

Betrayal Diamond

t'Sade

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Curious Cabbit Press

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The Betrayal Diamond

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Steve sighed heavily as he wandered back into the living room of his mother's house. He paused as he reminded himself, it was now his deceased mother's home. She died only a few days ago, collapsing to the ground at the senior's buffet, right before the shrimp buffet. Her favorite. Tears started to drip from his eyes as he squeezed them shut. Taking a deep shuddering breath, he wiped them from his face before Sarah could see them. Even though she was in the kitchen, digging for some food, he hated that tone in her voice when she saw him crying. Steve couldn't help it, he watched over his mother's failing health for almost three years and still loved her with all his heart.

Sniffing, he headed into the kitchen when he felt more than heard the crystal in the house start to vibrate. Deep base notes of some rock station pounded through the house with the revving of a powerful engine. Resisting the urge to roll his eyes, he spun on his heel and marched to the door as a bright red Corvette squealed into the driveway. Behind him, he heard Sarah stop digging through the kitchen to bound next to him. Her eyes sparkled with curiosity as she peered through the faceted glass. The pounding ended abruptly with the roaring of the engine.

His brother Gary was always the better-looking one. Easily five foot eleven inches, Steve could only feel a tiny surge of envy as his brother squeezed out of his car and stood up, flexing his arm for a passing teen on roller-blades. She giggled and kept on moving, but Gary just shrugged and slammed the door shut. He looked up at the house with an expression of distaste and wiped his hands on his white wife-beater.

From the other side of the car, Gary's friend Nathan squeezed himself out of the car, holding the door open with his foot as he stood up. Nathan, unlike Gary, was slightly overweight but just as tall as Steve's younger brother. He played football with Gary every weekend. Both of them met at the Willow Creek health club, a mixture of health and singles club. Steve never understood their friendship, but after five years, he had to admit they were the best of friends. Nathan brushed a hand through his short blond hair and kicked shut the door.

"Dude! Gentle with the car!" Gary's voice Sarahd out even through the front door. The derisive tone almost dripped off the glass as Nathan just shrugged.

"I'll wipe it with a diaper later, okay?"

"You better."

Steve chuckled, never knowing if Gary was serious. He pulled open the door as his younger brother came strolling up the steps. Gary paused for a moment, giving Steve a once-over. The brown eyes seemed to be filled with amusement instead of the sorrow that Steve felt inside. He felt a pang of frustration with his brother's lack of emotion with their parent's death.

"Hiya, bro. Figured you'd need help."

Surprised that his brother would even consider helping, Steve just stepped back and stammered.

"Y-Yeah, I could use a lot of help. I need to pack up mother's stuff. The movers come tomorrow."

"Sure, no problem. Hey, Nathan?"

Nathan paused behind Gary, giving Sarah an appraising glance. Steve felt a tiny pang of jealousy as he looked over at his girlfriend of almost two years. She was tall, only an inch or so shorter than Gary with a body that drew attention from everyone when she entered a room. She had long, golden-blond hair that sparkled in the sunlight and an infectious smile that brought a smile to his own lips just remembering it.

"Dude, out of the way." His brother's voice cut through his thoughts and Steve stepped back.

"Oh, sorry."

"Yeah, lust after the girl later. Mom's dead."

Steve's good mood evaporated instantly as his brother shoved past him, heading straight into the kitchen. Nathan and Sarah followed, leaving him to close the door himself. Shutting it firmly, he followed after them. In the few seconds it took, Gary already had the fridge half-emptied, a beer in one hand and food in the other. Nathan munched on some carrots in a vain attempt to reduce weight while Sarah was sitting up on the counter. In her hand, she had a plate heaped up with food. Steve let his eyes return to his brother.

"Gary?"

"Hold on, got to get some eats."

He fought the growing frustration, "Then will you help?"

"Oh, sure. Box thing, pack things, lug things. I don't care."

Steve had an uneasy feeling in his stomach, but he just paused for a moment before going back out into the family room. Half the knickknacks were already boxed on the floor, but his mother's collection of antique dolls still dominated the entire inner wall of the room. Ignoring the conversations in the kitchen, he pulled out another flattened box and began to assemble it.

He worked alone for better part of twenty minutes before he stood up. Grumbling, he marched back into the kitchen where all three of them were laughing at one of Gary's jokes. Gary spotted him and chuckled.

"Oops, took a bit long, didn't we?"

"Yes... could you help?"

Gary shrugged, "Na, I'm full from eating, couldn't lift a thing."

"You have to be kidding."

"Chill, dude, just give me a minute."

Steve bit his lip and looked helplessly at Sarah and Nathan. Sarah just shrugged, holding a plate filled with some roast beef Steve made last night. Nathan chuckled and dug out a handful of the roast beef with his fingers, dropping it on his plate before swirling it around in the ketchup. Feeling his frustration growing, Steve turned away and stormed back to the family room.

Ten minutes of annoyed slapping of boxes and packing things, Gary, Nathan, and Sarah finally joined him in the family room. Hopeful, Steve pushed a stack of boxes that needed to be assembled

toward them. Gary just walked around them. Sarah dropped down in the chair away from him.

Steve glared at his younger brother, "Are you going to help?"

"Yeah, just another second." Gary pawed through knickknacks, "So, where are those candies that mom kept?"

Exasperated, Steve just returned to his packing, trying to ignore the three around him. A few moments later, Gary and Nathan started to talk about the health club and the various "overnights" they had, including the women they ended up sleeping with. To his annoyance, Sarah just giggled in the right places instead of helping him or do anything useful.

He was working himself into a full fury when their conversation drifted into something that startled him.

Gary was going on about a piece of tail, "Oh yeah, and she had this ass that you could bounce a quarter off, I mean, such a sweet piece of meat that was tight as hell."

Nathan chuckled, "Oh, and how long did it take for you to get into her pants?"

"Five... maybe ten minutes, I can't remember."

"Ah, did she have a name?"

Gary grunted, "I can't really remember, I mean, that was what... three months ago?"

Sarah spoke up, her voice dripping with amusement, "Sure you can't remember?"

The tone of her voice drew up Steve's attention and he looked at her quizzically. She was sitting in one of the deeper chairs, legs crossed and playing with her hair. The blond strands sparkled in the beams of sunlight that cut through the living room.

Slowly, his head turned to look at his younger brother. A mixture of thoughts crossed over Gary face, then he stared at Sarah with curiosity.

"Damn, was that when...?" His voice trailed off and Steve had the sensation of being in a train wreck as he slowly turned back to Sarah. His girlfriend of two years smiled broadly, one finger idly trailing along the curve of her breast. Behind him, Gary let out an explosive breath.

"Fuck, how could I forget that?"

Sarah purred softly, “I don’t know, but I’m going to have to remind you again.”

Nathan chuckled. Steve’s head swung back to his brother. Gary’s brown eyes were smiling as he looked at Sarah, remembering memories. Steve felt a sick sensation growing in his stomach.

“Gary?”

His younger brother’s eyes dropped down, arrogant and unashamed.

“Yeah?”

“D-Did you... with Sarah?”

Silence poured into the room for a moment. Gary’s face furrowed in a frown, then he grinned suddenly.

“Yeah, I rode her like there was no tomorrow.”

Sarah giggled, “Oh yeah.”

The sick sensation twisted Steve’s stomach.

“Didn’t you know... I mean, we were dating at the time.”

Gary scoffed, “Of course I knew. I mean, such a fine piece of ass and you weren’t banging her properly. What else could she do?”

Rage exploded in Steve as he start to shake. Nathan just chuckled, but Gary remained in his chair, lazily watching Steve. Steve’s anger exploded in a white-hot flare. With a snarl, Steve threw himself at Gary, surging to his feet as he tried to punch the arrogant expression off his younger brother’s face.

Gary moved faster than Steve thought possible, standing up in one smooth gesture. Then, an explosion of pain rocked his world as Steve’s attack halted on Gary’s fist. The pain exploded from his stomach, knocking the wind out of him. Steve gasped for a moment, trying to comprehend the sudden response and pain. Then, he slowly bent forward from the intense agony that radiated from his stomach.

Gary’s voice was hard and cruel, “Good night, Steve.”

The fist came back, then slammed forward, catching Steve right underneath the chin. The world explode in a shower of red and white as he flew back, crashing heavily down on the box of knickknacks he was just packing. Expensive ceramics shattered, cutting into his back, but he couldn’t find his wits enough to breath, much less stand up.

A blur of word confused him as he tried to understand them. Then someone was picking him up. He lashed out backwards with his feet, catching something soft. Nathan's annoyed voice cried out, then another fist pounding into his stomach. Gary's breath flooded through his senses.

"Don't do that again."

Steve felt like he was going to retch. Nathan dragged him and threw him down in a chair. As his vision cleared, sparks of pain floating across his sight. Steve felt Nathan grabbing his wrists, yanking them backwards around one of the heavy wooden chairs from the kitchen. Something wrapped around his wrists, leaving a burning sensation as they were drawn tight. Steve tried to pull them free, but Gary stood in front of him, holding out a large fist in a silent threat. Gasping in pain, Steve just shook his head as Nathan tied his arms and wrists painfully behind him.

"W-What are you doing?"

Gary's face swam in his vision, "Well, I want it."

"It?"

"That diamond of mom's, you know, that really big one that is worth more than the house."

Steve thought back to the diamond, safe in his mother's safe deposit box at the bank. However, fear stopped him from telling his brother that. Instead, he bit back the agony in his stomach and shook his head.

"-don't know where it is."

"Well, we're planning on finding it, so just sit still."

He chuckled and stood up, holding out his arm. Sarah slid right into his grip, as if she always belonged there. Her eyes flashed down at Steve, a look of disgust barely visible in her bright blue eyes. Steve looked back and forth, between Sarah and Nathan, but he found no compassion or freedom from either of them.

"Gary, please don't do this."

Gary just scoffed and headed into the kitchen. Both Sarah and Nathan followed him. A few moments later, the sounds of a tense conversation drifted through the opened archway. Steve waited until they distracted before he started to push the chair toward the window. He made it almost to the delicate white lace when Gary cleared his throat from the entrance into the kitchen.

“Well, I guess you aren’t just going to give up, are you?”

“Don’t do this, Gary! It’s illegal!”

“Yeah, but not if everyone keeps quiet.”

Steve’s voice grew shrill, “Quiet!?! You tied me to a god-damn chair!”

Gary stormed forward, swinging his fist. Steve winched as his brother punched him hard in the stomach again. Sparks of pain exploded in his vision as it impacted, knocking the breath out of his lungs. He struggled to force them to work again, to cry out to someone, anyone.

Then, his heart sank as he felt something new. It was a hand over his mouth, Sarah’s. As he struggled to breath, the feeling of her soft fingers against his lips were intense, a forced focus in his world. He could smell her perfume, something expensive that he always bought her for her birthday. Her fingertips were delicate and smooth, but there was a strength as he felt her slide along his lips, then the feeling of her palm pressed against his mouth.

It was soft, the essence of femininity, but it was also stronger than he expected. As she pressed her palm tightly against his lips, he found himself barely able to move his jaw. He tried to back away, but his head pressed up against the back of the chair. Sarah just pressed harder, pinning him. Steve never realized how much of a difference her going to the club three times a week made, but now he was pinned against the chair by only her hand.

His lungs finally started to work again and he inhaled deeply through his nose. His eyes focused on her face, her bright blue eyes swimming for a moment before his vision sharpened. To his horror, she had a smile on her lips as she leaned closer to Steve.

Gary grunted, “Really think that would shut him up?”

“Why don’t you find out, baby?”

Her voice was sweet as honey, but Gary just grunted again. Then, he stepped forward and punched Steve in the stomach yet again. It wasn’t as hard as before and Steve tried to scream out in pain. Her hand clamped down hard on his face, digging his lips into his teeth and her fingers pressing almost to the bone. His scream came out as a muffled moan and his younger brother nodded in approval.

“Well, you got silencing duties.”

Steve tried to cry out again but her palm ground against his mouth, sealing his lips shut. He could feel the muscles underneath her skin, more powerful than he expected. Her fingernail was bright blue in his vision as it danced too close to his eye.

Nathan spoke up from the kitchen archway.

“Well, you better keep a lid on him, wouldn’t be a good idea of the police were called.”

Steve could only feel a growing fear and frustration as Sarah slid onto his lap, sitting down heavily on it as she pressed her palm even harder against his head. His breath came shakily out of his nose. The sense of being unable to open his mouth because of her silken hand was sending a bitter seed of frustration in his heart. The scent of her hand flooded through his nose, almost drowning him as he tried to force his mouth open. Sarah glared at him and planted another hand against his face, clamping his jaw shut tightly.

She looked into his eyes, her face serious but eyes sparkling with excitement and power.

“Be quiet, Steve.”

He tried to plead with her eyes, but there was only dismissal in her eyes. He was nothing to her, just something to be quickly forgotten. He wondered what caused her to hate him so much, then realized that it was recent. His mind drifted back to how easily Gary knocked him out and he wondered if that was enough. Just the thought of it was enough to bring a hot flush of shame to his cheeks. Her eyes looked away, uncaring for his plight.

Gary turned around, “Nathan, go find it.”

“Me?”

“Yeah, see if you can find it.”

“What about you?”

“Someone has to keep the saint from calling the cops.”

“What about Sarah?”

Gary glared at Nathan who stepped back. There was a brief moment of silence as Steve looked from his brother to Nathan and back again. Nathan spoke finally in a sullen, almost bitter tone.

“Never-mind, I’ll check it out.”

“Start upstairs, mom’s room was on the right.”

Nathan said nothing, but Steve could hear his shoes against the stairs going upstairs. Gary turned and smiled cruelly at his older brother.

“Now, Steve, we’re just going to sit nice and quiet unless you suddenly remember where that diamond is.”

Peering down, Gary shoved his face into Steve’s, but Steve was focused on the hand over his mouth. Sarah kept it firm against him, her lower finger holding his jaw shut. He could feel his lips against her palm, almost tracing the lines of it, but he could do nothing. He tried to flex his arms, to break free, but his helplessness continued to grow into a sharp knife in his heart.

Across his lips, her hand was delicately strong. He could feel even the folds of her palm against her lips and it only made it worse.

Upstairs, he could hear Nathan tearing apart his mother’s room. Gary paced the room for some time before he stopped right behind Sarah. His hand slid around her waist, cupping her breasts. Sarah giggled and leaned back against him, but tightened her grip on Steve’s mouth. For a moment, he couldn’t breathe as she held his nose shut. He tried to force his jaw open but she just squeezed tighter with both hands, smothering him.

Gary growled playfully, “Damn baby, you look so hot doing that.”

Sarah seemed to enjoy being called “baby” which was something she never let Steve do. Instead, she purred softly, arching her back into his hands.

“Yeah? What are you going to do about it?”

Steve watched as his younger brother nuzzled against Sarah’s neck, his fingers reaching up to tug down at the arm holes of her tank top, forcing his fingers into her bra and around the soft globes inside. Sarah moaned softly, her hands trembling over Steve’s mouth. Steve could not force himself to look away, even as he realized his life was a train wreck at the moment. She almost lost grip of his mouth, but she suddenly bore down hard as Gary’s fingers reached her nipples, tweaking them through the dark green fabric.

One thing that drew Steve’s attention, something that sealed his position, was her comfort with Gary’s groping. She leaned into it, as if they actually have been doing it for months. Two years of being her boyfriend shattered away in a Nathaner of seconds.

His former girlfriend turned her head away from him, her lips seeking out Gary's. Gary stared into Steve's eye, a smile on his lips, as he kissed Sarah. It was rough and passionate, his fingers squeezing and mauling at her breasts even as he drove his tongue into her. The worse part is that he made sure Steve saw every second. Sarah shivered in her own pleasure on his lap, her fingers digging into his jaw to keep her hands planted over him. Steve felt the world spinning around him, from frustration but also the thin trickle of oxygen she let enter his body.

Steve whimpered as he was forced to watch Gary kiss Sarah, his fingers massaging her breasts through the shirt. Gary forced his fingers up, stretching out the collar and giving Steve just a brief flash of the tanned skin underneath. Then, his eyes drew back to their kiss. He whimpered again.

Sarah broke the kiss.

"No baby, I can't do that, not with all that whimpering."

Gary almost dismissed her, then he stood up.

"Well, Steve?"

Steve looked at him with fear in his eyes. Sarah's head slowly turned to stare at him, the disgust burning in her eyes.

"Steve?" Gary's voice was more insistent as it deepened. Sarah force Steve to turn to face his brother. Steve felt the tears burning in his eyes, one of them splashing down on his cheek. The hand over his mouth tightened, hot and hard against his lips, cutting off his breath once again.

"She isn't yours, Steve. Get that through," his younger brother punctuated his words by jabbing Steve in the forehead with two fingers, "that stupid skull of yours. Got it?"

When Steve didn't respond, Gary jabbed him even harder and repeated his question. Steve nodded, his eyes blurring from his tears.

Gary grunted, "Let me hear it." It was a command and Sarah released her grip over his mouth. Steve first drew in a deep breath, glad to get some cool air, then he took some more to scream out. Sarah, waiting for him, leaned forward, slapping her hand hard against his mouth again. His head knocked back slightly as she ground her palm into his lips, crushing them against his teeth.

Steve saw surprise in Gary's face, then his brother's face darkened. "Well then, I guess we aren't going to let you speak again."

Gary started to ball up his fist when Nathan came storming down the stairs.

"Dude, I can't find it."

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah, I tore that place apart. It ain't in her room."

"Then check the office and the closets!"

"Office?"

"Yeah, through the cedar closet, there is an office in the back."

"You're kidding."

Gary just glared at his friend. Nathan sighed and stomped back up the stairs. Gary slowly turned to look at Steve.

"Where were we? Oh yeah, Sarah's my girl, Steve, and you..." he shoved a finger against Steve's bruised forehead. At the same time, Sarah tightened her grip, grinding down on his mouth. He could barely see from the pressure, the ball of her palm against his cheeks, her fingers intertwined across his lips.

Gary continued, "I don't want you looking at her again, do you hear me?"

His voice was tight and angry. Steve nodded, feeling growing terror as Gary's eyes bore into her. His vision started to drift toward Sarah but his ex-girlfriend just forced his head aside, to Steve's right. It hurt to resist, but he was half afraid of breaking his neck as she held him away, forced to look into the corner of the family room and Gary's shoulder.

Gary growled again, "Damn, if it wasn't for bro here, I'd fuck your ass like there was no tomorrow."

Sarah purred, flexing her hand across Steve's face, "I'm sure we can think of something..."

Her voice trailed off and neither said anything for a moment. Then Gary, a smile in his voice, chuckled. "You know what? I can think of something."

"Oh?"

In response, Gary walked around Steve, standing almost in the center of Steve's restricted view. Steve stared up at him as his younger brother looked down with a humorless smile. With

deliberate slowness, he reached out for Sarah, his hand disappearing from Steve's vision.

Steve could feel her changing her position, twisting her hips even as she sat in his lap. There was no question of what his brother wanted when Gary unzipped his pants. Sarah leaned forward, just outside of his vision, her hands forcing Steve's head even more painfully to the side. He could imagine her as she lowered herself, her ruby lips opening as Gary stepped forward, leading with his hips.

Tears burned in Steve's eyes as he heard, but could not see, as Sarah wrapped her lips around his brother's shaft, sucking it in. Gary moaned loudly, mostly for effect, but it cut right into Steve's heart.

"Oh, fuck. Damn, she's good at head. Isn't she, Steve?"

Steve tried to close his eyes, but Gary snapped out, "Don't even try!"

Sarah's hand squeezed tightly across his lips, pushing him aside. Her hand ground against his mouth, cutting off his breath for a moment as she twisted her wrists into a more comfortable position for her. Steve could feel his neck screaming out in pain as Gary stood in his view, his hips rocking back and forth into Sarah's invisible mouth. To his horror, Sarah blocked his breath again, using her thumb press against his nose.

Steve tried to struggle, but was helpless with his ex-girlfriend sitting on his lap, her body shaking with the efforts of her blow job. Gary sat there moaning, enjoying himself with a mocking smile for his older brother.

Tears splashed down Steve's face as he struggled to breath. Locked in his vision, his brother obviously reached out to grab Sarah's hair, using it to thrust harder and faster, her entire body shaking violently on his lap. Steve could do nothing but whimper mutely. Each sound from his frustrated throat widened the smile on his cruel brother's lips.

Gary started to moan louder, throwing his hips into his thrusts. Wet slurping noise mocked Steve as Sarah silenced him, preventing him from even crying out in the frustration that burned in his throat. Then, Gary groaned loudly as he rammed hard and held it there, his face red with an orgasm.

Sarah drank in Gary's cum, then slowly slid off with a slurping noises. Gary groaned, petting her hair, "Oh yeah, baby. That was perfect."

She licked her lips loudly, "You like that?"

Gary chuckled as she shoved his cock back into his pants.

"Yeah."

"When we get that diamond," came the sultry response, "I'm going to do it again."

Gary's grinned as he nodded, "Oh, yeah."

Silence started to stretch into the family room as they stared into each other's eyes, then Nathan came back down the stairs. Gary's gaze rose up from the hidden woman on Steve's lap.

"Dude, find it?"

Nathan sighed, "No, I looked everywhere."

Gary turned to face Steve.

"You know where it is, don't you?"

Steve tried to speak, but Sarah kept her hand clamped down. Steve, blinking at the tears, shook his head. Gary stepped forward, his hand balling into a fist. Steve stared at it in fear.

"Listen, I know you know."

He didn't want to answer, but she started to smother him again, cutting off his breath. He could feel it in his lungs, trying to breath, but the soft vise over his mouth prevented him. Even her thumb rested so casually against his nose, preventing him from inhaling.

Gary just waited until Steve was forced to nod. Triumph burned his Gary's eyes.

"Now we are getting somewhere. Where is it... no, no screaming out for you."

Sarah's fingers flexed against his lips. Gary thought for a moment, "Is it upstairs?"

Steve considered lying, but he could feel Sarah on his lap. His former girlfriend turned her back on him. He consoled himself that he would call the cops as soon as they left and shook his head.

"Downstairs?" Steve shook his head.

Gary frowned for a moment, "Is it even in the house?"

Steve hesitated and Sarah gave him a warning squeeze. He shook his head.

"Ah, fuck, it could be anywhere!"

Inside, Steve felt elated that Gary was giving up. Then, to his horror, Nathan spoke up.

“What about the bank?”

Gary’s head snapped up, “Bank?”

“Yeah, she’s got bank statements all over the place. Don’t they have boxes or something?”

Steve’s heart dropped and his shoulder’s slumped. Gary was elated as he leaned forward. Sarah’s hand ground into Steve’s mouth, stifling a whimper.

“It’s at the bank, isn’t it?”

Dejected, Steve slowly nodded. Gary stood up, grinning like a banshee.

“Nathan, grab the death certificate and go over there.”

“Uh, they’re going to need some ID.”

Gary dug into his pants, grabbed his wallet and tossed it to Nathan.

“Use that.”

“Dude! I ain’t her son!”

“Nathan, shut up. Just say you got fat or something.”

“Fat!?”

“Just go!” Gary’s voice rang out in a powerful command. All three listening jumped as Gary leveled his glare down at his friend. Nathan made a soft, annoyed noise then peered into the wallet. Finding the driver’s license and other pieces of paper, he spun on his heels. Steve could hear him snatching paperwork off the table near the door, where Steve dropped it after the funeral.

A minute later, Gary’s Corvette roared into life. Gary’s feet rang out through the living room as he stormed to the window.

“Fucker took my car!”

Sarah purred from her position, “Don’t worry, baby, after we get off the plane,” she wiggled her body and Steve could feel it through the mouth muffling him, “I’ll let you ride something nice.”

Gary turned to her, chuckling loudly, “Yeah, you better believe it.”

Steve felt ice drip down his spine as his brother came back into his vision. Steve struggled against the Sarah’s hand, feeling panic rising up inside him. The hard look in his brother’s eyes, brown-colored ice was enough to take his breath away. He tried to open his

mouth, feeling like he was suffocating, but Sarah's soft hand reminded him of his helplessness.

"Curious, Steve?"

Sarah guided Steve into nodding. Steve let her, shivering from the intensity of his brother's eyes.

"I found a buyer for that diamond, Steve. A cool million easy. Me and Sarah are going to take a little trip down to Mexico, pick drop it off."

Holding his mouth, Sarah's hand pressed down as she leaned forward.

"And what then, baby?"

Steve felt more tears on his eyes: Sarah never called him "baby" or any other term. In fact, she never let him call her "baby" or any other form of affection. But here she was, wiggling her hips and giving Gary the adoration he never got. It felt so unfair and he was more than helpless.

Ignoring Steve's growing sadness, Gary chuckled, "I'm thinking a couple years in Mexico, then a couple in the Caribbean."

"Oh, yeah..." Sarah's voice drifted down as she leaned forward even more, her breath against Steve's throat. Gary watched her for a moment, what passed for love brimming his earthen eyes. Then, he slowly turned his gaze on Steve and his older brother felt a shiver of fear.

"We'll figure out something for you, eldest brother. After I get that diamond."

Steve just closed his eyes, not wanting to look to look into those hard brown eyes. He just focused on Sarah, who half-leaned on him as she held her hand over his mouth. He twisted at the ropes holding him down, but they refused to budge. After a few moments, Gary walked off, back into the kitchen.

Broken, Steve couldn't find the energy to open his eyes again.

Gary fumbled in the kitchen for about twenty minutes before Sarah called out.

"Baby?"

"Yeah?"

"I'm getting bored, mind if I-"

"Stay there. He seems to be quiet when you do and I can't afford to have him calling the cops or something."

“Oh...” Steve could hear her disappointment in her voice, but Gary seemed to ignore it. Steve tried to turn his head, but Sarah just clicked her tongue and resettled her hands across his face, pushing his vision away from her. He could feel her breath on him and could imagine her body, sitting on his lap, holding him down, but there was nothing he could do.

Gary padded into the room, then stopped.

“Well, then...”

Sarah slipped off his lap, pressing both hands hard against his face as she leaned over Steve’s body. Steve couldn’t even imagine what was going on, until she giggled.

“Honey!”

“Aw, don’t worry. He can’t see anything.”

“Yeah, but-” her voice trailed off in a moan as the sound of a zipper filled Steve’s hearing. He shook with frustration as his brother slid down Sarah’s pants, her breathing hot against his face as she smothered him with her hands. He whimpered or tried to whimper as she positioned herself for even more access.

Then, the sound Steve never wanted to hear happened. The sound of his brother entering into Sarah, his former girlfriend. She moaned and rocked against him, digging her fingers into the side of his mouth. Gary grunted, then started to ride her, pounding hard and fast.

And Steve could do nothing. As much as he didn’t want to look, he felt himself trying to look. Sarah corrected him, forcing him to look aside as she panted softly in his ear. Steve’s vision blurred with tears as he stared at the wall.

Then, he saw the shadow of his brother against the cream-colored paint, a hint of movement that left him sobbing into Sarah’s hands. She giggled, then moaned again, this time in her ear as Steve’s eyes burned with humiliation and helplessness.

Gary came quickly, ramming into her with hard, powerful strokes that slammed her body against Steve. He tried to crawl or shy away from her, but his helplessness was only enhanced by the lust-filled giggling that she gave him in his ear. He closed his eyes tightly as Gary gave another couple of pounds into Sarah, then slipped out.

“Damn... that was good.”

Sarah, still panting, only nodded. Steve could feel her staring at him, holding him tightly with her fingers.

Steve just shuddered with his emotions. Neither made an effort to dress until the rumbling sounds of Gary's Corvette began to rock the walls.

Gary chuckled, "Oops, better pull this up."

Sarah giggled as he pulled back up her pants, but Steve didn't hear him buckling her belt. Sarah changed her position, straddling Steve's legs. He could feel the heated dampness between her legs and the fact it wasn't for him just left a pain in his heart.

Nathan came into the house about five minutes later. Laughing, he tossed something to Gary who easily caught it. He stepped backwards into Steve's view as he opened up a metal box. Steve just sobbed, seeing the diamond's case. With triumph, Gary showed it first to Sarah, then to Steve.

It was a diamond. Steve only saw it a few times in his life, but it was huge, like a tiny crystalline egg. When his mother appraised it a decade before, it was worth half a million. Now, it was worth at least five times that.

With a job, Steve slumped against the chair, tears dripping down his face. Gary laughed again and Sarah squealed as she bounced up and down. She almost pulled her hands away from Steve and he took a deep breath to scream out.

She caught him at the last moment and ground down on his face, her soft hands feeling like steel against his lips, his nose, and his breath. He jerked violently, his wrists burning with the effort to free himself.

Gary ignored him as he called out to Nathan.

"Anything else?"

Nathan's voice was brimming with excitement, "Yeah, close to a hundred grand in cash."

"Damn. You want it?"

Surprised, Nathan said nothing for a moment, then stammered, "Y-Yeah, hell yeah!"

"Well, that was our part of the deal."

"No Mexico?"

Gary laughed loudly, his eyes bright and cheerful. "No, you don't have to suffer with Mexico and that nasty water. I'll just take this

little filly,” the sound of Gary smacking Sarah’s ass filled the air and she giggled, “and handle it on my own.”

“If you are sure...”

“Yeah, dude, just grab the money and run.”

Nathan laughed, “Don’t need to tell me twice. I’ll... uh... I’m close enough to home, I’ll walk.”

Gary’s eyes glittered, “Go on.”

The front door closed after a few moments and Steve saw Nathan’s shadow walk across his vision. Then Gary circled around him and he found himself looking up into the steely brown eyes of his brother.

“Now, our flight is in four hours. And we can’t have you going to the cops until we hit Mexico. I mean, stealing from my own brother, they’d probably put me in prison.”

Gary leaned forward, “We can’t have that, Steve.”

Steve whimpered loudly as he stared into the hard eyes.

“But, you are my brother. So, I’m going to make sure you are very well tied up, gagged. And if you come out in the next couple of hours, I-” Gary pushed his face into Steve’s so there was less than an inch between them, “I will kill you, Steve.”

Steve, tears brimming in his eyes, nodded his head sharply. Even as he nodded, he tried to figure out how he was going to escape. Gary reached over and tugged on something. Sarah’s body shifted from his tugging, then her belt came into view. He held it out for her.

“Gag him, baby. I’m going to clean out the rest of the house.”

He left as Sarah pulled his head toward him. Steve tried to resist, but her hands were incredibly strong as he forced her to look at him. His eyes automatically went down, staring at her. Her shirt was undone, the swells of her breasts visible and her thong was visible through the gaping opening of her pants. She smiled cruelly as she forced him to look back up into her eyes.

She drummed her fingers against his face, still holding her palms against his mouth.

“Are you going to behave?”

Steve nodded, his face scrunching up with fear. The look of her, lips parted from forgotten lust, was nothing compared to the viper-like stare she gave him.

“And you won’t tell anyone, for at least six hours?”

He nodded again.

A smile stretched across her face.

“And you know why?”

Steve felt ice dripping down his spine again as he looked into her suddenly hard blue eyes. He didn’t respond, but she forced his head back and forth, shaking it for him.

“Because, pathetic little Steve, I finally saw how much of a loser you actually are.”

Steve’s eyes were burning, he wanted to scream out to fight, but he could do nothing as she held him down, gagged him with her mouth.

“Compared to your brother...” she snarled, “You are a worm. I mean, one hit and you went down. I don’t know what I ever saw in you.”

Her words slammed into him like fists, tearing at his flesh and he could do nothing. He felt his cheeks burning with humiliation, his own thoughts going back to the ease his brother knocked him down.

Sarah drew his attention back by squeezing his mouth, pressing her thumbs against his nose and cutting off his breath. Steve shook as he stared into her eyes, just counting the seconds until she released him to tie the belt on. More seconds passed and he started to feel a burning in his lungs.

Fear burned in his eyes as he stared out at her. Sarah just looked back, her mouth working but for some reason he couldn’t hear it.

“... and I’ll be damn... if you ruin this chance. That diamond... I’m set for life...” She continued to speak but he couldn’t hear the words.

Panic burned inside him when she still didn’t release his breath. He tried to whimper, but no sound came out. His body started to shake with a primal need for freedom, his muscles bulging with effort. She leaned against him, holding him in the chair, her eyes locked on his even though he felt them rolling in his head.

Black spots burned across his vision but he still couldn’t free himself. It felt like he was tearing out his arms and shoulders but he could tell that he was weakening, the desperate need to breath searing through his lungs.

Just as his consciousness started to fade underneath a black sheet of suffocation, he hear his brother’s voice cry out.

“Sarah! Oh...”

His mind tried to scream out for his younger brother to save him, for the brief moment. Black spots swam before his eyes. Then, Gary’s final words shattered any chance for hope.

“Ah, just finish up.”

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

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