

# **On the Town**

t'Sade



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Curious Cabbit Press

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# Heading Out

# 1

Davis headed down the stairs and hit the landing with a little skip. He stopped with a bounce and wondered if he had picked the wrong outfit to sneak past his father. His tight jeans made it a little difficult to walk and he felt the pressure cupping his buttocks. The denim also crushed his balls tight enough they were almost outlined in the fabric. If he lifted his leg too high, he wondered if it would castrate him.

After a moment considering, he continued down the stairs.

For a night on the town, his jeans and a polo shirt were a poor choice for dancing and drinking. However he wasn't planning on being in it for long, he has his "real" outfit in the pack over his shoulder. He just kept it hidden because his father didn't approve of Davis' preferred dress. Literally.

"You heading out to a club?"

Davis' skin crawled with surprise, he didn't know his dad was home. He slipped his pack off his shoulder and tossed it near the door. "Yes, I should be back by one."

"In the morning?"

"Probably," Davis said and then continued in a quieter voice, "unless I find someone cute."

His father came in from the kitchen, wiping his hands on a bright white apron. Underneath, he still wore his office clothes: black slacks and a button down shirt. The top buttons of his shirt were open and his tie hung loosely around his neck to reveal a little patch of graying hair on his chest. "I heard that."

"Look, I—"

He winked. "You're twenty-two, you have a century before you have to settle down. Go have fun, just be safe." His gaze took in Davis but he said nothing.

Davis blushed, he knew what his father was looking for. Fortunately, the skirt was carefully hidden in his pack. "Of course I will."

His father held out his arms. "Come on, bring it in."

With a grin, Davis hugged his father. Far shorter than his parent, Davis felt enveloped by the hug. It was comforting and he let himself smile. Ever since Davis' mother had died, their relationship had gotten much closer.

"You planning on sneaking out and then switching to your real clothes?"

Davis peeked up. His father was looking toward the front door. No doubt, he had focused on the pack on the ground. "Y-Yes."

"I wish you wouldn't dress like that. You know that?"

"I just like feeling pretty sometimes."

His father's arms tightened around him. "You are pretty. Too pretty. And that is what worries me. What if a hunter sees you in that skirt of yours? You already put the other girls to shame, you know they are going right for you."

Hunters. The ultra-rich that used America as their personal hunting ground. Instead of animals, they chased down and purchased human lives.

Davis pressed his face into his father's chest.

A large hand stroked his hair. "Just be careful. I don't want to lose you like your mother. Without you, I don't know what I would do."

"At least you'd get a...." Davis didn't finish the sentence. Every life caught was a single wergild, but after exchange rates, it came out to only a couple billion dollars. When a single meal was a thousand or more, that wasn't much.

His father pushed Davis away. "You got the latest HunterNet update?"

Davis held up his wrist. With a flick of his thumb, he turned on the screen and tapped along his palm to bring up the free application. Unlike almost every utility in the known world, HunterNet didn't have a per-second cost. It also had a plain

interface, with only an overhead map centered on their current location.

A single icon marked a spot about twenty kilometers away, a flashing red image of two crossed arrows. A hunter on the prowl. The surrounding area surrounding the hunter pulsed red to warn everyone that their lives were in mortal danger. Around the red area was an orange one to indicate a warning but not imminent threat.

The application tracked the icon traveling alone one of the roads. Judging from the way the warning areas were larger to the north, the AI plotted an obvious path for the hunter toward the center of St Louis.

Davis showed his father. "See, nothing close to us. Besides, Madi and I are going to the South Side." What he didn't say was that they planned to go the south side of Chicago, not St Louis.

His wrist vibrated when a second icon began to flash about ten miles away. A moment later, the application painted surrounding area in red and orange. The second icon also had a countdown timer giving an hour's notice before the real hunt began.

"See," his father gestured at the map. "You never know where they show up. That damn law should make them always report their presence, not just when they are hunting."

"An hour notice before a hunt starts is more than enough to get away, Dad. You worry too much."

His father sighed. "You know I worry. After your mother, I don't want to lose my only boy to one of those hunters too."

Davis hugged his father again. "Don't worry. I'll be fine, I promise. In and out. No hunters."

His father tensed for a moment and then sank into the embrace. He rested his chin on top of Davis' head. "I love you so much. Just be safe and have fun."

*t'Sade*



# The Red Line

# 2

Davis clutched his bag as he got out of the automated car. It was better not to leave anything behind, otherwise he'd have to pay for the callback order. The weight was comforting as much as his jeans were constricting; he hated the feeling of his legs encased in fabric. His cock grew harder with the anticipation of changing as fast as possible.

The Chicago Red Line Station sat on the north side of St Louis, a dour building easily a few centuries old. The epoxy paint covering it in bright red resisted graffiti and weather, unlike the rest of the surrounding buildings. It looked like an apple in a poisoned wasteland of paint and concrete.

He looked around for Madi but didn't see her. With an annoyed sigh, he headed toward the building where the air conditioner blasted him with a rush of icy air that caused his balls to clench tightly against his crotch and give himself a little more breathing room.

A whine filled the air as a chain of small train cars pulled out of the station. The bright white carriages accelerated smoothly, racing behind a steel fence before plunging into an open tunnel that would lead to the underground network of vacuum tubes and exchanges. It would take less than a half hour to get to Chicago's New Union Station.

Davis started up toward the building when his wrist buzzed sharply. A prickle of fear raced through his veins as he saw a HunterNet alert pop up, a hunter had give the legally proscribed hour notice before they began to look for someone to hunt. He

gulped and peered at the screen. Only a few blocks away but heading away from the train station.

With a sigh of relief, he passed through the check point and security scan to enter the terminal. The walls of the main hall had banks of vending machines selling everything from spare clothing, single use entertainment, or summon an automated car. Most of them were cracked and hazy from heavy use. The only new ones were the ticket vending machines.

Then he spotted a familiar ass.

Madi was a curvy Latino that drew everyone's attention. Today, she wore a classic 2094 championship Chicago Hyper Bulls t-shirt that hung off her breasts and gave delightful glimpses of her bare midriff every time she took a step. She spun a silver bracelet on her fingers, rocking her hips back and forth in time with the flashes.

More than a few guys watched with hidden lust in their eyes. Even from a distance, they were obviously undressing her with their eyes and thinking about her thick lips wrapped around their cocks.

Just as obvious, she knew because she spun on her heels frequently to cause her shirt to flutter and the tight fabric of her skirt to strain around her body. The stretch fabric outlined the globes of her ass and told everyone she wasn't even wearing a thong.

"Madi!" Davis called.

She turned. When she saw him, her eyes widened and she waved wildly, pulling up her shirt to reveal the bottom of her bare breasts. "Heya, Bitch!" she yelled in her exaggerated New Jersey accent. She was from Rock Falls, another Chicago suburb.

They embraced tightly, drawing more than a few jealous looks. Davis tried to imagine what the onlookers were thinking, a slender boy dating a bombshell of a girl? He grinned. The two had no romance between each other. If anything, they were competitors for the same type of pleasure: big, muscular, and tall. They had bonded over their own search for thick cocks.

She pulled back. "What the fuck, Bitch? Jeans and a polo shirt? We aren't going to Denver."

"I had to get past my dad. You know how he is."

Madi's face softened. "Dreamy?"

"That's disgusting, that's my dad."

She beamed cheerfully at him and then blew him a kiss. “And I saw him wearing nothing that one night.” She fanned herself with her palm. “You can be forgetting sights like that. I know what he’s got and I’m just waiting for you to move out before I take a shot at being your mommy.”

Davis pulled a face.

“Come on, you know you like them big too. I bet you stroked yourself thinking about that big rod of his more than once.”

He looked away, blushing hotly because she was right. “That’s my dad,” he said lamely.

She slipped her arm around his waist. “Come on, Sissy, order us a nice car. Chicago isn’t getting any closer. I want to dance with my bitch and you need to get pretty. Not this,” she flipped Davis’ collar, “this thing.”

Together, they ordered a private car from the vending machine. He spurge on the rental for one with bathroom features and premium seating. A half hour ride was a long time and he needed most of it to get dressed up.

Hand in hand, they got in and settled down. The carriage rolled into place, connecting with the train cars queuing up to leave. One of the displays gave an estimate time to departure and arrival. They would be in Chicago within forty minutes.

His wrist buzzed again and he heard a mirrored vibration from Madi’s. He glanced at it while she blinked to activate her optical implants. Another HunterNet warning, this one was only a few blocks away.

“Good thing we are getting out of here,” she muttered, “fucking rich people are horny today.”

He gulped, thinking about his father’s words.

Madi’s face softened. “Don’t worry, they can’t take public transportation with the alert. We’ll be fine.”

“What about Chicago?”

She blew a raspberry and waved her hand. “You may be fine, I may be finer, but there are plenty of sheep in Chicago to chase. The natives always head to the north side, that is where all the real meat hangs around.”

After a moment of worry, he double-checked the door and began to strip. His undesirable boy clothes landed on one of the couches, one piece after the other in rapid succession.

Madi slumped on another couch and smiled. "I love watching you strip."

He blew her a kiss while he pulled down his jeans. The cool air teased his balls and buttocks. He stepped out of his clothes and kicked them into the corner. Straightening, he ran his fingers along both sides of his wrinkled sack. They were good-sized, about the size of eggs.

"It's a pity you're a grower. From here, it looks like you got a little boy's dick."

Davis focused on his cock. Soft, it was only a few centimeters long length surrounded by wrinkled flesh. When he got harder, it would be much longer and thicker.

Madi arched her back, lifting the shirt until her dark nipples were visible. "You'd think with a cock like that, you wouldn't end up being a fucking pansy."

"I like taking it more than giving it."

"You like it up your ass, you mean."

Davis grinned. "Deep-throat is also good. A bear that is a little rough? I can live with that." His cock twitched, growing slightly.

"I never figured out how all those lovers of yours can handle you being larger than them."

He shrugged. When she didn't say anything else, he grabbed his bag and pulled out his real outfit for the night. There wasn't much to see: a red miniskirt with a chunky buckle, a pair of stiletto heels, a matching top, and a mesh blouse with glitter. A pair of false tits and a makeup kit would completed his outfit. With a frown, he dug into his bag and pulled out a white thong from the bottom of the bag.

Madi let out a soft sound of happiness.

Davis looked over his shoulder.

"Get dressed, Bitch," she said with a purr.

The car shifted slightly and he felt the g-forces tug him slightly. The display switched to advertisements and a countdown until arrival.

He ran his fingers along his balls one more time. There wasn't even a single hair on his sack or along his shaft. His twentieth birthday present to himself, laser hair removal from everything from his neck down.

After a few minutes of self-inspection, he grabbed the white thong and pulled it on. Rocking back and forth, he pulled it up over his smooth thighs and tugged it into place. Reaching in, he rolled his balls against each other until they were properly cradled by the thin fabric.

With his hands between his legs, he felt another buzz of his wrist. Pulling it back, he noticed there was just a faint smear of pre-cum along his pale skin. He turned and brought up the display. There was a HunterNet alert but they were already well out of the area. The map showed that they were still accelerating; the train was only going 500 kilometers per hour and would peak at 800.

A flash of red and orange before another buzz.

Madi groaned. "I thought the last update was going to fix this."

Their transport raced through another few cities, a flash of the map trying to keep up. There were more reds and yellows followed by buzzing.

"Fuck this, remind me to turn it back on. I'm not in the mode to use my wrist as a vibrator." Madi tapped angrily on her wrist and her body stopped vibrating.

Davis didn't want to risk having the alert turned off. He paused to calm his nerves and resumed dressing. He pulled the skirt on next. It was just as short as he liked it, revealing a hint of his white thong if he spun around too fast or bent over. He tested it a few times, his cock lengthening and pushing the skirt up with his anticipation. He stroked it through the silky material of the skirt.

The false breasts came next. He fitted them to his chest and held them tight. The nano-reactive material warmed with his heat and then melted to his chest. The material blended with his skin to form two perfect teardrop breasts.

"Not like the real things," Madi said hefting her own.

Davis looked down at his breasts. He ran his finger along the hard nipples but couldn't feel anything besides a faint haptic feedback from the nipples and the vibrations of the near constant alerts. It felt good but it wasn't anything like touching his real nipples. He

sighed. "I know. I can hope some day, right? Technology is always advancing."

He ran his fingertips over the nipples again. He wished they were real, he wanted to feel like the body he dressed up on the weekends.

After a few moments, he grabbed his top and pulled it on. The black band with narrow and cupped underneath his fake breasts. Pushed up, it made his new bust almost as large as Madi's. He tugged harder and the edge of the material glued to his skin just above the nipples, ensuring that it wouldn't release unless someone pulled it down.

The gauze top draped over his body but he kept his heels off until the train stopped.

Madi finally stirred from her position. Lazily getting up, she gestured to a rolling seat. "Come on, let's get you dolled up."

His wrist buzzed loudly. He glanced to see it was another useless HunterNet application. Annoyed, he tapped on the "report a bug" button, answered a few questions, and then muted the replies. He turned to Madi. "Don't forget."

"I promise, I won't."

# Caught on Screen

# 3

Their train still had twenty minutes to go and there was nothing to do but browse the network and look for distracting memes to follow. Davis sat in one couch, a slender leg draped over the other. The snug sensation of his thong against his balls brought little pleasures as he thought about pressing up against hard cocks or dancing on a crowded floor. He usually got groped a few times and loved every moment.

“Oh crap,” Madi said suddenly.

“What?”

“There’s a hunter in Rock Falls.” She seemed surprised there was someone in her home town. With a frown, she tapped her wrist a few times and then flicked it toward the wall.

The image blurred for a minute while it connected and then solidified into a scene at a children’s park. It was focused on a hexagonal jungle gym like the ones that Davis loved as a child, but that was the only similar to his childhood.

A woman had her back shoved up against the bars. One arm flailed around helplessly as she clawed at a cable that pinned her throat to the metal bar. The curve of the gym forced her small breasts to push up, the soft mounds tipped with hard nipples. Her legs struggled to lift herself up but her shoes kept slipping on the wet metal; it must have rained recently.

Davis’ gaze focused on a display hovering over her head. The feed of the person streaming had gotten the HunterNet AR upgrade that identified her as purchased only a few minutes ago.

She no longer was a person, she was a slave.

The hunter stood in front of her. He was a slender-looking man with cream-colored skin, probably a mix of Caucasian and African. He didn't wear anything remarkable: a pair of black slacks and a collared, short-sleeved shirt. If it wasn't for the drone with the hunter symbol on it hovering over his head, it could have been his father or anyone else who worked in Corporate America.

"Fuck," whispered Madi, her eyes locked on the screen.

The camera moved to the side for a better look. Davis guessed it was an optical stream based on the angle.

He could see that the woman's shirt rode up on her stomach, revealing a pouch of belly fat stretched tautly across the metal. Her chest heaved as she continued to claw at the cable choking her.

The hunter stepped forward.

She kicked at him.

He knocked her ankle aside and shoved his body between her legs. With a sneer, he grabbed her shirt and yanked down, tearing it open to reveal a pair of sweat-slicked breasts.

Davis felt a longing. He wished he had real breasts. He desperately wanted to be like Madi or the woman, but his family couldn't afford gender reassignment surgery. Though, he would rather enjoy a long life instead of the short end the poor victim on the screen would suffer.

The woman lashed out with her free hand. Her fingernails scraped against the hunter's chest.

He grabbed at her wrist, fumbling for a moment until he caught it.

Her scream came out choked. Her entire body thrashed, the muscles tensing up in almost perfect harmony as she writhed helplessly against the bars.

The hunter planted his other hand on her shoulder and then twisted hard. At the sound of bones being dislocated, both Davis and Madi jumped.

Davis gulped as a heat flooded through his body. His cock twitched with his thoughts.

The victim's scream rose shrilly.

The hunter lifted her now dangling arm. He shoved it against one of the bars and said, "Pin."



The drone fired something and a metal cuff slammed into the wrist, driving it into the metal before sealing shut.

She continued to thrash wildly as her face grew redder and darker. Her breasts swung back and forth violently with her movements. Moving her bloody fingers from the cable at her throat, she clutched at one of the bars above her and strained to pull herself up. Davis could almost see the last moments of her life slowing down, the agony and terror forcing her to endure.

“Pin the wrist,” came another command.

The drone fired, pinning her other hand to the metal.

She opened her mouth but no noise came out. Her body lifted against the bars but she wasn't moving. Davis couldn't tell if she was still choking but her second hand appeared to be holding her up.

He glanced over at Madi. His friend had her fingers in her panties, stroking frantically as she watched the screen with wide eyes. He gulped at his own desires. Slowly, he inched his hand underneath his miniskirt and stroked his growing hardness through the fabric.

The hunter smiled cruelly as he mauled the woman's breasts, dragging his fingernails across the sweat-slicked skin. When she sobbed and begged for his life, he only unzipped his pants and pulled out a good sized cock.

“P-Please! I'll suck it! Fuck it! Please!”

“Oh, you will,” the hunter said. He let his cock bounce free to shove his palm up against her fabric-covered pussy. It was wet from her fear but that didn't seem to bother him.

She flailed her legs helplessly, trying to kick the man that owned her body and had pinned her. She managed to slam her ankle against the back of his leg.

He responded by grabbing her thigh and spreading her legs. He had to grunt as he pinned her knee against the metal. “Pin!” he snapped.

The drone fired once and then twice to fix her against the metal gym like a butterfly about to be dissected. Her splayed open thighs brought a fresh wave of screaming as she arched her hips forward as if it would relieve the pressure.

Davis shoved his hand into his now soaked thong. His cock was almost full length, eighteen centimeters of pulsating heat jumping

in his hand as pre-cum dribble down his length. He wrapped his fingers around it and pumped.

The hunter returned his hand to her pussy. He dragged it up and down for a moment. "Stop screaming," he said, his voice low and threatening.

She didn't.

He made an annoyed noise. Reaching up, he said, "Knife."

As the drone deposited a knife as long as Davis' hard cock into his palm, she let out an anguished wail of terror. Her entire body strained against her restraints, but Davis knew that she wouldn't survive much longer.

The hunter swung his hand down and then thrust up into her pussy, driving the massive knife into her cunt with a single powerful blow.

The world seemed to stop.

Davis' cock pulsed hotly as he imagined being violated in such a way and then exploded with cum. It sprayed against his wrist and palm, soaking it instantly.

Next to him, Madi let out a cry as she lost herself in a voyeuristic orgasm of her own. The sweet smell of her pussy flooded and mixed with the musk of his own seed.

The hunter slammed the knife into the woman's crotch repeatedly until blood sheeted down from her body and splattered into the hard-packed ground. He tossed the knife into the air. A spray of blood splashed against the drone as it caught the knife.

He smiled even more as he lined up his cock to her bloody hole and thrust deep. A moan ripped from his throat, mirrored by her scream of agony. He drove to his balls before pulling out. Bloody sprayed everywhere as he punched his cock back into her, driving it deep and hard.

Her screams filled the air, echoing inside the train car, as the two friends masturbated to the sight of the poor victim being brutally violated.

# The Pulsar

# 4

The Pulsar was an older dance club on the south side of Chicago. Catering to a crowded dance floor and spinning chunky beats that shook the ground, Davis hoped it would also be a place to have a good time while remaining safe from hunters that prowled the more appealing clubs to the north. At least, it appeared to be. Unlike the St Louis station, the buildings at The Pulsar were clean and neat. At least the wall that Madi leaned against wasn't covered in piss.

"Someone's looking," she whispered.

Davis tensed and then straightened. "Me or you?"

"Me, of course," she said with a grin and a wink. "Na, white boy is looking at your ass."

Davis' buttocks were one of his favorite parts. The tight globes bounced perfectly when he walked. His skirt skimmed right along the bottom edge, giving a hint of the white thong and his ass whenever he moved. Knowing that someone was looking, he tightened his muscles and lifted himself up by his toes.

"You are such a slut."

He grinned. "Takes one, you know."

Madi stretched her arms above her head and let out an exaggerated moan. Heads turned to look at her lustfully as her breasts almost came into view. She winked again and then stretched just enough for the bottom edge of her shirt to catch on one brown nipple.

"Oops," she said and made a show of pulling it back down.

Davis laughed. He loved seeing her tease people, even more when he could watch the groups on either side of them stealing glances and furtive looks. Neither were their types, the men were more

slender and fix, but that didn't mean someone else would be admiring them from a distance.

Davis' wrist pulsed. His heart almost stopped when he thought it was a HunterNet alert but to his relief it was the door guard for The Pulsar.

Madi blinked and her eyes flashed. "You too?"

Davis held out his hand. She took it and together they stepped out of line and cheerfully pranced to the front of the line.

Like most clubs, the bouncers were thick, muscular guys with t-shirts straining over their pectorals. Davis worried his bottom lip as he looked at him, wondering what it would feel like to have someone so large pressed against his body.

"Oh, yummy," Madi said.

The guard held up an identity scanner. It was more of a formality, both of the bouncers no doubt had optical readers and the club could read their identities when they walked near the entrance. However, it was tradition to check and therefore most of the clubs still did it.

Davis went first, holding out his hand. It was tiny against the dark-skinned man who took it. A little shiver coursed through his body as the thick fingers wrapped around his elbow. His cock twitched with anticipation but he managed to keep his thoughts from causing it to grow too much.

The bouncer's eyes flickered for a moment. "And what is a pretty thing like you called?" He had a southern accent that sounded just a little forced. He also knew exactly what Davis' wrist computer identified him as.

Davis' heart skipped a beat as a flutter of nervousness rushed through his body. He gulped and smiled as sweetly as he could. "Diana."

The bouncer winked and slowly drew his fingers away, trailing his fingertips along Davis' delicate skin. "Ladies' Night is half price, enjoy."

Davis let out a soft whimper. Too many times had a bouncer kicked him out for being a guy. It was expensive to get reassigned, even if his father would have let him. "Thank you."

"No, thank you. We don't get such fine ladies in here that often these days."

Next to them, Madi was practically grinding against the other bouncer. Her large breast ground against his chest as he stroked one of her arms, trailing up and down as his other hand inched down toward her hip. When she saw that Davis was done, she turned so his hand pressed against her pussy, and then slipped past him.

They caught hands again and entered the club.

Inside, the club had three stages. Two of them were unoccupied but the third had a pair of DJs working together. One of them spun through the music, alternating between two pulse-pounding beats while the other pretended to splash paint on the large display behind her. The virtual pain had images of men and women grinding against each other, their thrusts matching perfectly with the beat that pulsed inside her.

They dropped their purses at the check-in and got a security token to get them back. Then they found a narrow table to claim near the edge of the dance floor. Already, there were hundreds of people grinding amidst the flashing lights and music. Their bodies seemed to snap into place as the strobe lights light up nearly naked breasts, hips, and thighs.

Neither Madi nor he needed an invitation to the dance floor. They blew each other kisses and threw themselves into the fray.

Like every other time, they started with each other. It wouldn't take long before they were peeled off to other dancers but girls dancing always drew the men. In time with the music, they ground against each other, sliding their legs against each other and teasing the edges of their clothes. Just a flash of nipple, a peek of buttocks.

Davis had no attraction for Madi but the others didn't have it. He didn't bother looking around, just lost himself shaking with the beat and slowly working his way to the dance floor.

A strange hand caressed his backside. The thick fingers teased up along the fabric, sending delicious thrills through his body. They pulled back, as if burned but then soon returned to brush against one hip and then the other.

Davis dropped the edge of Madi's stop, hiding her nipples again as he pushed back against the hand.

Whoever was stroking him grew bolder. Soon there was a hand planted against his hip, no longer sliding away.

Davis backed up further, leading with his buttocks until his tight cheeks pressed against the crotch of the anonymous man behind him. He swayed his hips back and forth, exploring as much as enjoying the intimate contact. He didn't want to look yet, only enjoy the beat as his new partner thrust up against his ass. The movements were slightly behind the pounding beat but the silent desire was there, Davis could feel the hard cock rolling against his ass as it tried to nestle into his body.

He moaned and leaned back, still moving to the beat.

His partner reached around with his other hand to cup his left breast. The haptic feedback sent a thrill. Davis glanced down to see a tanned hand that easily engulfed his entire breast.

The other hand brought his ass tighter against the hard cock against his ass.

They found a rhythm together, grinding back and forth as the man thrust against Davis' backside; his intent was clear.

Davis gasped as his cock began to swell with excitement. He switched to a more aggressive thrusting, reaching over with his hands to rest them on the other man's grip. When he felt the hand on his hips start to move forward, the thrill turned into a surge of excitement. He ground harder, rocking his buttocks up and down against the cock that began to soak the man's pants.

The questing hand caressed his bare hip, teasing underneath the skirt.

Anticipation rose. He didn't know how his partner would respond to feeling a cock, which was why he didn't look back. If there was disgust or surprise, then they could part without even a look between them. However, if there was interesting, then Davis would happily turn around to let things move forward.

The music moved from one beat to a faster one. Davis moved with it, bouncing back against his partner. Across from him, Madi had found a pair of men for herself. There was no question they were interested: one hand his hand up underneath her shirt to maul her breast while the other grabbed the other. Her lithe body thrust from the man pinning her in the front the one thrusting at her from behind.

A little jealous rose up. Davis could never be tag-teamed like Madi. He only had one hole, one place for a cock to thrust into her. It felt good but he always wished he had a cunt like his beast friend.

The song transitioned to a new one, one with a fast, punchy beat. He smiled and let his jealousy go. Closing his eyes, he started to bounce his ass against the hard cock in his crack. The beat made it more intense as he felt pre-cum soaking the fabric and teasing his skin. The man was hung to say the least, one of Davis favorite thing.

The other man reached between Davis' legs, fingers questing for something intimate.

Davis' heart beat faster than the music as he waited for a response.

Fingertips caressed his thong.

The fabric gapped from Davis' hardness, his cock beginning to pull it away from his body. He could feel his own pre-cum soaking the fabric again; the quick wash in the sink after the hunter video could only do so much.

Then a caress against his sack.

The man tensed.

Davis held his breath.

The fingers reached further, crawling along the delicate skin until they encountered Davis' hard cock.

"Oh God," came a disgusted response and the other man yanked away.

Davis let out his breath as the rejection stung. He sniffed and then forced himself to move away, stepping into the crowd to give him distance while letting the beat flood his thoughts. It didn't matter if he separated from Madi, they would find each other or not.

Another hand brushed against his hip.

Davis stopped moving and let a smile cross his painted lips. He sank into the beat, swaying his body with the pulse.

A touch.

A caress.

Another chance.

*t'Sade*



# Hours Later

# 5

It felt like hours by the time Davis returned to their table. His entire body hummed with the beat that still filled the air. He had been groped, touched, and kissed. He had almost had a hand-job on the dance floor but he grabbed more than a few bulges himself. None of them stayed, but at least no one rejected him for having a cock underneath his miniskirt. They were pulled away by friends, other potential lovers, or just the ebb and flow of the dance floor. He didn't worry much, it was part of dancing and even if he didn't have someone to go home with, he still enjoyed dancing.

Sinking down on the seat, he ordered a drink through his wrist computer and slipped off his heels. His toes ached from dancing but the night was still young. It wasn't even midnight.

He wiped the sweat from his brow and along his cleavage before the drink came. The icy liquid felt good on his throat. The alcohol pushed back a bit of the exhaustion.

He spotted Madi on the far side of the dance floor. She had both of her legs wrapped around a guy as he held her ass tightly. Their bodies moved rapidly, not in time with the music but it didn't really matter. They were both obviously having a fun time judging from the way she swung her hair and her arched back reveal her bare, glistening breasts.

A couple passed in front of them as they headed out in a hurry. The woman looked determined as she dragged a man behind her. Davis watched them curiously, usually people leaving the club were either grinding against each other on the way to fucking or they were drifting away.

After a moment, he shrugged and returned his attention to the dance floor. The crowd was lighter than he expected, most of the prospects for the night had drifted away.

Davis worried his lip and then brought up his computer. No alerts flashed on his dashboard. It was also only 23:00, the club would be open for more hours. He shrugged and took another gulp of the sweet drink. The burn down his throat felt good.

As his body cooled, he looked over his prospects. There were quite a few handsome guys still out there. Maybe one of them would be interested in something more. There was always last call.

He started to get up when he spotted a large man heading toward him. At first, he thought it was the bouncer he had been teasing when he showed up but it wasn't. The newcomer had similar broad shoulders and muscular physique, but his hair stood up in short spikes. The tips of his spikes glowed and flashed in time with the music.

Almost instantly, Davis' cock swelled the longer he looked at the man. He didn't know to look at the hard body or the way his smile was a little crooked. He seemed comfortable, no, he was completely at ease walking and the crowd seemed to part around him.

Davis was afraid to look behind him to see if the man was approaching someone else. When the newcomer stopped in front of him, his heart twisted with excitement.

"Hello there," he said in a voice that sliced easily through the dance beat.

Davis had to calm his beating heart. He felt tiny standing in front of the man. "H-Hi."

"Mind if I buy you a drink?" He had a smooth accent, like whiskey over ice.

Davis could almost imagine what it would feel like as a whisper in his ear. His body grew hotter, negating his efforts to cool down. His throat was tight as he gestured to his drink. "I just finished this one."

"How about letting me take you for a spin on the floor?"

Davis giggled. "For a spin?" It sounds like you are trying out a new car."

The man inclined his head slightly and smiled. His eyes scanned across Davis from head to toe and his smile grew broader.

“Something like that. Come on, I like this beat.” He nodded up into the air to indicate the music.

Davis let himself be drawn from the chair and pulled to the dance floor.

“By the way, my name is Asher.” It was an old name but biblical names had gotten into fashion a few decades ago. It didn’t matter though, it fit his face and his voice.

The new song had a deep base that pounded the ground in steady thumps. The entire ground shook with the massive speakers. He couldn’t help but sway into it, letting letting the rhythm build up as the song accelerated.

Asher matched his movements, his bulk easily keeping up with Davis’ more slender form. He was mesmerizing the way he seemed to follow Davis’ steps and rocking, his hips and chest angling their bodies close enough they were almost fucking. When the DJs fired up the strobes, Asher’s body appeared in starkly different positions without even a hint of movement between the flashes.

Davis’ moans were unheard of in the music, but he could feel them vibrating his body. He felt hot and excited, a hungry desire rising up with every thrust of Asher’s hips or the occasional sight of a large bulge in the man’s slacks. His hand brushed against it with the occasional twirl of his miniskirt and he struck against a hardened rod that felt massive.

His asshole clenched with anticipation and his cock throbbed with need. He could feel the tip of his own shaft rubbing against the inside of his skirt. It pushed the fabric away from his body but in the flashing lights of the strobe, it was nearly impossible to see.

Asher caught Davis’ hand and lifted it higher. His other planted against the slender man’s hip, the powerful grip was dominating in the way it held him in place.

Davis gasped, his eyes widening as he took in the commanding man dancing with him. His entire body burned with desire to reach over and kiss Asher. Weak, he let the other man lifted his one arm above his head. When Asher pulled him close, he slithered up against the muscular man and ground his body tight against Asher’s.

After a few moments of grinding, Asher turned Davis around and then pulled it tight against his chest. His thick cock ground against

Davis' back, measuring the hard length against the slender man's body. Even through layers of fabric, the shaft touched the small of Davis' back and parted his ass cheeks at the same time. Two balls were a fist that threatened to part the cross-dressing man's legs.

It was Davis' favorite type of cock, thick and long and very hard.

With a moan, Davis ground against it, rocking his body up and down along the shaft. He felt the hard ridge press down against his skirt, forcing the thin strip of fabric against his asshole.

Asher leaned forward as his upper hand slid down Davis' arm, along his shoulder, and then to press his palm lightly against Davis' throat. A powerful sense of helplessly flushed over him as he felt the powerful fingers gently cupping him; he felt like a doll in Asher's grip.

Hot lips caressed Davis' earlobe. "I want you."

More felt than heard, the rumbling words sent a pulse of hungry desire ripping through through his body. His cock surged hotly, tenting his skirt, as he ground back against the hardness that sawed into the valley of his buttocks.

It felt damp.

"I want you right now."

Davis moaned, his body trembling.

Asher released his hip and pulled away. Before Davis could whimper, he felt the thick knuckles working against his backside for a moment. Then the other man lowered himself slightly before leaning forward.

At the touch of a naked cock against his inner thighs, Davis almost came. "Fuck," he moaned and pushed back.

Asher's shaft was just as thick as he hoped. It was a swollen rod, thick and ridged with veins. Smears of pre-cum coated his legs as Asher pumped it slowly between Davis' soft limbs. His fingers guided the shaft up toward the junction of Davis' being.

A sudden fear flooded Davis. What if Asher though he was about to fuck a woman on the dance floor? What would he do? Would he squeeze down on the hand wrapping around Davis' throat or just leave in disgust. He gasped and reached up, he had to warn Asher before his heart was broken.

The powerful arm around his shoulder wouldn't move. Asher's form continued to bob and weave with the music, but both of their

attentions were focused on the slick, swollen head that was being angled up against his thigh and nestled right against the tight sphincter.

At the sensation of something huge pressed against his asshole, Davis' knees grew weak. He wasn't sure what would happen, but it was hard to think past the overwhelming desire to feel the massive cock impaling his rectum.

"Right now," whispered Asher. His hand slapped against Davis' hip while the other tightened on the slender man's neck. "I'm going to fuck you, right now."

Davis shook.

The cock thrust up.

The tight sphincter resisted, clamping down on the slick head until Davis was balanced on his toes. He moaned and gasped, his body writhing still in time with the music but also with the animistic desire to feel the shaft impaling him.

Gravity and pre-cum made short work of his resistance. Only a few beats into the song and he could feel the tight ring relaxing. The sensation of something large stretching it open brought waves of pleasure to course along his body, wracking his mind as his fingers grew slack on the powerful grip that held him.

Asher's shaft punched deeper, driven by the song. It hurt but also was pleasurable. With the next beat, he started to pull out before driving it home. Every powerful boom that rocked the dance floor forced the cock deeper into Davis' asshole.

He gasped and moaned, his body shaking. His cock was painfully erect and drooling. He could feel it soaking into his panties and dribbling down his thighs. His balls were tight and on the edge of an orgasm.

Asher thrust hard, burying almost his entire length into Davis' hot body. The girth of the cock bulged out of the slender man's belly, outlining the length as he slid it further before pulling it out.

The fear that Asher would reject him faded under the powerful thrusts. His buttocks shook with every impact of Asher's hips. The hot cock plunged deep, filling Davis completely with pleasure before yanking out.

Davis' entire body spasmed with an intense orgasm. It tore through his senses, rippling along nerves as his cock spurted hotly

into his panties. Wet splatters dribbled down his bare thighs as he came and came.

Every thrust of the hard cock drove more cum from his body, milking him with pleasure.

Davis sobbed with relief and pleasure.

Through lidded eyes, he spotted Madi. She stumbled to a halt in front of him with two men in two. Her smile was broad and loose, she had too much to drink and too many orgasms. When she saw Davis writhing on Asher's cock, her smile grew wider. "Fuck yes!" she screamed.

Asher's grip on Davis' neck tightened. He drove deep, burying every centimeter of his massive cock into the cross-dresser's clenching hole. Instead of yanking out, he ground it harder and rocked it back and forth. Then, it felt like he exploded inside Davis as his cum flooded the young man's bowels.

Davis' cock jerked again, firing another splash of cum into the thin fabric of the panties. Wet slobbering droplets of cum poured out of the gap the hardened shaft made to the fabric. It splashed against Davis' leg on its way to the ground.

"F-Fuck!" Davis said with a shudder.

Asher pulled back, arching his fuck-toy's spine, until his lips were touching Davis' ear again. "Did you like that?"

"Y-Yes," Davis' gasped.

"I'm in town for the rest of the weekend. I really want to do this again. Do you?"

"Oh, yes, please!" Davis remembered his fear. He fumbled with the hand on his hip, trying to bring it down to his aching hardness. Even if he had only the one fuck on the dance floor, it would complete his weekend.

Asher resisted. Instead of letting Davis guide his grip down, he caught the man's wrist and pulled it up in front of him.

Davis frowned. Why was he looking at his wrist. His sphincter tightened around the thick intruder that impaled his rectum. The heat and pressure threatened to bring another orgasm flooding through his body. He realized he was barely touching the ground, only his heels gave him contact with the floor.

Deep inside him, the hard shaft pulsed hotly. "Good. Then let's make this formal."

Davis closed his eyes, enjoying the heat that surged through his veins. It raced through his body with a flashes of light, tiny orgasms that sparked along his nerves. His cock surged again but there wasn't anything left in his balls. The raw pleasure felt good and he moaned.

“Record a purchase—” started to voice of smokey whiskey.

Every muscle in Davis' body tensed. No one would ever start a phrase like that unless they were a hunter. Asher couldn't be a hunter, it couldn't be true.

“—for the cutie I'm balls deep in right now.” Asher's cock surged hotly, spraying more cum into the tight, clenching depths.

A low whimper escape Davis. He felt dizzy and slumped back, his body shaking with the afterglow of pleasure and the growing terror that he had just been turned into a slave.

His wrist computer came to life, flashing yellow. “Purchase in progress, waiting for distributed ledger confirmation.”

Davis began to shake as he stared at the computer. His mouth worked silently as tears formed in his eyes. One foot lifted and then fell, he couldn't pull himself off the rock-hard cock that pinned him in place.

A progress indicated that the exchange had been confirmed by a number of hosts across the network.

When it reached 80%, there were tears rolling down his cheek. He wanted to reach out and erased it, to run away. He wanted to deny what was happening.

Why didn't HunterNet warn him?

He glanced at the indicators at the top of his screen. With a sinking sensation, he realized he had never disabled the notifications after riding the train into town. It was his fault.

Madi danced closer. “Hey, Bitch, I'm... what's wrong?”

Trembling, Davis turned his wrist to show her what was happening.

Madi's smile faded. She pressed her hand to her mouth. “No. Oh, god, no.”

Davis' wrist vibrated twice and he saw red flash across the display. It pulsed brightly, just like the victim in the video they saw.

Madi gasped and stumbled back, her face pale.

Davis was no longer a free man.

He had been bought by the man who had just fucked him.  
He was going to die soon.

Asher held him tighter, his fingers digging into both sides of Davis' neck as he gripped the now slave's wrist with his other. He whispered into Davis' ear, audible even over the pounding beat. "Now you're mine."

His cock surged again, spraying even more cum into the wet depths of Davis' helpless body.



# Corrections

# 6

Davis' wrist buzzed. He gave Madi a helpless look before turning his wrist back. On the display, a new application was being installed against his will. He didn't know anything about it except its name: HunterNet Slave Control System.

His eyes instantly blurred as he saw the download complete in a matter of seconds, overwriting his previous life with a new one.

"Just a little thing to help you along," whispered Asher. His cock throbbed deep inside Davis' ass.

Davis sobbed. It wasn't supposed to happen like this. "W-Why? Why couldn't we just have... just had fun?" He tried to turn to look at Asher, but the other man tightened his grip around his throat. Davis gulped, feeling the grip holding him tight. "You didn't have to do that."

The powerful fingers dug into the side of the slender man's neck. "Yes, I did. Because I'm going to fuck every God-damned hole in your sexy body—"

He drove his hips hard into Davis' buttocks, pushing the slender man up on his toes.

Davis gasped, his body shuddering with fear and anticipation. He remembered the brutality of the scene in the video from earlier that night, it was terrifying but also awe-inspiring.

"—and on Monday morning, you are going to have the single..."

His hot breath washed over Davis' ear. It was hot, like a predatory about to strike.

"... greatest..."

Davis' wrist vibrated as the slave operating system has finished installing. He stared at it, sobs rising in his throat even as his cock grew harder.

"... fuck of your life. I promise you, it will be also your last."

Tears rolled down Davis' cheeks. He shook his head. "Please don't, please don't do this. I'll be good."

"Of course you'll be good." He stroked Davis's side. "You are going to be my personal cunt this weekend. Otherwise, I'm going to purchase that little Latino pussy that waved to you. Do you think she can make it to Monday morning before I gut her?"

He turned looked across the space of the dance floor. Madi stood only a few meters away shaking like a leaf and almost as pale as Davis. Her grip on her two lovers had grown slack, they had continued to work their bodies in time with the music while she remained still.

She looked at Davis, her wide eyes glistening with her emotions. Her full lips whispered "no" even though no noise rose above the pounding beat. She took a step back.

Davis closed his eyes tightly, the tears squeezing out from his eyes. "No. Not her."

"Well, then are you going to be a good little slave for me?" Asher's fingers relaxed as he strokes Davis' throat, gently pushing it up until the new slave stared at the ceiling. He continued to whisper in his ear. "Will you?"

Davis already knew that he was doomed. He couldn't bring Madi into it. "Y-Yes."

"Good, now I want you to slid that tight little ass of yours off my dick, get on your knees, and clean me off with that pretty mouth of yours."

The words sank in. Davis gasped as a wave of disgust filled him. He could feel the hard cock still buried in his ass. He had cleaned himself out before heading into town, it was as clean he could get it. However, the entire length of the massive cock was buried balls deep in his clenching asshole.

Davis whimpered and he shook his head.

Asher's grip tightened and his voice hardened, "I'm going to give you to the count of ten. If your lips aren't wrapped around the base of my cock, I'm going to make her do it."

“Really?”

“One.” His hand loosened around Davis’ neck.

“Please don’t—”

“Two. Get on your fucking knees,” came the order.

Davis’ wrist buzzed. A display flashed on the corner of his vision, “Correction in five seconds.”

“It’s going to shock you. Three.”

With a sinking sensation, Davis knew he didn’t have a choice. For all his looks and the heady rush of being fucked on the dance floor, there was a cruel hardness underneath. With a groan, he lifted himself up his heels. At the same time, he began forward and pulled himself off the hard shaft that filled his insides to the brim.

It felt as good sliding out as it did going on. The thick shaft dragged along the sensitive nerves of his body. Each ridge and bump brought little shudders of pleasure coursing through his frame. He hesitated at the end, with only the thick girth of Asher’s cock head filling him.

His new master planted his other hand on Davis’ hip. “You can fuck me all you want.” He drove his hips back into Davis, sliding the thick member back into the cum-slicked opening. “But I’m still going to make your friend choke on my cock if you don’t get your lips on it.”

Davis moaned and pulled himself off.

When the thick head popped out of his tightly stretched opening, a flood of cum poured out. It splashed on his inner thighs and ran down both. He could feel the wet splatters hit the ground between his legs. The emptiness brought a pang of sadness as he wanted to feel it driving back in.

But he had to obey, not only for himself but to save Madi. He fought back his revulsion as he turned around and dropped to his knees. Looking up, he looked at the dripping length of Asher’s cock.

Asher’s lips moved inaudibly in the music. “Five”

With tears in his eyes, Davis crawled forward. He brought his mouth up to the cock and took a deep breath. The sharp smell of cum flooded his nostrils along with the familiar musk of his own body. His imagination filled the rest of the details, something he didn’t want.

“Six.”

Opening his painted lips, he took the cock into his mouth. It was already growing hard, prying his lips as he clamped them around the hot length.

His stomach clenched.

Davis looked up but there was no compassion in Asher's eyes, only a hard lust of power. He had hoped there was something that he could beg for, but it wasn't going to be then.

He shoved his lips down on the shaft, bobbing up and down on the hard cock with hard movements. The taste flooded his mouth but he concentrated on the familiar flavors of cum and tried to let it overcome the other scents. At least that was a happy taste, one that he had enjoyed more than once.

It almost worked.

Fear kept him moving.

Davis reached up to grab the muscular buttocks of the man who had ruined his life and thrust harder, pulling himself as much as he was impaling his lips on the hard length. It slid easily into the back of his throat. When it tickled his gag reflex, he relented for a moment and took a deep breath.

“Seven, cunt. All the fucking way down.”

Davis looked up and took another moment to steel himself. He then shoved his mouth down, ramming Asher's cock deep into the back of his throat. He gulped as he did. It didn't shove down but he couldn't to give back. He pulled back and then slammed home again, hammering the cock against his throat with growing desperation.

His lips strained around the thick rod. The taste flooded his mouth but desperation drove him. He rammed the cock deeper into his mouth, gulping at the same time.

With a sickening slide, it speared his throat. It would have been a beautiful thing promising a week of pleasure and fucking. But the danger looming over him was impossible to forget; he could see his wrist flashing red as a reminder.

Davis' cock grew thicker and harder. No matter how much he was terrified, there was something about having something thick shoved into his throat and cutting off his breath. The heady rush of asphyxiation and the growing burn of his lungs brought a surge of lust.

Trembling, he reached up and grabbed Asher's buttocks with both hands. His fingertips dug into the muscular cheeks. With a shuddering gasp, he rammed his mouth onto the cock, rocking of back and forth as centimeter after centimeter slid into his gullet.

When his lips ground against base, he felt an intense wave of excitement and lust. It felt good to be dominated by the cock, to be forced to choking himself.

"Clean it," Asher demanded.

Davis slathered his tongue, forcing himself to suck and lick the hardness that pried open his mouth and strained his lips. He bobbed and pulled back, leaving the glistening shaft clean of everything but saliva.

His lungs burned but he was afraid that Asher was going to purchase Madi anyways. He worked the shaft carefully, bobbing back and forth until his tongue couldn't taste anything else.

When the head finally popped out of his lips, he gasped for breath. Tears ran down his cheeks as he drew air into his aching lungs.

Asher patted his head. "That's a good slave."

Davis glanced over his shoulder. Madi was gone. He was sad that she had fled but at the same time more than glad that she got away. He couldn't save himself but he could save her. Maybe she would make good on her teasing and take care of his father.

Sniffing, he looked up at the dominating man.

"Come on, let's move this to my hotel room."

Davis shuddered, his cock achingly hard as he struggled to his feet to obey his new master.

*t'Sade*

# Mass Purchase



Asher lead the way out of the bar, people stepping away to give him a clear path to the door. He made a show of zipping up his pants but otherwise there was no other sign that he was rich enough to purchase a human on a whim.

Davis followed on the edge of tears. He peeked around him at the faces that peered at him with curiosity, disgust, and pity. They knew what had happened, or at least had an idea. More than a few of them had flashing indicators from HunterNet to warn them that a hunter was a prowl.

When the door closed behind Davis, the sudden silence felt like a punch. He staggered at the lack of sound.

One of the bouncer, the one that expressed an interest, reached out for him and caught his arm. The electric touch was there but muted, insulated by the realization that Davis would never get to enjoy a chance with him.

The man looked at Davis' wrist. A look of sadness crossed his face. Davis looked back, tears in his eyes.

Turning to Asher, the bouncer spoke firmly. "Are you done with your hunt, Sir? You still have the alert going on."

Asher looked back for a moment and cocked his head. "I guess, I have enough entertainment for now." He looked up. "HunterNet, take me off the hunt."

Green lights rippled away from the entrance of the club. Phones grew quieter as the HunterNet alerts turned into notifications. Davis couldn't see it on his own computer but he could see a four hour countdown centered on their position; hunters couldn't legally start or stop their hunt whenever they wanted.

Davis gasped with relief and different tears burned in his eyes. Madi was safe from Asher. The hunter couldn't take her, not anymore.

Asher glanced at Davis. "Don't worry, you won't regret this."

"I'm going to die, aren't I?"

He shrugged and then smiled. "Yes."

"Why?"

"Because—"

"Hey, you!" snapped a stranger. Davis looked up to see three men storming up from around the corner. They were all wearing riding leathers for motorcycles. The back two had pipes in their hands. All of them were looking directly at Davis.

"I want some words, you cock-teasing fag." The lead man's voice sounded familiar. It took a moment to realize he was the first man who ground against Davis that night, the one who had touched his cock and then pulled away in disgust.

A fear rippled through Davis. He looked around for some place to hide.

Both the bouncer and Ash stood in front of Davis. The bouncer held out his hand. "You don't want to do this, Kare. Trust me, that man is a—"

"Yes, I do," Kare snapped and batted the hand away. "I have something to say to that fucking fag and I'm going to do it with my fist."

Asher stepped next to Davis and slipped one arm around the slender man's waist. When he pulled Davis tight, Davis felt a little thrill of excitement that his master was showing some signs of being protected. Asher said, "Don't worry, I have this. Just head on home or try again, this one is mine."

"I wouldn't be so sure, there might be a surprise down in that fag's panties."

Sweat prickled across Davis' brow. He had meant to let Asher know that there was a dripping cock underneath his skirt but it never happened. Now that he had been bought and enslaved, what would Asher do? How would he handle finding out about Davis' package? Cut his losses and kill him off instantly. He whimpered.

Asher cocked his head. "Really?"

"Yeah, that fucker is just pretending to be a girl."



Asher reached down.

Davis inched back. When Asher glanced at him, he froze.

The large hand of his new master caressed against his hip. Thick fingers worked along the sensitive skin and down between Davis' cum-soaked thighs. He stopped and smiled. "A little wet?" he asked.

The man accusing Davis pulled a face.

"Y-Yes," whispered Davis.

"How much of this is me?"

Asher slowly drew his hand up, pushing aside the tiny length of the skirt up and away from Davis' hard cock.

The soaked panties were pulled away from his hairless base, the tip of his shaft pushing it away. Cum dribbled down both sides of the gaping opening.

When Asher's thick fingers slipped around Davis' cock, his eyebrow lifted.

"See?" said the other man. "A fucking cock."

"Fuck," Asher said as he gripped Davis near the base. His hand was tight around it, causing the thick length to swell.

Davis looked at him helplessly, tensing as he waited for what would happen.

Asher's lip curled at the end. "You might be as big as me."

He pumped Davis once and then twice. The thick juices that soaked Davis' cock coated his hand. Then he pulled his hand out of his slave's panties to hold them up.

Cum dripped from his fingertips, the wet splatters splashing to the ground.

The other man smirked. "See, a fucking fag."

Davis panted, whimpering as he looked back and forth between the

Asher held up his hand to Davis' lips. "Clean it off."

With a gasp of surprise, Davis looked at Asher. At the other man's wink, he opened his mouth and sucked on the dripping fingers. The wet, globs of cum painted his tongue as he sucked one finger after the other, obediently cleaning each one in turn.

"Oh, that's fucking disgusting," said the other man.

Asher looked at him and shrugged. "I said I'll deal with it later. You lost your chance, just go away."

The bouncer shoved Kare back. “Back off, I’m warning you. This man is a fucking—”

Kare dug into his pocket and then yanked out a gun.

Davis and the bouncer let out a gasp and stumbled back.

Asher didn’t seem bothered. He stepped forward again. “Are you sure you really want to do this? I just bought this little pussy for the weekend but I still have plenty of wergild for your ass too.”

Kare hesitated. “Yeah right, like you’re a fucking hunter.”

“I am.”

“He is,” said the bouncer.

Kare shook his head. The muzzle of his gun turned to aim directly at Asher.

“You are threatening me knowing that I can buy your ass?”

“I think you’ve been telling that story to get a bunch of pussy because no one is going to test it. Everyone knows hunters don’t prowl the south side.”

“I’m just in town installing the latest round of HunterNet drones. I don’t know the hunting grounds but I like what I’ve caught.”

“You going to catch a round in my—”

Asher sighed. “Purchase system.”

Kare clamped his mouth shut. There was a flash of fear on his face for a moment before he regained control of his expression. With a snort, he said, “Yeah right. You’re going to buy me.”

“The asshole in front of me is threatening me with a gun.”

Davis saw two metal disks mounted on the corner of the building flash.

Kare rolled his eyes. “Yeah, I still don’t believe....”

His voice trailed off when he glanced down at his wrist. An orange alert flashed across his screen. Davis had seen it, but this one contained more information.

Asher shrugged. “It doesn’t matter what you believe. I have the law on my side and you are pointing a gun at me. Threatening my class? That’s an automatic purchase with a pretty hefty discount. Tell you what? I can’t spend less than a wergild, so either I buy your friends or use that new law to get your family instead.”

Sweat glistened on Kare’s brow. “Look—”

“No, you look here.” Asher said as he shoved his hands into his pockets and stepped forward. “You are a stupid little creature,

nothing more. A poor person who has delusions of self importance when you are really just running around in a little forest preserve for hunter to chase down.”

As he spoke, the flashing lights on the corner separated from the wall and flew off. They were quad-copters with what appeared to be black spheres hanging from below the blades. They flew across the street to hover behind Kare.

Asher sighed. “Purchase System: Spend an entire wergild on this guy’s family, using any and all discounts available and maximize purchases. Take all purchases and send the males directly to the soylent factory. Invest the females in the breeding programs.”

Kare’s face twisted in a scowl. He jammed at Asher’s chest. “Fuck you! I’m not going to let—”

A beep rang out as his wrist computer turned red. There was a flash as the Slave Control System installed itself.

He looked down. “What the...?”

“Immobilize,” Asher said with a grin.

Kare’s entire body jerked violently as if he was being tasered. Then he collapsed to the ground.

Davis’ body tensed. Now he knew what the control system could do.

Unperturbed, Asher looked up at Kare’s friends. “You want to join him?”

They fled.

Asher snorted and shook his head. He turned to the bouncer. “Tip this man ten grand dollars.”

Then he turned to Davis. “We’re going to back to my hotel now to see about this cock of yours.” He suddenly grinned. “I might even let you use it once or twice.”

*t'Sade*

# Rolling Over

# 8

Asher's cock plunged deep into Davis' throat, the girth of his shaft straining the slave's lips and the knot-like head stretching his throat. The thick length completely blocked Davis' lungs and his balls smacked against his noise.

Davis writhed on the bed. His head hung off the edge, giving himself complete access to his master's cock. His chest jerked only a few times as Asher raped his throat; after an entire of being fucked in his ass and mouth, there was almost no gag reflex. Instead, it was just a heady rush of submission and the growing desire of feeling his mouth filled once again with his master's cum.

Asher groaned as he thrust hard, then rammed his shaft deep. It swelled inside Davis' throat, plugging it completely as he began to spew cum directly into his slave's stomach. His body shuddered as he grabbed Davis' cock and pumped it a few hard times; his fingers made a wet slicking noise as his fist stroked from base to balls.

Davis shuddered and thrust his hips into his master's hand, pumping his hips in time with the pulsation of the cock that choked him.

His lungs began to burn. He tried to open his mouth further open but his jaw refused. His chest jerked with the desperation to breathe. He knew that Asher would eventually let it through but it still couldn't prevent himself from trying to inhale.

"Fuck," gasped Asher. He sawed his cock back and forth before slowly pulling it out.

Davis gagged on it, working his lips to make sure every hint of taste from it. He had gotten used to the taste of his ass on Asher's

shaft and balls. It was just one more thing that he had gotten used to in the last day of near constant fucking, sleeping, and eating.

When the glistening head finally slid out with a pop, Davis moaned and gave it a little kiss.

“Good little cunt.”

Davis panted and smiled. In the back of his mind, he knew that this would only end in agony and death, but so far, time with Asher had been nothing but fucking and orgasms. He twisted on the bed and raised his hips.

Asher stroked Davis' cock a few more times before bringing his hands to his slave's lips.

Davis obediently slurped his pre-cum from the fingers.

“I can't believe a pretty girl like you has such a large cock.”

Davis blushed. His cock jumped with the little aftershocks of lust.

Asher's own cock bobbed over his head. Davis reached up to kiss his balls.

“I'm thinking... you should enjoy it at least one more time.”

Davis started to moan but then froze. One more time?

His master smiled and his cock grew harder. Pre-cum dribbled out from the opening from his thoughts, a sign that worried Davis but at the same time excited him.

Slowly, Asher pulled back. “Ass or mouth?”

“W-What?”

“Where you do you want to put it? My ass or my mouth?”

Davis inhaled sharply. As much as he loved being fucked, occasionally he liked to do the same. “Um... ass... if that is okay?”

Asher nodded before he crawled on the bed. His muscular body flexed as he settled down on his belly, his tight buttocks rising up.

Davis scrambled to his knees, staring at the powerful body that had fucked him so many times since they left the bar. His cock jumped and surged at the thought.

“Go on, take your time. You won't get another chance.”

“W-Why?”

Asher turned his head to look at him. “Because I don't want you to have a big cock anymore so I'm going to castrate you as soon as you cum.”

It felt like Davis had been punched in the stomach. The world spun around him violently and he almost threw up the warm gurgling cum that had settled into his belly. “W-What?”

Asher lifted his hips. “You better fucking enjoying it, it’s going to be your last.”

Davis let out a shuddering gasp. “I-I....”

A hardness flashed in Asher’s eyes. “Even if you don’t, I’m going to cut off your balls. So, if you want me to do it now....” He reached over for the side table.

“No!” Davis’ shaft jumped. “No, I can. I want to.”

He didn’t but the idea of having his body mutilated brought a strange rush ripping through his body. Looking down, his cock had swollen painfully, the head of his length almost purple with excitement. Davis didn’t understand it, was he getting turned on by the idea of being castrated? Or was it the thought of looking more like a real woman?

When his dick jumped hotly, he realized it may be both.

“Good, because I’ve always want to know what it feels like to get fucked by me.” Asher chuckled and spread his legs. His cock rested against the white sheets, glistening with the last few bits of Davis’ drying spit. His asshole was a tiny little opening, a ring of dusky rose, nestled between the hard mountains of his muscular buttocks.

It was beautiful.

Davis’ heart beat a thousand times a second as he straddled is master. The thick girth of his shaft nestled along the valley. With one hand, he angled it down until the tip pressed against Asher’s sphincter.

“Oh, that feels good.”

“Have you done this a lot?”

Asher shrugged and pushed back. “Occasionally. It adds spice to the fucking. Come on, push it in. You are wet enough, Slut.”

Davis moaned. His skin burned with desire as he leaned his weight into his cock, pressing down. He felt the tight ring parting underneath the pressure.

Asher must have recently fucked something large. His opening didn’t fight nearly as much as Davis managed to slip the head in.

“Oh, fuck.”

Davis moaned.

“Keep going.”

Panting, Davis pushed and pulled. His pre-cum lubricated his shaft and it didn't take long before he was taking longer strokes.

“Harder.”

“Deeper.”

“Faster.”

The commands came to guide him. Davis found it hard to keep up but the sensation of the tight rectum around his cock brought him closer to an orgasm with every stroke. He wondered how he was going to get castrated. Was it going to hurt? Was it going to be a flash or hours of agony? Each thought brought a hotter surge coursing along his cock and he had to tear his thoughts away to avoid coming too soon inside the hot depths of the other man.

“Fuck, harder, harder!”

Davis drove into Asher harder until his entire body was covered in sweat. He gasped and moaned. He had to bite his tongue to avoid coming but he had to strain with all his might to keep the muscles tight to avoid letting lose a large load into the tight ass of his master.

It was a losing battle.

It had been too long since he had been the one fucking. The pleasure couldn't be held back and before he knew it, he found himself spraying deep into Asher's ass as he desperately tried to pump every milliliter of cum out of his balls before he lose them.

Gasping, Davis slumped over Asher's back.

“Good, Cunt.”

Davis moaned. “Thank you, Master.” His cock twitched as another surge painted the insides. It was just one more pleasure that he had experience since he lost his freedom, but it felt like a poignant one.

They remained still for a few minutes.

Slowly, Davis eased his softening cock out of Asher's ass.

His master clenched his ass as he lifted himself to his knees. He looked over his shoulder and then gestured to the bed. “On your back.”

Trembling with fear and trepidation, Davis obeyed. He nestled between the soft pillows and the frequently changed sheets. His cock remained half-hard, glistening with cum. His fake breasts were



the only part of him not covered with sweat but it didn't matter. He felt almost content.

Asher unsteadily got to his feet. He stepped over Davis, straddling his head while looking down.

Davis looked up and knew exactly what was going to happen. His stomach twisted with the thought, but he opened his mouth as his master lowered his dripping asshole to his mouth. The heat of Asher's body combined with the musk and sharp tastes of a freshly-fucked asshole. He blinked at the tear and began to lap at the gaping opening, drinking the river of his own cum that dribbled down his throat.

Asher's weight ground down on Davis' face. He shifted from one side to the other. It felt like he was pulling something from the side table. Then, the weight centered on Davis' face.

Davis moaned into his master's asshole, his tongue exploring the ridges. It wasn't the first time he had eaten Asher's asshole, but it was the first and apparently only time it would be dripping cum. He gulped and swallowed.

At the first touch of his master's hand on his left testicle, Davis shuddered. He couldn't help but focus on the cruel pressure as Asher rolled it around in his hand and squeezed it against the side of his sack.

Not knowing how it would feel made it more terrifying. He had no clue and that made everything worse. Every pinch, squeeze, and tug made him think it was going to be his last. His body shuddered and writhed. His cock swelled hotly, dripping pre-cum everywhere.

Asher moved to the other nut and roughly handled both of them. He seemed to be trying to force it to pop out of Davis' tortured scrotum. The pain rose and fell with every cruel squeeze but the never seemed to come.

Davis tried to focus on his master's asshole, lapping and sucking as hard as he could. He could feel the hard cock bobbing over his body, the hot splatters of pre-cum splashing down on his neck and collar. He was turning Asher on, or at least the idea of castration his slave was turning his master on. It didn't matter though, it was the anticipation that was the worst of the torture.

It finally happened when Asher was squeezing Davis' sack tightly, forcing the balls up against the delicate skin until it felt like they

were going to pop open. It was agony for Davis who could only scream into the hot asshole that plastered against his face.

A sharp pain scored along the base. With a sickening sensation, he felt flesh parting. The pressure slipped away as the agony cut through his senses. The blade, or whatever it was, danced along the base.

Behind it came an intense agony as his flesh felt like it had been ignited into fire.

He screamed with all his might, his entire body jerking violently. His cock managed to spray cum as he felt his entire senses rocking between agony and pleasure.

With a wet ripping sensation, he felt the last of his balls being torn away. Only an agonized burning sensation remained.

Davis slumped against the blank,. His tongue lipped from his master's asshole as he sobbed. He had been castrated.

Then Asher grabbed his shaft. He pumped a few times, forcing the cock to get harder and ooze more fluids.

It took a moment to realize it was about to happen again. Davis sobbed and thrashed. His entire body shaking as he dug his feet into the blankets. He tried to push Asher off, but an electric shock tore through him and he felt his limbs cease to respond.

The knife sliced into the base of his thick cock. He could feel the sharp blade sliding away at flesh, veins, and arteries. Hot blood sprayed everything, mimicking his orgasm.

Davis screamed helplessly as Asher sawed into his cock, dragging the blade again and again against hyper-sensitive nerves. It felt like there was blood and gore everywhere but the powerful man continued until the blade sliced through the last of it.

With a tug and a ripping sensation, Davis' cock was torn away.

He felt empty, light. For his entire life, he had a huge cock. He knew that, he could feel it. But now, it felt like Asher had torn everything away and left him hollow.

Davis sobbed, crying harder than he had ever done before. He tried to tense his muscles, to bring the familiar sensation of his shaft bobbing, but nothing happened. Only a twitch, only a wet scrape of an open wound, and nothing more.

The sphincter against his mouth clenched. Hot cum splattered across his chest, painting his body as his master had one more orgasm from castrating his current slave.

Slowly, Asher lifted his body and crawled over to the side.

Davis had to look. His eyes blurred as he peered down to the bloody mess where his cock used to be. Instead of his massive shaft, there was only a wide stump. The tip shone with some sort of plastic or rubber coating it, preventing more blood from spraying everywhere.

Next to his leg was a soft-shell case. A few spray bottles were scattered across it along with a bloody knife. He didn't recognize the logo at first, but then he remembered seeing it on the corner of the HunterNet application.

Confused, he found his gaze drawn back to the sea of crimson that soaked the sheets around his hips. He looked at the severed wound again, the flattened stump of his shrinking cock. Below, his sack had been sliced completely off, exposing the bright red and white of his insides underneath the sheen of plastic.

A cry ripped out of his throat.

Asher moaned as he crawled off. He turned around to reveal his swollen cock dripping with cum. "Clean me off," he ordered.

Sobbing, Davis forced himself to look away from the ruined remains of his manhood. He was now closer to being a woman than ever before. With tears in his eyes, he turned to service the cock that owned him.

*t'Sade*

# Final Fuck



Davis moaned as he clutched the sheets. His entire body shook in the time with the hard strokes of Asher's cock pounding his ass. Every stroke shoved him up against the headboard and even withdrawal sent shivers of pleasure coursing through his body.

He missed the heavy weight of his own cock swinging in time of the thrusting. It used to smack against his leg or thud against his lover's body but that was now missing. He felt compact and his pleasure more focused. He couldn't do anything but take the massive cock as it drove deep into his ass.

Asher groaned with each thrust. His balls smacked hard against the severed stump of Davis' cock. The burst of pleasure and pain only added to the growing intensity that built from their rutting.

"Oh fuck," they both gasped as their movements grew more frantic. Both of them were coming near the edge, days of fucking brought them more in sync with every orgasm.

Davis dropped to the blankets and spread his legs obscenely. His body tightened with his pleasure as she ground his chest against the sheets. One of his false breasts was missing, lost during a fuck earlier that day. Somehow Asher didn't seem to mind at all as he continued to fucking until he came all over Davis' now bare chest.

Asher slammed his hips hard and held it there.

Davis let his own pleasures go, his insides tightening around the pulsating cock. As Asher exploded inside him, the sensation of hot cum flooding his bowels triggering his own orgasm. His cum splashed out of the remains of his cock, spraying his thighs with hot cum.

Their bodies froze together, pulsating with their afterglows. Then, as one, they slumped to the bed.

With Asher's weight crushing him, Davis felt a strange sense of timeless contentment. As much as he wanted to think about the night at the club or even his father, it was almost impossible. It felt disjointed and separate from his current existence. A haze of orgasms separated his two lives.

He also knew that his current life was about to come to the end. The midnight between Sunday and Monday had passed during their latest round of fucking. Even with his face buried in the pillows with his ass being violated, he somehow felt the moment.

The next time would be the last.

He closed his eyes.

"What are you thinking about?" Asher's voice blew hot air along his ear. His sweat-slicked body shifted to the side as he rolled over. One powerful leg hooked over Davis' and pulled him closer, Davis' cheeks pulled apart and a flood of cum dribbled out of his ass.

Davis closed his eyes and buried his face in the pillow. He had to take a deep breath before he answered. "We're at the end, aren't we?"

Asher nodded.

"How is it going to end?"

His master smiled. "I don't know yet, do you have any ideas?"

"M-Me?"

"Yeah," he said with a smile. "In fact, I bet you have some secret desire in that chest of yours. Something you've always wanted?"

Asher reached over to stroke Davis' face break, setting off the haptic feedback. It felt good but also false, a fake fantasy of a foolish man who wished he was a woman.

He ran his hand down, along Davis' taut belly and down to the severed end of his cock. His fingers tips ran around the fresh wound, the plastic that sealed off the end making it only sensitive to the touch, but not agonizing.

Davis panted. His muscles tensed as Asher's fingers trailed down to sensitive spot between his ruined balls and his asshole.

"Isn't that what you wanted to be? A real woman?"

"Y-Yes. But I'm not."

“You can be, once. At least the one way I can give you.” He tapped the spot, grinding down on the soft space where a real woman would have her pussy.

Davis let out a choked sob.

“One time, one final fuck. How would you like to be fucked like a woman?” As he spoke, his cock grew harder against Davis’ hip. It was achingly hot against his body as it smeared pre-cum across his skin.

There weren’t many options. He was going to die one way or the other. He nodded. “Y-Yes.”

“Now?”

Davis sniffed and reached up to wipe a tear from his eye. “Yes.”

“Roll over, cunt.”

Davis obeyed, the shortened end of his cock growing hard even as his body felt like fire. He panted as he spread his legs, exposing the dark wound of his ruined sex and his dripping asshole.

Asher knelt in place, his thighs propping up Davis’ buttocks and holding them apart. His cock slipped up between them, the heavy girth thudding against Davis’ crotch. It felt heavy and swollen, man’s cock about to fuck a woman. The tip of it reached almost to Davis’ ribs. Thick dribbles of pre-cum ran down the length, splashing on sensitive skin.

He reached over to the side table and opened the door. He pulled out his soft-sided case.

Davis frowned, he thought it was already used up to castrate him.

To his surprise, it was an entirely different one with a metal-looking rod and a bottle of what looked like lubricant.

“W-What is that?”

“Something to make this easier.” Asher picked up the lube. “This will dull some of the pain of having your organs torn into. You’ll feel it, but it should mask most of the pain and turn it into something more pleasurable.”

It sounded almost clinical. “A-And the stick?”

Asher leaned forward, sliding his cock up along Davis’ body until his balls nestled tight against his slave’s asshole. “Think of it as a starter. Don’t worry, it won’t hurt for long.”

Davis whimpered.

“Didn’t I promise you a fuck of a life?”

“Y-Yes?”

Asher’s cock surged hotly. “And didn’t I buy your fucking ass?”

Davis felt a surge of heat coursing through his body. “Yes.”

“Then relax. You’ll feel a bit of a pinch.”

Asher pulled his cock back, separating their bodies. In the gap, he worked the metal rod until the rounded tip was pressed right against Davis’ body. It was the exact place a pussy would be, if he was a real woman.

Davis panted, his body tensing and relaxing. He knew it wasn’t going to be “just a pinch,” not if Asher was talking about turning him into a woman. He wanted it no matter how painful it would torture him. It was his fantasy.

“Ready?”

Davis shuddered and nodded.

“Close your eyes. I’m going to count to three. I’m not going to use the sealant this time, which means you are going to bleed.” He chuckled. “Think of it as lubrication and a bit of virgin’s blood, right?”

Davis cringed but then nodded. He gripped the sheets. “Y-Yes.”

“Three.”

Davis panted, his lop-sided chest rising and falling with his rapid breaths. Every muscle in his crotch clenched painfully, as if it would stop.

“Two,” Asher said with a grin on his face. His cock was dripping. He twisted the metal rod tight against Asher.

Davis clenched his eyes closed, trying to imagine what it would feel like.

“One.”

Then, a moment of silence, a hesitation.

Asher twisted the trigger on the rod.

Something slammed into his crotch, shoving him hard up against the headboard.

An instant explosion of agony tore through him as he let out a scream. His fingernails clawed at the blankets as his back arched in agony. He screamed out shrilly.

His master yanked out the metal rod. It had a ten centimeter spike with a cross-like blade on it. The entire length dripped with blood.



Pain radiated from the new opening of Davis' body, a third hole to be fucked.

Asher tossed it aside. Grabbing his cock, he pumped the lubricate on it twice before angling it down. The rounded tip of his glans slid down to rub against the raw nerves of the new wound. With a grin that bordered almost on insanity, he lodged it in before looking up. "Ready to become a woman?"

Davis whimpered but nodded.

Asher thrust forward, ripping through the opening made in his slave. Skin and muscle tore apart for the thick intruder as it plunged into his guts. His belly swelled as the cock drove deep.

"Fuck, you're tight."

Asher gripped Davis by the throat and and knee, pinning him in place as he forcibly shoved his cock deeper.

Davis screamed out as he felt the thick member inching deeper into his stomach, shoving organs apart. He could feel every ridge, every bump as he was violated. The sensations was intense and unfamiliar.

Asher pulled back and thrust back in, driving his cock hard into Davis' belly with relentless strokes.

Hot fluids sprayed out between them. The sharp taste of blood filled the air but it didn't matter anymore.

Davis sobbed with pleasure and pain. He reached up to grab Asher's shoulder, holding it tight and lifting his hips to meet the cock that was killing him.

Asher pounded harder, each thrust ripping open muscles further and easing the passage. Organs were shoved out of the way, the hot slickness lubricating the immense cock. He grunted and thrust harder, each stroke bringing him closer to being balls deep in his slave.

The world spun around Davis'. He could feel his life's blood spraying out whenever Asher pulled out but he didn't care anymore. He shook as he concentrated on wrapping one leg and then the other around Asher's hips. He angled his new pussy up and joined in his own violation.

Even through his tears, his eyes locked onto Asher's.

"I love fucking your cunt."

Davis couldn't get the words out. He begged with his eyes. He needed to be filled completely, to have his master ball's deep in his pussy. To feel the hot spray of cum inside his organs.

Asher plunged his cock in and out of the opening, spraying blood and pre-cum everywhere. It soaked the blankets and sheets, turning the white linen into crimson.

"Fuck. Fuck! Fuck!"

Asher rammed his cock hard, slamming Davis' head against the headboard.

Then again, every muscle in his body.

Davis' cock began to spray cum, an orgasm born of pain and pleasure setting off. It coated both of them, the direction almost an explosion than a blast.

Asher grunted and thrust into him again. "One."

Another. "More!"

"Fuck!" With a final surge, he rammed his cock hard into Davis, tearing through flesh and bone to bury every centimeter into the body of his slave. His balls sealed the bloody opening, each of his testicles growing tight.

Then he came inside his slave.

Davis moaned at the hot jets of heat that flooded inside him. He couldn't figure out where it was, only that it wasn't in his rectum. It spread across his entire body, filling every crack, every crevice.

"Fuck!" howled Asher as he gave a final, weak thrust before slumping against Davis. "Damn, that was good."

Davis moaned and slumped against his master. As he did, the sensation of blood pouring out of his body increased. He knew he was going to die this way, he only hoped that he could pretend he was a woman up until the end.

Asher smiled and lifted his eyes. "You were so good, Cunt."

"T-Thank you." Davis pulled him close to rest his face against Asher's muscular shoulder.

They said nothing for a long time.

The world grew hazy and unfocused. Davis was dying of blood loss. It wasn't much longer.

Asher sighed. "When I saw your profile, I knew I had to have you."

Davis moaned. “P-Profile?” His words were slurred, his tongue didn’t feel right.

“Your HunterNet profile. How do you think I found you?”

“Through the app?”

Asher pushed himself up but kept his cock buried deep. If anything, it felt hotter and harder. “Of course. I knew everything about you: your friend Madi, the fact you were dressed as a woman, that ass of yours. Cameras, alerts, hell, I even knew you had your notifications turned off.”

“H-How?” Davis whimpered.

Asher leaned forward. “Who do you think pays for HunterNet? It’s free for you, right?”

Davis whimpered.

Asher’s cock twitched. He began to saw it in and out again, fucking his dying slave. “That’s why we made it. That’s why we pay for it. It isn’t to protect you, it’s to track you. Fucking stupid prey that installs their own tags.”

Then words didn’t matter anymore as Asher began to pound Davis in earnest. He grunted with every thrust, tearing open the dying slave.

Davis knew that he wouldn’t feel his master’s orgasm, but it didn’t matter. He was being used as a woman. He smiled and let his consciousness drift away in pleasure and pain.

*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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