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Scarlet Vice

Aisling Morgan

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This book is a work of fiction.

In real life, make sure you practise safe, sane and consensual sex.

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Dedicated to Paul Copperwaite,
for a particular appreciation
of the subject matter.













By the same author:

THE RAKE
MAIDEN
TIGER, TIGER
DEVON CREAM
PURITY
CAPTIVE
DEEP BLUE
PLEASURE TOY
VELVET SKIN
PEACHES AND CREAM
INNOCENT
SATAN'S SLUT
WENCHES, WITCHES AND STRUMPETS
DEMONIC CONGRESS
WHIPPING GIRL
CREAM TEASE
NATURAL DESIRE, STRANGE DESIGN
PRINCESS
CRUEL SHADOW
SIN'S APPRENTICE

SCARLET VICE

'Fat breasts, fat breasts,' Blessed Father Alcuin Albus chuckled to himself as he gave them yet another squeeze. 'How good was the Lord to provide you such fat breasts, and indeed, girls in general, for I have observed that those with an inadequate endowment at one end frequently make up for it at the other. You, by contrast, our Lord has seen fit to endow more than amply both fore and aft.'

You'll notice that we have introduced a set of symbols onto our book jackets, so that you can tell at a glance what fetishes each of our brand new novels contains. Here's the key - enjoy!

-  cp (traditional)
-  cp (modern)
-  spanking
-  restraint/bondage
-  rope bondage/hojojutsu
-  latex/rubber/leather/enclosure
-  fem dom
-  willing captivity
-  medical
-  period setting
-  uniforms
-  sex rituals

One

K'Tai gave an involuntary grunt as she was pushed down among the skins. Her arm had been twisted behind her back, her breasts squashed out onto coarse, ticklish fur that reeked of the dead beast from which it had been cut. Neither her pain nor the unpleasant smell was responsible for the look of furious consternation on her face, but rather that she was helpless, defeated, and that Luando's cock now rested between the well-splayed cheeks of her ample bottom. As he began to rub himself in her hot, sweaty crease she gave a single violent jerk, but he held tight, laughing.

'Oh no, K'Tai,' he chuckled, 'not this time. This time, there is no escape. You are about to be privileged to learn how it feels to have a man's penis in your body.'

'In me!' K'Tai spat, and gave another violent but futile lurch. 'Not in me, you idiot! What of my bride price! Father will . . .'

'Be calm, little fool!' Luando laughed. 'Do you think I'd fuck your precious cunt!? Oh, no. You have a backside like a ripe melon, K'Tai, and it is up the little brown hole at the centre my cock is going.'

'No!' K'Tai shrieked, struggling harder than ever. 'No, Luando, not up my bottom! No! No!'

His response was a happy sigh, as all her frantic squirming had achieved was to rub her bottom against him, speeding up the rapid engorgement of his cock. Still she

squirmed, her consternation growing ever stronger at the prospect of having the thick, black bar of meat now rubbing in the groove of her buttocks forced up the tiny hole between them. She continued to protest too, but with a new note of pleading in her voice.

‘No,’ she repeated, ‘no, Luando, not up my bottom, please – rub in my slit if you have to, but not up my hole – you are too big!’

‘Nonsense!’ Luando chuckled. ‘Why would the Makers have given girls such adorable bottoms if boys were not meant to put their cocks inside? Do not worry, I take some juice from your cunt and rub it on your bottom ring. You need only relax, and I think you will find I fit very well, and just be grateful it is I, Luando, who will be the first to fuck your bottom, and not Costos!’

He finished with a peal of laughter and allowed his now hard cock to slip lower, the tip pressing to her anus.

‘Bush pig!’ K’Tai screamed, thrashing furiously in his grip. ‘Get off me, you great, rutting ape! Baboon! Warthog! I would rather have Costos, you diseased ghoulish ape! No! No, Luando, no . . . you said you would cream me at least!’

Luando had taken her tirade of abuse with no more than a dull grunt as he attempted to force his helmet into her tightly clenched anus. He stopped.

‘So I did,’ he said mildly, and took hold of his cock, pushing it lower, to the sticky, creamy mouth of her virgin sex.

Despite herself, K’Tai’s mouth came open in pleasure as the bulbous cock tip was rubbed in her slippery hole. Only when he began to collect her juice and smear it onto her bottom hole did she remember to fight, giving a desperate lurch that almost succeeded in throwing him off. Yet he stayed put, and she gasped in pain as her arm was twisted higher up her back.

‘Play fair, K’Tai,’ Luando warned, and once more pressed his cock to the now well-lubricated star of her anus.

‘Pig!’ K’Tai sobbed. ‘No . . . sorry, Luando, I did not mean to call you names, but let me be, please? You can do it in my slit, I promise, and I will wiggle my bottom about the way you like – or between my breasts, willingly, holding them for you – or in my mouth, Luando, and I will not bite, I promise. No, Luando – no!’

He ignored her, not bothering to answer, and she shut up, realising that his cock was going up her bottom no matter what she said. Clenching was no good either, her anus too slippery to keep him out. Her face set in a furious pout as the little virgin hole began to spread, an emotion made worse because it felt absolutely wonderful. At last she surrendered, letting her ring go loose as she spoke, sobbing.

‘Do it, then, you pig of pigs, big man who has to hold a girl down to use her bottom . . .’

Luando merely laughed, then cursed as a voice called from outside the hut.

‘K’Tai? Luando? Come quickly!’

‘Go away, Hundro!’ Luando answered. ‘I am breaking K’Tai’s arsehole in for her, something you might have done yourself, lazy one!’

‘Stop playing the baboon, Luando!’ the voice answered. ‘This is important. A man from the north has come to preach of a new god. We must hear him.’

‘Then let him wait!’ Luando snarled. ‘Because my cock cannot. A moment, while I get it well in her tube and I will spunk . . .’

‘Father is coming!’ Hundro hissed.

Luando cursed, and released his grip on K’Tai’s arm. He had continued to push as he spoke, and her bottom hole

had been forced almost wide enough to take him, leaving her feeling uncomfortably loose and open as he pulled away. Rather than stripping her, he had simply turned her wrap up to get her bottom bare, and she quickly covered herself before scrambling to her feet. Luando looked angry, and she contented herself with sticking her tongue out at him before skipping quickly away, across the hut, and outside. Hundro stood on the dusty ground outside, his powerful arms folded across his chest. There was no sign of the Chief.

‘I lied,’ Hundro stated, seeing her puzzled expression, ‘to make Luando hurry. Must you two spend all your time rutting?’

‘It is not me!’ K’Tai protested. ‘Luando’s cock is forever in need of attention, and it seems nothing will do but he assuage himself on my body. He is like a pygmy ape, worse.’

‘You are the one who is like a pygmy ape,’ Luando stated, emerging from the hut, ‘always wiggling that fine, fat arse of yours and shaking your titties. What man’s cock could stay limp an instant in front of such provocation?’

‘I do not shake my titties, nor wiggle my bottom!’ K’Tai flared. ‘Not unduly! I am as the Makers intended, that is all.’

‘The Makers intended you to be fucked,’ Luando stated. ‘Where is father?’

‘Listening to the Northern,’ Hundro answered. ‘I lied to make you hurry.’

Luando responded with a grunt and followed his brother towards the open space at the centre of the village. K’Tai followed, waddling slightly and wishing her bottom hole didn’t feel so wet, or so badly in need of having something pushed up inside it, preferably a cock.

Most of the village's population were already gathered around the great stone that served as a podium for her father when an announcement was to be made. A curious man was now standing on it, waving his arms and speaking rapidly in the trade tongue. He was small, bony beneath a voluminous, dirty robe of some heavy, close-weaved cloth, with no hair and skin of an extraordinary colour, like that of the inside of a normal person's mouth, as well as being wrinkled.

'Is he ill?' she asked quietly as she moved close to her aunt Jada. 'A leper?'

'I do not think so,' Jada answered. 'Just ugly.'

K'Tai made a face, uncertain, and attempted to concentrate on what the Northern was saying. It was not easy, his speech hurried with excitement and his words a mixture of trade tongue and others completely incomprehensible to her. All she could make out was that his excitement stemmed from the imminent arrival of some great person, or possibly a god, the Lord.

'Does he mean to set a new king or chief over us?' she queried after a while. 'If so, why announce it? Does he not think the Akasava will fight?'

'This Lord is not a man,' Jada answered, 'but a god, or some great spirit. Perhaps he means to bring us a fetish?'

'Why would he do that?'

'Who can say, but he is a wise man, that is certain.'

'Wise? He seems more a madman!'

'No. So much of what he says is beyond my understanding. Here is great wisdom.'

'Perhaps it is beyond our understanding because it is nonsense?'

'No. He is clear in his speech. Madmen rave.'

'I say he raves.'

Jada shook her head and raised two fingers for silence. K'Tai complied and went back to attempting to understand the speech, but with no more success. Only when the Northern finally stopped, now looking stern and serious with his chin tilted up in the air as if he had performed some heroic feat, did she speak again.

'It is plain. He has been driven mad by his disease.'

She moved forwards, following Jada and others, to where her father and brothers had formed a small circle with other warriors and the older women. Her grandmother was speaking with as much or more enthusiasm as the Northern had shown.

'There is much for the village here! We must take in his wisdom, or others will, to our disadvantage!'

Her father nodded seriously.

'This much is plain.'

'I do not agree,' Luando objected. 'I understood nothing . . .'

'You understand little in any event,' Hundro responded. 'I say we take him in.'

'And I,' K'Tai's eldest uncle added, the first voice in a murmur of agreement.

Luando shrugged, but K'Tai spoke up.

'Throw him out! He is not a wise man, but a diseased madman! If we take him in, the consequences may be . . .'

'Hush, child,' her grandmother cut in. 'This man is of the north, and holy, rich with wisdom. We must take him in.'

'Yes,' Hundro urged. 'He may have knowledge of every kind, how to forge the hardest metals, to cut bright jewels . . .'

' . . . to heal disease,' Jada put in.

'He cannot heal his own!' K'Tai pointed out.

'He is not diseased, fool child,' her grandmother answered her. 'They all look like that.'

'So ugly? Surely not . . .'

The Chief raised his hand.

'The matter is closed. We take him in.'

Immediately the younger warriors broke away. Four swift strides took them to the stone, where the Northern was grabbed, bound, gagged and thrown into the common hut, his frantic struggles making little difference and his protests and threats of retribution from his Lord none at all. K'Tai's father took a glance at the sun, already well down in the western sky, and clapped his hands.

'Hasten, all of you,' he ordered. 'We must do this man due honour, with a fine feast.'

K'Tai was feeling far from happy as she went to fetch Costos. Even if her aunt and grandmother were right, and Northerns really did look so unhealthy, then surely his sanity at least had to be questioned. Some Northerns evidently did know wonderful things, as the trade goods which occasionally came up the river proved, but that did not mean the one who'd come to the village possessed such knowledge. He had certainly given no evidence of it, but what he had said, of his supposedly all-powerful Lord, sounded highly unlikely, while one other bit she had understood, about dead men who lived in the sky, was obviously untrue.

She was frowning in concentration as she walked out across the fields with Costos following behind, even the state Luando had driven her to forgotten, save for the now mildly irritating sticky feeling between her thighs and bottom cheeks. There was a patch of pepper root in the valley bottom, which with luck would be mature and make an ideal spice to improve the somewhat heavy texture of brain.

Not that she intended to eat any, with such unpredictable consequences, but she would at least have to put it into her mouth, while her pride in her ability to cook would not allow her to do less than her best. Still she worried, considering the horror of having her own family and the rest of the villagers afflicted with the yammering madness she was convinced afflicted the Northern.

Costos had moved off about his own business by the time she reached the little glade in which the pepper root grew. She didn't worry, knowing that he would remain within calling distance, while no dangerous beasts had come near the village all year. As she got down on all fours at the edge of the little clump of blue-green plants she was wondering if it might not be possible to get him to kill a bush pig and somehow substitute its brain for the Northern's.

Unfortunately, she considered, as she began to dig down into the moist soil with her fingers, eating the brain of the bush pig might have even worse consequences. What, after all, did a bush pig know, if anything? Would the villagers end up rooting in the dirt for tubers and rutting without thought for whose cock was inserted into whose cunt? In Luando's case it would make little difference, perhaps, but .

..

She never realised Costos was behind her until his face pressed between her open buttocks. Instead of getting up immediately, she cursed him and slapped back, a mistake, as an instant later he had mounted her, his weight crushing her down among the pepper root as his cock probed for her cunt hole.

'Get off me! Get off, you dirty beast!' she squealed, too late, her body trapped beneath his, held tight, her hymen already pushing in to the head of his cock.

All she could do was snatch back, pushing at his great bulbous tube of meat as he sought to thrust it up her. It wouldn't come away from her hole. She was going to have her cunt fucked, her virginity taken, and she was babbling in despair and panic as she fought to stop it.

'Costos, no! Costos! Oh please, no, not like this, no, not the first time - not like this! No, you filthy beast!'

She finished with a grunt of relief as his cock slipped upwards, content to have him rut in her bottom crease if it meant her virginity would be spared, only to cry out in bitter consternation as his cock tip jammed into the still moist cavity of her bottom hole. Her slippery ring immediately spread to the pressure, and she let out a despairing wail as she realised she was to be buggered instead. He pushed, and she was slapping backwards and cursing him in a vain effort to get him off as her anus began to fill.

'No! No, you idiot beast! Not in me, not up my bottom - do it in my slit, can't you, you stupid dog! You - No!'

It was too late, and her voice broke off in a second, yet more heartfelt wail of despair as her anus opened to him, admitting an inch of cock, up to his full width, and another, and she'd been entered. With her hole penetrated it was pointless to fight any more, she was no longer pure in her bottom. Shame and regret filled her as she gave in, trapped beneath him and buggered on her knees in the dirt, yet it was impossible not to react to him, grunting and panting, her eyes bulging and her mouth wide open as for the first time in her life her rectum filled with penis. It felt thick and heavy, bloating her out, and seemingly so deep she was sure it would come out of her mouth once his full length was in.

Yet it felt so good, far too good to stop. Not that she had the option. He was well in, his weight on top of her back,

buggering her with urgent, hurried thrusts, his fat cock pumping in her rectum to set her grunting in helpless passion and clutching at the moist soil. A last tremor of shame ran through her as she realised she was going to come, and her hand had gone back, to rub at her empty cunt, and touch where the huge cock penetrated her anus, pulling her straining ring in and out as she was buggered.

Costos had begun to grunt, and as his frantic pace grew faster still K'Tai's fingers were working in the moist, sensitive slit between her plump sex lips. His haunches were smacking on her upturned bottom, making the meaty cheeks wobble and bounce as if she was being beaten, and the pace of her buggering had grown so fast and so deep she wasn't sure she could take much more of it.

Yet she was still squirming on his intruding cock, and rubbing herself hard, wobbling the fat little bump at the top of her sex from side to side, unable to stop herself as she masturbated with furious energy to her first ever buggering, all the while with Costos humping on her back at a demented speed . . .

. . . and stopping, suddenly, to spunk up in her gut, holding himself as deep as he could go as she moaned and shook beneath him. K'Tai came to orgasm with the full, fat bulk of Costos's cock held deep in her rectum, his huge balls pressed to her diddling fingers and her anal ring stretched painfully taut yet still trying to contract on the thick shaft within it. She'd always been a screamer, and her cries of ecstasy rang out around the quiet glade, to scare the birds from the trees, until at last she clamped her teeth onto a mouthful of pepper root in a now pointless effort to shut herself up.

Costos was already trying to extract his cock from her bottom hole by the time she had finished coming, and she had no choice but to stay down in the same position in which he'd caught her and buggered her, until his full

length had been pulled free. Only then did she get up, her anus gaping, sore and dribbling spunk as she waddled painfully down to the river to wash.

As K'Tai cleaned herself and allowed the cool water to soothe her aching ring Costos kept his back to her, as if ashamed, which finally brought a wry smile to her face. As she quickly chose the pepper root she needed she was thinking of how it had been inevitable that she would eventually have her anus used, and that at least now that Costos had had her Luando would be denied the satisfaction of being her first. Better still, she had retained her virginity, and so remained unsullied for marriage, avoiding a disgrace infinitely worse than merely having Costos be the first to take her up her bottom.

She was still pouting as they started back towards the village, unable to keep the expression off her face for all her efforts to convince herself it had been for the best. Even the problem of the Northern remained at the back of her mind until she reached the gates. A ring of huge palm leaves had already been laid out around the Chief's stone, and in front of it two women were arranging the appropriate pots and knives.

All the oldest and most respected people in the village seemed certain that the Northern was both sane and wise, and she tried to tell herself not to worry, but failed. Having given the pepper root to Jada, whose honour it was to prepare the man's brain for consumption, she found herself at a loose end, and after a moment of guilty dithering decided to speak to the Northern and hopefully reassure herself.

He was still in the hut where the men had left him, bound on the floor. His position gave him a clear view of the feast preparations, and yet his face showed no fear. Instead his eyes were closed, and he seemed to be talking to himself, although soundlessly, due to the wad of leather

the men had pushed into his mouth to prevent him making a nuisance with his screams. More worried than ever, K'Tai knelt down beside him, just as his eyes came open.

They looked at one another, K'Tai seeking evidence of madness or its absence, but the Northern's thoughts were unreadable. After a moment his gaze flicked to her breasts, and quickly away, then back, and away, as if he couldn't decide if he wanted to look at them or not. Puzzled, K'Tai shook her head, telling herself that his strange behaviour might simply be a reaction to the prospect of being cooked and eaten rather than evidence of madness.

Curious, and feeling that she should return his compliment, K'Tai lifted the hem of his robe, to reveal a penis so short it hardly seemed practical, and a bulbous, wrinkled scrotum. His body had grown instantly stiff and he had begun to mutter through his gag again, so, realising her mistake, she hastened to reassure him, speaking the trade tongue as best she could.

'No warrior - no big man, want - want eat cunt diddler. Not virile, not man enough . . .'

His look, panic-stricken as she lifted his robe, had grown worse. K'Tai hastened to correct whatever mistake she had made.

'No. My father - big, big man - big daddy man. He chop good, chop fast . . .'

The Northern had begun to writhe on the floor and K'Tai shook her head in annoyance, wishing she'd made more effort to communicate with the traders who occasionally visited the village. Yet his reaction, if odd, suggested at least a degree of sanity. Unable to reach a conclusion, she decided to try and ask him some questions.

'I take gag,' she tried, pointing to the leather in his mouth. 'You not scream?'

He nodded urgently, and K'Tai, feeling rather pleased with herself, began to loosen his gag. Soon it was clear, and after a little spitting and gasping for air, he spoke.

'My prayers are answered! Thank you, O my Lord for my deliverance!'

'Your Lord?' K'Tai queried. 'I am not your Lord. I no Lord. I am K'Tai, daughter of - oh, how does it go? I K'Tai, lil'slut come from big, big daddy man. Yes?'

The Northern appeared not to have heard, but was still mumbling about his Lord. Increasingly sure that he was indeed mad, K'Tai bit her lip. To devour the brain of a man so far gone in madness he couldn't even tell the difference between a girl and his great spirit would be disastrous. Yet perhaps he was like her grandmother, and could no longer see clearly? Certainly he was quite old. She leaned close, taking her breasts in her hands and bouncing them, to ensure that unless he was actually blind he could be in no doubt whatsoever about her sex.

'See?' she stated. 'No Lord, no titties. I K'Tai, lil'slut come from big, big daddy man. Yes?'

For an instant the Northern's eyes came wide in shock, fixed in near-demented terror on the two fat brown globes in front of him, before he had closed them and once more began to talk to himself, fast and urgent, beseeching his Lord for deliverance. K'Tai rocked back on her haunches with a long sigh. The man was not merely mad, but raving, to lie still as he watched the preparations for a feast intended to include his brain as the principal course and yet to be scared of a young woman's breasts. There was no longer any question.

She rose, wondering how to explain to her father and the others. Unfortunately not even Luando set much store by her opinion, never mind her father, and still less her grandmother, who usually had the final say in such matters.

In fact she could be fairly sure they would ignore her, maybe even take a switch to her bottom for disturbing the Northern. Far easier to simply undo his bonds the moment the sun was down and let him run. After all, nobody had seen her enter the hut.

Ducking down once more, she raised two fingers to tell him to be silent. He didn't seem to understand, still mumbling, but he had at least opened his eyes. K'Tai pointed to his bonds, again struggling to get the trade tongue right as she spoke.

'Sun, he go low. Lil'slut K'Tai, me - me diddle rope. You run. Yes?'

To her relief he nodded, but as he spoke her impression of his madness was again reinforced.

'Thank you, O Lord. Thank you, O Lord for thou hast delivered me from the house of the heathen . . .'

'Me no Lord. Me lil'slut,' K'Tai insisted and once more bounced her breasts in her hands to make her point.

'O Lord!' he answered.

K'Tai shrugged, telling herself it was pointless to expect sense from an obvious madman. The shafts of sunlight breaking in through gaps in the withe of the hut were already a rich orange in colour, and she quickly dragged him further into the hut, out of sight. His bonds were tight, but soon began to give way to her fingernails, one thong at a time, until his wrists were free, and then his ankles. As he began to rub the circulation into her limbs she once more made the sign for quiet, and this time he seemed to understand.

Her heart was beating fast as she waited for the sun to go down, knowing that she would have to be sure to help him get away, or the idiot might well walk in a circle, blunder into a beast pit, or perform some completely unpredictable action. In further evidence of his madness,

instead of peering through the withes or asking her questions, he merely knelt with his hands locked together, mumbling about his Lord in a tone so full of conviction that K'Tai found herself half expecting some huge and terrifying spirit creature to appear and wreck havoc in the village.

Nothing happened, save that the sun continued on its course, dipping behind the palisade and the trees, then the horizon, to leave the village in sudden blackness save for the flickering orange of the fires. K'Tai reached out to take the Northern's hand, only to have him jerk back. He stood up anyway, and followed her to the rear door of the hut. A brief dash to another hut and they were in absolute darkness. A second dash, and a third, and they could see the gate, lit dull red in distant firelight, open to the night, with Luando, holding a spear and just about to close it.

K'Tai swore under her breath and made a series of frantic gestures to the Northern, who merely looked puzzled. Already her father would be sharpening the axe and Jada testing her knives. With no time to lose, she stepped casually from the shadows, smiling and swaying her hips as she approached Luando, and telling herself that after being buggered by Costos, allowing Luando to use her mouth or breasts was a small thing. He saw her, and grinned, but what he said came as a shock.

'So you are a bitch after all, K'Tai? And do not deny it. S'Veia saw you with Costos. What, were you so excited by me, you had to give yourself to him?'

He laughed, and K'Tai found herself blushing, but she went on with what she needed to say.

'I was excited, yes, for all that you behaved like a rutting baboon, and worse than Costos, certainly. He at least did not twist my arm behind my back.'

'He didn't have to, from what S'Veia says,' Luando replied. 'She says you were down on your knees with your

arse in the air and Costos on your back, like a bitch in heat, and rubbing your cunt with his cock up your arsehole to the hilt!’

‘Yes, that is true,’ K’Tai admitted, her cheeks burning, ‘more or less, but no different than you intended . . .’

‘There is a difference between Costos and I!’

‘Very little. But never mind Costos. Do you still want me, or did you spunk in your hand like the dirty little boy you are?’

‘Oh, I want you, and for that I will have you, in your arsehole and in your mouth as well!’

‘Why not have me now, between my titties?’

She cupped her breasts, holding them up, and flicked her tongue out to moisten her lips. He swallowed, his eyes firmly on her chest.

‘Come, behind this hut,’ she suggested. ‘I want you to have me, Luando.’

‘I know,’ he answered, and, with a quick glance towards the fire, took her hand.

K’Tai could feel herself trembling as she was led into the darkness. Luando was successfully distracted, and the Northern surely had the sense to run for it? Meanwhile, she had to go through with what she had offered. Dropping to her knees, she watched as Luando lifted his wrap to expose the long, heavy shaft of his cock and held out her breasts to make a slide for it. He pushed it between them, still holding it, to rub his head on her smooth flesh and over her nipples.

She could smell his cock, heady and male, and feel it as it grew, first against the sensitive flesh of her titties, then between them as he grew stiff enough to fuck in her cleavage. Soon he was hard, and had taken over from her, holding the fat pillows of her breasts in his hands as he groped and squeezed them. Her now hard nipples were