

Stockholm Revenge

Fucktality!

By

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Stockholm Revenge – Fucktality!

I jolt awake at the metallic click of the kennel padlock releasing. I pull my knees to my chest and press my back to the rear of the cage as the chain-link door swings open. The galvanized steel is cool against my naked flesh and damp with morning dew. My cowering is reflexive. The enclosure is too small to escape the range of Kano's grasp.

The weather-guard roof of the cage hides the identity of the person that reaches inside and clutches my ankle. Yet, I know the hand doesn't belong to Kano. I could never forget a single detail of his hulking form. I've literally licked every inch of his body on multiple occasions.

Nude and filthy and frantic, I kick and claw and scream in terror as I'm yanked out of the kennel, my mind racing with horrors. The clap of an open palm striking my face with a stinging slap quiets me.

Jarek is crouched before me, his expression stern. "Listen to me, Cassie." His voice is low but stressed. "We don't have much time to talk."

I squeak, "Lock me back up! *Please!* Before they catch me out of my kennel!"

"*Relax.* Kano's passed out in the lounge and Tasia's busy in the nursery." He sighs. "I know you don't trust me. Our plan went to shit and I let you take the full blame. But if they'd known my part, I would have been killed on the spot. You'd have no one to help you."

I choke on a sudden sob and my eyes well with tears at the memory of the punishment I endured. My throat and ass were pillaged for twelve hours, until every Black Dragon mercenary in the building had a turn. No one cared that my belly seemed ready to burst. Running a train on a pregnant woman didn't faze them. If it weren't for the apparently magickal healing abilities of the fertility amulet, I wouldn't have survived the barbaric onslaught. Nevertheless, the amulet made the ravaging rape no less excruciating.

Jarek whispers, "They're taking you out of here today. Kano has something big planned, but I don't know what. Most of the men are going. I was ordered to remain here and guard your infants."

I spot movement in the glass doors leading into Kano's private quarters behind Jarek. The rising sun is reflecting off the glass, no doubt hindering the sight of anyone inside. I scramble onto my knees, and cry, "Whip out your cock and fuck my mouth!"

Reading the fright on my face, Jarek stands erect and withdraws his manhood without question.

I shove all of his limp member into my mouth and whimper with fear as I suck him hard and fast, my cheeks concave with the effort. If Kano sees me sucking a flaccid dick, he'll know something is awry. I clasp my hands behind my back and gaze up at Jarek, selling my subservience.

He palms the back of my skull and bobs my head with steely demand as the door behind him slides open and Erron strides out.

Erron is holding my leash in one hand and a beer in the other. If anything rouses his suspicions, he'll report it to Kano asap. Erron is nothing if not loyal. Honor among thieves is an essential constituent of his cowboy outlaw code of conduct.

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Closing his eyes, Jarek begins to groan and his prick engorges between my suckling lips. This is the first time he has used me in a sexual nature. He's faithful to his wife, even though she isn't faithful to him.

Erron utters a drawn-out wolf-whistle. "*Damn*, that slut can suck a dick." He drags over a lounge chair and makes himself comfortable. "I never get tired of watching. She's got a resting bitch face like her mother. Nothing hotter than a bitch face being forced to suck dick." Cracking open his beer, he downs a draft. "I've never seen you take advantage of her before. I thought maybe you preferred men. Though the way you sneer at Kano every time Tasia sucks or fucks him in the lounge states otherwise."

Jarek opens his eyes and speeds his bobbing of my head. "She belongs to Kano."

Erron grins and arches a knowing brow. "Both of them do, but something tells me you have history with Tasia."

"That's *ancient* history." Jarek pushes my head down hard, forcing his cock into my throat. His anger gives him away. Hopefully, Erron is too buzzed to pick up on it.

"My implied question was about Cassie, not Tasia," replies Erron, with distrust in his tone.

"Perhaps I prefer them a little younger," Jarek lies through his teeth as he rolls his hips, gouging my gullet.

Erron sips his beer with a mock expression of contemplation. "I can't argue against the fact that the teenage slaves are fun to abuse, but I also can't say I've ever seen you do so."

"Maybe I like to do so in the privacy of my own quarters." Jarek pulls my head up, extracting his prick from my throat to fuck my mouth, allowing me to breathe through my nose.

"Okay, so you like them young and in private. That's understandable. But if you don't mind me asking, what brought you out here this early?"

"*Fuck, Black*," Jarek growls, "can't I get my dick sucked in peace? What are *you* doing out here this early?"

Erron snorts. "Tasia requested I take Cassie out for her morning *tinkle*, and then supervise as she gets herself cleaned up for the big event."

Jarek slows his thrusting hips, his focus obviously shifting. "What is this big event anyway?"

"I'm not at liberty to share." Erron chuckles. "Need to know basis and all that." He unzips his leather pants, pulls out his girthy erection and strokes his shaft. "I'm next. *That* I can share."

Jarek forces a laugh. "The bitch needs her breakfast, am I right?"

Erron winks at me. "Sausage and egg whites."

Closing his eyes again, Jarek increases the tempo of his thrusting, groaning as he jabs his prick into the back of my throat. I wonder if he's thinking of Tasia. Soon his groaning becomes grunting. His fasted-paced rhythm becomes sporadic. At the last moment, he pulls out and hot spunk shots across my face, but mostly into my panting mouth.

Erron snickers, "Nice finish, pal."

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Jarek twists my face up and away from Erron. He pokes his oozing erection against the inside of my cheek as he shivers with aftershocks of pleasure. With his free hand, hidden from Erron's view, he reaches into his pocket.

When Erron takes a swig of his beer, Jarek retracts his dick while popping what feels like a marble into my mouth. "Swallow for me."

I gulp down the object coated in his cum like a large pill. "Thank you."

"She must like you, Jarek," comments Erron. "That's the first I've heard her speak since her throat and ass marathon, other than barking on command."

"The bitch had to find her words again sometime." Jarek relinquishes me, stuffs his manhood away and turns to leave.

"Hey, partner." Erron halts the stroking of his shaft and my breath catches in my throat. "Do me a kindness before you go." He holds up my leash with a grin. "Take her to her flowerpot to do her business."

"Sure." Jarek takes the steel chain leash and attaches it to my sparkly pink collar.

I crawl on my hands and knees alongside the pool with Jarek following in toe. My bladder is bursting. I stoop over the flowerpot and release it with a sigh. Kano has been using my mouth as his personal urinal for the last month, since I gave birth to fraternal triplets. He drinks a lot and therefore so have I. It's punishment for refusing to nurse the infants. I don't want anything to do with them. I know in my gut that they're gonna grow into monsters. The magick amulet hanging from my collar is evil. I can feel its malevolence. I gave birth after only nine weeks and I don't look like I was ever pregnant at all. No stretch marks or extra weight. Even my womanhood appears virginal.

I shake my tush since I don't have anything to wipe with. When I make a number two, they spray me with the garden hose.

Jarek stands over me, his back towards Erron, and points to my belly while carefully mouthing the words, 'Tracking device'.

My eyes light up at the realization of what I swallowed and what it means.

Jarek leads me back to Erron, hands off my leash and leaves without saying goodbye.

I lie on my stomach between Erron's legs and fist his shaft with one hand, kneed his balls with the other, and suck his cockhead with slow bobs of my head. I've done this often the last three months, but this will be the last time I swallow his cum.

Curled in the fetal position in total darkness, my body and mind heavy with the high of opium, I slip in and out of consciousness, dreaming of my freedom, not only from this felt-lined chest that I'm crammed into like some sacred relic, but also from the dominance of Kano.

The whirling fans of the ventilation system built into the lid muffle the voices of Erron and Kano. They laugh and chuckle, unknowing that today will be their last. My father and mother will come for me with the full support of the Special Forces. My liberation is at hand.

I can smell the musk of my father's cologne as I envision him pulling me from this chest and closing his arms around me to spin me into the air like when I was a child. I can hear the soft pecks of his lips kissing a tiara of adoration across my forehead. I can feel his palms cupping my

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cheeks to support me as I wrap my white thigh-high stocking-clothed legs around his waist. His eyes twinkle with desire as he looks me up and down in this white lace open-cup crotchless teddy. The fine stubble on his cleft chin tickles my face as he kisses my mouth. With capricious probes of my tongue tip, I tease his tongue to delve between my lips. He groans into my mouth as I suck his tongue with delicate devotion. I rock my hips, grinding my womanhood against his groin as his manhood engorges within his pants. The pulsation of his phallus through the thin layers of fabric segregating our sensual organs sends shivers surging up my spine. My heavy breathing heaves my bare breasts, brushing my erect nipples against his muscular chest. I need his rigid cock pumping inside of me!

My drug-induced incestuous fantasy is interrupted by a startled shout that sounds from the front of the vehicle. It's immediately followed by a squeal of the brakes and my cramped prison is flipped onto its back. Doors open and slam closed. Gunfire rings out. Men howl in pain. More gunshots bark and bullets ping off ballistic glass and thud off armored plating. A deafening explosion rocks the vehicle, inducing a high-pitched ringing in my ears.

Blind and deaf, my heart hammering at my breastbone in eager exhilaration, my breathing shallow and swift with anxious anticipation, I wait for my deliverance. Any minute now! Any minute!

Seconds tick by at a glacial pace. Minutes stretch on and on for what feel like eons until at last, I feel the doors slam and the vehicle begin to move again. Yet no one frees me from the chest. The rescue must have failed! No, no, no! Fuck, no!

The ringing gradually wanes and the muffled chatter of Erron and Kano confirm my dread. My heart sinks and a great depression washes over me. I'm doomed to this life of sexual slavery and brood breeding. By the time the Special Forces orchestrate another retrieval mission, I will have already passed the tracking device. And Kano will surely relocate the Black Dragon base of operations. I will be his captive until the day I die.

Some time later, the chest is righted on its base. The lock clicks open and the lid is raised. Kano's palm clamps around my upper arm and lifts me upright into a sitting position. I twist my head to stretch my aching neck, scanning my surroundings as I do. We're in an SUV that has been heavily customized for indulgent pleasure and urban warfare. White tiger skin interior blends with gunmetal-gray tactical accessories. A wet bar opposes a weapons cache. Kano the barbarian and Erron the cowboy are stretched out in the rear seats in a cloud of opium haze.

"Allo, Cassie," Kano beams with malice. "Did ya enjoy yer nap? I hope that tussle didn't interrupt yer beauty sleep."

I cast my gaze at the plush carpet, not wanting to meet his malignant stare.

He snorts, "Are ya thirsty, darlin'? Ya been in there a while."

My bottom lip quivers with fear and I whine a plea, "Daddy, may I please have some water?"

"Ya'll drink my warm piss and be thankful."

"Yes, Daddy. Thank you, Daddy." Begging and arguing is futile.

I sob and snuffle as he unzips his pants and digs out his monster dong. Gripping me under the arms, he pulls me halfway out of the chest, placing my head in his lap, and I seal my lips around his cockhead with a whimper.

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Kano strokes my head in a mockery of fatherly affection. “Look up at me, babygirl. I wanna see yer eyes while ya guzzle my piss.”

I obey his command as forming tears muddle my vision.

“That’s my good little bitch. Ya look so pretty with my fat cock in yer mouth. Don’t ya think so, Black?” He loves to torture me by dragging it out.

Erron replies with a snicker, “Only thing prettier would be your cum spread across her face and tits.”

“Yeah,” Kano chuckles. “But I don’t wanna spoil her before the ceremony. The bitch will have more cock than she can handle as it is.”

“I don’t think you give her enough credit,” retorts Erron. “Most of her diet for the last month has been piss and cum. Yet look how nice she cleaned up. She looks better in that teddy than the lingerie models. Anyone would pay top dollar.”

Kano bellows a hearty laugh. “I’m gonna get a helluva lot more than top dollar for her tonight.”

The driver calls out from behind me. “Kano, Sir, sorry to interrupt, but we’ve reached Z’Unkahrah. We should arrive at the palace within fifteen minutes.”

A ceremony at a palace in the capital city of Outworld?! What does Kano have planned for me?!

“Okay, sweetheart.” Kano thumbs the tears from my cheeks. “Here comes yer fresh hot beverage.”

I cough as his astringent urine hits the back of my throat, but I direct the burst of airflow through my nostrils so the seal of my lips is unbroken. The last time I coughed and splattered some of his piss on him, he punished me by pissing in my pussy. He pounded my ass mercilessly until he climaxed, then jammed his dick in my cleft and relieved himself. The sensation of him filling my womb was vile. When he withdrew, his piss gushed out of me and ran all down my legs. He shoved me into my kennel immediately after so I couldn’t clean myself until the next morning. I’ve never felt so filthy.

I struggle not to gag as I swallow his bitter urine in gulps. All the while our gazes are locked. I can’t imagine a greater sense of dominance than Kano must feel as he forces me to drink his piss directly from his prick like a babe on the teat. I choke it down as he sneers at me with a sigh of satisfaction while tears dribble down my cheeks. He never tires of tormenting me. For awhile I actually blamed my mother, since he only treats me with such spite as vengeance against Sonya. Of course, that’s childish reasoning.

When Kano’s forceful stream finally peters out, I suck the last dribbles from his cockhead and then give the tip a gentle kiss of appreciation. “Thank you for the drink, Daddy.” I’ve learned to play my role of submissive well. I had no other choice.

Kano pats me on the crown. “Yer welcome, babygirl. It’s always my pleasure to care for yer needs.” His faux endearment is more repulsive than chugging down his warm piss.

“Would you like me to suck your cock now, Daddy?” I know the answer before I ask. Fifteen minutes isn’t enough time. I only ask to appease his inflated ego.

“Not this time, darlin’.” Usually, piss drinking is followed by cock sucking. “Back in the box, ya go.”

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“Yes, Daddy.” I carefully stuff myself back into the chest and Kano closes the lid. The click of the lock engaging is followed by the muffled chatter of Erron and Kano enjoying themselves again with no concern for my discomfort.

The fragrant floral aroma of opium inundates me. One of them must have purposely exhaled into the intake of the ventilation system. My eyelids flutter closed and I plummet back into my father’s loving arms.

Johnny’s bulging biceps flex as he lifts my bottom to bring my bosoms to meet his thirsty mouth. Both my belly and breasts are bloated. I’m pregnant, but not with the triplets of Erron, Reptile, and Kano. I’m carrying my father’s child. I’ve never felt more thrilled, proud, or honored. I gasp with ecstasy as he latches onto a nipple. He groans with euphoria as he suckles from my teat. He drinks with such vigorous passion that milk dribbles from the corners of his mouth. The abundance of love and lust I feel for him and from him is orgasmic!

A jarring of the chest awakens me. Someone either kicked it or dropped it. I’m not sure which. My arm is twisted awkwardly with the two center fingers of my hand stuffed inside of me. I wasn’t aware I had been masturbating to my lewd fantasy. The imagined taste of my father’s mouth still lingers on my lips. I wish I could fall back into that dream and never rouse.

Tribal drumming booms and carries on for several minutes, rattling my teeth and paining my full bladder. Once it concludes, the lid of the chest is raised and I’m yanked to my feet by Kano.

We’re standing at the center of an immense torchlit throne room, circular in shape. Above us, the open sky is a twinkling sea of stars from which the cool night air descends upon us. Before us on an elevated platform, sits the godlike Osh-Tekk warrior that usurped Mileena and declared himself the emperor of Outworld. His large ceremonial chair is adorned with golden serpents. If I were to sit in it, my feet would dangle. The reptilian, Reptile, stands to one side, and the insectoid, D’Vorah, to the other. In a glowing emerald mist behind the throne, floats the fusion of souls known as Ermac. Positioned off to the sides, manning upright tubular drums, are barechested men wearing elaborate headdresses and painted like jaguars. Behind us stands Erron with a troop of Black Dragon mercenaries, each of them heavily armed.

D’Vorah takes a step forward and speaks in a disturbing voice like thousands of wasps buzzing in unison. “This one speaks for the emperor. Kotal Kahn offers his apologies for the attack upon your convoy. He gives you thanks for dispatching the band of rebels.”

I inhale a sharp breath of surprise. It wasn’t an assault by the Special Forces! I could still be rescued!

Kano grumbles, “No apology necessary. It was my pleasure. Let’s call it a weddin’ gift.”

My heart skips a beat as I realize I’m the emperor’s bride-to-be. But Kano would never give me away. My offspring are worth too much to him. He must hope to somehow use me to take the throne. If Kotal impregnates me, the spawn will be next in line. Kano will have the emperor killed and then use the child heir as a puppet to rule Outworld. I can’t let that happen. But what can I do? Only my rescue can give me any power.

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D’Vorah holds out a palm. “Let the betrothed come forward so she may face the trials of strength and endurance.”

Kano whispers, “Now be a good little bitch and make Daddy proud.” He gives my ass a smack that sends me springing from the chest.

I walk half the distance to the throne before D’Vorah turns her palm up to signal me to stop. I sink to my knees and touch my palms and forehead to the sandstone flooring in an act of worship. I don’t wanna disrespect the emperor. My salvation could be coming soon. I just have to hold out long enough for the Special Forces to arrive.

Kotal gestures with two digits for me to rise. If the size of his fingers is any indication of his manhood, then his prick would make a black stallion blush.

I ascend from the floor and bow my head in appreciation. “Thank you, Emperor Kahn.”

D’Vorah claps her hands twice and three women enter from an access behind the throne. I recognize each one of them. Sindel, the former Queen of Edenia, her daughter, Kitana, and her daughter’s bodyguard, Jade. Their eyes are burning orbs of gold and their flesh is marred with yellow veins of Quan Chi’s magick, revealing their undead status. They’re wearing transparent latex versions of their customary attire. Kitana and Jade are not wearing their usual face masks. Sindel’s outfit is violet, Kitana’s is cerulean, and Jade’s is jade as expected. Their risqué costumes are crotchless, exposing unholy endowments. The voluptuous curves of their oversized breasts and bubbled rumps are offset by the hefty cocks and weighty balls that sway between their muscled thighs. Their phalluses are on par with Kano’s, if not a bit larger.

I blink in shock as the Edenian revenants surround me. Kitana and Jade grip my wrists with painful force and pull my arms taut. A sinister smile splits Sindel’s face, and then her skunk-striped hair whips around, extending in length, and lashes my bare breasts.

My shriek of pain echoes through the throne room and the mercenaries explode into riotous laughter. Though my skin is unbroken, it feels as though my flesh has been rent. The welt across my bosoms should be a bleeding wound. The amulet’s power at work.

Sindel sashays around to my rear with the regal bearing of royalty. Although her queenship and life have been taken, she is no less majestic.

A screech tears at my throat and my feet kick out from below me with the force of Sindel’s hair lashing across my thong-split cheeks. If not for Kitana and Jade stretching out my arms, suspending me in the air, I would be writhing face down holding my stinging backside.

I squirm and scream and sweat as Sindel lashes my ass, again and again and again, each lash igniting a lightning bolt of pain, until finally, with a subtle gesture, Kotal signals her to stop.

Hanging limp, my head slumped, I pant for my breath as D’Vorah buzzes, “Congratulations. You have passed the first trial.”

Exhausted from the painful lashing, I can no longer hold my bladder. And so a stream of my urine splashes the sandstone, forming a widening puddle between my spread feet.

Sindel announces to the room, “Look how the bitch wets herself like a frightened puppy.” She laughs. “Should I press her face in it and smack her on the nose?”

The mercenaries roar in excitement, cheering and jeering with exuberance.

Kotal clears his throat and the room falls silent. He snaps his fingers and a young attendant appears at his side. He whispers a command and the girl hurries off, returning a

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moment later with additional attendants. All of them are female, sixteen years old at most, wearing little white dresses so wispy they are completely sheer. The floor is briskly cleaned and so am I, my nether regions washed with a warm rag and patted dry with a downy towel. The emperor has more heart than Kano. He would have forced me to lap up my own piss if their places were switched. I wonder what web of lies Kano wove to convince Kotal I was his perfect bride. It probably has something to do with the fertility amulet.

Perhaps I can take advantage of Kotal's kindness to delay the proceedings, giving the Special Forces more time.

When Kitana and Jade release my wrists, I intentionally drop to my hands and knees as if I cannot bear my own weight. I gaze up at Kotal with my most miserable countenance. "Please, Emperor Kahn, I have not had anything to eat or drink for many hours." If you discount Kano's piss, that statement is true. My stomach rumbles and my throat is parched.

Kotal nods with compassion. He speaks in a hushed tone to D'Vorah and she relays his message. "The emperor has commanded a wedding feast be prepared for all in attendance. However, the meal will not be ready until the ceremony is completed after dawn. To sustain you throughout the hours to come, light food and drink will be served periodically."

Attendants flood into the room within moments, delivering wicker baskets of dried fruits and cured meats. Oak barrels of wine are wheeled in and tapped. Ceramic pots of fermented tobacco and hand-carved pipes are distributed.

An attendant coming my way with a serving tray is intercepted by Kano. Although his back is turned to me, I can see he's doing something to the food. Maybe inspecting it for hidden weapons? Evidently satisfied, he steps aside and the girl walks over and sets the tray down on the floor before me.

My hunger getting the best of me, I gobble down the fruit and meat faster than I should. I gulp down the goblet of cocoa wine just as swiftly. That wasn't much of a delay.

When the attendant returns to collect the dishes and stoops to pick up the tray, I find myself fondling her small breasts over her clothing. She does not withdraw. She simply stares at the floor with an emotionless expression and allows me to knead her supple bosoms. I wanna tear off her dress to nibble her tiny nipples. I wanna kiss and lick her nubile body. I wanna suck and tongue her elfin girlhood. Kano must have drugged me to make sure I put on a good show. It was probably in the wine. I relinquish the girl's breasts, and breathe, "I'm sorry. I don't know what came over me."

With no reply, she takes the tray and walks away. To be accustomed to such indecent behavior she must be a slave. The emperor is not so bighearted as to abolish slavery. That doesn't leave much hope for me. As his wife, I don't foresee gaining any more freedom than I have under Kano's ownership.

Kotal nods at D'Vorah, and she buzzes, "Let the bridal trials recommence."

Without standing, I turn to face the revenants and assume my trained position of attention, clasping my hands behind my back, holding my chin up, and pressing my chest out.

The three Edenian undead loom over me in a tight semicircle. Sindel stands in the middle, her arms curled around Kitana and Jade's narrow waists, palms on their rounded hips, holding them close. Their semi-engorged cocks hang like elephant trunks, the heads of all three a

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breath away from my lips. With a jutting swipe of my tongue, I could moisten the tip of each. My cunt clenches with yearning at the thought of it. Damn Kano for drugging me!

Sindel purrs, “Prepare our weapons so we may impale you with them.”

As an automatic reaction, I reply, “Yes, Mommy.”

A tuft of her hair shoots forward, lashing me across the face. “You’re not worthy of addressing me that way.”

I press a palm to my stinging cheek. “I’m sorry, Queen Sindel.”

She hisses, “I am Queen of Edenia no longer. You will address me as Mistress.”

I nod, “Yes, Mistress. Please forgive my ignorance.”

Kitana clutches my lower jaw, squeezes my mouth wide and pulls my face forward, shoving Sindel’s dick passed my lips. “Enough jabbering. Suck that cock.”

My muffled mumble of compliance morphs into a mewling slurping as Sindel’s girthy prick grows rigid in my suckling mouth. I take Kitana and Jade’s members in my fists and pump them in opposite unison with my slowly bobbing head. Their dicks engage at once.

Sindel and Kitana turn their puissant gazes upon each other. Their lips meet in a potent clash of incestuous passion. Their tongues swipe back and forth from each other’s mouths with carnal groans of thirst. My pussy oozes at the salacious sight of their affection. A barb of envy pangs me at the stark reminder of my mother’s emotional distance throughout my childhood and beyond. I wish Sonya would kiss me with the same possessive intensity as Sindel kissing Kitana.

Jade smacks my hand from her erection and moves behind me. Gripping my hips, she pulls me to my feet as I continue to suck and jerk Sindel and Kitana. With my back arched, I fist both their shafts simultaneously while bobbing back and forth on their cockheads, as they suck each other’s tongues with lustful moans of rapacious rapture.

Crouching behind me, Jade splays my cheeks and nuzzles her face between them. She rams her tongue against my rosebud until it blooms, allowing her spongy organ to plunge inside. She jabs her tongue in and out and occasionally spits in my gaping anus, working up a thick lather. Jade’s probing tongue is blissful, but I know what will come next will not be. The healing power of the amulet causes my anal sphincters to become virgin tight after each brutal assault my asshole endures. Every assfuck is agony no matter how high I am. Actually, the drugs intensify the pain by enhancing my senses. My life has become an endless hell of sexual torment.

The thrumming of blades chopping air gives me pause. The *thwup-thwup-thwup* increases in volume until everyone looks up as a black military helicopter passes low over the open roof. A Special Forces’ team has arrived!

I stand tall as the tandem-rotor transport helicopter reappears above us and hovers in place. Ropes are tossed out of each side of the aircraft and the team zips down. The first pair of boots to hit the sandstone floor are my mother’s, General Sonya Blade. My father’s, Johnny Cage, are a close second. Specialist Jacqueline Briggs, Takeda Takahashi, and Kung Jin descend next. With the team on the ground, the ropes are withdrawn and the helicopter zooms away, presumably to find a safe LZ.

The team of my family and friends draw their various weapons, ready to fight for my freedom. But their weapons all glow with an emerald mist and are torn from their grasps to form a heaping pile before the emperor’s feet. Ermac’s telekinesis at work.

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Kotal Kahn ascends from his throne with his arms spread wide. “Welcome to my palace. Your weapons will be returned once you are ready to take your leave. In the meantime, I invite you to join the Black Dragon as my guests. If you attempt to interfere in this sacred ceremony, you will be in violation of the Reiko Accords and it will be seen as an act of war. The continued peace between our realms is in your hands. I trust that you will hold the lives of many above the life of one.” He retakes his seat with a waving gesture of dismissal.

With rage in his expression, my father steps forward to speak, but my mother slaps a palm over his mouth. Through gritted teeth, she snarls, “Thank you, Emperor Kahn, for the privilege of remaining as your guests. We do not wish to dishonor your sovereignty. May the peace remain unbroken.”

My heart drops into my gut as the team steps backward to join the front row of the mercenaries. None of the team will meet my gaze. Are they ashamed of themselves or me? How many of the degrading videos that Kano recorded and forwarded has each of them watched? Do they blame me for every perverse act I’ve committed?

Kano gives Sonya a smack on the ass and she barely restrains herself from punching him in the throat, halting her fist at the last second. He whispers something with a sneer, inciting Johnny to lunge towards him. Takeda and Jin forcibly hold Johnny back, struggling to surmount his strength. Jacqui spits in Kano’s face and he laughs it off.

A tress of Sindel’s hair furls around my collar and pulls my head down, jamming her member into my mouth. Although I savor the sensation, I sob as I suck her cockhead, knowing that everyone I care about is watching. To witness my debauchery with their own eyes rather than via a recorded video must be much more definitive. My parents will never again look me in the eye. My friends will never again speak freely in my presence. This night will forever separate me from everyone I love. I will be shamed and shunned one way or another for the rest of my life.

Thumbing the halves of my crotchless thong apart, Jade spits in my crack and grinds her dick between my cheeks, taunting me with its girth. The drugs are stronger than my disgrace, causing me to crave Jade’s prick in my pussy. I wanna get fucked! I wanna get fucked so hard that it scrambles my brains so I forget who I am, every sin I’ve committed, and everyone I love!

I clench my cheeks as Jade wiggles a slender digit into my rosebud. She gradually works in a second, then a third, and a fourth. I whimper around the dick in my mouth as Jade stretches the external sphincter of my anus open with her fingers. She crams her bulbous cockhead between her spread digits, expanding my external sphincter even further. Retracting her fingers, she grips my hips and thrusts.

I spit out Sindel’s phallus to grunt a harsh cry of pain as Jade forces her cockhead through my internal sphincter into my rectum. I wail in agony, my every muscle shivering in shock, as she shoves deeper and deeper, until her pelvis is pressed to my cheeks, her massive member buried to the root.

Kitana fists Sindel’s shaft with one hand and clutches a handful of my hair with the other. She smothers my screams of suffering, bobbing me on her mother’s prick as she pumps Sindel’s shaft in sync, and they resume kissing each other with lascivious moans.

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Grunting with effort, Jade hammers my backside, pounding my asshole hard and fast. The steady slapping of my cheeks causes my breasts to bounce and smack one another. The fleshly clapping of my tits and ass are loud and rhythmic like the frantic thumping of my heart, ready to burst.

Bubbling drool seethes from my suckling lips to flow over my chin as hot juices seep from my cleft to dribble down my inner thighs. Even as I endure the excruciating ruination of my rectum, my pussy aches for penetration. I wanna get fucked! I wanna get fucked so bad!

Kitana relinquishes Sindel's shaft and ceases the forceful bobbing of my head. Pulling at my hair, she cranes my neck back to the full extent, opening my throat for intrusion.

With a vicious lunge of her hips, Sindel jabs her javelin down my gullet through my esophageal sphincter and her balls smack my sopping chin.

I cough and gag and choke as Sindel brutalizes my throat in rhythm with Jade's savage assault on my ass. I thrash about and flail my arms in desperation as they skewer me from both ends like a roasted pig.

The foaming spit splashing off my lips and chin is eventually joined by copious sums of splooge, as Sindel erupts down my undulating throat and into my screaming mouth without pausing her barbarous aggression. Searing spunk courses through my sinuses and out my nostrils. Goop spills off my chin like a river of pearly sludge, splashing and pooling below me.

Soon after, Sindel steps aside so Kitana may have a turn at fucking my face. She violates me with the same savagery as her mother, stabbing her spear into my throat with the ferocity and cruelty of a bloodthirsty fiend.

Once Kitana ejaculates, Jade surrenders my ass to gouge my gullet and Sindel mounts my battered backside to pummel my asshole. This merciless rotation of abuse continues unabated for hours, until at last dawn breaks.

Crumbling to the ground, I lie fetal in a pool of semen. I twitch and mutter in a shell-shocked delirium. In this shattered state of mind, I mumble to myself repeatedly the only unfractured thought I can grasp hold of. "I can never go home."

This daunting realization consumes me. I'm only semi-conscious of D'Vorah congratulating me on successfully concluding the bridal trials. My eyes staring unfocused, I murmur my chant of finality as I'm carried away by the young slaves and placed in a warm bath. Little hands scrub me clean as others press bits of food passed my muttering lips. Kano appears briefly as I'm being towel dried, but this doesn't register fully. My mantra is interrupted momentarily as a goblet of wine is poured down my throat. It's only when the boom of the tribal drums sound, that I realize I have been dressed in a white wedding gown and set at the feet of the emperor.

His loyal followers surrounding his throne, Reptile, Ermac, and D'Vorah, eye me with threatening grimaces. I also note that the Special Forces' stolen weapons have been removed from the platform. Clearly, I'm not trusted. I doubt I ever will be.

After the teeth-chattering drumming concludes, Kotal leans forward in his throne and lifts my veil. He caresses my face with his rough palm. "Cassie Cage, I accept you as my bride. If you survive impregnation under the light of the sun, you will become the empress of Outworld. Although you are quite small, Kano has assured me that you have a gift that guarantees your

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success. I am confident this is true due to your impressive display of endurance.” He sits back and pulls his loincloth aside, uncovering his mammoth member. “Worship me with your mouth before we get started. Show me your dutiful dedication. Prove your worth to me.”

I blink in befuddlement at the sight of his endowment before I manage to swallow the lump in my throat to respond. “Yes, Emperor Kahn. Th-th-thank you for this privilege.”

His phallus nearly reaches to his knees and has the same girth as my forearm. It is no wonder that he requires such a rigorous trial of his potential brides. His humongous dong would seem to be more useful as a tool of torture and torment than titillation and thrills.

In my weakened state, my arms strain for a moment as I heft his python from between his trunklike thighs with both my hands. I kiss the tip and my cunt clenches with intense need. Kano must have drugged me again. A surge of energy enlivens me and my nipples tighten and my eyes widen. My breathing and heartbeat speeds. I need a good hard fucking now more than ever!

Stretching my jaws wide, I shove him passed my lips. His dick is so gargantuan, his cockhead alone fills my mouth. I roll my head in a figure-eight motion, swiping my tongue back and forth, mewling and slurping as I suck him sloppy, repressing the awareness that my parents are witnessing my self-degradation. His prick grows rigid as my drool runs down his shaft, and I stroke him with both hands as I continue to suckle his cockhead with zeal.

Kotal groans with delight. “You will make an excellent wife, Cassie. None of the servant girls have your passion. I truly hope you can weather the might of my rod, for I will compel you with it every new sun.”

Even as the empress of Outworld, I can see my existence will be nothing more than a suck and fuck toy that spawns corrupted children. Kano has taken everything from me. He’s a ruthless pimp and I’m his obedient whore. There is no denying it. My life is unequivocally over. The moment I crept through the iron gate of the Krypt my fate was sealed. A virgin before stepping over the threshold and a cock-gobbling, piss-guzzling, cum-gargling, anal-gored slut after.

Kotal sips a goblet of wine and smirks down at me as I suck him with ardor, making a mess of my face like a toddler with a melting Popsicle. His goblet is refilled several times as I stroke and suckle his cock without pause. All the while, my pussy yearns for his prodigious prick. My body lusts for what my mind knows I shouldn’t. The pleasure I pine for will only bring me pain. His godhood is far too monumental for my modest womanhood. My chalice is that of a child’s in comparison to the blade of this demigod.

Finally, Kotal commands, “Rise, my bride, and shed your dress so I may gaze upon your elegant beauty without obstruction.”

With a wet pop, I dislodge his huge cockhead from my mouth, and then wipe a good portion of the drool from my face onto the shoulder of the dress. I grip Kotal’s knees for balance and climb to my feet. Crouching down and grabbing the hem of the dress, I pull it over my head and toss it aside. I find myself stark nude except for my pink collar. The slaves didn’t bother to slip on a bra or panties, not that it matters.

I wonder if my father has averted his gaze or if he’s staring at my naked ass in the sunlight with his own eyes for the first time since he changed my diapers. Does he see a younger, fitter, version of my mother and ponder if we taste the same? Does my nudity arouse him? If so,

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does that arousal strike him with guilt? If given the opportunity, would he go back in time prior to the mission that led me into Kano's clutches and make love to me if he knew I was willing to give him my virginity?

Kotal twirls a pointer finger, signaling me to turn around.

With my arms at my sides, I turn and face the audience. The crowd has moved in much closer. My family and friends are still standing at the front. Each one of them looks as though they've been crying for hours. Their eyes red. Their faces flushed. Their hair disheveled. The emotions showing in their exhausted expressions range from rage to horror to shame, in direct contrast to the energetic enthusiasm of Kano, Erron, and the other Black Dragon thugs.

My father has not averted his eyes, though he still won't meet mine. Is he afraid of what he will see? Does he fear it will utterly break his heart? Or does he believe he will lose control of himself, steal a weapon from one of the mercenaries, murder the emperor and cause a war that will cost countless lives?

Kotal demands, "Bend over and splay your hindquarters. I wish to view all of you."

Bending at the hips, I arch forward, reach back and spread my cheeks wide. I can feel my asshole still gaping from all the abuse.

My mother dissolves into hysterical sobs and clings to my father. I've never seen her so overwrought with emotion. She's always been a pillar of strength. All I feel at the tragic sight is jealous.

I wanna feel the warmth of Johnny's flesh against mine. The squeeze of his fingers gripping my ass. The throb of his cock deep inside me. The hot jets of his seed filling my womb.

I'm so fixated on the fantasy of my father fucking me that I don't notice Kotal has ascended from his throne, until he stuffs a finger in my swollen asshole.

Wincing with pain, I glance back over my shoulder. Kotal towers over me, a living embodiment of masculinity, his enormous erection casting a shadow up the length of my spine. He's a behemoth mistaken for a deity incarnate and I'm a sacrifice offered in hopes of satisfying his ravenous hunger. He will devour me whole. I am but a morsel.

Plucking his digit from my anus, Kotal grips my hip and crouches to bring his phallus level with my cleft. Grasping his shaft with his other hand, he rubs his cockhead between my nether lips, moistening the tip of his dick with my feminine juices. Shivers of ecstasy ripple through me each time he nudges my tiny nub. I chew my bottom lip with mounting need as he winds me tighter and tighter with this teasing of my sensitive button.

With his lubed cockhead planted against my vaginal opening, Kotal reaches forward and clutches hold of my shoulder. I ball my fists, curl my toes, clench my cheeks, and howl through gnashing teeth as he forges into me, forcing my inner muscles to stretch beyond what should be possible. If not for the amulet, my muscles would tear and my pussy would be ripped asunder.

When his burrowing cockhead reaches the full depth of my clinching canal, Kotal stands erect, hoisting me into the air, and I kick my legs in a bout of frantic struggle until I dig the heels of my feet into the front of his thighs, taking the weight of my body off my agonized cervix.

The brief moment of relief is obliterated as Kotal begins to rock his powerful hips, pillaging my pussy with painful plunges of his herculean phallus. He turns up the tempo of his terror-inducing thrusts until he is jackhammering my clenching cunt with his titanic titan.

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Kotal grunts with exertion and I shriek in excruciation with each impaling stab of his elephantine cock. My head whips back and forth, my arms whack left and right, and my breasts whirl around and around like I'm a human rag doll. Spit slings from my screeching lips and secretions splatter from my seizing womanhood. The pangs of pain are so penetrating that I barely notice the amulet pelting me in the throat with every plundering punch of his prick.

When I do eventually take note of the amulet, a revelation dawns on me. I have a means of liberation! It'll require perfect timing, but it isn't an impossible feat. If I can remain steadfast, I can escape this hell!

I spur him on, squealing with each spike. "Cum...for...me! I...wanna...feel...you... climax! Cum...for...me! I...wanna...feel...your...cock...spew! Cum...for...me! I...wanna... carry...your...babies! Please...please...please!"

Kotal roars, "Yes! Yes! *Yees!*"

As he pulls back to hit me with all he's got at the pinnacle point, I clutch the amulet and tear it off my collar, tossing it into the crowd.

I'm ravaged by a mind-bending orgasm beyond anything I've ever experienced. It's like being reborn. And then abruptly I find myself floating above the scene. My body below is limp in Kotal's grip. Blood and cum are oozing from every orifice of my corpse. Without the amulet's power protecting me, his final climactic thrust proved to be a brutal fatality.

A heavy and vile energy envelopes my spirit. I can feel it corrupting my soul. Quan Chi is possessing me!

Cold and calculating, I march through the whirling purple vortex of crackling energy, traveling instantaneously from the Netherrealm into Outworld.

Sindel, Kitana, and Jade have already engaged the motorcade. The Edenians passed through the dimensional rift a moment before me. Due to a time dilation between the realms, they've been here for five minutes. And they're always eager for action.

The lead vehicle of the Black Dragon convoy, an armored SUV, is flipped on its roof, the engine compartment crushed. It's spewing smoke, the acrid fumes polluting the night air, otherwise heavy with the scent of desert flowers. No doubt, due to Sindel's ultrasonic scream.

With a flick of her wrists, Kitana opens her razor-sharp steel fans and rushes forward. She demonstrates her thousands of years of combat training with fluid and fatal movements, slashing and spinning and swiping, dismembering and decapitating thug after thug as they exit their vehicles, blood spurting and spraying everywhere.

Simultaneously, Jade swings and swirls and stabs her sharp-pointed steel staff with comparable skill to Kitana, gouging and goring mercenaries, one after the next, in a gory display of carnage that stains the sands scarlet.

My father and mother birth from the portal. Their eyes are golden orbs of radiance and their flesh is embellished with yellow veins of magick. They're wearing tactical outfits, same as me with my slinky skin-tight bodysuit that hugs every sensual contour of my body.

Johnny places a squeezing hand on my shoulder and smirks. "You ready for payback, babygirl?"

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I wink and blow him a kiss. “Fuck yeah, Daddy.”

When Quan Chi brought me to visit my father with an offer to reunite us, Johnny agreed almost immediately, and he took his own life so he could be resurrected to fight by my side.

Sonya, on the other hand, could not be convinced to join us. So my father and I took her by force. She was no match for the two of us. Now we’re a happy family.

When the ranks of cannon fodder dissipate, the heavy hitters emerge and a melee ensues.

Sindel tangles her hair around Tremor’s legs and yanks him off his feet before he can induce a quake. She pins him to the ground with a sustained scream that billows sand into the air and eventually implodes his chest, crushing his heart and lungs.

Kitana faces off against Reptile, deflecting and reflecting gobs of acid with her fans before closing the distance, springing into the air while retracting her fans into daggers and burying them in Reptile’s brain via his eye sockets as she slams him to the ground.

Meanwhile, Jade scraps with Erron, ducking and dodging bullets until she is close enough to lunge toward him and bring her staff down on his Stetson hat, splitting his skull open and ejecting his eyeballs.

Quan Chi will resurrect all three men to join our cause. We’re gathering strong soldiers.

Kano exits an armored SUV wearing a ‘guess I’ll have to do it myself’ sneer.

I lead Johnny and Sonya in a charge. I unholster a pistol and thumb the safety off as I run.

The crimson of Kano’s cybernetic eye brightens and Sonya tosses a stun grenade in an overhead arc that drops it at Kano’s feet. It detonates, electrocuting him and causing his laser beam to go wide.

Taking advantage of his momentarily immobilized state, I slow my sprint to take careful aim and squeeze the trigger. Kano’s head whips to the side as his cybernetic eye explodes with a shower of sparks.

Though he appears unsteady, Kano amazingly remains standing and pulls two knives.

I holster my weapon and turn to Johnny, who is keeping pace with my stride.

“Cassie,” he questions, “you ready to *Cage* this one-eyed fucker?”

I grin. “That’s exactly what I was thinking.”

Summoning a power within me that I’ve only just recently learned to evoke, I launch into a shadow kick in perfect sync with my father. The world takes on a green glow and time appears to slow down as my mind and body speed up.

The heel of Johnny’s boot and mine simultaneously strike Kano in the chest with bone-crushing force. His knives are flung from his hands and he is slammed to the sand. The wind knocked out of him, he gasps for air.

I rest a foot on his sternum and apply pressure, causing his single true eye to go wide with agony. Surely his ribs are shattered.

As Kano wheezes and whimpers, I address my parents. “Please go find your grandchildren and their wet nurses.”

They offer terse nods and split up to search the idling vehicles for my daughters, which we will raise together.

Kano manages to utter a pained whisper, “Are ya gonna kill me?”

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“Remember in the Krypt, when I asked the same question?” I crouch and spit in his face. “You get the same answer. Death is freedom. Something you’ll never experience again.”

The look of horror that deforms his face is priceless.

With a sinister smile, I take a step back and unclip my utility belt and let it drop to the ground. Then I unclip my shoulder holster and roll my shoulders to let it fall. I unbuckle the throat strap of my bodysuit and pull the zipper, exposing my ample cleavage. After pulling my arms out, I peel it halfway down my thighs, unveiling my candy-red lingerie, including a lace and sheer mesh bustier, thong panties, garters and thigh-high stockings. Besides the color, it’s identical to what I wore the night I met Kano. I want this to be special.

I step forward and plant a boot against his throat to pin his head in place. “I’m gonna repay you many fold for every slight and shame and suffering you caused.” Pulling my panties aside, I thrust out my groin and let loose a stream of yellow to splash over his grimacing face and into his mouth. “You’ll never drink anything besides piss ever again.”

I give Kano’s bare ass a swift kick as he’s crawling into his kennel. He grunts in pain around the ball gag in his mouth as his face smacks the galvanized steel of the rear of the cage. The enclosure is the same size as the one he kept me in, but he’s much larger than me. Therefore it’s rather cramped. I can’t say that I’m concerned for his comfort.

I squeeze the padlock closed, and taunt him, “The Edenians should be in shortly for your nightly fucking. Be a good little piggy and only squeal when they command it.”

After locking the cell his kennel is housed in, I exit the dungeon via a winding staircase of heavy stone.

Moving silently through the citadel, I stop in the nursery. Tasia and the other two wet nurses are already asleep, as are my three daughters they’re swaddling in their large shared bed. My babies are only three months old, yet they’ve grown that which is typical for nine-month-olds. They also consume three times as much as average infants. I don’t know when, if ever, their rapid growth will decline. I leave without disturbing them. I’ll visit again in the morning.

I retire to my family’s quarters, where my parents are sprawled naked in our king-size bed as if on a banner for a porn site. As I strip, they stroke themselves. At my request, Quan Chi blessed my mother with a phallus upon resurrection as he did with the Edenians.

Once nude, I kneel at the foot of the bed and prayer my hands. “Daddy, Mommy, may I join you?”

Sonya purrs, “Of course you may, my precious little devil.”

I clap my hands with excitement, then scurry onto the bed and snuggle between them. When we’re alone I feel like a little girl again.

Johnny pets my inner thigh. “Have you been a good girl and completed your chores?”

I bob my head. “Each and every one of them.”

He offers me a suggestive grin. “Then I suppose it’s cuddle time, isn’t it, babygirl?”

I smile and nod. “Uh-huh.”

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Taking their erections in my palms, I pump them with gentle twists of my wrists and they smother me in affection, pecking every inch of my face with tender kisses as I giggle and squirm like a child being tickled.

Cradling my cheek in his hand, Johnny tilts my head and presses his lips to mine with an elated moan that heats my blood and prickles my skin with arousal. His kisses are so intoxicating!

Sonya gropes at my bosoms and sucks and licks at my nape as I part my lips to allow my father's tongue access to mine.

Johnny teases me with swipes of the tip until I pucker my lips and suckle his tongue like a dick, inciting carnal groans of desire. He enjoys my kisses as much as I enjoy his.

Sonya's silky sensual kisses trail down a collarbone and into my cleavage. She cups my breasts and nibbles each nipple, back and forth, causing my womanhood to tingle and ooze.

I fist their shafts with more vigor and Johnny clutches my throat, pressing my head into the pillows as he kisses me with more passion. I thrive in his dominance! I wallow in his possessiveness! I revel in his voracity!

Sonya twists my lower half towards her and I wrap my legs around her waist. She nuzzles her cockhead between my nether lips, grinding against my bundle of nerves, inducing waves of euphoria to flow through me. Finally, she pushes inside my slick slit with a gasping moan of bliss.

Johnny relinquishes my lips and releases my throat to grab the lube from the nightstand.

I turn fully on my side and curl my arms around my mother, pressing my bosoms against hers. Our stiff nipples caress with each breath, shooting shivers up my spine. I kiss her hard on the mouth as she begins to thrust into me softly. Her phallus fills me completely, the head nestling my cervix.

My father's lubed prick glides between my cheeks and pokes at my rosebud, meeting resistance briefly before I consciously relax to grant him the entry he seeks. He utters a pleased and prolonged groan into my ear as he gradually sinks his cock deep into my bowels. I adore the feeling of his member plunging through my anus! I relish the sensation of his manhood throbbing inside me! I delight in the knowledge of the joy my ass affords him!

I break from my mother's kissing lips to look back over my shoulder at my father. "Ooh Daddy, I love when you stuff my hiney!"

"Ooh babygirl, you have the most perfect hiney for stuffing!" Gripping my lower jaw, he cranes my neck further to kiss my mouth. He laves his tongue over mine as he pumps my rectum with deliberate thrusts, lightly spanking my bottom with each solid jab.

My head is wrenched back and forth as my parents take turns spitting in my mouth and sucking my tongue with lascivious moans, as they make delicate love to my pussy and ass in a harmonious rhythm that is nirvana. There can be no greater glory. No higher heaven. My heart is enraptured and my mind is enthralled as I tremble with orgasm, again and again, for hours on end. Being undead, we have no need of sleep. We spend every night, all night, embraced in the throes of passion.

In the core of my being, I'm aware that I've been enslaved by Quan Chi's black magick. Yet I have never experienced more liberation or jubilation in all my life. For the first time, both my

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parents love me and lust for me without restraint. We play out fantasy after fantasy, reaching climax after climax, never tiring of each other or the ecstasy we breed. I've discovered Eden in Hades! The necromancer can keep my soul as long as I have my parents' lustful love!