



Enya's Tale

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By Jennifer Campbell

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Enya watched as the war party of Kellmar warriors returned her blond hair, typical of the Utto tribe, moving in the warm, summer breeze. Her naked breasts pressed against the hastily-constructed wooden cage she was being kept in, as she fretted about how slim the chances of rescue were. *We are still in Spaymore Forest, only thirty leagues from our tribal lands, but after the attack on the main village all my people who have not been killed or captured will be hiding out.* Thought of the stout Grimar, her betrothed, entered her fear-racked mind, but she pushed them away else they bring her to tears again. *I don't even know if he lives, as he was with the first wave of our warriors in the battle.*

The battle she referred to had been more of a wholesale slaughter, although she had no idea to what degree it had been one-sided. The warlike, better-armed, and better trained Kellmar had cut down wave after wave of Utto warriors until nearly all of them lay dead or fleeing the field.

The sad truth Enya didn't know was Grimar had acquitted himself well, killing four Kellmar before two of them attacked him and slew him with their swords. He had screamed out her name as he died, but she would never see him alive again.

Enya was no fool, and she knew her fate was to be harsh. *My people will hide out, terrified, in the seas caves for perhaps months, and by the time they emerge it will be too late to save me from being taken north.* Far to the north, in the Kellmar capitol of Dathia, she would meet her fate: to be trained viciously and systematically as a sexual slave. *If I make it that far.*

Kept in the wooden prison naked, her body roped around her waist, breasts and shoulders, with a tight rope between her legs, Enya could do little as her wrists and

elbows were locked together behind her back. Already some to the horrors of sexual slavery had begun, as every night, her beauty got her taken by a lodge of Kellmar warriors who used her cunt, anus, and mouth with no regard for her pleasure. However, scary as this was, her sexual use and degradation was not what worried her the most. When she had been captured, and placed in the wooden prison, there had been nine other women in there with her, and three other wooden cages housed an equal number of captured females of all tribes. However in the weeks she had been here almost all of them had disappeared, one by one, and now she was alone with no more than three women in any of the other cages.

Something else had come to her attention too. The woman who had disappeared had all been older, or extremely young, and the ones left like her seemed to be the most beautiful, making her think her beauty a curse.

The others may have already been taken to Darthia to be trained, but if they were wouldn't they have disappeared as a group not singly? Has something else happened to them? She did not know, but this was not the first time Utto women had been captured, by brutal Kellmar warriors. No, it had happen to Enya's grandmother, but she had done something no other Utto woman had ever done. With the help of her two brothers, who secretly trailed the Kellmar party north, she had escaped after only three months in the slave pens of Darthia. Yet even with her escape, she was never the same happy girl she had been, for the horrors she had seen and experienced had weighed heavily upon her. As a child, Enya had heard some of the stories her grandmother had told.

Naked women pierced and chained at nipple and labia led about as sexual pets. Slaves trained to suck cock by having a rubber phallus clipped to their breasts, which rose upwards to be impaled in their mouth and strapped tightly in place pulling their nipples up cruelly. Worst of all, the torture her grandmother had simply called the pit, where a slave was immersed in a stinking oil pit with a barred top, the pit was filled, but a Kellmar male lay over the pit with his erection jutting down into the pit. As the pit filled, the slave had a choice, suck the males cock and a tube would be extended to allow her to breathe immersed in the foul oil, or simply drown in the oil. Enya's grandmother had sucked, for two days, and made it out alive, but many slaves had despaired and had simply chosen to die.

Enya knew if she made the journey north, there would likely be no rescue for her, so she might well have to make her grandmother's choice, to live in slavery, or die. *How will I decide, and will I have her strength?*

Enya's thoughts were interrupted by the approach a Kellmar warrior who had used her the previous evening. Dragging behind him a new captive of stunning beauty, he shouted at the fat, old guard. "Open the cage, I wish to give the Utto bitch some company. I would have her happy to serve me, in fact I'll probably have both of these sluts tonight after feast."

The guard snapped to attention, and moved smartly, telling Enya the warrior was of more than passing importance. Watching him push the girl into the cage, Enya noticed her lovely reddish-brown hair and high cheekbones both traits to Tamerian women.

“Get to the ground, bitch, it is your proper place before the First Captain of Kellmar.” Pushing the woman to the ground, he pressed her bountiful breasts and face to the dirt floor. Grinding her face, he pulled the rope on her neck until she was choking, and Enya was powerless to stop it.

“I could kill you right now, and never give your death another thought, but Tantor can be merciful to his best slaves.” Slipping his fingers into the girls exposed slit, he friggd her with three fingers with a fury Enya found amazing. In moments the girl went through her stages of arousal and she came, screaming on Tantor’s hand. “Tantor also rewards his best slaves on occasion, as you both see, and his two personal slaves only serve his needs.” Standing, he grabbed Enya’s breast and squeezed until she screamed.

“I’ll be using you both tonight, so you should think about what is best for your future. I hear the slave pens of Darthia are difficult to survive.” Tantor turned and left, smiling as he did, and Enya watched the newcomer struggle to get up unable to assist her.

Surprising Enya, the older guard spoke to them as her closed the cage door. “We move north to homeland on the morrow, and the journey is only five suns. If I were you two, I would seriously consider submitting to Tantor, and begging to be his slaves. You’ll still be sex slaves, but you’ll have his favor for as long as you’re beautiful enough to keep it, and life with him will be much easier than then slave pens.”

The newcomer spit in the dirt, and declared. “The first wife of the 6th House of Tameria serves no Kellmar swine. I will die before I do.”

The guard looked at her and laughed. "Then die as a haughty bitch like you will surely do in the pens. Did I mention what Tantor did not, he's First Captain because he's King Valant's son, first in line to the throne of Kellmar."

Enya looked at the gray eyes of the newcomer, and she looked into Enya's blues. "What is your name, wife of the 6th House; I am Enya of the Utto."

"Bella, my chosen is Lord Claymore."

Enya had heard of Claymore, a powerful Tamerian Lord known for his prowess in battle. "Does he live, your Lord Claymore?" She had to know, for if he did, she needed to stick close to Bella, as there was a chance of rescue.

However when Bella dissolved in tears, she had her answer.

"My chosen and his entire First Guards, slaughtered like pigs, leaving the rest of us defenseless against these scum."

"Choose your words carefully, Bella, as your fate lies in the hands of these men, and they are crueler than you can likely imagine."

Standing up, Bella moved closer to Enya, and her next words seemed to change her disposition. "I understand, Enya, and I'm only trying to be brave, at first for my little sister who was captured with me. Inside I'm terrified, and I only want to find out where they have taken her when they split us up. Do you think this Tantor could tell me, and make her his slave too?"

"No doubt he could, but would he is the question. Tell me everything you saw and heard from the moment you entered this camp, don't skip a detail. Also, how old is your sister?"

“She is but twelve seasons, a mere girl. Why is that important, do you know something?”

Unable to grip Bella, and shake some sense into her, Enya lunged forward pushing the distraught woman into the wooden bars. “I don’t know anything yet, but I need your information to try and figure a way out of this, so get yourself together.”

“Okay, sorry. We entered the camp and they separated me and four other women from all the rest...”

Enya interrupted. “The five of you were young, beautiful, sexually mature woman, and the other group was women and girls older and younger than you, right?”

Bella thought, and she answered in an excited voice. “Yes, your right, you do know something, please tell me?”

“Not yet, first tell me what else you saw and heard.”

Again, Bella thought, and it poured out of her slowly. “I heard screaming, awful screaming from the direction they lead the others, and there was a huge fire pit with an iron spit over it.” She caught her breath as if she just realized something else.

“I looked back once, hoping to see my sister, but what I saw made no sense. A Kellmar man strode out of a hut and he was covered in blood, as if he was grievously wounded or something, but he started laughing, and picked up something off a table by the fire pit. He started eating it.”

Enya had decided to submit and beg Tantor to be his slave, as the guard had told them he was next in line to the throne. *It is my best chance for a decent life.*

Now, she pushed her breasts up to Bella, and spoke to her with the greatest urgency. “Bella, forget about your past life. Tantor is our future if we have one. He

clearly wants us both as his personal slaves, and if we both submit and beg I think we can get whatever privileges come with being slave to him, and that is definitely better than the slave pens. Promise me now you will submit and beg with me, it may save both are lives.”

Bella broke into tears as it was all too much for her. “Enya, what about my sister, my people, and everything I am. What do you know? You must tell me.”

Bracing herself and taking a deep freeing breath, Enya told Bella of her suspicions. “Your sister is dead, or likely will be soon and there’s nothing you can do to stop it. They’re only saving the most beautiful, young women for slavery and the rest...” She paused, barely believing the truth she now understood, and making the sign of the Over Spirit on her chest.

“Bella, we're not just sex slaves any more, the filthy Kellmar are eating us for meat.”

The light went out in Bella’s eyes, as the truth was more than she could bear to hear. Later that evening when Tantor had them brought to his quarters, Enya submitted, giving freely of her body and begging pitifully to be Tantor’s slave. On the other hand, Bella struggled, screamed, cried and demanded to know the fate of her sister.

Enya awoke chained to Tantor’s bed, and she remained his loyal sex slave for twelve seasons, until King Tantor gave her a child by his seed. Her child grew to be a man, next in line to the throne, and he freed his mother who never returned to her former people.

Bella died in the pit at the slave pens of Darthia.

The End

ABOUT JENNIFER CAMPBELL

Jennifer Campbell lives in a modern log cabin, nestles under the fir and spruce that cover the mountain her ancestors settled under. She lives with her Master, Jack, who she serves in an eight year M/s relationship. Not wishing to live free or die, as the state's motto suggests, she continues her pure submission. Jennifer would love to hear from other submissives, especially those who are touched by her writings about female slavery. Never wanting to forget who and what she is, Jennifer will sometimes write when she is wearing her collar, or her nipple chain.

Jennifer maintains a [My Space page and blog](#).

Fans may email Jennifer at jencampbell8520@gmail.com

If you enjoyed ENYA'S TALE, you might also enjoy:



[VIRGELINA'S TORMENT](#)

By Jennifer Campbell

Highly sexual and easily aroused, the women of Ranexx have many factors in their biology which make them natural slaves. Our heroine, Virgelina, is a pampered pleasure slave, sent by her Master to the Imperial Palace to compete to become an imperial pleasure slave to serve the Emperor. However, when Virgelina fails miserably, it is she, not her Master, who must face horrible treatment and tortures at the hands of Varius, the head imperial slave trainer. After days of torment, Virgelina is forced to confront her Master, who abandons her body to a cruel fate. Will Virgelina survive and find another Master to serve—and perhaps even love?

Warnings: This title contains very graphic language, violence, bdsm, degradation and golden showers.

Excerpt From [VIRGELINA'S TORMENT](#):

Virgelina was surprised when they eventually left the palace building and began walking along a path through a pasture. The air was warm, and the sun felt good on

Virgelina's naked body. She saw arabans running and playing in the next pasture, and if not for the weight of the punishment hanging over her head, she would have been happy. Thankful to Justus for releasing her nipples, she wanted to take his hand as they walked, but such liberties were not taken on Ranexx. I wish I had the courage to speak to him, tell him everything I feel. Someone should know, as I may be dead soon. As they walked, the twin suns sank low in the sky, and on the opposite horizon they could barely see the nine moons rising.

Justus led her to a large barn, and she watched him open the barn door letting light rush into the main hallway of the enormous building. She saw rows of stalls revealed on each side of the center aisle, and immediately noticed that the stalls on the right were clean, well maintained, and mostly housed large arabans. The mighty steeds looked well contented with fresh straw, and large wall-mounted troughs containing food and water.

When Virgelina turned her head to the left, she was met with a quite different picture. These stalls were smaller, about one third the size, and they were filthy, unkempt places that seemed to have no troughs or buckets for the feeding of their occupants. The occupants were all slave girls, naked as was customary, but chained in a bizarre kneeling position to the floor. Their faces and breasts pressed close to the filthy straw, and their nude bottoms thrust up to be viewed or used. All the girls' wrists had been cuffed tightly behind their backs, and every ass displayed fresh, red whip marks or cane strips. Their knees were forced apart by metal bars cuffed between them so that their bulging cunt lips were exposed, and their engorged pleasure bulbs hung down obscenely.

Closer inspection showed one more awful feature that most of the tethered slaves had in common. Most had their hair shaven, or cut brutally, from their heads. The cutting had been haphazard and uneven, and had left cuts, scraps, and tufts of uncut hair on their heads. They were now crude caricatures of the beautiful women they must all have once been.

Virgelina immediately wondered why their clit-bulbs were so engorged, as it seemed as if these slaves had been punished terribly, and recently. She doubted they had felt any pleasure since they had been in this barn, so why the swelled clit-bulbs? It was obvious to any observer, and not lost on Virgelina, that to the arabans this was a place of comfort, their home away from the pleasures of the pastures, while to slaves, this was a living hell of pain and humiliation.

Justus fairly pulled her along to an empty stall, but she stopped at the stall door, disgusted by the awful stench of the place. She only moved forward when Justus pushed her, allowing him to push her to her knees to be chained like the other slave girls. Right then, she snapped from the terror inside her. She blurted out fear-driven words through weeping eyes, all the time looking at the fine Maldorian sword that hung from Justus' belt.

"Please, Master Justus, just kill this slave now. Slit her throat with your sword, it will be easy, and she promises to die with your face in her eyes. Please, this slave begs to have this cup taken from her lips. Strike quickly before she loses her nerve."

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TOP HUNT

By Jennifer Campbell

Follow corporate VP Jennifer Campbell down the dark corridors of her deepest desires, in a quest for total submission. Unsatisfied with her current top, she embarks on a sexual odyssey to find a stricter, more thrilling dominant. Soon she becomes a coveted prize, sought by two Masters, whom she must choose between if she proves worthy to serve both. Will she kneel beside the sublimely obedient Gail, to serve Keefe Murdoch, Master of The Mansion, or will she offer her body to Grant Farrell, a deliciously qualified job candidate at her company? What will become of her flaxen-haired assistant, Donna, who longs to be trained as Jennifer's personal sex slave.

Warnings: This title contains graphic language, anal sex and bdsm elements including bondage, pain, humiliation and degradation.