

**Rape the
Hand That
Fired**

t'Sade

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Curious Cabbit Press

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Rape The Hand That Fired

1

It was the type of night that seemed to ooze off the Franome river. The humid air stood still, a burning wall of pressure that fought against every movement, even the struggles of breathing. The faint breeze from the day before was just a memory, leaving only short tempers and growing angers in its wake.

Many places in the sweltering heat were tiny islands of ice and cold. They were the buildings of the rich and powerful, and those who preyed upon them. Most of them gathered their coolness from runes of power adorning the internal walls. Those runes rarely came cheap, nor was it a sign of being poor.

One of cold buildings was nestled between two office buildings. On the front, in neat letters, “Daraza and Sons,” was imprinted in gold on the stone surface. Daraza and Sons specialized in one function: separating money from the rich and powerful through a series of lawsuits and other legal actions. Most of the lawsuits had a basis of truth behind him, but some did not. The flexibility of morals led to a powerful company, but also reflected on its employees.

Political games, social circles, and the occasional corpse in the river, prevailed in the building. Brief wars raged in the halls, frequently burning out in less than a few days. And watching over it all, Master Daraza watched with as much amusement of his employees antics as he had of helping the rich spend their money.

Below the major players, those with short titles and multi-room offices, there were only a few that almost everyone feared. One of them, Karin Obstiker, was well known from the basement to the top floor for her almost brutal handling of her job to the cut-throat manner she tore apart her opponents. Karin held one of the keys to

the top floor: the ability to fire or hire someone at her whim. She ruled the staffing department with a death-like grip on its throat and tolerated no plotting against her.

But, in the darkness of that heated night, one of her victims came back.

Nestled near the top of the building, only one floor from the executive suites, Karin's office sprawled out in a corner. Large glass windows looked out over the dark city, almost magnifying the various torches and magical motes of light that danced through the city.

Her office was dark, but showed signs of occupation: the still steaming cup of tea, papers arranged across a massive wooden desk. The polished surface was only slightly obscured, as if she enjoyed the pleasure of the incredible surface and the swirl of wood that shimmered under the polished surface.

An angry thought drifted through the darkness' mind, She should, I built it with my own hands.

The thought came from the corner of her office, where darkness gathered into impenetrable shadows. A dark shape, a shadow within a shadow, shifted slightly as Marus felt his lip snarling slightly.

Part of his mind focused on the magical energies keeping the shadows around him, as the rest of it focused on his victim, his target. He remembered this office, almost two years before, when he was standing in the middle, in the light of day.

She was there, ripping apart his life with carefully chosen words and a flick of her hand. It ruined everything, his life, his marriage, even his home. He would have been fine if it ended there, but she insisted on going further.

He forced this thoughts back to reality, he was here for two things and he wasn't going to let a uptight little bitch get in his way.

Marus' eyes drifted around the room as his hand toyed with the handle of the bag in his hand. To his right, a massive shelf of wood stretched almost to the ceiling. He felt a sense of pride at the craftsmanship, the effort in making something immovable, powerful. It was a testament to his own craft that it would hold his large weight easily, in addition to the papers and books crammed into every shelf.

Beyond the shelf, a portal of light sent illumination into the room, avoiding him and his shadows. Through the door, flickers of shadows danced across the room as Karin continued to shuffle through the desks outside, trolling through her departments papers, looking for blackmail material.

Marus' glared and let his eyes steal back to the office. Almost every wall was lined with bookcases, with status and pictures nestled between the beautifully crafted shelves. Behind the desk, a padded leather chair lurked, waiting as a throne for the bitch who presided over it.

He stroked the wood of the shelf and waited. The wood felt comforting underneath him, calming and inspiring him at the same time. He took a deep, but silent, breath and focused his will into the wood. The shadows around him drifted slightly until he brought those back underneath his control. He managed to split his attention between the energies holding the shadows, and energies communing with his wood, reliving its life and the moment of creation, when he carved it with his own hands.

She entered the room quickly. She was beautiful, more so than he remembered, so he draw out from the wood and watched for a moment. She was canine-aspected, a mix of human and dog features. In her case, she looked more human than dog, but there was a sense of the canine in her.

His eyes flickered across his body as he remembered how she looked, even in the darkness of the office. She was shorter than him by one or two of his large hands, but he didn't care about that, he was rather tall. She had a refined face and large, expressive eyes the color of emerald clouds. Her ears were a little higher than a human's, peeking out of her mane of amber hair as two triangles.

She was wearing a simple, but expensive outfit: silk blouse, black layered skirt that her amber tail peeked from below. High heels, the color of the midnight river, sparkled in the room as she circled around her desk and sank into it heavily.

Her frustrated sigh brought a smile to his face, but he was waiting for something. Karin picked up a picture on the desk and stared at it. It was of her, a few years before, and she always looked at it critically. After a few moments, she set it down with a sigh.

Marus' smile grew larger as her eyes caught a folder on her desk, one that she didn't place there. A frown rippled across her face as she toyed with the edge for a moment before opening it. He knew what was in there, he placed it there a few minutes before, right after he broke into the office.

It was his employment folder, including the four page letter she had sent to his wife to explain why he was fired. His smile turned into a snarl as he remembered his wife's look, the terror, and soon after the divorce.

All for one mistake with one of the women who worked there.

Karin's frown grew deeper as she browsed through the papers, then she closed it. Marus saw a smile flicker across her face for a moment before she stood up to return the folder.

Feeling his cue, Marus released the spell that held the shadows to him. At the same time, he focused his will on the massive bookcase to his right, the one between him and the door.

Please.

The shelf remembered its creator and he felt a brief sadness before the smell of wood smoke drifted across his senses. He was only slightly aware that Karin had also stopped, sniffing the air, as he shoved with his hand.

Fastenings shattered and wood cracked as the shelf gave its life for him. Heavy wood, papers, and books crashed away from him, slamming the door to the office shut with incredible force.

The look of surprise and growing fear on her face sent a tiny twinge of excitement through his groin, pushing up even as he took a deep breath. The bag in his hand felt heavy, but its purpose drove him to step forward, a slow movement that brought her attention to him.

He watched her eyes widen and her tail press tightly against her legs. Her involuntary movements pushed the chair back as she tried to step away from.

Savoring the moment, he grinned widely before speaking in his rasping voice.

"You shouldn't have sent that letter," he barely paused to spit out the last word, "bitch."

Karin blinked and shook her head slowly, as if denying the voice that drifted toward her, "Marus? Is that you?"

Letting the bag drop to the floor with a heavy noise, Marus leaned forward to press his palms against the smooth surface of the desk. It called to him, a hungry need for his master, but he was focused on the woman before him.

“You already know that answer, don’t you?”

He watched as her surprise turned to anger, “What are you doing here? Get out!”

She gave a gesture for him to leave, but Marus only looked toward the sealed off office door for a moment before swinging his head back. He felt another surge growing in his cock as he saw her trembling body, no matter it was anger or fear.

“I’m sorry, I can’t do that. I still don’t have what I came for.”

That comment, made in an almost amused rasp, startled her for a moment. When she spoke, a frown shadowed her face.

“What do you want? There was no severance pay, you were fired.”

“For bullshit reasons.”

“You tried to seduce Daraza’s only daughter.”

He shrugged, but his cock twitched in memory. His fingers curled up against the wood, stroking a thin ridge as he stared at her with a hungry gaze.

“So?”

“Well, if you have a problem, bring it up with Daraza, not me.”

Marus rapped one knuckle against the table and grinned as Karin jumped back slightly. He stared at her for a moment, enjoying the sight of her breasts heaving in fear underneath the silk blouse.

“No, Daraza didn’t insist on sending a letter to my wife. Nor did he write threatening letters to my creditors, my landlord, and just about everyone else you had on file for me.”

Fear flickered through her face before she shook her head, “I didn’t-”

Marus felt the anger burst inside him as he slammed his hands against the desk, “No! I read that file in front of you. I saw what letters you wrote.”

She dropped the folder as if it was an ember, but Marus was already yelling at the top of his lungs, “You destroyed my life, you bitch! I couldn’t get a job in town, my wife left me, and you just laughed!”

Her eyes widened but he continued, "I spent two years of my life wandering from town to town because of your letter! You destroyed it, not Daraza, not anyone else. You, bitch!"

His anger seemed to pin her against the chair and she slowly sat down, her hands clutching the edges of the padded chair. He could feel his glare boring down on her as his body shook with the growing rage at the woman that destroyed him.

Silence stretched between them for a moment before she whispered, "What do you want?"

"My life back."

"I-I can't..."

He ignored her trailing off whisper as the anger deepened inside them. Hatred washed through him as he grinned again, "Then I'm going to destroy yours."

Marus could feel his cock twitching again, pushing up against his trousers as he watched the fear growing inside her, the tightened knuckles against the armrests, the sound of her tail against the leather, the slow breathing that tented her blouse.

"H-How?"

Her fear could almost be tasted in the air as he smiled broadly. His entire body shook with the need to lunge forward, to grab that tiny throat and shatter it underneath his grip.

But, he resisted. Instead, he managed to simply declare his plan.

"I'm going to rape you. I'm going to break that pretty body so no one will ever want to fuck a little bitch like yourself. When I'm done... well, let's say your husband will never want you again."

A sharp intake of breath was his only response, but he could already feel the terror beginning to build inside her. Her eyes flickered to his right, toward the blocked off door. He could almost imagine her thoughts, trying to find some way to escape him. Except for the door, the only other way out was a ten floor drop to a stone road. He didn't think she had the willpower to commit suicide in that manner.

Tension grew between them and he found himself staring at her throat, watching the throb her artery and the gasping of breath as she fought with her own emotions. His cock was straining at his jeans as he realized how much power he could have of her, how he could break her as she tried to break him.

Panic surged in her eyes right before she lunged from her chair. He barely had a chance to see the bunching of muscles before he threw himself in same direction as she tried to escape around the desk. Powerfully, his hand snapped out and grabbed her air as she flew past him, racing toward the door. He could already see her legs preparing to jump through the tiny glass window of the office door, but his fingers barely caught the strands of her air in time.

With a roar of triumph, he slammed his hand down to the ground, yanking her back by the head and toward the ground. Her shriek echoed against the walls, right before it ended in a strangled noise.

Breathing hard, Marus looked down at her. Karin's mouth worked soundless as she tried to gasp for breath with lungs that refused to work. His cock surged inside his pants as he grabbed her thigh with his other hand and yanked her up. His muscles strained against her weight, but he was able to slam her even harder against the table, knocking the wind out of her again.

His left hand clamped around her throat, pinning it against the smooth wood as he used his other to slam her elbow down. Pulling on his energies, he focused his will on the desk below, calling on the power that wood granted him.

Karin was just beginning to pull in the first breath of air as the surface of the desk began to flow up, like a living creature. The hard wooden surface moved like syrup, slipping up thought her clothes and against her bare skin. It curled around her elbow and pulled down. As he concentrated it thickened until it was the width of her wrist and spread out over a hand width. Releasing her arm, he watched as she struggled against it. The wood had already hardened underneath his will, creating a wooden shackle that she had no chance of breaking.

His victim was just beginning to thrash as he stepped around to her other side, keeping his left hand tightly on her throat. Her arm flailed around, as she desperately tried to break free of the wooden shackle, but he caught it and pinned it to the desk's surface. Another focus of will and the wood began to flow around her elbow, capturing it just as tightly as the first. As the wood hardened, he watched her as she tried to thrash back and forth in blind panic. Her

legs kicked against the desk, but her shoulders could barely leave the desk.

Releasing her throat, he stepped back for a second and watched her struggles. Karin's scream filled the room, a shriek that begged for anyone to rescue her as she thrashed on the table. The rapid sound of her kicking punctuated her screams, but her hands could only flop uselessly beyond the wooden bounds.

Dropping one hand to his aching cock, he rubbed it through the jeans as her feet continued to slam against the desk, scattering papers everywhere. He could already feel the wetness seeping down it, but it wasn't time for him to pull it out yet.

He already had plans.

Chuckling evilly, he stepped around to the side of the desk and used both hands to shove her chest against the hard surface of the wood. Her screamed continued to vibrate through her body as she tried to kick him, but he ignored the feeble efforts as he moved down, putting on his weight on her stomach, then her hips. He paused for a second as he watched the skirt ride up, flashing him with her panties as she frantically struggled against him. Her entire body shook with the effort to resist him, but he was working himself down one leg, pinning it down until he had one hand on the joint of her hip and one on her knee.

Ignoring the shrieks, he focused on the wood and brought it up to wrap around her. It spread over in a thick shackle that covered almost half her shin, then pulled down until he felt the leg spasm from the effort to move. With one only leg free, he easily caught it and pinned it to the surface of the desk. The wood shaped easily under his will, answering to the call of its creator.

It took only a few minutes, but Karin was trapped. Her back arched and dropped to the desk almost in time with her hands and feet shaking and twisting uselessly. When she found she couldn't move, she began to scream in earnest.

"You bastard! I'm going to kill you! I'm going to rip!"

Marus rubbed his cock again, feeling the ache to shove it into the screaming hole, but he resisted. Leaning over, he picked up his heavy bag and set it down next to her. Karin continued to shrilly scream at him, a mix of swearing and threats. He ignored them and opened the buttons of the case. Digging around for a moment, he

pulled out two items, a pair of pliers and a sheathed dagger with an ornate scabbard.

At the sight of the dagger, Karin's struggles returned and her screaming turned into whimpers. As her body began to shake in fear, her eyes fluttered as fear began to rip at her conscious. Spying her actions, Marus shook his head angrily.

"No, bitch, fainting isn't going to help you this time."

Quickly digging in his pack, he pulled out a thin golden circlet. He unfastened it and placed it around her neck. It closed with a click and her body almost immediately tightened. He watched at her eyes focused back on him, as the magic from the circlet drew her from unconscious and forced her awareness. Terror hovered in her eyes as she stared at him in surprise in horror.

"Like it? I stole it from a torture room. Its suppose to keep you conscious and prevent any nasty business like you losing control of your bowels or bladder."

He made a face at the thought, but then stroked his fingers against the wood surface underneath her. The sight of her wide eyes and the sound of her whimper brought a smile to his face. He stroked his fingers against the pliers for a moment, then circled around her desk to the drawers.

His eyes flashed up to watch her struggle, then started yanking open each drawer. He found what he was looking for in the second one and pulled out a pair of scissors.

"Figured you kept one. Easier than bringing one myself."

Karin watched him with fear-filled eyes, but he just closed the drawer and leaned over her. He opened and closed them as a test, watching her reaction. The sound of metal on metal seemed to startle her, but she kept her mouth shut. Pleading eyes watched him, but it only brought a surge of excitement to his cock.

One large hand grabbed the front of her blouse. A whimper drifted through the room as he pulled it up and cut it open. Dropping it, he saw the swell of her breasts in the ragged opening. He let the scissors drop on her hips as he shoved both hands into the opening and grabbed the soft swells. She had small breasts, but the shaking body and the whimpers of fear that filled the room excited him more.

Tearing the opening more, he stroked his fingers against her firm nipples, from the top set to the smaller ones below. Karin had six breasts, all small. They were barely mounds, but there was enough to bring a surge of heat pouring through his cock.

Squirming underneath him, Karin begged softly for him to release her, but he ignored it as he tore open her blouse even more, tearing it along the arms and collars until it was only ragged cloth wrapped around the wooden shackle on her right elbow. Marus sighed happily as he squeezed her breasts. He trailed a finger up to her throat, then back down to the band of her skirt. Picking up the scissors, he quickly cut it open and yanked it out from underneath her.

Karin shrieked and continued to beg for him to release her, but he was ignoring her. He trailed the tip of the scissors along her thigh, then back up to the tight fabric stretched over her sex. Fear filled the air, bringing the heat of his cock almost to a bursting point.

She started to shake her head violently as she tried to shift her hips away from him. Marus chuckled and teased the tip underneath the fabric and pulled it up. Underneath, he could see a thick patch of amber-colored pubic hair peeking out.

With a grin, he used his other hand to pull it up, then began to cut away the fabric. Karin's whimpers grew louder as she froze, afraid to be cut by the sharp points.

Marus chuckled, "Afraid of being cut?"

Tears formed at Karin's eyes and she nodded slightly. Marus nodded and then yanked the fabric away from her; the sound of it tearing was almost harsh in the office.

As her cut panties drifted to the floor, his fingers were already stroking her sex. His fingers shoved through the thick fur, almost tearing it out as he sought the slit of her sex. He found it quickly, but it was dry, as expected.

"Little dry down here, are we? I guess being raped doesn't excite you that much."

Karin could only whimper. Hefting the scissors, he reached down and began to trim the thick public hair away from her sex. It fell away in large clumps even as her body shivered in fear; he didn't bother with a close trim, just enough to expose what he wanted.

When he finished, he could finally see the pink folds nestled between her legs. Blowing the last of the hairs away, he dropped the scissors on the floor.

With a grin, he patted her sex and looked back into her crying eyes.

“There you go, nice and fuckable.”

Marus didn't get an immediate response, so he ran his fingers over her shivering skin, trailing from her sex to her nipples, then to her throat. One finger stroked along her lips.

“So pretty.”

She snapped her teeth at him, but he pulled back in time. Her teeth hit air and he chuckled.

“Ah, but you still have a bite, don't you?”

“You bastard!”

Her shrill scream echoed against the walls as she struggled to free herself again. He rested on hand on her stomach and pressed down, crushing her against the smooth surface of the wood. Karin's screamed dissolved into whimpers of pain as he increased the pressure, grinding her tighter against the desk. When the whimpers turned into whines of pain, he finally released her.

Quickly, he stripped off his clothes, finally releasing his aching cock from its confinement. At the first sight of it, Karin's whimpers grew louder, but she didn't look away. Marus grinned as he stroked it with one large hand.

“Hungry for this?”

Karin whimpered again and shook her head. He shrugged, “You're going to fuck it sooner or later, so might as well start lusting after it.”

She didn't seem to find it amusing, but Marus did. With another chuckle, he let the last of his clothes drop to the floor and crawled on the desk. The heavy object barely moved from his weight and he straddled her stomach.

His cock was immense against her body, a thick dripping member ready to penetrate every hole of her body. Karin stared at with it wide green eyes, as if she was unable to look away. Marus shifted forward, letting his two heavy balls brush against her nipples as he jammed his knees into her armpits.

Looking down, he saw the bright green eyes shaking as they stared at his cock, hanging below her chin and outside of her bite's reach.

"Oh, don't worry. We're not ready for that, but I do have something in mind."

Almost tenderly, he strokes his fingers along her shoulders, toward her neck. Tracing the curves, he brought her fingers up to her lips; she tightened them in anticipation. Marus trailed his thumbs to the side, pressing tightly at the juncture of her upper and lower lip. With a minor grunt, he tightened his grip, shoving them up against her teeth until her lips parted from the pain.

Just as his thumb tips pressed against the enameled surface, he worked his way down, to the back of her mouth, at the sensitive part where her jaw connected. Finding it, he pressed again, boring more pressure until he felt her neck clench with the effort to keep her mouth shut.

His advantage of position and strength broke a whimper for her throat as he slowly forced her jaw open. He kept his thumbs at the joint, beyond the teeth and shoved in the sensitive part of her jaw. With a grunt, he rammed more of his thumbs into her until he was rewarded with her teeth parting and the view of her pretty throat.

Marus' whisper sent a wave of struggles from her, "So pretty, so fuckable."

He rode her struggles until she weakened. Between each wave of effort, he managed to curl his other fingers behind her head and force her jaw more open.

Focusing on his will, he drew the wood of the desk up along the side of her mouth. She panicked as he continued to tighten, but she was unable to release herself from his grip when the wood flowed into her mouth, pressing down where his thumbs were. Marus pulled back just as the thick, immobile wood, pressed inside her mouth, a bit that forced her jaw open.

Marus' cock was dripping down, splashing precum on her chest and throat as he guided more of the wood into her mouth, forcing it wider. His fingers trailed along her teeth, finding a purchase and pulling them apart until Karin's jaw creaked. Her shrieks were muted, almost muffled by the wood and pressure on her jaw.

Soon, her jaw was forced open, wide enough for her gurgling screams to vibrate through the room. Under his will, the desk hardened inside her, sealing her jaw open and her head against the desk.

Leaning back, Marus stroked his soaked cock as he stared at her mouth.

“Almost ready, bitch.”

His other hand reached down and found the pliers.

“But, you still have a bite.”

He used the harsh metal to clamp on her top canine. At the first touch of the cold metal, she screamed and struggled violently, trying to break free. The wood holding her mouth open prevented any movement as he tightened his grip, then pulled.

A wet sucking noise filled the room as her scream grew louder. Her body spasmed underneath him, her breasts slamming up against his aching cock with delicious strokes. A flash of blood burst from her mouth as he yanked her tooth from its base. Her scream turned into a shrill sound as her body bucked violently underneath him.

Dropping the tooth on the desk, he reached into her mouth and clamped on her next one. Her screams were more frantic now, a constant wave of noise and shrillness as he yanked another tooth from her mouth. The spray of blood coated her lips, but he was already dropping the severed tooth and reaching in for another.

It took him almost thirty minutes to pull out each tooth from her mouth. Her screams turned into gurgled noises as the bright blood soaked down her throat; she was forced to gulp hard to avoid suffocating, but it only paused the noises vibrating from her body before they resumed with more force.

The last tooth, a molar, bounced off the desk and scattered to the floor. Marus tossed the pliers after then, letting the metal crash against the floor.

His cock was almost dripping constantly now, soaking her throat with precum. With a sigh of pleasure, he jabbed two fingers into her mouth and ran them over the ragged pits of her gums. Karin screamed underneath him as he searched for any remaining teeth.

Finding none, Marus sighed happily and brought his bloody hands to stroke his cock. It felt so hot, so powerful in his hand as he

looked at her face and bleeding mouth. Tears were pouring down her face, dripping onto the desk as she gurgled for mercy.

Marus shifted down until he was straddling her stomach once again. Slowly, he leaned down and kissed her lip, then the other.

“Don’t worry. The fun begins soon. And soon, those screams are really going to echo.”

Leaving a trail of precum on her body, Marus crawled off her body and stepped heavily on the ground. He reached over her, pinching one nipple on the way, and picked up the sheathed dagger. Hot sensations of power rolled up his arm, but he pushed them back as he waved it in front of her eyes.

“Four more cuts and this part will be all over.”

Karin whimpered pitifully, her breasts shaking with fear and her hips trying to shift away from him. Marus reached out and shoved his fingers between her legs, his finger plunging into her sweat-soaked slit. She jumped in fear, but he found her opening and jabbed it a few times before pulling it out.

“But first, we need to prepare you.”

Setting down the dagger quickly, he grabbed one leg. His will focused on the wood, forcing it to become more fluid as he tightened his grip and pulled.

Karin screamed in pain as he pulled her knee away from her, to the edge of the desk. With two hands, he yanked her ankle over the side, then continued to twist and pull her leg until he yanked her knee over. Watching with growing excitement, he enjoyed the sight of her leg being pulled away, almost perpendicular to her hips. It exposed the pink slash of her sex, then pulled it apart like a ragged opening. His will continued to focus on the wood as he forced it slide up and over, trapping her leg flat against the wood’s surface. More wood flowed out of the side of the desk, pinning her leg there.

The wood hardened as he let go, never giving her a chance to escape. Looking over his handiwork, he stroked his cock again. Her right leg was stretched away from her, almost in a split, but the knee was painfully forced to bend over the sharp edge of the desk. The point where her leg met the hip was stretched out, almost distended to the point of dislocation.

Stepping sideways, he grabbed her wrist and elbow. Wood flowed wetly away from her as he pulled on her arm, yanking her closer to

the edge as he forced her wrist over the edge, then pulled tighter until her elbow also dangled over the edge. Twisting her arm forward, he forced it against the surface and brought the wood to bind it.

Padding around, he paused briefly to watch the tears pouring from her eyes before he grabbed her other wrist and shoulder. Even as the wood started to flow, Karin was screaming from the pressure of his pull. A soft popping noise echoed in the room as he dislocated her shoulder with one hard tug, then forced the elbow the opposite side of the desk. Another soft pop noise burst in the room as he dislocated her elbow and forced it over the edge, sealing it tightly against the side of the desk.

Karin was screaming now, a long wail of terror as he stretched out her final leg to the edge, forcing it over the side and sealing it with wood. When he looked up from his task, her screams were fading into a hoarse gurgle that brought another flare of excitement to his cock.

She was stretched tightly, almost to the point of breaking. Her legs were spread obscenely, giving no protection to her sex, or to the obvious pain of her body. Black bruises were forming on her hips and shoulders; the dislocated shoulder and elbow were already turning blue from the blood, but that only brought a moan to his lips.

Karin thrashed against the desk as he pressed both palms against it. With his will, he guided the wood to slid up around her waist and throat, sealing her against the surface. The wood crawled between the valley of her breasts, pulling them down until her bones creaked from the pressure.

“Perfect.”

His whisper slithered in the room as he picked up the dagger again. Pulling the sheath off, he frowned in discomfort as runes on the blade began to glow red. A growing heat washed over him as the runes began to glow brighter, turning white with heat. The blade itself started to glow itself, a cherry red that brightened into a white-hot glow. It took only a few seconds, but the intense heat that washed over his hands was almost painful in intensity.

Holding the dagger in his right hand, he reached down to Karin’s face and turned it toward her dislocated shoulder. The wood

holding her jaw open flowed with him, forcing her mouth still open, but allow her neck to rotate. She resisted with feeble strength and whimpers of fear, but he easily forced her to stare at her shoulder.

The sight of her bruised shoulder brought a quiver of fear through her body, but the sight of him bringing the glowing dagger to it brought a high-pitched scream of terror that ripped from her body. Short hairs on her body blacked and curled as the blade hovered over the joint for a moment.

Then he brought it down.

Skin blackened and peeled as he easily shoved it through the joint. He could feel her bones cracking from the intense heat as he brought the rest of the blade down, easily slicing through muscle and tendons until it impacted the wood.

Marus pulled up the blade quickly, unwilling to hurt the desk anymore. He shoved down with the blade, completely the cut with a moan of pleasure.

As he pulled back the blade, he stared at the blacked stump of her shoulder. Her severed arm, a few centimeters away, twitched slightly as the scorched end began to cool.

Underneath him, Karin's body froze in shock. Marus watched her eyes, staring at the green color as it faded slightly. With a chuckle, he released her head and stroked the rough opening; her body barely twitched as he rubbed against ruined nerves.

Moving down, Marus positioned himself next to her right leg. Stroking up her outstretched leg, he shoved two fingers into her gaping sex. Curling his thumb around her hip, he stared at the distended joint for the place to cut. Her hips jerked slightly in fear, but her mind still in shock.

Finding too much pleasure in her weak struggles, he jabbed the dagger into the joint in a powerful thrust. Skin curled away from the blade as the smell of scorched flesh flooded the room. Pulling out with a moan of pleasure, he watched strips of her flesh boil off the blade. His other hand, buried inside her sex, felt her body spasm in agony and his cock sent an answering surge of pleasure through him. He completed the cut with a hard slash, the enchanted blade cut through bone as easily as her flesh and his hand cracked against the desk.

Yanking it out, he pulled his fingers from her opening and used it to push the leg away from her amputated joint. Her sex closed slowly, no longer being held apart by the outstretched legs and he felt his need to orgasm push closer.

He moved to her other leg and severed it quickly. As he pulled her leg completely away from her body, her shock finally broke. A long, high-pitched wail burst into the room as she tried to thrash. The heavy wood pinning her down prevented her, but he could see feel her entire body straining against her bounds. His eyes focused on her lower half, the tapered end that ended in her sex framed by the two ruined stumps where her legs used to be. Every time a spasm of strength rippled through her, her wail would increase in volume as agony ripped through her.

Marus used his free hand to stroke her opening and watched as she tried to close her non-existent legs, the muscles twitching but nothing could stop him from jabbing two fingers into her body and twisting painfully.

After a few seconds, he yanked his fingers out and pinned her tail down with one hand. It spasmed in his hand as she tried to yank it free. Marus ignored it and jabbed down, cutting it into a stub in one short stroke. Karin's back convulsed against the wood, almost cracking from the force, but he ignored it as he stepped away and watched the burnt stub of a tail snap from side to side.

Sighing with pleasure, he stepped over to her other arm. He turned her head the other direction, toward the limb he was about to remove. Karin's wail broke as she started to beg with whimpers.

"No, please... don't. I'll do anything. Your job back, your life back. I'll... even get you a wife... but please..."

Her voice was broke and hoarse, from too much screaming and too much suffering. Marus shook his head and hovered the blade over her shoulder. Her entire body shook with a sob that rippled through her body, but he was already slashing down.

Flesh parted under the enchanted knife, cutting cleanly to the desk. A strangled whimper escaped her body as she closed her eyes. Another sob wracked her body, then a third. She began to sob painfully as he finally sheathed the dagger and yanked the remains of her last arm from her body. The wood released it and he threw it to the ground. The view of her ragged, charred stump of a shoulder

finally pushed him over the edge and he orgasmed, sending jets of cum across her body as he groaned in pleasure.

Marus held his position for a long time, until the last of the white jets of cum splattered against her face, breasts, and throat. Karin's whimpers and whines of pain were lost until his breath slowed down. To his surprise, he found himself leaning against the desk, unable to stand up straight for a long moment.

Gasping, he managed to push himself away and look at the pain-filled eyes of his victim.

"Now, bitch, you don't have anything to fight back with. No more letters, no more ruined lives. In fact," he paused for a moment, "I think the only thing you'll be good for is being a rape toy."

Karin began to shake her head, her eyes unable to handle his thoughts. He said nothing, just reached out and grabbed for one breast. The wood flowed away from his hand, sinking back into the desk, and he grabbed the mound and squeezed tightly. His fingers thumbed at the hard nipple, then twisted it hard for a moment. Karin whimpered, but couldn't move away.

Marus grinned and reached out with his other hand for another breast. The wood poured off her, giving him access as he twisted and squeezed one, then another. Soon, the wood had dripped completely off her chest and stomach, leaving her bare. He watched her breasts as they heaved with her deep breaths. One hand pushed down, parting her outer lips to poke at her opening. It was still dry, except for the thin sheen of sweat and blood that coated his fingers. Marus used that tiny bit of slickness to jab into her, stretching her open as his other hand reached up to brush away the wood at her throat. It obeyed, sinking back into the desk along with the shackles around her shoulders.

Karin was free.

At least from the wood.

She bucked against his hands, but just managed to drive his fingers deeper into her sex. Tears began to form in her eyes as she begged him to release her.

"Please let me go. I... I can't hurt you anymore. Please. I won't tell anyone."

Marus chuckled, "Like I'd believe that. A couple hours after I leave you, I'll find myself in a prison and you'll be back to writing letters, with that ruined hole you call a mouth."

Bitterness soaked his words as he jabbed into her to make his point.

"No, I plan on making sure you never ruin anyone's life again. Ever."

As anger burst in his eyes, he grabbed her hips and turned her toward him, to the defenseless opening of her sex was poised toward the hard shaft of his cock. Karin lifted her head enough to see where he was aiming, then began to flop in his hands, trying to use muscles she never knew existed. Her struggled stopped in a shriek of pain as she pulled on one of her ruined sockets and he drew her closer.

Her sweat soaked back offered no resistance to the smooth surface of the desk as his cock drew closer, aiming toward the slash of her sex. Marus felt each pulse of his heart as he finally brushed the very tip against her opening.

Precum soaking his cockhead left a smear against her clenching opening. He watched the ragged stumps of her legs twitch as she tried to closer her legs, tried to prevent him from taking her any way he wanted. Underneath, the remains of her tail spasmed near the tiny opening of her anus.

Marus had plans for her ass, but not tonight. Tonight, he wanted that pink opening wrapped around his cock.

Stepping back slightly, he pulled her until the remains of her hips were dangling slightly over the edge of the desk. One hand reached up to maul one breast as he used his other to press his cock up against her sex. Karin struggled violently, but without arms or legs, she could do nothing but flop against the desk and whimper.

Using his lower hand, he parted her labia and nestled his cock into the niche of her sex, poised to ram it deep into her body. The anticipation of rape surged thorough his veins, a sense of power that begged for him to slam forward, to rip her open.

Savoring it for a moment, Marus finally obeyed his desired. His hands reached down to her hips, holding her tightly as he drew back slight, then slammed forward with all the strength he could muster.

Karin's scream tore against the walls as he did the same into her. Her vagina resisted, then he felt the tight, almost dry flesh finally give as his cock rammed into her. Taking a deep breath and pinning her thrashing hips to the desk, he slammed forward again, ripping deeper into her body. He watched as her breast thrust from as she tried to arch her back away from him. Inside, he could feel muscles tightening as he plowed deeper into her.

Yanked his cock out, he punched it forward again, easily spearing the gaping opening and tearing deeper into her body. His precum was the only lubrication as he managed to stuff almost half of his cock into her.

She continued to thrash and scream as he jerked forward, then yanked out. Her sex was gaping open, streaked with red from his cock and her torn insides. Inspired to drive forward, Marus punched his cock into her again, thrusting deeper into her body until he felt her limits slam against his cockhead.

He ignored it as he drew back and drove forward again, crashing against her cervix as her body desperately tried to stop him. Karin's inner walls clenched around him, but it did nothing but drive him forward, ramming his hard cock into her ruined hole with a relentless drive.

The sound of flesh slapping against flesh was punctuated with screams that slowly turned into whimpers of pain. He watched her eyes fading, her will finally breaking as he jabbed his entire length into the tight, resisting hold of her body.

“Nothing... but... a... fuck... hole... are... we?”

His rasping breath was interrupted as he rammed into her, thrusting in time with her words. Karin was no longer responding to him and he watched as her head turned and she looked away. The hole he was raping was slowly lubricating, mainly from his own precum. He didn't care much about why, just that it easier to drive his aching cock deeper into her, slamming again and again against the hard opening of her womb.

Marus' motions quickly grew faster, harder. His arms bulged with the effort to yank her onto his cock even as his hips drove into her. The sound of his balls slapping against her skin grew more insistent as he continue to rape her, long hard strokes that did nothing for

her pleasure. Her body spasmed underneath him, mainly from the pain as he crashed against the most sensitive parts of her body.

Then he orgasmed.

It was powerful, a surge that built in his balls and then exploded down his cock. Her sex was flooded with his seed as it splashed dangerously close to her womb. He felt each surge as it plunged into her, soaking her insides with his hotness.

Karin whimpered, her shoulders slumping as sobs wracked her body. Marus ignored her, his world focused on the hardness buried inside a raped woman. He gasped for breath, holding her almost painfully tight until the last of the surges ripped out of his body.

With a sigh of pleasure, he withdrew to stare at the blood-streaked cock. It was soaked by his cum and dripped to the ground in pink splashes.

He caught his breath after a moment.

“Wow, that was good.”

Karin only stared at him, a dull look in her eyes. Marus felt a surge of power twitch in his cock, bringing it back to life. He reached over and twisted her, bringing her head around to his side of the desk until it flopped over the edge. Her throat, defenseless, beckoned for him, but he just trailed a finger down it, then along the line of her jaw.

“You didn’t have to write the letter. This would have never happened if you didn’t.”

Karin didn’t respond, except for a sob that wracked her body. Marus stroked along her jaw, then gently pressed one finger against the side of her mouth. She opened it slowly, not resisting but not quite giving in. He eased it open, then aimed his cock for her bloody mouth.

She gave no resistance as he pushed it in with a moan. The sensations of her tongue and the roof of her mouth was pleasurable and he continued to push it deeper, feeling the ridges against the back of her throat. Another sob wracked her body as he bore down, forcing his thick member into her throat; he felt something tear as it finally released enough for him to ram it into her. From his view, he saw her throat bulge from his girth. He felt his balls slap against her nose as he felt the wetness of her mouth soaking his shaft.

Pulling back, he listened to the thin breath she drew in before he shoved it back in.

Her lips were coated in his cum and her own blood, but he didn't care as he thrust into her mouth, ramming it first slowly, then harder as he felt another wave of pleasure building inside him.

Sobs wracked her body as his hips pulled back and thrust forward, slapping his base against her lips as his cock passed over the ragged remains of her gums. It was tight in her throat and he quickly felt himself coming closer to an orgasm.

Underneath him, her body continued to shake with sobs and tears splashed against the ground. He held her head tightly, fucking her skull with hard, powerful strokes.

One stroke ended with him coming inside her, a short spasm of wetness that filled her throat. He felt each splatter as it burst out of him and it felt more pleasurable than he thought possible.

As he felt the last jerk of his cock, he felt her beginning to stir underneath, her face turning deeper from the lack of air. He pulled out and she gasped for breath, then choked on his cum.

Marus laughed powerfully as he watched her struggle for air, trying to cough her lungs free of his cum. It took a few seconds, but soon she resumed her sobbing, unable to do anything other than lie there, waiting for him to rape her again.

He didn't.

Wiping the last remaining cum on her hair, Marus began to dress himself. He hummed quietly as he drew back on his shirt, then padded over to the office door. Sorting through her papers, he found a few choice selections and shoved them in his bag, along with the dagger.

It took him almost ten minutes to clear away the office door enough for him to leave. With a final look back at Karin, he sighed.

"Well, the night is almost over and your coworkers should be showing up in about three hours. Make sure you tell them everything, but I really doubt you'll have a job by tomorrow night."

His face dropped into a mask of anger, "I got one of the things I needed, so I'm going to my little hut, in the middle of nowhere. Because of you, I can't own anything within city limits; the creditors made sure of that."

Growling, he stepped outside of the door and took a step to the right. An evil grin crossed his face as he listened for her movements. Twenty minutes later, he heard her screaming for help, begging for someone to find her. The sounds of her trying to flop toward the center of the desk sent a wave of pleasure through his cock.

Just as the sound of her panting from effort reached him, Marus decided to move. Stepping back into the door, he watched as the emerald cloud eyes turned almost bright with fear and terror.

“I forgot the other thing I came for.”

Marus stepped over the debris at the door and padded over to the desk. With one hand, he reached down and scooped Karin up and hoisted her on his shoulder. Her gasp of fear shook through his body and he chuckled.

“I need something for those long night in the middle of nowhere. Something I can fuck and no one will ever hear.”

Karin started to scream, thrashing uselessly in his grip, but Marus didn't mind. He drew the shadows to him, muting her struggles as he disappeared from the building.

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. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

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