

Patience

t'Sade

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Curious Cabbit Press

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All characters engaged in, witnessing, considering, or thinking about sexual acts are eighteen (18) years or older.

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Gracie's hands reached out for the bottom stair to the porch. Smears of mud and blood streaking the pale skin and painted nails. A sob ripped through her and she clutched her bare stomach with one hand, curling up on the ground as her gasps wracked her body. She wanted to cover her burning sex, but she couldn't suffer her hands touching it. Instead, she just clutched her stomach and sobbed at the ache that burned between her legs.

The fall wind blew across her naked body, cutting like a knife. The wind tugged at her hair, pulling at her bruised scalp and setting fresh blood trickling down her cheeks. She tried to reach out for the porch stair again, but a pang of agony drove through her and she curled up in the dying grass.

As she curled up on the ground, she heard someone walking closer. She closed her eyes tightly, squeezing out more tears, and prayed to all the gods that it wouldn't be the merchant guards again. She couldn't take a fourth round of their "fun".

Her pussy spasmed with memories their violation. And she curled up so tightly that her joints creaked. Her broken whisper didn't even reach the tear-soaked ground below her.

"Please, Mother Dinari," she called out to one of the goddess of maidens, "if you have any mercy, please let them just kill me. Just make it end, please?"

Footsteps crunched through the crispy leaves. She jerked at the sounds, dreading the sound of someone drawing closer. She reached out for the bottom step and her fingers caught the edge of the rough-hewed plank. Her breasts and knees scraped on the icy

ground and she shuddered at the sensations, but the desperate need to get inside before they found her burned through her thoughts.

Sobbing, she grabbed the stair with both hands. She could hear the footsteps coming closer. Gracie managed to pull her knees up to the stair when a fresh pang of agony seared through her. She sobbed and her cheek pressed to the splintered edge of the step.

“Please, Dinari, just end this. J-Just make this end!”

The footsteps stopped.

“G-Gracie!? My gods, what happened!?”

She let out a sob of relief when she heard Marlon, her childhood friend. Marlon’s boots slammed on the ground. She managed to pick herself up as he ran closer, sitting up with her back against the hard wooden step. The cold wind bit at her breasts and she grabbed herself, shying away from him.

“No!” she screamed.

Marlon knelt down in front of her, grabbing her arm. “Gracie, what happened?”

Gracie wanted to tell him, but the memories that slammed into her with the force of a charging bull locked her voice. Only a wail escaped her bruised and cut lips. She tried to speak with her eyes, body, anything, but when he touched her, all sane thoughts fled her mind and she shoved back at him with a scream.

“Don’t touch me!”

Marlon leaned back on his heels, balancing on the edge of the stairs. Mud flecked from his boots. She sobbed as she lifted her eyes. Tears splashed down on her naked body, the salt stinging the cuts and scrapes the guards inflicted on her.

He reached out for her again, this time for a tender caress to her cheek. Gracie watched him, but as his fingers drew closer, she felt some terrible fear rising up inside her. She couldn’t suffer the idea of him touching her and she sobbed, pushing him away.

“P-Please don’t... don’t touch me.”

His whisper came as harsh as the autumn wind. “Who did this?”

Gracie scrambled until her back pressed tightly to the side of the porch. The sharp rocks tore at her buttocks and one lodged between her nether lips, but she pushed back the pain.

Marlon crouched down on the step, watching her with concern. His weathered face looked old even though he just passed his second

decade—the same age as herself. Months in the sun and years in the field left him a strong, broad man. Someone Gracie could crawl to.

“Who did this?” he asked again more insistently.

She sobbed and buried her hands in her face. She couldn’t speak from the suffocating burning inside her. She shook her head.

Marlon said nothing.

Gracie heard him stepping off the step and tensed with anticipation. But no comforting hand touched her. No firm grip or brutal rape. Instead, just the steady sound of footsteps walking away. She dared to peek through her fingers and watched as Marlon walked away. He moved stiffly and she could see him clutching his hands into fists so tightly that blood dripped from his left hand. His gaze focused on the ground, following the trail she left behind trying to flee to his house.

Following tears, blood, and cum.

At his gate, he reached over and picked up a scythe and a machete. Gracie stared in shock as her friend hoisted the scythe over his shoulder and walked back down the road.

Gracie wanted to stop him, beg him not to take on the dozen guards who raped her. But, the words wouldn’t escape her ruined throat. Instead, she could only watch him disappear around the bend.

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Six years later, Gracie stood outside of Abbinkey, the famed and feared prison. She stood near the center of the yard, next to Jon, Marlon’s brother. Around her, hundreds more people filled the yard. Many of them were like her, waiting for someone to be released from prison. Others found freedom through their service to society, only to be standing alone outside the gate. They never left the shanty town that sprung up right outside the Abbinkey Valley, home of the prison.

Jon sighed unhappily and leaned over to poke her. Gracie shied away, unable to bear his touch any more than she could Marlon six years before. Jon cleared his throat and dropped his hand to his side. “A couple more days, four at most, and you’ll be able to take off that ring of yours. And then we can go home.”

He sighed again. “We’ve been here for three days now, waiting for him. Why can’t they tell us when he’ll be freed?”

Gracie barely paid attention to him. Instead, she looked down at the tarnished, silver ring on her left hand. She covered it with her right hand, rubbing the rough edge. She still remembered kneeling outside of Marlon's cell, begging for him to accept her hand in marriage.

All for a chance of saving him.

A friend of the family found it, a loophole that gave protections to a husband for protecting his wife. A "justified" murderer. Still a crime, but not one that would send her defender into prison for the rest of his life.

He almost said no.

Tears burned in her eyes and she wiped with her other hand. Her eyes never pulled away from the ring. Over the last six years, the hastily purchased ring grew more corroded with every day, but she couldn't bear to take it off. She reached down and twisted it, lost in thoughts.

Jon spoke up, breaking her from her train of thought. "There he is."

Gasping, she stared across the sun-baked yard to the platform right in the shadows of the valley. A herald, a bored-looking man in his forties, stood on the corner of the platform. He unrolled a piece of paper, but Gracie focused past him to the man standing in the shadows. She felt her heart beating faster at the silhouette of the man she dreamed about for six years.

"Marlon Wheatson. Six years, two months, and three days for the justified killing of eight men."

Gracie's knees felt weak at the sound of the announcement and a sob rose up in her throat. She started to step forward to see the man coming up the platform, but her body refused to move. Her foot held above the ground and she felt tears rolling down her cheeks.

When Marlon stepped into the light, she lost all control. The ground spun around her and she dropped to her knees. Hitting the hard-packed earth, she let out a long, desperate sigh of relief.

On the platform, Marlon stopped in the sun. He looked older than before. The farmer's tan disappeared in the years that Abbinkey stole from him, but Gracie could still see the strong, compassionate man who killed the men who raped her. Marlon's eyes scanned the yard. Their eyes met and Gracie's world came to a halt.

She saw something come to life in his eyes, like an ember being blown back to life. His hand reached up for her and she saw a matching tarnished ring on his own hand. In the sun, it didn't even glint. Her mouth opened with surprise.

Marlon stepped off the platform, interrupting the herald's speech. The older man stopped, then shrugged as Marlon walked straight to through the crowds to her. Gracie tried to get up, but she couldn't find the strength to stand. Marlon stood over her, then knelt down to pull her into a tight embrace.

Gracie felt fear rising up, not from Marlon's embrace, but from the raw memories of her rape. Marlon sensed it and fell back, his eyes probing her face as he stared at her. Then, the light turned into something darker.

"Marlon," she whispered.

Marlon stared at her for a only a second, but it felt like forever. Then, he nodded.

"I missed you so much, Gracie."

Marlon's brother grumbled, "What about me?"

Marlon grinned and stood up. He grabbed Jon into a tight hug, picking him up off the ground. Laughing, Jon hugged him back. Gracie smiled and stood up next to them, only a meter away but unwilling to interrupt the brothers.

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Time passes like sand. In one moment, Gracie could feel each sand falling to the ground and in others, she missed handfuls. But, in that moment, as Marlon's voice faded in his modest living room, she felt a single grain of sand freezing in air, not moving, no changing.

She stammered, her mouth opening and closing but no words came out.

"Gracie?"

Gracie sat on the couch, staring at him. She couldn't find the words and her mouth finally just hung open.

Marlon cleared his throat. "Gracie? Please answer me."

She shook her head to clear it. Then, through tears of joy, she smiled.

"Yes, I'll marry you," she giggled, "again."

Time started again.

—

Grace groaned as she got up from the couch. Outside, the winter winds howled on the window panes, but the house remained warm and toasty. On her feet, she rubbed her back and grabbed a strand of hair that waved in front of her. She inspected it, worrying the single gray line, then tucked it behind her back.

Turning toward the kitchen area, she saw Marlon cleaning up the last of the dishes. She couldn't help but smile as she watched him humming to himself before setting down the last plate to dry. He turned on his heels and caught her smiling. His wrinkled face stretched into a grin of his own.

"Ready for bed?"

She reached out her hand. Marlon slipped his fingers into hers, but didn't draw any closer. Together, they headed into their bedroom of many years. He drifted to his side of the room, with a narrow bed covered in a flannel blanket. On the other, her flowered blanket covered her own sleeping area. Living together but sleeping apart.

The only way she could be with him.

She felt a pang of loneliness as she watched her husband crawl into his bed. Rolling over with his back to her, he spoke one last time that night.

"I love you, Gracie."

"I love you so much."

She blew out the lantern in the room and settled down to sleep. The soft bed comforted her and she breathed in the scent of her perfumes mixing with the smells of the bedroom. On the other side, Marlon's breathing turned to snoring, a soft and comforting sound. She smiled to herself and let her hands rest on her stomach, right above her belly. Closing her eyes, she drifted to sleep.

Like most nights, the nightmares came quickly. She felt her skin crawling as half-remembered terrors crashed into her, consuming her thoughts. She clutched her sheets, holding the bed tightly as soft whimpers escaped her throat.

She woke at the end of them, shuddering from the memories. Underneath her, she could feel her sweat-soaked sheets clinging to her skin. She sat up in the bed, shivering in the cool air. She felt back on the sheets, hating herself for being afraid of things that

happened years before. Unhappy, she stood up and went to the bathroom. Coming back, she sat down on her bed and stared across the dim room to her husband.

Marlon snored on his back.

She smiled to herself. Slowly, she got back up and stood a step toward him. Terrible memories slammed into her and her foot froze in mid-air. She worried her lip and struggled to move closer to the man who loved her.

She forced herself into another step. Her foot brushed on the rug set up between their two beds, but she couldn't take a third. Trembling, she backed away from Marlon until the bed hit the back of her legs.

On any other night, she would crawl back into her bed and fall asleep with restless dreams. But, tonight, she tried again.

One bare foot stepping on the rug. She felt the rough, woven fibers on the bottom of her toes. She held her breath but her heart beat faster with every effort to take the second step. She could feel her body trembling and lifted her toes.

The third became easier. Then the fourth.

For the first time in many years, Gracie covered the distance between their two beds. She stood at Marlon's side. Her ears pounded with her pulse and she struggled to calm her breathing, but she finally stood next to him.

Even though she didn't say anything, Marlon's eyes opened up.

"Gracie?"

She took a step back, clutching herself tightly. Marlon shifted in his bed to sit up. Gracie stepped back again.

"Are you all right?"

She stopped.

Slowly, she nodded. Marlon reached over and lit the lantern, turning it down until only a dim glow filled the room. Gracie stood in the center, looking back and forth between the beds.

Finally, she turned back to Marlon. His eyes widened as she padded over. Quickly, he shifted to the edge, giving her a spot to sit down. Grace set down, her ass pressing into the flannel sheets. Marlon looked carefully at her, then reached up to brush the tears from her face.

Gracie flinched and he pulled his hand back. Gracie bit her lip and grabbed his wrist, shuddering from the memories, before pulling it back to her face. Fresh tears ran down her cheeks as she kissed his palm.

Heart pounding in her chest, she guided his fingers up to her face and used him to wipe her tears.

“I love you, Marlon.”

Marlon smiled and wiped the tears from her other eye. “I love you so very much, Gracie.”

“I, I haven’t been a very good wife, have I?”

“No, no, you’ve been the best wife I could ever have.”

“But, we haven’t ever, made love.”

Marlon’s hand cupped her chin. He smiled, tears in his own eyes. “Sex isn’t love. I’ve love you for all my life and I’ll love you no matter what.”

“Even if, I never can... you know?”

“I’ll wait.”

Gracie sniffed. “Do you ever regret killing them?”

“No.”

“Even if you had to wait?”

“I’m patient.”

She held up her hand, the tarnished silver ring a black line on her skin. She intertwined her fingers with his until their wedding bands clicked.

They said nothing until the lantern began to flicker. Gracie reached over and cut off the oil. Marlon’s breath sounded loud in the darkness but Gracie rolled him on his side so she could slide behind him.

He gasped when she slid under his blankets. Tears in her eyes, she slipped her arms around his waist and pressed her breasts to his back. Kissing him, she whispered softly.

“Thank you.”

She meant it, not only for that night, but for that day so many years ago, when he risked everything to save her.

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.

t'Sade

About the Publisher

Curious Cabbit Press is a small erotic press located in the heart of the United States. They can be found at curiouscabbit.com or possibly at your favorite retailer.