

A woman with dark hair pulled back, wearing a fur-trimmed garment and ornate jewelry, holds a sword. The background is a warm, orange-to-yellow gradient.

The Last  
Maiden  
of Khas

Isaac Byrne

# **The Last Maiden of Khas**

**By Isaac Byrne**

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Sweat. Knuckles, shoulders, knees exerted to their fullest. An extended grunt that echoed around the canyon walls. The creaking of whatever inner workings held fast the Vault of Myrgos. The firmly set jaws of Vorgana, Last Maiden of Khas, incapable of surrender.

“Do you not read, young lady?” came a voice suddenly.

Too suddenly. Too near. In an instant, Vorgana halted her efforts to smash open the vault’s heavy stone doors and whirled to confront this newcomer, thirty inches of bronze blade flashing to her hand.

A battlecry fell dead on her lips – this was no mortal threat. This was just an old man, hunched and gray on a nearby rock, his beard hanging past the rope cinching his simple robe shut. Still, Vorgana did not like that this man could have sneaked up on her so easily. She lowered her blade, but did not sheathe it.

“I read, old one. You think because I am a woman I do not read?” She sneered.

A thin smile came to his parched lips. “Does it not say,” he began, gesturing to the characters chiseled deep into the rock, “that no man may push open these doors?”

She spat into the layer of dust coating the canyon floor. “Do I look like a man, old one? Perhaps it is you whose eyes do not make sense of what they see.”

He looked her over. Vorgana had muscles that bespoke great power, but not a man’s muscles. They were tightly woven around her bones, the sort which moved in the blink of an eye like a coiled serpent. What most would notice first, however, was that the Last Maiden of Khas was a great beauty. A face that would rival any milkfed queen, hair to shame the night with its darkness, breasts so full that her leather armor could scarce contain them.

“No, you are a woman. Quite a woman, I dare say,” he replied. “But what would such a woman seek within the Vault of Myrgos, where the High King stores his greatest treasure?”

Vorgana scowled, as she always did when she was forced to remember the legacy of Myrgos. “Know you what Myrgos, the man who claims the title High King, wrought in my homeland of Khas?”

The man nodded, but held up a solitary finger. “I have heard this tale, and know it to be true. Yet as I know it to be true, Khas cannot be your homeland.”

“It is my homeland, old one, and I will sunder your head from your neck if you dare say so again!” She pointed her sword at its mark. “Myrgos believed he had stolen every last woman of birthing age from Khas, seduced with the power of his enchanted jewel. They followed him like lambs behind the shepherd, abandoning fathers and husbands while they were at war with his army. But he did not know that one such maiden was herself a warrior, and while his slave armies may have overwhelmed the men of Khas through sheer numbers, they could not slay us all. There is yet one who is not and never will be under his thrall! Know that I am Vorgana, Last Maiden of Khas!”

Her voice rose to a roar as she spoke, thundering among the walls of the canyons until even the old man was impressed. More so, he became afraid, and in the reflex of his fear he drew a jewel from within the sleeve of his robe and held it before him like a shield.

Vorgana's eyes seized upon it immediately. "What! I have heard the tales of the enchanted jewel of Myrgos – you hold it there in your fingers!" She bellowed a laugh. "I came to seize it from his Vault, but instead his doddering grandfather offers it up to me freely!"

The old man waved a hand. "No no, young miss, this is a different jewel. Nothing to do with the one Myrgos used on your people."

Her eyes narrowed a moment, then simply grew sullen. "Oh, I must be mistaken. But... it must possess magic. It glows when you speak, as if touched by some power in your words! If it has any power at all, I must use it against Myrgos. Hand it over, old one!" The barbarianess advanced on him, sword still raised.

"Oh, that? That's nothing. It's just catching the noontime sun, reflecting it. There's nothing odd about that glow. See?" He waved it side to side, shimmers cascading around the canyon walls.

Vorgana paused. "Hmm. My eyes may deceive me then." She looked from the gem to the man, the man to the gem, back and forth, trying to make sense of it all. "Who are you, old one? Why are you here in this canyon in the midst of the desert, in this most desolate of places?"

"Oh?" The old man straightened himself. "I am the Guardian of the Vault."

"What? A scrawny old wretch to guard his priceless treasure? Myrgos is even more arrogant than I had foreseen! I will dispatch you, take your shiny jewel, and then plunder the Vault itself!"

"You misunderstand me, young Vorgana of Khas. I wish to help you enter, not hinder."

Her head twisted, a look of confusion coming over her pretty face. "What? What manner of Guardian would serve to aid a thief? Speak sense, old one."

"I simply need to test your worth."

"Ha! *You* would judge *me*? I scoff at your judgment! I spit on your succor! I, Vorgana, need no aid!" She rammed her blade back into his sheathe, then charged once more at the door. The two great slabs of stone flexed inwardly for a moment, but gave no more than an inch as she heaved, flexed, pounded at the entrance. The old man watched her, waiting for her to see the futility.

"Very well, Guardian. It would seem I cannot enter unaided. Tell me what I must do to pierce the Vault."

“I make no promises, and I do not know if you can enter. I know only the traits of the one deemed worthy; it will be up to you to see if you can bear them as your own, or if you are unworthy.”

“Unworthy? Bah, you will find none more deserving than I. Very well, test me, old one, that I may get on with my vengeance against the hated Myrgos.”

The old man sat down on his rock once more, his jewel still held before him in an open palm. “First, the worthy one must prove her humility. She must be willing to lay down arms, cast aside armor, enter the Vault as her own self only.”

“Lay down...!” She scoffed at his words, blade once more coming to hand. “You think me a fool?”

“Yet you say you are a mighty warrior. Are you not one still without these trappings? After all,” he went on, the jewel glowing (or no, did it simply catch the light?), his voice soothing, “the strength of a woman is not in metal and leather. It lies in flesh and spirit.”

Vorgana thought on these words, but soon had to concede that he was right. Her cause was righteous, and the fire burning in her heart would melt the Vault of Myrgos’ stone door faster than her sword might chip it. She did not merely drop her sword, but altogether hurled it up and beyond the rim of the canyon, where it could not aid her. Her armor she cast in the dust, only a few straps needing removing before it fell from her torso. Sweat already glistened on the vast expanse of bosom she now revealed, her body hidden only by a loincloth tied around her waist and a strip of pelt wrapped around her chest.

“I have humbled myself, Guardian,” she said when finished, then took note of his roving eyes. “I do not do so for your viewing pleasure! Restrain yourself, or I will gouge your lecherous eyes from your skull!”

“You mistake me, Maiden Vorgana,” he said hastily, though this time, he did not rise. There was no longer fear in him, she saw. “It is only that you have cultivated such a fine body, and of course you must enjoy the attention it garners you. Why, you must be insulted when a man – even an old one such as myself – fails to take note of your beauty.”

“Of course,” Vorgeith said, reigning in her anger. “I was merely unsure that your gaze bespoke your pleasure when you refused to pay compliment with your mouth.”

“Oh yes, I am most pleased by the sight of you, rest assured. How could I have been so thoughtless? Naturally a woman like you craves the approval of men! Why, you simply never tire of our praise and admiration, I am sure. It must be your greatest delight to earn the praise of men for your beauty.”

She relaxed, seeing he was at last giving her looks some portion of its due. Vorgana thrust forth her breasts, as she enjoyed doing in the presence of men; still, she knew that she might stand here forever to be ogled if she was not careful. “Very well

then, I thank you for your stares, Guardian. But I must insist you move on with your test!”

He nodded. “And right you are to insist. The next trait of one worthy to enter the Vault of Myrgos is that she must know the depths of her own heart.”

“Know... but how can you measure such things?”

“Through dialogue of course, my buxom maiden! Tell me then, what manner of man could hold dominion over your heart?”

“Bah! None ever have, and none ever shall!” She stomped a booted foot firmly. When one mighty breast burst forth from its confines, it was strength of will alone that held back a smile at seeing the delight on the old man’s face. (Vorgana took her time putting it back away. She could show them to him again later, once she plundered the Vault.)

“Ah – so you mean to say, your heart could only be taken by one who had bested you.”

“I... suppose.” Her eyes narrowed at his twist on her words.

At her agreement, he pressed further. “I understand. Only when a man has proven his ability to overpower you, has shown you you cannot beat him, then you would acknowledge his superiority and give all your love and devotion to him.”

It still didn’t sound quite how she had meant it, but perhaps that was this old man’s gift – to understand the truth behind a woman’s words. “Yes. My love will not be given – it must be taken. When I have been shown a man who can utterly defeat me – if such a man even exists – then I will give him all of myself, body and soul.”

“You long for such a man, then. Yes? Surely you yearn for the day when a man will come to partake in the bounty of your charms. When the day comes, it will be the focus of all your thoughts and attentions.”

Vorgana licked her lips, nipples hardening at stray thoughts of her future husband as they always did. “Someday. I fear it may be a long wait, but if the gods will but once have mercy upon me, it will be while I am young and full of vigor.”

“Ha! You young people, none of you can wait to have sex! Then once you do, you just won’t be able to get enough. At least, that’s how it sounds to me,” he declared, laughing, and Vorgana couldn’t help but smile and shrug her mighty shoulders in feigned innocence. (It was true, obviously, but she did not wish to speak of it with a stranger.)

The Guardian smiled at her. “Very good – you may indeed be worthy! There is but one more trait for which we must examine you. Not that I would bemoan the chance to examine you head to toe,” he said, helping himself to a long leer.

Vorgana preened at his attention – it always felt so good to have her body receive a man’s attention. What a pity she had not yet found a man worthy of her yet! Once she freed the maidens of Khas and spilled Myrgos’ entrails to the horizon and back, she

could seek such a man in earnest, at last allow herself the carnal pleasure she so constantly desired.

“There is one final trait we must test you for,” the Guardian said, once more taking to his feet. He walked in slow circles around her, examining her from all angles. Vorgana permitted it; after all, even an old one such as this was good fun. She even allowed it when he lifted her loincloth to admire her bare bottom, smiled when he praised her for the visible wetness of her sex.

“What test? Name it, and I will best it,” she declared. This game was enjoyable, but her goal must come first.

“Finally, one worthy to open the Vault of Myrgos must prove herself to be a true servant. Humility you have, and passion aplenty. But can you put them to the service of your master?”

Vorgana snarled, reaching for where she normally wore her sword, snarled again for the lack of it. “How dare you! I am a warrior of Khas, not some idle milksop. The very word, ‘servant,’ is grave insult to our people! Would that you had opened with this, Guardian, that I might have spurned your tests from their beginning!”

“Oh, but do you not think you are being too hasty in your dismissal? After all, is not the purpose of a warrior to serve her king with her sword? Is it not a service to spill the blood of Khas’s enemies?”

“Well, put like that, perhaps...”

“And are you not among the mightiest of their warriors?”

“They have filled graveyards with those who have foolishly thought otherwise.”

“And what compensation did you demand in return?”

“I needed none! The war drums sounded, and I mounted my horse and rode with no further thought. Let kings fight for plunder – a warrior fights for glory, and honor.” She thumped a fist to her ample chest firmly.

“So then, you rode alone into the fray, heedless of the battle plan, intent only on slaying your enemies?”

“Well, no,” Vorgana answered, “I was proud to fight alongside my blade brothers, marching at our warmaster’s call.”

“I see. So then, let me paraphrase your words to you. You would agree that you are indeed an utterly devoted servant, giving all of yourself to your master and asking nothing in return. You are given orders by your master and obey them gladly. There is nothing you would not do if called upon. You feel proud of your submission to your master. Yes?” He grinned, helping himself to a quick pinch of her shapely bottom.

Vorgana only smiled, marveling at his grasp of her own heart. “Yes. Yes, I think perhaps it was I who misunderstood the nature of servants. You have said aright, old one. I serve my master with joy and eagerness.”



He smiled. "You can't know how glad I am to hear you say these words, Maiden of Khas."

"So... will you open the Vault of Myrgos to me? Will you aid me in my quest for vengeance?"

The old man tucked his jewel away in his sleeve once more. "Yes, yes I think I shall. You will find the doors open to you."

Vorgana had expected some sign, some signal of the magical or mechanical variety, and was suspicious of his offer. Indeed, when she approached the doors once more, they were held fast as much as before. She pushed harder, then harder still, until she turned to confront him once more.

"You told me it was open! Do you deceive me?"

He shook his head. "You've been pushing, barbarianess. They have to be pulled open."

Color bloomed in her cheeks at her mistake. "Was it so all this time?" she asked, tugging at twin grooves in the Vault's doors. They slid open with hardly any effort at all, revealing a wide stone staircase leading down. "Was your test naught but a waste of time?"

"Oh no, I value my time too much to waste it," the Guardian answered. "I had to be sure you were ready for Myrgos. Go now, and seize your destiny."

He patted her soft rear end beneath her loincloth, and she accepted his goading to move forward. The light in the canyon was dim; proceeding down the stairs became more so by the step. Only then, not half a dozen steps down, the doors slammed shut behind her, plunging her into darkness. At the same time, each stair folded downward, transforming the corridor into a steeply slanted ramp. With a shout of surprise, Vorgana fell downward, bumping and skidding her way down for some time until she rested at last on firm ground.

She picked her battered self up warily, looking around for any minuscule trace of daylight by which to see the dangers in the Vault. There was none. She was glad that the stair-to-ramp trap had at least been masterfully crafted; with its smooth surface, she bore no more injury than a minor scrape or two. She made out the sound of footsteps somewhere nearby, but all sound seemed to echo from every direction.

"Show yourself!" she shouted into the void.

"Your master will be revealed momentarily," came a voice. The old man! Only he now sounded so arrogant, so sinister, Vorgana could hardly believe she'd dismissed him so lightly above. It must have been him who trapped her! Yet... what could she do?

Before any plan hatched in her frantic mind, her situation altered. Suddenly, a thin column of light poured down around her. Hadn't there been a dry well atop the canyon wall? She remembered one, trying to refill her waterskin in vain; this must be where it emptied out, a secret entrance to the Vault!

Though she had only been in the dark for moments, it was blinding in its intensity. She adopted a combat-ready stance, keenly aware that her enemy would see her perfectly, while she had no clue where they may be hiding. She was utterly exposed, vulnerable – yet diving into the darkness would leave her as or more vulnerable.

“Welcome, Last Maiden of Khas,” came a new voice. Not the old man’s, she was sure. “I have heard so much of you, and am elated to at last make your acquaintance. My court wizard tells me you are fully prepared for me.”

Court wizard? Then this must be... “Show yourself, High King! I have come to destroy you!”

“Oh? Yet at this very moment, I have bow and arrow drawn, pointed at your heart. And even if you dove clear, I have men waiting to pour venomous serpents into this chamber, beasts that will find you even in the dark. You are utterly at my mercy, barbarianess.”

She froze at his words. It was true. He could kill her in the blink of an eye. Failing that, he could simply leave her down here to die in this pit, either from his serpents or even simply from agonizing dehydration. This man had completely overwhelmed her. She had been bested.

Which meant the High King Myrgos was the man she had been dreaming of. Her master.

Vorgana lowered her voice, hoping it would carry to him in the quiet of the Vault. “I plead for you to allow me to change my words, my liege,” she said, sinking to her knees. “I said I came to destroy you, but it is you who have destroyed me. You are my better. I renounce my quest of vengeance and acknowledge you as my master. I would serve you, my king, if you will have me. If you would not, I will spend my life begging you to let me please you.”

Booming laughter thundered through the dark. “Oh, wizard, you have out-done yourself. This one may be worth the whole rest of her tribe put together. You have filled this worthless old tomb with a great prize. Now the so-called ‘Vault of Myrgos’ lives up to the legend we invented for it!”

“You are most welcome, my king. Shall I leave you to enjoy your treasure?” came the Guardian’s thin voice from the nearby darkness.

“Do, and know that your reward is coming. You shall have your pick of the Khas slaves – save for this one, of course!” He laughed again. As the old wizard made his exit, he took a moment to cast a few sparks into the thin trough of oil lining the chamber. Soon the entirety of it was ablaze, filling the chamber with a soft red light.

Vorgana had once beheld the High King on the battlefield, though he had kept a great distance from the melee. Now here he was before her, a broad-shouldered man, well-muscled with a jewel-encrusted crown of gold ringing his bald-shaven head. Though royalty, he might have made a fine barbarian himself. She could already feel her

nethers readying themselves for him. She hoped he would waste no time in penetrating her, claiming her body as his property.

“Well, just look at you,” he said when he was looming over her. “The tales of your beauty did not exaggerate.”

“I am glad my body brings you pleasure,” she replied. “That is its purpose. I will happily please you in any way you desire, for as long as you desire.”

“Not still mad about me taking your tribeswomen as my slaves, then?” Myrgos asked, tilting her chin up to look eye to eye.

There was no trace of defiance in her. “Of course not, High King. I want you to have whatever you desire. I would help you enslave them myself had you not already outwitted me by claiming them while I was away.”

“This is good to hear, for you shall rank first among them, the most beautiful and most adoring of your entire conquered people.” He twisted her chin one way, then the other, inspecting her from all sides. “My, but that old man does fine work. Just look at you. In fact, I’d like to do just that. Strip for me, slave.” He clapped his hands twice.

“Mm, gladly, my liege.” Rather than slip off her clothes as she ordinarily might, she simply tore them off. With a hand on each side of her waist, her loincloth was rent asunder. The fur-lined fox-skin encasing her breasts took only a fraction more effort, but yielded at least as much relief. Seeing the swell in her master’s pants as he gazed on her naked body was sweeter reward than any vengeance she might have once pursued. She never wanted to wear clothes again.

“You know, I had thought I might have to have you washed before I laid hands upon you, but... I think I may rather enjoy breaking in my filthy beast. Vorgana, Last Maiden of Khas... we will fuck that name out of you today, then give you a new name, one better suited to being my harem slave. Does this sound good to you?”

Vorgana’s eyes lit up. Her master meant to fuck her! She could hardly wait; sex was constantly on her mind. “This sounds wonderful, my liege. Perhaps my new name could be Zefi? There was a harlot who traveled with our army with that name – she was very lovely, and weak, and gave the men much pleasure. That would be a good name for me, I think.”

“Zefi? I think I like that. So be it – henceforth, Vorgana is no more. You shall be called Zefi, in remembrance of the harlot who inspires you to be your best self.”

Zefi beamed proudly. “Thank you, my liege. Now, how may your Zefi bring you pleasure? Use this body, use it as no man before has – I beg of you!”

High King Myrgos patted her head. “I have broken many untamed fillies in my day, and I have found that the best results come when I first ply them with something sweet. So come, Zefi, and have a taste.”

The king released his manhood into the open air then, and already it stood tall. Her utter submission had achieved that as much as her beauty. With a look of utter

delight, Zefi accepted his gift into her waiting mouth, spit flooding inside it as she savored her first of what she prayed would be many savorings to come. Vorgana the Last Maiden had never permitted a man such; indeed, she had never so much as let a man lay hands upon her. Zefi, however, was made for this act, awash in the delight of bringing pleasure to her master, in coaxing out the seed of the man who had claimed her as his property.

Yet even as eager as Zefi was to bathe her throat in the nectar of his lust, this was not what had been ordained by her master. Even as she was moaning around the length of him, re-teaching herself to breathe in this sweet, man-scented air of submission, he bucked her back with a sudden thrust. Zefi fell onto her bottom, almost laughing at herself for the utterly foolish instinct she'd felt to leap at his throat for abusing her so. In the next breath she remembered her place – which was whatever place her master chose for her. A true servant would never think of her own comfort, her own dignity, her own desires, especially not when her master was contradicting them.

“The second step to taming a wild beast,” the High King continued, leering down at his latest acquisition, “is to simply hop aboard and ride her.”

Zefi needed no more instruction than that. She rolled to her hands and knees just like the animal she was, raising her bottom in the air. A bitch in heat, presenting herself. The very thought of it only aroused her to greater heights.

Then her master's hands were on her waist, hoisting her up until she was on her feet rather than her knees, her hands barely touching the ground. Her body was literally in her master's hands, her wetness gushing for him. She thought she might reach climax just from this, from being a wet and eager plaything in such powerful hands.

Then he was inside her, and the Last Maiden of Khas learned what true pleasure was, and was Maiden no longer.

The pleasure filled her, clouded her head until she could not think of anything but the phallus within her and the rapture that came with it. It was in the sound his meaty palms made as they slapped down on her sun-kissed buttocks. It was in the sensation of him penetrating her innermost recesses, his manhood grazing time and again on zones of bliss she was only just discovering inside herself. It was in the way he lifted her off the ground by her breasts, only his grip upon them and her thighs' grip around his waist supporting her.

It was in her joy in obeying every order her master barked at her.

High King Myrgos bade her massage his manhood with the muscles in her sex, and those muscles surprised her with knowing how. When he commanded her to twist her nipples, she took them in each hand and worked them until she was sure they would bruise. He told her how he would decorate her, his prize slave, his tamed barbarianess turned harem girl, and she drank in every word to be sure she would fulfill his fantasy to

the letter. Every gawdy bit of jewelry, every bit of ink upon her flesh, every fresh piercing and subservient mannerism – she vowed to make them all a part of her.

She was his. He was her master, the man she now believed she had always dreamed of being owned by.

As he reached his fullness inside her, the High King commanded her to peak, and she shamed herself in that she had already done so, overwhelmed by the pleasure of his pleasure. Their strength faltered in the wake of their bliss and she fell to the floor, where she lay trembling for some time. A fresh pulse of arousal thrilled her with each drip of him she felt decorating her bare hip.

When he was ready, his slave gently dressed him, then placed herself in his shadow and strode out beside him. She was naked save for her boots, but the sun's glare was a poor threat next to that of disappointing her master. The ramp was stairs once again, and the door to the canyon was open to them. The Guardian awaited.

“She meets your standards, I hope, Myrgos?” the old man said with a sly smile. Zefi lowered her head; it was her place now to be discussed as an object by men. She merely hoped they were appreciating her nakedness.

“Exceeds them, in fact. She will be the finest slave of the entire tribe of Khas. I think we can now retire the fiction of the ‘Vault of Myrgos,’ yes? Let it be a tomb once again.”

“Already taken care of.” The old man pointed to the vault doors. Above them still read the old admonition, but above that were freshly carved letters.

“The Tomb of Vorgana, Last Maiden of Khas,” she read in a whisper. She was Zefi now, yet it gave her a small chill nonetheless.

The High King glanced back at her as if he had forgotten she walked in his shadow. “Hardly a woman's place to be reading for men, is it?”

The old man's jewel was in his hand again as he addressed her. “Oh, worry not. You don't read, and you don't want to. In fact, you need to unlearn all you once knew to make room for all you will need to know for your new life. Yes?” The fallen barbarianess smiled even as the words became lines carved in rock, incomprehensible and unimportant. If she needed to know something, the High King would tell her. After all, he was her master. And she?

She was Zefi, the First Slave of Khas.



