

Forbidden Publications
presents

Chris
Jacobs

THE
MAIDEN'S
FURY



THE MAIDEN'S FURY

A Forbidden Publications production, September 2006

Forbidden Publications

PO Box 153

East Prairie, MO 63845

www.forbiddenpublications.com

THE MAIDEN'S FURY

Copyright © 2006 CHRIS JACOBS

Cover Art by ML BENTON © 2006

Edited by Rene Walden - No copyright assigned.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by an information storage and retrieval system-except by a reviewer who may quote brief passages in a review to be printed in a magazine, newspaper, or on the Web-without permission in writing from the publisher. For information, please contact the publisher via regular mail.

All characters in this book have no existence outside the imagination of the author and have no relation whatsoever to anyone bearing the same name or names. They are not even distantly inspired by any individual known or unknown to the author, and all incidents are pure invention.

ISBN: Not Assigned.

The Maiden's Fury

By

Chris Jacobs

This book is dedicated to love everywhere. May it shine in ALL of its forms.

Chapter I

Evil's Cast

As a fog settled over the village at day's end, the people began to feel uneasy as the light slowly slipped behind the gray. The village was small, rundown, and had an air of quaintness to it. The villagers were few, maybe a hundred at best, but they had all they needed or ever wanted. With the exception of a few who wanted out at any cost. The reason for the uneasiness soon became apparent when the sight of evil began to show itself through the fog.

His name was Marcyneo, well known for his insatiable cruelty and wickedness, and known for wanting the finer things in life at any cost. He was carried on a hammock by four strong male slaves. They were needed to carry this robust husk of a man who let his blue flowing robes hang open as he went from one place to the next. His other slaves were mainly children, since they could not fight back and did mostly what they were told. When the females came of age, they became his concubines, the males, his personal carriers and laborers.

"Stop", he said to his flock. "Stop I wish to have a word with any among you who wish to be free of this accursed place."

The villagers stood in shock, knowing full well if they did not do as asked they would meet death at a slow and "creative" hand.

"Speak; speak of what you know of the hidden sanctuary that lies not far from here. The first one that tells me what I want to know gets to leave with me on my quest. Tell me not, and all shall die at my feet," he said with a sick exuberant chuckle that made one of his slaves sick with backed up tears. His name was Christopher, and he

was waiting for his day of freedom. A village woman slowly approached Marcyneo, dragging her feet and bowing her head. "We know of no such place, Master Marcyneo." He motioned for his slaves to put him down so he could stand. He raised his hand and motioned for the peasant woman to come forth. She did so fearfully and with her head still bowed. "There is no need to fear me," he said while gracefully touching her face. "Look at me my child."

As she slowly looked up from her fearful stupor, hoping to see a kind and gentle face, she was immediately struck down by the gaze of this dreadful, inhuman of souls. His gateway to nothingness.

He lay lazily back down on his hammock, and as the slaves carried him on, he spoke as if thinking aloud. "Oh well, onward, maybe another village will care about its people more. As he raised his hand, the people knew their fate, for he had the power, and they believed they did not.

"Wait!" The voice of a young man pierced through the crowd. The crowd lightly gasped as the young man spoke again. "Wait, I know what you want. I can take you there."

Marcyneo lowered his wretched hand and turned his head to gaze at the crowd. "Come forth boy and be heard, so shall you be rewarded if you are to my liking."

The young man pushed through the crowd of shocked villagers, despondent because one of their own, immature at heart, had betrayed them and their sisters of the sanctuary of love, though the boy thought differently. They would have gladly given their lives to save their sisters on the path.

"Come boy, I don't have all day you know. What is it you wish to show me?"

"Follow me sir, I will show you," he said, thinking he was getting out of this hole in the world and to freedom. He was too immature to see evil's true face.

"Hmmm, yes, it soon will be mine." Marcyneo mumbled to himself as the boy now stood beside him. "If this be a trick to save your puny village, know this..." Marcyneo got in the young man's face. "You will die the death of ten."

The young man glanced back at his parents who stood in the crowd, crying for

him. He looked back at Marcyneo, still inches away from him. "This is no trick, they mean nothing to me."

"Good, see that they don't. Now show me to the sanctuary before I change my mind." Marcyneo pointed for the boy to lead and off they went. They walked through the ominous fog for what seemed like hours. All they could see was the green grass beneath their feet. "I grow impatient, how much further?"

"Not much further, milord, we are nearly there."

As they strode, a structure began to emerge. It was a large castle with no visible windows, roof, or rampart. Over all, it resembled a large mechanism or machine. An egress became known to them as they approached. As they approached the large wooden door, Marcyneo stood up, overly pleased with himself, with an arrogance and cockiness not seen anywhere else. "Hmmm, this looks like the place. I was told it was big. You have done well lad, now go mingle among the flock."

The young man did as he was instructed, "Yes, milord, thank you." Christopher looked over at the boy with pity and sadness as he passed by with an over exalted sense of worth.

Marcyneo gazed up the face of the sanctuary and noticed he could not see the top of the castle because of the mysterious cloud ring that surrounded its high and endless walls. He raised his hand to knock, but before he could do so, the magnificent door slid open, revealing a long dark hall with dust in the air.

Chapter II

Maidens of Plenty

The sanctuary was a simple one. Blessed by a group of beautiful maidens that believed that sex and sexual desire, along with the female energy and form, was the key to love and ascension. Being human was being godly. No men resided here; they believed that men were the cause of all wars and hateful violence. Every full moon they would ascend the many spiral stone stairs to the roof and make love on the softly carved stone. All made sure the moonlight shown off their silky bodies to the gods and goddesses that came before them. They covered themselves in the finest of oils and bathed in the finest of springs. Their sanctuary was built by their high priestess, Pricilla. Her magic and power made their safety possible, and accommodated their deepest fantasies and desires. Their souls were one within its walls.

Marcyneo walked down the hall until he saw many beautiful maidens gathered in two large main rooms, the main chamber and the bath. The main chamber consisted of a large cross sectioned area, large in height, not in width. Most of the castle's rooms resembled this structural design. The essence of the place felt like that of ascension. The floor was slightly dusty from foot traffic.

The women that resided there stood in shock and terror at the sight of the over bloated husk of a man that stood in their midst. He peered at them with widened eyes at the prospect of having his own personal harem. They moved aside as Marcyneo approached them. He continued on to the adjacent room, the bath, where he saw with delight, nude beauties bathing and caressing each other in pools of steamy, rose scented

water.

Two of the maidens had been with the crowd that witnessed the man's robust entrance. Julia, a red clad warrior beauty, and Aria her true love. Julia stared at the man intensely, fighting to hold back tears. Aria noticed the pain shower over her beloved's face. "What is it, what is wrong?" Julia did not answer, only stared.

As Marcyneo stood in the great bath, the high priestess, Pricilla, made an appearance. With her long brown locks and flowing white robes, she stepped in front of Marcyneo. With arms crossed, she directed a hateful gaze at him. She could sense his intent as soon as he entered her blissful sanctuary. "May I help you?" She spoke through her teeth.

"Yes I am Marcyneo, your new lord and master," he said with a delightfully wicked tongue.

Pricilla had heard this name before, but she could not place where or when. She was too filled with rage to think about such things. The women, overhearing this in the other room, stared towards the scene with fear that they would be taken from their homes.

Aria gently grasped Julia's hand and held on tight. Julia raised their hands to her chest, letting go to clasp a knife handle buried deep between her bosom. It was made to look like part of her armor. She unsheathed the knife revealing a strange blade that slightly resembled a set of fangs attached to a pointed, jagged face. The handle was red, and the butt of the knife was jeweled. Aria gasped at the sight of it. She began to slowly approach Marcyneo from behind, raising the silver blade to dispatch this evil.

Pricilla, seeing this, motioned to Julia with a wild-eyed glance. "No" she said in her mind, telling all in a look. Marcyneo never noticed this; he was too enthralled by the beauties in the bath. Pricilla put her hand on his shoulder, diverting his attention, "Why don't we go to my chambers and talk." As they walked away, she turned to look at Julia with frightened eyes, remembering now who she let in her sanctuary. "*Could this be him?*" she thought to herself.

The maidens stood there, staring at each other. All in shock, all silent. Julia stood

there, still grasping her knife, frozen, enveloped by a cold sweat. Aria walked over and wrapped her arms around her love, laying her head against her voluptuous bosom.

Chapter III

Pricilla's Falter

Pricilla and Marcyneo entered her chambers. It was a neat little room. Flowering vines covered the stone walls and crimson blooms were brought forth by the sunlight's glow along the latticed ceiling. Though this day...this day, the sun did not shine. There were silks and clothes from all over the world strung about, hanging and dangling out of a large wooden chest of drawers. Expensive Persian rugs lined the gray stone floor. Her round bed stood on the other end of the room. Pricilla walked over to a chair in the corner, but did not sit down. Never being lower or showing her back to this familiar evil frog of a man. "Have a seat."

"No, I will stand, what I have to say won't take long."

"Speak, then be gone," she said out of the tops of her eyes.

"It's not that easy. As I said before, I am your new lord and master; you are my slaves. All that do not obey me...die," he said with a cruel eccentric lisp and a twitch.

By this time, Pricilla was enraged, but her rage suddenly turned to fear at the moment she finally realized who this creature was. It was Marcyneo, the famous slaver and conqueror, one willed gaze from him meant death. Such was his powerful evil.

"You have one hour to make your decision. Think of the lives of your maidens and yourself." With that, he walked out with a sudden brisk turn, leaving Pricilla to stand there while an essence of shock began to envelope her. Her soul sank to the depths of depression and she wept.

Pricilla sat down in her chair, slumped over slightly and cried tears of horror. Her two maidens, Julia and Aria entered the chamber to find her weeping heavily. Julia put her hand on her mentor's shoulder in an attempt to comfort her. She spoke while still hiding her face from her beloved students. She believed she had failed them by allowing the men of war to encroach on their sacred land. "I failed you...I should...I didn't." Pricilla's voice was shaking as she attempted to speak through the tears.

Aria spoke with concern, "Who is that, what's wrong?" "I didn't recognize who he was."

"He is a slaver by the name of Marcyneo. He had my parents murdered for not submitting to him." Julia said while staring at Aria with a stern look on her face.

Pricilla looked up from her tears, "You knew? That is why you wanted him dead."

"We can not allow him to take us as slaves; I for one would rather die!" Aria said. Julia turned to look at her lover and smiled with admiration.

"She's right, we must not submit," Julia stated.

"What do you suggest we do?"

"Call him back in here and tell him you surrender. Then tell him you have a gift for him."

"A gift?" Pricilla asked.

"US!" They both exclaimed.

"I can not ask this of you both; there must be some other way, Pricilla stated flatly.

Aria came closer and spoke in a sterner tone than they were used to. "There isn't, we must kill him before he can harm anyone else!"

Julia, turned on by her lover's courage, spoke to Pricilla. "You know what you have to do, we will prepare for him in our quarters. The two women then left Pricilla to think.

All time seemed to stop in the wake of decision and thought for Pricilla. Forever seemed close, and all was frozen. Only a few moments had truly passed though, and

she knew what she had to do. Pricilla, this leader of maidens that was feared by most, was herself afraid. She stood and walked to her chamber door, swallowing pride as she strode. She called to one of her guards out in the hall. "Guard, go tell Marcyneo that Pricilla, leader of the holy realm, requests an audience." The guard bowed her head in compliance and went quickly to retrieve Marcyneo.

As the guard approached Marcyneo outside the sanctuary walls, she felt an eerie wind on the back of her neck. Something told her this man was evil. He sat lazily in his hammock, awaiting the word. "Pricilla, leader of the holy realm, requests an audience."

He rose to his feet, his knees reluctantly holding his girth. "Does she now? Well...take me to her then, and be quick about it!" The guard turned, rolling her eyes at his rudeness and arrogance. They came to Pricilla's door, where he showed himself in without a knock. The guard followed.

"Have you thought about my proposal?" Marcyneo asked.

"Yes, I accept your gracious offer." Pricilla replied.

"Good, I'm glad to see we have an understanding."

"To commemorate our union, I will present you with a gift."

"Gift?" he asked, eerily chuckling at this.

"Two of my best maidens. They will fulfill your deepest fantasies and pleasure you better than you ever thought possible."

He chuckled louder this time, so much so he began to choke. Pricilla stared at the guard, saying all she wished to in a single stare. The guard held back a laugh.

"Very well then, where might I find these enchanting maidens of which you speak?" His eyes grew wide with excitement.

"They can be found in their quarters. The guard will take you there."

As the door closed, Pricilla sat back down in her chair, putting her face down in her hands. She wept, knowing full well that she may have sent her students, her friends, to their deaths.

Chapter IV

Love's Song and Vengeance's Wake

As Julia and Aria prepared for Marcyneo's eventual arrival, they undressed and held each other as they danced nude to their own love's music. Music that could be heard throughout the heavens and seen in both maiden's eyes.

"I love you, you know." Julia kissed Aria passionately on the lips.

"I'm proud of you." Aria said.

Julia smiled at her lover's words of love. She placed her hand on Aria's shoulder and slowly slid her hand down her smooth back, caressing her silky behind. Aria giggled, as she was turned on by her lover's gentle touch. Julia pulled her close and kissed her neck while laying her slowly down on a nearby cushioned seat. They made love in this place they came to be in, their home, their heaven in each other's hearts. There they lay until they were interrupted by a knock at the door.

"It's time."

Aria nodded in agreement.

They walked into the next room, the main bed chamber, and to the door. There stood Marcyneo, shocked at the site of two beautiful naked women at his beck and call. Or so he thought. He stood there frozen, completely speechless.

"Come in milord." "Let us pleasure you." Both of them grabbed a hold of him by the collar, pulled him in, and shut the door.

"What is your pleasure?" Julia said as they both pulled his blue robe off. All the while he remained still and without a tongue. Aria walked over to the side of the bed

and pulled the covers back. Julia threw him to the bed and climbed on top of him. She looked over at her lover with a quick glance. Aria handed Julia a black silken tie that was used to tie him to the bed posts. After this was done, Aria bent over and eagerly sealed his fate with a kiss. In that moment his eyes were shut, their moment had come. Aria quickly handed Julia her knife. With both their hands on the grasp, they plunged the fanged, serrated blade into the chest of the bastard. His blood spattered on them as they watched the light in his eyes diminish.

Aria released her grip from the knife but Julia kept pushing. In that moment she felt the rage and pain of a thousand lifetimes flowing through every vein in her body.

Visions of her parents filled her head as Aria spoke. "He's dead! It's over, let's go."

Julia took the remainder of the black cloth and threw it over Marcyneo's dead eyes. She nodded to Aria with satisfaction and pride in her accomplishment. It was finally over, her parents had been avenged, and the pain had vented. They left him lay there in a pool of his own blood as they exited the room.

Out in the hall, Pricilla had been waiting for the end of her way of life, or the end of an evil. She was shocked and pleased to see her friends emerge from the room. Though they were covered in Marcyneo's blood, she embraced them all the same. They stood and wept in the dark hallway, knowing their next move would be an easy one. Their plan had worked, and their task was complete.

They took the body of the evil one atop the holy sanctuary. They struggled to carry the dead weight of one who had died inside long ago up the spiral staircase. They did so to show his slaves that they were now free.

When they reached the top, they noticed the cloud cover and fog had lifted. It was night by this time, and a full moon was rising on a new age. They dragged Marcyneo's body over to the edge and Pricilla called down to the crowd. "Behold! Your master!" Julia and Aria showed his body to the crowd. Some gasped, some cried, and the boy who showed Marcyneo the way to the sanctuary looked on in horror at this operant sight. He backed away slowly through the crowd of former slaves, turned, and

ran home. Maybe they would forgive him, he thought.

Christopher stood there in awe at the act before them. Thinking of what courage it took to take on such evil. The women hurled Marcyneo's body over the majestic wall at the crowd. The people began to scream and scatter as the body hit the ground with a thud.

Christopher stood frozen in place as the idea of his freedom sank in. He looked up at her, this beauty of beauties, this queen, acknowledging her act of courage. She stared back at him, intrigued and fascinated by this olive toned man. He was strong in mind and stature, a man of principal and honor underneath the mask of a slave that was now free. She could sense this from him in the short time when their eyes met. He nodded once and walked away.

Pricilla's students watched her gaze at the man as he faded onto the horizon. She turned to them with a look of contentment and peace. They smiled, as they knew what she had sensed from this stranger. Julia too felt a strange connection to him, a pull, a vague intuition. Something about this man was familiar somehow. They quickly put it out of their minds and began to descend the stairs on their way to the bath and bed for a well deserved rest.

Chapter V

The Rebirth

As they entered the main bath chamber, Pricilla began to strip off her clothes, eagerly awaiting the rose petal scented water against her skin. Julia and Aria, already nude from their encounter with Marcyneo, helped her with her many layered robe. As the layers peeled, they revealed a magnificent beauty, a soul of great age and wisdom, but a body of only thirty.

The three women dipped down into the warm water, letting it cleanse their very souls of the operant acts of the past few hours. Julia and Aria turned to Pricilla and smiled gracefully at their mentor and friend. She smiled back in kind, with a thousand thank you's of emotion behind her eyes.

"You both saved me, you know, thank you." She cried as she spoke.

The others came over to her and embraced her with tears long forgotten and buried. All was out, all were free. As they hugged, Julia glanced over at Aria as if to give her a signal. They both began to caress the shoulders and neck of their friend, slowly sliding their hands down the middle of her chest.

"You two do not need to do this. I am not deserving."

"Shhh" Julia said with her finger at her lips, as they both began to kiss her neck.

"Let us...let us pleasure you. You are deserving."

Aria's kind words rang through Pricilla's head, uplifting her very soul. She kissed Aria passionately on the lips. Aria's eyes closed as she lowered back into the water, looking over at the other two with great anticipation.

Pricilla then turned to Julia, and saw a naughty smile form on her face while she gently bit down on her finger tip as if to say, "Kiss me." Pricilla gently and passionately kissed Julia with all of the gratitude she felt behind the kiss, just as she had with Aria.

Pricilla and Julia went over to Aria's end of the small spring and began to kiss her. The three made love well into the night, until the sun peered over the horizon, casting light on a new morning for all. As they laid there on the soft stone surface of the main bath, they were immersed in pleasure's light.

Julia slowly sat up, still breathing heavy from their act, and looked over at her lover. She then knew what she wanted to do. She slid back down into the pool and waded over to Aria's side where she lay asleep on the floor.

"Aria," Julia said with a soft soothing voice as she grabbed hold of her hand.

Aria awoke, squinting as she struggled to raise her head. She smiled as Julia came into view. Julia motioned for her come to her in the center of the pool. She did as her lover asked, curious as to what she was up to. They met at the spring's center and embraced. Julia whispered in Aria's ear. "Wait here." She waded over to Pricilla as she slept, tickling her toes to wake her. She then went back to her girl. Confused, Aria began to speak, but Julia quickly shushed her. "All will become clear in a moment my love."

By this time, Pricilla was sitting up and looking at the two women through squinted eyes. "Again? I don't know, I'm too tired."

Julia laughed and said, "No that is not why I woke you. I wanted you to witness what I am about to do. She looked over at her soul mate and stared into her eyes. Summing up all of her love for her in a single look, ready to ask her lover to be her one and only. "Will you marry me?"

Tears of joy ran down the face of Aria. All time froze in that instant for her. Pricilla watched in anticipation. "Yes, I will marry you. You are my all." Pricilla laughed with joy as the two maidens touched foreheads, and then finally kissed. They giggled and smiled like to little children awaiting a parent's promised gift.

"I must go tell the other maidens and prepare for this blessed event!" As Pricilla ran off to her chambers to prepare, the two were unaware of all around them. They

were the only two people on Earth as far as they knew. All of the gods smiled down on them, as they stared at the dawn of a new day.

Chapter VI

The Wedding

The ceremony was carried out in the blooming, open-air garden chapel before their mighty symbol. The sun shined through its majesty and all stood nude beneath its gentle rays of love. Showing that all layers had been shed, nothing hidden, nothing feared. Pricilla bore a different symbol; she was adorned with a long white gown symbolizing her divine connection to the gods and goddesses that came before.

Julia and Aria were rewarded with a wedding befitting a queen. They wore crowns of white flowers and were followed by maidens a plenty as they entered the chapel, gracefully striding past the many maidens who honored them with their presence. All cheered loudly at the site of their friends. They stood there at the base of the mighty alter, staring into each other's souls. Not caring what went on around them, nor hearing Pricilla's words.

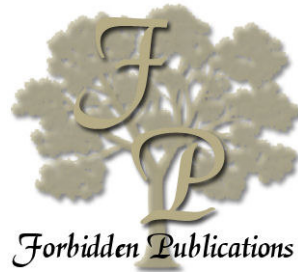
"Hmm hmm."

They looked over at Pricilla as the crowd laughed with joy at their oblivious melding. "You may kiss now." Pricilla smiled intensely at them. They could wait no longer. They kissed with a passion and love not found by many. The crowd cheered again. Tears of joy could be seen on the faces of all in attendance, and on the face of the high priestess herself. They were one under the sky, and equal to all.

Later that evening, they lay down on silky soft coverings prepared by all the maidens, in a suite usually reserved for royalty. They were royalty to each other. As the

silky sheets touched their naked skin, they made love in this place they came to be in, their heaven in each other's hearts.

The End



If you liked this book, why not check out some of our other titles at Forbidden Publications. We offer a wide variety of books for all your reading pleasures.

www.forbiddenpublications.com