

When the guards came, it was almost a relief. Charlotte had been waiting for hours, and finally it had arrived. They were giant figures, holding ornate halberds and cast in a armour of gold, sculpted to imitate the body of a man at the peak of perfection. It seemed unreal, childish even, but she had heard the screams of their victims, and saw past such vain appearances. They had never hurt her, but I feared that would soon no longer be true.

They seemed to hesitate, embarrassed, as if they hadn't imprisoned her in a madhouse full of horrors. Then, with a sudden change of heart, they grabbed her by the arms, perfectly in sync with one another. So the long march began.

Her heart was pumping, yet she was able to make something of a pattern from what was happening. She had rarely seen other victims, but when she did they were treated with the utmost cruelty, often tortured and raped for their captors' pleasure. Yet, although she was prisoner, they seemed to hold her in a perverse form of reverence. She had been afforded the most luxurious cell, draped in gold an full of wine, rare literature and smoking pipes so strange she scarcely went near them. Only her lack of freedom made it a cell. They had demanded she wear the finest dress, and allowed her to change in privacy. They feared to see her form, yet she sensed an unwelcome excitement, like a child playing with fire.

She had eaten luxurious food, although at first she had rejected it, fearing poison. But if they wanted to kill her, she supposed there was noting stopping them. They also bathed her, gently, albeit by force. They would always take care not to cut her when shaving her, and would wince, as if she would hit them if they ever made a mistake. Their razors were thin beyond belief, and unnervingly sharp. They searched her body relentlessly, routing out any imperfection and filing it off like it was a fingernail. Her body was kept to such a pristine level that she hadn't thought it possible. She was like a rare antique.

Now, as Charlotte marched down the isle as if on death row, a sense of impending doom fell over her. It was like a twisted version of Alice in wonderland. Wherever she passed, deformed figures in filthy but strangely covered robes fell to their knees in submission. Slaves, she suppose. But why bow before her? She was a captive too. She felt at once a slave and a princess.

As her mind flooded with unbidden thoughts, she realised how beautiful her robes were. Surely it was unimportant right now. Yet it felt important. As she looked upon them her mind swirled. What first seemed to be a deep blood red colour became a vibrant pink, then split into a multitude of colours before her eyes. As these colours multiplied even more, some appeared to be entirely new colours. It was ridiculous, but true. Her eyes were hurting now, and a headache was forming, but she had to keep looking. Shapes appeared, angelic and elegant. However, like everything in this cursed place, they soon became twisted. She notices faces, hooked and cruel. It was only when they laughed that she tore her eyes away.

She had to keep her mind straight. It was the only way she would survive. The long walk went on for what seemed to be hours, her feet burning. Suddenly, the walk stopped, and one of the hunched slaves came forward, cowering. He raised a bowl beneath her face. Before she could question this new occurrence, she noticed what was inside the bowl. Blood. It must have been mixed with something powerful, because a single whiff of the stuff made her feel light headed enough to fall if she wasn't careful. Even the guards, giants of gold, seemed to shake at the sight of the substance. It seemed to go on for hours, but was over in a second. Then she was marching once more.

Then, when the journey seemed endless, they reached their destination. Before them was a great and crudely made cross, as if pulled straight from the some religious story. Nothing more than two planks

of wood nailed together, its crudeness seemed ugly when contrasted to the mind-boggling but elegant backdrop. It looked uneven and full of splinters, and her skin crawled at what its presence implied. The guard raised it with little effort and brought it before her. Part of her mind screamed at her to flee, but the drug was in her system, and she knew she would obey.

They placed it against Charlotte's back, careful not to damage her robe. The strange guards spoke not at all, and she realised they'd given her a silent order. Slowly, she slid her arms behind her back and hugged the harsh wood.

Then, swift as a serpent, they wrapped a chain around her wrist, so tight she feared a loss of blood circulation. Then, without a pause, their march had renewed once more. The cross was a great weight, and seemed to press her already hurting feet further into the ground. A crowd had gathered, slaves and depraved cultists alike gathered to witness her humiliation. She was embarrassed, but the swirl of experiences removed coherent thought, and onward she went, like a soldier marching to war.

They came to a great gate, crafted from gold and encrusted with an impossible assortment of gems, most Charlotte couldn't begin to name. Like her robe, it seemed to swirl with faces and patterns when one laid their eyes upon its surface. It was at once erotic and abhorrent. Slowly, the gates opened, almost suggestively. Knowing she could only go forwards, she entered.

The crowds were much larger here, and rowdier too. They seemed to pulse with a barely restrained urge to consume her, like a single entity. Slaves, cultists and things too despicable to name gathered, and more than once she saw a guard stop one from over spilling and reaching her. One particularly excited creature managed to reach her location, and for a second it simply stared at her. She had once caught a neighbour staring at her naked body with binoculars. She remembered his eyes, and how he seemed unable to tear away from her yellow hair and slightly freckled skin, even when caught. Yet that was nothing compared to this. Its eyes were inhumanly wide, and gave off a yellow glow that spilled from its hood. It reached forward with a clawed hand, and she reeled back, swift despite the drugs slowing her. Then, too fast to see, it was thrown to the ground, and the guards closed in. Within seconds it was nought but red paste, and the guards seemed to delight at the opportunity to make it so. She wanted to stop, to scream, but the wood's oppressive presence would not allow it, and she was barely able to avoid stepping on the remains. There were few incidents after that, and she was thankful.

At last, the great hall ended at a massive stage, also dressed in bright and lucid colours. She realised there was no steps in sight, and almost questioned her guards, but then, like everything in this hell, something abnormal happened. A line of slaves appeared, looking just as fanatic as the ones who enslaved them. They pressed their bodies into the large barbs attached to the stage, creating a living set of stairs, prompting her to climb them to the peak of the stage. At first she was repelled by the idea of enacting such cruelty, but realised the guards blocked any other path for her. She extended her leg hesitantly, and winced at the sickening sound as blood poured from the pressure of her weight. Hands urged her onward, and she decided to simply get it over with quickly. She raced over them, trying to ignore their horrific screams of pain. Yet when she recalled the event, it sounded more and more like a chorus of mad ecstasy. Then it was over, and she stood upon the stage surrounded by faces that seemed to think they were at a rock concert. The guards climbed the now dying pack of slaves, and stood to her sides. She felt her chains being carefully removed, and then the cross was taken from her grasping hands. Although she would never admit it, she felt a little despair at the loss of its presence. Its barbed feel had given her a sense of solidness in her new world of madness. Now she felt light, as if a breeze would blow her away. The patterns on her robe seemed to swirl mercilessly now, as if reacting to the crowd's chants and pleas. The cross was placed on a tilt, and as the chorus of animal noises reached a climax, she knew what must happen now, and she despaired.

Then, in the midst of all the craziness and fear, a jolt of courage came to her. She could not escape this fate, but she could at least face it without fear. The guards reached for the hem of her robe, but she stopped their hands in their tracks. They looked at her with something like surprise, but she touched

the neck of the robe, and they knew what was going to happen.

Charlotte turned, taking in the mob gathered to witness. Perhaps it was the drugs, but an unwelcome feeling of excitement entered her mind. Then, after one last deep breath, she tugged and the robe fell from her frame, revealing all. She felt the burning stare of the crowd bore into her. These were people who had willingly put themselves through all the pains and pleasures possible, yet they went silent before her natural physique. They were eager to take in everything, breasts, nipples, legs, freckles, neck, hair, it all was part of the show.

With a suddenness that caused outrage to the braying audience, she turned and in a flash she had walked just out of view, toward the cross that awaited her. She places her rear end on the cross, adjusting to the small cuts it caused. Then she swung her legs on, and lowered her back until she lay fully on the wood. It sliced her back, but at this point it was hardly noticeable. The golden giants seemed to stare with a mixture of hunger and worship. Although her instincts rebelled, it was not an entirely uncomfortable idea.

Yet all satisfaction was lost as they shot forward, chaining her arms and legs in place. She was then coated in a thin layer of greasy and translucent oil. Her pubic hair, which had grown long and untamed in her captivity, was straightened and only slightly shortened, then shaved of its excesses. Then the true pain began, as they brought forward large and menacing nails. There were four guards now, and each placed a single nail to a hand or foot. She closed her eyes, then the order was given. Hammers were brought down, and a whirlwind of pain rampaged through her. Her hands were nailed quickly, but the other nails became entrenched in the thick of the bones in her feet. She could feel the metal embedded inside her, and each hammer blow brought the nails only marginally closer to completion. She screamed. She screamed not just to let out her pain, but to cover her desperate need to beg them to hit harder, if only to bring an end to the agony sooner. It was during her screaming that she her mind slowly accepted that it was done. The chains were cut, and her ensnarement was complete.

Helrok had waiting gingerly for some time now, and had been getting restless. So, when the cross was finally raised, his heart skipped a beat. He was far from the front, but numerous enhancements had made put sight at the peak of perfection. As a result, his lower regions hardened almost instantly. The woman was a sight to behold. A glory of well tanned skin and spilling yellow hair, she was ravishing. His scan revealed not even a single flaw, her skin smooth and well muscled. Her gentle bulk gave her a welcome attraction, yet her feminine curves kept her arousing to the eye and mind. Her soft mound of pubic hair looked warm and fuzzy, while her subtlety freckled hide gave her a unique and equally arousing aura.

Of course her futile efforts to appear defiant only added to her sexual musk. Splayed out as she was, he could see her full glory. She seemed to thrust herself forward, as if making herself imposing and fearless. It pushed her breasts forward, soft but firm. Her light freckles even covered the tits, down to the pinkness of the nipples, small but erect. Her helplessness made him feel...hungry. he had denied himself all pleasures for weeks to prepare for this. He was going to enjoy it.

Pushing and shoving was everywhere, but someone was getting a little too eager beside him. Turning, Helrok saw a small but muscular man, stroking the shaft of his penis firmly. Even amongst his fellow revellers, this man was enthusiastic.

"A little early there, are you not?" he questioned.

"Pah, I've waited too long for this. For years they've given us the dregs, now we have a feast. "

"I merely thought such a delight might be better savoured, that is all" he muttered quietly.

"You know nothing. Have you seen her? A goddess she is, but she won't last long up there. Better to indulge while she still kicks and screams. There's little to be done to an empty sack of meat."

Helrok had stopped listening to the tiresome grunt some time during his ravings. Instead, his attention was devoted entirely to the central attraction. To the slave-god. And by the lord she was stunning. She thrashed and rebelled, occasionally spitting at the awe-struck audience. She didn't seem to realise that it was just making them rowdier. He could see that plainly, from the thick gobbets of semen collected on the stage. The amateurs always tired themselves out much too quickly, yet none seemed to have graced her exposed self with their seed. That, however, was just a matter of time.

The defiance in her shrieks was quickly making way for raw terror now, and the festival of pain was beginning in earnest. The crowd thrashed savagely against the edge of the stage, crushing the front ranks into gore and spilling their life's blood onto the surface. Some of it just about connected to the base of the cross. The sight of so much intense emotion was a thrill even to him, and it was made better by its mingling with the girl's shock at seeing her subjects abase themselves so. Truly, she would be a glorious queen to lead them... In time.

Charlotte's crotch felt warm, and she felt sure she had urinated down the shaft of the cross. It was disgusting. She had debased herself in front of such fiends, with barely a thought. Though why should she think about toiletry matters when she was being slowly murdered?

The throwing had begun shortly after that. They threw rocks, shard of glass and metal or anything else they could find that looked painful. They'd gained a sick thrill from seeing her bodily juices and now they wanted the most important fluid to run free. Blood.

She'd managed to avoid being hit in the face at least, but those that connected broke bones and tore flesh. Now she'd tossed and turned, but her nailed hands allowed only minimal manoeuvring, and the barrage increased as she suffered. She turned her waist violently, realising too late that it only added to the bleeding of her hand and feet as her body told her limbs to break free, in vain though such efforts were. She was moaning and gasping now, her body crying out at the punishment. She'd already bitten her tongue bloody trying to keep her dignity, but now she saw the pointlessness of her resistance; it was all art of the show.

Realisation came that her body was hanging low from her arms, giving her the appearance of a corpse. In a half hearted effort to go down with a "fight", she hauled herself up until her head rested once more against the crown of the wood, her skin broken and bloody. A wave of applause swept through the hormone-filled mob.

All thoughts were interrupted as the guards, now a source of familiarity, approached. The hefted long, spears, honed to perfection. The masses first became silent at the sight, then began a low chant in a strange and harsh-sounding language. Then, as they drew nearer, the baying grew to an impossible volume, and she knew why.

With alien precision, each thrust his blade into one of her sides, and her world became a burning serenade of agony. As her blood poured onto the stage and partially into the crowd, her mind was kept centred by a single coherent thought. This would kill her. She would die and escape her violated body, to wherever the dead went. But it was not to be. Despite her agony, she noticed two things at once. Firstly, that her side were not gushing with vital fluids for long, but seemed to close up by themselves up. Secondly, her blood was moving. Two channels opened in the great stage, and it poured into them, as if drawn by a gravitational pull. She thought she heard something like a belch, and a hideous ballad of laughter. Yet all this meant nought to her now, for she knew one damning fact. Her end was not upon her.

Charlotte tossed her head back and screamed, not caring how much the crowd appreciated such a liberal thrust of her chest. That scream held all the pains of the world, every emotion but the good ones. When it ended, her voice was hoarse and her face streamed with tears. She sagged back against the wood, pushing the many splinters deeper into her body. This was it. She was now resigned to her fate. She was broken.

It at first seemed they intended to let her die in her misery, but soon a new freak show occurred. A line of mad looking men were led onto the stage, one young, one middle aged and one who looked ancient. Each raved and sweated like a madman. They were simultaneously placed before her, then forced to kneel, a boot planted on each lunatic's neck. Their eyes grew bright with internal energy, sparks flying. Then their muttering was ended, as their neck's were cut open. Their acceptance of the slaughter was horrific, but their blood's following of her own into the hungry channels was more unnerving to her. It seemed to cause a subtle vibration at the base of the cross, increasing in intensity and moving up, twitching her body. It was like being tickled, only... on the inside. It was as if her organs were jolting about inside her, and as much as she tried to resist it... it did send a ripple of sensation through her genitals.

It sent Charlotte's mind reeling, filling her with sensual pleasure, until even a slight breeze against her naked skin made her grunt with suppressed pleasure. That ecstasy was calling to her as it intensified, begging her to let it in, to cry out to the world of how much she loved it all. The pain, The pleasure, The lack of control, the thousands of eyes gazing upon her body and finding it to be perfect. She gazed down at her own body, and it entranced her. The perfect orange of the skin, the perfectly symmetrical freckles and the deep and beautiful red of her blood. She saw the truth now. It was all so good. And all she had to do was give in. She had but to beg for more, to grind her flesh against the bars of the cross and embrace the pain. She just had to say ye-

No. that was not who she was. She scrunched her eyes together, ignoring the warm tingling in her crotch. She was not some crazy sex slave, even if she looked like it. She was not like them.

There was a roar of disapproval, but she had experienced enough to know this was probably expected. Breaking her would be their crowning achievement. She could hold on just a little longer. Just long enough to die.

The jeering and debauchery continued after her refusal to give in, including the rock throwing. Only this time she had to restrain a murmur of satisfaction as they hit her skin and brought her closer to a shameful climax. She noticed more than a few of her admirers masturbating while they looked upon her body, and some even fucked one another. Distinctions such as heterosexual and homosexual seemed to have no meaning here. One such reveller seemed to stare into her eyes as he pleased himself, like a perverted version of love at first sight. It was said that the eyes were the doors to the soul. Well, if that was so he was looking through and drinking in her agony. She had to look away, trying not to think about the heady smell emanating from the thick lake of semen gathering around her cross.

A single man in robes rose above the crowd, speaking in an alien language. He pointed at her, and although his face was covered by a large and unsettling pig mask, his stare unsettled her, even amidst all the other torture and revelry. He then turned to the masses and throw a few things she could not quite make out into the crowd, still preaching, like a grotesque demagogue. Those who had caught the objects raced to the front of the crowd, and met little resistance. Scantly clad men and women to the sides of the crowd emerged bearing tribal drums and contraptions that may have been an attempt at a guitar. The sounds those things made were deep and unnatural, but she feared if she listened too closely it would seduce her, like everything else in the house of demons. As the musicians reached a blurring crescendo of sound, the pushers in the crowd reached the front. Then it became clear what the mad preacher had handed out.

The first whip struck between her breasts, and she screeched like a banshee. The next glanced the side

of her leg, cutting the skin. After that they were all upon her, and her thrashing did nothing to stop their bite. Each one hurt only a little at first, then the pain flared into agony, like a nest of a vipers.

Charlotte clenched down on the nails in her hands and screamed without an end in sight. So much for a dignified demise. As if to emphasise this point, her bowels loosened, and she didn't fail to notice the *squelch* sound as her shit landed in a mixture of the crowd's seed and her own urine and blood. The sight of such an intimate surrender caused a roar of lust from the crowd, and the lashing of the whips only grew tenacity.

Her body was dripping with sweat and even blood. As a result, she didn't react very fast when something warm and gooey struck her feet. When she did look down, she saw exactly what she expected; cum. Its smell was formidable, and there was a lot of it. It stretched from her upper ankles to her toes, where it dribbled down in thick streams. Her instincts told her to kick her legs to get it off, sending a volt of pain to her feet as the skin tore against the metal of the nails. Then her eyes went wide as she noticed it slide towards a deep cut in her foot, and tried desperately to tilt it away from it, but it was in vain. Even the vile goo seemed to cause a scalding sensation as it went inside. Once more she threw back her head and let loose a cry of lament. I was in her. The freaks had gotten their fucking cum inside her!

She could still feel the slime of it on her feet, and knew now it could take hours to drip down from her foot. By then it would have hardened. She would be caked in their juices. She moaned again.

The whips renewed their relentless pace, and the rock throwing joined them. Soon she stopped thrashing, even her base instincts to survive surrendering to the punishment. She never stopped clutching the nails, and the barbs of wood seemed move deeper into her back now. Her blood glistened tantalizingly on her arms and breasts. It may have just been the extreme heat causing thirst, but it looked damn good to drink. She reached forward with her head and extended her tongue, not caring of the obviousness that she could not reach. Her body felt so fucking hot, and her blood looked so colourful and satisfying. Giving up, she let out a snarl of anger, and rubbed her bare back against the sharp surface of the cross. Let them take it as sexual, she was doing nothing more than satisfying basic bodily needs when under pressure. Wasn't she?

As the whips and the rocks slowly destroyed her body, one of the crowd was hoisted above the others, aiming his penis at her like a gun. She did nothing at all when the fluids hit her. They drenched her left knee, and some splashed upwards on impacts, then got caught in the small thicket of hair on her crotch. Damn it, but now even the semen looked good to drink, to touch. When she looked at it on her slim but well-rounded leg, her small freckles were magnified, making her aroused by her own body. She was starting to notice new things, such as how smooth and hairless they had made her body. Only the hair on her head and above her vagina remained, focal points to look at.

Such thoughts were interrupted as Charlotte twisted instinctively to catch a whip intended for her shoulder on her breasts. It was disgusting, but the only thing she had left in her life was feeling. If pain and degradation were the only things left to her, then they would have to satisfy. It left a shallow cut, and she no longer hated herself quite as much for letting of a sigh of relief. It was ridiculous, but she looked at her tormentor with pleading eyes. At first it seemed he thought she begged to be released, even at this late stage in the game. Then his face lit with understanding, and a smile stretched his face. He cracked the whip, and its black body launched into the air, like an elegant snake. It seemed to move in slow motion, coiling and twirling, but still aiming at her. She watched as it graced her chest, slapping into her breasts and wobbling them erotically. She moaned in a way that the finest lover could never cause. Was this what they felt? Was this what the cult felt all the time? It was almost magical that one could feel such intensity. She clenched her legs together, accepting the tingling feeling in her intimate parts that had probably been their for a while.

It was happening. It was really happening. Helrok watched with undisguised awe as the angel of rapture thrashed and moaned not from despair, but pure joy. This was the grand ending, the finale. It was what they were all here to see. He was almost at the front of the stage, and by the dark prince, she was divine. Her streams of yellow hair, her perfect and angelic voice as she called out for more. One such as her would not end here, he was sure. She would depart her body when it was drained of all its potential, and join the Great One. Why, she could be his finest handmaiden! For him she would dance for all of eternity! For him she would spread his glory to mortals everywhere. And now they witnessed the transformation. A beautiful rebirth.

A long poker extended from the crowd, no doubt wielded by one of the priests. It made him even harder to see not fear but excitement in her eyes as it was extended towards her. She screamed in pure agony and bliss. It was rolled slowly along her flanks, then pulled along onto her abdomen. Her form seemed more muscular now, as if she was putting her entire body into the show. When the poker had ran over most of her external body, it was quickly withdrawn, and the priest who had used it climbed the stage. Fuck, she was gorgeous. Who else could undergo such intense experience and still look so radiant?

There was a hush as the priest drew near her. "would you drink, O blessed one?" he shouted. "Would you be relieved of your torturous thirst?"

The noise that came from her mouth was more like a painful orgasm than anything else, which seemed to please the priest to no end. Then, after a gasp, she yelled "yes! Please. Just let me drink. I'll do anything."

"very well." A great bucket was placed below the cross. He knew from experience that it had the collective semen and blood of a great many devotees. It seemed she would complain, but alas, she opened her mouth wide, dribbling and managing to make the whole audience more aroused than they already were.

But instead of feeding her the concoction, he placed a glove of iron on his left hand. Then, before any questions could be asked, he thrust it inside of her, one metal finger in her sex and another in her urethra. She jolted forwards and let out a loud "FUCK!"

As the priest withdrew, a great wave of urine gushed down from her, and the piss was caught in the bucket. She was breathing heavily now, probably never having had anything that deep in her before. The bucket was next placed at the side, over which one of her elegant arms was extended. A knife was taken from the priest-torturer's belt, and even now after all the fun she had had, her scream was one of fear. He ran it along her arm, cutting into the veins and releasing a stream of blood. Once more her fluids were caught in the bucket. The bucket was raised, and he didn't fail to notice how her arm had already stopped bleeding, scarcely a mark left to show for it. Truly, the Lord of Pleasure watched over this one.

Charlotte's face streamed with tears now. She despaired at what must happen next, but she also cried in joy. She wanted to impale herself on the priest's cock, and be whipped and beaten for all to see while she was doing it. They could see her. They could all see her embrace this violation and it felt... *it felt so fucking good!*

Her thoughts of lust were interrupted as the liquid was poured violently down her throat. She was coughing, choking on the mixture, but she couldn't stop now. It smelled terrible, like man's animal nature in the form of a single fluid. It was thick and wet, and it felt satisfyingly warm going down her throat. In reward, the invisible pressure on her cunt increased massively, and she let out a noise of sheer bliss.

Charlotte wanted them to continue, to not let up for a second, and she was not disappointed. Rocks, glass, whips and red hot pokers attacked her nude frame from all sides. She thrashed, for there was something satisfying about trying to escape and knowing she could not. Why had she denied herself this before? Why had nobody ever fucked her like this?

Good God, they really weren't going to stop. She was going to die here, and it would be orgasmic. Her body was beaten and cut, her ears assaulted by the strange music and what now felt like an invisible and giant cock was penetrating her repeatedly, invoking pain and pleasure equally. She squirmed and moaned and screamed and thrashed. She waited to die not to escape, but to have the greatest climax of her life. She had been such a meek little bitch her whole life. Now she was going to lap up every little feeling that came to her.

It was getting impossibly deep inside her now, and she was sure it would soon crush her lower organs. Eyes crawled over her violated form, and semen slid down from where her captors had relieved themselves onto her. She tried to scream "YES, YES YES!", but all that came from her pink an voluptuous lips was a hungry shriek of pleasure. Either way, it sent the same message. The cross stopped her from moving much, but she still managed to push her hips up and down on the invisible force that was fucking her so hard. The old voice came back, asking for a surrender, promising all the pain and pleasure both life and death can offer. All she had to do was sell her soul.

"YES! I'll be your whore! I'll be your fucking slave! Just don't leave me! JUST LET ME KEEP FEELING THIS!"

The unseen feeling was now going to new depths, crushing its way deeper inside of her. She clenched her thighs together so hard. It felt- Oh Fuck! Their eyes on her! Their whips and their rocks! Their cum and their shit! Her body so perfect and exposed, the invisible cock! The invisible-

She humped and she humped, and then the presence inside her pressed north, rupturing all in its path, and with a triumphant scream she orgasmed, and at last Charlotte, the woman who had become a symbol of debauchery died, finally reaching the ultimate pleasure she had sought. Any who had not already ejaculated did so now, breathing in the intensity of her agony and bliss, knowing they would never again witness anything so captivating. More than a quarter of the audience had died, crushed in the press of bodies of ripped apart in the frenzy caused by the great ritual. But her soul would be damned and blessed to forever suffer for the entertainment of the one the cult called their god. In time she would become his finest angel and his most savage demon, bringing him her own pain and that of uncounted others. She was beyond mortal restraints now.

But the elegant flesh she had worn in life was not yet ended either, for the ritual was more than an orgy. They had attracted the attention of something deadly, and even more beautiful to look upon than she who had been a lightning rod to its coming. Inside the body of its sacrifice, it flicked away the rusty nails in its new limbs with ease. Yet, it did not drop, but levitated in the air, gazing into the crowd of its subjects and knowing she owned the souls of all there, and soon she would claim even more. All filth and wounds were gone from the body, for one as honored and ancient as it should wear only the finest flesh, thus why the cult had chosen such a delectable meal.

It would need to make some changes to make full use of its time in the mortal world, but there was all of eternity for that. A claw here, a breast there. She had all the power of Chaos on her side, and none could stop her from taking what she wanted from this world. For it was a Greater Daemon of Lord Slaanesh!