

They awoke in bondage. That was no surprise, really. Their arms were secured overhead by cuffs attached to metal posts. Their ankles were spread wide by ankle-bars with cuffs.

And they were naked, of course.

Elsbeth blinked and looked around. The room was dark and gloomy. There were shapes in the darkness. Hooded figures, it seemed.

“Lovely,” she muttered. “Cultists. At least they haven’t gagged us.”

“Perhaps they seek our screams,” Aya said darkly. “Look behind you.”

Elsbeth craned her neck and sighed. A pedestal, set about waist height, was behind the two bound women. On it was a large, greenish gem.

“Please tell me this isn’t one of those sacrifice-a-virgin things,” Elspeth said acidly as she turned her attention to the hooded onlookers. “Cause I have news for you about some of that criteria.”

“You needn’t worry,” a rasping voice spoke.

One of the figures stepped forward into partial illumination. A hood obscured his face, revealing only the hint of a wispy beard on a long jaw. A dark robe obscured the rest of him. He bore a staff in one hand.

“You were selected for entirely different reasons,” the wizard, for he was certainly some sort of sorcerer, continued.

Elsbeth strained ineffectually against the steel cuffs.

“Such as?” she asked, noting Aya also struggled in vain.

“You are both clearly strong. Warrior women, most certainly. You are bold hunters, from your overheard talk. You are young and comely. You *should* be able to survive the ritual. And if not, you are not likely to be missed.”

“Ritual?” Elspeth exchanged uneasy glances with Aya.

There was a grinding noise. Elspeth felt the floor beneath her move. She looked down to note a post rising beneath her. Atop the post was a rather large dildo. Oil, or some sort of gel, gleamed from it. A second post rose at the same rate beneath Aya.

“Oh no!” Aya insisted.

“Oh yes,” the sorcerer said. “Take comfort that this will not hurt. If this is your end, you will end in unendurable pleasure. If you survive... well, that should be most delightful. That Who Is Trapped Within will be looking for pleasure, for He has been trapped in the gem for a very long time.”

The rising phalluses slid into the two young women. Elspeth’s back arched as she felt an electrical tingle run down her skin. A warmth filled her blood. She suddenly realized an alchemical aphrodisiac coated the dildos.

She opened her mouth to speak and suddenly a wave of pleasure rolled through her. Words slipped from her lips and from her mind. She was dimly aware of moans. Some seemed to be coming from Aya’s mouth and others from her own.

Pleasure and sensation threatened to overwhelm her. She was aware of a greenish glow filling the chamber. The dildo invading her throbbed, pulsed, teased, and tormented her. An orgasm rolled through her.

Then another. And another. Sweat beaded her skin. She was no longer aware of the discomfort of her bonds or outrage at her situation. There was only the merciless, driving pleasure.

There was the sound of glass breaking behind her. And then a voice:

“FREE! AT LAST! FREE!!!!!!”