

# **Licensed**

t'Sade



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Curious Cabbit Press

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# 1

Saul sat anxiously at the featureless table, holding his hands on top of the cool metal while staring at the door. His feet, clad in polished leather shoes, tapped lightly on the floor and filled the room with the staccato noises of his impatience. He tugged on the cuffs of his shirt, pulling them clear of the black jacket he wore uncomfortably on his shoulders.

The door opened and Saul jumped up, pushing back on the steel chair in his haste to stand. He straightened his back and tried not to think about the sweat dripping down his neck as the door finished scraping opening.

A woman, about five foot six and lithe figure walked in. She wore a more casual outfit, a dark blue blouse with a pin-stripe skirt. A white necklace set off the tanned skin between her small breasts. Her heels rapped on the same floor as Saul's shoes, but her movements came from confidence.

"You can relax, Mr. Garlon."

Saul gulped and nodded, but didn't relax.

She gave him a warm smile before pulling out a chair opposite from him. As she sat down, he sank into his own. She set down a white folder on the table, but left it closed.

"You aren't relaxing, Mr. Garlon."

Saul's eyes widened, then he let out a long breath. Another breath and he found his heart slowing down.

She nodded, her blue eyes piercing as she stared at him. "These are your test results, but you already know that."

"Yes, Ms. Koucher."

Ms. Koucher watched him, her smile remaining on her lips. She toyed with the edge of it. Her trimmed fingernail plucked the thicker paper on top and he could see printed papers inside.

Saul let out a long shuddering breath and resisted the urge to tap on the ground again.

She chuckled and flipped open the page. Moving smoothly, she fanned through pages of complex anatomy diagrams and essay answers.

Saul spotted his own handwriting mixed in with comments in four different colors. Sections were highlighted and circled. He gulped, feeling his anxiety growing. To calm himself, he reached up and brushed his fingers through his closely cropped dark hair.

“Why are you here, Mr. Garlon?”

Her question surprised him. He looked up, but she didn't pull her eyes away from the papers. Clearing his throat, he spoke softly, “I like women.”

A smile. “I see that. Given your answers on the anatomy section, I would say you know them better than most.”

“I was a doctor... once.”

“It shows, actually. You have a wonderful attention to detail and I like how you,” she picked up one of the pages to see where he drew a detailed diagram, “corrected my picture.”

Fear coursed through him. “I-I-”

“No, it was wrong. We use it as a knockout question. If you answered it according to the picture, we would have failed you in an instant.” Her eyes flashed, “you know what happens when you fail?”

Saul spoke without thinking. “I'd get drunk very fast.”

She laughed and Saul relaxed just a little. Ms. Koucher reached up to toy with her own blond hair, trailing a strand through her fingers as she resumed paging through his test results.

“Actually, Mr. Garlon, if you answered according to the picture, I would have you on a spit about now. Just to remind people not to waste my time. These tests are very expensive and difficult to procure.”

Any hint of relaxation disappeared as Saul's eyes widened. He saw her gaze flicker up to him, then back down to the page. She spoke quietly but he could hear the hardness in her voice. “But, you

don't need to worry about that. You've gotten 82% of the questions right, which put you three points beyond my own test."

"In other words, a very solid understanding." She smiled as she looked up. "So, relax."

Saul let out a breath of relief. He nodded and let some of the tension flow out of him.

She nodded with approval. "Now, all that remains is the practical exam. It will start in two hours and you will have four judges, including myself."

He nodded and she continued.

"You'll need to select four women that you'll be performing your techniques. I'll need their names now."

"Four?"

Her eyes flashed. "You don't have four already picked out?"

"No, no, I didn't think I would have to pick them myself."

"You are aiming for the master butcher license, something that only a thousand people in this country have. Given the skill and drive required, I would expect you look at every woman like a piece of meat."

He looked at her, trying to quell the thoughts that sprung up in his head. She grinned, her eyes flashed. "I'll remind Mr. Garlon that I am already a master butcher and out-rank him. Not to mention immune to selections."

"No, I wasn't thinking of that."

She grinned even more. "Yes, you were. You want to see what I look like naked on your grill. But," she closed the folder with a snap, "that won't happen today."

He looked away, blushing.

"So, Mr. Garlon, four women."

Saul's mind spun furiously. He tapped the stainless steel table for a moment, then spoke up. "Judy Brown. She's a secretary at Saint Mary's College. In the medical sciences department."

"A friend? An enemy? You used to work there."

He shook his head. "No, she was... instrumental in my firing though."

The woman nodded with approval. "Revenge is--"

"No revenge, Ms. Koucher. More of... closure with that part of my life."

"I'm very good. Three more, please?"

Saul thought through the woman in his life. He lived alone but the female butcher was right, he did look at most women with the view of seeing them on his grill. His mind brought up one of his neighbors, a brunette with narrow hips but large, firm breasts.

"Delia."

"Delia what?"

"Sorry, I don't know her last name. She lives two houses down from me, at 1772 Royal Oaks Drive. She's a stay-at-home mother of three girls and a boy."

"That's sufficient for Collections." Ms. Koucher wrote down a short series of notes and looked up for another name.

Saul spoke with a smile. "Karren Kaufman. She is a teacher at Marigold High. Very thin with dirty blond hair. She... I always fancied her when I see her running along the trail. I think she used to be one of the girls that... you know, get paid to wander around those hunting grounds? She stopped after a few months, but-"

She interrupted him. "I can find her."

"And for the fourth, how about Ms. Levine?"

"Christine at the local woman's registry?"

Saul nodded. "If that is-"

"She isn't immune to selections, even if she works there. Any specific reason you are picking her?" Ms. Koucher set down her pen.

Saul nodded. "She's been drinking pretty heavily lately, I think her job is getting to her. She and I got to talking and it just sounded like she is at the end of her rope."

"So," Ms. Koucher grinned, "putting her out of her misery?"

He thought about it for a moment, then nodded. "Yeah, I guess I am."

Ms. Koucher stood up. She tucked the white folder underneath her.

"We'll have Collections pick them up. You have two hours to prepare. A driver will pick you up either at your kitchen or at your home, your choice."

"Two hours? That soon?"

She smiled sweetly. "Why drag this out? You are in the final stretch, by the end of today, you'll either be one of us, getting



yourself very drunk, or finding yourself in the same position as Ms. Levine and the others.”

Ms. Koucher finished with a purr in her voice. Saul stared as she left the room, leaving the door open as she disappeared. He heard her heels rapping on the floor, fading away as she walked down the aseptic halls of the licensing bureau.

After her footsteps faded, Saul got up. He didn't know where to go, so he simply left the room and headed back home.

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Two hours flew by and Saul didn't even remember most of it. He stepped out of the limousine in front of the International eWireConnect Arena and looked across the empty concrete yard in front of it. The cracked concrete had seen many days with sprouts of weeds peeking through the jagged lines. Painted lines lead a snaking trail toward desolate ticket counters. Most of the doors were boarded up with plywood, except for a single bank of frosted glass doors that led into the grand atrium.

The limo drove off as soon as he shut the door. He watched it pulling around the empty parking lot attendant's stall and pull into the crowded roads beyond.

Alone, Saul turned back to the shiny doors. He tugged on his apron, pulling it tight along his muscular chest. Underneath the brilliantly white canvas apron, he wore his normal working clothes: loose jeans and a black t-shirt that stretched over his muscular chest. He worked out, like most people striving to become a butcher, simply because he never knew when one of the women he butchered would fight back.

As he arrived at the door, he heard banks of cameras coming to life. Black eyes that led out to the Internet, he could feel thousands if not more eyes watching him through the soulless lenses. A brief urge rose up, to check his account balances to see the micro-payments filling his account, but he resisted. It was a show, like everything else, and he needed to act the part.

Trying to calm his nerves, he pushed open the door and walked into the air-conditioned atrium. The temperature inside dipped far below the summer heat outside and his breath fogged as he walked along the empty hallway. More cameras lined the white-painted

walls, their bright red indicator lights glowing as the devices rotated to follow him.

At the far end, he pushed open the door and stepped into the arena. It used to be a cooking show set, back in the days when they filmed shows with a script and a plan. Now, everything came as reality TV, literally displaying people's lives and paying them for every second of someone's attention. The attention whores loved it, but Saul wanted something more than just being watched. He wanted to excel at the one skill he loved: killing women.

Walking down the central aisle of the arena, he stepped up on a stage. Lights burst on, blinding him for a second. He stopped, holding one hand to shadow his eyes as he turned around to look at the empty cooking stations, cold stoves, and grills large enough for two full-grown women.

Tapping shoes drew his attention to the side. Ms. Koucher walked up to him with a smile on her face.

"Welcome, Mr. Garlon, to the practical part of your licensing."

She spoke clearly with a voice trained for an audience. Cameras hummed as they rocked back and forth between them and he could feel the audiences growing with every passing second.

Unsure of the best way to respond, he simply bowed.

She nodded with approval, then gestured to the right. He followed where a long table draped in black cloth stood in a pool of light. Three people sat behind the table, with a fourth chair no doubt for Ms. Koucher.

"These are your judges, Mr. Garlon. I'm one of them, but you have not met the others. The distinguished gentleman on the right is Grand Master Datsun, one of the only..."

Saul stopped listening to her as he stared at the older man. Fredrick Datsun was one of the only three grand master butchers in the entire country. He ran the largest butchery in the Washington D.C. area and served the president herself. His skill was unheard of, both in the detail and the flair he used to prepared the cuts of meat for the rich and powerful.

"... to his right, is Carol Manthin. She is one of the premier food critics in the country, has a number of columns in magazines such as Beautiful Meat and Country Cooking. She is on the board of PEA and a frequent participant in these licensing tests."

Ms. Koucher leaned toward Saul and whispered, “And if she is happy, she’ll hire you. It is a very good deal, Mr. Garlon.”

Carol was a statuesque woman with a deep plunging cleavage and brunette hair. Her eyes glittered with electronics but she had an easy smile on her expertly painted lips. He bowed to her as respectfully as he could.

Then Saul remembered the grand master. Blushing, he started to bow but the older man gave him dismissing waving. Swearing in his head, Saul turned back to the fourth guest, trying to recognize him. He looked familiar.

“And finally, but not least, is Anton Fisk, star of the Western Razor Ball League, decorated member of the 198th Maryland Infantry Reserve, and three-time astronaut.”

Anton stood up, posing for the cameras. A powerfully-built man, he had short blond hair and a scar over his face. He waved to the circled cameras, baring his chest and flexing muscles. Ms. Koucher waited until he calmed down, then gestured for him to sit. Anton blew her a kiss, which she ignored, and sat down heavily.

“Now, Mr. Garlon, the real guests for this test.”

Ms. Koucher gestured to the opposite side of the area where four spotlights turned on. In four puddles of light stood four cages that glistened in the light and motes of dust. When Saul saw four women in them, he started over even as Ms. Koucher explained who they were. As he drew closer, he could see that all four women were nearly folded in half, forced into a kneeling position with their knees by their breasts. Their heads stuck out of one end of the cage, caught between a metal ring clasped around their throats.

The nearest cage had Delia, the sexy woman down the street from his house. A neat little label gave him her last name, Finnan, but he let his eyes drop down to her head which stuck out of one end. Her long brunette hair covered her face but he could see a black ball-gag stretching around her red lips. She twisted uncomfortably; soft whimpers vibrated in her throat as she tried to look through the curtain of her hair.

Saul walked around her, admiring the tanned skin of her body and her incredible breasts squeezed between her thighs and chest. At the far end of the cage, he stopped to see where the cage forced her pussy and ass right against the back metal. Two jet-black tubes

were mounted in the back of the cage and he admired the sight of her nether holes stretching around them. They were used to clean her insides out and also as dildos to keep her on the edge.

Feeling heat growing in his cock, he reached out and ran his fingers around the opening. Delia jumped and gave out a muted squeal, but he continued to trail his fingers through her sopping pussy, feeling how the tube stretched her opening into a rubber-band tightness. Bringing back his fingers, he sniffed them to enjoy the musk of her body on his fingertips.

Pulling back, he moved to the next woman. Coming from the rear, he saw one of the most magnificent asses in his life. He didn't need a label to recognize Christine Levine, with her taut buttocks and quivering body. Just on the meaty side, her body nearly filled the cage but she continued to rock back and forth, trying to pull herself off the thick tubed rammed into her cunt and asshole.

Saul reached out and grabbed the tight ass. Christine let out a muffled scream, this one loud enough for the microphones to pick it up. Saul felt her trembling underneath his hand and grabbed her other buttock with his other hand. His straining pants pressing on the back of the cage, he spread her cheeks even further apart to jam his thumbs around the shaft in her ass. Her body shook violently and the cage rattled, but she was helplessly as he pulled the strained opening even further apart before releasing it.

Ms. Koucher walked up next to him, watching with a wry smile on her face. "What you hoped for?"

"She's perfect."

He slapped Christine's ass through the bars and turned toward the proctor of his test.

Ms. Koucher gestured to the four women. "You will be graded on three things: preparation, presentation, and quality. These woman have all had enemas to clean themselves out from throat to ass, but otherwise they are untouched. Your job is to prepare them for butchering," she paused for effect, "including any means of improving the quality of meat. Then—"

Delia screamed loudly, but the noise came out muted. Ms. Koucher looked annoyed at the interruption, but she did nothing. When Delia continued to scream, Saul walked back to the first cage and knelt down. Pushing her hair out of the way, he looked into

Delia's bright brown eyes. He watched the horror and betrayal burning in her chocolate gaze. Strong hands grabbed the strap holding the gag in her mouth and he unbuckled it.

She gasped as he eased the hard rubber balls from her teeth. She took two long breaths, then glared at Saul. "Damn you, Saul, damn you to fucking hell and back!"

Saul held the gag in his hand as he grabbed the sides of her head. Pushing back her hair from her face, he stared into her eyes.

Tears ran down Delia's cheeks as she mouthed wordlessly at him. Saul just shook his head. "Quiet, Delia, you don't have a choice now."

"Damn you! I have children to take care of! You can't-"

"They'll be taken care of, you know that."

"No! I won't let you do this. This isn't-"

Saul released her hair and held out the ball-gag. His eyebrow rose with a question and Delia closed her mouth with a snap. She continued to glare, but when she started to relax her jaw, he held up the gag again. She clamped her jaw even tighter, her teeth grinding together.

He stood up and bowed to Ms. Koucher. "Please, continue?"

Ms. Koucher waited a moment for Delia to interrupt her again. Saul reached down blindly and rested his hand on the back of Delia's neck. The woman shook but said nothing.

"As I was saying. The second grade will be presentation. Setting up meat for the most pleasing look is critical for a butcher. The four judges will review you on how you choose to show each of these female corpses."

Underneath his hand, Delia jerked and Saul spread his fingers around the back of her neck, clamping down and squeezing. She spasmed violently, rattling the cage, but only a thin sob escaped her lips.

Ms. Koucher's eyes flashed and she finished. "Finally, the quality of your cuts will be measured. There is a test for four chefs, all seeking master level, in four hours. Each of the four women you prepare now will be used for their exams. The final score will be a composite of you and the chef's final taste testing."

Saul nodded with understanding. He felt excited and terrified since his licensing would be dependent on four strangers preparing

the meat he would provide. He looked at the four naked women in cages in front of him and felt the elation start to rise.

“How would you like me to start?”

Ms. Koucher smiled. She gestured to the three other judges. “Each judge will select the method for preparation. From there, it is your job to impress us.”

Ms. Koucher’s eyes scanned the table, but Saul suspected she already knew the four methods. He waited until she bowed to the table. “We’ll start with Mr. Fisk.”

Anton looked up from a digital computer and quickly shoved it under the table. “What?”

“Mr. Fisk? Which of these four women would you like to see killed and how would you like?” There was a tense tone in Ms. Koucher’s voice, like she spoke to a child.

Anton ran his hands through his short, spiky hair. He pointed to the Delia’s cage. “How about the chick with the huge knockers. I want you to ride those tits like-”

Ms. Koucher’s voice snapped out. “Mr. Fisk. Please, just select a method you’d like to see her prepared.”

Saul felt a prickling of annoyance at the young man, but he waited as patiently as he could.

Anton looked around the room, then shrugged. “I don’t know, why don’t you slice her in two. And stick those titties together. Oh! And make her kiss herself!”

An uncomfortable silence filled the arena. Ms. Koucher coughed delicately. Anton looked around, then slumped back in his chair.

“J-Just an idea.”

Ms. Koucher gave a grand sweeping gesture to the area. She gave Saul a hard smile. “The floor is yours, Ms. Garlon.”

Saul watched at the slender woman walked briskly across the floor and around the table. Gracefully, she slid into her seat and steepled her fingers together.

He took a long moment to gather his thoughts. Then, he looked down at Delia’s cage. Circling around it, he stopped near the back end of her body. Reaching down, he found the latch for the back-end of the cage and unbolted it. He needed to use both hands to pull it open, the tubes stuck in her pussy and ass withdrew with a long slurp. Delia shuddered with the sensations; a guttural moan ripped

out of her throat but it ended with a snarl, "... fucking hate you, Saul!"

Saul felt prickles of excitement. He pressed two fingers together and ran it down the line of her sex, feeling the dampness clinging to his fingertips. Delia squeezed her buttocks together, trying to prevent him but she couldn't stop him from spreading her slick lips with two fingers and circling the inner ridge of her opening.

"You know, Delia, I remember seeing you in a bikini a few weeks ago, playing in that pool of yours." He spoke in a soft, seductive voice trying to encourage her. Two fingers pushed into the clenching pink tunnel, sliding in and out until he felt her juices starting to flow.

He continued to speak, sliding his hand along her buttocks as he eased a third finger into her pussy. "You were bending over and I remember seeing these," he ran his fingers along her labia, "with a little fabric nestled between them. I wanted you right then."

Delia shuddered and he could hear her deep breathing as she moved underneath his hand. "I would have... Saul, you just had to ask."

"No," he said as he continued to pump his fingers into her cunt. Her juices dripped from his palm, splashing down on the stainless steel bars, "You wouldn't have. Just as you haven't for years."

"I-I'll do it now, just, please let me go. Please, just fuck me."

Saul pulled his fingers out from her pussy and watched the droplets of her body sliding down his wrist. Bringing them to his mouth, he sucked them clean before he looked down at the pink opening. His cock surged to full height, achingly painful. Unwrapping his apron, he dragged it over his head and dropped it on the back of the cage. His hands worked the zipper of his jean, pulling it down and fishing his cock from the depths.

He was proud of his length, large enough every woman felt it and thick enough that they wouldn't ever forget it. Saul held his cock with one hand and used his other to pry apart her pussy. Setting the cock head into the gaping opening, he grabbed her hips with both hands and drove forward.

His cock drive deep into her pussy, dragging with delicious friction as he buried his entire length. Delia let out a scream of pleasure and surprise, her hair flying in all directions. He felt her

shoulders slamming into the cage as he ground deep into her. Then, he pulled out.

“I wanted to do this for a long time.”

With all his might, he thrust back into her, impaling her pussy and enjoying the slap of flesh on flesh. His cock felt his and hard as he found a deep rhythm, pounding hard and fast. His eyes unfocused as he concentrated on her body, slowing down as he felt her cunt starting to clench and speeding up as she started to grunt. It didn't take him long until she made deep, guttural cries of pleasure, desperate for an orgasm that he refused to give her.

Saul clutched her tightly, feeling his own desire boiling in his balls. He threw his back into fucking her with long, deep strokes. His skin shimmered with sweat as he raced toward an orgasm.

At the last minute, he felt her almost coming and yanked out. His cum splattered along her back, painting her with white streaks of white.

Delia let out a frustrated moan of pleasure. “Please, let me come. Just once? Please, Saul?”

Saul shook his head, but she couldn't see. He watched as the thick globules of cum oozed down her backside, funneling in the crevice of her ass and dripping along her swollen pussy lips. He smiled and wiped his cock off before reaching out and unbolting the cage.

It ran out loudly and she jumped at the sound. “No, no. Saul, don't do this, please don't-!”

She continued to cry as he reached down and plucked her from the cage. Her soft, trembling body felt hot on his skin as the glow of her almost orgasm continued to heat her from the inside. He carried her over to one of the stainless steel tables, setting her down on her back.

She writhed in place, her legs brought up to her chest and exposing her dripping pussy to his view. He watched as one of the droplets reversed itself and splashed down on the steel.

Saul reached down to the edge of the table and pulled up a leather restraint. It slid through an eye-hole as he brought it up and used it to tie her ankle tightly. On the other side, he pulled up another restraint and bound her other ankle. Threading both straps through the bottom of the table, he held them in one hand as he picked up a long knife.



Delia froze, staring at the knife with horror. “Oh, god.”

He shook his head and reached out. Using the sharp, smooth edge of the knife, he sliced the rope binding her ankle. She started to move, but he drew back, pulling the straps away from the table. Sliding through the holes, he pulled her legs apart until her ankles hung over the edge of the table. He could feel her quivering, trying to pull them together, but he easily held her in place.

She twisted and writhed, whimpering with her attempts to free herself. Her wrists, bound behind her back, forced her large, beautiful breasts up into the air. Sweat dripped from her skin, flecking everywhere as she twisted.

Tying down the ropes, Saul circled around the table. His cock bobbed with excitement as he repeated his actions. Tying leather restraints around her wrists, he pulled them through the two holes in the table, then along her back, draping the braided leather ends into the line between her beautiful mounds.

Delia whimpered as he crawled up on the table, straddling her belly. He grabbed the leather with one hand, flipping it twice around his left hand.

“S-Saul, what are you doing?”

“You have beautiful breasts, Delia,” he said. Grabbing one tit with each hand, he pressed them around his aching shaft. She gasped and he started to fuck her mammarys, sliding back and forth until his precum lubricated her makeshift channel.

As soon as he could thrust into her breasts, he wrapped the leather around the top, binding them together. The leather dug into the soft mound, but he could feel it tightening her soft flesh around his dick.

Grabbing her mounds with both hands, he began to fuck her tits with hard, brutal thrusts. His cock head slapped up against her throat, bumping on the delicate skin, as he drove his way toward another orgasm. His hands released her breasts to grabbed her head, pulling her up so he could thrust as long and deep as possible.

Delia swore at him, gasping between each breath as his cock head smack into her throat.

Saul, half lost in pleasure, wrapped her hair around one hand so he could free his other hand. Her brunette hair dug into his fingers, but he didn't care. He just twisted it tightly, then used it to pull her

back off the steel table. His cock drove into her cleavage, hitting her even harder with every slick, powerful movement. He could almost imagine her trying to bite him, but he guided her head with his thrusts and brought her down as he withdrew.

As he came, he snatched up the knife. Yanking her forward, and bending her nearly in half, he came hard into her cleavage and along her throat, forcing her body to form a tight channel for his passions. At the same time, he reached back and jammed the knife down along her back, slicing through the rope binding her wrists and leaving a line in the skin. He let out a guttural groan as he came even harder. Saul continued to draw the knife, flashing it up as it cut along the back of her neck. A single droplet of blood flew in the air, sparkling in the lights of the arena before sailing down.

Saul pushed Delia down, slapping her back on the table. He grabbed the ends of the leather and pulled, forcing her arms apart. The other end of the restraints, wrapped around her breasts, dug in even deeper as he pulled with all his might.

She let out a long, shrill scream as the ropes forced her wrists apart and up toward the top of the table. She tried to twist her arms and shoulders, but she couldn't move them in time. Two bulges formed along her shoulders, then disappeared as a loud popping noise filled the air. Dislocated arms pulled easily into place and he gave it one final, brutal yank before looping it around her beautiful mounds. The leather dug into the base, shoving the tits high into the air.

Delia sobbed as her mouth worked wordlessly. Her body, slick with cum and sweat, spasmed from the pain.

Saul stood up. Still wearing his shoes and jeans, he looked down at the woman and felt that sense of her becoming nothing but meat. His cock bobbed in the air with his thoughts. His face hardened even as he admired her writhing body and heard the soft sobs drifting up.

Hopping off the table, he grabbed a water-based saw. Instead of ragged metal, it used pressurized water and could cut through three centimeter steel plate. Crawling back up on the table, he aimed it in the space between her legs.

It turned on with a hiss and a hole appeared in the table. The water, pressurized to thousands of pascals, sliced through the steel

table. Saul turned around and held the water saw with both hands, drawing it smoothly toward the spasming woman.

Delia screamed with it started to cut through her pussy, slicing it neatly in half. The pressurized water cut cleanly through flesh and bone without even tearing flesh.

Saul held himself steady as he drew it up, hearing her high-pitched scream matching the ultrasonic hiss of the water.

Her hips cracked open as he cut through her pubic bone. He focused on how her abdomen split neatly in half, blood spurting above her bisected tailbone. He continued to draw it up, cutting a straight line through her body as she fell open for him.

Delia tried to jerk away, but the intensity of the pain kept her pinned. Her voice grew even higher, frantic, as he cut through her navel and up to her ribs. He stared at the blood-streaked water that flowed through her severed spine, splashing on the gray bundle of nerves inside the vertebra.

When the saw cut through the straps binding her breasts, the soft mounds burst open, neatly avoiding the slicing line coming from the saw. Delia shuddered once as her rib cage split open, revealing the last of her beating heart and a splatter of blood.

He finished with her skull, splitting it open before turning off the saw. Her sightless eyes twitched and rolled in her skull as the bone spread apart to reveal a perfect cut down the hemispheres of her brain.

Without looking back, Saul stepped off the table and landed hard on the ground. His cock smacked right along the polished cleavage of her skull and his balls along the table. He didn't wince—because of the judges—but he winced internally from the pain.

Stepping back, he set the saw down on the table. The hiss faded and the table creaked from the structural damage. Saul surged forward, pulling a display table from the shadows. Moving quickly before her body sagged, he pulled each half of her body on the table, pressing the flat, cut edge on the steel and arranging so each half of her lips kissed each other. Her lovely breasts, nipples touching, lined up right down the middle. With a final tweak, he clasped her hands together and stepped aside.

“Holy. Crap,” came Anton Fisk’s voice.

Saul looked up to see the four judges watching. Fisk half-stood over the table, an obvious bulge in his pants and his jaw slack. Saul grabbed the display table and rolled it to the display table. Stopping it neatly in front of the table, he stepped back.

Fisk peered over it, a smile stretching across his face. He reached out and grabbed her breast, mauling it. He lifted up one side, breaking the seal of water and blood that kept her in place. With a wet, sucking noise, her organs started to slide out of her body.

“Oh, shit. Sorry, dude!”

One of the muscles in Saul’s face tensed up. He took a deep breath before he nodded. “It is your presentation.”

“Cool. When do we eat?”

Ms. Koucher cleared her throat. “Mr. Fisk. This is a butchering exam, not a cooking one. We will be having the cook-off for chefs following this test.”

Anton sat down. Then, he looked around. “Now what?”

Saul watched as a slender woman came out wearing a sous hat and a white outfit. She bobbed her head toward him before grabbing the table. With a lurch, she pushed Delia and the rolling table away. Saul reached down and grabbed Delia’s severed liver, setting it neatly down on the table as she passed him. He turned to watch Delia disappear into the shadows.

Ms. Koucher spoke up. “Ready for the next request, Mr. Garlon?”

Anton looked confused. “Aren’t we going to rate him?”

“Yes, in private, Mr. Fisk. Please sit down and enjoy.”

The sports hero leaned back, obviously and quickly acting bored.

Ms. Koucher gestured to the Carol Manthin, the food critic.

“Ms. Manthin, are you ready?”

“Of course, Grace-”

Saul’s eyes flickered over to the proctor. Grace Koucher’s face tightened her lips into a thin line. Her eyes caught Saul who quickly looked away.

“I want to see that delicious little blond,” Carol pointed to Karren, “over there hang.”

Saul looked over to the three remaining cages. At the far end, he could see Karren’s dirty blond hair sticking out of the cage. He bowed respectfully to Carol before walking back across the area to Karren’s cage.

At the far end, Karren twisted in her cage, grunting as she tried to twist her way out. Her thin body strained against her bounds and he was surprised to see that she almost freed one of her wrists from the black rope. Reaching through the bars, he pushed the rope back into place and gave her tight ass a spank.

“Who’s there!” came Karren’s muffled cry. She twisted in her cage, rattling the metal as she strained at her restraints. He trailed his fingers up her back, tracing through the sweat that prickled her skin. Her flesh felt cold as she writhed, trying to get a look at him.

“Calm down, Karren. It’s just me.”

He crouched in front of her, pulling her kinky hair through his fingers before pulling the gag out of her mouth. She blinked as she stared at him, an unfocused look that glazed over her eyes. He waved his palm in front of her face, watching her pupils follow him.

“Karren?”

Her gaze came in sharp focus as she looked at him. A frown furrowed her brow for a moment, then she smiled. “I remember you. You are always on the running trails.”

He nodded.

She grinned, “I thought you were watching me. You were, weren’t you?”

He nodded again.

She peered around the room, sweat dripping from her face. “I’m going to die, aren’t I?”

“Yes, very soon.”

“I heard that woman screaming. I don’t want to go that way.”

“I don’t know if what I’m going to do is much better.”

Karren let out a long shuddering breath. “How... how am I going... to go?”

“I’m going to hang you,” Saul said in a hard tone.

Karren shuddered and closed her eyes tightly. A tear ran down her cheek as she let out a sob. “I... I don’t really want to die.”

“I know, but you’ve already been paid for.”

“What about my students?”

“Students?”

“For my class. I teach music at the local high school. And I-I play flute.”

He gave her as comforting smile as possible. "I'm sure someone will take care of them. You can leave them money in your will, if you want."

"I do," her face brightened, "I will. But, I can't sign anything."

"You're being recorded. Everything you say is now part of the permanent record."

Karren looked around, seeing the glow of cameras in the darkness. She stared at one of them and spoke as a remarkably calm voice. "I want to give my money to the Bemont Music Department, because they really need more instruments."

No confirming beep responded to her, but she let out a soft sigh. Her eyes rose back up to Saul.

"I'm ready."

Saul stood up. Unlatching the cage, he reached into it and picked Karren up. Her slender body shook as he set her down on the nearest table.

Karren jumped at the touch of the cool metal. "Cold."

"It will warm up soon."

She grinned. "I know something else that would warm me up?"

He raised an eyebrow. "Sex?"

"I was thinking of head. A blow job."

He looked at her slender body. His eyes focused on the patch of dark hair between her legs. In her position, with her knees up to her chest, he could see the swollen folds of her sex and the pink opening. Grinning, he reached out and pulled her to the edge.

Karren moaned, her hips rocking, "No. I meant for you."

"This is my job," Saul said with a smile. He lowered his mouth to her pussy, running his tongue along the seam of her being. She tasted sweet and musky, with just a hint of smoke and tang.

Karren let out a soft grunt of pleasure, her legs clenching.

Saul grabbed her hips with both hands, burying his face into her pussy. His tongue lapped at her opening, circling around the delicate folds. Her juices flooded his mouth and he sucked at it, working his mouth up to the hard fold of her clitoris. His teeth scraped along her clit, invoking a pleasurable gasp from her body.

He continued to eat her out, his fingers digging into her side as he slurped and lapped. He could feel her starting to orgasm and pulled back, letting her cool down before delving back into her

moist folds. His tongue caressed her channel and clit, dipping down to circle her asshole before returning. It didn't take her long to rise up to another orgasm, but once again, he pulled back and held her tight until the pleasure faded.

It didn't take long until she whimpered with desperate need. "Oh, god, please. Just let me come."

He shook his head. "No, I need you sweet and hot."

Returning to his lapping, he licked with all his strength until his tongue hurt. Her juices coated his face and dripped down on the steel table, forming a puddle between her glistening thighs.

Wiping his face off, he reached into a nearby cabinet and pulled out a thirty meters of black parachute cord. The narrow cord felt tight in his hand. He walked back over to the table and looked into the lust-glazed eyes of the teacher.

"Time to go, Karren."

He lifted her head and wrapped the cord around her neck. It dug into her delicate throat and he tied it firmly in place. She watched him, her body shuddering with her denied orgasm and the same dreamy look in her eyes.

"Wait... can I?"

He stopped, holding the wrapped cord in one hand.

Karren licked her lips and twisted on the table. "Can I return the favor? A blow job?"

Saul hesitated. "It isn't very smart for a butcher to let teeth near his cock."

"I swear, I won't bite. I just... I want to feel you in my mouth. You can choke me on your cock, if you want."

Saul glanced over to the table but the four judges just watched with growing interest. Even Anton looked with more than casual boredom, his hand rubbing his cock.

Thinking about the score for his license, he finally relented. Holding up one finger for her to wait, as if she could move, he threw the rope over a bar high above his head. The parachute cord tumbled through the air, unraveling as it arced over the steel bar and down the other side. It hit the concrete floor with a thump. Walking over, he picked it up and pulled it down until the rope hung tautly between her throat, the bar, and his hand.

With the rope in one hand, he walked over to a chair and pulled it close. Releasing the chair, he picked up a nearby knife and cut the binding around her ankle. Karren moaned, her legs stretching out.

Saul helped her to her feet, holding the rope tight as she slid off the table. He guided her with a firm hand, standing in front of the chair as she knelt down on her knees.

“Good, good.”

She didn't need any guidance. Looking up to him, she reached out and unbuckled his jeans. The sound of the rough fabric slid to the ground and he stepped out his pants. Sitting down, he kept the rope taught as he held his thick cock out for her.

Karren licked her lips. Her hands grabbed his thick shaft with both hands. To his surprise, she tilted it to the side and nuzzled along the side of his length like a flute. Her strong lips felt good on his member. He watched as she squeezed it tightly. One hand cupped his balls, teasing the space between his testicles and his asshole. Her other guided his shaft as she worked down toward his tip.

Saul moaned with pleasure, watching her carefully for any sign that she would bite, but also finding himself surprised by the wonderful sensations of her hot, slick mouth teasing his sex.

He held his breath as she reached the tip of his cock and lapped around the large, rounded member of his manhood. She clamped her lips on the opening at the end, sucking for a moment before lapping at the glistening end.

“I haven't come, you know.”

He tugged on the cord warningly and her head rose from the pressure. He spoke with a soft but firm voice. “I know.”

“I want you to come, though.”

She didn't give him a chance to answer. Her lips parted around his cock and she bobbed down on his shaft. He felt his cock stretching her lips, the tight ring of her wet mouth teasing his senses. She bobbed down, trying to take his entire length in her mouth, but she only reached half way. Sliding up, she gasped for breath and tried again. He felt his cock head pushing on the back of her throat but no further.

Pulling back, she gasped and let out a soft giggle. “I'll get it.”



He nodded, a smile crossing his lips. When she tried again, pulling his hard cock into her mouth, he reached up with both hands and grabbed the back of her head.

She jumped, resisting, but he pulled her down into his crotch. His cock surged with the heat of her mouth and he felt it slamming into the back of her throat. She resisted, but he bore down even more, forcing his cock lodging into the tight bend of her throat.

Karren gagged, her hands and shoulders spasming. Her gag reflex squeezed around his cock and sent off waves of pleasure through his body.

Saul relaxed, pulling her back until he heard her gasping for breath, then yanked her head back into his cock. The wedged tip of his cock drove into her throat, forcing past her gag reflex and into the incredibly tight of her esophagus. He let out a grunt, half standing as he forced every inch of his cock into her mouth.

Her entire body spasmed as he held it there. Her jaw started to tighten and he brought his thumbs to the joint of her jaw, digging in until he felt her jaw relaxing.

A hard look crossed his face and he pulled his cock out from her mouth, digging his thumbs in deeper. He felt the jaw starting to dislocate and rammed his cock back into her mouth, ripping through the back of her mouth and burying balls deep into her mouth. He felt his balls slapping her chin and almost came from the intensity.

Saul held his cock in her mouth, his hands forcing her jaw painfully part. He watched her eyes grow wide with fear, then with desperation. He released one hand and pull down on the rope, tightening it around her head as he held her powerfully on his shaft.

She struggled as he held her there, his cock surging with intense pleasure. Her feet skittered on the floor, but he just bore down on the cord and felt the rope squeezing around his cock.

With a moan, his orgasm exploded in her throat, his cum pouring directly into her stomach. He shuddered with the intensity of his pleasure, grinding her down on his cock as he pulled up on the rope.

Her face turned blue as he choked her with his cock and rope. He could feel her struggles weakening and her jaw go slack. Pulling out of her, the last of his cum splattered on her face as he grabbed the cord with both hands. Pulling up, he lifted her naked body up off the

ground. The cord cut into her throat, digging in as her body twitched with her dying efforts to breath.

Saul hauled her up until her pussy hung eye level to his eyes. He watched with the last twitches of her legs, her body growing slack. He reached up and used his fingers to stop her swaying.

He stared into her face, seeing the horror and pleasure in her slack expression. Then, he stripped out of his shirt and set it down with his jeans. Nude, he walked over to another of the presentation tables and rolled it over. Working in silence, he lowered her head and arranged it on the table. He rested her on her stomach, her hard nipples just touching the steel plate. With the parachute cord, he left it around her neck and tied it to her ankles, pulling it tight until she balanced on her stomach, hips, and breast.

Saul pushed it in front of the table and bowed to Carol, the food critic. The woman stood up and walked around the table, using her hands to poke and prod the body. She glanced over at Saul and a smile grew across her face as her eyes flickered down to his cock.

Then, without a word, she returned to her seat. She turned to Ms. Koucher and waited.

Saul looked at the female proctor. Grace matched his gaze for a long moment, but he couldn't tell what she thought behind her chocolate gaze. Her smooth face didn't betray even a single thought.

She glanced down at her note before she spoke.

"Mr. Garlon," Grace's voice came in the same tone he just used with Karren, "I would like to see a real challenge from you."

Saul prepared himself, trying to imagine what she would give him.

She surprised him with a smile. "Christine Levine on a Jessica 3000."

He choked. "A-A Jessica?"

"Yes," she said with a smile, "because I haven't been too impressed so far. At this rate, you are destined for an industrial job at one of the meat factories. So, I want to see how well you handle mundane employment."

The muscle in his jaw tightened with a spasm. He balled his hands into fists, but struggled to regain his composure. Ms. Koucher continued to smile and gestured to the cage.

“Please, I’m hoping you qualify for at least a,” she paused for the right word, “minimum wage job, Mr. Garlon.”

Saul bowed as he shot daggers with a glare. He imagined her on the Jessica and his glare faltered under the intense image of her naked body on the killing machine. He looked around the kitchen, trying to find the Jessica 3000. Such machines rarely showed up in formal butcher shops, simply because they were completely automated and impersonal. As he turned around, he saw a male sous chef wheeling Karren into the darkness.

He finally found out in the shadows behind a bank of refrigerators. Walking over, his bare feet slapped on the concrete floor. He grabbed the heavy machine and pulled with his might. Wheels squealed in protest, filling the room with inhuman screeches. He felt his back straining as he pulled it to the center of the area, right in a pool of light.

The Jessica 3000 was a killing machine, cold and efficient for one thing: gutting women. It looked like a bench, except for the wide slot down the middle. One end, the bench folded into a “V” shape that forced a woman’s legs apart. Metal brackets mounted the side of the bench to completely immobilize a woman’s knees, ankles, and thighs for the three meter spit lined up right behind the bench. On the other end, two arm restraints did the same above a shallower curved bench with two cups for breasts.

Underneath, the Jessica 3000 sported an array of circular blades, water pumps, and collection buckets for any organs that spilled out. He tested the various connections, making sure the blades spun smoothly and the narrow-toothed were sharp.

As he worked, he tried to figure out how to do anything besides put Christine on the machine and turn it on. His eyes flickered up to the control panel. It had only two controls: a lever to adjust the spit for ass or pussy and a start button. It didn’t need anything else, a single device with a singular purpose.

When he stood up, he had an idea. It wasn’t perfect, but he would still give it his all. Though, he briefly considered throwing Grace Koucher on the device, just to watch it cut through her smooth belly and delicate limbs.

Without looking back at the judge’s tables, he returned to the cages. The two empty cages stood on the ends, a mute testimony to

the two dead women already on tables. He walked over to Christine and she started to cry as his footsteps drew closer.

“Saul?”

Somehow, someone didn't gag her. He didn't say anything. He opened the top of the cage and flung it back. It rang out loudly. He looked down at the woman caught inside, her tight ass flexing and her body shaking. Her short black hair flickered with her movements.

Reaching down, he picked her up and stood her on the ground. She turned around to face him, her eyes both accusing and accepting at the same time. Over the cleaning fluids, he smell a hint of vodka on her breath. Saul stared into her green eyes, but couldn't find the words.

Christine's shoulder slumped. “Damn it, why did it have to be you?”

He finally spoke. “I had to make a choice. And, well, I picked you.”

Her eyes flashed. “Why me, Saul?”

“Because you die every time you process a woman. And you are drinking so much. You can't keep a lover for more than a month, even if you wanted to. If it wasn't me, sooner or later someone would choose you.”

“No, they wouldn't,” came the hard reply. She twisted in her bounds, but managed to keep her balance with bound ankles and wrists.

Saul felt the sharp pain of guilt. She was probably right, as long as she stayed below the radar of hunters and everyone else, she could have reached old age. But, a very unhappy, drunken old age.

“Would you rather it be Jacob? He's up for licensing in a month.”

“Fuck no!” snapped Christine, “That bastard would have spitted me raw, just to hear me scream. He's probably just jam a knife...” she rolled her eyes, “Fine, point made.”

She turned around with little hopping movements. She regarded the machine in the center of the area. “But, a Jessica? Please. Your proctor apparently is devoid of any imagination.”

Saul turned away from the judge's tables to hide his smirk. “No, she doesn't. But, this is important to me. I have to make your death... impressive.”

Christine regarded the room. “And that will involve lots of screams?”

“Not on the Jessica. It has one speed, fast. Once I push that button, you’ll be gutted in less than a minute and dead within the next.”

“I know,” came the resigned reply, “I processed a lot of women destined for that horrid device. A bitter irony that I’m going to...”

She hopped back in a circle to face Saul. “So, how do you want me?”

He reached out and rested his hand on her hip. She shifted closer and he wrapped her in a hug, giving her a quick squeeze as he lowered his voice.

“I’m thinking the only way to make this good is to get you hot and horny right before I gut you.”

Christine panted. “I never thought I would die on one of those.”

“I know,” He took a deep breath, “but neither of us is going to get younger here. I probably should get started.”

Christine looked at him with a dry smile. “For some reason, I’m having a little trouble getting juiced up for you, Saul.”

Chuckling, he pushed her toward one of the tables near the Jessica. She moved with small hopping movements and he just helped her with balance until he could push her hips into the cool metal. His hands ran up her short arms, grabbing her wrists and bending her over the table. Her tight ass stuck out as he laid her along the stainless steel.

“Bit cold, Saul.”

“Not for long, Christine.”

“Yeah, right,” she sighed, “I heard you use that line already.”

Saul used one hand to keep her pinned to the table, her hips bent over the edge of the table and her feet barely touching the ground below. He lifted one foot and pushed her legs apart, spreading her to admire the sparse thatch of her pubic hair, her tightly pressed pussy lips, and wrinkled opening nestled between her buttocks.

He used his free hand to spank her ass. The crack of noise filled the arena. He followed with a second, smacking her across the other cheek and leaving a red welt across the dusky skin.

She glared at him over her shoulder. “What are you doing?”

“Tenderizing,” he said calmly before smacking her ass again. His hand came down across her buttocks, leaving a red mark. He alternated between her cheeks, spanking her until her ass grew red and her hips shifted with every movement.

Despite her claim not to be excited, Saul could smell as she heated up. Her body tensed minutely and a few droplets formed along her labia. He spanked her harder and faster, cracking against her body until she let out harsh whimpers when his bare hand smacked against her raw ass.

Without missing a beat, he stopped between one strike and another. Reaching down, he drew three fingers up her pussy and circled around her anal flower. “You know, I remember your ex-husband said you enjoyed a slightly different type of sex.”

“What-?”

Her words stopped when he jammed one finger into the wrinkled opening, feeling her clench around it. Her body shook as she stretched out on the steel table, pressing her breasts to the cool metal.

Saul fingered her ass with one slick finger. When he felt the friction growing, he dipped below to gather up more of her pussy juices and lubricate his finger. Moving back up, he jammed it back into her rectum, pumping in and out to loosen the tight ring.

As he fingered her, his cock came back to life. His thick, dripping member dragged up her side. He pulled out his finger, comparing it to the thick member jutting from his crotch. With a moan of his own, he pressed the thick, rounded head against her sphincter.

“Saul, don’t you dare-”

He didn’t listen. Grabbing both hands on her hips, he thrust forward powerfully. His cock tore into her ass, plunging into the incredible tight opening. He couldn’t thrust all the way in, so he withdrew a few inches and slammed it back. The lubrication in her ass was already drying, but he pounded hard, forcing his cock deep into her body until he felt his balls slapping on her skin.

Christine let out a scream as he fucked her. Blood and precum lubricated his shaft and he drove in deeper, forcing his thick member into her body until her screams no longer echoed in the arena.

He came, flooding her rectum with his juices. Pulling out, he watched globules of blood and cum pouring out of her gaping opening. He panted heavily as he reached around her, picking her up by her waist and lifting her off the table. Christine moaned, her mouth slack as she weakly struggled. “No, don’t do this...” she struggled weakly.

Saul carried her over to the Jessica 3000. Lifting her up, he dropped her face down on the bench. His hands grabbed one thigh, positioning it along the bench. Metal clamps slid out of the bench, pinning her in place. He hurried over to the other side, forcing her knees into position until the clamps caught her.

Christine didn’t say anything, but she glared at him as he walked to the front. Grabbing her wrists by the bounds in the middle, he pulled her along the metal device, stretching her until her wrists met the restraints in front of her. Hydraulics hissed and it clamped over her, sealing Christine’s fate with the machine.

His hands roamed over her body, resting her breasts into the cups that would later slice them off, and making sure her belly button lined up with the targeting later. Behind her, aimed directly at her pussy and asshole, there were two feed systems. The bottom one held a thick spit, about three inches across. On the top, a thermometer with an equal girth, poised to penetrate her gaping opening. He considered it for a moment, then unscrewed the thermometer. Pulling open a drawer in the Jessica, he pulled out a drill bit to replace it. Screwing it into place, he walked around to the control panel.

“Christine?”

She looked up, a glare in her eyes but her lips parted from the sensations. He could see the storm of emotions in her, both the hatred she felt but also the anticipation of the brutal machine. Her body trembled and shook.

“Goodbye,” he said and pressed the button.

The Jessica 3000 burst to life. The clamps tightened down as the drill bit started to spit. The fine-toothed blade rose from underneath her, swinging up to dig into her stomach. At the first touch, she let out a high-pitched scream as blood poured out of the wound. The circular blade sliced up her belly, slicing her stomach in half as organs poured out in a shower of gore and blood.

Saul stepped to the side, watching with fascination. The spinning blade reached the bottom of her rib cage before pulling out. It turned ninety degrees and pulled back, slicing through the organs that still hung from her body. A cross bar slid into place, matched by the spit that pushed forward. Saul jerked as he watched it pierce her pussy, sliding in as it impaled her cervix. Above, the anal drill lurched forward, spinning with a high-pitched whine before driving into her asshole. The lubricated ring, the place he just fucked, disappeared in a shower of blood and screams.

High-pressure jets of water came to life, cleaning her out from the inside. Christine let out a long, gasping wail as the spit drove forward, bursting out of her mouth. The steel shimmered with her blood as it clicked into place, spitting her from end to end.

Saul closed his eyes, feeling a moment of sadness as she expired.

He waited until the Jessica 3000 gave a cheerful beep and released the spit. Saul picked her up, the steel pole adding to her weight. Setting it down on the table he just fucked her on, he arranged her body and wheeled it in front of the judging table.

Saul stared directly at Grace. "Ms. Koucher?"

"Adequate," came her impersonal reply, "but not inspired. Hopefully, you can do better with the fourth."

He waited for more, but Grace just stared back at him, challenging him to respond. He sighed, then stepped back as a sous chef rushed out to push Christine away. He turned to watch the chef and the butchered woman disappear into the shadows, then waited for the squealing wheels to fade from his hearing before returning his attention to the table of judges.

Anton Fisk coughed, breaking the mood.

Saul turned away from the darkness of the arena, his thoughts heavy with the images of the women he just killed. He folded his hands behind his back and shifted so he faced directly toward the final judge, the grand master of American butchers, Fredrick Datsun.

"How may I serve you, sir?" He spoke in as deferentially as possible, "I have one lovely woman left."

Fredrick tapped on the table and focused his gaze on Saul. The watery blue eyes seemed to look directly through Saul and the butcher felt a cold shiver coursing through his body. Even standing



there, he knew that the old man could butcher Saul without even trying. The old man cleared his throat and rocked a glass of water on the table with one finger.

“Saul Garlon. You’ve shown us a wide variety of skills. You’ve taken an uninspired and mundane request-”

Grace Koucher pointedly look over at Anton Fisk who didn’t notice. The sport hero focused on his hand-held computer in his palms. Saul watched as she rolled her eyes. Turning his attention back to the grand master, he listened to the end of the older man’s sentence.

“-and turning them into something entertaining and no doubt delicious. I think you have a great deal of potential, but I want to see what you can do with a very simple request...”

He twisted the glass in front of him before he gave a sly smile. “Show me a humble vivisection.”

Saul looked surprised. “Anything else?”

“No, no. I want to see how creative you can be, with a simple request as that.”

“Hey!” spoke up Anton, “How is a viva... vivisec... whatever any different than cutting in half? That was a great request.”

The grand master said nothing, but Grace spoke up sharply, “Because there is skill in peeling open a woman’s body and pulling out her organs. It isn’t just a simple slice, but you have to keep her alive as long as possible, to prolong everything.”

Anton growled, “So, if I told him to take his time, that would have been better?”

Grace snarled but Fredrick rested a hand on her thigh. “Grace, don’t worry. As a master butcher, Mr. Garlon must be able to handle all requests. Let Mr. Fisk be. This is his,” he gestured to Saul, “turn to shine.”

“Sorry, master,” she said in a tone that didn’t quite sound in full agreement.

Fredrick didn’t seem to mind. He patted her on the thigh, then returned his hands to the table. “Mr. Garlon, please, impress me.”

Saul bowed politely. “Thank you, master.”

Spinning on his heels, he padded over to the final cage. Judy saw him coming and strained at her bounds, rattling it as she tried

vainly to escape the solid steel bars. Her eyes, wide with fear, focused on his every movement as Saul stopped in front of her.

Crouching down, he admired her face. "Hello, Judy."

She glared at him. "I'm not in your life, bastard. You were long gone and went your separate way. Why this? Why now?"

Saul shrugged. "I had to choose four women. And I," he reached out to stroke her cheek. She flinched but he easily wiped the tears from her cheekbone, "just had to include you in this. I mean, I picked this career because of you."

"You became a butcher because you're a blood-thirsty bastard who viewed woman as--"

He clamped his hand over her mouth, feeling her jaw straining to speak. After a moment, he leaned forward and spoke carefully. "Listen, I'm a butcher because when Doctor Shall and the board brought me up for administrative punishment, you backed out at the last--"

She yanked her mouth free of his hand. "I had a job, Saul! I couldn't speak up, they would have fired me."

"And now, my lovely Judy, you're in a cage about to be cut open for my licensing examination."

She whimpered, fresh tears rolling down her cheeks. "Please, Saul, you didn't have to pick me."

"Yes," he whispered, "I did."

"Make it fast, please?" She spoke in a soft voice, but he could already see that she knew her fate.

He shook his head. "Not this time, Judy. I need to impress this man and dragging it out is the only way to do it. I can promise that it will hurt a great deal and you will probably die unable to make a noise."

She sobbed, her body shaking with the force of her fear. Her smooth skin dripped with sweat and she strained helplessly in her bounds. He lowered her hand from his cheek and reached into the cage. She tried to pull away, but he ran his hands along her sweat-slick body to cup her breast. Her nipple, hard from the cool air and her fear, burned in his hand. He dragged his palm along it, feeling it tugging on the folds of his hand before he caught it between two fingers. Twisting, he felt her wince.

Judy whimpered. She shifted her body but her efforts only separated the space between her breasts and knees enough for him to grab her entire tit, digging his fingers into the soft meat.

“What are you feeling?”

“I’m scared.”

“Excited?”

“N-No.”

“Really?” he asked as he toyed with her nipple. Pulling back, he stood up and padded around the cage. At the back end, where her ass and pussy were impaled by the cleaning tubes that doubled as dildos, he saw her juices glistening on the bars. A small puddle had formed underneath the cage and fresh droplets dripped from the bars. He reached down and ran his fingers along both sides of her pussy, tracing through the slicked folds and up around the stretched ring around the dildo impaling her ass.

“Not entirely excited, are you?”

“It’s the drugs! I would never-”

He yanked the tubes from her body and the words froze in her throat. Dropping them aside, he jammed two fingers into each of her gaping holes, feeling around the clenching orifices before withdrawing. The one in her pussy dripped with fresh juices, the cloudy liquid falling from his fingertips.

Saul stepped around to the side of the cage. Unbolting it, he threw back the opening. It rang out loudly in the arena. Reaching down, he picked her up and carried her over to one of the presentation tables. He could feel her shaking in his arms, but he set her down on the table.

Without a word, he didn’t lay her down along the length of the table. Instead, he positioned her in the center of the table, facing toward the long end. Pushing her on her back, he shifted her until her head hung off one end and her cunt on the other.

He chuckled at the sight of her exposed sex, remembering a time when he masturbated to Judy’s mental image. Now, she was completely helpless to what he would do to her.

Grabbing four coils of cord, he set them down on the table. He used two coils and tied each one to her ankles. Walking to the long ends of the table, he threaded the cords through the holes in the steel table and back to the center.

Judy twisted on the metal. Her arms were still bound behind her, now underneath her. It pushed her stomach and chest up for the view of the cameras. No doubt giving the Internet and the voyeurs the best view of her assets.

Saul looped the two cords through a loop of metal, so he could pull on them at the same time. Picking up a short knife, he sliced through the bounds that held her ankles together.

She spread her legs, trying to relieve the pressure on her spine. Her legs draped on either side of him, like a lover on the edge of a kitchen counter. He smiled and rested the knife on her belly.

“I remember this position.”

Judy lifted her head to look at him. “I didn’t want you back, Saul.”

“I didn’t want to leave, Judy.”

He tugged on the rope. It grew taut, the cords pulling through the holes. When she realized he was trying to pull her legs apart, she squeezed them together, but her thighs pressed on either side of his body. Saul pulled harder on the two cords. The pressure increased and the two cords pulled her ankles apart, sliding through the holes and back to the eyelet in the center.

She whimpered, desperately trying to keep her legs together. He watched the muscles in her thighs straining with her effort.

Saul stepped back and hauled on the rope. His greater strength forced her ankles apart, pulling them to opposing ends of the table. She let out a scream as her muscles gave out. He continued to pull her into a painful split.

Gasping, Judy threw her head back as he pulled the last few feet of the rope. Her hips buckled as she desperately tried to find some position to relieve the growing tension in her hip joints. When Saul gave one final, brutal yank, she let out a high-pitched scream as her hip joints popped out of place and she was yanked into a split that created a perfect line of her legs and pussy along the edge of the table.

“Oh god!”

Her pain filled the arena. He watched her legs spasming from her position. Her pussy peeked over the edge of the steel surface, her asshole clenched tightly as more sweat dripped to the ground.

Saul ran his hands along her trembling hips and cunt, circling around it. His cock ached with the sudden need to impale her, but

he resisted. Walking quickly, he circled around to the other side of the table. His cock bounced at the sight of her head dangling over the edge, jaw slack with tears pouring off her face.

She sobbed loudly and looked at him with fear and terror. "Please, Saul, I can't take this."

When he reached underneath her to tie the remaining two cords to her wrist, she cried out louder. "No, no, please, god no." Her panting tore through her body. She gasped as she shook her head violently, "For the love of god, don't do this."

Working in silence, Saul fed the two ropes through the holes at each end. Like her legs, he pulled them back underneath the table to a metal bracket so he could pull with one hand. Looping the rope around his right hand, he picked up his knife.

"Lift your back," he commanded.

Sobbing, she shook her head, "I-I can't. I swear, I can't move."

He held the blade of his knife between his fingers. Delving his hand underneath her sweat-slicked back, he worked at the binds that bound her wrist. She tried to twist out of the way until he finally gave up. With a grunt, he jammed the knife into the small of her back and yanked up, cutting a line through the skin and the bindings.

Judy let out a scream and spasmed. He set the knife aside and pulled on the two ropes, pulling her wrists to the ends of the table. The cord scraped through the metal and she twisted her shoulders to take the pressure, settling them down as he pulled the rope tight. When he saw her shoulders straining with effort, he looped the ropes to lock them in place.

The short width of the table and the four ropes forced her spine into a brutal curve, straining the vertebra and pushing her breasts, stomach, and sternum into the air. He ran two more loops of cord through holes near her head, tying her shoulders to the steel and ensuring she would not be able to move.

Judy's cried and sobs followed his work. She couldn't even struggle with the terrible position that bound her. He tested the ropes by yanked on her limbs. She let out a high-pitched scream when he moved her hip, grinding the dislocated bone.

Clicking his tongue, he threaded two more ropes through the holes to tie her legs down firmly to the table and increasing the

pressure on her tortured spine. He pushed at her chest, feeling the tension shaking through her body.

He glanced over to the judging table. Anton obsessed with his computer, but the other three judges watched with rapt fascination. To give them a better view, he rotated the table around so the judges would have a clearer view of her body at a forty-five degree angle. He circled back around to her head. His cock dripped with excitement at the sight of her body, shaking from the short, shallow pants she could steal.

“Time to start, Judy.”

“Da... mn... you.”

“Not right now.” He picked up a short paring knife. Reaching down, he held her mouth shut, pinning her skull against the table. Using the tip of the knife, he started along her chin, cutting into the junction of her jaw and skull. Her scream, muffled and frantic, filled the air as he cut through the flesh and scraped it along the bone. Switching hands, he repeated the cut on the other side. Her screams increased in volume, but when he lifted his hand, she didn't open her mouth but the screams continued.

“Now, let's see how well you can handle this.”

Grabbing her lips, he pulled open her jaw. She sobbed, screaming wordlessly, as he fed his cock into her mouth, sliding it into the opening. Blood and saliva lubricated his shaft, but he encountered resistance at the sharp bend of her throat and her torturous position. He jammed it in, ramming it repeatedly into the tightness but unable to penetrate her.

He withdrew, precum dripping from his tip, and lowered the knife to her throat. Judy tried to shake her head, but at the first touch of the knife along her throat, she froze. She mumbled something through her slack jaw.

Saul cut a line down her throat, carefully avoiding the arteries and veins. The air rushed out from the wound, bubbling through the blood that welled out. He ran his fingers along the sides of the wound, smearing the blood. He set down the knife and forcing his cock into her slack jaw.

This time, he didn't feel the resistance in her hot throat as he impaled her. He watched as the cut in her throat blossomed open with the girth of his dick. It spread open as his blood-streaked

member filled her completely and his balls slapped her face. He grunted and began to fuck her, pounding her face with sharp, brutal strokes. Every time he filled her, her entire body spasmed from the pain that only increased with the tension of the ropes. She sobbed, but he could barely hear it over the wet slurping of that wrapped his cock.

He came with a bellow, spewing his juices into her gaping throat. It welled out from the wound and dripped down both sides her skin, splashing down on the table below.

Withdrawing, he wiped his cock on her hair and admired her pain-filled and terrified eyes. A single droplet of cum splashed down, rolling down her forehead and he wiped it off.

Without another word, he circled around the table to her other end. Carefully, he positioned a bucket underneath the table between his legs. Leaning over it, he pressed his cock to her pussy and shoved it in. It disappeared into her body, angling up into the slick depths. She gave a gurgling and muted scream as he thrust hard a few times, then pulled out with a sigh of pleasure.

Retrieving his knife, he pressed it at the joint of her left hip, right inside the ropes binding her to the table. Increasing the pressure, he cut into the flesh until he felt bone. Cutting it sideways, he forced a deep cut toward her belly. Blood welled out of the wound. He flipped the blade over and jammed it back into the wound, pulling the flesh up to slice it open.

Judy screamed shrilly, her body spasming from her agony. He continued to pull the skin from her body, cutting a curved line along her pubic bone. He pull at the flap of skin, filling the arena with the wet tearing noise as he skinned her belly. Underneath, he watched the red strands of her muscles spasming and clenching.

He peeled back her skin, cutting neatly up the center of her body until he reached her breasts. Using his knife, he sliced away two crescent cuts and folded the remains of her once beautiful skin like a shirt. Setting it aside, he turned his attention to the muscles of her belly.

Using his knife, he cut through the thick muscular wall. The tightly-strung muscles snapped as he cut, ripping as they peeled back to expose her organs to the cool air. A thin, translucent membrane prevented her insides from pouring out on the floor, but

he would get to it soon enough. He carefully cut through the muscles, up to her sternum, slicing the muscles away from the bone and exposing her shaking ribs.

Holding the knife in one hand, he pushed through the membrane that kept her organs in place. It tore like wet cellophane and he grabbed the first coil of her ropey intestines. He set down the knife as he pulled out the coil, feeling the heat sinking into his palms as he carefully folded it as he drew it from her body.

Judy cried loudly, her muffled words no longer intelligible. He finished pulling her intestines from her body and found where it connected to her rectum, stomach, and other organs. Setting the coil aside, he picked up rubberized zip ties. Reaching into her body, he found the connections to her organs and tied them off with two strips at each place where her gall bladder, rectum, and other parts connected. He pulled each strip tightly, cutting off blood and fluids from escaping.

Picking up the knife, he started to excise her intestines. The first cut, slicing between two strips that tied off her rectum from her intestine, she jumped. He felt bones grinding against each other. Moving quickly, he separated her intestines from the rest of her body and carefully coiled the thick rope to the side.

With her intestines gone, her stomach looked hollow. Saul continued to work his way in her body, using zip strips to tie off the junctions of non-critical organs before slicing them out of her body. He set down each one carefully on the table before working in the next.

When he started on her stomach, he felt his cock pressing against her pussy once again. He grinned and leaned back, aiming his thick member to her gaping pussy. With a sigh of pleasure, he sank into her, filling her balls deep with his dick. From the outside, he could see the outline of his aching length pushing out of her vagina.

He finished separating her stomach from her body, straining to set it neatly aside with his cock buried in her pussy. As soon as he did, he grinned and set down his knife. With both hands, he reached into her bloody cavity and wrapped his fingers around her pussy, squeezing his cock through the wet flesh of her body.

He felt the intense pleasure of her cunt around his dick and pounded harder. His hands squeezed tightly and he used her as a



sheath to masturbate, tearing her uterus from her body and jamming it harder on his cock. Feeling her cervix slamming on the tip of his member, he simple squeezed tighter and pounded with hips and arms, slamming into the hard barrier with brutal strokes.

Judy screamed loudly, her body in agony, as he vented his passions into her body. She was fading, Saul could tell, as her body lost blood and her mind cracked from the pain.

He knew he didn't have long. Screaming, he jammed her uterus and vagina down on his cock, forcing his cock into the tight ring of her cervix. It tore open, the flesh ripping from the force of his blows, and he came directly into her womb. The feeling of his cum filling her innermost depths only increased knowing that she would never be able to carry his child, that it was nothing but a hot hole to fill with cum.

He slumped against her as he finished, his cock pulsating with an intense afterglow. Panting, he jammed his fingers into her and realized that Judy was almost gone. Reaching up, he jammed his hands past her diaphragm and into the space between her lungs. Working blindly, he found the frantically beating heart underneath her ribs. As he touched it, it beat even harder, the rhythm growing erratic between one beat and the other.

She let out a gurgling gasp as her body finally gave out. Her death throes squeezed her pussy one last time around his shaft, then she shuddered when the life passed her.

Saul came one more time, a few week spurts of semen into her ruined pussy. He withdrew his hard cock and gave her a moment of silence. Then, his duty took over and he continued her vivisection, pulling out her organs and arranging them on the table.

It took him almost a half hour longer before he finished, but when he stepped away from the table, her insides covered every surface of the steel table. Turning around, he pushed the table in front of the judges. He used a cloth to blot up a few stray splatters of blood. He ignored the blood that soaked his body and dripped on the floor.

Still panting, he bowed to the judges.

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An hour later, Saul sat at a steel table in an impersonal room, his foot tapping on the ground. His freshly showered hair clung to the

back of his neck and he could smell the flowery shampoo teasing his senses, but even the perfumes didn't hide the musk of fresh blood in the air.

They put him in a small room, just like his written exam. One door, no windows, not even the stereotypical one-way mirror. He saw a small camera above the door, the indicator light glowing as people watched him from the Internet and the rest of the world.

The handle of the door twisted and Saul jumped up, shoving back the chair. He felt embarrassed as he stood there, watching the door as it swung open and Grace Koucher walked inside. Her heels tapped loudly on the ground as she shut the door behind her, then walked over to the chair opposing him.

He started to reach back for his own chair, but he noticed she made no effort to sit down. Nervous, he straightened up and folded his hands over his hips as he waited.

Grace cleared her throat and set down the white folder in front of her.

"Mr. Garlon."

"Yes?"

"There are very few ways of saying this..."

Saul's heart dropped. He felt his body growing tense and a icy prickling coursing down his spine. He shifted back and let out a harsh breath.

Grace's eyes watched him. Then she shook her head. "Sadly, Anton Fisk won't be playing in tonight's game."

Saul stared at her, "W-What?"

"Frankly, he's an annoying waste of space and I'm glad that I'll be butchering him as soon as I'm done here."

"Oh. Oh!" Saul gasped for air.

Grace smirked. "But..." she said with a hard voice, "I would appreciate some help with him. He is famous and deserves to die properly. I know you prefer women, but master butchers are skilled in all forms of meat, male and female."

"Of course, I'll be glad to... master butcher?"

She held out her hand and a smile cracked her lips. "Congratulations, Saul Garlon. You are officially a master butcher in the American Butcher Association."

He took her hand, shaking it firmly but still in shock.

Grace squeezed it tightly, “But, I’ll remind you that you still won’t see me on your spit. I might not out-rank you, but I’m still exempt from being selected.”

“I wouldn’t never think of that.”

“Yes. You’re doing it right now.”

She grinned.

*t'Sade*

# About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, [tsade.com](http://tsade.com). Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

*t'Sade*

# About the Publisher

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