

FROM THE UNIVERSE OF
TALES OF THE PURRFECT EXPLORERS

BARBARIAN WAYS

CHAPTER ELEVEN

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Sanya stared helplessly at the feathered shaman. Their eyes met. Golden orbs, filled with the fires of passion. Deep pits of ancient power, ready to be unleashed. It was the dream that wasn't a dream all over again. Only this time it was much, much more terrifying.

Green mist enveloped Sanya as she stood, slowly swaying from side to side among the leaves at the edge of the clearing. Her heart thumped hard in her chest. Fear gripped her mind. And yet, her willpower was fading quickly. "Must... must... no... why... I...," she whispered as the shaman waved her glowing staff. Her mind snapped. She had no choice but to let herself go, to become the shaman's plaything. "My... my priestess... must... obey."

Now Sanya was stumbling forward, toward a nearby binding post. Her eyes rolled almost uncontrollably until they focused on the ground at the post's base. At first it looked like any other patch of slightly disturbed dirt. Now, in the fog of the shaman's dark magic, it seemed to throb with dark, primal power.

A distant voice rumbled through Sanya's head. "Pretty girls for vines," the harsh, deep voice purred deeply. "So many this time. Good harvest. Souls for old magic. Clan be happy wit' shaman of the green!"

Sanya staggered up to the binding pole. She tried to pull back. She wanted nothing more than to flee the frighteningly surreal scene in which the shaman's magics were compelling her to participate. Nothing she did seemed to matter. Her mind was truly little more than a prisoner in a body which now belonged to someone else.

The shaman cackled gleefully as Sanya slowly turned and knelt over the rough patch of dirt. "Bind girls!" she laughed, waving her staff

toward her captives. “Bind girls tight!”

Sanya began to feel rope sliding over her wrists and ankles. Like alien tentacles unbidden, the soft, supple strands wrapped around her quivering limbs. Her arms were pulled behind her back and her wrists bound together. Her legs were pulled to the sides, away from the soft earth beneath her firm, quivering ass.

The shaman stepped forward. Her nose touched Sanya's forehead. Her hands slipped to Sanya's waist. Off came the loincloth. The shaman tossed it to the ground. “Naked, furless girl,” she purred, licking Sanya's lips. “Furless soul make special good magic.”

Sanya didn't understand. She couldn't understand. She could only watch as the feathered and painted barbarian stood and started to dance.

The shaman raised her staff to the sky. Her voice wavered, faded and then thundered out of the heavens. “Grow! Grow vines! To sky! Grow!”

her voice boomed. The earth seemed to shake. “Up! To warm places! In warm places! Grow! Grow! Grow! Grow!”

Green mist again whirled around Sanya. Her view of the world faded into swirls of gray, green and yellow. A sharp, woody, crackling sound filled her ears. She could feel the dirt moving around her bound legs. Something was pushing it aside, bursting out from the ground and toward her helpless body. Her heart pounded. She started to shake uncontrollably. A vision of the vine-impaled chi'tess swirled among the mists which filled her mind. From the fog came a sudden, sharp realization. Terror filled her heart.

Sanya shuddered as a hard, body object slowly pressed between her firm, sexy butt cheeks. Her entire body began to glisten with sweat. She desperately fought against the magical, mental fog. She tried to clench her ass, to keep the horrific growth out of her body. It was all in vain.

The vine pressed firmly against the puckered

flesh of her pale, virgin anus. Sanya's eyes filled with tears. They dripped down her face and onto her modest, perky chest before falling to the ground from the tips of her meaty, erect nipples. She closed her eyes.

The rest of the world seemed to vanish into the mists of barbarian terror. All that Sanya could now feel was the lumpy growth pressing into her soft, helpless anus. She could feel her body giving way. With almost unbearable discomfort, the growing plant forced her virgin ass open. It forced its way inside.

Beyond, out in the mist shrouded real world, the shaman began to sing in a harsh, almost alien tongue. Her voice ebbed. It flowed. Then it faded away.

Sanya's mind began to clear as the shaman's magic faded. Reality was the breeze that wafted away the mystical fog. Sanya's terror exploded into a blood curdling scream. Her eyes rolled back into her head. Her body convulsed. Consciousness faded into a terrible, nothing.