

CHAPTER ONE

Red Sonja felt betrayed by herself as she slowly woke from her euphoric slumber. Her mind had just been rudely stirred from a beautiful dream which she did not want to leave. Although the details of the dream was fading from her memory the lingering sensation that she so rarely had the opportunity to experience was one that she fought to return to. It was a blissful peace that was now being replaced by the horrific memories of the battle she had just been in. Her fragility in this half-sleep state made it difficult to process the contrast of this terror that was creeping back into her mind and she could feel herself slipping into a panic.

However, slowly the fog of sleep left her and she grew more and more lucid and with that so did her strength to once again adeptly block out the trauma of post battle. The details of the battle were still clouded in a dizzy fog but she was sure they would soon return to her memory once she had cleared the cobwebs out of her head. Red Sonja's physical prowess made her a great warrior however it was her will to endure the horror of combat that truly was her greatest asset.

She fought through the final bits of sleepiness and forced herself into a final state of full wakefulness. Instinctively, she took stock of her surroundings. There were no noises where she was. Just silence. Her body was strangely contorted face up in an unnatural arch over the edge of a heavy rough table.

"How did I get like this?" she wondered without moving from her awkward position. In the room there was a odd musty smell. It was could be the stench of battle as she could immediately pick out the distinctive scent of

sweat and the even more familiar smell of freshly spilt blood but strangely something else was in the air which made the smell completely unfamiliar to her. The barbarian slowly opened her eyes and looked through the veil of her hair that had fallen over her face. She couldn't see anything but her red hair made the dimly lit room seem like it was soaked in blood.

Immediately, Red Sonja shut her eyes again as she became suddenly aware of a soreness that enveloped her entire body. Being awake has the advantage of being able to endure the pain of horrific experiences but unfortunately it came at the expense of being fully aware of the physical ones too. She felt pain everywhere. She felt it in her head and her arms and her chest and her legs. Even her gut felt like it was exploding from the inside. She took account of every pain and lay there motionless bent over the table. If she was dying and on her way to Elysium, she resolved to float into the goddess' arms with peace and grace, not flailing and screaming like the countless cowards she had slain during her lifetime.

She waited a moment... and then, a moment longer but, instead of feeling her soul unravelling as it does when slipping away to nothingness, she felt her life force still strong inside of her.

"Blessings to the Goddess," she whispered. "So the song of Red Sonja has not hit its final refrain."

She propped her arms against the table to lift her battered body upright and she immediately felt something dripping down her leg. She looked down to see a thick red and white goo dripping from her vagina, down her thigh and onto the stone floor.

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“For Undin’s sake!” Red Sonja muttered and she winced in pain as she pushed aside the chain mail that covered her groin and gingerly pulled one of the lips of her pussy to the side. No longer held back by her swollen labia, another stream of the thick pale pink juice released from her cunt and added to the ever increasing pool that had formed on the floor between her feet. Red Sonja was familiar with what she saw as her face contorted into a disgusted grimace.

“Fucking rapists!” she sneered watching the almost endless drips of cum making their way out of her body. It both angered her as she watched it drip out of her. Each drop echoed in the room in a rhythmic cadence as it hit the floor. She stroked her womb to help guide the intruders to excavate her body and as the drips slowed, she plunged her two middle fingers on one of her hands deep inside of her and scooped the remainders of her rapist’s cum.

Flicking the final bits off of her fingers and on to the floor she took account of its volume. The quantity of sperm on the floor was too much for one man to have ejaculated. Even the largest man she had ever been raped by has never produced so much as a tenth of this. Making a quick calculation, she estimated it must have been a dozen men that have violated her.

“Or maybe six men more then once” she postulated trying not to imagine the scene of the sweaty soldiers lining up and taking turns pounding their prize with their long hard dicks. It was not because the vision traumatized her. Quite the opposite. Violations such like this were part of a barbarian’s life and it was expected that a hardened warrior would take in the full spoils afforded to him of a defeated female warrior. No, it was not because of that. It was because her

savage body deep down relished being subdued and roughly fucked by powerful men. Men who in the thralls of fucking her would be reduce themselves to that of an animal... and in turn reduce her to an animal as well. Being treated as such pleased her and a true warrior should never find pleasure in defeat. No, her focus was on a much more pressing matter than being gang raped by group of soldiers.

If she lie her raped and without weapon or shield then the battle she was in had been lost.

She was in danger.

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It was days before the battle in which Red Sonja had found herself alone in the dark musty room and the two guards who stood by the town of Lorj’din’s entrance scurried to open the gates of the town’s timber barricades. Being the guard of a frontier town was a tedious and dull duty but at this time they were filled with an uncommon enthusiasm brought about the town’s newest arrival. They hustled out of of the way of the visitor and put themselves into the most opportunistic positions they could find wanting to make sure that they had the best view of their guest.

Red Sonja entered upon a dark war horse, her chain mail rustling as the massive beast bounced her on its back. She preferred stallions and rode them bare back. Although mares gave its rider a more graceful ride and their temperament made them easier to train, the stallions gave her pleasure on these long rides as she bounced with their hard spines between her legs. Besides, training a stallion had never been a problem for Red Sonja. She had learned how to

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whisper to the them and to put them at ease and through patience, gentleness and care... as well as other techniques that could only be performed on a male horse.

The guards stared intently at very specific parts of Red Sonja's glistening body as her massive beast strode by them. Most of what they wanted to see was generously exposed to anyone caring to look. Her chain mail was so loosely woven that it appeared almost transparent. The tips of her pink nipples poked between its links of her inadequate armour and the cold of the steel made them stand up erect and hard. The lower part of her armour was made up of the same loosely linked chain mail as well. Although her cleanly shaven pussy could be clearly seen through the shameless metal loin cloth it was the scent that wafted unimpeded from this slut's cunt that made her wide open thighs that straddled the stallion's back so intoxicating.

They soaked in every detail of the red haired goddess, for they intended to recall this scene later while alone at the guard house during an orgasmic manual release ejaculated in her honour. She stopped her horse and turned to them treating them to an extended viewing of her majestic body.

"You know who I am, do you" she said in a rough yet sultry voice.

"Red Sonja, my lady" one guard hastily replied, pleased on beating the other guard for her attention.

"The governor is expecting me. I would appreciate you pointing me the way as he is awaiting my arrival". She could feel the men's eyes molesting every inch of her body and it filled her with savage lust. Their stare bit into her

nipples and caressed the roundness of her breasts. They penetrated deep between her buttocks and stretched wide her puckered ass. It plunged deep into her, filling her womb with the warm cum in a mutual satisfaction. The back of her horse moistened from her vagina's warm juices as she felt the whore that lived inside of her get wet from the violation.

"Will you point the way, sirs?" she said again after an eternity of silence.

The guards awoke from their trance and one promptly offered to lead her horse personally to the governor and after she accepted, he immediately realized the folly of this as the other guard spoke up.

"I will follow from behind," said the other tactfully knowing that he would afford him the best view of her well rounded ass as it bounced on the stallion's back all the way to the governor's house.

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The governor's house was horrid. She didn't expect much given what she had seen on her way here from the gates of the town. In the streets there was poverty and wretchedness all around. Prostitutes were shamelessly displaying their goods while beggars seemed to be screaming of money on every corner. She had felt the eyes of every man she had passed gaze at her in the most disgusting manner and sensed each one of the formulating a vile fantasy of what they would do with her if they had the opportunity. The women of the town were hags and had spit on the ground as she was passing. She knew they were jealous of her beauty, granted to her from a life time of freedom and a body not prematurely aged from a

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life of toil and responsibility. That always made her smile.

The room was small and dimly lit. In the middle of it was a heavy wooden table without any chairs save for one. That chair was against the far wall which rested upon a low dais that almost made it look like a makeshift throne set for a most pathetic king. The room was empty, but not for long. From behind a drawn curtain entered two soldiers followed by the governor whom she had come to see. He was a stark contrast from his surroundings and in fact, a contrast from the entire experience she had had since she approached the town of Lorj'din. He stood two heads taller than the others, walked as a nobleman would and was groomed and dressed as such. Although not adorned in ornate finery, she could recognize the fine craftsmanship of his clothing and shoes and his beard was cleanly trimmed and braided with immaculate care. The only adornment was a ring that was polished and brilliant which in it was set a diamond that seemed to light the way to the chair at the far end of the room where he finally seated himself with one guard at either side.

Sonja and the governor looked at each other as if not knowing which one was supposed to speak first. She knew far too well that this would be a short conversation if she allowed her untamed tongue to say something without any knowledge of this man's disposition towards her. She waited in silence trying to read his face as he peered deeply into her eyes completely expressionless. For not a moment did his eyes wander to what men usually looked on when she was in their presence. Her heaving breasts almost seemingly reached out to him craving the attention they usually received yet his eyes remained locked on hers.

Finally, she could endure the awkward moment no further.

"I am Sonja. Hired here by the King of the South lands to prevent this town's inevitable capture". A small change of expression on the Governor's face betrayed the effect this insulting assumption of his ineptitude had on him but just as subtly and quickly his face reverted back to its noble stare. He reached to his belt and tossed her a small bag of coins that Sonja caught in flight. She could feel from its weight that she would be able to drink heavily tonight in whatever sorry tavern Lorj'din had to offer her. A mission and a payment was all she required and did not see the need to linger any longer.

"So, that's it?" Sonja said already prepared for the door. It would be a long night of drinking, fighting and fucking. After her long ride to get here, she was anxious to get that long night started.

The governor remained quiet for a moment and then his expression changed slightly. It was an expression she was finally familiar to her.

"Unless..." was all he spoke as his eyes strayed every so slightly downwards to her bosom.

"I guess the tavern can wait" she thought as she took a step towards him.

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Sonja let out a wild moan as if she were being skewered like a boar on a spit. In a manner of speaking, she was. It was however, Derius' mighty cock that was skewering her. The Governor's erect manhood was enormous and could have even rivalled her stallion's mighty

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shaft in length. In girth there was no comparison. It was as if she was giving birth in an endless cycle. His erect cock was hard like iron and the sharp ridges of its purple head abraded the walls of her womanly cavern with every lustful penetration. Her body spewed more and more fluids trying to ease the pounding inside of her with lubrication but the thrusts were so violent that most of it only served to shine her thighs and moisten the floor. Her body filled with a sensation of both pleasure and pain with each time his inhuman shaft slid its way inside and out of her... but her focus was on the pain. It is always pain that excited her.

When Derius had first taken her to his chambers, she was shocked when he began to remove his shirt. She expected a man of his height to be gangly like a gazelle however his flowing garments obscured his true size and bulk. As she admired the mass of his stature, Sonja could not help reaching out and putting a hand on his massive biceps. Her fingers, barely spanning half of his muscular arms gripped it tightly as he lifted her up and carried her to his bed. Savagely, Sonja struggled and kicked as if fighting to escape but actually only did this in order to feel the overwhelming power he had to restrain her. Thrown on the bed like a rag doll, she quickly turned so she would not miss the unveiling of what she lusted for. Derius loosened his belt and as his trousers dropped to the floor it revealed what can only be described as the trunk of a mammoth dangling between his legs that slowly rose as it hardened in a shared excitement and anticipation with her. She crawled like a whore towards it and put the mighty staff in her hands. Her fingers could not cover its circumference and she knew that her mouth would probably fail as well but as if Sonja was days in the Sands of Azar

without water, she thirsted for it in her mouth and with disregard of its size she placed the head of the monster against her lips.

This cock was not soft and pliable as some that she had enjoyed. This one was hard and sharp at its edges and she gagged and choked as she forced each inch of it down her throat. Tears welled up in her eyes and as it continued to travel past her tongue and down her neck as if it were an endless snake without a tail. Finally, she felt the thick manly hairs brush her nose and knew she had finally come to its base. Sonja pursed her lips as best she could so she could feel his two manly testicles resting against them. Derius grabbed the back of her hair and unsheathed her mouth from his thick dagger as she let out a panicked gasp of air but no sooner as the head had withdrawn from her mouth did she immediately grab on to his iron buttocks and thrust the shaft all the way back into her mouth. Deeper this time and her muffled screams in pain only made his cock grow harder inside of her. Red Sonja's adventures in the wild and uncharted lands of Hybernia has brought her in contact with many strange and savage beasts however none that she could recall as savage and strange as Darius' hardened cock.

Now, encouraged by his lover's enthusiasm, Derius arched his hips back to withdraw his length from her gagging mouth only to force it back in as tears spewed from her eyes, shut in reaction to the violation. Again, withdrawing himself slowly he thrust it back in and watched her glistening eyes widen in shock. She loved it and she pressed her tongue against the length of his shaft so she could taste his musky lust for her.

Sonja's body started to go limp in exhaustion as the noble man continued without

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compassion to scrape the thick head of his formidable spear down further the fiery headed barbarian's throat. He grabbed her hair and at a brutally slow pace, withdrew her head from it. He lifted her to her feet as her legs quivered. He looked into the face of his beautiful companion, covered with spit and tears and gently laid her on his bed where she shook in excited anticipation of what she truly desired.

The thrusting of his mighty shaft continued as her willing vagina accepted every massive inch of it and she continued to moan and scream just as when she did when first penetrated as a virgin so many years ago. Finally, in a roar of orgasmic pleasure, Derius threw his head back and unleashed a stream of warm cum deep inside her womb. Red Sonja was a woman and a woman knew her body and she could feel that this wave of sperm was swarming an awaiting embryo resting deep inside of her. Although a savage, the beauty of the impregnation sent a mystical feeling of life inside of her and after wave after wave of cum redundantly filled the corners of her womb she felt a warmth of a seed germinating inside of her.

Red Sonja had been impregnated many times before. Too many times to count... and mostly without her knowing. She was an animal who associated with other animals and animals do what animals do. They fuck. Sonja was no different and being a formidable woman, she was equally formidable in her fertility and the years of constant love making, being fucked and raped inevitably resulted in multiple pregnancies. Alas, the violent lifestyle of a mercenary barbarian woman could never grant her the months of peace required to carry a baby to full term and inevitably she had never had to be concerned

about bearing children. An ironic balance of justice that was both a blessing and curse for her.