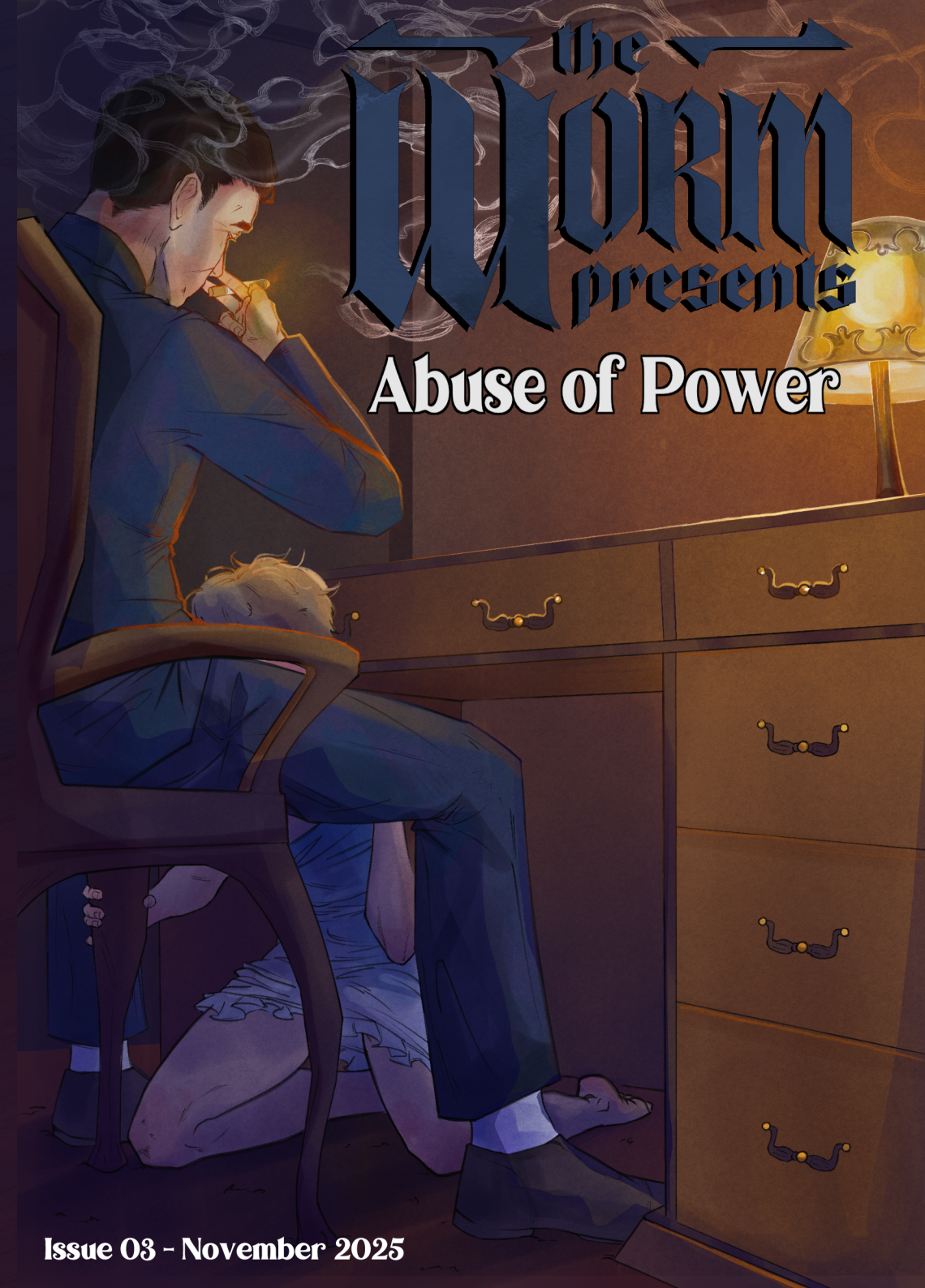


**THIS ZINE IS STRICTLY INTENDED
FOR AN ADULT AUDIENCE**

**THE FOLLOWING CONTAINS EROTIC
ILLUSTRATIONS, WRITING AND COMICS
FEATURING ORIGINAL CHARACTERS FROM A
COLLECTION OF ARTISTS WHOSE WORKS
INVOLVE TABOO KINKS AND DARK THEMES.**

**THEMES IN THE ZINE CAN INCLUDE
BUT ARE NOT LIMITED TO
MONSTERFUCKING, DRUG USE, MURDER,
GORE, GUNPLAY, SELF-HARM, HYPNOSIS,
AGEGAP, WATERSPORTS, INCEST**



Issue 03 - November 2025

THESE ARE WORKS OF FICTION.
THEY DO NOT ADVOCATE FOR ANY
FORM OF REAL LIFE VIOLENCE. THIS
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the WORM presents

Issue 03
III. Abuse Of Power
November 2025

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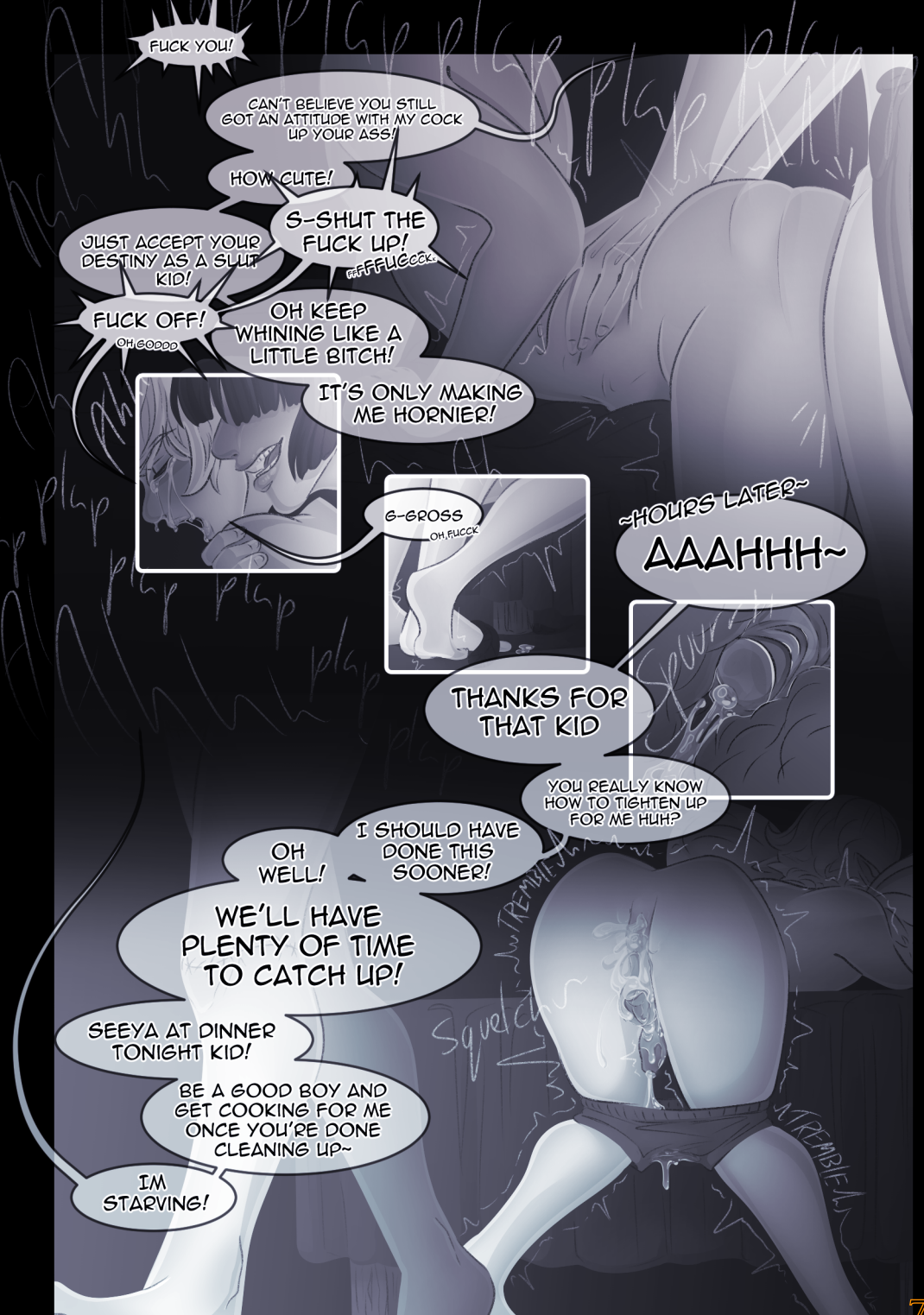
Edited by: Arkabit & Terevin

AN EROTIC
NONCON ZINE











POLICE DOG TRAINING

BY SUGARLIME AND PAONY

Sergeant Makoto steered his cruiser into the precinct parking lot. He pulled into his usual spot, headlights cutting through the gloom of twilight, before cutting the car off. It was silent, almost eerily so without the whine of the engine and the constant chatter of the radio.

Makoto stepped out of the settling car and opened the back door.

"Sorry girl," he murmured gently. "It must have been hard to balance during the drive."

He gripped the handle of the dog harness and hefted Kiku out of the car. She whined gently, the only noise she could really make through the muzzle and gag.

Makoto eased his pet down onto the asphalt. It was still hot from the afternoon sun, and Makoto was sure Kiku was grateful for the thick rubber stumps covering her knees and elbows. Sure they were part of the suit that held her arms and legs pinned in place, but they also protected her vulnerable skin from damage.

Using the sturdy K-9 leash he had "borrowed," Makoto clipped the lead onto Kiku's collar and gave a gentle tug. They'd been practicing making Kiku into a proper bitch for a few weeks now, so when Makoto tugged, she was quick to respond, crawling forward at a good enough pace that Makoto didn't need to punish her. She kept her head down, but he could hear her beginning to pant beneath her mask.

They walked the short distance through the parking lot and down the sidewalk where Makoto paused, pulling Kiku up short with a yank at her leash. She obediently stopped, and after a moment craned her neck to look up at her owner.

"Tonight is going to be a long night, and I don't want you to embarrass yourself getting overexcited when you meet the boys. Pee out here, and then we can go inside."

Kiku froze, her body stiffening. He wanted her to...? They had practiced eating and drinking from bowls. She'd let him crate her and had played with dog toys, as humiliating as it had been, but this was- she couldn't-

A high pitched whine had Makoto's gentle expression hardening. "Kiku," he warned tersely.

She shook her head again and curled inward on herself, unable to face her owner's disappointment or anger. It was only another split second before her world tilted sideways, pain blossoming in her stomach.

By the time she registered that she had been kicked, her owner's voice changed again, bright and friendly. But it wasn't directed toward her.

Cigarette smoke tickled her nose. Kiku rolled her eyes upward, looking at the people surrounding her - each one in uniform. Were they all here because of her? Did they know what she was?

"Is this the bitch you told us you were bringin' tonight?" One of the men asked. His hair was long, held up in a tight ponytail.

"Yea, this is it. I thought it was going to behave, but clearly it's not well trained enough. I'm going to need everyone's help tonight," Makoto sighed.

"What's its problem? Hasn't even made it inside yet," another man, shorter than the rest, snorted.

"It's too shy to piss out here," Makoto responded.

"We'll help it get over that," the final man said. His nose was misshapen, like it had been broken before and never quite properly reset.

Ponytail manhandled Kiku until she was in what he called "a proper pissing pose", her weight on her elbows and one of her legs held in the air like a real dog would do.

The short one got in her face, whipping his dick out with confidence. "Maybe she just doesn't know how it's done. I'll show her," he pushed forward until he slid through the hole in the muzzle, past the ring gag and into Kiku's mouth. She tried to squirm away, but the men held her tight, and it was only a moment before acrid piss flooded her mouth. Kiku immediately began to choke, unprepared to even attempt to swallow the man's piss. She could feel pee flooding up her nose and blocking her airways as her body tried to cough and dispel the liquid.

"Ha, I don't know about down there, but the bitch sure can't hold down piss up here," Shorty laughed, enjoying Kiku's struggle.

Somewhere above her Makoto clicked his tongue and hot shame coil in the pit of Kiku's stomach.

"It's still holding it in," Ponytail sounded disappointed.

"You guys are terrible with dogs. You've gotta get it to do the trick before you can give it its treat," Nose sighed. He squatted down behind Kiku, who was still being held up on one leg. She trembled as he got into position behind her. "If they don't sit, you push on their ass till they do. If they won't piss, you-?" He paused, waiting for the others to guess the answer.

Ponytail watched as Nose reached for Kiku's tail. He grinned with excitement when he realized the answer. "Push on its bladder!" he exclaimed.

"Exactly," Nose nodded in approval as he grabbed the tail shaped base of the plug seated deep inside Kiku's ass. He pressed it in harshly at the same time that he dug his other hand into Kiku's stomach from the front, right where her bladder was, right where Makoto had kicked moments ago. Kiku let out a gurgled scream with the last of her air and her vision went white from the pressure.

"....how it's done." By the time Kiku came back to herself her airway was once again clear, and her body was no longer being pushed or prodded, just her leg held up. It took her another moment to realize that she was pissing herself like a dog, steam spraying over the lawn of Makoto's precinct. Her body tried to seize up, tried to stop itself from pissing, but it was too late to stop the flow. She whimpered, but as soon as the sound had left her throat there was a hand on her head, gently patting her fur - no, her hair.

"Good girl," Makoto soothed. She felt the knot of tension in her chest ease at his praise, even as her cheeks heated from embarrassment.

When the humiliating stream finally ended, Ponytail let go of her leg, and she practically collapsed from the way her body was trembling with exhaustion and relief.

The suit was sullied from the mess she'd made, and the men happily followed Makoto to the outdoor hose to take turns spraying her off. They delighted in aiming directly at her face until she choked. When she tried to turn away, her leash was yanked and her face repositioned, her bound limbs powerless to resist them.

Makoto cut the fun short. "Come on, the others are waiting," he said simply and took back the leash to lead Kiku away again. She followed obediently, horrified at the slick slide between her legs from her arousal.

Before they went through the door, Makoto paused, waving a miniature biscuit shaped like a dog treat in Kiku's face. Kiku tilted her head in confusion until Makoto loosened her gag and removed it long enough to feed her the treat. She crunched it down obediently, wondering why he would go through the effort of taking her gag off for that. Makoto simply smiled and reaffixed her mask, patting her head and taking her inside.

There was a din of noise that made Kiku wince as they entered the brightly lit office. There were almost a dozen people, talking amongst each other, drinking and eating as if this were a normal office party. When Makoto and Kiku came through the door though, all of that stopped. The room went silent as hungry eyes turned to them.

"Good evening," Makoto greeted with a charming smile, "I've brought my dog just like I promised. Everyone can come greet her, but be nice, she's still a little skittish."

Kiku panted, trembling slightly as she was led further into the room. She lost sight of the people in her peripherals, the mask blocking anything that wasn't in front of her. The first hand on her ass was sudden and unexpected and she whined, glancing up at Makoto. He was her one landmark in this sea of strangers. His eyes squinted as he smiled down at her, and then Kiku was swept away by the touches and words, praise and insults.

"Oh she's so cute."

"Is it usually this desperate?"

"Look at her pant. Her little tongue is so cute."

"Oh, Makoto, is it okay if I take this out?"

Kiku cried out in surprise as the dog tail shaped plug in her butt was tugged on. She was burning from shame as she was groped, but there was an undeniable heat building in the pit of her stomach. The room was spinning slightly, and she slumped, leaning her head on the cool floor and staring up at Makoto.

"Come on now, don't ruin the illusion so soon," Makoto teased, kneeling down to pet Kiku's head. Kiku nuzzled into his hand- why did he

smell so good? "Use her pussy instead," he finished, and there were hands petting against her revealed pussy, playing with the wetness already soaking between her legs. Kiku whined again, too dizzy to follow the way her body was being treated.

The hands were cleared away from her thighs as the stranger lined himself up with her hole. Kiku whimpered and Makoto shushed her, making soothing noises while she tried to focus on him enough to let her head settle. She hadn't managed to make sense of her surroundings before a dick was probing against her pussy. The man wasn't as big as Makoto, but he was forceful and sloppy, somehow having more trouble entering than her owner usually did. She moaned and cried as he pierced her, bullying his dick deeper inside her. She was glad for her earlier arousal because he went in dry, pushing and pulling against her walls until she was slicked by her own pre.

"Kiku," Makoto called softly, his voice piercing through the haze in her head, "Shh, girl. You're doing so good. You can take it."

"Fuck, it practically came just now Makoto, what did you say to it," a voice hissed from somewhere behind her, "it's so fucking tight."

Kiku hardly noticed the voice. She focused on her master. He was praising her. He knew she could do it. Knew she could handle this. He'd put all of this together just for her, just to show her off. She breathed through the stretch and the force that was battering her open and bore down, helping the dick violating her to sink fully in until the man grunted in pleasure.

She'd done good, she'd done what her master wanted. She panted, licking at the fingers still lingering by her face and moaning when Makoto pressed her tongue down and let her drool drip onto the floor between them.

The first man didn't last long, setting a brutal pace and fucking Kiku like she was nothing but a toy for his pleasure. With an exaggerated moan he pushed in and came inside her, spanking her ass and gripping her waist to tug her closer. There were only seconds between him pulling out and another eager body taking his place. This time the overeager dick piecing her didn't catch but slid in smoothly, using the cum already filling her to ease its way.

"Makoto, let me give her another one of those 'treats' you said you brought, she did such a good job for me. Drained my dick like a real bitch

in heat," the man who'd just used her asked. Kiku tilted her head slightly, realizing she'd made a small puddle from where she'd been drooling on the floor.

"If I let all of you give her 'treats' she'd get brain damage," Makoto laughed. Kiku nuzzled forward. Now that he wasn't paying full attention to her she could wiggle up, shifting her head closer to his crotch until she could mouth at his dick through his pants.

There was a chorus of laughs as Makoto grabbed her hair, pulling her back so she couldn't make a mess on him. Another hand joined his and pulled her further back, forcing her chest up off the floor and causing the dick inside her to reach new depths. She tugged against the grip, trying to get back to the floor where the cool ground was firm and Makoto's scent surrounded her, and yelped in surprise when fingers grabbed her nipples, squeezing and tugging.

"Shouldn't a good dog know tricks? Come on girl, beg for us," someone said. Makoto had spent lots of time teaching her how to beg properly, of course she could. Kiku made a whining noise high in her throat and brought her arms in as much as she could with her limited movement. She let her weight bear down, letting the hand fisting her hair strain until she could feel the burn of pain as she dropped herself onto the dick inside her.

The crowd seemed impressed, and Kiku looked to Makoto for approval as she was pet and touched and praised as the other officers got more excited. Makoto had backed up slightly, and Kiku fought off a moment of disappointment before she caught his eyes. The intensity of his gaze made her blush. She clenched, and imagined it was his dick inside her, his hands on her hips and nipples and wrists, his tongue running against her latex clad thigh.

"Woah, she totally just came," the man inside of her said, stilling as she milked him to completion as well, "my dick game must just be that good," he bragged.

Kiku shivered. She wanted to look away from Makoto. She wanted to curl up and cum and ride out her orgasm without having to show it off to everyone here. But what she wanted didn't matter, Makoto had trained her better than that. She held his gaze and kept her legs spread and shivered and came and when the man inside of her pulled out she let the cum pooled inside of her spill out freely onto the floor.

"Good dog," Makoto mouthed, and Kiku nearly came again.

As the night wore on, more hands and dicks and fluids touched Kiku. At some point her gag had been removed for good- she was far beyond words at this point anyways- and someone had gotten more dog treats to feed her.

After the treats, the night had begun to blur. Makoto hadn't touched her again- she didn't think he would. He'd told her before they'd gotten in the car that tonight was a gift for the other officers, that he wouldn't use her. But she felt his eyes on her. When she caught sight of him it was all she could do to moan and bark and beg like he'd taught her and hope she was pleasing him.

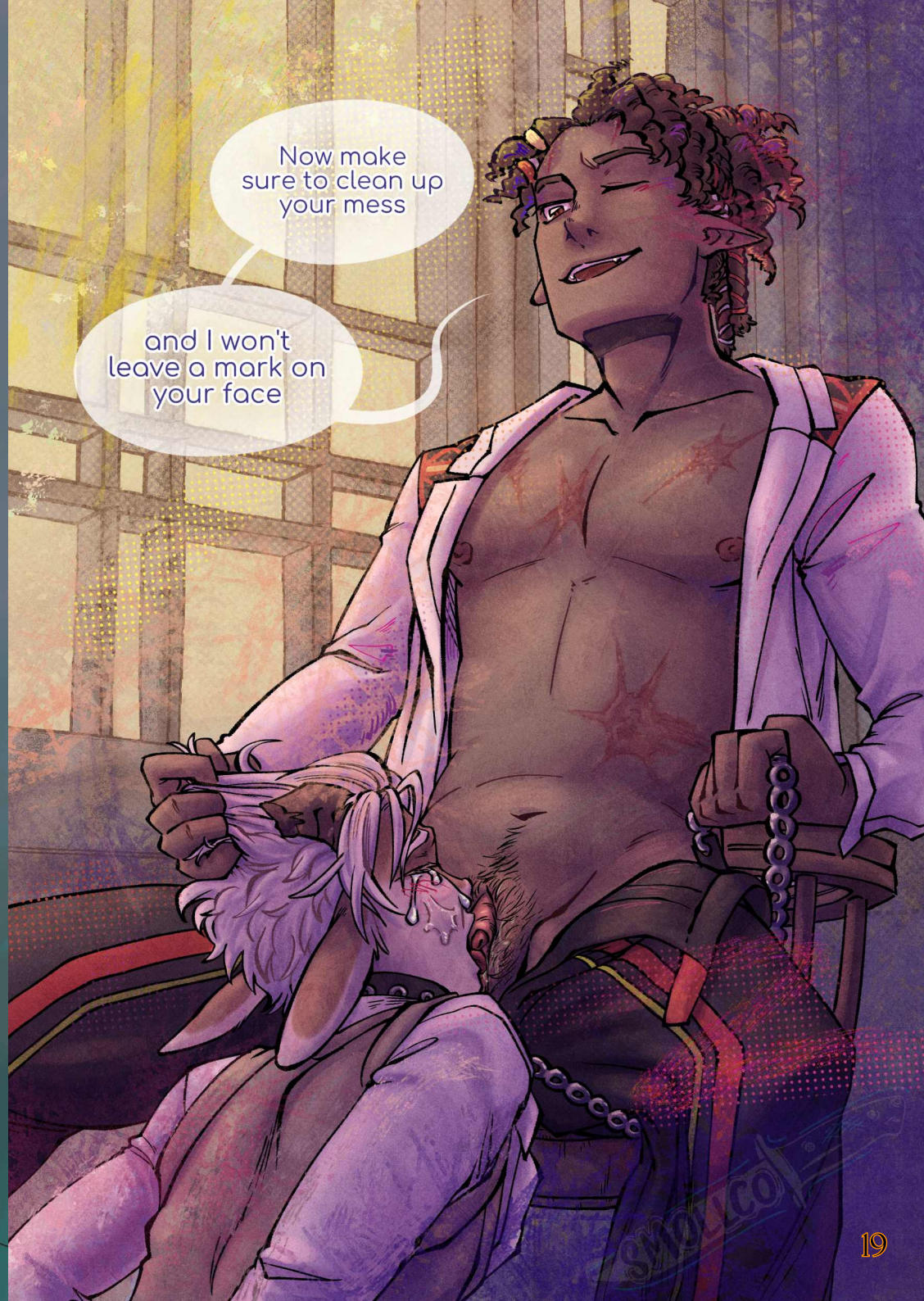
She did a good job. She must have, because Makoto let her ride up front with him on the way home. He'd put a towel on the seat so she didn't dirty it, but he let her put her head on his lap and nap while he drove in silence. Between heavy blinks he carried her inside and stripped her suit off. He eased her ears off and her tail out and laid her in the bathtub to cup warm water through her hair and over her sore skin.

She got warm kisses on her bruises and wrapped in a fluffy towel once Makoto had her cleaned up. She was too tired to move even a muscle, but Makoto carried her to bed easily and laid her down, burying them both under the thick comforter.

"Did I do good?" She asked, her voice thick with sleep.

"You were perfect darling," Makoto responded. The praise eased any lingering tension, and sleep took her before the lights were even turned off, her body lax in the arms of her master.







CONSECRATION

BY GOLDEN DEPTHS

The stench of Rot still lingers here. The Shattered Sanctum, with the bleached rib bones of an ancient tuskoth all but profoundly wrapping around its circumference like a monolithic halo, is still far from the once-magnificent edifice it once was. Residents from the nearby village of Dogar have been compelled to assist with the Sanctum's restoration, in spite of the village's desperate need for severe repairs itself. In the eyes of the Emissary, the last remaining bastion of ~~The Most Holy Sovereign~~ has become the highest project of importance throughout the entirety of Telmal, and he will not rest until he oversees its completion.

Still, the villagers have been dismissed for now, ordered to return to their homes and to wait for further instruction. War's Paladites have been roaming, and while most of them have been wise enough to avoid the Sanctum, one of them, Vas by name, has strayed too close—close enough to succumb to the Emissary's pietistic chants, rendering the Rotted messenger as limp on the dead earth as a piece of wet cloth. A superfluous Blightrot scrapling is utterly nothing compared to the blessed, deistic Amalgam that he is. He stands over the Paladite, looking down at his unmoving body, noting the black fly crawling over the surface of the messenger's open eye, sticky and unmoving. "Quite the predicament you have entangled yourself in," he says finally, his lower set of eyes gently blinking. "One would think that War's forerunners would have been gifted with more mind than you have displayed here. But then again.. perhaps you are the unnecessary extra I have heard rumors about. Someone desperate to prove their worth, surely."

The fly continues to traverse across Vas' left eye, and despite being unable to move, he is still able to look up at the Emissary with nothing but pure hatred.

"Come along now," the Emissary hums, bending over to grab one of Vas' arms, elongated fingers wrapping tightly around his gauntleted wrist. Without ceremony, he begins pulling the Paladite's body across the dead ground with complete ease, as if his newfound burden weighs nothing. He continues to drag Vas back to the Sanctum, not even stopping once they reach the remains of the

crumbled pathway leading up to it, filled with jagged, broken rocks and shards of reaved metal from War's worth of fragmented armor and weaponry. Of course, he can hear the occasional disgruntled sound in Vas' throat, as if that hadn't been his intention all along.

With some sort of emotion akin to delight, the Emissary yanks his helpless captive up two flights of crumbling stone stairs and over the Sanctum's threshold. During the climb of the second flight, he feels a very significant pop from Vas' arm (and hears a notable grunt from Vas himself), knowing that he has dislocated the arm from its socket due to all of the harsh yanking, but that's hardly a reason to stop now.

There is still no ceiling over the Sanctum, leaving it vulnerable to the elements, but providing enough light to where candles aren't a necessity most of the time. Still without hesitation, he proceeds to drag War's messenger down the aisle of the coarse remains of the Sanctum's humble nave, knowing that the wooden shards of smashed pews are no doubt impaling themselves through Vas' body, but it isn't like he's giving much consideration to the comfort of his hostage. Towing him over to the sanctuary, which is really the only place that the Emissary has worked considerably to clean up and restore himself, he finally drops Vas for a moment behind the altar as he stands there, looking over the few remaining pews. They are haphazardly lined up, all of them warped with rain and mold, and for a brief moment, he envisions himself a full church, packed with Telmal's people, ready to listen to him speak. His azure hands grip the worn edges of the stone altar, both sets of eyes glancing down at the dozens of lit candles that flock its surface. Their crimson wax drips down the edges, causing lumps of crazed buildup on the floor, and it gives him an idea.

Looking down at Vas, a smile that is far beyond the realms of kind or whimsical spreads across his face, revealing his perfectly black teeth, with his pointed canines capped in gold.

"Perhaps you would like to confess your sins before the flock," he hisses, once again grabbing Vas' dislocated arm and yanking him up into the air with seemingly no effort at all. The pain-filled gurgles that are choked in Vas' throat seem to please the Emissary as he holds him there, feet dangling above the floor, held only by an arm that is no longer held securely in its socket.

"After all, what is a Church with proud, deliberate sinners in its midst?"

Without warning, he slams Vas face-down on top of the altar, directly atop the throes of lit candles and burning incense. He delights in hearing the Paladite's muffled cries, suppressed behind his forcibly-closed mouth as the candles' flames and hot wax burn his Rotted skin. The stench it produces is a sin of its own denomination, but the Emissary is beyond making any sort of visible reaction to it.

Not needing much prompting, nor feeling it necessary to narrate his intentions, the Emissary hooks his fingers in the hemmed waist of his captive's clothing, and despite not being able to move at all, he can tell that Vas' entire body has somehow stiffened. Already, he knows his fate, and he can do nothing to prevent it. The clothing that covers the Paladite's form is more akin to something grown from his own body, and can be torn away like chunks of detached flesh. It doesn't take the Emissary long to uncover what he seeks, and in spite of his hatred and loathing for War's messenger, he does take some perverse satisfaction in what lies in front of him.

Leaning over the altar a little, the Emissary carefully picks up an ornate silver pitcher that rests on the corner, untouched by Vas. The metal's surface is tarnished in places, but has enough reflective surface to look a little more than modest. He eyes its contents, moving the vessel around to swirl the dark, syrupy liquid inside. Vesper ichor. Every time he offers his prayers to ~~The Most Holy Sovereign~~, his own words churn deep within his body, welling up inside of his guts before being regurgitated from his very mouth in the form of a black, silky-smooth substance that looks like earthen oil at a first glance. Holy water has never been enough; the Emissaries were mandated to produce the ichor from their own bodies, which was to be given to those who partake in Communion.

Vas is about to suffer from it.

The overcast sky illuminates the sanctuary with a dull, grey light, and it's more than enough for the Emissary to see what he's doing, even without the few remaining lit candles on the altar that Vas' body has managed to not touch. Lifting the pitcher with his hand, he raises it towards the open sky, his lips moving with silent prayer too sacred to be heard by a Blightrot wretch. His other hand rests on the

cleft of the Paladite's bared ass, using his thumb and forefinger to part his pale cheeks and expose it further.

Slowly, reverently, the Emissary positions the pitcher, and then tips it with a practiced hand. A thin, steady stream of ichor flows from its curved lip, landing perfectly between his two spread fingers, exactly where he wanted it to go. The malicious grin returns to his face as he can hear the sound of Vas' flesh sizzling and crackling, as if acid had been poured upon him. The messenger's corpselike eyes are wide open, no doubt feeling unimaginable pain, but it's not something that the Emissary is concerned about in any regard. The consecrated vomit of any Emissary is a weapon in and of itself to War's harbingers, whether they be Blightrot or normal people. Still, it will serve a purpose in many ways: purifying the rotting flesh of this wayward Paladite, and acting as sacrosanct lubricant for the Emissary himself as he begins the purification ritual.

After setting the pitcher back down where it belongs, he steps fully behind Vas' body, bent over the altar in such a compliant, compromising position. The Emissary wastes little time in positioning himself, moving his fine silk waistcloth to the side. Underneath, his pale blue cock, inked with intricate black lines to mimic the tuskoth's rib bones that surround his Sanctum, is already stiff, and waiting for him to begin.

"May ~~The Most Holy~~ have mercy on your wretched soul."

Lining himself up, the Emissary takes a moment to rub his cock through the mixture of ichor and Rotted flesh sludge, whispering a prayer of penance for having spilt such sacred host upon one so unclean. Pressing his tip against Vas' exposed hole, the Emissary waits for a moment, only to torture the messenger with the agony of waiting, before finally pushing himself. He doesn't go slowly. He doesn't ease himself in, either. Just one push, and he buries himself to the hilt, as he intended to do so. Already, he can feel the delicate flesh of Vas' inner walls bubbling and burning from the ichor, knowing that the Paladite would be weeping if his body had the ability to produce tears. He finds himself almost wishing that he could.

Letting out a soft, content sigh, the Emissary withdraws himself almost completely, only to plunge himself back in with renewed vigor. Corrupted light swells within his chest as the ritual begins, and

he finds himself settling perfectly within his element as he begins to build up a steady rhythm. With each thrust, he can hear a choked, gurgling sound emanating from Vas' throat, and if the Emissary were any more self-absorbed, he would have chalked it up to Vas' own personal repentance, though he knows the sounds of pain almost as intimately as the sounds of contrition. He knows. And he revels.

As he continues on with his sacramental rape, his eyes close, only for his lower eyes, the ones in the peripheral plane, to open wide and completely. Head now turned upwards to face the overcast sky. In the peripheral plane, he can see ragged tears in the clouds that aren't part of the axial plane, enabling him to see the most angelic light shining down upon him, quite almost as if ~~The Most Holy Sovereign~~ is smiling down upon this very act. He cannot stop himself from smiling in return—brief yet faint, as if he almost doesn't dare.

From his mouth, sacrosanct edicts begin to tumble from his lips, words uttered in a tongue not of Telmal or its people, but one that only ~~He~~ knows, and does understand when uttered as prayer. His pace increases as the words continue to flow from his teeth, reverent in nature and tied to the rhythm of his movements. He can feel the ichor bubbling within his guts, knowing that it must be used to continue the purification instead of being saved. His prayers speak themselves over and over like a mantra, his movements sharp and unyielding, until he bows his head and his words cease, as if in silent prayer. Body now hunching over, the Emissary feels divine relief as the ichor spills from his mouth, purging his devotion all over Vas' lower back before tucking his chin inwards to spill the rest of it over his cock as he continues his movements even still.

The choking noises from Vas intensify with the onslaught of fresh ichor, and it more than spurs the Emissary on, his mind dazed from purging and his soul swimming with penitent devotion and adoration for whom he serves. Were he more selfish, he might continue dragging this ritual out for the sake of his own pleasure, but he cannot indulge in such an act of sacrilege. Not here. Not ever.

Leaning forward, the Emissary grabs the backs of both of Vas' hands, his fingers lacing through the Paladite's own, and lifting them upwards. The dislocated arm is even more limp than the other, but that's hardly noticeable to the Emissary in this moment. "You who

are not worthy, lift your hands and praise ~~The Most Holy Sovereign~~," he commands, continuing to hold up Vas' lifeless arms. "Breathe your thanks but do not speak ~~His~~ name, as it is not yet yours to utter."

His fingers clench Vas' hands tighter as his rhythm reaches its peak, and both sets of his eyes are now closed as he finally allows himself to conclude the purification ritual. His chest shudders ever so slightly as he lets out a feathery rasp, his cock aching as he cums deep within the messenger of War Itself, almost as if it were a sacrilegious act, which he has just prevented this from becoming. The shockingly high-pitched whines trapped in Vas' throat only serve to tell him that his own emissions may burn even more than the ichor, something he didn't even realize until now.

Good.

Releasing the Paladite's hands, the Emissary allows them to fall back onto the altar with a dull thud, crunching into cooled candle wax and ancient stone. "You survived purification," he whispers as he finally withdraws himself, admiring the deluge that follows from Vas' stretched hole in its wake. "But do not think you are free to leave."

Walking around to the front of the altar, standing directly in front of Vas' face, the Emissary grips his mouth in one hand, squeezing his cheeks with azure fingers until his mouth opens. Without even waiting on any sort of ceremony, he shoves his softened cock into the helpless Paladite's mouth, using his fingers to close Vas' lips around it. "Good boy," he hums, "It will not do to have the Emissary of the Shattered Sanctum left filthy after such a ritual."

Keeping Vas' lips tightly closed around his cock, he uses his motionless captive to clean him of the slicked remains of ichor, flesh sludge, and cum as best he can. And for good measure, before he withdraws, he delights in the flash of panic he can see in Vas' glazed eyes as his cock twitches, only to fill his mouth with piss after. Despite not being able to move even involuntarily, the way the Emissary jabs his throat with a thumb, Vas will find himself swallowing the load in his mouth whether he wants to or not.

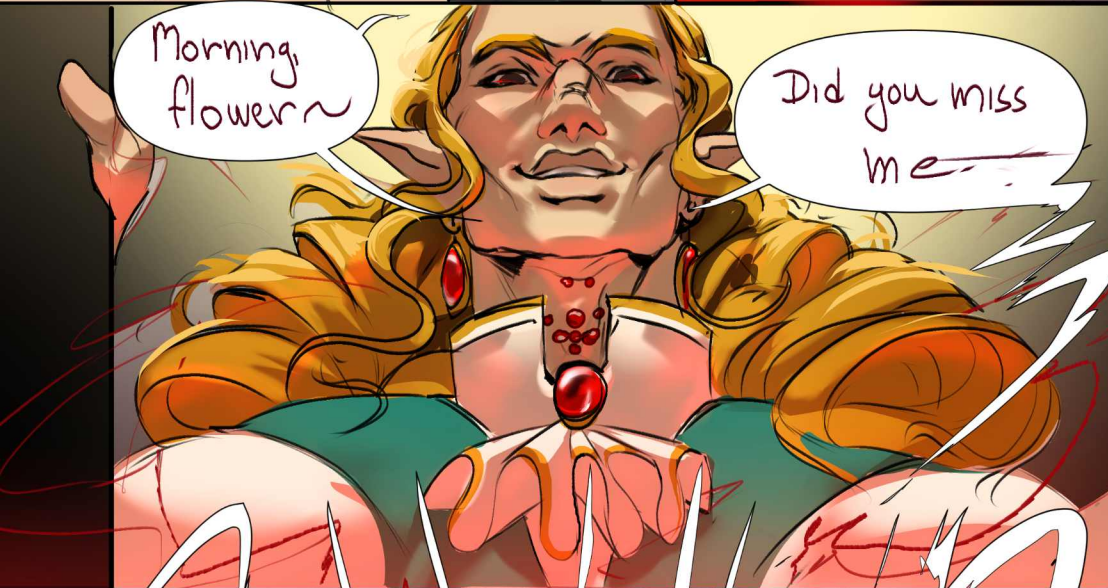
Smoothing his clothing with both hands after having withdrawn himself, the Emissary looks down at Vas with a satisfied, almost smug

sort of expression. "You survived," he says again, "I dare not think of what War will say of you once It learns of what you have done here." He glances towards the sky once more, and then towards the main door of the Sanctum. "Now.. get out. I do not have any more time to entertain you any further."

Despite having had all of his movements restricted this entire time, Vas will now be able to feel control returning to his limbs, gifted his own agency now that this is all finished, at least for the time being. Under normal circumstances, the Emissary knows that any Paladite worth their salt would stand their ground here regardless, even if it meant their end, but he knows that Vas is young and inexperienced, and definitely values his own life even if he isn't truly aware of it yet. He watches under half-lidded eyes as Vas staggers to his feet, having to practically peel himself off of the hardened candle wax before he can fully stand. Without looking at the Emissary, or even trying to cover himself out of shame, he staggers his way back the way he came, using his one good arm to steady himself against the pews as he shuffles clumsily through the nave all the way to the door. And again, without looking back, he is finally gone.

Satisfied with the cumulative events of the day, the Emissary lets out a long, content sigh, knowing that he will certainly be seeing Vas again in the future, perhaps once War Itself has discarded him for his unfortunate, forlorn treachery. But no matter for now. He needs to relight all of these spent candles.







RUDE INTERRUPTIONS

BY WISTA

Jamie was on his 5th cheap porno when someone banged on the front door. He ignored it, repositioning his headset so it fit better over his ears *and* pushed his red hair out of his face, turning the volume up as he gave his cock another long stroke. It was late on a Friday night, he had a good groove going, and he didn't want to be disturbed. Besides, while his grandmother had lived here for longer than he'd been alive, Jamie had moved in just last month.

Anyone at the door wasn't going to be for him. His grandmother wasn't home. They could come back later.

He focused on the screen, the world going fuzzy and distant again. No need to concern himself with the bare walls of his empty room, the way the place smelled like moth balls, or the new school schedule taped to the fridge. All he needed to think about was the hot blondes moaning and writhing on screen, and making sure he had enough lube so the slide was smooth along his dick.

His headphones getting ripped off his head launched him straight back to earth.

"Hey!" He was on his feet in an instant, frantically stuffing himself back into his pants. "What the fuck, Gran, you swore you'd knock!"

Only, it wasn't his gran. Instead, a dark haired man stood in his bedroom, tall and powerfully built, his arms muscular where they were crossed over his chest. He wore a black tracksuit and a white wifebeater that stretched almost translucent over a round belly.

He looked extremely unimpressed.

"Didn't you hear me knocking?" the man snapped, eyeing Jamie with a disdainful grimace that immediately had his teeth bared. "Productive evening, I see."

What the fuck.

"Did you see me not fucking answering?" Jamie snarled back, giving his chair kick and sending it spinning out from between them. "Who the fuck are you? How did you get in here?"

He was so mad he was seeing red. Who did this guy think he was, coming into Jamie's home and acting so high and mighty? Interrupting a Friday night Jamie *finally* got to himself, acting like it was such a bad thing that he wanted to enjoy being alone for a fucking minute?

The man was frustratingly unaffected.

"I'm George, the super," he said coldly. "We met when you moved in, but I guess you had your nose too close to your phone to pay any attention to the people around you, huh?"

Jamie had spent that whole day fighting off a panic attack and texting his best friend from home, convinced the hour drive might as well be a whole other country. *Fuck* this guy for acting like he was—like he was some kind of selfish *kid*—

He didn't even remember deciding to throw the punch. It didn't matter that this guy had at least 20 years, 6 inches, and 50 pounds on him, that he was a grown up and Jamie was a scrawny 16 year old who hadn't been eating well lately. One second his fists were at his sides, and the next, one was flying through the air.

One moment his fist was flying, and then a hand clamped down around his wrist, and suddenly Jamie was flying.

Hitting the ground was like being plunged into an ice bath. Partly because all of the air was violently forced from his lungs, leaving him flat on his back, gasping and dizzy, but also because the pain knocked his brain back into his head. What was he *doing*? He wasn't the kind of kid who fought adults, or who got this mad over a video game. Why was he being like this? Why was he so *mad*?

His mom must be so disappointed in him. If she could still see him, wherever she was.

Struggling to sit up and form an apology, Jamie was dimly aware of the scrape of a chair and the *thump* of something heavy being set upon it.

"When I heard old lady Taylor was moving some snot-nosed kid into her apartment, I knew there was going to be trouble."

It was George; in the time Jamie had been laying there, he'd wheeled the chair back and grabbed a box Jamie recognized from

Gran's hall closet. He was rummaging through it with far more familiarity than Jamie felt for anything in the apartment.

"I warned her, teenagers are the worst, and teenage boys are a special kind of hell. It takes a firm hand that doesn't spare the rod, not a little old lady."

With a little noise of triumph, he dropped the lid back on the box, dropping it to the floor with a *thud*. A moment later he was seated in Jamie's desk chair, and had hauled Jamie up by the arm, forced him down over the chair arm, and yanked his pants down his legs.

Jamie shrieked, embarrassed and mortified and shocked. He flailed, trying to get away, but an iron grip clamped down on first one of his wrists and then the other, pinning them in one hand to the middle of his back, and his chest down on the man's jeans.

"I won't—tolerate—ungrateful—wild—brats—in—this—building—"

Each word was punctuated by a solid smack, a line of fire carving itself too hard and too uniformly to be a hand. It took several strikes before Jamie caught a glimpse of it, and realized that he was being struck with a long, wooden paint stick, left over from the last time his Gran renovated the kitchen.

Jamie had shrieked on the first hit, but he didn't have the air or the energy to do it twice. His entire body was shaking, the only sound he could make wet, rattling sobs in his chest. His face was dripping, tears and spit and snot making wet spots on the floor as he was jolted with every hit.

His ass was on fire, hot on the surface and it *hurt*, a deep, frighteningly intense hurt, all the way down to the meat of him.

He didn't know how long it went on for. By the time George was done, Jamie was limp, his head fuzzy like it was stuffed with cotton. The minute he wasn't being held in place, he slipped, boneless, to the floor. He was so tired. He wanted to close his eyes and sink into the darkness for a good, long while.

"You've got to be kidding me."

The disgust in George's voice made Jamie's heart skip a beat. With a grandiose effort, he pried his eyelids open, peering up at his attacker. The man was staring down at him, but not at his face. His

gaze was firmly locked on Jamie's crotch; with his pants still tangled at his knees, leaving him completely exposed.

Somehow, through the pain and the rocking and the rubbing against George's denim-clad thigh, Jamie had gotten hard.

"Wa—wait," Jamie protested weakly, but he couldn't avoid the rough hand that grabbed him by the upper arm, dragging him into the air and shaking him by the shoulders.

"You got off on that?" George roared, sounding even more enraged than he had earlier. "That's what you like, you slutty pervert?"

"No!"

That's just how bodies work, Jamie wanted to shout. He hadn't *meant* to do it. But the words wouldn't come, his tongue uncooperative with his brain. All he could do was struggle weakly as he was deposited back into his chair, a moan forced from his lips as his ass burned against the seat, while his hands were yanked up and over the back of it. There was a loud, ugly sound, and then wide bands of tape were wrapped around his wrists, over and under, securing them together and then to the crossbar at the back of his chair. Within minutes, he was rendered immobile, only able to wiggle his tortured ass against the leather cushioning.

"Please stop," Jamie sobbed, his head hung low in defeat. "I won't do it again, I swear. Please let me go."

He was so overwhelmed, he barely remembered what *it* was. What had he done wrong? He'd never lose his temper again, never yell at another grown up, never *touch* his dick again, if George would just let him out. He just wanted to be let down. He wanted his Gran.

He wanted his mom. He wanted to go home.

"The problem," George said slowly, "is that I don't believe you've learned your lesson."

Jamie let out another burst of a cry, bordering on hysterical, as he watched George lay a line of new items out on the desk with slow, deliberate movements.

They were all innocuous household appliances, some of which he had never seen before but was in no way surprised his grandmother owned. A drill, a sponge, the long, thin brush Jamie used to clean out his water bottles. Clothes pins. That damn roll of duct tape, and the massage gun Jamie sometimes had to help Gran use on her arthritis knee.

Any other day, it would just be a random pile of junk. Now, in his tormentor's hands, Jamie was filled with an unspeakable terror, the panic so consuming that he couldn't even guess what those instruments were going to do to him. All he knew was that it was going to hurt.

He needed to get away, his mind too hazy to even consider where he could go. He tried rolling his chair backwards, his legs flailing against the floor, but he'd only managed a foot of distance before George caught him by the ankle, ripping his pants and underwear off of him.

"None of your whining," he said, yanking Jamie back so hard he felt like his foot was going to pop clean off his leg. "Quite down, boy, I'm just giving you what you wanted!"

George stomped down on the metal bar that was supposed to be the footrest of the chair, ensuring that Jamie wouldn't be going anywhere. With one hand, he snatched up the sponge and shoved it into Jamie's mouth, uncaring as the boy gagged and almost choked on the foul taste as he wrapped the tape around Jamie's head, tearing the end off with his teeth and patting it down until it was holding Jamie's lips closed and the noise trapped inside his mouth.

Jamie could only whimper as George forced the leg he still had in his grasp to bend. A moment and a loud rip of duct tape later, and Jamie's leg was stuck, secured by the ankle to the arm of his chair. Another moment, and his other leg received the same treatment, the heels of his feet braced against the arm legs, his poor toes wiggling in the air.

Like this, his legs were forced wide apart, his balls and his stupid, stubbornly hard dick exposed to the open air.

George picked up the bottle scrubber and made a swinging motion, like he was going to smack it across the head of Jamie's

cock. The sound that erupted from him was full panic, a terrified, muffled shriek as he jerked himself backwards so hard he almost fell.

"Whoops!" George said, righting the chair and putting more of his weight on the foot rest. "Good to know that could be an issue! Wouldn't want you to fall over and break both your arms, would we?"

Jamie sucked in a breath, this new fear entering his mind and taking root. Damn it, but the man was right; no matter what direction he fell over, one or more of his limbs were crossing some kind of hard bar. He would snap in two like a match stick.

"Now, clearly you are some kind of sexual deviant," George said, His big fingers clamped down, hard, on one of Jamie's nipples. Jamie gasped, and then gasped again a second later, when a clothes pin came down on each of them. Across his stomach, George set the massage gun

"I figure, as an adult, it's my job to help show you exactly why you need to stay away from sex. At least until you're older and you've found a nice girl to settle down with and have a family." George was kneeling down, doing something to the chair between Jamie's legs that he couldn't see. "But that will take time, and we need to teach your slutty, simple-minded body that it is *not* a dog in heat, but a man, who should be in control of his lust, not the other way around."

Jamie tensed, feeling something nudge against the sensitive skin between his legs.

"Now, boy, this is going to hurt a whole lot. Just remember this, the next time you're rubbing your cock all over another man and getting hard."

And then, he jammed something hard at Jamie's tight, furled hole, breaching it with one go.

Jamie couldn't scream, even as the pain struck through him like a lightning bolt. He couldn't cry, couldn't beg, couldn't even breathe.

It was the water bottle scrubber, that was easy to guess. But what he had always thought of as soft bristles were anything but, scratching each inch of his insides as they invaded his most private

place. The only saving grace was that the handle itself was only about an inch wide, though the wild, senseless part of himself was convinced he could feel his hole close around the neck, leaving the horrible, bristled head buried inside of his ass forever.

George moved a couple of things around and added a couple more pieces of tape to the mess he'd already made, pressing each edge down with the care of a plumber, fixing a pipe.

"There you go, kid." He reached out to the computer, restarting the video Jamie had been watching all that time ago and setting the page to "autoplay." "You wanted to get your rocks off, now here's your chance."

He hit play on the video, wedging Jamie's chair under the desk so that he couldn't fall over. A second later, and the two moving additions were activated; the massage gun, taped to Jamie's stomach and positioned directly at the base of his cock, and the drill, the rotating head somehow attached to the base of the scrubber, making it spin round and round in lazy circles and stimulating nerves Jamie had never imagined he had. He flexed his hips, trying to get away, and keened as a spark of warmth raced up his spine.

All day, he'd been trying to forget his life in the pleasure of an orgasm. Now, one rolled over him with the speed of a truck, his hips jerking uncontrollably as cum spurt from the tip of his cock, making a mess of him.

"Well, there's your first one," George said with satisfaction. "There will be plenty of time for you to get all of your youthful wiles out. By the time this is over, I doubt you'll ever want to come again."

Jamie was already feeling sore and over stimulated, his soft dick an angry red color as it continued to suffer the massage gun's abuse. Everything was too much—his buzzing cock, his stirred asshole, his hot, painful ass—and he could already tell that when he got hard again (and he would, very soon), it would not feel nearly as nice.

George's expression was cruelly amused as he approached with Jamie's headset. Right before he set the noise cancellation cups over Jamie's ears, he paused, so close that Jamie could *hear* the lusty moans from the video.

"I almost forgot to tell you why I was knocking," he said. "Your grandmother got into a little accident leaving church this afternoon."

Jamie's heart leaped to his throat, an entirely new panic searing through him. For a moment, all he could think was *please not her too please* and then his eyes rolled back in his head, another orgasm barreling through him.

As he came back to himself, George patted him on the head.

"She's fine, but she'll be in the hospital. Asked me to come check up on you, make sure you're okay." He nodded to himself, as though congratulating himself on a job well done. "But that means you've got the place to yourself! At least until I come check up on you in the morning."

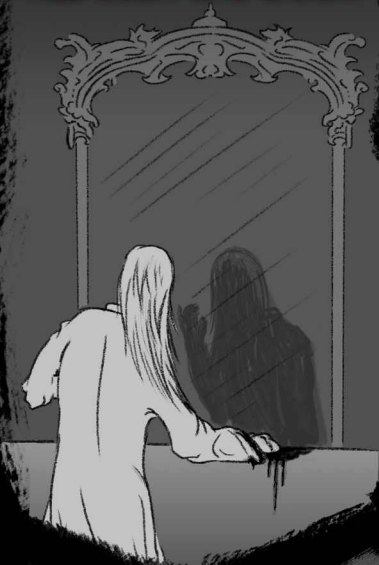
Jamie whined, trying to plead with his eyes. It was all too much. The abuse on his body, the need to go see Gran *right now*....he couldn't be left here until morning. It wasn't fair. He couldn't do it. He was going to die if he had to sit here another moment, he was sure of it.

But George just smiled, slipping the headset into place. Instantly, Jamie's world filled with the sounds of sex, as yet another orgasm ripped out of him. He sat there, breathing as hard as he could through his nose, without the energy to even lift his head. His eyes gazed unseeing at his screen, as the lights of the apartment were turned off, and the lock slid loudly into place.

HIERARCHY

by CROWNEDCORPSE

Your wise lord
has seen the truth.



Seen the weakness
of your kind...

Your softness...
your frailty.

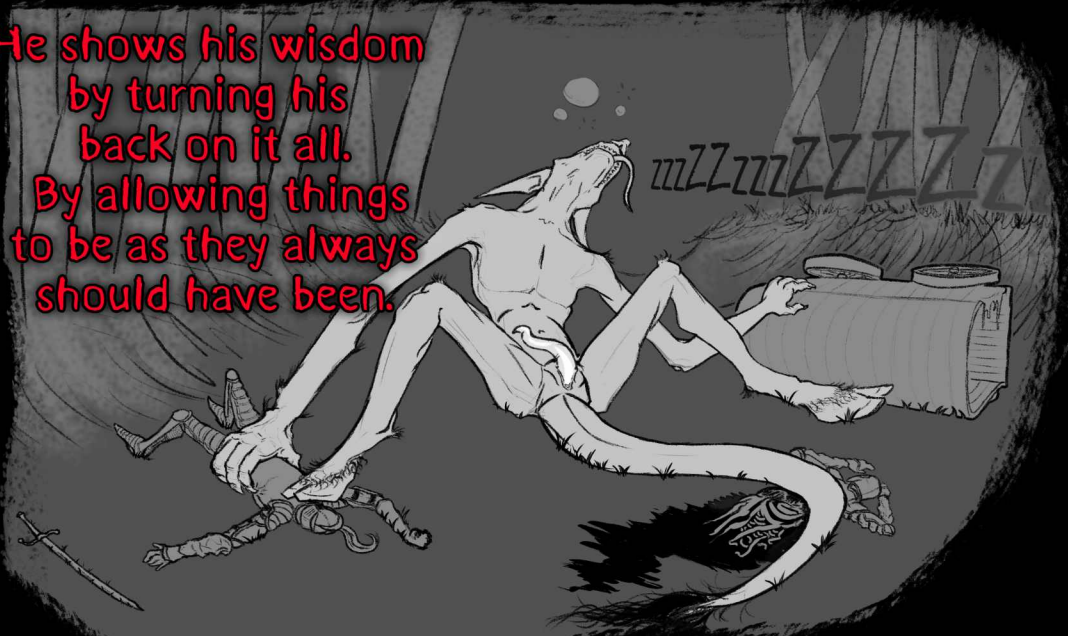


He has seen where your true place ought to be.



BENEATH US.

He shows his wisdom
by turning his
back on it all.
By allowing things
to be as they always
should have been.



So be thankful, Meat.

You serve us in death and in life,
because our wishes
are above your needs.



If you still breathe as
you collapse each night,
it is because we allow it.



And if you make it to morning,
it is because we have
further use for you.
For now.

Speaking of...

You will serve as
an excellent example.



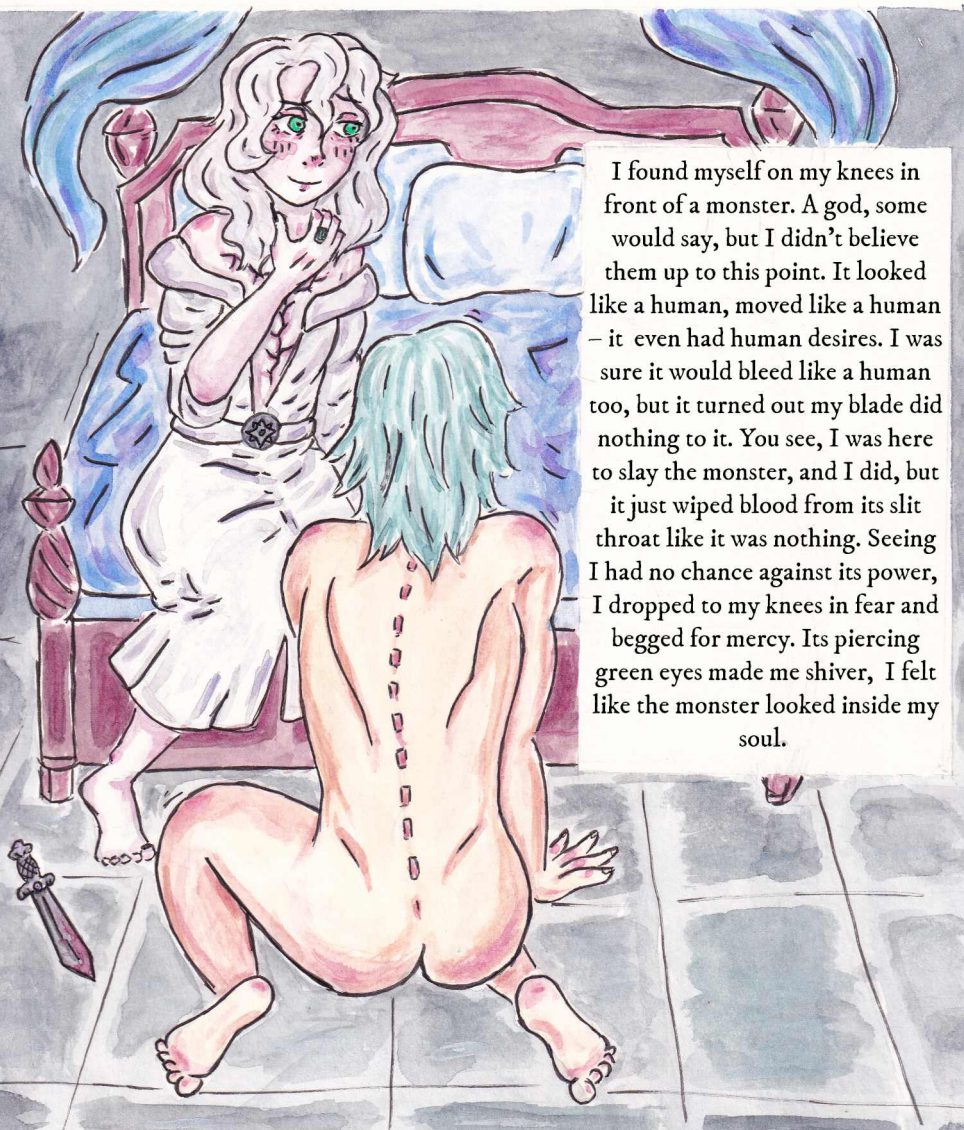
Of what happens to
those who question
our lord's wishes.

Heh... sleep well, Meat.



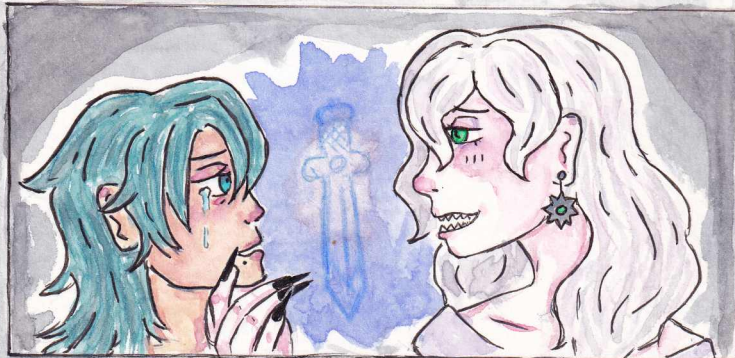
In the morning, we
shall introduce you
to your lord's new pets :)





I found myself on my knees in front of a monster. A god, some would say, but I didn't believe them up to this point. It looked like a human, moved like a human – it even had human desires. I was sure it would bleed like a human too, but it turned out my blade did nothing to it. You see, I was here to slay the monster, and I did, but it just wiped blood from its slit throat like it was nothing. Seeing I had no chance against its power, I dropped to my knees in fear and begged for mercy. Its piercing green eyes made me shiver, I felt like the monster looked inside my soul.

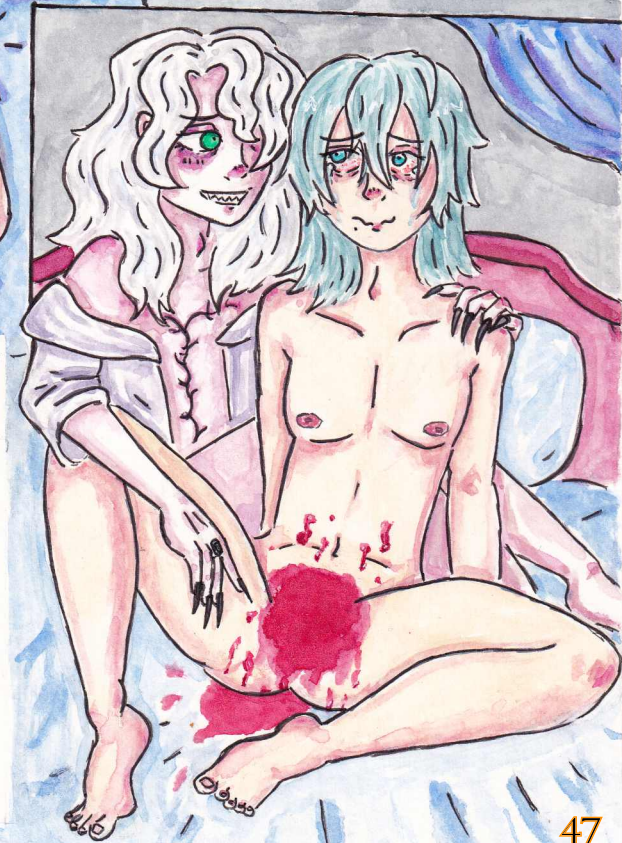
My sweet child, you can't kill a god – it said, while grabbing my trembling chin. I nodded and apologized for my wrongdoing. Anything to keep my head on my shoulders. My little darling, I'll forgive you, – it continued. – But you'll have to make it up to me.



And then it ordered, with a falsely sweet voice; **One little thing. Pick up a knife, and give me what you have between your legs.** My heart stopped. **Don't make a scene, dear, just cut it off and prove you'll obey me from now on. I am your god after all.** I had no other choice, but to obey.

I put the blade to my crotch and cut. There was something in its voice, something that made not following its orders impossible.

My body betrayed me, reacting with excitement to violation. It was the monster's doing. I moved against my will, moving the knife slowly, cutting the meat. It sank into the tender flesh with too much ease. I was rock hard. I felt pain like never before, but wasn't able to scream. I was on the verge of climax. I castrated myself with my own two hands and I felt relieved. My god touched my exhausted body with its long nails tenderly and gently. The monster was pleased - for now.



THE THORN GENERAL'S PUNISHMENT

BY MARIACHIMUSHROOM

CW: F/F. dominance/submission. age gap. whipping. piss. strap-on

These handcuffs were the ugliest jewelry I ever wore. Bulky and gray, their unrefined edges cut into my tender skin. I, Princess Rosabel of the Kingdom of Elyze, was meant to wear rubies and ballgowns, using wealth to shield my body from the rabble. Not a skintight bodysuit that hugged every curve, showing even my puckered nipples as I shivered on the cold storage crate, awaiting my fate.

"What were you thinking, stealing that bomber?" barked a commanding female voice. They called her the Thorn General, the needle that pierced fleets. Cruel she was to our enemies, and crueler still to soldiers that did not live up to her exacting standards. But I knew her as Zegus, a kind of aunt who sent me necklaces of teeth and interrogated me at parties. At the moment, she wasn't interested in learning whether I had any close male friends. "The situation with Sylvern is a powder keg and you decided to run there with a lit match. Fortunately, I intercepted you before you caused an intergalactic incident. What would possess you to do something so foolish?"

"You were there at last night's dinner." Trussed in my corset, I had picked at a gilded aspic while my father, the king, discussed the terms of my marriage contract. "You don't know how it feels, being haggled over like a pig in the marketplace." At least the pig was too dumb to know it would be slaughtered.

"Power demands sacrifice." Zegus would know—her right arm had been lost in battle and replaced by a metal gauntlet with wicked-sharp claws. "It is a princess's fate to be married. Would being that prince's bride be so intolerable?"

Prince Filbert of Sylvern wasn't elderly or deformed. His hands were soft and his manners textbook. I'm sure he would have kept me nicely, a tender bloom in the ship's greenhouse, misted daily. A hostage in a floral prison, just as collateral for a measly asteroid mine. "Yes. I'd rather die."

Zegus seemed taken aback by the bluntness of my answer. "I see."

"'Set your target, then act swiftly and decisively.' You said that in that speech you gave after the Bannenhof Skirmish."

If Zegus was impressed that I remembered her speech, she didn't show it. "That works only if you know what you're doing. A Class M Bomber is as dangerous to the pilot as it is to the enemy. You are far too valuable to lose to a mere accident." She pulled out a cylinder with a rubberized grip. Pressing a button caused it to shoot out a thin metal chain about three yards long. "Are you familiar with this device?"

"It's an electric whip, used to discipline soldiers." I jerked back in shock. "You can't be thinking of using it on me!"

"You must learn not to play with such dangerous toys. And pain is the best teacher. Stand up and face the wall." Zegus sounded like she was ordering an execution.

The whip crackled ominously. I put on my most innocent face, my baby blues wide and innocently peeking behind my golden bangs. "I'm very sorry, General Zegus, for stealing the ship," I said in a breathy, innocent voice. "I've learned my lesson and I won't do it again."

Zegus grabbed me by the hair, forcing me to look into her fierce eyes. "That trick might work on your tutors but it won't work on me."

I squirmed, beating against her chest with my handcuffed fists. I might as well have been beating a brick wall from the reaction, or lack thereof. "You have no authority over me! I am your princess!"

"All I see is a pathetic little brat that needs to be put in her place." She hung the chain of my handcuffs from a hook onto the ceiling. I dangled on my toes, my shoulders wrenched in a painful angle. Like a mockery of a lover's touch, her claw traced a line from my neck to my groin, slitting the tight flight suit. She grabbed each side and tore open the suit, exposing my milky white breasts. I twisted in my bondage, trying to cover them, but it was futile.

"This is treason! I'll have you executed!"

Zegus continued on like she hadn't heard me. "Ten lashes should do. Count them for me."

I stood up as tall as I could, head held high. I was a princess, not a common soldier. Zegus could torture my body but she couldn't take my dignity. I would bear my punishment with grace—

A loud crack exploded next to my ear. I shrieked.

Zegus laughed, low and mocking. "Just warming up."

"That's not funny!"

Zegus slowly circled around me, her eyes gliding up and down my body, inspecting me like I was a ship after repair. With each step, the whip chain clinked against the metal floor. I trembled. The room was cold, yet I was sweating. When would she strike? Was the anticipation the real punishment? Surely she wouldn't actually strike me, surely this was just an intimidation tactic.

And then, when my nerves were drawn their tightest, Zegus struck. The chain flew in a cold arc across my back, stripping a burning line from shoulder to hip that felt like it hit bone.

"Oh god, you're killing me," I moaned. It was the worst pain I'd ever felt in my life.

"I haven't even broken skin yet," Zegus said in an amused tone. "You're too sensitive, Princess."

"I've learned my lesson! I'll be good! Please just let me down!" I squirmed.

"No. Not until you've taken your licks. What's the count?"

"One," I said, drooping in defeat. Only nine more blows left. I could hold on for that long.

Zegus whipped me again, making a burning cross on my back. "Two!" A blow across my buttocks. "Three." A series of blows across the shoulders. "Four. F-five. Six?"

"Tsk ts. The budget of your tutors has not been well spent. Start over."

"But-but-that's not fair!" A blow to my back shut me up.

This time, I wouldn't mess it up. Zegus lashed the back of my thighs, short and fast. I valiantly kept count. "—eight, nine, te—eek!" Zegus twisted my nipple hard, making me lose count. She shouldn't be able to do that, like I was a mere toy.

"What a shame. You've messed up the count again." She grinned, her crooked teeth betraying her commoner origin. "I'll have to start from the beginning."

Now I saw her game. It didn't matter how well I counted. Zegus wasn't going to let me go until she was satisfied. And that could be a long time indeed. Once, she'd captured a pirate crew that had been harassing our cargo ships. The execution livestream had lasted weeks, only ending when there was another crisis that needed her attention. Panic clawed at my throat. I was completely at her mercy.

The time passed in a blur of agony. My back, my buttocks, my thighs were on fire. I spat out numbers at random, too dazed to keep track. Blow. Twitch. Blow. Twitch. The world shrank to my back and the sadistic woman who controlled my fate. I wasn't a princess anymore. I was just another victim of the Thorn General.

Zegus paused. Her skin was flushed, her pupils dilated. She looked like she wanted to swallow me whole. "What's the count?"

The heat on my back seemed to have melted my brain. I persuaded my thick tongue to move. "Don't know."

"You poor, sweet, stupid little girl." Zegus reached for my face and I braced for another blow. But she merely wiped away my tears. "You've grown up, haven't you?" She seemed to be searching my face for some emotion, some memory.

I leaned into her hand, grateful for a moment of relief. She could have killed me in that instant, yet somehow, I wasn't afraid. I would accept any fate she ordered me. Maybe I had gone crazy. Or maybe I was too tired to resist.

Zegus seemed to find whatever she was looking for in my face. "Two more to go." She stepped back, calculating her next strike. I bared my throat, my surrender complete. She struck. Pain lanced across my nipples, turning my breasts into burning islands. It was agonizing, and yet, the hot throb of my nipples was met by an echo between my legs.

"N-nine." Pressure was building in my abdomen. I squeezed my thighs together, trying to stop the dam from overflowing.

"Keep your legs open," Zegus commanded. I uncrossed my legs with a sticky noise.

The glowing whip lashed out. It wrapped lovingly around my leg, the tip lightly brushing my mons Venus. The shock traveled down my fold and inside the core of me. My belly spasmed. Hot wetness gushed out of me.

"Ten!" I was stripped to the core, my pride pouring out of me with each spurt of urine. Hot tears dripped down my face. A wet, disgraceful animal. How could I face my kingdom after this?

"There, there." Zegus kissed me on the forehead, a strangely maternal gesture. "I trust you've learned your lesson. Will you be a good girl from now on?" I nodded. "Then I think you deserve a reward."

Zegus ran a rope under one of my legs and attached it to the ceiling. Now I was standing on only one aching foot, my wet cunt exposed and vulnerable. She trailed the handle of the whip up my thigh. "No more," I moaned.

"Hush. This is about to become your new favorite toy." She pressed it between my legs, teasing my slit. The cool handle filled me with fascinated terror. I, who had never even a finger inside me, was going to be penetrated by this bleak hunk of plastic. Zegus found my hole and pressed hard. I expected pain and tearing, but the handle slid inside me with hardly any resistance. I watched, astonished, as my body swallowed the whole thing.

Zegus's pupils were wide and fascinated. "Push it out." I bore down, and the handle slid out of me, its buttons now covered with my slick. She pushed it inside again, and then, overcome by lust, kissed me. Her hot tongue reached for my throat, just as the handle slammed inside me. I was being claimed by her, inside and out.

The handle hit something hot and delicious inside me. I moaned. "I can feel you clenching," Zegus said. "Does that feel good?"

"So good," I moaned.

Zegus's nostrils flared. Her hands were shaking with urgency as she stripped off her shirt. Underneath, her small, conical breasts were the thinnest veneer of femininity over toned pecs. Her skin was covered with scars and circular burns from laser pistols. She attached the whip handle to a ring on her belt, turning it into a jutting erection.

She grabbed my sides hard enough to indent my flesh. Her tool brushed against my cunt, teasingly close. She grimaced, shaking, as if in the grip of great emotion. The anticipation was driving me crazy. I rubbed my cunt at the tip, begging with my body. Suddenly, she bent forward, her hair falling over us both. A curtain creating a private world, a world where we weren't a princess and a general but merely two bodies.

"I've wanted you for a long time," Zegus whispered. "Ever since I held your mother's belly. I've watched over you for so many years, tearing down anything that might hurt you. The thorn guarding the rose. But the rose was always destined to be sold."

"Maybe the rose doesn't want to be sold," I muttered. Skin to skin, I could feel the desperate trembling energy locked in Zegus' core.

"Is this what you want? Would you rather be an upstart commoner's love-slave than the prince's wife?"

It was an absurd question. Why would I give myself to a vicious soldier, who whipped and tortured me and even now was blaspheming against the royal body? Yet somehow, I wanted nothing more than for Zegus to move, to strike against the core of me. I'd die if she left me empty and wanting.

"Yes."

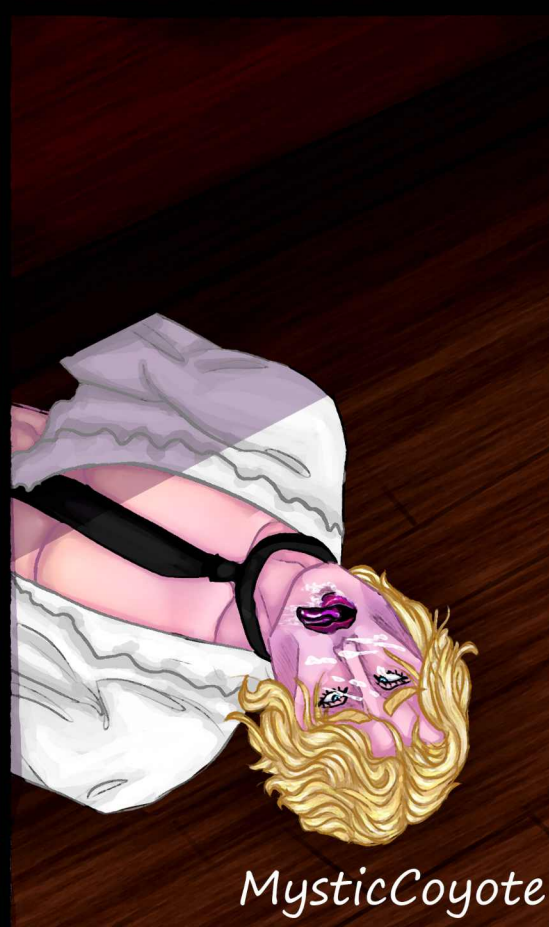
Zegus thrust. My body received her with a burst of pleasure. Nothing else could compare. She hammered into me, her chest bouncing with each thrust. Her hands roamed against my body, the flesh one squeezing my breast, the clawed one tracing lines against my skin. Liquid trickled down my back; whether sweat or blood, I couldn't tell.

I had lived my life in the swaddled comfort of a sunlit garden, never suffering pain or hunger. Like a dream, everything blurred together in pleasant nonsense. Now, the pain gave me life. My blood pounded and my nerves sang with desire. Something was building in my core, a peak that got closer and closer with each blow.

"Sing for me, princess!" Zegus hit a button on the handle and electricity hit my core. My muscles clamped down in a forced orgasm. One blissful peak, then another and another, until my stomach trembled. It was only when my screams became hoarse rasps that Zegus turned off the power.

"How beautiful you are, princess." Zegus clutched me, molding my sore flesh against her abs. "For you, I'll war against the prince, the whole kingdom, even if it destroys me. You're mine. All mine." The proud, disciplined Thorn General was flushed with lust, her hair messy with the passion of our lovemaking. Her face was lined with the scars of battle, but she was beautiful nonetheless.

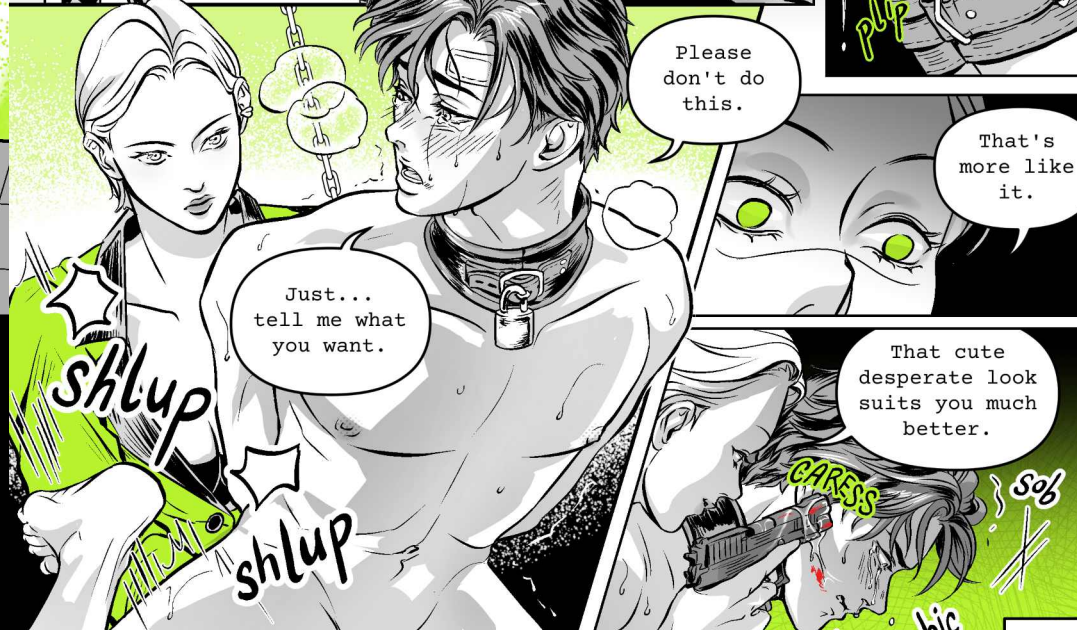
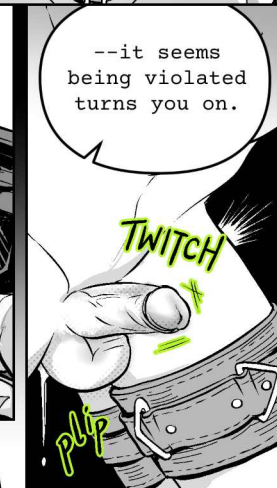
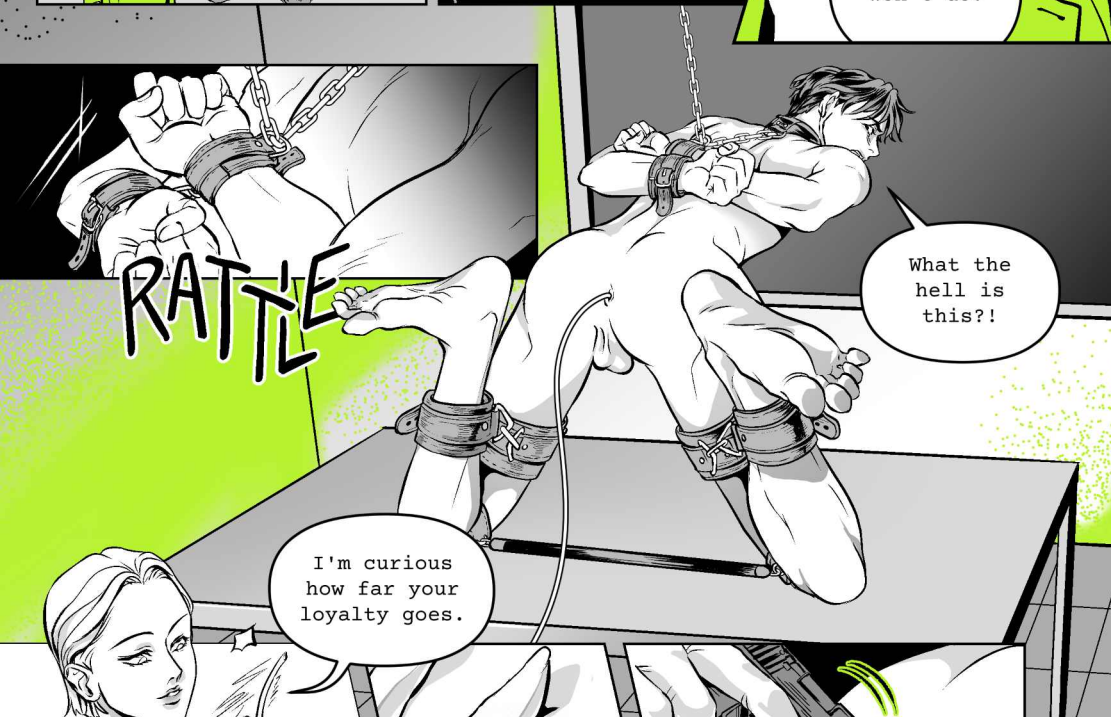
There was no room in my heart for regret.





Quit YELPIN' like a
fuckin' pup! Y'know—
If you spent as much time makin' sales
as ya did SLITTIN' YER ARM
in the bloody loo
We wouldn't hafta DO THIS SHIT!





after lights-out, when the beds creaked as boys slipped from one bunk to another.

But Bertie knew better. No matter how much he might want to crawl under the covers and swap clumsy kisses in the dark, the risk was simply too great. He'd have been found out, and word would have gotten back to his father: a man who safeguarded his son's virtue like a dragon guarding its hoard, the smoke from his cigarillo as eye-watering as any firebreather's muzzle.

Really, Bertie was old enough to behave himself. He was going into his last year at school, an upper-sixth only months away from matriculation. Surely he could get his measurements taken without flinching? Surely he could have a man's hands on him without tenting his trousers like an oversexed teen at the first stiff breeze?

The measuring tape crept its way up his calf, wrapping around the minimal meat of his thigh as tightly as a garter. He bit his lip, searching for something, anything to distract him. Though he was centered in the room, he wasn't at liberty to spin round and gawk, nor was he permitted to fidget. But the modesty curtain, hung for shy patrons or younger boys, had been drawn back, at Father's insistence; Bertie could observe his enclosure. Casting his gaze about, he took in the dark paneling, the rich, deep green of the wallpaper, the total masculinity of the décor, all hardwoods and metallic accents—appropriate, of course, as the clientele was exclusively male—but it was all so like his father's preferred interior design that it left Bertie hot with guilt, and so he looked, instead, at the thing he'd been avoiding: his own reflection in the mirror.

An immediate mistake. The tableau reflected in the glass carried the salty tang of something Bertie could have dreamed up, boiling in his bed, a pillow clenched between his thighs and his teeth biting down hard on his knuckles to keep from moaning. Behold: the girlish grace of Bertram Barrett, all long limbs and stuttering virginity, the cream and gold of his aristocratic coloring swirling into strawberry reds, there, at the cheeks, and peachy pinks at the ears and the temples, blond curls stuck to his forehead with perspiration—a naughty cherub too gangly now to continue inhabiting his fresco, booted from Heaven to Earth to be measured and groped and touched by the bare hands of some man, any man, it doesn't matter who, but oh, this one was rather good-looking, kneeling at Bertie's feet, strong-shouldered and dutiful; see how Bertie squirms for more; see how he fights his instinct to spread his thighs and beg.

See how his father watches him.

Bertie jerked back. The assistant lurched forward, off-kilter, his fingers coming sinfully close to a perilous area, not quite touching but not not touching, and at this phantom sensation there was a sort of whine, a kind of animal bleating, which Bertie realized, belatedly, had come from him.

Father ceased his chat with the shopkeeper. His attention fixed on Bertie at the center of the room as swiftly as the fall of a guillotine's blade.

"Is there a problem?" Father asked, sharply. Was it some defect of the mirror, or was there a splash of pink across the high bones of his cheeks?

"Not at all," Bertie replied, shrill even to his own ears.

Even the assistant seemed to have lost a degree of his cool. He fumbled with the tape, evading Bertie's baleful stare and the basilisk eye of his father.

Swallowing, Bertie added, "I think I—ah, I'd like a moment, please. I'm not feeling quite well."

Father swirled the glass in his hand, ice clinking along the edges. An Old Fashioned, complimentary, and meant, Bertie suspected, to soften a man's mood as much as it would loosen the purse strings.

It had yet to work on Father.

"Well?" Father said, addressing the shopkeeper like a rector who'd caught his choir boys sipping communion wine. "Give us the room, Horace. And take your boy with you."

A series of obsequious bobs of the head from the shopkeeper towards Father—"Of course, sir, as you like, sir"—and a single, solitary smile from the assistant towards Bertie—apologetic and attractive in equal measure—and they made a hasty exit. Bertie and his father were left entirely alone.

There was a feline energy to his father's movements: loping, measured strides, panther-sleek and just as deadly. Bertie watched his approach in the mirror. The image warbled with a sense of unreality, a phantasmagoria. To see his father's face and to feel his breath from behind, boxed in on both sides, carried all the disorientation of a dream.

"Bertie," Father said, breath tickling the nape of his neck.

Bertie turned, and caught his eye. They were of a height, the two of them. But more than that, they presented as something of a matched set. Father's long limbs, his fair coloring, his fine-boned features—they had all been duplicated down the line, mirrored in Bertie, the physical similarities between father and son growing sharper by the day. Yet somehow Bertie always felt smaller in his father's shadow. Paler. Like a hazy reflection of the man he ought to be.

"Thank you," said Bertie, glancing down. "For sending them off. I was feeling... smothered." Father's Oxfords were large, and freshly polished; he could just about make out his own face in the leather. "I'll be all right in a moment."

"We've talked about this." A pause, and then, more firmly, "Look at me."

His lips twitched, some involuntary movement as he fought back a grimace, but when he did not immediately obey Father took the reins himself. Bertie's chin was grabbed roughly in one broad hand and tilted up, so that he could meet his father's gaze, and see the heat there.

"Do you think this is appropriate?" Father's tone was silky smooth, but Bertie knew him too well to be fooled: the tether of his control was fraying. "Did you think this is how a man behaves? Did you think I wouldn't notice?"

"Notice what," he lied, and badly. Father's fingers spasmed, digging into the smooth, pink flesh of his cheeks, the two of them glancing down, as one, guided by the jerk of a marionette's strings, to take in the unmistakable sight of exactly what was poking Father in the thigh—a hardness which had stiffened considerably the moment Bertie's face was taken in hand, and hot breaths had ghosted his lips.

"I couldn't help it." It came out as less than a whisper. "I'm sorry, I just—he's s-so handsome—"

His jaw was released, Father's hand retracting as if burned. Father took a mean swig of his drink, glancing away, his lips peeled back in a half snarl while Bertie stood there blinking in animal stupidity. A storminess passed over Father's face, shadowing his features and casting him with a moody, gloomy sort of look that wouldn't have been out of place in the moors, in one of those windswept Celtic romance-horror-tragedies once favored by Bertie's mother, at the start of her decline. They'd been long boxed up, but he could still recall the covers: a field of endless green,

some ancient, looming castle, and a man in the distance, dark-haired and wild.

Finally, Father looked at him. "There is no reality in which it is appropriate to respond like this," he said, with a jerk of his chin towards the offending instrument, "to the help." His gaze dropped again, green eyes landing on his son's erection brazenly, and shrewdly, as though it was brought before him for his particular assessment.

Keeping his hands by his side took every ounce of Bertie's willpower.

And then, suddenly, Father's Old Fashioned was shoved at him. "Drink," Father instructed, a clipped command that brooked no argument. "You're tense, Bertie—that's your problem. Too tense, and oversensitive to, eh." A dismissive gesture. "Unsuitable stimuli. Drink up, son. It will loosen you."

Obediently, he took a tentative sip. But at once he was gagging, the tang of bitters and whisky too strong for his inexperienced tongue. He tried to pass it back, to preserve the last shreds of his dignity, but Father pushed it towards him.

"This isn't a champagne sip for your birthday, Bertie—drink."

"I don't like it," he muttered. He sort of did, actually—beneath the burn of alcohol he could taste a cloying hint of orange, his favorite—to say nothing of what the heat of the drink was doing to him as it trickled down his throat, his blood, his belly; how it seemed to pool between his legs, where his own heat throbbed hottest of all—but as that was the genesis of Father's bad mood, well. Best not to push things. And so he shook his head, and mumbled, "Sorry."

There was a small table the assistant kept nearby to house his tools and tapes. It hemmed Bertie in when Father pushed forward, crowding him. "I didn't ask you to like it."

"It's not medicine. I don't see why I have to take it," he bit out, uneven, the moment feeling more unreal than ever, compounded by arousal and shame and the smell of orange on his father's breath and the queer way he knew he could feel his heartbeat in the throb of his cock, if only he was allowed to take himself in hand. The backs of his knees bumped into the table. From the corner of his eye he saw his own reflection, as though spying on himself through a keyhole. He licked his lips. He watched himself do it.

From a much nearer vantage point, his father watched him, too.

"And it's—it's wasted on me," Bertie added. "I don't have your... palate. Or your appetite."

For a moment, it seemed as though he'd persuaded his father. Father gave him a last lingering look. He took a long sip of the drink himself, lips pursed on the rim.

And then, without warning, Father hauled him forward by the lapel and sealed their lips together.

Bertie's hands scrambled for purchase on his father's chest. A tongue prodded against his lips, demanding entrance. He had no practice at—at this. Not a sliver of experience, not a single shared kiss in his dormitory, teeth bumping up against some other virginal boy. But he relaxed his jaw on instinct, half a heartbeat before he was cognizant that the tongue in his mouth was his father's. And then Father's actions became clear in one gulping, guzzling rush, as Father passed his mouthful of alcohol from his own mouth to his son's.

Face flaming, Bertie tried to jerk back. But Father had never tolerated disobedience. A hand settled in his curls, holding him in place as Father massaged the drink past his lips and forced him into a swallow. And swallowing, surely, was the only way to end this sudden humiliation, this baby-bird fiasco—so that's what Bertie did. That's why he did it. Not because—

A hum from the mouth against his own, masculine, and deep. Bertie swallowed, and he swallowed, his heart threatening to hammer out of his chest and his cock so hard it was almost painful.

And then, finally, there was nothing left to drink down. He tried to disentangle himself, but his father's grip was iron. They stayed connected like that for a minute, breathing into each other's mouths, a sensory overload of Father's stubbly cheek, Father's surprisingly soft lips, Father's tongue against his own, searching him out even as Bertie shyly retracted—and the sudden awareness that, poking him in the groin, there was a hardness there to match his own.

His legs threatened to go out from under him. But Father held him tight.

Then they broke apart—when Father released him—the sound was lewd, and wet. "You're going to finish the entire drink," he said, his voice gone ragged. "It'll help you, Bertie. It's good for you."

"All right," he agreed, hoarsely. Coherency was leeching out of him by inches, the blood rushing out of his skull to flood his prick, made all the worse by the smothering heat of his father's fatter erection. "Just, um... hand it over, I suppose."

"Best if I manage it, I think." He did not release his grip on Bertie's hair, pulling back just enough to take a long, slow sip before diving back in, their lips crushed together in a perfect seal.

Bertie moaned, the feeblest protest, but it was no use. His world was reduced to the heat of his father's mouth, that tang of citrus as Father's tongue probed deeper, as Bertie's shameful moans were drowned out by the thunder of his own blood in his ears, and the groans of the man against him.

How long it took them to finish their Old Fashioned, Bertie couldn't say. Father kept pausing in his work to keep them flush together but motionless, two mirrored halves with one set of lungs between them. Weakly Bertie tugged at the fine material of his father's waistcoat. His thumb caught on a button, and a sense-memory exploded in his mind's eye: Bertie himself, not too long ago, just a shy little boy, motherless and needy, having crawled onto Father's lap in the privacy of his study. A rare indulgence, unthinkable in public. Chest to chest, heart to heart, Bertie's head resting on his father's shoulder and his pale child's hands occupied with the cool, dark buttons of Father's waistcoat.

A lurching, violent heat hooked him sharply behind the navel, almost nauseating, but soothed, perversely, by the thick intrusion of his father's tongue.

Bertie slumped into the kiss. The alcohol buzzed through him; at some point Father had set the empty glass on the assistant's table, and with two hands free Bertie was finding himself held entirely upright by his father, one hand in his curls, the other low on his spine, towards the small swell of his backside. The drink was done—but they had not parted.

When Father decided they'd had enough, they broke apart from their not-kiss—because it couldn't be that, Bertie thought, with rising hysteria; it was a lesson of some kind, a final step to ensure he was the right sort of man, a proper sort of man. Only a lesson, and nothing more.

Their faces were very close. Father's gaze was half-lidded, something like calm descending across his features, some unseen tension finally unwound. Perhaps he'd needed the drink more than Bertie. "Feeling better?" he asked, lowly.

Bertie's cock was so stiff he could hardly stand upright. "Yes, very. Now, if I could—oh," he gasped, eyes watering; his father had slipped a hand down the front of his trousers without preamble, and the sensation of hot flesh against his drooling prick rather knocked the wind out of him. He tightened his hands into fists along his father's shirt. "N-no—"

But he was shushed, Father tucking him closer with a palm cradled against the back of his skull as his fist went to work. A few rough strokes of his shaft, and then an exploratory tug of his sac, tensed and tightened by arousal.

Bertie collapsed forward, moaning shamelessly, hiccupping into his father's shoulder as the gesture was repeated with more force.

"Enough talk, I think," Father murmured. "I've set you up to fail, leaving you to your own devices—I'm glad I've caught it now, at any rate. Better late than never, as these things go."

Try as he might, he couldn't keep from thrusting forward; it was the release he'd been seeking, the release he'd been denying himself each sweaty night as he tried and failed to ignore the lust that frothed in his belly, that bone-deep need to roll over and rut, to touch and to be touched in return. That it came from the hands of his father—

"I'm sorry," he whined. Sweat brought out the sharper musk of his father's cologne, the drugging scent of vetiver and civet, so effortlessly masculine, almost sedating, but undercut by the knowledge of precisely whose throat he was nuzzling. This was wrong, wrong, wrong. "It won't happen again."

"I know." A fond pet of his curls, Father's hand pumping at his cock harder now than before, the pressure just on the right side of painful. "I'll keep you home, I think, for the first term—just long enough to get you sorted out, hmm? You're oversexed, son," he said, low and fond, as Bertie's vision went liquid behind the edges. "With no outlet. But I can see to you, Bertie, as much as you need."

"I can—can manage," he protested, desperately, but biting out the words was like choking out a roc's egg.

"You won't have to." It was practically purred. "I'll manage you."

He clutched at his father like a drowning man, visions swimming in his head of the two of them, alone in that great manor house, Bertie no longer trying to tamp down his libido in his own small bed but brought instead to his father's rooms, to his father's bed, where that broad paternal weight could bear down on him until every sensuous desire sweated out of his pores, his cock drained and sticky on his thigh, a warm laugh against his lips and a deep kiss sealing off the close of his day as sure as his father's tongue in his mouth would herald its beginning. A never-ending loop of need and satiation. His own, of course, but more pressingly his—

A lowing groan, his orgasm ripping through him at precisely the moment Father brought their mouths together in what could only be called a kiss. Teeth bumping, tongues meeting without a hiccup of hesitation, Bertie all frayed nerves and virginal inexperience, Father as eager as a newlywed.

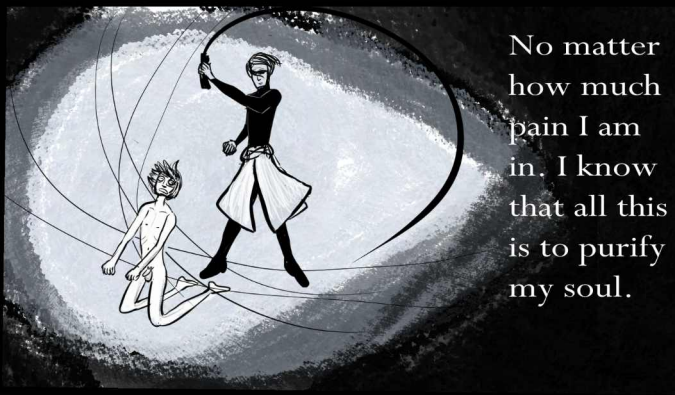
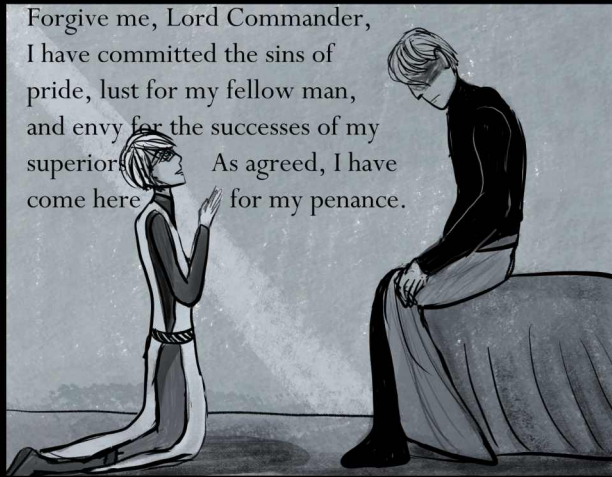
Bertie felt his hand pulled down to cup his father's bulge, held low towards the base, where his balls were hot, and fat, and fit to breed.

"It has been—a while," Father admitted, hushed against Bertie's kiss-swollen lips. "Since my bed has held anyone but me. I'd forgotten—well," he said, with a laugh, and another wet kiss that drew out a whine from his son's pale throat. He massaged the back of Bertie's hand, forcing Bertie to really feel the heft of his balls, the weight of them. "You've never touched a man, Bertie? Have you?"

"No," he conceded. His prick, limp and wet against his thigh, twitched in feeble interest. "I've been good."

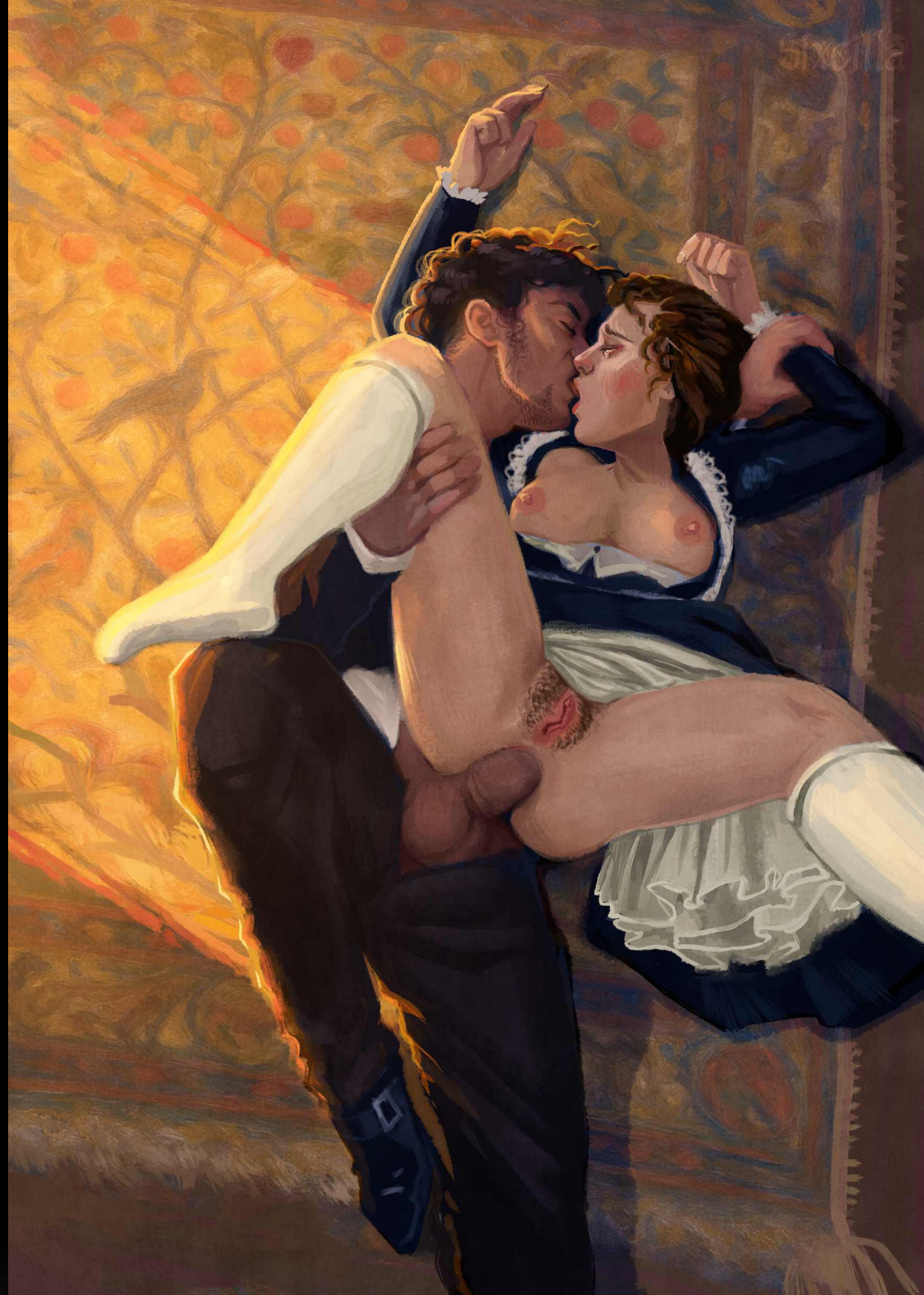
"My good boy," Father murmured. Another kiss, another joint undulation of Father's bulge. "And a proper man, when I'm done with you."

Forgive me, Lord Commander,
I have committed the sins of
pride, lust for my fellow man,
and envy for the successes of my
superior. As agreed, I have
come here for my penance.



No matter
how much
pain I am
in. I know
that all this
is to purify
my soul.

Forgive me.
I continue to sin
and enjoy the comfort
of my sins.
As the Lord Commander
continues to grant me
penance, I must continue
to offer my body to him
in hopes of salvation.





CREAK-K

Oh you poor thing
don't worry, soon
you'll be purified
and on the path to
redemption

Oh father, great,
merciful father,
He who watches
over us, please
hear my plea for
your strength so
that I may
PURIFY

This
Poor
Wretch

Oh dear one, there is no
need to weep, here, allow
me to help dry your tears.

I only wish to help you,
and we will get through
this trying time together.
Do not worry, I will
guide you to

the light

Sweet

Sister

of mine~
soon we will
be bound
by faith

Please,

Guide my hand
so that I may
choose the tool
that will lead
to their



ABSOLUTION





PERFORMANCE REVIEW

BY KORRINBELLE

"Poor efficiency. Bad time management. Doesn't work well with others. Incapable of asking for help."

Benedict glowered down at the desk, heat rising up the back of his neck as the department supervisor, Aaliyah, continued absently listing his many apparent failings. She wasn't even looking at him and that somehow made the sting worse. It did make it easier for him to let his gaze linger on her body without her noticing, though; on the way her perfectly tailored blouse hugged her tits or the way her luscious brown skin looked in those tights. It was a struggle for him to drag his eyes back up to her mouth and at least pretend he was paying attention.

It wasn't like she was wrong—it just didn't matter. He didn't need this job, didn't need to perform any of the menial tasks that had been assigned to him. The job was meaningless; created for the sole purpose of pretending Benedict had to work his way up before his father, eventually, left him the company. He didn't fucking need this dressing down and he wasn't just going to sit there while she shit all over him.

"Do you have any idea who my father is?" he asked coldly. He was going for menacing, but to his dismay Aaliyah didn't cower or flinch. She just cocked her head, finally turning to stare at him. Her expression wasn't one of fear; instead, her lip curled in disgust, before twisting to something more predatory as she peered at him from across her desk. Benedict had the startling realization that he might be in real trouble.

"Do you think I'm an idiot?" she asked, "Do you think I don't fucking know it's your family's name on the front of this building?" She circled the desk slowly, her heels clicking across the floor as she came to stand right in front of him, looking down her nose. "The more important question is, do you have any idea who you are?"

Benedict goggled up at her. What kind of question...?

"Well, Ben?" she asked impatiently, leaning back against her desk. "When your superior asks you a question, you answer it."

"I don't— My name is Benedict Davenport, and my father—"

"Wrong. Try again."

"I'm going to be your boss!" he stood abruptly, trying to tower over her and failing. She was taller than him, even without heels, and she glared down at him coolly, not even flinching when he got up in her personal space. Then, with one manicured finger against his chest, her nail digging into his skin, she pushed him back.

"You really don't get the position you're in, do you?" she asked, almost softly, but Benedict didn't want her false pity. "What was it your father told you, when you started here?"

A slow prickling heat crept up Benedict's face. He swallowed thickly, his throat suddenly tight. Of course he remembered.

Don't embarrass me.

Had she heard that? Did she know what their relationship was like? Benedict's father wouldn't fire him, no matter how little he thought of him, would he? The public embarrassment alone wasn't something his father would ever abide. He'd expected his father to just put him in a corner office somewhere to keep him out of sight until he eventually worked himself to an early grave, and then Benedict could inherit the company, but instead, he'd been made the office's bitch; hired on in a junior role, junior wage included, and cut off from his usual allowance. He'd been made to make copies and do coffee runs while also being buried under mountains of actual office work. It was demeaning. Was his father trying to make him quit?

Benedict was suddenly much less assured about his position as he stared up in to Aaliyah's cold eyes.

"You still haven't answered who you are, so let me tell you..." She reached up to pat his cheek and Benedict flinched away only for her to grab his tie, giving it a hard yank. He stumbled backwards, his legs meeting the chair behind him as he half fell against it, grimacing up at her as her grip on his tie wrenched at his neck. Before he could react she grabbed his jaw with her free hand and squeezed, forcing him down in to the chair. "You're the boy whose father gave me carte blanche to whip in to a functioning member of this company. No job too humiliating. No punishment too extreme."

"That's not— he wouldn't—" Benedict couldn't even say it. His father would. His father was only too happy to delegate away anything to do with his son. Benedict settled on, "You can't do this!"

"Can't I? We just established I have permission. What are you going to do, report me? Your father made it very clear to me that I have final say on whether or not you get to move up in this company. On whether you get the company at all." She gave his face a light, patronizing pat and added, "I can make your life here miserable."

Benedict grit his teeth, biting back the retort that had been on the tip of his tongue, his eyes darting away from her face as he cowed away from the intensity of her gaze. She was still towering over him, gripping his tie and preventing his escape. "O-Okay... I get it..."

"What was that?"

"I said I get it," Benedict snapped miserably, his face burning.

"What do you get?"

"That— That I have to do what you say— That I can't— I can't keep just..."

"Just what? Being a drain on your father and this company? Being a waste of space?"

Benedict glowered up at her, his eye burning, and she actually smirked—fucking smirked!

"Not much of an apology," she said with a mock pout, finally letting his tie slip between her fingers. "This level of insubordination is already enough to fire someone under normal circumstances."

She was silent then for a moment, leaning back against the desk like this was some kind of casual little chit-chat. She lifted her leg slightly, bracing it against the desk, and Benedict had to drag his eyes away from the gap between her thighs that peeked out from beneath the edge of her skirt.

She was waiting—Benedict could tell—waiting for that apology, but he wasn't going to give it to her. This was already humiliating enough; he wasn't going to prostrate himself in front of her. If she wanted more than an admission that he would start playing by the

rules, she was going to have to bring in HR for a formal reprimand and put it on his record; that, he was not afraid of. As the silence stretched her smile slipped slightly, tipping towards annoyance, and Benedict let out a quiet little laugh of satisfaction.

"I think I know what the problem is," she said suddenly.

Benedict rolled his eyes. "Yeah? What's that?"

"Your father never spanked you as a child. It's made you entitled."

It wasn't nearly that simple, but no, his father hadn't spanked him. It wasn't that his father was above the use of corporal punishment; it was that he'd barely interacted with Benedict at all, let alone ever touched him. "Sure," Benedict said, "Whatever. Are we done yet or not?"

"No... I don't think we are," Aaliyah said slowly, "We're going to remedy this right now. Stand up."

"What?" Benedict scoffed. What did she mean?

"You heard me. Stand up, and bend over."

"Oh, is that we're doing?" Benedict asked flippantly, "Kinky."

Aaliyah slapped him. Benedict's head snapped back with the force and he saw stars for a brief moment before shaking himself off. He gaped up at her, his cheek burning. He could practically feel the hand print forming as he lifted a hand to his face in shocked disbelief. He hadn't even seen her wind up.

"Are you sorry now?" she asked, her voice darkly sweet, her eyes deadly. She raised her hand. "Stand. Up. And bend. Over."

Benedict panicked, raising his hands to defend himself as he scrambled up and out of the chair, putting a few paces between them in case she tried to hit him again. But Aaliyah didn't move. She just stood there, waiting, and then nodded towards the desk.

Benedict gaped at her. She was fucking crazy. He glanced at the office door; it was shut, the blinds drawn. She'd called him in to her office only a few minutes before the end of the work day, so half the staff had probably already left. There'd be nobody around to hear

what she had— What was... going to happen... He should just walk out; preserve what little he had left of his dignity.

But what was dignity in the face of his father's fortune?

Besides... it wasn't like she could actually hurt him.

He turned slowly, not meeting Aaliyah's eyes, too ashamed to even look at her as he faced the desk.

"Is it too late to say I'm sorry?" he mumbled. Aaliyah didn't answer. Instead, she put a hand to the back of his neck and urged him with gentle pressure to lean forward, towards the desk, and kicked his legs apart. It had the effect of forcing him to bend over and he put his hands on the desk as he braced himself.

Benedict started to sweat. Part of it was fear; he could admit that, at least to himself. This whole situation was crazy. But there was this weird, niggling little tendril of anticipation and shame worming its way through his gut and threatening to change the dynamic of the situation in a way that was dangerous. He'd only been half joking when he'd called her kinky. It's not even like this was the first time he'd been spanked. By a woman. Not like— Well...

If not for the sting of his cheek he would almost call this sexual, but he knew that wasn't what it was to Aaliyah, at least not in the conventional sense. Oh, he was certain she was enjoying herself, but if she was getting off on this it was purely from knocking him around. He was actually regretting offering to apologize, because she had probably enjoyed that too.

The first strike made him jump; more startled than anything. As expected it didn't hurt all that much, his clothing absorbing most of the impact. The worrying part was the heat growing in his belly as he stood there, legs apart, bent over the desk. It had been a long time since he'd been touched in any meaningful way. Was this all it took now?

The second strike came quickly and then Aaliyah was raining strikes across his ass, stopping only briefly to reposition so she could use her other hand. By the time she was finished an uncomfortable warmth had spread through his flesh wherever her hand had struck, and, to Benedict's dismay, his groin.

Mortified by his body's betrayal, Benedict stayed bent over the desk, trying not to shake with the humiliation of it all as Aaliyah dusted herself off.

"I think I've made myself clear, now get out of my office," Aaliyah said and Benedict stumbled away from the desk awkwardly.

He was half in a daze—no idea how it had come to this—but he was also half hunched over and trying to angle his body away from Aaliyah so she wouldn't see the half chub he was trying to hide. Dress pants weren't the most forgiving. His awkward gait must have tipped her off, because he was two steps from the door when Aaliyah called out.

"Wait."

He froze, his back to her.

"Turn around," Aaliyah said, her voice brooking no argument. Benedict swallowed, squared his shoulders, and turned. Aaliyah's eyes darted down the front of his body.

Benedict had been looked at like a piece of meat before. With his family's wealth he was used to people seeing the money rather than the person, but the look of pure, stony disinterest was far more humiliating than any response Benedict could have imagined and his cock twitched in his pants. Maybe there really was something wrong with him.

"So you're that kind of pervert, huh? I guess you'll need a more serious punishment. Give me your belt."

"I-I'm not!" Benedict protested weakly, and then his mind caught up with the demand. "W-what? Why?"

"Because you clearly haven't learned your lesson."

"There's no way—"

"Suit yourself," she said as she rounded the desk towards her phone, "I guess I'll have to involve your father."

She must have had his father on speed dial, because with the press of only two buttons she had the phone on speaker and

Benedict could hear it ringing. Pure panic shot through him and he lunged across the desk and hit the button to end the call.

"F-fucking fine, alright?" I'll... I'll do it. Just... Just don't."

Aaliyah met and held his gaze, a fury burning behind her eyes, and for a moment Benedict thought she was going to hit him again. Then slowly, deliberately, she hung up the phone and held out her hand; waiting.

He undid his belt slowly, his hands so sweaty and shaky his grip kept slipping. He was worried she'd punish him for taking too long, but after a moment of struggle he had it off. He glanced at her hand, still out stretched, and took a deep breath. He didn't want this, but he'd gone too far to stop now. Wordlessly, he handed over the belt.

"Now, pull down your pants."

Benedict's throat was suddenly tight. He couldn't even speak to say no. He glanced at the phone, then at Aaliyah with her stern, no nonsense expression. With his face feeling about as hot as his ass he unzipped his pants and pulled them down, halfway, about mid-thigh, then looked to Aaliyah for approval.

Like a tension spring finally snapping, Aaliyah rounded the desk and yanked him down, face first on to the desk by his neatly cropped blond hair. She then pulled down his underwear and Benedict gasped. This time she didn't hesitate. The first strike came immediately and Benedict bit back a yelp. The spanking had left his skin with a soft, stinging warmth, but this— this wasn't like that. The length of the belt bit into his skin with each strike, leaving behind a strip of hot, burning agony, only to have it immediately overshadowed by the next. Tears sprang to his eyes and Benedict had to bite his lip to keep from crying out.

"You think you're entitled to a job here, just because your father owns the company?" Aaliyah spat as she continued to whip him with his belt, "You haven't had to work a day in your life for anything, and it shows. You're selfish. Entitled. Arrogant. There are dozens of interns who'd clamor to do your job and you think you can just waltz in here and drag my department down? Do you have any idea how hard I've worked? How hard the people around you work when they need this job far more than you ever will? You think this

job is beneath you, yet so far you've failed at every aspect of it. You're not even fit to fetch me coffee!"

He could have fought back. He could have overpowered Aaliyah if he wanted to, but he was pathetic. Tight, aching shame filled his belly, for letting himself be pinned down and spanked, humiliated by a woman he barely knew—didn't even like beyond mere physical attraction—and worse, he liked it. Not the pain—and damn did it hurt. Her hand had been almost tender in comparison—No. The belt stung. The belt bit. He wouldn't be surprised if he was bleeding with the way it felt like it was tearing through his flesh.

And yet, with every strike his body jerked, with every jerk her grip on his hair tightened, pressing his face down against the cold hard surface of the desk and sending her papers in to disarray. With every cruel word of truth she cut him deeper than any whip. And his cock was throbbing.

He liked it, and he hated that he liked it.

Tears were streaming freely from his eyes as he failed to muffle his cries, more like whimpers than yelps as he felt himself letting go, giving in to the punishment.

"I-I'm sorry," he sobbed, "I'm s-sorry!"

Aaliyah stopped and Benedict bit back a sob. He didn't know whether to feel relieved or afraid of what might come next, so when Aaliyah let the hand holding his belt rest against the small of his back, he flinched. She leaned down next to him and used her grip on his hair to pull his head back, forcing his back to arch as she whispered against his ear.

"What was that? I didn't hear you." Her breath was hot and wet, ghosting across his skin and raising goosebumps in its wake; He hated himself for it.

"I said I'm sorry!"

Aaliyah tutted. "And what are you apologizing for?"

"F-For... For being lazy, and— and..."

She placed his belt on the desk where he could see it, beside his face. "And?" she prompted him, and then gently caressed his ass.

Benedict hissed at the contact, his cock reacting to the gentle touch even as her fingers burned against the welts she'd placed there.

"A-and... Arrogant and entitled... Everything you said, it's all true, and I'm sorry."

"And what are you going to do about it?"

"I ..." He hesitated. What was he going to do about it? He needed his father's money. He needed his father's approval. If that meant earning Aaliyah's approval first, then....

"I'm going to... work?"

Aaliyah tugged at his hair. "Are you asking me or telling me?"

"T-Telling," Benedict gasped, "I'm going to work... hard. I-I... I'm going to make you proud." He didn't know why he said that. He'd given up on making his father proud years ago; when it had finally set in that it was an emotion his father was incapable of feeling towards him. He'd worked so hard, for so long, and had burned himself out. It had never been enough. Eventually, he had given up. He didn't care about this woman, but she was standing in the way of his father's fortune. If it was her he needed to impress, then so be it.

"Good boy," Aaliyah all but purred in his ear. Benedict's face went bright red as those two little words went right to his gut, something inside of him twisting painfully, almost hopefully.

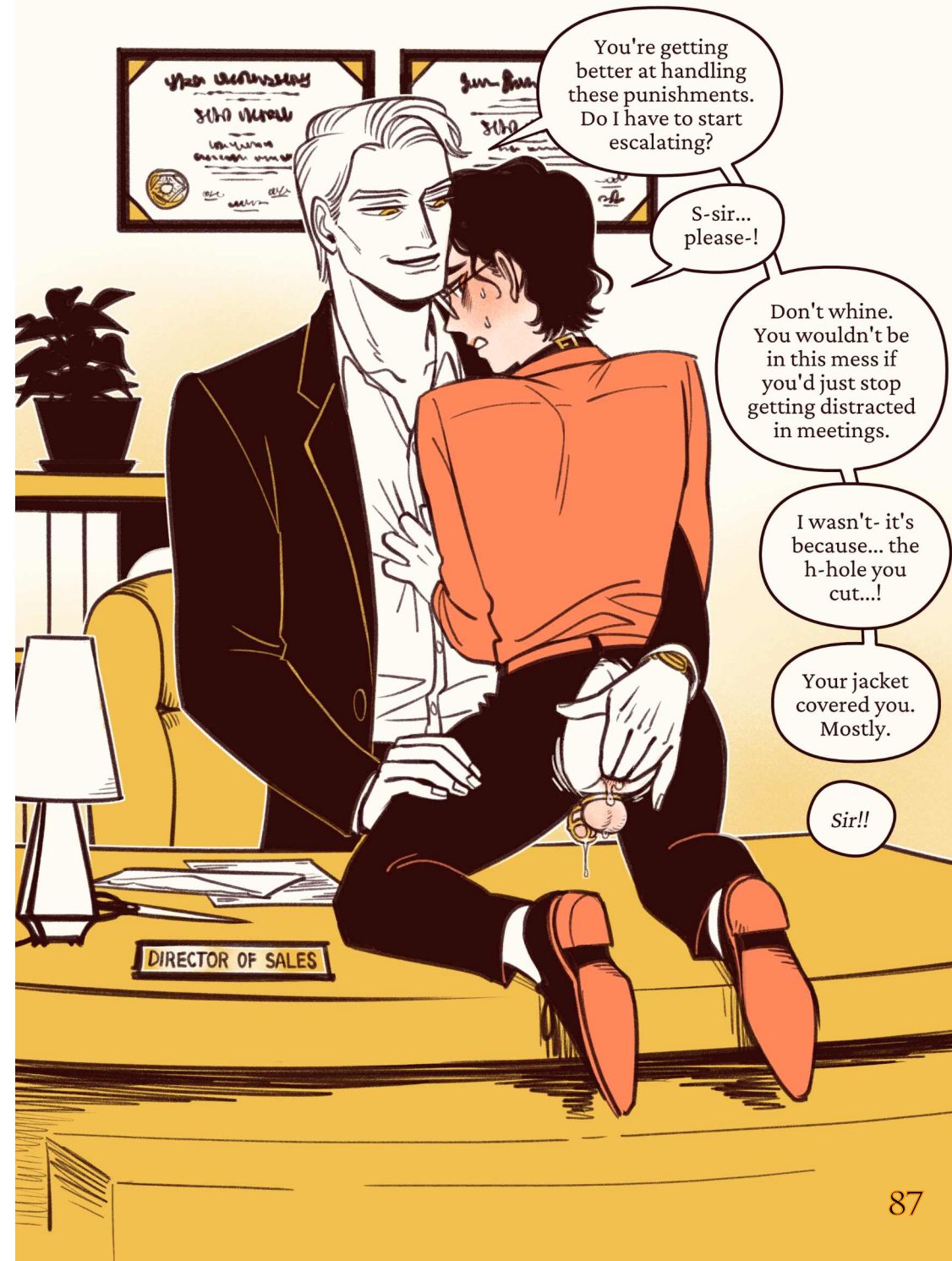
"Now, never let it be said I don't utilize both the carrot and the stick," Aaliyah said as she reached around him and started loosely stroking him off. Benedict let out an absolutely embarrassing little whine as he tried to jerk away from her, but she was pinning him down, the soft curve of her body pressing him against the desk.

"Wow, you really were getting off on that," she said with a disgusted little scoff, "I'll have to be sure to use a different punishment next time. If there is a next time." Her voice went suddenly hard. "There had better not be a next time." She gave his cock a sharp tug, and that was all it took for him to cum against the side of her desk, a strangled moan torn from his throat. His vision whited out briefly, and when he came back to himself she was wiping her hand on the back of his suit jacket. He was hit with the sudden clarity of what they'd just done; what she'd just done to him,

and his face burned. He turned his face in to his shoulder, trying to hide from her, for all the good that would do him.

"Hah, is that it? It doesn't take much with you, does it?" Aaliyah said and she slapped his tender ass, making him yelp. "Go get yourself cleaned up. I expect you here tomorrow morning—on time. And remember, I still need that report finished and on my desk first thing."

She then sauntered out of the room, leaving him like nothing had happened, staring down at his own distorted reflection in the polished surface of the desk. His hair was mussed, and tears and sweat stained his face. The performance review had started badly, but, he thought numbly, he supposed it could have been worse. He felt... weird; hollowed out, like space had been carved out inside of him for— something. He didn't know what, but Aaliyah had been pleased with him in the end, and that's what was important, right? He needed to keep her happy, to keep his father happy, so— if this was what it took. Maybe... Maybe it wouldn't be so bad.



You're getting better at handling these punishments. Do I have to start escalating?

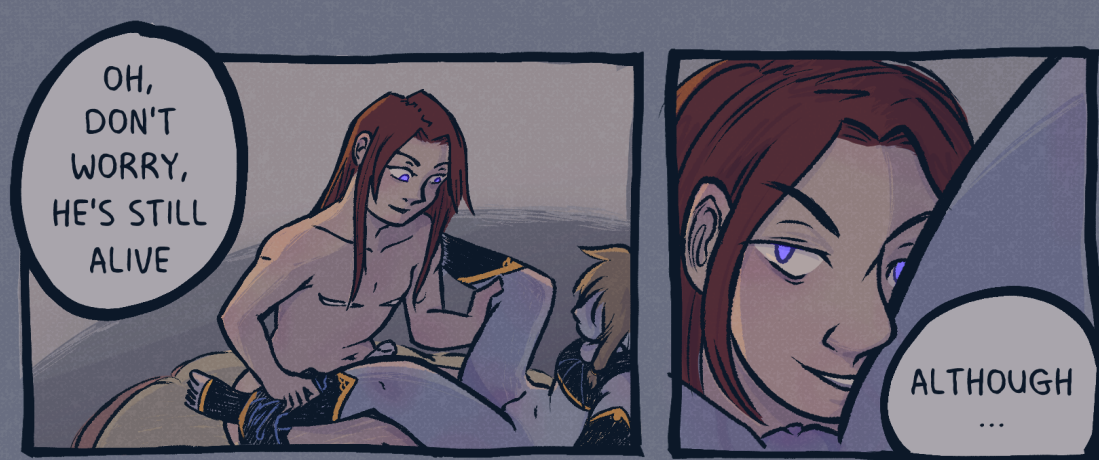
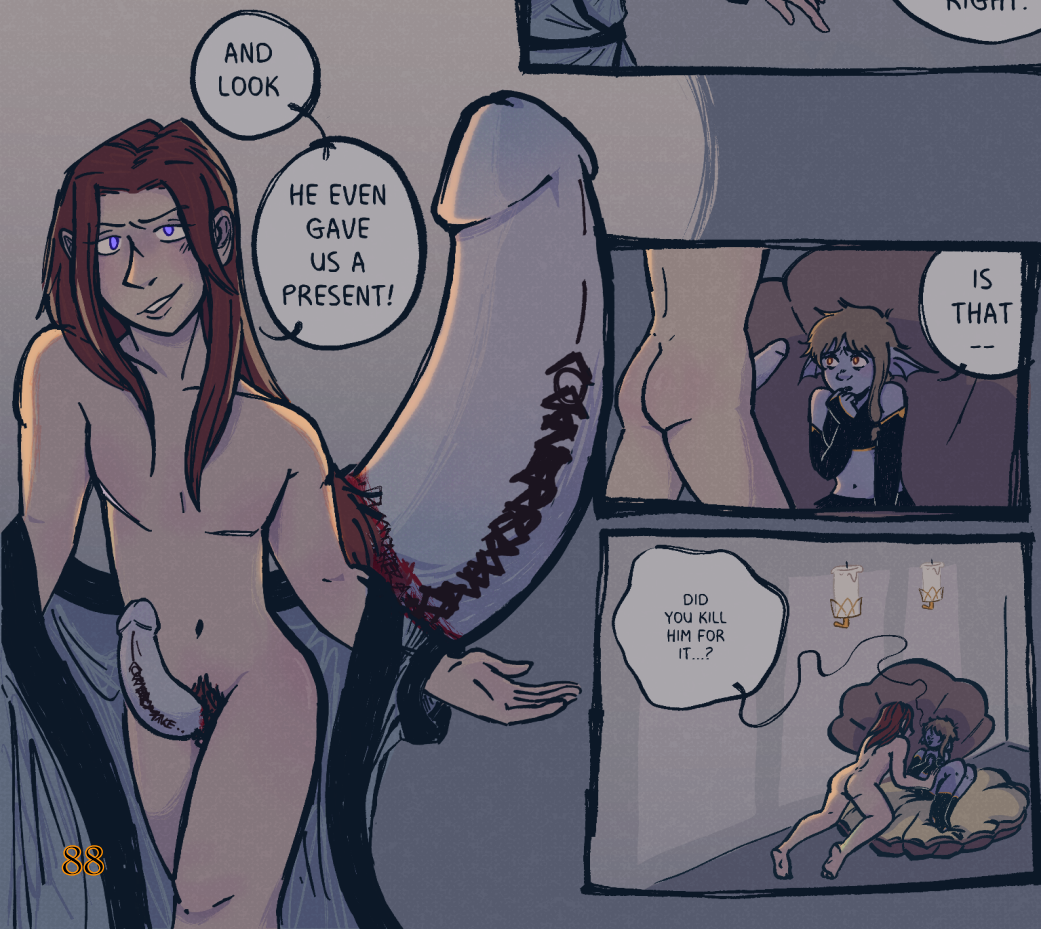
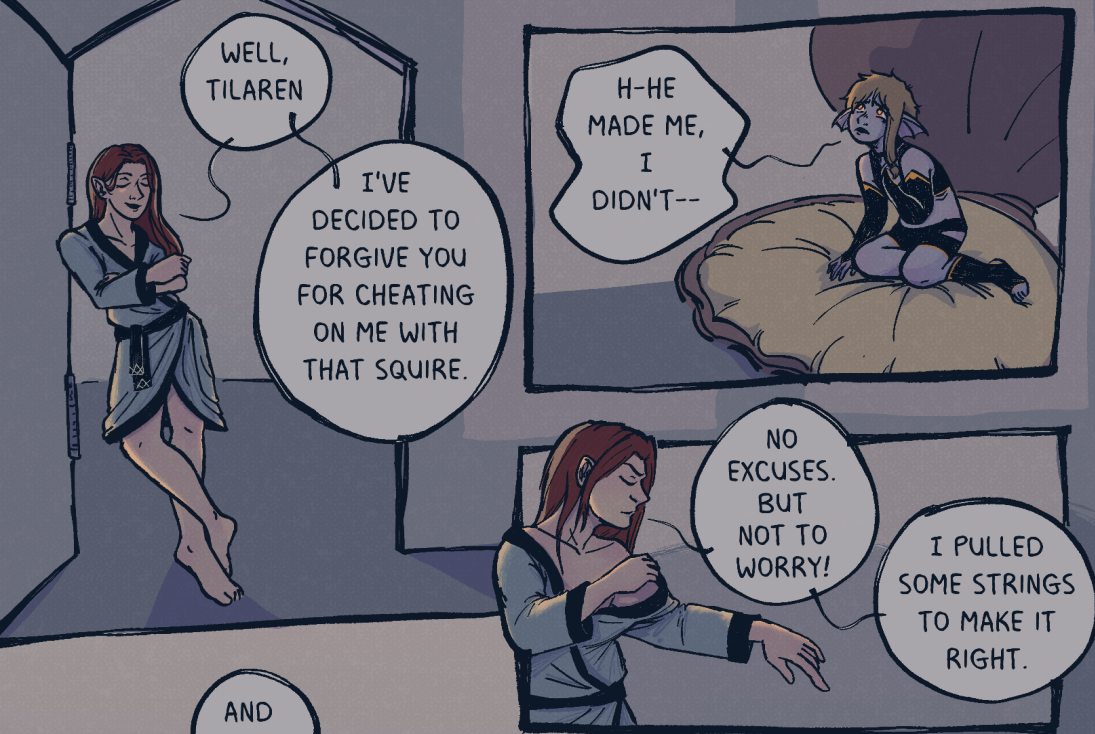
S-sir... please-!

Don't whine. You wouldn't be in this mess if you'd just stop getting distracted in meetings.

I wasn't- it's because... the h-hole you cut...!

Your jacket covered you. Mostly.

Sir!!





Hey, I don't pay you
to slack off here.

If you can't
get your shit
together then...
You're useless.

Come with me.
I think I got an idea.



Ooh...Intact are we?
Labial type o' hymen.
That's gonna be troublesome.
We'll have to break you in.

W-wait- Boss- PLEASE!
I'll do better, I promise!

D-don't!



THE INTERN

BY SQUELETTE

Mike leaned back in his gamer chair. He had paid good money for it after seeing his favorite streamer recommend it, saying it helped with back pain and neck tension. It was supposed to help him work better and get his startup off the ground after several years of trying to break into the industry, but he was still struggling and stressed out. At least he had a cute intern to look at. The nearby IT school kept him supplied with fresh blood willing to work for free or close to it in exchange for an experience to put down in their CV. She was kind and didn't look at him with disdain like the others did. He had jerked himself off almost every night thinking about her since she started working here, leaving her boyfriend for him and taking charge of his life, caring for him, telling him what to do with his life so he wouldn't have to bear responsibility for his failures. She was encouraging when Mike said he'd quit smoking, but right now the stress of hitting the deadline was wearing his resolve thin. The last time he gave in was when she came to work with a hickey on her neck. He spent the day thinking of her younger boyfriend fucking her, making her soft rolls ripple with every thrust, marking her golden brown skin, while he had never even touched a girl. At least they were alone in the office today and he wouldn't have to worry about his colleagues seeing him staring at her.

"How about a coffee break?"

She looked up from her screen, "Oh, with pleasure, thank you!"

He had gotten an espresso machine for the office after she complained about the shitty coffee at the machine down the hall. Now she wouldn't even have to leave to get her fix.

She came over to the coffee corner and he handed her the mug. Her blouse was low cut and her scent made him stiffen. A shadow of the hickey remained on her neck.

"You know, I'm so happy to have you work here, it's so hard to have to do almost everything yourself when no one believes in you, I'm so so thankful for your presence. I don't know how I did it without you."

"Aww, it's nothing, thank you for having me, I'm happy to help!" she beamed.

Seeing her smile at him filled him with desire. He embraced her.

"You don't understand how much it means to me, no one else believes in me like you do, they think I'm a loser. Thank you, thank you!" he almost sobbed, tears brimming.

He held her tightly against him, feeling her breasts squish against his chest and his cock pressing against her soft body. She set her coffee down and returned the hug while pulling away slightly.

"It's nothing really, I'm glad I can do something for you, anything to make you feel better."

"Anything?..."

He buried his head in her hair and breathed in deeply, one arm holding her waist, the other hand reaching lower to grab her ass.

"Mike, please, don't!" she gasped.

"Please let me have this, I'm so stressed, I stopped smoking for you, let me have this instead, I need this. I need this..."

Her ass felt wonderful and soft in his hand. Mike couldn't remember the last time he had held someone else. She strained weakly against him as he kept whispering "Please, please" into her ear. He hiked her skirt to feel her skin and underwear while she whimpered. Laced edges; had she thought about him when she put on her clothes this morning? He turned her around and pinned her against the counter with his hips, grinding against her. It felt too good, his cock too tight in his pants. She kept whimpering but didn't struggle as hard as she could have. He plunged his hand into her cleavage, pulling out a large, soft breast. Her areola was dark, and her nipple quickly turned hard as he teased it.

"You're so beautiful, so, so beautiful."

A few tears rolled down her cheek as he played with her breasts, freeing both of them from her bra. She couldn't help moaning as he groped her.

His hand reached down again, under her skirt, following the curve of her ass, until his fingers touched the gusset of her panties.

"Please, no!" she whined.

Mike was almost too nervous to go further. He'd seen so much pussy in porn, drawn and real, but having the real thing at his fingertips was something else. It was warm, and every time he pressed or stroked the cotton fabric, she would jerk or moan. She reminded him of a small deer or rabbit, caught in a snare. Helpless. Sensitive. After stroking her a few times he worked up the nerve to slip his finger between the edge of her underwear and the crease of her thigh, and then slide them back. She yelped and tried to wrench herself free, but he couldn't let her go. Not now. First he felt the dense nest of her hair, a dark thicket beneath his fingers. He felt around until he gently touched the dark, slick meat of her cunt. Wet. He'd seen pictures of it, but feeling the slickness of her anticipation was almost too obscene. Her gentle, sweet features and kind demeanor contrasted sharply with the carnal heat he felt around in. She was soaked. Did he turn her on like that? Did her body really want him inside? Tears kept rolling down her face but she couldn't wet her face's lips as much as her cunt's lips were. His fingers kept going, making her squirm and moan as he felt up and down, rubbing her clit, hard like a flower bud. He expected more of a reaction when his fingers finally reached up inside her, but he really couldn't get more than a knuckle deep. His cock ached to be stroked, to feel. The heat between his legs burned him, and his heart was racing. Finally, he would no longer be a virgin.

His hand quickly retreated from her loins to his, hastily unbuckling and unzipping his pants. She begged him not to go further but he hardly heard her voice. His cock sprung from his briefs, turgid and hot and free.

"I'm sorry, let me have this, it won't be long, please let me..."

His crotch was too high above hers, so he leaned her over the table top and bent his knees. He could hardly see between her legs, her fat ass, thighs and the angle obscuring the view. But he knew she waited for him down there, her body ready for his. He clumsily guided his glans, still cloaked in its now taut foreskin, between her tightened legs, past her panties, pressing himself against her wet folds.

"Please, I have a boyfriend, please stop!"

Her boyfriend. He remembered the hickey. The idea of fucking her, taking a woman marked by another man, excited him deeply, awakening a desire he didn't know he had. He pressed his hips into hers, his glans sliding against her cunt a few times, looking for her hole. It was heavenly, better than he could have imagined, and he wasn't even in yet. Finally his tip caught against her hole, pressing into her. She yelped. There was no way he'd fit, she was too tight, his dick too thick. Her boyfriend must be really small if he could slide into her. He was going to stuff her, stretch her hole, make her too loose for her boyfriend so only he could use her. Only he could love her stretched hole and fat belly. No one would love her like he did. He kept pressing, adjusting his dick and spreading her labia with his fingers, until suddenly, he plunged inside her. They both screamed together. She was so warm, so wet and welcoming. Her cunt had made him a real man, finally. He slowly started pumping, making her moan with each thrust. She loved it. She must be.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you, I love you, thank you, you're so good, you feel so good."

It took him a minute or two to find a rhythm and an angle that felt comfortable, gripping her hips, watching her ass ripple at every slap of his body. She had stopped sniffing, she only moaned. It probably felt so good she couldn't focus on anything else. Probably even better than her boyfriend.

As he looked down at her prone body, his dick going in and out of her, a heady feeling rose to his head. He could barely believe he was really having sex. He took it in, her hand pressed against the table, her body rocked by every thrust, the shape of her mouth as she moaned and whined, the way his fingers dug into her soft hips, the delicate stretch marks on her ass peeking out from her underwear, and his cock, in and out, in and out, slick with her lust.

Mike went as deep and hard as he could, pummeling her cunt, thinking about those cutaway panels in porn showing the dick stretching the pussy from the inside, breaching the cervix, and coming directly inside the fertile womb. The thought of breeding her and sending her pregnant to her boyfriend sent him over the edge. His spine arched, his hands gripped her tightly and pulled himself

deeply into her as his cock spasmed, throbbed, and released ropes of thick cum into her.

"No!!! Nooo!!!" she yelled as Mike soiled her from the inside.

He stayed a while longer inside of her, catching his breath as his heart rate slowed. She had started crying again, softly.

"I'm sorry, I'll be gentler next time."

His penis had already mostly shrunk as he pulled out, a thread of cum briefly connecting them before dripping down. There barely was any visible semen on her labia, it hardly looked like a creampie. But he had fucked her, marked her.

He let her go home early to clean herself. He kept thinking of how his cum was staining her lacy panties as she was taking the train, how she probably felt it run down her leg from under her skirt, reminding her of him. Maybe someone else saw it.

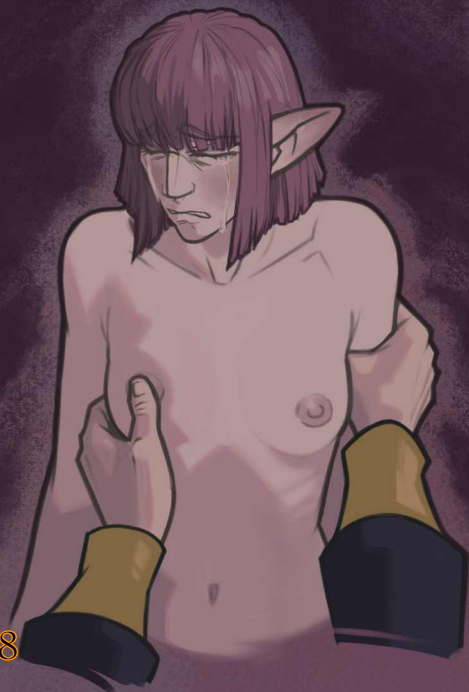
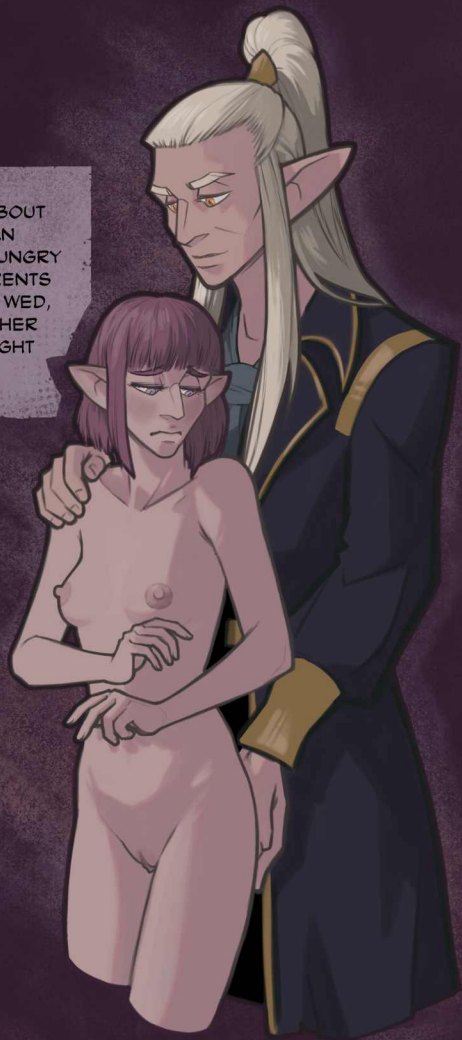
When he got home he jerked off thinking about her, again. This time, he recorded himself, and sent it to her.

SALTIRRA HAD BEEN SUMMONED BEFORE HER PARENTS WITH A GUEST WHOSE VERY PRESENCE UNSETTLED HER, THOUGH SHE DID NOT KNOW WHY.

A TALL ELF WITH A SINISTER AIR ABOUT HIM, HE REGARDED HER WITH AN EXPRESSION THAT SEEMED BOTH HUNGRY AND CALCULATING. WHEN HER PARENTS ANNOUNCED THAT SHE WAS TO BE WED, AND THAT THIS MAN WAS THE FATHER OF HER BETROTHED, A COLD WEIGHT SETTLED IN HER CHEST.

WITHOUT CEREMONY, HE TOLD HER TO BARE HERSELF, HIS EYES AND HANDS ASSESSING HER FORM AS THOUGH SHE WERE MERELY GOODS TO BE WEIGHED. HER PARENTS WATCHED IN SILENCE, UNABLE TO INTERVENE, SHAME WRITTEN PLAINLY ON THEIR FACES AS HE EXAMINED HER.

SALTIRRA HERSELF DID NOT YET UNDERSTAND THE TRUTH -



- THAT THIS WAS NOT A BETROTHAL AT ALL.

SHE WAS NO BRIDE, BUT PAYMENT.



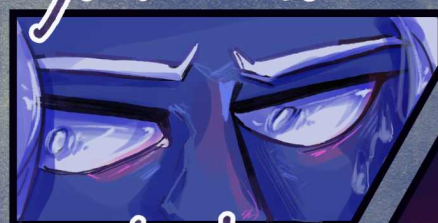


My dear
little Sparrow

I heard

the strangest
thing

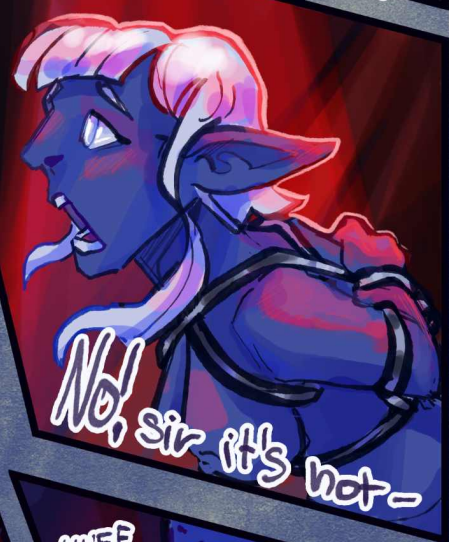
your finch



you've been
awfully close



SILENCE



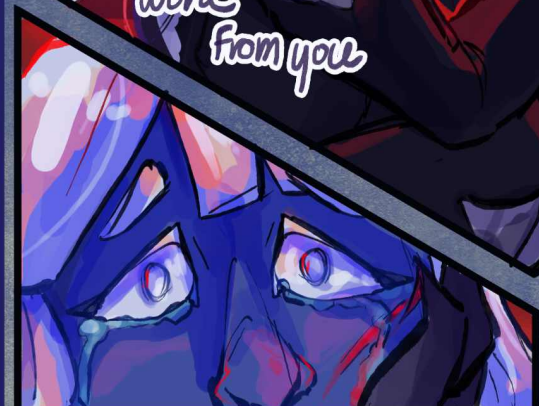
No! Sir it's hot-



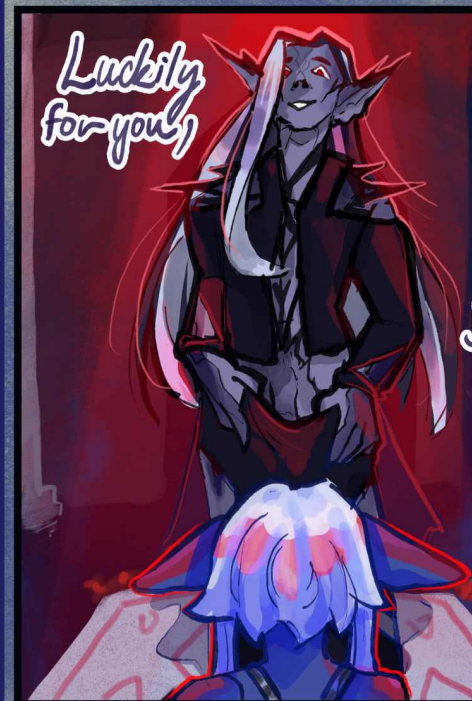
HUFF
PUFF



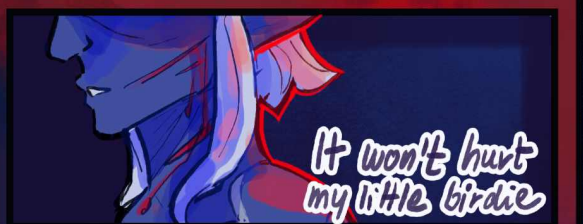
One more
word
from you



and
he
never
breathes
again

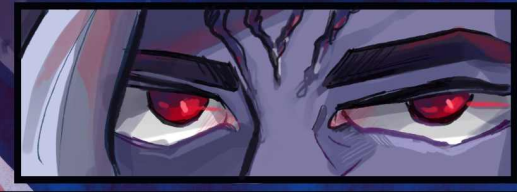
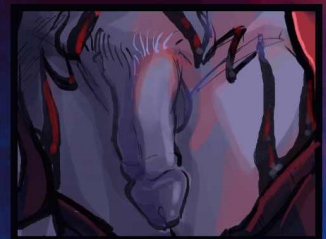


Luckily
for you,



It won't hurt
my little birdie

you can
make it
up to me







THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP BLUE

BY MACTHEDKE

In a house like Aldwycke d'Or, secrets are as common as stone. Viola has grown well accustomed to it over her ten years as mistress of the manor, wife to Lord Alec Underwood, a man who beneath his brilliant smile and lauded altruism is comprised of secrets writhing against each other like serpents in a pit. He gives them to her for safekeeping, and at his side she's accrued more than her fair share of her own. It is her job to guard both. To field the blackmail attempts, to prune the loose ends, to ensure that every servant under Aldwycke's roof can be trusted.

The household moves in a choreographed dance. There is no room for so much as a step out of place. The lord and lady guide and provide; the servants fall into line and work in dead quiet, knowing that loose lips will cost them more than their jobs. Silence is golden. Obedience, moreso. Anyone whose ego may lead them to doubt Viola's dedication to her role is swiftly corrected.

Still, there are...favorites. Alec has his own, male and female alike, stablehands and parlor maids. Viola permits this. She hasn't held any delusions of exclusivity since she was a girl of fifteen, and on this front Alec is remarkably egalitarian. Viola considers it a mercy for those she selects. If they're in her bed, they can't be in his.

Tonight, with the moon high above the horizon and the house sunk into deep shadow, she prepares to meet with one such favorite. Lipstick darkens the full curves of Viola's mouth; black lace briefs hug her waist tightly, and a matching brasserie does its best to contain her breasts. Her inky curls she leaves free to course down her shoulders, only teasing them briefly before reaching for a crystal bottle of perfume. She finds, with some surprise, that her hand is unsteady. It can't be the thought of the coming rendezvous. Unease lurks within her, syrupy down the column of her spine and pooling in the hollow of her uterus, seeping into her tissue.

There's a poison in the air. Something evil trying to take root with her every breath. She can feel it as surely as she feels the ring of white gold and alexandrite on her finger.

Viola tries to quell her nerves with steady inhales, breathing the scent of her perfume as she dabs it on her wrists and behind the pearls hanging from her ears. The notes of jasmine and vetiver, pear and petrichor, go

some way to soothe her. She's really quite fond of this particular scent. It's the very perfume Ella praised that morning in her shy, servile way. Her wide blue eyes remained downcast even as she drank it in, one delicate hand on Viola's arm.

Ella, Ella. Viola ought to let her go. Not to dismiss her entirely—the girl is a good worker, more dependable than most, despite her past—but to bar her from the role of lady's maid for both their sakes. The girl is growing too comfortable in her mistress's bed, and Viola is growing far too comfortable with keeping her there, speaking words that ought not to be spoken and entertaining thoughts better suited to...some other woman entirely. Someone soft, kind, almost motherly.

Someone who can afford to be.

Viola slings a sheer dark robe lined with feathers over her shoulders and wraps it around herself to offer some pretense of modesty. Then all that remains is to light a candle to illuminate the way. The dancing light casts strange shadows over the faces of the portraiture that lines the halls, ancestors of Alec's, too numerous and too long gone to be known.

In its western wing, Aldwycke boasts far more bedrooms than the household's daily needs would require. Viola and Ella were left spoiled for choice when it came to a place to rendezvous. Her slippers scuff against the floorboards as she walks, rounding a corner and approaching ever nearer the violet bedroom she selected as their meeting place—but the closer she gets, the more her steps slow. The door to the violet room is slightly ajar, and if she's still enough to listen, she can hear the sounds that slip out: moans, gags, heated breaths. The bed creaking.

As Viola reaches the door and pushes it open, rounding the corner, her stomach drops. Naked on the bed is her husband, open-legged and reclining against the pillows, and between his thighs his fingers are knotted in a headful of golden curls that he forces down on his prick. Bile rises sharp and burning in the back of Viola's throat and for a shattered moment all she can think of is _murder_.

Then the rest of the image, the nude, curvaceous body curled on its front between Alec's legs, comes into focus and air rushes once more to her lungs. Ella. Isabelle is asleep in her own bedroom, far away from this, and Ella—

Alec's eyes meet Viola's as Ella chokes on his cock, and an easy smile blooms across his face. In an instant Viola knows that to try and stop this

would be to show weakness. How did he know to be here tonight? How long has he known about the two of them, their liaison? Viola grits her teeth. The bloody fucking deviant, he's probably come to the thought of them before, if not the sight. Tonight is simply the night he's decided to add himself to the mix.

She steps further into the room, unhurried as she sets the candle down on the dresser. Alec pulls Ella upwards by the hair until she's facing Viola with tears streaming, her makeup ruined, saliva hanging like ropes of pearl down her chin. Viola's stomach turns at the sight of them, although she's careful not to let a hint of it show on her face. God, Ella looks so _young_ beside him, so small and trembling and young. He's practically old enough to be her father.

"Look who's decided to join us," he drawls, releasing Ella, and no sooner has he spoken than the maid dissolves into sobs. She reaches for Viola and without thinking she comes to kneel on the bed, letting the girl bury herself in her breasts as Viola cradles her close. She doesn't look away from Alec. It wouldn't do to be the first to flinch.

"I'm not the interloper here, Alec." Her voice is dry and crackles like firewood, and her grip on Ella tightens. The girl clings to her. "You're the one who chose to invite yourself where you're not wanted."

"Not wanted?" Alec's brows lift as he sits up, and without warning he slides his hand between Ella's thighs and plunges two fingers into her, making her flinch and cry out into Viola's chest. Viola watches as he lifts his hand, displaying the slick shine coating his fingers. "I'm not so sure dear Ella would agree. All these months she's been whiling away with you...I was beginning to take her for a dyke, but she certainly doesn't shy from cock. Not when properly motivated."

"Bastard." There's scarcely any venom in it, the word worn too thin to hold any real malice. Still she holds Ella more tightly, her nails digging in until the girl whimpers. It's not enough. She wants to draw blood. "I'm in no mood to entertain you. Get out."

Alec rises onto his knees behind Ella, still grinning as he sucks the slick from his fingers. His touch begins at Ella's hips and ends at Viola's shoulders, traveling easily back and forth between the two women as though there's no true division between the two of them. As if they're simply two objects at his disposal, no more distinct than one cigarette in his

case and the next. Viola can't help but shiver as the backs of his knuckles brush her collarbones.

Vile, obscene, godless son of a whore. He insinuates himself into everything, permeates it like smoke. Viola's never taken issue with his usage of the maids—Heaven knows that would render her a hypocrite—but Ella is different. He must know that. Why else would he arrange to be caught with her? It's a game, as it always is with them, and Viola knows that the way to lose is to reveal her hand. Ella only matters because Viola cares for her, and they both know it, but to display that care is as sure a mistake as a dog showing its throat to a viper.

She knows how she might lose, if she's not careful. What she can't figure out is how Alec could possibly do the same.

"I've missed you, you know," Alec chides, resting his chin on Ella's shoulder to look up at Viola. "Every time I want entrance to your bed, I find our dear Ella is already filling the space that ought to be mine. So why shouldn't we share it?" He turns his face towards the maid, pressing a long, lingering kiss to the column of her neck. Viola can feel her shaking. "It's my money that pays for you to employ these little tarts, after all. I think it's only fair that I should sample as I please."

"No," Ella cries. She lifts her eyes to Viola in supplication, blue pools filled with nothing but animal fear. "No more, please. Don't let him. I can't, I can't, please...."

Viola's teeth sink into her inner cheek. Every word of Ella's pleading strikes against the base of her skull, only intensifying her anger. Is the girl so spineless that she'll openly beg for reprieve? A failing of her sex, one Viola forgets all too often: women's weakness, their vulnerability. Their need for something, someone, anyone to save them. They look for mercy in bloodstained hands.

"Sample her?" Her own voice sounds distant and alien. It's only in its coldness that she knows herself. "Is that all you're after?"

"Of course. Just a taste." Alec once more kisses Ella's neck before running his tongue up the length of it, sucking her earlobe into his mouth. Close as they are, Viola can see the goosebumps rising on Ella's skin. She can feel her body tense with clinging to the hope that Viola will save her. It's pathetic. Wretched.

Viola can't think of it as anything else.

She wrenches Ella from Alec's grasp, from her own grip on Viola, and shoves her down to the bed with such force that the girl has to grab hold of the sheets to avoid tumbling off. She doesn't move from where she falls, only wrapping her arms around her head and sobbing as Viola slides free of her feathered robe and drops it to the floor.

"How quickly you turn," Alec says, cupping Viola's chin and drawing her into a brief kiss that nonetheless leaves her lips burning. "Will you show me how you treat her?"

Night after night with Ella flickers through Viola's head. Sweeter kisses, tender words, afterglow spent curled tight in each other's embrace. One manicured hand seizes Ella by the back of the neck, pulling her upwards. The maid's cry of pain may as well go unheard. "Lay down," Viola snarls to Alec, and although his brows raise he obeys her to settle back against the pillows. "In this house," she tells Ella lowly, "we don't leave work half-done."

Ella weeps and offers no resistance as Viola shoves her face against Alec's leaking cock. Viola's other hand on her jaw pries her mouth open easily, and Alec guides his prick into her mouth, moaning softly as his tip meets the back of her throat and makes her gag. Drool drips from around him and stains the bedclothes beneath before Viola begins to guide her by the hair.

Up, down, out, in. Again and again Ella chokes on Alec's cock in ways Viola never has, has always refused to, and it doesn't feel like enough. Alec groans and closes his eyes, tilting his head back and gripping the sheets as Viola pleasures his cock with Ella's mouth. Every time Ella is given the opportunity to breathe she takes it as a chance to sob. _Pathetic. Pathetic._ Maybe another inch will shut her up. Another three.

The sounds the two of them let out, Alec in his indulgence and Ella in her desperation, stoke a warmth between Viola's legs that she reaches down to palm over her briefs with her free hand. Her gaze flicks to Alec. Loathe him all she likes, she can't deny that he's beautiful like this. Euphoria scrawls across his features, and as he looks to Viola he grins, reaching out to tuck a black lock behind her ear and bring her nearer. She settles against his side with her head on his stomach and watches Ella, controls her like a marionette dancing on a string. Alec's hand closes over Viola's on the back of the maid's head. He's still wearing his wedding band.

Viola slams Ella's head down. In one stroke she forces the whole of Alec's prick down the girl's throat and presses her nose into Alec's pubic hair, holding her there as she retches saliva and bile down his length. Ella pushes back against Alec's knees in a vain attempt to leverage herself up, to get whatever meager measure of oxygen she can, but Viola gives her nothing. She deserves nothing. She was a mistake, a luxury Viola should never have permitted herself.

Blue eyes roll upwards, bleary, agonized. They meet Viola's and they seem to beg in ways she's heard before. Muffled cries on the other side of a door. A small hand tugging at her skirt.

Viola can't breathe. Her lungs are filled with cement, robbing her of the space needed for air and weighing her into place. It isn't until those eyes have fallen shut, until Ella twitches and goes slack against the mattress, that she recovers. She looses her trembling hand from Ella's hair, withdrawing, and tries to steady herself. Alec is warm and solid against her. Undeniable, inevitable. The desire to kiss him slams into the pit of her stomach before she can give it name or source, and she rises onto her knees, taking Alec by the jaw and crashing her lips into his. He tastes of clove smoke and cunt. He tastes of Ella.

Alec is the first to break the kiss, although he doesn't go far. His forehead rests against Viola's and he laughs softly, rolling his hips to rut into Ella's drooling mouth. "You have such a hand with them," he murmurs, fondness saturating his tone. "Will you show her mercy tonight and finish me off, or do you think there's a little more satisfaction to be wrung from her?"

Viola glances down to where Ella lies all but unconscious, insensate and limp, and slides from her place at Alec's side. His hands trail after her as she goes. "We're not through with her yet," she says, taking Ella by the shoulders and laying her on her back, her legs open to Alec's spit-soaked erection. A swift slap to the cheek jolts Ella's eyes open and she stares up at Viola uncomprehendingly.

"Listen to me," Viola tells her, and from the way Ella flinches she knows she must have never heard that tone from her mistress before. "He's going to fuck you, and you're going to make me come. If he comes before I do there's going to be hell to pay. Do you understand?"

"Y-yes, my lady." Still Ella quails, flinching back. Viola doesn't let her go far. She slips out of her briefs and tosses the balled lace aside before

straddling Ella's head, nudging her face into position with her inner thigh. Short, panicked breaths stir across her cunt, and a bead of slick rolls from between her folds and drip into Ella's mouth. This is as it should be. This is where they both belong, above and below, reign and surrender. She squeezes Ella's head between her thighs before lowering herself down and beginning to ride.

She knows these licks, kittenish and shy, and where their hesitance used to kindle affection it now only frustrates. She drives her fist into Ella's stomach, feeling the girl buckle, her mouth opening wide in a gasp. "Like you mean it, Ella," she hisses. "I'm not the kind of woman to make empty threats." Her gaze flicks to Alec across the body of the girl beneath them. He's watching her with a smile on his face. "What?" she demands.

"Forgive me, darling," he says, taking Ella by the thighs and drawing her upwards. His tip nestles against her entrance. "I forget myself, watching you."

With one hand he steadies his cock; a moment is all it takes before he drives forward and spears Ella on it, making her scream into Viola's flesh. She can only take half its length at a stroke, but he doesn't let that stop him, rutting into her in short shallow thrusts that nevertheless break down her resistance by degrees. Viola knows the kind.

She matches his pace, grinding against Ella's tongue each time the girl runs it from clitoris to cunt and back again. The rocking of the bed, the way Ella jars and squirms, her fingertips digging into Viola's hips as she clings to her even now—all of it underscores the pleasure the girl offers, her desperate ministrations to Viola's cunt like nothing the two of them have ever shared before. How much time was wasted in offering kindness? How much more pleasure could Viola have wrung from her maid by cruelty? She moans, letting her head fall back and her curls flow like a mane down her back.

Alec takes her by them and draws her into a deep, open-mouthed kiss, heady and long. His tongue seeks hers and she rises to the challenge, the kiss an echo of Ella's work between her thighs. The exertion in Alec's breathing is the only clue he gives to just how hard he's fucking her. It's enough to make Viola envious. After this she'll take him back to her own bedroom and ride his cock as she rides Ella now, her hands around his throat, nails leaving red streaks down to his collarbones. She'll make him hers again. She'll erase all traces of Ella with him.

Viola's eyes roll back, lashes fluttering on her cheekbones. Alec's hand slides up her body to grope and squeeze her breast, rolling the nipple between his fingertips, plucking at it with his thumb. Tendrils of pleasure snake through her body from everywhere it's touched. She cries out in pleasure and grunts with effort as she rocks her hips, sinking down a little lower, gripping Ella's shoulders and rutting fervently against her tongue. Slick spills and she finally comes, darkness dancing like daylight inside her skull.

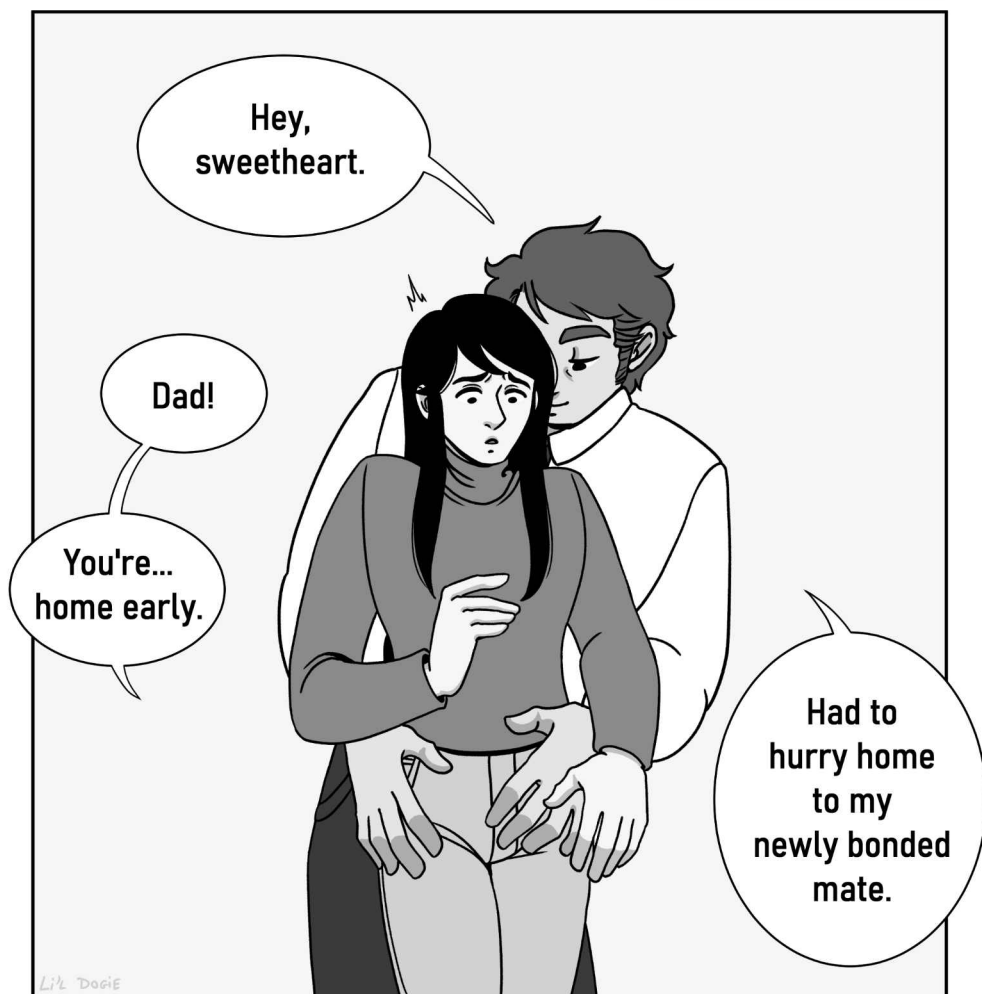
Slowly sense returns to her, and as she looks down from the broken kiss, she sees that Alec is close to his own climax. Another thrust, two, three, and he spills deep inside Ella's cunt. It turns Viola's stomach to think of it, that final intimacy she hasn't permitted in a decade of fear and loathing. Maybe her final kindness to Ella will be a bottle of pennyroyal in her quarters. For now she permits oxygen, climbing off of Ella and letting her breath again in ragged gasps and slurred, senseless attempts at speech.

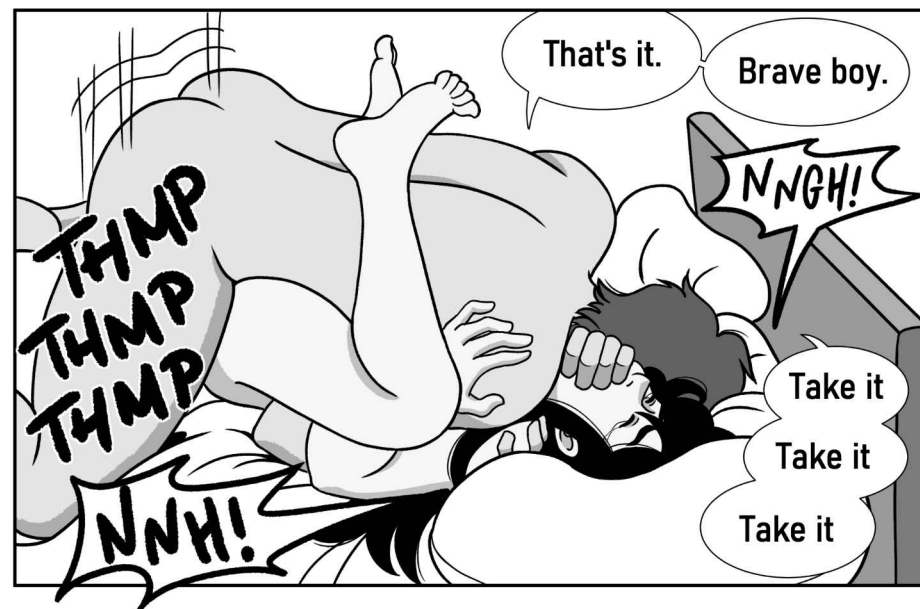
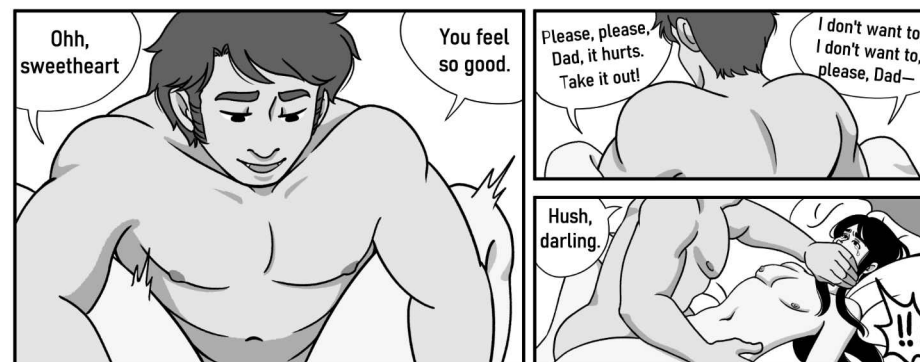
"What do you think, Your Grace?" Alec asks lightly, running a hand down his face as he sits back on his haunches and slides out of Ella with a wet _pop._ He's still hard. "Do you think she's done enough for us for one night?"

Viola swallows, looking down at Ella. She could bite her own hand off for its traitorous urge to card through the girl's sweat-stained locks. There's no room for that anymore, no provision for Ella to be anything to her other than what she's been tonight—if that. Perhaps she would be better off with Ella far, far away, serving some other family in some other estate.

"Yes," she says finally. "Yes, I want nothing more from her."









sniff

Does my knot still hurt?

Yeah...



It's gonna take a while to go down.

You're so tight.

SQUEEZE

Hngh!

Dad, don't! It hurts!

Sorry, honey. It's hard to resist.

Whimper



Poor thing.

You know,

your Papa was small like you.



He cried every time I mounted him.

But he loved me so much

He never denied me.



Dad, I love you, too. I just—



I know, darling. You're still learning.

So once my knot goes down, I'll take you again, all right?

...Yes, Dad.

That's my boy.



PERKS OF THE POSITION

BY MISTRESS WITH A PEN

Promotion brings perks. It's a cast-iron law in this army: the lower your rank, the shittier your life is. Promotion gets you better pay, and better opportunities, and power – and from where I'm sat, this latest promotion might as well have made me god. I looked at the screen again, and grinned. I was being given a Major's rank, and, better even than that, command of a monitoring station in the middle of nowhere. Sure, it might seem to some like a dead-end posting, a place to go and rot, but I knew differently. There'd be a handful of people and all of them would need to be on my good side constantly, or they'd be fucked. And I could pick someone to go with me as an aide, too: my choice. I knew exactly who I wanted for that position – a nice new conscript, some cute little thing already messed up from what is laughably called hazing in basic training. Officers, of course, don't have to worry about that sort of thing. We're the perpetrators, you see. Of course the junior lieutenants might have to jump to it, but hit Captain and you're laughing. Major and above and you were basically untouchable, so long as you remained loyal to the right people. Have to worry about purges at that point, you see.

Anyway. A nice new conscript, some wet-behind-the-ears doe-eyed dumb slut with a nice behind and a good rack already bent if not broken by the sergeant's mafia. Someone who'd know not to make a fuss, and take whatever I gave them, thank me, and ask for more. Sounds like a challenge, but honestly – it really isn't. Conscripts are like that, more often than not. The real issue is finding one that's fuckable, one that's easy on the eye. A lot of those are weeded out by various officers and privileged senior NCOs well before they get to the "front", as it were. Still, there was a new batch coming in today, and I was damn well going to make sure I got my pick for aide-de-camp before any other dickhead in this base. I closed my screen, and stood to leave nice and early to meet the new meat as they arrived. I cut quite the figure, if I do say so myself, in my new Major's uniform with its gold trim and black facings. Knee high boots polished to a gloss, creases so sharp you could cut yourself on them. And, of course, the riding crop. Not that we use anything as crude as horses these days you understand, but traditions die hard. Plus it's useful for teaching lessons to the underlings. My hair was tied back in a firm bun, sitting underneath the peaked officer's cap, and the cut of the uniform

accentuated my shape nicely: I am, after all, quite athletic. It's the running and the weightlifting that does it.

By the time I got to the parade ground where the conscripts would be turning up, a small crowd had gathered. Mostly junior NCOs and other conscripts who were eagerly looking forwards to climbing up a rung and being able to shit on the fresh faces, rather than any officers. Good. I could pull rank and I intended to make absolutely certain that the nicest piece would be coming with me when I left for my new command. I didn't have to wait long – the roaring groan of the big transport hovercraft rolled towards us and its drab grey-green bulk slid noisily through the gates and to rest in front of us with a deep moan. I hardened my face and waited. The crowd of gathered soldiers had stopped muttering and were jostling for a better look as the main doors opened and the shiny-uniformed unfortunates shambled out.

They were mostly unremarkable: dumb, piggy faces, slack jaws, all the usual fare. It wasn't the brightest or the most attractive that got this far; it was the ones who could barely pass the entry criteria and who'd need serious remedial attention if they were ever going to amount to more than a bunch of muscle doing hard labour or demeaning tasks for others. However – I was in luck! One face leapt out of the milling herd and I strode forwards as NCOs began to yell at the mob, trying to bring them to some state of order. This woman would be perfect. She had a nervous expression, like a frightened rabbit, on a soft oval face with wide, brown eyes. Her skin was a gorgeous dark brown, contrasting wonderfully with the pale olive green of her uniform. She had a stubble-coated head, her hair just starting to grow back after the regular shavings of basic training, and the curvy body of the sort of model you see in the cheaper morale 'zines. That much was obvious even beneath the shapeless fatigues and badly fitting boots. I have no idea how she ended up here, but I silently thanked the gods as I pushed my way through the crowd and stuck my riding crop in her face.

"You there," I barked, as she started backwards, almost dropping the rucksack that held her belongings, "with me – now."

I spun on my heel and strode off, not bothering to look behind me. If she knew what was good for her, she'd be following: and she was. I could hear the mutterings of the NCOs, disappointed that such a prize had been claimed, and the leering remarks of the soldiers as she passed them. As we left the square, I stopped, and waited for her to catch up. She came to

a reasonable facsimile of attention, managing something approximating a salute, her hand coming up facing the wrong way. I slapped her across the face, casually, with an open palm, and felt a stirring in my crotch as she gasped.

"Whatever they taught you at basic clearly didn't sink in, did it?"

I waited a second for her response, then slapped her again. She took it reasonably well, I thought, as she blinked at the pain. I could see the cogs turning in her head and her mouth beginning to open, a response forming on her pretty, soft, bitable lips.

"Don't bother. I am Major Carnabaig, and you are my new aide-de-camp. This order supersedes any other you may have been given. From now on, when I ask you a question, your first response will always be 'Yes, Ma'am!'. Am I clear?"

To her credit, she was a fast learner.

"Yes, Ma'am!"

"Much better. You look like shit. I will not have my aide wearing a uniform that doesn't fit. We are going to the stores, where you will dispose of those... things, and I will have them issue you proper clothing. What's your name, anyway, private?"

"Yes, Ma'am! My name is Diana Jao, Ma'am!"

I smiled, despite myself. She really was quite something, this Diana. It was going to be fun seeing just what I could do to her.

"You will follow me on my left, one pace behind me. If you get that wrong, you will regret it."

"Yes Ma-" she broke off as I slapped her a third time, this time backhanded, my leather-gloved knuckles colliding with her cheekbone.

"I didn't ask you a question, Diana."

Tears welled in her eyes, and the stirring in my groin became a rush of blood, the solid firmness of arousal that always follows when I see suffering in others. My nipples, too, hidden under bra, shirt, and tunic, were hard. I knew a soft flush of red had hit my cheeks, and I didn't care.

I turned, and walked towards the stores. Obediently, Diana fell in to my left, one pace behind. I could just see her out of the corner of my eye, and

I picked up my pace slightly. So did she. I smiled again. She was as malleable as soft clay, it seemed, and that was the least of her qualities. By the time we got to stores, a lump had formed just below her right eye where I'd got her with my hand, and I had an almost painful erection, trapped as it was in the embrace of military underwear and trousers.

Stores was a huge warehouse filled with idiot soldiers and commanded by a real bastard of a sergeant, a man I only tolerated because he was easy to bribe and much less clever than he thought. He smiled wide and insincerely when he saw me come in, then his eyes lit up when he saw Diana.

"Major," he grinned, "what brings you to my little kingdom today?"

I smiled back, and gestured Diana forwards.

"This is Private Jao," I said, "and she is my new aide-de-camp. I want you to get her a corporal's uniform – one that fits properly, of course – and the usual spares."

The sergeant leered at Diana, who looked down at the floor and tried to both stand at attention and shrivel into herself.

"Well, Major, of course I can do that. I will need to measure her," he said, almost licking his lips with anticipation, "to make sure I get the right sizes, of course."

"Of course," I said, "and I must say such diligence should be rewarded. Private Jao – remove your clothes."

"Ma'am?"

The word was out of her mouth before she could swallow it, and she flinched as I struck her on the arse with my crop. The uniform she had on definitely hid what must be a truly spectacular specimen.

"That was not a question, Private. Remove your clothes. Now."

She stared at me in horror for the briefest of moments, her face flushing with embarrassment, shame, and fear. I stared back, unmoved. I raised my crop slightly, and she started. Her hands fumbled with the zip on her tunic, but she undid it and shrugged it off, placing it carefully on the counter under the lecherous gaze of both myself and the stores sergeant. Underneath the misshapen tunic she had on a much closer fitting shirt: in classic military style her tunic had been Size: Too Big, and this was Size:

Too Small. Her chest filled it out, straining the buttons. She tried hard to protect herself as she undid them, but it wasn't enough. Under that, she had on a grey sports bra, standard issue, even if – again – it didn't really fit. The soft, dark, glossy brown curves of her breasts shone in the harsh light of the stores office, and her face made it clear she had gone past shame all the way towards wanting to disappear.

The sergeant leant forwards across the counter, grinning. "My," he said, "where did you find her, Major? Are there any others like her?"

"No, Sergeant," I replied, "just the one. The rest of the new lot are nothing special, I'm afraid. Are you going to leer all day or measure her?"

He laughed, and swung himself around the counter, tape measure in one hand, notebook and pen in the other. "Of course, Major, just enjoying the view!"

I rolled my eyes as he stepped closer. By now Diana had undone her boots and was stepping out of the trousers. I had been right – she had a truly spectacular arse. It was round, and firm, and spoke of dedicated exercise and good genes. She really was quite the find. She shivered, from adrenaline rather than cold, and stood, her arms folded in an attempt to hide her breasts from us. It was in vain, as the sergeant slapped her arms away and pulled her sports bra roughly over her head.

"Doesn't fit, that, so off it goes. Shame your knickers do, if you ask me."

"I don't." I said, icily. Diana glanced at me, a spark of shock in her eyes.

The sergeant laughed, and took longer than it should to measure someone. He was – as I knew he would be – handsy. Every time he grabbed, or pinched, or squeezed, she jumped a little, and her eyes would squeeze shut. Her lips were compressed in a thin line, and I was very sure that she was doing her best not to cry. My dick throbbed as I watched, and I knew she wouldn't be wearing her new uniform for very long today.

Eventually, however, the sergeant couldn't postpone his task any longer, and he disappeared into the back of the warehouse with her measurements on his notepad. I stepped over to her, standing so close that my chest was only a few centimetres from her face.

I looked down at her. She was almost naked, trembling, eyes locked on the floor. I slid a finger under her chin and pulled her head up until I was looking directly into those beautiful brown eyes of hers.

"Listen carefully, Diana," I whispered, my voice husky and soft, a hint of threat and malice behind my words, "you are entirely under my control. You are my aide, and that means no-one but me gets to give you orders or make you do anything. I and I alone can keep you safe from people like the sergeant. You want to be safe, don't you, Diana?"

Her eyes darted from side to side, desperately trying to avoid my gaze.

"Yes, Ma'am," she croaked, eventually, "please."

I smiled. It was not a pleasant smile. I knew it didn't reach my eyes.

"Do what I say, when I say it, and learn to please me, and you will have a much better time than most. Won't you... Corporal Jao?"

That got her attention. I didn't think she'd noticed just what uniform I'd asked for when we arrived. She looked at me, straight in my eyes, her lips forming a perfect little O shape. I slid my thumb into it without hesitation.

"Well?"

I didn't remove my thumb. I pressed it gently, deeper, into her mouth, pushing down on the soft wet muscle of her tongue.

"s a'am," she managed, a little drool running down my gloved hand.

I pulled my hand away from her face, thumb sliding out of her mouth with a soft slipping noise, and patted her on her bruised cheek.

"Well done," I said, stepping away, "now stand at attention like a proper soldier and wait for your new uniform."

She snapped to it, and I took the opportunity to position myself behind her so I could see not only the curves of her figure but when the sergeant would return. Her legs were those of a runner, I thought, toned and slim, with powerful muscles. Her back was straight, and the grey of her briefs hid nothing: her round buttocks and, between her upper thighs, the hint of a mound.

It wasn't long before the sergeant and two of the enlisted who worked under him returned, bearing a proper uniform. Corporals wore essentially the same gear as a private, of course, but with different badges and – in

this case – much better quality. I'll give the disgusting man his due; every piece of clothing his menials had brought through fit perfectly. By the time she'd got herself dressed again, she looked like a professional rather than a fresh conscript. I thanked the sergeant, clicked my fingers at Diana, and marched off to my own quarters.

Officers' quarters are funny things – in my case, I had two rooms and an en-suite. Luxury, even if it was nothing compared to where we were going. The first room had a couple of chairs, a desk and terminal, and was where I worked most of the time. The second room had a bed, wardrobe, bookcase, and the usual knick-knacks. The en-suite was a shower that had a toilet next to it and a wash basin in an alcove. I opened the door to the quarters, and let Diana enter. She took a few steps into the room and stopped, staring around her. She had, of course, never seen anything like this in her time as a conscript so far: in basic, she'd have lived in a vast shed with all the others, sharing latrines and with no privacy at all.

I closed the door behind me, and locked it. It was late enough in the day that no-one would be looking for me. The window blind was down. My cock was by now painfully sore with desire, and before Diana could really understand what was happening, I'd pushed her to her knees in front of my desk.

"Get on all fours," I rasped, voice hoarse with the need to force myself on her, "and crawl behind the desk."

She froze. I put one booted foot on her back and kicked her forwards.

"I said get on all fours and crawl, you dumb cow."

She moved. I stalked behind her, removing my uniform as I went. Her arse moved hypnotically, rhythmically, in the tight pencil skirt she'd been given. Her tights, thick, military, and ugly though they were, made her legs look like a cheap whore's. Her knee-high black boots shone under the office light. I tossed my tunic, my shirt, and my bra onto the spare chair, and stepped over her. My desk chair was comfortable and ergonomic, and I spread my legs as I settled into it.

"Come here," I hissed, my eyes flashing, "and undo my trousers."

She crawled towards me, and I realised with joy that she was crying silently. Tears caught the light as they fell from her eyes, and as she knelt and reached towards my fly with her slender fingers and gentle hands, I threw aside the ugly sidecap she had on.

She unzipped me, and unclasped the top of my waistband. With shaking hands, she opened my trousers and revealed the thick outline of my erection under my boxers. Tears slid down her soft cheeks and dripped onto my crotch. My cock twitched as they did so, pushing its way out of the flap and springing into the air. She gasped, and recoiled.

"Oh come now, Diana," I grinned, "surely you've seen a woman's prick before." I took her head in my hands, and forced her to look at me.

"You're going to be a good girl for me, now, aren't you? You're going to get those luscious lips of yours around me and let me fuck your face, aren't you?"

I looked at her as a sob finally left her, and stroked the fuzz of her stubbled head. "You want to be a good girl for your Major, don't you, Diana?"

She winced as I stroked her, and looked down at my twitching dick, its head pushed out of the foreskin, precum already beading atop it as it throbbed in anticipation, and whispered, ever so quietly, so softly that I if I hadn't been eagerly waiting for it, I wouldn't have heard:

"Yes, Ma'am."

It was the voice of defeat, and as I slid my cock between her exquisitely soft lips, past her charmingly crooked white teeth, and into her throat, I knew I was going to enjoy every minute of my time with this particular perk of my new rank.



KNEEL TO
THE
RING
MASTER

BY SKULLAZUL

ANOTHER
FAILED ASSASSINATION?
I WON'T MINCE WORDS
YOGUR! I AM
VERY
DISAPPOINTED!

DON'T BE AFRAID MY SWEET
YOGUR~

I'M JUST
GOING TO PUT
YOUR WELL TRAINED
BODY TO... BETTER
USE~

WHAT!?

I'm
NOT
GOING
TO
PUNISH
YOU...

MMMM~
HOW DIVINE!

F-Forgive
Me RING
MASTER
VALENTINE!
I-I WILL DO
ALL I CAN
T-TO-

AH!
N-NO!!

OH
YOU'RE MAKING
me TWITCH~V

RINGMASTER
V-VALENTINE
Plea—

DON'T Be
Afraid~V

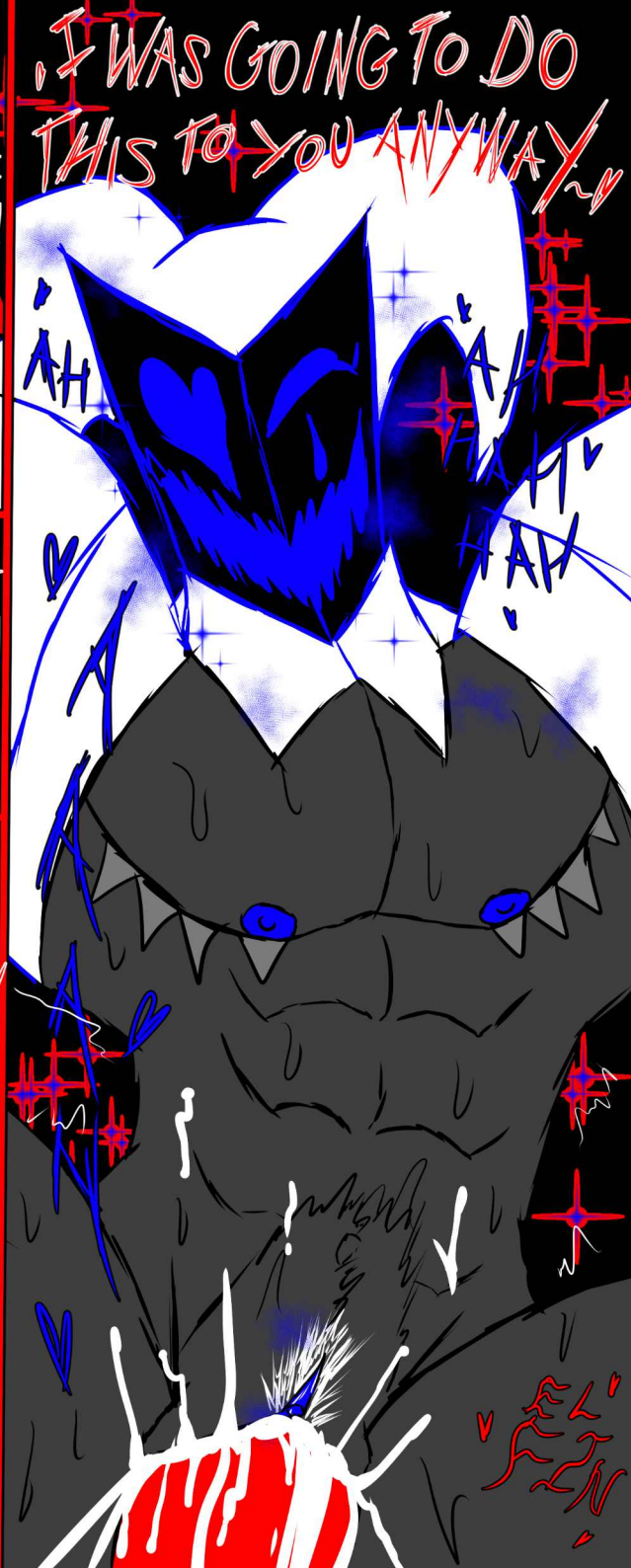
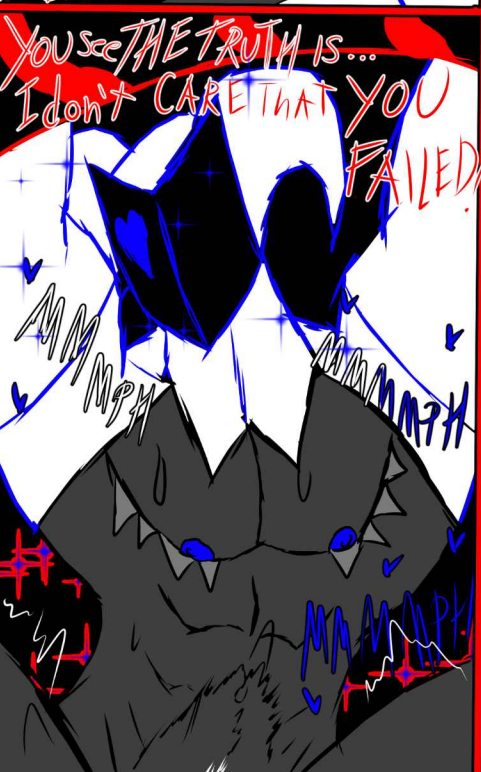
THIS IS A
PROMOTION~V

THIS ISN'T
A PUNISHMENT~V

MY LORD
WHY DIDN'T
YOU JUST ASK
FOR MY BODY?
I WOULD'VE GIVEN
IT TO YOU
FREELY!

I I LOVE
you... Please
STOP THIS!

YOU LOVE ME?
AAAW~V
THAT FILLS MY HEART
WITH JOY... BUT YOUR LOVE
IS NOT ENOUGH!



Don't you think we went too far with this one?

Nah, he wouldn't mind Love those Freshmans, they'll do anything to not get a fine

ANDY SCHMIDT

UNIT 4 of 4
COURT 1 AGE 18

NYC Leonard Rd



VENISON

BY A DARK ELDERBERRY PLACE

A hunter finds a deer-boy in his traps. and has a bit of fun before slaughtering and butchering him.

I'd expected to catch a rabbit or squirrel for my breakfast, maybe a deer if I was lucky. But instead, what was shivering in my trap that snowy morning was a Cervid. A deerboy. A lesser creature, certainly no human; humanoid enough that taking him for my supper could be termed cannibalism, but not so human that selling him would count as slavery.

He was a slender creature, about five feet tall, with a pale hairless chest and furry haunches tapering down to delicate hooves, one of which was crushed in the jaws of the trap. He was obviously an escaped pet.

Wild Cervids were furred from tip to toe, and for good reason, the winters here were harsh, but domestic Cervids were bred for looks with their upper bodies bare of fur, which makes them look far more human than they are. And if there was any doubt this one was someone's pet, his nipples were pierced with gold rings.

The bare skin of the boy's torso was tinged blue with the cold, and his whole body was shivering violently. His pierced nipples were large and hard; it was impossible to tell how much of that was his breeding or training and how much was the cold air, but either way it was a very attractive look.

Whoever he'd run away from had good taste in toys.

Legally, I was supposed to bring an escaped pet to a slave market that could return him to his owner, and I would receive "fair compensation", which would only just cover the cost of supper and the trip itself.

Illegally, boy venison was worth the weight of its dressed carcass in gold, if you knew who to sell it to. And I did.

The creature looked up at me with wide and innocent eyes, frozen tear tracks glittering on his face. By Freyr, that look made my cock twitch. I'd already made up my mind to sell his meat, but that didn't mean I couldn't have some fun first.

I took his chin in my hand, gently. He was cool to the touch, the winter air has pulled his heat from him.

"How did a cutie like you end up out here in the cold?"

"Please don't send me back, mister! My owner is so cruel...." he broke off in a shivering sob.

I looked him over. His fur was disheveled from his night in the wilds, and his pretty skin bore a number of shallow scratches, but he had no marks of earlier injuries and he still smelled faintly of soap. A house pet that had been well cared for, despite his whining.

"Cruel? What do you mean? You don't look mistreated."

I didn't care about the answer, but I liked hearing his pretty voice shaking with the cold. He struggled to get the words out through his numbed lips, but his pleas came tumbling out.

"He pierced me and made me crawl around on a leash. He said he would pierce my dick next. Please, you have to help me! I know there's a tribe of Deerfolk in the woods, you know where they are, don't you?"

If that were true, I'd have fucked all the males and butchered the entire herd long ago. Wild Cervids were smart enough to keep their distance from humans.

I didn't respond, I just let the venison keep babbling as I ran a hand over his naked back. He leaned into my touch, probably seeking warmth. I stroked his tail, and then dipped lower and let my fingertip graze his tight hole. He flinched and his words cut off with a squeak. Good.

I came back up to his face. He took a deep breath the moment I left his ass and kept prattling on about the wealthy, doting owner he'd ran off from, his voice getting more and more desperate. I held his head steady by his chin, and wrapped my fist around one of his antlers. It was so small and fragile in my hand, probably his first set.

I snapped it.

I felt the crack reverberate through his skull where I was holding him by the jaw, and I immediately regretted not fucking him first. His whole body convulsed, every muscle tensing with the pain. The scream that tore from his voice went straight to my cock and I nearly came then and there.

The antler came off at the base, a jagged break that tore the flesh of his scalp as I ripped it away from his skull. I threw the bloodied antler aside and pushed the boy down. On his back, of course; his agonized face was beautiful.

He stared up at me through the blood that had trickled into his eyes, and his small mouth hung open, gasping with the lingering pain. It was almost unnerving how human he looked from the waist up.

I parted the fur hiding his tiny dick. It was soft and curved into a timorous S shape. He whined as I pulled it straight, but didn't think to struggle. His little animal prick was thin with a tapering foreskin protecting the head. His balls were intact, but barely the size of marbles. He'd been

bred for looks, not virility. I let his dick go and it curled back into his fur, protecting itself.

The boy himself just lay there limply with his legs splayed, shivering from the cold and the pain but not resisting me at all.

"If I let you out of this trap, you're going to be a good little pet and not run away, yes?"

"Please, just let me go home."

"Home? To your cruel owner?"

The wretch just started sobbing. It was a good look on him.

I leaned down to open the jaws of the trap. It was a simple mechanism; the boy should have figured it out himself if he had any human wit.

He screamed as I twisted the trap to access the hasp on the underside, and screamed again as the iron teeth pulled out of his flesh. It was a beautiful sound, high and ringing animalistic agony. The shattered bone was visible through the rent skin and muscle, and his hoof lay at an odd angle. Any meat there would have been ruined, but a deer's shins were only good for stew bones anyway.

"There, you're free. Are you going to thank me?"

He didn't speak or make any move to escape, he just lay in the snow, naked and trembling. His face was turned to the side and his unfocused eyes stared off into nothing.

"Hey, venison, you still with me?" I slapped him lightly, pushing his head back to face up at me.

He moaned, and his eyes focused on my face. Good, I hadn't broken him too soon.

"Please. It hurts. I... I can't walk." That much was obvious.

Gods, he was beautiful. I needed to rape him.

He stared at me in awe as I undid my belt and freed my hard cock. I was bigger around than his arm. I grabbed his fluffy thighs and folded his legs up against his chest, putting his ass on display for me. His fur under his tail was as white as the snow he was bleeding on, and the dark skin of his tight hole stood out against it. Cervids really were bred to be sex toys.

What I was doing seemed to finally make it's way into his animal mind, and I got the resistance I'd hoped for. He squirmed in my grip and thrashed his head from side to side.

"No, no, no, please!" His cries were as cute as they were meaningless.

Holding him down took almost no effort. I steadied him with one hand on his trembling thigh and lined my cock up with his little fuckhole. He kept moaning and begging as I worked my cockhead past his tight ring. It was almost an impossible fit; his ass squeezed my cockhead tight enough to hurt, but I forced in. It'd get easier when he started bleeding.

Once I had had him stretched around the tip of my cock, I held him fast and slammed my hips forward.

He screamed. The same sound he had made when I ripped his antler off. His insides gave way easily and I felt his warm blood gushing against my cock.

I closed my eyes and took a moment to simply enjoy how he felt. His whole body shuddered deliciously under me. His ruined insides pulsed and fluttered against my flesh. The winter night had drawn the heat from his body and he felt cool, almost soothing, against my raging cock.

When I opened my eyes again, he was staring into my face, looking glazed and stupid but present. Bright blood ran from where his rim was stretched around the base of my cock and stained his white fur and the snow beneath him. He gasped when I drew my hips back, and wailed when I drove back into his small body. There was no echo in the frozen woods, the snow swallowed up his agony.

He was beautiful, sounded beautiful. I looked into his face as I raped him, made sure he knew what he was for. His last memory before he was butchered would be of my cock in his guts and my face looming over his as he wailed helplessly into the still morning air. His screams softened into sobs and he wept, his breath hitching and his body convulsing on every heavy stroke. My cock dripped with gore each time I pulled out, making a mess of his pretty pelt.

I wasn't trying to raise any specific reaction from him, but his body responded beautifully to his first (and last) human cock. Despite his obvious misery, his tiny cock stiffened and extended from its safe hiding place in his fur.

"You like this, you little slut? You like taking human cock?"

"No... No, it's not...." He could barely manage the words between the gasping sobs.

I pulled out of him, I wanted a better angle for what came next. His legs fell limply into the bloodied snow and he started babbling out thanks. The little fool still hadn't figured it out.

I flipped him over and hauled him up onto his hands and knees. He was limp as wet linen and his shattered leg left a trail of blood where his hoof dragged through the snow, but I forced him into position and he did his

best to hold himself up on his quivering arms. His owner had trained him into obedience well.

I knelt behind him, sinking my cock back into his bleeding ass. All that got out of him was a soft moan, he was completely fucked out. His arms gave out and he toppled face down into the snow. He was too weak to even crawl. I hauled him up by his antler without interrupting my brutal pace.

I was close. It was time.

Slaughtering venison is sensual, almost sacred. I wanted to make the most of it. With an effort of will I stilled my hips, keeping the dying boy impaled on my throbbing cock, and took my hunting knife from my belt; the antler handle fit perfectly in my hand, and the sharpened steel glittered in the morning light.

I wrenched his head back, exposing his delicate neck. He moaned wordlessly, allowing me to use his body as I willed, but when I brought the knife into his view I felt his entire small body tense up and shiver. He finally understood what I wanted from him. I almost regretted slaughtering him from behind, the terror in his eyes would have been beautiful.

The moment my knife breached his skin, his whole body convulsed. His little cock spurted into the bloodied snow beneath him. The little slut was orgasming from his own slaughter. It was all I could do to not drop the knife and cum with him.

Suddenly, all the life came back into him. He struggled harder than he had against his rape. One hand came up to scrabble against my arm, trying to tear me away from his bleeding throat. He was pinned between my cock and my blade, his life mine to end and his flesh mine to sell. He was a thing, no longer animal. A living carcass.

I dragged my blade through his neck, slowly severing skin, muscle, arteries, and windpipe. The cut was clean but I made sure he felt every inch of the steel that was ending his life. I cut until I felt the knife grate against his vertebrae. His lewd, pained moans turned into wet gurgling sounds. He was trying to scream but the air spilled out of his opened neck with his blood.

His hand fell away limply, and I felt the tension drain from his small body. He was still alive for another moment; I could feel his heart beating frantically as it struggled to pump blood that was no longer in his veins, and his lungs fluttered trying desperately to draw breath that would never come.

I let the knife drop and tilted his head back even further, opening the gash wide and exposing the glistening bone within the severed flesh while

the blood gushed forth, and I held him like that until his final feeble heartbeat pushed the last of his sluggish blood out into the snow.

When I was sure he was dead, I gave in and let myself cum. My orgasm tore through me and for one long, sacred moment, nothing existed but my cock and the bloodied venison I had claimed. I roared as I sank in deeper and I pumped my seed into his limp corpse.

When I finally came down, I pulled my softening cock out of the slaughtered boy and let him drop heavily into the bloodied snow.

I flipped the corpse onto its back. Carcass. Corpse is for men, and this venison was no man. He looked even less human now that the life and movement gone from his pretty face. He was youthful, cute. His eyes were rolled back until barely a sliver of green showed, and his tongue lolled out of his slack mouth. His skin was ashen and blood still seeped from his gashed throat.

His tiny cock was still hard and flushed with trapped blood. It jutted up from his groin like a strange fruit, still but lifelike; I was almost tempted to slip it in my mouth. Instead, I retrieved my knife from where it had fallen and brought the blade to the base of that pretty cock. With one quick slice I cut it free. The blood oozed slowly from the stump, and I imagined how it might have spurted and how he might have screamed if I'd taken this when he was still living.

This I would keep for myself to wear as a virility talisman. Dried and fitted with a silver mount, a prick from a Cervid who had died this prettily on my cock would be an especially potent charm.

Next I parted his fur and snicked off his undersized balls. I set them aside carefully; these were a delicacy and the gold from selling just one would see me through the winter.

With the most precious parts accounted for, I straddled the carcass and split it open from sternum to navel. I pried his belly wide open, and the guts steamed in the cold air. The boy's intestines were ruptured and his liver and kidneys were crushed and battered. His ruined bowels were awash with blood, tinged in places with my own spend. Even if I had tried to keep him as as my own pet, he wouldn't have survived the rape. I had destroyed perfectly good organ meat, but feeling his life end on my cock had been worth the loss.

I cracked open his chest with my bare strength, wrenching his ribcage open with my hands and baring his lungs and heart to the sky. I pulled the ruined entrails out all at once, leaving them in a steaming pile. The heart was intact and would be worth keeping to roast. The rest of the offal I left for the ravens, who were already gathering in the trees overhead.

Then I set to skinning his legs. He didn't have as much usable pelt as a wild Cervid, only the fur below his waist was worth saving. I worked carefully around his ass, trimming away anything that had been torn by my cock earlier. I kept his tail attached to the pelt, it would make a fine adornment on a hat or cloak.

With a larger animal I would have needed to hang the carcass from a tree to skin it, but the boy was small and light and I easily handled his slender limbs. I split the hide down the legs, and the pelt pulled away easily. The bloodied muscle underneath made my mouth water.

He looked strangely more human without his fur. It's no wonder boy venison sells best jointed into roasts or sliced into steaks. Those who are depraved enough to buy a haunch of slaughtered deer boy but are too squeamish to slaughter one themselves don't like to be reminded too keenly of where their illicit dinners come from.

I sliced a small piece off the bare thigh to taste raw; it was gamey and rich, sweet but with the tang of fear and arousal. Once cooked, roasted over an open fire to deepen the flavour, this boy would be perfection itself.

Before I skinned his torso, I took a last opportunity to admire him while he still resembled something fuckable. Even gutted and half skinned, he still looked more like a thing for the bedchamber than for the dinner table.

I hooked my fingers through his nipple rings, one on each side of the split ribcage, and pulled the dead nipples taut. The ashen skin stretched and twisted, and I regretted not torturing him like this while he was around to feel it. His agonized screams still rang in my mind. The nipples tore and dead blood oozed from the tattered flesh.

With a sharp twist, I wrenched both the rings free and dropped them, still bloodied, into my pocket. I would have to be careful how I disposed of them. The gut pile, pelt, and meat could have come from any Cervid, but his owner would recognise the rings, and the theft and destruction of a pet Cervid was not a minor crime.

I finished skinning the venison; I ripped his upper body's unusable hide off quickly and tossed it with the gut pile. He was meat, a dressed carcass. Vaguely man-shaped still, but clearly a thing and not a being.

His head was the last vestige that looked like a creature, and it came off next. I braced my knee on the chuck roast, the bare muscle of what had been the Cervid's lithe shoulder, and drove my knife back into the gash that his life had escaped from. My cock hardened again at the perversity of fucking the knife into his death wound, and I stared into his face as I cracked through the vertebrae and tore the head free.

I held it up by the hair, blood dripping from the neck. The beauty was gone from the dead face, and in its place was the almost comical stupidity

of dead flesh. The slack jaw fell open and the unseeing eyes were crossed. It was no longer a toy to fuck, no longer a he.

I tied the head to my belt by its hair and hoisted the dressed carcass onto my shoulders.

Once at home I would joint the meat, select some to keep and some to sell. And I'd and clean the skull to keep on my mantelpiece, its one intact antler a memento of the pleasure his life had given me.





Of course,
your creator
knows best how
to please you.

You're doing so well, my pet.

Few more clients and you
can have a break ♥



DELA
MUTS



SUCH A STRANGE LITTLE
MAN... THE STREAM
WILL KEEP YOU.
FOR NOW.



IT CONTINUES
TO STRUGGLE...
FASCINATING.



INCIDENT (UNREPORTED)

BY SUEHIRO MONCRIEFF

CW: workplace harassment, groping

The Clerk poked through the shelves of scrolls for the correct form. There weren't many left; he'd have to make up some more before going home from the huge box of blanks on the top shelf. Quietly, the Clerk was thankful that of all the thousands of kinds of Ningyo in the empire, his father had been an eel. The lack of a scale-like shimmer to his skin but for a smattering of shining freckles was made up for easily with height. And at 215 centimeters, he was tall even by Seafolk standards and reaching for documents was something he needn't seek help with.

Not that help would have been all that difficult to come by. The palace's back offices swarmed with clerks throughout the working day. And even now, as the evening was coming to a close and most had gone home, there were still a few stragglers here and there. The Clerk gathered up the scrolls he needed and hurried to the royal advisor's office.

"Pardon me, Iruka-dono..." The Clerk's voice was a practiced tone of modest respect as he slid open the office door. Iruka Urisuke was unbothered as ever with a jovial smile that seemed to split his pale, doughy face in two. The Clerk always thought it looked a bit like a bun that had cracked in the steamer.

"Ahh, good, you've got them. I'm lucky you were here late, I hate making a mess of your systems looking for things myself..." He sorted through the scrolls and picked out the form he needed first. "Off for the day, now, are you?"

"No, sir. I just have to make a few more form templates, shouldn't take more than an hour or so." Iruka huffed a laugh through his ugly snub nose. Urisuke. What an unfortunate first name, the Clerk thought to himself as he glanced at Iruka's name placard. Fitting, though, I suppose...

"They do like to tack the grunt work onto the newcomers, don't they! Vicious lot back there." Iruka looked up from his pen and took a good look at the Clerk. "I think I recognize you, though. Been

here long enough for that, at least. You were the one who was half-Unagi, right?"

"Anago, sir."

"Ahh, yes, that's right, forgive me." Iruka pointed a finger at the round, melon-like protrusion at the front of his bald head. "I'm a beluga whale, myself, but I suppose that's obvious." He laughed good-naturedly. "Tall lad, aren't you! And thin as a rail. Don't let 'em run you so ragged you skip lunch, understand? That'll be all, my boy, thank you."

"Of course. Thank you, Iruka-dono." The Clerk bowed deeply and walked briskly back to his station. An hour had, perhaps, been undershooting it a little. Upon counting how many forms he'd need to have ready for tomorrow, it'd likely take closer to two, and that was before rolling them. He sighed and took down the blanks. At least he was hourly. And working for the government meant they got the nice ink with magic to dry it quickly.

Even so, doing the scrolls by hand was still a tedious pain. Stamp, write, level ruler, draw line, write some more... I don't know why we can't use one of those fancy printing presses they have in Yinjian, or even a human-made electric printer... Maybe they're worried about counterfeits. But it's only forms... The Clerk had just begun rolling a batch of scrolls up over the desk when he realized he was the last one left in the office. Another, heavier sigh. There were still a few more left, and if he didn't do them, someone would surely complain about there being no forms left in the morning. He continued rolling.

There was a certain pleasure to be taken in a nice empty work surface, the Clerk thought once he finished the next-to-last batch. It was satisfying, a nice visualization for the fact that some of the work was done. But as he picked up more blank papers, the sound of footsteps from outside gave him pause. He lifted the shade a little more from the luminous bacterial lamp on the wall, hoping the brighter light would give him some courage.

"Hello...?" The footsteps paused. The little gills at the sides of the Clerk's neck, normally hidden as he took the more polite, mundane form that work etiquette dictated, fluttered unpleasantly with anxiety. But after a long second of silence, the footsteps continued to approach, until they reached the dark green sliding door. The

Clerk picked up the corallbone core of the scroll he'd been working on, hand trembling as he held it out in front of himself defensively.

But he immediately relaxed, feeling quite silly, as he saw it was only Iruka coming into the office. The Clerk laughed out a sigh of relief and started turning back to his work.

"You scared me, Iruka-dono! I didn't expect anybody to still be here." Iruka laughed as well, perhaps a bit too loudly for how quiet the room was.

"Ha! Ha! Well, my boy, neither did I! You gave me a bit of a fright, yourself!" The Clerk bowed in apology.

"I'm sorry to have caused you such distress, sir. I had unfortunately underestimated how many of these I'd have to make. But I'm on the final batch now, it shouldn't take me too long." As he straightened his back and got back to working, the Clerk was mildly startled at how big Iruka was. Only marginally shorter than the Clerk, but easily twice as wide, with a heavy juggernaut of a frame, his thick layer of fat doing nothing at all to conceal massive strength. And he'd walked up so fast and so quietly, now only two meters or so away.

"Aah, yes, good to hear. Fine indeed to see a good work ethic in the young men today." He smiled again, his face splitting once more like a bun in a too-hot steamer. But something seemed off. Perhaps it was the light, or the uncomfortable quiet of the office. Perhaps it was nothing at all. But the Clerk thought, for a brief moment, that Iruka seemed somewhat distracted.

"You flatter me, Iruka-dono. Is there anything you needed from the records or forms? I can fetch it for you." Iruka waved a hand.

"Oh! No need, I can handle it myself. I'd hate to keep you even longer." He began walking towards the records room. The Clerk nodded and began working again, but something was bothering him. He was snapped from his thoughts by Iruka clearing his throat at the doors of the records room.

"Is there something wrong, sir...?" The Clerk's movements slowed. Iruka's hands glowed with a blue-green aura of magic as he tried to enter the records room, only for it to fizzle out. "Oh..! Right, I forgot, the records room has a manual acid lock. I can do it for

you." He walked briskly over, fishing the heavy titanium key, still in its protective wrapper, from his pocket. Taking care not to touch the end of it, he placed the key into the records room lock. The faint trickle of aqua regia running over the key's surface filled the otherwise-silent room. After a few seconds, the lock permitted the key to be turned, and the Clerk withdrew it once again, wiping it on the wrapper before bundling it back up. "So what did you need from the records? Since I'm here already, I may as well."

"Nonsense, my boy. I'd hate to inconvenience you further, especially since you're here so late already." Iruka waved a hand with another smile and opened the door. The Clerk nodded and took a step back, even as his unease grew. He's the Emperor's advisor, so he should have clearance, but... The vague memories of his supervisor telling him not to let people into the records room unless they had their own key worried his thoughts like little teeth. I'm sure it's fine... After all, what could he possibly want that he wouldn't have access to, anyway? He's been working here for centuries, hasn't he? It shouldn't matter, what could possibly be classified from him?

He was worrying for no reason, he had to be. He focused on his work again.

There were a few minutes of quiet. He didn't notice the records room door closing, but the Clerk tensed up as he suddenly felt Iruka's body bump him, and saw his massive hand leaning on the desk. His gills fluttered again.

"Just about finished, then?" Iruka's voice was still jovial, but something about his tone felt unfamiliar. The Clerk laughed nervously.

"Aha- yessir, just this last one." With trembling hands, he rolled the last form scroll up and set it in the complete pile. "Was there something else you needed?" He couldn't quite place why he was so anxious.

"No, no." Iruka leaned over to look at the Clerk's face with a chuckle. "Well! No need to avert your eyes, my boy, I'm not the Emperor."

"Of course, Iruka-dono..." The Clerk glanced over with a weak smile of his own. This was awkward, and he was stressed out. His

hands fumbled for the scrolls at the side of the desk and he slowly took a step away. But Iruka's hand found the nape of his neck and tucked a few stray strands of hair behind his ear. The Clerk froze.

"Pretty lad, aren't you! Those shiny freckles of yours are from being Unagi, then?"

"Anago, sir."

"Ahh, right, of course. You told me that earlier, I'm so sorry." The Clerk breathed a laugh of relief as Iruka's hand left him and patted him on the shoulder. "How rude of me."

"Oh! Ahaha, no, it's... it's fine, one of the other clerks is Unagi, maybe you were just thinking of her." The Clerk gathered up the scrolls in his arms and hurried around the desk to put them away.

"Aye, could be, could be." Iruka took a step closer. "Still, behooves me to pay attention." The Clerk nodded politely. He was uncomfortably aware of how close Iruka was now. "Now that I get a better look at you, I was wrong to make assumptions at all." The Clerk could see his reflection in his eyes. "What lovely features you have." Iruka's huge body was immovable. And the look in those awful, beady black eyes of his told the Clerk without words that even if he tried to turn into a fish and squirm and swim away, he'd be snatched up and shredded in the Imperial Advisor's teeth. A broad hand reached forward and around, lifting the hem of the Clerk's jacket. Iruka pressed forward, until the Clerk's back was pressed to the shelves.

"Sir, please leave me alone," the Clerk squeaked, still clutching the forms in his trembling arms.

"You are a pretty lad, aren't you..." His voice was a deep rumble that the Clerk could feel vibrating against his ribs. Iruka's fingers found the folded-over slit in his pants, and he opened it up to slide his hand in without the slightest hesitation. "And don't get any silly ideas about causing a fuss, my boy. You might think you're at the bottom of the pecking order now as a new hire, but you'd be amazed at how far down that food chain goes." The Clerk was predictably soft as Iruka's hands slid between his trembling thighs. But it wasn't his cock that he was after. It only took Iruka a bend of his wrist to bump the Clerk's legs apart.

"Don't..." the Clerk whispered. Iruka was right. If he shouted for help, nobody was around to come to his rescue. And even if he said something, tried to report to his supervisor, or even the royal guard... Well, it'd be his word against someone who really only answered to the Emperor himself. There was little point in thinking he'd find any consequences for the sake of a newbie office clerk.

And even if he did, this was obviously a man who had enough power that those consequences could easily come right back to the Clerk in kind. What would his mother say?

But perhaps the worst thing the Clerk found himself thinking was how quiet it was now. All he could hear was the sound of breathing, and the clack of corallbone against sea glass. His own breaths were shallow and trembling, but being aware of it almost made it feel like he was doing it on purpose, performing the correct response. Maybe he was, he thought. Maybe this, too, was a kind of compliance. Iruka's breathing, meanwhile, was barely audible. Only the faintest sound could be heard coming from that ugly snub nose of his, and his pale, oversteamed bun face had no flush to betray any kind of excitement.

The Clerk felt a lurch of dread as it occurred to him that this might be something that happened with some frequency.

The hand in the Clerk's pants moved further and groped his ass, squishing the soft skin with a firm, easy grip. Two of the thick fingers would easily stretch him to his limit if Iruka decided to take it that far. One would be a struggle, even. But Iruka's other hand wrapped around the back of the Clerk's neck to pull him into an unpleasantly wet kiss, instead. Iruka's thick, pale lips were soft, almost too soft. Saliva coated his tongue as it pushed its way into the Clerk's mouth. The Clerk dared not bite down. He opened up obediently, whining softly as that wet tongue slid against his own.

He squeaked, embarrassed, as a fingertip bumped his gills. Iruka paused and pulled his mouth away.

"Dropping form on the job? How unseemly." He smiled and stuck a fingertip underneath one, holding it open just a little too far. The Clerk gasped with a discomfort that didn't quite cross the threshold into pain. "Lucky your supervisor isn't here to chide you, eh, lad?" Iruka chuckled and continued to squeeze and grope the Clerk's ass.

"Such a pretty boy... A shame I haven't got the time to stay and fuck you properly." The Clerk wasn't sure when he'd squeezed his eyes shut, but they opened up wide with a sudden rush of hopeful relief. This was as far as it'd go? "Yeah, I'm not so cruel, my boy. Just looking to have a little fun. Do you well to loosen up a little, y'know." But there was the suggestion of a threat in his tone. This was as far as it'd go if he behaved himself.

"Of- of course, sir. Sorry." The insides of his gills were getting unpleasantly dry from being held open. His breaths began to take on a faint wheeze. "I- I won't tell anybody. I promise... I promise." There was a long, still pause.

Iruka laughed. His booming, jolly voice bounced freely against the walls of the dark, empty office.

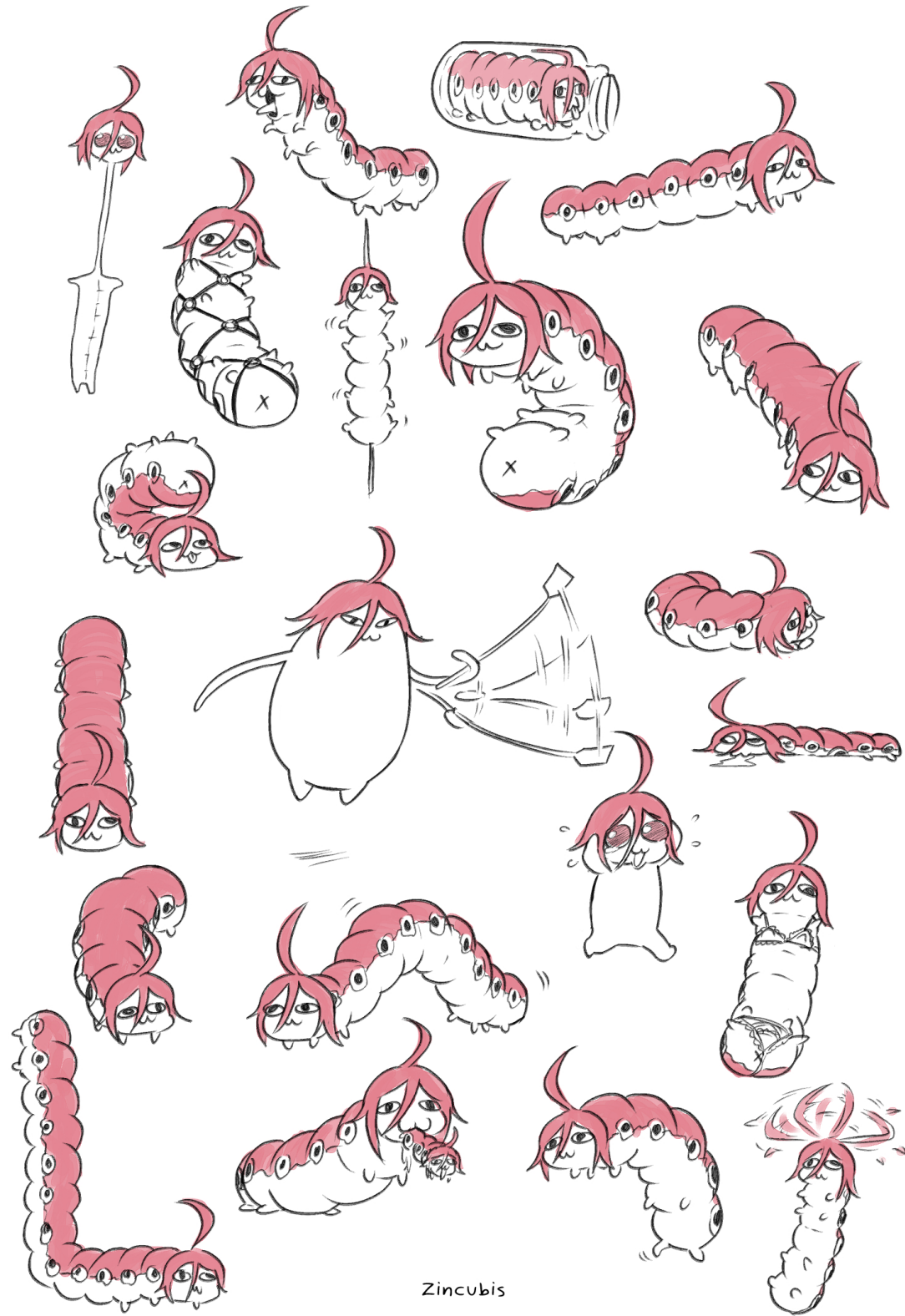
"Of course, my boy, of course." His hands withdrew at last, though his body still remained pressed against the Clerk's. "In fact, I was never even here. Isn't that right?"

"Y-yessir, Iruka-dono."

"Good lad. Needn't fear much with an attitude like that." Iruka smiled again. "Now, you'd best put those away and run along, eh?" He stepped back and turned to go as if nothing had happened. The Clerk's hands shook wildly as he lifted the forms to their shelf, and even the soft footsteps that grew ever quieter were deafening.

He breathed a brittle, hysterical little laugh as he realized he'd earned a bit of extra overtime for the ordeal.





Zincubis

THANK YOU!

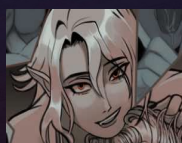
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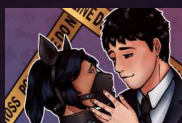
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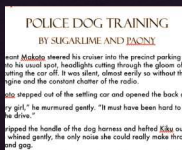
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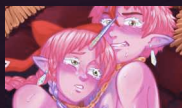
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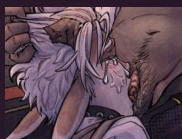
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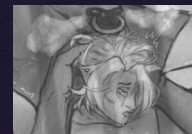
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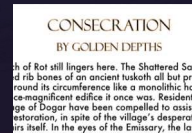
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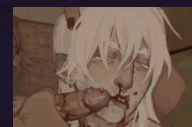
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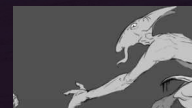
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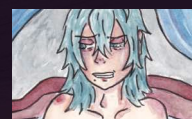
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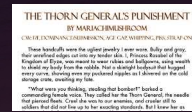
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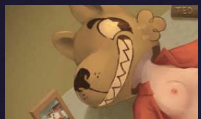
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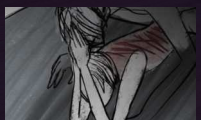
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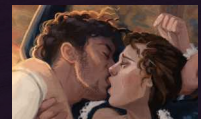
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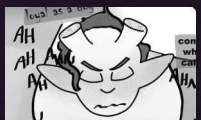
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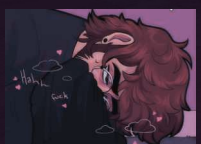
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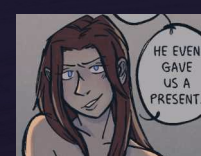
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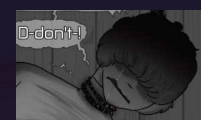
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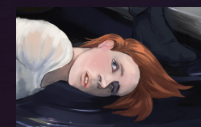
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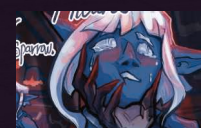
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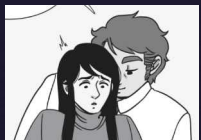
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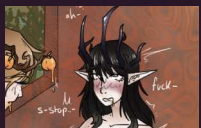
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