

The background of the entire page is a photograph of a full moon in a twilight sky, with its light reflecting on the surface of a calm sea. The sky is a mix of soft purple and blue, and the water shows gentle ripples.

# **The Courtship Gift**

**A South Sea Cannibal Opera  
by R. C. Smith**

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**by R. C. Smith**  
based upon ideas by S. Ireland

[www.rc-smith.net](http://www.rc-smith.net)

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Do not read this text if you are offended by descriptions of sexuality and violence.

The author asks you not to read it just for those descriptions, either.

Other texts by R. C. Smith can be found on [www.rc-smith.net](http://www.rc-smith.net)

“Hérons and Heroines” and “The Journey” can also be found on the author’s page  
at the Dunyazad Digital Library,

[www.dunyazad-library.net/authors/rc-smith.htm](http://www.dunyazad-library.net/authors/rc-smith.htm)

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## AUTHOR'S NOTE

The main part of this story is based upon a story idea (included here as an appendix) by my friend S., and is set in a world that has been created by her, though in several ways adapted to fit my own literary purposes. In her original concept, this world occupies its own universe (and therefore is much larger in scope, richer in detail and more varied than it is depicted here) — for the purpose of this story, I have connected it more closely to our own reality and located it on our planet. I thank the Creatrix of that world not only for the inspiration she has provided, but also for her attentive and patient proofreading and editing, doubly needed since neither is English my first language, nor have I ever truly been to Brinala. The character of “Lady A.” I have introduced in homage to Mary Kingsley (1862–1900), who has written about her adventures among cannibals in her fascinating book *Travels in West Africa*.

*R. C. Smith*

## A FEW PERSONAL WORDS ABOUT BRINALA

Brinala, the location of “The Courtship Gift,” has grown out of a world that a friend of mine has created. Her name was Sabrina, and she simply called her world SL, short for Sabrinaland — from which I took the name Brinala.

My friend has died in the spring of 2017. While I had the privilege of being shown many glimpses of this world, and often being taken on guided tours across some of its manifold regions, most of its complexity and richness, its vast expanse, its history, its details, its pleasures, its potentials, is now, of course, forever lost.

The major difference between Brinala and SL is that SL was created explicitly for the purpose of being its Creatrix’s (her word) happy place, to serve as a retreat for her where she could escape the exertions, frustrations and pains of what is called “real life,” of which she had to suffer many. Logic, consistency, or the upholding of our laws of nature had not been requirements — to the contrary, they would only have imposed unwelcome restrictions to all the ideas and fantasies that kept springing from their authoress’s mind. Also, SL was not on Earth, nor on another planet, nor in a parallel universe — this world existed on a different plane of reality, a fantasy place made for fantasies. Travel to and from SL was swift, but required passing through a fantasy medium, the Nexus. (Doors to the Nexus were easy enough to find. Passing through the Nexus created a duplicate of the traveler, so that, wherever happened to you there — basically, you either got enslaved, sacrificed, or eaten by cannibals — had no consequence for you in the “real world.”)

Brinala, on the other hand, even if only fictitiously, is positioned on Earth, in space (in the South Sea) as well as in time (in the late 19th century it has already existed for centuries). Travel to and fro requires nothing more fantastic than a ship, and a bit of luck (or bad luck). As a storytelling background it is meant to provide a reasonable level of logic and consistency. The only hint of Brinala's other-worldly origins is the mildness of its sun, which causes neither heat strokes, sunburn, wrinkles, nor, of course, cancer.

Most of what "Lady A's Essay" tells about Brinala/SL is canonical, even though it is simplified, streamlined, covers only a small fraction of that fantastic world, and doesn't even come close to conveying its true spirit. Some things that are mentioned in the essay — for instance the concept of the "protected tribes," the distinction between being "nude" or "naked" — play no role in the following story, but are essential elements of SL. The remarks about the dietary habits of Cannibals are apocryphal (that is, mine). The Brinali opera is entirely my own invention. Its location on Earth apart, nothing I have said about Brinala violates the spirit of SL, even if it cannot always do it justice. I have, of course, written about Brinala with the approval of SL's Creatrix.

When I wrote "The Courtship Gift" and, for the purpose of telling that story, created Brinala, I thought it might serve as the location for further stories — maybe about Lady A's further adventures (I think she might, through whatever unforeseen events, have been kept from returning to England), or maybe other tales involving the archipelago and its inhabitants. It hasn't happened — the stories that I have since written have brought their own fantasy worlds with them, far beyond the reach of our ships or our postal service.

Should you find Brinala interesting as a background for your own stories, you are welcome to use it. Of course I'd like to hear about it, and I'd also be happy to discuss this world with you, or help to explore it or to develop it further.

# THE AUDIO RECORDING

## About the Recording

There is little hope for this “opera” ever to be set to music, but, from the beginning, I had wanted to make a spoken audio version. It took seven years, though, before I was lucky to find the needed performers.

Please do not judge this production by professional standards — this had always been meant to be an amateurish work. While two of the performers are professional voice actors, three others had little previous voice acting experience, and did their recordings in their living rooms, with whatever equipment they had available. All post-production was done by the author.

## The Voices

Title, Author’s Note, Editor’s Preface, Announcer	the Author
Lady A	Luxie Maxwell
The Essay on Brinala	the Author
Toy	Katzy_Kins
Mistress	shennychwan
Male Warrior	TafseriousT
Cannibal Princess	Luxie Maxwell
Male Ship Captain	the Author

The drum signals were made with the online Drumbit drum machine,  
<https://drumbit.app>



## The Audio Files

01. Title, Author's Note	2:40
02. Editor's Preface	3:45
03. The Letter by Lady A. to RB	6:17
04. The Essay on Brinala, by Lady A., Parts 1–2	11:35
05. The Essay on Brinala, by Lady A., Parts 3–4	8:16
06. Announcer	1:12
07. Act 1, Scene 1 (Toy, Mistress)	8:09
08. Act 1, Scene 2 (Toy)	5:20
09. Act 2, Scene 1 (Male Warrior, Cannibal Princess, Toy)	8:06
10. Act 2, Scene 2 (Toy, Cannibal Princess)	7:46
11. Act 3, Scene 1 (Male Ship Captain, Mistress, Toy)	12:33
12. Act 3, Scene 2 (Mistress, Toy)	7:54
The Wrapper (01–05)	32:33
The “Opera” (06–12)	51:00
Total	83:33

“A Few Personal Words About Brinala”, “The Audio Recording” and the Appendix “The Humiliated Courtship Gift” by S. Ireland are not included in the audio book.

## PART I — THE WRAPPER

### Editor's Preface

I present here, for the first time, both to the general public and the scientific community, a faithful transcription of a set of three remarkable documents which I happened to find, entirely by chance, in a small antique book store in Trieste, on one of my recent visits to this town. These three documents were a letter, a short essay, and a literary text in verses. All three documents were written in what seems to be the same hand on the same type of paper, the folded sheets were tied together by a string. Unfortunately, the envelope that once had contained these sheets was not included.

I am not a scholar, and can not decide, or even form a strong opinion, whether the letter and the accompanying texts are genuine, or a forgery, or possibly a hoax. Assuming they are authentic, here is what little, without further studies, we can tell:

The author of the letter and the essay, and the translator of the verses, is an English lady whose first name begins with "A"; the three documents were posted in New Zealand in May 1890 (for whatever reasons, the exact date is not given); and the addressee, though he is addressed only by the initials "RB", can be no other than Sir Richard Francis Burton, explorer, adventurer, author, translator of "The Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night" and, at the time, British consul to Trieste.

Burton died from a heart attack on October 20, 1890. The letter with its two attachments obviously reached Trieste, but whether before

or after Burton's death, I have no way to decide. We know that Burton's widow, Isabel, destroyed most of his unpublished manuscripts, disapproving of their erotic content and fearing that they might cause a scandal. The verses of the third document would, from this point of view, certainly also have deserved destruction — why they escaped it, and how they finally ended up in a dark store room of an antique book shop, is at present entirely unknown.

I restrict myself here to presenting the content of the documents which I have found, and refrain from any further comments, and from any attempts at evaluating them, for which I am not qualified. I am, of course, willing to provide the original sheets of paper for serious scientific examination, but even before we have heard the opinion of the scientists I can say that this opera libretto, whatever the historical truth behind it may be, is a fascinating work of literature, unique in its kind, and I hope that it will find the readership and the attention that it deserves. Be warned, though, that, even by today's standards, the libretto contains rather extreme descriptions of violence and sexuality, and also of cannibalism — if any of those may offend you, I would advise you not to read on.

## The Letter by Lady A. to RB

*Wellington, May 1890.*

Dear RB,

I hope you have received my previous letter, written during the days aboard the ship that took me back to New Zealand from Brinala, in which I have given you a detailed account of, as I call them, my two years among the Cannibals, even though, as I have stated, I have never actually put a foot on one of the Cannibal islands — had I done so, I would probably not be sitting here in my hotel room now, writing to you. Nonetheless, in the archipelago you are never far away from them, and often, either standing at a ship's guardrail or on a lookout close to the shore, I have seen naked Cannibal warriors of both sexes, paddling their elegant and seagoing outrigger canoes with powerful strokes. And more than once have I felt a tingle, not only down my spine, from an appraising glance, quickly cast at me out of such a canoe, as it swiftly passed ...

From that previous letter you already know how it came that I wound up in Brinala, how I fared there, how I learned the language, and how I secured my journey back to our civilization, and much of what I have learned about the archipelago, its geography, its history, and its inhabitants and their culture. What I have not mentioned in that letter, though, is a matter of some curiosity, which during my stay has been exerting an ever increasing fascination upon me, and which, judging from what I know about your own interests, may also attract your attention. This curious matter, something that no one would ever expect to find in such a remote and savage part of the Pacific, is the

Brinali opera! What I hope to achieve, though, is more than just to arouse your interest in this curiosity — my enthusiasm, which hopefully you will come to share at least to a degree after you have looked into the papers that I send you here, goes so far that I actually want to organize a performance, back home in England, with the necessary participation of native Brinali musicians, actors and singers!

Two things are obvious: first, that such a performance could only be given in private, to a small circle of selected connoisseurs and friends, and second, that it would involve considerable financial expenditures. The latter issue, fortunately, would not present a problem, as I have inherited a fortune which is considerably larger than I can possibly spend during my lifetime, and as I am without relatives to whom I feel obliged to pass it on. I would also be able, I think, to use the contacts I have made in Brinala, to find the required performers willing to embark on such an adventure, and to organize their journey around the globe to England and back, if they wish to return. What I lack, though, are the right contacts at home, and the knowledge and experience which are needed for such an undertaking, to organize a performance and its audience, nor do I know any person, apart from you, whom I might possibly approach for assistance in this rather delicate matter — someone who has to be competent, trustworthy and unabashed, who has to know the right people, and, hopefully, who might sufficiently find pleasure in the project himself, to contribute willingly his good efforts.

Therefore, my dear RB, I put all my hopes in you, and appeal both to your curiosity as an explorer and a man of letters with certain distinct inclinations, and to your chivalry towards a lady who asks for your help as she wants to indulge in one of her curious little whims. Enclosed with this letter I send you a first draft of a short essay which

I have written about the subject, and — it may be called the object of a rather unhealthy obsession for a member of the gentle sex, but still, it is currently my most prized possession — the result of hard work, long studies and many hours of great delight — a copy of my own translation of the libretto of a genuine Brinali opera! The musical score, or what sketchy notes I was able to make, I did not yet have time to copy, so I cannot include it, but I will send it to you at a later date.

I must conclude this letter now, the ship on which it is supposed to start its long journey that will ultimately take it to Trieste and into your hands will sail in a few hours. I have some business to attend to that will keep me in Wellington for a few more weeks, but then I will try to embark on my journey back home to England as soon as I can. Please send your reply to my London address, where, hopefully, I will already find it waiting for me when I arrive.

I hope that you are well, that you make good progress with whatever your current literary projects are, and that you enjoy your life in Trieste, where I know the interests of the Empire to be in good hands with you. Please also give my best regards to your lovely wife!

In lasting friendship,

your

*A.*

## The Essay on Brinala, by Lady A.

### The Archipelago

Brinala is an archipelago in a remote region of the South Sea, situated to the East of New Zealand, from which it is many days of sea travel away, but which is nonetheless its closest neighbor. The archipelago consists of dozens of larger and a great number of smaller islands, all of which are inhabited, unless they are so tiny as to be only rocks barely protruding from the surface of the sea.

The climate is subtropical and mild, with regular and sufficient rains, and long periods of undisturbed blue skies and calm sea in between them. Due to a meteorological peculiarity for which I have no explanation, the sun, without giving any less light or heat, seems to be *milder* than would be expected at this latitude — it does not dry the soil, does not parch the leaves of plants, and even I, with my pale northern complexion, never suffered from sunburn, no matter how many hours I spent outdoors, not always clothed in ways that would be considered decent by my British compatriots.

The islands offer perfect conditions for human habitation, especially since their inhabitants have learned to avoid the most dangerous single pitfall of confined and initially favorable environments, which can reduce them to places of misery, disaster and decline, namely, overpopulation. The soil is fertile, vegetation is lush and plentiful, the sea abounds with fish and all kinds of seafood, and even the rocks provide nourishment as they are home to large colonies of seabirds, who are easily caught and whose eggs can be collected. Among the fauna of the islands there are no poisonous snakes, and no large

carnivores — the largest land animals are pigs and goats, which are kept for food in some parts of the archipelago, but about that later.

Traffic with the outer world barely exists, and is mostly confined to ships being blown off course and meeting their ends on one of the archipelago's many reefs — the ensuing fate of their passengers and crew depending on the exact location of their shipwreck, but about that, too, later.

## The Population

All inhabitants of Brinala, the Brinali, are of the same ethnicity. They largely conform to our idea of exotic beauty — olive-skinned, dark-haired, dark-eyed, sensuous, athletic and lithe. The centuries of occasional shipwrecks have left their traces, though: some of the Brinali have lighter skin, lighter eyes and lighter hair — I've even seen a few redheads! — while there are also some whose skins are of a much darker brown, or even black. The Brinali, while generally putting high value on human beauty, pay no more attention to different colors of skin than we do to different colors of hair, the only distinction important to them to establish affiliation to a certain group being the place of birth.

Not only are the Brinali of the same ethnicity, they also speak the same language, with minor local variations between the major islands. Nonetheless, they are divided into two distinct and strictly separated cultures — for lack of better names, I call them by their most characteristic features: the Cannibal and the Slave culture, or, the Cannibals and the Slavelanders (though, strictly speaking, also those who serve as food in the one case, and those who serve as slaves in the



other, are part of their respective cultures, if at the bottom of their social orders).

The Cannibals are divided into tribes, the Slavelanders into queen-domms (Brinali rulers with few exceptions being female), with both of these divisions corresponding to the major islands, so that both cultures consist of what might be called island-states. The smaller islands are usually affiliated with one of the larger ones, sometimes retaining various degrees of independence, with affiliations often changing through politics, economics, personal relationships, or, most frequently, local wars. Within each culture, traffic between these tribes/islands/states is frequent, and their members often intermarry.

While each of the two cultures looks down upon the other, and while quite frequently there are skirmishes, raids and armed conflicts between them (as there are between tribes or island-states of the same cultures), all in all they get along with each other remarkably well. Cannibal and Slavelander islands are spread all over the archipelago, without major conflicts about territory — wars over small islands are usually fought within the same culture. The general contempt that each culture feels for the other does not keep them from trading, whether in minerals, manufactured goods or humans, nor from mating, though close personal contacts or even romantic relationships between members of the different cultures are extremely rare, and usually do not end well, at least not for one of the pair.

The Cannibals are what we would call “savages” — they build their habitations from wood, bamboo and palm leaves, practice no agriculture, know no organized division of labor, and, one could say, mostly spend their lives feasting, fishing and making war. They do not know sexual morals in our sense, but walk naked all day and have sex whenever, and with whom ever, they desire. Their dealing with

foreigners, whether from within or from without the archipelago, is usually straightforward: they eat them. They also eat the captives they make in raids or wars, and they eat members of their so-called “protected tribes”: populations of small islands, who live on what vegetation and sea provide, and whom one particular Cannibal tribe “protects” from raids by other tribes. The price that the “protected” pay is that their own “protectors” can use them for food, according to arrangements which they call treaties.

Apart from humans, Cannibals despise the meat of creatures that walk on land, deeming them unclean — they only eat what they call the pure creatures of the sea and of the air (humans, walking upright with their heads far above the ground, and with a smooth skin that can easily be cleaned with water, seem to qualify as pure enough). And one more thing deserves to be mentioned: their human victims always die in pain, after severe torture — the Cannibals maintain that this not only increases their appetite, but also improves the flavor and tenderness of the meat, and, most of all, pleases the Goddess. The Goddess, by the way, as the highest or only deity, is worshiped by both cultures, but this is not the place to go into the details of the Brinali religion.

Different from the Cannibals, the Slavelanders are what we call “civilized” — they have towns, their houses are built from stone and are comfortably furnished, their main roads are paved, they use money, they have writing (though, like most primal civilizations, they use it for administration and business purposes, not for writing literature), and they are clothed, at least in public, often in elaborate garments made of precious fabrics, even though their clothes do not necessarily cover the parts of their bodies that we would consider to be the ones most deserving of coverage. Their sexual morals, I regret to say, are hardly better than those of their savage Cannibal kin.

The Slavelander culture is ruled by laws, many of which concern their institution of slavery, so that the queendoms are sometimes called the Slavelaw lands. While all their laws are strict and the penalties severe, like in all other societies there are those who are above the law, and those who transgress, with or without being found out and brought to justice.

While they eat sea food, birds and bird eggs like the Cannibals do, they also hunt small indigenous land animals, and, as a main source of their diet, they raise pigs and goats, which have arrived at the archipelago on board ill-fated European ships. They strongly despise cannibalism, which is also forbidden by their laws, though it is rumored that on some remote islands one can indulge in this particular forbidden pleasure, if one really so desires, and has the means to afford it — let me just say here that I have heard rumors ...

I could easily write many more pages, or even an entire book, about the Brinali and their world, but this is not the place for it, nor do I have the time now — therefore, let me come to the subject of the Brinali opera!

## **The Brinali Opera**

The Brinali language is very melodious, and the Brinali people have a natural affinity to music — it is, therefore, not surprising that their singing is often very pleasing to our ears. What is surprising, though, to a degree that at first I hardly trusted my ears, is to hear them sing melodies that are reminiscent of nothing so much as of Italian Baroque opera. There is an explanation for this, of course: some time in the late 18th century, a ship fell victim in the archipelago to storm and reefs, which had on board an Italian opera company, on their way to a tour

through Australia, which they never reached. Many of the passengers and crew drowned, while others had the bad fortune of landing with the ship's boats on a Cannibal island where, after the natives had mated with them and (in the case of female passengers) had waited for the resulting children to be born, they unavoidably ended up in the Cannibals' bellies.

The occupants of at least one boat, though, and fortunately among them several of the singers, were lucky and reached the shore of a Slavelaw island, where they were given a cordial welcome, after which, as is their wont, the Slavelanders carefully assessed the skills and possible uses of their new slaves, and turned out to be delighted at the artful singing some of them knew to perform, of a kind that they had never heard before — it seemed to them that in this singing they heard the voice of the Goddess. They embraced this new vocal art eagerly, incorporated it into their own culture, and the unique art form of the Brinali opera was born.

While the arias sound strikingly familiar, in other regards the Brinali opera is very different from ours, and probably draws from local traditions which date back to long before the arrival of the Italian opera singers. The Brinali know only few kinds of musical instruments, namely, several types of drums, pipes, flutes and simple string instruments which resemble lyres, and the music that is played on them sounds entirely strange to us — amazingly, though, after some getting used to, it turns out to harmonize well with the belcanto-like opera vocals.

Brinali operas are always performed outdoors, under the open sky. The stage is a simple raised platform, and, with few exceptions, the only scenery is a large table, which can serve a variety of purposes. On this stage, all the main characters appear in duplicate, dividing

the singing and acting between them: the singers, always at the right side of the stage seen from the audience's perspective, and the pantomimic actors, which also may include a few extras who do not have corresponding vocal roles, at the left side.

Now I have to come to the part which, I am afraid, may severely scandalize the sensibilities of our compatriots: all the performers, including the musicians who are located at the back of the stage, are stark naked (or nude, which in Slavelaw society is a very different matter — slaves are naked, free people are nude — but here is not the place to elaborate on this distinction). Only when they step off the stage, during scenes in which they do not take part, do those of them who are not slaves don light gowns.

And finally I have to mention one last peculiarity of Brinali opera performances, which, if they had occasion to watch it, would certainly scandalize our compatriots even more — but let me just say that to a Brinali, the pantomimic acting at the left side of the stage when it comes to scenes of sexual intercourse, torture and death, is no more offensive than, for instance, it had been to a highly civilized Roman spectator at the circus games to see a gladiator or a naked slave bleed to death in the arena ...

## The Courtship Gift

“The Courtship Gift” is one of the most popular Brinali operas, and during my two years stay in the Brinala archipelago I have seen at least a dozen performances — all of them, of course, on Slaveland islands, to which the Brinali opera, like all higher forms of Brinali art, is confined. Allegedly the plot of “The Courtship Gift” is based upon true events, though I allow myself some doubts as to whether this is

in fact any more the case than with the plot of, for instance, *Romeo and Juliet*. What is true in both cases, though, is that these dramas convince the audience that they *could* have happened — and thus “The Courtship Gift” gives us valuable insights into both the Brinali Slavelaw and Cannibal societies.

(It must be taken into consideration, though, that the Brinali opera is strictly a Slaveland art form, created by Slavelanders, and aimed at a Slaveland audience, who, as a whole, have little if any first-hand experience of life among the Cannibal tribes. Note, for instance, the aria of the Cannibal Warrior in the first scene of the second act, where he elaborates on their own culture to the Cannibal Princess — clearly this is done for the benefit of the Slavelander, who listens, like our own public might do, with a mixture of revulsion and fascination.)

As a work of art, “The Courtship Gift” exemplifies many of the characteristics of the Brinali opera. A Brinali opera always consists of a sequence of arias, which to a large part are soliloquies — if they are to be understood as being voiced aloud, the counterpart at whom they are directed is always addressed in the first line. In other ways, too, the opera takes care to help the audience follow the plot: each character, at their first appearance, introduces herself or himself, and the first aria of each scene always explains where and when this scene takes place. The Brinali opera, like most of Brinali poetry, is in free verse, the length of the lines varying according to dramatic purpose; in my translation I have attempted, as far as possible, to stay true to both the rhythm and the meaning of each line.

Let this work, which I have brought back from my two years in Brinala, take you to this unique place, with its magic, its horrors, and its beauty — but take this trip at your own risk ...

## PART II — THE COURTSHIP GIFT

Ladies and Gentlemen,

you will now hear a performance of “The Courtship Gift,” a South Sea Cannibal Opera in 3 acts, of 2 scenes each.

Since, unfortunately, the music has not come down to us, you will hear a spoken version.

No children or underage persons are allowed in the audience.

There will occur scenes of sexual activities, of intense violence, and of harrowing deaths.

If you do not want to be exposed to them, please take the opportunity to leave after this announcement.

The roles, in order of appearance:

Toy

Mistress

Male Cannibal Warrior

Cannibal Princess

Male Ship Captain

And now, enjoy the show!

**Act 1, Scene 1**  
**(Toy, Mistress)**

**Toy:**

How soft and strong are my Mistress's thighs!  
How good tastes her love-cup between them,  
even when she is not yet fully aroused  
by the workings of my lips, my teeth and my tongue!  
How lucky am I,  
to have been given the task of pleasing her!  
How deep is my love for her!  
I would do anything to give her pleasure,  
I would gladly give my life for her,  
should she ever so desire,  
should she ever honor me  
by offering to take it.

**Mistress:**

My toy is pleasant to look at and to touch,  
with her slim body,  
her small and firm breasts,  
and her long flowing hair.  
Her skin is smooth,  
her lips are full,  
her eyes are dark and large.  
She is skilled in giving pleasure  
with her fingers and mouth,  
her tongue never tiring;  
she is devoted to me,



willingly caters to my wishes and follows my orders,  
and she never flinches or pleads,  
however severe the pain  
from any torments and punishments  
which I hand out to her,  
for her own education  
or that of others,  
or when my mood so directs me.

~

Often her ministrations  
have given me strong and pleasurable orgasms.  
Today, though,  
as often during the last days, weeks and months,  
my mind is distracted by thoughts of another girl,  
one whom I do not possess,  
one whom I have only seen once,  
but whom I have to make mine,  
or happiness will forever elude me.  
From the window of my stately house,  
I have seen her paraded through the street  
that leads from the port to the Queen's palace,  
in front of a group of captives,  
taken in one of those skirmishes  
that erupt every now and then  
in the waters and on the islands  
of our beautiful archipelago,  
for no particular reasons but to exercise skills in fighting,  
and to take captives, to kill them  
as a deterrent to our enemies,

or to make them our slaves,  
or, as the savage Cannibals do,  
to sacrifice them to their Goddess  
and to eat them, at their ghastly ceremonies.

~

This captive girl was from one of those savage tribes.  
She walked in front of the group,  
naked, her wrists bound behind her back,  
but despite her bonds,  
and completely ignoring the taunts and jeers from the crowd  
and the rotten fruits and fish  
that were thrown at her and her comrades,  
she walked with such poise, such dignity,  
letting humiliation not take away anything  
from her stunning beauty,  
which she displayed to us  
as if from her own free will,  
and not forced by the commands of her captors,  
not to flaunt, but to share with us,  
unselfconsciously,  
the gracefulness of her body,  
which nature and self-discipline had given her.  
She did not lower her eyes,  
but looked around,  
at the people and buildings around her,  
with interest,  
and though not knowing the fate that awaited her,  
whether she would live another day or not,  
and though still bleeding from a battle wound at her side,

neither fear nor pain showed in her face,  
and neither awe of nor contempt  
for the enemies who had overwhelmed and taken her.

~

I saw her only for the time it took the captives  
to walk by my house,  
and only for one short moment,  
as she looked up,  
our eyes met,  
but this moment was long enough  
to burn her image indelibly into my mind,  
and ever since,  
I know that there is no happiness  
for me without her.

I have learned that she is the daughter of a Cannibal Queen,  
and, as a Princess, rules over her own small island.  
Brought to our Queen's palace as a captive,  
she was not made a slave, nor was killed,  
but was treated with respect owed to her standing,  
tortured with care not to cause permanent injuries,  
and raped not only by the Queen's guards,  
but also by the highest dignitaries of the court,  
before she was brought back to the harbor,  
and given a canoe of her own,  
in which she departed, her release  
a political gesture towards her mother,  
the powerful Queen  
of a fierce Cannibal tribe.

This girl, so unlike any other  
who has ever caught my eye,  
I have to make her mine,  
and a plan is forming in my mind  
of how I can achieve this.

**Toy:**

I can feel, smell, and taste with my tongue  
that my Mistress is beginning to lubricate,  
proving the onset of sexual arousal,  
whether evoked by my ministrations,  
or by pleasant thoughts of her own.  
I am happy for her and will increase my efforts  
to let her enjoy a strong and satisfying orgasm.

**Mistress:**

There is only one way I can think of,  
how to win me this Cannibal Princess,  
and this will need another girl to die for me.  
For my plan to succeed  
she has to die willingly,  
even though her death will be slow and painful.  
It has to be a girl who is really devoted to me,  
who is skilled and attractive,  
and who will not flinch from pain and death.  
Whom, better suited for this task, could I find  
but the toy who this very moment  
is eagerly at work between my thighs.  
It's a pity that I have to lose her,  
but her life will be a small price

for me to pay,  
for winning my wish with the girl I desire.  
In fact the thought that I will send this toy,  
who is pretty and has always done her best to please me,  
to an agonizing death,  
is heating up my sexual arousal!  
When I think of the tortures she'll suffer to serve me,  
I feel my orgasm building up!

**Toy:**

I hear my Mistress breathing heavily,  
and now she grips my head with her strong hands,  
causing me sweet pain as her fingers entwine my hair,  
and her nails dig into the skin of my scalp.  
Ripping out some strands of hair,  
and drawing a little blood with her nails,  
she presses me against her body,  
and grinds my face forcefully against her crotch.  
I am close to drowning in her joyful wetness,  
and do not fight for air,  
because to die for her Mistress's pleasure  
is the best that a toy can ever hope for.  
I feel her orgasm coming,  
as my mind sinks happily into the blackness of suffocation,  
my life resting in her generous hands.

**Mistress:**

Ah! My climax! My orgasm!  
My Cannibal Princess!  
My toy whom I will send to her death!

Marvelous spasms shake my whole body,  
my mind is filled with pleasure and joy!  
I am happy! I will win my wish!

Act 1, Scene 2  
(Toy)

Toy:

I am alone  
in the small room at the top floor  
of the storehouse,  
close to the harbor,  
that belongs to my Mistress.  
From the only window I have a view of the sea  
that will carry me to my death.  
It is calm, and deep blue, under a cloudless sky,  
from which the mild rays of the benevolent sun  
shine upon our world,  
giving life and warmth to all its creatures.  
These are a few days of rest for me,  
to recover from the ordeal  
from which my whole body still aches,  
before, recuperated, I will embark on my journey.

~

On our last day together,  
my Mistress has explained her plan to me,  
and told me all that I'll have to know and to do,  
to help her win her wish with the Cannibal Princess,  
and thus to prove myself worthy of the honor  
of having been chosen to give my life for her.  
And after having given me the instructions for my death,  
my Mistress, in her generous kindness,  
summoned a new toy girl,

smooth-skinned, lithe, and graceful of movement and demeanor,  
and made passionate love with her  
in front of my eyes,  
calling her the joy of her eyes, her lips and her love-cup.  
It was hard for me to suppress my tears,  
which, of course, I am never allowed to shed  
in front of my Mistress,  
when I saw the affection that she showed  
for this other toy,  
but I understood that she did it to comfort me,  
so that, setting out on my mission,  
I would not be troubled by thoughts of how she might miss me,  
once I had died for her.

~

And then, in her final act of kindness,  
to prepare me for my mission,  
and to help me not to fail, from inexperience,  
when having to gallantly bear the suffering  
which will inevitably prelude my death,  
she ordered me to be brought to this storehouse,  
and here to be tortured and raped,  
for three days without intermission,  
by a skilled torturess,  
who knew how to inflict pain  
while avoiding to cause serious damage,  
and by all the male slaves and laborers at her command,  
brawny men with huge sexual appetites,  
few opportunities to satisfy them,  
and little restraint when such an opportunity



was offered to them.

Their penises, hundreds, one after the other,  
and often two or three at the same time,  
entered my mouth, my vagina and my anus,  
while others spilled their sperm  
all over my face and my body,  
and hands forcefully groped my breasts,  
my arms, my legs, my butt, and my sides.  
I have led a sheltered life as my Mistress's toy,  
subject to her whims and occasional cruelties,  
when she needed to vent some frustration  
or deal with bouts of bad mood,  
but also protected by her,  
for she is not one who is prone  
to wantonly destroy her property.  
Not used to severe, overwhelming pain,  
and never having been ordered to perform,  
nor having particularly longed for,  
sexual encounters with members of the male sex,  
I was close to being broken  
by these sexual assaults and the tortures  
and the near unbearable agony they caused,  
but I held on to my knowledge  
that I suffered as a service to my Mistress,  
that I had to gain strength from my sufferings,  
which I would need  
to bravely bear pain that would be far worse  
in the pursuit of her plan,  
and these thoughts of my Mistress and her need for me,

helped me to survive this ordeal,  
in body and mind,  
which she had ordered for my benefit,  
in her generosity.

~

Looking out of the window  
and across the sea  
in the direction away from the midday sun,  
when I strain my eyes  
I think I can see a tiny speck  
in the far distance  
where haze blurs the line  
at which the blue of the sea  
merges with the blue of the sky,  
and this speck,  
if it is real and not just my imagination,  
would be the island of the Cannibal Princess,  
to which I will travel  
tomorrow at sunrise  
when the winds will be favorable.  
I will board a vessel,  
a seaworthy ship with a sail  
on a deck that spans two narrow hulls,  
a ship that belongs to my Mistress,  
which sets out on a trading mission  
to one of the remote islands  
of the archipelago,  
and this ship will carry me  
until we get close enough

to the island of my destination,  
and at that point,  
at the discretion of the ship's captain,  
I will be thrown into the water, naked,  
and a wooden board with me,  
upon which I will climb,  
to paddle it with my arms,  
so that, before my strength is exhausted,  
and before the darkness of night covers the sea,  
I will reach the shore of the island,  
at the one point where it is accessible,  
and there, being met by the island's guardians,  
I will reveal to them my mission,  
petition them to let me meet the Princess,  
so I can let her know that I have come  
on the behalf of my Mistress, who desires her  
more than anything else,  
and who sends, as proof of her affection,  
and to argue her case,  
me, her toy,  
as her courtship gift.

~

I know I will die,  
as meat to be eaten,  
after much pain and abuse,  
far away from my Mistress,  
but dying for her,  
and by her orders,  
privileged to have been chosen,

what more could a slave girl, a toy  
full of love for her Mistress,  
wish for in life,  
and desire from death?

## Act 2, Scene 1

(Male Warrior, Cannibal Princess, Toy)

### Male Warrior:

My noble and revered Princess,  
who has recently returned from the island  
of the despicable Slavelanders,  
who dwell in stone,  
who eat the impure meat of the land,  
and who do not, like we do, restrict themselves  
to eating the pure meat of the water and air,  
and who do not eat the purest of all,  
the meat that walks upright and talks,  
that which carries in it the divine spark,  
that which delights all our senses  
during hunt, preparation and consumption,  
the meat that we eat at our feasts,  
which satiates our hunger,  
but also increases the strength  
of our bodies and minds,  
by which we please the Goddess,  
whose commands we all follow  
in life and in death.

~

I, as you know, have the honor  
of being the commander of the troops  
that watch over the large southern bay with its sandy beach,  
which is the only part of our island  
that is easily accessible from the sea,

where therefore we have constantly to be watchful,  
not to be caught unaware in an attack  
by one of the many tribes who try to raid our island,  
as each of the tribes raids the others,  
in honorable attempts to take captives,  
whose meat they will eat,  
from whose skins they will make leather,  
from whose bones they will make tools,  
whose skulls they will display as trophies,  
and from whose blood they will make libations  
to the Goddess, honoring her commands,  
all this after making their captives  
suffer prolonged torments,  
to let them prove their fortitude,  
and give them a chance to die bravely,  
to increase the honor of their own tribe,  
that of their captors,  
and that of the Goddess  
to whom we all owe our gratitude,  
so that everyone wins.

~

Three days ago, when the sun had already set,  
but the near full moon gave light from the cloudless sky,  
the sentries who watch the sea from the cliffs  
that delimit the bay on both ends,  
gave signals that they spotted an object,  
and swiftly we progressed towards the water,  
male and female warriors,  
with knives in our belts,

and spears and lit torches in our hands.  
Not long did we wait before the silvery light  
glistening on the surface of the dark sea,  
the life-giving, all-encompassing water,  
the sacred incarnation of the Goddess,  
revealed to us a naked girl,  
lying on her belly upon a wooden board,  
paddling with her arms towards the shore.  
Reaching it, she crawled off her primitive craft,  
emerged out of the water wading on her knees,  
and kneeling before us in the sand  
she said she was sent to you as a gift,  
but asked for the privilege of being brought to you alive,  
for she had a message to deliver to you,  
my revered Princess,  
before willingly giving to you  
her body, her life and her meat.

~

Such privilege must certainly be earned,  
so we had to test whether she was sincere,  
and whether she was worthy  
for you to lend your ear  
to her words  
before lending it to her screams.  
We let her prove her sincerity and her worth  
by making her sexually please us the whole night  
and the next day and night  
in all conceivable ways,  
but taking care not to harm her,

in case she was worthy of being brought to you,  
while we taunted her with tales  
of her upcoming tortures,  
which always last longer and are more severe  
for meat that has caught the Princess's attention,  
and how she would be prepared and eaten,  
still alive at the beginning,  
her sufferings delighting the participants  
at the feast.

All through her ordeal  
she stayed unfazed by our taunting,  
and remained eager in her sexual ministrations,  
proving herself to be skilled in pleasing the girls,  
and, at first, less skilled with the men,  
but she learned with the experience,  
as I can attest to,  
which, though of little importance for you,  
betokens a laudable attitude.

~

All in all, we came to the conclusion  
that she had proven herself to be worthy  
of being brought into your presence,  
so, after letting her rest a day and a night,  
that she might gain strength for the walk,  
on this morning, the third after she arrived,  
we blindfolded her and gagged her mouth with a cloth,  
which, as the blindfold, and most of the cloth we use,  
was woven from the hair of female captives and meat girls,  
all parts of their bodies being useful to us



in life as in death,  
and we bound her wrists behind her back  
with straps made of tanned girl hide,  
and then three of us set out with her  
along the path that leads to our village,  
prodding her on with the tips of our spears,  
not allowing ourselves to rest  
until we had reached our destination,  
and so we stand before you now,  
that you may receive this our captive  
who claims to be a gift for you,  
and proceed with her  
as you desire.

**Cannibal Princess:**

My faithful warrior,  
commander of the troops that guard the bay,  
you have acted wisely,  
and as your reward  
you will sit next to me at the feast  
when we consume this meat  
which the sea has brought,  
and you will be allowed  
to take a cut of your choice,  
and I will also give you the honor  
of letting you please me  
with your penis and tongue.  
As for the girl,  
she looks pretty enough

for me to enjoy her.  
Remove her blindfold and gag,  
but leave the straps that tie her wrists behind her back,  
and I will take her with me  
into my hut  
where she can prove her skills  
at giving pleasure to women,  
and if I am content with her ministrations  
I will let her deliver her message  
and explain her mission,  
before deciding the date  
and the details of her death.

**Toy:**

O merciful Princess,  
surpassing in beauty and strength,  
judiciousness and generosity,  
be assured of my gratitude  
that you have deigned to receive me,  
I will do my best to be worthy  
of your kindness and trust.  
I will please you with my skills  
as well as I can,  
and my body is all yours,  
but I hope that the message  
which I bring from my Mistress,  
will please you even more.  
For this noble purpose,  
she has sent me to die.

## Act 2, Scene 2

(Toy, Cannibal Princess)

Toy:

Magnanimous Princess  
to whom I now belong!  
The life of a toy is rich  
in occasions for gratitude,  
which she deeply feels  
each time that her Mistress  
by a glance or a gesture,  
or even a word,  
or the infliction of pain,  
gives her to understand  
that she is owned,  
that she is her Mistress's property,  
to be used or disposed of,  
as it pleases the Mistress,  
and that this toy  
is thus an object of value,  
and by her efforts and suffering  
makes a contribution  
however small  
to her Mistress's happiness.  
Being your property now,  
noble Cannibal Princess,  
it is your happiness  
which I long to increase  
by giving my life

and by relating to you  
my former Mistress's message  
of which I am convinced  
that, if you heed it,  
it will change your life  
in an unforeseen way  
that will lead you to happiness  
you had never envisioned  
nor expected to reach.

~

But first let me thank you  
for your generous kindness  
which you have shown me.  
After we had entered your hut  
you showed me the favor  
of letting me please you  
with my lips, teeth and tongue,  
but then, after your first orgasm,  
as I do not need them,  
having been well trained  
in submission and obedience  
you removed the bonds from my wrists,  
freeing my hands,  
which I would never use other  
than for giving you pleasure  
or to carry out your commands,  
and you let me use my skills  
with my hands and fingers,  
adding to those of my mouth,

to renew my efforts  
and bring you once more  
to the height of sexual pleasure,  
which, as I can tell,  
by the looks that you gave me,  
were increased by your thoughts  
of the tortures I will suffer  
and of which parts of my body  
you will deem worthy  
to satiate your hunger  
and delight your palate.  
By the strength of your orgasms  
you enjoyed these thoughts  
and my ministrations,  
showing that there is some worth  
in my body and skills,  
both now in your possession,  
which increases my confidence  
that you will consider favorably  
the words of the woman,  
who has sent you this present,  
and the offer she makes.

~

The noble lady who sent me,  
my former Mistress,  
is a most remarkable woman,  
outstanding in virtues, beauty and wealth.  
One of the most renown persons  
in our Queendom,

she is a close acquaintance  
of the Queen herself.  
For a short moment  
you have looked into her eyes,  
as she gazed out her window,  
when you were led past her house  
which you surely remember,  
as it is the largest  
of the whole street,  
second in splendor only  
to the Queen's palace itself.  
You have certainly pondered,  
looking at this stately mansion,  
how rewarding it must be  
to live under its roof,  
enjoying its safety and comforts,  
and to be close to its Mistress,  
so dear to everyone's heart  
who has ever had the good fortune  
of being admitted to her presence.  
And while you harbored these thoughts,  
as you must have certainly done,  
without any hope of ever  
having such dreams fulfilled,  
she, looking down from her window,  
admiring your beauty and poise,  
saw you looking up,  
and when meeting your eyes,  
desire overcame her,

and genuine love.  
From this moment on,  
she knew she had to win you,  
and that you deserved better  
than to live as a savage  
on an uncivilized island,  
among a primitive tribe,  
without any comfort,  
or the accomplishments of our culture,  
and with feeble protection  
from blood-thirsty enemies,  
the vagaries of nature,  
or the wrath of the Goddess,  
when you fail to appease her,  
due to the limits  
of your dire conditions.  
Much better than this  
is the life that she offers  
to you whom she loves  
and whom she deems worthy  
of being taken into her house.  
And so she has sent me,  
to make you this offer,  
to serve as her messenger,  
and her courtship gift.  
As her personal slave-girl,  
her cherished love-slave,  
her most prized possession,  
you will live in comfort,

and often she will call you  
to eat from her table  
and sleep in her bed,  
close to her warm body,  
with her large and firm breasts.

~

Free from all care and worries  
is the life of a slave-girl,  
and that of a love-slave  
is the most rewarding of all.  
To know that her life  
is in the hands of her Mistress,  
who relieves her property  
from all needs and obligations,  
except to give pleasure,  
endure pain uncomplaining,  
and obey her commands.  
With the love that a slave girl  
naturally feels for her Mistress,  
as you will soon come to see,  
to serve her is not duty,  
but the highest reward.

~

Gladly I die  
for her who has been my Mistress,  
and also for you, the fortunate one,  
upon whom fell her love,  
happy to know that my death  
will bring together



the two of you  
in mutual joy.

**Cannibal Princess:**

Your tongue has valiantly endeavored  
to please my clitoris, as well as my ears,  
its success with the first task  
having won it my permission to proceed with the other.  
I have listened to all you had to relay,  
and have no further need for you now,  
until the feast, at which you will receive my reply.  
The feast will be held at the next half moon,  
six days from today,  
and you will spend the time until then  
together with two of our captives, a man and a girl,  
in a bamboo cage, which serves as a larder  
in which we keep our meat alive and fresh,  
and where the three of you will be available  
to whoever wants to take their pleasure with you,  
until it is time to start preparations  
for your meat to be eaten.  
Put your hands behind your back,  
for me to re-tie them.  
It is done. Leave the hut now  
and leave me to my thoughts .....

~

I am alone now. Night has fallen,  
I lie on my back, on my soft bed of leaves,  
looking up at the roof, and seeing the holes

that the last storm has rent,  
which I should mend before the next rain,  
and through these holes I see the stars,  
and I see the moon, bright in the sky,  
one day after its fullness.

My thoughts drift to the island of the Slavers,  
to which I have been for one long day,  
to the large town of stone with the Queens palace,  
and its many stone houses,  
and to the woman, who lives in one of the richest,  
who sends me a gift and who says that she loves me,  
and wants me to come to her as her slave.

I try to imagine her life there, in comfort,  
and how she longs for a girl  
of whom she has caught but a glimpse.

How empty she must feel!

And my thoughts they drift on,  
to the two things that matter,  
a life that is free,  
and an honorable death.

## Act 3, Scene 1

(Male Ship Captain, Mistress, Toy)

### Male Ship Captain:

My esteemed Mistress, praiseworthy and prosperous,  
whom I faithfully serve as the captain  
of one of your merchant ships, well built  
and kept in good repair, so that it may safely carry  
the goods that you trade with, to increase your wealth  
and to provide our island with all that we need.  
On our way back to our harbor, with a precious cargo  
of spices, rare stones, pearls and slaves,  
sailing not far past a Cannibal island,  
we scanned the waters, ready to fend off any attack  
which those savages might attempt with their canoes,  
despite the defeat that we've recently dealt them,  
when we spied on the waves an unexpected sight.  
On top of a wooden board, to which she was tied,  
lay a naked girl, paddling the board with her hands,  
on a course towards our island, which, however,  
the wind and the currents would have kept out of her reach,  
especially as we could see she was wounded and weak.  
I brought the ship about and after a short deliberation  
decided she did not pose any danger,  
so we took her aboard as shippers should do  
with all who are at sea and in peril.  
We tended her wounds as well as we could,  
and then, to our surprise, while she would not speak,  
nor would she eat, she asked with gestures

for papyrus, ink and a brush, and wrote a long letter,  
which she rolled into a scroll, indicating that its words  
were meant to be private, but on the outside, to our  
even greater surprise, she wrote your name.  
Then she fell into a deep sleep, but she is still alive,  
kept under guard in one of your store-houses,  
until you decide what we should do with her,  
since, saved by your ship, she is now rightfully yours.  
Here is her letter. A sense of foreboding  
fills me when I touch it. With your permission  
I now return to the ship, to unload the cargo,  
and await your orders regarding the girl.  
May my Mistress prosper, as she deserves.

**Mistress:**

The foreboding is mine now. With shaking fingers  
I open this scroll. I know from whom it is,  
though I hadn't even been aware she could write,  
when I bought her to serve for my pleasure,  
and so knows the Captain, though he has the kindness  
of pretending he doesn't. But things like these  
can never stay secrets, the whole island will know.  
My body feels cold, shivers run down my spine,  
but I must know what happened, what she has to report.  
So, here it is ...

**Toy:**

My venerated Mistress,  
I have no tongue left  
with which to give you the direful news,

so I write with my hand,  
to tell you that I have failed,  
that I have brought you disgrace,  
instead of bringing you joy,  
and that the pain that I suffer  
from wounds all over my body  
can never relieve me  
of my sorrow and shame  
of still being alive,  
when only my death  
would have brought you your wish.

~

Let me tell from the beginning.  
The Princess received me,  
as you had wisely envisaged,  
and I courted for you,  
praising your person,  
and as instructed I told her  
about your generous offer  
to take her as your slave,  
and always staying with the truth  
I explained how her life  
would become so much better,  
if she accepted your courtship,  
and, having been told  
of all that awaited her,  
your love and your presence,  
and splendor and comfort,  
how could she possibly not?

~

After she had listened,  
and I had given her pleasure,  
I spent some days in a bamboo cage,  
with two other captives, a girl and a man,  
from one of their protected tribes,  
giving pleasure to the villagers,  
as they demanded,  
through the gaps between the bars.  
Then we were marched to the beach  
on which I had landed,  
where they hold their feasts,  
which begin when the sun sets,  
and last through the night.  
Fires were burning, and there was a huge crowd,  
singing and dancing and beating their drums,  
eager for our tortures to begin,  
our agonies, as I was told, improving  
the flavor and tenderness of our meat,  
but also, I think, increasing their appetite.

~

The girl was first, but before she was tortured  
they gave her a wooden pole, eight feet long,  
entirely straight, with a pointed tip,  
and she took it and danced, in beautiful motion  
to the rhythm of the drums and the singing,  
an enticing dance, captivating and sensual,  
as the drums beat faster and the singing got louder,  
until, exhausted, she collapsed on the sand.

What they did to her then, I cannot say,  
because she was hidden by those around her,  
but I heard her screams,  
knowing she had to strike a difficult balance  
between screaming too much,  
which would be to her shame and thus  
dishonor her captors, and not screaming at all,  
which would make her seem contemptuous  
of her captors, and thus dishonor them too.  
She seemed to do well, for I heard laughter  
that sounded content, and those who used me,  
while I lay spread on the ground,  
seemed pleased with the feast, as it unfolded.  
Finally she was taken by four men who held her  
stretched out between them, by her legs and arms,  
while two more supported her back and her shoulders,  
and a seventh took the pole, to spit her  
through her vagina, slowly and carefully,  
pushing the spit lengthwise through her body,  
while she kept screaming,  
until it emerged through her mouth,  
her head bent backwards,  
ending her screams, but not yet her life.  
Thus spitted, they turned her  
over the fire, where her life then soon ceased.

~

The man was next, and this time  
I could see more of his tortures.  
He, too, screamed, and his screams

mingled with his torturers' laughter,  
the merriest laughter being that of the girls,  
who had their fun with his penis and testicles,  
using their teeth and sharp pieces of shells.  
To prepare his meat they wrapped him  
in succulent leaves, and then dug a pit  
into which they threw stones, hot from the fires,  
and then, still living, they lowered him down,  
and covered the pit with pebbles and sand,  
his screams finally dying away, as his meat  
slowly started to cook in the underground heat.

~

Then it was my turn. The flickering fires,  
the torches, and the half moon in the sky,  
threw their light on the faces and the naked bodies  
of the men and the women who gathered around me,  
some covered in blood, all showing their arousal,  
penises erect, labia open and glistening with moisture,  
and unexpectedly I felt a strange excitement  
to be at the center of their attention,  
to be the object of the desire  
of all those people, savages,  
but beautiful, noble and strong,  
and to be deemed worthy to give them  
from my own body, that which is most precious,  
that which sustains the circle of life,  
food. That was what I now was becoming,  
and a deep satisfaction filled my mind and my body  
so that I neither feared death nor pain.



Up to this moment, after first I had met her  
I had not seen the Princess, but now  
she stood before me, naked as the others,  
looking at me with an expression  
which I could not read.  
She did not speak to me, but to those around her,  
she said, pointing at me,  
this had been given to her, so only her dagger  
should cut it, and with these words  
she passed around the dagger she held, made of obsidian,  
both hilt and sharp blade, of one perfect piece,  
intricately carved, a tool of rare royal splendor,  
and one by one, with this blade they cut  
into my body, first removing a breast,  
then cutting slices of meat from my thighs  
and from my ankles and buttocks,  
the first one cut by the warrior to whom  
the Princess had promised my tastiest part,  
then others followed, and with sticks  
they held my meat over the fires, where soon  
it became ready to eat, and they ate it,  
letting me see through the haze of my agony  
and of my arousal, how much they relished  
what I had to give. The wounds  
they cauterized with their torches.  
Fire singed me between my thighs, and a girl  
sliced off my labia, and then  
the Princess herself, who had so far not touched me,  
made me open my mouth, cut out my tongue,

and rubbed it between her legs against her clitoris  
until she was pleased, then she held it, using a stick,  
over the fire, and when it was done,  
chewing with relish, and further pleasing herself  
with her hand, she ate it. And finally  
she spoke to me, saying, this  
was what my tongue was best for,  
and now  
she would give me the answer to what I had been sent  
to ask her, and taking the dagger  
firmly into her hand, she carved  
lines into my belly, bleeding and deep.  
With all the pain that I was already in  
I could not make out the pattern she carved  
by tracing the movement of her hand  
through the new pain,  
but when she was finished I managed  
to raise my head and look down  
on the part of my body that had become her sheet  
of writing, and I saw what she had written,  
and while I had managed  
to remain silent so far, except for a few moans,  
now I screamed, spitting out  
the blood from the stump of my tongue,  
I screamed like no one ever, I think,  
had screamed before, no matter how cruel  
the tortures they suffered, I screamed  
not from pain but from the horror  
of what she had written, of what I had seen.

The rest

I do not have to tell, as it is obvious  
from how I was found, on the water,  
by the kind captain of your splendid ship.  
When I started to scream, they turned away,  
eating the meat of the other two victims,  
paying no attention to me in my misery.  
Once the sun had come up,  
upon the Princess's orders,  
they laid me upon the board on which I had come,  
which they had kept,  
but now I was tied to it, as of my legs  
there was not enough left to support me,  
and then they put the board on the water,  
and pushed it away from the shore,  
the outgoing tide aiding their effort,  
and with my arms, which they had spared,  
I paddled in what I hoped was the direction  
of our island, not expecting to arrive  
as I knew it to be far beyond my reach,  
but waiting for death, not to erase my shame  
which would be far beyond death's power to do,  
not to end my pain, which I bear when I must,  
but to give me blessed relief from my awareness  
of my failure, and of the sorrow it brings.  
I am in your revered hands now, and though I cannot  
ask you for mercy, a toy that has failed  
and that has become useless,

still I hope that from you I will receive,  
in whatever way it may please you most,  
that which has been denied to me twice,  
death, which will end my unwelcome life,  
a life that has been reduced to a message,  
a direful one, carved into my body,  
the single word which now is all that I am.

I shudder —

darkness surrounds me —

the word that she carved —

two letters —

No.

Act 3, Scene 2  
(Mistress, Toy)

Mistress:

No!

No!

Nooooooooooooo ...

~

My courtship rejected.

My hopes gone.

My dreams shattered.

My honor lost.

I am destroyed.

The laughing stock

of all who know,

and *all* will know.

Rebuffed,

the noble Lady,

by a savage Cannibal girl.

But worse,

much worse,

rebuffed

by the girl I love.

I had not thought

that this could happen,

but even less

had I thought the pain

could be so strong.

~

The toy has failed.  
Having failed her Mistress  
she cannot live,  
but I feel no hate  
for her who has brought me  
sorrow and pain.  
I will grant her more  
than the death she desires,  
more than she can hope for,  
refused as food,  
damaged beyond repair,  
disfigured and repugnant,  
useless as a toy,  
the shame of her failure  
written on her skin,  
worthless alive  
and as worthless in death.  
But there is one place,  
one group of wretched people,  
the slaves, the lowest of the low,  
who toil in the depth of the pit of the quarry,  
sleeping between the stones, the few hours  
they are allowed to sleep,  
starving on water and stale bread,  
to them, even a girl as damaged  
and worthless to others, as my former toy,  
would be welcome for what pleasure  
she can still provide,  
and while eating human meat for us

is strictly taboo, a deathworthy crime,  
an abhorrible thought,  
they, not bound by any rules or laws,  
for any punishment would only hasten  
their deaths which they desire  
as their only hope for escape,  
will welcome her meat  
to enhance their meager diet.  
Not for their sake I will give her to them,  
but for her own, so that her death  
will be graced by a purpose.

~

So much for the toy. By my mercy  
her broken path will be mended,  
the circle of her life  
will be properly closed,  
though she is only a toy,  
and her life and her death  
are of little importance.  
But what about me?  
How can my own path be mended,  
my circle be closed,  
my agony allayed,  
my honor restored?  
Whom can *I* call on for mercy?  
Who can heal my wound,  
put an end to my misery,  
when all has been lost?  
I have to think ...

My gift refused, by the one I've courted,  
sent back to me, with the word no  
carved into her belly ...  
Sent back to me ...  
Oh Goddess, what fool have I been!  
How could I have thought  
that a girl like the one I desire, savage but proud,  
a Princess among her tribe, could ever be won  
by sending a gift, while I, who claims  
to be a noble woman, remain behind, not ready  
to give myself, to face my fate.  
What an insult this has been to her!  
How grateful I am to her,  
who, with one word, has opened my eyes!  
I had not been ready before,  
but I am ready now, I feel elated, and for the first time  
in my life, I think I'm truly happy!  
Tonight, I will put all my affairs in order  
and tomorrow morning, I will sail out  
the way I had sent the toy, riding a wooden board  
from ship to shore, naked, unarmed,  
at the mercy  
of water and winds,  
to reach the merciless island  
before nightfall, and like the toy  
I will be taken to the Princess. And then ...  
But what is then, is up to her, I cannot know it  
and neither do I need to know.  
All that I know is that I have to follow



where love leads me. I will kneel  
before her, humble and aroused, and I will say,  
in life or death,  
I'm yours.  
This,  
and only this,  
will close my circle,  
will mend my path,  
will soothe my pain,  
will give me peace.

**Toy:**

I hang from my wrists,  
tied to a long rope,  
as I am lowered  
into the depth of the quarry pit.  
Looking down, I see the grim faces  
of the quarry slaves,  
turned upwards in hungry anticipation  
as they watch the descent  
of a bound naked girl,  
wounded but alive,  
into their hands,  
their tools, and their teeth.  
In the wise order of things  
they have been given this place  
of hardship and toil,  
and here I will join them,  
by my Mistress's orders,

to finally die.

I have only one breast,  
no tongue and no labia,  
and large chunks are missing  
from my buttocks and legs,  
but to those wretched creatures  
who live without hope  
for anything but death,  
that which is left of me,  
my hands, my mouth,  
my ass, my vagina,  
the meat on my bones,  
the tears that I cry,  
will still be of use.

~

My thoughts should be with them  
to whom for a few hours  
I will bring a short relief  
from their perpetual misery  
with my body and my pain  
and my own welcome death.  
But instead of them,  
I think of my Mistress,  
and of what I have heard about her  
by those who have cared for me,  
and tended my wounds,  
so that I have lived  
through the past days  
to die here in this pit

by my Mistress's mercy.  
At dawn she has sailed out  
to offer herself  
to the girl whom she loves.  
The message I brought her,  
inscribed in my body,  
had been only one word,  
but from this one word  
she has learned who she is,  
what it means to love,  
what it means to die,  
and what she must do,  
for one finally  
must be true to oneself.

~

I have reached  
the bottom of the pit.  
Hands touch me,  
stones,  
penises,  
prybars,  
knives.  
I am soaked in sperm.  
Now they begin  
to tear me apart.  
My skin opens up.  
Blood pours out.  
My bones break  
and so do my teeth.

My vagina rips.  
More blood.  
Pain engulfs me.  
Now one eye is gone.  
Now the other one  
too.  
I still can hear  
the grunts  
of their delight.  
In the darkness  
and agony  
I suffocate  
from what they put in my mouth.  
I feel my life  
drain from my body.  
I think  
of my Mistress.  
I die  
content.

## APPENDIX:

### THE HUMILIATED COURTSHIP GIFT

S. Ireland

December, 2013

Within SL

I am a young slave girl, totally in selfless love with my beautiful Mistress. She is long of limb and of hair, buxom, and has a perfect complexion, which is lightly and evenly tanned. She bought me for a few coppers as I danced naked on the block in a slave market somewhere a little while ago.

She uses me for her pleasures, sometimes tying me to an ornamental grille in her bedroom when she makes love with her free lovers, because she knows this torments me emotionally, to see her give herself completely to them, as she never gives herself to me. She sometimes hands me to her male harem, or her guards, for a gang rape while she watches, for her amusement. I love her totally throughout, and in some cases, I love and crave her torments, too.

I am, this day, licking her labia, slowly and lovingly, as she croons to me about her latest desire. It is to possess and to love a young girl, still free, who lives on another island. My Mistress is courting her, hoping to take her a willing slave.

I cannot imagine why this project would present any difficulty, for anyone offered the position of love slave to my Mistress would accept in a trice, would they not? At least, in *my* mind. But, I say nothing, I just keep licking and suckling, and listening.

“So ...” she says,

“I will send her a gift, and perhaps, that will attract her into my cage ...

“She is a Cannibal, and despises all who are not ...”

“Will she hurt your non-Cannibal slaves, Mistress?” I whisper.

“Do not worry little toy, *you* will not be caged with her!”

I am still concerned for Mistress’s other human property, but I know that she is very wise, and I relax and assume she will take care of things for the furtherance of her pleasure. Perhaps she will enjoy one slave torturing and eating all the rest? I do not know. But, I love her and do not care.

“So, I will send her a gift ...” Mistress continues. “A human gift, for her pleasure, as a token of my affection, and my favor.”

“Who can you trust for such a mission, Mistress?”

“Why *you*, my favored little toy!”

I am overwhelmed that Mistress will send me on such an important mission!

“Thank you, Mistress!” I gasp.

“You will paddle a surf board with your arms, naked, unarmed, vulnerable, to her beach ...”

My Mistress begins to lubricate, and as I continue to lick, she talks, and I listen.

“You will say to her, ‘I do not eat of the longpig. Do as you will with me.’

“Then, you will submit to her, and follow all her orders, explicit or implicit, for the sake of love of me.

“You will be taunted, humiliated, sexually used roughly, sex-tortured, gang-raped, and finally, death-tortured, killed, and eaten!”

My Mistress becomes excited with these ideas! I continue to lick, as I become excited, too, in harmony with her, my great love.

Finally, with my last instructions for my terminal actions, Mistress sends me on her mission, away from her forever.

After Mistress's male guards have gang-raped me all night, taunting and humiliating me, as training for my adventure, I set out upon a surf board emblazoned with Mistress's picture and name. I go as ordered, naked, vulnerable, willing.

~

I navigate to the girl's beach, and surrender myself up willingly for the taunting and humiliation and all the rest.

They do taunt me, throw offal at me, and humiliate me in many ways. I revel in it, for it is for my Mistress, and it is kind of fun.

They torture and sex-torture me, and I love that, too, although as it continues, I am hurt and increasingly afraid.

They taunt me for not eating longpork, as they feast upon a man and a girl who they have taken captive, killed, and cooked. Then, during a gang rape, they begin to cut me.

They cut out my tongue, drain it of blood, cook, and eat it. They shred one breast and eat that, they cut off and fry my labia, and they cut me at random places and roast and eat what meat they can hack from me.

But, during all this torment, they do not hit any vital places, and they quickly cauterize all my wounds, so that I do not bleed out.

Finally ...

The girl, laughing at me, cuts the word "NO!" into my still-untouched belly skin.

She pushes me back onto the surf board, and with help from her

Cannibal friends, shoves it into the surf. With the flat of her foot, she pushes and kicks my ass to impel me.

“Go back to your precious ‘Mistress,’ *meat*, as a lesson!”

~

I go, as ordered. To my beloved Mistress. A failure.  
Humiliated.