

**Skull-
Fucked
Vengeance**

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Curious Cabbit Press

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Swords crashed together with the sound of steel against iron. Kira grunted as her back foot slipped on the snow, skittering back just enough for her knee to crash into the icy ground. Her opponent parted her painted black lips and hissed softly.

“... going to die, Kira.”

Kira grunted, fighting back the pain that shot up her leg. Her right wrist burned in agony as the pressure on her blade ground the hilt against her chest. Her left wrist slipped around the hilt and she screamed out as she threw her strength against the other sword, throwing back the other woman a few feet. It wasn't much, but enough to scramble back on her good foot and step back. As she brought her sword into the Zi-Tam position, a highly defensive one, she favored her right ankle.

Her opponent was a stunning woman, with the delicate features of the Belkim women. Slightly slanted eyes, the color of almonds, the burned with a cold emotions of a murderer. Her pale white skin trembled as tiny motes of snow drifted down, dancing along her pulse for a moment before melting in her body's heat. Kira forced herself to pull her vision back, to take in the entire sword fighter and not the face of her family's murderer.

The woman's voice hissed again, filled with freezing amusement.

“Contemplating the end? Is it true, Kira, what they say? That a master knows the end of the fight before it ever starts?”

Kira glared at her, blushing slightly as she realized she was far from the Zen feelings she should be experiencing in this fight.

“You'll never know, Temth. I see your death in my blade.”

Temth giggled softly, a strange sound from a murderer, "You lie. You are no master and you see nothing. Fear has clouded your vision and your skill. Even that excuse for Zi-Tam is faltering, leaving openings I have to resist taking advantage of..."

Even as she considered Temth's position, Kira realized she was backing up too far near the edge of their informal arena, a tiny cliff top next to the burnt-out remains of Kira's family home. That memory burned in her mind and she had to force herself not to lose in the dreams of the past.

Kira realized she was right and pulled herself back into a proper Zi-Tam. Temth giggled again and Kira realized her opponent could have easily taken her, right then and there. She stepped back again and Temth followed, matching her move for move across the icy ground. The long black skirt of Temth's fighting dress swirled along the snow, obscuring her path as she rocked back and forth. Her blade curved slightly back, like a glittering claw, as the blade rose up behind the fighter's neck. It was called the Scorpion of Passion position, one of the animal styles of Belkim and one that struck with deadly speed.

"You killed them. You killed them all."

Temth's lips stretched into a smile, cold and filled with bloody lust.

"You already know what happened."

Kira felt rage rising up inside her. She was speaking before she could think about it. The words that came out of her mouth were not the ones she practiced years in prison and or even the more elegant speech she came up as a mercenary. It was the words of a young little girl who watched her parent's funeral.

"I'm going to kill you!"

A delicately raised eyebrow, "Is that it? After all these years, and that is the best you can say?"

Temth circled around Kira, outlining the limits of their arena. Around them, snow drifted down in mute ignorance of their history, their rage. Kira's boots crunched against the ice, but Temth's slippers, gripping yet agile, were soundless against the snow. Kira found the anger pounding in her chest. She could feel the weight of her armor, light mail blessed by a priestess with a demonic bow. It clinked softly as she circled around Temth. With her focus on the

fight, she realized she could barely feel the light silk chemise between her and the chain. Even as she briefly focused on it, she could barely feel the soft fabric.

Realizing her thoughts were drifting, she brought them back to the fight. Temth giggled softly.

“You really are out of your class, Kira.”

Kira said nothing, crouching down as she changed into the Dam-Mi position, a slightly more aggressive one. Temth lowered herself almost to the ground, but kept her fighting position.

“Ready to finally join the fight again, Kira? Ready to die?”

“You will die, Temth, you will die for every thing you’ve done to my family.”

Temth’s eyes glittered, “That sound like a fragment of a researched speech, you are ready to join us.”

Kira blushed but Temth wasn’t finished speaking in her hissing tone, “They were just meat, Kira. Meaningless pieces of meat who happened to be the ones your baron had to make an example of.”

Rage burst through her veins, “You are going to die, bitch. Right here and now!”

Kira surged forward, her sword slicing through the air. The very tip caught the icy ground, leaving a black furrow in the earth. She watched as Temth paused for a moment, then brought her sword down from behind her neck, the speed of the attack blurring in her vision. She was ready for it and pushed herself, trying to bring her blade to parry. She didn’t really have a chance to think about her next action as both blades arced through the air.

She managed to catch Temth’s blade right above her hand, the edge of the blade skittering against the hilt of her sword. The force of the blow staggered Kira back but Temth followed the blow and keeping the pressure of her attack. With a sudden inspiration, Kira twisted her sword, bringing her blade around. Their blades switched positions as Kira brought her hilt above the junction of their weapons and slide the blocked weapon down the length. The jet-black hilt of Kira’s sword snapped up. Temth barely pulled back her face in time and the end of the hilt clipped her chin.

Temth hissed loudly as plunged her own sword down. The downward-pointing blade swung down, then curved up to slide into Kira’s gut. Kira spun away from it, releasing her right arm from her

weapon enough to spin on a heel and jamming the sword into the ground. Temth's blade barely missed her and Kira completed her spin and drove her armored elbow into Temth's side. Her opponent's unarmored fighting outfit was no protection against the blow and both of them were thrown apart.

Panting, Kira had to take a breath to drop into her Zi-Tam position, but it wasn't needed. Temth stood up, easily regaining her feet. She lifted one hand up to her chin, where a tiny patch of blood began to grow from a cut. She brought the bloody fingertip to her lips and tasted it.

"You got better, Kira. So much better than that girl in... where was that?"

"In Franome City, when you killed those men."

Temth gave a little chuckle, "Oh, yes. I remember that job. You were this little serving girl who came at me with a cooking knife, if I seem to recall."

Kira blushed, feeling the scar Temth gave her five years before. She wanted to rub it, but it was too dangerous. Temth sucked on her finger for a moment, then brought her sword behind her back, a hidden attack position. Gesturing with her free hand, Temth giggled softly, a cold and cruel sound.

"Come on, little girl. I'm not planning on giving you another chance."

Kira hissed back, "I agree, you won't survive this."

Temth crouched further down, the tip of the blade dancing above her head like a creature's tail. Kira watched the waving blade with growing concern, barely hearing the hissed words.

"When this is done, I'm going to fuck that pretty skull of yours with my sword."

Kira glared at her and took a deep breath.

"Bring it on."

Temth's blade continued to wave back and forth, the hilt hidden from Kira's sight. Temth's left hand hovered just centimeters above the city ground as the almond eyes glittered with cold anger. Kira tried to remember the position, feeling even more nervous with every passing moment.

Focusing her chi, Kira brought her attention into one of the more mystical forces, one that forced her to shift back into the Dam-Mi

position. Around her, the loose snow began to tremble and vibrate as her focus grew into a single focused attack.

Temth matched her, a dry giggle before she focused her own energies. The air pulsed around her as snow began to hiss. Steam poured up around Temth a full pace in all directions. Then, the snow flash-melted, leaving drying ground underneath as she brought to focus her own awesome force of internal power. As the snow melted around her, Temth looked up with an evil grin.

“Frightened yet?”

Kira could not even respond, feeling Temth’s aura and feeling a deep dread growing inside her chest. The fear rose inside her and she realized, beyond a doubt, that she was going to die. The murderer of her family was too powerful and skilled. Even on one of Kira’s best day, she couldn’t even meet a fraction of Temth’s power.

And Temth knew it. The Belkim woman giggled cruelly, moving forward a few centimeters as the blade jerked to the right, then left.

“Time to die, Kira. Make your peace.”

Temth’s form blurred as the woman burst from her position. Kira started to parry the blow as the blade came screaming up from behind Temth’s back. To Kira horror, the blow came from the left, not the right. Somehow the position swapped hands and she was parrying from the wrong side.

She felt her heart freeze in her chest as she tried to force her body to redirect the block into something that would save her life. Time slowed to almost a halt as she felt her body moving sluggishly compared to the deadly curve heading right underneath her arm, into her ribs. With the sharpness of the blade, it would slice here almost completely in half. And her body just wouldn’t move fast enough.

Her doom upon her, Kira found a new inspiration. She changed the direction of her blow, a simple one compared to stopping the killing strike from Temth. She twisted her entire arm and body, lifting her far side to accept the blow but also bringing the point of her sword up from a low blow. The very tip sliced a snowflake in half as it plunge up right into the path of Temth’s chin.

Sharp steel slid right into pale skin, cutting deep as the fighter impaled her skull on Kira’s blade. Temth’s curved sword slammed into Kira’s side, right at the hip. Kira screamed out as she felt the

links of her chain armor buckle, then snap as the blade cut deep. Pain blossomed out from her hip, cutting through her senses but the armor absorbed the bulk of the force.

Despite that, Kira blacked out for just a second from the agony. She woke seconds later, and gasped for breath, one hand dropping to her side, to feel the blood welling out from the wound. Temth's blade still remained in her side but she wasn't dead.

Trembling, she looked up at the pale woman and saw the blade that drove up through the chin and out the very top. Bright blood dripped from her lips and the sound in her chin as her eyes fluttered. Pale almond, the last vestiges of life quickly burning away, focused on Kira.

"I... wanted... to f-fuck that pretty head of yours."

Kira stared at her for a moment, then slide her hand up the length of Temth's blade, shaking fingers dancing along the dull end of the steel until she wrapped her fingers around the hilt. Temth's slack fingers slid off the hilt as she grabbed the weapon. With a bitter wrenching scream, she pulled the sword out of her side and swung it around, holding it in one of the lousiest fighting positions of her life.

"Rot in sixth hell of my ancestors."

Swinging Temth's sword, she aimed a blow right at Temth's head. The curved blade screamed through the air, but right before it struck, Kira saw Temth die with a faint smile on her blood-flecked lips. The blade slid through Temth's skull, cutting through bone and organs without even slowing down. A sharp ping noise vibrated down the blade and Kira dropped it as the blade continued through the woman's head, dropping to the ground half a meter away.

Kira didn't see it as she screamed out in cheated rage.

"You bitch! You can't die that way!"

She punched the pale skin woman in the face. The head flew back as her own sword, sheared off at the top, slid out of the chin with a bloody slurping noise and the body flew backwards. It slammed into the ground, the top of Temth's head popping off and landing a meter away.

Kira screamed out, her hatred and anger melting the ice and snow around her, the first time she ever saw and felt her emotions.

"I was suppose to kill you!"

She screamed out wordlessly into the air, her voice echoing against broken walls and shattered mountains. She screamed out again, her voice growing hoarse as snow steamed off her body.

“You killed my family! You kill everyone! You can’t just die on me! I have to kill you!”

The last word came out as a bitter sob and she dropped to the hard ground, ignoring the blood that splashed out of her side, ignoring the pain that exploded through her body. Only the dull frustration sullenly burned deep inside her, a sudden need for closure cheated by Temth dying just moments before Kira killed her.

Kira sobbed pitifully, trying to weather the storm of emotions that tore into her. Despite her efforts, she kept going back to that mocking smile as Temth dying, cheating Kira of the need to kill her. Part of her knew that Temth died from the blade in her chin, but she saw the choice in those almond eyes. That woman killed herself, not by blade or by attack, but by the sheer will of cheating her.

“I hate you!”

She crawled toward Temth’s body, her hands and knees raw and pain-filled. She barely noticed the area of melted snow she staggered out of in her focused obsession with the woman. A hiss escaped out her throat as she loomed over Temth, staring down at the pale skin and the bright red flecks coating her fighting dress.

“You cheated me.”

Kira’s shaking hands reached down to grab the front of Temth’s dress.

“You cheated me out of my revenge. You did that on purpose.”

The mocking smile remained on Temth’s lips and Kira felt the tears splashing down her cheeks. Helpless rage sputtered inside her as she looked at the dull almond eyes, seeing nothing. She felt the need to scream, but the sound wouldn’t come.

Instead, she clawed at the shirt. Her fingers caught on the buttons, snapping them as she claws at the woman’s face and shoulders. At the sight of the pale skin of Temth’s breast, she screamed out again, tearing at the fabric until her fingers bled. As her fingers scraped against a hard nipple, Kira froze, staring down.

Her worn fingers didn’t leave many scars on Temth’s body, but she could see the marks burning in her eyes, spiritual scars of a

body she could not longer kill. Tears splashed down on the pale skin, mixing in with the blood and dripping to the ground.

Kira spoke in a low, broken whisper filled with tears.

“You killed them. You... were going to kill me.”

She sniffed, her body trembling in shock.

“You were... going to... ‘fuck my skull’ weren’t you?”

Pressing her face against the cooling skin, Kira sobbed again, trying to find some answer or even a calmness to the frustration growing inside her.

“Why did you kill yourself? I need to kill you, I need it!”

She grabbed Temth’s head, raising it off the ground as she screamed into the dead eyes.

“I need closure!”

When Temth couldn’t answer, she threw her down and staggered to her face. She limped over to Temth’s sword and scooped it up, hefting the blade before turning her back on the corpse.

“Rot in hell, Temth, rot in every hell I can think of.”

Staggered, she started to limp down the broken path from her family home. Behind her, the empty walls of her family home burned against her back. She relived the screams from her memories and she felt more tears splashing down her cheeks. She paused at a short landing, unwilling to look back at the accusing memories.

“I failed to get revenge.”

She sobbed. “I failed you all... my loves.”

The hand on the sword tightened, shaking as the knuckles turned white. She stood there, tears splashing down on the snow. Then, a trembling surrounded her, a circle of chi growing, sending waves of power away from her as her head bowed down.

Snow started to steam as Kira slowly turned around. With agonizing steps, she remounted the broken stone steps. On each step, snow steamed from her footprints, leaving a trail of burning determination in her wake. At the top, she glared darkly at the corpse of her family’s murderer. Padding over, she ignored the wafts of steam that rose up from her feet.

She stopped in front of Temth.

“You think you cheated me, Temth. You think you escaped some hell because you chose to die? Think again, I’m going to give you the same... curse you gave me.”

Kira reached down and grabbed Temth’s face. Her hand shook as she pulled her body up, her arm trembling from the effort. Dull almond eyes stared back and she shook her head.

“You won’t escape this.”

In her other hand, she spun the curved sword in her hand. The hilt rested heavily on her palm, blade curved toward the ground.

“I’m going to fuck you, Temth.” She hissed loudly to the woman’s body.

“I’m going to fuck your skull and get my vengeance.”

Her body tensed, then she rammed the sword into Temth’s chin. The thick, braided hilt slid along bruised flesh, then disappeared into the gaping hole from Kira’s first attack. When her hand slapped against the soft flesh, she released it and drove the head down. The blade tip snapped but the hilt burst through the soft gray matter of Temth’s brain, sticking out like a necromantic sex toy.

Kira stared at it for a moment, feeling her body growing tight with her realization. Her nipples pressed through the silk armor, pressing against the chain shirt. She released Temth’s head and watched as it only leaned back slightly, not falling. The obscene sword sticking out of her top and she smiled with a dark and bitter gaze.

Her fingers rose up and she unfastened her armor, working the buttons through the chain until the weight slipped off her shoulder. The wound in her side was intense, but the hatred pushed back the pain. The raw power of her anger somehow stopped the bleeding, chi manifesting itself as she slipped it off the other shoulder and dropped it heavily to the ground. Her breasts, small but rounded, pressed against the fabric and she felt her hard nipples aching with the first touch of cold air.

Kira hesitated at the moment, realizing what she was going to do, but the hatred that she felt burned in her eyes, in her body. Even the fierce disgust she felt was nothing compared to the need to get some closure on this woman.

She slipped off her silk top, exposing her breasts to the cold air and snow. Her fingers worked her pants down, dropping the chain

and leather until she stood naked in the snow. At her feet, her power boiled away the snow, leaving her feeling only cool, not cold in the icy grave.

Mutely, she knelt down and started to tear away Temth's clothes, exposing the soft breasts and working further down. Her fingers paused at the Belkim woman's stomach, then she tore open the fighting skirt, exposing the tiny hairless, cleavage between her legs. The black stubble of shaving peeked up and Kira stared at it for a moment before standing up.

She stared at the hilt, sticking out of the sticky brain and she stepped over, walking behind Temth's body and pressing her sex against the sheared ridge of the woman's skull. At the first touch of the cool skin, she shuddered. The softness was surprising, but so was the sticky sensation pressed against her clitoris. Her heart pounded painfully in her chest as she reached down to hold Temth with both hand.

Slowly, she worked her legs around the skull, shivering at the feeling of the soft slickness against her inner thighs and her labia. It felt light, a lover's touch, but the weight of the situation left her breathless.

Kira moaned as she pressed down, watching to feel the soft squishing between her legs. It pressed up against her sex and she felt the hot tingle of sexual excitement growing deep inside. Her skin felt like fire, burning with an intensity as she worked her way further up until the hilt pressed up against her stomach.

Hissing, she pressed tight against the hilt, feeling the movement transmitting through Temth's body. She rose up against it, trailing the ridges of the braids against the top of her sex, feeling every bump like a lover's cock. Her body shook violently, fighting between disgust and hatred with anger and revenge forcing her forward.

She lifted herself, pushing down on the head as she reached the top of the sword. The rounded hilt slid along her sex, parting her lips and she gasped with intensity sensations, feeling it sliding into her slick opening. To her surprise, there was only a slight amount of friction as she pressed the hilt into her sex, pushing down and feeling the first ridge of the hilt braid pressing up against her opening.

An long gasp of pleasure and emotions escaped her throat as she pushed down on the hilt, feeling ridge after ridge sliding into her, filling her with the weapon of her enemy. Whimpering, she felt it slide up into her, but she wanted to feel that woman's brain against her sex, needed to feel it buried inside her.

It ached inside, but Kira forced herself down. Even when the hilt pressed up against her limits, she forced it further down until her inner thighs pressed against the slick coolness of Temth.

She orgasmed, an intense and powerful force that tore through her without warning, as she pressed down against it. She could feel the wet squishing pressing against her inner thighs. It pressed tighter when her knees buckled underneath her, forcing the hilt so deep it hurt, but also jamming the brain right up against her labia.

Kira came again, as she buried her sex into the softness, raising herself slightly and jamming herself down. The hilt hurt slightly less, but she could only feel the slickness sticking to her inner thighs. She whimpered and jammed herself down on it again, moving faster as she held Temth's head in place.

Wet slurping noises surrounded her as she jammed herself up and down on the hilt, almost bouncing off the delicate folds that stuck to her skin. It squished and slurped as she rammed herself harder and harder down on the sword.

Temth's head bounced with every thrust but Kira didn't mind. She threw her anger, her hatred, her vengeance into fucking that woman. Her hips rose and felt, like a butcher's ax, slapping hard. The feeling of the brain against her sex was intense, even as it started to break apart from the blows.

Kira sobbed as she felt an orgasm growing. It was intense and powerful, fueled by almost two decades of hatred. It came up at her, burning and intense. She felt it searing through her veins, an inferno that cut through her insides and left her screaming. Around her, the snow evaporated, melting instantly as she came. Her scream, of pleasure and revenge, echoed against the broken walls.

When it ended, she felt drained but the frustration and anger was gone. Shuddering to breath, she forced herself backwards, letting the hilt slip out of her sex. She looked down to see bright red blood on the hilt, soaking into the braids. It felt out and she gasped with the intense sensation of being empty.

Temth slumped to the ground, the blade still buried in her skull. Kira reached down, to feel between her legs. Her fingers came up sticky and slick, from juices and brains, but also streaks of red from where she hurt herself inside, deep inside.

She dropped to her knees, glaring at Temth.

“Rot in the hells, Temth. I... I finally found my family’s vengeance.”

Kira released the floodgates of emotions, letting all the bottled memories burst out. She buried her face into her bloody and sticky and let those emotions come sobbing out.

“I... I got my revenge.”

Tears splashed down and she curled up on the ground as she cried. A wail escaped her, a dirge for her lost family, her lost childhood, and the years she spent fighting. She finally found the closure she needed and the weight of it almost crushed her.

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.