

## The Dark Knight

By Angela Knight

It was night when I left the city, my bedroll slung across my back, my wages a weight of gold at my belt. Behind me I could hear feminine screams, triumphant male bellows, the crackle of burning buildings.

The sack of Trovan's capital had begun.

I had fought for this victory as hard as any mercenary in milord Britar's service, but I had no taste for the spoils. Nor have I ever had such a taste; I feel far too much sympathy for the women, warriormaid that I am. Sympathy -- and perhaps something else.

For among the conquerors this night is Kaska, taking his dark pleasures in the name of his dark god. Kaska, who for a year was my sword brother, though in all logic a Maid and a follower of the Dark One could never be anything but enemies. It's said, after all, that the god of conquest loves nothing so much as the moans of a defeated Maid; I would have expected Kaska to challenge me at the first opportunity. Yet we fought side by side for six months before I learned what he was.

When I asked him why he hadn't called me out, he told me, "We are contracted to the same master; in honor, I couldn't deprive milord Britar of one of his warriors." Then he gave me a slow, white smile. "But if I'd met you on the field of battle, the Dark One would still be savoring the nightly sacrifice of your cries."

Ignoring a trickle of heat at the thought, I tossed my head. "More like your god would be savoring the acid gall of disappointment."

His smile had merely broadened.

Now I suspected he'd only been kind, perhaps sensing my feelings for him. How could it be otherwise? I would have known if he'd felt something deeper for me; Kaska was too bold to hide his desires.

For months we'd watched each other's backs, fought shoulder to shoulder, even shared a tent, yet never had he made the slightest advance to me. Now, trudging away from Trovan's burning city, I suspected he'd simply felt no attraction at all. Warrior that I am, almost as tall as a man -- though not so tall as Kaska himself -- lean muscled and combat toughened, I bear no resemblance at all to the petite blonde captive he'd enjoyed three days before.

We'd been ranging in advance of the army at the time, just the pair of us, when we'd caught her sneaking toward the city carrying a report of milord's troop strength. Evidently she'd been posing as a camp follower.

She broke quickly enough, telling Kaska everything he wanted to know before he even had a chance to begin interrogating her. I suspect that disappointed him; the Dark One's warriors are said to relish such opportunities. But if so, he hid his disappointment well, stripping her slim body and binding her hand and foot.

I started to slip out of the tent then, but he looked up at me. "Stay, Matia. Though you're a warrior indeed, this is one pleasure of conquest you'll never know."

Nor, in truth, did I have any desire to know it. Yet then he began to strip, and I was caught. Kaska, though he could be as shameless as any other warrior, was modest around me. True, I'd secretly admired the width of his muscled shoulders, the strength of his powerful thighs, the rippled muscle of his abdomen, but I'd never seen the bare, hard thrust of his cock, and the prospect intrigued me.

I was not disappointed. His flesh blade was every bit as thick and long as my secret dreams; the spy whimpered a bit as he turned back toward her, the sound mingling fear and anticipation. I half expected him to fall on her and begin thrusting like the bull his cock suggested, but I'd underestimated him. Instead, Kaska went about seducing his captive, sipping delicately at her small, pert breasts until my own much larger ones ached.

A big hand slid between her thighs, stroking her pink petals and fingering her bud until they began to glisten with her passion. She moaned, tossing her head, fine blonde hair swirling around her face.

Suddenly I realized my own hand was rubbing against my mound, the other brushing one breast. I swallowed.

Abruptly Kaska rolled the little spy over on her belly. Looking up, he locked his crystalline blue gaze into mine. "There is a legend among the Dark Warriors," he said, in a voice as rich and hot as whiskey. "When the Dark One made women, he gave them two openings. One, he told the first brothers, was for pleasure and the getting of children. But the other was forbidden to the common run of men. Do you know why?"

I licked my lips. "No."

"Because he wanted to make sure his Dark Warriors would have tight virgin holes to enjoy after a conquest. To this day, the symbol of victory in our language is derived from the image of a kneeling bound woman." Using both big hands, he spread his captive's pale, narrow cheeks. "Look at her. So lovely, so female. So helpless. She knows she's soon going to feel my hard cock in her ass, and there's nothing she can do about it. It's my right as her conqueror." Extending a big forefinger, he touched her tightly furled anal bud. Slowly, he began to press. She moaned as it sank in a bare fraction. He looked up and smiled into my eyes, his own burning and bright. "Oh, she's tight, Matia. She's going to be a delicious fuck."

And she was. He greased her well with a jar of butter, taking his time, describing to me all the while how hard his cock was, and how tight she would feel around him. Then, as I watched dry-mouthed, he mounted her and pressed the thick, round head of his flesh blade to her backhole. He entered very slowly, the tiny pink anus stretching desperately to accommodate his size, until he looked as though he'd split her open. And indeed, her moans and whimpers sounded as though he was doing just that.

But as he rocked in her, I heard the tone of her cries change, taking on a note of shamed hunger. Finally, I saw her begin to lift her hips for his entry, until she was thrusting hungrily up at the cock that was so brutally reaming her. She screamed out her climax just before his bellow of triumph.

My heart was pounding hard as I turned to find to my own pallet, but he called my name before I could crawl into it.

He'd withdrawn, and was holding his limp victim's cheeks apart. Her abused anus pouted, red and swollen from the hard fucking he'd given it, glistening with butter and pearly drops of male cum. "After we take Trovan," he told me softly, "every pretty woman in the city will end the night like this."

At last, I escaped to my pallet. But though Kaska and his spy were soon deeply asleep, I tossed and rolled, remembering the way his massive flesh blade spread her to splitting.

And, may the goddess forgive me, in the depths of my heart I wished that brutalized backhole was my own.

I would have expected Kaska to keep the little blonde spy for his own use, but the next morning he found another dark warrior in milord's service and gave her to him. The fellow gave me an odd, amused look and took her away.

Now I puzzled over that. Perhaps Kaska expected to find other captives during the sack of Trovan.

"Matia."

I felt a leap of joy at that deep, familiar voice, and turned with a smile. "Kaska. I expected you to be buried to the balls in someone's ass by now."

He drew his sword. "Oh, I will be soon enough."

My jaw dropped as I stared at him. He'd cleaned away the sweat and blood of combat, and his long black hair was swept back and tied neatly. There was a white grin of anticipation on his handsome, sharply cut face. From the way he held his blade, I knew he was serious. "You're challenging me? But I thought ...."

"You are no longer in Lord Britar's service, Matia. And neither am I."

The light began to dawn. "All this time, you've been deceiving me." Rage surged through me, burning away the cold shock. My hand flew to my side, and I jerked my sword from my scabbard. "Your god will taste disappointment today."

His blue eyes widened as I drove at him, swinging my blade in a wide, deadly arc. His surprise was such that he barely parried my attack in time.

"Such astonishment," I snarled. "Did you think that after pretending friendship all these months, you'd be safe from me? Did you expect me to go to my knees and spread my own cheeks for your pleasure? The god fuck you, Dark Spawn!"

He recovered quickly, meeting my hard, slashing attack with his own steady blade. "Our friendship was never pretense," he grunted, deflecting my wild swing at his head. "Yes, perhaps at first. When I came upon you fighting those brigands, I meant to challenge you after we killed them."

"But you didn't. Did you think I'd be too much for you?" I swung again, but he parried it with an insulting ease that demonstrated just how foolish that idea was.

"You were hurt in the fight, if you'll recall," he said coolly, blocking a thrust at his groin. "I could hardly have challenged an injured Maid; the god would not have been pleased. And then, as I was tending you, you told me you were in Britar's pay. After that, challenge was out of the question."

"But why deceive me for all these weeks? You could have hunted me down after I left Britar's employ; it wasn't necessary to lie."

"I never lied." I could see the first flares of temper in his eyes. "I protected you as tenderly as any man protects his woman."

Realizing I couldn't get through his guard, I pulled back and began to circle around him, looking for an opening in his guard.

"Now I have a question," he said, his eyes blue and watchful. "You stayed with me, even shared a tent with me, even after I let you know I was one of the Dark Brethren. Yet you know how we prize the Maids; the Dark One prefers their sacrifice over any other, because you serve Jitai, goddess of the night. The conquest of one of you puts her at his mercy. Yet knowing that, you stayed. Why, Matia?"

"You were my sword brother," I said bitterly. "I did not think you would treat me so."

"Then you deceived yourself. I warned you the only thing that kept me from taking you was our mutual service. Yet you stayed. Days ago I even demonstrated what I would do to you with that little blonde, yet still you stayed, though you knew you'd be leaving Britar's service, and would no longer be exempt from challenge."

"I knew nothing of the kind," I snarled.

"You did know." He smiled slowly. "And what's more, I think you want it. The idea of being bound and helpless while my cock tunnels up your virgin ass makes you burn."

"Bastard!"

"Did you think I didn't see the look on your face as you watched me spread that girl? Did you think I didn't notice your hands between your thighs as I forced my shaft into her untouched backhole?"

I swung my sword in a singing arch, but he parried it with ease.

"She was so tight, Matia," he purred, "so hot and well-greased, and she gripped my cock so hard. Yet the way you watched me drill her was what truly made me burn."

I hacked at him, but he danced aside.

"You wished it was you, Matia. I could see it in your eyes."

"I'm going to kill you, you son of a whore!" I lunged at him.

"You wanted me to forget her and fling you down and ram my hard cock right up your hungry little backhole..."

Rage made me slow. This time, when I thrust my sword at him, I was too late pulling back. He caught the blade in the quillions of his own weapon, twisted, wrenched upward.

The sword flew out of my hand and landed fifty feet away.

I was still staring at it when his muscled arm snapped around my waist, jerking me against every hard inch of him. I felt the cold steel of his blade brush my throat. Dragging my head around, I looked up into his eyes. Up into lust and hot male triumph.

I froze, all my strength draining away.

"How many nights have I dreamed of this moment," he said, his voice rumbling. "How many nights have I watched you as you slept, staring at your high, round breasts, your long thighs. Watching you roll over, seeing the way your muscular little butt curved in sweet invitation. And I'd grab my cock and fist it hard, dreaming of this ..."

With a wrench of his powerful shoulders, he spun me around and began to force me face down on the ground. Dazed, I struggled weakly. Was he going to take me now? Here? Where anyone could see?

He caught my arms, brought them behind my back. Twisting, I watched him pull out a length of rope and began quickly tying my wrists. I knew I should fight -- if it had been anyone else, I'd be struggling like a hellcat -- but instead I lay still, paralyzed.

"The night after I took the blonde, you got very drunk. I'd never seen you drink like that; I wondered what you were trying not to think about." He was roping my ankles now. "You passed out. I'd had a bit to drink myself, and when I looked over and saw the way you lay on your belly, tunic pulled up to bare an ass clad only in a rump cloth, I couldn't resist. I went to you and pulled the cloth away, and looked my fill at that round, tight little butt.

"I smelled something, a hint of female musk. When I reached between your thighs, I found you hot and wet. And tight, so tight, tight as maid indeed. God, I was tempted. My cock was hard as a sword. I couldn't resist spreading your cheeks for a look at your other opening. My fingers were creamy from your pussy, but still your tiny anus resisted my forefinger. You were tighter even than the blonde .

With my other hand, I took hold of my aching rod and began to seek relief while I explored your backhole. Sliding my finger in and out, watching the way you pulled and sucked at it, I imagined you were bound and waiting for me to take you. So there I was, fisting my cock and finger-fucking you, when suddenly you moaned my name.

"I froze, cold sober, wondering how I was going to explain this to you. But then you lifted your hips so that my finger slid even more deeply into your backhole. 'Kaska,' you whimpered. I knew then what you were dreaming of that had made you so wet and hot."

He straddled me and deliberately pressed his hips into my rump. Feeling how thick he was, I fought a moan.

"So I began to finger your rectum in earnest, rubbing your clit with my thumb while I stretched you with long strokes, first one finger, then two, then three, jerking hard at my cock while I watched your anus struggle to take me."

I barely suppressed the urge to grind up into his menacing hardness.

"And all the while you kept pumping your hips, taking my fingers and groaning. You had to have been awake, yet the next morning I could tell you didn't remember any of it."

"I thought it was a dream," I whispered, shivering. "Even when I felt the soreness, I thought I'd imagined

it."

He laughed, a liquor-hot purl of sound, and lifted off me so he could turn me over to face him. "Well, you certainly won't be imagining your sore little backhole tomorrow. You'll be lucky if you can walk."

Kaska's eyes were fever bright as he looked down at me; eyes that owned me and savored that ownership, anticipating the possession to come with frank lust. "I gave you your first anal orgasm that night. I could feel you squeezing my fingers as you came. And then, Matia," He crouched low over me until his face was inches from mine, "...And then I withdrew my fingers and held your cheeks apart so I could look at your swollen bung as I climaxed. And I made sure I hit that tiny pink virgin target with every single jet of sperm, until my cum ran down your crack in a white stream.

"But tonight it all goes in you, as deep as I can reach; every single drop. Tonight anything that rolls down your ass will be leaking out of a well-reamed hole."

Then his mouth dropped down to mine, and his kissed me, hard, deep, hungry, a kiss of conquest and ownership.

Helpless, limp with desire, I opened my lips and let him take me as he would, accepting each deep thrust of his tongue, moaning as he bit delicately at my mouth. All I could think about was the image he'd created; Kaska, looming over me in the darkness, examining and penetrating my backhole, masturbating as he planned to take me prisoner and ream that virgin orifice with his enormous cock.

When he suddenly got to his feet and bent to throw me over his shoulder, I didn't struggle, though I knew I must look like some helpless female captive on her way to be raped by her conqueror.

That was, after all, exactly what I was.

He carried me back into the city, caressing my bottom and thighs as he walked. I shivered, too dazed with lust to do anything else. Finally I roused myself enough to ask, "Where are you taking me?"

"There's a Temple of the Dark One here. The Brethren in Britar's service have appropriated it for our own use."

At that I shivered again. It was said that any woman who went into the Dark One's temple came out as a warrior's slave. I'd suspected that was the fate Kaska intended for me; now I knew. I considered, briefly, putting up a fight. Then he caressed me again, and the feeling of his hand stroking my bare thigh sent such lightning arching through me I knew there was no point.

I'd been Kaska's slave for months. I just hadn't realized it until now.

The Dark One's temple lay in the Temple Quarter, a brooding, black marble building with thick stone columns topped in rounded capitals. Looking at them over Kaska's shoulder, I realized they resembled nothing so much as erect cocks. Still, it was a surprisingly sedate building, for such a den of sex and blood.

At least I thought so until he carried me inside, when it became all too obvious just what kind of god the Dark One was. Near the entrance the black walls were sculpted and brightly painted with scenes of battle; depictions of warriors hacking their way through the ranks of lesser men, splitting skulls and ripping bellies. In the center, they stormed a great city, and rode triumphant through its gates.

From there on, the walls depicted raw sexual conquest; bound women writhing under the cane, having their nipples tortured, being fucked and sodomized, submissively sucking hard warrior cocks.

And at the center of it stood a statue of the Dark One. Carved in black ebony, he stood naked and massively muscled, his twin cocks thrusting outward, one set below the other. In his righthand he carried two severed male heads. In the other, he held two ropes, each tied loosely around the neck of a naked female captive. The first one knelt beside him, staring up at him in supplication as she lifted her bare breasts to him in offering. The second crouched with her head down and her curving ass in the air, holding her rump spread with her hands, looking over her shoulder at him with a pleading expression. Yet the idol's attention seemed focused on the alter before him, where a very living woman lay, bound bottom upward.

Charmar, one of Kaska's comrades in arms, was slowly driving a double headed dildo in and out of the woman's anus and pussy. I noticed that her buttocks were stripped, as though Charmar had just finished caning her. Yet she was moaning in shamed pleasure, writhing helplessly in the grip of an approaching orgasm.

Looking up, Charmar saw Kaska walking toward the alter with me slung over his shoulder. To my embarrassment, he grinned. "I see you finally took the little warrior. And wonder of wonders, neither of you have lost a limb in the process."

Kaska laughed, his broad chest vibrating. "She was so furious at my deception she didn't fight with her usual skill." He sobered. "The Dark One was with me. I was afraid she'd force me to hurt her."

"Good fortune indeed. I'll admit I didn't see how you'd ever capture the little hellcat in one piece." He drove the dildo deep, and his victim gasped out a strangled cry. "That's it, my captive. Come on the Dark One's cocks."

She screamed and climaxed, her eyes squeezed shut, her face contorted.

"Finally," Charmar muttered. He pulled his knife and cut her free, leaving the double dildo in place. Dragging it out at last, he pulled her to her feet, then guided her over to kneel at the statue's feet.

She looked dazed, well-fucked indeed. "Say the words as I've taught them, little prisoner."

Swaying, the naked redhead licked her lips and looked up at the Dark One's idol. "Your Dark Warrior, Charmar, has taken me captive, but it was my own torment and pleasure that made me his slave. With my every moan and scream, I will thank you for giving me to such a master."

Charmar grinned up at the idol. "My gratitude for your lush gift, Dark One. I hope my sacrifice of her gave you as much pleasure as it gave me." Catching his captive's head by the hair, he pushed it into the idol's stone groin. "Show him your submission now, Amria."

Obediently, the girl opened her mouth and sucked first one, then the other of the thick marble cocks. Then Charmar pulled her to her feet. "Come, slave. It's time to get your backhole split." Picking her up, he swung her over his shoulder and rolled his eyes at Kaska. "I vow I'm hard as the Dark One's marble rods. She rolled her rump most delightfully under her flogging." He grinned suddenly, eyeing my butt. "Yet still I find myself envying you."

Kaska laughed. "Go ream your slave, Charmar. I'll take care of mine."

He didn't even wait for Charmar to leave the room before he lowered me to the cock-shaped altar, cut my bonds, and started tying me spread eagle to the rings that hung from its side. Dry-mouthed, I offered no resistance at all.

Once I was securely lashed, he went to work on my leathers, cutting away my breastband and loincloth until I lay naked. The air was cold on my nipples, and I shivered. The Dark One's idol stared down at me, its carved features wearing an expression of lustful enjoyment.

The look on Kaska's face matched it. "My gratitude, Dark One," he said softly. "At first I didn't understand why you'd send me such a prize, then make it impossible for me to take her for so long. Yet the pleasure of this moment would have been so much less had I enjoyed her a year ago, and I would never have known the courage that lies under these ripe breasts."

He licked his lips, staring fixedly at them. "And such breasts. Long pink nipples begging for a man's teeth, tilting and saucy as they ride her white mounds. Below them, the sable silk of her pussy hides her creamy rose lips, just as the tight, round curve of her muscled ass guards that virgin bung. Long fighter's legs, and strong slim arms, big dark eyes that shimmer so brightly with her passions. Soft pink mouth designed to suck a man's cock, sable hair swirling to her waist. Surely you have never gifted a warrior with a slave so lovely ... or so tempting."

His blue eyes narrowed. "Tonight I'll thank you properly for your gift, Dark One."

Breathing hard, I watched as he stripped his leather tunic from his muscled torso, then untied a large pouch from his belt. From it he drew a familiar length of wood, topped with three strands of braided silk, each no more than three feet long. I blinked, recognizing it.

He'd made the thing a couple of weeks ago, whittling the butt and braiding the silk as he sat in our tent. I'd asked him what it was, and he'd told me it was a ritual tool. He'd made several such items, as I recalled. Uneasily, I wondered if he intended to use them all on me.

Then Kaska unlaced the flap of his breeches. His rigid cock sprang free. I felt a burst of heat. Was he going to take me now?

Instead he took up a place by my shoulders and lifted the carved wooden butt. "It's time to dance for the Dark One, Matia," he said softly, in a voice like brown velvet.

He snapped his wrist. The braided cords swished down, curled around one stiff pink nipple in a stinging bite. With a gasp, I arched my back. A second snap, this one hitting the other hard point. "Kaska!" I cried, writhing.

"That's it," he purred. "That's a dance to make even a god hunger."

With that he began to torment me in earnest, cracking the light little whip at each breast in turn, painting fire over my skin. The lashes were so thin and delicate they didn't cut me, but the sting was ferocious, and I twisted and gasped under it. All the while, Kaska watched, his cock hard and purple, bouncing with every snap of his arm.

Suddenly I became aware of the idol's stone face looking down at me. Its black eyes were no longer empty, but burning red. As my stiff, pointed nipples swelled under Kaska's whip, I thought I could sense a presence there, something powerful and dark and alien. And very, very male.



Kaska paused to admire my breasts with a conqueror's satisfaction. "You know, the night I worked on this whip, you were wearing that loose cotton tunic of yours, sitting between me and the fire, kneeling as you polished out a spot of rust on your armor. The firelight silhouetted your tits, and they bounced as you worked. I braided the lash and imagined the way they'd jiggle when I whipped your nipples."

Then, lips curving into a lustful grin, Kaska proceeded to make them jiggle indeed with a series of skillful snaps that took my breath away. Only my warrior's disciplines kept me from screaming as he tortured the pointed red peaks.

At last he tossed down his whip and moved to stand between my thighs. Before I knew what he was about, he lowered his head and thrust his face against my mound. I jerked. A hot, wet tongue pushed between my lips, stroked the tender flesh. Then, as my nipples stung from his skillful torment, Kaska began to suck and nibble my sex with a skill that was even greater.

And while he licked so delicately at my clit, his big, rough hands stroked my thighs, my belly, my hips. Finally they found my aching breasts and soothed them with gentle caresses. In moments I was writhing again, but with delirious pleasure, pleasure so great that even the burn of my abused nipples was nothing but a luscious counterpoint.

It seemed the idol's eyes were glowing even brighter.

Kaska gently inserted a big finger into my cunt. It slid easily inside, slipping through the hot cream of my arousal. Twisting his hand, he began to screw in and out with a penetration that kicked my delight even higher.

Then he slid in a second finger -- but this one went up my ass. Slowly, thick and burning. I arched my back and screamed with the first waves of orgasm. Sensing surrender, Kaska caught my clit in his mouth and began to suck hard, simultaneously thrusting his fingers in and out. I convulsed. Lifting his head, he locked his eyes with mine and jammed deep and hard inside me, holding his fingers there as I shook and screamed.

In the aftermath, I was barely aware of being untied, lifted, turned bottom upward, and retied. This time the whip Kaska pulled from his pouch was much heavier, and his target was my helpless rump. The first hard blow bit even through my languid pleasure, and I howled in shock.

Yet my sword brother showed me no mercy. Again and again he struck, painting first one cheek and then the other with molten stripes.

Still, even in the chains Kaska forged for me, I remained a warrior. I knew pain, knew how to embrace it, how to ignore it or use it as I pleased. And so I turned the tables on my sword brother to inflict my own kind of torment even as he flogged my burning ass. Deliberately, I slowed the instinctive plunge of my hips, turning it into a seductive roll that kept time with his lash.

Kaska had said he loved my rump, and I made sure he had a good look, lifting my thigh, flexing my thighs, knowing the pose would reveal my sex. I heard him growl in lechery. Slowly, I lowered my pelvis, though the whip stung my skin like a wasp, over and over, as if to spur me on.

Deliberately, I began to grind up and down, side to side, feeling the tip of the lash strike faster and faster, as though I was driving him into a frenzy of lust. I shuddered with pleasure, imagining what he was thinking, imagining his hunger.

\*A fitting sacrifice indeed.\*

I blinked, breaking rhythm, as the dark male voice rolled through my mind.

\*In all the years since my race came to your world, I have never seen a captive embrace her fate with such eager heat. Nor have I fed so well on a sacrifice.\*

It was the god.

You might have, I thought, a little dazed, had any other captive had such a captor as Kaska.

\*An unusual warrior,\* the dark one agreed. \*I find myself admiring his self-control. See how you tempt him ...\*

Suddenly I saw a gloriously naked woman lying belly-down before me, straddling the Dark-One's cock-shaped altar. With a sense of shock, I realized it was myself. I could see my own ass, spread by my posture to reveal my cuntlips, visibly wet with my lust. My backhole looked impossibly small and pink, tightly puckered.

In his mind, Kaska was imagining watching that hole slowly dilate as he drove his cock into it -- the way the strong muscles would fight him at first, then yield slowly as he worked his way deeper. He could almost hear my gasps ...

I could see the memory of other lush prisoners, lying bound and helpless in a variety of positions as he fucked them, celebrating his victories in their virgin bungs.

And I realized suddenly that to Kaska there was no pleasure like chasing down and capturing some lovely maid, binding her tight and well, then savoring each slow, grinding thrust into her anus while he brought her to reluctant orgasm.

Yet never before had he felt such hunger, such violence. Kaska wanted to ram my backhole, fuck it hard and mercilessly while he listened to my helpless cries of pain and desire. He'd fantasized about raping me for months, even as his warmer feelings grew. Now his mind was such a confused tumble of lust and love, he was afraid he'd hurt me in truth. I could feel the whip vibrating in his hand as he fought his darker impulses.

"Do it, Kaska," I cried. "Take your pleasure ...."

His control didn't so much break as explode. An instant later I felt the whip crack hard against my anus, and I yelped in true pain. Twice more he struck me there, then again and again and ...

And I heard the whip hit the opposite wall with a clatter. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw him stride to his pouch and pull out the double-shafted cock that symbolized the dark god's. He smeared it with butter, turned -- and drove it into both my orifices like a twin-blade knife.

It should have hurt, but such was the lust he'd built in me that the shafts slid in smoothly under his strength. At the same time, he sought my clit with the thumb of his free hand and circled it as he ground the double dildo in and out. I whimpered as the brutal pleasure roared through me.

"Enjoy her cunt and backhole, Dark One," he growled. "I promise you, I will."

Both shafts began stroking, sliding faster and faster in and out of my holes as my clit flamed. The dildo in my cunt was delicious, but though I knew the cock in my bung was much shorter and thinner than Kaska's, it still felt huge, overwhelming, a brutal, tunneling presence.

"The one in my ass," I moaned, my thighs constricting with the first waves of orgasm, "it feels like a broadsword ...."

"Good," Kaska said. "You need the stretching -- because you're going to get something a lot larger than this." And he rammed it in.

I came.

Dimly I heard the god say, his rumbling mind-voice amused, \*I think it's time to lubricate you for your newmaster ....\*

Deep in my ass, the shaft representing the god's cock began to spurt gush after gush of thick oil. A lecherous miracle; the dildo was solid wood.

I was scarcely aware of being untied, lifted, and deposited on my knees before the DarkOne's idol. "Say the words, Matia," Kaska rasped, as though fighting for control.

I blinked hard and tried to remember what Charmar's slave had said. "Dark One," I began, and had to stop to clear my throat when my voice cracked. "Dark one, your warrior Kaska has defeated me in battle, bound me, and sacrificed me on your black altar..." Those weren't exactly her words, but I didn't care. "But it's my own lust for him that has made me his slave. With my every cry of submission and delight and anguish, I will thank you for sending me to defeat at his hands."

"Dark One," Kaska said hoarsely, "I do not know what I have done to deserve such a slave, but my thanks for guiding me to her. And thank you as well, for making her rage so hot that I was able to defeat her without hurting her."

Suddenly I realized that his thanks may have been justified. My eyes widened.

The god, of course, read my thoughts. \*He still would have defeated you, but he would have had to injure you badly to do it. And I wouldn't have enjoyed this luscious sacrifice for weeks.\*

Shaking my head, I bent forward without being told and took the idol's smaller cock in my mouth. Rolling my tongue around it, I sucked the cold marble as though it were hot flesh, caressing the thicker cock below it the while. Then I drew back and lowered my head for the second flesh blade, having to tilt my head a bit to accommodate it, and took it as deep as I could. Finally I sat back.

"I hope you suck my cock that well, slave," Kaska growled, just before he reached down and jerked me to my feet. He swung me onto a broad, hard shoulder and turned toward one of the doors off to the side. "My thanks, Dark One!"

For a moment I could only lie limp, watching the gleaming, sweat-slicked muscles work in his back as he carried me. My rump burned ferociously from his whip; I would be sore tomorrow. Probably from injuries I did not yet have.

"By the Dark One's Double Cock," Kaska grumbled. "You aren't the first captive I've spread across his altar, but never have I had so much difficulty controlling myself. It was all I could do not to ram right up

your little backhole after that flogging."

I smiled. "I know."

"Gloat now, slave," he said, giving me a stinging slap on my well-whipped rump. "You'll sing a different tune when you feel my big shaft splitting your virgin pucker."

"Where are we going ... master?" I gave the last word a certain mocking servility.

"Why, the Fuck Chambers ... slave."

A moment later I realized what he meant as he carried me into a long hallway lined with closed doors. Even through the thick wood, I could hear gasps and cries of pleasure and surrender and pain.

"The Dark One's Warriors are busy this night," I muttered.

"The rewards of conquest." There was laughter in his voice. "Speaking of which..." A door banged open under his kick.

Kaska carried me to a strange platform in the center of the room. On it was a wooden bench set before a small idol of the Dark One .

He put me down and told me to kneel on the a padded projection that ran between the bench legs, then urged my thighs apart and circled each of them with a tough leather cuff. My hands he roped behind my back. Then he bent me over so I was draped across the bench's padded seat. Barely long enough to support my hips and lower torso, the bench was inclined so that my rump was lifted higher than my head.

I suddenly noticed two thin chains hanging from a pair of rings in the idol's hands. Each chain was no thicker than a lady's necklace, and ended with a narrow metal wire looped in a circle.

Kaska picked up the loops and caught my nipples in them, pulling the metal circlets tight enough to bite. The chains were so short they pulled my stiff points out from my breasts, exerting a pressure just brushing pain. I didn't dare struggle; I knew the chains would jerk my breasts brutally. I was completely immobilized .

Ready to have my backhole violated by Kaska's big cock.

Turning my head, I watched warily as he stood back and began to strip away his leathers. Even in my nervousness, I couldn't help but admire his burnished masculinity -- the broad, sculpted muscle of his chest, pelted in curling dark hair, the bulging strength of his arms, the long powerful legs -- and his cock, a thick, purpled truncheon of flesh visibly throbbing with his heartbeat. His balls were drawn up tight to his shaft, swollen with the seed he was so hungry to pump into me.

And his eyes ... I didn't need his god to tell me what he was thinking. I'd never had a man look at me like that, with blue eyes flaming with such unrepentant lust and anticipation. The bones of his face stood sharply etched under his brown skin, as though with starvation.

And I was the only meal that could sate him.

I was glad for the bench. Without it, my strength-less knees would have dumped me in the floor.

"Are you afraid of me, Matia?" he asked softly.

"Yes." It was something I'd never admitted to a man in all my life.

He smiled.

Slowly, Kaska moved toward me. I jerked in my bonds, wincing a little at the resulting yank to my nipples. He stretched out a big, dark hand, brushed his fingers down the sensitive small of my back. I shuddered, my mouth dry as burnt leather.

"Luscious Matia," he whispered. "Do you know how hard I'm fighting to keep from ramming up your ass?"

I nodded, unable to speak.

His rough fingertips drifted down to my bottom, then ghosted down the sensitive cleavage, not pushing between, just teasing. They traveled lower until they slipped between my trembling thighs. Dipped between my lower lips, gently sampling.

"You're wet, Matia," Kaska said. "And you're shaking. Are you remembering that little blonde spy I fucked for you?"

"Yes," I croaked.

"What were you thinking when you watched me take her?"

The feeling of those fingers pumping inside my pussy was slowly driving me mad. "I was thinking ... how big you were. How you stretched her ... I thought she wouldn't be able to take your width. I wondered if you'd stop if she couldn't ..."

"And?"

"I think ... I think you would have made her take it. You would have made her love it. Even that."

He smiled. "But can you take me?"

"It doesn't ..." I had to stop to whimper. "It doesn't matter whether I can or not."

His smile grew darker. "You're right."

With that he abandoned my dripping pussy and sought the hole the Dark One had so thoroughly oiled for him. I felt him part me. For several long moments he did nothing, just staring until I could feel my very backhole start to burn. Then, finally, he spread his fingers and put his thumbs on either side of my anus. Exerting pressure, he forced the hole to open. Again he studied it as I quivered in helpless anticipation.

At last he slid his thumb inside, rotating his hand to screw it in. He gave it several slow, leisurely thrusts. I squirmed as my bung began to burn in protest.

"Do you feel like a slave, Matia?" he asked suddenly.

"Yes, master," I moaned.

"Good."

He pulled out his thumb and ruthlessly pulled me open as far as he could, then caught his cock in one hand and aimed it for my tortured bung. It began to enter me like a burning sword, a slow, endless, hot impalement, I jerked, only reduced to stillness by the pressure on my captive nipples.

"By the Dark One's Double Pricks, Matia, you're tight..."he growled.

And he was bigger than anything I'd ever felt, slowly stuffing me to bursting. So slowly. Kaska took his time with his anal conquest, only working his way forward by molten fractions as though intent on enjoying each bit of rectal territory he invaded. I had never felt so fucked, so overcome by male strength and male flesh. His cock felt like a column of solid fire inside me. I could only surrender.

Yet even after my muscles relaxed, Kaska moved no faster, keeping his invasion slow and relentless as he slid in and out, stretching me wide.

"That's it, Matia," he purred, bending to find my clit with his rough fingers. "Yield to my big cock. Taste the pleasure of enslavement, the dark delight of submitting to your master's rod. And I am your master."

"Yesssss," I moaned.

He began to pick up the pace ever so slightly, torturing my rectal walls with his broad shaft. "You've been dreaming about this for days, Matia, about the pain and ecstasy, about being vanquished and tied and reamed..."

"Yes..."

"And I've been dreaming about it too." Harder thrusts, going deeper, faster. "Dreamed of laying you on the cock altar, of seeing you dance for the whip, of bending you over and forcing your virgin backhole with hard strokes. Just...like...THIS."

He was fucking me now far more brutally than he'd taken the blonde, as if too heated for any thought of mercy. But I didn't care. His stroking fingers were teasing pleasure from my clit, and his every withdrawal was a dark delight to match the pain of his inward thrusts. I began to lift my hips for him, savoring it all, ecstasy and agony in equal measure.

"Am I hurting you, Matia?" he growled.

"Yes..." I whimpered.

"And you love it anyway."

"Yes!" I could feel my thighs begin to twitch. "Oh, yes! Harder, Kaska!"

"Yes!" And he began driving hard, fucking my ass deeply and mercilessly, until all I could do was buck and scream. My orgasm rolled over me in burning waves that matched each pitiless thrust, and I convulsed, my scream spiraling into screech.

"Now..." he gasped, "now I'm going to...pump...you...FULL!"

Dimly, I felt him ram to his full length. With a roar like a hunting hellcat, he began shooting jet after jet into my violated rectum.

It was an hour later. Feeling stiff as an old lady, I bent slowly in front of the mirror in one corner of the Rape Chamber and craned my head to assess the damage. Bright pink stripes crisscrossed my ass, and my anus was dark and swollen. Just as Kaska had promised, his come leaked from it.

"You're a cruel master, Kaska," I said. But there was a wicked smile on my face.

"Am I? Perhaps I'd better inspect." The smile on my conqueror's lips was equally wicked. Reaching up from the pile of furs on which he lay, he tumbled me across his lap. "That is a delicious set of stripes," he said, stroking them delicately until I wiggled in a combination of pain and arousal.

"It occurs to me, master," I murmured throatily, "that there are orifices of my body that have yet to experience your conquest ..."

"Indeed?" He dipped his fingers into my sopping -- and thus far unfucked -- cunt. "I do believe you're right, slave. I'll have to do something about that ...."

Sighing, I settled into the furs, preparing to be vanquished.

From the corner of one eye, I thought I saw the black marble eyes of the DarkOne's idol. Glowing bright red.

I smiled.

THE END