

Sheathed

t'Sade

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Curious Cabbit Press

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

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April came to a halt at the root of a thick knot of trees. Her sneakers slipped on the drizzle-soaked mud and she fell heavily to one knee. She caught herself with one hand and clutched the ancient dagger to her chest with the other.

“I’m going to wear a sport bra the next time I do this,” she panted. Normally, her small breasts didn’t need support, but the anticipation and excitement had pebbled her nipples into aching hardness.

With a nervous giggle, she pulled a tap light from her pocket and squeezed it to turn it on. A dim, red glow burst out from her fingers before she set it on the muddy ground next to her.

April knew that she was risking everything to check out her prize in the woods, but she couldn’t bring it back to her dorm room. Her roommate had enough trouble with April’s dildo collection. Stealing an artifact from the museum just to fuck it would be impossible to explain.

A pulse of heat radiated from her sex. She knew that the warm liquid feeling wasn’t from the rain.

She panted softly as she pulled her other hand from her chest. Fresh blood ran along her thumb before it pooled on the black-streaked handle of the ancient dagger. The blade was just over seven inches, with serrated edges along both sides and two grooves down the middle.

But, it was the hilt that drew her attention. Peeling back her fingers, she admired the detail of the handle. Unlike a simple ribbed handle, the dagger had a braid of four tentacles. They coiled around each other in a thick hilt that felt too thick to be usable. At one end,

the four tentacles came into a pointed tip with a carved eyeball at the end. On the other, the tentacles bulged out into a fist-width, smooth protrusion that curved into the blade.

Except for the serrated blade, it looked like a giant dildo. That thought had dominated her thoughts ever since her college professor insisted they all suffer through the Lovecraft Horrors tour at the museum. For three days, all she craved was the feeling of the hard dagger in her pussy.

With her spare hand, April rubbed her crotch through her jean shorts. The fabric was hot and soaked already. She sniffed her hand and smiled at the tangy scent of her excitement that coated her fingers. Flushed, she dropped her hand and fumbled with the button of her jeans.

Moments later, her naked ass plopped on the ground and her shorts hung from one foot. The moist air tickled the hairs of her pussy and the scent of her excitement mixed in with the smells of rain, plants, and blood.

April wasted no time to firmly grip the thickest part of the dagger and bring the hilt to her pussy. The sharp edge of the blade pressed against her finger as she used her other hand to slide the eyeball up and down her slit. The feeling of stone against her labia sent tiny electric surges coursing along her thighs and breasts.

Panting, she pushed harder and ground the unblinking eye against her clitoris. Her breath came faster as the sparks grew. She twisted and pushed down. The rounded eyeball easily found her opening and slipped inside. Her heated tunnel gave no resistance and she moaned as the eye slid deep.

She started with short strokes, an inch in and then out. The hilt quickly warmed up with the heat of her pussy and the stone grew slicker with every passing stroke. The soft slurps of her sex were drown out by drizzle, but she could feel it resonating through her body with every pump.

April gasped as she shoved hard. Her grip on the dagger slipped along the curve and her fingers jammed up against the serrated blade. The pain only added to the intensity of her growing orgasm. Whimpering, she drove half the hilt into her pussy and twisted hard.

When the thick ridges of the tentacles rubbed against her sensitive nerves, a cascade of electric pleasure rippled through her

body. She gasped and pumped harder, ignoring the sharp pain of the knife cutting into her. Every thrust pushed her closer to an orgasm and she couldn't stop until she reached it.

Her thrusts quickly brought her up to her limits, with the thickest part of the hilt coming up against the limits of her pussy. It was bigger than any of her dildos and too wide to push past even the slicked entrance.

Her orgasm sputtered inside her. She couldn't push herself over the edge until it was completely inside her. Desperate, she jammed the hilt hard into her pussy, forcing it past the tight ring of resistance. The girth stretched her to her limits, flashing into pain, but then an intense relief as the hilt slid in a few inches.

Her eyes crossed as she froze, her muscles clenching against the hardness that impaled her. The burning of her cut was nothing compared to the fullness she felt or the pleasure that the hilt brought her. The eyeball ground against her cervix, pinned in place by the pressure.

The widest part of the hilt had lodged itself along the ring of her pussy. She could feel herself right at the crux of pleasure. With a slight push, the tightly-clamped muscles would force it out or suck it in.

It took her only a heartbeat to make the choice. With the slightest push, she forced the hilt in a little more with her white-knuckled grip. The tightly-stretched ring of her pussy did the rest. Her labia slid down the curved edge and the hilt sucked deeper into her body.

April fell back, gasping as her world centered on the slowly moving dagger. Her back and hair smacked into the mud, but it only increased the speed the dagger slid deeper into her cunt. The pain of the eye against her limits was nothing compared to the growing pleasure.

Every ridge, every tentacle, every bump scraped along her senses. She gasped as the pressure grew inside her, the pain of her innermost depths straining to contain the tightly-lodged hilt of her body.

Her labia finally closed down on the blade. The sharp edges cut into the top and bottom of her pussy. They were only the smallest of nicks, but the burning spark was enough to send her into the

strongest orgasm of her life. She cried out, fingers digging into the mud, and arched her back. The pleasure ripped through her, sharp and terrifying.

April's cry filled the woods. She didn't care if she was bleeding, she didn't care if the guards could find her. All that mattered was the hilt buried inside her, sheathed in the convulsing depths of her pussy.

She writhed in the mud as her orgasm ripped through her body. Every muscle in her body tightened until her bones almost snapped and her tendons vibrated. Sweat dripped off her body as she was held in the tableau of intense pleasure.

As rapidly as it struck, all the tension fled her body. She slumped to the mud with a smack. Panting, she tried to lift her arm but her trembling muscles refused to obey her will. She panted and stared up at the stars as the sparks of pleasure faded from her vision.

"Fuck, that was... worth it," she gasped as a smile stretched across her face.

And then something twisted inside her cunt.

April clamped her hands into the mud as she gasped.

There was nothing inside that could move on its own. Or, nothing that should have moved.

But then her stomach bulged up in the unmistakable outline of one of the tentacles as it swirled inside her. She could feel it moving from the hilt just inside her body to the twisting length inside her depths.

The breath froze inside her as a second tentacle started to uncoil. Pressure inside her pussy flexed against her slack muscles and a bulge rose in before sinking back down.

She gasped as her pussy grew more liquid. The tentacles were touching her ways no dildo, or human cock, could ever hope to achieve. Despite her exhaustion, the heat began to grow again inside her body.

And then the other two started to move. Four tentacles writhing inside her body, sliding against sensitive nerves and bringing a new pleasure coursing along her body.

One of the tentacles wormed toward her entrance, forcing itself outside of her tightly clamped opening and the hilt of the dagger. The sensation of being forced open brought a renewed surged of

pleasure that quickly became pain as the movement dragged her delicate labia along the knife blade.

“Fuck!” she cried. She tried to reach down for the knife, but then the other tentacles began to worm their way out of her. They forced themselves out of her pussy, straining to her limits before slurping out. As soon as they reached air, they flailed frantically. Each one pulsed with mystic runes. The strange letters were the same color as her blood, bright crimson and shimmering.

April whimpered and tightened her muscles. Her pussy clamped down on a thick rod, the only part of the dagger still buried inside her.

The four tentacles snapped out and grabbed her thighs. She shuddered at the incredible strength that pried her legs apart. Helplessly caught in the powerful grip, she gasped at an intense pulse of heat that spread across her senses.

She clutched at the mud, her fingers wrapping around slick roots around her. As much as she wanted to reach down, she couldn't do more than grip tightly as she watched the tentacles hold her knees apart and force her back to curl until her hips rose. Her slit came into view and she saw how it was still impaled by a thick rod that was somehow inside the hilt.

Pressure rippled along her thighs and the last part of the dagger was withdrawn from her sex. She shuddered as she felt every inch of the thick rod sliding out and could see her labia clinging to the length. At the end, a thick bulge pressed against her sensitive insides as it pulled out.

Her toes curled as the end slipped out of her with a loud squelch. The end of the dagger was the eye, but now it was blinking with black eyelids. The white was all encompassing except for a pupil that locked onto her.

April's breath froze in her throat as she stared at the eye. She could see more than blackness. She saw into another world, a twisting dimension of terror and movement. Her heart slammed against her chest as she clenched at the root, trying to will herself to move.

The dagger pulled away from her, the eye still poised to impale her again.

She stared at it, unsure of what the inhuman eye was thinking. Her thighs tightened as she tried to clamp them together, but she wasn't strong enough to force the inhuman tentacles.

They pushed harder, spreading her wide open until she felt her labia splitting open and the air tickling the inside of her gaping channel.

"W-What—?" Her gasping question ended when the tentacles suddenly tightened and the dagger flipped over. Where a single eyeball was once pointed at her sex, now a seven inch blade sparkled inches from her clitoris.

"No, no, no," she gasped and shook her head. "No, you can't do —!"

The tentacles tightened and the dagger drew back. She could feel them forcing her legs apart and twisting her body up. She had a terrifying clear view of her pussy and the dagger about to impale it.

She strained with all her might, but she couldn't move.

The tentacles plunged the dagger in. The blade impaled her sex with a single stroke that drove the entire blade into her cunt. There was the briefest moment when there was nothing but pleasure at being impaled.

And then the pain burst inside her. Wet burning agony that forced her body to clamp down on the knife. She felt every sharp edge as her slick walls gripped its length.

The tentacles yanked it out of her. The blade sparkled with her blood as a fountain of crimson burst out of her body.

April's scream ended when it slammed back into her, driving in with enough impact to shake her entire body. The fountain of blood stopped almost instantly. The blade hummed inside her, vibrating inside her sex.

She sobbed in pain and terror.

Tentacles yanked the blade out and blood exploded out of her body. When the knife slammed back in, she felt the entire length being shoved into her pussy and the tip nicking the entrance to her womb.

April's body shuddered and the scream died in her throat. She couldn't take more, but she was helpless as the tentacle drove the knife into her with hard, brutal strokes. With every thrust, she felt it burying deeper into her body, piercing her labia and cervix with

every stroke. Soon, blood coated her thighs, mound, and stomach in thick sheets of crimson.

The pain grew into a sharp agony as the serrated edges shredded her pussy. She jerked with every thrust, wondering how much she could take until her mind cracked and she bled to death.

It didn't take long. An explosion of blackness coursed along her body, an orgasm born of suffering instead of pleasure. It rippled along her nerves, setting each one on fire and leaving her body shuddering. Her gasps grew loud, mixed in with the wet smacks of the knife impaling her cunt with powerful strokes.

April froze. She watched as the tentacles pierced her sex, but the agony had grown too much until it was simply a sensation, like an orgasm that was too powerful for her. She watched her body shuddering as she was taken, the knife thrust deep into her body with the tentacles once again forcing her open as the knife pierced her womb.

With every withdraw came a shower of blood, but it stopped when the blade impaled her. She felt every sharp edge, but she couldn't tell if it was pleasure or pain that wracked her body.

Her body shook with the wet impacts. The base of each tentacle was disappearing inside her body, bulging her pubic mound and stretching her wide open. The blade impaled her like some cock, but deeper than any man would ever reach. She felt every tooth as it scraped through her cervix and her inner walls.

Between one stroke and another, the dagger froze. Blood fountained out of her ruined sex and coated the length of the blade. Crimson droplets clung to each serrated tooth. More of it soaked her thighs and body. Rivers of her fluids dribbled down the planes of her body and pooled in her navel and against her still-hard nipples. The stench of blood and the tang of sex filled the air, drawn in by her gasping breath.

April sobbed and shuddered. Without the blade inside her, she felt as empty as when she pulled out her favorite dildo. An ache radiated from inside her, a hungry desire to be filled.

"Pl... please?" she whispered through blood-flecked lips.

Tentacles bulged and then the knife came down one last time. It impaled her sex and drove deep, ripping through her flesh until it

reached the ruined opening of her womb. Every tooth cut along her senses pushing her into a black-sparked orgasm of agony.

The tentacles ripped from her legs and coiled up behind it, sliding into her body and tearing her apart. She felt them braiding once again inside her, stretching her inner walls to their limits as the knife sheathed itself to the hilt against her most precious of entrances.

April screamed. Her body exploded into sensation, black and white coursing along her curves until the world swirled around her. One hand slipped from the roots and she clutched for her sex.

Her folds were shredded by the blade but she felt no agony. Her questing fingers found her clitoris, cut in half by the dagger and dripping blood. She started to explore her ruined labia, but the tension in her arm fled and she slumped back.

Inside, the tentacles recoiled themselves and her toes curled from the pleasure of the unearthly artifact settling into her sex.

Her breath came out in a long wheeze that scraped her throat. She closed her eyes and listened to the steady thump of her heart slowing down and the splatter of rain.

April was dying. She had become a sheath to the dagger and it would kill her. She knew she shouldn't have stolen it, much less tried to fuck it. It was her last, fatal mistake.

Even feeling her mortal coil ground against her womb, she felt no regret. It may have destroyed her body and killed her, but the brief moment also gave her the orgasm of her life.

She smiled and lifted her face to the rain that began to fall faster. It was a good way to die.

About the Author

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

It's going to take a long time.

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

t'Sade

About the Publisher

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