protest from his blond partner. He felt a hunger burning inside him and he quickly knelt between her legs, shoving up her skirt until her sex was bared to his desire.

Even below, her hair was a light blond in color. Her sex was tight; barely a fold of her labia peeked out from the curve of her womanhood. Richard grinned happily and shoved his finger up into her, stretching her slightly and making sure she was lubricated enough.

Jennifer relaxed her muscles, waiting for him to enter her. He didn't disappoint her as he grabbed her ankles and scooted closer. His cock flailed around for a moment, then found the wet hole. With a grunt, he rammed his length into her body and pushed her knees against her chest.

Fighting the sense of growing frustration, Jennifer felt herself moaning from the thick intruder, then thrusting down on the thick shaft that pounded inside her. Richard rode her hard; fast strokes that quickly brought him to an orgasm.

Jennifer felt him come inside her, filling her with a hot liquid before he pulled out with a slurp. She had barely had time to enjoy the pleasure before he grabbed the edge of her skirt and wiped his cock off.

Patting her on the breast, he smiled warmly. "Thank you," he said, and stood up. Jennifer glared up at him, pulling her legs together. Richard ignored her as he reached down and grabbed the

bottle of wine. Feeling satisfied, he leaned against the rock and stared down at the crowd, a sneer on his face.

Ignoring him, Robert and Melinda lost themselves in each other's eyes. One of them had set the plate down on Nikki's lap; the girl smiled and held it steady as the two made out next to her. Nikki's eyes were watching the show, remembering the bits and enjoying the new flourishes Reinhalt had added to the previous year.

Robert's mouth bobbed down, his mouth seeking Melinda's curves. His hands held her hips lightly as his lips found the hard nub of her nipple and sucked it in lightly. His tongue darted out, sliding around the wrinkle area, much to Melinda's pleasure.

Her hands gripped his back, holding him against her as she closed her eyes. The soft pleasures of his mouth were already making sensation rage inside her, but she enjoyed Robert's slow foreplay, compared to Richard's violent need. Her fingers released his shirt and danced down his sides as she sought his hardness.

Finding it, she admired its length through his trousers, then worked at unbuttoning the fabric. Robert's mouth moved slowly from one breast to the other, squeezing each gently before licking in circles. His tongue never touched the hard nipple, but every circle brought it closer, further, endlessly teasing until she felt her body shake with need.

Her hands slipped inside his pants, grabbing the hardness and sliding up and down on the cum-slicked organ. Robert moaned himself as he let the hard nipple finally slide into his mouth. He sucked on it for a few seconds before letting it slip out. He smiled at Melinda, a strong emotion simmering in his eyes.

Melinda smiled back and worked the rest of the laces of her dress until it slipped off her shoulders. Below, she was naked as she leaned back against the rock Nikki was using as a seat. The dark haired girl looked down and smiled when she found Melinda looking back.

Nikki picked up a piece of cheese and reached down to feed it to Melinda. The red-haired girl's mouth gently kissed Nikki's fingers. Nikki found her eyes drawn back to the play and Melinda focused on her lover, whose mouth was moving down her stomach.

Robert was slow, but steady. His lips trailed a line of kisses that followed the curves of her body, both good and bad, before reaching

to the cleft between her legs. With the same steady pace, he gently moved his mouth down, his tongue darting out to flick at her clitoris. Melinda's body jumped from the sudden sensations before she began to moan underneath Robert's slow, steady licking from the base of her sex to the very tip.

Richard watched for a few moments, his cock already growing hard. Spying Nikki, he took a few steps closer and grabbed her shoulder. When the girl looked up, he almost growled.

"Come on."

Nikki pulled her shoulder from his grip and shook her head.

"Not now, Richard."

When she chose to speak, which was rare, her voice was soft, almost musical. Richard frowned and repeated himself. "Come on."

Nikki ignored him as she went back to staring at the show. Reinhalt was at her favorite part, his imitation of a mummy. His words were wracked with coughing and he kept searching the crowds, but after so many years, he had perfected the role, even when it required him to fall into a vat of pink dye. The crowd roared with laughter and Nikki felt herself smile.

Standing above her, Richard glared at her, then at the others. Jennifer was watching him with shadowed eyes, but he was already done with her. He stared down at Nikki, then stormed away.

"Why do we even bring her?"

He didn't wait for a response before he grabbed the last remaining bottle of wine and stalked down the path. Nikki looked at him briefly, sorrow beginning to form in her eyes, but the roar of the crowd brought her eyes back to the show.

Jennifer sighed and stood up, using the edge of the blanket to clean up the last of Richard's brief orgasm. Picking over the rough spots, she smiled down at the two lovers before sitting down next to Nikki.

Behind them, Robert was working his way up Melinda's stomach, much to her enjoyment. His manhood bobbed beneath him, a normal-sized shaft with an immense, mushroom-shaped head. The red-haired girl moaned softly as she felt it press lightly up against her soaked sex and she lifted her mouth to his.

Slowly, he pushed inside her, enjoying the intense hot sensations that rippled along his length as he felt his spongy head compress

inside her opening. Even slower, he pushed forward, letting his width bring pleasure to Melinda.

Melinda moaned softly as he buried his length inside her. She shifted her body around his cock for a moment before nodding. Slowly, Robert began to draw out his cock, the same steady movements he always used. Melinda arched her back and Robert came back. Soon, they fell into a slow, sensual rhythm, interrupted by grunts and moans.

On the rock, both of the girls paid only half attention to the lovers. Jennifer set one hand on Nikki's lap as they watched the show come near an end. She looked over at the girl, admiring the gentle curves of Nikki's face and her rapt attention to the crowds below.

"We do like you, you know."

Nikki looked over and nodded with a brief smile. Jennifer pointed toward the path with a thumb.

"He's just an asshole sometimes."

Another nod.

"You don't have to..., you know. Not with him or anyone else."

A brief hesitation, then Nikki nodded. Below, Reinhalt cleared his throat and called for silence. Nikki drew her eyes down and strained to listen to his words. Reinhalt drew himself up to full height and almost bellowed out, his lungs wheezing with the effort.

"As everyone knows, I may be reaching the end of my prime."

"Oh really?"

Reinhalt glared at Richard and his brother before continuing.

"So, it's with great regret that I have to announce this will be my last year. After this, I'm retiring and finding a warm bottle of wine and a comfortable place where I don't have to worry about fires."

The Morrjan brothers cheered, but the rest of the crowd gave him a respectful silence. Jennifer looked up to see Nikki's reaction, but the girl was already sprinting down the path, almost out of sight. Feeling tears in her eyes, she turned her back on the actor and watched as Robert and Melinda came at the same time, their almost silent moans vibrating in the air.

Melinda slowly opened her eyes and looked around.

"Where did everyone go?"

Jennifer pointed down the path. Melinda looked surprised.

“Together?”

The blond shook her head.

“Oh good, I was afraid sanity had left the girl.”

Robert finally managed to laugh and the two girls joined him for a moment.

—

Below, Nikki ran to the back of the stage, just as Reinhalt was staggering down it. Spying Nikki, his eyes sparkled and he held out his arms. The black-haired girl threw herself against him and hugged him tightly, tears running down her cheeks.

“I’m sorry.”

Reinhalt pulled away from her away slightly, his gray eyebrows frowning, as he said, “For what, little one?”

“For not being here.”

He laughed, a short sound that ended in a rasping gasp. “I was going to retire regardless of whether you were here or not. I’m hitting almost forty winters now and it’s time to retire.”

She hugged him again tightly. He held her, his mind running slowly, and cried himself. When they pulled apart, he wiped the tears from his eyes and both of them had a chuckle as the pink dye streaked his face.

After a few second, they spoke again, this time softly with the restlessness of friends parting. Finally, Nikki asked the question Reinhalt feared the most.

“Where will you go?”

Reinhalt blushed and looked away. For a long time he didn’t speak and Nikki wondered if she had asked the wrong question. Finally, he spoke in a voice so soft she had to step forward to hear it.

“I was hoping it would depend on you.”

A strange sensation rippled down her spine as she felt her lips tremble. When she spoke, it was almost a child’s voice.

“Me?”

He looked at her, fear and nervousness brimming in his clear eyes. A few fresh tears were already forming in his eyes.

“I never asked because... of many things. But, would you like to help an old man retire? Find a place to hide and be together? It doesn’t have to be marriage, but...”

His voice trailed off and she could hear the emotions invested in his words. They felt practiced a hundred times over and he still managed to stumble over the syllables. Feeling a strong emotion crashing into her, Nikki stepped back slightly. Her whisper was almost as soft as his.

“Why?”

He gently took her hand, the thin skin of his palm almost cracking as he stroked her wrist.

“Because you cared. No one else in all my years ever brought me so much joy, so much pleasure. From the first day your father brought you to my show, you have brightened up my world. Ever since, you have sat in front and cheered me on. You have been my only inspiration for the last decade as I thought about you every winter. You are my muse and I... I...”

Tears were running down both of their cheeks as Nikki’s mind spun. Future plans crashed against each other as she tried to sort out her emotions. The hand against hers felt ancient.

Her heart dropped in her chest as she shook her head. At the first movement, something snapped inside him and his shoulders sagged. His last hopes were dashed to the ground and she felt the growing guilt that she failed him. The dejection in his eyes was so powerful she almost burst into tears.

“I... I’m sorry. I’m waiting for...”

Pushing back his sorrow took almost all his years of training. Reinhalt nodded slowly and stared down at the cloth wrapped around her. Nine years before, he had given that cloth to her as a present for being on his stage. The man she was searching for was caught in her dreams, not reality.

He had no chance against that dream.

When he spoke again, his voice was filled with a dark vibration of sorrow and desire. He threw all of his hopes into that one question, and she managed to rip his heart out, without even knowing how.

“If it weren’t for him?”

Her face was drawn with grief as she paused for a second, then answered, “I don’t know. Maybe.”

Looking into his eyes, she amended herself, “But, I would have been willing to try if it weren’t... for him.”

He nodded ever so slightly and said nothing. Nikki watched him for a moment, then turned to leave.

“Then I have something for you.”

Nikki’s heart was too heavy to be excited, but it gave a jump when he pulled another long strip of half-rotted cloth from his pocket. He bundled it up and pressed it tightly into her palm.

“This is from a real mummy, my dear. I bought it in Franome before they shipped out the exhibition.”

She stared at the cloth, feeling powerful emotions raging in her heart. Reinhalt took the silence for a second, then his voice brightened a little; the cheer was a false front to his sorrow but he still had hope.

“But, if I can’t be... can I at least be your uncle?”

There was a brief moment of silence as the girl stared at the cloth, then she nodded before pulling him into a hug. Tears sheeted down her cheeks as she sniffed. Gasping with the effort, she held him tightly as if she were afraid to lose him.

“You’ll always be my uncle. Always.”

t'Sade

Last One Standing 18

Night came rushing over Downer's Grove in less than an hour. The fair was still going strong and wasn't going to allow the darkness to stop it; torches were lit with drunken hands and the noise returned to its previous levels.

Jennifer and Melinda walked down the street, near the edge of the crowds. Behind them, Robert followed in silence, his eyes watching over everything as he padded along.

Dodging around a large mass of people urging on a fight, they headed away from the crowds and into the darker parts of town. Silent buildings hung over them as they wandered down the dirt road, kicking at the occasional piece of pottery or pile of garbage.

Jennifer looked behind her as she sighed in frustration. "Why did Nikki leave so suddenly?"

Melinda looked confused for a second, then brightened. "I forgot, you didn't grow up here. Everyone knows about Nikki's obsession with Reinhalt and his show. Remember that strip of cloth she is always wearing?"

Jennifer nodded slowly and Melinda continued.

"He gave it to her a long time ago. Called it a gift from a mummy."

The blond frowned. "Like the one in his show?"

Melinda nodded happily. "Sort of. Nikki has always been... obsessed with mummies. She seems to like the darker ones, strong and powerful, filled with awful magics."

"Strange obsession."

Melinda grinned at her. "Like you and Richard?"

The blond glared at her briefly, then chuckled. "Yes, I don't know what I see in him anymore."

A deep growl came before the red-haired girl could respond: "Leave him."

Both women looked back at Robert and the first two words he had said since leaving the fair ground. There was a dark look on his face, but it faded quickly, right before their eyes. They stared at him for a moment, but he quickly drew a bland expression and both women realized they wouldn't get anymore out of him.

There was a silence as the trio continued to move through the streets. As they moved, Jennifer found her arm sliding around Melinda's waist, pulling her closer. The redheaded woman smiled and leaned in, enjoying the closeness. Robert followed behind, watching for trouble and admiring the comfort he could never understand.

The silence began to get to Jennifer and she looked over at Melinda.

"So, ready for classes?"

She frowned for a second. "Yeah. Sometimes I think trying to be a historian was the wrong choice."

Jennifer giggled. "Yeah. What are they making you do this year?"

"Besides the usual? Amanda and me are going to be learning how they make mummies. First time ever. They brought one in from Franome, just for this year."

"Bet Nikki wanted in that class."

"Yeah, but the professor refused to let her."

"Why?"

"Didn't have the prerequisite classes, and she wasn't willing to blow the teacher. You know, the usual."

Jennifer sighed heavily. "Leave it to men to just want their own pleasures."

She looked back to apologize to Robert, but the silent man was already shrugging as he smiled. Thankful for his silence, she found Melinda watching her.

"What?"

"Speaking of men. Did... Richard actually leave you with anything?"

"Besides a sore back?"

The redheaded girl chuckled. "I take that as a no."

The blond shook her head sadly. "Sorry. He finished and left, stalking Nikki."

"Too bad she's not interested in him."

"Maybe he should wear some wrappings."

Melinda burst into laughter and Jennifer joined in after a few moments. Their mirth echoed against empty buildings and even Robert offered a chuckle or two.

Still laughing, the redheaded woman gently guided Jennifer down a mud path leading into a small park. Her eyes sparkled with playfulness. They were almost in the woods before Jennifer noticed Melinda's direction.

"Where are... where are we going?"

Melinda grinned. "To finish what the bastard started."

Getting a little nervous, Jennifer shook her head. "You can't. Richard. He'll be—"

"Forget him. He had his chance - all he did was leave you high and dry, and left to chase after some other skirt. If Nikki hadn't been there, he'd be after me or some other girl."

Jennifer was looking around in the darkness and Melinda held her chin gently to force the blond to look into her eyes.

"Right?"

Jennifer nodded slowly. Melinda's eyes sparkled as she continued to guide the blond backward into the woods.

"And we both know that Robert and I have... helped you along after poor Richard, haven't we."

A sly smile crossed Jennifer's face and she blushed. She nodded slowly and Melinda giggled softly.

"So, are you going to resist some more or do I need to ask Robert to remind you that not all men are assholes?"

Jennifer looked over at Robert, who was trailing them silently. "I would like that."

Her guide brightened. "Good. So, let's find a place where we can strip you naked and make sure you find that bright place that makes all of us feel good."

The blond giggled softly and turned to lead the way into the woods. Following both of them, Robert smiled to himself.

A few more minutes and the three found themselves in a small clearing. The sounds of the city and the fair faded away into the soft noises of birds and water. Below them, the ground was soft, with an earthy smell that teased their senses.

“Is this good for you?”

Jennifer nodded, feeling in awe of this tiny bit of nature caught in the city. She smiled warmly around, then gasped as Robert stepped forward, his hands gently sliding along her blouse to tease the curves of her breasts. Her voice was a timid whisper as she looked into the calm eyes.

“Robert.”

She would have said more, but she felt Melinda pressing up against her spine, the large breasts digging slightly into her back as a light touch of lips pressed against her neck.

Beyond her control, Jennifer felt her knees grow weak as she bent her neck to give Melinda more access to the sensitive spot along her collarbone. A soft sigh of pleasure escaped her lips as she reached out to hold onto Robert’s shirt for balance.

Warm hands curled around from behind, gently cupping her breasts as the fingers deftly brushed against her hard nipples. The fabric of her blouse rustled in defiance, protecting Jennifer from the hot touch.

Feeling her heart beating hard in her chest, she relaxed between the two and enjoyed the hands roaming across her body, teasing her flanks, stomach, and shoulders. Melinda’s mouth continued to nibble and suck lightly along both sides and the back of her neck.

Robert’s hands slowly moved down as Melinda’s continued to tease the firm mounds of her breasts. Fingers teased the ties of her blouse until they loosened.

With a quiet smile on his face, Robert slipped his hands into her shirt and pulled the soft fabric apart. Jennifer gasped at the sudden sensations, then moaned softly as Melinda’s caresses took advantage to slip under the fabric and against her heated skin.

Jennifer moaned loudly, as she felt the man pulling at her skirt, rotating it until he found the tie that wrapped it around her waist. With a grin, he worked at the knot until she felt it pull away. There was a soft rustle as the fabric crumbled to the ground and she

blushed with the sensation of being bare to Robert and Melinda's hungry gazes.

Melinda's mouth began to nibble down her right shoulder as her fingers continued to gently tease Jennifer's hard nipples. The soft whimpers of pleasure escaped her throat as the woman leaned back against Melinda. All three of their breaths grew faster as Robert gently lowered himself in front of her, looking up at the beautiful body in front of him.

His lips caught her right next to her knee and she jumped at the surprising sensation. Melinda's hands stroked down, teasing her nerves against her sides as large hands gently parted her thighs.

Panting, the blond woman looked down to watch as Robert gently eased her legs apart and began to kiss and stroke up her thighs. He moved up a little, then down, gently massaging her in a way that gradually brought his touching up closer to her soaked sex.

She opened her mouth to say something, but the intense sensations of lips pressed against her womanhood dissolved any resistance. A tongue darted out to brush against her inner lips and she felt her body shaking from the sensations.

One of Robert's hands slid around her thigh to cup her buttock, while the other brought a single finger to gently brush against the tight mound of her labia.

Jennifer moaned again, a soft exhalation that seemed to hover in the clearing. She leaned back, resting her head on Melinda's shoulder as the red-haired woman moved up to suck on her earlobe. She paused for a second to whisper in Jennifer's ear.

"We going to get that bad taste out of you, and then replace it with something very nice."

The words rocked through Jennifer with a shiver and she strained to lift one leg, to give Robert's exploring tongue more access. Responding to the desire, he used his hand between her legs to gently lift her knee and position it on his shoulder. Before Jennifer could balance in the position, his mouth was against at her slit, licking along her folds with a soft, insistent pleasure.

The hand between her legs slid up, bringing one finger to caress her wet opening with gentle, quiet circles before slowly pushing in. Robert's other hand held her tightly, pressing her hips against his mouth as he lapped randomly at her sex.

Jennifer gasped as she felt a ripple of pleasure race along her spine and the flood of juices coat Robert's chin and finger. She slumped slightly, but the firm hands holding her breasts pulled her back tightly while Robert kept pushing her hips against his probing tongue.

He remained there, lapping and fingering until she two more small orgasms rippled through her body. Each time, the world shook slightly as her heart beat powerfully in her chest.

Finally, the relentless assault on her sex, now overflowing with her excitement, stopped and Robert wiped his mouth before glancing up to smile. Jennifer looked down warmly at her friend and smiled.

"Thank you."

The whisper in her ear brought another wash of pleasure through her.

"I didn't say we were finished. I said he was going to take the bad taste out of you. He still needs to leave something nice."

Hearing a rasp of fabric on metal, Jennifer looked down to see Robert removing his trousers, to reveal his mushroom-shaped cock to her gaze. She licked her lips and whimpered as the hands massaging her breasts and stomach slipped away.

Looking over her shoulder, she pouted slightly but Melinda already had a sly grin on her face. She pointed to the ground purposely.

"Turn around and kneel with your back to him."

Feeling anticipation hovering in her, Jennifer obeyed. Turning around, she knelt in front of Robert, feeling his breath long her back. Melinda gave her directions as she followed, parting her legs and moving back until she felt his knees against her shins. The heat from his cock was already teasing her exposed sex and she could feel it throbbing with the need to be filled with something hard.

She looked up at the curvy woman and Melinda sat down in front of her, so that her breasts and mouth were bare centimeters away.

"Now, I know you don't like to lick other women, but I do know you like to kiss."

Jennifer giggled and pushed herself forward, lifting the slit of her sex into Robert's view as she brought her lips to Melinda's. Both women sighed happily as their lips found each other. Melinda's

hand rose up to cradle one of Jennifer's dangling breasts while Jennifer's hand slipped between the red-haired girl's legs and quickly found the damp heat.

Robert watched them for a second, then positioned himself to enter the inviting opening of Jennifer's body. He gently rested the flare of his manhood against the slit and exerted a little pressure.

From the slickness, it slipped in easily, filling Jennifer's opening with a delicious pleasure. She moaned in the kiss, her fingers already thrusting quickly into Melinda's own tunnel. A wet slurping noise filled the air before Robert pushed forward, easing his cock into her hot opening until his base pressed tightly against her ass.

His hands explored her hips and back as he drew back and pushed in, a slow steady movement that only varied in direction and force, but never speed. Jennifer whimpered in the kiss, feeling a growing pleasure begin to uncurl inside her, like a flower blooming.

Knowing that asking him to go faster never worked, Jennifer closed her eyes and focused on the hardness filling her body. Each withdrawal tugged at her insides, the wide flare teasing almost as much as it did when shoving into her wet depths.

The pleasure grew almost unbearable, then a violent ripple slammed into her. Her body shook with the effort and she felt every muscle tense up until some of her joints cracked.

Grateful for Robert's slow but steady strokes, she leaned into each one until she felt the last of the orgasm fade away into the mists. Her breath slowed and she smiled up at Melinda, Robert's shaft still steadily sliding in and out.

She felt the pressure on her hips grow slightly and realized he was pulling out. She shook her head as she peered over her shoulder.

"No, stay. Not until you come."

Robert blushed and paused for a second while he formulated the words, "Already came."

"Really?"

Even as she was speaking, she could feel the heated liquid already gathering at her entrance. A soft sense of pleasure rolled over her and she nodded. Robert eased his cock out of her wet opening and let it bob in the air.

Jennifer looked around, then rolled over so she was sitting. Moving back, she rested her head on Melinda's shoulder.

“Thank you.”

Frustrations of Cloth

19

It was well past midnight and Downer's Grove was silent. The fair had gone to sleep and its visitors had drifted home in twos and threes. Soon, even the animals curled up in the cool air and let the night pass.

Nikki was walking along the street, lost in thought. One hand stroked her belt while the other played with the new strip of cloth. There were still tears in her eyes. The ache in her heart told her that she had broken the old man's heart, but she couldn't find the energy to deny it.

Automatically, she stopped in front of her house. Unlocking the door as quietly as she could, she crept up the stairs. Matthew's snore hummed through the house and she could faintly hear her mother's quieter breathing. She smiled to herself and slipped into her room.

At first glance, her room was like any other. A small bed, barely big enough for her, dominated one end while a small desk and chair filled the other. The wood was scarred from its many owners. Scratches and ink splattered its surface, relating a history that she didn't understand. The primary color in the room was a soft pink. The curtains and shutters were drawn to keep out the draft. Underneath the bed were her clothes, the simple outfits she wore from day to day.

More details emerged as her eyes adjusted to the darkness. Small pyramids made of stone and wood filled the shelves above the bed. A few pictures of more pyramids overlooking forests and oceans covered the walls.

Feeling a warmth inside, she moved to her desk and lit the candle with a match. Warm, yellow light flickered over the room, bringing

bright colors to her eyes. She pulled out the chair and sat down. Setting the cloth on the desk, she unwrapped her belt and set it down next to it.

The newer one had a different texture than her old one. It was rough and coarse and streaked with mud or dust. The other was soft and supple after years of washing. The colors were grayed with age, but there was a sense of comfort in it that always brought a skip to her heart.

Grief flowed over her as she thought about the expression on Reinhalt's face. She could feel the tears forming again. Pushing both strips of cloth toward the edge of the desk, she opened the single drawer and began to pull things out of it.

The first was a novel. It had taken almost all of her money to buy it when she was ten and it took her almost a year to learn how to read it. It was about a mummy and its reign of terror over a thousand years. She ignored the violent parts and just imagined the good ones. There weren't many.

From beneath it, she pulled out a few pictures - some primitive, some professional. The professional ones were of mummies in various states of death, killing or lording over others. The primitive ones were of a mummy holding hands with a girl: stick figures. She giggled at her own artwork, ignoring the bright red letters on the back telling her she had failed that assignment.

Then, underneath everything, was her most prized possession. It was a book, almost forty pages in length. On the front, in neat letters, were the words, "To Nikki, Love Melinda" .

Feeling her heart beating strongly, she pulled the book to the center of the desk and opened it to the first page.

Melinda was a talented artist, when she could keep her mind out of the gutter. The first picture was a line drawing of a mummy. But, unlike the rest of her pictures and images, this one was drawn with a raging hard-on. Nikki giggled and turned the page.

The second image brought a smile to her lips and a throbbing between her legs. It was of a large mummy shoving his cock into a girl that resembled Nikki more than a little. Melinda had managed to get an expression of pure joy on the drawn face, and had depicted the bulging of her sex around the thick shaft quite well.

Beginning to feel warmer, she turned the page. The second image was of herself, tied to a wooden frame, with cloth wrappings around her wrists and ankles. Her sex, shaved bare, was exposed to view. Nikki's breath quickened as she thought of herself in that position, wondering what it would feel like.

One hand dropped to her lap, caressing the edges of her thigh as she turned the page with the other hand.

The next picture was of a female mummy, half wrapped in cloth so her breasts and thighs were exposed. She was standing over a penis-shaped rod and looked like she was about to impale her dripping slit onto the hardness. Nikki's finger tugged at her skirt, pulling it up slowly as she admired the image.

As the cloth bunched up, she slid a finger between her legs and pushed aside the fabric across her sex. Her vagina was already wet and she parted her nether lips to tease her sensitive button. A soft gasped escaped her lips at the rawness of the sensations, but she continued to stroke herself lightly as she turned the page.

The next scene was of a powerful mummy, riding her on her hands and knees. He was using his wrappings in her mouth like reins as he shoved his thick, wrapped cock between her parted legs. The expression in the picture and the desire inside her heart sent a fresh flood of juices against her finger and she slipped one finger into the tight opening of her sex. Her other fingers brushed against her labia as she started to finger herself in time to her soft, gasping breath.

She muffled her moaning by biting her lip as she continued to stroke her opening with her fingers, running and touching as the pleasure built inside her. Her other hand trailed to her nipples, stroking them into hardness, then pulling on them.

Quickly dropping her hand to the book, she turned the page and felt the pleasure building up almost to a white-hot intensity. Her brown eyes drank in the page as her fingers continued their frantic movement. On that page, Melinda had drawn her sucking on the mummy's cock, a couple of soaked strips of cloth hanging off her nose.

Nikki came with a muffled scream, slapping her fingers into her tight hole as she pretended to be in the pictures. Her mouth opened

as she threw back her head and continued to finger herself until her body slumped with exhaustion.

Leaving the book open, she panted heavily and wiped her fingers on her skirt. Getting up, she grabbed the new cloth and threw it on the bed. Sluggishly, she stripped off her clothes and threw them into a hamper.

At this point in her life, her body was firm and sensual. Her breasts pushed up into the air and the fat on her hips only added to the her sexuality and beauty. A dark triangle of hair dusted between her legs; it had been trimmed carefully. She admired herself briefly in the mirror before blowing out the candle and slipping between the covers. Her hand reached for the cloth and wrapped it around her hand a few times before she relaxed, staring at the ceiling.

In the other room, Matthew groaned and rolled over. He listened to the silence for a moment before muttering quietly.

“I thought she would never finish.”

Grace’s voice came from the blankets wrapped around her body.

“It isn’t polite to talk about your daughter’s masturbating.”

“At least she could be a little quieter.”

“You weren’t when you were her age.”

His head snapped to look at the mound from where the voice was coming from.

“I never mas-”

“Bullshit. Your mother told me whose name you called out when you came.”

A steady blush crossed his face but he said nothing. The blankets rustled and Grace stuck out her head, a smile shining in the faint stream of moonlight that crept into the room.

“Relax. I won’t tell anyone.”

“Good, now go to sleep.”

Matthew rolled over and let sleep overcome him. Grace’s snoring was the last thing he remembered before the darkness came sneaking up.

Night passed silently. Nikki tossed and turned as strange dreams raced through her mind. In a fit, she threw the blankets aside, revealing her naked form to nothing but the house cat.

The brown-striped cat growled at it jumped onto the desk. Acting as if nothing had happened, it began to clean its ears by licking its paw and rubbing it against them. Between strokes, it watched with glittering blue eyes.

The smell of Nikki's sex began to drift into the room as her dream turned erotic. Her head and arms continued to thrash against the blanket, but her struggles were softer, more sensual as she arched her back with soft moans.

Suddenly, her eyes snapped open as the dream terminated with a pop. Her gasping filled the room as she stared around, trying to find her bearings. When she brought one hand to wipe the sweat from her brow, the strip of mummy cloth brushed against her skin.

She stared at it for a moment, her hand trembling with fading memories. Very slowly, she brought it to her face and smelled it, frowning slightly at the remembered smell which had haunted her dream.

Thoughts burned across her mind as she used the cloth to wrap around her finger, feeling the texture as if it were new. Her eyes locked on the fabric while she stared at it, ignoring the rest of the world.

Her breath slowed and her sweat began to evaporate. Her skin crawled slightly as she felt the circle of dampness beneath her ass. Frowning, she slid a hand between her legs and was surprised to find her thighs and sex soaked, the liquid almost dribbling from her body.

She smelled the cloth again, feeling its texture between her fingers, and felt a surge of warmth beginning to burn inside her, between her legs. One hand remained between her legs, exploring the sudden wetness, as her other stroked the cloth.

When a loop of it fell onto her breast, she felt an electric rippling that seemed to set her skin on fire. She stared at it for a moment, watching her nipple grow hard, almost to the point that it ached for something.

Curious why her body was reacting in such a way, she gently swirled the cloth around, concentrating on the sensations as it stroked along her breast and stomach. Each place the cloth brushed sent a warm, hungry sensation through her body, setting it afire with a need she didn't know she had.

Feeling the strange sensations assaulting her body, she wrapped her fingers further around the cloth and rubbed them against her, bringing her almost to an orgasm just through the touch of the cloth alone. Her world shook with her heartbeats as she used a cloth-wrapped finger to slid along her breasts, her stomach, her hips. Inside, she could feel her sex quivering before it exploded with an orgasm that shook her entire body.

Her scream was muffled as she clenched her jaw. The waves of pleasure crashed against her as she continued to rub the cloth against her body, enjoying how just the smell and texture was enough to bring her to an orgasm, then another.

Finally, her roaming, wrapped finger reached between her sex. At the first touch of the textured cloth, her body spasmed in another orgasm: this time her scream echoed shrilly against the walls. She tried to lock her throat, but the noise came out beyond her control.

She used the wrapped finger to push inside herself, every motion sending incredible waves of pleasure through her body until she was soaked with sweat. Her fingers were dripping with her excitement as she fingered herself. The slight addition of the cloth brought orgasm after orgasm wracking through her body until she gasped for air between each wave of pleasure.

It felt like forever as she explored her body with the cloth until the strip was soaked with her juices. She felt it between her hands as she let a powerful afterglow seep through her senses.

Getting an idea, she slowly scrambled to her knees, resting her ass on her ankles as she positioned herself. Her breath came out in short gasps, her excitement building with just the thought of her action.

Slowly, she threaded the cloth between her legs. She wrapped one end around one hand while moving the other behind her. She pulled the cloth through. Wrapping around the other end, she pulled up and gasped as the cloth pressed against her sex and buttocks.

Shifting it back and forth, she managed to get the cloth to run along her slit, from her clitoris to her opening and past her tiny ass, before sliding up her back.

With a curious need, she began to draw it back and forth, like a bow. The textured fabric sent her body into a frenzy, setting her

veins aflame with ecstasy as she drew the cloth back and forth. Her motions grew faster as she felt a crest of something powerful building inside her.

It took very few strokes of the cloth against her tight body before she threw back her head and pulled tightly. The combined pressure and texture against her slit and clitoris released the floodgates and she felt her body spasm with the raw pleasure that raged through her.

The intensity grew so powerful that it almost hurt, but she rode the powerful orgasm until her body failed and she collapsed back on the bed, unconscious.

t'Sade

Raising the Dead

20

A pool of light played along the door to the classroom. The warm flickering glow danced from side to side before a second, steadier one joined it. Soft giggling drifted through the door as the lights grew brighter, then halted in front of it.

A masculine voice drifted through the door, full of growing fear and excitement. “Amanda, are you sure you want to do this? I don’t know what they’ll do if we get caught.”

“We won’t, Gene. Have I ever been wrong before?”

“Yes,” came the almost resigned sigh.

“When?”

“The time you dragged Melinda to the top of City Hall, during the last election.”

Amanda’s voice was a little strict. “They never caught us. Though I never thought the mayor would turn so red. Besides, I was talking about you and me.”

Gene’s voice was wry as he said, “How about the time we decided a children’s show was a good time to make out?”

“They got a good education.”

“Yeah, on how the guards arrest people.”

There was a moment of silence before Amanda retorted, “Not this time. Nothing will go wrong.”

“Last time you said that, I spent two days in jail before Nikki’s father bailed me out.”

“Just open the door, Gene.”

The steadier light swung back and forth violently for a second, then the door rattled as Gene fitted the key into the slot. He wiggled

it a few times before the bolt drew back with a scrape of metal and the door pushed open.

Gene was a nondescript man of twenty-one years. His light brown hair was trimmed neatly in a fashion which had been popular a couple of years before. His eyes were wide and innocent, but there was a playfulness in his grin that said more about him than anything else. He was average in many ways: height, weight, muscle-tone; even his voice.

In one hand, he held a lantern above his head while he shoved the key back into his pocket. Peering around, he found the hook next to the door and hung the lantern on it, casting a light into the classroom.

It was a fairly small room, about four meters by three. Along one wall was a series of cabinets of different designs and age. They were stacked on top of each other and each one had pictures and runes on them; some were hazardous, while others were just poisonous.

Gene's eyes appraised the room, stopping at the center, which was dominated by a massive table. The table was covered in a white cloth, but its stark brightness just served to drag his attention to the corpse on top of it.

The mummy was a dark, dirty gray. It showed signs of weathering everywhere: the cloth had tattered edges; there was a slice down the center, right above the chest; where the eyes should be, there were ragged holes.

The man suppressed a brief shudder and moved further into the room. He walked around it as Amanda stepped inside with a cheerful bounce.

Unlike Gene, Amanda attracted attention. She was wearing a short skirt; the leather hem almost reached the mid-point of her thighs. Her blouse was low-cut, showing a generous amount of firm breast. Three silver earrings dangled off her ear, a chain going from stud to stud. Dark brunette hair cascaded down her back in thick swells. At the end, a single strip of leather tied them together with a feather. Long, black, leather boots wound up her legs, to her knees.

Her boots creaked slightly as she smiled at Gene and closed the door behind her. Her painted fingernails easily found the lock and closed it before she looked back with her sensual green eyes.

“Isn't it perfect?”

Gene's muttered reply barely carried to her ears: "I'm going to get arrested."

Before she could respond, he looked up at her smiled. Moving quickly around the table, he wrapped his arms around her in a hug. Underneath his embrace, he could feel her shiver.

"Cold?"

"No, it's just creepy."

"Then why did you want to come..."

"Because we haven't done it on a mummy before. Silly." She giggled and swatted at his nose playfully. Pushing away, she stepped over to the table and peered at the mummy. Her fingers ran lightly along the cloth, enjoying the strange texture beneath her finger.

"Isn't he perfect?"

Gene raised an eyebrow. "The mummy? Yeah, he's... perfect."

Amanda brought her caresses to the bulge sprouting from the mummy's hips, his manhood. It was huge in her hands and she stroked it as if he were alive. Gene caught her gaze and found himself staring in fascination.

"Oh my... he's..."

Amanda looked up, something shining in her eyes. When she spoke, it was soft and full of dreams. "Yeah."

Gene pointed to the corpse. "If he moves, I'm out of here."

The girl giggled, "And I'll be right behind you."

Moving up behind her, Gene turned her around until her backside pressed against the edge of the table. His eyes glittered as he whispered back.

"Not if you're screwing him."

Mock outrage flashed in her eyes. "You wouldn't dare."

Sliding his hands around her waist and pulling her close, he brought his lips to hers in a fierce kiss. Amanda giggled for a second before wrapping her own arms around his neck.

As they broke, Gene grinned. "Yes, I would."

Amanda giggled again and looked over at the mummy. Gene followed her gaze. "Are you sure it's safe?"

She nodded. "In class, they told us that this one has been in the Franome Museum for almost ten years now. With all their preservation spells, I have a better chance of getting sick from you."

Gene nuzzled her neck for a moment, teasing the sensitive skin as his hands moved down her body to cup each firm buttock. With a grunt, he picked her up and pushed her onto the table. Amanda smiled warmly and assisted him until she was firmly on the edge, the heavy weight of the mummy against her back.

“So, are you still with me?”

Gene nodded his head, already committed to Amanda’s need for daring sex. He reached up to stroke her side and she rewarded him with a throaty moan.

Amanda started to unbutton his shirt with quick movements. At the same time, Gene pushed up her skirt, exposing the shaved sex to the light of his lantern.

“Ah, I still see you think panties slow you down too much.”

“Always,” came the lustful reply.

With a playful finger, he slid up between her legs and parted her lower lips; they were already soaked with anticipation. The fingertip easily found her sensitive clitoris and started to stroke it.

Amanda’s fingers missed the button she was working on as she moaned softly. She quickly recovered, parting her legs slightly, and finished with his shirt. Between the two of them, they managed to pull his shirt off without his ever stopping his stroking.

His pants were easier, once the buttons had carefully been pulled open around the growing hardness beneath. The blue fabric fell to the ground, his underwear quickly following. A few moments later, Gene was naked. His cock, about the length from his wrist to his fingertip, was somewhat thick with a neat wedge already soaked with pre-cum. It bobbed with his heartbeats as he continued to plunge his fingers into her pleasure.

Pulling his fingers out and sucking on them, Gene grinned. He stepped sideways and around Amanda. One of his hands pulled her off and she hopped down. With a gentle movement, he turned her toward the table and bent her over it; her mouth hovered dangerously near the mummy’s groin. She rested her head sideways on it and closed her eyes to enjoy feeling Gene move along her body.

A soft giggle came out from underneath her brunette hair as Gene yanked the skirt off her smooth ass and down her lithe legs. He pushed them around the boots, but left them on in case they had to leave quickly.

Kissing up the back of her thighs, he listened to her almost silent moans of pleasure. Gene nuzzled along her buttocks and ass, trying to make her moan louder, but Amanda continued to moan softly. His fingers teased her along the wedge between her buttocks as his mouth kissed the small of her back.

Amanda held her breath as she felt him grab hold of her hair and pull back, forcing her back to arch. His skilled fingers wrapped around her waist and grabbed the seam of her blouse. With a twist, he yanked it open. Buttons scattered everywhere as the cool air teased her already hard nipples.

Gently at first, but with growing pressure, Amanda managed to push Gene back enough to turn around.

“First round is for you.”

Her hands grabbed hold of his shoulders as he picked her up by her ass and pushed her back onto the table. As soon as her buttocks touched the tablecloth, she was already parting her legs. A few drops of moisture soaked into the cloth as she looked at Gene with a silent look of lust.

He stepped forward, his cock bobbing slightly. He had to stretch his feet apart slightly, but his hardness poised itself to enter her body; neither needed foreplay in times like this.

Amanda’s hand reached down between them and guided the cock into her sex. Her mouth opened silently, her eyes burning with a hunger for him. Gene groaned softly as he easily buried his entire length into her body, marveling at the velvet vice as it engulfed him.

“Oh Gene,” came Amanda’s soft gasp.

Gene didn’t respond, except to start stroking his manhood into her body, taking the long, fast strokes he knew she loved. The table squeaked under their passions and both of their pleasures built quickly. For a while, the only sound in the room was the squeaking of the table and the soft slapping of flesh against flesh.

Amanda came first and hard, her jaw clenching as her entire body tightened around Gene’s shaft. He felt his orgasm quickly reaching but Amanda pushed him out before he could release. He whimpered softly, pulling an innocent, begging expression on his face. She gave him a sly grin and motioned with her chin toward the mummy.

“I said first round. Don’t want to forget our friend, now do we?”

Gene sighed happily and chuckled. He stepped back slightly to watch what she wanted next. Amanda shifted herself back until the corpse pressed tightly against her. Turning around, she brought her feet on the table, then rolled over until her ass pressed up into the cool air; Gene felt his cock jump at the sight, but he forced it down as he watched Amanda slowly move her body until she was straddling the mummy, her sex poised right along the ridge of the mummy's manhood.

Dropping her body, she pressed herself tightly against the textured cloth and looked over at Gene with a smile on her lips.

"Always wanted to make a sandwich with the undead."

Shaking his head, Gene found a stool and used it to crawl onto the table. It shook slightly from the weight. He straddled the mummy's knees as his fingers slid along the slit of her soaked womanhood.

Amanda's heavy breathing was his only indication of how excited she was and he moved closer until his cock head was brushed against the dripping curls of her opening. As he watched, he could see muscles rippling on each side.

She looked over her shoulder and whispered quietly, "Please."

Gene responded by pushing his length into her awaiting body. A shuddering sigh of pleasure came from Amanda as he moved his knees closer and pressed his balls tightly against her opening. Finding a balance, he pulled out and plunged it back in, hard strokes that shook the table and his lover at the same time.

He didn't last long this time, and neither did she. The twin sensations of Gene taking her from above and the body, though it wasn't moving, below her was enough to rip a loud moan from her body, one of the loudest noises she had ever made.

Hearing the noise was enough to push Gene over the edge and he began to spurt inside her, splattering her depths with his hot cum. Amanda breathed heavily into her orgasm, enjoying the sparkling pleasures that coursed through her.

Their afterglow was halted when they heard a squeaking noise. Both of them froze in position as they tried to identify the sound. The thought of getting caught was enough to halt Gene's withering cock and begin to twitch it back into life; Amanda smiled at him silently as she strained to listen.

—

Outside, Robert was steadily pushing a resisting cart down the hallway. On it, some minor magic items glimmered. As he drew near to the mummy's room, he slowed down, quieting the squeaks of the cart as he stared at the faint light that peeked along one edge. Sniffing deeply, he quickly identified Amanda's scent and grinned.

Pushing harder, he intended to pass on, not in the mood to join whatever sick romp she was currently enjoying.

But as he passed the door, all the items on the table burst into a shower of light. Various colors and energies suddenly fountained out from the cart as the door exploded in a shower of sparks; none of the shards hit anyone. Both the lantern and torch were blown out by the force of the explosion and Amanda had barely a moment's glance at Robert's surprised face before the lights in the cart snuffed out, as if suddenly drained.

The room was plunged into darkness, blinding all three of them.

Amanda giggled softly. "Hi, Robert."

A faint pause, then, "Amanda. Gene."

She started to say something, but a golden light filled the room, coming from the two points of light incredibly close to her face. Beginning to feel the first twinges of fear, she turned her head in the darkness and stared at the burning eyes of Anuset.

The body between her legs shook slightly and Amanda felt a blind panic race through her veins. She bucked, trying to get away from the horrible golden lights that had appeared below her.

Gene was already moving, but his foot caught on Anuset's leg and he felt the world spin around him. His back caught the edge of the table, then he felt himself fall until he cracked against the stone floor.

The girl tried to crawl off, but two strong hands grabbed her by her arms; the powerful grip almost broke her bones, but she was too far-gone to feel it.

Her screamed echoed shrilly against the walls and she began to thrash within the iron grip. Anuset picked her up off him and turned to stand on the ground. The only light in the room came from his eyes and Robert found himself caught, staring at the horrible glow. Amanda's almost naked body thrashed to escape; her scream continued to beat against the walls, but it was slowly fading as her voice gave out.

Anuset looked down at her, his eyes seeing easily in the darkness. He briefly admired her body, but he was seeking something else. His voice, a deep rasp, began to chant in the darkness, filling the room with his power. On the cart, unseen by anyone, the magical items crumbled as the last of their energy was drained.

The spell was fast, but the effects were brutal. Amanda's scream cut off suddenly as she felt a golden knife pierce into her brain, slashing through her personality and memories as the mummy began to pick out thoughts. Her legs lost tension and hung below her; Anuset was holding her well above the air as he probed her mind.

A soft whimper of terror escaped her throat, but her mind was already being raped by the foul magics of the mummy. Anuset's eyes flared golden as he finished the spell.

Casting Amanda aside, he ignored the dull crunch as she hit the ground. Looking around, he rasped out a few words of power. A golden flame outlined his body, pushing back the darkness as he stared at the last human before him.

A long moment passed between them, silent, before Robert stepped aside. The mummy barely nodded before he stomped out of the room. At the door, Anuset stopped and turned around. His voice, raspy and powerful, but speaking in Robert's language, cut through the darkness. "Your friends will live."

Robert stared in shock as Anuset disappeared into the hallway and the room was once again plunged into darkness. Robert stared at the fading glow for a moment, before he spoke softly to no one but the darkness.

"I think Nikki is looking for you."

Unexpected Passions

21

The next morning, Nikki was in a corner cafe, sipping on some coffee as she worked through her homework. On the tiny table in front of her, she had managed to perch three heavy textbooks and a pad of paper while she scowled at the long line of numbers that crawled across the page. Surrounding her were other students, some talking while others peered into their own stacks of paper.

She was wearing a simple dark blue blouse and a tan skirt that reached her ankles. Around her neck was the older strip of cloth, hanging loosely like a necklace. She was wearing comfortable shoes and a pair of white socks.

Her pen hovered above the page as she tried to force her thoughts to concentrate on her work. But, every movement of her legs brought her memories back to the night before, when she had stroked herself to orgasm after orgasm.

Nikki felt a dampness beginning to form between her legs and she squeezed them together. The soft pleasure of her movement made her catch her breath, but she forced herself to concentrate on the page.

Every motion sent her desire higher and she found her thoughts turning toward sex. A hungry need began to grow inside her, radiating heat through her veins as she panted softly with the intensity of her thoughts.

Pushing her chair away, she stood up and headed to the bathroom. On the way, she nodded to the owner of the cafe, a friend of her father's. He was a short, hyperactive man who alternated between glaring at the working students and staring at the box of money.

The bathroom was a simple affair: three stalls next to a sink. Seeing the room empty, she pushed her way into the furthest stall and shut the door firmly. Closing the lid on the porcelain stool, she sat down with a sigh. Even before she was comfortable, her hands were automatically pulling her skirt up to her waist. Below, she was wearing the second strip of cloth wrapped around her right thigh, and nothing else. Her pubic hair was soaked with her excitement but her hand quickly slid up to cover the patch of hair from her view. Her index finger pushed in against her womanhood, easily slipping past her nether folds to brush against the opening of her sex.

Feeling nervous about masturbating in the bathroom, she strained her hearing to listen, but no one entered the room. She slipped a second finger into her wet opening. She brought her other hand to bite on her finger to prevent herself from moaning as she stroked herself quickly with her two fingers.

Her fingers slurped in and out of her sex, but she couldn't push herself to fulfill the need that burned inside her. She managed to shove a third finger into her body, spreading her legs far apart. The soft sounds of her flesh slapping against flesh filled the room. Her hand moved faster as she felt her pleasure growing.

She bit hard on her finger as her body shook with a hard bolt of pleasure. Her fingers plunged deep into her body, and she wiggled her fingers, gasping with the heat of her orgasm. Her feet rested on the ground as she pulled her hand from her body and stared at the dripping fingers for a moment before wiping them off. Her finger brushed against the cloth wrapped around her thigh. She smiled warmly before adjusting her skirt.

Taking a deep, shuddering breath, she stood up and pushed open the stall door. Seeing no one outside, she washed her hands and headed back outside.

As she stepped outside, she noticed a strange quietness in the cafe. Her eyes scanned the crowds, noticing a few people rubbing their shoulders and ears and staring at her table. Slowly, she found her eyes drawn to the table and the person sitting at it.

Richard was there, leafing through her books with a sneer on his face. He was wearing a smart outfit - dark trousers with a silk shirt.

The first two buttons were undone, showing the hair on his chest as he lounged back in the chair.

As she returned to the table, she could feel an annoyed anger begin to grow inside her. The afterglow of her masturbating had already faded away as she stopped next to the table.

“What do you want, Richard?”

Richard looked up with an immodest smile on his face. “Just to talk.”

He motioned to the chair next to him. “Have a seat.”

Feeling suspicious, she pulled out the chair and shoved it to the opposite side of the table before sitting down heavily. Richard smiled at her for a moment, then looked down to leaf through her books. Nikki noticed the smile never reached his dark eyes as he spoke calmly to her.

“Accounting, huh?”

Amanda continued to glare at him. Richard shrugged and sat back.

“Too bad your father is just a guard. You have to work too hard just to survive, while I don’t have to worry about those things.”

“And your point?”

Richard leaned forward, his eyes glittering dangerously. He spoke in a softer tone when he finally did answer.

“You wouldn’t have to worry about those things, if you were willing...”

He let his voice drift purposely.

Nikki shook her head and snatched the book from his hand. Gently folding it closed, she glared back at him. Around her, she could sense the other students and patrons beginning to pay attention to her and Richard. A few of the glares were directed at Richard while others showed sympathy for her.

Pulling strength from the people around her, she stared at him flatly before saying, “I don’t want you, Richard. I never will. So please leave me alone.”

Anger raged in his face as he half stood to grab her hand. He yanked her closer, the rage burning on his face.

“Listen, bitch. No one says no to me and finds their life pleasant afterwards. I didn’t ask you to join our little group, but you damn well better learn how to play nice if you want to stay.”

She tried to yank her hand back, but Richard's grip was stronger than hers. He twisted her wrist until she felt her elbow screaming in pain. She glared back at him as she tried to yank it back again.

"I never asked to join your group! I was invited by Melinda and Amanda. If you have a problem, ask them."

Richard's snarl carried well over the muted noises of the cafe.

"I don't give a crap about them, except for what they have between their legs. Women are worth nothing but the time they spend in bed and how pretty they look next to me. And if you aren't willing to stand next to me, I'll make sure I bury you instead."

Nikki's eyes stared at him, anger boiling as she longed to lash out at him. But Richard's strength and his money stopped her; his father controlled the city guard and was well known for inflicting his displeasure on people underneath him. Her shoulders slumped as she realized she had no ability to resist his advances, no matter what she wanted.

Richard saw the decision in her eyes and laughed cruelly. "Looks like you finally figured it out, bitch. Now, you will learn to play with me or I'll make sure your father spends the rest of his life behind a desk."

Rage and frustration boiled inside her, but a shadow interrupted her glare. Looking up, she saw one of the freshmen students at the college looking nervously at Richard.

Richard glared up. "What do you want?"

The boy swallowed nervously. "I-I think the you-young lady is not interested. Could you please leave her alone?"

"You are pretty stupid, aren't you?"

"Could you... please leave her alone. She doesn't want you and I think--"

In a smooth movement, Richard stood and up and punched the boy in the stomach. The freshman's words choked off with a wheeze of air and he slowly bent over in pain. Snarling, Richard lowered his shoulder and slammed up, hitting the boy in the face. The body flew in the air for a second, then crashed heavily on the ground.

Silence descended on the cafe as some of the patrons stood up. Richard glared at them, ignoring the smear of blood on his hand and the moaning freshman on the ground.

"Do you want something?! If you do, come here and get it!"

It was obvious that most of the patrons didn't want to bother the mayor's son and sat down to stare at their respective tables. But two refused to sit down and stepped forward. Richard's glare locked with theirs and he stepped forward in turn.

"Do you have a problem?"

One of the patrons, a girl of about eighteen years with a sturdy set to her jaw, nodded. "Yes, you're an asshole and you just attacked someone. They throw people like you in jail."

Richard laughed. "Who cares, bitch? It's not like anyone is going to toss me anywhere. Not if they want to keep their jobs."

The girl balled her fists in impotent rage, but didn't move. Richard stepped closer, making a show of looking her over.

"Of course, if you were willing to spend a little... quality time with me, I'd be willing to forget her."

She snapped back, "I'd rather take on the Dark Lord himself."

Richard growled and lunged at her, his hands reaching out for her throat. An older man next to her, probably her father, stepped in front of Richard, but the boy cut him down with a swift kick to the knee. A wet cracking sound ripped through the cafe and the man went down screaming.

Bloodshot eyes looked at the girl as Richard began to smile at her. Her body shook in response, but she refused to move. Richard cracked his knuckles before stepping closer. His hand lashed out, striking her across the throat; she was thrown back over the table, choking.

Three of the other patrons, spurred on by Richard's violence, jumped out of their chairs and slammed into him. Others went to the choking girl, trying to help her.

Nikki found herself in the middle of chaos as half the cafe attacked Richard. She backed away from the violence until she felt the wall press against her back.

The owner of the cafe stepped next to her for a moment.

"Take the back exit. I'll make sure your stuff is safe."

Still in shock, she smiled gratefully and dove into the darkness, passing through the kitchen door on her way toward the back. The owner glared at Richard, half buried underneath the fighters, and hefted his club meaningfully.

t'Sade

Aimless Wandering

22

The sun crawled slowly along the sky, but Anuset barely saw it. When he had left the college the night before, he quickly found a heavy cloak to cover him, then he took to wandering the streets.

His chest still ached from when Sparatin had slammed the magic dagger into him, but his magic could do nothing for the phantom pain. In the back of his mind, he could still see his guard's face: the anguish and anger that burned inside him as he swung the fatal blow.

Anuset continued to wander the street for the whole day, never stopping to rest as he found himself thinking about his actions. He knew he was a monster. The dark anger that burned inside him pushed him to lash out at innocent bystanders and helpless people, but he resisted it. He found himself looking at women and wondering how they would scream if he took them. Even as he fought those thoughts, they kept creeping back into his mind, like a cancer.

The black anger was still there, burning in his chest. He could feel the power that rolled off it, but he couldn't touch it. It felt distant from him, an energy he could reach if he stretched; but he didn't know how to stretch. Anuset glared at the world around him and tried to pull on the anger, to murder the innocent around him.

But it wouldn't come.

He considered finding the Dark Lord, but he knew that a town this peaceful didn't know the dark touch of evil. After a while, he realized that he didn't want to find the Dark Lord again, even if he were still alive. His time spent as the general had been... wrong.

Looking at the people, he considered building another temple in Akumet's name, but he couldn't find the direction he had lost when Iata had murdered him thousands of years ago. The anger flared up at Iata's memory, but he no longer felt the joy of hate.

He continued to walk, automatically placing one foot in front of the other as he let his thoughts rage in his mind. Energy curled around his fist, golden and powerful. He couldn't find the direction to lash out, to slay someone standing in front of him.

Anuset's walking brought him up to the almost deserted park as the sun was just beginning to slip below the horizon. The sky was a bright reddish color, splattered with streaks of purple and pink. He looked up, remembering thousands of other sunsets, but feeling a deadness inside him too powerful to enjoy nature.

A growl interrupted his thoughts and he halted. His magic cast out, identifying a half-naked woman crouching in the bushes. About twenty meters behind, four men were laughing quietly as they watched her and Anuset. The mummy's eyes darkened with anger as he felt the muted life force in the woman; drugs raged in her eyes as she panted to clear her mind.

The woman burst out of the bushes, growling as she ran toward Anuset. Feeling the drugged emotions of her mind, he held up his hand and a golden fire crackled along the strips of cloth wrapped around his fingers.

The woman's charge was halted as bands of force stopped her. Her half-naked body strained at the bands but they just flared a golden flame that didn't burn. Her strangled screams echoed against the trees as she thrashed inside the magical bounds. But, after a few breaths, she collapsed against them. She fell to the ground as the bands faded away.

In the distance, Anuset could hear the four men running away, realizing their game had suddenly changed. He let them go, but left a small wave of energy to track them down later.

He stepped over to look at the woman. She was writhing on the ground, pawing at her body as soft whimpers escaped her throat. Streaks of mud crossed her face from her sweat and the dust, but she didn't notice as she flipped over, still whimpering from the drugs which raged through her system.

Anuset looked down at her and felt the dark anger crack again. Sympathy surged through his heart, shattering the anger he had felt for so many centuries. A grayness flooded through him, but he realized that he did not want to torture the woman whimpering at his feet.

The woman spun around again, crawling on her hands and knees. She moved against Anuset, holding his legs and pulling herself up as she looked at him with pleading, insane eyes.

“Please! I need it. Please give it to me!”

The anguish in her voice troubled him greatly and he reached down. Her body trembled in his touch while he pulled her to her feet. His golden eyes flared up as he threw another spell, sending his energies through her body to investigate.

It was a nasty form of drug and addiction. As his mind explored her body from the inside, he sensed how to cure it and how to burn it out of her: the rush of killing, of passion and death. The howling ache that echoed in her throat and mind sent a ripple of disgust through the mummy.

The woman continued to beg him as he stared at her, her addiction allowing her not to see or fear his cloth-wrapped body. “Please! I need it. It’s burning inside me. The howling... it hurts. Please? I’ll give you anything. My body, my soul, anything!”

A flicker of memory flickered and he nodded.

“For your soul?”

“Anything!”

The woman’s hands were trying to rip through his wrappings, but the magical bounds sealed faster than she could rip through them. Her whimpers of frustration filled the clearing, but he just stepped back in answer to her frustration.

She fell down on her hands before him, almost bowing. She looked up through ragged hair at him. “Please?”

Anuset held his hands in front of him. His raspy voice filled the clearing with the words of his spell. A golden point of light began to form between his hands as a breeze rippled through the trees.

The drug addict watched while licking her lips. She growled hungrily but remained on her hands and knees with her focus on the golden sphere growing between his hands.

Anuset's words continued to rasp through the woods, growing louder with each syllable until it beat in the air with power. The final word burst out with the sound of liquid energy and washed along the addict's body.

Around her, she could feel the grass and leaves begin to stir in the breeze that had sprung up from the spell. She looked around frantically as the leaves stretched out to her, wrapping around her ankles and hands like bands of steel.

Even in her drug-filled mind, she knew enough to struggle, but the grass was stronger than her as it gripped her tightly. She whimpered, fighting the need to attack something which grew inside her. Her lips drew back in her snarl as she began to thrash in her bounds, ripping at the plants as fast as they grew up to capture her.

Anuset moved around her, reminding himself of another time he had seen someone in bounds, to inspect her from all angles. The few remaining strips of cloth had been torn off in her struggles as she tore at the leaves with her hands and teeth, trying to escape. Her mouth was a permanent snarl as she howled her frustration.

In his mind, Anuset could feel the anger and rage growing as the drug began to work its magic on her senses. At the same time, he could sense her growing excitement, which began to drip down her leg.

He pushed more power into the spell and the grass grew faster, wrapping tightly around her arms and legs all the way up to her elbows and knees. She thrashed a few more times, but her capture finally broke through her drug-fogged brain. She panted heavily as she looked up at Anuset, begging with her eyes.

Anuset looked back at the nearest tree and let the magic flow. One of the roots ripped out of the ground, dripping with mud and moss as it shook itself clear like some animal. As Anuset focused on it, the rough wood rippled, smoothing over and tossing off the dirt until it was a polished wooden cock, about half as thick as his own.

With his mind, he brought it to her body, pressing against her side as more roots ripped out of the ground. As they were smoothing over, losing their rough edges, the first was exploring her side and front, wrapping around the small breast that dangled from her position.

The drug addict thrashed at the first touch, but the caress cut through her enhanced rage and she suddenly froze, the anguished expression on her face slowly turning to shock.

More of the roots raced to her, stroking along her back, shoulders, and stomach with steady pressure. As the ten roots stroked along her body, she began to thrash again, but differently. Her legs strained to part themselves as she tried to press her body against every touching root at the same time.

Her whimpers of need shifted from the need to attack to the need for sexual pleasure and Anuset was willing to give it to her. He used his mind to force the roots to continue to stroke along her body; he made a point of avoiding her sex. He explored her, finding the points that brought her the most pleasure, and soon she was panting from his expert ministrations.

Slowly, one of the roots wrapped around her breast, squeezing the soft mound until it bulged out almost into a ball. A loop of the root curled around and rubbed against her nipple, evoking a moan of rapture from her throat. She tried to touch herself, but the grass restraints immobilized her more effectively than any handcuff.

More roots began to stroke her harder, wrapping tightly around her other breast and stroking the hard nipple until she writhed with pleasure.

Another root, a smooth thick one, hovered behind her, its tip poised at the entrance of her slit. She didn't see or feel the root until it snapped forward, burying almost a hand-span into her sex. She threw her head back as she felt it rip into her body. Inside, her inner walls quivered against the unyielding root.

The root barely curled inside her for a moment before it yanked out and shoved back in. Another root joined the first, as if waiting to slam into her stretched open sex as the first root continued to thrust deep inside her body. The drug addict screamed with need, her body writhing back and forth against the roots that stroked and touched her relentlessly.

The second root pushed forward, sliding along the first soaked root until it lodged itself into her vagina. The woman continued to writhe and pant heavily as the two roots shoved inside her body, yanking and shoving inside her with alternating pressures and speed.

Pressure and heat built up inside her, sending bright sparkles of pleasure through her veins as the drugs in her system began to burn. Her moaning increased into an incoherent babbling as her body shook from the effort of holding back her orgasm.

Her moan stopped in mid-scream as her body halted. A violent shiver rippled through her. The two roots continued to ram into her for a few more strokes before they slipped out with a wet slurping sound.

The roots snapped away from her, allowing her to slump to the earth. They returned to their ground. As Anuset let the spell fade away, the roots regained their rough texture and pulled themselves under the ground, tugging at the grass until only a faint seam showed their previous animation.

Around her wrists and ankles, the grasses lost their hardness and began to sway in the breeze once more. Anuset pushed himself away from the tree he had been leaning on and knelt in front of the woman.

After a moment of panting heavily, she looked up with clear eyes; the drug had burned its way out of her system, leaving a shaken woman behind.

“W-Who are you?”

“Call me Anuset Ma.”

She frowned slightly. “Ma?”

Anuset nodded. “Ma. It means ‘Master.’”

Dark Waters

23

Cool waters rippled across the pool as Nikki dove in. Her body, wrapped in a tight one-piece, slid easily through the water as she swam for the opposite end. She surfaced about halfway through the waters, gasping lightly. Her outstretched fingers brushed lightly against the edge of the pool before she dove under the water to turn. Pushing away from the wall, she quickly slid toward the other end.

Her face was almost a blank as her mind raced over thoughts, memories, and emotions. Sometimes she would be frowning as she reached the stone side; at other times, just resigned. But she was never happy in her solo swim.

Nikki was alone in the pool and only a few lanterns threw their light across the flickering waters. She reached the other end and turned around quickly. Her feet pushed off the wall and she raced toward the other wall of the pool.

Finally, after almost an hour, she headed for the edge of the pool and pulled herself out with shaking arms. It took her some effort, but she managed to gather her things and stagger toward the doors. She blew out all but one of the lanterns. Grabbing it, she peeked outside the door to see if anyone was there, then headed toward the showers.

She slipped into the dark bathroom and hung her lantern on a hook near the door. Grabbing a few small sticks, she lit one and used it to light two more lanterns until the stone-floored room was filled with a warm glow.

Padding across the floor, she stopped in front of one of the lockers. She reached up, opened it and pulled out a large towel. Her

breath was still coming in short pants as she stripped off the swimsuit and casually threw it over the door of the locker.

Naked, she carried the towel to the shower and hung it on a hook outside before stepping inside the shadowed room. Her eyes adjusted quickly to the dim light before she stepped up to one of the faucets. Wincing against the expected cold, she turned both knobs until the spray of cold splashed against her.

She stood there until the water ran hot, then began to scrub herself clean. The harshness of her face, the frowns and sighs, eased away beneath the pushing heat of the shower and she felt some of the tension leave her body.

Her fingers drifted across her nipples and she felt them start to harden under the brief pleasure. A soft smile crossed her face as her other hand, slick with soap, drifted down between her legs.

Ten minutes later, she left the shower with a smile on her face. Her legs still felt distanced from her efforts, but the afterglow buoyed her forward.

She stopped at the entrance of the shower as she saw a shadow move. Fear prickling her thoughts, she reached up for the towel. Her hands brushed against the cold ring that she had hooked it on.

The fear grew stronger as she looked down but didn't see the towel. Her eyes scanned around for something she could use to cover her naked body or a weapon, when a sudden movement caught her eye.

She barely had time to raise her arms when someone grabbed her from the shadows. Nikki started to scream, but a strong hand pressed tightly against her mouth. Struggling, Nikki started to thrash when suddenly the attacker let her go. She stepped a few feet before a woman's voice interrupted her movement.

"Damn, you're not Jennifer."

Nikki looked back at her attacker. The woman behind her sighed loudly before an embarrassed smile crossed her face. Handing Nikki her towel, she shrugged, but not before admiring Nikki's water-soaked body for a moment.

"Sorry, thought you were someone else."

Nikki felt herself blushing under the woman's look and she smiled hesitantly, saying, "Sorry, Carrie."

Carrie was a short woman with strong lines. Short brown hair reached down to her chin as she looked apologetically at Nikki with cloudy brown eyes. She had the muscle tone and the scars that many guards had, but the half-dressed woman had no weapon on her. Nikki glanced over to the lockers and saw the sheath swinging against one locker door.

Nikki smiled at her again and headed toward her locker. Carrie followed and sat down heavily on the bench, watching Nikki.

“Problems? The only other person I know that swims this late is Jennifer, after she’s with the dick. She is always swimming late at night, unless she can get Amanda or Robert to do something about it. Of course, I can understand that but-”

Knowing that Carrie rarely stopped, Nikki interrupted, “The dick? Oh, Richard.”

Carrie nodded quickly and continued, “So, I was hoping to sneak up on her and see if I could convince her to leave the moron and find herself with someone who actually...”

Hearing the silent rest of the sentence, Nikki looked over at the blushing woman and giggled softly. “Loves her?”

Slowly, Carrie nodded.

“Yeah. Someone who won’t hurt her or treat her like some trophy.”

Feeling a little playful, Nikki raised an eyebrow. “Know anyone specific who... loves her?”

In a soft voice, Carrie whispered her answer, almost in fear and embarrassment, “Yes.”

“Shouldn’t this person tell Jennifer?”

The blush grew stronger on the female guard. “I... They couldn’t. Richard is... is...”

Nikki nodded. “I know. He’s been hunting me for a few weeks now. Thinks he has some right to my body, just because I happen to hang out with Amanda and the others.”

Carrie, thankful the conversation had turned, grinned, her hands unclenching from her lap. “Well, you do occasionally have sex with them too.”

Nikki made a face. “Not with Richard.”

“Why? If you don’t mind me asking.”

“Many reasons. He’s pushy and rude. Just because his father is the mayor of town, he seems to think that gives him a right to every woman in the city.”

“Yeah, but that is why most women don’t say no. Why do you keep turning him down?”

Nikki frowned and slipped on a pair of soft blue underwear as she thought. A matching bra wrapped around her chest before she finally answered.

“Most of my life, I watched this show. And every year, he and his brothers made fun of my friend, Reinhalt. He’s probably the... most important person in my life, next to my parents.”

Carrie nodded with the hesitation of only half-understanding something. Nikki smiled and the guard saw a sorrow simmering in her eyes.

“He proposed to me, you know.”

“Richard? Don’t marry him-”

“No, Reinhalt. Not marriage, but to be with him.”

“The old man? Isn’t he like thirty winters older than you?”

Nikki nodded slowly. “I said no, but...”

A long, uncomfortable silence filled the room as Carrie and Nikki lost themselves in their own thoughts. Nikki dressed slowly until she was covered in a short black skirt and a dark blue blouse. The older strip of cloth was tied with the newer into a rope belt wrapped around her waist. Nikki tucked the end into her skirt until only a loop remained along her right thigh. Pulling on some short leather boots, she spun around for Carrie’s opinion. The older woman giggled softly.

“Perfect. But who’s the outfit for?”

“My mu... I don’t know. I used to dress in case I found... him. But I’ve been looking for so many years and the closest I found was Reinhalt and his characters.”

“Thinking about grabbing the almost until you find the real one?”

Nikki frowned. “I don’t know. I’ll always look for him, but if I... with Reinhalt... we’ll be together. And if I ever do find the real one, it would rip his heart out again for me to leave.”

Carrie sighed, "Ah, the struggles of youth. The choice between an old man who loves you with all his heart and the mummy that no one's seen except in your heart."

Unsure why, Nikki felt a tear roll down her cheek. She sniffed and sat down heavily next to Carrie. The older woman wrapped an arm around Nikki and held her as tears began to flow down the girl's cheek.

"I don't... know. I want to wait, but will it happen? Is there one out there for me or am I just obsessed with mummies?"

Sighing, Carrie squeezed her. "I don't know. In this world, anything is possible. But sometimes you have to choose between the one you love and what you can get."

Nikki sniffed and wiped her nose. "Sounds like both of us are in the same boat."

"Yeah, but whereas you love a mythical creature, I'm just in love with Jennifer."

A gasp snapped up both of their heads as something soft hit the ground. Looking to the door of the bathroom, they saw Jennifer staring at them. She had a look of complete shock on her face and wasn't paying attention to her towel, which was soaking up a puddle of water.

Nikki heard Carrie's breath catch in her throat and pushed herself gently away. The arm on her shoulder dropped limply as a dark blush began to crawl up the guard's neck.

Slowly, Carrie looked at Nikki, her eyes trembling with fear and excitement.

"Did you know..."

"That she was there? No."

At the door, Jennifer suddenly picked up the towel and scurried to another bank of lockers. Carrie watched with tears in her eyes, but said nothing. When Jennifer had disappeared into the showers, Nikki could see the guard's shoulders slump. Setting a hand on Carrie's, she smiled at the guard.

"Maybe I'll go talk to Reinhalt. Thank you."

Carrie nodded slowly, her mind still in a daze. Nikki brushed her finger against Carrie's lip for a second.

"And... maybe you should take a shower."

Carrie looked at the door. "A shower? But she's... she's..."

Nikki walked toward the door even as she said, "Take a shower, Carrie."

—
The older woman watched as Nikki disappeared in the darkness, leaving her alone with the sounds of water running. She sat there for a long time before standing up and beginning to strip.

She quickly undressed and made her way to the shower, ignoring the cool air against her naked flesh. Beneath her clothes, her scars were more obvious; her guard training had left tiny marks along her wrists, arms, and palms.

Stopping at the entrance of the shadowed room, she let her eyes adjust. Faintly, over the sounds of the shower-head, she could hear the sounds of Jennifer crying to herself.

Concerned, she called out, "Jennifer?"

The tear-filled voice called back, "Go away, Carrie."

The urge to leave and pretend nothing had happened passed through her quickly, but Nikki's words stopped her. Taking a deep breath, she stepped into the shower and headed toward Jennifer's huddled form.

Hot water splashed against her as she wrapped her arms around the trembling girl. To her surprise, Jennifer turned and hugged her tightly, burying her face in her shoulder as sobs wracked her body.

Sensing it wasn't a time to speak, Carrie just held Jennifer. As she held her, Carrie felt her own tears begin to flow.

A long time passed before the trembling stopped and Jennifer looked up at Carrie. Her voice was strained with emotions Carrie couldn't identify, but the gaze was almost liquid with conflict.

"Why didn't you say?"

Some part of her answered as Carrie tried to find the words to describe her emotions for Jennifer, but what came out sounded almost childish to her.

"You had Richard."

"I... don't love him."

Carrie brushed the back of her hand against Jennifer's chin. Fear shook her body, but she managed to keep her voice calm.

"I know."

There was a pause as Jennifer adjusted her body against Carrie, to find a slightly more comfortable position where their bodies

meshed. Finding it, she hugged Carrie tightly before she whispered again, her voice barely audible over the rushing water.

“Can I leave him?”

Carrie felt her heart almost burst with joy.

“Probably. He’ll scream and yell, but there are limits to what even he can do.”

“Will you be there?”

The older woman pushed Jennifer back slightly, watching the expression of hope and fear on her eyes. Part of her caught how the water splashed against her neck, sending rivers of water over her shoulders and down along her body.

“Do you want me to be?”

Slowly, Jennifer nodded.

“Richard is... bad for me. He hurts me and treats me like...” Jennifer struggled for the words.

“A trophy?”

Brightening, Jennifer smiled. “Yeah. He treats me like something to show his friends. And to have something convenient to fuck when he’s horny. I don’t want that anymore.”

Carrie felt herself answering, “What do you want?”

“Robert? Amanda? I don’t know. I want something, but it isn’t him.”

Feeling some of her joy fading, Carrie gave it one last try.

“Would you give me a chance, at least?”

Jennifer thought for a second and Carrie felt her heart beating hard in her chest. When she nodded, she thought it was going to explode again, with joy. The blond girl smiled warmly. “Tonight. Let’s see what we think in the morning about tomorrow.”

“Deal.”

The two held each other, feeling relief and tears flowing out of them. Their bodies occasionally shifted beneath the water, but neither had anything to say.

Slowly, as if moving to an unspoken question, Carrie drew her hand up Jennifer’s arm, enjoying the slickness of water and soap. Her finger traced the curves of Jennifer’s collarbone and along the ridge of her neck.

Jennifer stared at Carrie’s face and the older woman could see her lower lip trembling. Trying to smile warmly, Carrie drew her

finger to Jennifer's lip and brushed her fingertip against the soft skin.

"Should we go someplace less wet to talk?"

As if in a daze, Jennifer nodded a moment. She bent over and grabbed the bar of soap. Carrie admired the fine lines of her legs before the blond stood up and returned the soap to its resting place.

Hand in hand, they left the shower and headed toward the locker. Carrie stepped forward and grabbed Jennifer's towel before the girl could reach it. The older woman turned and smiled as she held out the towel.

"Here, let me."

"You don't have to-"

"I want to."

Hesitant, Jennifer nodded, then sighed heavily as Carrie stepped forward and wrapped the heavy cloth around her body. Firm hands gently patted at her shoulders and hair, soaking up the water. Carrie managed to avoid the ticklish spots and let her motions be quiet, not sexual. When she brushed against the hard points of Jennifer's nipples, Carrie forced herself to continue down, drying off the smooth skin.

As she drifted down to dry between the blond's legs, Carrie could hear Jennifer's breath growing faster. With a smile to herself, she gently patted the curls of hair before moving down to dry her thighs. As she moved, she stepped in front of Jennifer before kneeling to dry off the blond's feet.

Finishing, she stood up with a silent grin. Jennifer looked at her, lip trembling, before she picked up a second towel, one she had brought for her hair, and began to dry off the older woman's body with hesitant movements.

The younger girl's hands were almost delicate, patting at the drops of water until Carrie's body began to dry. Starting with the hair, she dried off Carrie's short locks before moving down with slow movements. Her hands moved along Carrie's skin until she reached the soft mounds of the woman's breasts.

Carrie's nipples were hard, but different sizes. The right one was larger and shaped like a gumdrop, while the other was smaller and oval. Jennifer gave them a brief kiss before moving down with her hand. She could smell the faint musky scent of Carrie's excitement

and her own hands moved faster as her own built. Her fingers gently probed between Carrie's legs, pushing the towel aside so her fingers brushed against the heated dampness of the woman's sex.

Moaning, Carrie reached back to hold herself as Jennifer continued to dry with one hand and explore the hot folds with the other. One finger caught the large bump of Carrie's clitoris and Carrie's moan stopped in mid-sound as she shivered lightly.

Finding a smile on her face, Jennifer finished the drying and stood up, her body pressing lightly against the older woman's. In the middle of her motion, she found her lips pressing against Carrie's and an electric moan passed through both of them.

Carrie's hand found Jennifer's and their fingers intertwined as they continued the kiss. Their lips parted briefly before pressing together again, the soft intimacy pushing back everything but each other.

Between kisses, their soft gasps of air were unheard in the abandoned shower, but their hands held each other tightly. Jennifer positioned her body to press her breasts against Carrie and the older woman held her closer, almost grinding their bodies together in their embrace.

Jennifer broke the embrace with a gasp, her cheeks flushed as she stared into Carrie's eyes. The older woman smiled with a cheerful grin.

“Good start?”

Panting, Jennifer nodded. “Richard never did that.”

“Kissed?”

Shaking her head, Jennifer answered, “No. He never went slowly.”

t'Sade

Fulfilled Dreams

24

The woman now known as Nilit Ji hungrily wolfed down the fruits and meats in front of her. Faint bruises still covered her body, but she ignored them. Her hands still shook from the aftereffects of the drugs her former boyfriend had given her, but her mind was clear and her heart warm. Thinking about the mummy, the powerful master who had renamed her, brought another tingle to her body and she smiled to herself.

She looked around at her surroundings. Anuset had found a small warehouse, half abandoned over a month ago. It was about thirty meters by twenty, with small offices at one end. Its previous occupants, a couple of homeless, had taken one look at the glowing eyes of the mummy and left in a hurry. Nilit got the impression that Anuset had done something so they wouldn't remember him, but she wasn't sure.

She looked back at her bed, a cast-off mattress with a few ragged blankets. She had spent the last night half in fear of Anuset and half in hope that he would join her. But he hadn't. As she watched with wide eyes, Anuset stood in the center of the warehouse with curls of golden fire racing along his body. She wanted to join him, but was too afraid.

Nilit didn't want to die, now that she had been given a second change.

She sighed again and picked up another apple. Standing up, she straightened the long shirt she was wearing. Anuset had pulled it off the corpse of the man who had drugged her and given it to her as a gift. His words to her then still haunted her, but somehow they felt right.

“Wear this. If we ever return home, then you will be naked as every other slave.”

Slave.

She liked that word. After years of taking various drugs, she was comfortable with the idea of being a slave to something, but there was a power in Anuset’s eyes that caught her breath.

Hours passed, but she waited patiently. A hard rain began to pound against the metal roof of the warehouse and she had to move to avoid the drips. Part of her attention was diverted when she pushed her mattress from a puddle and saved her blankets.

Suddenly the door slammed open and Nilit shrieked briefly. Her eyes stared at the blackness in the doorway with growing fear. Then two golden points of light opened and she felt her master enter the room.

Anuset was soaked. His wrappings were dripping water onto the ground as he stepped heavily forward. His hands and chest were covered in red, but the woman hanging limply in his arms caught Nilit’s attention. Around her waist, the ragged remains of a cloth belt hung loosely underneath her.

Her pitch-black hair hung over her face, but there was a tone to her body that Nilit could only envy. Nasty cuts and bruises covered Nikki’s body and most of her clothes had been ripped off.

Nilit scrambled to her feet.

“Master! Is she... did you?”

Anuset looked down at her and spoke in a tight rasp. “No. Someone tried to rape her.”

“Tried?”

“Failed. He lived but the wounds will not heal quickly.”

“And you saved her?”

Anuset nodded and looked around. Seeing Nilit’s bed, he walked over to it and set her down gingerly. Nilit walked next to her master, looking at the strange woman who had just entered her life.

“Is she a slave also? Master?”

Anuset didn’t respond as he straightened Nikki’s unconscious body. His cloth-wrapped fingers grabbed the blanket and covered her before he stood up; his golden eyes burned hotly as he looked down at the girl.

Nilit stood up next to him, also staring at the girl.

“Master?”

The mummy didn't respond for a moment, then turned to her.

“Nilit Ji.”

Feeling a flush when he called her that, Nilit looked up with adoration for her master. Anuset saw the fanatic look in her eyes before he felt a faint smile cross his face.

“I want you to go to the guards. Tell them you saw a man rape her.”

“Won't they ask more questions?”

“Yes.”

There was a brief silence as Nilit waited for more. When none came, she spoke in a softer, more submissive voice.

“How will I know?”

“Relax.”

“Rela-”

The word cut off as powerful images suddenly slammed into her mind. The colors were more vivid and brighter than anything she had ever experienced, even with drugs.

In her mind's eye, she saw a man drinking as he sat alone on a bench. She could almost feel his anger building. She noticed the bruises and scratches that covered his face and arms, as if he had been attacked recently. Then the black-haired woman walked by. The man raced after her and they spoke; Nilit could hear each word as if she were standing there. She learned that his name was Richard and her name was Nikki. The man threatened Nikki and told her to fuck him. She said no and tried to get away. Richard grabbed her and began to rip her clothes off, slapping and punching her as he went. She screamed and struggled, biting and scratching, but Richard threw her across the bench and ripped more of her clothes away.

The surge of images halted then as Nilit gasped. She felt herself falling, but Anuset's powerful arms snapped out to catch her. She held onto the steel-hard arms for a moment until the world stopped spinning. Her eyes, a cloudy green color, focused on the mummy and she smiled.

“Sorry, master. How did you... never mind. What happened next?”

“I hurt him greatly. But you don't need to tell the guards that.”

“Do you hate this man?”

“Yes,” came the curt reply.

Nilit said softly, “Then I will hate him too.”

Anuset nodded and Nilit felt a blush rise at serving her master. Grabbing a torn skirt, she quickly finished dressing. Without another look, she disappeared into the night.

The mummy closed the door she had left open and walked heavily over to Nikki. Kneeling down, he brushed her hair off her face to gaze at her. Nikki stirred and moaned. One eye opened briefly and closed. Her hands clenched against the blanket and he watched her shiver for a moment. A whimper of pain escaped her throat as she drifted back into unconsciousness. He stayed next to her, guarding her with a surprising vigilance. When she began to stir, he was waiting.

Nikki opened her eye again, then the other. The clear brown depths stopped Anuset’s heart for a moment as memories slammed into him. He remembered those eyes, from so many centuries ago.

“Binis.” His voice was almost a reverent rasp as he felt his body grow cold from shock.

A slow smile crossed her face as Nikki spoke in a torn voice. “It’s you.”

His mind refused to answer as he stared down at the girl who looked so much like his love. His cloth-wrapped hands began to shake as he continued to stare in astonishment.

Nikki’s eyes focused on him, looking him from top to bottom. Her smile was softer, but her voice was still rough as she said, “It’s really you.”

She paused for a second, then struggled to release one of her hands. Her fingers brushed against his chest and he felt her fingers through the cloth; it felt like he no longer had the wrappings, as though she were touching naked flesh. A surge of emotions, hope and love, burned through his mind as he continued to stare at her. Nikki smiled again, tears forming in her eyes.

“I’ve been waiting for you.”

Fogging his mind, Anuset felt the confusion he always felt around Binis. “You... have?”

She nodded, her fingers trailing down to his stomach. Her touch burned a trail in his skin and he felt his body shake from the effort. His body began to warm under her touch and he brushed his cloth-wrapped fingers against her cheek.

Nikki sighed happily and closed her eyes as he touched her. When he drew his fingers back slowly, she opened them up, her entire face brightening with her smile.

Her eyes moved down his body as her fingers trailed further down, along his leg. With a shock, Anuset realized his penis was hard, for the first time in many centuries. The thick member was standing away from his stomach, the cloth slowly sealing around it until the wrapped shaft bobbed with his heartbeats.

Nikki smiled warmly. "Is that for me?"

Without waiting for a response, she wrapped her fingers around it. Her lips parted slightly as she concentrated on his shaft, stroking it lightly up and down. Beneath the cloth, Anuset could feel her touch like a burning brand; her soft caresses sent a shiver of pleasure through his body and his cock continue to hardened underneath her touch. His eyes darkened at her caresses, but Nikki's response was almost electric.

With an excited gasp, she pushed herself up and let the ragged blanket fall from her shoulders; her bare breasts were covered in bruises and scratches, but she didn't seem to notice as she curled her feet beneath her. With a slight strain, she managed to position herself on her knees, facing Anuset. The mummy continued to kneel in front of her as he watched with dark eyes.

Nikki's hand never left his length as she stroked it gently. Her lips parted with growing lust. She brought her other hand forward to wrap around his base.

Anuset relaxed and let Nikki take over. Her hands resumed their soft stroking, exploring every ridge of cloth along his entire length. Her fingers felt like fire, a sweet burning that left an ache for more. Even though his entire body screamed for her touch, he found himself unable to move.

Nikki smiled with a seductive gaze as she arched her back to push her breasts into his view. Anuset found stared at them with his golden eyes as she continued to stroke. Her smile grew wider when a small patch of dampness soaked through the cloth. Anuset stared

at it for a moment, completely surprised at the strength of his body's reaction.

The revelation was almost lost as Nikki looked back at him with a look of hunger and need on her face. Pulling her hands back, she looked down at the hard shaft between his legs, enjoying the sight and curves of it even as she complemented its girth.

Breathing in deeply, she bent forward, almost bowing to him. Her cheek brushed against his cock head, sending a tingle of pleasure to his senses. Gently, she kissed along his length, exploring his ridges with her lips. At the top, she tasted the dampness, then opened her jaw to push the thick member into her mouth.

He held still, unsure and unable to do anything about the hot, wet sensations that assaulted his body. Nikki continue to move, her mouth pushing down on the shaft until the cloth-wrapped tip began to nuzzle deeper into her mouth. She took it in so deeply it pressed against the back of her throat.

Moaning slightly, she slowly drew her head up until the cock head rested just inside her mouth. Anuset could almost feel her desire and passion washing against him as he watched with rapt attention.

Pushing down again, she drew the hard shaft into her mouth, stretching her lips around each fold of cloth until it pressed tightly against the back of her throat; her breath grew ragged as she bobbed briefly, trying to shove the length past her gag reflex.

Her hands reached out to balance on his thighs, while she remained kneeling. Her body shivered again with the intensity of the sensations. She tried again to push it down her throat, but the thick hardness refused to enter her anymore. Sliding it back out, Anuset's pleasure continued to grow as she teased his length.

With a sigh, he reached over to stroke her body. Nikki moaned at his first touch and arched her back against his cloth-wrapped hands. His cock was still caught in the wet tightness of her mouth and he could feel her push again and again against the back of her throat, trying to force it in further.

Anuset's hands stroked her back and then moved to her flanks. His fingers caressed the soft flesh as he felt his hips thrusting forward slightly in response to her motions. Nikki moaned with need and pushed harder against him. Still moving a centimeter back

and forth with his hips, he stroked her sides until his fingers brushed against her hips.

Nikki's hands grew more insistent as she pulled off his cock and shoved it back into her mouth. Her body pressed against his hands as he thrust forward. She moaned at his every touch, hungrily swallowing the shaft, which bumped against the tight ring of her throat.

The mummy's hands followed the line of her ass, enjoying the soft skin brushing against the texture of his cloth. His entire body felt like it was on fire, a burning sensation that grew in the tightness of her mouth as he continued to thrust forward and back slightly. Nikki moaned as her hands slid around his hips; her fingers wrapped against his ass and pulled him further into her mouth.

He let his fingers stroke her behind before moving back up her spine with a soft, steady pressure. His hips thrust harder, cramming the cock head into the tight ring with faster strokes. Nikki's legs parted for balance as she pushed herself down on the cock, trying to force the incredible width into her body.

Anuset continued to thrust for a moment until Nikki's hands reached behind her and grabbed his wrists. Still sliding back and forth on his cock, she slid his hands to her ass, forcing him to wrap his large fingers around the hard muscles.

Nikki moaned softly and held his hands there, straightening her back as far as she could until Anuset felt the pressure begin to grow on his cock and hands. With a slight movement, he pulled her closer and felt the moan vibrate through his cock as the head of his shaft nuzzled deeper into her throat. He pushed her away until he heard the soft gasp of her breath.

Pulling her closer, he thrust forward with his hips. The thick cock head easily buried itself into the opening of her throat and held there for a second; around his shaft, he could feel Nikki's every moan and breath.

He pulled her off, then back onto his cock, marveling at the wet tightness that squeezed his cloth-wrapped shaft. The head vibrated inside her for a moment before he moved again.

His entire body continued to feel like fire as he pulled her back, a little harder this time. His hips thrust forward, burying almost a third of his length into her throat until he felt her whimper. The

incredible tightness squeezed his shaft until he felt it would break in half, but the dark-haired girl moaned for more.

The next thrust was harder, burying almost half of his length in the tight tunnel. He could feel her body quiver with pleasure as he felt his cock compress in the tiny tunnel. Her breaths came quickly as he pulled her off. He could also hear the strain in her motions, but her hands were already pulling him against her.

Feeling out of control, but with more than a little pleasure, Anuset pulled her against him as he thrust hard with his hips. The cloth-wrapped shaft, thicker than her wrist, plunged easily into her raw throat and slammed deep inside her. Her body jumped as a muffled moan teased his senses.

He held it there until her body began to shake with the need for breath. As gently as possible, he eased his length out of her throat until she gasped for breath. As soon as she inhaled, he rammed forward, shoving the soaked hardness easily into her tightly stretched lips.

Her breath was cut off as the cloth-wrapped shaft plugged up her throat, but she strained to pull him harder inside her. Her body shivered with need as he felt her wet excitement underneath his fingers. As she squeezed his fingers, he thrust harder inside her, his cloth-wrapped shaft disappearing into the tight mouth before pulling out.

She squeezed again, signaling him to thrust into her. Anuset did so. He shoved hard into her mouth until he felt her muffled moan vibrate around his shaft. The delicious vibrations sent his level of excitement soaring and he felt the first stirrings of an orgasm began to grow deep inside him.

Nikki's fingers continued to squeeze and relax as he shoved his cock in her mouth, barreling past her stretched throat to bury his entire length in her wet tightness. She moaned between strokes, guiding him to thrust into her faster and harder until her entire body shook with each stroke of his length.

Each wrap of cloth that slipped past her lips seemed to fill him with a sparkle of pleasure as he started to ram as fast as he could. Each thrust was rewarded with the vibration of a moan and she gasped as he yanked it out of her throat.

Anuset continued to thrust hard inside her, his legs beginning to feel the strain even as he marveled at the sensations he thought he had lost. The stirring inside him continued to grow until there was a hot inferno at the base of his shaft. Nikki's mouth seemed to tease each iota of pleasure out of him. Now he was pounding as fast as he could into her; Nikki's hands continued to squeeze and relax, but the two lovers were already in sync.

Then, beyond all expectations of either one of them, Anuset came.

His body tightened between one stroke and the next and he felt the inferno race up his throbbing shaft to pump hot cum into her throat and mouth. Anuset continued to thrust, going slower with each stroke as his body shuddered with each surge of juices that filled Nikki's mouth. Finally, he pulled his still-hard shaft from her mouth and pulled back his fingers from her ass.

—

Gasping, Nikki stood up, licking her lips of the few drops that escaped her mouth. She found herself giggling as she looked at the mummy. Sitting back on her heels, she looked him over, gazing longingly at the hard shaft still sprouting up between his legs.

"I never got your name."

Her voice was almost hoarse from the abuse he had inflicted on her throat, but in her afterglow she barely noticed the faint ache. Anuset smiled, the cloth around his face indenting as his eyes glowed golden. "Akumet Anuset Ama."

"Akumet."

The mummy shook his head and said in a quiet whisper, "No, Anuset. Akumet is my master. Ama is my... title."

She rolled the word in her mouth: "Anuset."

Beaming at him with a dazzling smile, she giggled again. "I like it. Anuset."

She looked around the warehouse, seeing it for the first time. Her eyes were curious and probing but it took her very little time to identify her surroundings.

"Are we in the industrial district?"

Anuset nodded. "Yes, I brought you here after..."

Nikki shuddered with the memory and shook her head.

"Let's not talk about that, please?"

“As you wish.”

She looked at the mummy again and felt herself blushing. Between her legs, her sex was still soaked from her excitement and she felt the warmth beginning to grow as she spied the hard shaft again.

“I’m sorry for... doing that. I’ve waited so long for... you.”

Shaking his head, Anuset spoke in his raspy voice. “I enjoyed it as much as you. But I didn’t realize I was waiting for you.”

Reddening further, she ducked her head and looked around again, not seeing anything but the memory of Anuset in her mind. Slowly, she looked back at him, her eyes already drawn to the hard shaft that bobbed in front of her; Anuset never moved from his kneeling position, but his cock was erect and ready for more.

She motioned toward it with her chin. “Is it always like that?”

Thinking for less than a second, Anuset nodded.

“Three thousand years ago, it was. I thought I had lost that part of me... until you.”

She smiled; the simple gesture brought a warmth to Anuset’s heart and a bob to his cock. She motioned toward it again and said, “Does that mean I can... again?”

His eyes flared for a moment as a laugh came to his lips. Anuset nodded with hesitation.

“I doubt I could stop you, even if I wanted to.”

“Good.”

A seductive gaze came over her face as she lifted herself to her feet. Anuset start to rise, but Nikki stepped forward and rested her hand on his shoulder, gently pushing him back down into a kneeling position.

His hands reached up to remove what was left of her torn blouse and she sighed happily, her eyes never leaving the golden light of his. His hands, though covered in cloth, removed the ragged skirt easily, leaving her wearing only the cloth belt. Nikki’s eye caught the ragged end, where Richard had torn it, but then she stared at the hands reaching to remove it.

“No, not that.”

Nodding, he slid his hands down her naked thighs, avoiding the cuts and bruises as she stepped closer, straddling his legs and using his shoulders for balance. The smell of her excitement was stronger

in the air as she leaned against him, her sex pressing against the bones of his collar.

Slowly, she began to lower herself. Anuset's hands reached up to cup her inner thighs, supporting them as Nikki parted them to get around his thick legs. Her knees brushed against the joint of his leg and hip for a moment before she spread her legs further apart, on each side of his leg. Her body pressed tightly against his chest, her hard nipples catching on each fold of cloth.

She gasped in pleasure as the thick, textured head of his cock brushed against her inner thigh. With a slight movement, she brought it to the entrance of her sex.

Something drew her closer, drawing her tightly against Anuset's cloth. Looking with a gasp, they both saw the cloth belt around Nikki's waist reaching out of its own accord, toward Anuset's wrappings.

Time held still as they watched the belt tear in half and each end weave itself into the mummy's wrappings. The newer strip was the same color and texture as his but the older strip, now animated also, was softer and grayer. The cloth belt continued to weave against Anuset until Nikki was held tightly against him.

Nikki looked up with astonishment, shock blazing on her face.

"I have been waiting."

Anuset smiled, the golden light of his eyes flaring. "Apparently so have I."

She moved in her bondage. Her sex brushed against his cock head and both of them felt a hot, electric jolt of pleasure as the lips brushed the tip. The cloth rope tying them together allowed her to move up and down, but not away from the creature she had waited so long for.

Nikki smiled and put more weight on Anuset's hands, spreading her legs until only her toes were touching the ground and her knees were hanging on each side of his legs. Anuset held her easily above his cock, his arms not even straining from her weight.

Looking him in the eyes, she whispered quietly, "Please?"

Cloth-wrapped fingers wrapped around her thighs, about mid-point between her knees and sex, and drew down. She felt the pressure building at her labia: a radiating pleasure that burned brightly inside her.

Nikki moaned and held his neck tightly, her body pressed against his. As he drew her down, her nipples caught on the cloth, but her eyes were closed as she focused her world on the shaft which was slowly penetrating her body.

Anuset continued to pull down as she felt the cloth catching on the opening of her sex. Nikki whimpered softly as the first fold snapped inside her, but he continued to draw down.

Slowly, the cloth-wrapped shaft disappeared into her sex. It was tight, but not uncomfortably so; it felt like a wet vice wrapped around him as the cock head manage to slip inside her body. Nikki gasped with pleasure and leaned tighter against him as Anuset continue to draw her down.

The ridges of cloth teased her insides, tugging and pulling at her inner walls until she thought she would go insane with pleasure. Each centimeter sent an electric ecstasy through her body. Tiny shivers of pleasure rippled through her body as he forced another couple of centimeters into her wet sex.

Too soon, she felt her lips crush against the base of his shaft, his wrapped balls pressing against the spot between her sex and anus. She looked into her eyes, surprise and pleasure glazing her eyes. A smile grew on her face as she felt the thickness inside her throb.

Answering to a silent request, Anuset began to draw her up. Nikki threw back her head as he quickly pulled out his cock, the strips of cloth tugging at her insides until the cock head burst back into the air.

Her entire body vibrated with pleasure. Anuset drew her down again, thrusting his shaft, now soaked with both of their juices, into her willing body with a harder stroke. Nikki's hands grabbed two strips of cloth and wrapped around them; she used them for balance as Anuset plunged his entire length into her body and pulled up again.

She felt his shaft plunge in and out of her pussy, sending her senses into a wild frenzy. Each strip of cloth seemed to peel back slightly, pushing and teasing her inner walls until her entire body felt like it was on fire.

Both of their eyes closed as they focused on the tight pleasures and Nikki pushed down, trying to get more of the shaft inside her.

Her breasts shook up and down with each stroke, her nipples catching on the wrappings as she clung to him. Her body shivered with a growing orgasm, but she kept feeling his wrapped shaft slamming in and out of body with a wet slapping sound.

Neither of them saw the golden fire that ignited along Anuset's wrappings. It burned, but did not damage the cloth. Slowly, the brilliant glow spread to cover his head, shoulder, and back. Between the hard strokes, it grew until his entire body glowed with the golden light.

Then it spread to Nikki as her own pleasures began to reach a crest. It spread like wildfire, covering her whole body without damage or pain. The two lovers were lost in their lovemaking and never opened their eyes.

The golden flame turned into a bonfire of passion as they began to stroke harder against each other. Anuset slammed her down on his shaft and yanked her up as she whimpered with need. Their bodies began to shake from the effort of holding back the pleasure.

They both came.

The glow flared up and burst out, washing the entire warehouse in a golden light. The only shadow in that brief instant was between two boxes, where a tiny mouse watched with unblinking eyes.

Nikki threw back her head and screamed with pleasure, her entire body vibrating in Anuset's hands. He grunted loudly, thrusting hard inside her as his cock burst, drenching her insides with his hot cum.

They held the position; Nikki with her breasts heaving and Anuset with his cock buried in her tightness. The golden fire flared again and again, but slowly faded away, leaving only the faint smell of ozone in the air.

The strength drained out of Nikki as she slumped back, her body dropping to the mattress bonelessly. Beads of sweat dribbled down her breasts as she sighed happily. When he opened them, Anuset's eyes were a dark, muted glow. He stared at the woman still impaled on his softening cock as emotions raged inside him.

Nikki opened one eye and smiled, her entire body still shaking in the afterglow. Her voice was sleepy and hoarse, but the emotion was burning almost bright in the words.

"I love you, Akumet Anuset Ama."

Anuset gently pulled his cock out and she whimpered from the emptiness that filled her. His gentle hands stroked her body for a long moment before he spoke in a rasp.

“And I you, Nikki.”

Passing Passions

25

Jennifer opened the door to Carrie's apartment with a giggle. Behind her, the female guard was guiding her forward with two hands on her trim ass.

"Go on. No one's home."

The blond giggled again and let Carrie push her inside the room. With a spare foot, Carrie kicked the door shut and nodded to the tiny apartment. As they entered, a single globe of light on the ceiling brightened up to reveal a tiny room.

Jennifer looked at it for a moment before she chuckled, "It's so..."

Carrie gave her a look before gently pushing her toward the bedroom door.

"I'd like to see how big your place is when you live on a guard's pay."

"No, it's nice. I have to share a room at the dorms with Amanda. And you can imagine what that's like."

"Does she ever sleep?"

"No, just rests between sex partners."

Jennifer smiled at the woman and started walking toward the kitchen, but Carrie wrapped her hands around her breasts and pushed her back toward one of the doors. Looking inside the shadowed room, Jennifer could see a bed barely large enough for one, much less two; the wooden frame lifted the mattress up to Carrie's waist, so it was a little short on Jennifer.

Jennifer peered her neck to look around, then allowed herself to be guided to the bed. As her knees brushed against the edge, she stopped and turned around. A sly smile fled across her face.

"Is this where you want me?"

Carrie looked up at her with a short laugh. "No, I want you naked on the bed, but I'm planning on doing that."

Raising an eyebrow, Jennifer feigned disapproval, saying, "Oh really?"

"Yes, really."

Jennifer sighed happily and wrapped her arms around Carrie's shoulders. "I suppose."

Carrie nuzzled against Jennifer, using her nose to trace the curves of the taller woman's breasts. Already excited, it took very little to evoke a soft moan from Jennifer.

The blond lowered herself on the bed, sitting on the very edge until they were looking into each other's eyes. Pulling Carrie closer, Jennifer pressed her lips against the older woman's. Their tongues barely explored their mouths before they returned to passionate kissing.

Carrie's hands roamed over Jennifer's body, gently undoing the buttons to reveal the smooth skin underneath. Her fingers, rough from training, brushed against the girl's nipples and Jennifer gasped softly. Their lips continued to kiss and nuzzle and soft sounds of pleasure drifted between them.

Jennifer broke for air after a moment. "Didn't you have something to show me?"

The older woman blinked a few times and Jennifer raised an eyebrow.

"You were going to show me how to live without a man?"

She wiggled her pinky finger to make a point. Carrie grinned and leaned over to open the drawer underneath the clock. She rummaged around in it for a second while Jennifer worked at the older woman's buttons.

Drawing out a leather harness, she showed it to Jennifer. It looked like a set of thong underwear. Each side had two buckles to tighten it and the front had a hard rubber tip. She handed it to Jennifer who looked at it curiously while Carrie continued to search through the drawer. After a second, she pulled out a hard rubber dildo.

It was about two handspans in length and somewhat thick. Two fake balls hung underneath as Carrie brought it to Jennifer's attention. The blond giggled at seeing it.

“It’s bigger than Richard.”

Carrie shrugged. “Never noticed.”

Jennifer kissed her briefly. “You wouldn’t.”

Dropping the leather harness and dildo on the bed, Carrie leaned forward to kiss Jennifer back, their lips meeting passionately as they lost themselves in each other’s bodies. In their kiss, the women managed to open each other’s clothes and let them slip to the ground until both were both naked. Jennifer blushed under Carrie’s lustful gaze and smiled shyly back at the older woman.

The contrast between them was almost stark in the shadows. Jennifer’s body was soft and trim compared to Carrie’s scarred, muscular one. They looked at each other and found the same burning emotion shared between them.

After a few moments of kissing, Jennifer held up the harness.

“So, how does this work?”

Carrie kissed her a few times before stepping back. With a firm hand, she pulled Jennifer back to her feet. Taking the harness from the blond’s hand, she knelt down and held it open. Jennifer lifted her foot and placed it inside the loop, then did the same with the other one.

The older woman leaned forward to kiss Jennifer’s knee. Her mouth moved up slowly as she drew the leather harness up between her lover’s legs.

Exploring, Carrie’s mouth found its way across Jennifer’s inner thigh. She gently parted the legs as she continued to kiss and lick up to the wet slit of the girl in front of her. Jennifer sighed in pleasure as she allowed Carrie to guide her. The leather felt warm against her skin as the woman pulled it up.

Finding the tip with her tongue, Carrie lapped a few times at Jennifer’s sex before pulling the leather thong up firmly against her sex. The straps on the side slid over her hips and Carrie busied herself with tightening them comfortably.

Soon, Jennifer was standing there with a leather harness around her waist and a hard rubber piece standing away from her hips. She looked down and giggled.

“It’s so... so... different!”

Picking up the dildo, the older woman positioned the hole at one end on the hard rubber and pushed it on. The ridges of the hard

rubber caught on the dildo until it was pressing tightly against the base of the shaft. Jennifer had a bemused smile on her face as she saw the almost white dildo hanging from her hips.

Looking up, she smiled at Carrie with a liquid lust in her eyes.

“Does this please you?”

Carrie, feeling almost giddy with excitement, nodded and gently pushed Jennifer back. The blond fell back on the bed, spreading her legs as she fell. Carrie took a mere second to admire the beauty on her bed before she crawled on herself and pushed her head between Jennifer’s legs.

The girl moaned happily and spread her legs. Carrie moved forward until her hot breath brushed against the blond’s labia. With a smile, she moved the leather strap between the delicate folds, pressing against the hard nub of Jennifer’s clitoris until the girl writhed with pleasure. A gasp of pleasure rippled through the blond’s body as Carrie continued to touch, tease, and kiss her sensitive mound.

Using her fingers, she made sure the leather strap was tight against Jennifer’s inner opening and her pink folds were half-wrapped around the leather strap.

Kissing the leather once, Carrie moved her body up until the rubber toy was caught between their stomachs. Their lips met again and they found themselves stroking and touching each other as they kissed.

Breaking for breath, Jennifer gave Carrie a coy smile.

“Now what do I do?”

Feeling a thrill of pleasure coursing through her veins, Carrie answered softly, “Now you fuck me.”

“Just like that?”

“No.”

Jennifer pouted as Carrie stood up. She crawled onto the bed next to Jennifer, her ass pushing up in the air. With a grin, Carrie finished her sentence.

“Like this.”

Brightening, Jennifer jumped up and turned around. She knelt on the bed as Carrie moved forward, spreading her legs so her glistening slit was splayed open. Using her hands, Jennifer caressed Carrie’s curve. She explored the wet opening with two fingers,

gently twisting them in the soaked tunnel until Carrie moaned softly. The dildo bobbed in front of her with each movement.

Catching sight of it, Jennifer scooted forward while holding the rubber shaft. She used its head to slid up and down the length of Carrie's slit; the older woman's moans guided her to the most pleasurable spots.

Carrie positioned her legs so her shins were pressing against Jennifer's; her sex was laid open and bare, vulnerable to anything Jennifer wanted.

Jennifer already knew what she wanted.

Guiding the smooth tip of the dildo to Carrie's sex, she rubbed it up and down until it caught on the opening to the woman's vagina. With a little thrust of her hips, it pushed inside and Carrie gasped at the sudden sensations of the rubber intruder.

"Oh... yes!"

Jennifer positioned her knees closer to Carrie - she gasped with the effort. Her light fingers danced along Carrie's curves, tracing various scars and bones until the older woman bucked against the teasing sensations. With a grin, she looked at Carrie and raised an eyebrow.

"Do you like this?"

"Please?"

"Please? What kind of answer is that?"

"Please fuck me and I'll do the same to you."

"Oh." Jennifer thrust forward with her hips. "I guess I could-," she pulled back and drove forward again, "- live with that."

Carrie moaned with pleasure and shot a mock-spiteful glare at her. "Wench."

Grinning, Jennifer pulled out the dildo and rammed it forward again. The rubber bent for a moment as she caught the wrong angle, but she quickly corrected and gave the older woman another hard thrust.

"What was that?"

Panting slightly, Carrie repeated her answer.

"Wench."

Jennifer pulled back and shoved forward again, plunging the dildo into her lover's soaked opening. She drew back and thrust again, slapping her hips against the buttocks with a delicious flare.

The mass of the dildo pressed tightly against her stomach as the leather rubbed against her own sex. She felt the pleasure growing, but she halted her movement to speak in a soft pant.

“I didn’t hear you.”

“I said, wen-”

The blond interrupted her by slamming her strap-on harder inside Carrie, evoking a moan where the word would have finished. Finding a pleasure growing, she began to thrust in and out with soft, long strokes that brought sharp waves of ecstasy to Carrie’s eyes. The older woman thrashed her head back and forth as she thrust back on the shaft.

After a few minutes of pounding, Jennifer stopped to pant heavily for a moment. Carrie lowered her face to the bed, looking over her shoulder at the sweat-soaked woman pressing against her.

Catching her breath, Jennifer grinned and rested her fingers on Carrie’s hips. Her fingertips curled around the edge as she got a good grip.

“Could you repeat that?”

Carrie nibbled on her lower lip for a second before she answered.

“*Lover.*”

Eyes widening, Jennifer halted her thrust as she let the words sink into her. Carrie giggled at the expression on her face, but didn’t move.

Jennifer thought quickly for a moment, then pushed the dildo in as far as it could go with a slow stroke. A moan slipped out of Carrie’s throat. It turned to a gasp as Jennifer reached up to the bottom of her rib cage and gently tugged her up. After the second tug, the older woman responded by pushing herself up into kneeling position.

The rubber shaft slipped almost all the way out as Carrie sat up and pressed her back against Jennifer’s front. The younger woman’s hands snaked around to gently hold Carrie around the stomach. Their heads turned until their lips met and they began to kiss passionately.

In the embrace, Jennifer shifted her hips so the dildo was driven up into Carrie’s wet sex. The older woman gasped in the middle of a kiss, then smiled before her lips desperately found Jennifer’s.

Finding the right angle, Jennifer began to slowly drive the dildo up and down, driving it into Carrie as her hands wandered across her lover's body. They explored her flanks and hips, stomach and breasts, and even a gentle hand across the throat as they kissed. Carrie responded by curling her arms back to gently squeeze Jennifer's ass and buttocks and to pull her deeper inside in the slow, sensual strokes they shared.

The two women explored and loved each other's bodies for a couple hours, taking turns with the strap-on and also just being next to each other. They enjoyed a small meal of fruits in a lull of pleasure, but soon left them for another delights. There were no screaming orgasms, no panicked thrusting, just a quiet love that grew between them, with joy.

Around two in the morning, they finally broke. Jennifer rolled over and hugged Carrie once again. Their naked flesh, speckled with sweat, felt good to her as she kissed the older woman on the shoulder.

"Thank you."

Carrie just stroked her arm, her own thoughts half-sleepy in the afterglow. Jennifer watched Carrie drifting to sleep before she spoke softly with a slight grin on her face.

"We do need to stop by my place. I need my toothbrush."

One eye snapped open. "It's two in the morning. Can't you use mine?"

Jennifer made a face. "I'd rather not. Plus, I wouldn't mind clean clothes."

Sighing, Carrie sat up. There was a grin on her face instead of the frown Jennifer had expected.

"Good thing I have tomorrow off."

Jennifer sat up herself, her arms hugging Carrie.

"And Amanda might be asleep."

"So?"

"She won't be tempted."

There was a brief pause, then both women laughed. They slowly gathered up their things and dressed in just enough to make it to the dorm and back. Carrie made a point of strapping her sword back on before they left.

They left the apartment with their arms wrapped around each other's waists. Carrie was on the left so she could get her sword, if needed. Their walk was silent, interrupted only by kissing.

At the dorm, Jennifer ran forward a little to unlock the door. As she fitted the heavy key into the oak door, she heard Richard's voice call out to her.

"Jennifer!"

Fighting down a surge of annoyance and fear, Jennifer turned around to see Richard running up to her with two guards following at a walking pace. His face was white, almost frantic, and the blond felt a stirring of some new emotion.

"Wait up, Jennifer!"

Jennifer descended a few steps and let Richard stop in front of her. He panted for a mere moment before speaking quickly.

"Tell them I was with you tonight, until I left an hour ago."

"Why?"

He started to say something but the guards caught up with him and he closed his mouth. One guard stepped forward, his face set in a sour expression. "Good night, miss. I'm Captain Julin-Solim. Do you mind if I ask a few questions?"

Wondering briefly where Carrie was, Jennifer nodded. The captain pulled out a pad of paper and looked over a page of neatly written notes.

"Mr. Morrjan claimed that he was with you until about one this morning. Could you confirm that?"

Jennifer glanced over at Richard and saw worry and fear on his face. She knew that he had lied about something, but she couldn't identify her feelings about it. A faint flicker of anger washed through her and she shook her head.

Richard's shoulders slumped, but a fiery anger began to burn in his eyes. She could see his muscles bunching and she took a step away from him. Looking back at the captain, she realized he had seen her reaction. He noted it with an impassive face and his eyes glanced back to Richard's angry one.

Jennifer felt her face grow warmer. "No... I wasn't with him this morning."

"I see. Do you have someone who can confirm it?"

Jennifer nodded.

“And that person would be?”

Carrie chose that moment to walk up. Her sword slapped against her thigh and Jennifer could see that she was straightening her clothes so she looked presentable.

“That would be me, Captain.”

The captain looked at her and back at Jennifer with a sniff. After looking at Jennifer’s face, his eyes moved back to Carrie.

“Constable Hirisdotter.”

“Captain Julin-Solim.”

He looked back at Jennifer. “Were you with her?”

Without hesitating, Jennifer nodded. “Yes.”

“How long?”

“From about midnight until now.”

The captain noted it on his pad. “Can anyone confirm that?”

“Uhh... Nikki left the showers when I came in. She could...”

Her voice trailed off as she heard Richard groan. The second guard stepped closer to him, his hand on his weapon. Jennifer’s eyes scanned over Richard and saw defeat in his posture, but didn’t understand why. The captain watched her for a second before speaking up in his impassive voice.

“When did you last see Nikki?”

“About midnight, in the college showers.”

“What was she wearing?”

Jennifer paused for a second as she thought back. “A short black skirt, I think she got it from the north side. And a dark green... no, blue blouse. It didn’t have any ruffles or anything.”

“Anything else?”

“Yeah, the cloth belt. But she’s always wearing that.”

“This belt? Would she give it away?”

Jennifer shook her head. “Not a chance. She’s been wearing that every day of her life since she was nine.”

Richard groaned and the guard clamped a hand on his arm. Richard glared daggers at Jennifer but she no longer felt afraid. The captain cleared his throat.

“Can anyone confirm this?”

“Yeah. Her parents, Reinhalt, anyone in her class, Amanda, Robert-”

“Reinhalt the actor?”

She nodded. The captain fished in his pockets and pulled out something. Handing it to Jennifer, he questioned her some more.

“Is this part of that belt?”

Jennifer looked down at the torn strips of white cloth in his hand. She immediately identified the old, ragged piece of cloth, but not the newer one. Thinking back, she remembered Nikki putting the two strips together to make her belt.

She nodded. “Yeah, but I’ve never seen it ripped like that.”

Her finger brushed a brown spot. “Or stained. What is this about?”

The captain answered her by turning to Richard. Richard’s shoulders were slumped but his glare shook Jennifer to the bones. The captain’s words were clear in the middle of the night.

“Richard Morrjan, you are under arrest for the disappearance of Nikki Stormin. You have the right to remain silent, but anything you say...”

Divinity Revealed

26

Nikki opened her eyes to the sound of a bird singing out over the forest. The earthy smells of moss and mold filled her nose as she frowned briefly. The sky above her was cloudy, a dark smear that shifted even as she watched. The ground below her was a soft mass of moss-covered rock.

Of the warehouse she last remembered, there was no sign.

Confused, she sat up and winced from the bruises that covered her body. She looked down and gasped as the wind brushed across her naked skin. The scratches and bruises ignored with her passion for Anuset now throbbed painfully.

Feeling very confused, she stood up and looked around. Half-carved rocks were thrown everywhere, with centuries of moss and grass covering almost every surface. At her feet, a small stone fragment caught her eye.

She reached down and picked it up. Brushing off the dirt, she stared at the cracked image engraved on the stone. Even from the tiny fragment she held in her hand, she could tell it was part of a larger image depicting a graphical scene of sex and torture. She felt a blush crossing her face even as her mind swam with the sense of *déjà vu*.

“It was his temple.”

Nikki spun at the sound of the throaty purr. Her eyes drank in the sight of the cat woman standing in front of her.

Even though she had never met her before, Nikki sensed the power in Basma. The naked woman’s six breasts still curled up pertly as she stood briefly before Nikki’s gaze. Her tail snapped in the wind, catching on a rock before sliding back to her right. Her

hands and feet ended in black furred paws, tipped with sharp obsidian claws which sparkled in the sunlight. There was a sense of raw sexuality that radiated from the goddess and Nikki felt her body respond beyond her will.

“Who... Whose temple?”

“Akumet’s.”

Nikki tried to say Anuset’s name, but the word caught in her throat. She tried again, but a tiny mouse ran around Basma’s feet, distracting her. The cat goddess looked down with an expression of distaste.

The mouse stopped and looked up. There was a blurring around its form, then it stood up, a tiny woman. The mouse-woman was shorter than both of them, barely reaching Basma’s hip. Her gray hair was soft and short, but there was a child-like quality to her smile. Like Basma, she was naked, but everything was in much smaller proportions. The mouse head didn’t smile but Nikki could easily sense the mirth that radiated from the tiny mouse goddess before her.

Basma sighed briefly. “I’m Basma Ma; this is Hersa Ama.”

“Ama? Like Anuset?”

The cat-goddess narrowed her eyes. “Yes, but I don’t know his master. Do you?”

Nikki started to speak, but a flash of something in Hersa’s eyes stopped her. She saw the mouse-woman shake her head and look up at Basma, who was staring at Nikki.

The girl shook her head. “I don’t know.”

Basma sighed unhappily. “Doesn’t matter. As long as he doesn’t belong to my enemies, he can live.”

Nikki remained silent. There was a sense that Hersa wanted to keep something about Anuset from Basma, and she was more than willing to comply; the cat-goddess obviously hated Anuset’s master. She was also in awe of the two goddesses in front of her and felt a flush of desire crossing her skin.

The cat-woman stepped forward and Nikki could smell the sharp scent of incense that hung around her. The sexuality emanating from the cat sent a brief pang of need to her loins and she felt her mouth open slightly with surprise and astonishment.

Smiling, Basma reached out and stroked one clawed finger along Nikki's jaw, letting the sharp point tease but not pierce her flesh.

"I suppose you are wondering why you are here?"

In a half-dreamy voice, Nikki responded, "No."

"Really?"

"I'm still working on whether I'm dreaming."

Brilliant blue eyes glittered, then Basma laughed, a soft sound filled with a purr of amusement. Nikki hesitated before giving a confused chuckle of her own. The cat woman's eyes locked on her, heightening the Nikki's sexual awareness.

"No, girl, you're not dreaming. I'm going to give you a gift. One that took many lifetimes to prepare and even more to plan."

"A... gift?"

"Yes. A gift. Do you know of this place?"

Nikki looked around and frowned at the faint memory of the place. She tried to latch on, but it slipped elusively in her mind.

"Yes... and no. I think I remember, but I can't."

"Good. This was the site of my worst enemy's final temple. In a rage, the master of this temple razed it to the ground."

"Who ran the temple?"

The cat-goddess growled deeply, "I don't know and I don't care. I don't have time to name each one of his slaves. But his master was Akumet, the wolf god, and that is who I hate more than life itself."

Akumet's name almost brought the words to Nikki's mouth, but a stern shake of the head from the mouse stopped her. She frowned at Hersa, but the mouse had already pulled on a bright smile. Nikki looked up at the cat-woman in fear, but Basma had moved her focus to the temple ruins. Inside, Nikki sighed in relief and tried to figure out how to escape the goddess who hated her lover's master so much. Her thoughts raced so fast, she barely heard Basma speaking again in a deep growl.

"...want you to build a new temple. To me. Right here."

In a tiny voice, Nikki whispered as her mind reeled with shock, "Me?"

The cat goddess glared at her. "Of course you. Think I want to build it myself?"

Her tail snapping, she crawled up onto a large pile of rocks, the remains of a statue, and sat down heavily.

“You are going to build a temple here, dedicate yourself and your life to me, and spend the rest of it in my name.”

The simple words were stated with the absolute finality with which, Nikki suspected, Basma always spoke. A faint flicker of amusement crossed her thoughts and Nikki found a growing affection for the self-centered goddess.

Just as she was wondering why she should feel anything for Basma, Nikki felt a presence next to her and turned to see Hersa standing there. The mouse goddess silently shook her whiskers in amusement. Nikki frowned and started to say something, but Hersa put a finger on her lips, silencing her.

Nikki found her eyes drifting down, tracing the curves of the short, perfect woman standing in front of her. Hersa stood there briefly, then reached up to tap Nikki's chest, right between her firm breasts. Nikki frowned but Hersa tapped her again.

The tap shook her from the inside, a strange energy that vibrated through her. Gasping, she found memories bursting inside her, tearing opening half-hidden thoughts and bringing them forward. Her life passed her in a matter of seconds, and then a black wall came rushing up. She barely had time to inhale a shuddering breath before it crashed into her mind. More thoughts and memories came into her, of previous lives, not her own.

Thousands of memories of cats, watching her from the shadows, from the homes, raced through her mind. The shape and age of the cat changed, old and young, well fed and starving, but every one had the same liquid blue eyes.

Another black wall and another life raced through her mind. These memories focused on Basma, as a cat. The cat woman had protected and watched her for lifetimes, racing back until the beginning of memory. Then she burst through the last black wall of a different life.

These new memories, of a life long past, crashed into her and she felt emotions raging inside her. Memories of Anuset swirled in her mind, in his beauty and prime. The raw sensations of love burned inside her heart as she experienced herself as a slave, underneath Anuset.

Something came to her, associating a name with the memories.
Binis Ama.

Suddenly, she knew what Ama truly meant, what it was to be a Ma, and even the love Binis felt for Anuset. She knew what Basma wanted, just as Binis knew what Anuset and Akumet needed. Even as she experienced the emotions and memories, they faded until they were just hints and half-lost thoughts. The soft personality of Binis, in her previous life, faded into just a memory.

Gasping, Nikki stared at Hersa with astonishment. She felt a trembling right before tears began to pour down her face. Hersa smiled warmly and the girl realized she had received a gift more precious than gold. The tears continued to roll down her cheeks, but Hersa gently wiped them away. The gray depths of the mouse goddess' eyes drew her in, but Hersa motioned with her chin toward Basma.

Blushing, she turned to face Basma, who was staring at her, waiting for an answer. Her cheeks grew even redder as Nikki stumbled over the words, "I-I'm sorry."

Growling in annoyance, Basma rephrased her question, "Do you want to become the mistress of my temple? I'll even let you bring your lover, this... Anuset with you."

Nikki looked into the liquid blue depths of Basma's eyes and felt the memories of Basma watching her. For hundreds of years and many lifetimes, Basma had protected Nikki and suddenly the girl felt the desire to return the favor.

Blinking back the tears, Nikki found an answer, "Please?"

The effect was almost stunning. Basma jumped off the rock and stood in front of her, the power washing over Nikki like warm, thick water. Nikki felt herself blushing from the curls of energy that teased her senses and she found herself suddenly speechless in front of the cat woman.

Basma, on the other hand, wasn't speechless.

"Well? Submit to me, then."

The girl was struggling to speak as she just stared at the naked cat woman; she felt her jaw drop but she was powerless to close it. Hersa reached up and gently closed it shut; a wash of mirth brushed against her, breaking the astonishment.

Nikki stumbled on her words, "H-How?"

Basma frowned, a faint growl tingeing her voice. "How what?"

"How do I... submit... to you? What do I do?"

The cat eyes widened with surprise. "You don't know?"

Frustrated, Nikki shook her head.

A snarl of rage burst out from Basma's throat, "What do they teach you?!"

Nikki didn't answer, feeling that nothing would be the correct response. The cat woman began to pace back and forth, complaining about the education system, parents, and just about everything else that had produced Nikki. To her surprise, Basma named her mother and father by name during her tirade, but the words seemed to fade away until she was just left with the sense that Basma's anger was just for show.

Finally, the goddess stopped and took a deep breath.

"Fine. Do you know how Yulim works?"

Even though she had memories of Binis, they had already faded away. "Sort of. I know there is a master-"

"Ma."

"...Ma. And slaves. And you want me to be a slave and to be a... Ma to others."

Basma brightened, her mood shifting from anger to joy in less than a heartbeat. "Right! And to become a slave, there needs to be a submission of sorts. In the olden days, no, we still... actually, always... we did it by torture or pleasure. Some sort of release where you lose control of your mind, body and spirit, and give your life to someone else."

"So, I have to surrender to you to become your slave?"

"More than surrender, submit. Give up everything you are for me and then you'll become my slave."

"Why?"

Basma sighed in frustration. "Why not? It's how it's done."

"But why would anyone submit? Why would they give up anything, just to become a slave?"

"Because you cannot belong to Yulim unless you have a master. No creature or immortal can live here without one."

"Even you?"

A growl. "Yes, even me."

"Who is your Ma?"

"Don't ask."

Unsure what to ask next, she looked at the tiny mouse woman. Hersa smiled broadly and nodded, pointing to Basma. Nikki frowned as she heard a whisper of speech in her mind, but it was gone as soon as she tried to focus on it.

Softly, she spoke to Hersa. "Should I?"

The mouse woman nodded and pointed toward Basma. The cat woman stared at her tail until she felt Nikki's eyes on her. When she looked back, Nikki saw love and care underneath a thin, false layer of anger in those deep blue eyes. She spoke with a conviction that was quickly growing inside her.

"I submit."

Even as she spoke, she felt her words had a greater meaning than she first understood. A brief sense that she was about to surrender to the cat woman warmed her body and she realized she wanted it. With a smile, she repeated herself.

"I submit."

Lightning crackled above her and Nikki looked up into the violent dark sky. As she watched, the dark boils of clouds began to shift faster and a warm rain splattered down on her face.

Hersa pushed her forward lightly and Nikki stumbled before stepping up to Basma. The cat woman's aura, the raw sexuality, washed over her and Nikki let it flood through her senses. Like some drug, it raced through her veins and left a warmth that shook her to the core.

Acting more on instinct than anything else, Nikki knelt in front of Basma. Her knees bumped against the ground as she looked up at the cat woman, realizing that she truly wanted to submit. Basma's aura washed over her, promising love, friendship, and joy. Nikki's eyes widened as the emotions continued to grow inside her, filling her heart with their intensity.

Guided by the faded memories of Binis, Nikki straightened her back and pulled her arms behind her back. Thrusting her chest forward, she leaned her head back and bared her throat. Rain washed down her face, sliding between her breasts and dripping off her legs. She ignored the faint tickling of water as the sudden thought that Basma could tear it out sent a surge of fear through her. She let the thought drift away. Her body trembled as she felt the cat goddess moving in front of her. The soft skin of Basma's legs

pressed against her breasts, but she remained there, bared and vulnerable to the goddess.

Even as she felt the faint pricks of Basma's claws against her throat, the warmth of Binis flooded through her mind, comforting her as she strained not to flinch away. Nikki focused on the touch, ignoring the soft splatters of rain against her skin. The sharp point of the claw traced along a vein, then the other before it slid up along the line of her jaw.

Nikki fought every urge to scream or run. Her body shook with the effort. Basma purred warmly and she felt the goddess' pleasure flow through her veins like the sweetest honey. Below, Nikki could feel a hot seeping from between her legs, her surrender exciting her more than she would ever have thought possible.

Basma crouched down, her breasts briefly pressing against Nikki's throat before sliding down to press against her own breasts. The girl's breath quickened from the touch, but she continued to lean back, baring herself; her hands tightened on her wrists, forcing her body to yield to Basma's.

The throaty purr vibrated against her body as Basma stroked her claws along both sides of Nikki's throat. The goddess' knees slid on either side of Nikki and the girl could feel the heat from the cat-woman's sex pressing against her stomach.

Gasping from the intense sensations, Nikki felt Basma curl her furry hands around her neck and pull the black-haired girl into a kiss. Basma's lips found Nikki's with a hungry purr and Nikki lost herself in the embrace. Her hands screamed to release but she just let her lips explore the cat woman's; the taste of power sparked along her nerves as Nikki's body spasmed from it. Her sex felt like it was on fire as she gasped, her lips still seeking out Basma's.

Basma pulled her closer, continuing the kiss as the furred paws stroked down Nikki's back and cupped her buttocks. Nikki felt her body pressing against Basma, enjoying the hot sensations where their skins touched.

The hands on her ass stroked and teased, pulling apart the buttocks and exposing Nikki's anus and sex to the cool air. She moaned softly, her body trembled as Basma continued to massage her, pulling apart her skin and teasing the slick opening.

Nikki felt her wrist slip from her grasp but two tiny hands reached out and grabbed them. Hersa's small body pressed against her back, holding Nikki's wrist together. Unable to look back, she tried to send a wave of thanks to Hersa; a brief flicker of amusement drew across her mind and Nikki realized she was safe. Hersa gently squeezed her wrists briefly before rubbing tiny breasts against Nikki's shoulder blades.

Caught between two goddesses, Nikki was happily helpless. Her lips trembled as Basma broke the kiss and began to nuzzle down along her neck. The sharp fangs of the cat woman brushed against her jugular, but Nikki no longer felt fear.

One tiny hand released from her wrist and trailed down between the rounded mounds of Nikki's ass. The little fingers explored between the curves, sliding small fingertips against the wrinkled opening, which tightened under the caress, but Hersa was just exploring, not penetrating.

In front of her, the mouth of the cat goddess dropped to her nipple. The sharp tooth brushed against the hard nub before pulling it into the burning wetness of her mouth. A rough tongue reached out and rasped against her nipple, sending a bolt of pleasure through Nikki. She gasped at the intense sensations, unable to escape the two bodies pinning her.

Her only action was to spread her legs further apart. Hersa moved her tiny hand forward to slip a finger into Nikki's slick opening. Nikki's body spasmed with a small orgasm from that tiny digit, the pleasures magnified by the beat of a heart against hers. She threw her head back at the sensations, but no sound came out.

Basma looked up with a predatory smile and let a single furry paw drop between Nikki's legs. The claws retracted as Basma brought her hand up to cup the girl's sex; the soft fur sent sparkles of pleasure through Nikki.

Hersa drew back her finger to press against the wrinkled opening. Nikki fought the urge to move and felt her body trembling from the raw emotions and pleasure that raged across her.

Basma's finger slipped up between her folds to tease the hard nub of her clitoris. Nikki gasped in short breaths from the sensation as the furry paw brushed back, swirling around her opening before moving back to her clitoris. The cat woman pushed her hand back,

shoving a finger deeper into Nikki's body until she writhed with the sensations of being filled.

Behind her, Hersa pressed tighter against her, her tiny hand pushing up into the tight opening. Slowly, the sphincter began to relax and Nikki felt a heat begin to slip inside her, stretching apart the ring of her ass as Hersa pushed one finger into her.

Still gasping, Nikki's senses focused on the furry hand fingering her from the front and the tiny fingers pushing up into her ass. She tried to wiggle, but her body was caught between the two goddesses.

Hersa continued to push inside her, shoving all of her tiny fingers into the tight opening until the base of her palm pressed against the first ring. The muscle of Nikki's sphincter continued to clench around the tiny wrist as it pushed inside her. Hersa's whiskers flickered and Nikki's body shivered with pleasure.

Basma thrust her finger deep inside the wet opening, her tongue reaching out to lick Nikki's breasts and cleavage. Her tongue was rough, but Nikki's wounds healed where it passed.

Caught between them, Nikki felt herself losing control of her body. It jumped and spasmed without her direction, a solid crest of pleasure growing inside her as the two goddesses brought endless waves of pleasure to her.

Hersa managed to push her arm into Nikki's ass, stretching the tight ring as the tiny woman balled her fist and began to stroke in and out, sending more pleasure through Nikki's helpless body.

In front of her, Basma's mouth moved to Nikki's other breast as her furry fingers plunged in and out of her body. The soft fur teased the girl's senses, building up the pleasure until Nikki felt her body nearing exploding point.

Nikki's body was pushed up as both Basma and Hersa thrust at once. Basma's furry fingers plunged into her sex, filling it with hot pleasure and fur as Hersa dropped her other hand and shoved both tiny fists into Nikki's ass.

The girl's body exploded in a single, crashing orgasm. Burning love flared in her veins as her mouth opened in a wordless scream. Her eyes, always a dark brown, turned almost crystal with the energy that poured into her.

Her orgasm tore through her will, pulling it apart and scattering it to the mental winds. A wave of energy, full of love and passion,

raced into her, filling the back of her mind with the sense of fur and sexuality. Sparkles of light flared up in the field of love, slaves the goddess was already assigning her. Her thoughts drew together, rebuilding her mind as Nikki Ama, slave to Basma Ma. Without a doubt, Nikki realized that her every action from then on would be for the cat goddess: her mother, lover, friend, and sister.

Her Basma Ma.

The light faded from her eyes as the orgasm ran its course and she slumped between the two goddesses. Basma pulled her fingers from Nikki's soaked sex as Hersa slipped her hands from her ass. The girl looked up with a gasp, trying to struggle to her feet.

Basma gently pushed her down to lie on the soft moss. The rain lightened up, leaving the faint smell of humidity in the air as the occasional warm water splashed on her skin. Nikki barely noticed the rain as Basma spoke with a purr.

"My child. My little Nikki Ama. Sleep. When you wake, your Anuset will be with you."

Sleepy and tired, Nikki nodded and curled up with a smile. Basma, her eyes shining with love, stroked her furred paw across her face.

t'Sade

Cats and Wolves

27

A year had passed and Nikki was happier than she had ever been. She stood on top of a mossy rock and directed almost sixty slaves as they labored to build Basma's temple. Even as she was speaking to three naked men, her mind was sending direction to the rest through a mystical connection she shared to all of her slaves.

Her body was almost completely naked and tanned from the sun. Two strips of white cloth formed a belt. It hung low around her waist to frame her shaved womanhood. Her eyes, a brown so clear it appeared to be crystalline, sparkled with happiness as they surveyed the area.

About three hundred meters away, Anuset directed more slaves. His cloth wrappings were almost white as he used his mind almost as much as his voice to guide his slaves.

Nikki felt a warmth as she watched him, his powerful body easily picking up a massive rock and guiding it. She couldn't feel his emotions like her slaves, but there was something about him that brought a flicker of desire to her heart. As if feeling her gaze, Anuset looked over at her. The golden points of light flared for a moment before he returned to his work.

From a distance, a cat watched with obvious impatience. Its liquid blue eyes glittered in the sunlight before the cat stood up and jumped down. As its paws reached the ground, the cat disappeared into a tear that formed in reality. It sealed behind her, leaving no trace of the goddess Basma.

On the other side, nestled between two dimensions, Basma's palace was covered in pillows. Thousands of perches and ledges

filled the cavern walls. The heavy scent of incense filled the air, hanging in thick clouds that teased the senses.

Hersa was there, her tiny, naked form sitting happily on an edge as she ignored the glares from the thousands of cats that watched her. She swung her feet under the ledge, her ears quivering with amusement.

Basma appeared on a ledge above her and quickly shimmered into her normal form, a six-breasted woman. Her blue eyes sparkled as she jumped down lightly to stare at Hersa's back.

"What do you want, little rat?"

Hersa got to her feet and smiled silently at Basma. Sighing with impatience, Basma glared at the mouse goddess. "So, what did you want?"

Hersa held up a finger, indicating that Basma should wait.

Basma hated waiting.

With a deep growl, the cat goddess stalked over to the mouse. Her clawed hands snapped out, wrapping around Hersa's throat. With incredible power, she lifted the mouse goddess easily and shook her hard.

"Little mouse, I'm not going to ask again. What did you want?!"

Her snarl echoed against the walls and the ledges cleared as slaves disappeared into the shadows. The mouse woman stared up into Basma's eyes, and the feline fury was paused briefly by the endless gray depths.

Throwing her aside, Basma prepared to jump on her. Hersa slid along the ground before stopping against two dark paws. The mouse goddess looked up calmly at the immense form of Akumet.

The powerful wolf god growled deeply and ignored the mouse woman as he glared up at Basma. The cat goddess snarled in rage at the appearance of Akumet and lowered herself, preparing to attack. Her obsidian claws extended and her body vibrated with anger.

Compared to her higher-pitched growl, Akumet's growl shook the walls as he himself crouched to leap. His paws curling into fists, his entire body ignited with a golden flame.

Then Hersa stood up.

The sudden movement caught both Akumet and Basma's attention and they stared down at the tiny woman. Hersa barely came up to Basma's hips and, next to Akumet's immense form, she

hardly reached his knee. The wolf god towered over her as he stood up and glared at Basma.

The cat goddess straightened herself, but didn't retract her claws. Her eyes shone dangerously. She hissed at Akumet.

"Why did you invade my domain, wolf?"

Akumet's eyes glowed with a baleful golden light as he snarled back, his voice a deep, powerful vibration against the walls.

"I was summoned by Hersa, cat. If you have a problem with me, swallow her first."

Utter hatred burned in Basma's eyes as she looked down at the tiny mouse woman. Her voice was an angry snarl that shook the walls with the force of her emotions.

"Why did you bring this... creature here?"

The mouse woman looked at both of them with a sly smile on her face. Basma, her temper already reaching an end, flexed her claws, thinking about ripping out Hersa's throat. Across from her, she could sense Akumet thinking the same thought. Their eyes matched and a silent understanding passed between the two sworn enemies.

As one, they reached out for Hersa, their claws sparkling in the light. Hersa, even before the combined anger of the two deities, stood her ground. As their claws reached her, she handed both of them two golden rods.

Blinking, both of them reflexively grabbed the rod. Hefting the heavy objects, each stepped back to stare at them. Both of their expressions melted into a wariness mixed with a small amount of growing fear.

Basma hefted the rod. "This is a promise rod."

Hersa nodded.

"What kind of joke is this? This isn't my rod. And even if it was, it would fade if the first part of the promise is fulfilled. And I haven't sworn anything to that -" she nodded toward Akumet, who growled, "- creature. I would slay my last slave before I would do any such thing."

Akumet snarled back curtly, his golden eyes burning with hatred, "I would kill Basma's last slave rather than promise anything to her."

The cat goddess snarled and swung the rod at Akumet. The wolf god growled back, the rod in his hand whistling in the air. Basma's

claws snapped up to parry the wolf god's blow. As her fingers wrapped around the rod, Akumet's claws grabbed her own rod.

A gray glow washed over them and the two rods crumbled to dust. The glow spread out over their skin, coloring their skin briefly before it faded. Their eyes, in which fear was beginning to glow, caught each other.

Akumet stood up from where he was crouched and Basma slithered back, her eyes hesitantly moving to glare at Hersa. Akumet's deep growl filled the ledge.

"What trick is this?"

Hersa's whiskers shook with amusement.

Basma sighed unhappily. "This is no trick, is it?"

Hersa shook her head, her smile growing wider.

"You are still going to hold me to that?"

The mouse nodded happily. Growling even more softly, Basma stared at Hersa, her brilliant blue eyes resigned.

Akumet growled at her, "Hold you to what?"

"My bet. If Hersa could force you to destroy your last temple, I would submit to her as my Ma."

Akumet's eyes flared a brilliant gold and he started to lunge for both Hersa and Basma, but stopped. His throat was still vibrating with anger as he spoke tightly.

"You destroyed my temple and killed my favorite slave for a BET?!"

His claws reached out for Basma but stopped. He stepped back and crouched down slightly. His eyes narrowed.

"What did you get out of it?"

Basma responded curtly, "She would submit to me, until she fulfilled her side of the bargain."

Akumet chuckled. "Foolish to swear your life to anyone, much less another of us."

Basma snarled back, "What about you? What did you promise?"

The wolf god's attitude shifted quickly to a simmering anger as he said, "Much the same, unfortunately. But I don't remember a rod being involved."

The cat woman raised an eyebrow. "Much the same? What, specifically?"

"Why should I tell you, cat?"

Basma glanced over at Hersa, whose shoulders were shaking with laughter. The gray head of the mouse goddess nodded toward Akumet and he sighed unhappily.

“Fine. I swore I would destroy your temple and rape you until you begged for mercy.”

Basma’s snarl grew stronger as she glared at Akumet. “I don’t recall you raping me, wolf. Or destroying my temple.”

He growled back, “I didn’t.”

“So, what was the promise?”

“Nothing.”

Hersa tapped him, her own tail beginning to twitch slightly. Akumet glared down at her, but his golden eyes softened slightly.

“That if I couldn’t do it in five thousand years, I would... submit... to...”

He let his voice trail off, embarrassment and anger blocking his throat. Finding something to attack, Basma hissed and pressed him with, “Submit to?”

He glared at her before roaring, “To Hersa, you damn cat!”

There was a long, uncomfortable silence between the two gods. They stared at each other and slowly came to the realization they had been caught by their own promises. Between them, Hersa laughed silently, so hard her entire body was shaking.

They both sighed at the same time. Basma, her voice softer and more wistful, said, “I guess we got caught.”

Akumet nodded.

Basma continued, “Should we do it?”

“If we don’t, we risk our very souls.” Akumet looked down at the laughing mouse. “What do you wish... Hersa Ma?”

Hersa looked up as Basma felt her mind struggling against her promise. The gray eyes caught hers until she felt they had become her world. With a supreme effort, she sighed.

“Hersa Ma. I suppose I’m going to have to... fuck this... creature?”

The cat woman pointed to Akumet, who growled back. Hersa nodded happily, an almost gleeful smile on her face. Basma tossed a glare towards Akumet, who shrugged. The wolf god drew up to his full height, his cock already beginning to stir to life.

Basma stared at the shaft. She felt Hersa’s will begin to curl around her own, finding desire for the hard shaft. She struggled

briefly before surrendering to the mouse's will. Her claws started to retract, then extended as she balled her paws into a fist. Her blue eyes narrowed as she watched Akumet's cock surge to its full length.

Already, a thick dribble of pre-cum was rolling down his length and Basma felt a mental push from Hersa to step up to it. She did so, her own desires merging with Hersa's. Her mouth opened as she reached out and grabbed Akumet's cock with both claws. The sharp points dug in slightly, but neither felt it.

Akumet's height was almost half Basma's again, so the tip of the immense shaft was even with her eyes. From that distance, Basma could taste his excitement in the air. Licking her lips, she stepped closer until her body pressed against his shaft, his balls digging into her belly. She licked his shaft, using the rough edges of her tongue against the smooth flesh and began to lap at the thick layer of pre-cum that splashed down on her face.

Akumet growled, his own clawed paws reaching down to stroke Basma's head. She shot a glare up at him, but most of the anger had already gone. Hersa's desire and her own were merged, and Basma knew what Hersa needed.

"Ma wants us to."

Akumet looked down, his face filled with his own desire.

"And we must obey our mistress."

A softness filled Basma's eyes, the anger between them pushed away for now.

"Do you want the honors, Hersa Akumet Ama?"

Chuckling, the wolf god reached down and wrapped his paws around her waist. Flexing powerful muscles, he lifted her easily and drew her close. Her six breasts pressed against his rock-hard skin as the wolf god spoke softer.

"My pleasure, Hersa Basma Ama."

He drew her down, pulling her closer until the immense head of his cock lodged between her legs. Basma moaned softly and her eyes closed as she felt the thickness begin to press inside her.

Unlike mortal women, her body easily accepted the width of his immense cock without tearing. It slid into her easily, plunging deeply into her body until she felt his immense balls pressing tightly against her sex.

A soft gasp escaped her throat. She reached up and dragged her claws along Akumet's chest. The powerful points cut easily into his skin, but his power began to heal the wounds less than a breath later. However, the pain sent a surge of heat through his cock as she moaned with the intense sensations.

Akumet pulled Basma up and slammed her down again, using his full strength to rip his cock into the tight wetness of her body. Basma slashed with her claws and Akumet's cock surged hotter in her body. He squeezed tightly on her hips almost painfully, and yanked her up to slam her down hard again. Basma used her claws for leverage as Akumet continued to slam her again and again onto his thick shaft.

Basma began to purr with each thrust plunging into her body. Her insides tightened around the shaft, squeezing it almost unbearably as he rammed it deeper inside her. Her claws sliced into the god's skin, but Akumet's flesh again healed as fast as she harmed him.

They stood there, Akumet ramming her down on his shaft with powerful strokes that should shatter any mortal's body, but the goddess took it with moans of her own. Her body spasmed repeatedly on the shaft as it ripped into her, filling her with Akumet's lust.

Hersa, in her own quiet way, suddenly halted them both. Akumet froze, his cock buried deeply Basma's sex, as they both looked at her. The cat goddess looked over, her legs half-wrapped around Akumet's waist. A curl of desire flared inside Basma's mind.

"Yes, Hersa Ma."

The mouse woman held up her hands and Akumet released one hand from Basma's waist. The cat woman sunk deeper on the incredible shaft with a moan, her claws digging into his side. Hersa scrambled up the arm, her tiny frame moving quickly.

Her gray eyes shining, Hersa positioned her tiny ass against Basma's throat and reached up to lick Akumet's face. His eyes glowed a dark golden color as he licked her back, his massive tongue coating her entire face. The mouse goddess shook with laughter for a moment before standing up on Akumet's hands, which were still wrapped around Basma's waist. Her ass brushed against Basma's nose as she leaned forward to lick him again.

Basma turned her face away from the tiny ass but Hersa wiggled it in front of her again. Basma glared up at the two sets of eyes, gray and golden, which were watching her.

“All right, you anal-retentive rat.”

Hersa smiled and returned to nuzzling Akumet’s nose. Behind her, Basma shifted a little on the hard shaft buried inside her before she pushed forward, licking at Hersa’s buttocks. The flesh quivered under her rough tongue, but Basma was already licking harder, slipping the edge of her tongue between Hersa’s legs and tasting the sweet sex before licking upwards.

Fortunately for Basma, Hersa’s ass was almost squeaky clean as her tongue brushed up against the minuscule opening. Licking harder, Basma ran her tongue up from the base of the shaft to the ass and back down again. Hersa wiggled with the pleasure and licked at Akumet’s face as Basma began to swirl her rough tongue around her tiny opening. Akumet lifted Basma slowly and dropped her onto his shaft, stroking her in time to Basma’s licking of Hersa’s anus.

The strokes grew faster and harder as Basma continued to lap at Hersa’s sex and wrinkled opening with firm exploration.

All three gods began to relax into their respective positions, moving faster and harder with their motions. The immense shaft slammed easily into Basma’s body as her tongue explored Hersa’s. The mouse smiled and lost herself in the pleasure.

Hersa came first, her tiny body shaking hard from her silent orgasm as she pushed back against Basma’s tongue. The mouse goddess’ desire slammed into Basma, pushing her past her own crest as her body spasmed with golden waves of pleasure. Inside, the immense cock inside her burst, filling her with the hot liquid of his black cum.

The mouse goddess slid down and nuzzled between the wolf and cat, her face filled with happy satisfaction.

“Good.”

Hersa’s voice was soft and tender and more than a little playful. Akumet and Basma froze as they looked down at the gray goddess, hearing her for the first time in their existence. Hersa looked up and smiled, then promptly fell asleep.

Remembered Celebrations

28

Fall had come to Downer's Grove. A cool wind raced up the trade river, ripping leaves off the trees before swirling around the stone formations that always stood as the center of the fair. This year, it was in full bloom. Sounds of laughter and joy burst out of the stalls as celebrants danced along dirt paths.

People were packed around the stage, waiting for the next show. Many of them had blankets or chairs on the ground, talking excitedly. Reinhalt, Grace, and Matthew had their place, near the stage. Ever since Nikki had disappeared ten years ago, everyone had treated them with respect and kindness, but sorrow still weighed on all three of their shoulders.

Grace had aged well but her hair was streaked with gray. Thick lines furrowed her face and her eyes were troubled, though her smile was easy. Beside her, Matthew stood strong and proud. In the last decade, he had become the chief of the city's guards.

Reinhalt's hair was almost completely gone, but he laughed cheerfully. Years of acting had given him a stature that drew people to him, and he talked to them with the flair of years of practice.

Many of the town residents stopped and gave their respects to Grace and Matthew. They talked quietly to Reinhalt, addressing him as Lord Mayor—he had won the election eight years before.

The show went on as more actors took the stage. Reinhalt cheered them, recalling the days when he had been up there, fumbling his lines. No actor mentioned Yulim or mummies, not even in jest.

It still hurt his heart when he thought of her.

The fair drew on and soon the city was plunged into darkness. The younger children were sent to bed while the older ones began to filter out into the streets, collecting at wild parties and somber affairs.

One party in particular was a gathering of adults that had all known each other ten years before, during their college years. All were dressed in various costumes, and the colors blurred together as they spun on the dance floor.

Jennifer and Carrie stepped into the room, each taking a deep breath. Jennifer was dressed in a flowing tunic; the hem barely covered her firm thighs. Her hair was longer, a long wave that brushed against her ass, and there was an easy smile on her face. Carrie was dressed in a guard's uniform, the Red Dragon insignia on the side.

Jennifer scanned the crowd with her eyes, seeking out familiar faces. In the ten years that had passed, her face had grown more refined, more elegant. Her green-brown eyes sparkled from a half-remembered joke.

Carrie pointed to a pair of people. "Honey, if you don't mind... I see my old commander."

Jennifer kissed Carrie and reached up with one hand to stroke her cheek. A golden band sparkled before she let it drop. Carrie kissed her back and disappeared into the crowd, heading toward her companions. Left alone, the blond headed toward the bar.

She tapped on the bar and the bartender moved over to her gracefully. Jennifer ordered a drink and waited patiently for it. When it arrived, she held it up and looked into the shifting liquid. She spoke into the glass, her eyes misting with tears.

"For Nikki."

Next to her, she felt a presence as a woman's voice broke her tears. It was sultry and seductive, a soft purr of sound that cut through the noise and sent a shiver of pleasure through the blond.

"For Jennifer."

The glass slipped out of her hand as Jennifer froze in shock. An elegant hand caught it before it hit the bar, and set it down gently. Jennifer stared at the hand, then followed the tanned arm up to the woman's face. Bright red lips curled into a smile as long black hair

sparkled in the light. The blond felt a surge of desire coursing through her body at the smile's raw sexuality.

Jennifer stared at the new woman for a long breath until recognition slammed into her and a tear began to form in her eyes.

"Ni... Nikki?"

Nikki nodded, her smile growing wider. She started to say something but Jennifer threw herself into her arms, hugging her tightly as tears began fall. Nikki wrapped her arms around her and held her tightly as sobs began to shake the blond's body.

Jennifer pulled back. "Nikki... what happened? Where did you go?"

She looked down at her friend and gasped. Nikki, who had almost always worn dark, somber clothing, was barely wearing anything at all. A thin fabric held her firm breasts well in view. The dark shadows of her nipples peeked through the gauze. The cloth belt Jennifer remembered so well was draped over her hips. Another thin gauze went from her belt and between her legs, framing the smooth mounds of her bare sex.

"What are you wearing?!"

Nikki blushed slightly and tugged at the fabric between her legs. "Sorry, I'm not used to clothes anymore."

"Not used... to clothes?"

The dark-haired woman shook her head. "No, not really."

"Where were you?"

"In Yulim, at the temple."

"Temple?"

"To Basma Ma and Akumet. Basma is my mistress, Akumet is Anuset's."

"Anuset?"

"He's my... I guess you could call him my husband, though we will never be married. He obeys Anuset, I obey Basma Ma."

Jennifer sat down heavily on a stool. "I'm... confused."

Nikki sidled over to Jennifer and put an arm around her shoulders. Jennifer felt a flush beginning to creep up her body from the close contact from the attractive woman. She found herself staring at the firm, tanned breasts. Nikki whispered in her ear, her soft lips teasing the earlobe.

"Do you like?"

Still blushing, Jennifer nodded, then held her breath as Nikki brushed her hand against the blond's breast. Picking up her drink, Nikki smiled warmly. Feeling the need to look away from those crystal-clear brown eyes, Jennifer grabbed her own drink and drained it in one gulp.

"Is... Anuset here?"

A warm, sensual smile crossed the woman's face and she nodded as she pointed to Jennifer's right. The blond looked over slowly and saw a huge mummy talking to her lover, Carrie. The man was wrapped in thick, white clothes and was obviously well hung, judging from the bulge in his groin.

Anuset looked at her and smiled, two golden points of light in the sockets where his eyes should be. Jennifer felt her knees shake slightly as she found herself lost in Anuset's gaze. Tearing her eyes away, she suddenly found Nikki's sexuality easier to bear.

"He's... a mummy."

Nikki nodded happily, her eyes shining with joy. Jennifer blinked back a tear.

"You finally found him?"

The raven-haired woman nodded again. Jennifer started to say something, but she felt a presence walk up next to her. She turned and looked up at Anuset's body, her legs shaking from the strange sexual magnetism she felt radiating from that powerful creature. Next to him, Carrie was staring past her at Nikki, a look of pure lust in her eyes. Jennifer found her body trembling with need as Anuset brought a hand up to cup her chin. His raspy voice carried well over the crowd as the lips beneath the cloth smiled.

"You must be Jennifer Riverblade, Nikki's friend."

Caught in his gaze, she could only nod. Anuset smiled again.

"Dressed in the manner of Carium, many centuries ago. During the Dark Lord's rein?"

She nodded again, saying, "It... it was my ancestor. She was... given to some-"

"Soldiers. A Lady Sylia Riverblade, I believe. A truly cruel and powerful general gave her as a gift to some soldiers. She spent the rest of her life in their hands."

Jennifer nodded, somehow speechless as he knew her history as well as herself. Between her legs, she could feel the tingling of

excitement grow while she found herself still staring into his eyes. She should barely sense Carrie moving past her to get a better look at Nikki.

“Did you... know her?”

Anuset nodded. “Yes. The Red Dragons gave their lives to protecting the general. In exchange, they got her.”

“Was she happy?”

“Very. Almost ten years later, she ended up marrying all of them.”

“What happened?”

“They all moved to the country and settled down. Their leader, Sparitan, was a good man, even when he had to kill the general to save both of their souls.”

Feeling a hunger growing inside her, Jennifer whispered softly, “What was it like?”

She paused for a moment but Anuset didn't say anything. She amended her words. “For her? With all... those men?”

“What do you mean?”

Jennifer felt as though her body was almost on fire as she continued to whisper, “With all those men. Did you watch? Did she... enjoy it?”

It never occurred to her that Anuset had not know her, there was something about his confidence and how he spoke that resonated with truth. Anuset dropped his voice into a soft murmur of noise. Even over the crowd, Jennifer could hear each word as it hammered into her.

“Did she enjoy have man after man taking her? Thrusting inside her until they grunted and spilled their seed?”

As he spoke, she imagined herself in that position, hundreds of men pressing against her with their hard cocks and exploring hands.

As if reading her mind, Anuset sat down on a stool and continued, “They pressed against her, shoving into her tight holes. She took three, four, even five at a time as they rubbed against her breasts, hands, and openings. They filled her ass and mouth and vagina until she screamed with pleasure. As one drew back, the next soldier would take his place and she lost herself in the pleasure.”

Jennifer listened as she drew closer, her hips brushed against Anuset's knees, listening in rapt attention to the graphic account. She never felt Nikki and Carrie stepping up next to her. A soft hand caressed her ass and she jumped, blushing at her lover, as Anuset went on with his tale.

"I remember seeing her on her knees. Her mouth was bobbing up and down on one man, cum streaming down her face. Behind her, another was crawling underneath her to shove his long cock into her gaping entrance. Another solidier, a thick man, was ramming into her ass as she moaned around the shaft buried in her mouth."

Jennifer gasped as she felt strong, cloth-wrapped hands pick her up by her waist. She parted her legs as he set her down on his lap; she felt soft hands brushing against her back and behind before one slipped between her legs and began to caress her dripping sex.

The blond couldn't tear her eyes away from the golden points of light. She pressed down on the caressing fingers. Another pair of hands slipped up between her legs as Carrie began to tease her clitoris and labia, the two hands explored each other as much as they plunged into her body, giving a reality to Anuset's tale.

Anuset's soft words passed through the cloth over his mouth, but Jennifer was already lost. Her hands caressed his chest as she rocked back and forth on the fingers wiggling up inside her, teasing her closer to a crest of pleasure.

Curling up against each other, Nikki and Carrie joined their fingers, teasing Jennifer's sex. A sigh escaped her lips as she leaned against Anuset. Her breath came in hard, fast movements as she clutched the wrappings.

Carrie looked over at Nikki and smiled. She mouthed silently, "She's coming."

Nikki nodded and plunged her fingers up into Jennifer. The blond woman whimpered once and closed her eyes. People around her began to pay attention as she gasped for breath, the waves of pleasure wracking her body.

Then she slumped against Anuset and looked up into the golden eyes with affection and spent lust.

"Thank you."

The mummy looked down impassively.

"I wasn't done."

A smile crossed Jennifer's face as Anuset stood up, holding her in his arms. She felt comforted and out of control as he began to walk toward the door of the party. The crowd of onlookers watched in shock, knowing what was happening but completely stunned.

Carrie and Nikki watched them head toward the door before Nikki slipped her arm around Carrie's waist.

"Shall we watch our lovers?"

Stunned, Carrie nodded. Nikki guided her toward the front, following the path Anuset made in the crowd. She whispered into the Carrie's ear with a smile.

"And I bet someone would like to feel something hard between her legs."

Blushing, Carrie shook her head. "I... I'm not... not men..."

Kissing her on the cheek, Nikki smiled as her hand stroked Carrie's breast through her clothes. "I wasn't talking about Anuset."

t'Sade

About the Author

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

It's going to take a long time.

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

t'Sade

About the Publisher

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