

Pits and Spikes

t'Sade

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Curious Cabbit Press

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Horrible Companions

1

Sarisin stepped carefully over broken rocks and tangled weeds. Her eyes focused on the ground, trying to avoid looking at barren land around her, or her companions. A hot burning wind cut across the plains, kicking up dust and making her eyes burn and tear. She blinked her eyes to clear away the dusty moisture. She slowed down to carefully step over the jagged remains of a tower wall, or what had been a tower, thousands of years before. Now, it was merely scattered stones and faded memories.

Even with her eyes following the ground with growing desperation, she heard the rest of her companions stop. With a deliberate effort, she dragged her eyes away from the rocky ground and looked over the sun scorched lands around her. The country around them could almost be called a desert, with only sun-bleached plants to break up the endless landscape of rock and sand. Sarisin felt her jaw tighten involuntarily as her gaze ended up on her three companions. To her growing discomfort, all three were staring back at her in expectation.

Two were brothers, Raban and Gailin. Raban always made her uncomfortable, his piercing eyes almost seeming to bore through her. He constantly fingered the polished skull hanging from a silver chain around his neck whenever she caught him looking at her. Sarisin shivered as she felt a the cold touch of apprehension stroke down her spine, the dark eyes seeing her as more than just a young woman.

Raban's brother was only slightly better. Dressed in dust-streaked leathers, he leaned against the remains of the tower wall with a sneer on his face. There was no question of his thoughts as

the brown eyes traced up and down her body, leaving her feeling vulnerable. For comfort, she stroked one hand against the sheath of her dagger, trying not to think about using it.

Narrar Ulisa was the third of her companions. A dark-skinned man who had fled the slavery of Melkuth. His old life was as a servant to the women who dominated the country. Now, in Franome, he was just another mercenary. One who enjoyed hurting his women in his play. Sarisin shuddered as a memory of the last whore he'd used crossed her thoughts: the broken bones and the whimpers of pain still haunted her, even after almost a year.

Taking a better look around her, she saw a dark opening behind Gailin, a gaping scar in the sun-bleached rocks that left her feeling even colder. Above it was a tilted wall, barely balancing on another crumbling wall. The remains of a statue rested heavily on both, pinning the whole structure down in hopeful stability.

Gailin's kept looking at her, the sneer on his face growing before his eyes traveled back up, only to stop short at her breasts. Fighting the urge to cover them, Sarisin looked away. To her discomfort, she found herself looking at Narrar who was staring at her with a smile of his own. The memory of the whore came back to her and she found Gailin a better choice to look at.

The warrior chuckled and gestured to the opening, "This is it. The Tomb of Ab'asaruth."

Raban's voice, slithering and higher-pitched, followed right after his brother's words.

"A place of power, even from here..."

The soft hunger in Raban's voice fed the feeling of cold and dread inside her, but she couldn't look away from Gailin's leer. Raban spoke up again, his voice almost begging to continue.

"Even from here, I can feel it. There is power there, endless power." He paused for a moment, "And I can use it."

Gailin grinned, his eyes never leaving Sarisin's breasts. "Good. I was hoping we hadn't cut that merchant's throat for no reason."

Sarisin gasped, "You killed him? He was just an old man!"

Stepping forward, Gailin forced her back. Sarisin gave in, taking a hesitant step back herself, but her back slapped against Narrar's chest. The heavily muscled warrior instantly grabbed her, his large hands pressed against her upper arms and pinning her.

Whimpering, Sarisin tried to twist away, but Narrar just pushed her forward, his hands crushing her shoulders as he pressed her into Gailin's chest. Both warriors chuckled as the man in front of her reached up to press two grimy hands against her breasts, squeezing them roughly.

"But I think she... we should camp here tonight. Get a fresh start in the morning."

Sarisin pleaded, trying to twist free. "No... please. Let go. Please let go."

Both warriors laughed, but released her. She felt a hard hand against her ass, pressing against the leather armor before Narrar stepped back. The feel of their rough touch never left her skin, even as both warriors stepped away. Gailin grinned at her, making a clicking noise as his eyes dropped down to her hips.

"Don't worry, Narrar will keep you nice and warm tonight. Me? I'll just listen to the screams."

A hot wind kicked up dust around them, tiny tornadoes spinning through the rocks before fading. Narrar and Gailin laughed and started to pull out their camping gear. Realizing she was in more danger than she had thought, Sarisin cleared her throat.

"It's still early, it might be safer inside the tomb."

Narrar snorted, "No, it wouldn't."

Raban finally spoke up, the hunger in his voice growing, "She might be right. There is power in there. Tonight is good."

Gailin looked up from kneeling on the ground, pulling a tent out of his pack. "Don't be silly, Rab, we aren't prepared to handle this tonight. You have to make sure you have your wards up. Leering at Sarisin, he continued, "I wouldn't mind a comfortable night first anyway."

Raban shook his head in disgust, "I don't care about the whore, Gailin, I want the power."

There was an intense desire in the necromancer's voice, so strong that everyone stopped to stare at him. Raban's unblinking eyes were focused on the darkness of the tomb, as he fingered his polished skull. Gailin smoothly lifted himself to his feet and padded over, a concerned look on his face.

"It isn't safe, Rab. That's why we brought her along."

Raban's head snapped up, eyes almost glowing with the intensity of his emotions, "Then send her in. I need it!"

Both men stared at each other for a long time before Gailin snarled and pointed at Sarisin, then towards the darkness of the tomb.

"Bitch! Get in the cave."

"What?!"

Gailin growled, his eyes flashing over to her as the leer disappeared in an expression of pure rage.

"If you aren't in that cave in ten seconds, I'm going to gut you."

To make his point, his hand dropped to his sword and pulled it out a few centimeters. Hot winds snapped around them, kicking up more dust that split around the exposed part of the blade. Fear shot through her and Sarisin gulped loudly. Moving quickly, she crouched near the cave opening and peered into the darkness. The entrance was a winding tunnel that quickly expanded into a deeper darkness. A cold wind, almost comfortable in the biting heat, hovered right inside the darkness, almost begging for her to enter.

Metal scraped against leather as Gailin drew more of his sword out. Sarisin shook and crawled into the opening, pushing past the first tight bulge. In the darkness, the opening was almost burning bright. She kept her back to it, allowing her eyes adjust to the darkness. Her leather armor, too hot outside, kept back the sudden cold she crawled into. The rough rock walls widened and she found herself able to stand up.

Behind her, the others were speaking softly and she could hear Raban's almost soft whine to follow her. Feeling safer in the darkness, she traced her fingers along the stone, feeling aged carving faded by time and wind. Carefully feeling with her toes, she stepped forward again, then shivered as the air grew even colder.

Stopping, she pulled out a small lantern from her pack. Snapping at the flint, the lantern ignited and cast its dull yellow light into the opening. Even with the closeness, it felt dark and cramped. The darkness stretched out in front of her, except for the tiny circle of light around her shaking hand. Shrugging off her pack, she set it down on the ground.

"I hope they bring this with them."

Padding forward, she let the soft leather boots feel the ground. Her movements followed the tunnel while it twisted and turned out of sight. Feeling as if she was going in circles she felt the weight of the rock above her. Millions of tons of rock almost felt comfortable compared to the promise of rape by her companions. Sighing unhappily, she shook her head.

“Damn bastards. I knew I shouldn’t have said yes.”

Only silence answered her, but she continued to vent her frustration.

“Only damn group out of town. I wish the Sisters of Wenthsar were still around. Don’t have to worry about being raped with them.”

A faint smile and a memory. “Okay, only from one of them.”

The tunnel grew wider and straighter. Her musing was interrupted when a hint of carved stone caught her attention. Carefully, she moved up to the edges of the tunnel and realized it was, in fact, now a hallway. Using a light touch, she caressed the rock, finding it cold and elegantly worked. Even the edge was smooth and straight, as if it had been cut just the night before.

There was no sound but her own breathing, when she peered further down the stone hallway. She could see it went on for some distance before making a hard turn to the right. Biting her lip, she slid forward carefully, every step measured, her hand trailing a feather-light touch against the stone. Smoothly fitted stones meshed neatly into the wall, with intricate carvings covering their surface. Holding her other hand up, she used the yellow light to search for signs of traps or other devices.

Sarisin reached the corner safely and she let a small smile cross her lips. Peering down the new hallway, she saw it move straight into darkness. Still moving carefully, she crept further along the hallway. Except for her puddle of light, the cold darkness was oppressive. Her shoulders hurt from her growing tension, while she strained to search for traps and pits.

She found the first one after a hundred meters. It was a blade trap of some sort. A feeling of success grew inside her as she traced her fingers along the paper-thin slashes in the rock. A tiny pile of dust showed her where the blade came out. Feeling no desire to be slashed in half, she trailed her fingers along the hallway, searching

for the block to stop it. Her fingers found it after a few moments, a piece of wall that pushed in slightly. Leaning gingerly against it, it sank into the wall until a small hole appeared in the brick next to it. Her grin grew as she spotted a few slivers of wood in the hole. Digging in her pocket, she found a short piece of metal and eased it in the hole. Taking a deep breath, she released the rock. It slid out, then stopped against the metal rod.

Feeling a flush of achievement but still frightened, she careful stepped forward Then took another step. When no blade cut her in two, an involuntary giggle escaped her. She managed to smother it, and continued forward, her eyes still searching for more traps. She found three more, all blade traps and disabled them all in the same manner. Each one was placed about fifty meters further along the hallway than the last one. Her hopes grew when she found another turn, but it just led into more tunnels. After the corner, there was another blade trap which she easily disabled.

Her scouting finally stopped at an intersection of two halls. Peering down the other hallways, she saw one leading away about two hundred meters until it stopped at a glowing door. Soft whispers of power emanated from the door. Mist, the color of rotting corpses, oozed out from underneath it She had to swallow rising bile at the mere sight of it.

“Uh... no.”

The second and third doors were plain looking and much safer than the first. Going straight, she crossed the intersection and followed the hallway. It continued some distance, then made a hard turn to the left. She continued to search for traps but found none. Instead, she found the end of the hallway, where the stone had collapsed from a cave-in. Scorched rock covered the ceilings, from where a fiery explosion had taken out the hall. Along one side, she spotted an immense curved blade, easily twice her height. Jagged points covered the blade and she spotted a brown discoloration on the edge of the blade. Rust streaked along the blade and the bottom half was bent sharply along the rocks.

After only a few moments of searching, Sarisin sighed heavily.

“Damn!” Her shrill voice echoed against the stone. Clattering rocks dropped from the cave-in and she hopped away, unwilling to be pinned by falling rocks. Watching the unstable cave-in fearfully,

she backed down the hallway. After a few steps, she turned around and returned to the intersection.

Her feet barely touched the center of the intersection before a terrible buzzing noise filled the hall, frightening enough to make the hairs on her arms and legs stand on end. Beneath her, the ground shook violently, the solid stone suddenly growing soft and tar-like. Her ankles screamed in agony as they were twisted, being pulled into the stone itself. She managed to scream as she stared down at the ground, in time to see it dissolve into an inky darkness below.

Sarisin had a chance to scream once more before being dragged into the darkness of the pit below. It was a short fall, barely enough time for her to register when something violently yanked at her left leg, pulling it up as the rest of her body swung down. Her right shoulder exploded in agony only a heartbeat later. Before her mind would recover from the dual explosions of pain, she hit the cold, hard ground. Her head cracked against the stone and white flashes of light swam across her vision, obscuring everything but the desperate need to breath. The impact after the fall drove the air from her lungs and she found herself silently gasping, trying to breath in panicked fear.

She started to move around, trying to get to her feet, but instead of moving, pain seared through her body from her leg and shoulder. Sarisin shrieked out at the sudden pain, then blacked out.

t'Sade

Assessing Damages

2

When she woke up, only a few seconds had passed as far as she could tell, she was still screaming. Her throat was burning and her entire body was aflame with the sensations. She tried to move, gingerly this time, but the pain from her leg and shoulder redoubled and she froze.

Whimpering in pain, she tested her other limbs, trying to avoid moving the injured ones. Her right leg moved sluggishly, but it quickly pressed up against something hard and thin, like a pole. Her other arm moved freely and she used it to explore her environment.

Below her, the cold stone was covered in a thick layer of dust. As she blinked at a speck caught in her eye, she realized that she was in darkness once again. Trembling, she reached out once more, trying to find something. Her fingers found another pole, this one barely a finger's width from her throat. It was cold, almost ice cold. A faint roughness streaked its surface, she guessed it might be rust. Another pole was on the other side of her neck, a hand's width away. It was also lightly rusted.

She reached for her shoulder, carefully exploring her injuries, wincing from the pain that flared up from the movement. Her fingers were shaking when she finally found her shoulder. She slid her fingers along her leather armor, heavily patched and repaired. Her fear grew when she felt a sticky slickness against the surface that she suddenly realized smelled like blood. Whimpering again, she forced herself to find the source of her pain.

Sarisin found it, right before she found the first shard of bone sticking out of her shoulder. Gasping, she fingered it even more, shrieking out as the pain seared even hotter through her nerves.

The wound was centered on a pole and she quickly realized that the pole had shattered her shoulder when it pierced it.

Fighting off a wave of dizziness, she pulled her blood-slicked fingers away from her shoulder and blindly explored down her body. She found another pole, a spike from her guess, near her hips, but the one she found after that had gone through her leg, right above the knee. The dizziness refused to leave her as she fingered her pinned leg. Determinedly, she explored it further, trying to find out the scope of the damage. Unlike the shoulder, her knee was not shattered, but the spike caught right against the bone, twisting her hip slightly and cutting through the muscle. It was bleeding heavily and Sarisin realized why she was growing dizzy.

“Blood... got to stop... the bleeding...”

Her voice was harsh from the earlier screaming, but it sounded almost dreamy to her. Feeling another wave of dizziness loosen her muscles, Sarisin struggled to find her pack. It took her a few seconds to remember she had left it behind, to stay mobile in the tunnels. Whimpering in pain, she tried to think of something to stop the bleeding.

Numbness sapped her strength again as she tried to move. The dizziness was growing stronger, to the point she could barely hear anything beyond the pounding in her ears and the rapid panting that took her a few moments longer to realize was her own. Gulping hard, Sarisin struggled to slow her breath and fight against the waves of dizziness.

“No... not shock... I have to...”

Her words were hollow and distant, but helped. Giving her a focus, she remembered a vial of healing potion underneath her chest armor. Wincing against the shooting agony, she worked her one good hand over her armor, unbuckling the straps with shaking fingers and slipping underneath. She found the vial, but groaned in frustration when her fingers came back wet. Shaking fingers found the remains of the cracked vial and pulled it out. Unable to see it in the darkness, Sarisin brought the wetness to her cold lips and licked at it. Most of the healing potion was gone, but she could feel a wavering heat growing out from her tongue.

Sighing, she sucked the last drops of the healing potion from her fingers. Even as she eased her hand back into her armor, to soak

them with the last drops, she could feel the sweet warmth of the magical healing spread out to her limbs.

A mixture of numbness and dizziness washed over her, despite the magical healing, and she felt a different type of darkness swallow her up. The dreams that followed were terrifying. In them she couldn't free herself no matter how hard she tried.

t'Sade

Abandoned

3

Sarisin woke to the sounds of voices. Gasping, she strained to hear the voices again, but there was nothing. Whimpering, she winced as pain shot through her shoulder and leg. Her entire body was shaking from the cold that seeped up through the stone. Everything was in pain, aching and bruised. Using her fingers again, she reached down to her pinned leg. The blood had dried in the cold air, much to her relief, and she felt around the wound. Even the intense pain from touching it was less than before.

To her relief, the wound was already crusted over, the results of the healing potion. Exploring the rest of her body, she tested the wound in her shoulder. Fragments of bone still stuck out of the wound, but a thick crust of blood stopped the blood loss.

Voices drifted down from above and she jerked slightly. Crying out softly at the pain that exploded, she took a deep breath and called out. Sarisin's voice was rough and raspy, from too much terror and sleeping on cold stone.

“Help.”

Swallowing against the dryness in her throat, she called out again. Her voice was louder, echoing against the walls of the pit, but still too soft to be heard from any distance.

“Help!”

The voices grew louder and soon she could make out Raban's voice urging the rest of her companions on. Above her, in the endless darkness, a thin spear of light lit up the edges of the pit. Gasping, she called out again, as loud as she could.

“Help!”

The voices stopped for a moment, then sounds of boots against the stone filled her hearing. A few seconds later, three heads peered down into the pit. A magical light, Raban's spell, filled the pit and she blinked at the tears from the harsh red light streaming down.

"Help me."

Gailin's voice, disgusted and pitying, drifted after the light.

"Looks like our thief found herself a trap."

Sarisin begged, "Please help me."

Gailin snorted, "Why? You found the trap, you get yourself out."

Narrar grunted, "Get her up, man."

"Why?"

"Because she's part of the group."

She felt eyes peering down at her. Gailin snorted, "Why bother?"

"Don't worry, I'm sure she'll be... properly appreciative."

"Even I'm not that hard up for a little-"

Raban's voice interrupted Gailin's words and he pointed down one of the hallways, "Look at that!"

All three of her so-called companions turned away from her to look down the hall leading to the glowing door. Raban moved quickly, jumping over the edge of the pit and running down the hallway. Gailin didn't even look down at her as he swore and jumped after. Narrar looked down, a sad look on his face that Sarisin felt didn't have to do with her wellbeing, and then followed.

"No! Please help me! I'll do anything! Anything!"

Her calls went unanswered as the sounds of her companion's boots faded in the short distance of the hallway. The reddish light of Raban's spell faded into the distance and she quieted. They couldn't or wouldn't hear her. She spoke in a shaking whisper, to the dim light.

"I'll do anything..."

Her companions were too far. Sarisin had never felt so alone with someone who could save her so close. She sniffed, trying to fight back the sudden tears. A burning throb ignited in her leg and she whimpered to fight back the tears and the pain.

Above her, the light suddenly flared. Then, a huge gout of flame burst out over the pit. Some of the greenish black flames curled into her hole, heating it until until her eyes stung, but the bulk of it expanded down the opposite hallway, the one she didn't travel

along. It hissed as it burned and she watched as stones above began to glow cherry red from the heat.

Flames died as fast as they were created and the stench of scorched stone and burnt bodies filled the pit. Sarisin could only stare up in growing hope. A flickering red light grew from the hallway, growing stronger as it smeared itself across the ceiling. Then, the bright point peeked over the edge as Gailin threw a body over the pit to the hallway leading out. From her position, she could see his armor still smoking. Something bounced off the body, then rolled to the edge. It rocked on the edge of the pit before falling in. Sarisin barely caught the image of the charred metal skull, with broken chain, before it bounced out of her vision and cracked against one of the spikes.

The light also gave her the first look at the poles. To her growing dread, each one was a meter in height and tipped with an immense barbed point. Under the ruby light, the rust covered spikes were too far up for her to ever pull herself off.

Gailin glanced down at her with an expression Sarisin never saw before. Sorrow. Shaking his head, he jumped back over the pit and ran down the hall. He came back after only a few moments, with Narrar's armor and pack, but no Narrar. He stopped on the side of the pit and pick up the body of his brother. Raban gave a broken moan, but made no effort to resist his brother's lift.

Staring coldly down the hall, from where the magic door was and the flames came from, he spoke in a very short, terse tones.

"We'll be back."

Lifting one hand, she called out to him.

"Please help?"

Gailin glanced down, the sorrow still on his face. Tears dripped down his face, but instead of helping her, or even throwing down food, he turned around and walked away.

"Help?"

Sarisin's voice was pitiful and weak, but Gailin didn't return. The red smear of magical light faded slowly along with the sounds of his boots. Soon, darkness plunged back into the pit and she was left alone with her heartbeat.

She burst into tears.

Every sob that ripped through her body sent fresh pain shooting through her shoulder and leg, but there was no more energy to stop it. Instead, she let the tears roll freely down her cheek and splash against the blood-stained rock.

“Please let me die”

Her sobs echoed up the walls of the pit, and came back down, speaking in a slightly different voice. Sarisin called out again, between the tears, begging for death. It never came and darkness pressed tightly against her, cooling her skin and sapping the tears from her eyes.

“Please? Just kill me.”

Sarisin kept calling out to the darkness, begging for any gods to answer her, to take her life away. No gods came down, no bolts of lightning and her heart continued to beat like pounding drum. She kept begging for death until her voice gave out and the cold floor was causing her to shiver constantly. Everything hurt, from the two injuries to the ache in her bones. In the darkness, she couldn't escape the pain, except to beg in a rasping voice.

Found

4

In the darkness, time lost all meaning. She felt herself falling asleep and waking, but only the growing cold and all-consuming darkness presented itself. Hunger grew inside her, tearing at her stomach from the inside. Soon after, the headache started. She continued to beg, a litany to the gods that had abandoned her. Tears refused to come when starvation burned in her throat and stomach, adding one more pain to the list of agonies that kept her company.

Then, to her surprise, she saw a flicker of light. Gasping, she closed her eyes and opened them again, praying for a miracle. She opened them slowly, cracking at the dried tears and caked dust. Her good hand brushed at them while she peered up at the top of the pit.

Another flickering light. This one moving slowly. Instead of the bright light of Raban's magic, it was a soft blue-green color. It faded into darkness, then came back again. Sarisin tried to call out, to beg for help, but her throat refused to make any noise. Wordless hissing came out of her tight, dry throat.

Brightening, the light started to spread across the edge of the pit, but not the ceiling. Sarisin, through the headache of starvation, tried to imagine what would cause that, but the light flared over the edge, a brilliant searing light that filled the pit. To her dark adjusted eyes, it was as bright as staring at the sun and being unable to look away.

Something began to crawl down into the pit. The bright light faded and she saw it glowing from the chest of some creature. To her foggy eyes, it looked almost like a bear without hair. There were other differences that worried her as well. Immense claws, each one

the size of her hand, dug into the stone and held it there as it shambled down the side, as if the walls were floors to this creature. The green light flashed from its chest, in patches of glowing skin that lit up the wall underneath it.

It reached the ground softly and padded toward her. The scent of its body, a soft musty smell, flooded over her, a stark smell to her own body. From the light on its chest, she could see the blind eyes on each side of the head. Each was the size of a grapefruit and covered in a milky white. A huge mouth, lined with sharp teeth, hung barely open and she saw a flashing tongue working inside its mouth.

Trying not to whimper, she struggled to lift a hand, to defend herself. The creature froze at the first sign of movement, white eyes blinking slowly.

(You are alive?)

Sarisin gasped at the first thought that cut through her mind. It was deep and masculine, filled with confusion and a basic type of hunger. The thought echoed in her head for a moment as she struggled to find her own thoughts. It took a moment, but she found her own thoughts, amazed at the clarity with which it spoke in her head. Her hand shook as she strained to wave it, to tell the creature she was alive and very much awake.

It stood up above her, the bright light exploding across the bottom of the pit. Spikes stood out as blades of flame against the brilliant light and she got the first good look at the creature towering above her. Its chest was corded in muscles, a powerful being. Irregular patches of glowing skin covered its chest, almost in a pattern of a tortoise. A few small patches covered in the inside of the creature's arm and legs. Only a deep shadow marked the brightness, where a pouch hung out from the creature's body, right between its legs. In the blue-green of its chest, the shadow of its pouch was almost unbearable. Tearing her gaze away, she looked up at the milky eyes that were peering down at her.

With supreme effort, she gasped out words in a thin, dry voice. "Help me?"

Thoughts flooded through her mind, filled with emotions of disappointment, growing curiosity, and the same endless hunger.

(You are alive.) One massive paw reached out for the spike in her leg. Sarisin could only wince as it touched the spike gently, (You are injured.)

She whimpered, hope giving her strength. The creature leaned over her, bathing her in the greenish light. (Can you move?)

Shaking her head, she gasped as the pain from her injuries slashed through her nerves. Blinking back the tears, she shook her head again, this time more slowly. Emotions from the creature turned sad and it reached over to touch her leg. Fear sparkled in her thoughts, but she couldn't move the leg as it pressed a soft, hairless paw near the wound for a moment.

As she winced in pain, it drew back sharply, (Sorry.)

"Is... is o... okay." Sarisin found it surprisingly hard to speak with a dry throat and weakness sapping her strength.

(No, you are injured. I have no healing, but you will die on this spike.)

Growing accustomed to hearing the creature's rich voice in her head, she shook her head slightly.

"Please... please help me."

(It will hurt.)

Sarisin tried to snort, to say it hurts anyways, but the words wouldn't come. As if reading her mind, the creature leaned forward, wrapping a paw around the middle of the spike in her leg. She watched as corded muscles bunched up and the metal began to bend. Vibrations shot down the metal and into her leg, flaring up into an intense burning that ripped a scream from her throat.

The creature hesitated for a moment, then yanked the metal back. It snapped in half, ringing loudly in the room, and sent another bolt of pure agony through her leg. The vibrations faded after a moment, but she was panting heavily, begging for unconsciousness.

When the pain started to fade, the creature reached over to wrap a paw around the metal spike impaling her shoulder. Staring up in fear, she felt the metal bend, then bend further before snapping. White flames of pain exploded through her shattered shoulder and darkness finally took her.

t'Sade

Food and Shelter

5

Gentle rocking woke her. Opening eyes, crusted with tears, she found herself staring up at the creature's head and a natural, rough stone ceiling. Powerful arms held her, holding her buttocks in one hand and her shoulders in the other. Every movement sent a fresh spike of pain through her, but it was lessened with the spikes missing.

On the air, she smelled sulfur and heated steam. Resting her head back, she watched the world in front of her, lit by the creature's stomach. From her view, it appeared to be a series of hot springs and pools of water. Some of them were gently releasing steam, while others were boiling with heat. The sight of the heated water started her shivering and the creature held her closer against its slick skin.

(Soon. Most of these are too hot for you.)

Lumbering forward, it stopped at a large pool with a few wisps of steam rising up into the air. Stepping into the pool, the creature gently lowered her into the hot water. Sarisin whimpered against the heat, but it quickly cooled down as her icy skin warmed up. A long gasp, rattling in her dry throat, escaped as she slumped in the water. The creature released her legs, to let them float in the water. Bringing a handful of water to her lips, it gently let her lap at the water. The water tasted strongly of sulfur, but to her it felt like ambrosia as it dribbled down her throat.

(Slowly. Otherwise you will choke.)

Sarisin slowly lapped at the water, tasting the musty water and the creature's skin. For a brief moment, she felt embarrassed, lapping like a dog, but the creature was right and she was dehydrated. The creature stayed with her, waist-deep in water, and

held her until she felt more aware. Deep rumbling echoed from her stomach and she realized that she was starving. The creature's lip lifted slightly, a smile.

(Wait here. I will bring food. Is meat acceptable?)

She could sense that the creature was masking or preventing her from gaining any more information about the source of food, but the thought of eating spiked her hunger. Nodding slowly, she braced herself with her one good arm against the edge of the pool and let herself float. Without waves, it took little effort to prevent her arm or leg from moving. Delicately, the creature crawled out of the water and padded away, its body steaming from the hot water of the spring.

To her surprise, the creature came back after only a few moments, a large hunk of unrecognizable meat in its steaming hand. Squatting on the edge of the water, it handed it to her. It was hot, hotter than the water she was in and she winced but held on to it. After the meat cooled slightly, she took a hesitant bite. It had a rich taste to it, even boiled. To her surprise, she found it more than good enough to eat and quickly finished it off.

Gasping, she looked up at the milky eyes, "More?"

(Wait. If you eat too much, it will hurt.)

Sarisin sighed, but understood. She looked down at her body, covered in soaked leather armor and floating in a spring. The absurdity of it caught her attention and she chuckled before wincing from the pain it brought to her shoulder.

She floated in the water, her stomach spasming from the sudden intake of food. After a few hours, the creature brought more food and helped her lap some water from its palm. She briefly considered drinking directly from the water, but the thought of turning with her shoulder sent a phantom pain through her body. So, she forced herself to lick the creature's palm for water.

It felt like endless hours, with the creature watching her every moment. Her eyes started to flutter with exhaustion and the creature reached into the water to hold her up. Unable to speak, she let herself drift into sleep.

Getting Comfortable

6

In the “morning,” she felt better. Her injured legs and shoulder still throbbed with pain. She looked up at the milky eyes, feeling her mind think clearly for the first time since she fell in the pit.

“Who... who are you?”

(They call me Ab’asaruth, the cursed one.)

“Ab’asaruth? This is your tomb?”

(My prison, but yes.)

“Prison?”

(Yes. Prison. I have been sealed in this place for many centuries.)

“If... you don’t mind, why?”

A faint wave of amusement washed through her thoughts, (I was something of a hedonist. My pleasures ended up toward the...)

The thought ended with a twinge of embarrassment. The eyes blinked and turned away. Sarisin blushed and looked away herself.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to pry.”

(I understand. You are curious and have nothing else at the moment.)

Silence filled the room and the creature padded away, returning with breakfast of the unidentified meat. Sarisin stared at it a moment, seeing where the creature clawed it free from the source. It was dark, like beef, but it had a strange texture.

“What is this?”

Strong emotions flooded through her, embarrassment and fear being the two strongest. For a long moment, no words came, but when they did it was a soft noise, rumbling with the rich tones of the creature’s voice.

(It... I... a secret.)

Sarisin frowned, a puzzle distracting her from the pain, "Is it beef? Pig?"

(No, none of those.)

Her own thoughts flashed through her mind as she turned the meat in her hand. After a few rotations, she noticed a small sear along one side. It was crusty and tasted like charred flesh. Frowning, she remembered flashes of memories. One memory locked in her mind and she gasped, dropping the boiled meat into the water.

"This is Narrar!"

Sarisin's emotions spiked as the creature stepped away from her. It hesitated, a feeling of it about to speak but never coming.

(Yes, this is the human male.)

Bile rose in her throat as she stared at the meat bobbing in the water. She forced the feelings down as her stomach rumbled, unwilling to let any food escape. Gingerly, she picked it up with her free hand and set it on the edge of the pool. Closing her eyes tightly, she fought the urge to vomit. The creature said nothing for a long moment.

(Should I take it away?)

She spoke without opening her mouth, "Is there anything else?"

(No. I've eaten everything in my prison except him and you.)

Eyes snapped open. "Me?"

Blinking, the creature stared at her and shook his head, (I cannot eat the unwilling. Even if it means I starve.)

Without waiting for an answer, it stood up and padded away into the darkness. Sarisin watched it disappear then peered back at the meat. Her hand reached out for it, then stopped. Shaking, she stared at it for a long time before picking it up again.

"Bastard deserves it."

She ate it without relish. It didn't taste any different than before, but realization was enough to change the flavor into something different. When she finished, she leaned her head against the edge of the pool and sighed heavily. Sarisin dozed for a few hours before she became hungry again.

"Uh... creature... Ab'asaruth?"

A faint, distant thought, (Yes?)

"I'm... hungry, could I have more?"

Confusion drifted through her thoughts, (Even if it's Narrar?)

“Please, I’m hungry.”

Ab’asaruth returned after a long moment, with a hunk of Narrar. She took it and made herself eat it. Choking it down, she let him bring water up to her mouth. Lapping it, she smiled at him.

“Thank you, Ab.”

The creature smiled back, baring teeth. (Your welcome.)

Sarisin drew her thoughts to her injuries. “Uh... could you help?”
(With?)

“I... need to see these wounds. And all this water is going to ruin my leather.”

A faint flash of concern and amusement filled her mind as the silent prisoner crawled into the water. Tiny waves sent warning pangs of pain through her body, but he was very gentle as he worked at the swollen straps of her leather armor. Soon she was whimpering from the pain radiating from her leg, but he continued to move carefully. When a strap refused to move, he used one claw to snap it. Sarisin sighed in relief as the pressure evaporated and the leather came off. Some healing skin stuck to the edges of the gash in the leather, but the soaking let it tear off with only a little pain.

Panting from the effort, she twisted slightly, trying to see the wound. Ab was removing her leggings also, exposing pink flesh to her sight, Soon, the wound was visible. Bright red and covered in caked blood, she was amazed she hadn’t gone into shock faster. His paws, surprisingly delicate, removed her boots and leggings right up to her hip.

(Both legs?)

“Yes, please.”

To Sarisin, it felt strange having a creature removing her clothes, but he was very gentle with his movements. His thoughts were shielded, no emotions leaking into her mind as he smoothly freed her other leg from the leather. He moved up, massive paws working on the straps of her breastplate. It came off after some struggle, but Ab was gentle as he could be as worked it off her shattered shoulder. Seeing the wound, with shards of bone sticking out the skin, sent a wave of dizziness through her, but he continued to gingerly remove the cloth from her shoulder.

(Uh... I have to remove your shirt...) Along with his thoughts came embarrassment and... something else. Sarisin looked away

from the jagged wound and nodded. She felt his hands working on her shirt, undoing the buttons, and spreading it open. Warm water washed hotly against her breasts as it flooded in. The ridges on his hand brushed against one hardening nipple as he sliced away the fabric from her shoulder.

In a short time, she was naked in the water except for her underwear. The rest was sitting in a limp pile on the edge of the spring. Sarisin looked at the creature, who was staring back at her with milky eyes. A faint flush of embarrassment filled her and she used her free arm to cover her breasts.

“Thank... thank you.”

Ab nodded and lifted himself. For a brief moment, Sarisin thought she saw his pouch larger than normal, but he stepped out of the spring and sat on the edge. His legs were out of sight as he stared into the darkness. Biting her lip, she peered down at shattered remains of her shoulder. It was almost flame red, with large bruises spreading out like vines down her arm and chest.

“Do you have any healing magic?”

Regret and sorrow filled her, (No. My healing only works on me, to keep me alive and nothing else.)

“Any potions?”

(Sorry.)

“Anything?”

There was a more frantic tone to her voice, but the creature shook his head. Shoulders slumped, he glanced at her, then back into the darkness. She growled to herself, swearing at Raban and his brother silently for a moment. Then...

“Is there a fire? I don’t want to get this infected.”

He said nothing and made no effort to move. Sarisin looked up at him, the urge to crawl out of the water suddenly stronger.

“Ab? Ab’asaruth? Is there something wrong?”

Sadness filled her as he thought at her, (Both wounds are already infected.)

Ice-water sensations dribbled down her spine, despite the hot water she was floating in. “Both? Are you sure?”

(Yes, I can smell it.)

She shook her head, ignoring the flares of pain, “No. No! This isn’t fair!”

Ab said nothing. Sarisin sobbed for a long time, staring at the angry wounds on her leg and shoulder. Even the water felt wrong, a tomb, as her cries violently shook her body.

“This isn’t fair!”

(I’m sorry.)

“No! I have to do something.”

(It may not be fatal, not all infections are.)

His thought paused her for a moment. Frowning, she tried to think of what stopped an infection.

“I... I have to get out of here. I remember that keeping cuts wet is bad.”

He sent a tendril of agreement and stood up. Stepping into the heated pool, he cradled his powerful arms underneath her and lifted her out. Sarisin whimpered as her wounds screamed anew from the pain, but fought against it as the bitter cold air slammed into her. In a matter of seconds, she was shivering violently. Ab paused, looking down with an expression of almost concern, and she clutched herself tightly.

“So... cold.”

Powerful arms held her closely, but even his body heat wasn’t enough to still the shivering that violently shook her body. Sarisin whimpered as more cold air swirled around her naked form, perking her nipples and feeling like a slash against her wounds. Finally, she could take more and whimpered to the creature in a pitiful voice.

“Please... in the water?”

He lowered her back into the water, once again hot after the ice-cold air. For a long moment, she floated in it, sighing as the shivers stopped and faded. When she opened her eyes, Ab was staring back at her, concern radiating through her mind.

(Have they stopped?)

“Yes... but...”

He released her, his hands pulling back so he could sit on the edge of the water. The glow of his stomach reflected off tiny waves in the spring, creating a flickering glow on the ceiling. Sarisin watched them, trying to figure out another option.

“What about the meat? You cooked that.”

(Boiling spring. It would probably kill you if I had to boil you.)

Shuddering, Sarisin looked away, “No, no boiling.”

Silence spread as she thought some more, but no more instant cures came to her. Then, a few ideas perked up and she spoke softly.

“Can... you leave and find me help?”

(No, the wards that keep me alive also keep me in the prison.)

Frustration and helpless anger surged through her and she slapped the water with her good hand. “Damn it! I don’t want to die here.”

She looked at him with pleading eyes, “Is there anything,” she empathized the word, “you can do?”

(Only one thing. I could bite it off.)

Sarisin shuddered with the thought, her eyes moving up to the sharp teeth that filled his mouth. Seeing her, he closed his lips tightly and looked away.

“Won’t I bleed?”

(No... my bites don’t bleed. Part of the curse.)

“Why?”

Emotions radiating from him stopped instantly, (I... can’t say.)

Without waiting for an answer, he stood up and disappeared. The light from his chest faded, leaving her to float in the hot water and stare up at the darkness.

“Ab? Ab? Please don’t go.”

He didn’t return and Sarisin whimpered to herself. Clutching her body tightly, she floated in the water and waited for his return. Heartbeats stretched into minutes, then into hours, but he still didn’t return. Tears came in her eyes and she let them. Eventually, she fell asleep, crying.

Infection

7

Sarisin woke up again some days later. Vague memories of moving, of talking, hovered right outside of her thoughts. Above her, Ab was watching her with his milky eyes, his hands clutched into tight fists.

Yawning, she reached up with her one good hand, “Ab?”

(Yes?) His paw came down to caress her palm. She wrapped her fingers around one thick finger and held it.

“How long was I asleep?”

Her body reminded her of the painful throbbing wounds. He breathed heavily and spoke with concerned thoughts, (You were feverish. I tried to cool you, but you started to shake.)

Sarisin looked down, noticing her underwear missing. The tiny curls of her pubic hair lifted in the water, floating like seaweed. The wound in her knee was worse. Ragged ends were refusing to heal and two thick red lines were creeping up her legs. One of them, the largest, was only a hand’s width from the joint of her hip. Memories tried to push through the fog of her sleep, but they could not break through into her thoughts.

“What happened... to my underwear.”

(I took you to the bathroom. I left them there after a... mess.)

Frowning, she tried not to imagine it. Slowly, she looked at her shoulder. Some shards of bone has fallen off, but more remained inside the gaping wound. Crusted blood was dark and black, with parts of it puffing up with puss and pressure. Compared to her previous memory of the wound, it was far worse than before.

Tearing her eyes away from it with a sickening sensation, she looked up at him.

“How long?”

(Three days, as you see time.)

Taking a deep breath, she reached down to finger the dark line crawling up her leg. It was burning hot, even through the skin.

“What is this?”

(Infection.)

“How fast is it growing?”

(It will reach your heart in about eight hours.)

“Eight hours? How do you...?”

(My past, my curse.)

Instead of fear, she felt shock filling her heart. “Is there any way?”

(Doctors would cut it off or burn it.)

His thought startled her, “My pack! My pack has a flint and steel!”

(Your companion took it. He even stripped the man we were eating.)

“Stripped? Everything?”

Sadness radiated from him. (Yes.)

Sarisin stopped talking, staring at the wound in her leg. Her eyes followed the ragged lines of the infections as they slowly reached for her hip. Feeling it with her fingers, she could almost imagine it moving slowly. Ab turned slightly, giving her a better view of herself in the blue-green light. Sarisin smiled grimly, lost in thoughts.

“Will it hurt?”

Startled, Ab shifted slightly, (Will what hurt?)

“Biting it off. My leg.”

Surprise and a new emotion, one she didn't understand, radiated from him.

(Yes, but it will end quickly.)

“I'm going to die, aren't I?”

Ab said nothing, but she already knew the answer. Blinking back sudden tears, she looked up at him.

“Please be gentle?”

He blinked and surprise radiated from him.

(Pardon?)

“Please... be gentle. I don't want to die yet.”

When he didn't move, Sarisin repeated her statement. Slowly, as if waking himself, Ab stood up and stepped into the pool. The heated water washed around her as he knelt in the deepest part, facing her. She watched as the waves lapped against her skin, splashing against her breasts.

(Are you sure?)

She nodded curtly, eyes closing tightly.

“Yes, before I change my mind.”

At the first touch of his massive hand against her leg, she held her breath. He was gentle, stroking up and pulling her deeper into the water. Her good hand clutched against her breasts until the edge of the spring fell away. To keep her balance, she reached down into the heated water to hold herself up against the bottom of the spring. One hand wrapped around her waist, sending a strange flush of heat through her skin. The other gently stroked her feet and lower leg, guiding it toward him.

Sarisin jumped as her toes touched his chest. Then, she felt him lift her, being very careful of the wound. Waves splashed against her as he shifted, lowering himself deeper in the water.

Then he touched her again. To her surprise, it was his tongue against the bottom of her feet. Curling around her toes, she felt the heated member lap against the sole of her feet. She gasped and almost opened her eyes. Instead, she closed them tightly and took another deep breath.

Ab pulled her closer and she felt her foot slip into his mouth. Gentle heated pressure pressed around her ankle as the creature eased more of her leg inside him. Sarisin gasped, trying to ask why he didn't just bite across the thigh, but then she felt his tongue wrapping around her leg, guiding it further into the slick smoothness. A different type of heat exploded in her as he pulled her closer, his large hands wrapping around her waist and tugging her closer. Sarisin's body grew hotter as she felt him pull her foot into his throat, sliding it down the tight slickness. His lips brushed against her shin, then carefully parted around the wound.

With a firm tug, he pulled her closer and her ankle turned down, toward his stomach. His lips pressed against her thigh, sending an incredible wash of sensations, both pain and pleasure, ripping up

her spine. With a gasp, she arched her back, unable to resist the sensations.

Ab pulled her closer, his grip firm. She grabbed his hand, holding it tightly as she felt the limbs press up against her upper thigh, right against the junction of her leg and her hip. Part of his lips, the very corner, pressed against the furry line of her sex and she felt a tiny explosion of pleasure arc through her sex, flooding it with excitement.

Unable to resist, she gasped from the sensations, of being pulled into his mouth. His lips didn't crawl any further. Instead, he lapped at her entire leg, avoiding the wound. Her feet were buried inside the slick depths of his body, held by muscles that massaged it constantly.

He paused, hesitated with his wet heat wrapping her leg from tip to hip. She whimpered, unwilling to open her eyes.

"Please... please do it."

A burst of concern and comfort slammed into her mind as he bit down. She barely felt the sharp points of his teeth as they pieced the skin, but the incredible emotions he projected blinded her from the pain. In the distance, she heard the crack of her bone and a wet slurping noise of something being severed. Then, something drew away and she felt an empty void expand to fill her world.

Sobbing, she slowly opened her eyes to peer towards the creature. He was looking back at her, with a thin dribble of blood on his lower lip. The rest of his face was soaked, as he quickly splashed water over his face to clean it. Wiping at the tears, she looked around: the edge of the spring, the ceiling, his face. Everywhere but down. Then, curiosity overcame the fear and she finally peered down.

At the sight of her missing leg, she sobbed again, sorrow and loss stabbing through her heart. Instead of the smooth lines floating in the water, her hip went out only a centimeter before it ended abruptly. On the other side, the hair-covered mound slid directly into her hip. From her position, it looked like it was gaping slightly with the missing leg. Trembling, she reached down with her good hand and felt around. Underneath her, her ass was bunched up tighter, as if the muscles were no longer held down. Her fingers explored up, to the gaping wound of her leg. Instead of feeling bone

and muscle, she felt a thick substance that felt like kid leather stretched across it. Frowning, her fingers explored the edge where the substance merged in with her skin, as if it was part of it.

Ab watched her, unmoving. When her eyes looked up at him, he looked at her.

“What... what is this?”

(My saliva. It stops bleeding.)

“It feels like leather.”

He nodded slowly. She felt it around again, surprised that nothing hurt along the bite. Exploring further, she traced the line of her sex, feeling where the left side gaped slightly, exposing her. Blushing, she pressed her palm over her sex and looked away.

“What happened to my leg?”

Embarrassment filled her from his emotions, (I... swallowed it.)

“Oh...”

Sarisin struggled to understand the lack of fear or terror she felt. Deciding it was shock, she looked up at him.

“You were a cannibal, weren’t you?”

Very slowly he nodded.

(Yes, that is why I’m here.)

“What happened?”

His thoughts grumbled and he stood up. Sarisin gasped as she saw his pouch, now a long sheath almost a quarter meter in length pressing out. The very tip was a bright color in his light, but he moved quickly out of the water and turned away from her.

(I do not want to talk about it.)

Sarisin snapped, “At least talk to me! I just lost a leg!”

Regret shook her, (I’m sorry.)

He turned around and her eyes automatically dropped down to his manhood. It was mostly faded, disappearing back into his body until only a thick pouch hung loosely from his crotch. Blushing, she looked back at him.

“What happened?”

Ab hesitated then a flood of images and words slammed into her. (I was a prince, in the time of the Lord of Darkness. The armies came through, led by terrible warriors. I was fighting against them, but lost. When they invaded my sanctum, they found that my... hobbies included eating women and torture. I fought but they wouldn’t kill

me. Instead, they brought me to the Lord and he cursed me. Cursed me to stay in the darkness until the last memory of me faded from the world.)

Along with his words came images, detailed images of his cursing and his hobbies. Sarisin shuddered from the intensity of another's memories in her head, but nodded when it finally ended.

"And you have been alone? For thousands of years?"

(Yes.)

She looked at him again, "Are you going to kill me?"

(I... don't want to.)

Sarisin felt along the stub of her hip, "And it doesn't hurt... because of your curse?"

Ab nodded.

"Were you human?"

He nodded again, (As human as I could be, with what I did to my people.)

Sarisin nodded slowly. Stabbing pain exploded from her shattered shoulder and she looked at it. Seeing the bones and the matted blood, she glanced back at him.

"You said this was infected."

(Yes. Not as badly, though.)

"Will it do the other thing, that line?"

(Maybe.)

"If it does... how long would I have?"

(Less than an hour, at least from what I saw.)

She sniffed, "Will you be able to stop it?"

Ab didn't answer and she closed her eyes tightly. For a long time, she didn't speak. Then she whispered softly into the dim light and to her only companion.

"You should bite it off too."

(I can't.)

Sarisin tightened her eyes, sealing them shut even as she felt fear prickling inside her.

"Why?"

(My curse. If I start, I won't be able to stop.)

"You mean you'll eat me?"

(Yes.)

"Now?"

She felt the water shaking slightly before he responded.

(No, not now, but soon. I'm afraid,) she felt sorrow radiating out from him, (that I may have already woken up the hunger.)

"I don't want to die."

(I know. That is why I'm resisting.)

"But, I won't if you don't get this." She trailed fingers near her shoulder. Ab's movement circled around her.

(Once I start...)

"Then wait. Raban and Gailin might be back, he said they would be. If... if they come, make them take me."

(What if they don't come?)

Sarisin sobbed and shook her head, ignoring the painful throbbing, "Then you do what you must. But, give me a chance?"

(What if they don't take you? I heard your voice, they abandoned you.)

"You'll find a way, I know you will."

She felt Ab's lips against her hand, but only barely. The throbbing pain muted all senses down her arm, but she felt him as he sucked her fingers gently into his mouth. His stomach and chest pressed against her good leg while his arms wrapped around her, holding her firmly in place.

(Are you sure?)

Blinking and trying not to look, she nodded sharply.

"Please... hurry."

His mouth opened more and she felt her hand being pulled into it. Unable to move her fingers past the broken shoulder, she could only feel the sensations as he brought her arm into his mouth, into the wet heat of his throat. Her fingers brushed the back for a moment, feeling the smooth muscles before being pulled down. His lips brushed against her elbow, then parted. They closed down again on her shoulder, his breath hot against her ear. His lips brushed right against the wound, one edge pressing against the top of her breast and the other caressing her ear. It felt hot, burning hot against her skin.

Gulping, she sobbed before nodding. He pushed her head further away from her, forcing her to turn as the lips tightened on her shoulder. Then pain, terrible burning pain exploded. Without meaning, she screamed as loud as she could as bone cracked and

muscles parted underneath his teeth. One brief flare of agony exploded, then faded into a powerful throbbing. With her ear so near, she could hear him gulp and sigh happily. Against her leg, she felt his manhood stirring, going from a deep pouch to an immense length of hard flesh in a matter of seconds.

Fighting against the incredible pain, she panted heavily, her body spasming from the loss. Next to her, his hardness continued to grow, pressing painfully from her good thigh to the side of her rib cage, only centimeters from the cold void missing from her shoulder.

Shaking, she slowly turned her head to look at him. Her eyes caught his face, the sorrow filling her. Streaks of blood soaked his chin and throat. Moving quickly, he washed his face in the water but she was focused on the gaping hole of her shoulder.

His teeth were neat, cutting through her body like mutton. The leather-like substance of his saliva had already hardened into leather, covering the wound and merging with her skin. Her right breast sagged slightly, hanging from the leather. The top of the wound pressed right up against her neck, narrowly avoiding the arteries she knew were there. The same dull shock filled her, a numbness as she looking for her missing arm.

“Is it still infected?”

Ab looked up, his face dripping. Sniffing loudly, he shook his head.

(The infections are gone.)

“Good.” Her eyes saw beyond her wound, at the raging hardness of his cock. It was almost completely out of the sheath, a long and thick member tipped with a narrow head. The pouch strained to keep in the bottom half, but the top was already dripping with the scent of man.

“Uh... what did you do to your... um... meals?”

Ab glanced down at himself. Strange feelings of lust, curiosity, and fear radiated from his mind.

(I raped them, sometimes. Sometimes just torture them.)

With a trembling hand, she reached out and touched his cock. It was hot against her palm and very slick.

“I... don't want to be raped, but I wouldn't mind...”

She let the sentence trail off. Ab blinked at her as confusion filled her mind, from his thoughts.

(Why?)

“Because... I want to make sure... I didn’t lose everything.”

(Sex isn’t the answer.)

Sarisin shook her head, “Right now, it is. Please... just make me feel something good that doesn’t hurt.”

He hesitated for a moment, then pushed into the depths of the water. Sarisin breathed heavily as she felt her own body growing hotter with the thoughts of sex, of his hardness. He positioned himself in the deepest part again, then reached out and gently stroked her hips. Wrapping immense fingers around her hips, right above the severed limb, he drew her into the depths of the water.

She moaned softly as he stroked her, two fingers reaching up to caress her breasts. The bottom two stroked against her slit before he brought it to his member. She gasped at the first feeling of the narrow point against her opening, and felt it slip in along her slickness.

(You are wet.) Ab’s surprise almost made her laugh.

“I’m in the water.”

(No, excited.)

“Shush.”

Words weren’t needed, just a hungry lust for something. Sarisin moaned as he eased the tip of the member in, then increased force to push it in. It filled her, stuffed her. Soon, she felt it reaching her depths and the hungry need for sex grew even hotter.

“Please... please more.”

Drawing out, he eased it back in, stretching her opening widely around the thick girth of his cock. His cock head plunged deeper into her body, rubbing against her inner walls. Then, too soon, it pushed against the back of her sex. Only a third of the member was inside her, but it was hot and hard and it felt good.

Moaning, she begged him to stroke harder. He did, taking short strokes that speed up. Flares of pleasure, not pain, rose up inside her, rinsing at the memories of pain. His member plunged in and out, splashing water against her body and against the edges of the spring. Tiny moans of pleasure escaped her lips as she closed her eyes and leaned back, floating in the water.. Even the feeling of his

tip rapping against the back of her vagina felt good, as did the constant pressure of being filled and emptied.

With all the sensations she felt over the previous days, it took very little time before her pants were turning into tiny whimpers of pleasure. Ab grunted, moving smoothly in and out of her. His heated shaft still didn't fit, but the grunts coming from him were enough to push her over the edge.

Her orgasm came quickly and hard, barely enough time for her to squeak out in pleasure before it began to fade. However, Ab wasn't done and he continued to pump inside her, driving his member up against her limits and pulling it out. Sarisin rolled against the pleasures, enjoying the ability to move without pain. Her orgasm faded, but the driving cock kept the pleasure growing, but never reaching a crest.

Growing accustomed to his size, she felt her body finally relaxing against his intruding mass when he came inside her, a few powerful jets of hot cum splattering against her insides and a grumble in his chest. She moaned softly. When he started to pull out, she whimpered.

“No, please don't leave...”

Understanding, Ab gently eased it back in as far as it could go and wrapped his arms around her. Sarisin moaned again, wrapping her one arm and good leg around him and closing her eyes. Ab turned them around, so she was on top, but still in the water.

(Sleep.)

Sarisin nodded, enjoying the pleasures of being stuffed, and let the stress of her life drag her into sleep. Dreams of fading loss and of being warm and comfortable dominated her sleep. When she woke, she was almost happy. Ab was still there, but his member had slipped out during her dreams.

Painful Recovery

8

“Good morning.”

(Good morning. How are you feeling?)

Sarisin felt along her body, avoiding the feelings of missing toes and nodded slowly.

“It doesn’t hurt.”

(Good. Are you hungry?)

She nodded, then reached down with her one hand to his crotch, “This, then breakfast.”

(Sex again?)

Grinning, she teased him into hardness. Then slid herself onto his member, pushing down and pulling herself up with one leg. A few failed attempts just encouraged her and soon she was rocking on his cock, growing used to the change in balance. On top, she drove herself down, a hungry need for more of his cock. His member was hot and warm, filling her up. With her need, she drove the tip harder and harder against the limits of her sex, trying to pull more.

Only a little more fit inside her, stretching her out, but she came with a screaming orgasm. After a few more minutes, she felt him cum inside her. Slumping, she sighed and focused her life on the simple things.

“Breakfast.”

After breakfast, she finally escaped the spring. Crawling, she managed to reach the next few pools, but found them too hot to handle. Along the ground, she grew a new appreciation for other animals. But, soon she was shivering and called out to Ab. He came quickly, scooping her up and holding her tightly against his chest.

She clutched against him, straining to think of only the “now” and not the future.

When he returned her to the pool, the coolest he had, she sunk into it with a sigh. He stayed with her and she coaxed him into more sex, enjoying the pleasures. Every thrust reminded her that it would end soon and she drove herself harder, until she hurt herself impaling on his cock.

Ab stopped her. She looked down at his body, then at the immense pole that impaled her sex. He held her up, one hand against her inner thigh and one holding her hip right above her missing leg. A tear formed in her eye as she strained to impale herself again on his member.

(No. Don't hurt yourself.)

Instead of answering, she burst into tears. Powerful sobs ripped through her body and he held her closely, letting his shaft slip out of her. Sarisin couldn't stop herself as tears poured down her cheeks, splashing against his chest. Her one good hand clutched tightly to his arm, until the knuckles turned white and her muscles burned. Ab hugged her, holding her head above water and against his chest. As she fell asleep in his arms, she felt a deep rumbling in his chest.

Waking up was less happy, but still a strange experience. Ab was there, in the pool with her. He gently smiled at her and sent a wordless smile. She blinked and pressed against him. Her fingers found his cock, but he stopped her.

(No.)

Sarisin sighed and let him feed her and help her answer nature over a dark hole in the back of the cave. When they returned, he finally let her mount him again. This time, his fingers pushed up against her sex, so his cock slipped between two fingers into her body. Then, he stroked her up and down, letting her impale herself. His cock plunged deeper into her body and she gasped, tears forming in her eyes. Her orgasm came slower, but lasted longer. His didn't come for a long time and she felt a rumbling in his body long before he soaked her insides.

Afterwards, she leaned against him and sighed as she felt his heartbeat through the cock still buried deep inside her. Looking up at him, she softly whispered to the large creature.

“What is that rumbling?”

A few moments later, he responded, (The hunger.)

“Already?”

(You have some time.)

Sniffing, she smiled, “Make it last as long as possible, please?”

(I will.)

“Good.”

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Hunger

9

It took another three days before the rumbling became a constant grumble that filled the cavern. Sarisin woken up on the third day alone. Whimpering, she swam around the pool, looking for him.

“Ab? Ab? Where are you!?”

From a distance, his thoughts trailed through her mind, (Over here.)

“Why?”

(I’m hungry.)

“No, you can’t be. Can’t you resist?”

The rumbling grew louder and she saw a flickering light growing closer. It stopped and faded slightly. When Ab’s thoughts came through, they were strained.

(No... I have to eat. It’s burning... burning...)

She could feel his pain through his telepathic link and shivered at the intensity. Even at her hungriest, when the pain was intense, it was nothing compared to the cursed hunger that raged through his veins. The faint shadow being transmitted into her mind felt like her entire body was being ripped apart.

“Can’t you... can’t you just take a bite?”

A roar filled the cavern and she heard something hit the stone with a powerful blow. Crumbling rock fell down, some of it into one of the springs. She called out, hoping he was still sane from that magical hunger.

“You know, a hand, a foot, something?”

Strained thoughts trickled through her mind. The words were muted by the hunger that burned over them, (It would have to be more, maybe your leg or arm at this point.)

Sarisin looked down at her leg, her only leg. Her good hand reached down to the remains of her other, then over to her sex. It was still gaping open, from the missing leg, but it felt hot underneath her touch. Looking around her, she actually felt her position in the middle of a hot spring, a cripple.

“Then come here.”

His thoughts were barely understandable as he bounded closer, an insane look on his face. She cringed as he stopped against the edge of the water, tongue hanging out and drooling. Pulling a brave feeling she didn't feel, she leaned back and held up her leg above the water.

“Only the leg—”

She tried to say more, but Ab lunged for it. She shrieked, but he stopped as soon as he touched it. She watched as he licked her foot, wrapping his tongue around it. Soft pleasures filled her as he sucked on the toes before bringing them into his mouth. This time, she kept her eyes open, watching him slowly kneel in the water and draw her in closer. One hand reached for her hip and she grabbed it, pulling it to her breast. He squeezed firmly, rubbing against her nipple as she felt her leg slip into the heated slickness of his mouth.

A soft gasp filled her as she arched her back, keeping her head barely above water. He pulled her even closer, bending her leg into his throat as he pressed his lips against her hip. The one edge of his mouth pressed against her heated sex and she moaned again.

“Oh... yes...”

Somehow, in the magical insanity, he heard her. With a gentle twist, he rotated his mouth until his bottom lip pressed against her sex. Then his tongue peeked out, finding her opening. Sarisin moaned as she felt it teasing her lips, then slipping inside. His tongue, long and powerful, twisted and slurped deeper into her, lapping at her insides as she began to writhe with the incredible sensations of having her leg in his mouth and his tongue buried in her sex. He lapped harder, dragging against all of her inner walls. Even the tip pressed against her innermost depths, filling her as it twisted and expanded, filling her.

Sarisin moaned, twisting against his mouth and lips. Her thigh pressed up against his upper teeth, but he didn't bite down. Instead,

he lapped harder, plunging his tongue into her body until she was releasing tiny whimpers of pleasure.

It exploded inside her, an orgasm so powerful that it left her gasping for air. A brief memory of the air knocked out of her startled her, but the intense flames of ecstasy were burning hotly through her veins. Her entire sex clenched around the twisting tongue as she reached down to grab his head and pull it closer to him.

To her surprise, a second orgasm started to race through her, something that never happened before. Moaning, she spasmed as it hit her with the force of a mountain slid, slamming hard into the sensitive organs and bolting up her spine. Unable to resist, she screamed out again, writhing on his member.

Buried inside the hot flames of pleasure, she felt the tongue slip out and the sharp pain of the teeth biting down. The pain just magnified the pleasure and she screamed out again, her juices flooding into the pool as she had the most powerful experience of her life.

When the pleasures faded, the loss of her leg was muted by the afterglow. Ab was sitting back, fear radiating from his body as he turned away, his cock, powerfully hot and hard against his stomach. Sarisin stared at it, her only hand reaching down to explore the new wound. Like the others, the saliva was already the texture of skin. Trailing over, she explored her sex, with its gaping opening and slick juices.

“Ab...”

He glanced at her.

“Please...”

She spread open her labia even more, inviting him. He resisted for a moment, then turned back to face her. Blue-green light splashed against her, lighting up her breasts and opening before he came to her. His hands held her gently, guiding his cock to her opening. When it reached, he thrust in hard and she screamed out in pleasure. His cock was harder and hotter than ever before and he rammed inside her with powerful thrusts. Each one slammed against the back of her sex, but she screamed for more, rolling in another growing wave of pleasure.

Ab was not as gentle before as he drove into her hard, pounding into her body with intense thrusts. Sarisin screamed out in pleasure, riding the first wave of orgasms her womanly body ever felt. Primal and powerful, Ab continued to drive into her even after he orgasmed. Her sex slurped with every thrust as he filled her repeatedly. Every ram of his hips drove more of his immense girth into her until it was almost completely stuffed inside her body.

Sarisin screamed out again and again, pleasures colliding with even more pleasures. He rode her, used her, for many hours until they both slumped against the edge of the spring. Sarisin held him with a trembling hand as he clutched her firmly. Deep inside, it felt like her insides were bruised, but the pain was nothing compared to the afterglow of a lifetime of pleasures.

Held in his arms, she pressed her cheek against his heavily muscled chest.

“Thank you.”

Relief and afterglow filled her mind, doubled from his thoughts.

(Thank you.)

The next couple days were filled with a less frantic pleasures. He stroked and touched her. They talked about nothing and everything, avoiding only one topic.

And they made love. Wild and tender love until his cock fit completely inside her body and she rode endless orgasms that lasted for hours until both of them passed out from the intensity.

Dreading the Future

When the rumbling started on the fourth day, they pretended they couldn't hear it as if to push the inevitable as long as possible.

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Further Bites

11

Five days after she gave up her leg, the cursed hunger returned. Hearing the noises, she called out for him, offering her arm. He came to her, shuffling in shame. With tears in her eyes, she raised it and held it to his lips. Ab, as gentle as ever, brought it in, sucking and kissing it up to her shoulder. She swirled it around in his mouth, almost enjoying the feel of her wrists and arm buried inside his throat.

Then he entered her, thrusting with one hard movement that buried his entire length inside her soaked sex. She moaned, twisting her arm in his mouth as he drove his cock into her body. Each pounding thrust brought a whimpering sound of pleasure to her lips. After almost an hour of it, she crested with pleasure.

Then he bit down.

She felt the teeth piercing the skin and the bone snapping. Her shoulder disappeared inside his lips, but she was rolling around on his shaft, helpless to anything he wanted. After swallowing, he stroked his hands up against her, holding her still as he began to drive into her, hard and powerfully. Sarisin had no time to adjust to the missing arm, she was his completely. She twisted as much as she could on his cock, feeling him drive up into her with his own hungers, forcing his cock into her sex until she was screaming out in pleasure.

Sarisin was his and there was nothing she could do about it. When his lips pressed against her breast, she moaned and gasped. His tongue lapped at her nipple and his lips brought the soft mound into his mouth. The heated pleasures exploded inside her at the thought of him biting. Screaming out, she felt herself squeeze his

entire length, exploding with an intense wave of pleasure that left her panting for more.

And he gave it to her.

Hard and fast, his cock drove into her with incredible force. The lack of legs only allowed him more powerful thrusts that slapped his base against her sex and drove his member so far into the depths of her pleasure that she almost exploded with her own ecstasy.

“Yes! Oh, yes!”

Her scream ripped out into the cavern as she felt his teeth pushing against the base of her breast, the soft delicate mound deep inside his wet orifice. In the back of her mind, bobbing in the throes of pleasure, she felt Ab straining to resist himself, but she was lost herself.

With a tiny scream, she arched her back against his lips, forcing more of her breast into his mouth. His will snapped and she felt him bite down. Powerful teeth pierced her skin, digging deep as she felt him bite off the delicate mound. Instead of the pain she expected, she exploded in an orgasm that launched white hot flare of pleasure after white hot flare. Her scream echoed shrilly off the walls.

Deep inside, somewhere between her stuffed insides and her mind, something popped and she felt the pleasures ram her mind into a corner and powerful dreams of pleasure took over. It ended when he finally set her down, pulling his hardness from her body like a withdrawing sword. Sarisin moaned, feeling bruised and abused, but lost in an afterglow. Smiling at him, she watched as he held her in the water.

After that point, there was no question about rescue. Instead, she learned about life without limits. Everything she needed, Ab had to provide. When he wanted her, he came inside her and the delicious feeling that she wouldn't, or even couldn't, stop him drove her into pleasures beyond anything she could dream of.

She needed him for everything. He fed her gently and caressed her body. He helped her go to the bathroom, but also was the one who wiped her clean. As she fell asleep, his hands cradled her in the water, safe and secure.

Even her missing breast, bitten off in the throes of passion, became part of her life. His fingers would caress it and she could almost feel sensations through the leather-like substance of his bite.

His fingers would stroke her other breast, the saved one and she smiled and begged for him to enter her.

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The End

12

It lasted almost two weeks.

The rumbling finally returned, but she called out to him the day before it grew into insanity.

“Ab?”

One milky eye opened from where he was wrapped around her protectively, (Yes, my love?)

Sarisin rubbed her cheek against his chest, enjoying the smell and touch.

“You are close, aren’t you?”

He nodded slowly, sadness in his thoughts, (Yes, though I wish it wasn’t so.)

Her voice became a whisper as she twisted slightly.

“I want you to be gentle.”

(I always am.)

“No, I want something else. I want you to love me until the very end. No biting, I don’t think I could take another one. Even though... it doesn’t hurt, one more is the end.”

He stroked her head, (What then?)

“You said you had hotter pools. You can swim in them, right?”

(Yes, heat doesn’t bother me.)

“Take me there? Please?”

He hesitated, but lifted her up. Unable to stop him, she smiled and leaned against him as he cradled her torso and drew her over to a steaming pool. Along one edge was the bones of Narrar. The edges of the pool were boiling from the earthen heat.

(This is the boiling pool.)

She sniffed at the tears and smile, "Please end it. Make love to me one more time."

(Are... are you sure?)

"Please? There is no rescue and I don't want to suffer one last bite."

Before he answered, she could feel his cock already growing. Biting her lips, she stared into her eyes and tried to twist to it. After a second, he changed his grip and positioned her gaping sex over the tip of his member. She smiled, letting the tears drip down her face.

"One more time."

Ab entered her, soft and smoothly. Her body, adjusted to his immense girth and length, slipped down with a long sigh of pleasure. His hands stroked against her sides, holding her one breast and the smooth surface of her missing one as he lifted and plunged her on his shaft. Soon, she was moaning as he used her, thrusting her body on his cock with hard thrusts. Every thrust sent more bolts of ecstasy through her until she was once again whimpering with pleasure.

"Now... now... now!"

To her surprise, she saw a tear form in his eye. Dark colored, it grew along the bottom edge as he stepped into the water. Wet heat surrounded her from the steam. On his face, the tear started to trail down his cheek as he lowered himself into the heated water.

At the first touch of the boiling water against her skin, she jumped and shrieked. It was hot, hotter than she expected and burning pain. But, when he started to pull out, she shook her head violently.

"No! Please... please end this."

He nodded, the tear splashing down from his cheek to her face. She felt her own tears mixing with his as he lowered her into the boiling water, his cock thrusting up and into her, driving with thrusts that seemed to flay the skin from her body. She cried out, feeling the pleasures fighting with the pain of being boiled alive.

Her world slowly became his cock, of being his. Her panting came quickly, ripping from her throat as she found it hard to breath. He drove into her, a meat spit that filled her and took over her world. If she had arms, she would have wrapped them around him, but she

couldn't. Instead, she just stared into his eyes as another tear dripped from his face. It splashed against her sweaty forehead and trailed down. Caressing her lip, she got the first taste of the salty tear before she felt the first orgasm exploding inside her.

Straining for the pleasure, she whimpered as it struck, taking over her senses as she felt his thoughts filling her with the sensations of love that she realized she also felt. Her body spasmed against his cock, driving it further until it finally burst inside her.

Sarisin gasped as the orgasm went on and on and on...

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Three Years Later

13

It took three years for Raban and Gailin to return to the Tomb. Both of them stood at the edge of the pit that took Sarisin. Neither looked down, not wanting to look. Instead, they set down a thick board and crossed over to the hallway toward the still glowing door. Raban, the right side of his face half burned away from the previous time, glared at it as Gailin mumbled to himself. Raban chuckled and patted his brother on the shoulder.

“Don’t worry, this time we won’t fail.”

Gailin chuckled again, “We are both stronger now. Not to mention the traps that little thief handled were still disarmed.”

“What else was the bitch good for?”

To their surprise, a powerful thought tore through their minds. Full of anger and hatred.

(Many things. Not that you would know.)

In front of them, the magical door swung open as Ab’asaruth stepped through it. His chest glowed as before, but the anger that filled the milky eyes sent a terrible chill down both brother’s spines. Ab squeezed his hands into huge fists as he snarled at them.

(You never came for her!)

Gailin fumbled for his sword and Raban stepped back.

“No! She was already dead! She fell down the pit!”

Ab snarled and charged forward. Gailin finally yanked his sword out, but Ab was already there. With a powerful blow, he slammed his fist into the warrior’s chest. The dull cracking noise of shattering ribs filled the air as Gailin flew back. Raban screamed as his brother’s body flew past and disappeared into the pit behind them.

From the darkness, he heard Gailin scream out as the spikes pierced his body.

Filled with rage, Raban threw up his hands, chanting the words to a destruction spell. Reddish lines of force formed from his fingers, into an intricate symbol floating in the air. With a bark, he threw out the last work of power and the entire hallway exploded in reddish flames. Ab's flesh burned and melted as his right shoulder exploded off his arm. Silent screams ripped through Raban's thoughts as the creature took a step back.

Raban gasped as the spell ended, looking at the smoking body of the creature leaning against the wall. One claw held the burned wound but the creature was still snarling. Raban stepped back again, chanting the words to another spell, a killing spell.

The words died in his throat as the creature laughed, the horrible sound of a voice not used in thousands of years.

"Fool, I've been cursed with worse magics than that."

To Raban's horror, the burned arm began to reform itself, solidifying the fog and air into a hard, hairless arm. When Ab stepped forward a second later, it was completely formed and untouched. With a snarl, the creature stepped forward and Raban screamed.

Turning around, he tripped on the edge of the pit. Waving his hands for balance, he tried to avoid falling in the pit. Ab's hand snapped out, grabbing him by the wrist and twisting hard. His immense head grew close to Raban's and he snarled again, using an anger-filled voice that hurt the necromancer's ears.

"She was everything! You abandoned her. Find the pit she fell in, monster!"

The creature let go and Raban's scream filled the hall. It ended with a wet thud as the spikes caught him. Ab stared down into the pit, at both men who moved weakly. His lips curling, he whispered a few words and the floor started to reform, sealing itself. Raban's and Gailin's scream faded as the last of the stone floor reformed into a solid mess.

Then, Ab fell to his knees and the creature started to weep.

About the Author

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

It's going to take a long time.

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

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