

Sacrifice King

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Curious Cabbit Press

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Version 1.0.0

The Sacrifice King

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The town hall of Glorn Thorp buzzed with gossip, discussions, and fear. It radiated off the weathered walls and beat against the frosted glass windows like a helpless butterfly. Disa sat silently near the center of one of the unpadded benches that stretched across the hall as her mother stood next to her, speaking with their neighbor as if they didn't say the same thing over repeatedly every since the found the news.

"I can't believe the Franome Army, the Army," she gasped, "is coming through here. They'll crush us!"

Her voice rose up in a shrill tone, but it was their neighbor's panicked-filled voice that set Disa's nerves on edge.

"I know, Dorina, and the Dorzin Militia is coming too. They are going to turn our village—"

Disa's mother interrupted their neighbor, "Thorp."

"—our thorp into a battlefield. They'll slaughter us!"

Disa closed her eyes tightly and drew her knees tightly to her chest, trying not to think about two armies about to battle right over their village. A tear rolled down her cheek as she remembered the horror stories her brothers told her, and the growing fear that pounded with the force of some spectral heart in the tiny hall. Disa felt like she was being choked with the press of humanity and the stench of terror that strangled her.

She only got a small measure of relief when the thorp's leader, Felston, pounded his fist against the podium up front until everyone silenced then sat down.

Felston looked old, Disa decided, as he regarded the room. Beats of sweat from the temperature in the room rolled down his face and he swallowed hard.

“Look, I know everyone is scared, but we need a plan.”

Cries rose up of running, hiding, and fighting until he pounded the podium with his fist.

“Now, just yelling out plans won’t help. We need something and we can figure it out,” he sighed before continuing, “Look, we all know the Glorn Plains is where this battle is going to happen. You also know we are right on the border of Franome and Dorza.”

A ripple of noise threatened to rise up and he pounded the podium until it shook violently.

“Listen! We need a plan. Stephen and Borst went out last night and the Franome Army has already set itself up along almost the entire western edge of the plains.”

More fear rose up, but quelled as Felston lifted his fist.

“And with the Dorzin Count Welim on the eastern side, we are stuck. Borst said that he saw the Ramir family-”

Disa gasped at the name. Estole Ramir had become one of her best friends in the last few years. She listened carefully, cracking open one eye as her mother rested a hand on her knee.

“-got arrested on the Franome side last night. They were taken into custody and we don’t know what happened.”

Disa let out a soft sob, then bowed her head as her mother squeezed her knee tightly.

“No reason to expect anything differently from Dorza.”

Felston’s voice cracked and he bowed his head for a moment, then lifted it up. He looked into the room with tears in his eyes.

“We know what happened to the Savo, Quorth, and Calium Villages. Killed down to the last man, woman, and child. I have no doubt that the same fate lies for us. All three of those villages were on the border, their loyalties bouncing back and forth as both countries ignored us. But with this war...”

His voice trailed off. In the front, a heavy-set man stood up.

“Can’t we run?”

Felston nodded, “We can, but we risk the same as the Ramir. If you are going to run, run now. If you hide, then pray for the best, because if either side finds you, they’ll treat you as a spy or worse.”

A ripple of fear filled the room and a few families stood up, filtering out of the hall as they went home to prepare. Disa's heart fluttered in her chest as she looked up at her mother, unsure what to do. Her mother stared firmly ahead, tears rolling down her cheeks.

"Can we fight," asked another woman.

Felston shrugged, "We have six swords, thirty spears, and two shields in the entire village."

Disa's mother whispered automatically, "Thorp."

Their leader didn't hear her as he gestured to the room.

"I'm willing to fight for this place. Six generations of my family since my ancestor founded this village. I have lived through feast and famine and my life is tied into this village. I, I," he shook, "I can't leave. I just can't."

Disa's mother nodded. Disa bowed her head again and tried not to think about the history their family had. The same six generations, she was part of the five families that made Glorn Thorp their home.

A third man stood up, her uncle twice removed, "What about a champion? Is there any way to get the The Ice Paladin here?"

Felston opened his mouth, but someone else answered.

"The Paladin is at the City of Peace. They are sieging Silth Blackblade's fortress."

"What about the Hammer of Jin?"

"Fighting the barbarians in Emberka."

"Erin Light Blade?"

"Killed in battle a month ago, over in Dorza."

With each name that passed across the room and the reason, Disa felt her heart dropping further in her chest. She sniffed and clutched herself tighter, squeezing with the feeling of helplessness and the threat of two armies surrounding her.

One of Felston's daughter stood up, pushing a lock of hair back over her ear before looking at her father.

"What about Idero? I know you sent Terar to find him."

Felston's lips tightened for a moment.

"I haven't heard from Terar in a month, not since I sent him out. But the last I heard, the Sacrifice King is a thousand kilometers away, guarding Franome's northern border against Belkim."

Despair slammed into the room, rippling through the crowds. Disa felt an icy hand clutched her heart and she felt tears rolling down her cheeks, burning hotly against her skin.

Then, a new voice rose up, resonating with raw power as it echoed through the hall and cut through the noise.

“I wouldn’t say I was that far away.”

As one, the entire room silenced instantly and eighty heads turned to face the door of the hall. Disa gasped, her face still wet with tears and she stood up to look over the people.

He was tall, nearly seven feet in height and rippling with muscles. His thighs were nearly as thick as her waist and stretched his breeches almost to the point of snapping. Her mouth dropped slowly as she stared at him, dragging her vision up until she saw his icy blue eyes staring directly at her. She felt a shiver fill her as the eyes looked right into her, then slid across the room.

He had short black hair, cut close to his scalp, and a scar on his cheek. His arms bulged with muscles. In one hand, he carried a helmet that looked like it would fit a giant. In the other, he held the largest sword Disa had ever seen in her life. It dwarfed her late father’s weapon despite the fact the Sacrifice King held it easily in one hand. Over two meters in length, it stretched above his head and glimmered with magical runes. The blade glistened from the light outside and the torches inside as the Idero stepped into the room. A massive gauntlet held the sword, but his body looked tiny inside the gauntlet. Like a child wearing his father’s gloves, Disa could see a hand span worth of distance from his wrist to the inner edge of the gauntlet, but somehow he carried the sword easily.

As he stepped down, his foot shook the floor and she stood up on the bench to stare down at them. They were just as she remembered in her stories. Massively huge metal boots, with skulls right on the ridge of his feet. Like his gauntlets, they were huge on him with a large gap between hard, muscled flesh and unyielding metal.

In the stark silence, Idero walked down the center of the hall and stood in front of Felston.

“I am Idero, the Sacrifice King.”

His voice rumbled deeply across the hall and Disa felt herself staring at him with rapt fascination. From the back, she could see that his gauntlets and boots were a matched set, with the same

human skull on the back and each one too large to fit the impressively huge man.

Felston stared in awe, then shook his head.

“And my son, Terar?”

The resonating voice spoke softer, but no less powerfully as Disa, and the rest of room, hung on every word.

“Terar died in battle.”

A ripple of shock filled the room, silencing quickly as Felston sniffed, his own tears finally coming down his cheeks. In the front corner, Felston’s wife began to sob.

Idero turned to regard the room. His icy blue gaze seared across Disa’s soul for a moment as he swept it across the room.

“Terar died with a request on his lips. For me to come here, to save you when he could not. He fought in battle for a week, just to prove that his cause was just.”

A long pause, then the rumbling words once again grabbed Disa’s attention with a powerful grip.

“I will not, cannot, deny a request of that magnitude. So, I am here to save your village.”

Disa’s mother whispered automatically, “Thorp.”

Idero’s eyes snapped on her and smiled. Disa felt a heat rising up from the focus on his attention and for a moment, she almost wished it was here. Idero let his eyes lock on Disa’s mother.

“I’m sorry, I will save your... thorp.”

Cheers rose up and Dorina let out a sob of relief, but Idero’s voice cut through the noise sharply.

“But I will not do it for free!”

A stunned silence filled the room. Felston, who had returned to his sobbing wife, stood up from the corner.

“How much, we don’t have a lot of money.”

Idero nodded at him.

“I know. Terar told me when he asked for my help. But, I don’t work on money, I never have and I never will. I have but one request, one demand. If you cannot provide that, then I leave.”

His voice rumbled through the room and Disa couldn’t tear her eyes away from his form. His gaze once again scanned the room, staring at each and every person and Disa felt his gaze burning against her skin in the mere moment he looked at her.

Felston's voice sounded frightened when he spoke up.

"What?"

Idero set down his sword and held up his hand, holding up five huge fingers. Tiny runes shimmered to the metal's surface as his voice filled the hall with the sense of finality and power.

"I demand five your teenage daughters."

Disa inhaled sharply with surprise, then the room exploded into noise. Disa's mother stood up, screaming out denials even as she stood between Disa and the terrible man who offered to save them. Disa felt her guts twisting and churning, sweat prickling her brow as the wave of noise crushed her. She clutched her mother tightly, only getting glimpses of Idero as he watched the room with fierce determination.

Then, he turned to face her, his blue gaze piercing the crowds and fixating her in place. She felt her heart fluttering loudly, beating on the cage of her chest. Then her mother gasped and stood in front of her again, pushing her out of sight of those piercing blue eyes.

Then, Idero spoke out in a powerful bellow that rattled the windows and froze everyone in their place.

"This is not negotiable!"

No one moved, no one sat down. Not even a whisper of noise filled the hall, but Disa swore that everyone heard the pounding of her heart. She bit her lower lip as she peeked around her mother, daring to twitch just a movement to look at the warrior.

He pointed down the hall, toward the door leading into the building. Disa peered around at her mother and stared at the door, where Gossin and his family stood in the door, in the process of leaving the hall when they froze. Disa gasped softly, staring at Gossin's daughter, the most beautiful girl in the thorp: Mari.

"And she is the first."

Idero's voice hit with the force of an executioner's ax. Gossin's wife let out a strangled sob, clutching to her daughter as Mari stood there, shaking like a leaf. Gossin's face turned red as he started back toward Idero, but the warrior let out a low rumbling growl.

"No, if you resist, if you deny me my price and I walk out that door. Your little village will be crushed by tomorrow's assault. Your wives and daughters will be murdered and your men cut down. You

are the enemy of both Dorza and Franome, a bump in their greater battle and nothing more than a bug on the bottom of their feet.”

His voice pinned everyone in place as he stared directly at Gossin, his gaze locking the man into place. Even the sweat on Gossin’s brow seemed to freeze in place from the warrior’s presence.

“If you obey me, if you give me my price, then your thorp will survive. You must,” his voice rumbled deeply at the word, “sacrifice something for me to defend this thorp.”

His face hardened as he glared at Gossin.

“Will you sacrifice your daughter for this village?”

For a long moment, Disa held her breath, waiting for Gossin’s response. Then, the second most powerful man in the village bowed his head and stepped aside. His wife let out a shrill sob and collapsed on the ground, Mari following as she began to cry.

Idero turned, his hand swinging toward Disa. Disa’s mother clutched her tightly, but the hand swung over, pointing to edge of the room.

“And will you?”

Disa followed the gaze were Remini, the candle maker’s daughter, stood. Remini’s skin was a glorious darker brown, from her blood ties with Melkuth, the island nation. Blood dripped from the side of her father’s mouth, where he bit his tongue. Disa could see his fist shaking, but he turned away from his only daughter.

Idero folded his hands back into a fist, then simply pointed directly to the other side of the room. Disa couldn’t see who he pointed out, but she heard his voice echoing in her head as he spoke.

“Will you?”

A man spoke up, “No! I will not let you take my Patrifa. Not now, not ever!”

Instantly, Patrifa’s father and mother were assaulted by those around them, first telling, then yelling for them to sacrifice their daughter. Idero waited a moment, then silenced them with a snap of his fingers.

“You have one hour. I saw a barn outside of town. It had the name Ramir and looked abandoned. I will use that for my quarters, for privacy and my own needs. If your daughter is not there, then I

will simply take nothing and leave in the morning for your slaughter.”

The voice echoed in the hall, then someone started to whisper fiercely at Patrifa’s father. Idero silenced that as well.

“Leave it for later. You have one hour.”

Disa watched as Patrifa and her family left quickly. She stared at the chosen teenager as she passed. Patrifa had pale white skin and freckles on her cheeks. Her eyes were shimmering with tears, but she could see the reddish brown staring fixedly at the ground as she rushed by.

Silence filled the room, then Gossin gathered up his family and left. Disa turned to look at Remini, but the dusky-skinned teenager stood alone, abandoned by her family. She had her eyes closed tightly, tears rolling down her cheeks. Disa felt her heart lurching and looked up at her mother. Dorina only stared at the warrior. Carefully, Disa slipped away, working through the stunned crowds to come to Remini. The girl sobbed quietly, not seeing her until Disa pressed her hand against hers. Remini looked down at her, tears splashing down her cheeks, then wrapped her arms around Disa. Startled by the fierceness of her action, hesitated for a moment, then hugged her back. Their bodies shook with Remini’s sobs.

Disa felt a presence against her and looked up. It was Idero’s piercing blue gaze staring at her. She looked around, but the crowds had parted around them, leaving no question to who his finger pointed to. Her mother let out a gasp, then a sob.

“No!”

Idero’s stare caught her and she felt her heart pounding painfully in her chest, slamming into her ribs with a rapid-fire blows that left her stunned. The world spun around her as she stared at the gaze and the finger, singled out from everyone in the hall as the village’s sacrifice.

He said something, but the rushing noises in her ears drowned out the noise. She felt the words slamming into her, just noise as she looked helplessly at her mother. Dorina tried to reach her, clawing through the crowds, her body slowing down as Disa turned back to the powerful man.

Unable to hear, she nodded.

Then the world crashed into her, her mother wrapping her arms around her and prying her away from Remini to hold her tightly.

“Not my baby, not my baby!”

Remini stood there, but Disa managed to pull one hand away to hold the darker skin girl's. Remini lowered herself to her knees and hugged Disa tightly. They missed the fifth selection, but it didn't matter anymore. Nothing mattered anymore.

Disa had been chosen.

A half hour later, she found herself standing in the middle of a dirt road leading to the Ramir homestead. Her mother, eyes red with the tears that rolled down her cheek, stroked Disa's hair and kept looking at her. Remini held Disa's hand tightly, unwilling to let go as she look around.

“I'm sorry, baby, I'm so sorry.”

Disa sobbed, her own tears splashing down, and she hugged her mother tightly.

“I will be okay, mama.”

Dorina sniffed and tried to put on a brave face.

“I should have told you so much. He's probably going to want to have sex with you,” Disa's stomach twisted, “and we never had that talk, did we?”

Disa laughed and sobbed at the same time.

“A bit late now, huh?”

Her mother started to laugh, then clutched Disa tightly as she began to sob. Disa held the silent Remini and her mother tightly until the cries faded. Dorina sniffed and wiped the tears from her face.

“Please, baby, just do what he says. He... he, he might want to do things hurt, but... for the village?”

Disa felt her guts twisting inside her and the world spinning as she automatically whispered back.

“Thorp.”

Her mother collapsed on the ground, burying her face in her hands as the sobs slammed into her. Disa held her for a moment, then stepped away. It felt like she had a wound being torn open again as she turned her back on her mother and walked down the road. She hung tightly on Remini's hand as they walked in silence for close to ten minutes before coming up to the old Ramir barn.

Disa choked on the memories of playing with Estole so many times, but now the barn, with its fresh coat of paint and tools outside, seemed more evil. Her stomach continued to twist and then she felt bile rising up in her stomach.

She managed to stagger to the edge of the road before throwing up. Tears splashed down as the foul acrid taste flooded her senses. Remini held back her hair until the heaves stopped, then she looked up flushed and terrified.

“I’m so scared.”

Remini, struggling with her own emotions, helped her up and straightened out her hair. She didn’t say anything for a long time, then she spoke softly in a voice filled with tears.

“At least your mom didn’t abandon you.”

Disa looked into the dusky-skinned girl’s eyes, then swept her in a hug. They just held each other until someone else joined them, walking alone down the dirt road to the barn. Disa looked up, then gaping.

“Kissoli!?”

Kissoli was a curvy teenager, almost twenty, with a friendly face pulled into a dark storm cloud. Her eyes, the color of milky green, regarded Disa and Remini. She wore her favorite dress, a sea green with beads along the bottom and a deep plunging cleavage. She only wore it for festivals and weddings. Compared to Disa’s simple brown and white summer dress, she looked dressed up. She slipped out from Remini’s grip and padded over to Kissoli. Kissoli sniffed and looked away, but Disa just hugged her.

“I’m sorry.”

She could smell that Kissoli wore perfume and she felt plain compared to the curvy, brown-haired girl, but she just held Kissoli until she felt arms wrap around her in a brief, heart-felt hug.

Remini sighed and brushed the dust from her own outfit. Unlike Disa and Kissoli, she wore trousers and a button-down shirt. The trousers were well-worn and cinched with a belt, but there was no question of the female underneath the dusty clothes. The button down shirt swelled over her breasts, slightly smaller than her fists, but Disa had to admit that she saw Idero’s attraction with all three of them.

She let out a long sigh, then Kissoli started up toward the barn. Remini and Disa followed, then stopped in front of the door. The smaller door of the red barn creaked open and they found themselves staring at Idero, without armor but still towering over him. He looked at them without a smile on his face and then stepped back.

“Come on in.”

Disa felt her body warming at the sound of his voice, the resonance that seemed to echo in her body. He felt more than human as she stepped over the threshold of the barn and stared at him. His icy blue eyes stared at her and she felt fixed in place, then he smiled warmly.

“Come, don’t be nervous.”

She felt more nervous at his words, but let him rest a hand against the small of her back. At the first touch, she felt a wash of heat rise over her, filling her. He guided her away from the door, then closed it behind her.

“Only one more,” rumbled his voice, “Patrifa, I believe.”

Disa couldn’t say anything as she stared at him. She felt the heat rising inside her body, just at the thought of what he might be doing to her. Her nipples hardened as the flush of warmth crawled down between her legs. He wore just a simple breeches and shirt, but his immense body seemed to glow with a presence. She blinked and looked around, seeing how Kissoli and Remini also stared at him with rapt fascination. Further in the barn, she spotted hay spread out on the floor, with all the blankets from the Ramir house spread out over them. Mari sat primly on the edge, nervous and terrified as Disa felt. She wore her fancy dress also, but her knuckles were white as she held the skirt down.

Idero pointed to a table set up on the edge of the bar.

“I found some light wines and foods, I bet you are all nervous so try to get something to eat.”

Disa winced at the taste of vomit in her mouth and padded over, thankful for any excuse to get away from the presence of the man who held the village’s fate in his immense gauntlets.

But, when she poured herself a bit of wine in a leather mug, the taste of it sent another wave of nausea rising up in her throat. Setting it down, she looked around to see the warrior sitting next to

Mari, speaking softly in his rumbling voice. Disa felt a weird sense of envy rising up inside her and almost drank again. Nauseated, she dumped it behind the table and looked around. Remembering her time with Estole, she found the watering bucket, still full of water, and dipped her mug in that instead, drawing a full mug of clean water. It felt better against her skin and she drank deeply as Remini and Kissoli poured themselves wine and hesitantly sat down near the warrior.

He turned to each other, looking at them long with a hard face.

“I’m sorry to do this to you, I swear that. But, it has to be done.”

Mari spoke first, her voice trembling as she spoke.

“Why? Why do you have to rape us? Why can’t you just save our thorp?”

He let out a long, sad sigh.

“Let me start off with one thing: I can’t rape you. It doesn’t work if I just take what I want, it has to be willing and it has to be something you,” he pointed to her, then the others including Disa, “you, you, and you have to decide. Even Patrifa has to decide if my help is worth what I’m going to do.”

Disa felt the heat rising and wiggled slightly. She noticed Kissoli doing the same and a flush on all their faces.

The warrior rested his hands on his thighs. Disa stared at them, marveling at the thick corded muscles that ran down the length. He was huge and she almost ached to reach out to touch them.

“But, if there isn’t a price to pay... well, when I started, I used to do this for free. No charge, no money, nothing. And then I kept coming back, I had a practical army begging me to solve their problems from a simple group of bandits to hunting down some lost cat.”

They giggled at that, but it silenced quickly.

“But, why us? Why girls?”

He toyed with the straw through the blanket for a while, then answered.

“A few reasons. One, villages like yourself can’t afford mercenaries. They charge money and only money. So, I had to find a price, a cost, that places like here could afford. I needed something that the village elders would seriously pause at paying, but if the need was great enough, then they would.”

“So... you picked us because they would think twice, like Patrifa’s parents?”

He nodded, “Yes.”

Mari suddenly grinned, “And fucking a bunch of teenage girls has nothing to do with it?”

Idero hesitated, then grinned, “Well, if I’m going to die, might as well enjoy the most beautiful women I can?”

Disa blushed and looked away. Remini giggled as Mari sighed happily.

“You mean it?”

She listened to his confirming grunt, then spotted movement outside the door. She started to get up, but the warrior cleared his throat.

“I believe we have our fifth, hold on.”

He got up and Disa sat back down, watching as he walked to the door. His muscles rippled as he moved, but his presence continued to draw her attention and she found herself unable to look away even as he let Patrifa slip into the room. She looked frightened, but more from the outside than the inside. They talked for a moment, then he gestured for her to enjoy some wine as he stepped out and shut the door behind him.

Patrifa yanked the bottle of wine off the table and sat down on the blankets with a sigh.

“I didn’t think you’d make it,” said Mari.

Patrifa sighed again, a flush high on her cheeks.

“I had to sneak out of the house. Pa and my brothers chased me clear down the road.”

“Not frightened?” suddenly asked Remini.

Patrifa shrugged and laughed a bit too forced.

“Not really. What? He’s gonna fuck us silly then go riding off to battle. Not like its the first time I’ve had a hard cock between me legs.”

She took a long swig of the bottle and threw back her dark, almost black, brown hair. Like Disa and Remini, she wore the same clothes she had at the town hall. Shorts and a simple shirt that showed off her small breasts and the perky nipples that already peaked through the fabric. Disa felt the heat smoldering inside her, trying to think about sex with the strange warrior.

Patrifa took another swig and handed the bottle over to Mari. Mari looked down at her empty mug, set it down, and took another drink before passing it to Disa. Disa help up her mug, unable to stomach the thought of drinking the wine, and passed it one. They let the bottle circle around until the barn door open.

As one, they looked up to see Idero stepping in the barn and closing the door behind him. He reached over and grabbed the massive blade of his weapon and jammed it into the door, sealing them inside.

“Your father is okay, Patrifa, but he got involved in a fight with some of the other villagers.”

“That’s pa, still thinks I’m a virgin.”

Idero grunted with amusement and sat down on a bale of hay covered with a blanket. He regarded the girls, then spoke.

“Okay, last chance.”

Patrifa chuckled, “Fuck no, after I went in.”

She started to pull up her shirt, but the warrior reached over and held down her hand.

“Give the others a chance, I have to do that.”

He looked at them, each one in turn. When he got to Disa, she felt his piercing blue eyes staring at her and a flush of heat rising up inside her. She found the strength to shake her head before speaking softly.

“I want to stay.”

He smiled at her and she felt an inferno suddenly flaming between her legs. Looking away, she listened to the other all staying.

“Good, good. Now, Patrifa-”

“Rifa.”

His voice sounded amused and relieved.

“Rifa, why don’t you come and let me undress you.”

Patrifa let out a soft coo and scrambled to her feet. She stood in front of him as his large hands reached out, stroking along her body, teasing her breasts and nipples and hips before tugging on up her shirt. All five girls let out a soft gasp of relief as the shirt slipped up over her head and her reddish-brown hair cascaded down her freckled back. Her breasts, small but perky, stood up and she arched her back.

“Lovely,” breathed the village savior and he brought one hard nipple between his teeth. Disa watched with fascination, and a bit of envy, as his large hands cupped her butt, stroking them as he sucked on one nipple, then the other. Patrifa let out soft moans of pleasure and rocked her hips. Her hands stroked through the short hair while his worked their way along her shorts, unbuckling the belt and pushing them down.

Disa felt a bit of the tension flee the barn as Patrifa’s tight ass came into view and her shorts were pushed down to the ground. He massaged her ass, his hands huge against her skin as he teased her between her legs, then pulled his mouth away.

Idero looked up and down her body, then smiled.

“Very lovely.”

“Thank you,” whispered Patrifa. She bent down and kissed him. Disa blushed at the sight of Patrifa’s pussy lips between her legs, but felt the same heat rising up inside her. She watched, clutching her mug, until they broke the kiss, then Disa let out a sigh to relieve her tension.

Idero smiled up to Patrifa, “Let me get to the others.”

He gestured for Kissoli as Patrifa stepped aside, kicking her shorts into a corner. She flopped down on the blankets with a gasp, “Damn, that felt good.”

Kissoli, less free, hesitant got up and walked over. The warrior held out his hand, then pulled her close, standing her between his knees as he stroked his hands along her body. Kissoli tensed up, but he kept on stroking her until she finally relaxed. Then, he worked his hands up under her dress, pushing them up to reveal her ass and moving up until it fluttered to the ground next to her.

Disa felt a bit uncomfortable, the heat between her legs growing and she shifted position as he kissed and sucked on Kissoli’s larger breasts. His hands stroked against her body, then delved between the patch of darker hair between her legs. Kissoli let out a sigh and spread her legs more, giving them all a view as he slid one glistening finger in and out of her pussy until she let out a soft trembling sigh.

No words were needed as Kissoli shifted away and Mari took her place, letting the warrior strip her out of her festival dress. Disa felt envy of Mari as she admired the large breasts that stood up, the flat

stomach, and trim legs that ignited the loins of every male in the village.

Idero gave her the same attention to her body as the others. Touching and stroking, nuzzling her breasts and enjoying a long kiss as his fingers slid along her slit, teasing her until they finally broke apart. He lifted his dripping fingers to her and she brought them into her mouth, sucking them clean before stepping back to flip next to Patrifa.

“You’re a slut, Rifa.”

Patrifa arched her back, “Bah, you enjoyed it as much as me.”

Remini stood up before Disa could, presenting herself even as tears rolled down her cheeks. Disa and the others watched as he held her, hugging her for a long moment, before undressing her. Remini clutched him as he touched her, stroking and massaging her ass, stroking his hands down her inner thighs, teasing them until she parted them. Then, he drew her into a kiss as his slid two fingers up between her legs. The sounds of soft squelching filled the barn as Disa watched him finger her. The thought of his fingers inside her, plunging in and out of her wet slit set the fires higher inside Disa and she let out a soft moan of desire.

Remini’s body was dusky brown, compared to Mari and Patrifa’s pale one and Disa’s and Kissoli’s tanned one, but there was no underestimating her beauty as she clutched to Idero, her body trembling as he brought her to an orgasm on just his fingers.

Finally, it was Disa’s turn. Her heart pounded in her chest as she scrambled to her feet. She felt the others staring at her, but her world seemed to fade away as she found herself caught by the piercing blue eyes that drew her closer. The straw shifted under the blanket as she brought herself up to him, standing between his legs.

At the first touch of his hand against her hips, she let out a soft sigh of pleasure. His smile held her as she felt his hand against her skin, teasing off her sun dress and baring her to the cool air of the barn. She felt naked, but somehow safe, as his mouth pressed against her nipples, sucking on the tip as she felt pleasure blossoming inside her. She ached for his fingers inside her as she felt them touching her ass, her back, and thighs. He touched everywhere but where she wanted him. Hungry for the pleasures he gave her, she parted her legs, shifting her feet to give him easy

access to the seam of her beam. Her entire body felt like fire as she finally felt his fingertips dancing along her skin, tracing down until he ran his two fingers along her swollen lips.

Then, just as she felt like her body would burst into flames, he eased two thick fingers into her pussy, sliding it along the slicked insides to plunge deep. She came, just a single moment of realization of the first man to ever enter her in this way, and she let out a squeaking noise. He grinned and slid them further.

When his fingers found a resistance, his grin faded. She felt him exploring her insides, swirling around as he explored her maidenhead.

“You’re a virgin?”

Disa felt his voice rumbling, somehow resonating off his fingers and felt an orgasm rising up again. She nodded curtly, unable to find the words. She felt him curling his fingers inside her, pulling her close. She drew up against him until her trimmed bush pressed against his chest. His other hand brought her head down to kiss him before he whispered.

“Then we will be very careful of this sacrifice.”

She whimpered softly at the idea of losing her virginity to him. She started to step aside, but he held her.

“Now me?”

Surprised, she looked at the others as she felt the attention on her. Feeling the heat rising up inside her, she imitated him, stroking along his body. She felt him gesturing to the others and they came crawling up to touch him. Disa felt their naked bodies against her skin and she felt a flush of excitement as she worked at pulling off his shirt. Ten hands reached across him, stripping him out of his shirt before they worked on the pants.

At the first sign of his cock, bulging in his shorts, they all gasped. Patrifa spoke what was on all their thoughts.

“Fuck.”

Idero chuckled, “I was blessed with a large weapon.”

Disa responded first, reaching out with a trembling hand to touch the thick swollen length of his cock. It was huge, larger than she thought possible. Her mouth dropped as other fingers reached down, freeing it of its fabric prison. It was longer than her hand, and

she could just barely wrap her fingers around it. To her surprise, it felt soft and hard at the same time, delicate yet strong.

She inhaled, breathing in the musky smell of a man for the first time and felt her pussy leaking at the very thought of surrendering to such a hard, powerful invader. Patrifa and the others finished stripping him of his clothes but Disa couldn't take her hands off the slick hardness. She explored the swollen head until her fingers were stuck with his precum and a flush burned hotly on her cheeks.

They marveled at the hard muscles and strong body until Patrifa let out a soft growl of pleasure and straddled his hips. She looked over her shoulder at Disa, who flushed as she realized she was holding Idero's hard cock aimed straight up at the swollen folds of Patrifa's pussy.

"Hold it, please?"

Disa, heart pounding in her chest, slid her sticky fingers down to his base and felt his heartbeat pounding in his shaft as Patrifa lowered herself down on him. From her vantage point, Disa couldn't tear her eyes away from watching the swollen head of his cock press up against Patrifa's pussy, then it stretched out over it and swallowed it. Disa's cunt clenched in anticipation as she breathed in the scents of excitement, male and female. Patrifa let out a long moan of pleasure as she slid down, taking his cock into her body. As the junction of their bodies drew down, Disa watched with fascination.

Then Patrifa paused.

"Um, I can take this from here."

"Oh!" Disa blushed and scrambled back as Patrifa impaled herself on his cock, drawing down until it disappeared inside her tight, teenage body. Idero's hands reached out to cup her buttocks, holding her for a moment before the teenager rocked on his cock, moving back and forth and up and down with long, strokes that left his cock dripping with her juices. Disa felt the heat burning inside her and looked away to see Mari and Remini masturbating, their eyes locked on the two lovers. Blushing, she returned her gaze to them as Patrifa rode up and down on his cock, her legs flexing with movement and his hips rising up to meet her. She marveled at how far his hardness disappeared inside her, plunging clear down to the base before coming wetly into view.

The barn filled with the soft squishing noises of sex, then Idero grunted and started to thrust up into Patrifa with harder, faster strokes. His muscles bunched as he drove into her. Her entire body shook as she let out moans of pleasure.

Then, he let out a bellow of pleasure as he drove up, plunging his cock deep into her cunt and holding it there as Patrifa let out a tiny scream of pleasure of her down. The plateau held for a moment, then Idero withdrew his cock and a flood of creamy white juices poured out of Patrifa's pussy. Disa watched, her body trembling as her fingers plunged in and out of her own pussy with rapt fascination.

Patrifa stumbled off his cock, her inner thighs wet with their excitement and she landed on the straw. Mari struggled to her feet and came over, taking her place and straddling his cock. Her own pussy was heavily furred, but the cum-soaked shaft plunged deep inside her as she bottomed out on him. One hand grabbed her breast, holding it tightly as he began to thrust up into her, plunging in and out. Unlike Patrifa, Mari began to let out a short scream of pleasure, thrashing on his cock as he drove into her, pounding with wet thrusts until she came. Then he continued to drive into her until he once again drove hard up into her and held it there with a bellow. His body trembled, his balls twitching for a long moment, then he withdrew in a flood of cum. It soaked the blanket below and Disa came herself at the sight of it.

Mari slipped off. Disa tried to get the courage to come up, but couldn't. Neither could Remini or Kissoli, so Idero held out his hand to Kissoli. She answered, flush and bright-eyed as she came up. He positioned her over him and guided her down, working his cock into the folds of her pussy. As his head slid into her depths, she dropped down on him with a sigh of pleasure, impaling herself with a shudder. He held her firmly as she rocked back and forth, not thrusting back circling her hips until Disa watched him come inside her. Instead of pulling out, he held her body and let her rock again even as the cum dripped out along his shaft. He came a second time inside her before she came with a long wail of pleasure. Disa watched as Kissoli's fingers dug into his shoulders and wondered if it would hurt, but her own fingers continued to drive between her legs, plunging in and out as she steeled herself to join in.

Remini's dusky body came fourth, but she pulled Idero from his sitting position to swap places. Laying on the edge of the straw bale, she pressed her back against the fabric and let him push her ankles up toward her head, his swollen cock poised to slid into her dark lips. Disa felt a tiny orgasm as he leaned forward, plunging deep as she let a strangled moan of pleasure. Disa crawled forward, watching as his cock pounded into Remini's pussy, wet and slurping, coated in their combined juices. She watched as his balls, each the side of her fist, swung back and forth with every drive. She moaned, breathing in the smells of excitement and her stomach fluttering with the anticipation of being next.

But, when he came inside her, filling her until it leaned out of her splayed open lips, she lost her courage and pulled back. Idero watched her for a moment, but she clutched herself, trying to build up the courage.

Mari came again, laying out on the bale and let out a moan as he entered her. He plunged deep inside her and soon was fucking her with hard, powerful strokes that drove her into the blanket-covered bale.

Gingerly, she came up again, on her hands and knees. Her mouth was opened with curiosity as she reached out to touch his balls as they swung back and forth. He slowed down, moving to a powerful long stroke that drove screams of pleasure out of Mari. Disa just explored, her fingers along his balls and briefly touching the soaked junction of pussy and cock. She felt him coming and marveled at the heat that rolled off his shaft, filling Mari up with more of his cum until it leaked out of her pussy.

Disa pulled away when he slipped out of her, but the warrior reached down and grabbed her wrist.

"Your turn."

"I-I"

"You want it."

She did, Disa let out a moan, but she was frightened. He just picked her up, positioned her on the bale and sat her down. His cock, dripping and beautiful, bobbed in front of her as he regarded her with his icy blue eyes.

"This will hurt, but not for long."

"I-I'm scared."

He smiled and in that powerful presence, she felt a bit more courage. She nodded. He took her hand and wrapped it around his cock. It was wet and soaking, but she gripped it tightly.

“Bring it into yourself.”

He released her wrist to hold her shin. Pushing her on her back, he pushed her legs up and exposed her pussy. His cock held position right at the opening of her being. She watched as a droplet of juice splashed down against her ass. He held her ankles almost up to her shoulders. Disa barely felt it as she regarded the thick, swollen head aimed at her virginal pussy.

Taking another deep breath, she drew him closer, jumping as she felt the searing hot head against her treasured opening. He leaned forward, stretched her open. She felt every centimeter as it started to enter her, filling her. She wanted it to plunge deep as much as she tried to push it out. Everything in her body screamed out different sensations as the thick cock slid between her fingers, disappearing into her body. But, even out of sight, she could feel every ridge and pulse of his heart. She could feel his cock head lodging itself right up against her maidenhead and she squeezed her inner muscles around him. He let out a groan as his muscles trembled. She could feel his desire to plunge into her.

Despite everything she feared, she let go. Her eyes drew up to him as she pulled her hand away, letting him take her.

He looked down at her, “Are you sure?”

Bitting her lip, she nodded. He squeezed his hands around her ankles.

Then he plunged into her.

A sharp stinging pain exploded in her pussy, but the feeling of such a hard, throbbing cock just barreled past it, violating her sacred sex and burying into her with a single hard thrust. She let out a scream, mixed with sensations. Her hands pressed against his chest, trying to pry him out, but he was so hard and strong inside her.

After a few moments, the stinging pain faded and she blinked back the tears. Letting out a nod, she whispered.

“More?”

He began to thrust into her, plunging hard and hot into her. Every stroke seemed to fill her up with a glorious sense of fullness

and every withdrawal left an empty void and an ache of her lost virginity. He was slow and gentle, but it still ached. Soon, as he thrust inside her, she felt him come. His cock swelled up in girth and length, then poured molten cum into her pussy. She felt it, scared and excited at the same time, then watched as he withdrew the blood-streaked cock from her pussy.

With a smile, he kissed her.

“Thank you.”

She kissed him back, tears on her eyes. He pulled away and moved to Remini who was ready for him. Disa watched as he circled the room, one girl after the other. The second time he came for her, she was ready. He took her in the same position and it hurt less, but he came twice before she could come. He withdrew and moved on, leaving her feeling on the edge of a cliff, excitement and frustration.

It was the third time he came for her that she found her pleasure. Sitting him down, she mimicked Patrifa's first position and lowered herself on his cock. He smiled, holding her breasts tightly as she bobbed up and down, dropping down on him and struggling to pull up on shaking legs. As he reached closer to his edge, he started to drive up into her, filling her with his hardness until his cum leaked out from around her tightly stretched lips.

Then, she came.

No warning, a surprise of her body as she felt her first orgasm from another. She felt it searing through her system, igniting her nerves into white-hot flames. Unable to control herself, she let out a long scream of pleasure, grinding down on him as she tried to eek out every last mote of pleasure that seared through her.

After that, it came easier, each orgasm and each pleasure. For long hours of the night, he took them without break, coming hard and fast each time until the blankets were soaked and sticky. Their only break was while he paid attention to the others. The others frequently returned to the table for wine and food, but Disa still couldn't stomach the thought of eating or drinking. Instead, she watched and sometimes participated. The first time Mari pulled her into an embrace, she was surprised, but soon she was comfortable with her naked body pressed against another and Idero's cock plunging in and out of one of their pussies.

Night passed in a haze of sex. As morning drew closer, the others started to fall asleep. Mari went first, curling up on a drier section of blankets with cum oozing out of her pussy and a smile on her lips. Patrifa joined them and the warrior focused his attention on the three awake girls. The sex grew harder, faster, and stronger. Then, Kissoli fell asleep with his cock still inside her and there was only two. Remini and Disa mounted Idero until Remini finally had to call it quits and curled up next to the others, falling asleep before she hit the hay.

Idero smiled at her, his eyes piercing her as he arranged Disa into a new position, one on her side and drove his cock into her. Her pussy, filled almost to the brim with his juices, squished but the hardness that filled her brought more pleasure to her body and they made slow, languished love until he came once again inside her.

When they both came, he held himself inside her, his hand ghosting across her body as he admired her.

“You haven’t eaten, have you?”

Disa shook her head, “I-I couldn’t.”

“But I saw you drink the wine,” his voice rumbled deeply and she felt it in her chest and her pussy. Her hand reached up to trail through the light dusting of hair on his chest.

“Water.”

He chuckled and rocked his cock into her liquid depths.

“Then, I suspect you are as clear-headed as me.”

The words too a moment to filter through her mind. She felt a prickle of fear and her pussy clamped down on his cock as she stared up at him.

“W-What do you mean?”

He seemed sad for a moment. His eyes pulled away from her to look at the pile of exhausted, sleeping teenagers.

“There is more to sacrifice than just sex.”

“What do you mean?”

His eyes returned to her and she felt his sadness clutching her heart. She slipped her leg down and pulled out of him, stretching out before him as he knelt between her legs. He stroked his hand along her inner thigh, ignoring their drying juices or the cum that soaked the blanket below.

“You know my armor?”

Not sure what he asked, she nodded. He looked over at the two gauntlets, boots, and the helmet.

“There is more to it.”

“Where? Won’t you wear it?”

“Yes, but it requires a sacrifice.”

“Like this?”

“No, not like this, but it is this.”

Disa shook her head, “I-I don’t understand.”

“My armor, it is as strong as the sacrifice that... powers it. The more someone gives, the stronger it is. From what you five have done, I can take on two armies. For someone who gives up everything, I could take on a god. But, it has a cost, in some ways, a terrible cost.”

She felt her heart freeze for a moment.

“I...”

He shook his head.

“No, a long time ago, I started drugging the girls when I did this. Just so I wouldn’t have to answer this, but maybe its time again.”

“You’re scaring me.”

He shrugged.

“I know, but it comes down to this. What would you give up?”

“I came here.”

“Yes, and?”

“I... I gave up my virginity for you.”

“And that is why I will win this fight. But, would give up more? Would you give up something that you would never consider doing?”

“I don’t understand.”

He sighed, trying to find the words. His raw presence seemed to falter for a moment and in that moment, she saw someone frightened for the first time. Then, he gathered himself as she found herself pinned by his piercing blue eyes once again.

“For example, would you give up your other virginity?”

“What other?”

“Would you let me fuck your ass?”

At the question, her ass clenched tightly.

“I... I...”

She started to shake her head, then her mother's words came back. It took all the effort of her mind to nod.

"I... anything."

He raised an eyebrow as he leaned forward. His cock bobbed with his movement and seemed to swell with his thoughts.

"So, if I rolled you over, you would let me fuck your behind until I came."

"W-Would it hurt?"

"Yes."

Fear grabbed her, scratching her with the icy fingers of terror. Her heart pounded hard in her chest, slamming into her as she stared at him. Her body felt tight again, stomach twisting. But, she thought of how gentle he was when he took her virginity, at the power in his eyes.

Hesitantly, she nodded.

"Show me," he commanded.

Trembling, she slipped her leg up and crawled up on her hands and knees, her body clenching up as she considered her position. She felt him coming up to her, kneeling between her legs.

Then, his swollen cock pressed up against the tightly clenched ring of her ass. She could imagine the pain and bit down on her lips, waiting. It was slick and hot and very hard as she felt the pressure against her opening, trying to force it open. It became uncomfortable, then grew into a sharp pain. Her mouth opened and she let out a wail. His hands slid up her side, one grabbing her left breast and the other pressing his hand against her mouth.

Levering her up, she felt her world center on the hard cock poised to enter her forbidden opening.

Idero drew her down and she felt the slick head force its way into her anal ring, stretching it out before it plunged deep into her body. Pain flared out and she let out a scream, muffled by the large hand over her mouth. A burning brand burned its way into her colon as he dragged her back, burying his entire length into her body until her buttocks pressed tightly against his hips. She let out another scream as the agony flooded through her, but to her relief, he held himself there. The spear of his cock impaled her as and she could only suffer as tears rolled down her cheeks.

Slowly, between the infinite heartbeats of pain, she felt the agony lessen. She tried to push him out, but it just felt like her body wrapped tighter around the hard length that pierced her.

Then, his mouth was against her ear, holding her tight as her body spasmed against his arms.

“Relax, relax, it will past. Just relax...”

His words were soft and rumbling, filling her with his power and she forced herself to obey. He whispered to her soothing as his lower hand released her breast and found her clit. Stroking it, he continued to calm her down until the pain faded and she grew accustomed to the hardness that filled her backside just as hard as her cunt.

“I’m going to move now.”

She shook her head, but he just rocked his cock back and forth into her, sliding it in and out of her tightly stretched ass until she felt the beginning of pleasure to fill her. He released her mouth, holding her breasts and hips as he drove into her. Pain stormed inside her with ecstasy as he found her limits and pushed them, relaxing her body until he could thrust into her with the same powerful strokes he used before. She felt caught in his powerful arms, feeling them ripple against her as he took her ass as he took her virginity, plundering it as she sacrificed everything she had.

As he came inside her, flooding her bowels with molten cum, she realized she had more.

“Y-You aren’t going to kill me, are you?”

He drove into her, filling her even more.

“No, but I want you to give up your life.”

“W-What? How?”

He held himself inside her, his manhood spasming with the last jets of cum being pumped in her body and his powerful pulse. She felt her own heart pounding in his chest as she listened.

“My armor comes from sacrifice. Sacrifice of sex, virginity, even pain. But, it has its own cost. Those who make it no longer have a life.”

“No... make it?”

“You are my armor, Disa.”

She jerked but he held her tightly, his breath against her ear.

“You and the others. You form the missing parts of my armor, but it comes from your sacrifice. The sacrifice of your life beyond being nothing buy my armor.”

The world spun around her as she felt dizzy. Only the throbbing shaft buried inside her rectum kept her centered.

“You... I become your armor? But, what about the other places you helped? What happen to them?”

She felt the tears in her eyes. He held her, not thrusting as Idero whispered softly.

“It fades. Sacrifice never lasts. For a trivial one, like giving up a daughter for sex, my armor lasts for days or even weeks. But, when a true sacrifice comes, it can last months or even years.”

“A-And...” she let out a sudden sob, “Once I become your armor, I will never be anything else?”

“No,” came the sad reply.

She slumped in his hands, pressing her face against the straw. She still felt him inside her as she struggled with a new emotional storm that burned inside her.

“Is... is that why you drugged them? So they can’t make this choice?”

She felt a different storm inside him.

“Yes, it won’t last longer than a true sacrifice, enough to win this war, but I can’t be who I am if this cost is known.”

She thought for a moment, then leaned forward to slip off his cock. Stretching out on the blankets, she refused to look at him.

“What happens to the girls who turn you down? Before you did this?”

When he didn’t answer, she knew what happened.

“They died, didn’t they?”

Disa turned to look at the village savior, the one with a curse that she only started to understand.

“Did you kill them?”

He looked away and she felt a pit in her stomach. Tears burned in her eyes and it took her a moment to realize he also had tears on his cheeks. She looked at the others, the four teenagers she grew up with, and thought about the sacrifice they thought they made.

In that moment, she had their lives in her hands.

“W-Would you kill me, if I said no?”

He said nothing.

She sat up, staring at him. The air felt cold and the straw scent that rose up around her suffocating, but she could only stare at him. He looked at her, the blue eyes just as piercing, but his presence had broken under her realization. He was a man, not a god or a hero, but just a man.

She let her mind spin and looked around. She saw the sky brightening with the coming morning, then she looked back at her friends.

Her thoughts turned to all the people in the village, her mother and friends, even her entire life. She made a decision, but it took her ten minutes to speak.

“You must make a sacrifice.”

He looked at her sharply.

“What?”

“Never again. I... I will be your armor. I will last you take my friends, and last as long as you can, but from this day forward, you can never, ever do this again.”

“I have to help people, it is-”

“No, you can never drug them again. Fuck girls, make them your armor, but they must be aware of it from the beginning, know what they are giving up. Make it a real cost, one that everyone knows.”

“I...” his voice trailed off. He thought for five minutes, staring out into the darkness. She watched him, terrified that he would kill her.

“I accept.”

It scared her more than if he tried to kill her, but Disa let out a sigh of relief. She thought to the future, then looked back.

“One more thing?”

He looked at her quizzically.

“Make me come again?”

Relieved, he did, coming to her. She spread herself out for him and presented herself. Not her pussy, but her ass. He sank into her and she felt it riding up inside her, but he started slow, taking her as her body got used to the hardness. Then, he started to pound into her again, thrusting until he came, then thrusting again and again until her guts ached with the cum that poured out of them.

And finally, she came.

It was hot and hard and explosive. It tore a scream out of her throat that echoed loudly in the barn. The intensity reminded her of everything she sacrificed, her body and her life and her friends. She felt it tear into her and when she stopped, she was sobbing.

Idero held her for a long time, then he stood up. She followed, his cum pouring out of her aching asshole. He gathered up his armor and set it down next to her sleeping friends.

No words were said as he put on one of the boots, then pulled Kissoli toward her. She watched, silently, as he whispered a prayer of forgiveness before he set her down on the ground. His naked foot pressed against her pussy and she felt a strange lurch of her stomach as he started to push it inside her. It slid open, cum oozing out around him. Kissoli let out a moan, but didn't wake up. Her breasts heaved as he stroked her, gentle and caring, and pulled her on his foot.

Disa found herself crying as she watched Idero, the Sacrifice King, pull her friend up his leg. Her pussy stretched tightly and she watched his foot form a bulge in her stomach that rose up in her chest. Kissoli let out a whimper, half in pleasure, half in pain as he slid her pussy up his heavily muscled thigh. Her body seemed to stretch as he worked her form up his leg, dragging her own legs up to his side.

Disa's tears burned like a brand as she came around him, kneeling at her friend and holding her beautiful face. She felt his foot sliding down her throat and opened up Kissoli's jaw until it slid out, glistening and steaming. She sobbed, but she held her friend's head still as he pulled her body up, sliding it up the thick, tree-like muscles under Kissoli's pussy rested right at the junction of his legs and hips. He then started to massage her body, shifting and twisting it until Kissoli's form started to shift, almost melting in his hand as it formed into a hard, metal-like substance. She looked down, then over at his boots.

It hit her, the realization. The skulls on the tops of his shoes were not just decoration. Hot tears on her face, she started to move Kissoli around until her jaw pressed against the back of his ankle and the top of her skull rested on the ridge of his foot. Just like his boots. She felt like she betrayed everything, but soon she would join them. She reached down and kissed Kissoli's head as it turned into

metal armor. She shifted the arms and hands around his foot, forming a base as they too turned into the strange metal armor.

Vision blurry, she just watched as Idero shaped the teenager's body into the side of his armor, her legs stretching out to protect his side. When he looked down, there were tears rolling down his cheeks and a sadness in those icy blue gaze.

Disa gathered up his other boot and slipped it into place, hearing it click as it sealed itself. Looking back, she could see just powerful plate armor protecting the warrior, clear up to just under his shoulder, but the rest of him remained unprotected.

He kicked off the other gauntlet with a whisper.

"I have to be wearing at least one piece for the magic to work."

Together, they pulled Patrifa away from the others. The sexy teenager moaned and bucked up against him as he pressed his feet against her pussy. The smell of her excitement rose as he worked his foot into her and her hips automatically spread open to accept the intruder. Disa knelt down next to her, running her hands along Patrifa's body as she felt internal organs and bones shifting around the foot as it slid into her. Curious, she slid her fingers around the girl's pussy lips, feeling how they stretched tight around his shin, then higher up on his thigh as the girth of his leg gave her struggle.

She almost felt envy at the girl, wondering what it would be like to become nothing but armor, but then she realized she could help with the foot again. She knelt down, kissing the sleeping form's lips as ghosts of pleasure and pain danced across her face. Then, Patrifa's throat bulged and Disa help Idero's foot out, positioning the skull in the proper place as the warrior smoothed out the upper half.

Disa put on the boot and let out another sob as it clicked into place. The skull on the top reminded her of what would happen to all of them, but she still let herself sit back to look at him.

With his giant boots on, and the thick armor of her friends, he looked immense to her. His cock stood at full height, dripping constantly as it soaked the ground below him.

"D-Does it feel good?"

He nodded and rapped on his right leg. It rang out, but it sounded solid and hard.

“They are very warm and wet inside. It is like having my legs inside their pussies.”

“Oh.”

They took Remini next. Disa kissed her, feeling like a betrayer for what she did, but she still watched as Idero worked his fingers, then his fist into her pussy. She felt a heat rising up inside her, a fierce burning heat as she watched him slid his hand deep into the teenage pussy, a bulge rising up. Disa helped, working his hand through her naked body, feeling the soft, dusky skin hardening beneath her grip as his hand slid out of her throat. Working her head around, she positioned the skull in the proper place and wrapped the arms around until the gauntlet would once again fit tightly on his hand. He worked Remini’s body along his arm, stretching her legs across his chest as flesh smoothed over, obscuring the shape of a naked woman that his arm impaled.

But, Disa could only see her friends.

Setting the gauntlet into place, she helped him take the last of her friends, Mina, perfect and flawless Mina. This time, she held his hand as he fingered her. She stroked and touched her pussy as she watched his fist disappeared inside her and traced the entire path up as the girl moaned and writhed with her dreams. Her fingers trailed along hard nipples she enjoyed herself, then helped him smooth and position her body into the proper place so the gauntlet would smoothly slide into place.

Standing up, it was her turn.

Idero stood in front of her, a giant of a man. His arms and legs were wrapped in shimmering metal, flexible at the joints without a single visible seam. She could see the organic look to the armor and how the curves flowed into place. There were not even any visible seams, but knowing how it was formed did nothing to prevent her from looking from the joints. She could still see hints of teenage bodies that wrapped his arms and legs in steaming, liquid pressure.

“A-Are they aware?”

He nodded, the stark contrast of his naked torso and cock, mere mortal size, against the giant, armor-clad limbs.

“They only feel pleasure and pain now, no terror, no fear, nothing.”

“Never again?”

His sad eyes nodded, but he said nothing.

At the thought of her own fate, she sobbed. But, despite the fear that coursed through her, anticipation and excitement also burned deep inside her. It flared with the very thought of her own sacrifice and she realized that her seconds left in the world were limited. As her heart pounded hard against her chest, she clung to life for a few more minutes and she turned around, her back facing him, and bent over against some blanket-covered bales.

“Please, one more time? Please, please make this worth it.”

She felt the weight of his body coming up behind her. Huge hands, metal but warm, dwarfed her form, picked her up and brought her to him. She felt his cock, so large and harder than she ever felt, impaled her. She let out a wail of emotional pain and pleasure as he thrust into her, using her as he pumped her down on his cock. She felt it slammed against the very limits of her pussy, crashing against her cervix before he exploded inside her, flooding her insides with liquid heat. She didn't want it to end, but he pulled her off and set her down.

“It is time.”

“What do I do?”

“Lay on the bale, with your head off the edge. It will,” he paused, “be uncomfortable.”

She did, looking up at him. His body shook the ground as he stepped up to her, kneeling down. His cock, so huge and hot splashed against her face.

“Open your mouth.”

Obediently, she accepted his hardness into her mouth. She could taste so many things on his cock as he slid it in: her juices, his cum, and even the flavors of her four friends who now made up his armor. She felt herself trying to cry, but there were no more tears.

He buried himself into her, pressing his crotch hard against her lips. She trembled, shaking with fear and determination as she stared up at his huge balls. She never had a cock in her mouth before that night, but she found herself enjoying the feel of his cock buried in her throat.

Then, her lungs began to burn and she started to twist into place. He reached down, forcing her teeth and lips hard against his base as

he scooped her up, pulling her to his chest. Her nipples pressed tightly against his stomach as her legs flailed in the air.

Huge hands, covered in metal, guided her legs to bend over his shoulder and he shifted so the junction of her legs rested right below his chin. Aware, unlike the others, she could feel her body tingling hotly, spreading out along her skin and deep inside her body. It flowed like a shock from a cold winter day, rippling through her skin as she felt her insides twist. Her jaw seemed to melt, forming a ring around his hot, throbbing cock. As she focused her attention on it, it tightened along his entire length, sealing him into a hot, oral sheath of her lips, mouth, and throat. Cautiously, she explored his hardness with her tongue, surprised and relieved to find it mobile as she tasted him.

Her chest stretched out over his, melding with the metal of her friends. At the first touch, she felt a flame of their personalities flaring up in the back of her head. They were candle flames compared to the inferno that rose up inside her, the strength of her will and her sacrifice. The flames of her friends flutters, bending from the despair of realization. Terrified that their sacrifice would be lost before the city could be saved, she reached out with her mind, bringing them into her. To her surprise, they merged with her, mixing with the flame of her sacrifice and burning brightly on their own. With her passing physical senses, she felt the armor responding, hardening into place, forming metal stronger than steel over his body even as she continued to melt.

As Idero drew her legs over his back, she became one with the armor that protected him and the girls who gave up their lives. She felt their memories in the back of her head as their bodies melted together, forming a single shimmering sheet of armor over every inch of his body. Her arms drew up between his legs, stroking against his tight ass before being pulled up his back to meet her feet being drawn over his shoulders. She let out a tiny gasp of sensation as her body sealed in place. It came out muffled around the thick cock that impaled her tight throat.

Every passing second darkened her senses, leaving her alone with the memories of five girls and the realization of their sacrifice. In the fading senses of her body, she felt her hair reaching between his legs to meld with her legs, forming a solid sheet of armor. Her face

stretched and pulled, pressing his huge balls against her face until they nestled into the curves of her eyes.

She felt the pressure growing and surrendered to it. The large testicles ground against her sockets, then popped loudly into her very skull. Her eyes just faded away, melting around the large eggs that her skull now protected.

Her body felt cold but alive as the last of the transformation energies sealed them into place. She could picture the organic armor that clad his body from head to toe. When he set down his helmet, it locked into place.

His breath tickled the seam of her being, hot and humid as it tickled what became of her pussy and clitoris.

“For now until your will fades, this armor can never be taken off.”

She felt the emotions swelling inside her, then he started to move. To her surprise, his cock thrust into her mouth, rocking in and out of the tight sheath of her mouth and throat. She felt the pleasure of her nipples rubbing against his stomach, the feel of his breath against her pussy. Then, more sensations came, of arms and legs moving inside pussies and cunts, flooding her with pleasure.

When he picked up his sword, he let out a sigh that sent a rolling pleasure through her body and through the others.

“Thank you.”

Then, Idero, the Sacrifice King, went to war.

About the Author

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

It's going to take a long time.

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

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About the Publisher

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