

Chapter 1 : Richard Blade (series) - Wikipedia

*Slave of Sarma has 59 ratings and 3 reviews. Leila said: This is the 4th of 37 pulp novels featuring the hero Richard Blade. Written by 4 authors under t.*

Joking aside, this one was actually not too bad. The result is fairly readable. Not great literature, not even remotely believable, but a fun read nonetheless. We start with this prosy description of Olde Londontown: Pavements were shiny and treacherous, slimed by fallen leaves. Fog horns on the river were raucous and surly, their mood matched by that of millions of Londoners as they began the vespertine shove into tube and train and car. A dour day, in all, with Indian summer gone and the drear of winter upcoming. One might well question whether this was the best use of taxpayer money. Lord L is having none of it, though. He manages to obfuscate the MP and send him packing, at least for the time being. J returns to his office to receive a message and get the actual plot rolling. Things are about to get interesting. Not the real Blade, no. TWIN is not a Russian, or an original idea. The Russians adapted it from the Germans, who called it Doppelganger. The British called it Code Gemini. They say that as though your twin might turn up anywhere on earth. Regardless, J has known for years that the Russians had found a double for Blade, and trained him in every way to act like and resemble Blade. Now J is all a-flutter. This book certainly does. J commands Blade to report at once, and the spy dutifully acquiesces. Flash forward to the next chapter. Blade spat and pulled the collar of his trench coat tighter against the rain. It was almost obscenely like something out of PG Wodehouse. Nor is he the Russian double. The real Blade is watching from a nearby alleyway, with agents of MI6A nearby. Though it makes at least a bit of sense in a spy story. Blade keeps an eye out for Russians, careful not to get distracted. The actor playing Blade starts his act, playing the drunken spurned lover looking for a fight with the wedding party. We cut forward to Blade, chained to a table in an empty room. He is naked, because Blade. Unbeknownst to his captors, Blade has a secret weapon – an explosive capsule. Specifically, somewhere in his gastrointestinal tract. Blade has swallowed it as an emergency precaution. But first, Dick Blade gets a cavity search! He was turned over and had one hell of a time to keep from squirming as a greased rubber glove searched his rectum. Blade manages to convince his captors that he really needs to drop the kids off at the pool, if you know what I mean. Blade rushes back to London and contacts J, who is relieved to see him. All the way to chapter six to get the interdimensional action started, a new record for this series. Still, the doppelganger subplot is fun. Blade wakes up naked, manly, and buff as usual. Blade manages to kill one of the crabs with a rock. No doubt Dick Blade is very experienced with fighting off crabs, which causes its compatriots to fall upon its corpse, buying Blade some time to put some distance between himself and the crabby crustaceans. Others have not been so lucky, as Blade discovers when he passes a skeleton that has been picked clean. Hearing a cry for help, Blade heads toward the sound – and discovers a head. A man has been buried up to his neck in the sand and left for the crabs. Equebus is a slaver who regularly drops prisoners off in the marshes or on the beach without weapons, clothing and armor to meet their doom. Pelops is very much the typical sort of Blade-companion: Sure enough, a patrol appears soon after. Blade has an ingenious solution to hide them from the slavers, though: The two wade out into the water. Pelops ducks down, but Blade takes a moment to observe the slaver patrol. There are six horsemen. Blade is quick to observe that one of them is a sexy lady horseman: She rode well, her long mass of golden hair fluttering in the mild sea breeze. She alone rode without a saddle, her long white legs clinging securely to the prancing animal. She wore a short leathern skirt and metal breastplates that flashed like mirrors in the sun. Equebus makes a pass at the girl and she swats him with her riding crop and rides off in a huff. Cowardly Pelops tells Blade this is no time for fantasizing about women. This earns him the scorn of the manly Blade: He stroked the dark stubble on his stubborn-chin and regarded the naked little man. Then, because it was his nature, he could not restrain his laughter. Bullying a naked man who just escaped from slavers and death! Pelops, stung, informs Blade that he was once betrayed by a woman – his own wife, who sold him into slavery so she could upgrade to a newer model. Having bonded over this little moment of pure misogyny, Blade and Pelops plan a trap – for the attractive woman they have recently sighted this is done without any sense of the apparent irony. Pelops walks where Zeena can

see him and pretends to be staggering and falling. Zeena approaches, her full breasts jouncing beneath the metal plates and Blade attempts to ambush her and pull her off her horse. But Zeena puts up a fight because she is hashtag feisty. Blade has to jump straight onto the neck of the horse and throw it onto the ground. Zeena goes down and manages to flash some titty: A strap had broken and one perfect breast hung free of its protecting plate. It was her left breast. Blade knelt and put his ear against the velvet flesh, felt the nipple stir in automatic reaction to his touch Ah, the feel of a stirring nipple! Blade thoughtfully tucks her tit back behind her armor. For some reason Zeena fails to appreciate this chivalrous gesture. A sign of trust and faith, of friendship and love. Do you in Sarma have such a sign? And since Zeena is a princess, the queen will be super pissed if Blade buries the weasel without her say-so. But on the other hand, she really, really wants it. She approaches Blade and he, being Blade, is able to smell her womanly arousal. I think you know which way this goes. What follows is a pretty explicit sex scene, by this series standards. Manning Lee Stokes, everybody! Making you learn vocabulary while you read trashy sex scenes. At any rate, there is a lot of thrusting and throbbing. It turns out Zeena is a virgin. From there, total conquest of the Sarmians is no doubt but a step! He conquers and fucks the locals, they make him king, and then they bring him the milk gratis! Blade, I should mention, has now acquired some clothing " by which I mean a small thong to constrain his highly influential penis. Wearing this, Blade starts training like a Battleman, running 5 miles each day along a route that takes him past a statue of Bek-Tor. Bek-Tor was a hermaphrodite god. Blade wiped sweat from his face and stared at the god with the revulsion he always felt. The hair was cut short and thickly curled. The breasts were full and pointed with long nipples, the waist slim and incurving. At the waist the figure changed into that of a man " and a woman. The legs were sturdy and powerfully muscled. Both sexes were represented in the genitals " there was a mons veneris, a stone vulva, and below this dangled a penis and testicles. Bek, it seems, is the woman half of things, the benign deity. Tor is the evil male half. Oh wait, I forgot to mention Mokanna.

**Chapter 2 : Jeffrey Lord: List of Books by Author Jeffrey Lord**

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Chapter 3 : Richard Blade #4: Slave of Sarma, Part 1 “ pulpfiles

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Trawling the depths of forgotten fiction, films, and beyond, with yer pal, Joe Kenney Thursday, January 14, Richard Blade 4: Slave Of Sarma Richard Blade 4: He comes up with a ruse to call out the lookalike foreign agent and nab him. What better instance for a drunken Blade to show up and cause a scene? The real Blade watches from the shadows as the former love of his life comes out of the church with her new husband and hundreds of wedding attendees. Then a man J has dressed to look like Blade shows up, pretending to be drunk, and causes a scene. The idea is this will out the Russian Blade, or something. Meanwhile someone sneaks up on the real Blade and knocks him out. He wakes up tied to a bed in a cottage, naked, guarded by three thugs. We get a nicely psychedelic sequence as Blade, unable to lie, skirts around the truth while soaring on sodium pentathol. I mean, does Blade have to worry about blowing himself up every time he craps? Instead, Blade begs to be taken to the bathroom, which is a scuzzy toilet outside his cell. Could you imagine James Bond doing this?? This capsule, the size of three aspirin, hides an explosive that is almost equal to an atomic blast. It just needs air and two minutes to go off. Blade drops it in the sink, escapes, and the place blows to hell. J wants Blade to hurry after him and kill him. So near page 50 Slave Of Sarma finally takes on the vibe of previous Richard Blade installments; Blade is sent, nude and unarmed, to some new world. Here Blade also encounters one of the customary series tropes: This is Pelops, a weakly schoolteacher who when we meet him is buried to his neck in the sand, about to become crab food. Also per series formula Pelops will info-dump scads of detail on Blade. Pelops was once a teacher in the court of Sarma, the nearest kingdom, a matriarchal society ruled with an iron fist by Queen Pphira, a supposedly-immortal beauty who has had many daughters over the years but who is still young and gorgeous. Not to mention “ again per the series formula “ insatiable. Pelops is small and spindly, as are most Sarmian men; as is customary, studly Blade towers over the native men. Now the slave patrols are looking for him, with the beautiful blonde Princess Zeena in tow. But what Blade discovers, after this brief and not very graphic sequence, is that sex equals marriage in Sarma, and now Zeena is his wife! But Zeena turns out to be gone for good. Blade is eventually dragged to Sarma, Pelops in tow, as a slave rather than as the conquering husband of Princess Zeena. Victorious, Blade is bathed and ushered into the private chambers of the Queen, where she waits for him naked on her bed. By this time he was again ready. Blade was big by any standards and by Sarmaian measurement he was huge. He ripped off his leathern kilt and flung it away. Queen Pphira took one look and screamed, but not for her guards. She backed away from him, inching up the bed, her hand pressed to her mouth. You are too big. You will kill me. And you make too much of it, Pphira. He did not like this ageless beauty, nor trust her, but he wanted her at the moment More important - he must dominate her. It was now or never. A sword of flesh, he thought wryly, is sometimes better than a sword of steel. She did not cry out for her guards. He seized her, ankle by ankle, and pulled her apart in a slim white tender V. He raised her legs high and over his broad shoulders and he battered at her with no mercy. Pphira was small and compact, very tight and moist, and she did scream softly as he ravaged her, filling her near to bursting. Again came the soft scream, this time muted and blurred. She locked her legs around his neck and pulled at his buttocks. She began to claw and scratch. His wound throbbed and Blade ignored it. It was not the first time that he had made love for his life, for his plans, to gain his objectives, and he supposed it would not be the last time. A man must do what he must and take it as it came. One thing he knew “ he had never enjoyed it more. But as is typical with the previous Richard Blade books, and Stokes in general, it tapers off after this lurid blast; Pphira will grant Blade whatever he wants, and he wants his own ship. But of course Blade wins, escaping on the sea and taking us into the super-weird Chapter 16, which is even more arbitrary than the naval battle. If so, he was doomed to failure, as series producer Lyle Kenyon Engel held the reigns on this one and was a self-proclaimed disliker of first-person narrative. Unsurprisingly, Blade comes off as a fussy blowhard in his narration, which is just how Stokes made Nick

Carter sound in those first-person novels. Could this have been his spoof of it? Also there is another princess aboard, this one just as young and hot again, per tradition , though mysteriously untouched by the pirates: Blade splits off with a few people, Pelops, Canda, and Zeena among them, and they endure a grueling and page-consuming trip across the desert wastes. Of course, Canda gives herself to Blade one night, even though she constantly mocks him. But the man, whose name is Gregor Petroshansky, claims to mean Blade no harm. In fact, Canda is having difficulty deciding which Blade is better in bed. Anyway, *Slave Of Sarma* was a lot of fun, though as typical with Stokes a little too bloated and padded at times just like my reviews! Stokes was very prolific, which occasionally had negative repercussions on his work; *Slave Of Sarma* fortunately is a Stokes novel that keeps moving, for the most part, and also ties up most of its subplots. I also found myself enjoying it more than previous installments, though I think my favorite so far was the previous volume, *Jewel Of Tharn*.

Chapter 4 : Jeffrey Lord | LibraryThing

*Richard Blade #4: Slave of Sarma, Part 1 It's the fourth entry in the Richard Blade series: Salve of Sarma! As you can see, after toasting his buns and pickle on the wreckage of a burning ship, our man Blade's ladyfriend is forced to apply ointment too - ah, sorry, I now see that I misread that.*

We pick back up with Blade and Pelops in chains, being force-marched toward Samarcid, the capital of Sarma. Princess Zeena was supposed to have gone to her mother the queen and tell her what a wonderful guy Blade was, how great he was in bed, etc. Which has landed the two of them right back in the chain gang? Kind of a shitty thing to do to Pelops. Blade tries to nurse him along, because if Pelops falls too many times or gives up the slavers will just cut him down. It is whispered that she orders girl children destroyed not because they are sick or ill-formed, but because they show signs of beauty. She has lived forever and will live forever. She has had ten thousand lovers and her beauty never fades. She never ages and will never die. This is because Blade is an idiot. This is Dimension X, motherfucker. The sea is purple, there are giant crabs, and women wear boob armor with no bras. It is always so when The Black comes. Girl children are given to Bek "the criminals and slaves who are condemned go to Tor. Blade reflects on what he knows of the Queen: As Queen she had the right to take as many lovers as she chose, where and when she wished. The lovers might be men or women. Perversion was not in the Sarmian vocabulary. Probably, thought Blade, because no one had thought of it yet. Just as nobody had thought of the wheel. Oh yes, I suppose I should mention the whole wheel thing. So quaint, these Dimension Xers! One of the council suggests they give Blade to Otto the Black. It will make a fine first impression. And when Otto has used him he will give him back to us and we can make a sacrifice to Tor. The exciting prospect of being sodomized by Otto the Black does not distract Blade from ogling the royal tits, which are naturally on full display for this special occasion: Unlike the other Sarmian women he had seen, Pphira wore no breastplates. She was as bare to the waist as Blade himself. Blade has an eye for tits the way some people have an eye for interior design. At any rate, the adviser most dedicated to the idea of getting rid of Blade is an old priest named Kreed. The Queen thinks it over. Queen Pphira absently stroked one of her small pale breasts. Even at this moment, with his life in the balance, Blade felt himself aroused. Blade is trying to send out his Dick Blade vibes to the queen so she will want to make him her sex slave rather than sending him off to be gay-raped. There is one small wrinkle, though. And while in Sarma the queen is allowed to sex up whoever she wants quite openly not to mention run around topless, apparently having more than one lover at a time is a bridge too far. Clearly there is only one solution: To make things fair, Blade has to fight the blind Tarsu in total darkness. A rather unpleasant servant with torch escorts Blade to an underground chamber. There is a wooden partition across the middle of the chamber. The servant informs Blade that Tarsu is on the other side. When the servant exits the room with his torch, plunging it into total darkness, the partition will rise and battle will commence. The darkness adds a real element of real tension to the scene. He hung there, naked but for the leathern kilt, very much aware that his genitals were cruelly exposed to the sword. He scowled in the dark. Grim irony if he should lose his manhood, kill Tarsu, and then go castrated to Pphira. Fortunately, Blade is able to get the drop on Tarsu without sacrificing either his meatballs or his cannoli. Then he kills him. Equebus and the priest Kreed are not thrilled to see that Blade survived the fight. He starts taking command of the situation. Or hanging upside down in a latex Santa suit with a carrot up his ass. The point is, the man should be in charge! The queen objects to this. In Sarma, the woman is supposed to be dominant in bed. First I will have my way with you. I have killed a man for you and I intend to have my reward. I know of your Sarmian love making and I cannot say I care for it. This night Pphira, you will learn something " even as I taught your daughter. Yes, ladies have vajayjays! Blade is really feeling it. The queen also reveals that Kreed and Equebus are plotting together because they are lovers. Then she reveals the real shocker " Equebus is her son! He held her close, marveling, remembering the gray in the beard of Equebus, knowing that she must be an old woman by Home Dimension standards. This was hard to believe as he stroked the tender white flesh and gazed down at the firm unwrinkled face, the taut little breasts, the firm legs. Queen Pphira will not bring Zeena back. Blade tried to imagine what it would be like to captain a ship full of women.

He came up with some pretty lurid ideas and had to chuckle. Well, maybe in the adolescent sexual fantasy universes that make up this book series. Pelops, now returned to Blade, tells him that the Meta Mines are very dangerous and men sicken and die in them. A massive chain is stretched across the mouth of the harbor to keep slaves from getting any bright ideas about sailing off into the sunset. Oh, bee tee dubs, the slave that lead Blade into the dungeon where he fought the blind guy is back and on board the ship. His name is Chephron. He used to be a slave in the mines before volunteering to be an executioner. Blade also has a crew and a lieutenant named Ixion. The chain is now weakened at a point near the center. In addition to his own ship and crew, Blade is commanding a fleet of small ships for Team Queen. Facing them are Team Otto. Otto is seated on shore, next to the queen. Remember, Otto is homosexual, and therefore evil. Otto raised a fat hand and dropped a gayly colored scarf. Eventually Blade and co. This he aims at Otto the Black on shore " Blade has already given the queen a secret signal to make an excuse and leave. Blade and his crew return to their ship. They row like crazy for the mouth of the harbor, hit the chain square on, and force their way through it. To quote The Simpsons: And it allows Stokes to get through a solid stretch of plot without descending into tedious, elaborate detail. The stuff that they mine and makes everybody sick? This is something that would be of actual, practical use to Lord L and J. Of course, so far the only things Blade have been able to bring back to the Home Dimension are whatever he happens to be clutching in his hand the moment the computer drags him back through, which somehow always happens during a bout of lovemaking. The log continues on some time after the discovery of the uranium. Blade decides to take the ship south towards the Burning Land. Or you may not remember. That is absolutely fair! Blade breezily dismisses their concerns, which turns out to be a mistake when they ship runs into a massive typhoon with mountainous waves that practically tear the ship to pieces. Blade orders the crew to row as hard as they can south in hopes of hitting land before the storm returns. Instead of sighting land, though, the crew spots a sinking ship in the distance. What could it be? I shot a glance at Ixion. Ixion took the glass from me and studied the ship.

Chapter 5 : Slave of Sarma ( edition) | Open Library

*The Richard Blade series is strong with the "man conquers" theme, with Blade often relying on his massive muscles and massive manhood to subdue feisty women. Slave Of Sarma takes this subtext to overt levels, with Blade telling himself he will "need his sex" to win this one.*

Pavements were shiny and treacherous, slimed by fallen leaves. Fog horns on the river were raucous and surly, their mood matched by that of millions of Londoners as they began the vespertine shove into tube and train and car. A dour day, in all, with Indian summer gone and the drear of winter upcoming. The house was tall and narrow, of early Victorian vintage. The district was no longer fashionable - a matter of little concern to Lord L, who was not very fashionable himself - and it was J who had seen the possibilities. J was also immediate superior to Richard Blade, who at the moment was at his cottage in Dorset and, with another foray into Dimension X coming up, was not alone. J was not thinking of Blade. He sat by a glowing coal fire, a glass of scotch and soda balanced on one impeccably clad knee, and watched the two men duel. Carrandish was a Member of Parliament from the West Riding area in Yorkshire, and he reminded J of a well-dressed and articulate rodent. J, a fair man, did not go so far as to equate the MP with a rat; there were, after all, other species of rodent. As he listened, keeping out of the battle, J felt himself becoming increasingly liverish. What the Yanks called an upset stomach. This Carrandish, with his broad Yorkshire speech - surely an affectation, because the man was Oxford - was dangerous. Not in himself, perhaps, but in what he represented. The Right Honorable gentlemen was chairman of a committee. He was very good at his job. I pride myself that I work hard. I have been nearly a year on this job. I have had, I think, more than a little success in ferreting out waste and extravagance in government. Never a patient man, and not taking to fools, so far he had been patient. This Carrandish was no fool. You chaps organize your bloody committees to investigate other committees and the end result is that in the end nothing is saved. Time and money spent and nothing to show for it, eh? Lord L was trying to lay a false trail. The MP from Yorkshire was having none of it. He was not a drinking man, or a smoking man - possibly because both cost money which could be better spent - and now he pushed away his untouched glass and an empty ashtray and leaned over the table toward His Lordship. He clasped his long bloodless fingers and his eyes, fairly close to a long nose, glinted at the old man in the ragbag suit. As you must know. This interview was arranged, with your very gracious permission, so that we might speak in private and without public record. I came, in fact, to ask you one specific question. He sat a little sideways in the tall-backed chair - this eased the eternal pain in his hump - and his leonine eyes studied his inquisitor with a mingle of wariness and contempt. J felt a moment of compassion. Yet he could not intervene, even if circumstances had allowed it. Lord L had warned J, in no uncertain terms, to butt out! Ask your bloody damned question and get it over with. Carrandish was not an easy man to bully. He slapped his hand on the shiny surface of the table and some of the respect in his tone had gone. I have asked it at least six times and in half a dozen ways. So far I have received no intelligible answer. It is possible, I suppose. I am an old man and I work very hard. Long hours, you know. I get very little sleep, not nearly what my doctor tells me I need, and I never have eaten well and then of course there are all the aches and pains that come with old age. He shrugged his narrow shoulders. Not to be wondered at, I suppose. None of you young people know how to talk these days. Nor write, for that matter. The storm was being held off. Lord L was enjoying himself. J watched with interest as the man made one last great effort. Pity, but it comes to all of us. Carrandish, I am afraid I must ask you to excuse me. I am tired and I am sure you have other things to do, more important things, than talking to a doddering old wreck like me. J struggled with his desire to laugh. But the MP was tough. Just one last time.

Chapter 6 : Glorious Trash: Richard Blade #4: Slave Of Sarma

*Slave of sarma (richard blade, #4) by jeffrey lord, slave of sarma has 59 ratings and 3 reviews leila said: this is the 4th of 37 pulp novels featuring the hero richard blade written by 4 authors under t.*

## DOWNLOAD PDF SLAVE OF SARMA (BLADE SERIES, NO. 4)

### Chapter 7 : Richard Blade | Awards | LibraryThing

*Richard Blade #4: Slave of Sarma, Part 2 #butts This alternate cover showing a homoerotic scene with a naked man stabbing at another naked man with a long, pointy object sums up the rest of Slave of Sarma more accurately than you'd think.*

### Chapter 8 : Richard Blade #4: Slave of Sarma, Part 2 " pulpfiles

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