

# The Golem

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## The Golem

The life force of another being.

It was all that she cared about; attaining it to fortify what little she had remaining. When she left on the journey to the shores of the Burning Sea, she was the most powerful mage on the coast. Now, however, with her escorts killed and her power waning, Katherine, Magis to the High King, could barely walk, much less cast spells. Her long red hair drifted in the wind behind her and her face was rapidly approaching middle age. She no longer held the look of youth, but neither had the ravages of time taken their payment. Her magic would take care of that should the time come.

As she trudged through the forest trail with her once white cloak around her neck, she knew that time was running out. Mud caked her boots and the bottom of her cloak. The solid thud of the golem's steps behind her was a constant reminder of that simple fact. Without the life force that he needed, the golem, her sole last protector would topple like the bulk of dead flesh that it was.

She turned back to her protector, seeing the damage that the war party had done to him. He had done an admirable job, killing dozens of the enemy soldiers with his massive fists and feet. Standing two heads taller than man, the golem held more bulk and strength than twenty men. An iron helm covered his colossal skull. He looked like a pincushion as many arrows littered his massive form. The swords had also done a number on his body. The sight made her distressed; he had been her first creation over twenty cycles before.

She held no real affection for the creation; it was simply reanimated flesh long since dead. Built of bodies scavenged from the graveyards, it given life by taking another. As the life energy dwindled in the golem, another life had to be given to renew it. But still, it had been a constant presence in her rise to power. She turned back and again began walking. A village should be appearing anytime now. This near the coast, villages had sprung up every few miles. As she crested the rise, the satisfaction at having been correct suffused through her body.

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“You know me.” Spoken not as a question but as a statement of her power, Katherine held sway over a hundred villages up and down the coast. Her power was second only the High King himself. So when she said that statement, she knew that the Lord would reply in earnest.

“Of course. We will serve.” The Lord Harrinda stood up, his shiny black boots and leather attire made him more regal than what he really was. Obviously, his people had made him aware of her approach. The golem stood behind Katherine, solid and unmoving. Lord Harrinda was disturbed by its presence - she could tell that it made him uncomfortable. The Lord’s voice shook slightly as he continued speaking. “What do you require of us?”

Katherine already had her demands in mind. She put both hands out to either side of her, indicating to him that what she demanded was to be between only Lord Harrinda and herself. The Lord quickly gestured to his guards and they scampered quickly to leave the hall. Once the door finally shut, Katherine began to speak. She knew the request could be denied, as she had no power left to enforce her wishes. “I require a female slave. She will not be returned to you in any reasonable condition.”

“A slave?” The Lord was genuinely confused. “I do not understand.”

“You do not need to understand why I need the slave. You only need to provide.”

“My Lady, I must protest! Slaves are...”

“Harrinda!” she snapped. The Lord instantly became quiet. “I do not care about your protestations! Bring me your slave women. Line them up in front of me! I will choose one that will suffice for my needs.”

The Lord’s eyes held a tinge of anger at being berated. Katherine could see that his annoyance was giving him a backbone. “Payment, my Lady. Slaves are not cheap on this side of the continent. Since the High King outlawed the purchase of slaves...”

Katherine’s eyes narrowed. “What do you desire?”

“The High Mage in my bed.”

The request surprised her, but it was acceptable.

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The slaves paraded out within an hour, all of them held their faces down to the ground. Katherine walked past the smaller ones, whittling down her choices to those nearing a man's height. She forced each of them to look into her eyes, holding their chins in her hand, searching for the spark that she so desperately needed.

She found it in a black haired beauty. The defiance was evident in her eyes, even though she was conditioned to look to the floor. Katherine smiled and waved the rest away. She had found the one.

"Take her to your chambers, Harrinda." She turned away from the slaves and walked towards her golem. "We will be there shortly and you will have your payment." She had much work to do, many arrows had to be removed from the golem's flesh.

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The golem could barely fit through the doorway that led into Harrinda's chambers. The broken arrows had been removed, though the ugly gray flesh remained gaping and cold. The wounds would heal shortly. Katherine led the way, seeing that the slave's hands were bound behind her back. Harrinda was well prepared. Katherine could sense the slave's rebelliousness as she walked past her and on towards Lord Harrinda. She eyed the Lord with causality.

"Why me in your bed, Harrida? Why not gold or jewels?"

"I have enough of it, but Magis of the High King is renown for her sexual prowess."

"Rumors, little more." She enticed him by shucking off her cloak, revealing her naked form beneath. The Lord inhaled deeply, surprised by her boldness. Her body still held its form, her breasts round and firm, her belly flat and her buttocks soft and supple.

"Exquisite," he muttered.

Smiling wryly, Katherine drew a knife from the folds of her discarded cloak, walking back to the slave. "You have excellent taste in slaves, Harrinda." The blade flashed, cutting the skimpy and tattered dress from the slaves body. It fell to the floor in a heap. The golem stirred restlessly where it stood by the closed doorway. It was already beginning. "You may enjoy this, Harrinda. My golem has to feed."

"Feed?"

The golem's massive cock was rising from within its torn and filthy pants. She walked over to it, cutting the bands that held them up. They fell away, revealing the monstrous cock. Tossing the knife away, she took it into her hands, urging it upwards. It felt cold and clammy, but then it was nothing but dead flesh. "Take your pleasure," she told it quietly before turning and walking back towards where Harrinda stood beside his bed.

"Yes, feed," she told him. "He is going to fuck your slave. You see, he takes his sustenance from the act of sex. His wounds heal through pleasure. Only the act destroys the object of his affection."

"He's going to rape my slave?" Harrinda said, his eyes widening. There was interest in his voice."

"Yes," Katherine replied, smiling. "You enjoy such things?"

"They are rare pleasures that few ever get to enjoy..."

Katherine moved closer to him. He stood a good six inches taller than her, the bulge between his legs was large, pressing against the material of the pants. Yes, he would be a wonderful fuck. He would definitely give her pleasure. Such a strong body, he would feed her hunger well. Her hand fell between her legs, fingering her fluids. She brought the slickened fingers to Harrinda's lips. His tongue darted out, sucking them in.

She turned to the bed and laid her upper body on it, bending at the waist to present him with her ass. "You may take your pleasure from me while my golem takes his from your slave."

The golem approached the slave, his massive hands gripping her shoulders. The cock dripped with a viscous liquid, thick and fluid. The golem pushed her forward, one trunk of an arm grabbing her around the waist and lifting her up off the floor. The other arm fitted its cock between her legs, shoving it up while pushing her down upon it. Katherine felt Harrinda's cock spear her at the same moment as the golem did the slave.

The slave screamed. Katherine knew only pleasure.

Harrinda was well endowed, and began thrusting against her with wild abandon. His testicles bounced against her clit, arousing her. Looking back, she saw that his eyes were transfixed on the golem's massive cock and its attempts to spear the young slave. As usual, it was having terrific difficulty, but it pushed into her, causing her to scream even more shrilly. She struggled, but her thrashing was but a light breeze to the golem. If anything, it increased its desire.

Finally, the cock was forced into the slave, and Katherine watched as blood ran from the slaves cunt, running the length of the golem's cock as it forced deep into the woman. She no longer screamed, only gasped pitifully as the cock rammed into her. Her

head lolled, eyes rolling up into her head. The golem increased its pace as the slave went limp, its cock now fully engulfed in the meat puppet.

Katherine watched as the wounds on her golem began to close, to heal. Yes, it was drawing her essence into it, repairing the damage done to it by her enemies. She smiled, and drew away from Harrinda, turning her eyes from the gory sight. It would not stop until the slave's flesh had satisfied it. When it came, the woman would be little more than bits of flesh.

She met Harrinda's eyes, drawing them from the golem to her own naked flesh. He gained his attention as she rolled onto her back, spreading herself wide to accept him. Leaping atop her, he speared her again, delving deep inside her.

His cock was hard and demanding, close to orgasm. She milked his cock, urging him to come while she muttered the incantation. The golem wasn't the only one that needed to feed. Harrinda's pace quickened, slamming into her. Close... so very close... Her own orgasm rolled up into her and she whispered the last of the incantation as it struck her. A dagger appeared in her hand, thrusting up into his neck as she came forcibly.

Even as the blade struck and the blood began to spill, Harrinda came with her, her body preparing his for this simultaneous and necessary point in the incantation. His body arched, his cock exploding with her. She took it all, and continued to take, taking his body, his soul and all of his power as his blood washed over her. The sensation of stealing a soul was far more intense than any orgasm. It fed her, kept her young, kept her powerful.

Harrinda knew something was wrong when his pleasure turned to the coldness of death. His life drained from his body, and he struggled against her, but he was little more than a fly caught in a spider's web. Her arms drew him in, taking, feeding, worshipping the power she took from him.

The Lord died, his body never struggling in the least. He slumped forward on top of her, the pulsing wound in his neck slowly ebbing. Katherine released a deep sigh of satisfaction, knowing that power was once again hers.

Pushing Harrinda off her, she sat up, smiling at the golem. It stood covered in the blood of the slave, her body torn limb from limb, a jagged tear where her cunt used to be. White semen from its cock pooled amid the red of her blood. But the golem was healed, made whole by the blood and flesh of the slave.

Inadvertantly, Katherine shivered at the sight. Such brutality. Such necessity. Slowly she rose and began to clean herself.

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The golem left first, and she closed the curtains behind her, not allowing the Lord's guards to see the mess. They stared at her, and she saw the fear in their eyes, having heard the terrible sounds that had come from within.

“Lord Harrinda wishes to be left alone. It seems that our play with the slave wore him out.” It was a lie, but it would do for the moment. That said, she walked out, the golem trudging along behind her as a testament of her power. They looked away, their faces blanching. They knew something was wrong, but were powerless to stop her.

As she walked out of the village, she knew that once again power was hers.

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