

The Sacrificial Knife

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The first day of our adventure started like many others. Early in the tropical dawn, Mistress and I had gone down to the shore to fish and hunt birds. I had a collection of tiny stream cobbles to hurl with my sling, and Mistress her three-pronged barbed fishing spear for surf fishing. We each wore a flint knife on a woven sisal belt, but otherwise, we were unadorned, and of course, we were completely nude.

Mistress had enjoyed some success and, so far, had speared three bluefish. After she pulled each one up to about the level of her waist, shimmering wet and lovely, with her prize in the knee-deep surf, a beautiful image I shall treasure for the rest of my life, I helped her to land each, gutted it, hung it on a low branch with a woven cord, and used the head and guts to bait for shorebirds. My hurled stones had taken three of the large, plump ones, and four or five of the smaller ones, from among the ranks of the squabbling avian would-be feasters upon the fish offal.

The hunting and fishing reverie was interrupted, albeit pleasantly enough, by the arrival of a naked girl from the village, breathless from running. She was no longer a child, but not yet quite a woman, at that somewhat awkward “coltish” phase of bodily changes which, shortly, would yield another young island beauty, but for now, consisted more of promise than pulchritude.

Her message, delivered quite breathlessly and in gasps, was for us to come attend the Queen and the Council of Elders.

Surprised but obedient, we gathered up our catch, after I had beckoned Mistress in from the surf, and we hurried after our wide-eyed young messenger.

I had no idea that the Queen and the Elders would even be awake this early, much less that they would be deliberating or whatever and in need of us, two seasoned huntresses and warrioresses, but certainly not noted for our great wisdom nor age.

“You have been nominated for a great mission, a great responsibility, and to some degree, a great honor,” droned the chantlike voice of the Chief Elder.

The Queen, much younger, not only naked, but also beautiful, chimed in, “You were our first choices because of your courage, proven bravery in battle, beauty, passion, and integrity.”

“But,” the Elder continued, perking up somewhat, “you *must* only go *voluntarily* upon this dangerous mission. You might well die on the quest, never return, be lost or taken ...”

Now, within our tribal life, adventure generally gets undertaken with some deliberation and planning — activities such as deep-sea fishing or going to other islands to hunt larger animals are done in the proper season.

On the other hand, danger generally comes on quite suddenly, and must be reacted against immediately. For instance, a slave raid may occur at any time, or, there might be a Cannibal attack, although the last one of *those* was *just* out of the memory of those now living in our tribe.

Still, Mistress and I, when we were alone on some private beach for me to service her sexually, used often to fantasize about danger and adventure to spice up our sexual pleasures. One of our favorite fantasies was of a Cannibal attack, and that we would both be taken

alive and unhurt, and forced to carry naked the bodies of our slain comrades strung on poles like beasts taken in the hunt, to a fate for ourselves far worse than mere death — a Cannibal Orgy Feast! We found it a very exciting and stimulating series of thoughts and imagined images, indeed! We often whispered about it to each other while making love, or as we fell to sleep, in order to induce sexy dreams.

When the Queen and Elders asked us whether we would freely undertake this mission, the mixture of adventure and great danger was a novel experience for me, at least. I was excited, but scared in a kind of thrilling way, too. But, of course, my feelings and my reaction do not matter, because I am the property of Mistress, and she may spend my life as she wishes.

Mistress, so brave and even a bit rash, pledged our lives to carrying out our assignment, the delivery of our tribe's *entire* offering to the Sacred Island of the Goddess ...

Thus, at a great send-off feast, we were bathed, and our smooth tanned bodies were shaved, with many kisses and licks from the girls and boys of our village, and then oiled. The orgy then commenced in real earnest, and we were kissed, licked, screwed, and dined until everyone was sated.

Then, for good measure, we were oiled again — an anointing, almost, it seemed, this time.

The Elders adorned us with the finest jewelry and ornamentation our tribe could provide. Mistress got a hip belt of white pearls, ankle bracelets and wrist bracelets of the same — held with gold chains, rather than leather or sisal strands! I was likewise adorned with pearl and shell and gold jewelry, as well as a slave collar made with white

gold meshwork holding three tiers of white pearls. Of course, the finery was worth hundreds of times what *I* was worth!

Mistress received a beautiful gold short chain necklace, with a single gigantic black Kulabi pearl depending from it.

We were given weapons, as well, and again, they were worth many times what our own serviceable but ordinary quotidian hand-made flint and obsidian weapons were worth! They were made of our island's unique crimson-veined green jade, all finely polished, rather than chipped to an edge from flakes or cores. Mistress and I each got a spear, and each a knife in a shark's skin sheath and belt (the leather-work itself was rare and special and expensive!) and Mistress also received an axe. Everything was of the rarest, finest, materials, and of the very best manufacture!

We went very lavishly adorned with the beautiful jewelry and weapons of our isle, but not clothing, for our tribe always goes naked under the Sun, rather than only under the Moons and the stars, like those who live under the Slave Law.

Nude, very beautiful, and *feeling* very beautiful, we headed out in a specially-decorated canoe, that bore an image of the Goddess upon its jet-black hull as its figurehead, so that we would not be molested on our way to the sacrifice, even by enemy tribes or slavers. The Elders informed us that in many cases people traveling in such sacred Goddess-decorated canoes had even been aided on their voyages by tribes to whom they were strangers.

The offering-bearing canoe was also loaded with the finest food-stuffs, such as pickled fish and shellfish, dried fruits, fresh fruits and jungle vegetables, and so on, that our island could produce. We had regular rations to eat on the trip; these dainty specialties and rare foodstuffs, including banana wine in sealed clay amphora, were to be

offered to the Goddess, upon Her altar. The canoe was totally full of things from our island, and from our tribe, to be so offered.

After many days' sea travel, with fair winds and welcoming seas, under the gentle Sun, we arrived at the sacred Goddess Island. It was a single sea-jewel, with its white-sand atoll, in the beautiful sea. All the sands were of white, virginal and pure, and the jungle began somewhat up the beach all lush and green. Upon the Goddess Island, hills rose up and up above the jungle, covered with verdant vegetation, jungle or meadow, to finally be lost in a distant vista of the great single sea mount which the Goddess had chosen as her island, and above all towered the volcano cone, which had not erupted in the memory of all the tribes.

We were welcomed very warmly, naked under the Sun, by nude votaries, priests, and priestesses of the Goddess, as well as others who had come to offer sacrifice. Jewelry, weapons, feathers, and even sacred paint, they wore in plenty and of the finest, but no clothing obscured any of their physical beauty. Even at the beach, the very water's edge, the willing and free kissing and then the sex began! It was a lovely welcome for two pansexual girls who, although openly pair-bonded, were used to frequent large-group lovemaking, and who had enjoyed only the company of each other for the many days of the voyage.

Many willing hands helped us to unload the gifts from our tribe for the Goddess, as well.

Soon enough, by early afternoon, we were conducted, sexually and warmly, rather than ceremonially, past some large luau pits, to the place of offering, and the dancing, accompanied by rapid sexually-exciting drumming, began in earnest. There was not a flaccid penis, nor a bit of sexual flesh not suffused with the throbbing sexually-ready blood of the dancers, filled to the bursting with that living fluid which makes

the sex organs puff, pulse, stiffen, and make ready with their own lubrication for the kissing, the licking, the screwing! We danced madly to the drums, and then, a festival of the realization of all sorts of sexual possibilities started and rippled through the dancing crowd like a forest fire through an arid landscape. We all knew how to screw, then keep dancing, even beyond pleasant fatigue and then, as the hours went on, beyond exhaustion, and thus to ecstasy.

The sacrificial celebration began then, as pure water, as well as the fruits of jungle, all kinds of vegetable food, medicines, and drink, were heaped upon the altar of the Goddess under the afternoon Sun. The food and item gifts we had brought were included. Then, we votaries began to strip off and put our weaponry and our fine jewelry as gifts to the Goddess upon the altar.

At our own village, this “preparation of the gifts for the Feast” would be completed with one or a few fish or birds, and I had heard, with other tribes, even a stoutly-bound wild boar which had been taken live in the hunt. The animal or animals were then ritually killed and gutted, and the vegetables and meat were luated for the Feast to be enjoyed by the votaries after the Goddess had enjoyed Her fill of the very life stuff of the victims.

But, in this case, we did not see any fish, birds, or even a wild boar, which is also known as short pig by a few of the wilder tribes.

Instead, we saw one of the excited tanned girl votaries, already stripped of her jeweled finery, dance panting and eager to the altar, lie down naked under the Sun, as the Goddess made her, upon the Sun-warmed altar — and start screwing with the High Priest. So, *sex* was the offering!

But, no! Even as they mated, the High Priest drew an amazingly bright silver-colored but shining sacrificial knife from a sheath of

strange leather, and with a few skilled strokes of that knife and then using both hands, cut and scooped his lover's heart out!

As her blood fountained, even as her body continued to fuck with the eager High Priest, I realized that this girl's willing sacrifice of her own life in the midst of the wildest sexual intercourse completed a cycle of sacrifice to the Goddess. And, presumably joints and cuts from her carcass would be featured, along with the other edible offerings from the Vegetable Kingdom, at the Feast! So, the Priestesses and Priests were Cannibals! Those large luau pits *suddenly* made complete sense!

The drumming and orgiastic dancing did not miss a beat. I realized there was room for a second human victim upon the sun- and blood-drenched altar, that the celebratory Feast would feature two luaued long pig, and, that some of us dancing girls, or victims, were not yet completely divested of all our finery. There was more offering to be made – for instance, I still wore the pearl slave collar and my chain and sharkskin belt and jade knife, and Mistress still had her black pearl gold necklace. *And ...* there were plenty of still-living girls! As I was thinking about the ramifications of all I had seen, Mistress, who is much quicker of mind than I, gave me a sharp command which cut into my dancing-induced trance.

“Run, let's run!” she hissed.

Numbly, at first, then, seeing her example before me, running nimbly and very fast, I did run. Our exit was blocked from the rear by naked religious guard warrioresses with ornamental, but nonetheless threatening, spears, so we ran *towards* the altar!

Mistress grabbed the knife of wonderful metal from where the lax hand of the High Priest had dropped it on the altar, as he satisfied

himself sexually with the vaginal death spasms of the lovely sacrificial victim.

I found that while Cannibals are fun and sexy in fantasy, being hunted as quarry naked by them in real life was quite another matter. Thus began the most terrifying chase of my life. Even in the midst of battle or hunt with slavers, I have never known such awful fear. The deepening evening shadows of the Island's jungle which loomed about us after we left the altar clearing at our very fastest did not help *my* emotional state, but in retrospect, I believe that it *did* help our escape from the numerous religious guards. I knew they had spears, ceremonial but also quite functional, but not what other weaponry for girl hunting they might possess, such as bolas, nets, or lassoes. I was surprised that they pretty much ignored me, for at one point, one beautiful naked huntress had the opportunity of a perfect throw at me, but, poising picturesquely for the long cast, she chose to attempt the further, less certain, target of Mistress. Mistress avoided the spear which *seemed*, to me, to be hurled at her *legs*, so as to trip her up, rather than to wound or to slay.

As evening came fully on we got back to some beach or other by a round-about route, and found a Goddess-decorated black canoe. We did not *know* whether it was *ours*, and at that point in our panicked flight, we did not care. — Under the light of the rising second Moon, we fled the Island!

Again, in retrospect, I realize that the guards' effort was almost entirely expended upon retrieving the Sacred Knife. Even the fact, inexplicable to Mistress and me at the time, that they abandoned the chase once we were afloat, was most likely to spare risk to the Knife!

Mistress and I made poor headway on our way homewards. We enjoyed no fair favoring winds, only hard paddling against wind and

current, with some very infrequent occasion to tack slowly. For the first time in a life spent without clothing I felt naked and afraid, but, puzzlingly, there did not seem to be any further pursuit.

A few days of difficult voyaging later, on some unknown island where we had paused on a long tropical night to rest, Mistress and I were enjoying mutual cunnilingus. As I lapped and worked hard to catch all her delicious juice, and was myself well licked, a realization came to me, undoubtedly from the Goddess because of the sacred nature of our activity. We were, at that moment, celebrating life, not fleeing from the Goddess Island, after all.

“Mistress?” I asked, panting with lust.

“HmMMMM?”

“Is it possible that our Elders and the Queen sent us upon this mission *knowing* that we were to be *part* of the gift to the Goddess, that we were *meant* to die as part of the sacrifice?”

She stopped licking me, as the realization hit her, as well, and blossomed with more inspired thoughts.

“We were betrayed? — Yes! Yes! After all, we *did* pledge our lives to the delivery of the *entire* gift! And, we, and our deaths, and our *meat, must be part* of that gift!”

“Oh, my slave, we were betrayed by our Queen! Isn’t that just *too* beautiful? For her to spend us in this way?”

We then enjoyed a lot more licking and cums, reveling in the fact that we were betrayed to our deaths, to Cannibals, and that we had agreed to accept such a fate!

“And, Mistress, *we* have the Sacrificial Knife! *If* we do not do our duty, and return it and ourselves, there will be no more sacrificing to the Goddess, and She is liable to be angry with the tribes!”

“Aaaah! Yes, my sex slave! Lick me! We *must* fulfil our duty

honorably — Return to Goddess Island, return the knife, and return *all* of our tribe’s gift, *including* two willing girls for the human ... sacrifice and the Cannibal Feast! Lick me! Ah, lick me!”

We spent the rest of that night, two naked girls in the warm night, under the Moons and stars, making love, bathing, shaving our bodies, and we achieved peace for the first time since we strayed ...

As the Sun came up, we launched our Goddess-image decorated canoe, again, into the beautiful sea, to deliver the rest of our tribe’s offering.

We no longer strove toward our home island; we reversed course and took bearing back to the Goddess Island.

And, thus, after a few days’ once again easy voyage, we approached the idyllic white sand beach of the Goddess Island in our sacred canoe. It was a picture of Paradise — white sand strand, lush green jungle, and rising behind that loveliness were the verdant slopes of the extinct volcano mount. This island was where we were to offer the entire gift from our tribe, to offer our lives as sacrifice, to dance, to fuck, to die.

The sea was calm and azure, the Sun golden, bright, gentle, as we paddled in shore. The High Priest greeted us, coming from the jungle down the slight slope of the beach. He was smiling warmly, his arms spread wide, and even his throbbing cock told us he was very happy to see us again. He wore the ceremonial belt of what we now knew was girlskin, although nothing else, and unsurprisingly, an empty sheath, also of girlskin.

“Oh, you have returned!” he enthused.

“We came back, The Goddess allowed us some realizations,” my Mistress replied cordially as we beached the canoe gently.

“We know, now, that *we* are part of our tribe’s sacrifice — our *lives* and willing deaths are part of it.” Mistress said.

“And, that after you slay us on the altar for the sacrifice to the Goddess, that you will *eat* our meat,” she continued.

“Because you are *Cannibals!*” I groaned, as my nipples became erect and I got a bit wet.

All three of us pulled the sacred canoe up above the surf line, and our conversation continued.

“And, that that is part of the sacrifice, the feast, as well ...” Mistress finished for me.

The High Priest’s face broke into a wide smile.

“For whatever internal reasons, your Tribe *traditionally* sends unwitting victims. Eventually, all of them offer their sacrifice willingly. I *do* admit that you showed particular cunning and daring taking the Knife and even escaping the guards when you were startled, but so the Goddess decreed — this time.”

“Here is the sacred knife, so the sacrifices, and the long pork Feasts, may continue,” intoned Mistress as she handed the instrument of our deaths over to our Cannibalistic killer.

“Yes, of course! You see, as sacrifices, you may, and *must* touch and be touched by the Goddess-provided knife! It was made from the Sacred metal which fell from the sky in a ball of fire with a great noise upon Goddess Island long, long ago, the metal hotter than fire, and it both blasted a great crater in the earth, and vaporized a beautiful girl who was masturbating naked there. So, the Knife *told* us what to do with it once a Goddess-inspired smith, who became the first High Priest, had forged it while it was still malleable! The Goddess would not allow anyone but a victim or an anointed member of the priesthood to touch it, any other human contact would be sacrilege.”

“So, I *knew* you were the sacrifices when you took it and ran in panic, and I knew the Goddess would grant you realization and come back.”

“You *knew*?” I asked, incredulous.

“Yes, those who flee *always* come back! The Goddess has called to them, has called to *you!*”

“And, you are now ready?” he asked, turning to us having resheathed the Knife upon his belt.

“Oh, *Goddessss, yesssss!*” exclaimed Mistress.

Mistress knelt, naked, unarmed, and unbound, and after offering me to the Goddess and the priest as a submission-gift, willingly kissed his throbbing penis.

I quickly followed her with the cock-kiss, then gave him a little lick, too.

“Do you realize the *symbolism* of the black pearls you wear about your lovely necks?”

“No, we do not,” started Mistress, but for once, I was quicker of mind.

“The black is a mark of our fate, our death?” I suggested.

“Yes,” he said, “but it also marks you for all to see, as a chosen victim of the Goddess, just as the sacred black-hulled canoe marks a votive offering, coming to us.”

Right there on that beach, as we stood up, Mistress embraced me, kissed me deeply, and quietly but earnestly said, “I love you, my slave ...”

“Oh, Mistress, I have loved you ever since you took me in battle, and spared my life in order to sexually enslave me, and I still do,” I replied.

We embraced, and kissed deeply, two unarmed naked girls on the

beautiful white sands of the island where they would die, declaring their mutual love.

Then, we were lost for a while, in each other's eyes and mouths and intertwined tongues.

When we finally broke for air, I saw the High Priest was enjoying the display of such love, and such sexual heat and need, between two tanned naked young girls. He had shot a couple of spurts of almost-liquefied girl grease out of a kind of purse, made from a Junoesque and tanned girl's severed breast, and the lubricant came spurting out the nipple of the long-pig udder, whose fat was rendered to made the sexual lubricant. He had slathered it on his penis, and was happily masturbating as he watched us two naked hotties make out. It was a mutually wonderfully sexually satisfactory scene — a naked man pumping as he watched the display of two naked honeys wildly tongue kissing.

And, so, the next day, after another Greeting Orgy, we awoke, and ate the foods allowed to long pigs at the Feast, and orgiastically danced naked to and about the altar with the many others.

Mistress then unfastened my slave collar of pearl, a “necklace of death” as demarked by its single black pearl, and laid it upon the altar. She next unfastened and offered her own “necklace of death and offering” and placed it on the altar above the slave collar. With these actions, she symbolically offered herself after her submission gift of her slave, thus releasing me from bondage to her, into my larger Fate of servitude and bondage forever to the Goddess as a human sacrificial victim until my immolation, and eternal acolyte of the Goddess ever after.

Holding hands as lovers now, Mistress and I lay down *willingly*

upon the altar, stripped of our finery, “As the Goddess made us,” naked under the Sun.

I see the glint of the tip of the knife in the High Priest’s hand, which will rip me open when he is at his climax. I see the glint of precum on his penis, about to enter my excited, well-lubricated cunt, and I see the glint in the High Priest’s eye!

I see, as through the Portal of Death, the Goddess, and pray that I am admitted into Her Paradise as an acceptable offering, that my flesh-meat will taste good, and that I will die well.

I *feel* him enter me, welcome him with my muscles, and eagerly anticipate the entrance of his *second* sacred instrument of penetration — the Sacrificial Knife!

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