

A
NECROMANCER'S
GUIDE
TO
BONING



2025
Spring

CONTENT ADVISORY:

* Mild cannibalism -licking blood, flesh thought about.

* Sexualised gore; sadism.

* Rape of and by pov, enjoyed/fetishised by pov when victim.

* Necrophilia -use of a body part as a sex toy.

* Extremely brief, non-graphic reference to off page sexual activity between teenage minors in past.

* References throughout to growing up in/escaping a cult.

* Predatory man harassing minor girl.

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—Sapphina Dreamweaver

Completed Spring (southern-hemisphere) of 2025

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DEDICATION:

To the women currently fantasising about murdering That Guy in your life right now.

Sometimes we should be allowed to kill shitty men and get sexual gratification from it. As a treat.

A Necromancer's Guide To Boning

Raven blinked as she stepped out into the bright mid-day sun onto a new world. It was blinding after hours in the windowless belly of the shuttle. The concrete was warm underfoot to her bare soles acclimatised to the cold metal deck plate inside the passenger bay. The unyielding surfaces were still harsh against her skin. Sun baked clay and soft dust they were not.

As her eyes adjusted, she saw Fang standing a few paces ahead. Her knight's eyes were far better protected than hers by giant discs of blackened glass. The rough weave of Fang's dark pants were filled with the dust they'd run from together, though she'd managed to beat most of it from her purple-tinged-black jacket festooned with pouches.

Completing her visual appraisal of the area, Fang turned to Raven, nodding once. "Shall we?" she enquired briskly. A scar split one pale eyebrow, her cropped hair likewise bleached a dusty white. A fortnight ago it had been a uniform, utterly unremarkable. But

Raven had seen scarce few people with such a style on the outside.

By contrast, Raven's hair was her natural chestnut. She'd considered dying it black to match the name she'd chosen for herself, but decided that it would be a bit much. By now it had grown out enough to be something approximating the pixie cuts in her well-worn fashion magazine.

It was tucked away in the small black backpack she wore, along with all her other possessions. She didn't exactly have a good notion of where 'here' was exactly, but it at least had the merit of not being there. And hopefully somewhere they'd not look for a long time yet.

"Yeah, sure," Raven agreed.

Fang's scarred, bone-backed hand snatched up the budging duffel bag she'd set down, slinging it across her back. It held most all of their now rather meagre supplies. Rations, clothes, medical supplies and so forth - obviously, there were no weapons.

They set off across the plaza, Fang's heavy black combat boots crunching across the

scattered gravel Raven was doing her best to avoid.

They'd gotten most of the way through what little crowd there was at this time when something caught raven's eye. There beneath a large tree ringed with concrete bench seating, was a kiosk with a large sign proclaiming: INFORMATION.

A quick look over the racks of pamphlets proved it to be a collection of tourism brochures. She plucked out several and tucked them into her pockets. Perhaps they might have some useful advice, the pair needed to find some kind of lodging if nothing else.

Fang's hand pressed on her shoulder blade. "I recommend we move to a more secluded location quickly. People are glancing at us."

Raven decided to humour her knight, even if she though the woman was too paranoid. A place like this, they were probably gawking at every stranger. Still, a few minutes of walking later the plaza was hidden from view by a low rise barber shop with two floors of apartments above it.

"Is that outfit a good idea, mistress? We are trying to hide what you are," Fang asked as

they wound down the narrow street. Their shuttle port had been the cheaper, industrial one on the city's fringe, not the more desirable one adjoining the higher class residential zoning on the north side.

Raven snorted. Sure, she was still wearing her robes, but all the distinguishing features were hidden beneath her hoodie. "Please, all anyone can see of it is a ratty black skirt."

"And the skull on your chest?" Fang demanded tersely.

There was a messy print of a bleached skull on Raven's hoodie, that was true. Spreading her fingerless black-leather gloved hands dismissively, she retorted: "It screams 'edgy teen', no one will think anything else. Don't worry so much."

Drawing her lips tight, Fang said: "it is my purpose to worry, mistress."

* * *

In the end it was almost forty-five minutes before trouble found them.

They had been walking along the cracked footpaths, or where the foot path was just piles of asphalt refuse, the side of the road. The buildings seemed to be as old as the town itself, stretching back to who knew when anymore. Despite the lack of maintenance on the buildings though, there were still signs of life. Outside the four story apartment blocks -mostly empty at this time of day- were flowers where the grass berm had been torn up and replanted. Many of them had colourful murals painted over the grey walls with varying degrees of skill.

And some fifty metres down a branching street flanked by shuttered stores, trouble. In this case in the form of a man leaning against the wall on an outstretched arm. That wasn't the issue though.

That would be the young woman with her back to the wall and the man's hand planted firmly above her shoulder. She looked like she would rather be anywhere but there.

Even leaning against the wall, he had an arrogant swagger to him. Slicked back hair. A aggressively casual suit with a two button jacket. His posture a well constructed performance of utter self-serving confidence.

A daddy's boy through and through.

Raven's eyes had been on the man, not where she was walking. He looked over as the empty drink can she'd carelessly punted rattled along her street. He looked over them with a contemptuous gaze before returning his attention to the girl.

The child had looked over too, and Raven wondered what she'd seen in the girl's wide eyes. The man leant down and seemed to whisper something in her ear. Whatever it was, she screwed her eyes shut and swallowed her lips.

"We shouldn't get involved, it would bring attention to us." Raven hadn't realised that she'd stopped until she heard Fang's words.

"Yeah, that would be the sensible option," Raven said slowly.

"Let us move along then." Fang put her hand on Raven's arm, nudging her charge firmly.

"But." Raven ran her tongue between her rows of teeth. "I want to. I want to kill that fucking man," she spat the final two words.

"Please, Mistress," Fang pleaded. "Now isn't the time to indulge those pleasures."

Raven shook her head slowly, eyes fixed on the oblivious man. "I'll enjoy it, sure. But I want to help that girl."

Her knight was taken aback, confusion plain in her voice: "Help?"

"Yeah." Raven set off towards the pair, taking long, certain strides. "New life, new leaf." She felt strangely euphoric all of a sudden.

Raven cleared her throat loudly as she approached the pair, Fang following closely behind. As the man turned to glare at her, she could make out his well groomed beard and slick haircut.

"This doesn't concern you, missy," he sneered. His face composed itself and he continued in a respectable voice. "Liz and I are just having a chat. Got sot something to straighten out with her is all."

Getting a good look at Liz, Raven was struck by just how young she was. Barely a teen, if that. To him she said dispassionately: "go."

"What do you mean?" He frowned deeply at Raven.

"Fuck off. Leave her alone. Or else. That clear enough to you?" Raven demanded, her fists clenching.

He blinked several times as she delivered her ultimatum, apparently in shock, then his face contorted into a reddened-rage. Spittle flew as he bellowed: "you know who I am, you fucking whore?"

Raven's features set as cold fire welled up in her core. Liz cowered against the wall, wincing at the yell. "Yes." She smiled widely. She was unarmed, but she knew something that he didn't. That most would have dismissed as the ravings of cranks and charlatans. "Dead meat."

With a gesture of the two fingers Raven kept well trimmed -just in case- her knight sallied forth. Fangs hands lifted from her sides, her mistress's power drawing forth weapons from the bone gauntlets she wore.

From her left hand sprang three wicked bone claws, into her right a brutal cutlass. Knights were weaponless without their necromancers; the perfect subservient enforcers.

The man had just enough time to raise an arm to shield himself, but it was a futile effort. He screamed as Fang's upstroke tore through his armpit, sending the limb in an arc of crimson over her head. The annoying sound was cut off a fraction of a second later as the claws skewered his neck. The middle talon had penetrated his throat and blood issued from his ravaged voice box.

He grasped feebly at Fang's arm as she hoisted him high by his neck. His expiring life ran down her arm and pooled on her shoulder. Soon a river burst forth from the growing pool and spilled seductively down her cleavage.

A few seconds later his legs gave one last spasm and the fingers slipped from Fang's wrist. Fang looked to Raven, a question on her impassive face.

"Toss him, I don't want any of that," Raven said dismissively. Her heart was racing at the display.

The girl gave a short shriek when the body hit the street several metres away - Fang had a good arm on her. The girl cowered against the wall, fingers scrabbling as if she was trying

to dig her way though as Raven approached her. Strange, Raven thought, I'm not that intimidating, am I?

"Please, don't hurt me. I won't tell anyone, I promise," the girl begged, her eyes fixed on the floor. Her chest was galloping too, though Raven suspected for different reasons to her own.

"Why would I hurt you?" Raven lifted the girl's chin carefully, fixing her with what raven hoped was a calming look. "You're safe now."

"I can leave now?" The girl's ashen lips quivered.

"After I do just one thing." Raven was baffled as to why the girl whimpered at her words. "The asshole got blood on you."

"Huh?" The girl opened her eyes.

"See?" Raven wiped away the droplet of blood from Liz's cheek, showing Liz it on her fingertips.

"Oh, that's all," Liz said in a small voice as she let out a sigh of relief, her shoulders relaxing a little.

"Yup," Raven confirmed cheerfully. "Now you get somewhere safe, okay?" She smiled, something which in hindsight would have been reassuring if not for her teeth being sharpened to points -as was the custom for her familial line. She didn't tend to eat yet living flesh right off the bone like the traditionalists did, but she did still like to bite. Her knight's multitude of scarred-over divots bore testament to that.

The kid screamed, slipping on a rivulet of blood and scrabbling away before finding her feet once more and sprinting down the street and out of view. It was a perplexing reaction.

Raven shrugged, licking the blood from her fingers. Lore told that evil left a certain taste in the blood, that one could always tell if blood was impure. But it tasted like any other to her palate.

Raven looked her knight over as she used her power to trim Fang's claws and sheath the sword. There was a gratifying amount of the man's sanguine sacrament lavished over Fang's left side. Raven's heart fluttered excitedly at the thought of one day seeing her servant naked, save for a vestment of viscera. A necromancer's knight. A perfected weapon

doused in blood glistening off chiselled abs and firm breasts.

At Fang's urging, they left the scene quickly. Fang took the lead. "I fear we will regret that. He may have had compatriots who will come looking for us."

"We shall see. I'm not afraid either way," Raven declared confidently.

* * *

They had paid for the cramped room with a fistful of coins. After a few more coins, the manager at the worn reception desk had remembered to mark the room as 'under maintenance' instead of writing a name in the guest book.

They had been lead to the far end of the concrete breeze-block units and up the stairs to the upper story balcony. The manager had shown them the dim room and said there was a bucket in the bathroom if the roof leaked in the night. If the bored person had noticed the blood splattered coat folded over Fang's arm, they said nothing. The dark brown drops of dried blood on her dirty pants legs and black boots didn't show much fortunately.

It was a sparse room, but more than that, it was drab. There was a faded couch with a ripped cushion and a small sink with a cheap plastic kettle by it. The dining area such as it was, consisted of a scuffed table with two pine chairs, all with yellowed varnish.

All that was perched on a worn vinyl floor and lit by a couple of hanging bulbs with dingy shades. The only other light was a small floor lamp near the couch to make reading at least somewhat possible once the sun went down.

"Well, this is nice," Raven could hear the disappointment in her own voice. She'd not been expecting much, but at least something better than 'dive'. The bones strung on her backpack clattered as she tossed it dejectedly by the entrance.

Fang shrugged, looking about. "I've had worse bunks."

Speaking of bunks, the final piece of furniture was a single, small bed against the back wall. The couch was far too short for either of them to sleep on, so they'd have cram onto the bed. No matter, it would be far from the first time Raven had shared a bed with her

knight. The last two weeks especially had provided no shortage of cramped spaces to hide in together.

Before Raven could sit down, Fang began examining the room looking it and down for anything out of place. Peering under the table, laying on the floor to grope the underside of the couch and other such checks.

While Fang was busy with her sweep, Raven sat on a chair and waited impatiently. Even if Fang hadn't already looked it over, there was hardly any risk of anything hidden in the spindly chair. Raven thought her knight was over-vigilant, no one was looking for her here and they certainly wouldn't have bothered tampering with a place like this.

Still, it was easier to let Fang get it out of her system or she'd never relax at all. Soon enough, Fang pronounced it suitable to her satisfaction. Raven stretched out on the couch as much as she could, while Fang stripped off to take a shower. Raven pulled out the brochures she'd grabbed in at the landing area and started skimming.

Steam curled out of the bathroom door and lingered at the ceiling. Fang had left the

door open so she could keep watch, even while bathing.

Raven had discovered nothing much of worth by the time Fang finished. She tossed the book of expensive tourist traps aside with annoyance to look at Fang dripping in the middle of the main room.

The knight's rippling form shifted as she dried herself. She was naked, save for the bone gauntlets. She always wore those. Fang didn't have to worry about her sword rusting in the shower like a fairy tale knight would with a steel weapon.

Without her clothes, her broad shoulders were on full display, along with the powerful chest muscles that bracketed her surprising soft, if sparse, breasts. Their twin peaks harshly punctuated by vertical knuckle bones. A patchwork of old scars trailed down to her crotch. The pale white of her clit piercing glinted though her dark, dripping pubic hair.

Not for the first time, Raven wondered if the piercings were from Fang's missing left ring finger.

"What are your plans now?" Fang asked, dragging out a chair and tossing her damp towel on it before sitting.

"I don't know." Raven blew out a bored sigh. There were no books, no TV which her readings had suggested was in every dwelling, and neither of them had any devices of any kind with them. "I would say going clothes shopping, but that's not a high priority right now."

"Agreed. Still, it would be good to have more conventional clothes."

Raven opened her lips, feeling awkward. It seem so silly to be apprehensive about it, but some part of her was scared. After staring at her knight for far too long, she ventured: "I... want to like get something girly, y'know?."

"I can't say I do. I have never felt discontent with my garb. Still, I see no reason you couldn't acquire something more feminine," there was no judgement in the words. Raven couldn't really say why she'd worried there would be.

"That and a hair brush I suppose." Raven ran her fingers through her her messy hair. "This is going to really need one soon." She pointed

at Fang. "What about you, need any equipment or anything?"

"Equipment? No, there is nothing I require," Fang answered matter of factly.

"What about want?"

Fang's eyes widened for a moment. Raven guessed it must have been a strange question for a knight to hear. In truth it had surprised Raven too. Still, after thinking for half a minute, Fang answered: "It might seem frivolous, but I would like to visit a sex shop when time allows. Dildos sound intriguing. I'd want a good, stout one I think."

Fang smiled wistfully and it was Raven's turn to be surprised, this time at how young Fang seemed in the moment. Despite being conceived to be her knight, Raven usually forget that the ever taciturn Fang was the same twenty years as her. "Sure."

Jerking her head at the bathroom, Fang continued hopefully: "Fingers alone loose their lustre awfully fast. Perhaps our next hidey hole will have a handset shower."

Raven smirked lazily, reaching out with her abilities. "If it's something different you

want," she trailed off as she manipulated Fang's piercings, her fingertips curling slightly. Her knight's breasts rose and fell with each tug and twist of a nipple.

"I see you're already soaking wet," Raven teased as she pressed the nipples deep, massaging her knight's chest firmly.

Fang offered no reply to her invitation.

The hardening of her knight's nipples readily apparent, as was the wet sound from between her legs. Though that might just have been from the shower. Despite it all, Fang's expression was one of stone.

"Doesn't this satisfy you?" Raven demanded.

Fang stared back, unblinking. She intoned flatly, hands unmoving on her knees: "oh. Yes. Please, don't stop. It's so much to take, Mistress."

Dropping her hold, Raven rested her chin on her hand. She looked about the barren dwelling and sighed deeply. There was nothing to do in this dump. Not even her knight it seemed.

She glanced out the window, the sun was nearing the horizon. The first tendrils of

twilight were stretching the shadows. "Fuck it, I might as well go get some food now."

Fang sprang to her feet. "I will be ready in a moment."

"Alone," Raven stated. She sat up on the couch and looked for her backpack. It was across the room, where she'd dumped it by the door.

Fang paused half way to her own duffel bag, which she'd placed by the bed. "I don't think that is wise, mistress. They will be looking for us."

Raven didn't feel like getting up for her stuff just yet. However, she didn't need to. A slight power was all that it took to make the frill of bones skitter her backpack across to her like dozens of little legs. Even though they were just animal bones, they were plenty enough. "I'll be fine," she insisted.

Fang was still eyeing her, reserving comment but clearly disapproving.

Raven sighed, waving away the disapproval. "They won't be looking for us." She pointed at Fang. "They're looking for a big, burly killer with striking hair and stompy black boots."

She rummaged in her backpack and dragged out her other hoodie, a bright pink one. Swapping her skull on for it, she elaborated: "Even if anyone remembers me, they won't recognise me in this getup."

"No, they wouldn't," Fang concurred. She looked Raven up and down, unable to keep a slight twitch from her lip. "Pink doesn't suit a necromancer."

"Well, I prefer a nice moody red, but someone washed it with a fucking strong bleaching agent," Raven said, irritably jabbing at the still wine-red zip. Her knight of all people didn't have any grounds to criticise her on it.

Fang inclined her head reverently. "laundry is not my speciality. Never the less, I am sorry."

"Bloody better be, it was my favourite jacket." Raven folded her arms and tried to control her anger. It was two weeks ago now and she knew she needed to move past it, but right now she was still pissed.

Fang didn't say anything more, just nodding her acquiescence once more.

The knight sank silently to the floor and started doing push ups. Raven felt a knot of guilt in her chest as she watched. Fang's biceps still bulged, she still moved with ease. But her arms were just a little softer, a little less snap to each shove.

Yeah. Raven needed to get her something with plenty of protein.

* * *

Raven had been sticking to the side streets and back alleys, hoping to avoid the sort of attention she might get on the main thoroughfares. She'd been headed away from the centre of town, figuring the less people around, the less likely it was to run across someone who might have a beef with her.

She was proven wrong as the toughs scuffed to a halt ahead of her, cutting off the alleyway. Foot falls from the way she'd come suggested that retreat wasn't an option either.

The goons ahead of her fanned out to the full width of the small loading bay that had once belonged to the several businesses backing onto it. They were a motley crew,

mostly men, lacking any uniform beyond scowls and heavy boots.

At an arrogantly raised hand from a man she assumed to be their leader, they stopped. He took a few steps closer and called out to Raven: "Well, well. You've caused me a lot of grief." He paused for dramatic effect then added: "princess."

Raven quirked an eye at the term. While utterly incorrect, he still seemed to have an inkling of who she really was. "Was he you boss or something then?"

The man's mouth fell open with surprise, then he laughed raucously. Behind him the muscle squad was sniggering too. Shaking his head mirthfully, their leader explained: "that boy? Fuck no. He was the police chief's son." His expression turned deadly serious. "He was a really fucking useful asset."

"Oh, Gorge is going to give it to you now, girly," a dandy asshole in a tailored blue suit crowed.

"That's right." Gorge stepped forwards, fists hanging by his sides. He clicked his neck audibly from side to side. "I'm going get my pound of flesh."

Raven snorted, smirking. If only this bumbling idiot knew who she was. He'd find out soon enough though. "That going to sooth your fragile male ego, big boy?" She questioned derisively.

"A bit, a bit," he replied casually. A cold smile crept onto his face as he added: "not as much as the reward we'll get for returning the runaway liege though. It won't matter if she's a bit banged up."

Her blood ran cold. It turned out that him knowing who she was actually sucked real bad. She looked about at the goons encircling her. Them looking to rough up a random woman was one thing, but as it sunk in that they were there for her in particular, her mouth was suddenly dry. She'd never been hunted before. Not that they wanted her, just her body and not even all of that.

George was halfway to her now, she'd have to act fast or this might actually go badly for her. Still, for now she would rather they assumed her a defenceless girl in over her head. She wasn't defenceless at least.

"There's nothing for your here, Necromancer. No knight. No bones. Not even goddamn rat

tooth." Gorge waved at the remarkably clean space. The city might not have cared, but someone seemed to have a sense of civic pride. Or just no reason to every come down here. Not that it mattered, Raven didn't need to scrabble pitifully in the gutter for materials.

He raised his hand to shoulder height, ordering his underlings forward with a jerk of his wrist. "You had your chance and you blew it, kiddo," there was a finality to the words and some part of Raven wondered if they might just be true. Then he added: "end of the line, bone-botherer."

Raven's head violently twitched at the term, a harsh "tsk" coming through suddenly clenched teeth. Her collected demeanour evaporated in an instant as her blood roiled like magma. She'd been intending to let some of them live maybe, but now he at least was going to pay for his caviller attitude. Runaway or no, she still had some pride as a necromancer.

Glaring, Raven lifted a hand trembling with anger. A thrill coursed through her veins, the pleasure of her power. Not just any necromancer's command over dusty bones, but

the reason she was a liege. The only reason they wanted her back to continue her line.

"Enough," she stated quietly as she pinched her thumb and middle finger together, taking hold of Gorge's 7th neck vertebra.

His eyes widened as he suddenly jerked to a stop, then stumbled back half a step. He grabbed his rebellious neck in confusion.

The rest of them reached for weapons tucked into waist bands and inside loose-fitting jackets. They reconsidered as they looked to their boss. He was bug eyed now, hyper-ventilating as he clawed desperately at his neck. "But- But-," he blurted in a blind panic. He cried out, voice sweet with pleading terror: "Necros can't touch bone that ain't dead, everyone knows that."

"Dead's just easy," Raven shoot back, furious at yet another man telling her plain reality wasn't so. "Any talentless hack can cobble a pile of dry bones into something. Real necromancy is weaving life and death! Any fuckwit can do empties with brute dumb willpower," she was ranting and she didn't fucking care. She wasn't going to shut up, not now.

Raven was interrupted, however, by a scraping sound from behind her. She tossed a glance over her shoulder to see a small shadow of a woman stalking towards her, a darkened blade clutched tightly.

Raven raised an eyebrow along with her power. The hooded figure gave a surprised yelp, her dagger clinking on a sewer grate. She seemed to be a faster thinker than the others and promptly froze, holding her hands far from her body.

The rest of them had caught on now, letting their clothes fall back into place as they held their hands well clear of an assortment of weapons.

They stilled even further as she strained her power to take hold of the remaining necks, just to be safe.

Her captive audience traded fearful glances with one another when Raven giggled. "You want to know the really funny thing?" When none of them ventured a guess, she continued: "All the others can raise dozens or even a hundred on a good day. My limit's about two skeletons."

She raised two fingers to her lips, and explained cheerfully: "but there's only nine of you, so I just need to hold nine tiny bones. One little tug and," she licked her lips, feeling her heart race with excitement, "and you'll just lay there. Utterly helpless for the rest of your short, short lives." She spat. "That's what they want, not me."

"You've made you point. I won't talk to anyone," a tall woman with spiked boots ventured. Pragmatism, Raven liked that in a person.

Cackling, Raven shook her head. "Oh, but I really haven't though. Your bones are mine to command. Not only can I hold them, I can made them," she trailed off, looking between the assembled group. They were hanging on her every word, each so clearly wishing that she would pay attention to someone else. There, she decided, as her eyes landed on a broad shouldered man with short sleeves showing off his hairy arms. He had committed the grave sin of reminding Raven of her first combat instructor -a cowardly bully that had beat the shit of her first girlfriend before her parents sent the girl with the pretty ringlets away- and for that, she would punish him.

"Splinter," she finished plainly. She clenched her fist before violently spaying it open.

The man's eyes barely had a chance to narrow in confusion before his hand tore apart as if filled with explosives, a shower of blood slashing across the concrete.

Raven felt a twinge of regret watching the blood spill all over his boots. She should have walked a little closer first, it was waste of good blood. It could have been her feet soaking in a scarlet pool right now. Oh well, no use crying over spilt blood.

She'd expected him to scream, they usually did. Instead he simply stared down at the sundered stump in shocked silence as his blood gushed out. He slipped from consciousness without a word, but there came a sweet, gristle-edged crunch as the vertebrae at the base of his neck tried and failed to hold his falling weight. She considered ripping it out as a demonstration.

Heat flooded her loins as an even better idea came to her. She let his body drop, already forgotten by the time the slab of meat hit the cracked concrete.

"Gorge, wasn't it?" her voice was sickly sweet as she fixed eyes with their boss. She'd half forgotten the man even existed.

"I - ah -please, we didn't," the coward babbled.

"Shh, don't fret so, I'm not going do that to you," Raven wasn't really sure how to sound soothing, but he seemed to catch her intent. She smiled as he started breathing again, she liked playing with her food. "I'm not even going to take a pound of your flesh," there was only a hint of an ecstatic shiver to her voice.

"You're... not?" Poor, simple Gorge sounded relieved. Perplexed for sure, but relieved.

"No. No pound of flesh," Raven confirmed. A titter escaped her lips as she realised her thigh was damp with something that wasn't sweat.

She let him breath easily one last time.

"After all, why settle for flesh when I can have bone?" Her biceps strained as she seized his femur with full force and yanked. Before he could process the words she'd said so innocently, an unseen spectral hand tore the bone from his leg in a scarlet fan. It span

through the air to land in the outstretched fingers of Raven's other hand.

She released his neck, so there was no easy way out for him as he collapsed, screaming and clutching the ruined mess where his left leg had been.

Raven had to yell to be heard over the glorious mess trashing about on the ground. "You want to fuck with me? I'm going to tear your bones out and fuck my knight with them till she can't fucking stand!"

The warmth oozing between her fingers called to her, invite, begging her. And was should she deny herself now? Rich copper, seasoned with a dying man's unheeded wails coated her taste buds as she ran her tongue along the bone.

A whimper slipped from Raven's lips and she twitched beneath her worn skirt. She needed this. After weeks of restraining herself, of making do with shitty, unheated tinned rations and cold, cramped holds. She deserved to cut loose a little.

As she sucked a droplet from the bone's head, she thought of her knight. The remark of using it on Fang had been an impulsive one, she'd not

had any reason to take the asshole's thigh. She'd just wanted to see him scrabble pathetically in his own blood and expire before her eyes. But now that she had a femur... well, Fang had wanted something girthy and the man's knee had not been a small one.

His time was swiftly approaching and she wasn't done with him yet. She didn't feel like listening to his whining though. A little necromancy forcing his jaw up against his skull shut him up splendidly. Dragging those dimming eye sockets to gaze up at her, Raven made sure that in his last moments he would understand the depth of his stupidity.

"You fucking moron," Raven began, shaking her head with contempt. "You cock-sure fuckwit, talking about how there's no bones here." With a circling motion of her fingers, small shards of bone flowed from a sleeve into her palm. "Even if I couldn't just tear you in half with your own bones, no necromancer is stupid enough not to carry at least some on her." They had formed into a bleached white apple balanced on her extended middle finger.

Voice trembling, a waifish young woman asked: "you can make a skeleton from just that?"

"Oh, who said anything about making a servant?" Raven grinned wickedly. "These are weapons, not tools. Should I demonstrate?"

The waif shook her head empatheticly. "I -I believe you," she pleaded. Her delicate throat moved as she swallowed in fear. For all her lankiness, she was rather appetising to look at. Messy dark hair framed a mousy little face. Plump breasts peaked from her shirt's low cut neckline, and tight pants displayed a juicy backside along with succulent thighs. The whole of package left Raven felting hungry in more ways than just those familiar to her.

"Oh, but I insist." Raven flicked the apple into the air, reaching its zenith then disintegrating into a cloud as it fell. She cradled the cloud of skeletal splinters in a gently swirling sphere above her palm.

"Observe," Raven said calmly. Without moving a muscle, the fragments leapt from Raven's hand. There was no flash of gunpowder, no recoil, not a sound. Save for the wet thump as the scatter-shot splinters landed in that ample cleavage. She crumpled to the floor. Dead.

"You see?" Raven demanded. "My knight is for dealing with worms, to avoid having to exert myself on those undeserving of my attention. She is there to do my whim, nothing more."

She had forgotten the sheer rush of wielding her power, of killing, of making her will manifest. Despite her lack of physical exertion, she her breathing was ragged. Her blood pounded in her veins, her passions full aroused. She might have slaked one thirst, but another had sprang to life in its stead. She clenched the femur tightly and smiled with all her sharpened teeth as she finished: "my every whim."

* * *

She'd left the blood spattered alley surging with adrenaline, bloodlust, and just plain lust. She stalked through the outskirts of town. As she came down from her ecstatic fever, she decided that it was a fortunate thing that there had been few other people about.

As she stumbled about, it turned out that there was some sort of old, abandoned section of town left to be reclaimed by nature. At first she'd mistaken it for a park of some

kind, but soon she made out old, crumbling buildings. Old backyards, their fences long since gone, could still be seen in the neat rows of trees and topiary bushes left unattended for who knew how long.

She came to a stop in the shadow of a half-collapsed house and stared at the thigh bone clutched in her hand. It was a strange thing, holding green bone. Raven had known dimly that living bones were not the same as the dried, prepared bones she'd used as a necromancer.

While she didn't mind the blood and scraps of flesh, it would probably be for the best to wash it and conceal it for now. Fang's words came to mind: We are trying to hide what you are.

She found herself licking her lips as she gazed upon the sheen of blood still on the femur. She was transfixed by the idea of having just a little more of the blood, it couldn't hurt.

Raven shook her head, snapping out of the hunger. The bone was already raised halfway to her drooling lips without any conscious effort. No, if she started, she wouldn't stop.

She'd gnaw on it, maybe crack it open and suck out the marrow.

Looking about as much to distract herself as for anything else, her eyes alighted on a garden tap. In the half-light, the corroded green handle was nearly invisible against the tufts of grass and dandelions jutting through the ancient street.

It took some some persuading, but after a couple of minutes even Raven's grip proved adequate. It stuck Raven that it was for such a mundane task she wished for her knight's strength.

The water was hardly clean, but it did the task it was asked for and soon the bone was tucked away in her robes. As she squatted there she realised that her visage was probably smeared with the man's blood also after dragging her tongue along his thigh. It was cold, but she scrubbed her face as best she could.

It would do, she decided as she stood, zipping her garishly mottled pink hoodie up. Hopefully any additional pink spots would pass unnoticed.

Raven ambled about for a while, not really quite sure what she was looking for. Like, she knew she was out to get food. But there was no stove in the cramped room, so it would have to be prepared. She did look forward to trying some of the recipes from the slim, staple-bound volume, '47 easy vegetarian dinners and snacks,' in her backpack, but tonight was not that night.

It found her after she'd wound her way back into the living part of the town again. As she turned the corner, up ahead was a pokey little tuck shop. 'CHIPS; BURGERS; KEBABS; CONVENIENCE STORE' was woven in neon above the enticing glow of the main window. The wind shifted, wafting the delectable smells over her and she was sold.

Raven was surprised to hear a little tinkle from above her as she pushed the door open, blinking the bright light away.

She walked past the 'convenience store' part of the shop, in reality three shelves of miscellaneous items and a short fridge of milk jugs. Stopping a ways from the counter, she gazed up at the blackboard hanging above it. Through the steam from the grills and

fryer being worked by an older couple she pondered her options.

She licked her teeth almost without noticing, the white handwritten options tempting her to something with meat. Maybe she could get it rare.

After wrestling with it for a while, the shitty tinned meat rations of the last couple of weeks won out. She ordered a pair of thick vegetarian kebabs, answering "everything" to the man's question of what veggies she wanted in them.

She felt good about the choice as she ambled through the shelves. Truth be told she'd been kind of concerned for Fang recently. Despite the name she'd been assigned, Raven's knight was staunchly vegetarian -she'd even managed to dodge getting her teeth filled when Raven's were. But most of the shelf-stable food Raven had scrounged before they left had been outside Fang's diet. Raven didn't know how long it took for malnutrition to kick in, but she figured it best that her knight got more than just biscuits, jam, and electrolyte powder as soon as possible.

In the depths of her heart she knew it was best for her too, combat rations weren't meant for living off.

As she got to the end of a perhaps three metre long aisle, her eyes lingered on the cover of a magazine on the wall rack. The woman in a two-piece swimsuit was curvy with dark hair. She reminded her of girl that had caught Raven's cloud of bone shards back in the alley.

Maybe she should have just winged the woman? Or gutted that prick in the blue suit. She could have just twisted the cute girl's ankles something bad. She wasn't really sure why she'd done it now that she thought about it.

Unbidden, the hunger was back in her mind. Perhaps she could pickup a snack on her way back? She'd had a plump looking rump and Raven hadn't had nice tender meat in a long time. She salivated at the thought for a moment, imagining the soft flesh yielding under her teeth. She shook her head, banishing the fantasy. Fang wouldn't approve of it. And anyway, wasn't Raven trying to carve a new path for herself? Okay, carve was the wrong word to make her want it less. She

focused on how much more enjoyable it was to eat a girl out than eat her as she scanned the shelves, as much to distract herself as anything else.

It turned out that there were a few items she needed after all as she waited for the food. For Fang she grabbed a box of tampons. She wasn't really sure when Fang's periods came anymore. It used to be a week after Raven's, but not anymore. Maybe it was the food, Raven vaguely remembered someone saying once that fasting could cause irregularity. Either way she figured Fang would appreciate a real sanitary product over the archaic methods Fang had access to back home- well, back there. It hadn't been much of a home.

As for herself, she grabbed a box of slim condoms. Seeing the magnums next to them, she gave a slight huff. It had always amused her seeing guys get all bent out of shape over their size. She just got what fit and her flings had never cared. Gazing at the unassuming box in her hand, she did wonder though... what did that feel like? For all their begrudging tolerance, that had had been the one thing beyond the pale for a scion. On a

whim, she took a regular box too. Maybe an opportunity would present itself to find out.

It was an older lady who operated the convenience store register off to the side of the food counter. Maybe one of the couples' mothers. Her eyes crinkled as she punched in the amounts, cranking the handle between each item. Raven got the feeling that the machine was as old as her.

She smiled as she pushed the collection towards Raven in a small paper bag, along with Raven's change. "Good luck, youngster. You have yourself a grand night with your friends," her voice was raspy and warm. The accompanying wink was somehow one of the most provocative things Raven had ever seen.

Raven had never thought herself a prude, but the frank words from that motherly, lined face had Raven blushing fiercely. She resisted the urge to pull up her hood and hide under that knowing gaze. "I -I will," was all that she could stammer out.

The old lady slapped her firmly on the shoulder. "You'll do fine, dear. I know a young lady who can handle herself when I see one."

If only she knew the half of it, Raven thought, still reeling from the unexpected contact. As she watched the man wrap her order, she decided that it hadn't been an bad surprise.

"There you go, mate! Have a great evening," the man said boisterously as he handed Raven the warm tin-foil packages.

Raven found herself smiling back. "Thanks. Uh, you too."

They had no idea who they were talking to to like that. Back home she'd never have been treated with such insolent informality.

She was grinning wildly as she stepped out into the gathering night, the little brass bell singing sweetly.

* * *

Fang was lounged naked on the battered couch when Raven got home. Her damp clothes were scattered all over, hung over the back of a chair, shoved through a window stay, and draped over the floor lamp. Even her boots had been scrubbed and gleamed with fresh polish.

Like she had x-ray vision, Fang's eyes bore into the slight bump of the bone in her hoodie. "Encounter any trouble?"

Raven shook her head. "No. Well, nothing I couldn't handle."

"So I see," Fang's voice was flat as she rose.

Placing their dinner on the table, Raven dug in her pockets where she'd stowed the items she'd bought. She'd wanted a free hand, just in case. She fished out the tampons and tossed them to Fang.

The burly woman plucked the box from the air with great grace, four fingers proving as apt as five. "Tampons, eh?" she read. "We wouldn't want my legs covered in blood, would we."

By the time Fang had tucked them away in her duffel and returned to the table, Raven had already given into her grumbling stomach. As her incisors tore through the tightly wrapped kebab, the crunch of the grill falafel and fresh vegetables was surprisingly satisfying. She supposed the sauces dribbling down her chin weren't too dissimilar to blood gushing forth either.

It was probably only watching Fang's calm, if large, bites that stopped Raven from tearing into it like flesh off a bone.

For all her relative table manners, the food had disappeared into Fang by the time Raven was but half done. Must be the way of fighters, always eating quickly in case they don't get a chance otherwise, Raven thought as she took another bite.

As she chewed though, she looked her knight. Like, really looked at Fang. Fang's abs were unnaturally sharp, her hip bones too defined as she sat there in her chair. Fang had really pretty collar bones, Raven had never noticed that before, she wondered why.

Oh.

Raven swallowed and looked down at her own wrap. There was a little less than a third left. She could devour and more by it herself. Still, she stared at it for a moment. Sighing, she pushed it towards Fang. "You have it."

"You need to eat as well, princess," Fang said making no move to take the food.

"I have no need for a knight who's too weak to fight. Eat," Raven ordered.

"Very well." Fang scooped it up, but paused, poised to bite in. She added in a low voice: "Thank you, Raven."

Raven rested her chin in the palm of her hand, the fingers laying over her lips as she watched Raven chew down the rest of the food. "Tomorrow we're getting you some multivitamins too."

Fang nodded, her mouth full. Though Raven fancied the woman's moving lips had a slight curve to them.

After dinner, Fang was laying on the bed, her hands under her head, when Raven rose from the table. Now that she had eaten some proper food, she realised just how grimy she felt after their journey and her encounter in the alley.

She unzipped her pink top to toss it on the floor when she felt the box corners poke her. Oh yeah, those. Also the bone now that she thought about it. She ambled over to the bed, her loose hoodie hanging from her frame.

Raven chucked the box of small condoms onto the side table. Fang turned to look at it, then at her mistress, a question in her eyes.

Shrugging, Raven explained: "someone might come along."

Fang gave a shallow nod, settling back once more.

Raven retrieved the box of regular fit ones out, adding them to the others. "Maybe I'll get really lucky." She could feel warmth bloom in her cheeks, though not quite from embarrassment.

"Perhaps the both of us should investigate such a shop," Fang suggested.

"Yeah. Maybe," Raven said half to herself as she stripped her dark robes. She dumped them onto top of her hoodie in a pile by the night stand, then sat on on the bed's edge to unwrap her feet.

She sat there for a moment, enjoying the air on her calves. She was glad she didn't wear underwear, it sounded so confining and... moist. She shuddered at the thought. She could understand Fang wearing her stout knight-issue underwear, Raven wouldn't want the tough canvas of pants grinding on her junk either. But under a long skirt, it just seemed so pointless.

Raven wrestled with her pile of clothes to untangle the femur. She'd thought to sneak it into the shower earlier, but that seemed a moot point after Fang had made the lump immediately anyway. Looking at it in her hand now, she realised the other flaw in her plan; how exactly had she planned to hide it while stark naked?

So instead, she strolled to the bathroom, holding the bone bold as brass. Honestly, she didn't know why she'd been so worried in the first place. All Fang said was: "Remember to leave the door open so I can watch."

Raven was pretty certain her knight just meant to keep watch rather than any other way her words could be taken.

Poking her head in, the bathroom was better than Raven had feared. It was small and austere sure, but it was clean and aside from a small crack in the vanity mirror, in good repair.

I faced down nearly a dozen people trying to kill me less than two hours ago, I can face down this. That was she told herself as she stared down the shower like it was a beast she could cower into submission. It just sat

there, unmoving. To her showers were cold, expedient things. Things used by knights and other servants. It was certainly not getting scrubbed down before slipping into a hot spring. Although... aside for Fang in the next room, she was alone. She didn't have to share it with a dozen other women and girls.

It proved to be a tantalising enough prospect to get her standing on the shower pan. Taking a deep breath, she managed to close the door even.

Looking about the only thing aside from a rack of various soaps appeared to be a weirdly shaped handle. She pulled on it and then shrieked in surprise as freezing cold hail hammered down on her skin.

"What it is?" Fang snapped from the doorway a second later. She was sank into a fighting stance, chest rising and falling from the sudden dash to Raven's side.

Raven slapped the handle and the onslaught stopped. "I wasn't ah- I- it was just so sudden." Raven swallowed. "And cold. I thought it was hot from all the steam when you had one."

Fang let out a breath, letting her hands fall by her sides. "Are you trying to kill me?"

she muttered. "Turn it to the left for hot. But not all the way. It gets very hot."

Once Fang had left her, Raven took a minute to gather herself before trying again. Ever so gingerly she lifted the handle and this time a weak trickle came out. It took her a bit but she managed to get it to a warm spray that didn't feel like it was going to flense her right down to the bone.

She took a good long while scrubbing herself all over with the strange-smelling soap. After the last fortnight, she'd almost forgotten what being clean felt like. It was a sublime experience.

Well, except for one thing. She shifted her feet again, the hot water scalding her abused tender soles. She'd been trying to tough out the painfully intense sensations of walking barefoot over all these new surfaces. She decided she had to get boots soon. Even if it wasn't for the broken glass and other detritus she'd seen about, she didn't want her feet to get all calloused and leathery. She liked her feet just the way they were. Especially given she was flexible enough to amuse herself with them when the mood took her.

She was just wringing out her hair when her heel smacked into the bone, laying where she'd dropped it.

It took a lot of hot water and shampoo, but she managed to get it mostly clean. Her hands were sore from all the scrubbing, but she found it difficult to stop. Her hand kept moving rhythmically over the head. It was almost mesmerising.

What would that feel like to suck? Raven found herself wondering. Another thought came to her swiftly after: why just wonder.

She didn't know what she'd expected to feel, but it filled her with a burning warmth in her chest as her lips slid over the bone. She went as deep as she could, but it was too wide for that to be very far at all. It was a pity, she had the ravenous desire to discover what it would be like in her throat.

She moaned softly when her teeth scrapped against the head as she came up for air. She licked her lips, staring at the bone clutched in her hands. She'd gnawed on bones before. But this hunger was a different kind of ache in her chest. Whether it was for bones specifically or just someone in her mouth was

hard to say. She didn't exactly have anything to compare it to.

Speaking of hard though; the shower was running down her belly and cascading off her erect tip. Some deep buried instinct made her slide the skeletal shaft between her slick thighs. The head pressed up insistently against her hole and she was consumed with the need for something, anything to fill her.

She pulled it tight against herself, grinding along the femur's whole length. It pressed wondrously into her taint, a slight pressure reached all the way to that place always denied. Her head frothed against the bone, before bouncing off the knee with a slick sound from her foreskin.

She indulged herself for several long minutes. She felt the sensations building and realised that it could quite easily take her over the edge if she wanted.

The longer she went on though, the less interested she became. Finally she stopped, teeth grinding in frustration.

Although it might have been the most ecstatic self-pleasure she'd ever felt, she

didn't want a thing right now. She wanted someone. Anyone.

She wiped a damp strand of hair from her eye and looked to the open door.

Anyone.

* * *

Raven's hair was still a little damp as she strolled back into the main room. While she would never want to cut her hair any shorter, she still envied Fang's ability to wick the moisture away in a moment. In her hand she clutched the bone, her knuckles tight with anticipation.

Fang was still reclining on the bed. It seemed that she'd had nothing to do either. Raven imagined that Fang must be feeling just as cooped up as she was. Well, her knight wouldn't be bored for much longer.

"Was your bathing satisfactory?" Fang asked.

"Yeah," Raven said, her mind else where. She came to a stop at the foot of the bed. It was a short thing. Only the bend to her knees prevented Fang's long legs from dangling over

the end. Raven could have reached down and touched the toes resting by her knees.

"I got a treat to take you mind off things." Raven grinned, twirling the thigh bone with her fingers.

Fang bared her namesakes, practically snarling: "I might be your dog, but I'm not gnawing on a human bone."

"Oh, I say that?" Raven asked sweetly. Fang's gaze was fixed on Raven, watching her closely. Raven smirked internally. Her normally observant knight had forgotten what Raven was. Had Fang kept her wits, she might have seen the cloud of small bones and fragments drifting silently from Raven's discarded clothes off to the side. "This isn't for those lips."

Fang's eyes narrowed and she wrenched her hands from behind her head. But she was too late. Raven sprang as Fang's arms and shoulders were pinned by bones coalescing into a half-dozen skeletal hands. Yet more fragments wreathed Raven's free arm in thick plates as she seized her knight's neck. She had landed between Fang's legs, making it impossible for the ambushed woman to close

her thighs, even though they were as stout as tree trunks.

"You wanted a large dildo, so here it is." She mashed the knee end between Fang's legs. It wasn't pointed in any sort of way that made it easy for Raven or gentle for Fang. But her knight was hardly modest in her capacity and soon her lips acquiesced to their necromancer's demands once sufficient force had been applied.

The bone shot forward as the resistance gave out. To her surprise, it moved without much resistance. Raven shoved it in and out several times before she felt Fang's strong walls do their best to stop her efforts.

Had it been a dildo of any other kind, the constriction probably would have worked. But it was bone and thus it was a trivial matter for Raven overcome Fang's wishes with necromantic power.

"How is this my service, you crazy bitch?" Fang hissed as she pushed against her restraints with all her might. Raven's grip moved slightly, but did not give.

Raven ran her tongue over her sharp points, exclaiming breathily: "because it amuses me."

After writhing for half a minute, Fang collapsed, utterly spent. Her clenched abs loosened as she let it happen. Between that and the glistening results on the femur, Raven didn't need more than her unassisted hand anymore.

Fang was breathing heavily now, her breasts rising and falling hypnotically. Was it just a result of extreme exertion? Or perhaps there were some forms of physical activity that she couldn't endure seemingly forever.

As Raven's eyes left Fang's face to search for clues, her gaze stumbled over an old memory just above fang's collar bone.

Pushing Fang's face to the side with a spare bony arm, Raven leant in to sink her teeth into Fang's shoulder. Her bite still fit perfectly in the scarred divots she'd left as clumsy teen. Back then it had been an innocent -for want of a less tortured term- way for Raven to sate the urge to sink teeth into warm flesh in a more or less discrete manner. Although infrequently the young necromancer's knight had serviced her other needs with perfunctory but surprisingly competent handjobs. Even if she had been

considered technically too young for another's touch at the time.

Now though, Raven marvelled as her bottom teeth met her knight's clavicle. She'd not realised that her jaws were so powerful. She redoubled her speed and power with the bone as hints of Fang's sanguine fluid blossomed in her mouth. Raven blindly threw her leg over over Fang's bucking leg, grinding as she straddled Fang's thick thigh.

Fang didn't last much longer, though she gave no warning signs. The first Raven knew was when Fang's leg, hard with tight muscle, slammed up into her pelvic floor. Her knight shuddered and bucked beneath her. So great was Fang's orgasmic strength, Raven could have sworn the bed frame jumped across the floor just a little with each giant spasm.

When Fang collapsed back onto the bed, Raven extracted the femur from her. Fang twitched as the lump ran against her apparently still sensitive nerves. The knee came loose with a sucking noise and Raven marvelled that Fang's pelvic strength had been sufficient to crack bone.

Raven found herself swallowing, sudden desire squirming in her gut. But for what exactly she couldn't quite place.

Raven sat beside her knight as Fang recovered, the strong woman's chest rising and plummeting rapidly. Fang's barely there hair was messy and soaked with sweat, but it was still nice to stroke. Now that her head was clearer, she noticed the huge wet spot slowly wicking from beneath Fang's hips. How much of it was from the rivulets of perspiration flowing freely from Fang and how much was her sexual fluids was hard to say.

Fang recovered quickly, her rag doll state retreating in the course of a minute or two. As her glazed eyes cleared, she placed a calloused hand on Raven's knee. "Now you," she said, wiping the sweat from her forehead.

It was a tempting offer, but Raven wasn't in the mood tonight. "Nah. Another time maybe, I've had my fun." Raven tried to slip off the bed, but was stopped fast by Fang's iron grip latching onto her upper arm.

"No," Fang stated. Raven was caught off guard by Fang's stamina. Already her deep breathing

was slow and steady. In entire control of her body -and Raven's.

Raven peeled back her lips to instruct the knight to release her, but she froze when she caught Fang's hard, unblinking gaze.

Fang's words were cold and clipped, her wrath contained but very clear: "you are increasingly erratic, impulsive, and irritable. I have watched over you every moment for two weeks now. You've had no opportunity to relive you urges without my knowledge, so I know you have not."

Talons dug deep into Raven's bicep as Fang dragged her closer without much effort. "Fuck me. Or let me masturbate you like we did when you were young. I don't care." She shoved her other hand between Raven's legs. Raven's traitor stiffened under Fang's brisk handiwork.

"Fuck off, you don't give me orders," the last couple words Raven spat through gritted teeth as fang's closing grasp intensified. She was almost crushing Raven's humerus now. Raven didn't try to pull Fang's hand away. She already knew she couldn't.

"Refuse and I choose for you," Fang instructed, letting go of Raven's cock now that she was fully hard.

Scowling, Raven demanded: "What if I tear your fucking piercings out?" She reached out and hauled on Fang's nipples.

Face impassive, despite the severe tension in her quivering tips, Fang replied calmly: "then once more I will endure extreme pain in your service, mistress. It will change nothing but the force I use."

When Raven unsuccessfully gnashed at the hand crushing her arm, Fang shifted tactics. She asked simply: "the hunger's been getting worse. Hasn't it?"

Raven averted her eyes, silent as guilt filled her stomach.

Raven was surprised by the softness in Fang's next words: "ignoring your lust only makes other lusts come on even stronger. That's why I, like every female knight, was taught to masturbate without hands. To control the blood lust cultivated in us. No matter where or when."

Raven met Fang's eyes, surprised.

Fang smirked, but only slightly. "There's much you don't know, princess. I've have done so several times each day." When Raven frowned, confused, Fang explained: "You didn't notice because of the whole 'sworn, silent servant' thing. I was beaten with switches until I could show no sign."

"Your back?" Raven's question trailed off as she remembered the many scars and discolourations on Fang's shoulders and back throughout the years.

"No opponent has ever touched it," Fang stated plainly. "But enough of that. Do I need to do you myself?"

Fang had risen up on her knees to loom over Raven as she spoke. The crushing grip on Raven's arm and the barely checked fury radiating from Fang's face flooded Raven with a confusing blend of feelings. Fear, definitely fear. But also a strange thrill unlike anything she'd felt prior. Fang had already convinced her to concede, it was a reasonable demand. But as Raven parted her lips to agree meekly, she stopped as another thought came to mind.

Fang said she was being impulsive? Fine, fuck it, she was going to goad Fang till the knight made her pay. Fang flinched as Raven spat in her face. Grinning manically, Raven challenged: "Fucking make me, bitch."

Next thing raven knew, Fang had slammed a shoulder into her armpit and thrown her to land full on her back in the centre of the bed. Before Raven could so much as refill her lungs, Fang was on top of her, pinning her down.

Raven tried to struggle against Fang, but it was futile. The rugged woman easily straddled Raven's legs with her thighs. Raven had always seen the smooth grace Fang had when fighting and mentally glossed over just how large the heavysset woman actually was. She had wide shoulders, wide hips, and an abundance of muscle upon them. All that translated to a great deal of bulk, far exceeding Raven's more typical build.

Powerful as her body was, Fang didn't need to budge to keep raven in place. Her sheer dead-weight was wholly sufficient all by itself. As Fang reached down to grasp Raven's new breasts, she felt as powerless as a child.

She'd not overpowered Fang earlier. Fang had let her do it.

The cold dampness of the mess Fang had made on the sheets stuck to Raven's skin. Without her bidding, she could feel the wetness springing forth upon herself now. She moaned as Fang deeply massaged both of her tits, like dough being kneaded. Her budding breasts ached as it was and the heavy-handed manipulation elevated that to agony. A fresh, sweet agony.

Raven felt Fang lean to the side and following the outstretched arm with her gaze, she saw her captor tear open the box of slim condoms.

Fang rocked back onto Raven's knees holding a condom packet in her teeth. She seized Raven's cock in one hand, using the other to tear open the wrapper with her teeth. As she rolled the tight rubber on, Fang stared down at Raven like the necromancer was her prey. "Lucky, huh? I'll make your curse your luck, princess," she declared icily.

Lifting her hips clear, Fang grabbed both of Raven knees, shoving them back and up. Cramming herself between Raven's legs, she

shoved herself down onto Raven's cock. In stark contrast to her demeanour , Fang's cunt seared Raven like the centre of an inferno.

Fang let go of her legs and pushed down, pinned her beneath the knight's bulk. As Fang's mouth neared hers and those lips parted, she thought she about to be kissed. But then Fang's head darted to the side and blunt teeth took hold of her earlobe. Fang's breath blasted across the side of her face.

Strong arms wrapped around her ribs, squeezing her tightly against Fang's breasts. The bone nipple piercings dug into her own tits and it felt, well, Raven didn't know what to make of it just then.

Fang shoved her hips forwards and Raven gasped as the force lifted her loins from the mattress. Once, most of a year ago, Fang had ridden her. Raven wasn't been ridden now though. She was getting fucked and forcefully at that.

Fang picked up her tempo, working their pelvises together like when Raven had watched the knight work over a boxing bag with massive hooks. It felt about the same too.

Raven screamed: "fuck," through gritted teeth as one stroke caught a bouncing ball between her anvil and Fang's sledgehammer. For her trouble, Fang lifted those mighty hips till her tip was just barely still in and slammed it home with the might of an uppercut.

Raven found herself clinging to her powerful knight as she was fucked. It wasn't really what she'd been thinking of, getting some girl's cock in her ass, but it was still answering that same question. What did it felt like to be allowed to be the one beneath? That which had denied her by the demands of her birth till then.

As she whined with pleasure from Fang's unwavering thrusts, Raven decided that it felt fucking amazing.

In the recesses of her mind, she wondered if she would choose this. Taken over taker. For the first time she had the means to compare them. But then again, why choose? Raven licked her teeth. They were a glutton's teeth, where they not? She would devour every form which her lustful appetites took.

Raven clenched her teeth together in manic, ravenous joy as her orgasm bore down on her, driven closer by every impact of Fang's pussy against her. Evidence of Fang's arousal slapping wetly onto her each time.

Raven managed to choke out, "Fa -Fang!" as her knight fucked an orgasm out of her for the first time. Fuck, Raven wanted this, needed this every day. Maybe Fang could wake her in the mornings too.

"Mistress," Fang gasped as she finally released Raven's ear to lean back. She arched her back, slowly rolling her hips in place of thrusting them.

It kept Raven nice and deep, so she couldn't complain. It was rather sensual, like Fang was pampering her.

Had it been Raven setting the pace, she would have taken a rest. But it was not her decision to make, it was Fang's. And Fang was determined to milk her dry.

And milked she was, Raven decided that there must be a chasm inside Fang for so much of her cum to gush out and yet not spill a drop. A couple of seconds later her fuzzy brain remembered the condom, rendering

Fang's capacity a rather moot point. Still, someday it would be fun to find out just how many creampie's it took to overflow her knight.

Raven was completely, utterly rung dry. Yet her knight still persisted in servicing her. "That's enough, Fang."

A grunt was Fang's only response as she picked up speed again, a new rocking to her hips as she somehow pressed Raven even deeper inside.

Raven was no stranger to the pleasures of a slow post-coital humping, but this was far too much. The pleasure and pain she had been enjoying stood at the precipice of ruining the experience entirely. "Stop," Raven instructed. It elicited no compliance.

"NO!" Raven shouted.

She didn't see the blow coming before Fang's skull smashed into her gums. Blood welled up in her mouth as she reeled from the sudden shock. She'd never tasted her own blood, in this way at least. The experience had a particular excitement to it, though one different from tasting another's blood.

Fang's biceps bound Raven's arms to her side as the burly woman crushed her in a powerful bear hug. Her knight had never outright disobeyed her before. For the first time, unmitigated, heart-clenching terror gripped Raven.

She had never felt so vulnerable as she did then.

Fang's assault intensified, her blows sending Raven's ass through the thin foam mattress to slam into the bed frame. After a especially forceful impact, Raven heard a dry crunch as the bed partially gave way under her.

The achievement seemed to energise Fang. She pulled her crotch up, knees scooping up Raven's ass. Raven was compressed, turned into Fang's personal dildo.

As uncomfortable as Fang's use of her was, after a half minute or so, it proved to be mostly manageable. At least until sometime during the second minute, when it very suddenly wasn't in the slightest.

It was then that the condom decided to slip off her cock a bit. As Fang's vagina gripped her tightly on the downstroke, it was free to

peel back her foreskin all the way. Her conscious flickered with the exuberant pain of the sudden, horrifically excessive stimulation. Tears streamed from eyes already welling from the headbutt.

Raven simply endured as best she could. Nothing could move the mountain crushing her with such force. Time ceased to exist. Heavy drops of sweat tapped her collarbone. She couldn't tell if they were Fangs or her own.

She came to with a start as one of the thick arms holding her was abruptly removed. Raven was confused for a moment until she felt Fang's hand scrabbling against her belly, trying desperately to get between them.

Even in her dazed state, Raven knew immediately what Fang wanted. Fang groaned appreciatively as Raven set the knight's clit piercing buzzing furiously.

She'd done it for Fang several times before, that was the reason she could do such a non-typical movement in the first place. But never before with herself inside. The hot flesh surrounding her cock reverberated like a earthquake sufficient to tear buildings asunder. In other circumstances it might have

been a lovely experience. For now, Raven was just trying to get Fang off so she might stop.

Breathing hard, Fang slowed her hips. Grunted gusts came through her clenched teeth as she stopped with Raven buried deep into her core. Her free hand seized Raven's buttock, pulling them closer.

A few moments later, the already tight muscle wrapped around Raven turned to steel as Fang half-screamed under her breath.

It turned out there was one last thing for Raven to learn about Fang's body. The pair of times Raven had fucked her in the past, she had always tended to her own needs afterwards. Her pelvic muscles muscles were every bit as tough as any other as they rhythmically clenched and rolled. It was a good thing that the rape had left Raven so hard, otherwise her cock might have been ground to a pulp.

Fang shoved herself off, somehow finding room on the narrow bed to collapse beside Raven. She glistened with sweat. "My apologies for adding a bed to your tab, Mistress."

Raven had no idea how to respond. Why was that what Fang thought she'd be upset about? In truth, she'd forgotten all about the bed. So she just lay there, staring up at the ceiling wordlessly. Her crotch was damp with perspiration and Fang's other contributions.

It had hurt -and not just physically. Still, had it really been so bad? She'd certainly never felt so desired. At the centre of someone complete attention, but not as the master she'd been raised to be. Perhaps receiving suffering could be just as tantalising as her tastes for inflicting it.

When Fang spoke after a while, hands behind her head, it was soberly: "name my punishment, Mistress. I am ready to accept whatever you see fit."

"Do you regret it?" Raven's voice was detached, almost like someone else was doing the asking.

"Not the slightest bit," Fang stated plainly.

What was she to do? She could hardly dismiss her knight. Exceptional necromancer or no, she would be the first to admit that outside of that talent, she really had no idea how to navigate the outside world.

And well... She could have stopped if she'd wanted to. She realised now that the threat to mutilate Fang with her own piercings had always been an empty one. She might not have been able to budge her knight physically, but Fang was as full of bones as anyone else.

What would have happened if it were someone else? She would have torn them to pieces with their own ribs. Even had she not wanted to kill Fang, it was well within her power to have dragged Fang off her.

A sudden clarity took hold of her mind, and the matter became crystal clear. Raven sat up and splat the remnants of blood from her mouth. Grinning wickedly, she declared loudly: "yeah nah, fuck the bed. I think I like being raped, being used, having a big strong knight put me in my place."

Fang's eyes widened as Raven continued: "Make me bleed, hurt me, tell me when I've had enough. Make me yours." Her final words were tender, soft, long forbidden but no longer: "as it's you, Fang."

Fang stared at Raven in stunned silence. Then her lips parted in a wide smile.

The End