

Red Sonja and the Wedding of the Spider-God

by Valereya James

The old tavern smelled like old mead and piss. Red Sonja tried to keep her beautiful head down and enjoy her ale, but not even the watered down alcohol could block out the smell.

Just one night, she thought. I'm just spending one night in this Crom forsaken place..

She turned her head to scope out the rest of the tavern. Several townsfolk that looked like regulars sat at a table in the corner, quietly conversing while stealing glances her way. At the far end of the bar, a few old timers were drinking while obviously admiring Sonja's body. She did her best to avoid their hungry eyes.

In the small, forgotten tavern in this small, forgotten town, Red Sonja stood out. She was a beautiful woman with long, flowing red hair and a lithe, fit warrior's body. Her large breasts were contained by a chain mail bra, under which she wore a simple brown undergarment. For her bottom, she wore a small, black leather undergarment that covered her womanhood, but then thinned out to a meager leather string that ran through the cheeks of her ample behind and back to her front. Over this undergarment she wore a flap of chain mail over her front which was connected by a leather thong to another flap of chain mail that hung over the top of her ass. Her sword also hung at her hip as well, a great broad sword capable of cleaving any man in two. A pair of simple boots rounded out her outfit.

She knew her armor wasn't much, but there were times in battle when it proved to be enough of a distraction to her opponent that she was able to get the upper hand. There was a time when she wore

more armor, but she had gradually moved down to the bikini like number she wore because she was certain that she was better than most male swordsmen out there.

Sonja took another swig of her ale and caught the eye of the old timers watching. They quickly averted their eyes and went back to their drinks. She suspected that if not for the sword at her side, they would have approached her with a rude comment about her hair or armor.

"We don't get a beauty like you around these parts much." Said the bartender, a woman almost as ancient as the two men at the end of the bar. Sonja met the woman's gaze and took another sip.

"It's rude to stair." Was all Sonja said.

"What brings ya around here?" The bartender asked.

"Business." Sonja said and took another sip. That was probably the shortest and simplest way to put it. The long way to explain it was that she was here to stop a very dangerous weapon from falling into the wrong hands.

The bartender nodded and walked off, getting the hint that Sonja didn't want to chat. Even if Sonja was in a chatty mood, she doubted the bartender wanted to hear her tale. The truth was that normally she would have passed up this hole in the wall town and continued on to a bigger city or market where she could find work, but there was an auction going down later in the night, and that's what brought her.

A few days back, she had stopped at a small city hoping to find mercenary work when she heard of an exclusive auction happening. It was an exclusive event where you had to pay in order to play, and the

item being sold off was said to be of great value... and power. Normally such a thing wouldn't pique Sonja's interest, but her attitudes had changed recently.

Not that long ago, she found herself caught in a struggle between the cult leader Thulsa Doom and the Queen Ghedron for control of a jewel that was said to control the very elements themselves. Both Doom and Ghedron attempted to use Sonja as a pawn to obtain this item. It was... a hard experience for Sonja, and she had found herself bound, gagged, at at someone's mercy one too many times for her liking. At one point, Aela, a deceitful young warrior, had captured Sonja and turned Sonja into her play thing. Eventually, Sonja escaped and dealt with Doom, then sold both Ghedron and Aela into slavery as vengeance for the multiple humiliations they had visited upon her. A harsh revenge? Probably, but Sonja savored it none the less, and got a good price for both women. The experience caused Sonja to swear that she would never find herself bound and helpless at another's mercy again, but also she had decided to keep magical artifacts out of the wrong hands.

So she did some digging into this mysterious auction, and found out that a messenger was going from town to town looking for interested buyers. Sonja found the messenger, who told her that the item being auctioned was a rare totem said to house the soul of Sol, the Spider-God himself. Sonja knew this was bad. According to legend, Sol was a dark, vengeful, and powerful god. If this totem was what the messenger said it was, it could prove very dangerous to all in the wrong hands.

So Sonja bought an invitation to the auction, which used up a good chunk of the gold she made from selling Ghedron and Aela. The messenger gave Sonja a green ruby and told her to keep it visible, it was her invitation and her way into the auction. And now that ruby hung from a leather strap on Sonja's wrist. She didn't plan much beyond actually getting into the auction. Hopefully, her remaining gold would be enough for her to procure the item and keep it out of the wrong hands, though if it wasn't...

well, Sonja had never been above using force. Not that she expected much resistance at the auction if things got ugly, maybe a few guards and some old rich men looking for a new trinket.

And now here Sonja was, wasting time at this tavern until the auction at sundown. She was told that the auction would take place in the town's "Great Hall". Apparently, the owner's chose such a remote location to keep from attracting the wrong attention to an artifact so powerful.

If it's so powerful, then hide it away forever. Lock it in a chest and hide it in a deep, dark hole.. She glowered and finished her watered down ale. As she set her mug down, she noticed the old men at the end of the bar stealing more glances at her. At this, she decided it would be wise to leave the tavern, maybe explore the town, find a secluded spot to practice her sword work.

Sonja got up and tossed a few gold coins on the bar, nodded to the bartender, and then headed for the door. She emerged out into the late afternoon, the orange sun low in the sky. At the rate the sun was setting, she guessed she had maybe an hour until sundown. The Great Hall was located directly at the center of the town, a large building of thick wooden beams, it was the biggest structure in the small village. With a sigh, Sonja headed in the opposite direction of the Hall, looking for a way to pass the time that didn't involve causing trouble.

The fates must have heard Sonja then, for no sooner had she gone a few steps away from the tavern when a panicked voice reached her ears.

"Help! Help me please!" It was a high pitched voice, a woman's voice, filled with terror and sobs.

Sonja spun around. It was close.

"Help! Somebody!" Sonja waited, hand on the hilt of her sword. Surely somebody would come?

Trouble didn't seem to happen in this town often?

Yet everything around Sonja remained eerily quiet with the exception of the woman's pleas for help.

"Help! Please!" Still Sonja hesitated. Now was not the time. The last thing she needed was get into a fight when she needed her strength for the night ahead, and she didn't want to draw attention to herself.

"Oh God... Please!" The voice was louder, pained. Sonja gritted her teeth, swore to herself, and headed in the direction of the voice. Sonja knew first hand how... inhuman men could be when they thought they had a woman at their mercy. She couldn't stand by and let something terrible happen.

She rounded a corner and faced a long, dark alley between the tavern and the building next to it. A beautiful, brown haired woman was cowering against a wall. Her tunic had been torn away and now the woman held the ripped garment over her large, pale breasts. Her hair was plastered over her face as she raised her other hand towards her attacker. The attacker was clad in a long black robe from head to toe, a dark hood concealing their face. In the attacker's upraised hand was what looked like a large wooden mallet, and it was aimed to come down right on the helpless woman's face.

Sonja charged down the alley full speed, hand still on the hilt of her sword. She hadn't drawn it yet and prayed she wouldn't have to. Her shoulder slammed into the hooded figure full force. Whoever they were under the robe, they were small and light, and Sonja's tackle lifted the attacker right off their feet and sent them tumbling back into the darkness of the alley. The massive mallet the robed figure had been wielding clattered harmlessly on the ground.

Sonja knew she had a few minutes before the attacker recovered, so she turned towards the naked woman in the alley. The woman's eyes were wide and she stared up at Sonja with admiration and gratitude.

"Get out of here, I'll take care of him." Sonja said and turned back to the attacker. Odds were that whoever it was that was menacing the woman would try to make a quick getaway, but Sonja wasn't going to let them go that easily. She did have an hour to kill, after all.

She turned towards the robed figure, who was picking themselves off the ground. The hood had fallen back, revealing a full head of long, brown hair. The attacker looked up at Sonja and froze. Just as they did, Sonja gasped and her jaw slackened. The attacker was a woman, with long brown hair just like the victim.

Not just like... EXACTLY LIKE. Sonja looked at the robed woman's face and realized that both women in the alley were twins! It was a trap. Sonja's eyes widened and she started to turn when suddenly something large and heavy slammed into the back of her head. Pain shot through her entire body as she felt her brain rattle around in her skull. Something bright flashed before Sonja's eyes...

Then the darkness started creeping in around the edges.

She felt her legs give in like jelly and she tumbled to the ground. As she collapsed, she looked up to the naked "victim" standing over her, large mallet in hand. Sonja opened her mouth to speak but only a groan came out.

Everything went black as a thick sack was thrown over Sonja's head. She could feel soft hands grab either of her arms and pull her up.

Then she was moving, her useless legs dragging along the ground as her captors carried her off.

Far on the outskirts of the town, A beautiful woman waited in an empty barn. Bales of high were piled almost, almost to the bowing ceiling. In the front of the barn was a caged off area that may have been a stable at one point. Light filtered in from the decaying boards that held the structure up, though in the fading daylight, the woman had been forced to light several torches.

Calling the woman beautiful was an understatement, she was stunning. She was tall, with long slender legs and large, plump breasts contained under a leather chest piece. The leather skirt she wore hung just pass her round back side, further showing off her legs. Long brown hair fell around her shoulders, and her large almond eyes stared at the closed door of the barn patiently.

Her name was Seleen, but to others she was known as the Queen of Thieves. She was a woman that got what she wanted, no matter what, and right now, she had her eyes on a certain rare spider artifact. Now, she could have just gotten an invitation to the auction and bought it there, but where was the fun in that? Why waste countless gold on an invitation when she could just steal one? Especially since she knew that there was only one other woman attending the auction.

Red Sonja, Seleen smiled at the thought of the poor, dumb, muscle bound warrior attempting to obtain such an artifact at the auction? What would Sonja do with it? Why let it go to waste when Seleen knew that there were people in the underground markets that would pay a King's Ransom for such a treasure. So now she waited with her legs crossed at a rickety old table in the center of the barn for her two partners, Tala and Rala, to return with their prize. Physically, Seleen knew the twins were no match for Sonja, but they were smarter, more cunning.

Seleen cracked a smile at the thought of Sonja's dumbfounded face when she realized she was caught. It must have been a glorious sight. If she knew Rala and Tala, and she knew them well, they would probably do the "maiden in distress" angle, where one, usually Tala, would pose as a helpless woman about to be menaced by a mysterious figure, who in this case would be Rala in disguise. It was a simple trap that worked 9 times out of 10.

No sooner had this thought occurred than the door to the barn swung open and the brown haired twins entered dragging a struggling form between them. Tala had her hair back in a ponytail and wore a length of brown hide over her crotch, which was connected by a length of rope to a flimsy piece of hide that hung over her rear end. On her upper half, she wore a bra made of hide and nothing. Rala, the warrior of the two, wore a leather skirt and bustier, and her hair hung free, though she wore a black headband. Both twins were beautiful, and deadly.

The Twins each had Sonja by an arm and had shoved a thick, burlap sack over the warrior's head, though her protests could be heard, though slightly muffled, from under the bag.

"Get off me! Unhand me this instant! Do you know who I am?" Sonja kicked and fought as the Twins dragged her over to Seleen, who stood and placed her hands on her hips.

"Well done girls, did she give you any trouble?" Seleen asked.

"Not at all," said Tala. "She was dazed for most of the trip, just now getting out of it."

"Who is this? I demand that you let me go now!" Sonja screamed, her hooded head turning towards Seleen.

Seleen smiled. So this was the great Red Sonja? She didn't seem like much of a warrior, in fact, she didn't even dress like one. A chain mail bra held Sonja's large breasts in place, while a flimsy piece of chain mail covered her crotch, and another flimsy piece hung over her round, chiseled ass cheeks.

"Get her out of that armor." Seleen ordered.

Sonja's hooded head jerked in Seleen's direction.

"What?" She asked.

Before Sonja could react, the twins twisted her arms behind her back. Sonja cried out and pulled as they both undid the clasp at the back of her top. The chain mail bra fell loose, exposing a brown, leather undergarment that Sonja wore underneath. Quickly, the Twins worked the top loose and tossed it over to Seleen, who caught it effortlessly. Next, they grabbed Sonja's chainmail bottom and yanked down. Sonja kicked and protested, but soon the Twins had the bottom off and Sonja was down to just a Leather thong.

"What are you doing? Stop!" She shouted as her bottoms came off.

The twins tossed them to Seleen as well.

"Tie her up." Seleen said.

"No! Don't! Listen to me!"

Sonja's pleas fell on deaf ears as the Twins grabbed a length of rope and bound the warrior's hands behind her back. As the Twins secured Sonja's hands, Seleen walked over and ripped the bag off of the warrior's head. The captive warrior's red hair fell free as the bag came off, and Sonja glared at her captor.

"Who are you?" Sonja demanded.

"I'm no one." Seleen smiled.

"What do you want?" Sonja asked.

The Twins finished tying Sonja's hands, and Rela stepped over to Seleen with a the green jewel in her hand, the invitation. Sonja's eyes widened at this.

"The auction, that's what this is about?" She asked.

"They're selling something very pretty, I can't let it go to waste in your hands." Seleen smiled and took the jewel, tying the leather thong around her own wrist.

"Wait! You don't know what it can do! I have to stop them! It's dangerous!"

"Gag her." Seleen sighed, having heard just about enough.

"Wait, no! You ca-UMMMMMMPH!" Sonja's protests were cut off as Tala threw a thick black cloth over her head and pulled it back, tight between Sonja's teeth.

"UMMMMMMPH! MMMMMMMMPH!" Sonja protested as the gag was knotted at the back of her head.

"See this as a temporary setback, once I have the artifact, I'll send someone back to untie you and we can all go on our merry way." Seleen said to the bound and gagged warrior.

"Mmmmmph! Glllllrrrrmmph!" Sonja protested and lunged at Seleen. Thankfully, the twins still had a grip on either arm so it resulted in Sonja just flailing around helplessly in their arms.

"Lock her in the cage." Seleen said.

"Grrrrmmph! Mmmmoooo! Mllleeeellpp!" Sonja protested into her gag as the twins dragged the half naked warrior over to the cage.

Sonja kicked and fought the whole time. They stopped in front of the cage and Rala held onto Sonja as Tala opened up the heavy iron door. Just as the door opened, Sonja shot out a foot and with a powerful kick slammed the door shut.

"Ummmph!" Sonja mumbled in triumph.

Both Twins glared at Sonja and Tala opened up the door again. Once again, Sonja kicked it back shut. The Twins glared at her.

"Ummmph Mmm Ummm Ummmm!" Something like a giggle came out of Sonja's gagged mouth.

Rala's face darkened and she grabbed a handful of Sonja's red hair and yanked her head back.

"Grrrrmmph!" Sonja protested into her gag as Rala pulled on her hair.

"Play nice warrior woman, or else. " Rala growled.

"Grrrrrr" Sonja growled into her gag.

Unknown to Sonja, Tala had the cage door swung wide open.

"Get in there!" Rala spat and shoved the bound warrior into the waiting mouth of the cage. Sonja pitched in headfirst, landing into a massive pile of high.

"Ummmph! Mmmmmph! Mmmmmph!" Sonja grumbled into her gag as she struggled to get to her feet. She stood up just in time to see the cage door closing and Tala turning a key in the lock.

"Mmmmm! Ummmmppph!" Sonja ran forward and pressed against the door, but it was too late, Tala had already locked it and was walking away.

"Mmmmmph! Ummmmph! Ummmmph!" Sonja tried to get her captor's attention, but they all had their backs turned to it.

Seleen ignored their captive's muffled cries as she reached behind her back and started undoing the knots that kept her leather top on. As she undid each knot, she could feel the tight garment loosening. Finally, she undid the last knot and her top sagged. She removed it and tossed it aside. Underneath she wore no undergarment, and her large, firm breasts fell free from the constricting top. Then, Seleen grabbed Sonja's chain mail top and slid it on.

It was a bit too small for her, and the links of chain mail barely contained her bosom. Seleen looked down at her cleavage spilling over the chain mail top. It would have to do for now.

Next she slid off her leather skirt, exposing a leather thong undergarment much like Sonja's. She slid into Sonja's chain mail bottom, which barely covered up her round backside. Needless to say, she would draw a lot of stares at the auction tonight.

"How do I look?" Seleen turned towards the Twins.

"Terrible." Rala said.

"Ummm... appropriate." Tala said.

"Ummmph!" Sonja said from the cage.

Seleen gave all three a look.

"Well, I just have to wear it for the auction. Now, I'm off. You two stay here and guard our guest. We'll decide what to do with her when I get back."

"Ummmph! Mmmmmph!" Sonja was pressed against the bars again, glaring at Seleen.

"Won't you need back up or something?" Rala asked.

"Yeah, In case something goes wrong?" Tala asked.

"What could possibly go wrong?" Seleen laughed. "It's an auction, I just have to see who gets the item and lift it off them. Or find out where it's being kept and get it there. It's an old statue, it can't hurt anyone. I'll be in and out without a problem."

"If you say so." Rala said.

Seleen turned away and headed towards the door.

"Just keep an eye on Sonja." She ordered. If any mistake were to be made, it would be underestimating her.

"Mmmmmph! Ummmph!" Sonja moaned as Seleen opened the door and headed out into the sunset.

How does Sonja go out in this? Seleen thought as she adjusted the chain mail bra for what seemed like the thousandth time. She wasn't a fighter, far from it, but even she knew that this outfit was far from practical for when it came to battle.

Seleen felt completely exposed, and her large breasts kept threatening to fall out of the top completely, hence the multiple times she had to adjust the top. The chain mail back did little to protect or cover her round, ample buttocks as well. To the best of Seleen's knowledge, Sonja must wear this for distraction purposes only. And distract it did, as Seleen couldn't help but feel the men's eyes on her as she waited outside the Great Hall for the auction.

Keep staring She grimaced. As a thief, she hated drawing attention to herself, and this revealing outfit was not helping keep a low profile. But she had a disguise to maintain, and if she caused any trouble at the auction, it would be blamed on the maiden in chain mail armor. After making off with the artifact, Seleen would give Sonja back her armor and release her, but Sonja's freedom would be short lived as she would find herself to blame for stealing the artifact. While everyone was distracted with Sonja, Seleen would make her getaway.

They didn't call her Queen of the Thieves for nothing.

There was a line outside the great hall, and slowly but surely it was moving as door men checked everyone out at the entrance and let them pass. After a few minutes, Seleen was up. The door man was small, old, with what little remained of his hair brushed over his shiny bald head. As Seleen stepped up, he eyed her suspiciously. Seleen only smiled and nodded at him and the two large guards that flanked him on either side.

The Doorman didn't say anything or react, just stared. Not in awe or in lust like the other men, but in suspicion.

"I gave out all of the invitations myself," The Doorman began. "I don't remember a woman like you."

"It is I, the great warrior Sonja." Seleen smiled again and stood tall and regal. Under the chain mail top, her heart quickened its pace. If he remembered Sonja then she would have to make a quick getaway.

Her eyed her again.

"Invitation?" He asked.

Seleen held out her wrist with the ruby attached to it. The old man held out a bowl filled with countless other such rubies.

"In here please." He said, still squinting.

Seleen slipped the leather thong holding the ruby from her wrist and dropped it in the bowl. Then she nodded at the man and headed for the door.

One of the large guards stepped directly in her path. Seleen stiffened and wrapped her hand around the hilt of Sonja's sword. She wasn't a fighter, but would stand her ground if needed. Behind her, she sensed the other guard take a position.

"We're sorry, but no weapons are allowed inside." The Doorman said, and Seleen breathed a sigh of relief.

"Oh, of course." She laughed and started undoing the hilt of the sword. In a moment, she pulled it away from her bare hip and handed it to the guard in front of her.

"You can claim it after you leave the auction." The Doorman said.

Seleen nodded to the little man and the large guard stepped aside. The way now open, Seleen stepped inside the great hall.

The hall was immense, with high wooden ceilings and torches lining the walls. Tables ran in rows up and down the length of the hall, and at the very back was a large stage, upon which sat a podium. No doubt where they would be displaying the artifact and selling it.

Seleen moved towards the stage, aware that the eyes of all the men were drifting towards her now. The group of potential buyers consisted of merchants and noble men, none of them young. Their hungry eyes watched Seleen's every move. As she moved towards the stage, she saw two doors set on either side of the stage, no doubt leading towards a back storage area. Most likely, the artifact would be kept behind one of those doors, she just had to figure a way to get back there unnoticed.

As she walked, she noticed movement out of the corner of her eye. She cocked her head to see one of the guards slinking along the wall to her right, his eyes never leaving her. Quickly she turned away and focused on the stage, only to notice another guard on the wall to her right. This wasn't good.

Seleen stopped and pretended to adjust her top. As she did so, she stole a glance at the rear of the Hall. The old Doorman stood by the entrance, watching her as well. So, obviously they suspected something, the question was: what were they going to do about it?

"Such a glorious event." A man came up behind her. Seleen spun around, muscles tensing, ready for a fight. Instead, she found herself facing a tall, thin man with long dark hair pulled back in a ponytail. He was pale and wore a red and black robe.

"Ah, I mean you no harm dear lady." He said and flashed her a smile. Obviously he must have sensed her tension.

"Oh, sorry, just... nerves." She said.

"Understandable, it isn't often that one finds themselves in the presence of the great Spider-God Sol!" The man said and raised his arms.

"The Spider-God is here?" Seleen arched an eyebrow.

"Indeed, and soon I, Artax, shall release him from his prison so that he and his children may run free!" Artax bowed his head in prayer. He was a disciple then. Seleen had heard whispers of a Spider-Cult, it made sense that they would try and procure the artifact then.

"Well, that depends on the outcome of the auction." She said.

"What interest do you have in it, dear lady?" Artax asked.

"I'm a collector." She said.

"Sol is far more important than just a mere curio to be displayed." Artax narrowed his gaze at her.

"We'll see about that. Good luck though." With that she patted him on the shoulder and moved away from the gawking cultist. Seleen turned back towards the stage to see that The Doorman and two guards had taken up a position behind the podium. Dammit, did that cultist waste enough of her time for the auction start?

On the podium, the little Doorman loudly cleared his throat.

"Um hmmm! Gentlemen and, um, lady," he looked straight at her when he said this. "Thank you for coming tonight, it is our honor to be giving away such an esteemed artifact like the Spider Idol!"

A round of applause went up. Seleen stayed still, never taking her eyes off the Doorman. She didn't like the look he gave her just then.

"We will begin in just a few moments, but first, we have some business to attend to." He said and the room hushed. Seleen felt herself stiffening up and instinctively her hand went to wear Sonja's sword once hung. Finding only her bare hip, she silently cursed and stood with both hands on her hips, waiting.

"You have all been exclusively invited to this highly coveted event, but I'm afraid there is an imposter in our midst." His tone grew icy. Upon hearing this, Seleen started to slowly back up. Things were not looking good.

"I personally delivered all of the invitations, and I remember the faces of each and every one of you. Except one."

Seleen continued to backpedal, hoping to get lost in the crowd.

"That imposter... IS HER!" His eyes turned to fire and he pointed an accusing finger at Seleen. Before she could even turn, she felt strong, rough hands grip either of her arms. She cried out and tried to pull away but the guards were much bigger and stronger and started to carry her over towards the stage.

"No! There's been a mistake! Unhand me!" Seleen cried out, trying to stay in character. As they dragged her towards the stage, she could see the Doorman stepping down, followed by his two guards.

"What in the meaning of! I have never!" She cried, hoping they bought the act.

Finally, they stopped, and the Doorman stood before her, eyeing her up.

"I gave out each invitation, and I remember the woman well. She had hair as red as flame." The entire room gasped at this exclamation.

Seleen gulped.

"It was a wig, a disguise." She said and threw her head back.

"No such disguise, it was a completely different woman!" The Doorman shouted.

"You must be mistaken. Your old eyes have deceived you!"

"I trust my eyes, but not you. Guards, removed that stolen armor from her!" He commanded.

"No! Unhand me! Do you know who I am! I am Sonja! Fear me!" She cried as the other two guards advanced. One of the guards grabbed the front of her chain mail bra and pulled. The flimsy garment came off with ease and Seleen's bare breasts bounced free from the small, constricting top.

"What? I have never been so humiliated!" She cried out.

Next the same guard grabbed the chain mail bottom and pulled. The bottoms came off with even less resistance than the top, leaving her in nothing but a small, leather thong.

Seleen kicked her legs and tried to shrink back in a vain effort to cover her nudity, but every man's eyes was glued to her.

"I can't believe you would do such a thing! You will all pay!" She tried her best to sound threatening.

"Guards, restrain her." The Doorman commanded.

The guards nodded and started dragging her to a far wall. A set of manacles hung from the strong, reinforced wood. Why would a great hall have manacles? She didn't ponder on this much as she started to kick and struggle as they dragged her closer to the chains.

"Everyone will hear of this! My wrath will be swift! Sonja is not some maiden to be chained!"

The guards spun her around and pressed her flat against the wall. The cold steel of a manacle clamped around her left wrist, and then her right. She cried out and tugged but the chains held tight, leaving her arms suspended above her head.

"Is this how you treat your customers? What man of business are you!" She cried out.

"Gag her too." The Doorman rubbed his head and sighed.

"Wait, no! Don't! Listen I-HRRRRRMMMMPH!" A thick piece of black cloth was shoved in her mouth between her teeth. She bit down in frustration and felt the cloth pulled tight to the back of her head and then knotted. The guards finished tying the gag and stepped back.

"Mmmmph! Fffffththn! Uffmmmh!" Seleen chewed into the gag filling her mouth and tried to spit it out, but it was securely tied.

"There," said the Doorman. "Now, I implore the rest of you gentleman to ignore the distraction in the corner, that will be dealt with after-"

"GRRRRMMMMPH!" Seleen spat into her gag. The Doorman glared at her and then turned towards the audience.

"As I was saying, she will be dealt with after the proceedings. Now, it's time to start the bidding!"

Everyone started applauding. Seleen pulled on the chains but they held tight. Then she tried to see if she could squeeze her wrist out through the manacles, but they fit her tight.

"Fffffmm!" She sighed into her gag. What would they do with her? She didn't want to find out, she needed to find a way out, and fast.

Looking out on the crowd, she could see that all eyes were now on the Doorman, who was stepping back onto the stage. With everyone distracted, this would be a perfect time to escape!

"Hmmmfff! Ummmph!" She tugged on the chains again, her breasts heaving and bouncing every time she moved. She turned back forward to see a few men stealing glances her way.

"Ffmmmmpph!" She cursed into her gag again, watching as their eyes widened as her breasts heaved with the motion.

The Doorman took the podium and started speaking. Seleen didn't bother listening, instead trying to formulate an escape plan. Tala and Rala would notice that she didn't return, but by the time that happened then who knows what the men would have done with her? She imagined that they couldn't keep her shackled forever, eventually they would have to unchain her. Maybe when that happened she could slip free?

She was brought back to the moment by more applauding. Looking back on the stage, she could see a guard carrying a wooden box over to the Doorman. That must be the artifact!

"Ah, and here is the item of the hour!" The Doorman cooed and more applause went up.

"Mmmmmph!" She exclaimed. After all of this, she would be forced to watch, chained, naked, and gagged as someone else bought her prize.

No. No she couldn't stand by and watch it happen. A plan started forming.

On the stage, the Doorman reached into the box and pulled out a stone statue the size of a melon. It was ancient, the rock worn and decayed. The statue was shaped like a man, though instead of two arms, he had four on either side. His legs ended in spayed claws instead of feet, and his head was elongated and had long pinchers. Sol, the Spider-God.

"This here is a lost relic of Sol, the God of Spiders. According to legend, it is said to imprison the very

soul of the God himself. Bidding starts at 5000 gold pieces.!" The Doorman held the prize up for all to see.

"5000!" A voice called out.

"I have 5000, do I see 6?" The Doorman motioned to a raised hand in the audience. "6, I see 6000. How about 7?"

"Meeeeeffffeeen!" Seleen moaned into her gag.

The room went silent and every eye turned to her.

"Mmmmmeeeffffeeen!" She mumbled again.

The Doorman rolled his eyes and turned to the ground.

"Anyway, do I see 7? Seven thousand?"

"MMMEEEFFFFEEENNN! MEEEMMMEFFFEEN!" She screamed into her gag.

"Isn't she gagged for a reason?" The Doorman asked, to which the guards shrugged.

"Mmmmeeffffeeen!" She said again. Her plan was outbid everyone. It was desperate, but if they bought it, they would have to let her go to claim the prize. She knew she didn't have the gold, but it would buy her time for the twins to come help, or give her a chance to run. Extreme best case was that the Doorman believed she did have the gold and let her go.

"Fine, 7. Do I hear 8?" He asked.

"8!" A voice said from the crowd. Seleen followed the voice to see that it was the strange cultist.

"Meeeeeiigggttt! Mmmmeeeeiight!" She cried.

The Doorman sighed again.

"8, do I hear 9?"

"9!" Cried the Cultist.

"Mmmiiiiinnn! Miiinnn!" She mumbled

"10! Do I hear ten!" Said the Doorman.

"10!" said the Cultist.

"Mmm-" She started into her gag when the Doorman cut her off.

"10! Sold to the man in the robe!" The Doorman shouted and pointed to the Cultist. Immediately after, he glared at Seleen.

"Ummmph! Mmmllumph! Fffhtttth! Ummffumm!" She mumbled, glaring at the Doorman and pulling on the chains. The action made her large breasts bounce again and draw more attention but she didn't care. This son of a bitch!

The Cultist greedily clapped his hands and hopped up onto the stage like a child about to receive a gift. The Doorman handed the prize over to the man in the robe.

"And here you are sir, the lucky owner of this rare antiquity!" He said, presenting the gift to the cultist.

"Ummmph! Mmffff ummmffff!" Seleen chewed into her gag in frustration.

The Cultist grabbed the artifact out of the Doorman's hands and glared at it with wide, crazed eyes.

"Now, um.. the matter of payment." The Doorman said, but the Cultist ignored him, instead wandering off, his eyes getting lost in the artifact. Seleen watched as guards took up positions on either side of the stage, afraid the man would run off with the prize.

"Mmmm..." She mumbled, not liking where this was going. What was the Cultists play here?

"Sir!" The Doorman shouted. For a moment Seleen felt almost sorry for the little man, his auction had been... interesting to say the least.

The Cultist stopped in the center of the stage and turned to face the audience.

"Sol has come home, and I, Anon, hold his soul in my unworthy hands!" He shouted, his eyes wide mad.

"Ummmph! Ummmph!" Seleen tugged at the chains again, fearing this was going to get ugly.

The guards started advancing towards the man.

"Sir, please give me the artifact or pay up!" The Doorman's face reddened, he was clearly losing his patience.

The Cultist, Anon, held the statue high above his head.

"Sol shall walk again and his children shall inherit the Earth!" He screamed and hurled the artifact to the ground. The guards ran towards him.

"Mmmph!" Seleen's eyes widened and she watched as the small statue shattered. This whole thing had been a complete bust, not only did she fail to get the statue, but she was now captured and naked, at the mercy of men who would do Crom knows what to her. And now her objective, the statue, was destroyed.

"Ummfff..." She sighed into her gag. This day couldn't get any worse.

The guards seized Anon by both arms as the Doorman rushed over.

"What? How could you... You're still paying for that!" He screamed, his face almost as red as Sonja's hair.

"Get this man out of here! And take the imposter with him!"

Seleen's eyes lit up. They were releasing her!

"Mmmmmph!" She nodded her head.

"What about her clothes?" One of the guards asked.

"Leave them! Let her nudity be her mark of shame!"

"Ummm hmmm! Ummm hmmm!" She shook her head. There was no way she was being even more humiliated.

"Look! My lord awakes!" Anon cried, his crazed eyes on the shattered statue. The Doorman and guards turned towards the stone shards on the floor.

A red mist was swirling out of the remains of the artifact. Everyone in the room gasped. The guards loosened their grip on Anon as they watched as the mist swirled higher and higher.

"Ummmfffff" Seleen sighed. This day was about to get worse.

The mist rose to man height and started to collect itself. Two columns of mist formed legs, then a torso, instead of two arms, the mist formed four on either side. Finally something shaped like a head formed at the top. The entire room was silent. The guards let go of Anon and stepped back. Even the Doorman retreated. Anon though, stood tall, his eyes wide and glassy.

Then the mist started to solidify. Red smoke turned into solid, gray skin, and in a few seconds, Sol, the Spider-God, stood before them. He looked almost like a man, with the exception of the eight arms that ended in long claws. Sol faced Anon, who fell to his knees.

"Oh master, long have yearned to look upon you! At last you are free from your prison!"

Sol turned away from Anon and looked out onto the crowd. Everyone screamed. Though his head and face resembled a human, it was far from it. He was bald, and eight, red eyes ran up the length of his forehead. His large mouth was filled with fangs. The Spider-God looked out on the humans and salivated.

"At last I am free," his voice rattled and hissed. "And I must reclaim my kingdom!" He said.

"G-g-g-Guards!" The Doorman shouted.

The guards shook their heads and drew their swords. Sol turned to see guards advancing from behind as well as from the front of the hall. Sol let out a hiss and red mist exhaled from his mouth.

As the guards approached, the mist hit them and flowed through their noses and mouths. Their eyes widened and turned red. Everyone in the audience froze as they watched.

Finally, all of the mist went into the guards and they stood perfectly still, eyes wide and blood red. Sol looked over them.

"See that no one can leave!" He hissed.

The possessed guards took up positions by the doors, barring everyone inside. Anon approached the Spider God from behind.

"Such a display of power, My Lord! What shall we do we next!"

Anon stepped off the stage and regarded the terrified audience around him. He started walking, spraying red mist as he went. The audience breathed it in, their eyes turning bright red after.

Seleen watched frozen from the wall. None of the mist had reached her yet, and with any luck Sol would ignore her and just walk out of the great hall.

But the Spider-God stopped in the center of the room, his mist turning everyone around him into puppets.

"I must reclaim my kingdom, build a world for my children to inherit." He said.

"Children?" Anon asked.

"Yes, I must choose a wife. My power is greatest when I have a family to share it with, and children to spread my rule across this world!" He cried. As he he did, his eyes scanned the hall. Seleen pressed herself flat against the wall, hoping that the Spider-God would pass her by.

He didn't. His eight eyes narrowed at her.

"What have we here?" He sneered. Around her, the crowd began to part.

"Ffmmmmfff! Ulllummmp!" She moaned. Soon, the possessed crowd had moved completely, giving the Spider-God a direct line of sight to her.

"Well, well" He hissed and stalked towards her.

"Gllllmmmmph!" She tugged on the chains, now wanting to run, get as far away from here as she could.

"A thief my lord, we suspect she was trying to make off with your prison for profit." Anon said.

Sol stopped right in front of her and glared at her. She recoiled from the gaze of his multiple eyes.

"Ummmmfff!" She closed her eyes, but soon felt one of his clawed hands caress her bare breast.

"Nnnnnmmmp!" She cried as another hand caressed her other breast. Soon she felt two other arms stroke either side of her mid-section.

"Mmmmph!" She squealed and tried to recoil, but the chains kept her in place.

"Yes, this one will do!" Sol exclaimed. She felt arms wrap around her waist and claws dig into her bare ass cheeks.

"Prepare her for the ceremony! I have found my bride!" He exclaimed.

"Ummmph! Mmmph! Ummmph!" She protested as she felt all eight arms run along her body.

"Muufffff eeehhh mmmoo! ffeeey! Mmmoo uuuoo mmmeefff mme!" Sonja moaned into her gag. The half naked warrior was pressed against the bars of her cell, chewing into the cloth that gagged her while glaring at her captor.

Rala rolled her eyes and looked over at the flame haired warrior.

"The point of a gag is so that no one hears you." She said.

"Ummfff! Mmmurrngle!" Sonja kicked at the bars and glared at the twin.

"Just make yourself comfortable, alright?" Rala said.

"Ummph! Glllumph! Hmmph!" Sonja stamped her feet in rage and started pacing in her cell.

"Ugggh, why couldn't Seleen let us sell her at the slave market or something? We'd get a good price for her." Rala said. Tala, meanwhile, was pacing on the other side of the room, and had been doing so for the past 15 minutes.

"It's been too long. She should have been back by now." She said.

"Calm down, Seleen can take care of herself." Rala said and turned her attention back to their captive. Sonja was still glaring.

"Got something to say?" She said.

"Mmmfff! Ulllurgle!" Sonja spat into her gag and kicked the bars yet again.

"Sorry, I didn't quite make that out." Rala cupped an ear.

"Mmmfff mooo!" Sonja exclaimed.

"This was supposed to be an easy job... why isn't she back yet?" Tala said, balling her fists.

"She'll be walking into that door any moment with our pay dirt, we'll leave Red here strung up somewhere public where someone can find her-"

"Mmmfff!" Sonja exclaimed, her eyes wide and full of fury. Rala looked over at her and winked.

"Anyway, as I was saying, we'll leave her somewhere where someone can find her, and then go off, sell the statue and make a fortune."

"I know, it's just... I have this feeling." Tala bit her nails.

"Even if something would go wrong, we can't do anything. We have to watch Red." Rala gestured towards their captive.

"She's fine, there's no way she's getting out of those bars. We can just run over to the hall and check on things, then run right back."

"Then Seleen will chew us out for leaving the hostage!" Rala said.

"So what! And even if Sonja escapes, we would have the statue! We can leave!" Tala pleaded.

Rala sighed and looked over at Sonja, who still glared from inside her cage.

"Think you can look after yourself while we're gone?" She asked.

"Ummph! Mmmph!" Sonja stamped her feet and started pacing inside the cage.

Rala looked over at her twin sister and sighed.

"Fine, just to check on things and back. Hopefully Seleen won't notice us," Rala got up and picked up her mallet from a table in front of her. "But I better bring this, just in case things are ugly."

The first thing the twins noticed was how quiet the town was. No one walked in the streets, the taverns and businesses were empty, and none of the homes had any lights on. It didn't take Rala long to admit that her sister may have been right about something being wrong. They shared a look of concern and quickened their pace to the Great Hall. When they arrived at the hall, they found it completely deserted.

"Maybe the auction's over?" Rala asked, but Tala shook her head. Something was definitely wrong. They entered the hall and found stone shards shattered all over the stage at the back of the hall. But Tala's suspicions were confirmed when she found Sonja's purloined chain mail armor lying in the center of the hall.

"If this is here, then where's Seleen?" Rala asked.

Tala shook her head as she stuffed the armor into her bag.

"I don't know, maybe they found her out?" She suggested.

"Then where would they take her?" Rala tightened her grip on her mallet, ready for a fight.

Tala shrugged.

"This, and the town being almost empty... it doesn't bode well. I think Seleen is in trouble." Rala

nodded at this assessment. They both left the empty hall and decided to head for the other side of town, thinking maybe there was a dungeon or jail that Seleen may have been locked in.

They were walking down one of the empty town streets when they noticed a large crowd standing in a square ahead of them. before Tala could react, Rala grabbed her and pulled her into a side alley.

"What are you doing?" Tala demanded.

"Shh! Don't attract attention!" Rala said.

"Why? It's just townsfolk?" Tala answered.

"I don't like it, any of this, proceed with caution!"

"How do you suggest we do that?" Tala demanded.

Rala smiled and put a finger to her lips, then she reached into her bag and took out a grapple with a long length of rope attached to it. The girl stepped back, swung the grapple a few times, and hurled it at the top of the building nearest them. Rope sailed through the air as the grapple flew and found a spot to dig in somewhere above them. Once it caught, Rala tugged it a few times to make sure it held. Once satisfied, she started to climb the rope. Tala waited a few moments and then followed.

All of the homes in the small town were packed together tightly so it made traversing along the rooftops an easy task as Rala and Tala only had to jump over a few feet between rooftops. In a few minutes, they were easily positioned on a roof top that gave them a great vantage point of the crowd below. What they saw made Tala gasp and Rala grit her teeth.

Everyone stand in the crowd stood perfectly still and slack jawed, and their eyes were bright red. From Tala's point of view, it looked like the entire town was gathered, and they were all staring at a large, old, stone building. A temple of some sort. The temple's doors were closed but light emitted between the cracks on the ancient wooden doors. Someone was inside. Rala and Tala shared another look. They didn't have to say anything to express that whatever was going on, Seleen was caught up in it, and most likely in that temple.

The twins ran, jumping from rooftop to rooftop on their way to the temple. The whole time they moved, the crowd's red eyes remained fixed on the temple, Tala doubted the crowd would look up even if the twins did make a noise. After a few more jumps, the twins found themselves on the slate roof of the old temple. Taking stock of their surroundings, the twins saw a large, stone chimney set in the center of the roof. They moved swiftly towards it, neither making a sound as they went.

The chimney was large, and they looked down to see wooden beams crisscrossing the ceiling beneath it. Rala hooked her grapple on the chimney and lowered herself in, Tala followed soon after.

Both women found themselves on an old but sturdy beam high up in the ceiling of the temple, and the beam seemed to be able to both their weight. As they took in their surroundings, Tala couldn't help but gasp.

Below them, the entire church was covered in webbing. The thin, silky substance ran along the walls and streaked through the ceiling under them. Where the temple altar once stood was now a thick

cocooned of the white substance.

"Shh!" Rala admonished Tala for her outburst.

Tala nodded apologetically, but also sensed that her sister was just as unnerved as she was. On closer inspection, the webbing seemed to be... moving!

Rala focused and saw that it wasn't moving, it was spiders, hundreds of them, moving through the webs, spinning more, dangling from the rafters.

Tala swallowed to stifle another gasp. The Spider-God. The artifact that Seleen was after was said to imprison the soul of the Spider-God. Did something go wrong?

Looking at the web covered alter, the twins saw a man in a red and black robe standing, arms folded. Several red-eyed women stood next to him. A door opened at the far end of the temple and someone entered, a frenzied female voice splitting the silence.

"What are you doing with me? Let me go! I swear, once I get through with you! Hey! Do you hear me?" It was Seleen! Tala would recognize her voice anywhere! The twins turned in the direction of the voice and saw two red-eyed women dragging Seleen down the aisle towards the man in the robe.

"It's Seleen!" Tala said and started to move before Rala grabbed her arm.

"Wait!" Her sister hissed.

"But-" Tala started.

"Not yet!" Rala said through gritted teeth. Tala sighed and turned back to the scene below her.

Seleen was naked... well practically naked. She wore a small leather thong that was nothing more than a cord that ran between the cheeks of her rear. Her pale, naked breasts heaved up and down as she fought against the hooded figures that dragged towards the waiting alter.

"Get off of me!" She shouted, tugging as they dragged her. But her efforts were in vain and soon they had her before the man on the alter.

"Anon? Look, just let me go, save you and your buddies some trouble. You can just say I overpowered you and ran off."

The man on the altar, Anon, tossed back his hood and smiled.

"What a mouth you have my dear, I'm sure my lord will enjoy kissing it after the wedding." Seleen recoiled at this.

Wedding? Rala and Tala shared a look.

"Now?" Tala asked.

Rala shook her head and held up a finger.

"Prepare her!" Anon ordered. The twins attention was turned back to the scene below. Several red eyed women approached Seleen, bearing long rolls of what looked like white gauze. Seleen's eyes widened at this and she tried to pull away.

"Wait... wait no!" She tried to twist away but two women grabbed her kicking feet and lifted. Seleen struggled as they carried her over to the web covered altar and laid her down, two women holding her legs together, two holding her arms at her sides.

The women bearing the gauze came over. Two started wrapping the gauze around her legs at the ankles, and two more started wrapping her legs together at the thigh. One woman started wrapping gauze around Seleen's right arm, while another did her left.

"What are you doing? Get off me! Help! Help!" Seleen called.

"Scream while you can, soon you won't be able to use that mouth at all." Anon chuckled. At this, Rala signaled Tala and started tip-toeing along the beam towards the altar. As they moved, the twins were all too aware of Seleen's struggles and protests as the possessed women wrapped her.

"Get off of me! Do you know who I am!"

"A common thief, posing as a warrior, soon to be bride of Sol, The Spider-God!" Anon said.

"I am not a common thief! I am Seleen, Queen of Thieves!" She shouted. At this, Anon chuckled.

"It shall be a royal wedding then, a Queen to marry the Lord of Spiders!"

Tala risked another look down. Seleen's legs were almost completely wrapped in the white gauze, as were her arms and hands. The woman took Seleen's wrapped arms and crossed them over her bare chest.

"Hey!" She shouted as they started wrapping around her midsection.

Tala looked back up to see that they were almost at the altar. Rala stopped and looked back at her sister.

"I'll climb the webbing down and distract them, give me a few minutes, then climb down and cut Seleen free."

"What about you?" Tala asked.

"I'll figure out a way to give them the slip." Rala flashed her a cocky smile.

Tala swallowed, not liking any of this.

"Maybe we should go back, get Sonja to help."

"Really? We kidnap her and strip her and you think she'll help us?"

"It's just... there's a lot of them. We could use a fighter like her." Tala pleaded, but Rala shook her head.

"No, it's just us. I'll be fine, just focus on getting Seleen."

Tala nodded and looked down again. Seleen's legs were done, completely wrapped in gauze, and her torso was getting there as well. The possessed women that had wrapped her legs now moved towards her head.

"Hey! No! No! Wait! Let's talk about this! Let's ta-UMMMMMPH!" Seleen's plea was cut off as one of the woman placed a length of gauze over the thief's full, red lips. Tala watched mesmerized as the woman started wrapped gauze around Seleen's mouth.

"Ummmmmph! Mmmmmph! Mmmllllleeeffff! Ffffffflllmmmp!" Seleen's eyes were wide and pleading as layer upon layer of gauze was packed on over her mouth.

"Mmmmmph! Mmmmmph!" Seleen's moans were pleading as the woman finished wrapping her mouth and started wrapping the gauze around the rest of her face.

"Hey! Get ready!" Tala heard a hushed voice and looked up. She had been so drawn into what was happening with Seleen that she didn't notice Rala, who was now at the end of the beam by a wall of webbing.

Tala went white. Something about this all just felt... off. She didn't like any of it.

"Wait!" Tala cried.

But Rala drew her dagger and gave the thumbs up, buried the dagger in the wall of webbing, and jumped off the beam. Tala watched as Rala rode the dagger down, cutting a swath in the webbing as it carried her towards the altar. Looking down, Tala saw that Seleen's head was almost completely covered in gauze, minus a slit for her nose and eyes.

"Mmmmp!" Seleen's eyes widened with hope as she saw Rala coming towards her.

Rala landed triumphantly and sheathed her dagger. Anon and the possessed women jumped back in surprise.

"Who in-" Anon cried.

"Sorry to break this up!" Rala smirked and ran forward.

On the rafters, Tala shook her head and scurried forward. It was time to act.

"Mmmmp! Mmmmp!" Seleen, still cocooned in the gauze, was squirming around on the altar, waiting for Rala.

On the rafters, Tala froze. She noticed movement and saw the spider's from the webbing, they were all scurrying towards Rala. Rala was charging the altar and didn't notice. Tala considered shouting a warning but hesitated, not wanting to give away her position.

Rala continued to charge, fists out in front of her, meanwhile the spiders bunched up on either side of

her.

"Mmmmmph!" Tala followed Seleen's eyes, noticing that she too saw the spiders, and decided that she would have to risk giving herself away and opened her mouth to shout a warning.

It was too late. Hundreds of streamers of silk webbing shot out from the collecting spiders, forming a large, fine net. Rala didn't have time to stop or react and ran right into it.

"Ahhh!" Rala cried out in alarm as she ran through the web. The sticky substance clung to her body as she slowed to a stop. Below her, the spider's started to fan out, forming a circle around her. Tala could only watch in horror and shock.

Rala tried to shake off the webbing but it clung to her skin and clothing. She tried raising her hands but the webbing pulled them down. Realizing her plight, she tried reaching for her dagger. And the spiders started.

Streams of webbing flew threw the air as they sprayed at her. Rala fumbled for her dagger as the webbing landed on her, clinging to her.

"What? Ugggh!" Rala tried to move her hands but the webbing had settled, keeping them pinned to her side. She twisted her body as more webbing shot out and wrapped around her. Tala's jaw dropped, watching helplessly as her sister was cocooned.

"Grrrrmmph! Ummmmph!" Seleen twisted and squirmed on the alter, her eyes filled with rage and frustration as she watched.

Meanwhile, layer after layer of webbing fell upon Rala, grunted and twisted against the onslot.

"Uggh! Uffff!" A fine layer covered her head, but Tala could still see her sisters face as she struggled against the webbing.

More came, wrapping around her legs, and her torso.

"Ahhh!" Rala cried, trying to twist her head away as the spider's concentrated their fire on her head.

Soon, a thick layer of webbing covered her from head to toe.

"Mmmph! Ummph!" Rala grunted as webbing filled her mouth. She struggled and took a few steps forward, her feet still exposed.

The spiders fixed that, and started wrapping their webs along her feet. Soon, the cocoon forced Rala's feet together and she pitched forward.

"Grrrrmmph! Mmmph!" She moaned and pitched forward. The spiders advanced and sprayed webbing over her feet, and in seconds the thief was cocooned from head to toe in the silk.

"Grrrrmmph! Mmmph!" Rala twisted and squirmed on the floor as Anon and the possessed women stepped forward.

"Well, well. Someone had a friend!" He turned towards Seleen's mummified form on the altar.

"Huurrmmph! Mummmfffl Grrlllmmph!" Seleen said into the gauze holding her lips shut.

"Ummm... Ummmph!" Rala struggled on the floor as Anon stepped forward. He leaned over and ripped the webbing away from her eyes and nose.

"Hummmph..." Rala let out a gasp and looked up at the cultist. Her eyes were filled with fury.

"Well, someone tried to crash the wedding. Don't worry, I'll see that you get a good seat." He cackled.

"Mmmph! Ulllmmph!" Rala squirmed, trying break free of the sticky webbing.

From the rafters, Tala watched in horror as the spiders all started to gather underneath Rala's bound form. In seconds, they had collected underneath her struggling body and were wrapping more webbing. Tala covered her mouth, watching as the spiders started wrapping lines of webbing that lead the webs hanging from the walls right to Rala. They were going to hang her from the web like a spider does a fly.

Tala knew that if she tried to save her sister that the same fate would befall her, and in that moment knew that she needed help.

Tala made haste back to the abandoned barn, not worrying about drawing attention because she suspected that all of the townsfolk were possessed and gathered around the temple waiting for the ceremony. She only prayed that after explaining the situation to Sonja that Sonja would agree to help her, but she couldn't help but think of Rala's words, that Sonja had no reason to help and would refuse.

But Tala banished the thought, Sonja HAD to help. She was sure that if she explained the stakes, explained that this effected all, that Sonja would give in. Sonja would understand, right?

She continued to ponder this as she made her way to the outskirts of town without any trouble, and was rehearsing in her head the speech she would give Sonja when the old barn the warrior was imprisoned in came into view. Tala froze, noticing bright light filtering out between the cracks in the old wooden beams that held the barn together.

And voices, loud voices, from within.

Tala took a deliberate step forward. The barn doors were still shut, and she couldn't make out what any of the voices were saying, but they were all male. These were loud, drunk voices, filled with laughter and slurred ballads. Were they travelers that wanted to use the barn as shelter for the night? If so then did they free Sonja? If they did, then where was Sonja? Did she leave or choose to stay behind with her rescuers?

After a few more steps, Tala surveyed the area around her apprehensively. If Sonja had been freed, it didn't seem like she was the type to just walk away. The flame haired warrior seemed mighty angry at Seleen and the twins for kidnapping her, and since they had her clothes and weapons, it seemed natural that Sonja would go after them. Tala listened to the sounds around her, trying to anticipate a trap. No, if it was a trap then the barn would be silent because Sonja and her rescuers would most likely be lying in wait for the thieves to return.

As Tala listened, she heard another sound over the laughter of the men: the muffled cries of a gagged woman. Sonja!

Tala quickened her pace while still keeping her eyes open in case the men posted guards. As she neared the barn, the laughter of the men grew louder, and so did Sonja's cries.

"Ummmph! Hhhhhppph!"

"Arr what a beauty this one is!"

"Mmmmmph!"

"I tell ya, we hit the jackpot tonight fellas!"

"Grrmmph!"

"The Gods smile upon us tonight!"

"Hmmmph! Ullllggghh!"

Finally, Tala found herself outside the barn doors, which were shut but not barred. Tala wasn't a fighter like her sister, and only carried a small dagger with her for protection, and she knew that she needed a plan before charging in to save Sonja. She found a long crack between the beams of the door and peeked in, hoping no one inside would notice.

They didn't, in fact all of their attention was rooted solely on Sonja. There were four of them, rough looking men, most likely bandits. The man who was most likely the leader had gray hair and an eye patch, and there was a young buck as well with something that barely passed for a beard growing on his face, followed by a large, bald, burly man, and a thin man with very few teeth.

Tala's position gave her a full view of the inside of the barn, and she could see the open door to the cage. Sonja was still clad in her undergarments, her hands still bound behind her and her mouth still gagged. The men all stood in a circle and were pushing Sonja back and forth between them like she was a ball.

"Hrrrrummp!" Sonja cried as she tumbled into the thin man's waiting arms.

"Thatcher, what do you reckon she was doing here all tied up like this?"

"Urrrr-" Sonja started to protest into her gag before the thin man pushed her over to the leader, Thatcher. Thatcher caught the bound warrior and spun her around to face the others, wrapping his arms around her as she did.

"Well Cal, maybe someone was punishing her for being a bad girl. Are you a bad girl?" He giggled at Sonja.

"Mmrrrrrrpph! Urrrgggh!" She growled and glared at him. Thatcher giggled.

"Brom, here!" He pushed her towards the large man, who caught her in his massive paws.

"Hehe, very nice." Brom giggled and groped at Sonja's breasts.

"Mmmmp! Ummmm!" Sonja tried to recoil but Brom's massive arm held her tight as he used his other hand to pull at her bra. With a mighty yank, Sonja's bra snapped off and her large breasts fell free.

"Mmmmm! Ummmm!" She mewled into the gag as Brom pushed her towards the young buck.

"Can we have some fun with her Thatcher?" The Young one asked as he caught her. Thatcher, meanwhile, took a seat on one of the benches.

"A little, one turn each. We can catch a good price for her in the slave market so I want her kept in good condition."

"Mmmmm! Nnnnooo!" Sonja shook her head. Thatcher gestured at the young one with open arms.

"Come Markus, this way!" He implored. Markus smiled and pushed Sonja over towards Thatcher.

"Grrrrmmph!" Thatcher caught her and bent her over his knee.

"What's this you got?" He said, pulling at the small thong running through her ass cheeks. "This ain't covering much, now is it?"

"Mmmmmmmph! Glrrrrrrmmph!" Sonja kicked her feet in protest, but Thatcher pulled at the flimsy garment and it snapped off with ease. Sonja's bare bottom glistened in the fire light as she kicked her feet helplessly.

"Grrrrmmph! Ulllummmph! Mmmmmph!" Her cries were more like animalistic growls of pain and frustration. Thatcher and the others laughed as he tossed her thong away.

"If you're gonna be our mount for the night, then we best break you like a mount!" He said.

"Mmmmm! Nnnnnnooo! Hlllleemmmph!" Sonja struggled, still bent over the man's knee.

Thatcher opened the palm of his hand and slammed it into Sonja's bottom. A loud TWAP went through the barn as his rough skin connected with her smooth ass.

"Hrrrrmmmp!" Sonja cried.

Another TWAP as Thatcher smacked her rear end yet again. All of the other men howled with laughter.

"Give us a turn!" Cal, the thin man, cried.

"I said everyone would have a go!" Thatcher said and smacked Sonja's bottom yet again.

Tala watched this all and gritted her teeth. This was her fault, if they wouldn't have left, then this men wouldn't be here right now, and Rala wouldn't be cocooned in webbing. It didn't matter though, what's done is done, and Seleen, Rala, and now Sonja, needed her help

She drew her dagger from it's sheath. The plan she had concocted wasn't much, but it had to do, and she knew that if she failed then she too would be bound and ravaged by these men before being sold at a slave auction.

And Seleen would be forced to marry the Spider-God, and who knows what they would do to Rala.

Tala banished the thoughts of failure from her mind and focused on the scene in front of her, waiting for her moment.

Thatcher smacked Sonja's ass yet again. The warrior's bottom was growing quite red. Around them, the other men were circling like hungry vultures.

Come on! Come on!

Tala's knuckles were white as they gripped her knife. As she watched, the thin man, Cal, stopped just in front of the barn doors.

Yes!

Tala pulled open the doors and flew in, dagger drawn. Before Cal could even turn, she was behind him, pulling one arm behind his back and pressing her dagger to his neck. Cal cried out more in alarm than pain and the other men recoiled. Thatcher, hand raised in the air for another smack, froze. Sonja turned her head and her eyes widened.

"Hrrrrmmph?"

"Well well, what have we here?" Thatcher chuckled.

"Let the woman go!" Tala ordered.

All three men stared at her blankly, then started laughing.

"Really? Are you in a position to order us around?" Thatcher said between chuckles.

Tala pressed the dagger against Cal's neck, drawing blood.

"Ow! Hey boys, help!" He cried.

"Oh come on, it's just a little girl!" Markus laughed.

Tala dug her dagger in further, more blood dripped down Cal's neck.

"OWWWW!" he cried.

"Let her go or he dies!" Tala cried.

Thatcher stopped chuckling when he saw the blood running down Cal's neck. Brom and Markus followed suit.

"That's a big threat, harming one of our own." He said, his eyes turning to ice

"First him, then the rest of you. Now, let the lady go!"

Thatcher glared at her and unceremoniously dumped Sonja to the ground.

"Mmmpph!" She cried, landing on her already sore bottom.

"I don't respond well to threats." He said.

"Neither do I, now leave, all of you!" She cried.

"Giving orders now?" He raised an eyebrow.

Tala maneuvered her hostage away from the door, giving the others a clear way out.

"I said out! Don't let me see the likes of you again!" She cried.

"Oh you'll be seeing me again. You'll pay for this." Thatcher said.

Tala pressed the dagger blade against the wound on Cal's neck. He squealed in alarm.

"Ow! Thatcher, please!" He whined.

Thatcher got up, never taking his eyes off of Tala.

"Let's go boys." He said, heading for the door. As they moved, Tala never took her eyes off of them, her blade still pressed to Cal's neck.

"Go, and don't look back!" She cried.

"Oh we'll be back. You'll pay for this." Thatcher said, eyes cold as steel.

As soon as Thatcher and the other two were outside the barn, Tala pushed her hostage towards the entrance.

"What about Cal then? You gonna hold onto him?" Thatcher asked.

"You can have him back, as a gesture of good faith. Take him and go."

Thatcher chuckled at this. Tala removed the blade from Cal's neck and pushed him towards his companions. As he stumbled forward, Markus and Brom moved to catch him.

"Now go!" Tala ordered, and grabbed the barn door and slammed it shut.

She could still hear their voices outside, so she grabbed the wooden beam that served as a lock and slid it across the the barn doors, barring them.

The doors shuttered as the men pounded on them from the outside.

"Hey! Hey!" One of them shouted.

"Come on out girly!" Another cried.

Tala backed up, hoping the doors would hold. If not then she needed an escape plan, fast.

More pounding, eventually she heard Thatcher's voice outside.

"Hey! That's enough boys!"

"But-"

"I said that's enough! Let's get Cal to the town and patch him up, then we'll come back! These girl's

aren't going anywhere."

Then the pounding stopped and she heard footsteps moving away from the barn. Tala let out a sigh of relief, this was one crisis over with. She turned to face Sonja, still sitting on the floor, glaring at Tala.

"I'm sorry, we shouldn't have left you." Tala said, approaching the naked, bound warrior.

"Ummph! Mmmmm!" Sonja nodded in agreement.

Tala knelt down in front of her.

"Look, I'm going to take that gag out. We need to talk about something." She said and pulled the black cloth out from Sonja's mouth. The red haired warrior gasped and spat.

"Ahh! Better!" She said and flexed her jaw, then fixed Tala with an icy glare. "You! As for you, when I get done with you, your sister, and that other woman, what those men were going to do to me would seem lik-UMMMMMPPPH!"

Tala rolled her eyes and shoved the gag back in Sonja's mouth.

"I said we had to talk. Since you won't be reasonable, I guess I'm just going to have to do the talking while you do the listening."

"Hmmmmpph! Glllllummm!" Sonja protested.

"Are you going to listen? Or I could leave you here for those men to come back, would you like that?"

"Grrrrmm..." Sonja growled and nodded her head.

"Okay, good. Now, I have a story." Tala said.

And so she told Sonja everything, the Spider-God, Seleen, Rala, all of it. When she finished she looked to Sonja for any sort of reaction, but the gagged warrior only stared at her.

"So now they have Seleen, and they have my sister. Legend tells of the children of the Spider-God covering this Earth, and I need your help to stop it. Will you help me?" With that, Tala once again pulled the gag out of Sonja's mouth. Sonja looked at her for a moment, then closed her eyes.

"The whole reason I wanted the artifact was to stop something like this from happening, but thanks to you and your friend, what I feared is coming true." She said, glaring at Tala.

"We just thought it was a knick-knack, something to be sold on the market to collectors, we didn't know it possessed any real power. Will you help me fix it?"

Sonja looked at her for a long time, then nodded.

"Yes, but after this it would be in your best interests to never cross paths with me again."

"I promise." Tala said.

"Very well then, untie me. And get me my armor."

Tala smiled and pulled Sonja's chain mail armor from her bag.

It didn't take Sonja long to get dressed, seeing how her undergarments were destroyed by the bandits, so all she had was her armor. She still felt exposed, as the chain mail left very little to the imagination, but in this case modesty was a luxury she didn't have time for.

Tala lead her through the town towards the temple. The girl was right, the town was deserted, everyone falling prey to Sol's influence. This was not good. Really not good, but Sonja and Tala were the only ones standing in Sol's way so it was up to them to stop him.

Up ahead of Sonja, Tala came to a stop and motioned for Sonja to do the same. Sonja stopped and gripped her sword in it's scabbard. Tala ducked behind a building and Sonja did the same, stopping just for a moment to spy up ahead.

A large throng of people were standing outside an ancient, stone temple. Sonja could see that the doors to the temple were open and people were slowly, a little too slowly, and patiently, filling in. After getting a good view, she pressed against the side of the building with Tala.

"I think it's about to start." Sonja said.

"Did you see Rala or Seleen?" Tala asked.

Sonja shook her head.

"Most likely they're already inside. Did you see if there was a back entrance?" Sonja asked.

Tala thought for a moment.

"I think there was." She said.

"Good, look you go in through the back. I'll come in from the front. I don't think the possessed townsfolk will be much of a problem, so I'll deal with them and distract Sol while you cut Rala and Seleen free and get out."

Tala bit her lip, this was Rala's exact plan, and that went very wrong.

"No, we need something else. Rala and I tried the same thing and look what happened!"

"Well, I'm not your sister, I'm Red Sonja, the She-Devil!" She said defiantly.

Tala glared at her.

"I'm just saying-"

"It will work, trust me. I'll draw everyone away, you get your friends and run."

"What about you?" Tala asked.

"I'll be fine" Sonja said, and with that turned away from Tala and started slinking through the shadows towards the temple.

Tala made her way through the darkness towards the back of the temple, trying to ignore that feeling in the pit of her stomach. Sonja did have a reputation for being a great warrior, but Tala feared that she was underestimating their opponent. It was too late now to do anything about it, so now the plan had to work, or else.

As she cut her wide path around the square, she saw the crowd dwindling as they moved inside the temple. The ceremony, whatever it was, would end up starting soon.

Tala moved through an alley between buildings, once again staying alert for any attack, though she knew that most enemies were already inside the temple.

Eventually, the alley let out at the rear of the temple, and as Tala surmised, it was deserted. At the rear of the temple was an old but sturdy wooden door, and Tala slunk her way towards it. All she had to do was stay hidden and wait for Sonja to make her presence known, then, somehow, she would cut Rala free, and the two of them would steal away with the mummified Seleen and cut her free once they were safe.

Trying the wooden door, she was surprised to find that it was unlocked, and opened easily. Once in,

Tala used a rock to prop the door open so that she and Rala could get Seleen out quickly and easily.

The door led her into a dark corridor lined with cold stone walls. Ahead, she could see light shining out from underneath a dark curtain. Tala hurried down the corridor and crouched down behind the curtain. She moved the fabric aside just a bit so that she could get a view of the rest of the temple.

All of the pews were filled with the red eyes townsfolk, and webbing still clung to the walls and ceiling.

"Mmmmm! Ummm!" A struggling form drew Tala's eye upwards. Rala was still cocooned in webbing, and now dangled from a woven line of the sticky substance that held her several feet off the ground. Despite her sister's valiant struggles, the webbing still clung tightly to her shapely form.

Seleen stood completely rigid just below the altar. She was still completely mummified and looked as if she could move even less than Rala could. Her wide, terrified eyes scanned the room around her for any way out of her predicament. An ornate, golden headdress rested on her wrapped head, and a gold, spider shaped necklace hung around her neck.

Anon, the cultist came out from behind the altar and held up his hands.

"Now, fellow children, it time for Sol to take his bride, and reclaim his kingdom!"

Two possessed townspeople at the rear of the temple pulled the main doors shut and stood guard next to them. Tala allowed herself a sigh of relief that they didn't bar them.

"Mmmmmuummm..." Seleen shivered under her wrappings. It was time.

Anon pulled a book from the alter and a dish filled with red liquid of some kind, then stepped over to the bound bride to be.

"Are you read my dear to inherit the Kingdom of the Spiders?" He asked.

"Ummm! Mmmmm!" Seleen wriggled under the bindings.

Anon drew a brush from the dish and drew a circle around where Seleen stood. As he did, he chanted in a strange tongue. Seleen's eyes followed him the whole time.

"Grrmmmp! Mmmmp!" Above them, Rala continued to struggle, spinning around as she dangled from the webbing. Tala wanted to tell her that she was here, that in a little bit it would all be alright.

Anon, still chanting, finished the circle and moved to stand right in front of Seleen. He drew the brush from the dish and started painting red symbols on Seleen's bandaged forehead.

"Mmmmmmp!" She squealed as the red paint, at least Tala hoped it was paint, dripped down along the gauze covering her face.

"Grmmmp! Ullrrrrggh! Hppphhh!" Rala grumbled into the webbing covering her mouth.

Anon stepped back, set the dish down, and then opened the book.

"And now, the bride is presented to the groom!" He cried.

The webs above them shifted. Tala's eyes shifted up to see Sol, climbing his way down to them. Where was Sonja?

Just then, the hairs on the back of Tala's neck stood up as she felt someone's breath on her. Her eyes widened. Before she could move, a massive, rough hand clamped over her mouth.

"MMMMMPHH! ULLLLRRRGGGHH!" She cried as she was picked up, another hand wrapping around her waist, pulling her back into the corridor.

"URRRRGGGHH! GRRRRRUMMPH!" She kicked and flailed as her attacker pulled her back. Whoever this was, he was big, and strong.

In a moment he dragged her outside and she saw a covered wagon waiting a few feet away. Several men stood by it.

"GLLLLUMMPH! URRRGGLE!" She moaned into the hand as she was turned to face the men waiting.

It was Thatcher, and the rest of his bandits. The leader smiled at her.

"I told you that you would be seeing me again." He said.

"Ummmph! Ummph!" She struggled and kicked, realizing that it was the mighty Brom holding her.

"Bind her boys." He ordered.

Cal, a cloth wrapped around his neck, approached with length of rope in hand, as did Markus.

"Mmmmph! Ummmph!" She cried. No! How could they? Didn't they know what was about to happen?"

"Ullluugggh! Mllllmmph!" She tried to articulate through the hand silencing her. Sonja, Rala, Seleen, they all needed her.

Cal pushed her legs together and started tying them at the ankle. Meanwhile, Markus grabbed her flailing arms and pulled them behind her.

"Urrrgggph! Mmmmllllppph!" She felt the rope tighten around her ankles as Cal knotted it. Behind her back, Markus crossed her arms and started to bind them.

Thatcher strode forward, two clothes in his hands, smiling.

"You and that red head are going to pay." He said.

"Urrrrmmph! Ummm!" She spat into Brom's hand.

Thatcher nodded at the big man, who removed his hand from her mouth.

"Wait, listen, you don't underst-MMMMMMPH!" Thatcher cut her off by shoving a wadded cloth into her mouth. She bit down on the foul tasting fabric and prepared to spit it out when Thatcher pressed the other cloth over it, forcing it deeper into her mouth.

"Time for you to sit quietly and think about what you did." He laughed and tied the gag at the back of her head.

"Mmmph! Ummmph!" She twisted her head in an effort to shake off the gag, but it held firm.

"Okay, get her loaded up." Thatcher said and stepped back.

Then Tala felt herself being lifted off her feet and cradled in the giant Brom's arms.

"Mmmph! Ulllummph!" She twisted and fought in his grip, trying to work her way free, but he had a firm grip on her.

And was carrying her straight towards the wagon.

Sonja watched from the shadows as the doors to the temple were closed and prayed that they weren't locked. She waited a moment, then surveyed the area to make sure she was alone. Satisfied that she was, the She-Devil darted towards the temple doors.

She reached the doors and pushed them just slightly. They gave, assuring her they weren't barred, then

she stepped back and drew her sword. Once in, her goal was to cause as much chaos and disorder as she could, maybe knock over a candle and start a fire, just cause enough confusion for Tala to get the other two women out.

Pressing her eye to a crack in the door, she saw a robed man standing at the altar. Standing in front of him was a woman wrapped head to toe in gauze, Seleen. Above them, a cocooned form wriggled as it dangled helplessly from a web line, Rala.

Sonja drew breath and readied her sword. Things were about to get interesting. Then her jaw dropped in awe.

Through the crack in the door, she saw Sol lower himself from the ceiling. Eight arms, grey skin, multiple eyes, the Spider-God was a fearsome sight indeed. Sol strode down the aisle towards his waiting bride as the robed man spoke.

"Now, you two will be joined as King and Queen of the Spiders!"

"Mmmmmph!" Seleen squeaked. Sol stopped and took his position next to her. He grabbed her prone from with his arms and twisted her that they faced each other.

"Seleen, Queen of Thieves, if you resist this union, speak up or forever be bound to Sol for eternity."

"Urrrrgggle! Mmmlllummmph!" She moaned into the gauze holding her mouth shut.

"Her silence conveys her obedience!" The robed man said.

"Mmmmmph! Ulllummmph!" Seleen twisted in Sol's grasp.

"Sol, do you agree to be bound to this woman for eternity?"

"I do." Hissed the Spider-God.

"Then," began the robed man. "Should anyone object to this-"

Sonja smiled, seeing her opening, and kicked the doors open.

"I object!" She cried and stormed in.

All eyes turned to face her.

"Mmmmmph?" Seleen's eyes widened with hope.

"Urrrrgggmmm!" Rala's eyes narrowed at Sonja.

The guards on either side of the door moved towards Sonja. She smacked one with the flat of her sword, knocking him unconscious, and kicked the other in the gut. Sword drawn, she charged down the aisle.

Sol stepped away from his would be bride and glared at Sonja with his multiple eyes. She let out a fierce battle cry as she charged.

Sol opened his mouth and spewed out a length of webbing. It caught her sword and with a twist of his neck Sol wrenched it out of her hands and sent it flying across the room. Another length of webbing spewed out from his jaws and wrapped around her hands.

Sonja lowered her hands and tried to pull them apart, but the webbing held them together tight. She looked up to see Sol smiling. This wouldn't stop her! The warrior lowered her head and charged.

Sol shot more webbing from his mouth. The sticky substance caught her head on the chest. She slid to a halt and tried to raise her hands to block the webbing as it rained down on her. She could feel it clinging to her skin, enveloping her. The Spider-God was spewing webbing like a fountain. It wrapped around Sonja's arms, pinning them to her sides. Looking down, she saw webbing wrapping around her legs.

Still she stumbled forward. Yes, a candle hung against a far wall! If she could get to it, she could burn through the webs! But Sol continued spewing, and she could feel the webbing tightening around her feet.

"Arrgh!" She cried out in frustration, twisting her head. Her arms were now totally pinned to her side, and she looked down to see that her legs were almost completely wrapped.

"No! You fi-Ummmph!" Her cries were cut off as webbing filled her mouth. Sol raised his head and sprayed a layer of webbing over the lower half of her face, silencing the She-Devil.

"Mmmmph! Urrmmmph!" She twisted, feeling the cocoon wrap around her. No! This couldn't happen!

She felt webbing wrap around her feet and she teetered, trying to maintain her balance. Sol let out another spray and Sonja's feet wrapped together. No longer able to maintain her balance, she pitched forward and fell flat in the aisle.

"Ummmmph! Mmmmlpph!" Sonja wriggled and twisted. Her entire body from her mouth down was wrapped in white, sticky webbing! She could barely move, only wriggle around inside her cocoon.

"Urrrrgggph! Ummmpph!" She twisted her head to look at Sol, who gave her a satisfied nod and turned back to Seleen, who stared at Sonja in wide eyed disbelief.

"Glllummph! Ummm!" Sonja twisted. Where was Tala? She should have made her move.

"Where were we?" Sol asked the robed man.

"Oh yes," The Cultist cleared his throat. "Anyone here who thinks these two should not be united in marriage, speak now!"

"Ummmph! Ummmmph!" Sonja wriggled towards the altar as she objected.

"Grrmmmp! Urrrggle!" Rala resumed her twisting, also voicing her disapproval.

"If there are no objections, then I now pronounce you Man and Wife!" The Cultist announced.

"Mmmmmmmph!" Seleen squealed as Sol opened his mouth and leaned in.

"You may kiss the bride."

"Urrrrmmph!" Seleen cried as the Spider-God leaned in. He raised one of his arms and tore the gauze away from her mouth. she barely had time to scream before he wrapped his mouth around hers.

"Ummmmmm!" She screamed into Sol's mouth.

Sonja watched, frozen, as Seleen's skin started to darken and turn grey. Her eyes turned a deep red. Under the gauze, her body started rippling.

"Ummmph?" Sonja raised her head. All thoughts of Tala were banished, for she would be too late anyway.

The rippling under the gauze ceased and an arm tore out from under it. And another. And another . Seleen now had four arms on each side, and they began tearing away the rest of the bandages. Sol stepped away and watched his bride.

Soon, the discarded bandages fell away and Seleen stood nude alongside her husband. Multiple red eyes looked out from her forehead, and her skin was a slick grey. The Spider-Queen turned towards her husband and smiled.

"Come. It time we built our kingdom!" Sol cried.

The Cultist applauded. All the possessed townsfolk rose up in unison. Sol lead his wife down the aisle

towards the door.

"Ummmph! Ummmph!" Sonja wriggled towards them. Seleen stopped and stared at Sonja's cocooned form.

"What a pathetic creature, what shall we do with her?" She asked Sol.

"Hrrrrmmmp!" Sonja glowered.

"Leave it, she is of no concern now." Sol lead his bride around Sonja.

"Ulllummp! Grrmmph!" Sonja tried twisting, but Sol and Seleen were already half way down the aisle.

Then they were gone, out the temple doors, the possessed townsfolk following. In a few minutes, it was only Sonja and Rala left in the temple.

"Urrrrgh! Mrrrrpph!" Rala twisted.

Sonja sat up and looked around. There was still a candle! It would be tricky, but she could burn through the webbing.

Then what? And where was Tala? Did she get caught? That could be the only explanation.

"Urrrrmmmp! Mmmmp!" Sonja started slidind down the aisle towards the nearest pillar, and candle.

As she moved, a shadow loomed over her.

"Well, well. Look who we have here." Someone laughed.

Sonja twisted her head to see Thatcher looming over her, a smile on his face.

"Looks like we're gonna have that fun after all!" He said.

"Mmmmmph!" She twisted away and tried to wriggle towards the candle, but felt powerful hands wrap around her waist and pull up into a standing position. Thatcher stepped forward and looked at her cocooned form.

"Well boys, get her out to the wagon with the other one."

"Looks like there's another one up there!" Sonja followed the voice to see Markus pointing up at Rala.

"Grrrr!" Rala growled.

"Good, cut that one down too. We'll get a good price for all three!" Thatcher said.

"Ummm mmm! Ummmm mmm!" Sonja twisted her head, trying to wrestle free.

The big one, Brom, picked Sonja up and slung her over his shoulder. Sonja kicked and twisted as he moved.

"Urrrrmph! Gllllmmph!" Brom carried her towards the back of the temple. Sonja flexed and strained, hoping to break the silk that held her, but it didn't give and clung to her body.

Then they were outside, the cool night air greeting Sonja.

"Mmmm!" She twisted her head to see a covered wagon waiting.

And then Brom slung her down and set her on the wooden floor of the wagon.

"Urrrrmmph!" Sonja twisted to see Tala, bound hand and foot and gagged with dirty brown rag. The bandits! They got her and waited until Sol and his followers left! And now they were going to do Crom knows what with them before selling them on the slave market.

"Urrrrmmph! Mmmph!" Sonja wriggled towards Tala.

And then Cal and Markus stepped in, carrying Rala's cocooned form between. The girl was struggling fiercely in their grasp.

"Mmmph! Ulllmmph! Grrrrmmph!"

Unlike Sonja, Rala was wrapped from head to toe, with the exception of a slit for her nose and eyes. The bandits set Rala down and hopped out of the wagon.

"Make yourself comfortable ladies! It's going to be a long ride to the next slave market!" Thatcher said.

"Mmmmmph!" All women protested in unison.

Then Thatcher stepped back and lowered the rear flap of the wagon, plunging the women into darkness.

"Mmmmm..." Tala mumbled.

"Grrrrulllumll!" Rala grumbled.

Then the wagon was moving. Sonja laid her head back. Try as she may, the webbing wasn't breaking, all she could do was wait. Eventually though, the men would have to remove the webbing, especially if they wanted to have "Fun". And then, Sonja would strike.

But now, all she could do was lie here bound in the dark, and wait.

THE END